



QUESTIONS OF PRACTICE

Commence to Dancing

By David Vaughan

Introduced by Alastair Macaulay

Commence to Dancing

**THE SENIOR CRITICS AWARD, DELIVERED BY DAVID VAUGHAN
AT THE [DANCE CRITICS ASSOCIATION AT DANCE NEW
AMSTERDAM](#), NEW YORK CITY, ON 17 JUNE 2007**

Introduction by Alastair Macaulay

This is the Dance Critics' Association; and I hope that many of you here first got to know David the way I did—by reading him in print. In 1965, he was a founding figure at *Ballet Review* and, alone of that magazine's founders, he still contributes regularly to it. In fact, its "Annals of *The Sleeping Beauty*" department would scarcely exist without him. For many years, he was the *Financial Times*'s distinguished New York dance correspondent. His book *Merce Cunningham: Fifty Years* (Aperture, 2005) is indispensable to anyone writing on the subject, and I say that as someone who has sometimes groaned at its sheer weight across my knees.

I myself came to know him through his book *Frederick Ashton and His Ballets* (A & C Black, 1977)—"the Ashton book," as it was known for many years. For me, this came at an opportune moment: I was twenty-two, and the two Royal Ballet companies staged an unusually large number of Ashton ballets in the year it was published. I had read the book from cover to cover the moment it came out; then I read it again from cover to cover; and then, every time I went to see any Ashton performance, I would read the relevant section both before setting out and then on returning home. As almost no writer before had done, David gave me details to look out for; and if I didn't know what the steps he mentioned were, then I needed to work them out. If David's book said that the coda of the "Fanny Elssler" pas de deux in *La Fille mal gardee* (1960) contained *grands fouettés sautés* with *battements en cloche*, then I had to work out what on earth *grand fouetté sauté* and *battement en cloche* were. I remember that, after *Fille* performances, I would stand outside the Royal Opera House with my best ballet friend in our winter mackintoshes—she knew more ballet vocabulary than I—kicking and hopping our way through our version of these steps, and then working out from what we had seen where in the ballet they had occurred. The more I identified just what he was writing about, the larger and fuller those ballets became at every performance. Today, that book remains a classic for us all.

I only met David briefly in 1979, on my first visit to New York, and then I came to know what many of you will know too: what I call his "Davidisms"—his great flair for pithy one-liners. I was still jetlagged at the time and, when he asked me what ballets I had been watching at City Ballet, I found myself admitting that, though I'd seen Jerome Robbins's *The Goldberg Variations* (1971), which I knew for some people was a masterwork, I had fallen asleep during it. David said at once "Oh, it's impossible to stay awake during *Goldberg Variations*." At the end of that same year, *Ballet Review* asked some of its contributors to act as world-class impresarios and to propose the dance seasons of their choice. Most critics took the task very seriously. So did David, on the whole. Which didn't stop him proposing "a grant for any company not presenting a choreographed version of *The House of Bernarda Alba*." And he suggested that the Stuttgart Ballet should present "a staging of an opera—any opera—with the singers on the stage and the dancers in the pit." Even though I know that David speaks ardently of those *Swan Lakes* that have moved him deeply, perhaps the single line of his that has haunted me the most is this: "The worst *Swan Lake* is the one you are watching."

These Davidisms aren't by any means all negative. Try this one: "Ashton, Balanchine, Cunningham are the ABC of contemporary classicism." And in 1988, when we went down to Washington, DC to see the big Gauguin exhibition, he turned to me and suddenly said "I don't think there's a great painter who doesn't know how to use pink"—something I've often quoted in other galleries of other painters. Perhaps nothing is more marvelous or more profound than this: "When people say 'Oh, it's *minor* art,' I always know I'm going to like it."

One of the rubbish expressions I often hear here is "the dance community." I don't think it exists. But I find that I do believe in it when I'm around David. Something that I love about him—and there is no other dance critic for whom the word "love" comes more readily to mind—is that no dance is too uptown or too downtown for him. Go to ABT, and he's there with a Merce Cunningham dancer whom he wants to look at a particular dancer or a particular ballet. Last night I took him to City Ballet, and he said in the intermission "Oh, I must go to see Jody Oberfelder next week—there's a dancer in her company I remember liking."

