

CHAPTER 11

"Henry!" she cried in a very strange voice. "But I thought—Come over here at once, Walter Gage, and tell me—"

"I have whiskey on my breath, Ellen."

"Darling! I'm sure you needed it. Come at once."

. . .RAYMOND CHANDLER
Pearls Are a Nuisance

I spent three days easily in Paris. My aunt and uncle were there that summer and I stayed with them. Time passed like a fast express. I barely saw it disappear. The city was all the songs had said it would be. I saw it my way, at my pace, on foot. I arrived in Paris as tense as a verb in a subjunctive clause. Three days later I was as relaxed as a banana peel. But while I was letting Paris put me back together, things were happening in Rome.

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The Capri trip took twenty hours. For those twenty hours Janine and Taylor with the assistance of Nybia and Therese Montaigne collected five bus seating charts. The kids jump around that bus as though they had St. Vitus' dance. No one sat in the same seat on two consecutive charts. If we didn't have other sources of information, the charts alone would tell us what was happening that day. It was gossip time and rearrangement time, time to shuffle the power around within the group. The kids avoided sitting with Cliff Jaeckel like the plague. They sat with Mrs. Needham though, and they felt for Mrs. Needham, especially when the courier left her behind in Naples. That was a smooth move on his part, about as important for group solidarity as it was when Odin left Bob behind in London. The scenery was there and everybody saw it, but it was way down on the list of things to use the mind on. The kids were using their mind on one thing — what to do for Denis.

They got home at midnight that day, just about the same time that I was climbing into bed in Paris. The next morning they saw the Sistine Chapel and then that afternoon was free, free to get ready to leave Rome the next morning, free to work on the project for presentation on the roof of the dorm that evening. Group L assembled in the map room to draw their third map of Rome and afterwards sat around considering what to present as a project. There was no question that they were going to do something. They'd been caught with their pants down in London and had still come in third. Now they could plan. Now they had something to say. Nobody remembers who was the first to suggest the pop opera that the back of the bus had planned with Bob the night everyone else had gone to Aida. But it was suggested. The back of the bus had talked up the idea with a lot of the kids, but some of them still weren't familiar with it. The kids that had planned it - Wanda Pierce, Candy Fisher, Tracy Cummings, Erica Cruz, Karl Prinz, Vittoria Palazzo and maybe a few others - ran through it for the group as a whole. Most of the kids loved it.

All the kids knew it was dynamite. It was clearly the strangled voice of the kids raising itself in protest. It was a political demonstration. It was the vigil recast as art. But its political significance was lost on


				
P E T E R		C O U R I E R		
	PORTMAN		A TOUR LEADER	
	GORDON		LENZ	BILL BROWN
LINCOLN	BAKER		SEWARD	HENDRICKS
GARRISON	EBER		Mr. AIKEN	Miss AIKEN
	HELLER		NOYES	MAYO
JONES	PAGAN		JOHNSON	GIACONDA
JAECKEL			MONROE	WATSON
JENCKS				
PIERCE			MONTAIGNE	PALAZZO
CUMMINGS			CRUZ	PRINZ
CASYK	FISHER	NASH	GRAY	ABRAMS

Figure 11.0. Bus seating chart, compiled by Taylor Nash, Janine Eber, Nybia Pagan, at 6:00 p.m., 22 July, on the way to dinner stop beyond Naples. Mrs. Needham has been left behind in Naples at this point.

none of the kids. And the kids that had avoided the vigil refused to take part in the play. No one remembers exactly who these kids were, but Rhoda Noyes, Susan Lincoln, Betty Baker, Claire Mayo, Agatha Jones and Porter Portman did not take active roles. They hung around for the planning, they kibitzed, they laughed, they heckled, but they took no role. Well, no role in the play. Porter Portman was playing a role. He was playing military spy, living out his war and espionage fantasies. He was constantly leaving the room, running off to tell the T-C's and the tour leaders what Group L was up to. It was a deadly serious role he was playing and if he hadn't smashed a chair by sitting on it, the group would never have burst out laughing at him collectively.

By 4:00 planning was over and the kids were running through the play. It was different from what had been planned earlier. It had been brought up-to-date to include the latest developments in the life of Group L. The beginning remained the same. Chairs were set up to mimic the arrangement of the seats on a bus and the kids got on pretending they were boarding the bus in the morning. The last of the kids to board were the back of the bus kids. They wore pink pajamas. There was a lot of discussion about that decision, but the point was clear: the back of the bus did a lot of sleeping on the tour. They decided that a little strip act wouldn't hurt matters, and the details of that were worked out. They decided to wear clothes under their pajamas, to enter the bus, to sing their "Pink Pajama Song," to strip hunkering down as they did so and to fall asleep. It became obvious that the play needed a narrator, and the natural leader among the kids — Desmond Jencks, the leader of the London skit — took this role. His ambivalence about the play was enormous and he took the role of Narrator, not because he believed in what the play was saying, but because he was the leader of Group L. Three other kids had roles: Bob Watson played Odin and Dino, Karl Prinz played Bob Beck and Taylor Nash played Denis Wood.

