

Class of 1962

50TH REUNION



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



Class of 1962

Brenda Corman Alpar
 Adele Suhl Anderson
 Evelyn Woerheide Arana
 Eve Chinitz Bach*
 Barbara Halikman Balaban
 Lesley Philbrick Baptist
 Althea Adamson Bassett
 Saida Heyman Baxt
 Judith Beatie*
 Bridget Beattie
 Rosalind Moger Bernheimer
 Lisa Hartmann Blake
 Thelma Bullock
 Jane Burkhardt
 Katrina Carter Cameron
 Donato Capozzoli
 Helen Croll Chinitz
 Louis Conrad
 Janice Bell Cooper
 Emily S. Crandall
 Jennifer Cushing Curtis
 Linda Sessel Curtiss
 Willa de Sousa
 Kathleen Earthrowl

Paula Epstein Eisner
 Joan Borkum Epstein
 Gay Newell Falk
 Valerie Falk
 Margot Graham Fass
 Barbara Finkelstein
 Jennifer Creel Frimmel
 Frances Hamilton Glover
 Brooke Goffstein
 Sandra Clough Gorry
 Joan Greenberg Gruzen
 Fausta Price Hammarlund
 Zoe (Gail) Harnett
 Jane Harriman
 Mary Green Hefter
 Sally Bowers Henry
 Diane M. Hoff
 Mary A. Hutton
 Sally Ahearn James
 Patricia Johanson
 Andrea Kanner Halbfinger
 Susan Weiss Katz
 Polly Lauterbach Keyworth*
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Barbara Furth Kline
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 Lucy Simon Levine
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 Dorothy Goldman Mann
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 Susan Milburn Meffert
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 Catherine Russell Michel
 Sarah Buttrick Miles*
 Susan Plosky Miller
 Suzanne Brecht Mowry
 Ellen Bernstein Murray
 Sylvia Fitts Napier
 Janet Cohn Neschis
 Dorothy Willett Oliver
 Harriet Joseph Ottenheimer
 Marianne Yacenko Palladino
 Lisa (Josephine) Penick
 Lynn Penner
 Susan Allen Potter

* Denotes Deceased

Barbara Kirschner Reed

Louise Reiner

Judith Hidler Richardson-Silvia*

Sandra Clemence Rise*

Janet Kaplan Rodgers

Judith Coleman Rollins*

Jane Littauer Salamon

Sheila White Samton

Nancy Feinstein Schwartz

Marylyn Motherbear Scott

Judith Seaman

Catherine Schwartz Shawn*

Linda Horne Small

Mimi Smith Rice

Jane Marcus Sobel

Mary Beale Spadaro

Alice Rosenstein Spatz

Miriamne L. Spector, M.A.

Marjory Feroe Spencer

Sylvia Pool Sperling*

Barbara Marcus Sprafkin*

Carla Stea

Ellen Jacobowitz Stein

Joan Diamond Steinberg

Rhoda Caplin Sweet

Nancy Guy Syme

Barbara Buchtel Tacy

Minda Tessler

Connie Tonken

Linda Hood Townsend*

Lisa Van der Wal Vanhaagen

Kathy Titelman Vanpraag

Nancy Janover Victor

Susan Whitacre Ward

Karin Schmuck Wartofsky*

Frances Washburn

Eve Rudd Webb

Ilona Teleki Weldland

Arlene Weiner*

Helen Wilmerding

Roz Moger Bernheimer

75 Winslow Road

Waban, MA

luddite75@hotmail.com

617-969-6849

While at Bennington I concentrated on the social sciences, majoring in psychology and American history. And fun. Movies in Commons, Bob Dylan and Joan Baez on the third floor, field hockey games against Bennington Catholic High School, parties in Jennings, special “theme” meals by Joe Perry, and more. I always made sure to take at least one art course a term, to balance out Paper Week and to explore my interest in the visual arts. This has led to a lifelong love of art, art history, and architecture. Mr. Blake suffered through my thesis on Enuresis, which he was probably right to point out was the result of me being a bit compulsive, thus the rhyming affect! After Bennington, I was accepted by Simmons College School of Social Work, only to be told by the Dean, when it became apparent that I needed financial aid, that I should “go to work so that (my) husband could go to graduate school.” Ah, those were the days. Even without a graduate

degree, I did get a wonderful job with the Mass. Department of Mental Health, which I completely attribute to two very important NRT’s (now known as FWT) spent as an intern in the Psychiatry Department of Boston Children’s Hospital. At work I helped lead a research project trying to identify attachment issues of preschoolers with mental disabilities who were institutionalized, as compared to children with like diagnoses who were living at home. Afternoons were spent at the Boston University School of Education which, in concert with Yale University, was developing the program that eventually became Head Start.



* Denotes Deceased

I married Wally (Bernheimer) Williams '61, the September after graduation. We met in Booth House living room before school began my sophomore year (I had come up a few days early to do Freshman orientation. Turns out to have been a good move). And I did marry him despite Mr. Wohnus calling him a "greasy grind" for most of our dating life! We celebrated our 50th Anniversary last September, having been, in retrospect, very lucky given how little we knew at the time. We have four grown children, all creative types, seven rapidly growing up grandchildren, and five grand dogs. Life has not been free of problems, but it has been good.

I think Bennington has always been an important part of my life, despite the fact that I did manage to sleep through a few classes actually held in my own house living room, and scheduled for 11:30 am. The people, some of whom are godparents to our kids are still close friends, the teachers, the exposure to ideas and activities that never crossed my radar growing up in the 50's in Brookline, MA., the sometimes difficult times, have always been germane to who I became while there. I continued my active involvement with the College after graduation by becoming part of a very active Boston area Alumni Association very early on. Great role models like Mary Welch, Crossie Rowland,

Willie Eaton, Dodi Harvi. Lost heart, but never hope, through some awful times the College experienced in the late 70's, early 80's. I served as a Trustee for a period of time. I was told by a friend that my greatest qualification was that I owned one of the few crew neck Bennington sweatshirts then in existence! But, for whatever reason, I stayed the course, never dreaming that the College would not only survive, but would thrive as it got older.

And that is probably the closing wish I have for all of in the Class of 1962 – to not survive, but to thrive as we get older. L'Chiam! Skoal! Cheers! To all of us.



Arlene Weiner '62 and Roz Moger '62

Lisa Hartmann Blake

PO Box 41
West Dummerston, VT-05357
blakejl182@gmail.com
(802) 275-5090

My life has been a crazy battle with confidence; marrying (for 48 years) right out of college, and having three kids quickly did not allow time for self-fulfillment. I spent brief periods till age 42 in psychiatric hospitals, and am right now in therapy with my two grown children (44 and 47) to try to ease our pain. My oldest son took his life in 1986; my husband died while joyously cross-country skiing two-and-a-half years ago. Can I blossom now? Well, along the way I became a Baha'i, which changed life for my family. We left Massachusetts in 1982 to "pioneer" in St.

Vincent, West Indies. There we started an elementary school; a long, slow, and very hot process. We left St. Vincent after ten years to live near Brattleboro, VT. My daughter Natalie Blake is a ceramic artist, and is doing well. My son has given me three wonderful grandchildren, and works for the Baha'i Faith. Though I studied music at Bennington (how I loved Jennings hall!), I became a potter at age 55, did craft shows all over, and displayed my work in 35 galleries. Life changes fast, though day-to-day this is hard to fathom. Because my mom was in a nursing home the last ten years



Jim and Lisa, Björn – first grandchild

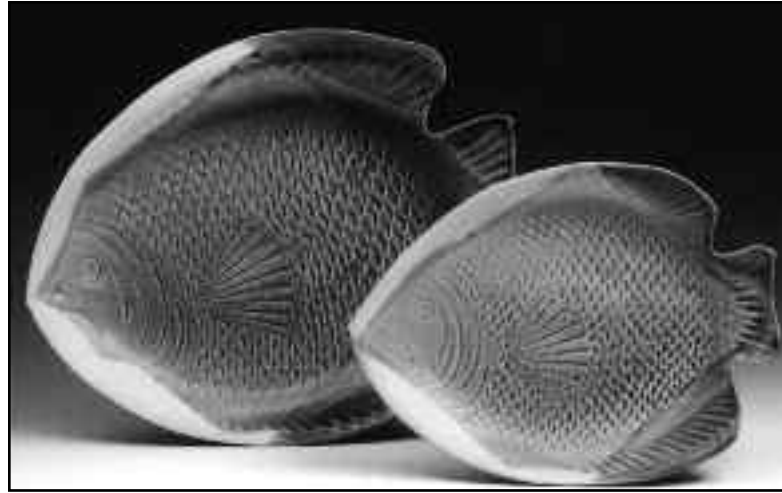


Windsor School, 1989, St. Vincent, West Indies; Lisa, back row left

of her life, I invite local nursery home residents into my home once a month to do script-writing. These days, older people have become totally invisible.

P.S.: I still play the piano, and have “good pipes” still, my husband used to say.

*Lisa Blake Pottery postcard
www.lisablakepottery.com*



Helen Stevens Croll Chinitz

325 Cedar Heights Road
Rhinebeck, NY 12572
845-876-1785/cell: 914-456-5582
steevie@me.com



Well, certainly busy all these years and looking forward to what I will land for myself in my next job. After graduate school at UC Berkeley and then NYU (in medieval studies, just to round out a bit, as I then thought, and become enmeshed in many dead languages which nevertheless had their beauties), teaching at St. Ann's in Brooklyn Heights was a continuation of Bennington for me in many ways. I was given, as I felt I had been at Bennington, great latitude to do and persuade, to experiment most seriously on behalf of my students, and at this wonderful school evolve my style of teaching, and my 'aesthetics' as it were. And then with children just about flown, I thought I could take my ideas, my confidence that there is always a way to reach a student and move a student, I started a journey around the country (taking two years in Senegal to work under auspices of the UN on the Eco Conference of 1996) helping schools with their particular challenges. I think it was my faith that something could always be done to make a school better, academically, or in admissions, or—at two schools—in the approach to teaching and guiding young women.