Then there's his memory. Nobody I know can match him for his recall of what made historic performances so exceptional. He can show you what Danilova was like in the moment in *Coppelia* when, as a doll, Swanilda, starts to come to life. He can describe precisely how George Skibine, as the Poet in Balanchine's *Night Shadow* (*La Sonnambula*) (1946), phrased the great backward fall during the pas de deux. I cut my ballet-going teeth among Londoners who told me how definitive Fonteyn had been in all the roles I'd missed her doing, but it was David who did most to help me understand some of what she'd actually done. For example, in the coda of *Raymonda Act Three* (1964), the ballerina advances in a line of plunging *relevés retirés passés* that accelerate from slow to fast: David explained to me that part of what made Fonteyn thrilling was that there wasn't a moment when you could spot her changing gear—the acceleration was absolutely fluent. Yesterday, prompted by the DCA's tribute to Katherine Dunham, he remembered the impression her dancers made on him when he first saw them in London in 1948. And yesterday evening, after we had watched a recent version of Stravinsky's *Jeu de cartes*, he said "Well, I can show you a step Janet Reed used to do in the Balanchine version" and showed me with his hands how she used to do *entrechat-six*, heel, toe, and on which little phrase in the music; and at once it was more distinct to me than anything in the *Jeu de cartes* we'd just been looking at.

He brings the same mind, the same sensibility, to matters far outside dance. If you know David, you soon come to know his deep love of paintings by Chardin; the deep impression that Giorgio Strehler's stagings of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Carlo Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Masters* made upon him; the emotion he has for operas by Leoš Janáček; his devotion to the films of Yasujiro Ozu. Earlier this week, he was talking to me of how he had heard on the radio the previous night Benjamin Britten's superb conducting of Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* for violin, viola, and orchestra in E-flat major (K. 364). He also drew to my attention the name of a young classical pianist of whom I hadn't previously heard: Jonathan Biss.

One of my favorite memories of David comes from fall 1980, when I made my third visit to New York. He was appearing with the Joffrey Ballet as the Narrator in Ashton's ballet *A Wedding Bouquet* (1937), and he told me to come round to the stage door after the performance of this I was going to. So I did. About a dozen people were waiting by the stage door that night. Gradually I realized that the dancers playing Julia, Josephine, the Bride, the Bridegroom, had all come out and gone, and I began to wonder who everybody else was waiting for. Then David appeared, and all of us cried "DAVID!" We all ended up going out to dinner together, people who had known David over the years as an actor or as an administrator or as an archivist. Or as a writer. He has had many lives.

David, this is our chance, the Dance Critics' Association's chance, to stand at the stage door for you. We're forever in your debt.



Commence to Dancing

First of all, my title: my parents took me to the movies a lot when I was a child and I always loved it when the picture started with that jaunty little tune that meant it was going to be Laurel and Hardy. This is the song and dance they did in [Way Out West](#) (1937).

How did I get to be senior? That's easy: I don't know how it happened, but I turned 83 on my last birthday, one month ago today. How did I get to be a critic? And an archivist? That takes longer to answer. I've always been obsessed by dancing, ever since I can remember as well as the movies: my parents took me to the theatre, to the music hall, and of course to Christmas pantomimes.

In the pantomimes at the beautiful old Lyceum Theatre in London there was still a Harlequinade at the end, with Columbine in a tutu. In the movies, I liked anything with dancing in it: there was a picture called *Dancing Sweeties* (1930) which of course I wanted to see. Then there was Jessie Matthews, the English star. I believe that Balanchine must have seen "Dancing on the Ceiling," her number in Rodgers and Hart's *Evergreen* (1934), because there are steps in it that look like *Serenade* (1934). And of course the great series of movies with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

