

CLASS OF 1965

50TH REUNION



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



**Class of 1965**

Abby Goldstein Arato*	June Caudle Davenport	Anna Coffey Harrington
Catherine Posselt Bachrach	Margo Baumgarten Davis	Sandol Sturges Harsch
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Isabella Holden Bates	Liuda Dovydenas	Sophia Healy
Helen Eggleston Bellas	Marilyn Kirshner Draper	Marcia Heiman
Deborah Kasin Benz	Polly Burr Drinkwater	Hope Norris Hendrickson
Roberta Elzey Berke	Bonnie Dyer-Bennet	Suzanne Robertson Henroid
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Stephen Bick	Wendy Erdman-Surlea	Judith Henning Hoopes*
Roberta Robbins Bickford	Timothy Caroline Tupling Evans	Carla Otten Hosford
Deborah Rubin Bluestein	Rima Gitlin Faber	Inez Ingle
Ruth Jacobs Boody	Joy Bacon Friedman	Carole Irby
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Renee Engel Bowen*	Alice Ruby Germond	Stephanie Stouffer Kahn
Linda Bratton	Judith Hyde Gessel	Lorna (Miriam) Katz-Lawson
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Donna Maxfield Chimera	Joan Golden-Alexis	Wendy Slote Kleinbaum
Moss Cohen	Sheila Diamond Goodwin	Anne Boyd Kraig
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Susan Crile	Bay (Elizabeth) Hallowell	Marjorie La Rowe
Tina Croll	Lynne Tishman Handler	Barbara Kent Lawrence
		Stephanie LeVanda Lipsky

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Caryn Levy Magid  
Nancy Marshall  
Carol Lee Metzger  
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Dorothy Minshall Miller  
Janet Warner Montgomery  
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Katrina Edwards Pelkey  
Marjorie Perloff  
Kathryn Posin  
Joan Kassman Price  
Judith Rosenberg Pritchett  
Claire Thoron Pyle\*

Deborah Rankin\*  
Tonia Noell Roberts  
Rosalind Robinson  
Lois Banulis Rogers  
Ruth Grunzweig Roth  
Gail Mayer Rubino  
Nicholas Russiyan  
Laurie Libkin Salvia\*  
Betsy Brodie Sand  
Annie Abel Schlesinger  
Jeanie Schofield  
Lucy Kostelanetz Schrader  
Marjorie Searles  
Nancy Giese Slavin  
Pril Smiley  
Margaret Donald Snider  
Judith Spiller  
Carolyn Sprogell  
Susan St. John  
Marcia Staff  
Suzanne Stanton

Derwin Stevens\*  
Annette Adams Stuart  
Joyce Sunila  
Maria Taranto  
Susan Tarlov  
Meredith Leavitt Teare\*  
Patricia Thomas  
Leslie Falke Trainer  
Holly Long Van Dine  
Geraldine Rapf Van Dusen  
Elinor Johnston Vincent  
Barbara Von Eckardt  
Andrea Vongronicka  
Gale McCullough Ward  
Rosemary Wilson  
Reed Wolcott  
Ellen Fowle Wright  
Simone Juda Yehuda  
Nancy Zinman  
Dale Kostka Zuehlke

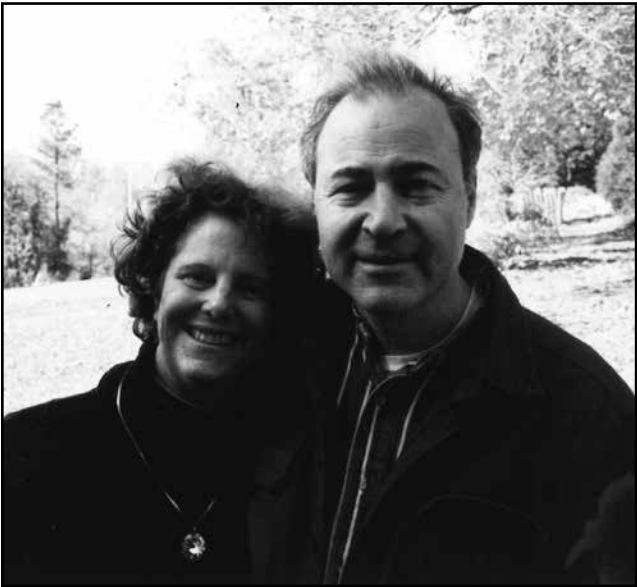
\*Denotes deceased

Isabella Holden Bates

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I had heard about Bennington all my life, as my mother was in the third graduating class. I liked the primary source curriculum and, as I was planning to be a music major, I was pleased that I could major in performance and was required to compose. I applied only to Bennington and was thrilled to get in. It was a great joy to have music come into the center of my study rather than something I did after school. I loved the walk to Jennings and hearing all the music come pouring out of the building. Frank Baker, George Finckel, Lou Calabro, Lionel Nowak, Auria Pernel, and Henry Brandt all helped me to prepare for a lifetime study of music. I took almost all the psychology courses and loved the literature classes. I loved being in a school where I could get to know so many people.

It was during my junior year NRT in NYC that I met my future husband, Stephen, a clarinet student at the Mannes College of Music. That spring he made quite a stir on campus as he bicycled from New York to Bennington to see me. We were married the September after graduation, so we are looking forward to our 50th anniversary this year too. Our first child was born with Down Syndrome and only lived for four months. Her



Stephen and Isabella Bates

brief life and death set a profound course of inquiry for me as I tried to make sense of what had happened. For the first time in my life, I started going to church and became very active in a liberal Episcopal Church in Washington, DC where we had moved, because Stephen served in the US Marine Band in DC instead of being drafted into the war in Vietnam. In 1977, we left the Episcopal Church to attend and eventually to become members of Langley Hill Quaker Meeting.

I embarked on the study of meditation in 1975 and found great overlap with my musical studies. I eventually got trained as a Spiritual Director and spent 30 happy years as a voice teacher, spiritual director, and teacher of meditation. I worked during the daytime and Stephen worked mostly at night as a clarinetist in the opera and ballet orchestra at the Kennedy Center so that one of us could be home with the son and daughter





who happily came into our life in the years after our first child had died. Matthew has lived for almost 25 years in Florence, Italy with his Italian wife. He is a fine painter and helps to run the Italian family's hotel. Jessica is an actress living in Oakland, CA.

In 2009, we moved to Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA to begin the next chapter of our lives. Retirement does not seem at all right to describe our new life. I have seriously taken up yoga, have joined a 45-voice chamber chorus, and have become a hospice volunteer. I teach a meditation class at the house and play piano every day. We joined North Shore Quaker Meeting and soon I was asked to be clerk, which means that I was the lynchpin running meetings and keeping communication flowing. Stephen is playing chamber music, teaching a class on painting on silk, and creating wondrous amounts of art.

Having lived in DC for 36 years where 500,000 people have no representation in Congress, I vowed if I ever lived elsewhere I would become active in politics. I have joined the local Democratic committee and knocked on many doors in the last five years. I was happy to be part of a small army of volunteers that helped get Elizabeth Warren elected to the Senate. If I had a do-over, I would have helped to organize a movement in DC to get all citizens to put their taxes in escrow until they were given representation.

I, along with so many, feel great concern for the direction of our world, but I have come to realize that I can seek peace within, open to that great peace, and trust that the work that is mine to do will spring from that place of peace as a drop in the ocean of work to heal and inspire our world.



Isabella Bates at Glacier National Park

# Roberta Elzey Berke

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*“My salad days, / When I was green in judgment.../ Get me ink and paper.”*  
—Antony and Cleopatra I.5.607-8, 610.

Certainly my years at Bennington were “salad days,” in the sense that so many ideas were fresh, new, and exciting. Those days were a springtime like the awakening trees in the college acres that suddenly burgeoned with green in May. I remember the scent of white violets in the moonlight by Jennings, that old mansion filled with music. We students were given a sense that here was space to allow ideas to grow naturally, as did my long sequence of poems. I was also “green in judgment,” and wrote some awful drivel, which my teachers discussed with insight and tact. Now after years of teaching literature and creative writing to university students, I can appreciate the patience of long-suffering faculty members, such as Gene Baro, Ben Belitt, Kit Foster, and Claude Fredericks, alchemists who struggled to extract a few flakes of gold from dung. I am also thankful for the many good friends and faculty members who supported me after the unexpected death of my mother, and who enabled me to get through my final semester and, despite grief, to win the Glascock Award. My sister Diana also benefitted from Bennington's support at this difficult time.



On Primrose Hill with Gregori (always a poseur!)

“Green in judgment” also meant that I was too eager to acquire a carapace of sophistication. With only a superficial understanding of either belief system, I rejected the Christianity of my childhood as mere “myth and ritual,” and decided that Freud had all the answers. One rigid way of thinking was substituted, not for freedom, but for a different dogma. Now, the passing years and their challenges have shown me that life is far more complex and more wonderful for any simplistic solutions. For the past 16 years I have been a lay reader in the Church of England.

A revised version of that sequence of interlocking lyric poems and multicolored woodcuts, which I had labored over at Bennington, was published by Trigram Press in London; *The Sunday Times* reviewer said, “I cannot remember one as dazzling as this.” *Bounds out of Bounds*, my wide-ranging critical survey of contemporary American and British



poets, was published by Oxford University Press and the *TLS* described it as “consistently lively and entertaining.” Freelance work for BBC Radios 3 & 4 has included five programs of my own poetry arranged for voices and a play based on the life of Tasso. I have made a number of programs about contemporary poets, including Gary Snyder, Robert Duncan, and Kathleen Raine, which featured interviews and dramatic readings of their poems. My documentaries range from the Okefenokee Swamp (I fell in), to slices of assorted American identities in a Philadelphia delicatessen. This program, “One Big Kitchen Table,” won the Prix Italia for radio documentaries. The British Library’s Sound Archive has made six of my programs available.

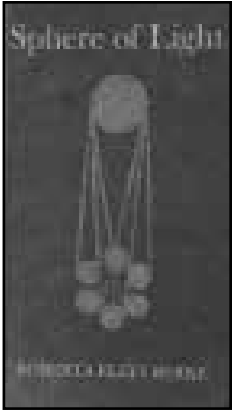
For the past few years, I have been working on an historical novel based on letters written by my ancestor, an importer of wine, who was mayor of Southampton in 1624 and charged with piracy in 1590. He was a prosperous merchant, yet in his will he virtually disinherited two of his sons and was scathing about his second wife. What does true success mean, then and now? This novel is the first in a trilogy that follows a family’s journey from England to Maryland and on into the Ohio wilderness.

My son, Joshua D. Berke, is Associate Professor of Cognitive Neurobiology at the University of Michigan and is married to Professor Anna Grzymala-Busse, a political scientist specializing in Eastern Europe. My daughter, Deborah Armstrong, is an installation artist, creative director of the Shangri-la area at the Glastonbury Festival, and produces events with her husband, Phil Armstrong. Although I divorced him after 20 years of marriage, I remain good friends with my former husband, Dr. Joseph Berke. I have been blessed with five grandsons, ranging in age from 3 to 10.

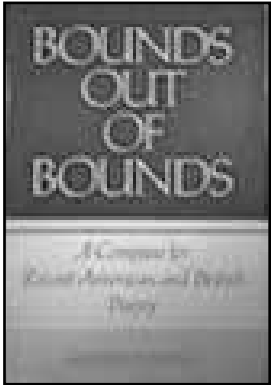
Although my salad days are long gone, and I’m rather wilted, I’m still green and sprouting.



*In the London Library, one of my very favourite places.*



*Trigram Press: Sphere of Light, poems and woodcuts*



*Oxford University Press: A critical survey of contemporary American and British Poetry*

## Deborah Bluestein

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### Bennington College in the '60s: Training to be a Life Juggler

Midway through taking the SATs while in high school, it took me 10 minutes to discover that a breeze from an open window had knocked my exam off my desk onto the floor where it had been sitting while I cycled through an episode of staring-into-space anxiety.

As I sit down to write these notes, I realize that Bennington was the perfect place for me to study without the anxiety and pressure of exams, grades, or being in competition with anyone other than myself.

Even though I had gained acceptance into RISD (Rhode Island School of Design) and Massachusetts College of Art, I knew I wanted more than “art school.” Bennington got me away from home, and it opened a new world to me without the distraction of gender oppression. It gave me the academic freedom that set me on a trajectory of choices for the next five decades—choices that were made from the inside out, rather than from societal or academic constraints. It led me on a path of entrepreneurial experimentation and set in motion a passion for lifelong learning. It gave me the confidence to be a juggler—and a perpetual beginner as I ventured from one business to another, from one art form to another...a circuitous journey, for sure. But the confidence I gained while at Bennington was not there at the beginning.

