

DANCE TOUR LOG

1966

Monday, January 3, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

When I arrived at Bennington this afternoon, I found that I was the last to come - everyone else got in either last night or early this morning. David was there to meet me with open arms and heart, and he informed me that he called my parents this morning to inquire of my whereabouts, which of course cheered me immensely. Anyway, there were no hard feelings and everyone understood my simple explanation - "I didn't wake up on Sunday morning." I was lucky because today seems to have been spent on mundane incidentals like costumes, food, etc., which turn out to be the most vital elements of our daily existence and our performing. There were neither dance classes nor rehearsals today. The costume room was my first destination, and I put in my hour of work there before venturing into Woolley House. It was heartening and amazing to see all ten of us seated around the two large tables at dinner, and to realize that this monster, Tour, had really begun. At dinner David warned us that any overweight girls in lifts with him would either be dropped on stage or else left fluttering in their suspended, ready-to-be-lifted positions. We fair maidens consider this fair warning. We had our first nightly meeting at 8, in which we scheduled every minute of tomorrow from 8:30 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.. This is faintly reminiscent of Paper Week or pre-concert week, only more relaxed, mainly because we have only two studios for rehearsal space now, and because we have no other work or classes to fuss over. Also, we are on our own and no one yet feels inclined to put the pressure on at this early date. There are so terribly many small details to be dealt with which seemingly have nothing to do with the more exalted business of dancing. I have just left Marc and Sue Slovak sitting in the living room earnestly going over the complicated finances involved in this Tour. Then there are the profound, ever-present problems of meals, washing dishes, waking up in the morning. But I think the general consensus around here is that we are all glad to be getting back to dancing and to work.

Tuesday, January 4, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today was the first day of scheduled routine, and it was a killer for all of us softened creatures spoiled by two luxurious weeks of vacation. Sue Snyder's ballet class at 9:30 A.M. demonstrated with cruel clarity how out of shape we all are, and the following rehearsal with Martha for the opener was equally discouraging. We seem to have forgotten the greater bulk of what we had worked out in the opener before vacation. But Martha's limitless patience was beautiful to behold. Between the hours of 12 noon and 10:00 P.M. every dance on the program was rehearsed. Also, between those brief but well-packed hours, we ate and cleaned up after two meals (a major operation around here), David went to have his car fixed, Anita finished off Leslie's costume for my dance, Laurie, RoRo and Sue Snyder went to town to have a multitude of ballet slippers rubberized and to stock up on baked beans and bias tape, and we all breathed a little. David's car seems to have entirely given up its thin hold on life. Tonight Ruth

and I cooked enough baked beans to last us until March. You can never tell with these dancers' erratic appetites. The kitchen is fast becoming our most frequent hang-out besides rehearsal studios; we are discovering the deep truth in the housewife's lament of being a slave to the kitchen. This house, which seemed so empty when we first arrived, is now full of life and sound; we have taken it over and seeped its walls in our various and varied beings. Leslie plays the guitar and David plays his recorder sometimes and the Music Tour people downstairs are always either singing or playing records when they are here, which seems to be whenever we are - at night. The original bareness of our rooms is slowly being obliterated by our invincible living habits. It is wonderful. We are all in high spirits - how long will it last, we wonder.

In David's first rehearsal today (I am taking Harry's part in his dance) I was overwhelmed and awed by Harry's agility which the part demands. After mastering the difficulties of leaping into David's arms without hesitation, he proceeded to toss me quite forcefully out of them, so unexpectedly forcefully, in fact, that I fell on my face. I was the clod of the day for that. Later in the afternoon Benjy and Joe appeared on the costume room scene, and Benjy entertained us for about twenty minutes discovering for the first time, as only a passionately curious 2 1/2 year old can, the sewing machine. He was enchanted, and so were Leslie, Anita and I, watching and listening to him. Tonight I worked on transportation for Marc for three hours, and I figured out buss arrangements for only two dates. His job is painfully tedious, complicated, frustrating, and time consuming.

This afternoon, our good friend Anne Yeo gave birth to a little girl - her husband John came all radiant and glowing to tell us tonight. We were all happy but surprised, for she was several weeks early.

Two weeks from tonight is our first date - what an incredible thought! But it is hard to believe that we haven't already been here two weeks - we are so deeply into it already. Today was one of those rare beautiful winter days - cuttngly crystal clear, even the air a searing white, and the snow whiter and the sun blindingly bright and the sky piercing blue. But the hurting cold goes right through.

Wednesday, January 5, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today we were all sore, stiff, and tired. We are already beginning to drag a little. But, to cheer us all, David's car is all well and has come back to life again. Martha is turning the opener into a wild comedy act, complete with real sneezing and a female frantically carried off. But it's going well, and when it's done it will be very funny and lively and lovely too. A group of us went to see Anne tonight at the hospital, and she looked relaxed and happy. Her baby is in an incubator, but is fine. This afternoon Benjy entertained us by dancing with wild abandon and joyousness on the stage to the music for my dance. Joe brought him at the end of my rehearsal, and of the day, at 5 P.M., when we all sorely needed to be refreshed by him. Joe and Kathy, Leslie and I were rolling around on the

stage, clapping our hands, laughing, and Benjy was our ring-leader.

Now that we have been here several days, and have adjusted to the organization routine, it's hard to believe that we're realline going to leave our settled life here and live back and forth between all those meaningless words like Wisconsin and Indiana. It seems like just another concert we're working on, to give here at our own familiar theatre. We are all amazed at the transformation of our dances by the performance of different dancers in them. It's hard to get used to seeing them that way. Ruth says she keeps expecting Harry to appear in the pattern he created for himself in David's dance, and behold, who emerges but me. She always laughs a lot in those rehearsals.

Marc and Sue Slovak prepared an elegant dinner for us, which we ate in candlelight dripping from wine bottles and to beautiful music by Vaughn Williams. It was quiet and lovely, fine, good food too. We were all tired and feeling low, so it was peaceful for a change, and coming into that room and seeing it all spread out and lit up was cheering, - it was warm like a home. Now Laurie, David, Dave Schreiber are sitting in the living room working out Laurie's guitar part for David's trio, Kathy and Marc are working on transportation, Sue Slovak is working on the lecture-dance. There is a quiet urgency in all of this; we must get these things done, because very soon we must present ourselves to the world in finished, polished form.

Thursday, January 6, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

This morning we finished the opener; tonight we finished learning David's dance, and my dance is just about done, though roughly. The opener and David's both feel good and solid. They really move and the timing is flashing fast. As many times as I saw David's dance, I never realized how much just plain running all over the stage it involves - the intricately timed, speeding runs are the most difficult part in it. We cannot do them without a coating of vaseline on our feet, which really helps to keep from slipping and sliding. The next week and a half will be spent on polishing and more polishing. Most of the other dances seem to be going fairly smoothly, though more slowly.

We had our first disabling injury today - Anita hurt her arch in Ruth's rehearsal. This is a dangerous and sobering reminder of how irreplaceable our bodies are - as David says, our bodies are worth \$8,000 in the next seven weeks. But above and beyond that, if we can't start out on our trek whole and healthy, we will never catch up with ourselves, and we cannot perform well unless our bodies are functioning perfectly. We cannot push an exhausted or already slightly injured body, because a body will easily break if pushed too far. But, in general, we are holding up pretty well so far, and we all seemed more cheerful today, maybe because the completed opener gave us a sense of getting somewhere, of accomplishment.

David, stage manager, collapsible trash can builder, general chief organizer as well as dancer in six dances - is more ragged than the rest of us and has legitimately begged off kitchen work, but he is still in high spirits and determined to see it through, with the aid of his trusty Tiger's Milk to give him EXTRA PROTEIN-RICH ENERGY.

Today it snowed all day and tonight was quiet, still, and freshly smothered in clean whiteness. All the trees glisten in their skins of ice; walking back from rehearsal we felt calmed by it and happy to be here in it.

Friday, January 7, 1966, Bennington, Vt.

In today's opener rehearsal Joe began adding snorts of music, and we wore our assorted and brightly colored accessories which will be our individual costumes for it. It is beginning to shape up into a complete dance. Joe told us we all look zany in it, and Martha told us not to "mug" in the funny parts. Anyway, it's a good way to begin a dance concert, for both the audience and for us.

Today Anita's foot was better, and though we were all very tired, we were in high spirits because the weekend is approaching and because we are definitely getting somewhere in our endless rehearsals. Everything is tightening and our tour is coming into focus. Marc finished transportation arrangements this afternoon - a huge accomplishment - so we are assuredly going to leave Bennington on a certain day, and board buses, trains and planes at certain times, and be picked up by friendly, welcoming school cars on certain early mornings, no matter how far away and unreal it may seem now. Anita, Kathy and Ruth were greatly cheered by the arrival of their respective boyfriends today, whose presence perks us all up as well. We had a party tonight and that was lovely. Martha came, and everyone felt relaxed and congenial. Leslie, David, and I played recorder trios and quartets with Alice and Joan from Music Tour to set the proper background. We even had a roaring fire. Later Marc sang some Schubert and Schumann songs while I accompanied him on the gruesome piano that graces the living room. We had great fun. Devoted and conscientious Sue Slovak sat amidst all her notes and books working feverishly on the lecture-dem. It will really be a gem when she gets it done, after all the work and sweat she's putting into it. Today, I slept a lot in cat-naps right before or after meals - and felt that others probably did too behind their closed doors. We are already for our day of rest and no rehearsing on Sunday.

Saturday, January 8, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today was an off day. We slept late by general consent, and when everyone finally got up we agreed not to have a class, either. At 11:30 we had a half-hour run-through of the opener with the whole Wittman family on the scene. Joe had a new tape for us to try out, with Martha's soft counting throughout and Joe's loud "Gesundheit" at the appropriate moment. It was a wild half-hour with Benjy running in and out of the clock tower, the stage wings, the tape machine area, and the light set-up, on and off Ruth's willing back, struggling to free himself from all entangling arms.

Rehearsals went badly for me today. I don't feel that I'm really in David's dance yet, and I don't feel that my people are really in my dance. I was tempted to end my rehearsal after the first run-through - it was so bad. I guess we were all tired, but I felt discouraged anyway. I did clean up some of it, and also re-choreographed David's solo, after letting them go early.

Wendy Summit arrived this morning to rehearse her solo with Kathy, who is performing it. She brought us news of the dismal subway and bus strike in New York City and also a general air of freshness and outside realness that we all welcomed.

We have been eating very well, especially at our delicious dinners - chicken, pot roast, pork chops, chow mein, and large fresh salad every night, and hot crowded soup at every lunch. RoRo and Sue Snyder shop for our food every day, and they buy good things - fresh fruit, cookies, cream of wheat. RoRo has been a tremendous help and morale booster for us all. Tonight Ruth's rehearsal was canceled so everyone could go to the movies, and David, Leslie and I went to New York City. We left about 8 P.M. Bennington was bitter cold, down to 0°, with thick snow all around from three days of steady snowing. We arrived in New York about 12:30, and people were crowded all over the streets in the cold, because of the transportation strike. Tonight I sleep on cushions on the floor in front of a fire.

Sunday, January 9, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

A glorious cold day spent walking and walking and walking, eating, seeing friends. Today I was not a member of Tour. I saw Harry and checked up on hazy details from my dance and from David's. We left New York about 10:30 P.M., arrived back at Bennington homestead at 3:00 A.M., tired but happy.

Monday, January 10, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Everyone was refreshed and relaxed from our easy weekend, but somehow we all ran around so much in the cold trying to squeeze the most enjoyment from our one free day, that we are exhausted. Ruth returned from Schenectady in the middle of class this morning; David, Les and I missed breakfast due to our late vigil. The dances are going better in general. Mine went very well today. David's new solo looks very fine in it. David told us at our meeting that this week we must work more on dancing now that we have learned the new sequences and steps. Our first real performance is one week from tonight - our final dress rehearsal open to the Bennington community. Touring begins next Tuesday.

David has achieved a triumph - his collapsible, portable trash can for his "Rags" solo is now in the final stages of production. He assembled it and painted it and thus solved this problem that has been preying on him for the past week. In New York he finally got what he needed, and finished it up today.

Joe had yet a new tape to try out for our opener today, not as witty and funny as the previous one, but effective in a different way.

Sue Slovak presented to us the ideas of her lecture so that we can begin working on the demonstration part of it. It involves a lot of work. I have to reconstruct my solo from last spring, to use part of it for the lecture-dem, and David said to bring a costume along for it in case we ever need it as a substitute dance. We are assuming the inevitability of injuries. Things are getting tighter - the last minute costume details piling up, making hotel reservations where necessary, scheduling of run-throughs

and dress rehearsals, plans for dining out where we have been invited this remaining week (Mr. Parry and the Wittmans), remembering to get Anne and her new baby some goodies from us, remembering to prepare meals and clean up and go to rehearsals and go to sleep and get up and eat and dance. Leslie and Anita are organizing a happening to end the lecture-dem. Tonight their ideas for it came fast and furiously and funny. Sue Slovak says her books say Tour has gained 70¢ somewhere along the line - but better 70¢ than 70 pounds, we always say. I have a cold now; but we are all cheerful again.

Tuesday, January 11, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Some of us are getting nervous about all the work left to do in seven days; all the dances with new casts are not ready, costumes are still unfinished, our travel plans are not definite. Kathy Haynes has been working on the completed itinerary and the list of people to send it to; at dinner we all received our copies, and our peaceful conversation exploded into frantic babbling when we discovered that some large oversights had been made in arrangements for room and board while traveling. We have 38 dates, including 15 master classes, several lecture-dems, and shorter programs, and 30 full programs. It will be tough.

Wednesday, January 12, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today, everything we have been working on for these past ten days reached a peak of intensity. Several of us were terribly nervous about unfinished traveling arrangements, about our dances and our dancing, about not being ready to perform anything. But we all know that somehow we will be ready by next Monday night. We had another ugly, explosive, tense scene at lunch about "business", which we had previously agreed by general consent not to discuss at the table when we sit down for meals - our only time of the day to relax. We were all giddy and jumpy and a little bit sad after that. We knew we must never bring up "business" again at the dinner table.

Rehearsals are going more smoothly now; Sue Snyder and Anita, the regisseurs, have been watching some of the dances and this automatically tightens up our performance. My dance is finally beginning to hang together, and so is David's.

We had an incredibly sumptuous and elegant dinner at Mr. Parry's house tonight; it was a joy to us all - complete with beautiful white linen tablecloth and napkins, white chrysanthemums on the table, fine china and silver, delicate light wine, subtly flavored Indonesian rice and a shrimp mushroom-artichoke dish that he informed us was a favorite of Adlai Stevenson's, and fresh fruit soaked in wine, home-made cookies for dessert. We all ate too much, but savored every bite, appreciating it all the more after ten days of our own more hurried meals. We relaxed and talked merrily, flushed from the wine, and desperately lingered on until 8, drinking up every minute in that beautiful atmosphere before returning to our unelegant routine.

We had a longer meeting than usual tonight, and the new soberness of its tone was impressive. We feel we're really into it now, instead of just playing the roles of dancers on a tour. David warned us, unhumorously, about getting enough sleep, about having enough restraint at delicious dinners (as good as tonight's) we will constantly be faced with on tour. If any of the girls gain weight it will put a real strain on David and Marc, who have to lift them. Run-throughs begin tomorrow, dress rehearsals will be Sunday and Monday nights. It was a down-to-earth meeting, honest and open, throwing in our faces the undeniably unpleasant parts of dancing and touring. We were all advised to work individually on our parts in the dances, and on our technique, in general.

Later this evening Marc and I escaped for a beautiful hour in the New Studio; we sang Schumann and Faure songs and I accompanied him on the piano in there. After he left I worked until 12:30 on my demonstration of Jack's technique for the lecture-dem. and on my solo. I got a lot done, and finished both. As I walked back in the cold, I felt very full of a good feeling, and quiveringly awake. Something is happening to all of us. We are beginning to see the beauty and excitement in what we are doing, and to see beyond our everyday cycle of increasing tiredness.