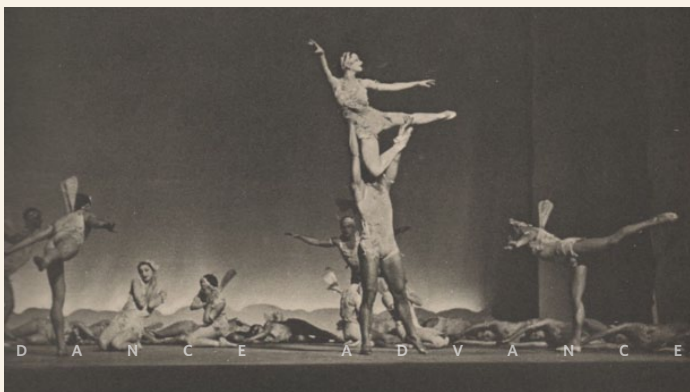
What puzzles me is why didn't I know before they started coming out that Fred Astaire was playing in London in *The Gay Divorce* in 1934, and why didn't I make my mother take me to see that? But I did see *On Your Toes*, with Vera Zorina, in about April 1937, and I said "the choreography is wonderful," as if I knew anything about it. Well it was by Balanchine, so I wasn't far wrong.



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy performing "Commence to Dancing" in *Way Out West*



Vera Zorina and Jack Whiting in "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" from *On Your Toes*. London 1937. Cover of *Play Pictorial*. Photo: Stage Photo Co.



Nana Gollner and Paul Petroff in *Les Elfes*, Ballets de Monte Carlo, 1937. Choreography by Michel Fokine. Photo: Merlyn Severn, from *Ballet in Action*: London: John Lane The Bodley Head. 1938

Inevitably, I began to be curious about the ballet, and later in 1937 I saw my first ballet performance, the Blum company (Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo) in a program of ballets by Michel Fokine: *Les Elfes*, *Scheherazade*, *Le Spectre de la rose*, and *Ygrouchki*, whatever that was. Then there was the Markova-Dolin Ballet, in what must have been one of its last performances. There was a ballet based on Oscar Wilde's story *The Nightingale and the Rose*—long before Christopher Wheeldon's version—by Dolin himself. And Nijinska's *The Beloved* (*La Bien-aimée*): I remember that the dancers all came forward in a line across the stage; Freddie Franklin on the end in a red devil's suit had to jump over a chair because the stage at my local theatre in Wimbledon wasn't wide enough. (Freddie confirmed that this happened.)





Frederick Ashton in *Façade*. Photo by Gordon Anthony, ca. 1935. © [V&A Images / Victoria and Albert Museum, London, www.vam.ac.uk](https://www.vam.ac.uk)

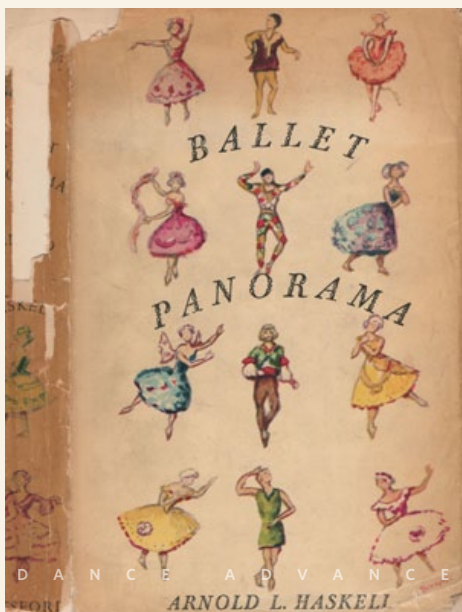


Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, with Alan Carter and Richard Ellis as The Gemini in *Horoscope*; choreography by Frederick Ashton, 1938. Photo: J. W. Debenham



Maude Lloyd in *Les Masques*; choreography by Frederick Ashton, 1934.

Early in 1938 I went to Sadler's Wells for the first time to see the Vic-Wells Ballet in, significantly, a program with three Ashton ballets: *Façade*, *The Judgment of Paris*, and, yes, *Horoscope*, plus Fokine's *Le Carnaval*, in which Ashton may have been Pierrot. An Ashton ballet that made an even greater impression on me was the deliciously sophisticated, art-deco *Les Masques*, which I saw when I went to watch the Ballet Rambert in the little Mercury Theatre in Notting Hill Gate, in the summer of 1939. At school I painted a picture of the can-can dancers coming through the audience in Ninette de Valois's *Bar aux Folies-bergère* which won a prize. I asked for Arnold Haskell's *Ballet Panorama* (1938). I was already on the way to becoming a dance historian—I learned that the Haskell book had a lot of mistakes, and I used to spend hours copying out chronologies of the major ballet companies.