Entrances became complex. After the back of the bus sang their song and did their strip, Watson/Odin got on the bus and played courier. Then Taylor/Wood was made courier, Watson/Odin exiting in his courier role to reappear later as Watson/Dino, Dorm Organizer, campus director, reboard the bus, and throw Taylor/Wood off. Bob was stage manager and play coordinator, and with the kids worked out the final script. By the time people started leaving the map room for dinner, they'd run through the play three times.

The mood during dinner was apprehensive. Doubts ran like echoes around the dining hall. Desmond continually doubted whether he should go through with his role. Many of the kids questioned whether they should put on the play at all. They answered their own questions: "We've

got to go through with it." Therese Montaigne came up to Bob with her worries. Bob shrugged. She shrugged and smiled. "There's no other way I guess."

The projects were presented on the roof of the dorms in the same place that the general meeting had taken place on the first night. The stage was the corner of the roof pointing out into the rolling countryside, yellow now in the setting sun. The castle floated behind stage center, its buttresses and minarets silhouetted against the golden sky. The evening cool crept to the roof on cat's paws. The audience sat on the concrete of the roof or leaned against the wall of the inner courtyard. Sooner or later most of the kids in the unit would be on stage. Nerves were scattered around like penny firecrackers. Group L was wound as tight as an alarm clock ready to wake up the world. Three groups went on before Group L. They were the usual. Better than bad, they were received by the audience as such things are. The T-C's applauded the efforts, the kids applauded the guts, but no one applauded the projects. The sun was making a big fuss turning off the day. The sky had gone purple, then red, then gold all over again. By the time Group L had set up the chairs it was just light — pure and liquid, without bravura.

The bus was arranged with its back to the corner of the roof, its front heading into the audience. To the left of the bus almost behind the audience stood Group L, waiting to go on. Behind them stood the T-C's and the kids who weren't playing, a tight, scared little knot. The Play began. Bob held the kids back as a group, letting them dribble realistically onto the bus in twos and threes. There was the usual talk:

"When are we leaving?" in Vittoria's voice. Therese and Phylis boarded together. They sat down on the left, Phylis in front of Therese. She turned around in her seat. Therese said:

"Will you please turn around. I can't see." The audience chuckled slightly. They'd been there. There was more small talk, a lot mumbled. When most of the kids had boarded, the back of the bus hustled on. They wore pajamas and carried pillows. That created a stir. The audience laughed. They settled down on the bus. All the kids that were playing kids were on.

But where were they sitting? It's the sixty-four dollar question. No one thought to take a Play Bus Seating Chart. Memories are funny. Long after the trip was over Janine collected charts from as many kids as remembered anything. Tracy Cummings wrote her: "All I remember from the skit is the back seat. It was Leslie Casyk, Candy Fisher, me, Wanda Pierce and Laura Johnson. Don't know if this'll help. Hope so!"

Leslie Casyk remembered the same people in the back in a different order. She also remembered that Karl and Erica sat in the row one up on the left. Nybia Pagan also remembers the same back of the bus and agrees with Leslie about Karl and Erica. She puts Joy Gray in front of Erica, Janine across from Joy and herself in front of Janine. Svén, according to her, sat in front of Tracy Cummings on the right. She adds: "Yes, Desmond was standing but Bob Watson sat down once or twice in front of me. Phylis was somewhere in the front on the left side — alone. David was there, though where I know not. Sorry, I don't know where Taylor was — I know he was in front." Janine's memories are similar. So are Bob's. No one else remembers where they sat. As Leslie said: "It was a horrible night." Most people tried to forget it. No one quite did.

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With the back of the bus on, the Play begins in earnest. They sing their song and pick up some more laughs. As it ends they begin to take off their pajamas and fall asleep. The Courier boards the bus. It is Watson playing Odin. He counts the kids and scolds the back of the bus, reading from the courier manual. He is very critical. The Narrator changes the day and Taylor/Denis boards the bus as Courier, replacing Watson/Odin. It is his birthday and the bus sings "Happy Birthday" to him. The Narrator announces that Denis is twenty-six. The bus chants "Twenty-six, twenty-six, twenty-six, twenty-six," over and over again while Watson/Dino reboards the bus, this time as Dorm Organizer. Over the chant Watson/Dino tells Taylor/Denis he should be responsible, that he is twenty-six, not fifteen. "You're twenty-six not fifteen, twenty-six not fifteen, twenty-six not fifteen," he repeats over and over again, climaxing with:

"GET OFF THE BUS DENIS AND GO TO PARIS." He points accusingly at Taylor/Denis and the chanting stops. Silence falls like a stone down a well. Taylor/Denis stands and with lowered head walks off the bus. Beyond the roof, night has fallen — now the stage is dark. A circle of light from a flashlight falls on Taylor/Denis sitting on a chair, dejected, head down, alone. A guitar sits in his lap. From the darkness comes the voice of the Narrator:

"In Paris, alone, a young man waits for his friends." Taylor/Denis picks up the guitar and starts to sing softly into the night:

...Somehow people must be free,
I hope the day comes soon.
Won't you please come to Chicago.
Show your face —

From the bottom of the oceans,
 To the mountains of the moon.
 Won't you please come to Chicago,
 No one can take your place.