Thursday, January 13, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today a bomb fell on our careful plans for Tour - David went to the doctor and found out he has a hernia. He should not do lifts or strenuous dancing - but in each of the six dances he is in, he has several lifts, some very difficult. So this was a big blow to all of us. It is unfortunate that so much of our concert should depend on one person - a result of impractical planning, lacking foresight. He told us the news today right before our first run-through at 5. However, we went through with it, without doing any of David's lifts, but performing the rest of the dances at high pitch, and some of them looked very good. Martha and Joe fixed a beautiful dinner for us tonight after we returned from run-through, tired, hungry, baffled, saddened. We ate in candle-light, trying hard to be cheerful and funny, in our own dining room; Leslie and I dressed in silly, lovely dresses - mine an orange print with yellow lace from the costume room. But some of us felt glum and made no effort to hide it. After dinner we adjourned to the living room for a serious meeting while Martha and Joe washed the dishes and cleaned up our mess from dinner. We received criticism from Anita and Sue Snyder on all the dances, and no mention was made of any major changes in the program as of yet. But we all know that some change must be made, perhaps some dances entirely cut, some altered for David, some casting switched to Marc or to another man brought in right away. David already started to teach his quartet to Marc; I have been told to prepare my solo for possible performance as an alternate dance. These things hurt all of us, for we know that one of us simply overextended himself because of too many demands made on him. This will be a strain on all of us for the duration of Tour, as well as on David, who might have to leave us at any time. We are sad tonight.

Friday, January 14, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

This day started badly, with all kinds of reactions and repercussions from

yesterday. Jim Edinger is coming up from New York and will go with us on Tour, so we will be a company of eleven. The casting changes are indefinite, but at least two dances will be removed from David's heavy load. Jim cannot leave his job before Sunday afternoon and so cannot begin rehearsals until Monday, so most of his learning work will have to be done while we're on the road. Our programs will be touch-and-go; we will have to be ready to cut some dances, put others in, and do many with a different male cast, as well as the expected work of any tour-- adjusting to unfamiliar stages, floors, and technical set-up. Today we all suffered from over-tiredness and irritability, and some of us from shin splints and diarrhea. But around dinner time we seemed to regain some of our sense of humor and high spirits; Leslie and Laurie made chopped liver, and we had ice cream for dessert. Our run-through, at 8, went very smoothly - we are almost too much on top of ourselves and our energy, we need now to rest and relax from -rehearsing. David danced beautifully tonight, but it hurts us to see him push himself so much. We have been playing guitar and recorders and singing beautiful songs lately.

Saturday, January 15, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today we are more hurt and more tired. Jim injured his foot learning my dance from Harry in New York, so he cannot dance for a week, but he is coming tomorrow afternoon anyway. Lecture-demonstration is finished; it is gppd, and the only thing untouched by all these changes. Jim will eventually learn most of David's parts, Marc will learn the others, Anita will learn his solo.

This is a black, ugly, sad day. Outside it is beautiful. The snow lies thick and blue and untouched by feet because there are so few people here to dishevel it with hard soles and heels; it sparkles at night. We are itching to leave here. Despite all our plans and preparations, we will begin our tour with the teaching and rehearsing of some dances still left to do for Marc and Jim, due to all these unforeseen events. Perhaps future tours will know not to load one person with so much responsibility in dancing and managing; no one should be indispensable on a tour. We are all emotionally and physically drained. Our cheerfulness, if there ever is any, is forced and surface deep. Tonight's run-through was fair. Not much concentration or energy. Leslie's late suitcase, feared lost, finally arrived from Boston today - Eureka! We can all breathe again now for her.

Sunday, January 16, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Things were better today. We all made an effort to be cheerful, and by dinnertime we really were. We had two lecture-demonstration rehearsals, which went fairly smoothly. All other rehearsals were for dances with replacements in cast. Jim came this afternoon, and we're all relieved and overjoyed to see him, even though his foot is all purple and swollen. He is really a breath of fresh air for us, and his optimism is catching. The run-through tonight was sloppy but good-spirited; in David's quartet we all completely broke up at each other - our bodies kept dancing but our faces and minds kept laughing, and we cursed on stage at our inability to control our mood while performing. It was a nightmare, but a funny one - now that it's out of us we can hope it will never happen again. It was triggered by Anita's black-out during her entrance and by small technical details - David suddenly discovering the traveller down instead of the cyc, with a blue light shining onto the blackness.

After run-through Anne Schlabach gave us a party at Cricket Hill with delicious food again. We were all in good spirits by then, and we must

have struck her as a very jolly and lively group. Today Falfine, alias Foulsh Fiend and Alice, adopted us warmly into her dog's heart; she stayed with us all day, went with us to the theatre and to Cricket for the party, and she is now sleeping on a living room chair. She cheers us. David says his quartet can be depended on to cheer us. But not as much as it did tonight we hope. We leave on our Tour the day after tomorrow - still a lot left to do. Our first date is Rutland, Vermont. We are finishing up last details as well as still taking care of some important ones.

Monday, January 17, 1966 - Bennington, Vt.

Today started badly but ended up a very good day. We all felt tired and discouraged this morning, and as Martha made some last minute changes in the opener, she remarked on our apathy but also mentioned her certainty that it would vanish by evening. Today was a day of washing laundry, packing away our life from the past two weeks - a life of leotards, dungarees, sloppy shoes, and books we always mean to read - and preparing our life for the next seven weeks - a life of constantly nice, sophisticated, and fashionable appearance but of only the essentials, and the lightest ones at that. No dearly loved books that will never be read, or music, or jewelry, or pretty boxes and things we are accustomed to have around us to admire.

Today David went to another doctor, who informed him that his pain is from a pulled muscle, rather than a hernia, although he does have a slight one. We are all immensely relieved, and so is he. A pulled muscle is painful, but it heals easily and quickly if rested for a week. We are all breathing easily again, and for the first time since Thursday there is no strain or tension among us from a fear that David would have to leave us soon.

Our final run-through tonight was attended by a small cool audience, nevertheless receptive. We are tired and do not feel that we danced very well, although the program as a whole went smoothly. It is very late now but some of us are still up packing and packing, organizing a million things that are impossible to keep organized. It seems strange that tomorrow morning will not be just another day, with class at 9:30, opener at 10:30, lecture-demonstration at 11:00, and other rehearsals all day long. David tore off the weekly schedule of meal-preparers and dish-washers, which symbolically ended our stay here. Tonight before warm-up Marc gave everyone bubble-gum, which we all promptly popped into our eager mouths. The warm-up must have been a funny sight, with jaws working as hard as legs and all ten jaws going in a different rhythm; we snapped, crackled, and popped loudly, but the gum relaxed us.

Tuesday, January 18, 1966 - Rutland, Vt. Jewish Comm. Center, 8 P. M.

Today was a beautiful and fantastic day. There was an air of excitement at our usually dead breakfast, and wonder of wonders, David was the one who woke everyone up this morning and cooked breakfast. When we all finally got ourselves and our belongings assembled, we sat in the living room and marveled at the huge amount of "stuff" traveling with us that was piled in the hall, overflowing from it in all directions. In our effort to be organized, we labelled every bag with wool strips of two wild colors from Ruth's costumes, and assigned each person to a certain duty when boarding a bus or cab or car. But when the moment came for all eleven of us to actually leave a place or vehicle, we didn't seem very organized at all. Martha and Joe saw us off, the three men wearing handsome jackets and ties, even David in a neat white shirt and tie, looking as he has never before been seen by my eyes. We girls were in our all-purpose, all-weather boots and assorted tour outfits of fashionable coats and big furry or woolly hats, and lugging huge overstuffed tote bags. We piled into 2 cabs, promptly invaded a Burlington bus at 10:30 and were in Rutland in about an hour. We livened up that bus

outfits of fashionable coats and big furry or woolly hats, and lugging huge, over-stuffed tote bags. We piled into two cabs, promptly invaded a Burlington bus at 10:30 and were in Rutland in about an hour. We livened up that bus considerably singing spiritedly "Aupres de ma blonde, il fait beau, fait beau dormir" and crazy 3-part cycles involving intricate combinations of 3 different songs. David tooted his recorder most admirably.

In Rutland we met the first of the many kind, friendly hostesses we will meet along the way of this tour, who open up their homes and their lives to us briefly for a few hours. We found out that our "stage" for tonight's performance is nothing more than a linoleum tile floor of an auditorium in the Rutland Jewish Center. We set up makeshift wings by draping blankets and sheets over costume racks; we had no stage lights. The only disturbing element was that we had to dance on the same level as the audience and practically on top of them, with no blinding lights to help give us distance. One of our hostesses thought that our luggage tags were Bennington's school colors - that amused us. We split up for dinner at private homes, and returned to warm-up and make-up to find that the center was closed. David did not have a master key to this building, but, a freak circumstance, so we were forced to wait for a babbling, ridiculous fifteen minutes until the Rabbi opened it up. The performance went very beautifully and spiritedly; we really came to life. Bill sent us a telegram admonishing us to "keep the ball rolling," and Marty Armstrong came to see us and cheer us on. Getting away from Bennington and having a fresh, new audience was a great spur to our failing energy. Although these people know nothing about dance or modern dance, they responded warmly. It was a small audience that wanted to know more about us, about dance, about our work, that reached out to our dancing and took it eagerly into their own experience. There were children in the audience, and their genuine appreciation and entertainment made us feel especially good. One woman told me afterward that our faces looked dead and expressionless, but she did not even know if this was a criticism or if dance was supposed to be like that. However, we do know, and know also that this is a problem we must work on to improve, especially since we will often be in other situations like tonight's. Tonight we are totally exhausted. We are all split up - Leslie and I are at the Calcagni's neat, pretty house with a fantastic view of the mountains from the living room window, warmly received by them and their three beautiful children. David and Jim are at Mrs. Cohen's, Susanne and Ruth at Mrs. Chase's, and the others split up singly. Our first day of real touring is over - we have successfully packed and unpacked the costumes, kept ourselves and our things intact, and danced well enough to give some people real enjoyment - that's what this tour is all about, after all.

Wednesday, January 19, 1966 - Putney and Brattleboro, Vt. Putney School 3:15
All Souls Church 8:30

Today we were all very tired and out of sorts, crabby to each other. Everything seemed to be a drag. We travelled through typical Vermont countryside, looking gorgeous in thick snow and crazy patterns of ice. Black horses stood against the snow grazing nonexistent grass, as if placed there by a sculptor. RicRo met us at Brattleboro, and he was a welcome sight to us all. We found Putney School to be a miniature Bennington with younger and co-ed students, but somehow more innocent and pure. We gave our first lecture-dance there this afternoon, and though we were all painfully nervous it went very well. Our carefully unplanned happening to end it was a huge success with those quick, alert students. Our evening performance at a church in Brattleboro did not go so well. Our stage area was tiny, the floor was very sticky, and most of us felt down tonight. But the audience, a small, but packed house, was very responsive and warm. Some dances were practically re-choreographed on stage because of spacing difficulty; Kathy's zipper completely broke one dance before hers, which created a mild panic;

the technical set-up, or rather lack of it, was very difficult. Last night as I ran madly off into a wing in David's dance, my elbow pulled by an invisible force, I was supposed to use Marc's chest to brace myself against, but I tripped as I reached him and fell hard on my rear, stunned and sore-bottomed. Now I keep envisioning it happening before I get to the wing. It seems strange and meaningless to go in and out of people's lives like we did last night and this morning. Tonight we are at the Alumni House at Putney School - all eight girls in a cold, long room with bunk beds lining one wall. It is chaotic and untidy. Downstairs in the other big room is a fire and soft guitar playing in the dark. We had a sort of party with no one really feeling in a party mood. We're just a little tired and discouraged.

Thursday, January 20, 1966 (Travelling Brattleboro, Vt. - Waterville, Maine)

This morning we woke up at 5 A.M. - a hideous hour to do anything in - in order to be packed up by 6 and at the bus by 7. The day seemed interminably long - hours and hours of riding on buses. We decided to take a 2-hour break in Boston in between buses, and in those two hours we caroused around, wildly flinging ourselves at every shop we passed and creating scenes of loud merriment. Jim bought a beautiful deep pink carnation for each girl, which he delivered to us on the bus and which we proudly displayed either in our hair or emerging out of a neckline or buttonhole. Just about the time that we had begun to doubt the existence of Waterville, Maine, we arrived there about 7 P.M., and were scooped up into school cars and whisked off to an elegant reception room at Colby College. The Dance Club had a delicious meal prepared for us, and we all felt that we should have been perkier and more alive after all their efforts. Their efficiency and organization and friendliness were lovely. Since we have some free time tomorrow we are going to rehearse dances that have become sloppy - David's trio and quartet, Ruth's, Laurie's, mine. It was odd having a meeting and reading off rehearsal times again - we haven't done that since we left Bennington. Tonight we are all split up in various dorms, some of us sharing a room with a Colby student. It is the first free night, with no performance, that we have yet had.

Today, during all those empty hours of traveling, we talked a lot about Tour and its flaws and impracticalities. We mentioned some suggestions for future tours.

Tour Chairmen: - don't get dates merely to fill up the calendar; be specific about stage requirements and don't accept many dates without a decent stage or without a stage at all; either cut down on traveling, so that we have many dates in a smaller area, or else get fewer dates if wide traveling is necessary, with more free days in between.

The number of men and girls should depend on the demands of the dances going on tour, rather than the traditional number of 8 women and 2 men. The full program should not have more than nine, dances, eleven being too much to throw at an audience, especially one unfamiliar with dance.

Friday, January 21, 1966 - Waterville, Maine - Colby College 8:30 P.M.

Master Class 3:30

Here at Colby College we had a real stage with curtains, lights, and programs for the first time. However, our smooth, slippery masonite stage floor more than made up for the lack of other technical difficulties. But we had a warm, receptive audience which seemed to overlook our mad slipping and sliding all over the stage. We had some instant choreography again tonight, some ridiculous spacing problems, Kathy's hair ribbon fell on the stage with bobby-pin ends up, just where David had to place his foot, I rolled over on to Anita's costume and thus pinned us both to the floor. But our performance was spirited, we were much more relaxed than we've been since Bennington, and we could laugh about our errors.

It's amazing what one "free" day can do for our morale. ("Free" means an evening of no performance followed by a day of no traveling.) Today we found time to wash our hair, our clothes, reorganize ourselves, relax a little. This afternoon Sue Snyder taught the first master class. Marc and I demonstrated. It began slowly but picked up along the way. Most of the 20 or so girls taking it were beginners, but they seemed to enjoy it. Last night, Laurie discovered that her guitar has three huge deep cracks on the side, from the cold or from knocking it around too roughly. This was upsetting, but she was able to borrow a guitar from one of the students for tonight. She plans to have Mr. Schonbeck mend it when we are in Bennington tomorrow and Sunday. Tonight Jim danced with us for the first time - he danced David's part in the opener. David is much better but Jim is going to take over some of his load. We are all so thankful for David's quartet as a graceful closing dance. It always ends the concert on a good note, despite what has gone before it (or during it) - Marc told me to mention this, as a thought shared by us all. Tonight Laurie, Marc, Leslie and I had an adventure in the chapel after the performance. We wandered gaily in, found a beautiful 3-keyboard organ and I proceeded to play Bach on it, pulling many stops which made an infinite number of wondrous sounds. However, a bearded young man entered and informed us that we were disrupting the PA system in the coffee house downstairs and that we must stop; but until the others could figure out how to turn the organ off, I continued playing on a bell-like stop saying "But isn't this beautiful?" to which he replied, "I love organs, but you must stop playing it now." Being dancers, and from Bennington, and very tired, we didn't care too much what we disrupted. Kathy and Sue Slovak wandered off into town, David and Jim wandered into a fraternity house pajama party; Anita, Sue Snyder, and Ruth hit their respective sacks.

Saturday, January 22, 1966 - Travel Waterville, Maine - Bennington, Vt.

Another 5 A.M. rising. We are exhausted to the point of hysteria. A beautiful clear sunny day. We left Waterville at 6:20 A.M., after a double batch of donuts and coffee by accident, and spent a lovely hour and a half in Boston; six of us girls ate lunch at an exquisite East European cafe. I went to a fascinating art print shop to buy prints for Leslie's birthday which was today. She went to a crazy contemporary museum and a music lesson building with a spiraling turquoise staircase leading to a bright turquoise door to heaven, no doubt. The others wandered in and out of beautiful clothes and import shops. We almost lost Kathy who nearly missed the bus to Albany while entranced in watching pigeons in the Commons. The afternoon was sparkling bright sunny quiet lovely, everyone slept on the bus in surreal positions, except Leslie and me who talked softly of soft things and watched the sleeping bodies around us and wrote silly rhymes and read poetic words. Bus arrived an hour and a half early in Albany - at 3:45 - bus to Bennington not until 6:30, so everyone sadly set out alone walking down that ugly Main Street with an empty long span of time to kill, and that was the last I saw of them. They went on to Bennington for tonight; I stayed in Albany at my sister's house and Ruth and Sue Snyder also left the group. We each have our personal lives outside the tour which makes us strangely detached from each other - we do our job together and that's about all, as much as we can help it.