Lord Berners: jacket for *Ballet Panorama* by Arnold L. Haskell. London: Batsford, 1937



Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in *The Wanderer*; choreography by Frederick Ashton, 1940. Photo: Gordon Anthony. © [V&A Images / Victoria and Albert Museum, London, www.vam.ac.uk](https://www.vam.ac.uk)

The first Ashton ballet at whose premiere I was present was *The Wise Virgins* in April 1940. I had a ticket for what was to be the first performance of *Le Diable s'amuse* by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (the Massine company) in September 1939, but that of course never happened. World War II was on by then, but strangely enough one of my most intensive periods of ballet going was in the first years of the war: the summer of 1940 when there were still performances at the Wells, then when the Blitz put an end to those, the company started performing matinees at the



New Theatre (now the Albery) in London's West End. I was at school, of course, but I would go up every Saturday, see the Lunch Ballet by the combined Rambert and London Ballets at the Arts Theatre Club, then race down St Martin's Lane to get to my seat in the gallery at the New in time for the matinee there.

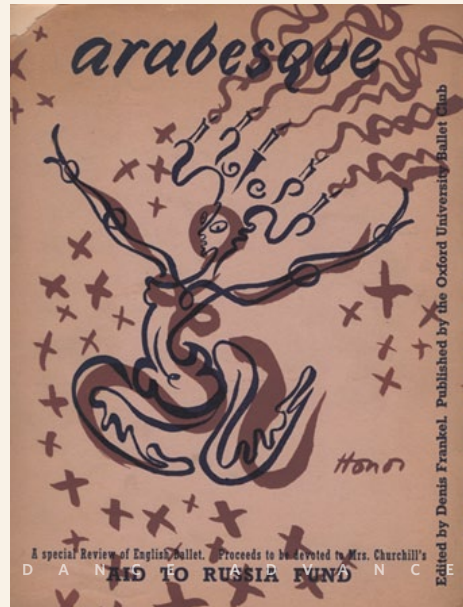
On one such day I saw Ashton's *Foyer de danse* and Andree Howard's *Lady Into Fox* at the Arts, then *Les Rendezvous*, Ashton's new ballet *The Wanderer*, and the third act of *Coppélia* at the New. It was heady stuff. This even continued after I was drafted into the British army because by sheer luck I was stationed in London for a while, first in a shorthand typing course and then as a clerk in the War Office. There were evening performances by then and I was there night after night, until they got wise to me and shipped me off to India. There of course I would go to see any dance performance that I could, even going off limits into a rather rough part of Calcutta to see an anti-British dance drama.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Naturally since I was dance mad I wanted to dance myself. At the age of eight my parents sent me to classes given by Biddy Pinchard in Brixton, where we lived—she was probably about 17 then but she later became a well-known ballet teacher. She arranged a number for me based on the nursery rhyme "Old King Cole," but the night before the recital in which I was supposed to perform it I had a spectacular bilious attack (as we used to call it) brought on by stage fright, and that was the end of my dancing career, for the time being at least. But when I became a teenager and was going to leave school, I made known my wish to start studying ballet properly. My father was horrified. I was (to say the least) not robust, and no doubt he was aware of what Martin Duberman, in his recent biography of Lincoln Kirstein, calls "the standard equation of ballet with homosexuality," though it was already too late to do anything about that.

So I obeyed my father's wishes and went instead to Oxford, something he wanted for his sons since he had not been able to do so himself. As soon as I arrived in Oxford I discovered that there was a Ballet Club, which of course I joined and of which I became a leading light. And indeed this was to provide my entrée into the dance world, because I met people who came to lecture like Marie Rambert and Kay Ambrose, dancers like [Celia Franca \[L.A. Times Obituary\]](#) (to whom I suggested an idea for a ballet) and her then husband Leo Kersley, and other fans like Peter Brook and Cyril Frankel. We published a magazine called *Arabesque* in which my first dance writings appeared, including my first on Ashton, a review of *The Quest*. In vacations I began to take a few lessons with Marie Rambert. Later during my army stint in London I met A. V. Coton who published a mimeographed magazine called *Dance Chronicle* for which I wrote a few things. [Lindsay Anderson](#), another Oxford friend, started a film magazine called *Sequence* for which I wrote dance-related pieces.