Not everything worked well, or easily, but ultimately I made a difference and moved on. My present husband and companion of almost forty years accompanied me most of the time until we landed in Poughkeepsie, where he loved his work and group so much that we waded, and I went on to two other schools. My last position, of ten years duration, was at a very needy school up the Hudson, where I was able to start its return to its roots as a seriously academic school and add a well-integrated program for bright students with learning challenges whom we had not previously been able to provide for adequately.

All the above is the outside of things, naturally. The inner self as mother was first. Then as a voracious reader, quondam poet, as crazed art lover, and player of early music (voice and recorder) whenever possible, I treasured all these as Bennington gifts from among many others Gunnar Schonbeck the phenomenal guru for all who loved music and him, Ben Belitt (whom with Kenneth Burke, my poor child, I named my second child after), Francis Golfing, and the wild Gene Baro. These were among those who guided and challenged me in differing ways. At Bennington being and doing were one, and for a moment or two the outside pressures did not impinge. In fact, when they did, the optimism I acquired for the first time up in Vermont was able to carry me along—as it still does, with limitless energy.



As a P.S., I want to add that I took up squash in my early fifties and was ranked nationally briefly in tournaments around the country. Squash remains what beats me into shape, body and mind, erases most anxieties, and is a witty and severe editor of all my larger worries and hesitations. After a game, I can bear to read the *Times* and *The Economist* but usually return to exasperations at what is happening with pusillanimous leaders within and without our country. My dearest friends at Bennington opened the doors to political activism as well as to all the many intellectual avenues they represented. I regret that I did not find a way to stay in touch with them but treasure that most of them are still doing “out there.”

Steevie

Paula Epstein Eisner

205 Oak Hill Road
Ithaca, New York 14850
eisnerpd@twcny.rr.com
607-257-0970



I'm missing a deadline. I need an extension. But wait: I long ago graduated! Assignments and deadlines are over, aren't they? Old recurring nightmare or present predicament? (Will this update even get published?)

Back to Bennington, reminiscences, and life since then. I loved my four college years and all the ensuing years as well. To Bennington I attribute my missing this reunion deadline. I follow my own drummer, though no one but me would guess that. However, I do what I want, love, and feel is right. I left competition and concern about grades behind when Bennington opened up another world. That world is centered on my passions, one that started just before Bennington, and the others that date from just after.

That first passion was Mark, whom I met the summer before entering Bennington. He'd visit from Harvard, attend living room literature classes with me (while Stanley Edgar Hyman dripped cigarette ashes perilously close to his beard) and envy my education. He also did a fair amount of studying in Jennings practice rooms and hallways. We married two weeks after my graduation. The next day we left for two years in Viet Nam. That experience spawned my other life-long passions: travel, creating visual art, and teaching English to speakers of other languages.

My English teaching career started in Saigon, where I first taught classes to Vietnamese eager to get jobs with Americans, and resumed in New Jersey after our children were in elementary school. In New Jersey I taught classes for adult refugees and immigrants from crisis points around the world. Teaching survival English—thereby embodying the roles of social worker and mommy as well as language instructor – afforded me great emotional if measly monetary rewards. After Mark retired from his corporate job and returned to academia in his old department at Cornell University, we moved back to Ithaca, New York, where our children had started their lives and where I'd earned my first of two Master of Arts in Teaching degrees. We'd been in New Jersey, back near my family, for twenty-two years. Upon our move and encouraged by Mark to retire, I followed up my New Jersey teaching job with a volunteer second act teaching English to classes for foreigners at Cornell. However, with advancing hearing loss, I gave up teaching a couple of years ago.

Much as I love teaching, giving it up left more time for art. Like teaching, I began painting just after settling in Viet Nam and similarly loved it from the first session. It has been my hobby ever since, always what I pined for but got to only when other demands allowed. Now, especially in my new studio, I am joyfully spending more time. Encouraged to show my work but loath to feel pressure to produce, to part with loved works, or to experience rejection, I have never tried to sell. It's just purely pleasurable and occupying.



Academic schedules, Mark's current partial retirement, Ithaca's cold winters, and our love for travel, sparked during our first foreign tour, has allowed us to explore many corners of the world, though health concerns have somewhat limited our options of late. We love sampling new places and cuisines but are not unhappy to return and resume our routines.

There is one other passion, which many classmates share: children. Mark and I have a wonderful, loving son Jason and daughter Amy. They each have treasured spouses and each couple has a terrific older daughter and younger son. The relationships are all close. What pleasure and pride in their personalities and many accomplishments we reap!

I'm not religious and not superstitious, yet why do I feel it's dangerous to proclaim that I've led a charmed life? So far, so much has been so good.

Brooke Goffstein

198 Babbitt Road
Bedford Hills, NY 10507
brkgf@hotmail.com
914 241-9245

My Bennington lives in my heart. I'm grateful to it every day.

If you go to my website, www.mbgoffstein.com, click on New Work, and scroll down to "Miss Go Chi in Heaven" in The Heaven Novelettes, you'll see what I mean.

All but the first two novelettes take place at Bennington.

Page-spreads of my published books are in Open Books on my website.



From *Fan for Supper*

Andrea Kanner Halbfinger

108 East 96th Street
Apartment 12E
New York, N.Y. 10128
glamgran@gmail.com
Phone: 212-600-4577
Cell: 516-236-0959



My primary interests when I entered Bennington were art and music. I quickly found that art would be my major interest in life and gave up my study of the cello after sophomore year. I was interested as well in literature and political science, and took courses in those fields also. Today my interests are similar. I attend NY Philharmonic concerts, as well as chamber concerts in Carnegie Hall and the 92St Y, and find great satisfaction in being able to spontaneously go to the theatre, since I have had a Manhattan address for the past five years.

I have rented space in a lower east side studio and paint there two days a week. You can see my paintings at my website, www.andreahalbfinger.com. I have entered a couple of group shows and am looking for a gallery to show my work. In any case, I have a compulsion to paint, and will do it whether I connect with a gallery or not.

Bennington taught me how to study and learn, and I have applied that knowledge in various volunteer capacities, usually having to do with art. I researched ancient Jewish art at the New York Public Library some years ago, and gave a slide presentation to a women's group on Long Island. I am not afraid to take on the study of new subjects, because of my Bennington experience.

Life has at times been difficult. My first husband, Martin William Halbfinger, whom I married in 1963, while taking my master's degree in Journalism at Columbia University, was diagnosed with Alzheimer's Disease at the young age of 54. It was early onset, so he was dead at 62. Those years were terrible, but I pitched in and went to work in journalism to earn money and health insurance. I did enjoy working on the community newspaper, writing, editing, reporting and taking pictures. Unfortunately, I also was diagnosed with breast cancer about 18 months after his diagnosis. He seemed to rally to help me for awhile, and then went downhill until the year before his death, when I had to place him in a nursing home.

Five years after his death, I remarried Lawrence G. Wasserman, and we had a happy first year of marriage. Sadly, his cancer became aggressive and untreatable, and he died after 3.5 years of marriage. Five months after he died, and as I was moving into NYC to start my new life, I received a call from my breast surgeon that my

cancer, after 14 years, had returned and was invasive. I decided immediately on having a double mastectomy, even though one breast was cancer free at the time. I had breast reconstruction and am very happy that I don't have to go for mammograms any more! Fourteen years of worrying was enough.

My children and grandchildren are my greatest joys.

My oldest, my daughter Caren Riva Halbfinger Besharim, is also a Bennington 1985 graduate, has three beautiful and intelligent children: Jonathan David, 16; William Zachary, 13; and Gabriella Berta, 7. Caren works as the Director of Public Information for Westchester County Department of Health. Her husband, Steve Besharim, is a salesman of oriental carpets.

My son, David M. Halbfinger, an investigative reporter for *The New York Times*, has three beautiful children and a lovely wife, Kimberly Brown, an editor for ABC.com. The children are Natasha Ruby, 7; Eva Liora, 4; and Jack Theodore, 6 months.

I have always been an optimist despite the fact that I have had some major setbacks in life. I am looking forward to enjoying the "golden years" with friends and family.



Jane Harriman

524 N. Charles St. #615
Baltimore, MD 21201
janeharriman@msn.com
443-682-8337

If the drive down the Berkshire Trail to the Massachusetts Turnpike and on to Cambridge after Bennington's graduation ceremony seemed long, it was because my neck muscles were cramped: badly cramped. I was too proud to turn my gaze even a single degree from the rear window beside me and risk the possibility that one of my fellow passengers would notice that my face was red and inflating from silent tears."

"On such a happy day? Oh, Jane, Miss Melodrama!" they'd have jeered. "She thinks her life is over when it's just beginning."

How could I explain the loss of what was heaven to me, beautiful Bennington. The dolts in the car with me lived in the mundane, I thought. The very same mundane, I realized, where I would now begin to serve a life sentence without the possibility of parole. So, I retreated that afternoon quietly into one of the black cells of my mind, the places where I had hidden myself periodically since childhood.

During that summer, after graduation, I continued to face the reality that I was not to be the T.S. Eliot of the 1960s or the Marcel Proust of American society. I was no artist and any thread of talent I had was broken daily by my inferior mental health genes. Why, even at Bennington all days had been up and down and I'd wrestled with the constant fear that all lives were meaningless and mine the most of all. What was I to do with my time on earth?

I thought back to how when I had first arrived at Bennington I'd met with the professor assigned to be my counselor, a history professor? Get serious! He'd asked what courses I wanted to take and I'd listed all sciences. My secret: I was going to be a doctor, "But nice girls can't be doctors," my parents said. I said nothing but knew that I would be one, no matter what. And that was why, I confided in this nice professor, I would take as many science courses as possible.

"That's fine," said my counselor. "But I see you took a lot of science in high school. At your age I'd like to see you branch out, try some new things for now."

I watched in silence as he jotted down language and literature, French, art, ancient history, music.