Sunday, January 23, 1966 - Troy, N.Y., Emma Willard School 2:30 and 4:00 P.M.)

We went to Emma Willard School today - the extreme opposite of Putney School - a huge, impressive mass of prison-like buildings, grey stone. The inside was like an elegant dungeon. We had a very formal, stiff dinner there for lunch, with demi-tasse coffee right after it. We were very pressed for time - half an hour in between master class and concert, and David had only 2 hours to set all the lights and technical cues. For the first time we dispensed with a formal, warm-up

class, which was a mistake, especially since we have not danced since Friday. We had a beautiful stage and floor for the first time, but unfortunately we only did a 45 minute program, so the fifty or so girls who came to see us could go to chapel at 5 P.M. Jim danced in Kathy's dance today, and it was the only one that went well except for Laurie's. The rest of us were very sloppy and apathetic. It was a grey day, with a snow blizzard blowing up, and we all danced greyly. Our audience was the coldest, smallest, and deadest we have yet had - it seemed to feed on our apathy and we on its coolness. Not even a chuckle in David's quartet. Last night at the College again, for one night, and with no food in the refrigerator, seemed to have depressed everyone. Tonight they are split up between two Troy houses, except for Ruth, Sue Snyder, and me. Today was the first of a 13-day stretch of one night stands, with no free days in between.

Monday, January 24, 1966 - Amenia, N.Y. - Barlow School - 3 P.M.

We did a lot of traveling today but somehow ended up only making a big circle. Traveled from Troy - Albany - Poughkeepsie - Amenia - Poughkeepsie - Albany - Bennington. Tonight we are all bedded down at Putnam Hotel in Bennington and unutterably exhausted. Lugged our mountainous luggage all over train and bus stations and didn't even use it all day. Performance at Barlow School was fair. I felt better myself but it seemed rather down for most everyone else. Their stage had a strange set-up; dressing rooms did not lead directly to wings, so we had to do all our costume changes back-stage; once the performance began, we all had to remain backstage. Our audience was with us pretty well, and seemed enthusiastic.

Laurie's dance became farcical today - she and David broke up uncontrollably on stage, which frustrated and confused Sue Slovak, who tried to dance this serious dance seriously, as they've always done previously. Several of the dances deteriorated into frantic spatial re-adjustments and none of them were really performed with much projection or concentration. On the train we discussed this problem, which seems to be very much with us - we must realize that our program is simply not outstandingly great or exciting, but that we can still make it enjoyable and fresh, only if we ourselves feel it that way. The dances seem to be falling apart; they need rehearsal and much serious thinking - not so much anxiety about unfamiliar spacing and floors.

Our meals today were harrassed and haphazard - lunch was brought to us and ravenously gobbled up right in the theatre, which saved us some much-needed time, and dinner was carefully wrapped up, dragged along with us to Poughkeepsie and onto the train, and thence disposed of, again ravenously. We had a close call on the long ride to Poughkeepsie today and almost missed the train - the VW bus with all the luggage and four of us in it had a flat tire. But luckily Marc was in the car and quickly efficiently changed the tire so that we arrived with some little time to spare. We all yearn for a good tough technique class - for a luxurious hour and a half.

Tuesday, January 25, 1966 - Plainfield, Vt. - Goddard College - 8 P.M.

None of us felt rested this morning despite the charm and elegance of the Putnam Hotel. Laurie had guitar problems, since Gunnar Schonbeck left town without either fixing hers or supplying a temporary substitute. So she will continue to borrow a guitar in good faith at each place we perform.

This morning we went shopping in Bennington before our bus. We all tried to buy new shoulder, arm, and upper back muscles; we bought wool ski hats, make-up, and Laurie bought new water-proof boots. A man at the bus station asked me if we were a group going skiing, and he wasn't too far from the truth. Another man asked Leslie if David's collapsible garbage can was a portable john. She answered, "No, it has no bottom."

We had a three and a half hour bus ride to Montpelier, Vermont, which bothered us much more than our eleven and a half hour ride to Waterville, Maine, last

last week. We were all car-sick in varying degrees from the bumpy, winding mountain roads. But the day was sparkling clear, sunny, bright blue sky, all the trees and houses and lawn objects capped with snow and dangling diamond icicles of strange sinister shapes. We found Goddard to be a lovely place, with friendly relaxed people very much like a co-ed Bennington might be. Our performance there tonight was at a high pitch, and once again we felt like dancers projecting out across the lights. Sue Snyder gave us a thorough, gruelling warm-up that was just what we all needed; some of us took advantage of the barres along the walls of the theatre and gave ourselves a ballet barre this afternoon. Today we also had time to each think out our parts in dances, space them, and work out messy places. We still need a lot of work for cleanness and precision, but tonight's performance was more encouraging than our most recent ones have been. The stage was big, but it had a badly splintery floor and its wing set-up was a shape that tended to let us lose our sense of front or any sense of direction while on stage, especially after turns. But these difficulties seemed to arouse our energy, so that they resulted in a generally better performance than we've been giving. Tonight was also the first evening performance since Colby last Friday and it is much easier for us to perform at night after traveling in the morning and early noon. Tonight we made-up in a real dressing room, a mirror-lined long table that was a luxury to us. Marc and Sue Slovak gave a rendition of "Carmen" in duet form to occupy us as we made up. Marc Ryder, dance teacher at Goddard, was good to us and honest - he said we were technically adept but the choreographic intention of some dances was unclear to him; he also said that seeing it once is not enough to really give helpful criticism. He had a striking resemblance to Bertram Ross which some of us immediately noticed. Tonight we have a whole wing of a new dorm, called Kilpatrick, to ourselves, complete with night watchmen stomping through, wonderful hard beds on top of boards and everything clean, new, efficient.

Wednesday, January 26, 1966 - Newton, Mass. - Newton South High School - 7:30

We arose at 6:30 A.M. to greet the bitterness of a 20° below world - the ice was thick on all the steps and walks, we carried our suitcases on top of it, and our faces, fingers, and feet ached with sharp pain from the dry-ice air. Ruth sprained her ankle by tripping on a living room step in those early hours - after we reached Boston she had it examined and found it to be a very bad sprain, which will keep her off her foot for at least a week. She arrived at the theatre in Newton at about 6 P.M. on crutches, looking very sad, to tell us the news. We had spent all afternoon teaching Sue Snyder Ruth's part in David's quartet, just in case. It turned out that we did the opener with only nine, completely cut David's "Ballad" and Ruth's piece, and did the quartet with Sue Snyder, who did an amazing job from one afternoon of rehearsal. The stage in Newton South High School was a fantastic, beautiful huge open space, with a good floor - the best stage we have had yet. But the large auditorium was only sparsely filled by a meager audience, which disappointed us - tonight we really sparkled, perhaps because of our glorious stage or because of arising to meet the challenge of one missing dancer. It was ironic that we were so completely apathetic right before the concert - none of us really felt like performing, but it turned out to be one of our best nights. Ruth hobbled back to tell us how good it looked, and how frustrated she felt to have to watch it from the audience. She will not be with us for a week. Today was an incredibly beautiful snow-ice-sun blue-sky-black trees day, which we drank in from our respective bus windows; the mountains were silver and the heavy snow transformed everything into Henry Moore sculptures and the snow drifts became white Saharas. Tonight we are split up in various homes around Newton and Boston.

Thursday, January 27, 1966 - Boston, Mass. - Brimmer and May School - 10:00 A.M.

This morning we again rose early for our 10 A.M. performance at a Brimmer and May School assembly. Our stage was a very tiny space in the cold gym with 2

ineffectual wings set up on each side, and the audience sat on the floor quite close to our downstage edge, but again we gave a lively, strong performance. We did our 45 minute program, with my dance repeated twice in a row, to end the first part which the older girls saw and to open the second part which the little ones saw. They had to change classes midway. It was interesting to compare how the two age groups reacted; it was refreshing and stimulating to feel an audience respond so completely and spontaneously and warmly. I felt that they were really with us all the way. Our technical set-up was certainly inadequate, but the audience response made our dancing worthwhile and meaningful again. Rima was there bringing us coffee and doughnuts for breakfast, comforting us, encouraging us, assuring us that in another week or so we'd be numb to everything - tiredness, cold, discomfort, irritability. After a rather hysterical scene in the dressing room immediately following the performance, during which all eleven of us simultaneously decided how to spend the next 22 free hours, whether or not we needed immediate cash from business manager Sue Slovak, where and when we needed to meet again, who would be responsible for costume bags and tape recorder, we left in a flurry of suitcases and tired voices. Leslie, David, and I avoided the rush and stayed at Brimmer and May to lunch with Rima and watch her class. It was delightful being with children again and seeing how gently but firmly Rima handled them. She had them do her revised tree dance for us, which I was in originally. We enjoyed seeing them throw themselves into what they do with such total concentration, vigor and joy. Laurie and Marc taught the master class at Newton this afternoon, Anita and Sue Snyder made a new duet costume to replace the green chiffon with an iron-shaped hole burned in it by over-enthusiastic Colby students. Sue Slovak cashed some vital checks at the bank and then learned from Ruth her part in her dance to take over temporarily. Sue is doing a fantastic job as business manager, which is enough to drive anyone over the deep edge, but she hands out money to yapping mouths as coolly and calmly as she keeps track of it with her handy addiator. Leslie and I took luxurious naps this afternoon; this evening we and Laurie Rohde and her brother, with whom we are staying, took in a good movie and a visit to Rima and her house guest, David, and had many blocks of walking to the MTA in cuttngly bitter cold and winds. It was good to have a free afternoon and evening - we all really needed it at this time.

Friday, January 28, 1966 - Rocky Hill Country Day School, East Greenwich, R.I. 8 P.M.

Leslie and I nearly missed the 9 A.M. bus to Providence this morning by oversleeping, and so started the day off rather frantically, arriving (with trembling arms and hands) at the Boston terminal at 8:50 after a several blocks' walk carrying our leaden-weight suitcases from the MTA. Everyone else was calm. Our Rhode Island destination, Rocky Hill School, was a strange, crazy place, near the ocean and surrounded by twisted black trees with a huge birds' nest in the topmost branches and acres of white bareness. The buildings and furniture were ancient - from the 17th century, the people other-worldly, a quiet unspoken tension and strain in the air, repression and stuntedness. The meals there had a formal elegance, with blue, yellow, and gold fresh flowers on the table. It was a strange day; as we passed lakes and ponds on the bus, steam rose from them weirdly. The loose powdery snow was blown all about by a big cold ocean wind, like a sandstorm. Through the bright sunlight glaring on the snowy ground and the sharp snow bits blown onto our faces and eyes we could not see or open our eyes. It was as if we stumbled onto another planet. Tonight we performed on a huge beautiful stage at the East Greenwich Civic Center, and everything went well except for one crisis: Sue Slovak performed Ruth's part in Ruth's dance tonight for the first time; I was doing sound, as I always do for that dance, and as I pushed the "play" button at the well-known cue of Sue's turn toward Marc, nothing happened - there was Sue baiting Marc and there was the chorus, and in the midst of it all was a hideous silence. Luckily David was right there, and he stepped right in, frantically switching all the switches he could find, and eventually hitting the right one. The boys working

the lights had accidentally switched off the power for the tape recorder when they switched off the house lights. Sue was shaken but cool. Tonight five of us took the midnight bus to N.Y.C. - David, Anita, Susanne, Sue Slovak to teach the master class Saturday, and me and five remained in East Greenwich, split up in two houses. At 4 A.M. we in New York are each with our respective friends forgetting for the moment about Tour as much as possible.

Saturday, January 29, 1966 - Merrick, L.I. - Lecture-dem and program - 8 P.M.

Today was a day full of crises and things going wrong. Up until 2 P.M. the day was my own private non-tour world of long walks in the cold with friends. Marc had told me to take the 2 P.M. train to Merrick which everyone from R.I. would be on - the others in NYC were driving in later with Ro-Ro. But somehow the plans changed and our communications got confused, and so I arrived in Merrick at 3 P.M. all alone and a little bewildered. Meanwhile another crisis had occurred - Sue Slovak came down with a bad cold and could not teach the master class, supposed to have begun at 3, and no one was available from Tour to teach at the last minute. Wendy Summit had it all in her lap - she had been Sue's demonstrator. I arrived on the scene at 3:15, completely frozen cold and numb, and taught the class of 50 eager women and girls, spontaneously, of course. Sue Slovak could not give the lecture-dem, which, unfortunately, was scheduled to precede a full program that night (our audience was the most dance-educated one we have yet had), so Leslie stepped in and read the note cards most eloquently. The lecture-dem made the program too long, which made the already cold audience quickly tire of us. The R.I. group did not arrive until 5:30, until which time we had no idea of where they were or when they were going to arrive. They had been stalled eating lunch.

Harry and Kathy Posin and Wendy Perron and Jack and Bill were there, and our party afterwards at the Summits was the most relaxed and pleasant, no mention made of the altogether nightmarish events of the day and evening, at least to me. The Summits had made the most preparations for us at Merrick so far, but we felt that we gave one of our biggest flops there despite their efforts. We had a full house but very cool and unresponsive, we felt. The program was too long, the beautiful stage so large that we didn't know how to use it without having taken time to space our dances on it, and we were tired, low, and some of us getting sick.

(The following section of the log was written by the stage manager.) The stage was large and had adequate facilities. The staff of the H.S. treated us as if we were bright but somewhat immoral 5-year olds (chaperones included). The stage was surrounded by the most negative attitude I have ever encountered. The program was the most unfortunate combination we could manage. We bombed. Respectfully submitted, D. Krohn.

Sunday, January 30, 1966 - Schenectady, N.Y. - Y.W.C.A. - 8 P.M.

Marc taught a good master class at 6 P.M. for about 25 enthusiastic women and girls. Some of us napped in luxurious sofas in our dressing room after our fried chicken lunch with the Petersens, Sue Snyder entertained several of us trying on Mrs. Palomountain's evening gowns to temporarily replace her costume (for Kathy Hynes' dance) which was accidentally left in New York. Sue Slovak felt very sick and slept all afternoon. We had a half hour in between class and performance; then gave a 45 minute program, in the middle of which Sue said she could not do her solo. So I quickly got into my costume and performed my solo for the first time - I was rushed before and after but it went fairly well. We danced on a gym floor again, for a small but receptive audience. Tonight five of us are at the Petersen's country home and five at the Palomountain's. We rest, wash our hair and our clothes in the sulphurous well water, try to unwind, sit in front of a fire eating warm fresh popcorn, talk a lot to Sven and Mrs. Petersen, admire Kirsten, their daughter.

17

Monday, January 31, 1966 - Saratoga Springs, N.Y. - Skidmore College - 7:30 P.M.

After sleeping late for a change, eating small delicate pancakes for breakfast, and relaxing a little, Sven and Mrs. Petersen drove us to Skidmore - only about 20 minutes away. The Palomountains had already delivered their charges there when we arrived. We performed in the Little Theatre, on a nice stage with an old masonite floor which, we thought was stickier than Colby's had been. But we found out as we performed this evening that it was slipperier than we had thought. In my dance, both Kathy and I slipped and fell all the way down onto our bottoms, and right up front too. It was quite a shock. Except for that, the program went very beautifully.

The small auditorium was packed to overflowing - with people standing in the aisles right up to the stage. They were the most responsive and warm audience we have yet had, and we in turn responded to their quick enthusiasm. It was a pleasure to dance for them. In the small reception they gave us right afterwards, they spoke to us individually about our dances, and their excitement gave us the encouragement we all badly needed at this time. Then five of us jumped into their indoor pool - Leslie, Laurie, Jim, Marc, and me - and burned out our restlessness and tiredness by swimming. Nancy Comstock, bubbly and efficient, took us all out to a late dinner and now we are spending the night in a marvelous old dorm, which we have all to ourselves. Today I spent a lot of time teaching Jim my dance, hoping he will soon be able to replace David. It is difficult, being on the road and rushed all the time, and without being motivated by an actual emergency. Sue Slovak is better, but now David is sick. He tried to invigorate himself by working out on the rings in the gym and shooting baskets with Ro. We are all very tired and weary.

Tuesday, February 1, 1966 - Hartford, Conn. - Bennington Alumnae - 8 P.M.