As a freshman in Bernie Malamud’s Language and Literature class, I suffered through embarrassment for my paltry knowledge of literature and strove to overcome a limited public high school education that had left me unaware of the short story form—how to read one, let alone construct one myself. My father, a barber and one-time bookie, ended his education in the eighth grade. My mother graduated high school with a “secretarial” diploma. I often felt that my working class background, unlike the private school sophistication of my Bennington classmates, was a handicap and that the admissions committee would soon discover that they had made a mistake by inviting me to be a member of the class of ’65.

Juggling between disciplines began in Ben Bellit’s Dante class while studying *The Divine Comedy*. Rather than write a paper about it, Ben allowed me to submit a series of illustrations. The following summer I withdrew from Bennington for my junior year to study Italian, and painting and printmaking in Florence, Italy at the Academy of Fine Arts. My round-trip ocean liner ticket to Venice on the *Saturnia* was financed by on-campus entrepreneurial ventures: photo portraits of classmates and selling my entire Filene’s basement wardrobe. When I returned to complete my senior year back at Bennington, I came with suitcases filled with stylish Italian hose and bags for sale—items that hadn’t made their way yet to the U.S.



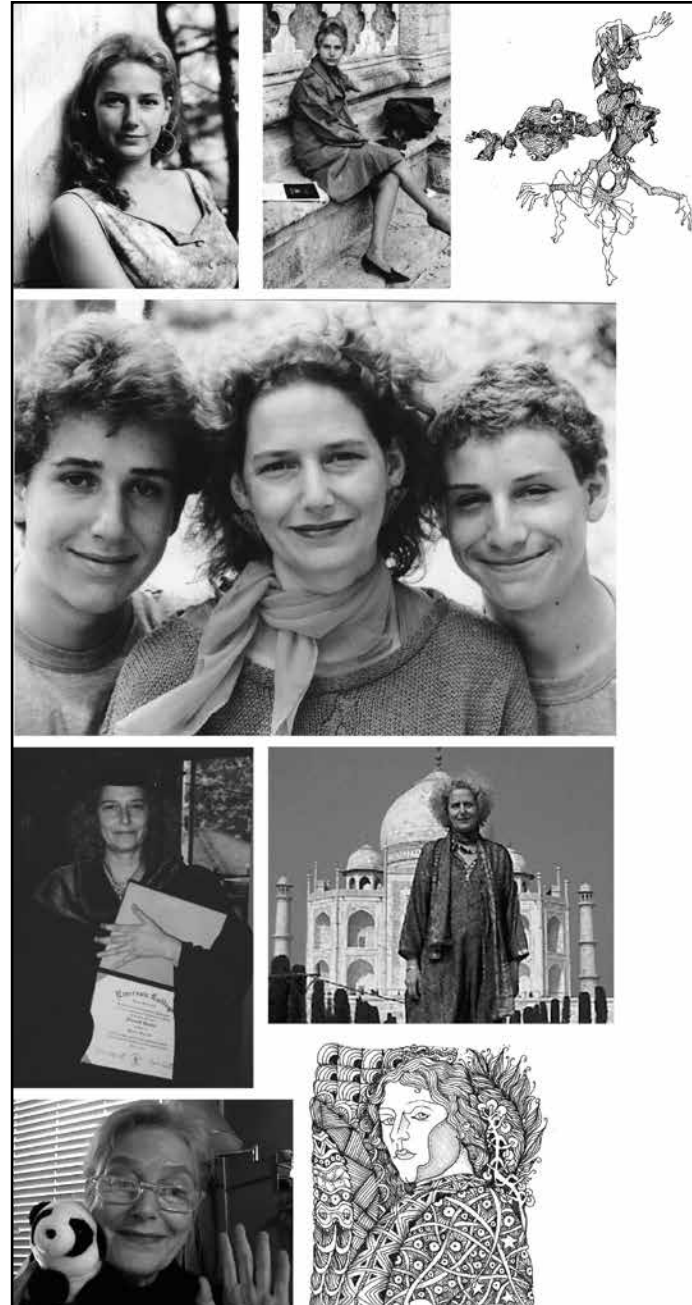
Although my life up close has seemed chaotic and directionless—hopping back and forth between visual art and the written word, between parenting and teaching—my refusal to choose one single path was a pattern, however fractal-like, it was nevertheless a pattern with a shape that has become clearer as I view it from the distance of 50 years since leaving Bennington.

The joy of learning something new—whether figuring out how to create a copper-clad door commemorating 100 years of bishops in Columbus, Ohio, or how to structure a full-length screen-play or a novel, I’ve let my curiosity lead the way. Unlike the solo career paths of so many of my accomplished and professionally acknowledged contemporaries, my pattern has been to learn, to master, to teach, then to take on the new. I’ve survived the pain and embarrassment of being a beginner over and over again. My desire to grow continues to trump fear of failure. The urge to expand knowledge rather than my bank account has kept me from the financial independence one might hope for at my age. Instead, I’m one of those white-haired seniors with a student loan balance from the Emerson MFA in creative writing I earned 30 years after my BA degree from Bennington in 1965.

Some of my current juggling includes illustrating a novel set in Renaissance Italy that I began in the ’90s (should be for sale on Amazon by year’s end), teaching creative writing to Chinese children in a virtual classroom, teaching yoga, and teaching ESL to immigrants through the English for New Bostonians program.

Flashing back to some Bennington roots that keep reverberating in the present:

- From Nancy Munn’s anthropology class, I remember *pystigia*—storing fat in the ass—and the people who ate babies in faraway places.



- Paul Feeley taught me about how a tiny square-inch detail of a painting should be a “clue” to its entire picture plane.
- Vincent Longo helped me mount a show of etching and woodcuts. (I’ll never forget the moment I almost cut my thumb off holding a woodcarving tool inaccurately. My world turned black and white and I almost passed out.)
- Professor Ricks, who accepted my etching of the French Revolution with heads on spikes instead of a paper, inspired within me a fascination with history that ultimately led to my first novel set in fifteenth-century Tuscany.
- When a towering hand-built piece collapsed under the drying sunlamps in the pottery studio, Stanley Rosen chewed on his pipe, smiled, and said, “Start over again. Don’t be precious about what you create.”

From these roots a pattern has emerged. Don’t let a temporary collapse keep you down. Rejections by the literary/ artistic world. Illness—breast cancer 30+ years ago. Personal bankruptcy as our economy was collapsing in 2007. Raising my kids singlehandedly from the years they were 3 and 5 (now in their mid-40s). My inability to land a 9-to-5 job when frustration and being broke moved me toward that. But somehow, whether through graduate school, facilitating AWA creative writing workshops, leading a yoga and writing retreat in Tuscany, and now creating one-of-a-kind PowerPoint-style lessons to inspire creative writing in my virtual classroom, work has always come to me to keep the juggling pattern alive, and to keep my creative juices flowing.

On down days, when I feel my age holding me back and that my choices are narrowing—physically, geographically, financially—some energy bubbles up, and I inevitably rally with enough enthusiasm to start over. My curiosity for the new and unknown is alive and well—the curiosity that got its eyes, ears, and legs at Bennington in the ’60s.



# Tina Croll

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My primary interest was in dance and also literature and psychology as taught through the exploration of language under Louis Cabrini. I still have an active dance company as well as an ongoing (17 year) production *From the Horse's Mouth* co-directed with Jamie Cunningham. My interest in all that Cabrini taught has definitely stayed with me and was an inspiration. I even used passages from Wolfgang Kohler's *The Mentality of the Apes* in a dance I choreographed in 1966—a book we'd read in Cabrini's class about the emotional behavior of apes learning to use tools.

I had amazing teachers at Bennington—Martha Whitman, Jack Moore, Bill Bales, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Ben Bellit, Louis Cabrini, and more.

I was thrilled to be at Bennington—especially the first year where sleeping seemed an imposition and distraction from all the courses I wanted to take and activities I was involved in. I learned to love to learn. And that has stayed with me and inspired me up to now.

Married briefly and divorced in 1973—terrible time. I was extremely fortunate in my dancing. Jack Moore, brilliant choreographer and teacher, guided our small group of dance graduates (3?) to New York's Dance Theater Workshop. This became my second home—a very nurturing and supportive place to experiment and choreograph. I met a spiritual teacher in 1974 and have been following this path of Spiritual Evolution that has completely changed and directed my life. It seemed a natural outcome of my interests in dance at Bennington...those questions... "what is 'this' all about..."



Head shot



Limestone, photograph by Bryan Hayes

I didn't remarry but still have my amazing sister, Steevie Croll Chinitz living nearby upstate—still very active in education. She



Balkan photograph by Bryan Hayes



Solo with ropes photograph by Tom Brazil

was at Bennington a few years before me.

Going to Bennington from my cloistered background at boarding school was exactly what I was looking for to break down walls and limitations. I have had an extremely fortunate life. Wish I were still as strong as I was even at 60! The physical body just does wear out!



Joyce flyer photograph by Bryan Hayes



HM TJH dance photograph by Tom Brazil



Set 1 photograph by Tom Caravaglia



Set 7-Tom Caravaglia

# June Caudle Davenport

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My primary interest at Bennington was dance, followed by biology. I have continued my pursuit of dance, exploring fields beyond those offered at Bennington when I was a student. This has included character dancing, international folk dancing, New England contra dancing, clogging, square dancing, ballroom dancing, and jazz. I taught dance for a time and continue with ballet, modern, and jazz classes today. I'm a regular visitor at Jacob's Pillow Dance every summer.

My career path took an interesting turn toward engineering in the '70s and beyond working my way up the ladder at Digital Equipment Corporation, a computer company. I became Assistant to the Chief Engineer, Manager of the Chief Engineer's Office, and was responsible for a worldwide function. Bennington really taught me I could pursue many paths at the same time and it would not detract from either.

Looking back over these many years I would say the following things stand out: partnering with my spouse throughout a fulfilling marriage, parenting two wonderful children, gardening, international travel (both in my career and for pleasure), effective leadership in my career, and maintaining balance in my life. My latest and ongoing challenge is navigating the landscape of being a widow.

My children, their spouses, and my grandchildren live in California, while I live in Massachusetts. It makes for creative grandparenting, which I take seriously.



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I loved growing up in Rowayton, Connecticut, on the Long Island Sound. My parents were pleased to escape Manhattan to raise my sister and me in the country, although my dad, a lawyer, commuted every day by train to his office. Summers were spent in our bathing suits in the water, occasionally emerging when the Good Humor truck rang its bells. I went to The Thomas School, a private high school for girls that was a mere one mile away. The curriculum had an unusual emphasis on literature, music, and the arts—both studio art *and* art history, a rare course for a secondary school, then and now.

I started college at Syracuse University, discovering in the very first semester that Syracuse style was not my cup of tea!! The writer, Kay Boyle, who had taught me at Thomas, was instrumental in helping me make the change to Bennington College. It was a snowy December when I arrived by bus from Syracuse. A taxi drove me up the long drive to the College's sylvan setting where I was interviewed and finally admitted. I enjoyed my conversation with the dean. We talked about what we had both been reading! All the girls had long hair and were wearing big boots and puffy jackets



*In my studio*



*Margo with her children, Julian and Anika*

against the cold. There was a bohemian intellectual air...one that felt like home for me. What a contrast to fraternity life at Syracuse!!

I loved my classes: French with George Guy, Ceramics with Stanley Rosen, Literature with Stanley Edgar Hyman and Howard Nemerov. My first NRT was at Harvard University's Peabody Museum cataloguing Indian baskets for the curator. Back at Bennington in the spring and for the academic year 1962–63, I made French my major. I studied at the Sorbonne in Paris for junior year, bought my first camera, a \$50 Zeiss Ikon range-finder, and wandered the charming



streets photographing—instead of sleeping through early-morning lectures in an overheated hall of thousands, barely comprehending the tiny figurine up front carrying on about Moliere and Zola. A Barcelona sculptor taught me to develop my first roll of film and to print my first “agrandissement.” It was thrilling. When I returned to Connecticut the following summer, I set up a darkroom in my parents’ basement, spilling chemicals as I shuttled to and fro from the bathtub to the dark. I then made a life-altering decision to join my sister at UC Berkeley for my senior year.

I missed my urban life in Paris but also the spirit of Bennington and its great teachers. I dealt with this confusion by moving on to California! However, there was no time to ruminate about the choice I had made. It was, after all, 1965 and we were thrust into the Free Speech Movement on the Berkeley campus, caught up in a civil rights journey that became world famous. We surrounded the police car on campus, rallied with Mario Savio where some, not me, sat down and were arrested in Sproul Hall. Amid the chaos of activists and Alameda County sheriffs on campus, I managed to finish my degree in French and Art, clocking many hours in the student darkroom.

