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Ex-Rockette Jennifer Jiles **called to talk** about her *roman A clef* play, ***Kicking and Screaming***. "Oh, hang on, my business manager just walked in. I'm at home, but we're doing a little business here before we head to the theater." We bet. (*Kidding* - she lives with her husband and two cats!) What's it like to be a Rockette? "You have to weigh in! It's very **anorexia nervosa**: I used to get my **water-pill prescription** filled three days before and then **strip down buck-naked** down to the earrings and then get on the scale. Then I'd go stuff down a **bacon, egg and cheese on a roll**, some Cool Ranch Doritos and chocolate milk. There's also a height requirement: There's a **measuring stick at the door**, and you have to be measured in stocking feet. You couldn't be taller than 5-10 or smaller than 5-5. **It looks like we're all the same height, right?** That illusion is created by placing the tallest girls in the center. I'm 5-foot-8, so I was fourth from the center on the left. **I would make a map for family and friends so they knew where I was!** And we don't really touch each other's backs in the kickline, because otherwise you can knock each other over. I learned this the hard way from the girl next to me, who I used to call **"Hitler in heels."** Me-OW! Tonight, Ms. Jiles' wraps up her play's current run.