Today we took 10 and a half hours to get from Saratoga Springs, N.Y. to Hartford, Conn., and wasted about 8 hours. Marc has done a good job and this is the first transportation mix-up we've had, but nevertheless it was an unnecessarily exhausting trip. We all overslept this morning until 5:45 A.M., leaving us 15 minutes before the cab came. Then we had a 3-hour wait in Bennington for a late bus, during which we all quickly scattered and wandered as far away from each other as we could. We got to Hartford at 5 P.M. very giddy and punchy, and stir-crazy, but our smooth organization enabled us to be all ready to go by 6:30 - we were too tired to argue or even talk to each other. Susanne's costume for Kathy's dance arrived by special delivery before we did, which is a relief. Today I put David's trash can together for the first time - it is an amazing piece of machinery, and I feel great pride in assembling its parts into a perfect, whole trash can. That takes another load off of David. We performed tonight at Oxford School for the Hartford Bennington Alumnae - despite our exhaustion it went fairly well. The alumnae women are wonderful to us - five of us are staying at Mrs. Wilson Smith's fantastic house, full of paintings, strange aquarium fish, 2 cellos hanging on the wall, recorders in the piano seat, exotic blossoming plants all over the house and a dog named Arpeggio.

Wednesday, February 2, 1966 - Hartford, Conn. - Oxford School - 3 P.M.

Today Leslie came down with the disease that is rampant among us. We all slept late this morning, and then returned to Oxford School to do a 45 minute program for the students' 3 P.M. assembly. It was wonderful to perform in the same place twice in a row. Our young audience was very enthusiastic and spontaneous. Today Anita did David's trash can solo for the first time, since he is still not well and the 45 minute program is very exhausting for him. A hideous thing occurred with the tape, however, just to shake Anita up and destroy her weak confidence: the curtain opened with Anita slumped over in the trash can, and silence.

Leslie was frantically motioning to David that the tape just broke, and so the curtain was quickly closed; 30 seconds later the curtain again opened, and this time music emerged, but behold, it was the screeching flute of Wendy Summit's solo, and so the curtain closed for the second time on the unmoving Anita. Leslie had forgotten to change from the full to the 45 minute tape after the opener which is only on the full program tape. Of course an empty reel was nowhere convenient, and she had to race downstairs to the dressing room to get it. I kept saying to myself, as I watched in horror from the wings, "This is the middle of the concert, which is now in a state of blank nothingness." But everything went smoothly after that. Tonight we remained in the same houses, which was a real pleasure - two nights in the same place is about as settled as we ever get on this tour. Mrs. Smith and I read through some Bach Gamba and Piano Sonatas - a huge and relaxing treat for me. We are all becoming disgruntled and short-tempered with each other, not only from fatigue, but also from discouragement. We feel rather fat, flabby, and apathetic from our inactive life of hours of bus riding day after day - we need a rest from touring and from each other.

Thursday, February 3, 1966 - Amherst, Mass. - Amherst College - 8 P.M.

Today Anita woke up sick. We were very well-received at Amherst College - a warm, full audience. Jim performed my dance for the first time, and it went beautifully. He will permanently replace David in it. We had an exquisite dressing room area; the stage was very wide, though shallow, and covered with a ground cloth, and it had a fantastic cyc that merged with the high curved ceiling. All the dances looked unusually good against it. We also had elaborate lighting for a change. David threatened to leave tour in one week; Jim almost broke his toe in Kathy's dance; Marc, Laurie, and Sue Slovak had a brief but spirited run-in. Ro-Ro, Rick, and Boyd appeared unexpectedly, cheering their respective girls, but somehow depressing the rest of us. We had a marvelous French dinner and party at Mr. Carre's house, with wine, cranberry juice, beer, bourbon, whiskey, etc. We are sleeping in an elegant inn tonight.

Friday February 4, 1966 - Corning, N.Y. - Corning Community College - 1 P.M.

We arose at the absurd hour of 3:30 A.M. for a two and a half hour drive in an unheated truck to the Albany Airport. Ruth met us there at 7:30 and she was a breath of fresh air coming back into our disheveled and woebegone group. We were very happy to see her - a member of the real world, outside, coming into our world. She looked rested and cheerful, though her ankle is still not healed. We took our first plane today, to Elmira, N.Y., and it was Ruth's first plane ride ever, but disappointingly uneventful. We performed a full program at 1 P.M. minus the opener, "Ballad," and Ruth's dance so that the students could go to a class in one hour. Our conditions were very bad - a gym floor with wings set up too wide apart, no curtain or lights, and since it was in daylight we had to walk on and walk off in the dances that begin and end on stage. The audience was small and quietly unresponsive. Sue Snyder taught a master class at 3, accompanied by David on recorder and metal trash can, and after that we have been entirely free. Ruth still cannot dance, so David is planning to teach someone else his "Ballad." We were overjoyed not to do the opener today, and we all realized that something is wrong with it - it has not been coming across to our audiences. Today we were jittery from total exhaustion and our nerves raw with each other; it was the last of a stretch of continual one-night stands, which has just been too much. We ate royally tonight in the restaurant of our inn, some of us went to movies, others relaxed and did laundry. Leslie and I played recorder duets. Tonight we sleep deeply and well.

Saturday, February 5, 1966 - Travel Corning, N.Y. - Detroit, Michigan

We slept late; we tramped over individually and on foot, for a blessed change,

to the Corning Glass Center; we took another plane, at about 3 P.M. and went to Detroit. We flew above the clouds in a clear and beautiful sky. We are all camped out in the Berg's fantastic house sleeping all over the place, on the floor, on beds, in the cellar, in the living and dining rooms, upstairs. NO PERFORMANCE today - what a beautiful relief. Mr. Berg declared Laurie the official Toilet Flusher for the three of us cellar dwellers (because our toilet down here is old and finicky and must be handled delicately). Everyone is tired again.

Future Tours: never go for more than six days of performances without empty days for just travel or free.

Sunday, February 6, 1966 - Rochester, Mich. - Oakland University - 3:30 P.M.

For some reason we were all still very exhausted today. We performed at Oakland University in Rochester, near Detroit, in a small, nice theatre on a white ground cloth. We performed fairly well - but whether from constant tiredness or laziness we seem to be sloughing off. Our energy is down, our bodies are not in shape. Ruth attempted to just mark through David's quartet, but in so doing hurt her ankle again. She went to another doctor who advised her to stay off of it entirely for several weeks and let it heal - it is a torn ligament. It is a strain on us to have tentative program changes ready at any minute, so she will probably leave Tour for good. Laurie will learn her part in the quartet because it's too much for Sue Snyder to continue in it; Anita will learn Ruth's part in "Ballad." After our performance Mrs. Robinson had a huge beautiful party for us; a lot of Bennington people were there, and people from the Detroit area. It was the biggest social event given for us yet. Our audience was very warm and appreciative - everyone at the party, and our hostesses, commented on our tiredness. People seemed to like our dances. A lot of children were there also. Tonight Leslie, Sue Slovak, and I are at the Berg's. The others are split up among alumnae in the area.

Monday, February 7, 1966 - Detroit, Mich. - Wayne University - 3:45 and 8:30 P.M.

Today Ruth left for good to go back to New Jersey for the remainder of Tour and let her ankle heal. Laurie did the quartet tonight, and it went well; Anita is learning "Ballad;" I am learning Sue Slovak's part in the chorus of Ruth's dance so that Sue can continue to do Ruth's part. All these changes put a strain on us and weaken our program - only five dances have remained untouched by cast changes so far since we left Bennington. Learning new dances on the road is difficult and risky. But once we get going again, adjusted to Ruth's absence, we will be OK.

We gave a lecture-demonstration this afternoon for a small but interested audience. Wayne University's Community Arts Center has a huge, wonderful stage except that there's no curtain and the floor is linoleum covered cement, which is very hard on our feet and legs. But all the space we can move in makes up for it. Jim entered the happening at the end of the lecture-demonstration for the first time and he was a fresh spark to make it a real happening. Fantastic things happened in it - people were picked up and carried around, legs entangled, arms pulled and dragged. It really worked. After much talk about our dying opener, we did it tonight with a fresh effort to make it come alive and it did. It worked, and for the first time. In the rest of the program we absolutely flamed. Dances got 2 and 3 curtain (rather light) calls; there were bravos in both David's and Sue Slovak's solos. Somehow we knew that these people wanted to love us, which made us push ourselves to our limits so that they could. It was a packed audience, made up of many dancers and dance-knowers. After David's quartet had taken 3 curtain calls, the audience was still going strong so the rest of the company, some not even in costume or make-up joined us for about 3 more bows. It was exhilarating - we felt that we could have done our entire program over for them. Afterwards they

crowded backstage to see us and talk to us. It was by far the best performance yet. Cyril Miles, an artist who makes fantastic assemblages, had us at her home afterwards, where we met some interesting people and ate from a huge bowl of good fresh fruit with sherbet, and spoke to people about our dancing. Mrs. Berg told us we owe it to ourselves and to the people we dance for to dance every time as well and energetically as we did tonight. We feel refreshed, encouraged, and inspired from these warm people.

Tuesday, February 8, 1966 - Travel Detroit, Mich. to Chicago, Ill.

We took a bus this morning, arrived in Chicago about 3 P.M., gaining an hour along the way. We were met by Dr. Posin and the Krohns. Leslie, Sue Slovak, and I are staying at the Rothschilds, David, Laurie, and Anita are at the Posins so that he can rehearse with them on Ruth's parts, Jim and Marc at a hotel, Sue Snyder with relatives. We rested.

Wednesday, February 9, 1966 - Chicago, Ill. - George Williams College - 11 A.M.

George Williams was a wonderful place to perform in, even though we had only a gym to dance in. We did a 45 minute program, with no curtain, no lights, and no stage for a convocation which the entire student body of 550 attended. We felt that they were very much with us all the way, and they showed their enjoyment by their loud and long applause. Mr. and Mrs. Dunsing, who teach modern and folk dance there, were very gracious and warm to us. Their appreciation encourages us. At the luncheon they gave us afterwards, several students asked us about our dances, obviously stimulated and moved by them. They really loved our program. We had the afternoon and evening entirely, marvelously free, except that Anita and Laurie worked with David, and Sue Slovak taught a master class. Some of us went to the Art Institute. Leslie, Sue Slovak, Kathy, the Rothschilds and I spent most of the evening engrossed in making beautiful cards out of origami paper with scissors and glue. We are relaxing a bit, finally.

Thursday, February 10, 1966 - Cicero, Ill. - Sterling Morton High School - 7:30 P.M.

We had a free and rainy morning, a wild ride in the Posins' car over to Cicero, and a fairly mundane performance. "Ballad" was done for the first time since Goddard, with Anita in Ruth's part, and Ruth's dance was done with four chorus members again, with me in Sue Slovak's old part. Somehow we just did not come to life tonight. Our stage was good, the audience we later found out to be 800, but not too enthusiastic.

Afterwards a huge bumpy bus took us to our respective hostesses' homes, in Winnetka and Glencoe, on the outskirts of Chicago. During our stay in the city it was remarkably warm and rainy, like a muggy spring, and it was the first place we've been where there was no snow. On that crazy bus ride we were all in relaxed high spirits with each other for the first time in weeks.

We danced in fresh lovely clean costumes - Anita finally had them cleaned yesterday.

Friday, February 11, 1966 - Evanston, Ill. - Evanston Township High School - 3 P.M.

We woke to a spring breeze and sunlight and sky, and performed at Evanston High School, a beautiful, large, efficient place with 4500 kids bounding all around. We decided to change the 30-minute program that had been set up because we felt it was weak. The students had exactly 30 minutes to see our program, so we had to hustle. My dance was done instead of the opener, and David's solo instead of Wendy Summit's. The stage was covered with a loose ground cloth which was difficult to dance on, and the wings extended so far backstage that it took

a full half-minute to get around them, which necessitated some quick thinking about exits and entrances, but otherwise we danced pretty well. Afterwards we taught 3 separate master classes at the same time - Slovak the advanced, Marc the intermediate, and me the beginning. Our students were good, interested dancers. We had a free evening; Les and I and the Pattisons, with whom we are staying, went to a movie, Zorba the Greek, and loved it. We enjoyed sitting and losing ourselves in it as we try to let people lose themselves in our dancing sometimes. It was beautiful and refreshing.

Saturday, February 12, 1966 - Travel Glencoe, Ill. - Racine, Wisconsin)

Another spring day, sunny and brisk. I took an exhilarating ride on Mrs. Pattison's bike for many blocks and got a bit lost. But we made it to the train station; Diane Sherer was there to see Marc and Laurie off, who stayed at her house. It was good to see her and speak to her about her tour and its problems similar to ours. The train was a marvelous thing with 2 levels of seats; from the top level we could look down on the whole train. In Racine we are staying at a luxurious hotel - it is a day of being catered to, of eating, seeing, meeting, enjoying and no performing. Some of us swam in the indoor pool before a good lunch; then we were taken to visit Johnson's Wax, in a building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, and to Wingspread, center for the Johnson Foundation, a philanthropic humanitarian organization. Mr. Speakman was so warm and friendly and open to us, and we didn't even dance for them. He had wanted us to perform there, but though there were no facilities for us, he invited us to visit anyway. They gave us a beautiful dinner, with some other interesting people, and we just talked and read their books, all spread out on every subject and looked at their art and their building. All of us girls were dressed in civilized shoes for a change, neat little heels, and pretty cocktail dresses. For one brief evening we were part of the real world again. It was relaxing and encouraging for some of us, although others of our group thought it was a waste of time and worthy of their contempt. Tonight was free again.

Sunday, February 13, 1966 - Travel Racine - Stevens Pt., Wisconsin

We travelled from 9:30 A.M. until 4:30 P.M., arriving bedraggled, giddy and restless, but very tired. Again, no performance today. We have all been very unhappy about many things on this tour, for a long time, and have had endless discussions going into early morning hours about it, so I think it is time to write in the log about it. This must be understood by future Tour members, to avoid making our mistakes again:

First, everyone must remember that Tour is of the Tour members alone - they must live with it and in it for nine weeks. Once its goal is set and defined they cannot lose sight of it, as we have done. We never really defined it to begin with, but to me the sole purpose of Tour was to perform as best we can for people in all kinds of situations. But there is a lot of ambiguity -

Are we social ambassadors of Bennington College?

Or are we dancers trying to put on our best possible performance (which means not accepting dates with inadequate facilities, accepting fewer dates, and travelling less)?

Or are we primarily students learning about a tour by doing it, very often the hard way, accepting the above mentioned difficulties without trying to avoid them, each performing his own job in which he can make mistakes

a Creative Arts Forum at Wisconsin State U. with Dean Cantrick and three other musicians who improvised in music while we improvised in dance. It was a strange and interesting experience. We also did our happening to their musical improvisations. Afterwards we opened the floor to questions and discussion, which ended up by our doing an informal and disorganized version of the lecture-dem., without Sue Slovak's steady voice or sure note cards - in fact she wasn't even present. But it was a success and people seemed to like it. Then we performed this evening - an enthusiastic audience; some of the students had lemon-lime drinks with us afterwards in the Gridiron snack shop - they were friendly and admiring. Dave and Leslie danced to juke-box music, Marc and I escaped upstairs to a piano where he sang and I played. The stages and audiences are all merging into a big blur of sameness - I can't remember anything distinctive about tonight's performance. Dean Cantrick is a good man - he smiles and laughs softly and likes our dancing. The music teacher is like a tall little boy, lanky and easy-going. Karen, the student on Cultural Committee committed to handling us, is greatly understanding, relaxed, warm, truthful. She told Leslie she admires the way we just do things, really deeply, without talking about it or watering everything down. Although we know that we do waste a lot of breath talking, once we settle down to dance, we really do it. In the opener tonight I carried in a big red balloon and threw it out to the audience. The opener seems to need things like that once in a while.

Tuesday, February 15, 1966 - Muncie, Ind. - Ball State University - 8 P.M.