We can change the world,
 Rearrange the world,
 It's dying —
 If you believe in justice.
 It's dying —
 If you believe in freedom.
 It's dying.
 Let a man live his own life.
 It's dying.
 Rules and regulations, who needs them?
 Throw them out the door.

Rules and regulations, who needs them?
 Throw them out the door.

There is a silence at the end of the song, heavy enough to carve.
 Watson/Dino walks into the cone of light.

"Denis," he says, "it was the principle that counted." Taylor/
 Denis and Watson/Dino shake hands, coolly, as though neither wanted to.
 The light clicks out. The Play is over.

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For a moment the audience sat there holding its breath, silent, still. Then part of it began applauding, loudly and longly and enthusiastically. None was adult. They were all kids awed by the daring and filled with admiration for a group that had gone a lot farther than they had nerve to. The adults, the T-C's and the tour leaders, sat there, immobile, some stunned, some livid with rage. Someone flicked on the roof lights but the kids kept applauding. A couple were even crying.

Then another group was on the stage. The chairs were gone, the bus had flown away, Group L's turn was over. The next act was good and, by following immediately after the Play, took some of the heat out of the air. Then it was over and the applause came and went and the Unit broke for Cokes and snacks and dancing. The last group would go on afterwards. Group L moved as two units, players and non-players, to the refreshments. As Bob drank a Coke kids came up to him with reports: "The kids really liked it," and "the T-C's think it was a slap," and things

like that. In the background the voice of George Aiken was raised saying to somebody, "We've got a problem here, got a problem here." The music and dancing continued until the last group presented its project. It was terrific and served to push the Play even farther from the center of attention, deeper into memory. Afterwards there was more dancing, but Bob didn't hang around. He and Taylor went down from the roof and walked out into the world. They walked for a long time in the blackness of the night talking, of the end of the project, of its continuation, of the Play, of the kids, of themselves and their feelings. They walked for a couple of miles and walked off the tension and walked into resolution. They walked back to the dorm and split for their rooms.

Bob had a lot of visitors that night, mostly kids. Nybia came, worried about the outcome of the night, about the future of the project, about the chances I had to get my degree. Bob Watson and Janine Eber came with the same worries, the same fears. Taylor came by and they all talked. Bob knew he'd had it and stressed the importance of continuing the research, of completing what had been started, of finding the end to allow the beginning to live. They all wanted to help carry out the project, finish the research.

Then the Unit Director showed up to tell Bob that a meeting was in progress in Dino's office, that Bob should be there. He was candid — the Unit Director was always candid — about the meeting. The T-C's from Group L wanted Bob sent away, wanted the project to end. Bob wasn't surprised. No one was surprised. This was the last act of the Play all had been waiting for.

The Unit Director hadn't been entirely candid. All the T-C's weren't there. Jill Needham was missing. She'd received a knock on her door and had opened it to Miss Bloch, Mr. Aiken and Lenz. They were boiling. Denis and now Bob — they both were perverting the kids, the trip, destroying their education. Miss Bloch was loudest. The louder she got, the more inflammatory her accusations, the less Jill listened and the hotter she got beneath the collar. She finally told the three of them that she would have no part in the hatcheting of Bob and asked them to leave her room. They insisted. She insisted. They wouldn't leave without her, they needed a united front. She screamed for them to leave...and they left. They went to Dino and presented their case. They never had more sympathetic ears. Dino not only agreed, but surpassed them. He revealed the truth. Not only did Bob use the kids as puppets, he used Denis as a puppet. They united their voices in a paean of hate, and sent the Unit Director for Bob.

Bob came. The T-C's were ranged around the room. Flora

Aiken had crawled from her brother's space and stood on her own. Anger fired her. Her eyes bristled. Her voice was high, taut, sour. George was inflated with importance, like a tin knight on false crusade. Cliff's jaw was slung a mile in front of him, adamant, rigid, like the Old Man of the Mountains. You could have chiseled graffiti on it and he wouldn't have noticed. The three of them were vocal. Miss Bloch sat in the background, arms crossed, several chins flat against her chest. She was beyond words. She was watching justice. Omar was silent too, and still. Only his Adam's Apple moved, rapidly up and down in his throat, like a mouse beneath the blankets. Dino glared and mostly listened.

Their argument was simple. Both of us, but especially Bob, were interfering with the tour study program. We were interfering with the kids education. We were irresponsible. Well, there was no denying that we were interfering with their education. Of course that had been our role all along. All we'd done was teach them how to map, and ask them to be alert to their environment, encourage them to relive their experiences on paper, to code them symbolically, to be awake to the stereotypes they were making of the peoples and landscapes they saw, to understand and think about the things they did, the sub-cultures they were part of, the roles they played within the group, to discuss the landscapes they were seeing on the bus over the PA system with the whole group, from any point of view, from their particular vision. All we'd done was ask them to integrate what they were seeing and what they were hearing and what they were learning with what they were, into themselves with self-awareness. All we'd done was ask them to stay awake, not only to the passing scene, but to themselves, and to replicate this awareness in as many ways as possible. I guess what scared the leaders and the T-C's about the Play was the awareness the kids had shown, the awareness of the fact that in Dino's decisions was a subtle deadly attitude towards life that went beyond Denis and Group L and reached all the way across the ocean to the world of politics in Chicago and back again to Group L on a roof in Rome and Denis alone in Paris, an awareness of the connections between things that the leaders and the T-C's hid from themselves and wanted hidden from the kids. There was no question that we had interfered with the kids' education, with education seen as the pouring of needless facts into unwilling bottle-mouths, with education seen as a process of filling and regurgitation and nothing more.