David Vaughan (extreme left, front row) as a pupil of Biddy Pinchard, Brixton, 1932. Photo: Brixton Free Press



Honor Frost: cover for *Arabesque*, published by the Oxford University Ballet Club, November 1943

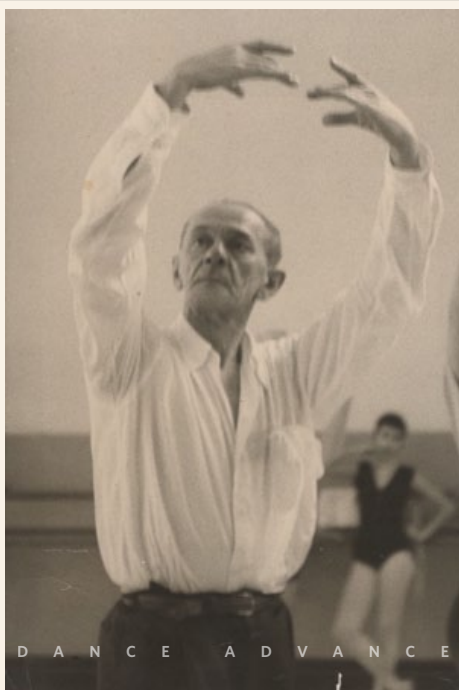


David Vaughan (third from left) with Bud Flanagan (center) in "Hey, Neighbour!" from *Knights of Madness*. Victoria Palace Theatre, London, 1950. Photo: Houston Rogers. © V&A Images / Victoria and Albert Museum, London, www.vam.ac.uk



When I came out of the army after four and a half years I was still determined to dance, and now that I was of age nobody could stop me. I decided that I needed a teacher who was perhaps less inspirational but more analytical than Rambert. Fortunately someone, I think it was Kay Ambrose, suggested that I go to Audrey de Vos, a somewhat unorthodox teacher with a great knowledge of anatomy. I came out of the army still puny and underweight, not to mention the fact that I was by then 23, but she took me on anyway and—as she could—began to change my body, build me up, and make it possible for me to dance. De Vos believed that her students needed more than conventional ballet, and taught also a form of modern dance that she devised herself. I began to get dancing jobs. I was a chorus boy in a revue called *Knights of Madness*, starring the great comedians known as The Crazy Gang, when the New York City Ballet came to London for the first time in the summer of 1950 and I had the encounter with Lincoln Kirstein that changed my life (you can read about it in Duberman’s book).

That summer was when I got to know Balanchine’s work, though already the Marquis de Cuevas company had presented *Concerto Barocco* and *Night Shadow* (as *La Sonnambula* was called then), staged by Balanchine himself. But as I have tried to show it was Ashton’s work that I first loved and which formed my taste.



Anatole Obukhov teaching at School of American Ballet, 1954. Photo: Martha Swope.



James Waring, in *Two More Moon Dances*, 1960. Photo: Dan Entin.

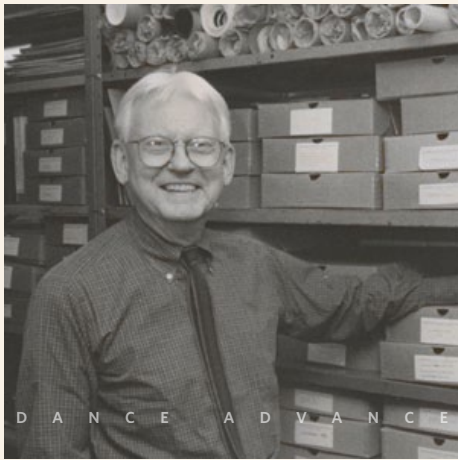


Ruth Sobotka in *Le Carillon*: Ballet by DV for Dance Associates, 1955; music by Francis Poulenc (*Suite française*); costumes by Ruth Sobotka. Photo: probably Stanley Kubrick!