There was no way I could argue with someone who seemed so certain. And besides, he really seemed to care what I studied. An adult, no less.



Of course, as it turned out, he knew his business well: He was a wise man. He was Bennington.

As I took the courses he recommended, something miraculous started to happen. I'd be slumped in the black corner of my cell of despondency and a few words, spoken or written, few musical sounds, something - anything, would burst open the heavy shutters and suddenly the world would be a spectacle of color, shooting lights, stars, nebula. I would have a new vision of the world. Perhaps a vision laughingly small and insignificant to others, perhaps lasting only a second, but a vision that made my heavy brain dance and brought me real joy .

And what amazed me most as I began trying to adjust to the post-Bennington world, was the realization that those miraculous little bursts of learning were still occurring. They had been the heart of what had made Bennington, Bennington for me. And now, I saw that they would not die. By awakening my mind, Bennington had conferred on me one of life's greatest blessings: the capacity to be excited by learning. That blessing is what has made my life worthwhile. That blessing is what has kept me going in hard times and given me hope when hope seemed irrational. The joy of discovery, no matter how small, has a way of sneaking up on you and enfolding you in its mighty arms, and it does so, I've found, when you least dare expect it.

I wish I could say I've given something comparable back to Bennington. A little spark of my tremendous gratitude to Wallace Fowle, to Howard Nemevrov, Lionel Novak, or Paul Feeley.

But I haven't. My life has been very average, although I adored my almost 45 years as a newspaper reporter and most of all, was blessed to have a son who has given me nothing but joy. Love his wife and their two little girls.

Diane Hoff

P.O. Box 525
25906 Alpine Road
Monroe, OR 97456
diane@artistlife.com

Zahir, in Arabic, means visible, present, incapable of going unnoticed. It is someone or something which, once we have come into contact with them or it, gradually occupies our every thought, until we can think of nothing else. This can be considered either a state of holiness or of madness.

There is a book of poems by the late Richard Hugo, *A Madness called Skye*. The Isle of Skye, Scotland has been a 'presence' in my life and has occupied my every thought' since I was 20 years old. I understand this kind of 'madness; as it echoes my occupation with Bennington—since I was 17 years old, Bennington, the abiding presence that is always there in my thoughts over a half a century on: is this a madness too?

Bennington was the vital platform for the beginning of my journey into adulthood. I immersed myself in 'her' bosom, and became obsessed with the idea of Bennington in my life, driving myself to explore, to decision making, career making and unmaking, side trips to exotica, the literary, artistic, political and radical positions created and taken. Such urgency to discover: for isn't that what Bennington is all about? A catalyst for the hunter in all of us. Bennington became my other self.

I was lucky to be given a key to this 'place'—it felt like I had at last come home—it was the most natural place to be in all the world. And why couldn't I have come sooner, as a first grader, perhaps? But, then, Bennington was my first grade—the beginning and continuation, all at the same time—the golden pointer to where I would go in the world.

But, did Bennington become the be all and end all of who I was? Did I wear Bennington as my cloak and masque? Nothing in the world could come close to Bennington: nothing in the world could be as good, as creative, as powerful or light footed, imaginative, deep and passionate.

But what of people who never heard of Bennington? I was a Bennington girl: how would they know who I was?

Morocco: 40 years ago on a stop en route to Casablanca, I trekked into the hills below the Rif mountains, where a shy Berber girl asked me in her sparse French where I was from. I told her, 'the United States of America.' Silence and a pair of baffled eyes. She never heard of the USA. I didn't even try to press forward with



my Bennington calling card! I was simply a woman sitting on her haystack, a woman who had lost her way in the mountains. Puffery about America or my compelling Bennington experience mattered not to this young girl.

She didn't know that at Bennington I was inspired by Gandhi and his belief in non-violence, that I fell in love with the words of Dylan Thomas, that I was moved inexorably by Orff's "Carmina Burana," that I wrote a series of Poems called: "Jamie, Boy-child" who was the image of my son born four years later; that I was more interested in reading physics books in chemistry class; that I discovered that the Russian dialect I was learning was the same as my grandfather's first language. That I would indeed change direction and become an artist. That I was heady in love with Bennington and all the possibilities that I could become. And that nothing could stop me, except myself.

Morocco was far away from the seaside town where I grew up. And this girl's cares far away from mine: she cared that her husband would return soon to her, so she could bear his children, be his helpmate on their farm and her most immediate concern: to welcome this stranger-woman into her home simply to share mint tea. So we met on the most common of ground, as two women, with sparse language between us, but with the spirit of sharing thick as the honey in the tea.

After my encounter with this young girl in Morocco, I realized that what really matters in my life is how I treat other human beings. That blessed with comfort and modest success, recognizing that my most important achievement is to continue to find ways to share with others, however I can.

And to love. To care. To engage.

At Bennington, I was indeed fortunate to become part of this unique, dynamic community of passionate souls who still make a difference to me. And, if I have learned anything from my Bennington days, it is that, yes, I can imagine I can do anything I want to do in this world, and if I had enough breath and years, perhaps I could do everything that I want to do, but I must remember the consequences, to temper my ego and to also accept that my Bennington obsession can both cloud and clarify my vision: that I am part of this world, not apart from it.

I continue my journey not resting on my laurels, nor basking in the glory of my children's. I must not place myself on a pedestal, under the 'cloak of Bennington' nor should I reduce Bennington's integrity to that of a golden calf.

Bennington is alive, and may she endure as America's greatest catalyst and platform for experiential and holistic learning, leading and living for all who are 'hunters'.

And now I must put ice on my grandson's foot. Tell him my 'mouth story' about cormorants on an island. Get ready for my painting trip tomorrow. E-mail my caretaker to make sure that my garden's wildflowers have not been mistaken for weeds at my cottage on Skye. Welcome my loving husband home after an arduous trip. Do my taxes. Cook some salmon. Remember Morocco. Live. Be thankful.

So many roads, so many trains to ride

So many roads, so many trains to ride

(Otis Rush)

Patricia Johanson

179 Nick Mush Road
Buskirk, NY 12028
patriciajohanson@aol.com
(518) 753-4795

I arrived at Bennington after plodding through four years of public high school, preferring music and art to the courses being taught. It was a struggle at first, especially in subjects like literature. I said nothing in class because the discussions were always over my head. My mother had wanted me to attend Bennington because she thought people would understand my “creativity”, and I loved the College so much that I began to make up for my shortcomings with WORK. It was amazing to be in a place where I could follow my own interests in art, music and academic subjects and live in a beautiful natural landscape, so unlike the sterile suburb where I grew up.

Perhaps I am most grateful for being accepted as a professional colleague by so many great faculty members and visiting guests. Where else could a student sit in Commons and have coffee with David Smith or Ken Noland? Have Shirley Jackson tell your fortune with Tarot Cards? (I didn't believe her, but she insisted that I was “going to do something important”. When I asked if it would be in art she said, “Not exactly”.) I met John Cage when he appeared in my painting studio late one night and politely asked if I could turn my music down. He and Merce Cunningham were rehearsing in the theater, and “La Boheme” was drowning out his piano. When I built the “Color Room” in Paul Feeley's office (unintentionally blocking one of the theater's fire exits) not only did many major artists come to see it, Jessie (J. Nebraska) Gifford photographed the project prior to its removal.

Paul Feeley led weekend excursions to New York City galleries and museums for his most serious students. On one occasion we appeared (unannounced) at Helen Frankenthaler's house, where he introduced me as “the next Helen Frankenthaler”.



She was surprisingly welcoming and gracious! When I introduced Clement Greenberg and Frederick Kiesler prior to their lectures at the college both invited me to their homes. Clem provided a tour of his art collection, and Kiesler offered one of his studios so I could paint during the Non-Resident Term. But my most memorable Non-Resident Term was spent working for the Surrealist artist, Joseph Cornell. When I met Georgia O'Keeffe two years after graduating I told her how much I loved her watercolors, which I had seen in a Carriage Barn exhibit. The transition from “educational institution” to “real world” had been seamless, and like so many Bennington students I discovered the power of an education that instilled passion and self-motivation.

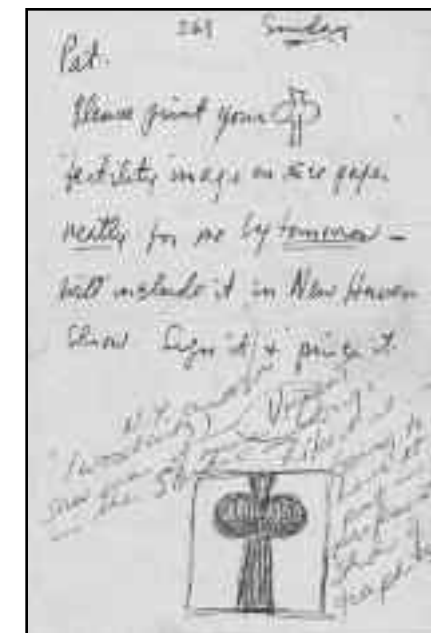
I have never left the art world, although my work has evolved from painting to sculpture to large-scale urban projects, many of which convert functional infrastructure into accessible public landscapes. Along the way I have studied civil engineering, ecology, plant and animal associations, and water issues. My passion is to transform conventional monolithic engineering into projects that provide multiple benefits, not solely for humans, but for the entire living world. Major projects include “Fair Park Lagoon” in Dallas, a municipal flood basin; “Endangered Garden”, San Francisco, a transport-storage sewer



that creates habitat for endangered species and is part of the Bay Circuit Trail; “Ulsan Park”, a 912-acre site in Korea's major industrial city; “Ellis Creek Water Recycling Facility”, Petaluma, California, a public park that processes sewage, grows crops, supports wildlife, and produces recycled water; and “The Draw at Sugar House”, a sculptural dam and trail in Salt Lake City that guides flood water off the Wasatch Mountains and under an eight-lane highway. The magic of all these projects is the intricate interweaving of public works and functional services with art, wildlife and recreational use.