During that time, I met my first husband, Gregson Davis, from the island of Antigua in the Caribbean. After his undergraduate degree at Harvard and his PhD at Berkeley, he became a Classics and Comparative Literature Professor at Stanford. We made trips to Antigua every summer and had two lovely children, Anika and Julian. I also made my first significant body of work. We published the book *Antigua Black: Portrait of an Island People* (Scrimshaw Press, 1973) with Gregson’s text and my photographs taken on the island from 1967–73. Those early iconic images are currently on exhibition at the Gunpowder House at Admiral’s Inn in English Harbour, Antigua. There is an electronic catalogue available by emailing me.

After my divorce in 1980, I remained in Palo Alto as a single parent. I was Assistant Director at Stanford’s Center for Research on Women and also at Stanford’s Television Network for two years after that. In 1989, during several years at Stanford University’s archives, I published *The Stanford Album, A Photographic History, 1885–1945*. I taught photography and continued exhibiting my work, publishing two more books: *Women Writers of the West Coast* (Capra Press, 1983) and *Under One Sky* (Stanford University Press, 2004). Many famous authors visited Stanford, and I photographed many: Saul Bellow, Doris Lessing, Nadine Gordimer, Toni Morrison, John Cheever, Chinua Achebe, Gunther Grass, Eudora Welty, and Joseph Brodsky...to name only a few.

In the early 1980s, I made four separate trips to Nigeria to photograph the nomadic Fulani people of northern Nigeria (not an area anyone can safely visit today with Boko Haram operating right there!). Like my Antigua experiences, living with the Fulani people was formative in my development as a photographer of people living in cultural settings so different from my own. The Fulani photographs have been exhibited widely and join with my



Margo with grandsons, Avery and Rowan Pratt

other portraits in *Under One Sky* that were taken on every inhabited continent. There is a selection of the work on my website: [margodavisphoto.com](http://margodavisphoto.com).

In 1992, I married Anthony L. Browne, an investment banker. We lived in Paris for a year. What a treat it was to return to the “city of light,” a place where my photographic journey began. My daughter Anika went off to Harvard University and is currently an officer at The Federal Reserve Bank of NY. A few years later, Julian went to Brown University and UC Hastings Law School and now practices law in San Francisco and plays guitar in his own band. Combined, Tony and I have five adult children and many grandchildren.

In the spring 2005 issue, *Bennington Alumni Magazine* did a lovely feature article on me: “The Landscape of the Face.” In that same year, I had an exhibition of my work in New York at Throckmorton Fine Art and in London at The Photographer’s Gallery. Recently, I have utilized new digital technology to scan the early Antigua negatives (made with a Rolleiflex and a Hasselblad) and produced very large prints for the exhibition in Antigua. I have always felt that “small is beautiful.” My own original prints in the wet darkroom were never larger than 16 x 20 and usually smaller. However, many of the new digital prints are enlarged to 40 x 40! I have learned from this experience that grand, not just small, is also dramatic and remarkable.



His Holiness the Dalai Lama, 2005

In November 2005, I was honored to photograph His Holiness the Dalai Lama when he visited Stanford’s Martin Luther King, Jr. Research and Education Institute. It was a moving moment for all of the staff there because Martin Luther King, Jr. is a hero for His Holiness. The image I made successfully caught the Dalai Lama in front of a famous image of Martin that hangs in the front office at the Institute. I have included it here.

Like the rest of the world, I am transitioning to working digitally. The wet darkroom is now a technology from the past. This month I lectured to a group of students at the Gunpowder House in Antigua. These students were born in 2003, into a fully digital world. Film, developing, chemicals, and photographic papers are now a part of the history of photographic processes begun in the 19th century. I was delighted when one of the students showed me an image on her smartphone of her latest multimedia work created on the computer that was inspired by photographic images in my Antigua collection.

For the mere one-and-a-half years in actual time that I spent at Bennington, the College has had a huge influence on my own 50-year journey. My professors imparted their knowledge and enthusiasm and also inspired the love of asking questions without fear. Being an artist brings extra challenges but also enhances a life no matter the many hurdles to overcome. Bennington gave me the confidence to be an artist and “to follow my bliss.”

## Liuda Dovydenas

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It was a fluke that I found myself at Bennington. I heard of Bennington through my brother's first wife, Suzanne Snowden, a Bennington grad, whom he met while in the Air Force. During a Christmas visit to our home she suggested that I apply to Bennington College, a school I had never heard of. I knew that college was on the agenda, but I wasn't thinking about where. I sent in an application and remember pouring my heart out in the essay portion, ending with the sentence "I have so much to learn."

I was admitted with a full-tuition scholarship, and just like that found myself at Bennington College. I am not a planner by nature, and the transition from a small high school with proscribed academics to a school where there were four course requirements with a self-guided reading list and required paper was daunting. I had trouble organizing myself. (There is a diagnosis for that now.) When I signed up for four academic courses the first semester, I was completely overwhelmed by mid-semester. My advisor at the time noted, looking at my list of courses, that I was "not at NYU" and encouraged me to explore art courses, through which I discovered my major. The ceramics studio and pottery got me through. Thank you Stanley Rosen!

NRT was a terrific break from academics and I loved having jobs. The first two years I lived with my sister in Brooklyn. The first year I was a substitute daycare teacher, and the second, a floor clerk on the 3-to-11 p.m. shift at a New York hospital. I sewed dresses for a shop in Boston, and the last year I made mold covers at Bennington Potters. The domestic arts were always my forté.

It has taken years to appreciate the wonder of that long-ago gift of a progressive education—not having to work for grades and to focus on ideas, literature, and art. My Bennington education has influenced me in an unconscious way throughout my life.

The enduring friendships formed during this time were of equal importance. We were girls who came of age during a backdrop of the Vietnam War, Kennedy's assassination, development of the birth control pill, and were trusted to manage our own lives on campus without the usual social rules.

I remember the gravel paths surrounding the common lawn, the tall elm trees, the monastic rooms at Kilpatrick House, the mountains in the distance. I loved the dining rooms with the Windsor chairs, and I liked the green starched waitress uniforms that we wore, serving dinner. I remember Nesselrode pie and the baked Alaska that was served before the winter NRT break. I remember Mike the Chef, and Annie the Kilpatrick housekeeper. We had one phone booth in the hallway, which I do not ever remember using. I was awed by the girl who called her boyfriend long distance every week!



After graduation I went to New York and walked into a job at the newly expanded welfare department. I was hired by the Homemaking Department Services as a supervising field worker. I traveled all over the city, including Brooklyn and Queens, supervising 10 homemakers who were placed in homes of the elderly or disabled or families at risk of having their children removed from the home. It was pure social work, and I discovered I was good at hearing clients' stories, evaluating home situations, and conducting training sessions with homemakers, who were often older women of different ethnicities.

After a year in New York I went to San Francisco and then to Boston in 1967. The early '70s were years of restlessness in my life but I did participate in a ceramics co-operative studio, and when that dissolved, I made pots at Radcliffe College. I knew that I could never support myself making pottery. I needed graduate school, and the absence of grades at Bennington came home to roost when I applied to social work school and discovered that my academic record with grades kept secretly looked bad on paper. I also wanted something more hands-on than social work, and I wanted to experience the events of birth and death. I earned my BS in Nursing from UMass Boston. I loved being a nurse, having an immediately recognizable function that society trusts.

I spent 30 years working as a psychiatric nurse. There is always something new to learn when working directly with people, and it has been the humanities that have informed my work with patients. Avid reading of novels, biographies, and memoirs continue to add insight and enhance my understanding of people.

I have been married for 35 years to Barry Innerfield and embraced a stepfamily of three grown children. My daughter Sophie was born in 1983. I have five step-grandchildren and one grandchild born February 3, 2015, named Elena in honor of my grandmother, my mother, and my sister.

Gloria Gil, who counseled me at Bennington, remarked that I was probably a "late bloomer." Every skill I cultivated at Bennington is now put to perfect use in retirement. I have a small studio in my second home in Bath, Maine where I sew clothes and quilts. My biggest joy is a routine daily life, which includes a solitary trail walk with my dog Caesar, at least two books to read at all times, cooking great meals for friends and family, and caring for my baby granddaughter. Bennington taught me that there is no end to what we can learn in this life, and I embrace that philosophy every day.

## Wendy Erdman-Surlea

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At the Restaurant Le Coupe-Chou,  
Paris, France, 2014

I am contributing this update to avoid being represented in a 50th reunion book solely by a dorky freshman-year photo.

I actually do remember the 1960s, though I probably shouldn't. After Bennington, which inspired me in many ways and provided me with indelible resources, I lived in Manhattan, continued voice studies with Frank Baker and others, worked doing backup and voice-over jobs in recording studios, learned to play guitar, joined the singer-songwriter movement in Greenwich Village, moved into a loft, recorded an album of original songs, performed opera, and gave concerts of contemporary classical songs including one alumna performance in the Carriage Barn. I recited Angus MacLise poetry with LaMonte Young at the Balloon Farm (later the Electric Circus) on St. Mark's Place and performed in Jack ("Flaming Creatures") Smith's *Death of Bessie Smith* (my character was Mark Smith of the Smith Brothers—*Trade* and *Mark*—Cough Drops). I modeled for art classes, sold shoes, spent a year at Doubleday Publishers' Anchor Books, another year assisting early Bennington pioneer dancer Martha Hill in Juilliard's

Dance Department, and was briefly a caseworker for the Department of Social Services in Bedford Stuyvesant. Summers, I was a frequent visitor to the Hugg Family commune in the orchards outside of Pownal and participated in the love-ins, smoke-ins, be-ins, and protests of the time. I definitely inhaled.

In 1972, Jean Erdman (former Martha Graham dancer, wife of mythologist Joseph Campbell) invited me, her cousin, to join a group of actors, dancers, and musicians in founding an experimental repertory theater company. The music director was Teiji Ito, with whom Jean had collaborated in her internationally acclaimed dance theater production *Coach with the Six Insides*, based on James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*. The first venture of the Theater of the Open Eye was to stage William Butler Yeats dance plays in a production called *Moon Mysteries*.



Bennington, VT, 1968



The Cat and The Moon, Theater of the  
Open Eye NYC 1974

We went on to create theater pieces based on Robert Frost poems, Haitian *vodun*, Tahitian music and dance, even Eskimo poetry. Besides several NYC seasons, some performances at the Library of Congress and summers at Lucille Lortel's White Barn Theater, we toured the U.S. and Canada conducting weeklong college residencies and performing our "Total Theater" repertory. A highlight of my time with this company was two months in the Hawaiian Islands researching and performing *Gauguin in Tahiti* (1976), while living on the fairy-tale Dillingham Ranch on the North Shore of Oahu.

I contributed to various other NYC Off-Off Broadway theater productions as a performer and composer. I picked up a master's degree in ethnomusicology from Hunter College. And in 1978, I became music workshop director for HAI Hospital Audiences Inc., conducting workshops in institutional settings (my day job), while simultaneously (nights and weekends) performing singing telegrams for Music Box Inc.



With my sons, Ionny and Petrica  
Surlea, 1982

To watch the evolution from the Ceaușescu regime through post-revolution awakening, to today's modern NATO country, complete with shopping malls (but still lacking in sustained economic development or a reliable national transportation system) while the old traditions, dance and music are still very much alive in Romania's agrarian society.

On Long Island, I obtained a teaching certificate and began public school music teaching. I conducted a church choir for a decade, but for 25 years taught primarily string orchestra in Suffolk County, earned a School District Administrator's certificate, and coordinated the Teacher Mentor Program in my district. I am a New York State School Music Association All-State String Adjudicator and play first violin in a community orchestra.



Oysters at Rosses Point, Sligo, Ireland  
with my sister Heidi, 2005

I am now retired from teaching, still living on the North Shore of Long Island. I have three grandchildren under the age of 4 years who delight and amaze me.



Socol, Caras-Severin, Romania with  
Peter's mother and aunt, 2008



Ionny's children Benjamin and Alexandra,  
Charlotte, NC, 2015



We travel to Europe once or twice a year to visit family in England, Germany, and Romania. I love revisiting Paris and Hawaii as well as exploring other parts of the world, but appreciate proximity to greater New York, an international airport and many dear friends. My routine passions include swimming in Long Island Sound and walking with my loyal canine companion Marley in the picturesque parks and harbors of Setauket and Stony Brook.

**Bennington Memories**

Driving the fire truck: midnight drills and brush fire battles beyond “the wall,” late-night French pastry treats in North Bennington, Jennings!

