

Sunday, Jan 28, 2017

Dear Ze'eva,

Oberlin College recently offered its senior staff and faculty an incentive to retire early and so, having turned in my last grades at the beginning of January, I'm retired! I just turned sixty-five and I feel so lucky.

Teaching technique was getting very hard to continue doing — my ankles were killing me. And, at least at Oberlin, it feels as though the field had shifted enough that making good dances that had wit or physical inventiveness or ideas was no longer central, and so I was less interested. Plus, I wasn't privy to any of the cultural references (popular culture) that my students were making.

I want to thank you for the incredible gift you gave me at Princeton and Tanglewood and at the Harvard Summer Dance Center — you gave ~~my~~ me my professional life, and you showed me the path to what I wanted to be.

Since I graduated in 1973 I've been part of a very generous community; no matter what city I was in — Cleveland, New York, Hartford, Boston, and finally for 29 years back in Cleveland — I've always found that dancers are generous to each other. So that was part of your gift as well.

I've tried to model my beginning classes after yours at Princeton, keeping in mind that in any semester there might be someone who didn't know what

dance might mean for her or him until they stepped into that studio.

I've always included a huge amount of improvisation in the beginning course along with ~~the~~ qualitative and dynamic emphasis and images. Why? Because you did and it made my introduction to dance joyous.

I started taking dance with you in January of 1970 (47 years ago!!). Three semesters later you suggested I come to Tanglewood and study with you, Carla, and Clyde and you cast me in a piece of yours. My world was expanding because of you.

In my senior year we students came to you asking for advice about showing our dance studies publically at Princeton and ~~I think it was~~ you who suggested that we hire Raymond Johnson

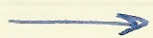
to make a dance on us to center the concert around. He invited me to his rehearsal space in NYC (my first time in city by myself - Gene Yao earlier brought me to see NYC Ballet) so he could make a solo on me as one section of the dance. That solo then had a life of its own titled "Black Dance" (music by Steve Reich, "It's gonna Rain") that Raymond performed everywhere and I performed for years at Fairmount Dance Theater in Ohio. Raymond had hired me after I graduated and I stayed on after he left, working with Bill Evans, James Wearing, Ted + Nora, and Sara Shelton.

I remember standing on the balcony at Radcliffe with you watching the audience arrive for the summer concert in 1975. You said to me "Oh, there's Jerome Robbins". A shared moment, and I

remember feeling how lucky I was to be there with you, about to dance your work, and fairly awed to be a colleague at that point to you and James May and Raymond and Barbara J.C. Edinger, and Martha Gray and others.

You've been an incredible teacher, choreographer and performer your whole life. You inspired me, taught me, advised me, introduced me to others who helped me, and I am truly grateful.

Now with a hip replacement (2001), cartilage removed from my left ankle (2010) and a mild heart attack (2011) behind me, I'm sitting down. Thanks for helping me stand and fly for so many years. Love, Carter



P.S. Please give my best to Karin and
Arrie.

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