Since graduating I have continued to exhibit (over 150 exhibitions worldwide) and recently my work was included in two major historical surveys organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles: “A Minimal Future? Art as Object, 1958-1968” and “Ends of the Earth: Land Art to 1974”. There are a number of books on my work, the most recent: *Patricia Johanson and the Re-Invention of Public Environmental Art* by Xin Wu.

Last year I returned to the College to speak at CAPA's “Water Dialogues” program. Environmental attorney Randie Denker and I





found ourselves wondering how we had both formed such a commitment to the natural world when our formal studies were poles apart. Her conclusion: We had both walked to Jennings every day, past the pond and through the woods and fields. How could you not gain a deep understanding and love of nature when you spent four years on such a beautiful and nurturing campus?

Some family notes: I married E.C. Goossen, who taught art history at Bennington for several years before moving to Hunter College. He died in 1997. We had three children, Alvar, Gerrit, and Nathaniel Goossen. Nathaniel and his wife, Cori Tolda, both graduated from Bennington!



Letter From Johanson to Mom, Dad, and Sharon, 1962

April 30, 1962

Dear Mom, Dad, & Sharon,

Greetings again. I just got my paper back (the one I worked on all of long week-end). I got a great comment on it—which I decided to send along to impress you all with:

“Your papers always have the same effect on me: They convince me that what I teach is coherent & reasonable & worth teaching. Again, my thanks. This is the longest paper I have ever received, and probably the best. You use all the reading in a most reasonable fashion, & your brains. You teach me a lot about Acts, and I am proud to have taught you something. You are excused from a final paper. Come talk to me sometime.”

Isn't that nice? Comments also came out today, so I send them along, too:

Myth. Rit. Lit – “Pat's midterm paper is not yet due, (written prior to receiving the paper) (above) so that no report is possible at this time. Her occasional remarks in class discussion are always the clinchers, even the one I didn't let her make the other day. No doubt of her competence to handle this material on a very high level.”

Painting – “The quality of Pat's current painting is excellent. She has been steadily productive & is in fine shape for mounting her painting for her senior exhibit.”

Three Poems – “Pat wrote a very good essay on Paradise Lost, marred at the beginning & end by a perhaps lofty, ethereal (& accordingly vague) tendency to talk about Art—the language of a book reviewer, I said in my comment, but could it be maybe an art critic? Anyhow, no question of her substantial knowledge of the poem.”

Sculpture – “Pat has been creating sculpture that is in relationship to her painting. She is not involved with finished sculpture. Thought is being given to the problems of form & space, negative & positive. The final presentation at the senior show will be sculpture created on a specific site or in a specific area using the present experiments or ideas from the environmental sculpture created last year.”

Drawing – “I like the new note of deeper feeling in Pat's drawings. I think she is very talented, but I think this more searching quality will be of great importance to all of her art work.”

Well dearies, that's it. Aren't those fine comments? I am particularly pleased about the literature paper. I went in to see Mr. Hyman & he said it was his best paper in 30 years of teaching— & by an art major. Hope you are all fine. I am now at work on my final paper at Bennington College.

Lots of love,

x x x,

Pat

The first comment is from Stanley Edgar Hyman, and the subject of the paper was the chapter ACTS from the New Testament. I had read the entire BIBLE a few months prior during the non-resident term (Bennington closed for several months during the winter—January through mid-March—and we were expected to have jobs or pursue our work during this period—and of course, it saved on college heating bills!) I took several courses with Stanley Edgar Hyman (who was a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and married to the author, Shirley Jackson). This one was “Myth, Ritual and Literature”, which encompassed Greek drama, English ballads, the Blues, the *Bible* and more. This reminds me of an image that has stuck in my mind for many years, and might be relevant to my “non-conventional” *House and Garden* landscapes. The scene is from “The Bacchae” and talks about the revels of Dionysian cults resulting in “bits of quivering flesh strewn about the landscape”. What an image! Stanley Hyman always told me “it was a shame I was wasting my time on art and should major in literature”.

The “Painting” comment was written by Paul Feeley. The comment for the “Three Poems” course would be from Howard Nemerov, who was our (USA) Poet Laureate (twice). I don’t know who wrote the “Drawing” comment, but it was not Paul Feeley, and I’m pretty sure Tony Smith had left Bennington by 1962. Basically there was no “instruction” in drawing. We just drew from a nude model, and a faculty member might appear and make a comment about our work, but nothing much. We had four drawing classes a week (3 hours each, after dinner at night) and you had to attend at least one of these classes if you took a studio course. I went to all of them, and still have a hundred drawings from these classes—maybe more.

Susan Weiss Katz

70 WEST 95 STREET NYC 10025
 swkatz@earthlink.net
 212.666.5744



Bennington was wonderful for me in many regards. Never again can I have the kind of pleasure that living together with so many interesting women gave me. Bingham was a place that I loved. I used to love the long walk to the carriage barn, and the concerts there...Henry having players practically hanging from the rafters. And Jennings, lessons with George Finckel...and the music behind closed doors. And Henry Brant throwing his belt down on a staff and tracing it and telling us that this is one way to compose music.

The dance classes with Ruth Currier, and Bill Bales...watching Shannon and Janey and so many others with envy...one two three leap...or kind of!

Ricky Blake helping me thru my thesis (and correcting my grammar) and Ben Belitt and studying the blackbird... the soup man...the Carriage Barn...it is a flood of nostalgia and gratitude. Did it change me...maybe not, but it certainly fed me in so many ways that have added to who I was when I arrived.



With husband, Tom



Daughter-in-law, son, daughter, son-in-law

I have been in private practice as a psychotherapist since 1965...I have sent along pictures of the most important accomplishments...I have gotten great pleasure and dealt with the usual stuff that accompanies the ordinary paths of a fairly ordinary life. I never cease to feel fortunate that my life is one of substantial ease and privilege. Bennington fills me with gratitude!



My daughter's son, Theo



My daughter's son, Griffin



My son's daughter, Julia

Victoria Nes Kirby

125 Edinburgh St
San Francisco, CA 94112
vickirby@sbcglobal.net

At Bennington, I was interested in literature, music, and history. I've retained those interests over the years, and have added visual arts onto the list. I'm currently self-employed in the arts; but am also a writer, singer, performance artist, visual artist, and a publicist for arts groups. As you can see, I've had a variety of careers; but I've always believed in life-long learning. After four different bouts of cancer, I'm still here; I'm healthy, energetic, and love to travel. I've visited Egypt, Jordan, Morocco, Russia, South Africa, Botswana, Zambia, Zimbabwe, and Australia during the last few years. Bennington inspired my inquiring mind and opened even more possibilities and avenues to pursue. I have just become a docent at the two fine arts museums in San Francisco—the Legion of Honor and the de



Young—so I have a new career, and fabulous new friends! I continue to sing, and have branched out from the great American songbook to include Italian, French, and German classical songs.

Serious photo of the graduating class of 1962.



Here is the "silly" class photo of 1962.





This photo was published on page 7 in the November 1959 issue of Bennington College Bulletin featuring the new Edward Clark Crossett Library. I happened to be doing some research in the library when the photographer was taking photos for the issue.



Here is a photo of me in front of the newly opened Crossett Library in 1959. It looks as if I was wearing the same dress as the one in the photo published in the Bulletin, so perhaps it was taken on the same day.



A recent photo: I am signing Allen Tipper True: An American Artist, a biography of my grandfather that I co-wrote with my mother, Jere True. Taken in Denver CO, Fall 2009

Here is one other photo taken during a concert I gave to celebrate my 70th birthday in August 2010.



Barbara Furth Kline

91 3rd Place, Apt. 2
 Brooklyn, NY 11231
 barbarakline@mac.com
 (617) 599-3342



I returned to Bennington College in 1958 as a freshman, having attended the Bennington Early Childhood Learning Center when I was two! When it came time to choose a college, Bennington placed first on my list. Dance had been my great love from childhood on, and Bennington's dance department's historic leadership added to the romance of my return.

The use of primary sources rather than textbooks was a revelation. I often wish that my Bennington education had occurred later in my life when I might have been better prepared to take advantage of the intellectual challenges posed by Rush Welter, Ben Bellit and Catherine Foster. Catherine Foster's love of literature inspired me to become an avid reader.

Bennington opened a whole new world to me. I'll never forget the rush I felt when Josef Wittman and Lou Calabro would walk into the dance studio during class, sit down at the piano and improvise four-hand piano. There could be no holding back dancing the combinations Bill Bales choreographed when they supplied the music. Bill, a most patient and creative advisor and teacher, introduced me to the Graham School, where I went during each Non-Resident Term. Donald McKayle became my mentor. In post college visits together, he pointed me in the direction of becoming a dance presenter, familiarizing me with small but brilliant companies and trade papers. I feel grateful for this priceless friendship that continues to enrich my life and love of dance.

In 1965 I married David Kline, a Reform rabbi and biblical scholar, who loves to teach and shared my love of dance. His work took us from New York City to Philadelphia, Colorado Springs and Monroe, Louisiana. Bennington gave me the moxie to strike out on my own and create adventurous and fulfilling professional situations in each new community.

In Philadelphia I taught dance, performed in a modern dance company and choreographed a Sabbath worship service commissioned by the YMHA. In Colorado Springs I founded The Colorado Springs Dance Theatre, presenting nationally celebrated dance artists in a season of half-week residencies that included audience education, technique classes, and performances. Lar Lubovitch, Bella Lewitzky, Edward Villella, Dance Theatre of Harlem, Merce Cunningham and more graced our community. As president of the Colorado Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, I created a statewide arts lobby.

In Monroe I taught drama, developed a technique of physical expression for actors and choreographed children's productions. Serving as public relations and marketing director for the regional theatre complex and regional honors ballet company and booking guest artists was great fun. Bennington's seemingly never-ending demand for creativity and problem solving served me well.

Choreographing and dancing for the Baptist Alliance National Conference, undoubtedly was the most historic, unexpected experience of my professional life. We completed the service at the National Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. where Dr. Welton Gaddy, president of the Interfaith Alliance, publicly apologized for Christian teachings that fostered anti-Semitism.