This is being written at midnight in a little train station in Richmond, Indiana. We have descended upon this nearly-empty room and disrupted its dismal cozy quietness with our loud talking and noises of eating. We are eating picnic lunches of fried chicken and grapes packed by cheerful and cheering Mrs. Korsgaard, only the green grass and blue sky are replaced by brown benches and high off-white ceiling. Today was a day of crisis handled calmly in our tiredness, endless traveling on buses and planes, early morning rising, discouragement masked by singing and joking. After a 6:30 awakening and a drive to the Wausau Airport this morning, we found that our plane to Chicago was going to be an hour late. The hour which we were to have free in Chicago, to transfer our luggage, and other vital tasks, was instead spent in Wausau waiting for the late plane. When we arrived in Chicago we were speedily whisked off to our next plane which we nearly missed. We arrived in Indianapolis and in great chagrin discovered the absence of all our luggage. This was our first big crisis. Muncie was two hours away by bus and Marc found out that our stuff probably wouldn't be on another plane until late afternoon. So he waited alone, faithfully and bravely, and the rest of us with misgivings went on to Muncie. We seriously considered canceling our performance, if our costumes did not arrive in time. Later in the day Marc phoned Muncie to assure us that he and the costumes were on the way in a rented car, but at 7 P.M. we finally decided that they were lost, and we were outfitting ourselves with each other's ill-fitting assorted lotard and tights combinations for a desperate warm-up when in walked our hero, dead tired but loaded with all our precious articles. With one hour to curtain time we ended up with more time to spare than usual because we were so keyed up and all prepared to rush. At 7:45 there we were sitting and waiting, costumed and made-up as usual, but it seemed incredible and incongruous after so many scary events. The performance went smoothly and we were well received. Now we find ourselves in this empty station at midnight, no one knows quite why, a properly ridiculous end to a ridiculous day - an endless end.

(Later) We took a sleeper train at 1:30 A.M. It is bumpy.

Wednesday, February 16, 1966 - Pittsburgh, Pa. - Ellis School - 8 P.M.

We emerged from our cubicles on the sleeper train this morning at 8:30 A.M., completely exhausted. No one slept well but it was quite an experience (that could be our motto for this whole Tour). Each cell had two bunk beds, a toilet, and a

UNCHALLENGED?

In any case, these questions should be kept in mind and generally agreed upon and accepted before and all during the Tour.

Other problems and unanswered questions we have encountered:

The question of salary or some sort of stipend to enable those who need money for tuition to go on Tour without great strain.

The problem of a tight, tiring schedule preventing us from giving ourselves good technique classes, so that we feel ourselves regressing in strength and technique -- we don't even feel like dancers sometimes.

Some suggestions:

Perhaps an extra person taken along to do technical work - a nondancer - including, sound, though the Tour members can work sound and call cues during the program. The problem seems to be before the program - warm-up and free time that we use to rest and relax, during which David and Leslie are busy.

Perhaps scheduling separate blocks of time for travel and for performance - four days in one city - giving master classes, lecture-demos, and several performances in various areas of the city - no more than four or five performances in a week. Having time and space to rehearse and to take an hour and a half company technique classes.

More awareness of a critical attitude and the importance of criticism in keeping our dancing clean and alive. Someone specifically should take this responsibility for every dance.

Only those who really want to go on Tour - who are willing to accept its responsibilities and to respect it as an honor - should go, even if it is less than ten people and a shorter program is required. This includes the responsibilities to have a positive, friendly attitude to each other and to give as much as possible to each audience.

Some of us feel that on this Tour our general attitude toward it and toward each other is negative - we neither give of ourselves to get along with each other - in warmth, kindness, patience, and consideration (important qualities for a group living so close together for so long and performing a specific job together) nor give enough of ourselves to our audiences. And on a Tour it must be a total effort of every person involved

We had an embarrassing, ugly tense scene tonight with Dean Cantrick. After arriving exhausted, we found that each of the seven girls had been put in a third bed squeezed into an already small room containing two University students. After dinner, we voted to spend the next two nights instead at a nearby motel; but we went about it very indiscreetly and displayed our impatience, tiredness, and tension to our lovely hostess, Karen. Immediately afterwards Dean Cantrick asked us to try out a dance improvisation to his musical improvisation, for a forum to be conducted tomorrow afternoon. This was an unexpected surprise for most of us, who, totally unprepared, found ourselves unwilling at that time to work out some ideas and cooperate with the well-intentioned Dean. It was disastrous timing. The majority of the group refused to work on it at all, so we wasted an hour and a half and an innumerable amount of energy loudly arguing in pointless circles about how to go about setting up the improvisation, or whether to do it at all, with Mr. Cantrick inserting remarks every so often to try to help us grasp onto something positive, rational, real, objective. It was agony. We finally decided to do it tomorrow with only those who want to, and we set up a loose framework for it. Afterwards Marc, Leslie, Laurie and I went to a string quartet concert that was refreshing and exhilarating.

Monday, February 14, 1966 - Stevens Point, Wis. - Wisconsin State U. - 3 and 8 P.M.

Today we were in better spirits. For Valentine's Day Leslie gave us each chocolate hearts, Sue Slovak sticks of Teaberry gum, and Marc and Sue Snyder shared with us their Valentine candy. This afternoon some of us participated in a creative Arts Forum at Wisconsin State U. with Dean Cantrick and three other musicians who improvised in music while we improvised in dance. It was a strange and interesting experience. We also did our happening to their musical improvisations. Afterwards we opened the floor to questions and discussion, which ended up by our doing an informal and disorgan

sink; the upper bunk was reached by a climbing ladder, which on a moving train is a difficult feat. Once our suitcases, costume gabs, tote bags, and tape recorder were in with us, there was no space to settle ourselves in except on the beds. We found Ellis School to be beautiful, wealthy, and generous to us. We used most of the day to give the dances a good thorough rehearsing, badly needed -- our program was becoming sloppy and dead. Some of us napped on the long benches in the theatre. Sue Slovak taught a master class at 3 that was disastrous -- 53 ninth grade girls required to take it, 50 other seventh and eighth graders sitting and watching them and laughing at them. Kathy and I demonstrated, and it was a very frustrating, dissatisfying experience. But Sue did well under the circumstances. The stage was an unusual shape, with only two wings on either side, which made spacing difficult. Also it was close to ground level. In the opener, to set the tone, I ran off the stage, landing in the audience aisle and then scrambling back onto the stage -- but no one laughed. Another strange thing about it was that two functional doors formed the back wall of the stage, separated by white panels. All the dances were done in front of them, but David had Leslie and Laurie actually use them in his quartet. Leslie has been a mysterious-figure addition to the quartet since our Wisconsin State performance. She enters and exits in a black coat and boots and her fur hat. The doors were an appropriately absurd asset to the dance tonight. We had to construct an elaborate system of look-outs who could see the stage and relay movement cues to the people working the lights. So the first 16 measures of the music for David's "Rags" solo were played in darkness though the audience never knew the difference, and everyone in Ruth's dance was cuahgt, when the lights went on, scrambling into place. But it made us more alert. We are staying in various homes of Ellis students around Pittsburgh tonight.

Thursday, February 17, 1966 - Lewisburg, Pa. - Bucknell University - 8 P.M.

We left Pittsburgh this morning in two rented cars, driven by Marc and Jim. This was Marc's idea which we all agreed upon, since buses to Lewisburg are rare and complicated. Driving was more of a strain than riding on buses would have been, but it gave us a good feeling of independence and freedom and being in the real world again as we proudly drove right up to the door of a building at Bucknell. Mrs. Elze, who met us, was friendly and relaxed, though not too efficient. David had a lot of work to do on lights, since his worksheet sent months ago to prepare for us had been misplaced or forgotten. His annoyance spread a tension among us at dinnertime, when we met him and heard of his rough afternoon, which later dissipated into wild giggles and silliness in the dressing room. Several of us slept all afternoon in the sunny white beds in Ward House, where we are all staying. Sue Snyder taught a master class of an interesting mixture of little girls in ballet shoes and grown women. Our evening performance went well, but we felt our tiredness in it. The stage was filthy with a dirt that could not be mopped away -- our costumes and feet and Anita's bare legs for the quartet emerged a dusty gray. Leslie, Jim, David, and Anita went out on the town afterwards and drank African coffee.

Friday, February 18, 1966 - Cheyney, Pa. - Cheyney State College - 1:30 and 7:30

Another beautiful spring day to drive in -- absolutely non-winter weather. Yesterday too was sunny, warm, bright. Today we drove through Pennsylvania Dutch country, past lovely old farms and meadows, and we saw an Amish man in a horse-driven wagon come out of a side road. But inside the car driven by Jim we were all going not too quietly out of our minds. Somehow a second day of five people enclosed in one car, together with our restlessness about our vacation coming up tonight made the trip unbearable. Not enough room for all our legs and arms and bodies nor enough space in the air for our voices. But we arrived by about 11 A.M. and were met by relaxed and lovely people, Mrs. Lane and a student named Garnette. We performed at 1:30 in a small theatre for an audience packed with students, a

a warm enthusiastic audience. The stage was very small and slippery, but despite a few collisions and trips we danced the 45-minute program well for our tired state. Afterwards Garnette gave us the most thorough and honest criticism we have yet had from anyone. She commented on our heaviness and said not that it detracted from our dancing but just that it challenged the skinner dancer stereotype; also on our dead facial expressions -- she noticed only two of us totally involved enough to use our faces; she remarked on the lack of mere virtuosity display in our choreography, which she liked; she also said our choreography moved her intellectually, but not spiritually -- a quality she called "folksy." Afterwards we bravely faced 150 eager energetic men and women for a monstrous master class -- it looked to me more like 450. Sue Snyder gave the warm-up, Slovak taught moving across the floor, and all the rest of us girls lined up along the front of the gym as demonstrators. About 50 men came over to take it from a nearby college, all physical ed. majors, which created a challenging situation we have not yet seen. It turned out to be a lively exploding class because all those people just loved to move so much. It was funny and beautiful to see the endless stream of bodies bounding across the floor like young deer. Between the class and our 7:30 performance we met some crazy and fascinating students, some of them drummers who played spiritedly for our class. We were struck by the general aliveness and joy of the whole college -- everyone we met had this quality. But two 45 minute programs and a huge master class were too exhausting for one day. Most of us conked out somewhere in our backstage room between dinner and 7:30 -- Marc on top of a big desk, me on top of a grand piano, Leslie on the theatre floor. Our evening performance was our final supreme effort, but only a tiny audience was there to receive it. Laurie and Sue Slovak almost didn't get through it, the rest of us dragged ourselves to the finish line. (Two performances had been planned because of the theatre's small capacity, but we found the second performance not well enough attended to make it worthwhile.) After the final curtain the marathon race started, to get our make-up off ourselves and our costumes packed and get to the Philadelphia station in time for our trains -- a faculty member was kind enough to drive us there and bear with our insane and nervous babble. David, Snyder, Slovak, Kathy, and Anita went to NYC, I went to Baltimore. Jim, Leslie, Marc, and Laurie are going on to Richmond tomorrow and spending their free week-end there. We are free until a Monday night performance in Greensboro, so we are splitting until Sunday night. We absolutely need it now.

Saturday, February 19, 1966 - FREE DAY

I rested, relaxed, enjoyed the sunshine and got interviewed by a Television Lady about Tour.

Sunday, February 20, 1966 - Travel to Richmond, Virginia

Another beautiful free day until my 5:30 bus to Richmond, Va. Met the others here at the hotel at about 9:30. We sort of avoided each other tonight except for our roommates.

Monday, February 21, 1966 - Greensboro, N.C. - Bennett College - 8:30 P.M.

We felt refreshed, relaxed, cheerful and sane again today, able to face each other and the world. We were in good spirits all day, especially after arriving at Bennett and meeting the students there. They were wonderfully open, friendly, and sincere -- we had dinner all split up among them, and we heard in awed wonder about their choir group which tours for two weeks and fulfills academic assignments during that period also.

Our stage was very small but deep -- much like our Bennington stage, so that most of the dances were good in it. Our performance was clean, spirited, and

alive and felt good to do. Afterwards we had one of our most enjoyable recaptions; the Bennett girls were fascinating and very real with us; we talked with them, each with our own group of girls, loud and long until after their curfew, and then Leslie, Laurie, Jim, Marc, David, and I went off to another party at the home of Olivia, the dance teacher at Bennett. We became engrossed in a heated discussion with Tony, her fiance, and Bob -- two charming men from a nearby college with vital, speeding minds who were exciting to talk to and warmly appreciative of us. We hated to leave. We are staying at a little white cottage all to ourselves, with a back yard, a fallen tree in it, and barking dogs in the neighborhood yard on the other side of the fence. The men are in a guest house nearer the campus.

Tuesday, February 22, 1966 - Wise, Virginia - Clinch Valley Community College - 8 P.

Today was as low as yesterday was high. We simply had unfortunate arrangement that could not be avoided with the dates set up as they are. We traveled on a bumpy bus from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M., riding all through Tennessee and beautiful wild desolate country, on winding roads that made us all car-sick. Then we had a two hour ride to Wise, Virginia in college cars. Our drivers were lanky country men with long rhythmic drawls who pronounced hollows as "hollas," their name for the valleys, and who showed us a whole world of relaxed, slow-talking, uncomplicated living. We arrived at the theatre with two hours to curtain time, not having had one meal all day. We ate in bits and snatches -- coffee and doughnuts eaten standing up at the bus terminal in the morning, soggy sandwiches and candy from machines in a Boone, N.C. 10-minute rest stop later in the day. Leslie supplied us with plentiful walnuts and raisins in the bus. But by 8 P.M. we were in no state of mind or body to perform. We went through the silent wordless rituals of make-up and warm-up but somehow our minds could not accept the ludicrous situation that our bodies were in. During the concert we didn't even talk much to each other, in between dances we read comic books and stretched out on the floor. But we had a nice stage to dance on, and the people who saw it -- about 200 -- liked it and said they had never seen much dance before. At the reception they were inquisitive and asked us questions about our dances. At the concert about ten college girls were ushers, dressed in long ball gowns, long white gloves, and elegant polite manners. They were quite a contrast to the empty, uncivilized land we had driven through all day -- miles and miles of rolling hills, cows, horses, and sheep grazing on an empty slope in the middle of nowhere, ancient wooden shacks seemingly uninhabited but on closer notice, actually lived in. They were far apart and haunted looking. We also saw pigs and roosters and a turkey farm. We are staying in The Inn in Wise -- a beautiful old place with antique marvels in every room. At midnight the kind ladies there made us all fresh ham sandwiches and ice cream cones. Mr. Smiddy, President of the College, proudly took Leslie and me to see his ten fine Appalusa horses in the dark cold night with the warm smell of horses and stables all around. He smiled and talked with a drawl and wore a half cowboy hat and guided us gently in the dark stable.

Wednesday, February 23, 1966 -- Baltimore, Md. - Jewish Community Center - 8 P.M.

We arose from our overheated sleep at 4:30 A.M. -- Kathy, Leslie, Slovak, and I slept in a room with an overactive radiator -- to take a plane to Baltimore. On our plane was a touring 7-foot tall basketball team from Detroit, who quickly became our friends and invited us to a party tonight after their game, which we couldn't attend. David especially was struck by their spontaneous friendliness. We arrived about 12:45 with seven beautiful hours to curtain, were met by my mother and Sue White, a Bennington girl. Once we reached the Jewish Center, ugly tense scenes eroded our thin surface of compatibility -- we argued over our afternoon plans. A TV man was there at 2, to shoot two minutes of film for a news

feature -- he shot David's rehearsal of the quartet -- he was very cool and efficient and impressed by David's coolness and efficiency. Marc and Jim took a swim and a steam bath and then a nap at my house. I was nervous about the performance because it was a home audience for me, and because I was aware of everyone's exhaustion and lack of spirit. But we did give a good, clean, lively concert, although the audience response was discouragingly dead. No one laughed at all, or clapped very much. The house was half full, despite all the publicity that had been done. Afterwards I found that three quarters of the audience were my relatives and friends -- mostly conservative Jewish people who know little or nothing about dance. But they all said they loved the concert. We are learning about different patterns of reaction to our dancing by different cities. Tonight Leslie and I are staying at my home. I am experiencing an odd confusion as my two worlds of Tour and home collide.

Thursday, February 24, 1966 - Baltimore, Md. - St. Timothy's School - 3 P.M.