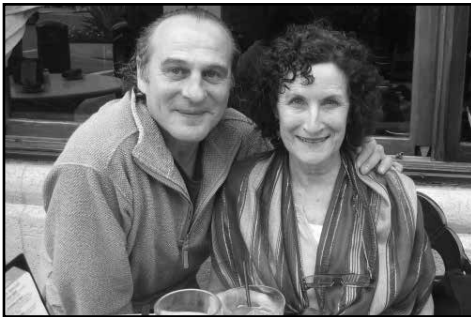
Music Department extravaganzas: the Oratorio of Fire that coincided with a major conflagration in downtown Bennington, Henry Brant compositions, Lou Calabro’s “Ceremonial March” (which, years later, my Smithtown High School students performed), and of course the music faculty’s “Titanic moment:” giving a concert for the Bennington community two days after John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

Weekly performing workshops, investigating the botany of *cannabis sativa* with my counselor Woody, listening to Howard Nemerov read Gerard Manley Hopkins under the trees, pre-breakfast voice lessons with Frank Baker, Bob Dylan in the Commons Theater, German drills in the language laboratory, Jo Van Fleet’s sunglasses, Danny McKayle, Paul Boepple, SILO, the stimulating creative energies of my many talented classmates. And always, the wonderful mountains, awe-inspiring views and rambles, bicycling to “the other side” and making music, music, music.

Setauket, New York, March 2015



*Petrica’s son Jackson, Port Jefferson, NY, 2015*



*Peter and Wendy in San Jose, CA, 2010*



*Wedding guests, New York, 2008*



*On the boardwalk, Brighton, England, 2013*

**Rima Gitlin Faber**

Silver Spring, MD  
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I came to Bennington after five years under the wing of Martha Graham. Bill Bales was my Papa, Jack Moore opened avant-garde to me, but I learned the most from Martha and Joe Wittman, whose comments were always clearly illuminating. I never looked back at the Graham religion.

I took as much psychology as rehearsals permitted and remember Lou Carini walking into class, putting his foot up on an aging desk, and leaning on his knee with a challenging, “How do babies think? They can’t use words.” The class erupted into an uproar of heated response, and this shaped my career in dance. I have become a nationally recognized expert in dance for children culminating currently as Chair of the Dance Task Force for the National Coalition for Core Arts Standards. Artistic creativity is coupled with cognitive development (visit [nationalartsstandards.org](http://nationalartsstandards.org)).

I had kids young and, well versed in Vygotsky, Luria, Cassirer, and Piaget, realized my second grade daughter could not learn verbally. As a choreographer I easily explained her schoolwork to her in dance. I performed with Katy Litz and Doborah Haye, directed a dance nucleus called “Consolidated Energy,” then moved to DC, performed with Liz Lerman and Pola Nirenska. By 1980 I was divorced, formed The Primary Movers dance studio and children’s performance company, and was teaching academics through dance in DC public schools. I noticed teachers revered anyone with the title “Dr.” so in 1992 I decided to get myself one. But I had to first get a master’s degree. I signed up at American University for a master’s in the Dance Department and a doctorate in Education. The traditional educational system came as a shock.

My first hurdle was the GREs. I had not taken an exam since 1961 in high school. Studying for it, I realized that my fairly extensive vocabulary, absorbed by inference and improvisation, was embarrassingly inaccurate, and I have been insulting people my whole life. I apologize if you were a victim. Garrulous means overly talkative, not vivaciously expressive. I loved getting back into math, hired a tutor by bartering lessons for massage therapy sessions, but found myself heavy into Chaos Theory, not a GRE topic. I discovered I have a tracking problem when I finished the second section of the math exam and found myself filling in bubble 31 when there were only 30 problems. Then there was the fact I suffer from vocationally acquired dyslexia, a problem of reversals from facing my students, saying “right/left” and moving “left/right.”

The Dance Department at American University was a delight. Naima Prevots, Chair at the time, is a brilliant woman who knows how to inspire and challenge her students on any level and in any direction of interest. However, I remember my first research paper. She read the opening paragraph and asked me, “What is the citation for this?” I wasn’t even sure what she meant by “citation.” I replied, “It’s my analysis.” She said, “You can’t put your analysis in a research paper. It has to be a quote.” I lengthened my spine. “Then I’ll quote myself.” I was told



I couldn't quote myself until I had my doctorate, so when I received my doctorate, I sent Naima a postcard with quotations around my words of appreciation to her. I won't go into my experience in the School of Education. I realized within the first month that it had nothing to do with education. Having spent 14 years in the public school trenches of southeast Washington, DC (reality), I did not suffer easily under career-hungry professors in theory-land or their shallow textbooks and course exams, but got my PhD in a speedy three years.

So, I closed The Primary Movers, my dance studio of 20 years and, armed with plans to find security, health insurance, and a pension, I found no university wanted an aging dance Pied Piper with no fame to claim.

In my graduate work, I had joined National Dance Association, which was under the umbrella of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation, and Dance (AAHPERD). There was some fabulous artistic work being done and deep re-thinking about dance education, but the surrounding thousands of gym-jocks and their attitude toward the sport of dance made the hair on my arms curdle. When the executive director of NDA asked if I wanted to come to a meeting about splitting from AAHPERD, I replied, "You betcha!" I ended up pivotal. I took the incorporation papers downtown as founding president. I also knew I had no idea how to run a national organization, so my first job as president was to nominate a president, who turned around and asked me to be executive director. After six months of playing with the "big boys" in arts education, I knew the executive director of NDA had the national recognition and know-how needed to get National Dance Education Organization (NDEO) off and running, so Jane Bonbright came in as ED, and I partnered as Program Director for 13 years. I became a professional missionary for dance education (30 hours per day/10 days a week). Never got benefits.

NDEO is now the largest dance nonprofit organization in the nation (ndeo.org). I retired from the job four years ago, am back teaching kids at a local studio, and have found a new career teaching online dance education in pedagogy, assessment, and research for NDEO, Rutgers University, George Washington University, and University of North Carolina/Greensboro. My two daughters have had interesting journeys, the older in visual arts and a master's from Cornell in archeology (yes, dance taught her well), and the younger in publishing and now law. I have three granddaughters, 7, 11, and 14. None have red hair or are aiming toward dance, but we all love to move!

To read more detail, visit primarymovers.org. There is a link provided on the homepage for a cover article about me in *Dance Teacher* magazine, May 2014. There is also a short article I wrote for *Dance Magazine* and *Dance Teacher* projecting dance into a future in outer space, April 2015. By now, my book co-authored with Sandra Minton, *Thinking with the Dancing Brain*, should be published and available from Rowman & Littlefield. I am finally working on a book about The Primary Movers, a unique studio that approached dance training from multiple perspectives akin to art, education, and life. There is a video, *The Primary Movers Move Russia*, a documentary of 10 students performing in Russia in 1996.

## Alice Travis Germond

### Name while at Bennington: Alice Flores Ruby

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### The '50s (pre-Bennington)

- To White Plains, home of new stepmother and three stepbrothers.
- Back to New Jersey, new half-brother, Michael, and 9th grade at SO Jr. High.
- Columbia HS, play Anne in the *Diary of...*
- Modern dancing, romancing, and political awakening.
- New stepsister, Liz, that makes 8 but not the Brady bunch.

### The '60s (Bennington and beyond)

- Bennington College, graduate '65, Malamud, Nemerov, David Smith, others
- March on Washington, '63. SDS Tutoring in Newark
- National College Queen, crowned on *Ed Sullivan Show*
- Macy's Thanksgiving and Rose Bowl Parade appearances
- Marry Larry Travis, Far East Asia cameraman for NBC News/Huntley-Brinkley
- '65-'66 Japan, Vietnam, Hong-Kong, India. Soundman and teacher.



- Return to U.S., Los Angeles.
- Teacher, multiple-handicapped blind, learn Braille.
- Move from apartment to Hollywood Hills.
- David born 1967.

- Bobby Kennedy Campaign.
- Start grad school.
- Abigail, 1969.

### The '70s

- Finish grad school, Cal. State LA. 4.0 average
- McGovern Campaign.
- Beginning of feminist movement.
- Larry films *Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert*
- Dad has MS.
- Elected Chair, Women's Caucus CDC; Women's Division CA Party.
- Summer vacations in Jackson Hole.
- Brown Gubernatorial and Presidential Campaigns. 1st National Convention (haven't missed one since 1974).
- Sandy (brother) has heart attack at 39. Lives.
- Larry wins an Emmy for LA Earthquake.
- Start jogging/running.
- State Criminal Justice Commissioner (public member)
- Move, Pacific Palisades – pool and tennis court.

### The '80s

- Run for LA City Controller (second in primary).
- Elected Democratic National Committeewoman.
- Co-Chair, Gary Hart Campaign.
- Dad and stepmother (Judy) divorce.
- David, Abby graduate high school.
- Climb the Grand Teton.
- Elected Democratic Chair of National Women's Political Caucus.
- Chair group who put Ferraro on ticket.
- Learn to scuba dive.
- Dad dies.
- Deputy Political Director, Dukakis Campaign.
- Travel to 22 states, IA Caucus and NH Primary.
- Divorce/move to Washington, DC.
- Political Director, Ron Brown, Chairman of DNC.
- Buy lovely old townhouse on Capitol Hill.

### The '90s

- David graduates USC.
- Major jobs at DNC.
- Jack Germond moves in.
- Discover England.
- CA Political Director, Clinton-Gore '92, finally a Presidential win.
- We take David and Abby to Mexican ruins, the next year Costa Rica.
- Jack and I marry.
- Find perfect country home, 6.5 acres on Shenandoah, last house, private road, across river from nature preserve. Begin fixing it up.
- Discover Scotland.
- New kitchen.
- David marries Yukari.
- Pass Master Gardener course, grow flowers and organic veggies.
- Kathy (sister) marries, has Scotty in her mid-40s.



- Abigail a rock star, tours with Beck, Lollapalooza.
- Work for CBS Election Division, AFL-CIO and SEIU.
- Attend White House State Dinners.
- Sell Capitol Hill house, get condo on Potomac (two-river family).
- Boondoggle *QE II* crossing and a Mediterranean voyage (they pay Jack), ends in Venice.
- Become a grandma: Sonja arrives.
- Head hunted, become VP of NARAL Pro-Choice America.
- New kitchen.
- Trip to France.

### The '00s

- A two-time grandma: Joe!
- Jack's first solo book: *Fat Man in a Middle Seat*.
- Russia (Moscow and midnight train to St. Petersburg) and Berlin.
- David a public school teacher, inner-city Los Angeles.
- Elected Secretary of the Democratic National Committee.
- Discover Provence.
- Add sunroom to the country house.

- Jack's congestive heart failure—twice—very scary.
- Abby the bass player for the Bangles.
- Call Roll for Kerry at National Convention. Brothers and sisters come.
- Add fruit to garden projects, espalier pears.
- Re-elected to my job as Secretary. Unopposed.
- A kayak for river outings.
- Discover Tuscany and Lake Como.
- Sonja and Joe reading.
- Two dogs, golden retriever/yellow lab mix. Freddie, Ginger.
- Have now removed linoleum, formica, metal doors, vinyl siding, re-done every room but two, and added decks, screened porch—in another 10 years I'll stop painting.
- Presidential election time again...
- Call Roll to nominate Obama in Denver...and he wins!
- Honfleur and Normandy trip.
- Jack's daughter and 4 grandchildren start visiting regularly.
- Re-elected DNC Secretary. Unopposed.

### The '10s

- Jack finally writing his novel.
- New living room with slate and hardwood floor.
- See the tulips in Holland.
- Brother Sandy dies.
- England with Abby, Spain w. Sandy's wife Gretchen.

- Call the Roll and re-nominate Obama.
- David buys a bar music venue! (later named best new place in LA).
- Jack struggling.
- Sonja and Joe "gifted."
- Campaign in my 50th state.
- Jessie visits more often.
- New secretary chosen for DNC.
- Jack finishes his novel and gets it published.
- Jack dies.
- Visit and lecture in China.
- Miss Jack.
- Abby now bass player for The Go-Go's. Plays the Hollywood Bowl and Wolf Trap.
- Sprinkle Jack's ashes in the Shenandoah.
- Retire then elected to at-large member of DNC.
- Trips to Croatia and first solo cruise to Turkey and Greece.
- Appointed by Obama to Presidential Commission.
- Sell country house. Move full time into condo.
- Dog Freddy must go to a new home.
- Start painting again. Pictures not rooms.
- Still running 40–50 minutes alternate days.
- Miss Jack.
- Got a garden plot.
- Abby getting married. Tommy Johnston, from Northern Ireland.
- My third Act begins....



# Barbara Glasser

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## To Whom It May Concern:

Bennington was simply the most wonderful thing that happened to me (up until the time I had my extraordinary daughter, Eva Holiday DeAngelis-Glasser, in 1985, in my 40th year. Talk about waiting until the last minute).

When I told my father that I was applying to the most expensive college in the country, he said, “It doesn’t matter where you apply, we can’t afford to send you any place.”

I got in. Got a scholarship. Waited tables, worked at the snack bar, recorded student concerts. I was profoundly grateful for every day of the three years I spent in paradise on 450 acres (with 350 students). (My first year, at Queens College, was just like Jamaica High School, only I had to take two buses to get there.) I used to say, “More than an acre per student.” After I graduated: “They threw me out.”