The birth of our first grandchild in Boston signaled retirement and we moved north to be on-site grandparents. We now have three beautiful granddaughters. One of my greatest pleasures is taking them to dance classes.

David and I have three children: Avi, published poet and English teacher at New Design High School in Manhattan and founder of public school in Brooklyn; Aliza (mother of the three grandchildren) co-creator with author Anita Diamant of Mayyim Hayyim Living Waters Community Mikveh and Education Center in Newton, MA, now working on gender equity, and Shira, a teacher and "kiddie rocker" with four CDs out and gigs around the country and abroad. In August 2012 we moved to Brooklyn and for the first time since our oldest left for college, live in the same borough as all three children and grandchildren.



Susan Milburn Meffert

99 Lindsay Road
York, ME 03909
sdmeffert@aol.com
207-363-6995
Cell: 207-351-5300

I came to Bennington from public school in Maine. I didn't really have the discipline for studying that a kid gets in prep school, so I floundered for a time. I came to study music and drama and my career path was going to be singing in musical theatre. Although I loved my voice teacher, Frank Baker (I remember that he coached Johnny Mathis!) and Paul Boepple, who was my advisor and teacher, and Mrs. Parnell. I really didn't like the overall curriculum of the music department. Too contemporary, and I wanted classical music.

Add to that: I had several severe bouts of tonsillitis while in school the first two years, and wound up having my tonsils removed at Bennington Hospital mid fall semester of junior year. The tonsils had been infected so badly for so long that the doctor had to remove them in pieces. As a result I have a crooked throat. That sort of put me off singing, so I threw myself into literature.

Great classes with Kenneth Burke, Catherine Foster, Howard Nemeroff and Stanley Edgar Hyman. I finished by writing my thesis on James Joyce with Mr. Hyman and think I gained a great deal of confidence as a writer in the process.

My junior year was unusual in that my boyfriend, who was an actor in New York, applied to study at Bennington and be available for male roles in the drama department. Paul Day worked toward his own undergraduate degree and performed in drama department productions. He did not finish the degree.

After graduation, we were married and moved to New York. I worked for several years in publishing, and when Paul had an opportunity to direct shows at a theater in LA, we moved for a year. Back in New York, I landed a job at Conde Nast Publications. As secretary to Grace Mirabella, I worked with Diana Vreeland and many of the fashion editors at Vogue then. Surrounded by iconic editors like Polly Mellen, Babs Simpson, Carrie Donovan and Nikki de Gunzburg, I worked with photographers like Richard Avedon, Bert Stern, Irving Penn, and Cecile Beaton. It was a high time with very little pay and no future. When I left magazines to find a real job, I landed at Celanese Fibers Marketing. There I worked as sales promotion manager, and met my husband, a marketing exec at Eveready, division of Union Carbide.

Following this husband, the second phase of my career was spent in Tokyo for a year doing freelance work for



Mitsubishi, and then six years in Geneva, working in English and French, for the International Red Cross and Grey Advertising. Not to bore you with the details, but being married to a corporate exec in those days meant moving constantly and recreating myself at each juncture. Not easy, but maybe my time at Bennington helped me there. After Geneva, we moved three more times and wound up divorced in St. Louis. My only regrets in all this moving are that I didn't go back to school and that I never had children of my own.

But I've had a million great careers, the most recent as a teacher and author of two books. I find little pieces of experience frequently coming back to help me with the volunteer jobs I'm doing these days. My step-daughters fared better than I in the relationship department. They are each happily married and I have four wonderful grandsons, and a great-grand baby on the way.



Harriet Joseph Ottenheimer

2301 S Ocean Drive Apt 2005
Hollywood, FL 33019
harriet@ottenheimer.com
785-532-9902

I have to admit it. I went to Bennington because there were “no tests” but it was Bennington’s general “openness” that proved even more important to me as things turned out. That, and the amazing people I studied with and interacted with while I was there. Although my life sometimes seems to move in circles, Bennington is always with me, no matter where I find myself.

I started Bennington as a music major, studying cello with George Finkel, theory with Paul Boepple and Vivien Fine, conducting with Louis Calabro, composition with Henry Brant and more. I sang in the college choral group (we performed Brant’s Angels and Devils at Carnegie Hall), performed in every ensemble possible (nine of us cellos performed Villa Lobos’ Bachianas Brasilieras), heard my compositions performed by students and faculty. It was a heady time! But one of the best things about Bennington is that it encouraged unfettered exploration and so I found myself taking classes in everything from physics to philosophy in my first few years, with art, math, psychology, French, Russian, and literature and more along the way. I still remember my classes with Kenneth Burke, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Ben Bellitt, and Wallace Fowlie. I especially remember one writing class where we all sat on the lawn and tried to capture the movements of a “walking stick” bug by writing about it. I will never forget our observation that the more detail we put in to the effort, the more static the bug seemed on the written page.

But music remained my primary focus. So imagine my disappointment when my music advisor told me that a senior thesis combining music, literature and psychology would be “Impossible.” Impossible to write, he said. Impossible to read and evaluate. Stunned, I turned to Kenneth Burke and Stanley Hyman in the lit department. Could something of such breadth be done under their guidance? “Sure,” said Hyman, suggesting I



1962 New Orleans

write about blues as literature. But I was through with music for a while. So I wrote about Chinua Achebe and Amos Tutuola, emerging Nigerian novelists, and I added an anthropology tutorial with Morton Klass to my ever-broadening course list, and a course in cultural history with Wallace Scott. And I graduated in literature, instead of in music.

I married Martin Ottenheimer (an RPI graduate) the day after graduation and together we headed to Tulane University for graduate studies, he in philosophy, me in anthropology. My studies with Kenneth Burke landed me a linguistic anthropology assistantship and my work on African writers had prepared me well for an African area specialization. Then Tulane hired an ethnomusicologist and I finally had a name for what I had come up with at Bennington. So with belated apologies to Stanley Hyman I turned my attention to the literature and psychology and anthropology of blues singing. Then my husband switched into anthropology and after I completed the fieldwork for my dissertation in New Orleans and Mississippi, we headed off to the Comoro Islands in the Western Indian Ocean for his dissertation fieldwork.

We were fortunate to land two jobs in anthropology at Kansas State University. I taught ethnomusicology, African-American music and culture, creativity and culture, and (because I had been thoroughly immersed in it at Tulane) linguistic anthropology. I chaired several committees devoted to curriculum revision (intriguing, given my own experience with Bennington's unique approach to curriculum), served as the founding director of KSU's interdisciplinary program in American Ethnic Studies, and won an award for distinguished service to minority students. And I published. In addition to scholarly articles there were CDs, DVDs and books:

Cousin Joe: Blues from New Orleans, The Quorum, Music of the Comoro Islands: Domoni, Historical Dictionary of the Comoro Islands, Comorian-English/English-Comorian (Shinzwani) Dictionary, and The Anthropology of Language: An Introduction to Linguistic Anthropology. The more I write, the more I realize how much Bennington has contributed to



2008 Comoro Islands

the way I write. Like including personal narratives to draw students in, and to clarify complex points, in the textbook. Without Bennington I doubt I would have thought of it, or attempted it.

It has been an extraordinary life and retirement has been good to us. We continue to visit the Comoro Islands and have been granted honorary citizenship for our work there. We have two sons (one in Wisconsin and one in California) and two granddaughters. We also have a fictive daughter from the Comoros. Each of us has had a Fulbright appointment to Charles University in Prague, giving us time to live in and explore central and Eastern Europe. We now live most of the year in Hollywood, Florida and we continue to travel, research, and write (murder mysteries are my latest endeavor). And, in a return to music, I auditioned for, and was accepted into the Master Chorale of South Florida. I still stress out over tests (I even freaked out over having to audition and take the sight-singing and tonal memory tests) but Bennington has given me confidence and a sense that almost anything is possible.



50th anniversary (2012, Kansas)

Marion (Mimi) Smith Rice

2506 Madrid Way So.
St Petersburg, FL 33712
ricera@eckerd.edu
(727) 866-8648

Since I didn't graduate from Bennington I have been reluctant to write something for the All 50's Reunion magazine.

But—Bennington was/is a major part of my educational life. When Rebecca Stickney visited Woodstock Country School (VT) and described the arts life and learning, the non resident term for real life learning, the focus on discovery and creativity as a learning process- I knew I wanted to be a Bennington girl. My advisor thought I was crazy to apply to only one school and a girl's school at that! She thought I would be happier at University of Iowa (for writing and arts). Imagine! And was she wrong!

My mother took me shopping with the *Mademoiselle* College issue and I arrived at Bennington in Bermuda shorts! For heaven's sake! They didn't last long—in fact about two hours! It was back into my bleach tie died Woodstock Levi's, the Bennington addition was black eye liner! And not to worry about having men around. I fell in love a couple of times at Williams—was heart-broken a couple of times and married an incredible actor I performed with at Adams Memorial Theatre.

Ah, the theater. I had the best of both worlds with Bennington drama classes and The Method and being a protégé of Giles Playfair at Williams with technique, technique, technique. I remember a Bennington class where we did improv on a noose that hung over the set of *The Crucible* that I and several of my classmates were performing in at Williams. Memorable. (I was later to become the Actress in Residence at the Adams Memorial Theatre and a reporter for the *Williamstown News*).

Ah Bennington! Literature classes with Stanley Edgar Hyman (who loved my torch singing at a late night party—called me one of his); my advisor who was an economics professor (even got me in a class); leaping across the dance floor in modern dance class, admiring upper classwomen who sipped Pernod (Who ever heard of that?); swimming at the Cascades (My second husband used to ride his steer to that river!); hanging off balconies to hear and see incredible music/musicians; seeing the Everly Brothers angling across the Commons with classmates. And oh, my classmates. What a time Lisa Martin and I had one NRT when we planned to go to make movies in Mexico. We got as far as San Antonio and were introduced to Texas society by our snuff-taking, hat-wearing hostess as Mimi and Lisa Bennington. (I worked in PR at a SW Foundation for Research



and Education—known for its Baboonery and Lisa worked in PR at Joskes of Texas.) I've run into several of my Bennington friends in unusual places – Shelly Carleton on the Matinicus Ferry Dock in Maine, Betsy Hammerslag's husband (a former roommate of my first husband), took photographs of my best friend's daughter. Things like that happen all the time. I had been made aware of Bennington by the daughter of a friend of my parents who was a dancer and studied at Bennington maybe in the 40's—Babs Schilge. Who knew?