Today the snowflakes fell thickly and thoroughly all day, upsetting my mother and delighting us and signifying everything under its blinding pureness. We were still tired today, and complained good-humoredly about every aspect of Tour, sitting in the dressing room talking about our tiredness and lack of desire to perform anything any more. Today was the day our opener opened -- transformed itself into a spontaneous dance of spirit and joy. We decided to switch our opener accessories and add some odd bits available at St. Tim's. I added my red and black bikini undies over my orange leotard; Slovak wore Jim's train conductor hat, Snyder wore Leslie's hat and Anita's pink scarf tied around her waist, Kathy wore a basketball pinafore from St. Tim's and carried a hockey stick, Jim wore a fencer's one-sleeved jacket and helmet from St. Tim's. We felt and looked so ridiculous that we laughed and smiled on stage and dances those movements with a proper absurdity and abandon of spirit. Our audience was full of young kids very enthusiastic and with us every minute. They loved our opener and laughed at it -- finally it worked, and after that we danced well for them. Some dances really flamed -- mine, Kathy's Slovak's David's quartet in which we again used a door that happened to be included in the flat that was the left rear wing. We danced in a gym in daylight with no crossover and no curtain, but they responded well despite these disadvantages. Afterwards they talked to us with sincerity and admiration. We had dinner at home, and my house became a confused panic area as all ten of us gradually converged on it and I tried to tie all the loose ends together from two days being home. We took an 8 P.M. train to Wilmington, Delaware, and then were driven in a small schoolbus to Sanford Prep School in Hockessin. We trekked across the deep snow with our bags to Mercer Cottage, the infirmary, where we are bedded down tonight -- Leslie, Kathy, and me in one tiny room, pungent fumes from Slovak's Vitabath seeping in under our door from the hall. We are exhausted for a change.

Friday, February 25, 1966 - Hockessin, Del. - Sanford Prep School 10:30 A.M.

Kathy, Slovak, Marc, and I woke up at 9:30 with a full performance coming up in one hour -- the others had been up earlier. Our dressing room was cold, we were sleepy and all in bad, unperforming moods. We danced in a gym again, no crossover, curtain, or lights. The young kids in the audience were noisy, inattentive, and seemed bored at times, but afterwards told us they loved it. David stopped dancing for about 15 seconds in his Rags solo and just stared antagonistically at them trying to regain their attention. We all felt we should have done a 45 minute program instead of a full one at that early hour and for a school assembly. Again we wore crazy outfits for the opener and they loved it. But they did not respond to the ones that we usually count on to go over. Leslie met a wonderful lady, Scottie, at lunch, who will be the new dean in two months, and Laurie saw some of her friends from last NRT when she taught here. We took a long

bus ride to Trenton, J.J., and had dinner there with students from Trenton State College. We are spending the night in dorms. David and Sue Snyder went to NYC for the night. We feel so tired and disgruntled that we can't even talk about it any more, but tonight after dinner, freed from our usual tensions by the absence of two of our members, we all let go and engrossed ourselves in a wild snowball fight, with mounds of snow flailing around and towel turbans wrapped around our heads -- (we were given our towels at the gym before going to the dorm) -- poor Miss de Voe, dance teacher at Trenton State, must have thought us strange creatures to be let loose on unsuspecting schools and colleges throughout the country, but she seemed to understand and sympathize with us. Leslie and I asked for a room together in the dorm so we could go to sleep early, and then played recorder duets so late that other girls came in and asked us to stop. But they are friendly, interested girls.

Saturday, February 26, 1966 - Trenton, J.J. - Trenton State College - 1 P.M.

This morning I taught a master class at 10:00 A.M., with Marc, Slovak, and Leslie demonstrating. Sue decided to demonstrate and let me teach, since she's taught so much. It was a good fast-moving class of about 50 or 60 girls, and we all enjoyed it. Afterwards we had a half-hour forum in which Slovak, Laurie, Marc, and I explained our ideas about our dances. The performance was at 1 P.M., again on a gym floor with no curtain or lights, for a very small but enthusiastic audience. Today we went absolutely wild for our opener costumes. We borrowed some goodies from a backstage costume room. Marc was a Spanish beachcomber with red and white striped bloomers and straw hat, Jim wore a jacket with thousands of colored dangles jiggling around on it and a straw hat, Leslie wore a huge cotton beach ball cover of many colored patches on her head that ballooned out when she ran, and Marc gave all of us each a rose-colored wool pom pom that we wore in various places - a very jolly crew, but we left the stage area ;ottered with Leslie's headdress and several fallen pom poms after the opener. Right after the concert we were whisked off to the Trenton terminal; we took a bus to NYC and went off on our own as soon as we arrived. Every minute of privacy we can get is precious to us now. Leslie and I went to Jack's concert tonight and saw Risa Jaroslow and Tina Croll, beautiful fresh faces for us.

Sunday, February 27, 1966 - Hackensack, N.J. - YMHA - 2:30 P.M.

We had a free morning to sleep late, then a short bus ride to Hackensack from Port Authority and emerged in sunny spring air on a Hackensack sidewalk. Marc and Leslie promptly flopped down, stretched out in the sun for a little snooze surrounded by our mass of stuff, with the rest of us looking on, until a man walked by and earnestly informed them that there were no beds there and that they'd be cold if they slept there. They replied that they were quite warm and comfortable. After a while we gathered up our stuff, and, invigorated by the spring air, decided to walk to the YMHA building -- so we set off briskly in the wrong direction. We corrected ourselves after one block and then walked for an endless time. We finally arrived, very weary and hungry after about 12 blocks, with less than an hour to curtain. Marc gave up three quarters of the way -- just stopped and sat down on his huge suit case and smiled weakly. Ruth and Steve and Mrs. Bauer were there to greet us, cheer us, feed us, calm us, reassure us. Our stage was the smallest one we have yet had -- painfully small, and wing space was even smaller. Laurie's guitar for "Ballad," which I so carefully tuned before the opener, had slipped out of tune by the time she went on stage and started to play it, so she quietly put it down and continued the rest of "Ballad" to David's solo recorder or else in silence. But the performance, somehow, was spirited and clean -- some dances went unusually well.

The Sunday afternoon Community Center audience was made up largely of children, though it also included some Bennington friends and New Yorkers who had seen

our Merrick concert, and liked today's better. But at the brief reception afterwards, we found ourselves too tired or dazed to even carry on a conversation. We all immediately split again for a free evening on our own. We are physically exhausted and mentally tired of each other, and quickly rush off to our own personal privacy every minute we aren't performing together.

Monday, February 28, 1966 - Allentown, Pa. - Cedar Crest College - 8:15 P.M.

Tonight we gave our last evening performance. We arrived at our clean, quiet motel rooms early enough to sleep for two hours and have dinner at the motel. The performance went as well as usual, we had a nice large stage, and the audience was a very warm enthusiastic group of Cedar Crest girls. Some of them joined us at the motel afterward for a small party which we are really too tired for. An English professor at Cedar Crest drove us around and took care of us, who was just the right degree of cheerful, relaxed, encouraging and humorous that we needed. Tonight we made up backstage to Beethoven piano music drifting in from one of the many music rooms down the hall. It rained today and drowned itself in grayness.

Tuesday, March 1, 1966 - Philadelphia, Pa. - Moor College of Art - 11:00 A.M.

The cabs were scheduled to arrive at the motel at 6:15 this morning, and I awoke at 6:20. I never dressed so fast in my life, and still ended up last in the cab, only three minutes after waking from a deep sleep. Our cab was a silent gloomy group. It's almost too late in the Tour to have such horribly early mornings. It's not even funny any more. But we discovered, after several hours of drugged sleep on the droning bus, Moore College of Art to be a beautiful, elegant building, filled with paintings and sculptures done by students. We walked in and passed an ordinary chair with a head attached to the top of the chair back, hands neatly folded on the seat, and legs hanging down beneath it, but no body. We assumed it was a neurotic dancer who had gone haywire with her diet. We walked through sunny halls to have breakfast, then at 11 A.M. gave our last full performance. We kept going at a high enough level by the promise of a free day coming up. The audience was unusually warm, receptive, spontaneous -- they laughed and clapped a lot and it made us feel good again. The students -- all girls -- are art-oriented and relatively free-spirited. As we were taking bows for the quartet at the end of the concert I thought I saw a familiar glint in the audience, which turned out to be Harry, come from NYC to meet us and escort us to our various 1 1/2 day retreats. We were all glad to see him. During lunch we had an unfortunate meeting full of tension and misunderstanding and impatience, concerning funds after Tour, in our free days before returning to Bennington. We had one more panic scene of mild trauma before deciding that David and Anita were going to the nearby Rodin Museum and the rest of us to the terminal and then taking off on our brief vacation.

Wednesday, March 2, 1966 - FREE DAY

A beautiful completely free day and night.

Thursday, March 3, 1966 - East Brunswick, N.J. - East Brunswick H.S. - 10 A.M. & 3 P

Today was our last day together -- The Last Day of Tour. We gave two 45 minute performances, one at 10 A.M. and the other at 3 P.M. We took a very early bus from NYC - 7:30 A.M. - and arrived in East Brunswick with not much time to spare for our first concert. The audience was a huge horde of young teen-agers who spurred each other on to great heights of laughter and general noise. We appreciated their response, except for Slovak, who was not too fond of their laughing reaction to her profane and ponderous solo. Again we were plagued by janitors desirous

of working backstage while we were making costume changes. We dispensed with warm-up today by general consent, but seemed to dance just as well. Between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. we ate lunch, napped in nurses' office and home economics family-living lounge, talked, walked in the sun, and Leslie made plane arrangements to Detroit. The enormity of Tour's being over after our 3 P.M. performance did not really hit us at first, since most of us had such tight travel schedules to follow. Sue Snyder was the first to leave, and I had a strange feeling as I said good-bye and saw her leave as the music for Sue Slovak's solo blared through the stage door. After the concert Kathy drove us over the bridge into NYC to a subway station, and I ended Tour just as breathlessly as I had begun it, as I ran madly from the 34th Street subway stop to Penn Station with one minute until my train to Baltimore left.

I can't say any of us were sad to leave Tour today, for good, though we might think wistfully of it in a year. We accomplished a lot and got through in pretty good shape, but I just wish we could have been kinder and friendlier to each other in the process.

appropriately
boots and her fur hat. The doors were an absurd asset to the dance tonight. * We
are staying in various homes of Ellis students around Pittsburgh tonight.

* See below

Thursday, Feb. 17 (Lewisburg, ^{Penn}~~Penn~~; Bucknell U., 8 P.M.)

We left Pittsburgh this morning in two rented cars, driven by Marc and Jim. This was Marc's idea which we all agreed on, since buses to Lewisburg are rare and complicated. Driving was more of a strain than riding on buses would have been, but it gave us a good feeling of independence and freedom and being in the real world again as we proudly drove right up to the door of a building at Bucknell. Mrs. Elze, who met us, was friendly and relaxed though not too efficient. David had a lot of work to do on lights, since his worksheet sent months ago to prepare for us had been misplaced or forgotten. His annoyance spread a tension among us at dinnertime, when we met him and heard of his rough afternoon, which later dissipated into wild giddiness and silliness in the dressing room. Several of us slept all afternoon in the sunny white beds in Ward House, where we are all staying. Sue Snyder taught a master class of an interesting mixture of little girls in ballet shoes and grown women. Our evening performance went well but we felt our tiredness in it. The stage was filthy with a dirt that could not be mopped away - our costumes and feet and Anita's bare legs for the quartet emerged a dusty gray. [* Add this above after word "tonight." We had to construct an elaborate system of look-outs who could see the stage and relay movement cues to the people working the lights. So the first 16 measures of the music for David's "Rags" solo were played in darkness though the audience never knew the difference, and everyone in Ruth's dance was caught, when the lights went on, scrambling into place. But it made us more alert.]
The people we spoke to afterwards at the reception were very interested in us & gave us good criticism.
— Leslie, Jim, David and Anita went out on the town afterwards and drank African coffee.

Friday, Feb. 18 (Cheyney, Penna. Cheyney State College, 1:30 and 7:30)

Another beautiful spring day to drive in- absolutely non-winter weather. Yesterday too was sunny, warm, bright. Today we drove through Penn^{sa} Dutch country, past lovely old farms and meadows, and we saw an Amish man in a horse-driven wagon come out of a side road. But inside the car driven by Jim we were all going not too quietly out of our minds. Somehow a second day of ^{five} people enclosed in one car, together ~~with our~~

capacity, but we found the second performance superfluous and not well ^{enough} attended to make it worthwhile). After the final curtain the marathon race started, to get ^{our} make-up off ourselves and our costumes packed and get to the Philadelphia station in time for our trains - a faculty member was kind enough to drive us there and bear with our insane and nervous babble. David, Snyder, Slovak, Kathy and Anita went to NYC, I went to Baltimore. Jim, Leslie, Marc and Laurie are going on to Richmond tomorrow and spending their free weekend there. We are free until a Monday night performance in Greensboro, so we are splitting until Sunday night. We absolutely need it now.

Saturday, Feb. 19 (Free day)

I rested, relaxed, enjoyed the sunshine and got interviewed by a Television lady about Tour.

Sunday, Feb. 20 (Travel to Richmond, Virginia)

Another beautiful free day until my 5:30 bus to Richmond, Va. Met the others here at the hotel at about 9:30. We sort of avoided each other tonight except for our roommates.

Monday, Feb. 21 (Greensboro, N.C.; Bennett College 8:30 p.m.)

We felt refreshed, relaxed, cheerful and sane again today, able to face each other and the world. We were in good spirits all day, especially after arriving at Bennett and meeting the students there. They were wonderfully open, friendly and sincere -- we had dinner all split up among them, and we heard in awed wonder about their choir group which tours for two weeks and fulfills academic assignments during that period also.

Our stage was very small but deep -- much like our Bennington stage, so that most of the dances were good on it. Our performance was clean, spirited and alive and felt good to do. Afterwards we had one of our most enjoyable receptions; the Bennett girls were fascinating and fascinated and very real with us; we talked

with them, each with our own group of girls, loud and long until after their curfew, ~~and then went off to another party at the home of Olivia, the dance teacher at Bennett,~~ and then ~~we~~ Leslie, Laurie, Jim, Marc, David and I went off to another party at the home of ~~Olivia~~ Olivia, the dance teacher at Bennett. We became engrossed in a heated discussion with Tony, her fiance, and Bob - two charming men from a nearby college with vital, speeding minds who were exciting to talk to and warmly appreciative of us. We hated to leave. We are staying at a little white cottage all to ourselves, with a back yard, a fallen tree in it, and barking dogs in the neighborhood yard on the other side of the fence. The men are in a guest house nearer the campus.

Tuesday, Feb. 22 (Wise, Virginia; Clinch Valley Community College, 8 p.m.)

Today was as low as yesterday was high. We simply had unfortunate arrangements that could not be avoided with the dates set up as they are. We traveled on a bumpy bus from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M., riding all through Tennessee and beautiful wild desolate country, on winding roads that made us all car-sick. Then we had a two hour ride to Wise, Virginia in college cars. Our drivers were lanky country men with long rhythmic drawls who pronounced hollows as "hollas", their name for the valleys, and who showed us a whole world of relaxed, slow-talking, uncomplicated living. We arrived at the theatre with ^{two} 2 hours to curtain time, not having had one meal all day. We ate in bits and snatches - coffee and doughnuts eaten standing up at the bus terminal in the morning, soggy sandwiches and candy from machines in a Boone, N.C. 10-minute rest stop later in the day. Leslie supplied us with plentiful walnuts and raisins in the bus. But by 8 p.m. we were in no state of mind or body to perform. We went through the silent wordless rituals of make-up and warm-up but somehow our minds could not accept the ludicrous situation that our bodies were in. During the concert we didn't even talk much to each other, in between dances we read comic books and stretched out on the floor. But we had a nice stage to dance on, and the people who saw it -about

~~200~~ 200 -- liked it and said they had never seen much dance before. At the reception they were inquisitive and asked us questions about our dances. At the concert about 10 college girls were ushers, dressed in long ball gowns, long white gloves, and elegant polite manners. They were quite a contrast to the empty, uncivilized land we had driven through all day --miles and miles of rolling hills, cows horses and sheep grazing on an empty ~~1~~ slope in the middle of nowhere, ancient wooden shacks seemingly uninhabited but on closer notice actually lived in. They were far apart and haunted looking. We also saw pigs and roosters and a turkey farm. We are staying at The Inn in Wise - a beautiful old place with antique marvels in every room. At midnight the kind ladies there made us all fresh ham sandwiches and ice cream cones. Mr. Smiddy, President of the College, proudly took Leslie and me to see his ten fine Appalusa horses in the dark cold night with the warm ~~the~~ smell of horses and stables all around. He smiled and talked with a drawl and wore a half cowboy hat and guided us gently in the dark stable.

Wednesday, Feb. 23 (Baltimore, Md. Jewish Community Center 8 P.M.)