On my website SilverFoxCinema.com (shameless plug) and here I quote myself: “Barbara Glasser was raised in Jamaica, Queens, and learned the meaning of life at Bennington College.”

I’m so glad my daughter was able to go to Bennington (Class of ’07). She is currently not speaking to me; however, I’m sure Eva will come around and forgive me my trespasses sometime soon. “After all, I am her mother.” – Ruth Draper, *The Italian Lesson*.

Although it does not fit the format so kindly provided (when do Bennington students fit the mold?), I hereby submit my “NAME-DROPPING CV” for the 1965 Class Reunion publication.

## Name-Dropping CV (or Brief History of a Bennington Girl)

According to Barbara Glasser, a job is for three years: the first year you learn it; the second year you do it; the third year, you’re bored with it. The goal, after all, is self-actualization and attempting to make the world a better place.

## First job after graduating from Bennington: Production Assistant—Alfred A. Knopf

Asked: “Why do you want to be a “production assistant?” Glasser answered: “I’ve *always* wanted to be a production assistant,” and got the job. She worked on the manuscripts of Muriel Spark and John Updike, et al., and learned how to pronounce: [K.N.O.P.F.].



Photo by Tim Tarney @ 1963

## Teacher of English and the Humanities – I.S. 117M: Grades 6, 7, 8

Glasser heard of a program to become a teacher without the required education courses. Although the deadline had passed, Barbara was accepted, and started teaching in East Harlem. Fulfilling a perceived need, she created a Reader based on student writing, which Random House liked enough to assign to Toni Morrison, (yes, the Toni Morrison who was an editor in the School Division before she wrote *The Bluest Eye*, and the rest is history). Alas, there was an upper echelon shake-up and the innovative Reader was shelved, but Toni had been criticized for not using her expense account enough, so she and Barbara enjoyed many fine lunches and stayed in touch throughout the years. Her experiences at I.S. 117M also inspired Glasser to write the picture book, *Leroy, Oops!* published by Cowles Communications.

## Associate Editor—The Macmillan Company

Combining her teaching experience and publishing background, Glasser landed a position in the Editorial Department of Macmillan’s School Division. On her first day at work, her darling superior, Stanley E. Loeb, hands her a manuscript and tells her to review it and write a critique. At the end of the day, Glasser waltzes into his office with her evaluation. “That’s supposed to take two weeks,” he says sweetly. Barbara knew she would have time to write her juvenile novel, motivated by her years in East Harlem, about a charismatic inner-city teen sent to spend the summer with relatives down South where he learns about his cultural heritage. *Bongo Bradley* was published by Hawthorn Books (after being rejected by 13 publishers), displayed at the Donnell Library as an outstanding Young Adult novel, and selected to be reprinted in paperback by Ballantine Books, where Barbara met Nicholas Guest who starred in her movie *Night City Angels*—brother of Chris Guest who made a slew of hilarious movies including *Best in Show*. And *Bongo Bradley* was optioned for film and television, before going out of print. (For whatever reason, Ballantine never did publish *Bongo Bradley* in paperback.)

As her three years at Macmillan were coming to an end, Glasser was asked to create the fourth- and sixth-grade components of *Composing Language*, Macmillan’s innovative K–12 Language Arts Series, which received raves in all the learned journals. Nonetheless, Macmillan published a competing series to *Composing Language* and unfortunately the royalties were slim.

## Filmmaker

With her juvenile novel optioned for film and TV, Glasser thought it was time to go to LA., where she ultimately learned that many are optioned but few are made. However, she fell in with a group of ne’er-do-wells, including David Proval, Chris Mulkey, (and others you’ve probably never heard of). Heavenly Productions was created to produce *Night City Angels*, a 40-minute comedy/fantasy (too long for a short, too short for a long), (with music by the world-renown Michael Kamen), about a troubled young woman in New York City and her guardian angel Amelia Earhart, who is a member of an ad hoc committee composed of Aristotle, Daddy Bigbucks, Harriet Tubman, and Joan of Arc, to do something about other angels who do nothing but sit around and play their harps all day. *Night City Angels* was featured in the Seattle Film Festival (where Heavenly Productions was stiffed their promised share of the gate), sold to KQED, considered as a pilot for a series in which each week a different guardian angel from among the greats of history use their wisdom to assist a human *in extremis*. While *Night City Angels* failed to realize its potential at that time, it must have had good dhara because it was reincarnated on a ma-

jor network (which I’m not sure was entirely coincidental), although they totally missed the main point of diversifying the angels). Creating a series to introduce Fred Astaire, Galileo, Hildegard of Bingen, Frederick Douglass, Confucius, etc. to a generation for whom significant figures from the past are unknown continues to obsess the Glasser-girl. (*Night City Angels*: available for purchase on Amazon and for viewing in its entirety on the website: SilverFoxCinema.com.)

Filmmaking was the perfect life for (a bipolar, manic-depressive, paranoid-schizophrenic, with a personality disorder such as) Glasser. She wrote screenplays for years and tried to get another picture into production, but that was not meant to be (at least not at that time), and 15 years flies by very quickly when you’re congenitally adept at success-avoidance, so she segued into real estate and never looked back.

**Realtor**

It was fun at first. Those were the salad days when a chipmunk could have been successful in real estate. Any two-bit charlatan could amass a fortune. However, Glasser’s interests lay in other areas. She (along with others) formed the Clinton Coalition of Concern (CCC), to try and stop the Times Square Project, which they saw as threatening her Hell’s Kitchen neighborhood (now being gentrified as “Clinton”), and a blatant land grab by the rich millionaires to take property from the poor millionaires on the cheap. Glasser asked one of the poor millionaires, “Can’t you get good lawyers?” He answered, “We have good lawyers. They have the judges.” While ultimately not stopped, the CCC delayed the project for many years, and NYC eventually coughed up \$25 million to preserve Hell’s Kitchen’s low- and moderate-income housing stock.

**Return of the Dream**

Reading *The Angel of Forgetfulness* and then *The Frozen Rabbi*, Glasser fell in love with the author Steve Stern. While recovering from hip replacement surgery, Barbara read Stern’s short story “Hyman the Magnificent,” from *A Plague of Dreamers* and bolted upright. She knew she had to turn this story into a movie. It took her about six weeks to reach Stern, this spectacular writer, so dedicated to obscurity and penury that it sticks to him like secondhand smoke. When Glasser told Stern what she wanted to do, he said, “I guess you don’t have money for an option.” She answered, “Right!” and he said, “Okay, you have the rights.” During the process of producing the coming-of-age romantic comedy, now called *Son of Houdini*, about an orphan in 1926 Memphis, TN who has reason to believe that the great Houdini might be his father; a film that demonstrates: finding true love may be the greatest trick of all, Glasser got side-tracked by the Svengali, Quanah J. Hicks, into producing the psy-fi feature *1.7 Alpha*, (a psychological drama with science-fiction overtones), sure to become a cult classic. *1.7 Alpha*, soon to be making the rounds of the Film Festivals, will find its way into your devices, one way or t’other, and Glasser is now back on track, joyfully producing *Son of Houdini*—participation positions available. Another of Glasser’s scripts is currently being considered by Sandra Bullock’s people. (Barbara only had to sign over all her rights, as well as her first grandchild for the honor of their perusing her Female Buddy-Buddy Romantic Comedy, the “mother of all chick flicks,” *Return to Sender*.) Regardless, Glasser is unabashedly undeterred and continues to make astonishing in-roads into the Hollywood power structure; most prominently (and in the very near future), she will be taking a meeting with Paul Rudd’s father-in-law.

Objectives: Acknowledging that the likelihood of her becoming President of the United States of America is growing slim, Glasser will settle for a chance to turn her screenplays (comedies—without car chases, obscenity, nudity, crudity, or the ingestion of questionable substances: *Two Men and a Casket*, *Prison Rabbi*, *Fighting Freddie*, et al.) into feature films that have the potential to make the world a better, funnier, and more compassionate place; (and, as an aside, give her a shot at fleeting immortality).

References upon request.

Her friends are few, but she can produce letters of recommendation, given 24 hours notice—her dot matrix printer takes a while to warmup. As for her business associates, they’ll be happy to comply, contingent upon functioning hearing aids and receipt of a signed confidentiality agreement.

This CV is far from all inclusive.

One of Barbara’s many mottos: *Quod cupio mecum est*.

(*What you want, you already have*.)

Representation: Joshua N. Cohen, Esq., Cohen & Coleman, LLP

## Sheila Diamond Goodwin

I went to college because of my mother's insistence. I wanted to go straight into professional theater. I had been studying acting since the age of 12 and had already done two seasons of Summer Stock before starting Bennington. After my first year as a drama major, Bennington tried to dissuade me away from my dreams of becoming an actress. I persisted. I left Bennington in my senior year after I was asked to join the theater company I was working for during my Non-Resident Term. I completed my diploma in absentia. When my diploma arrived, I sent it to my mother.

My two favorite things about Bennington were the small group of friends I made (Mary Kelley, I am blessed to say, is still in my life) and Bernard Malamud. What an honor to have known this great writer, gifted educator, and supporter of my dreams. He told me in freshman literature class that I spoke "a better English than I wrote." He taught me to write and convinced me to buy a typewriter. (Remember those days of handwritten papers?) I can still see him sitting in Commons, when I told him about my acting job and leaving Bennington. He gave me that quiet smile and said, "You did It."



I have had a successful acting career, mostly in television and I recently retired at 65. Last year I had the good fortune of returning to my first love, the theater, and perform in three plays. In my 40s, I decided, during a long acting dry period, to go to graduate school and get my degree to become a psychotherapist. I went to the school of social work at USC.

Psychology was my minor at Bennington. It wasn't until I attended USC that I blessed my mom for insisting I get my BA and Bennington for giving me such an incredible education. Bennington was HARD, everything after was easy. Graduate school seemed like high school. The depth and richness of knowledge, the primary texts, the unbearable and truthful comments—my lord, what an education!! And so Bennington (and mom) I say, THANK YOU!!

I am happily married, have three sons, one granddaughter, dogs, horses, and a thriving therapy practice in Bellingham, Washington. Life goes on. Happy 50th to all my classmates here and beyond.

## Bay Hallowell

BA in Painting and Drawing, 1965

I really did not want to go to college but unaware of other options, I feared that I might fall into a bottomless black hole if I didn't. Then I heard about Bennington and its emphasis on progressive education—learning through direct experience and designing one's own program of study. That appealed to me. When I visited the campus the admissions director, Rebecca Stickney, told me that I could make art, read literature, and maybe come out with a college degree. I decided to give it a try.

A few memories: sitting at Bernard Malamud's feet during freshman ILang & lit seminars in the living room of Canfield House... modern dance and life drawing classes on the third floor of the Commons building... Paul Feeley's "Beatles" haircut...being in Jules Olitski's office when he was notified that he had won a prize at the Carnegie International exhibition... Marilyn Frasca's intriguing art-making assignments...Working alone in the ceramics studio and hearing on the radio about JFK's assassination...Visiting David Smith in Bolton Landing (a field trip organized by Stanley Rosen)...Learning brilliant approaches to looking at art and writing art criticism with Peter Stroud and Lawrence Alloway...Paul Feeley's weekly visits to my off-campus studio in an old IGA food market in North Bennington...selling two paintings from my senior show to an architect in Bennington...

For my first NRT (Non-Resident Term) job, I wrote a letter to Sherman Lee, a distinguished Asian art historian and the director of the Cleveland Museum of Art. To my surprise, he wrote back, offering me \$250 per month to do typing for the Prints and Drawings Department. I spent many boring hours transferring names, dates, and provenance information onto little index cards. And, I learned how to measure works on paper for mats (some by Rembrandt), listened in on conversations between dealers, donors, and the two female curators, and toured the storage areas—which included wall-size racks full of paintings by Rubens. It was an eye-opener.

When I was living in Pittsburgh with my first husband, Bill—a young mother with two small children—I realized that my Bennington education with a major in painting and drawing had not included art history. Thinking that I wanted to teach art at some point, I decided to investigate the possibility of becoming a docent at The Carnegie Museum of Art. The curator of education took a look at my résumé, especially the Bennington part, and offered me a paid position in charge of children's programs. A large studio space for children in the brand-new wing of the museum was empty and waiting for activity. My responsibilities quickly mushroomed to include fundraising, designing programs, teaching, hiring and training teachers, ordering supplies, writing reports, balancing budgets, and mopping the floor. When I felt overwhelmed, memories of my experiences at Bennington kicked in and I remembered that I could figure it out.

Initially, I collaborated with artists, as well as a teacher of music (who used Orff instruments) and a dancer (trained in Laban technique) to create integrated arts programs for all ages in the museum galleries and the Children's





Studio. Later, I connected with mimes, storytellers, and puppeteers and together we created all sorts of classes, performances, and events based on art in the museum. Fred Rogers of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* invited me to be his special friend at the museum and we taped a show together that is still being aired. Soon after, Fred's company, Family Communications, endowed my position at the museum.