Bennington influenced my life in innumerable and unaccounted and unaccountable ways—educationally, dramatically, in ways of thinking and being, challenging, and discovery. Bennington's recently retired president described Bennington for me, its liberal arts education, and the challenge to liberal arts education so definitely exemplified by Bennington. The College set me on a path in the arts as well as ways of thinking—I've lived in academic and theatrical settings with both husbands. In retirement it is sailing (recently sold our 30' catamaran so now it's on to chartering in faraway places), radio theatre (few stage roles at 73 but doesn't matter how old you are on the air!), travel (International Literature and Theatre Society), and living the good life with winters in Florida and summers in the Adirondacks.

Once a Bennington Girl—always a Bennington Girl.



Marylyn Motherbear Scott

P.O. Box 672
Albion, CA 95410
motherbearscott@mindspring.com
(707) 937-3629

Driving a '49 Plymouth coupe, out into the Vermont night, with girlfriends—a new world.

A memoir of Bennington College by Marylyn Motherbear Scott

How can I say which things were of Bennington and which were more abstractly a part of a path mysteriously chosen. My time at Bennington was short; the experience of its pathway in me is long, even unto now as I trace its footfall upon the track of today.

She was a recent Bennington graduate. I was a discontented upper division Boston University student. We met, coincidentally, in a Boston cafeteria. She whispered the sacred word, Bennington. I contacted the College and transferred.

Autumn, 1958. Stimulating, exciting, turbulent Bennington gave me a thumbs-up for the secret longings of my artistic and intellectual nature. Freedom is good. And, a bit dangerous. Byron, the boy who broke Swan House rules by climbing in my bedroom window (past the generous curfew hour!) got me into a bit of trouble. That wasn't the only trouble he got me into, nor the only delight. He became my husband and father of my first child, Tryntje, and my second child, Tobias.

Modern dance classes filled my body and soul with artful spirit. Bill Bales was a great instructor and such a good human being. Dance opened up my senses to the possibilities of a new world. I loved to dance, even as a child. At Bennington, dance was an day-by-day occurrence, a household word. More than that, ... a revered expression of intimate self.

After Bennington, I continued to dance. Robert Cohan (Boston Conservatory of Music), Anna Sokolow, Merce Cunningham, José Limón, and more (Boston Dance Circle's Master Classes). I performed with Naomi Aleh Leif's Festival Dance Company, and with Boston's Theatre of Sound and Music. I taught modern dance to underprivileged children in Boston's South End.

A tandem love of theater! Even as a young child, I made up and directed plays. After Bennington, I founded Boston Little Theatre Inc., building an open proscenium theater and, with Anne Maslow (also a Bennington woman), built an art gallery; all in an undeveloped Boston waterfront loft. Anne was artistic director of the gallery; I was artistic director of the theatre. The theatre was dedicated to producing plays of socio-political



and literary significance and included plays by Bertolt Brecht, Federico Garcia Lorca, William Saroyan, and more. Infamous Harvard professors, Leary and Alpert attended.

Another lifelong love! Bennington supported shifting my major to psychology. Richard Blake blew my mind—opened me to concepts of a metaphysical and spiritually-integrated self. Psychology-based insights and explorations continued to insinuate themselves into every part of my life and work. All that I undertook manifested the brand of Personal Growth.

And yet another lifelong love! I started speaking poetry when I was very young, writing it down as soon as I learned how. And then, more poems, stories, plays, scholarly works. Bennington, of course, supported this compulsion by requiring in-depth papers rather than tests. We wrote and wrote some more. I used to go into the Swan House attic to be alone into the night, to write. Still at it, I have been published in newspapers, periodicals, and books. I have a poetry chapbook and a short story in publication. I am invited to read as a featured poet.

In 1967, my first husband and I moved to California. A fabulous journey with our two children, in our VW Bus. It was the creative edge of the Summer of Love. That Summer of Love road trip to California lead magically to Peninsula School in Menlo Park and to our first California home in La Honda. I enrolled my kids at Peninsula, and was invited to teach.

Philosophically, Peninsula is a Bennington-like progressive school, but for Nursery through 9th grades. I created an innovative and well-received program of dance and theatre. It was high times. The children of many well-knowns attended; amongst them, the Stanford Writing Group, Joan Baez, Jerry Garcia.

My first husband and I started two communes, separated, and each of us entered into a second relationship. My second marriage was fictionalized in the *Last Whole Earth Catalogue's* story of Divine Right by Gurney Norman who, also, acted as our marriage officiant.

An opportunity was offered, to buy into a beautiful undeveloped piece of Paradise northwest of Ukiah up in the hills. We moved away from my beloved Peninsula School and entered into a neo-pioneering back-to-the-



land trip, part of a now long-standing community called Greenfield Ranch. During this back-to-the-land era, I cooked on a wood stove, had no electricity and no hot running water, gardened an acre of farm organically, milked goats and a cow, raised every kind of vegetable, legume, herb, and animal. I cooked from scratch all of our food including bread, tofu, yogurt, cheeses, and so on. I home-birthing four more children—LaSara, Patience, Emrys and Yolkai; all in all, I gave birth to six children. For the greater part of their education, my children were homeschooled.

For more than a quarter century, I lived on this utterly beautiful land, listening to Mother Earth sing her seasonal love songs, feeling the moon wax and wane in my own blood, discovering my heathen roots.

Initiated by the wartime death of my Scots-born father when I was seven, ignited by the psychedelic revolution of the sixties, and enhanced by living on the land in the seventies, a deep ecological and environmental consciousness stirred in me. I awakened to the Goddess. As I experienced living in and with the seasons, Mother Earth began to speak to me. Aloud. My Celtic indigenous pathway could not be ignored.

At the same time, I reinvented my innovative Peninsula School program into a theatrical camping experience called Random Family Summer Drama Camp for Kids. It had a slogan:

More than making a play/ and taking a part/ it is living together/ and making it Art.

As the children grew, I enrolled them in private schools and once again taught theater and dance. Bennington's daily dance regimen was at the starting line of my dance lineage. I incorporated dance movement into all my work, in teaching, in performance and in ritual. Dance has been a prime focus and a peak experience in my life.

In 1985, my second marriage was ending. On New Year's eve, 1986, we heard about the Great Peace March for Global Nuclear Disarmament. In March, 1986, my four youngest children (ages 6, 7, 13 and 15) and I joined the Great Peace March for Global Nuclear Disarmament that marched from California to Washington, DC, arriving in November of that year.

After the holidays, we went south to join the Florida Peace Pilgrimage of 1987, marching from Georgia to Cape Canaveral, Florida. We returned home in the spring of 1987 and began organizing environmental protests and another march, Walk Your State in '88, all in support of the cessation of nuclear weaponry. We also joined other demonstrations, seven years at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site encampments, several protests at Concord Naval Weapons Station, and many other rallies for Peace. I organized for Redwood Summer, teaching non-violence to individuals and to the police.

During the Peace March, I wrote and produced a play called Sadako's Dance of the Thousand Cranes, performed at venues across the country, including University of Notre Dame, Kent State, and Penn State. It was also performed in Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union.

By now my eldest middle girl was college-age. She entered Sonoma State University as a homeschooler and achieved a 4.0. I reentered and graduated summa cum laude. The three youngest children were becoming high-school age. We moved to the Mendocino Coast for a more radical school setting, and I continued to teach. Too soon, the kids were on their own.

During the last decade of the nineties, my spirituality became paramount in my work. I ordained as a Priestess. In 1999, I founded Goddess Gather (for women, by women), Two As One, God and Goddess Gather Together (gender inclusive), and offered diverse conference presentations, a decade of original Journeys of Entrancement. Epitome amongst these offerings is a rite of initiation based on ancient Greek mysteries, The Living Mysteries of Eleusis.

A nonprofit organization was then created to house these events, a 501(c)(3), The Magickal Cauldron, an educational organization producing events of spirit. Its mission and logo: Personal Growth on the Ecstatic Edge. This organization continues to offer events including, in 2014, an upcoming Mystery cycle.

I am currently writing a memoir, making poetry books, and attempting to make some account of my life. Current publications include "Love's Journey," poetry; "The Dragonslayer's Daughter," fable; "Circle Round Anthology," essay; "Beyond Absence," poetry, "Obama's Day of Inauguration," essay, *At the Edge*, anthology/ memoir, and I was a lifestyle feature in Gretchen Lemke-Santangelo's Daughters of Aquarius.

Family Notes:

I have six children and fourteen grandchildren.

Listing follows:

Tryntje Young, 12th American woman to summit Mt. Everest, Engineer/Paramedic at Santee FD, triathlete, married, two step-children: Rachel and Samantha

Tobias Young, freelance writer, journalist (retired/ Santa Rosa Press Democrat), married, 3 children: Gracie, Bella, and Erik.

LaSara Firefox Allen, author, *Sexy Witch* (Llewellyn Worldwide), workshop and retreat facilitator, coach, married, 2 children: Aurora and Solome.

Patience Foster, Sonoma State student matriculating in December 2013, early childhood educator, married, 3 children: Ariana, Lisa, and Robert.

Emrys Scott, stonemason and farmer, on the land, married, 2 children: Sophia and Sterling

Yolkai Scott, homemaker and integrative aide, married, 2 children: Tristan and Clyde.