Bob couldn't deny that we'd interfered with their education. He could deny our irresponsibility, his irresponsibility. He turned on Lenz and asked him what he'd done while shooting a million pictures to further the kids' education. Lenz swallowed his Adam's Apple and had no answer. He turned to the Aikens and asked them what they'd done. They too had no answer. He turned to Miss Bloch and asked her.

"I watch out for them," she said. "And they're not my puppets." Bob didn't ask Cliff. Cliff did do things, did care. They went back and forth and back and forth and accusations filled the room like cigar smoke. But it didn't matter. Dino had made up his mind. Bob was to go. The project was over. My dissertation was as dead as last year's rose.

When the buses pulled away from the dorms the next morning for the last time, Bob wasn't on the one that counted. He wasn't on any bus. He'd said his good-byes the night before. He was in bed sleeping. That night he flew to Paris. It was all over. Somewhere on a radio Carole King was singing:

Stayed in bed this morning just to pass the time,
 There's something wrong here there can be no denying,
 One of us is changing, or maybe we just stopped trying.
 And it's too late, baby, now it's too late,
 Though we really did try to make it.
 Something inside has died and I can't hide,
 And I just can't fake it.
 Oh no, oh no, oh no.

So Bob arrived in Paris — the same night Group L arrived Milan. Bob took a room in the same hotel in which I had a room, but of course I was still staying with my aunt and uncle. I was placidly seeing Paris while Bob was anxiously stuffing my hotel box with notes, trying to get in touch with me. Project Group L was in pieces, scattered over Europe. It would make a funny movie. If it wouldn't make a funny movie, it would make a great tragedy.

The next day I wandered over to the Paris dorms to set up a room for the Paris mapping sessions. After all, the group was arriving in Paris the next day. No one was in the office, but there was a letter waiting for me. It read:

24 July 1971

Dear Bob and Denis,

Phylis, Janine and I are going to try to attempt to continue your project. We are taking the bus seating charts and I am taking notes concerning the group. About half of the bus agrees to do the maps. We will have them draw one of Lucerne and three of Paris.

Please leave a list of the names of places in Paris for the maps. If you can think of anything else let us know. Leave the above in Paris for us.

Denis, we hope you are not angry at us. We didn't expect things to turn out this way.

Please leave an address where we can mail (the bus is moving) these things to you when we arrive home in the U.S.A. If you think there is a possibility we won't get your mail in Paris leave it under the name of Oscar Lozarno — he is studying in Europe. I know him.

Nybia

Of course the letter was Greek to me, but I got the point. Somehow, for some reason, Bob was no longer with Group L. That was interesting. I wondered why, and where in blue blazes he was? I hung around the Paris office waiting for the Dorm Organizer to materialize and exercise my ears. After a while he showed up. This one played with a pipe too. He dragged himself into the office with that consequentially tired look the leaders loved and poured himself into his chair behind a massive desk. That put me on the other side of the room from him, the way he liked it.

"Denis! What are you doing here?" he said around his pipe.

"I thought we could talk about a room assignment for the Paris mapping sessions."

He removed the pipe from his mouth and examined it closely, like an agricultural inspector looking for bugs. Without looking up he said: "Didn't Bob tell you? The project is over!"

"How could Bob tell me? He's in Lucerne."

"No, he's staying at your hotel. He arrived the night before last."

"So how come he's not with the kids?"

"You'll have to ask Bob."

"Why can't you tell me?"

"I wasn't there."

"Where?"

"Ask Bob!"

"Will you cut the cloak-and-dagger jazz and tell me what happened?" He looked along the stem of his pipe as though lining up a gun sight: "I wouldn't tell you the time of day," he said.

"Okay hot-shot. I guess that all means you don't know from yesterday what's going on." I picked up my letter.

"See you soon," he said meaningfully.

"Never will be too soon for me," I said. I left. I went to my hotel and dug the thousand notes from my box. They were all from Bob. They said things like "Where are you? I'm in the room above you," and "I'll wait up till 1:00 for you. Got to talk." I guessed so. He wasn't in his room now. I waited for him. He showed up soon and we talked. We talked that night and the next day and the next night and the next day until he left for England to take care of some business. We also talked to the Dorm Organizer again, and then again. From the leaders' point of view, the project was over and I was to return to the States a week early — to make sure I didn't contact Group L again. They had an ace up their sleeve: I would return a week early, or I would pay my own way home. I thumbed my nose at their plane ticket. They didn't like that. Of course they couldn't understand it either: imagine — spending money, to sustain my soul. Since their soul was money, I was hard to figure.

"Well," said the Dorm Organizer when he saw he couldn't bribe me, "of course you can stay in Paris. I don't own the city. But you can keep away from the kids if you know what's good for you."

"What's good for me?" I asked.

"Staying out of jail for one thing." My whole body shook thinking of that. I could hear the charge now: ruining the morals of the young by having them draw maps of Paris.