When an exhibition of original drawings by Dr. Seuss was scheduled, I decided to create a *Family Guide to Ten Works of Art in The Carnegie*, hoping that Dr. Seuss himself might select them and illustrate the book. His lawyers denied the request, but I ended up working with Ed Koren, whose cartoons of hairy people continue to be featured in *The New Yorker* magazine today. Together, we came up with ideas that he sketched and faxed to me—instantly! The book was so popular that we did a sequel several years later.

Then, I inherited the Saturday morning art class program for middle school students recommended by their public school art teachers—the same program previously attended by Andy Warhol and Philip Pearlstein. These classes alternated between drawing in the museum galleries and working in third-floor studios located above the Hall of Architecture. Every three years, provocative Carnegie International exhibitions provided stimulating ideas and events for all the classes and programs I oversaw. One year, the painter Agnes Martin was part of the International and came to speak. I sat in the front row and listened intently as she quietly emphasized that one doesn't need to *make* art every day if one *thinks* about making art every day.

After 18 years at The Carnegie, I moved to Philadelphia with my second husband, George, and became involved with special projects for the Division of Education at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The director of this world-class art museum, Anne d'Harnoncourt, was an inspiring leader who supported education fully. We were able to create "a museum without walls" in schools and libraries throughout Philadelphia and beyond by publishing large, laminated, and beautifully printed color reproductions of artworks in the museum's collections and exhibitions. These teaching posters are so sturdy that kids can touch, draw, and even paint on them! Photos, accompanied by artists' quotes, biographical information, and suggestions for curriculum connections (written by me with the help of teacher advisors) are printed on the reverse of each. Preschool through college and university-age students use them individually and teachers who cannot visit the museum with their students use them for teaching in their classrooms.

My professional life intertwined rather beautifully with both of my children's lives during this time. My daughter, Tasha, was teaching social studies at Mount Anthony Union High School in Bennington and we spent hours on the phone together devising ways that she could use visual art as a catalyst for her students' learning. My son, Ben, was in medical school at Thomas Jefferson University in Philadelphia and one of his professors had instigated a class on art and healing that met regularly at the Philadelphia Museum of Art that I assisted with.

In addition to my work at the museum, I was invited to teach a required graduate seminar, Contemporary Issues in Art Education, at the Tyler School of Art, Temple University. The students included recent art school graduates as well as veteran art teachers returning for their Master of Education degrees and I learned as much from them as they did from me. We delved into all sorts of issues—feminism, gender, race, class, multiculturalism, and censorship—and how they relate to teaching art. I tried to create a learning environment for my students that was as hands-on and individualized as mine had been at Bennington.

Although I wasn't planning to retire from such rewarding work, in 2008 George received an intriguing job offer in Santa Barbara, CA. I realized that I would soon be 65 years old and that I could. The possibility of new adventures on the West Coast called. After taking one class in printmaking at Santa Barbara City College, I was hooked! All the years of looking and analyzing, reading, writing, and teaching about art have now given way to me making my own art. The creative process can be scary, lonely, challenging, and exhilarating. The community here is very supportive of older artists and I am fortunate to have had three solo shows—each of which has been reviewed. (My website is bayhallowell.com.)

Living far away from my family on the East Coast gives me pangs. However, I love visiting them and sometimes they visit us in California! Tasha is based in Williamstown, MA where she has her own yoga studio, Tasha Yoga, and a husband who is a professor at Williams College. Ben and his wife, also a physician, and their two sons live in Madison, CT—Ben became a surgeon and works at the Smilow Cancer Center at Yale-New Haven Hospital, the hospital where he was born. And, luckily, my younger sister, Julie, lives in nearby Los Angeles.

## Sophia Healy

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### (LIFE)

I was at Yale Art School until 1962, but decided to finish my degree at Bennington because the art environment at the College was amazing.

I studied painting, sculpture, and ceramics at Bennington.

In 1967, I lived in Hawaii and did a lot of free diving.

When I returned to Vermont, I enjoyed very much teaching drawing and papermaking at Bennington College, 1968 to 1982. My students were so gifted. We collaborated a lot with the Black Music Division and with the Dance Division. Wendy Perron, her dancers, my drawing students, and I did some pieces together.

In 1982, I quit Bennington to spend more time at my handmade paper shop and to write novels. This was quite a surprise for me, the novels.

*Lone Stars* (Atlantic Monthly Press, 1986 hardcover, 1988 paperback)

*The Robber Girl* (Li Sever, 2010)

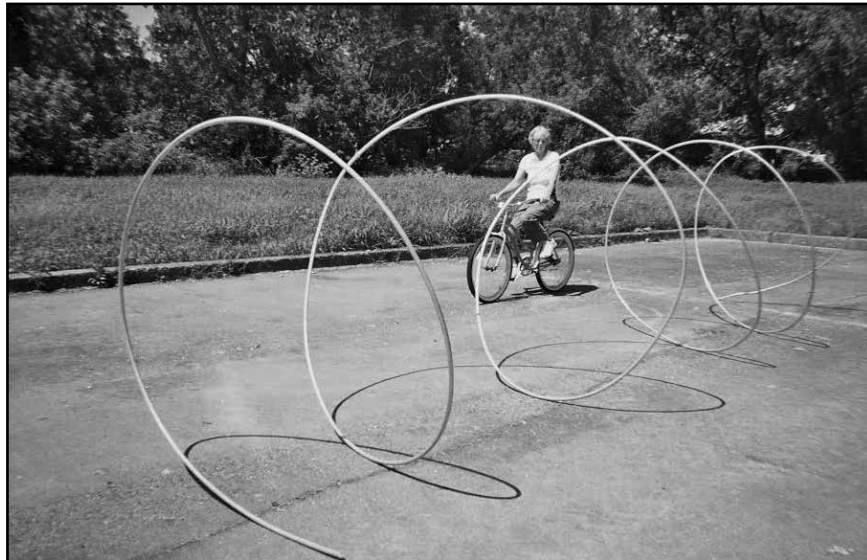
*Gobli, Herr Esel & Friends*, a book of fables in German (Li Sever, 2012)

“No Me Extranés Corazon” and “Dust and Forgetting,” two short stories, published in MANOA.

I have read at various venues from my work and exhibited my handmade paperworks internationally.

I keep writing novels and short stories, and making sculpture (exhibited every year at Studio 106 in San Antonio, Texas).

I live in Vermont, Florida, and Texas, and like traveling around in my truck. I also enjoyed farming in White Creek, New York, during the years I taught at Bennington. My first job when I moved to North Bennington in 1961 was trimming Christmas trees on George Holt’s farm!



Ever since I was a kid I have loved animals. At age 11, I could harness a team. I often brought my Bennington College students to White Creek to draw our pigs, cows, and trotting horses.

In the photo with my Huffy bike, I am about to thread through one of my sculptures on the sculpture platform in White Creek, NY. But first I must set the coils on fire!

In the photo on workhorse Dick, I am 9 years old, letting my friend Britt hold the reins. Note the grain sack saddle!

## Nina Levin Jalladeau

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At Bennington, I studied literature and theater and had the good fortune to have Bernard Malamud, Gene Baro, Paul Gray, and Frank Baker among my teachers, mentors, and friends. In New York City after Bennington, I worked with the Open Theatre and Café La Mama and also studied with George Morrison, whose teaching of improvisation was of great value and indirectly helped me to know that my real vocation was behind the scenes. In 1968, after working for Channel 13 and ABC News, I started working as production secretary in the movie business.

In 1969, drawn to good films, good conversation, and good living, I moved to France and continued to work in the movies (*Variety*, subtitles, and PR at the Cannes Film Festival). From 1979 to 1987, I worked for a French radio station, Europe 1, programming films and organizing international projects. In 1986, I married Alain Jalladeau, who had founded the Festival of 3 Continents (in the city of Nantes). I shared his commitment to introducing and promoting young filmmakers from Asia, Latin America, and Africa, many of whom have subsequently had international careers. Looking for films and filmmakers, we traveled together to international film festivals and to a number of countries in Asia where new friends and exposure to cultural differences provided opportunities to think about everything in new ways. After my first trip to China in 1987, supporting Chinese filmmakers became my priority and, in 1989, shortly after Tiananmen, I started learning Chinese. I became passionately interested in China—the people, language, culture, and philosophy—and, in 2002, moved to Beijing for 10 years. During that time, I also enjoyed the friendship and counsel of Donald Richie who liked to remind me that I was a Bennington girl. Donald had lived for almost 60 years in Tokyo where his otherness was the bedrock of his life and art. Writer and film critic as well as curator of film at MoMA from 1969 to 1972, he was a model cultural cosmopolite. The scope of his knowledge and inquiry was exemplary as was his treatment of others with generosity, kindness, and respect.

I continue to divide my time between France and Asia. My base is still Paris among friends, books, music, and (mostly old) films. I also spend time at the seashore in Vendée, savoring the past and the present as well as making plans for new adventures.

My years at Bennington left their mark on me. The diversity of interests and motivations they stimulated has been enriching, though it may also have been a detriment to a more accomplished career. It took me a long time to come down from my ivory tower and my natural disinclination to compromise, reinforced by my experience at Bennington, always made it difficult to make “sensible” choices.

Being marginal to the mainstream (also a Bennington tradition!) has never been comfortable anywhere, though I still have moments of nostalgia for the idealism and bohemian spirit of the early '60s in America as well as that moment in time when the mention of Bennington raised eyebrows.... France is xenophobic, but also has a tradition of political and artistic asylum that hopefully endures. Being an outsider both at home and abroad in spite of my dual citizenship has forced and allowed me to have an international life. Since Bennington, it has never been smooth sailing, but I am still looking forward to the rest of the trip.

I would be pleased to hear from old friends and people who have shared some of my interests and experiences. And would be happy to hear and tell about some of the rest...

La Tranche-sur-Mer (Vendée), April 1, 2015



## Jan Tupper Kearney

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**Then:** Literature and art and boys from Williams! These days, I'm interested in running my business (entertainment for events), being with my kids and grandkids, taking walks in the beautiful East Bay area of northern California, making costumes, endless Netflix, trying to meditate, reading books and *The New Yorker*, and just enjoying each day.

A big influence was George Finckel, my counselor. His joyfulness was infectious and energized me to be adventurous in all directions. Meeting with him once a week was the most valuable and long-lasting experience at Bennington. From Mr. Finckel and the whole spirit of Bennington, I learned that anything was possible, just had to "grab the gusto!"

Had to drop out of Bennington due to family financial problems. Took a year off working at the Library of Congress in the Poetry Office while Howard Nemerov was what is now called the Poet Laureate. While there, met Terry Cogley, whom I married two years later, and we joined the Peace Corps in India, mostly to avoid his being drafted into Vietnam. Fantastic experience in India, loved living in a small village. After India had two daughters, then, in 1976 Terry died of cancer. I then, on a whim, studied mime and clowning and started a business that evolved into "Cast of Thousands" and it's still going strong 35 years later.

Eleven years ago, I moved to Berkeley, CA to be near my two amazing daughters. It's been great, love it here, and now there are three grandchildren besides. I was pleasantly married for 10 years to Robert Kearney and more or less pleasantly divorced before I moved West. We're still friends.

I'm very grateful for the two exciting years at Bennington. I sometimes think of some of the "comments" I received. My all-time favorite was from the sculpture teacher, Stanley Rosen: "She cuts cardboard with swiftness!" And Mr. Rosen, wherever you are, I still do!



## Mary Kelley

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Wow, 50 years—really?

When I applied to Bennington in 1961, my high school principal said, "Mary, Nightingale-Bamford girls don't go to Bennington. They go to Smith, Vassar, or Bryn Mawr." She was too late. I had visited Bennington and instantly fallen in love.

I made the right choice. Bennington was the beginning of my life's journey, certainly the place where I felt understood, encouraged, and gained an aptitude for adventure and inquiry that has held me in good stead through the decades.

To sit at the feet of Bernard Malamud for Lang and Lit was a joy, and even when his scribbles on my short stories were critical, they were treasured and saved for decades as the pencil remarks faded. I'll never forget David Smith taking my arm while I was attempting a timid drawing for sculpture and said, "Bigger, you must go bigger!" as he pulled my hand across the paper. Vincent Longo's wonderful printmaking studio was a refuge in which I spent many evenings with my still-dear friend, Deborah (Rubin) Bluestein, who was far more gifted than I but always supportive and positive about my little etchings. At Bennington all things were possible. To Martha Wittman, I could dance; to Stanley Rosen, I could throw pots.