Idiosyncratic notes:

- Bennington was an all-girl school at the time of my attendance. I had wanted to attend an all girl high school but had by college age, grown to understand the part boys played in my life. Still, Bennington had evoked a strong "come hither" in me, so I put concerns aside. My experience of being primarily with girls was extraordinarily satisfying to me. I recall there were a limited few men enrolled. As I understood it, they were there to serve male gender roles in the performing arts. I loved being in the rarified company of women. When Bennington went co-ed, I felt disappointment, ...sorry that other women would not have the experience of sharing exclusive time to learn and work creatively with women.

- I learned to play alto recorder and composed a piece. I still have the musical notation.
- I labored intensively over writing papers and loved doing so. It was hard to hand them in. I stayed up late writing and listening to a record of Andres Segovia over and over.
- I remember evenings in Swan House, shared with Phil Everly of the Everly Brothers.

Past, Present, Future— a poem

Was, Is, Will Be

The past sweeps itself into dusty corners,
 stories of romance and history.
 The present breathes it in,
 fables, folk tales and faerie.
 Inspired, stories become us.
 Or we become the stories.

Breathing out. An utterance,
 sound, rides the air,
 voice shapes the word,
 flies to the four directions,
 shapes the world we know.
 We own the present, make it so.

Looking through glasses, prisms,
 we view rainbow-colored spectacle,
 build a world of future blessings.
 In doubt, we see what is,
 what seems inevitable.
 A world too hot to handle.

Barbara Buchtel Tacy

8 Ivy Road
 Mystic, CT 06355
 bbtacyphd@earthlink.net
 572-2928



I am finding it hard to compress the last 50 years into something both organized and concise.

Why did I leave the Colorado countryside, with open acres to ride in, my beloved horse, and mountains still unclimbed, for Vermont,—of humid heat, ice on ski trails, no mountains (“These are just hills.” I was fond of saying.), and tomato puree for soup? Because my beloved father believed that if you had grown up in the West you should go East for college. That’s the quick answer. Deeper answer, I wished to go on an adventure.

And Bennington and all that has come after has been a wonderful and powerful adventure.

Some highlights: Superb teachers, Mrs. Mosalssio, Rickie Blake, Lou Carnini, Anne Schlabach, Mr. Hanks to name just a few. And then there was Ben Bellit who began the difficult problem of teaching me how to write. (“When I read your paper I could not believe you were the same person who spoke so eloquently in class!”)



Well, Colorado three-room schools were not famous for their academic rigor. And a wonderfully diverse student body from which I learned as much as I did in the classrooms in the Barn.

Other highlights: Marriage to a fabulous Williams graduate, who is still part of this adventure, at the end of my second year. Graduation six years later. Two sons and their own families. A PhD in Clinical Psychology. Work I loved and stimulated me for 45 years. Along the way I learned to appreciate “hills”, enjoyed introducing our sons to mountain climbing in the White and Adirondack Mountains, have learned to sail, and settled down in three different New England Villages, and have survived two different cancers.

What a wonderful adventure!

Susan Whitacre Ward

(mail) P.O. Box 5713, (physical) 175 Stoneridge Road
Ketchum, ID 83340
sweetsw@cox.net
www.bouldermtnclay.com
(208) 726 9428



At Bennington I enrolled in the theatre division as a freshman. My sophomore year I detoured into the social sciences with a philosophy major. There was some disagreement with this choice and my junior year was spent convincing the division that I was indeed a social scientist. With such a heavy academic load my junior year I took “Clay” with Stanley Rosen as an elective. My senior year I was in the art division with a major in clay and a minor in sculpture!

There was a personal expectation from my high school achievements and my seminal Bennington experience that I should and would contribute something unique to my future community, profession, and relationships. Bennington taught me that I was qualified as an artist, nascent of course, that I was independent creative thinker and that if I wanted something badly enough I could get it.

GRADUATION: I was confident. I could do it all; marriage, babies, art shows, workshops, and creating museum-quality art. Off to Europe with Bennington pal, Ellen Bernstein. Six months to study etching with William Stanley Hayter...in Paris WOW. Came home early. Mother decides to remarry and the love of my life decides he misses me. Mother marries, I'm engaged. Ok, no Paris...I can get a job in NYC. What luck: an opening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art but can she type? “Sorry not quite fast enough but the Mona Lisa will be coming over to the Met on loan from the Louvre would you like to sell Leonardo Da Vinci memorabilia?” Sure. I was good, sold a lot. They offered me a job selling jewelry reproductions in the main hall. Well, I was in a museum and only out of school 9 months!

MARRIAGE: Of course I would get married, I was crazy in love with Frank Ward, Williams College '62. He was a little off beat and we had lots of fun together. Of course we would have children, after all I had all the equipment and I was certainly going to see how it all worked! We moved across the country, I cooked and had two wonderful sons. I also have three grandsons I dote on! I attended post graduate classes in clay and accumulated a wheel and a kiln. Moved six times in ten years. Family life was good but it cut into my time for making museum quality art.

WHERE THE GIRL BECOMES THE WOMAN: Moved to a farm in Southwest Washington...wettest place in the Pacific Northwest. I finally had a full blown pottery—in a remodeled chicken coop. Could not adjust to

the place, so shut the door on the pottery. I opened a small fabric shop in a nearby freeway town. It was called “Sunbonnet Sues” and sold quilting fabrics and horse blanket materials. It was a struggle but I learned to run a business and meet a few creative people. Two years later I opened a second store in a bit larger town further North on the freeway

Off the farm into Portland in 1980. Kids needed decent education with peers that were going on to college. I enrolled at Northwestern School of Law at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon and graduated in 1986 with a Juris Doctor degree. I passed the bar in 1988. I did some lobbying and worked with the League of Women Voters. I ran for public office, lost and then became president of the Portland League of Women Voters in 1993. Yes...now on track.

RETIREMENT: Of course, 1995 Frank wants to ski and I want out of the Pacific Northwest. Ketchum, Idaho is perfect and perhaps I could make some pots. Well, I can still make pots and I have a passion for it. I opened a community studio with the hope that there will be others needing a place to learn and play in clay. Boulder Mountain Clayworks is here today and has become a 501(c)(3) nonprofit arts education facility. I am finally getting time to make those museum-quality pieces of art. Oh yes, the love of my life and I just celebrated our 50th year of marriage—amazing. My Bennington education was one of the best parts of my life, it gave me.

*Me with my grandson,
Jack Ward age 9*



Jane Vance McCauley, '62

28299 Widgeon Terrace
Easton, MD 21601
JVMc1aol.com
(410) 770-3888



Bennington was strongly recommended to me by my high school English teacher. He had attended Williams College but yearned, I suspect, to have had a Bennington education instead. He saw something in me, despite my somewhat conventional upbringing and exterior, that was ripe for the learning experience he believed I would have at Bennington. And he was right. Thanks to my professors (Ben Belitt, Wallace Fowlie, Katherine Koenig and Rush Welter among others), fellow students, and the Non-Resident Term (as it was then called), I flourished – on many more levels than I realized at the time. I only learned about these other levels as I lived my life post-Bennington.

What I took away with me was a strong sense of my self: my capacity for creative thought and decision-making and the confidence and courage to find and follow my own path. These, rather than the specific content of any one class or subject, have made a significant difference in my life, as I think will be evident in my sharing of my journey of the last 50 years below.

After marrying my husband (on the day I graduated) we set off for Charlottesville, VA where I taught 7th grade at a local school, and Dick attended UVA law school. Three years later, with one child and another on the way, we moved to Baltimore, MD where Dick began to practice with a large law firm. The traditional ideas and attitudes of Baltimore led us to move (in 1969) to the new city of Columbia, MD, founded in 1967 by James Rouse. Integrated in all ways (at a time when it was still legal to discriminate in housing in MD) our friends thought we had lost our minds. But, our value system was entirely congruent with this special town-in-the-making, and I was confident that we would be excited and happy being part of the creation of a new city. (We were, and Columbia now exceeds 110,000 people!)

The county had built an elementary, middle and high school, but beyond those institutions it was up to the residents to create whatever they wanted or needed in the way of other organizations. Hence, I started the first Montessori classroom in Columbia, as I wanted our middle daughter to attend a Montessori pre-school as her older sister had while we lived in Baltimore. (This meant finding a location, 20 parents willing to send their 3-5 year olds to a new, untried school, and getting the Montessori equipment and a directress lined up, as well!) The school still is running, as is the second classroom I started the next year—ten days prior to giving birth to our third child.

After five years, I decided to return to the educational arena to get an MA in developmental clinical psychology, as I had become increasingly interested in counseling as I dealt with the parents and children at the school. I completed my degree, with a few hair raising bumps in the road...one notable one was when two of our three young children came down with chicken pox the day before my anatomy and physiology exam!

I joined the Marriage and Family Counseling team at a nearby mental health center in 1977, and opened my private practice in 1986. I had developed a course entitled The Mother/Daughter Relationship throughout the Life Cycle in 1980, and I taught it two or three times a year until 1990. Also, during this period, I started a newsletter-type publication with one of my daughters called, *The Tie that Binds*. Dealing with parenting, in-laws, etc. through the lens of the mother/daughter relationship, I had great fun (despite the relentless deadlines) and enjoyed encouraging readers to submit their stories, poems, and questions about their own mother/daughter relationships.