Anyway, I quit the show and left for New York in October 1950. Right away I knew I was where I wanted to be—I always had known, really. At the School of American Ballet (SAB) the teachers were still the old Russians, Vladimiroff and Dubrovka, and most important for me Anatole Obukhov. Also Muriel Stuart—Lincoln Kirstein gave me the job of working with her on her textbook *The Classic Ballet*, which I essentially edited for publication. And once a week at SAB, there was a class taught by Merce Cunningham, something unimaginable at today’s SAB, I fancy. As a Russian friend said, that was where my destiny lay, though I didn’t know it at the time. But I certainly knew about Merce; de Vos’s classes had got me interested in modern dance, and back in London I used to read every American dance publication I could get my hands on. I’ve already mentioned one of the subjects of this conference, Lincoln Kirstein, so I’ll mention the other: [Katherine Dunham](#). When she came to London with her company in [1948](#) I rushed to see it, because it was a form of American modern dance, and wonderful.



Merce and John Cage went off on tour after a few months and didn't come back to the American school. It was also at the school that I met Jimmy Waring. We became friends and I danced in his ballets, and we started a choreographers' cooperative called Dance Associates. (I promise that my monograph on Jimmy will be finished, soon.)



DV as archivist; photo: Leslie Hansen Kopp

After five years I went back to England for a year, ostensibly to decide where I wanted to live, though I knew perfectly well that it was here in New York City. During that year I wrote a series of articles for *Dance and Dancers* about what I had seen in America. Remy Charlip showed Merce what I had written about him, and when I came back I started taking his class again, and got to know him, which led to the association that has lasted ever since. When he opened a studio of his own in December 1959, in the Living Theater building on the corner of 14th Street and Sixth Avenue, he asked me to be the studio secretary, which I was, for \$15 a week. I was the whole staff at that time. I immediately started organizing the programs and clippings which Merce, in time-honored fashion, used to throw into a cardboard box when he came back from tour. In 1976 Jean Rigg, by then the company's chief administrator, secured a pilot grant from the NEA to employ me as archivist for two years, thus formalizing what I was doing for my own interest. Here it is thirty years later, and I'm

still at it. Of course my book, [Merce Cunningham/Fifty Years](#) is a project of the archives—so too is the exhibition that opened at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts in June 2007, together with the [NYPL Jerome Robbins Dance Division and the John Cage Trust](#).

It must have been shortly after I came back from the epoch-making world tour of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, in late 1964, that I received out of the blue a letter from dance critic Arlene Croce, asking if I was the David Vaughan whose film criticism she had read in *Sight and Sound*, and if so would I be interested in joining her in a project, to start a magazine that became [Ballet Review](#). And of course I have written for it ever since. When I was in London with Merce I had finally met [Frederick Ashton](#), and some time later I wrote to him to say that I should like to write a book about his ballets, and would he be willing to cooperate? He wrote back saying that now he had retired he could write his own book—but added, “if I change my mind I’ll think of you.” I decided this was a chink in the armor, and so I wrote a piece for *BR* about a couple of other books about him, really to show him how I would write about him. As it happened, the London publisher Adam and Charles Black had approached Mary Clarke, editor of [Dancing Times](#), asking her if she could suggest someone who might write a book about Ashton. She showed them my piece and said, “I think this is your man.” So I was able to go back to [Sir Fred](#) and say that I had been commissioned to write such a book, and (politely of course) that I would do so with or without his cooperation. Rather reluctantly, I suspect, he did agree, and the book did get written.

Meanwhile, in 1973 I wrote a couple of pieces for [Dance Magazine](#), and suddenly I found I was one of its regular critics, writing reviews every month until about 1986. The review section was edited first by Tobi Tobias and then by Joan Acocella, both of them exemplary editors, who never changed so much as a comma without consulting me. We did good work, I think. When *Ballet News* started up I began writing for that, too, a monthly column on dance on camera. And at the same time I was sending reviews of dance in America to the [Financial Times](#) in London.

Do I have such a thing as a credo as a critic? When I was at school one of my teachers introduced us to *Practical Criticism* (1929), a book by the English writer I. A. Richards that proposed a new theory of literary criticism, which, he said, should be based on “a close reading of the text.” It seems to me that some of us who began writing about dance in the 1960s and later were similarly attempting what I would call a close reading of the *choreographic* text. Our chief model of course was Edwin Denby—and also perhaps André Levinson. Denby's essay on the Nijinsky photographs had impressed me years before when it first appeared in *Dance Index*: it was not only about how these images looked, it made you know how it *felt* to dance as Nijinsky had danced. Then Arlene herself, first in *BR*, then



in *DT*, and most important of all week after week in *The New Yorker*, raised dance writing to a new level intellectually and analytically. We—people like myself, Dale Harris, Joan Acocella, Deborah Jowitz, Robert Greskovic, Marcia Siegel, Sally Banes, Alastair Macaulay—all tried in our various ways to follow in the footsteps of Edwin and Arlene.