"And for another thing?"

The Dorm Organizer got serious and fatherly: "I don't like to say this, Denis, because you know that despite what's happened, the entire tour staff thinks very highly of you. But if you cause us any further grief,

well, I guess somehow this whole story will get back to your school, to your department chairman. Your chances of getting the degree will disappear like," and he paused to concentrate, "like snow in July." He was about to go on, to paint a gruesome picture of my academic demise, but I stopped him:

"Mr. Dorm Organizer," I said, "if the Ph.D. from the Graduate School of Geography at Clark University is capable of being withheld on grounds as petty as that, well I guess the degree isn't much worth having anyhow. But I think you're a fool, a little miserable, sniveling fool. Maybe your remarks sum up the value of your degree, but at Clark it's based on a little more than some story a sorehead comes in with."

"Like what?" he asked.

"Like good, hard, original work," I said. I turned and left his office.

So Bob went to England and I played cops-and-robbers with the tour leaders, seeing the kids, getting the maps, carrying out the project. It didn't go smoothly. It wasn't fun. For the kids doing the work, it was something else. I wasn't with the group, so I can hardly say. But the kids know. Let them tell the story.

Nybia Pagan kept notes from the time the bus left Rome. (I haven't edited them much. I haven't wanted to.)

24 July, 1971

Bus quiet until 8:55 when Peter broke the ice with a few cracks over the mike and everyone went back (almost, not quite) to normal. Ann and Agatha were playing cards and others were talking, even the Pink PJ's started talking. Some disoriented according to bus seating chart. Example: Janine sat in back with PJ's. Vittoria, Sven, Candy, Mrs. Needham, Omar and Rhoda were asleep.

Courier relatively well received. Some hostilities between people. Courier gave a speech over mike after we were ten minutes on the road. Said he wanted to remain neutral, that he did not know

anything about Group L until yesterday, that he was told the basic facts and wanted to know nothing else. He hoped we understood but if not to at least respect his wishes and not to speak to him about the incident for he was aware of our strong feelings.

Appears to be a good courier — brought along his own tapes (classical). Everyone (most everyone) clapped when he mentioned the tapes, even when he said they were classical.

Dino gave a speech before we departed. He said he (although we might not believe him, said he) cared for Group L and would be watching out for us. He said he "knew" some of us understood and hoped that the rest of us would understand some day. He said that last night he had had a meeting with the T-C's and it was agreed that it would be best if the project was dropped because it was interfering with our study program.

11 a.m. PJ's, Janine and Vittoria were singing "Baa Baa Black Sheep," "Where Have All the Black Sheep Gone," "Power to the People," et cetera. Miss Bloch was with her usual clique and you should have seen the looks the PJ's and company were getting. The T-C's seem to be against Mrs. Needham because she didn't side with them. The uncooperative ones concerning the mapping tend to sit toward the front of the bus and the others toward the back of the bus (with a few exceptions, of course). Taylor and Joy have separated so it seems. She is now staying with Bob Watson and he with Desmond.

5:45 p.m. All silent in back; in front everyone playful among themselves. The courier is very nice but Denis was more entertaining.

10:55 p.m. It seems as if the ice is breaking. Phylis received a rather cold shoulder in the morning, but found people friendlier in the afternoon. Cliff gave Watson, Janine and me a talk tonight. He brought up the same old story about our being puppets. He believes that he gives us "freedom to breathe" but that you "teach us not to breathe." He said: we

sometimes succeed in things and sometimes fail but the ones we fail in are the ones we learn from most. He said we should think about the consequences not only now, but for the future. He said he understood our loyalty but still felt that we were being manipulated and when we convinced him that we knew what we were doing and had not been led into it, he asked us what we would get from it. We said we wanted the project to be completed in order to see the results; that we also wanted you to write your book; that the maps had helped us tremendously; et cetera. Cliff's General Attitude was: that we are mature and capable enough to make our own decisions but...decide for yourselves as long as you do it his way. He said that because we are carrying out the project, that the tour leaders might send us home, phone our parents, or give us a lecture and that the leaders would deal with it as a group matter so we might be dealt with harshly. We spoke with Watson afterwards who felt the project should continue. We are going to anyway, no matter what anyone tells us. Desmond is all mixed up about the whole thing. We told Cliff that the Play could be taken two ways: as expressing our emotions or as malice. He prefers to take it as malice. Tracy Cummings, Candy and Janine were wearing black arm-bands all day. Watson didn't because the Aikens and Cliff lectured him not to cause any trouble. Mis Bloch had Vittoria on her blacklist. Omar is still spying on Watson and Janine.