We arose from our overheated sleep at 4:30 A.M. - Kathy, Leslie, Slovak and I slept in a room with an overactive ~~the~~ radiator--to take a plane to Baltimore. On our plane was a touring ^{7-foot} ~~7-12~~ tall basketball team from Detroit, who quickly became our friends and invited us to a party tonight after their game, which we couldn't attend. David especially was struck by their spontaneous ^{friend} ~~fre~~ndliness. We arrived about 12:45 with 7 beautiful hours to curtain, were met ~~by~~ by my mother and Sue White, a Bennington girl. Once we reached the Jewish Center, ugly tense scenes eroded our thin surface of compatibility - we argued over our afternoon plans. A TV man was there at 2, to shoot ^{two} ~~8~~ minutes of film for a news feature --he shot David's rehearsal of the quartet--he was very cool and efficient and impressed by David's coolness and efficiency. Marc and Jim took a swim and a steam bath and then a nap at my house. I was nervous about the performance because it was a home audience for me, and because I was aware of everyone's exhaustion and lack of spirit. But we did give a good, clean,

lively concert, although the audience response was discouragingly dead. No one laughed at all, or clapped very much. The house was half full, despite all the publicity that has been done. Afterwards I found that ^{three quarters} ~~2/3~~ of the audience were my relatives and friends--mostly conservative Jewish people who know little or nothing about dance. But they all said they loved the concert. We are ^{learning} ~~learning~~ about different patterns of reaction ^{to our dancing} by different cities, ~~to our dancing~~. Tonight Leslie and I are staying at my home. I am experiencing an odd confusion as my two worlds of Tour and home collide.

Thursday, Feb. 24 (Baltimore, MD. St. Timothy's School 3 P.M.)

Today the snowflakes fell thickly and thoroughly all day, ~~by~~ upsetting my mother and delighting us and disguising everything under its blinding pureness. We were still tired today and complained good-humoredly about every aspect of Tour, sitting in the dressing room talking about our tiredness and lack of desire to perform anything any more. Today was the day our opener opened --transformed itself into a spontaneous dance of spirit and joy. We decided to switch our opener accessories and add some odd bits available at St. Tim's. I added my red and black bikini undies over my orange ~~leotard~~; Slovak wore Jim's train conductor hat, Snyder wore Leslie's hat and Anita's pink scarf tied around her waist, Kathy wore a basketball ~~from~~ ^{pinafore} from St. Tim's and carried a hockey stick, Jim wore a fencer's one-sleeved jacket and helmet from St. Tim's. We felt and looked so ridiculous that we laughed and smiled on stage and danced those movements with a proper absurdity and abandon of spirit. Our audience was full of young kids very enthusiastic and with us every minute. They loved our opener and laughed at it - finally it worked, and after that we danced well for them. Some dances really flamed - mine, Kathy's, Slovak's, David's quartet in which we again used a door that happened to be included ~~in~~ in the flat that was the left rear wing. We danced in a gym in daylight with no crossover and no curtain, but they responded well despite these disadvantages. Afterwards they talked to us with sincerity and admiration. We had dinner at homes, and my house became a confused panic area as all ten of us gradually converged on it and I tried to tie all the loose ends

~~together~~ ^{together} from 2 days

together from ^{two} 2 days being home. We took an 8 P.M. train to Wilmington, Delaware and then were driven in a small schoolbus to Sanford Prep School in Hockessin. We ~~the~~ trekked across the deep snow with our bags to Mercer Cottage, the infirmery, where we are bedded down tonight -- Leslie, Kathy and me in one tiny room, pungent fumes from Slovak's Vitabath seeping in under our door from the hall. We are exhausted for a change.

Friday, Feb. 25; (Hockessin, Delaware Sanford Prep School, 10:30 A.M.)

Kathy, Slovak, Marc and I woke up at 9:30 with a full performance coming up in one hour - the others had been up earlier. Our dressing room was cold, we were sleepy and all in bad, unperforming moods. We danced in a gym again, no crossover, curtain or lights. The young kids in the audience were noisy, inattentive and seemed bored at times, but afterwards told us they loved it. David stopped dancing for about 15 seconds in his Rags solo and just stared antagonistically at them trying to regain their attention. We all felt we should have done a 45 minute program instead of a full one at that early hour and for a school assembly. Again we wore crazy outfits for the opener and they loved it. But they did not respond to the ones that we usually count on to go over. Leslie met a wonderful lady, Scottie, at lunch, who will be the new dean in two months, and Laurie saw some of her friends from last NRT when she taught there. We took a long bus ride to Trenton, N.J. and had dinner there with students from Trenton State College. We are spending the night in dorms. David and Sue Snyder went to NYC for the night. We feel so tired and disgruntled that we ^{can't} ~~can't~~ even talk about it any more, but tonight after dinner, ^{freed from our usual tensions by the absence of 2 of our members} we all let go and engrossed ourselves in a wild snowball fight, with mounds of snow flailing around and towel turbans wrapped around our heads-(we were given our towels at the gym before going to the dorm) - poor Miss de Voe, dance teacher at Trenton State, must have thought us strange creatures to be let loose on ~~us~~ unsuspecting schools and colleges throughout the country, but she seemed to understand and sympathize with us. Leslie and I

asked for a room together in the dorm so we could go to sleep early, and then played recorder duets so late that other girls came in and asked us to stop. But they are friendly, interested girls.

Saturday, Feb. 26 (Trenton, N.J.; Trenton State College 1 P.M.)

This morning I taught a master class at 10:00 A.M., with Marc, Slovak and Leslie demonstrating. Sue decided to demonstrate and let ~~xxx~~^{me} teach, since she's taught so much. ~~It~~ It was a good fast-moving class of about 50 or 60 girls, and we all enjoyed it. Afterwards we had a half-hour forum in which Slovak, Laurie, Marc and I explained our ideas. ^{with an audience} The performance was at 1 P.M., again on a gym floor with no curtain or lights, for a very small but enthusiastic audience. Today we went absolutely wild for our opener costumes. We borrowed some goodies from a backstage costume room. Marc was a Spanish beachcomber with red and white striped bloomers and straw hat, Jim wore a jacket with thousands of colored ~~xxx~~^{jiggling around} dangles on it and a straw hat, Leslie wore a huge cotton beach ball cover of many-colored patches on her head that ballooned out when she ran, and Marc gave all of us each a rose-colored wool pom pom that we wore in various places - a very jolly crew, but we left the stage area littered with Leslie's headdress and several fallen pom poms after the opener. Right after the concert we were whisked off to the Trenton terminal; we took a bus to NYC and went off on our own as soon as we arrived. Every minute of privacy we can get is precious to us now. Leslie and I went to Jack's concert tonight and saw Risa Jaroslow and Tina Croll, beautiful fresh faces for us.

Sunday, Feb. 27 (Hackensack, N.J. YMHA - 2:30 P.M.)

We had a free morning to sleep late ~~in~~, then a short bus ride to Hackensack from ~~the~~ Port Authority and emerged in sunny spring ~~in~~ air on a Hackensack sidewalk. Marc and Leslie promptly flopped down, stretched out in the sun for a little snooze surrounded by our mass of stuff, with the rest of us looking ~~on~~ on, until a man walked by and earnestly informed them that there were no beds there and that they'd be cold if they slept there. They replied that they were quite warm and comfortable.

After a while we gathered up our stuff, and, invigorated by the spring air, decided to walk to the YMHA building - so we set off briskly in the wrong $\frac{1}{2}$ direction. We corrected ourselves after one block and then walked for an endless time. We finally arrived, very weary and hungry after about 12 blocks, with less than an hour to curtain. Marc gave up ^{three quarters} $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way --just stopped and sat down on his huge suit case and smiled weakly. Ruth and Steve and Mrs. Bauer were there to greet us, cheer us, feed us, calm us, reassure us. Our stage was the smallest one we have yet had - painfully small, and wing space was even smaller. Laurie's guitar for "Ballad", which I so carefully tuned before the opener, had slipped out of tune by the time she went on stage and started to play it, so she quietly put it down and continued the rest of "Ballad" ⁱⁿ David's solo recorder or silence. But the performance, somehow, was spirited and clean - some dances went unusually well.

The Sunday afternoon Community Center audience was made up largely of children, though it also included some Bennington friends and New Yorkers who had seen our Merrick concert, and liked today's better. But at the brief reception afterwards, we found ourselves too tired or dazed to even carry on a conversation. We all immediately split again for a free evening on our own. We are physically exhausted and mentally tired of each other, and quickly rush off to our own personal privacy every minute we aren't performing together.

Monday, Feb. 28 (Allentown, ^{Penn.} Penn.; Cedar Crest College, 8:15 P.M.)

Tonight we gave our last evening performance. We arrived at our clean, quiet motel rooms early enough to sleep for ^{two} 2 hours and have dinner at the motel. The performance went as well as usual, we had a nice large stage, and the audience was a very warm enthusiastic group of Cedar Crest girls. Some of them joined us at the motel afterward for a small party which we are really too tired for. ~~(It rained today and it was a disaster)~~ An English professor at Cedar Crest drove us around and took care of us, who was just the right degree of cheerful, relaxed, encouraging and humorous that we needed. Tonight we made up backstage to Beethoven piano music

drifting in from one of the many music rooms down the hall. (It rained today and drowned itself in grayness).

Tuesday, March 1; (Philadelphia, Penna. Moore College of Art, 11:00 A.M.)

The cabs were scheduled to arrive at the motel at 6:15 this morning, and I awoke at 6:20. I never dressed so fast in my life, and ~~still~~^{still} ended up last in the cab, only 3 minutes after waking from a deep sleep. Our cab was a silent gloomy group. It's almost too late in the Tour to have such horribly early mornings. It's not even funny any more. But we discovered, after several hours of drugged sleep on the droning bus, Moore College of Art to be a beautiful elegant building, filled with paintings and sculptures done by students. We walked in and passed an ordinary chair with a head attached to the top of the chair back, hands neatly folded on the seat, and legs hanging down beneath it, but no body. We assumed it was a neurotic dancer who had gone haywire with her diet. We walked through sunny halls to have breakfast, then at 11 A.M. gave our last full performance. We kept going at a high enough level by the promise of a free day coming up. The audience was unusually warm, receptive, spontaneous - they laughed and clapped a lot and it made us feel good again. The students -all girls- are art-oriented and relatively free-spirited. As we ~~we~~ were taking bows for the quartet at the end of the concert I thought I saw a familiar glint in the ~~audience~~ audience, which turned out to be Harry come from NYC to meet us and escort us to our various 1½ day retreats. We were all glad to see him. During lunch we had an unfortunate meeting full of tansion and misunderstanding and impatience, concerning funds after Tour, in our free days before returning to Bennington. We had one more panic scene of mild trauma before ~~deciding~~ deciding that David and Anita were going to the nearby Rodin Museum and the rest of us to the terminal and then taking off on ^{our} brief vacation.

Wednesday, Mar. 2; (Free day)

A beautiful^{u.} completely free day and night.

Bennington College Dance Group
Press Release

At Bennington College dance is viewed as an art unique among other arts, and as an increasingly significant member of the theatre arts of our times. The creative aspect of modern dance is stressed, and the basis for study is the contemporary American style.

The Bennington College Dance Group will offer for its ninth biennial tour in 1962 a program of dances composed, directed and costumed by members of the group under the supervision of the College Dance Faculty. The program is composed of works selected from open workshops and presented after an intensive rehearsal period. These tours, started in 1945 as a Non-Resident Term project, are organized as an educational experience. The company hopes to know their chosen field more thoroughly by performing for new audiences and by exchange with students at other colleges. The Dance Group repertory includes a variety of dances chosen for a number of different performances, ranging from elementary and high school assemblies to full evening concerts.

During the fall term before the tour the program is presented at the College and at the 92nd St. YM-YWHA in New York, where the Dance Group has given performances for the past nineteen years, the only college group so honored. Following one of these performances, Louis Horst, of the Dance Observer (ital.) wrote:

"The annual New York concert of the Bennington College Dance Group is always looked forward to with great expectation. It is like a preview of what lies in the next generation of dancers."

Before the tour begins the Dance Group spends the first two weeks of the Non-Resident Term on the Bennington campus rehearsing, costuming, and since they are alone on campus, doing their own cooking. In previous tours the Group has performed in the New York-New England area (reaching south into Georgia, and as far west as Detroit) with up to thirty concerts, numerous master classes and demonstrations constituting a single tour. This year the Group will tour the Northern United States for six weeks, travelling as far south as Maryland and including a week of performances in Chicago.

The Bennington College Dance Group-Biographies

Judy Beatie is from Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. She is a senior and a dance major at Bennington. Before coming to Bennington Judy studied and performed with Steffi Nossen in Westchester, New York. She has also performed with the Blahboat summer stock theater in Rehobeth, Delaware for two summers. In her senior year in high school Judy won the Westchester Dance Council Scholarship and the Steffi Nossen Scholarship which she used to come to Bennington. Judy is business manager for this tour.

Donato Capozzoli is from Jersey City, New Jersey, and is a dance fellowship student at Bennington in his senior year. He began dancing while attending Jersey City State College. Last summer Donato studied at the Connecticut College School of Dance, and performed there in the American Dance Festival with the Jose Limon Company. He has also danced for three summers in historical pageants including "Horn in the West" in Boone, North Carolina; "Chucky Jack" in Gatlinburg, Tennessee; and "Stephen Foster Story" in Bardstown, Kentucky. Donato is working as stage manager on the dance tour.

Nancy Comstock, from East Norwalk, Connecticut, is a junior and a dance major at Bennington. Nancy has studied ballet at the Silvermine Guild of Arts and at the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. In New York City, she has studied modern dance at the Martha Graham School and the New Dance Group. At the Connecticut College School of Dance, where Nancy studied during the summer of 1961, she also performed at the American Dance Festival in a revival of Doris Humphrey's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4. For the 1962 dance tour Nancy is in charge of the wardrobe.

Adrienne Faffe, tour chairman for the dance group, is from Hartsdale, New York. She is a junior and a French Literature major at Bennington. She has studied at the Martha Graham School and the Robert Joffrey School of Ballet in New York. For two summers Adrienne has assisted Jane Dudley with dance classes in New York, and has also performed under her direction in the Professional Group of the New Dance Group. She has also performed with Elizabeth Rockwell at a performance at County Center in Westchester, New York.

Barbara Kirschner, who is in charge of rehearsals for the 1962 dance tour, is from Brooklyn, New York. She is a junior at Bennington and her major fields of study are dance and literature. Barbara began dancing at the age of four at the American School of Ballet, and she has continued her studies at the New Dance Group and the Martha Graham School. For three years she was a member of the Young Professional Group sponsored by the New Dance Group and has danced with Charles Weidman in a series of performances at the Carnegie Hall Studio.

Patricia Malkin, originally from Brooklyn, New York, now lives in Westfield, New Jersey. She is a senior and a dance major at Bennington. Patricia has studied ballet at Ballet Arts in New York and modern dance at the Martha Graham School and the Connecticut College School of Dance. During the Non-Resident Term of her junior year Patricia taught and performed at the Chatham Hall School for Girls in Chatham, Virginia. Co-chairman of the tour, Patricia is also social liason for the dance group.

Rosalind Pierson, a junior and a dance major at Bennington, is originally from Salt Lake City, Utah, and now lives in Douglaston, New York. While in Salt Lake City, Rosalind was a member of Virginia Tanner's Children's Dance Theater, and toured with them in 1953, performing at Jacob's Pillow and Connecticut College. At the Perry-Mansfield School of the Theater where she studied for three summers, Rosalind performed in three Helen Tamiris ballets and in various drama productions. Rosalind also studied at the Connecticut College School of Dance this last summer, where she performed in a revival of Doris Humphrey's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, at the American Dance Festival. During the Non-Resident Term of her sophomore year Rosalind taught dance at the Foxcroft School for Girls in Middleburg, Virginia. For two years she has taped and edited all the music for dance productions at Bennington, and is the musical director for the dance tour. Rosalind is the only member of the dance group to have toured with the Bennington Dance Group of 1960.

Louise Reichlin is a junior dance major at Bennington from Bordentown, New Jersey. She has studied at the Martha Graham School and the Connecticut College School of Dance. Louise has performed in ballet and opera with the Philadelphia Ballet Guild and at the American Dance Festival this last summer with David Wood and Jose Limon. Louise, who is interested in music, is also studying literature and psychology at Bennington. She is assisting with the wardrobe on the dance tour.

Miriamne Spector is a junior dance major at Bennington from New York City. She has studied dance at the 92nd St. YMHA, and the Jose Limon Studio in New York. Miriamne spent two summers at the Perry-Mansfield School of the Theater and performed there with Helen Tamiris and Harriette Ann Gray. During the Non-Resident Term of her sophomore year Miriamne taught dance at the Chatham Hall School in Chatham, Virginia; she has taught dance in summer camps for two years and is now teaching children's classes at the North Bennington Elementary School. She is co-director of rehearsals for the dance tour.