There's a wonderful essay by E. M. Forster called "The Raison d'être of Criticism in the Arts" (1947), in which he says

Just to love [music], or just to love anything or anybody is not enough. Love has to be clarified and controlled to give full value, and here is where criticism may help. But one has to start with love; one has, in the case of music, to want to hear the notes. If one has no initial desire to listen and no sympathy after listening, the notes will signify nothing, sound and fury, whatever their intellectual content.

I could paraphrase this as: "one has, in the case of dancing, to want to see the steps. If one has no initial desire to watch and no sympathy after watching, the steps will signify nothing, sound and fury, whatever their dramatic content." Forster goes on to say that "Criticism's central job seems to be education through precision," and later "on its destructive side criticism exposes fraud and pretentiousness and checks conceit." (Heaven knows there are plenty of those qualities around.) All that may be true, yet I also agree with Forster that, for the artist, criticism is usually irrelevant: "When I am praised, I am pleased; when I am blamed, I am displeased; when I am told I am elusive, I am surprised—but neither the pleasure nor the sorrow nor the astonishment makes any difference when next I enter the creative state." So a certain humility is appropriate on the part of the critic.

What Forster says about love strikes a chord with me; it reminds me of a famous statement by Merce Cunningham that begins, "You have to love dancing to stick to it. It gives you nothing back, no manuscripts to store away, no paintings to show on walls and maybe hang in museums, no poems to be printed and sold, nothing but that single fleeting moment when you feel alive." It's a very moving statement, and yet I have to disagree with it: I can't say that dancing has given me nothing back. It has actually given me a wonderful life. I have met great people, traveled far and wide, gone to marvelous places, all thanks to my day job with Merce—I'll call it that, but it has been so much more—it has made it possible for me to devote my life to dancing, which is all I have ever wanted to do.



Marian Sarach and David Vaughan as M Sarakhova and D Vaganov of the Dniepropetrovsk Collective Ballet Company in *Waltz from Hills of Gold*; Choreography by DV; music by Dmitri Shostakovich. Judson Memorial Church, 1967. Photo: Theresa King. ¹



David Vaughan as the Headmistress with Dick Andros in the *Mazurka from Graduation Ball*; choreography by David Lichine; music by Johann Strauss. U S Terpsichore, 1957. Photo: Mira. ²





David Vaughan and Merce Cunningham as narrators in *How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run*, 2003. Photo: Tony Dougherty

Biography of David Vaughan

David Vaughan was educated at Raynes Park County School, London, and Wadham College, Oxford. He studied dance in London with Marie Rambert and Audrey de Vos, and emigrated to the United States in 1950 for further studies at the School of American Ballet in New York, and with Antony Tudor, Merce Cunningham, and Richard Thomas. He has danced, sung, acted, and choreographed in London, Paris, on and off Broadway, in American regional theaters, in film, television, ballet and modern dance companies, and cabaret. In the 2002 Lincoln Center Festival he and Merce Cunningham appeared as readers in the Cunningham Dance Company's revival of *How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run* (1965).

He currently serves as the archivist of the Cunningham Dance Foundation and the author of *Merce Cunningham: Fifty Years* (Aperture, 1997) and of *Frederick Ashton and his Ballets* (revised edition, Dance Books, 1999). He was a member of the editorial board of the *International Encyclopedia of Dance* (Oxford, 1998), and contributes frequently to *Dancing Times*, *Ballet Review*, *Dance Now*, and the online *danceviewtimes*, among others.