25 July 1971

Omar is still watching. He was listening to our conversation this morning during breakfast. Cliff, I believe, is also watching. Taylor and Joy were sitting next to each other again, but it is not the same as before. They don't know what to say to each other hence they are back together but apart at the same time. At 9:00 all is quiet. Phylis and I were having a spit-ball fight. Everyone seems to be friendly. Omar even greeted us this morning although he is still spying on us. I wish Cliff would move from the back of the bus. I know he is there to watch our every move, because every time I turn around he is watching. Janine and I are both trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. But Leslie


				
P E T E R		C O U R I E R		
	PORTMAN		LENZ	
GARRISON	NOYES		BLOCH	
BAKER	MAYO	LINCOLN	HENDRICKS	
BILL BROWN	JONES	Mr. AIKEN	Miss AIKEN	
	NEEDHAM		GORDON	
GRAY	NASH	SEWARD	JANE BROWN	
WATSON		EBER	PAGAN	
GIACONDA			PALAZZO	
ABRAMS	JOHNSON	MONTAIGNE	MONROE	
PIERCE	JAECKEL	JENCKS	HELLER	
CUMMINGS	FISHER	CASYK	PRINZ	CRUZ

Figure 11.1 Bus seating chart compiled by Janine Eber and Nybia Pagan, early morning, 24 July, between Milan and Lake Lugano.

(leave it to Leslie) asked us out loud if she could help us with the bus seating charts. (She saw us doing them yesterday. Janine was sitting in the back of the bus; she was in a rebellious mood.) Janine and I are going to try to be as friendly as possible with everyone. This way they won't interfere with the project. Janine thought it would be impossible to be friendly with everyone but she is finding it easy. I knew I wouldn't have any problems — being friendly, that is. 11:00 a.m. Taylor and Joy are playing cards. Might be a start to their former relationship. The bus seems more active. For some reason or other the courier won't play any tapes. Tracy Cummings and Candy are disgusted with Leslie. They don't want to room with her or associate with her. They say she is too immature. She seems to be floating, trying to find someone to hang onto again. Taylor appears to be becoming a chain smoker. Desmond started to smoke the night of the Play. He bought a pipe and tobacco but didn't like it and gave it to Taylor. Cliff hasn't spoken to Mrs. Needham. Omar is the only one friendly to her. The others speak to her, but she senses a coldness.

26 July 1971

Everything is back to normal. Everyone is friendly. Miss Bloch is the only one who isn't. She talked to us on Mt. Pilatus, telling us we could not face reality. She is talking to T-C's in other groups too, because I heard her telling them that we could not face reality. Desmond would not draw a map of Lucerne because he said you would need 30 people to map to carry out decent research. Desmond and Joy were holding hands today, therefore I don't think there is a chance that Taylor and Joy will get back together. Desmond is also seeing a girl from another group. So is Taylor. Mrs. Needham says the T-C's are still giving her the cold shoulder except for Mr. Lenz. We are having the girls do the maps in my room and the boys in Karl's room. I gave him the paper and pencils around 5:00. At 8:30 Paul came up and told me that they were missing. He is rooming with Sven, Bill, and Porter. Sven is doing maps for us. Bill is neutral. Therefore I believe

that Porter took them. He is the type to do such a thing.

27 July 1971

We got up at 6:00 this morning. At 7:00 the bus is quiet, only a few conversations here and there. At 9:00 most people are asleep or resting. Everything normal but the T-C's are still being observant — all except Mrs. Needham. She is on our side. Miss Bloch is waiting I believe to catch us with the maps. Yesterday evening she went for a stroll with Leslie and Leslie said: "I'm so glad we don't have to do the maps anymore." Miss Bloch answered: "Aren't there three people trying to get you to do the maps?" Leslie told her with a straight face that she didn't know anything about that. Disagreeable as she is, I can't dislike Miss Bloch because she is only human and we all have our faults. She is a strict person. I hadn't realized it until this trip. (These mountain curves make writing difficult.) 11:30 a.m. The PJ's started singing their song. Omar led the bus in singing "Alouette" and other French songs. Only the front of the bus participated. The back was singing their own songs. Noon. Omar started playing folk songs and the whole bus joined in. After about five minutes or so, Taylor took over. Desmond has been smoking the pipe he had given Taylor all day.

28 July 1971

Desmond was trying to break Janine down. He was trying to convince Janine to give up the project. He said he could tell anyone what was going on "any minute he pleased."

Not only are Omar and Cliff spying on us, but Desmond has joined them. We are being watched from all sides. Today at lunch a student who works for the tour sat at our table to listen in. I recognized him so he didn't get very far. The Dorm Organizer and the courier had a two hour talk with Taylor this evening, trying to find out where you are living. They threatened to send Taylor home if he sees you again. They said he could see you only one more time to tell you about it. What they actually want to do is to

follow him to see where you're living. Mrs. Needham said that the Unit Director had a meeting with the T-C's yesterday about us. They believe that Bob is getting in touch with us each night and was breaking the group up. They thought that both of you were in Paris, but Taylor told them that Bob was in England during their talk. They believed him. They believe that you are a bad influence on us. They also told Taylor that the project wasn't worth the paper it was written on.

29 July 1971

Leslie Casyk, Tracy Cummings and Candy will not be doing any maps here in Paris. It seems as if the T-C's are trying to keep us so busy that we cannot continue the project.

30 July 1971

In the morning when Erica and David were doing maps for us in front of the dorm, the Unit Director from the first Unit (I'll call him Blackbeard since I don't know his name), walked out of his way to see what we were doing. Erica started playing with a cat to throw him off the track. He stood staring at the bottom of the steps at nothing. Omar purposefully walked by us a couple of times two. The Dorm Organizer seemed to get nervous everytime Janine and I stared at him during his lecture. Miss Bloch, Lenz, the Aikens and company went to the Louvre after lunch and purposefully left Mrs. Needham behind. When she bumped into them at the Louvre, they acted catty. Omar, the only one who was her friend, seems to have been turned against her by Miss Bloch. Miss Bloch collected everyone's mail today except Karl's. Laura Johnson has been dating quite frequently an English guy she met in England. Desmond is seeing a girl from the Chirpy-Chirpy-Cheep Group.