*All the grandkids and kids, July 2013*



I majored in theater and history, entering under the tutelage of Manuel Duque, a lovely man and fine acting teacher, but he left after a short time and we acting majors were thrown into the wilds of Sy Syna, a bear of a man, and finally Paul Gray who gave me a D because I reported him to the administration for making sexual advances to a student during my senior year. I didn't know about the grade until I applied to law school some 30 years later. While Duque directed several Lorca plays, Gray gravitated toward Genet's *The Balcony* and *The Maids*. There were good times when the charming and gentle Bill Sherman mentored us through light and set design for Commedia dell'Arte work and Allan Stevens put

on Faust with his magnificent puppets. Gene Baro, with his bellowing voice, yelled at us when we made uneducated remarks in Intro to the Theatre. I remember best his stories of Dylan Thomas. Not long ago I learned that his expertise was in the visual, not the performing, arts. Who cares? He was terrific. Can anyone forget the “Christmas” parties with students and faculty all weaving across the lawn from house to house for another spiked eggnog?

Marc Blitzstein taught a playwriting seminar in which I wrote possibly the worst play ever. LeRoi Jones visited and I was appointed chauffeur. Later in New York, he invited me to a rehearsal of *Dutchman*, the last play before he became Amiri Baraka.

My second major was history and Rush Welter was a wonderful counselor and teacher if not a theater aficionado. I learned more about American history in his class and did more writing about it than anywhere since. Now, at this age, I find myself reading history and nonfiction almost exclusively. And Myth, Ritual and Literature, Stanley Edgar Hyman. Unforgettable.

The Non-Resident Term, as we called it, was a true gift—a way for me to earn much-needed dollars and to get enough experience to obtain a paid summer job and an entry into the professional theater world I yearned for so much. Through the T. Edward Hambleton scholarship, I was able to spend months with APA Repertory at the Phoenix Theatre in New York with Ellis Rabb, Dom DeLuise, John McMartin, Nancy Marchand, Paul Sparer and stage managers Robert Moss, who founded Playwrights Horizon, and Gordon Davidson, later artistic director at the Mark Taper Forum. I worked 24/7 getting props for three shows and came down with mononucleosis at the end of the term. One of my fond memories now (not then) was Ellis Rabb yelling, “Get me some dates! I must have some dates,” and I ran out frantically to find them on the snowy East Side. Noel Coward came into our rehearsal room at Bohemian National Hall while I was taping out a set. I can’t remember what he said but I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

The next NRT I spent more than two months at the first Lincoln Center Repertory season in Washington Square as production assistant on Moliere’s *Tartuffe*, directed by Bill Ball, and watched Salome Jens, Larry Gates, Roy Scheider, and Hal Holbrook practice their craft as Jay Harnick stage managed. One day a short, rather old man with a cap came backstage and wandered around. He looked like a plumber, I said. I was kindly informed that Elia Kazan always looked like that. He was only 56 years old. So young was I.

When I graduated I had a job thanks to Norman Kean and Marilyn Miller at APA – Phoenix. As assistant to Lyn Ely, a blind producer who founded an Equity touring company, I got a crash course in producing firsthand. From



Pril, Mary, Deb, Sheila

there I was lucky to work at Columbia University’s graduate program in Theatre at the School of the Arts with another Bennington alum, Joan Gross (who is still a dear, dear friend), Joe Papp, and Bernie Gersten. I was never out of work and went on to be general manager at Williamstown Theatre Festival, The Big Apple Circus and executive director at ETC Theatre Company, and later started the Westbeth Theater Center. During the ’80s I worked at Warner Theatre Productions where we produced 22 shows on and off Broadway. But Broadway Theater changed in those years, and I realized I needed to move on. I became director of the New York operation of Hands Across America, a national fundraiser for domestic hunger involving Kenny Rogers and Lily Tomlin.

In 1977 my marriage to Williams alum Alby McMeen, who I had met in my junior year and married on the day of graduation, ended. Our two sons had spent time with both of us in New York and in 1983, after I left Warner Theatre Productions in burnout mode, I moved to Greece for six months. The journey was full of adventure and stress, but we lived on Crete, traveled to Italy and Israel. They were 11 and 14, probably not the best ages. My boss at Williamstown, Nikos Psacharopoulos, offered me his house on Sifnos for a couple of weeks that March, a time of peace and beauty where the boys had their own rooms. With little exception, I have been back to Sifnos annually for more than 30 years. It has been a sustaining retreat for me and my dear husband, Tom Field. Upon my return to the U.S. in ’83, I was offered the job of company manager of the *Evita* tour of South America. My boys stayed with their father and, learning Spanish by Berlitz tapes, I worked in Caracas, Quito, Lima, and Santiago for three unforgettable months.

Fifty years is a long time, a time gaining experience and hopefully a bit of wisdom. Bennington encouraged us to take chances and I am forever grateful. After I moved out of New York City in 1987—something I did not think I could ever do until I went to Greece and realized that life can be lived in many places—my husband and I re-opened and ran The Music Hall in Portsmouth, NH. It had been closed for a few years and had pigeons living in the rafters. Four years later I decided for the umpteenth time to abandon the arts and we moved to Boston where Tom was working with High Output Lighting. I went fulltime to New England School of Law in Boston. After passing the bar, I planned to go into elder law but after a stint in the Attorney General’s office in 1995, I returned to the arts world as executive director of the Massachusetts Cultural Council, the state agency for the arts, humanities, and sciences. When I started, I was able to begin or expand some wonderful programs, but when I retired 11 years later, I was spending 90 percent of my time pleading for funding from the legislature and advocating for arts education in the schools, still an unrealized dream.

Since retiring in 2007, I have been consulting with nonprofit cultural organizations through our company, The Field Organization (fieldorg.com), doing some writing, and recently teaching arts management at Merrimack College in North Andover, MA. For 19 years, I have served on the board of the New England Foundation for the Arts. My two sons have their own families now, one at Google in California and the other in the lighting business in New York. I am still adjusting to being a grandma to their five children.

Liz Lerman, Beate Becker, Barbara Kapp, Sheila Diamond, Pril Smiley...I have hired and been hired by and collaborated with many Bennington women—all sharp, creative, and intriguing. Is it the place or the people? No matter, it’s all good.

# Wendy Slote Kleinbaum

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I loved Bennington. It was the perfect school for me. I had not excelled in high school where there had been enormous pressure to achieve.

Once I got to Bennington and was left to my own devices without tests and external pressure I suddenly felt a huge desire to achieve. I had a total awakening to the joys of learning.

My first year was thrilling, with Rush Welter taking me through Hobbes and Machiavelli, and Bernard Malamud exhorting on the sexual undertones of James Joyce and everyone else we read in Language and Literature. I found out that I was a good writer of both political essays and fiction. My short stories were read out in class. My parents were amazed!!

To Malamud's disappointment I decided to major in international affairs rather than literature. I wrote my senior thesis on Soviet/China rivalry in Africa. I spent my first NRT as an intern in DC in Senator Javits' Senate office. I got the politics bug there and continued to be involved with Democratic politics after Bennington. I ran a storefront for Senator Eugene McCarthy in New York's Greenwich Village and then decided to attend NYU School

of Law. It was 1968 and I got in easily because there were so many men being taken into the military to fight in Vietnam.

I began practicing law in 1972 and spent the next 42 years as a lawyer. I started first as a litigator in a law firm. Then, in 1980 at the time my only child Kimberly was born, I joined Citibank's consumer bank, first as general counsel to its U.S. retail branches and then as general counsel to its credit card business.



Grandchildren and me in Sagaponack home



Granddaughters Charlotte and Victoria

I retired in 2014 and am still trying to figure out retirement.

I have two wonderful granddaughters living nearby in NYC. My husband Gerald is a practicing NYC lawyer (whom I met at the xerox machines of the NYC Bar Association some 38 years ago).

I feel blessed to have found Bennington. It gave me the confidence I needed at the right time in my life and helped me develop my inquisitive and analytical self. Those qualities have made all the difference in my life.



Granddaughters again—at Disney World



My husband Gerald and me in front of the Malecon, Havana, Cuba, March 2015



# Marjorie La Rowe

This was my introduction to Bennington: on the visitors’ tour I walked into the Carriage Barn where a student in leotards, lying motionless on the floor, looked up and said, “passive creativity.”

I started Bennington in the fall of 1961, left after my sophomore year and returned in 1967, officially graduating in 1969. It was the antidote to the structured academic environment in which I was raised. I could color between the lines (like everyone else), but meaning did not accrue for me. At Bennington, the process was wide open.

Instances:

1. There were only two rules: no bare feet in the dining hall and no dogs on campus. I never saw either enforced.
2. Rush Welter informed us in our first class that we would not be competing with one another but only with our own potential.
3. One could, and did, openly challenge Clement Greenberg’s pontifications in his Carriage Barn lecture.
4. It was not uncommon to see Olitski spray-painting his canvasses on Jennings lawn.
5. Ben Belitt let my work roam, never pushing or correcting. Georges Guy did the exact opposite.
6. In first-year architecture class, we each designed and constructed a model of a multipurpose building for an actual site in Soho.
7. President Fels picked me up hitchhiking back from Massachusetts and drove me to my dorm as if it were an ordinary event.
8. Richard Tristman introduced me to hermeneutics and praised my final paper, which was composed of three sentences.
9. Paul Feeley could find a worthwhile corner in even the most unsuccessful of my projects.
10. Mr. Perry supervised the dining room that regularly served roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Sunday night.
11. There was music everywhere; I remember a student in Booth playing the harp.

All senses were addressed, all options possible.

With this came a soft unraveling, barely noticeable at first, then producing an unmanageable internal regression. I withdrew from the



Marjorie La Rowe with grandson



Vancouver, 2013

College in order to re-locate myself. I studied at the Art Students’ League, I took classes at the Sorbonne. I found my way to psychoanalysis.

When I returned to Bennington, I had begun to write. Bernard Malamud tutored me on my senior project. We talked and worked and walked and worked and revised and thought and worked through more. His attunement to me was almost unsettling. After I graduated we continued our dialogue (and walks) in NYC until his death 17 years later. His words inhabit me still.

I left graduate school at Columbia in order to train in psychoanalysis. I completed my PhD in clinical psychology at Catholic University. The academic program was stifling; it was the clinical work that sustained me. I continued my training at the NYU Postdoctoral Program in Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis. This experience paralleled the one I had at Bennington: It required ongoing self-scrutiny and

pulled on resources I didn’t know I had. I started to present clinical cases at Postdoc and continued to do so at psychoanalytic conferences internationally. My focus was, and remains, on psychotic and autistic processes in high-functioning individuals.

During this time I was married twice and had a daughter and a son. I re-parented myself as I watched them learn and grow, take detours, rebalance, persist. My daughter went to Bennington for her BA and MAT. She is a teacher, wife, and mother. My son graduated from Bard and now produces and writes for film and television.

I returned to Bennington in 1991 where I maintain a full-time private practice. In my work and in myself, I seek out a certain amount of anxiety, of unsettledness. It is a precursor to awareness. I rely on art and literature and music to push against my recognized limits. Relationships are fundamental but solitude informs me.

I found a home in Old Bennington where the light of centuries awakens me each morning. This dwelling is the externalization of an internal space that nourishes me: variegated yet calm. I feel I have circled back to my origins, that I am rooted in this place as one is forever rooted in family.

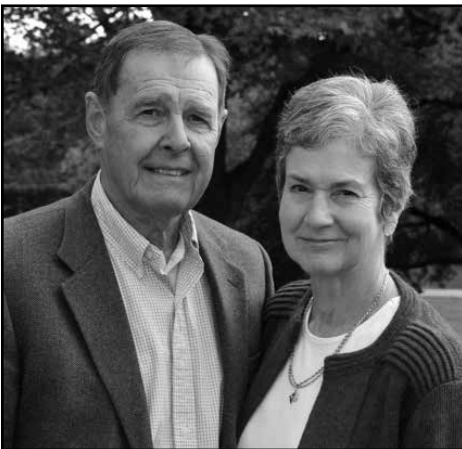
# Barbara Kent Lawrence

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barbaralawrence.com

I transferred to Bennington in 1963, majored in anthropology, minored in art, and spent a great deal of time drinking tea with friends who are still friends. Bennington helped me reassess my assumptions and act on my concerns. I'd joined the March on Washington in 1963 just before I entered Bennington, but being at Bennington led me to join other marches against the war in Vietnam. That my mother and stepfather lived in Washington made coming home a two-fer, because I could see my family and rebel against them at the same time. My stepfather, whom I loved dearly, was helping run the war, but at Bennington I began to understand that war made no sense and to be brave enough to tell him that.