James Tyler, the publicity chairman and assistant stage manager for the dance tour, is from Groton, New York. He is a dance fellowship student at Bennington in his junior year. James began studying dance while at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music as a voice major. He has performed with Charles Weidman. James has studied for two summers at the Connecticut College School of Dance and also at the Martha Graham School in New York. James performed in an Arts Festival in Detroit with Charles Weidman and again with Mr. Weidman in the American Dance Festival of 1960. In the American Dance Festival of 1961 he performed with the Jose Limon Company and with David Wood. James is also studying voice and literature at Bennington.

Alfred Huang is a graduate dance fellowship student at Bennington. Originally from China, Al attended UCLA where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in architecture. He has studied dance for three summers at the Perry-Mansfield School of the Theater where he also taught and performed with Helen Tamiris. Al has been a member of the Lotte Gollner Dance Company, and performed with them at Jacob's Pillow. He has danced in a revue with Sammy Davis, Jr., and also danced in the movie of "Flower Drum Song." Though he is not touring with the Bennington College Dance Group, Al's dance, "Fathoms", is the featured work on the program.

Bennington College Dance Group
Harriet Fraad, replacement for Miriamne Spector

On the Bennington College Dance Tour, Harriet Fraad is replacing Miriamne Spector who is unable to be with the Dance Group. There will be the following cast changes on the programs. In Quintet, Miss Fraad is replacing the part originally danced by the choreographer, Miss Spector. Harriet also replaces Miriamne in Fathoms by Alfred Huang, and Tapestry by Patricia Malkin. The casting for Baroque Wedding by Rosalind Pierson should read as follows, with Harriet again replacing Miriamne:

Bride	Rosalind Pierson
Attendants	Nancy Comstock
	Louise Reichlin
	Judith Beatie, Harriet Fraad
	Adrienne Jaffe, Patricia Malkin

Biography

Harriet Fraad, a junior dance major at Bennington, is from New York City. She has studied dance at Juilliard and the Martha Graham School in New York, and at Connecticut College School of Dance. Harriet has performed at the University of Colorado, Connecticut College and in Madison Square Garden with the Pearl Lang Dance Company. She has also performed with Helen Tamiris at the Perry-Mansfield School of the Theatre and Connecticut College School of Dance. During the Non-Resident Term of her freshman year at Bennington, Harriet taught dance at the Christodora Settlement House in New York City.

Bennington College Dance Group
Program Notes

Summer Daydream

Choreography: Judith Beatie

This is a dance about three pensive young girls who are absorbed in fancies and dreams.

The Promenade

Choreography: Judith Beatie

Three youthful puritans encounter a member of the male sex. All four rapidly become involved in the mating game.

...Nella Miseria

Choreography: Donato Capozzoli

Based on the Vth Canto of Dante's Inferno, the dance concerns two adulterous lovers who are doomed to float eternally through Hell. The music uses parts of two pieces of Musique Concrete by Pierre Henry.

Odalisques

Choreography: Barbara Kirschner

The idea for the dance came from the three figures of Indian religion, "Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil." Implicit in their merely formal gestures of negation, they suggest the fear and trembling with which human beings confront their innermost experiences.

Chrysalid

Choreography: Barbara Kirschner

The idea for the dance was derived from Franz Kafka's story Metamorphosis. This solo is concerned with the unfolding of the individual into an insectlike and inhuman creature.

Tapestry

Choreography: Patricia Malkin

The idea of the dance is derived from the story of the betrayal of Lady Jane Grey. The title implies the formality of both movement and music.

Baroque Wedding

Choreography: Rowalind Pierson

The style of this dance is derived from the paintings and figurines of the Baroque Period. The fears and anxieties of a bride are suggested within the framework of a festive marriage preparation.

Enchanted Round

Choreography: Louise Reichlin

In this lyric trio, the recurring circle symbolizes the bond between three figures. Each figure breaks from the circle but always returns.

1966 BENNINGTON COLLEGE DANCE TOUR GROUP

PROGRAM BIOGRAPHIES

DAVID KROHN: Although David did not begin dancing until several years ago, he has always been interested in theatre. He took part in summer theatre productions in his hometown, Joliet, Illinois, and was active in the Drama Department at the State University of Iowa, which he attended as a Merit Scholar and honor student in mathematics. He directed and performed in his own pantomime group at Iowa. He also participated in gymnastics there. His theatrical and athletic background has been especially valuable, David feels, as preparation for dance. In addition to extensive dance training at Bennington, David has studied ballet in Chicago, at the Stone Camryn School, and in New York City with Nina Fonaroff. He has danced with the companies of Jack Moore and Jose Limon in New York, and appeared with Mr. Limon's group on its recent tour of the United States and at the American Festival of Dance in New London, Connecticut. After graduation from Bennington this year, David plans to form a small repertory dance group. He also is interested in working with the use of dance movement in drama. David is stage manager for the tour.

LAURIE FREEDMAN is a resident of Ardsley, New York. She is a Junior at Bennington, and her studies indicate interests in literature and psychology as well as dance. Laurie is particularly interested in the possibility of adapting her knowledge in these fields for use in performing and choreography. Before coming to Bennington, she took instruction in modern dance in New York City from Jane Dudley, at the Martha Graham Studio, and at the New

Dance Group Studio. She has also taken part in the concentrated summer program in dance at Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut. In the summer of 1964, she appeared there in Jose Limon's original version of "Choreographic Offering". Laurie has had wide experience in teaching dance. She has worked as teaching assistant and demonstrator for both Jane Dudley and Muriel Mannings, has headed modern dance programs at summers camps in the New England area, and last winter initiated a dance program at Sanford Preparatory School in Delaware. Laurie is co-director of tour and assistant stage manager. She also is in charge of public relations.

KATHLEEN HAYNES was born in New York City. She speaks both French and Spanish and has traveled throughout Central America and Europe. She attended high school in Bogota, Colombia, while living with a Colombian family. During Bennington's non-resident term in 1964, she worked in Geneva, Switzerland, as secretary for Adrian Conan Doyle, son of Sir Arthur. Kathy has studied dance in New York City at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre with Grace Liccione, Madam Marie Nevelska, and Tashamira. In Bogota, she worked with Colombia's leading ballerina, Ana Consuelo de Gomez, and in Geneva she studied ballet with Fabri Bossier and Wilhelm Flay. She spent a summer at Connecticut College School of Dance. She has taught music and dance at an international in Lac d' Annecy, France, and at Camp Killoolett in Hancock, Vermont. Kathy hopes to continue to combine dance and travel and plans to make Greece her next destination. She is publicity director for the tour.

SUSANNE SNYDER began dancing during her high school years. She started her training in Boston, Mass., where she was born, under Tatiana Gardner and at the Boston School of Ballet with Virginia Williams. In 1962 she went to

Bennett Junior College in Millbrook, New York, where she received an A.A.S. degree with a major in dance. She transferred to Bennington to continue her work in dance and to work towards a B.A. degree. Susanne is now a Senior, and after graduation, she hopes to dance professionally in New York. She also plans to teach dance. Susanne is co-regisseuse for the tour and teacher of master classes.

SUSAN SLOVAK is a Senior at Bennington and is on tour with the dance group for the second time—she traveled with the company in 1964. Her involvement in dance began at the age of four when she started ballet with Michael Fokine. Later she explored modern as well as ballet, studying at the Martha Graham Studio and with the New Dance Group in New York City. She continued her ballet training with Nina Fonaroff, also in New York. For two summers she has attended classes and performed at the Connecticut School of Dance in New London. Sue is minoring in psychology at Bennington and is considering taking an M.A. degree in that field with the idea of co-ordinating her interests in dance and psychology in dance therapy. Sue is business manager for the tour, and lecturer and teacher of master classes.

LINDA WILDER comes from Baltimore, Maryland. She loves to make music and she loves to dance, and she has done both for most of her life. She has studied at the Peabody Conservatory Preparatory Department, enrolled in classes in piano, viola, music composition, and modern dance. She spent five summers at the Junior Conservatory Camp in Lyndon Center, Vermont, and she has attended summer sessions at Connecticut College School of Dance. Linda is majoring in dance at Bennington and is also studying harpsichord.

She is interested, as well, in psychology and anthropology, particularly ethnic expressions of music and dance. She would like to culminate her interests by going to Africa and continuing her education there. Linda is keeper of the tour log.

ANITA DANCOFF, a Senior at Bennington, is the only member of the tour who is neither majoring in dance nor planning a dance major. Anita's main concern is with psychology, although she hopes to use her considerable experience and training in dance in the field of physical therapy. She was born in Los Angeles and studied ballet and modern dance there while in high school. She danced in the movie version of *Bye Bye Birdie*. After spending a year at Berkeley, Anita transferred to Bennington as a Sophomore. She has worked as a dance therapist in a mental hospital, has spent several summers teaching nursery school, and worked last summer for Project Head Start. She is co-regisseuse for the tour and wardrobe mistress.

RUTH BAUER, like most of the tour members, has been a dancer from childhood. She started dancing in New Jersey and then took classes in New York City at the Martha Graham Studio, where she studied on scholarship. She has both studied and taught at the Foundation for Modern Dance Education. During high school, she joined the Story Time Dance Theatre and appeared in that group with Charles Weidman. She attended music camp during her summers and took part in drama, music, and dance activities there. Her work at Bennington has been directed toward a major in dance. She has taught and taken classes in New York during her non-resident terms, and during her Sophomore and Junior years she worked with a group of dancers in New Jersey and gave a scholarship concert there. At Bennington, she conducts dance classes for

faculty children. Ruth will be graduated in June, and her most immediate plans are for marriage. She and her husband will live in New York City, and she hopes to continue dancing, to perform and to teach. Ruth is co-director of the tour, teacher of master classes, and assistant stage manager.

LESLIE BERG was born in Detroit, Michigan. She is the youngest in the tour group. As a Sophomore, she has not yet declared a major, although she has participated fully in the Bennington dance program. Her mother, Harriet Berg, teaches dance at Wayne State University, and her father is a sculptor. Leslie plays the flute and is studying literature and philosophy, as well as dance. She spent last summer studying at the Perry Mansfield Summer School of Dance. Leslie is in charge of sound for the tour.

MARC OZANICH was born in Bakersfield, California. Marc has varied and rich experience in the creative and performing arts. He began training in voice in Bakersfield and sang in local musical comedy productions. He attended the University of California at Santa Barbara and in June of 1964, he was graduated with a B.A. in art, with emphasis on sculpture. While at UCSB, Marc also studied dance and opera and took part in university productions. He came to Bennington for the school year of 1964-65 and has continued his work in music and dance. For the past two summers he has been involved in the dance program at Connecticut College School of Dance. Marc brings a most versatile background to his work as a dancer and choreographer. He is in charge of transportation for the tour.

NEWS from Bennington College

BENNINGTON, VERMONT



COLLEGE NEWS BUREAU / PHONE 802 442-5401 / EXTENSION 267
VICTOR BOVEE / DIRECTOR OF PUBLICATIONS & INFORMATION SERVICES

Anyone who thinks there is nothing to a dance tour but an hour or so a day dancing behind the footlights should consult the members of the 1966 Bennington College Tour group which will appear here _____. They know it isn't so.

Each of the ten students in the group has specific and sometimes rigorous duties offstage. Each must be prepared to adapt to unexpected circumstances that might affect a performance. All of them have the common problems of trouping -- problems of food and shelter, laundry, transportation, drinking water, colds and skin splits, and constant association with one another.

What's more, they must solve their problems themselves. The seven-week tour including more than 35 engagements in 16 states is wholly student-managed.

If morale should waver, the students have the testimony of Bennington dance groups which have toured biennially since 1945 to reassure them the trip is worthwhile. One of their number, on her second such tour, can provide reassurance with the voice of experience.

They know, too, that one of the results of the tour will be the provision of funds for scholarships and a library of dance motion picture films -- if proceeds exceed expenses.

There are other compensations. Press reviews are read avidly, usually with satisfaction. There is always the possibility of a television appearance; the 1964 tour group performed twice for network audiences in "prime evening time."

(More)

Students manage tour -- 2

And applause is the stuff, if not the staff, of life for performing artists.

Laurie Freedman, Ardsley, N.Y., and Ruth Bauer, Paramus, N.J. are co-directors of the tour. Miss Freedman has charge of public relations.

The tour group travels in its own conveyance, maintaining a rigid and rugged schedule that will carry it a total of more than 3,000 miles between January 17 and March 4. It will range as far from its Vermont campus as North Carolina and Wisconsin. Marc Ozanich, Bakersfield, Calif., has charge of transportation.

Much of the spadework is done before the group arrives. Months have been spent in making arrangements, and a flow of information has gone to communities in which the dancers will perform from Kathleen Haynes, Bronxville, N.Y., publicity director.

At performances, David Krohn, Joliet, Ill., is stage manager, assisted by Miss Bauer and Miss Freedman. Leslie V. Berg, Detroit, Mich., has charge of sound. Because the tour group appears in such a variety of places -- theatres, museums, school and college auditoriums, and clubrooms -- their work sometimes has almost overwhelming problems. Behind the scenes, keeping the group properly costumed, is Anita Dancoff, Los Angeles, Calif., as wardrobe mistress. Miss Dancoff also is co-regisseuse.

Someone must handle the money and someone must keep records. Susan Slovak, West Hempstead, N.Y., is business manager and Linda Wilder, Baltimore, Md., keeper of the log.

All members of the group appear in performances and all have had full parts in creating the repertoire.

Because the group presents not only complete performances but also teaches master classes and offers lecture-demonstrations, others of the group are specialists in teaching. Susanne C. Snyder, Boston, Mass., is teacher of master classes and co-regisseuse. Miss Slovak and Miss Bauer also teach classes and Miss Slovak is lecturer.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE DANCE TOUR GRANT

The 1964 Bennington College Dance Group proposes to set aside \$500 of its profit in order to finance the carrying out of an independent, creative dance project. This project might include choreography, research, work in dance notation, dance criticism, or an unusual teaching project.

First or second year graduates of Bennington College would be eligible to apply for this grant, starting with the graduating class for the school year 1964-65. Applications would be accepted in the spring of every year, and decisions would be made by June. The decision as to who receives the grants will be made by the Dance Faculty. Merit will be decided according to the applicants' potential in dance, and according to the merit and feasibility of the project in terms of fulfilling the applicants' potential.

The \$500 will be divided in the following ways:

\$250 will be made available to the graduating class of 1964 for two years following their graduation. If within this time the money is not awarded, or if only part of the money is awarded to any member of this class, it will then be available to the graduates of 1966 for a period of two years.

\$250 will be made available to the graduating class of 1965 for two years following their graduation. If within this time the money is not awarded, or if only part of the money is awarded to any member of this class, it will then be available to the graduates of 1967 for a period of two years.

The applicants will present a budget with their application.

Any money not awarded by June 1969 will go to the Dance Department to be used at its discretion.

Recipients of the money should be asked to send a written report on the progress of their projects, so that the fund may receive publicity and thereby encourage other groups to continue this fund.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE DANCE TOUR GRANT

The 1960 Bennington College Dance Group proposes to set aside the remaining \$400 of its profit in order to finance the carrying out of an independent, creative, dance project. This project might include choreography, research, work in dance notation, dance criticism, or an unusual teaching project.

First or second year graduates of Bennington College would be eligible to apply for this grant, starting with the graduating class for the school year 1959-60. Applications would be accepted in the spring of every year, and decisions would be announced in June. The decision as to who receives the grants will be made by the dance faculty. Merit will be decided according to the applicants' potential in dance, and according to the merit and feasibility of the project in terms of fulfilling the applicants' potential.

The \$400 will be divided in the following way:

\$200 will be made available to the graduating class of 1960 for two years following their graduation. If within this time the money is not awarded, or if only part of the money is awarded to any member of this class, it will then be available to the graduates of 1962 for a period of two years.

\$200 will be made available to the graduating class of 1961 for two years following their graduation. If within this time the money is not awarded, or if only part of the money is awarded to any member of this class, it will then be available to the graduates of 1963 for a period of two years.

The applicants will present a budget with their application.

Any money not awarded by June 1965 will go to the Dance Department to be used at its discretion.

Recipients of the money should be asked to send a written report on the progress of their projects, so that the fund may receive publicity and thereby encourage other groups to continue this fund.