31 July 1971

Candy, Tracy and Joy are not sure if they will do the maps. The courier had a talk with them yesterday after they spoke with you. Desmond does not want to draw maps. He said that after his talk with you

yesterday he realizes that he owes you nothing. He has stopped smoking. He says that he has smoked only two packs (not to mention the tobacco) since the 7th grade. He's having lollipops instead. He says the entire project is "getting to be funny." The PJ's were singing their song at lunch for about five minutes. Desmond's comment about them: "They're perturbed." When we were walking toward the restaurant for lunch Desmond, who was walking on the sidewalk, said: "I'm gonna walk in the gutter. Maybe I'll be hit by a car." He seems to be trying to communicate with Janine. Sven seemed to be taking an "I'll do the maps if I have time" attitude. Therefore I was trying to persuade him to do one tonight. In the meantime, the Unit Director came along and stood beside us. We walked away because I had enough on my hands trying to persuade Sven but I think he wants to talk to Janine and me. Sven told Janine that he, Sven, was "like Denis: people raise a fuss, he doesn't get involved, and then sits back and enjoys it all." He doesn't like to be nagged, therefore I'll just have to wait and see if he does them.

Bus was normal today. Leslie did several silly things such as falling under the seat in front of her while sleeping and getting stuck in the steps at the back of the bus while searching for something. Don't ask me how she does these things, she just does. The back of the bus — Taylor, Watson, Bill, Leslie, Tracy and Candy — were singing songs and fooling around throughout the evening. Jane was singing songs by herself. Quite a few kids have started smoking. Bill has been smoking — he says he usually smokes for a while then stops and starts again. He has been doing this for six months. Jane smoked tonight on the bus — the first time I ever saw her. Vanessa has also been smoking. She smokes only when offered a cigarette. (I'm not sure if she is smoking because she was given a pack or if she bought it herself.)

1 August 1971

Miss Bloch was taking down the names of the people

who are loyal to the tour leaders. She gave them to the Unit Director. Phylis says she just wrote down Watson, Taylor, and Janine and me. They wanted the names in order to watch out for us because they are afraid we will start trouble. Phylis says she doesn't know what kind of trouble they could expect from us. They forced Desmond and Taylor to go on the field trip. They wanted us to go on the field trip so that we couldn't see you. The Unit Director called out the names three or four times yesterday to make sure everyone was there. That's the first time they ever did that! Now Cliff is the only person who greets Mrs. Needham. He told us that different opinions should have nothing to do with friendliness.

2 August 1971

Miss Bloch said she knew I wasn't faithful (??) to the T-C's. Before the lecture she was talking to the Dorm Organizer about last night. Joy overheard bits and pieces of this conversation. She said that Bloch was "worried" because we were seeing you. He told Bloch that the project was over. He said that there was nothing they could do to stop us from seeing you. Afterwards the Dorm Organizer asked Watson and Taylor if they had been seeing you. After they answered negatively, he said it didn't matter anymore since they could not send them home since they were leaving on Tuesday. Watson said that the Dorm Organizer was "pissed off."

Not only Nybia was keeping notes at this time. Janine Eber was also keeping a notebook and a journal. No one ever has, and no one ever will, according to Janine, see her journal. But she was nice enough to hand over a collection of notes from this phase of the trip that she had taken for me. For the next couple of pages, the extracts will be identified as being authored by Nybia or Janine, as the case may be.

2 August 1971 - Janine Eber

It is 2:00 a.m. I've just gone to my room, after starting for it at 10:30 or so. (When we got home from our picnic, cafe-sitting, with you.) Well, I heard stuff going on in Tracy's and Candy's room, so I went in. Three other

girls were in there from another group. Candy was out sound asleep. Tracy came up to me and said: "I want to see Denis so bad." They wanted to find out where he was, but I couldn't tell them. It seemed rather strange until I smelled her breath. Turns out that Taylor and Watson had Tracy and Candy and I think (at least they ended up there) Leslie and Wanda get some rum and et cetera and then they went up to Watson's room to drink all this stuff. Cliff caught them and took the girls out. The T-C's on guard duty had to drag Tracy and Candy up to their room. The girls said they wouldn't go until they could see Denis, so the T-C's told them he was upstairs... Well, Fisher was very upset and drunk. Watson beat her up 'cos she wanted to talk and he didn't. Tracy is very happy and drunk. Said she cried a lot. Leslie was okey, eyes glazed and sick twice. Wanted to know if I would cover for her, if they were in trouble et cetera ... Wanda insisted that everyone in our wing (PJ gang) hated her, so she slept in Vittoria's room. She is drunk too. Finally things settled down.

Talked to Susan, Claire, a bit to Joy and Betty. Said they weren't with Miss Bloch, that she was with them. "Look, everybody hates her — she's got no one." (she's right!) Said we (Nybia — who they can't stand — and me) were awful. They said they tried to be nice to us but no response. That's just not true. I always said "Hi!" and tried to talk to them. But not too hard, 'cos of Bloch.