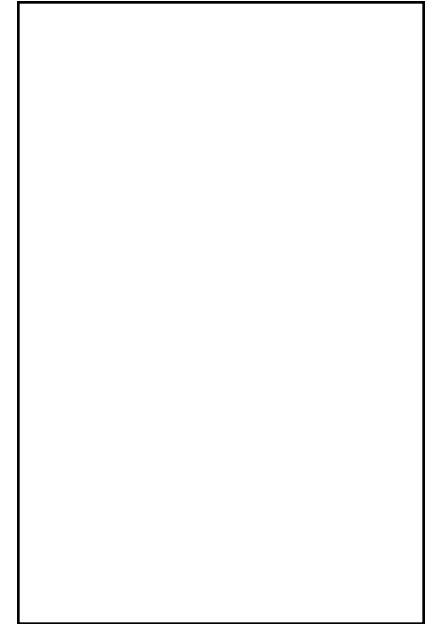
On a personal level, our family has always been the center of my attention. Besides rearing our three daughters, my mother-in-law lived with us for ten years until her death in 1989, and in 1980 my parents moved from Florida (after 25 years of retirement) to a house just up the street. Both Dick and I did our share of caretaking during their final days, but we had a wonderful four generational family for many years, with everyone close by and involved with one another. This was a great experience for all four generations. During this time all three of our daughters were married, and our grandchildren were being born. Today, we have seven grandchildren ranging in age from 25 to 7. They all live within an hour and a half of our home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where we retired in 1999. We love Easton, and so do our children, their spouses, and their children, so we see them here for all the holidays and many summer weekends. We have attended many dance recitals, sports events, “grandparents days” and birthday parties in their Columbia area, as well. The two oldest grandchildren have “flown the nest,” one working in NYC, and the other working and traveling in Australia and New Zealand.

I loved my work, and in some ways regret retiring “early.” But my husband took early retirement from the Rouse Company where he was General Counsel from 1970-1995, and the serious illness of our youngest daughter, Kate, combined with the sale of my office building (and several other things that seemed to add up to the Universe speaking) led me to decide to retire as well. After two months of travel in Europe, we came back to Columbia to deal with weddings (two daughters) and deaths (two parents) and the decision to move to Easton. We sold the tiny house on the Eastern Shore that we had enjoyed on weekends for 14 years and bought and remodeled a wonderful house on Peachblossom Creek in Easton. This was a “build it and they will come” sort of venture. We did, and they did!

Following our move, I became deeply involved with a holistic learning center (Evergreen: A Center for Balanced Living), serving on the Board for six years, and chairing the Board for three (eventful) years. I also served for several years on the Board of Pets on Wheels, a wonderful organization that trains pet owners to share their companion animals with residents of hospitals, nursing homes and other institutions. In addition, several owner/animal teams go into elementary schools in the area and give children with reading problems the opportunity to read a story to a patient dog or cat! This program has been wildly successful and new schools

are being added every year. My involvement with both organizations has been deeply rewarding. I am now chairing (for the third year) an annual fundraiser for Evergreen that showcases many artists who live and work on the Eastern Shore. While this is a lot of work, it is also a lot of fun.

I'm very much looking forward to returning to Bennington to be with friends from so many years ago, and to get to know some of those I didn't know at that time. I think it will be very interesting to share some of the "rest of our stories!"



Did not send an update



Brenda Corman Alpar



Adele Suhl Anderson



Evelyn Woerheide Arana



Barbara Halikman Balaban



Lesley Philbrick Baptist



Althea Adamson Bassett



Bridget Beattie



Thelma Bullock



Jane Burkhardt

Did not send an update



Katrina Carter Cameron



Janice Bell Cooper



Emily S. Crandall



Jennifer Cushing Curtis



Linda Sessel Curtiss



Willa de Sousa



Kathleen Earthrowl



Joan Borkum Epstein



Gay Newell Falk

Did not send an update



Valerie Falk



Barbara Finkelstein



Jennifer Creel Frimmel



Frances Hamilton Glover



Sandra Clough Gorry



Dr. Joan Greenberg Gruzen



Fausta Price Hammarlund



Zoe (Gail) Harnett



Mary Green Hetter

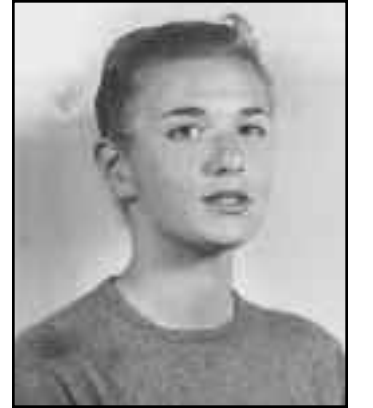
Did not send an update



Sally Bowers Henry



Sally Ahearn James



Joanna Crown Koss



Lucy Simon Levine



Patricia Malkin



Dorothy Goldman Mann



Josephine Marston



Jane Vance McCauley



Jane Meltzer

Did not send an update



Catherine Russell Michel



Susan Plosky Miller



Suzanne Brecht Mowry



Ellen Bernstein Murray



Sylvia Fitts Napier



Janet Cohn Neschis



Dorothy Willett Oliver



Lisa (Josephine) Penick



Lynn Penner

Did not send an update



Susan Allen Potter



Barbara Kirschner Reed



Louise Reiner



Janet Kaplan Rodgers



Jane Littauer Salamon



Sheila White Samton



Nancy Feinstein Schwartz



Judith Seaman



Linda Horne Small

Did not send an update



Jane Marcus Sobel



Mary Beale Spadaro



Alice Rosenstein Spatz



Miriamne L. Spector, M.A.



Marjory Feroe Spencer



Carla Stea



Dr. Ellen Jacobowitz Stein



Joan Diamond Steinberg



Rhoda Caplin Sweet

Did not send an update



Nancy Guy Syme



Dr. Minda Tessler



Connie Tonken



Lisa Van der Wal Vanhaagen



Kathy Titelman Vanpraag



Nancy Janover Victor



Frances Washburn



Eve Rudd Webb



Ilona Teleki Weidland

Did not send an update



Helen Wilmerding

No Photo Available

- Saida Heyman Baxt
- Donato Capozzoli
- Louis Conrad
- Margot Graham Fass
- Mary A. Hutton
- Karen Collier Lambert
- Marianne Yacenko Palladino

In Memoriam



Eve Chinitz Bach



Judith Beatie



Polly Lauterbach Keyworth



Jelka Makovicka Leahy



Sarah Buttrick Miles



Sandra Clemence Rise



Judith Coleman Rollins



Catherine Schwartz Shawn



Sylvia Pool Sperling

In Memoriam



Barbara Marcus Sprafkin



Linda Hood Townsend

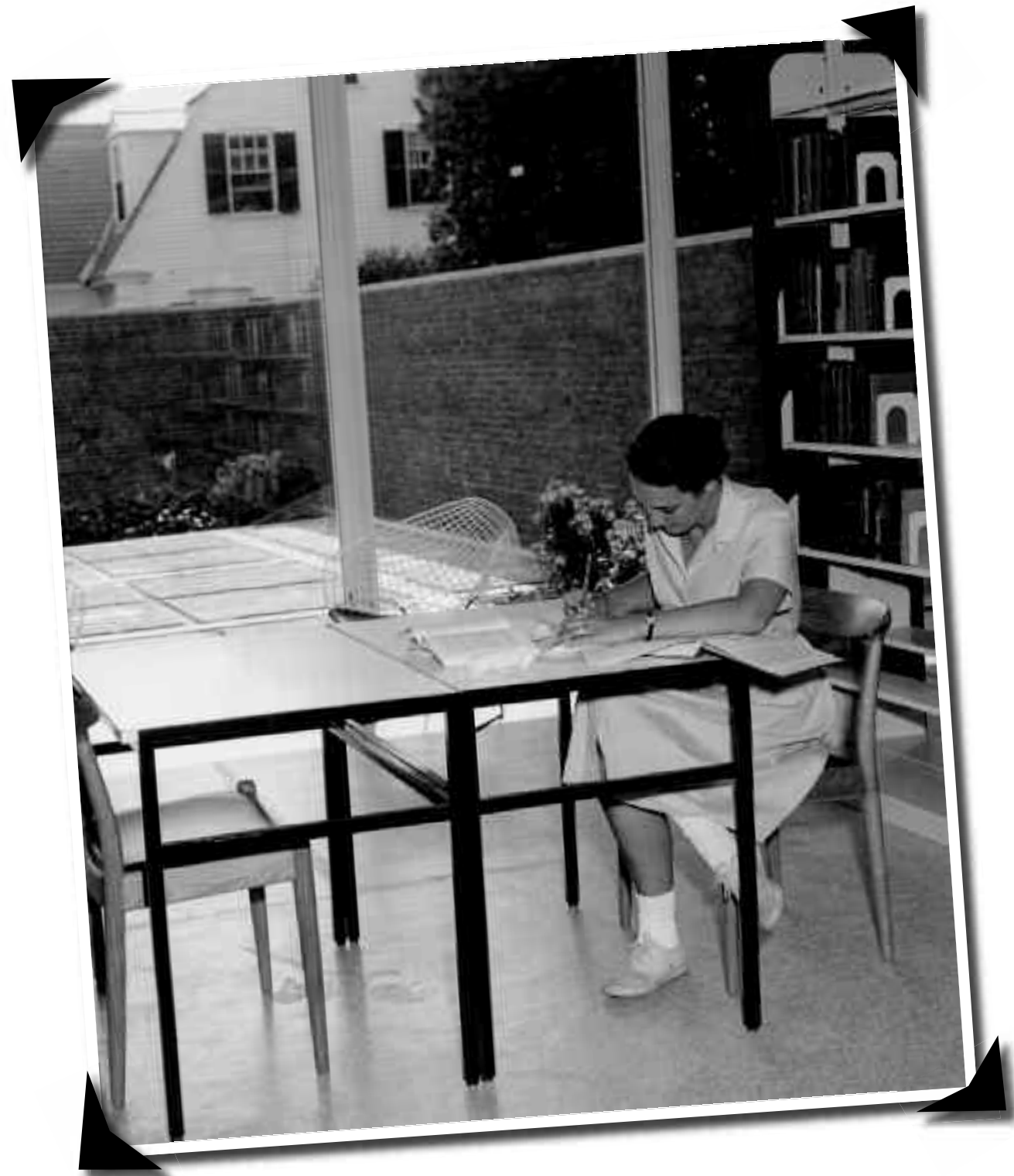


Arlene Weiner

No Photo Available

Judith Hidler Richardson-Silvia
Karin Schmuck Wartofsky







BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Office of External Relations

One College Drive • Bennington, Vermont 05201

800-598-2979 • alumnirelations@bennington.edu • www.bennington.edu