Most recently, Vaughan served as co-curator for the exhibition "Invention: Merce Cunningham and Collaborators" at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, June-October 2007. Additionally, with Germano Celant he co-curated the exhibition on Cunningham and his collaborations, first seen at the Fundació Antoni Tàpies in Barcelona and subsequently at the Fundação de Serralves, Porto, Portugal (1999), then at the Museum moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig, Vienna and the Museo d'Arte Contemporanea, Castello di Rivoli, Turin (2000). With Robert Littman, he co-curated the exhibition "Diaghilev/Cunningham" at the Emily Lowe Gallery, Hofstra University, Hempstead, Long Island NY, 1974.

At the 2007 Dance Critics' Association Conference he was honored as Senior Critic. In 2001 he received a New York Dance and Performance Award ("Bessie") for sustained achievement, and at the Dancing in the Millennium Conference in Washington, DC Vaughan received the 2000 CORD (Congress on Research in Dance) Award for Outstanding Leadership in Dance Research.



"I studied with Richard Thomas for longer than with anyone else, from the time the school at the old Met closed (where I studied with Antony Tudor) until Dick's own school closed in about 1984. He was a great teacher as was his wife, Barbara Fallis."



Biography of Alastair Macaulay

Alastair Macaulay became chief dance critic to The New York Times in April 2007. He started work as a dance critic in 1978. On joining The Financial Times in 1988 he began to review music and dance, serving as the newspaper's chief theatre critic between 1994 and 2007. In 1983 he had been founding editor of the British quarterly *Dance Theatre Journal* and, in 1988 and 1992, he was guest dance critic to *The New Yorker*, and between 1996 and 2006 he was chief dance critic to the *Times Literary Supplement*. He taught and examined dance history in Britain for over twenty years, and his publications include the short biography *Margot Fonteyn* (1998) and the book of interviews *Matthew Bourne and his Adventures in Motion Pictures* (2000).

Books authored and contributed to by David Vaughan:

Article in *Remembering Lincoln*, edited by Nancy Reynolds. New York: Ballet Society, 2007.

"Motion Studies," in *Hazel Larsen Archer: Black Mountain College Photographer*. Asheville, NC: Black Mountain College Museum and Arts Center, 2006.

Merce Cunningham, Fifty Forward 1995-2004: "from Ocean to Ocean." A CD-ROM supplement to *Merce Cunningham: Fifty Years*. New York: Cunningham Dance Foundation, 2005.

Afterword, *Other Animals: Drawings and Journals*, by Merce Cunningham. New York: Aperture, 2002.

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Journal articles and other writings by David Vaughan:

David Vaughan has been associate editor of *Ballet Review* since its founding by Arlene Croce in 1966. Numerous articles and reviews have been published to date, notably including:

"Emmanuel Chabrier et Moi," *Ballet Review* vol. 36 no. 1 (Spring 2008).

"'Beautifully Dance': Anatole Obukhov" *Ballet Review* vol. 14 no. 4 (Winter 1996).

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"Further Annals of *The Sleeping Beauty*: Anna Pavlova, 1916," *Ballet Review* vol. 3 no. 2 (1969).

David Vaughan has also published an extensive array of articles and reviews in numerous publications and his contribution to the field of critical analyses in dance is significant. Additional publications include: *Aperture*, *Arabesque* (Oxford University Ballet Club), *Ballet News*, *Dance and Dancers*, *Dance Ink*, *Dance Magazine*, *Dance Now*, *Dance Perspectives*, *Dancing Times*, *Financial Times*, *The Guardian*, *Millennium Film Journal*, *The New York Times*, *The Observer*, *Performing Arts Journal*, *Sequence*, *Sight and Sound*, *Twice*, programs for the Royal Opera House, and many others.



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Footnotes

1. This dance was a parody of a 'typical' Bolshoi pas de deux as it might be danced by two aging provincial dancers. The Dniepropetrovsk Collective Ballet Company was a made-up name poking fun at a Soviet-identified company. Marian Sarach and I performed this work at Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village in some sort of festival of Judson works, probably in the early 1970s. The music was by Shostakovitch.

2. US Terpsichore was the modest company formed by Richard Thomas and Barbara Fallis at their school, the New York School of Ballet, in the late 1970s. The choreographer Daniel Levans made his first works for the company. We did a lovely *Graduation Ball* in which I was the Headmistress and Dick Andros the General; we did *Giselle*, too, with Richard and Barbara's daughter Bronwyn as *Giselle*. We performed in places like high school auditoria and at the Theater at Riverside Church.



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