Told 'em a lot of stuff — nothing really important. They can go and tell Bloch for all it would do her. Joy said Bloch said nothing on the subject though she knew Nybia could never be trusted (or loyal or something to that effect). Joy said seeing Denis was like seeing a long lost friend...

Vanessa just got in. I think she's had a bit to drink. Was with Harry Silver or something like that again. He was the MC at the Group K skit in Rome. He's only fifteen! I thought (at times) he was a T-C!! She said she had a good time. Was in their room and they were running their U.S. Flag socks up a flagpole thing they had. They weren't drunk, were they? Well,



Figure 11.2

I'm still not in bed and it's 2:45. Hope to get some sleep tonight! Vanessa's doing her essay for the tour study program now. I'm not about to do them. What a farce! I'd probably not be able to find anything nice to say to them. Actually got Joy, Claire and maybe Betty and Rhoda to do at least a map and if I get them on the plane or late today, I can get two or three from each of them! Wow!

3 August 1971 - Nybia Pagan

Sven, Karl and Leslie Casyk were drunk last night. David was slightly tipsy. Last night after the party some of the kids were sitting on the steps in front of the dorms and the Unit Director made them go upstairs — it was only 10:30. Before the Party, Karl wasn't feeling well, hence Erica went to see him. On her way out of the boy's wing she passed Miss Bloch who was there. Miss Bloch gave her a dirty look when she saw her. (I wonder what Miss Bloch was doing in there herself?) The courier ignored us this morning as usual but he waved to us as the bus departed. The Unit Director was friendly as usual. Porter Portman was smoking a cigar in the bus. Lana was smoking a cigarette (Taylor was giving her smoking lessons). David and Taylor were also smoking. Except for Taylor (he smoked several) they all smoked one cigarette and Porter one cigar. The back of the bus was singing songs.

I spoke to the Dorm Organizer this morning at the airport to ask him if Bob would be on the plane with us. He asked me if I was aware of what he had done. I told him I knew what was going on. He told me he was concerned for the both of you, that he has known you for six months and Bob for a year. He told me he was trying to prevent this from getting back to Clark. He was afraid that both your jobs were in jeopardy. He said what you had done might prevent you from ever practicing geography. He said Bob might be able to get away with it. (I hope this is clear but the nun sitting next to me is driving me crazy, talking to me constantly. God, I wish she'd shut up!) Most of the kids were crying on the plane.

Among them were Janine, Leslie, Vittoria and Erica.
Karl and Sven were very sad.

3 August 1971 - Janine Eber

Decided to take a poll entitled: "What is the first thing you will do when you get home?" I will also ask if they took the tour exam.

Janine: Go to the refrigerator and drink all the orange juice there is! No exam.

Vanessa: Shout "I'm home," and then go up to my room and sleep. Took exam, written around 2:30-3:30 a.m.

Nybia: See my dog, and talk to everyone. No exam taken.

Phylis: Fight my cat off, talk, then "I'm tired" or "I'm hungry." No exam.

Erica: Wetson's! Took exam: "I'll need that credit."

Karl: Sober up. No exam. Helped Erica with her's. Answered Erica's fifth question.

Taylor: See my chick. No exam.

Tracy: See her boyfriend. Took exam.

Leslie: Run to hospital. See Johnny. No exam.

Candy: Go to Wooster and get something to eat. No exam.

Laura: Go see her horsey. Took exam and got an A.
("ha-ha!")

David: Go to sleep, go out to dinner (he's staying in New York with his parents). Took exam.

Wanda: Go get a pizza, but first sneak in and get some sleep, and listen to the radio. No exam - "Don't need it."

Lana: Go to the beach, give Douglas a big kiss and get a pair of pants. Took exam.

Vittoria: Eat, eat, eat, work; give Roger the biggest kiss if he's there. Took exam.

Aikens: We don't know.

Agatha: Unpack, figure out when I can see Mark.
No exam.

Marina: Open my suitcase and give my parents their gifts.

Denis: Found out last night that Betty and Claire aren't split up in rooms with Susan and Rhoda as I thought. They're rooming as before.

6 August 1971 (After the trip was over. DW)

Vanessa never came home the last night. Said she was with Harry and his roommates. Leslie had been crying since the night of the party. Says she'll never see anyone again. On the plane we were all crying. Erica, Karl and Sven sat in the back row of the plane. I had gone back there to pick up the last maps. Claire, Marina and David were there too. Erica kept saying, "Don't start me crying again." That's why she didn't do a last map. But we all started to cry — Erica, me, Leslie — while the guys sat there and laughed at us. Everybody kept saying not to be sad, we'll see each other again. But that's not it. Leaving is like the closing of a chapter of one's life. Of course we're sad — thirty-five days that we've all dreamed of and looked forward to are over, and now: past, has been.

The other night my girlfriend called me. She asked if I felt empty. I'm not really sure that's the word for it.

Here's a little gossip from the last night: turns out one girl (not in our group) is pregnant. Also: Watson and Joy didn't want to do another map. I guess everybody was tired of them. At least I got a checklist out of them.