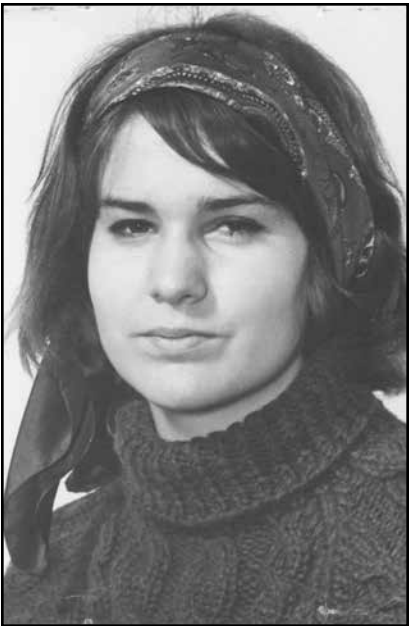
I realized many years ago that I could do most things I wanted to, just not at the same time. I've had quite separate careers as a teacher, real estate broker, head of a construction company, policy analyst, professor, and writer, although that list omits the most important roles as mother, grandmother, partner, and friend. Today, I'm trying to benefit from my own experiences and to do work that matters to me.

I had lived in the protective cocoon of upper-class Washington, expected only to marry well and give good parties. Bennington showed me my lurking suspicion that I couldn't fit well into that life was important and helped me understand I needed to reach for new alternatives. I'm still reaching, but I'm grateful that Bennington taught me to question habits of thought and process.



With partner Bob Bannon

Many ups and downs. My parents divorced when I was 3 and died when I was 30, before I knew them as an adult. I married unwisely, bouncing off a failed love affair into a compromised marriage. Like me, my husband was rebelling against a similar background, but we weren't moving toward much, just away. We were married for 27 years and had two children, but during that time the eating disorder that had captured him in college became insufferable to both of us. Out of options I could imagine, I finally left the marriage and studied for my EdD at Boston University. As Bennington had helped me open my eyes, so did BU and I began to understand my own insecurities and ways in which I was an enabler.



After graduation, I worked for the Rural School and Community Trust and KnowledgeWorks Foundation as a policy analyst and writer, and wrote my first book, *Bitter Ice: a memoir of love, food, and obsession*, which was published by William Morrow in 1999. I've since written a sequel to that book: *The Hungry i: a workbook for partners of men with eating disorders*, three books and many articles in education, and my first novel, *Islands of Time* set in Down East Maine where I lived for many years (published in 2013). I also taught at Northeastern and Lesley Universities. I'm working now on two books: a novel based on the life of my mother, a British actress who fell in love with Joe Kennedy, Jr. in 1939 and was sponsored by his parents to come to the United States, and the sequel to *Islands of Time*.

I also enjoyed serving on several committees and helping start environmental and educational organizations. I'm just finishing my term on a school committee and looking around for what's next.

The best for last! I have two wonderful children and three grandchildren. For the past 18 years I've lived with my partner Bob and grafted his family of three and a grandchild onto mine. I feel enormously fortunate and grateful to them all.

## Comments on the past, present, and future:

First, my future: I'm very lucky I can still do good work, or at least work that seems good and fulfilling to me. I'm also trying to do some of the things I delayed such as learn to play the piano



Head shot for Islands of Time

and guitar, weave, and more hands-on volunteer work. We just moved to Camden, Maine, which is rich in opportunities, and I'll take my time deciding what to do next so I can spend more time writing.

Second, the future of the world; I fear we are passing along a world divided more deeply than the one handed to us. I worry about the follies of our educational system, corporate greed, selfish politicians, and overburdened ecosystem. Lifting my head from the comfort of my sandy burrow can be unbearably discouraging, but Bennington taught me that is what I must keep doing.



Daughter Elizabeth Train, son Michael Train, son-in-law Mike Cassidy, granddaughters Lily, Maren, and Kate Cassidy



Giving a talk about Islands of Time



## **Nancy S. Marshall**

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My interests were economics, international relations, poetry/literature, art, and nature. Those are still my interests: I worked in the financial and investment business for almost 35 years and then moved on to my next adventure, creating a horticultural farm and landscape business. I create low-maintenance gardens influenced by nature and the specific setting. The goal is to create gardens that look good 10 months a year—even in northern climates. Moving Gardens LLC at [movinggardens.com](http://movinggardens.com).

I grew up in a very competitive environment and school system. Somewhere along the way I came to appreciate that I was competing with no one but myself. Bennington was the perfect place to foster those beliefs, and it gave me the confidence to take chances in a very complicated business. There was no road map; you had to figure it out along the way and hopefully find a mentor who could give guidance. My career in the financial sector was an interesting contrast to my Bennington education, but I was successful because of it!

I married in my late 30s and have been married for 35 years.

I think that it is important to keep “moving”—physically and mentally. To pursue new “adventures” and not be afraid of new ideas and challenges. And to use all of your experiences. Starting a new business brings all of this into focus. Keeping physically active is very important to everything that I do and makes it possible for me to pursue these adventures. And to have fun!



## **Roberta Ross Moore**

When I finished college, I still thought that I was on a path to medical school. At the time, 1965, I was less than penniless; I had to start repaying my college loans. All were due and payable immediately.

So, I went job hunting, and I hope that you recall that women were pretty close to unemployable in those days. I started working at Columbia P&S as a lab tech and earned \$4,950/year. I determined to pay the highest interest loan first at some amount per month and wrote to each lender describing my plan including dates when payment would commence and end. I never encountered any problem with any lender. And undoubtedly with help from G-d (in Whom I fervently believe), invested a little bit of borrowed money in a very clever product called Wang, and paid all my debt in early '67.

In the meantime while working with doctors on a daily basis, and studying organic chem at Columbia, I realized that I did not want to be a doctor. I just enjoyed studying medicine. I did not want to be on call (remember that doctors worked 24/7) and began assessing what I did really want. My major had been physics with a very strong second field in biology, and I decided that I wanted to work with the man-machine interface.

It appeared that most of this subject had been developed in the automotive industry but was in its infancy in aircraft and space. Therefore, I moved to California and went job hunting. I did temp work for an agency while I pursued the search. I could have moved to Texas, but I did not then realize that Texas had a beach. I wanted to live at the beach!

I got work at Garrett AiResearch, in the spring of '66 (which is where I saw the Wang) and started earning \$6,500/year. Still an unlivable sum and still forcing women into marriage as the only mechanism for survival. If you wanted children, which I did, you had to find a mate. Along came a man who met every requirement and who high-pressured me into marriage (for which I was not at all ready).

We had three children, now middle-age, and I stayed home for six-and-a-half years. I was very unhappy in marriage, separated, and returned to the professional world around '76. The world now paid women salaries in the vicinity of entry-level males. It was better; fortunately, Carl supported us and the children went back and forth without acrimony. I was never a single mother.

I also, with no particular forethought, began skiing (it is not cold in California and Colorado) and sailing. I also took art classes at UCLA and various company-sponsored educational endeavors.

While not working, I co-chaired the Bennington Alumni, helped establish a rape crisis center, went back to school to study prosthetics and orthotics, drove carpools, was a soccer mom, and more. These things could not continue but sailing allowed me to play while working and raising.





With excellent hindsight I can now say that I did not do a lot of child raising; Carl and his wife get a lot of credit.

In 1983, I quit smoking. The primary motivator was to live long enough to meet my grandchildren. I reassessed my goals and purposes and priorities in life. At the same time, tax law was changed, which meant that if I ever wanted to have a big cruising boat, I would not be able to afford it after 1986. Unsure if I wanted to cruise at all, I decided to find the boat then and decide later. I also knew that all the children would be off to college in 1990 and that I would have no responsibility for others for about four years. I found and bought the boat, a 38-foot Cheoy Lee sloop.

The hardest things I ever did in life were quitting smoking and quitting a career. The scariest were quitting marriage and quitting career (health insurance, income, guaranteed pension, etc).

I lived on the boat for about 10 years. I never went very far and discovered that I am not a cruiser. I stayed in each port for months. Developed ties and roots. In Port San Luis, I became a library volunteer in the San Luis Obispo bookmobile. In La Cruz de Juanacaxtli (Puerta Vallarta), I hung with friends and drank a lot of beer.

When I returned to the world, everyone had computers, and I was an old lady—synonymous with unemployable. I ran an ad as a handy woman and supported myself with that income and with rent from part of the house until medicare commenced.

Most recently one son divorced, and I have become the full-time caretaker of a 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>-year-old girl and 10-year-old boy. This is VERY hard. The worst part is that my son has recently moved in, and I don't know what will happen next. I love and care for the children, but my son is making my life horrible.

Something has to change.

Nancy Newton

Since receiving the letter asking us to write something for our 50th college anniversary, I found a box in my Santa Fe garage filled with moldy papers from around the time of my Bennington years. In it were music compositions I had written for Lou Calabro and Henry Brant classes; papers from Kit Foster's Shakespeare class (I remember our daunting assignment was to write one paper a week); two Rush Welter papers with a comment from him suggesting that I not get too excited about the idea of pursuing history as a profession; and, most interesting to me, a little scuffed black notebook filled with writings about an NRT chamber music tour (see photo on next page) in which I described, among other things, a harrowing car ride during a bad New Hampshire snowstorm that Betsy, Barbara, Joan, and I were caught in as we made our way to our next performance. Also in the box were letters from classmates—Pril Smiley, Betsy Walker, Barbara Lawrence, Helen Eggleston, Elizabeth Mason—and even a few notes in impeccable slanted handwriting from the iconic Paul Boepple, who became a good friend after I graduated.



Bennington was a great fit for me. I had no idea there was a place on this earth where professors would be interested in what I had to offer. And for that matter, I had no idea I had anything to offer after a degrading high

school experience at a rigidly competitive Massachusetts boarding school. No wonder I sang Broadway tunes on chilly, starry nights while skipping around our college campus. I was happy.

For a couple of years, my claim to fame was being Howard Nemerov's doubles tennis partner. I distinctly remember dorm mates would shout up the stairs to me that Howard was on the line, and I would dance to the phone as if I had just heard I had been elected prom queen. (Do I have to confess here that I almost "flunked" out of his poetry class?)

Remember concerts in the Carriage Barn? Notorious jazz musician Cecil Taylor hammering ferociously up and down the piano? I thought it would break. Or he would fall



Betsy Mason Possidente '64, Elizabeth Roeseler '66, and myself in a spread for *Mademoiselle's* August 1963 issue

off the bench. This was music, too? I was floored. (And, Pril recalls, the piano *did* require extensive repair after his “performance.”)

One spring Henry Brant conducted us in Bartok’s “Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta.” This is a gorgeous piece but hugely difficult for any orchestra to perform. Incredibly we students, with the help of faculty and a few ringers from town, pulled it off—a lesson in life for me that anything is possible if you believe it is.

After Bennington, I went off to Indiana University in Bloomington for a year of graduate school. My composition teacher, Bernhard Heiden, confessed to me that he envied the creative and spirited education I received at Bennington, despite acknowledging that I was behind in the basics. He noted that learning to write music the other way around, i.e., rules first, such as was his training at Juilliard under tutelage of Hindemith, was death to the soul. Hmmmm...I mused, while I struggled to figure out how to write counterpoint using the structure and harmonies of Bach.

For most of my 20s, I took a subway from the Upper West Side of Manhattan to Brooklyn Heights where I taught classroom music at St. Ann’s School. There was a feeling similar to Bennington with their Go-For-It creative approach to learning, small classes, and a promise of respectful communication between faculty and students.

And so for decades (this rolls off my tongue quite easily now), I used my musical training for teaching, writing, performing, and producing—and even



*Betsy Walker '64, myself, Joan Brainard '64, and Barbara Von Eckardt '65 performing at a concert on their 1963 NRT chamber music tour*



*Betsy Mason '64, Nan, and Helen Eggleston '65, meeting for breakfast in NYC around 17 years ago*



*Pril Smiley '65, and myself at my Montana ranch, 20 years ago*



*Nan and Barbara Lawrence '65 at a slumber party 25 years ago*

working for music-related not-for-profits. But, most especially it has served me for the sheer enjoyment I get from sitting down at the piano and playing a Bach suite, or playing my viola with friends in chamber groups.

The truth is, however, that for most of my life, my greatest passion has been for horses. Horses have helped me realize my strengths as well as the areas in which I have needed to grow and have been at least as useful as several therapists I have encountered along the way. They have challenged me, calmed me, and infused me with incredible joy! My diverse horse activities have included playing in polo games (thanks to a man I was once married to who had polo ponies), competing in the western dressage sport of reining—in which one year I was the Montana rookie champion (ta da!), and participating in many horse-training clinics with great trainers such as Buck Brannaman, the protagonist in the film *Buck*. I continue to ride as much as I can and often it’s on my mustang horse Scout, whose ancestors roamed the wild desert in New Mexico.

As for my life now, I am married to Dave Grusin, who is a truly great jazz keyboardist and notable film composer. With our beloved yellow Labrador, we live during the summers and fall on our ranch in McLeod, MT, where I really am able to step out my front door and offer a horse a cookie. The rest of the year we live in Santa Fe, NM, where I have started an equine business with my niece Andrea Verswijver—a therapist—based on horse games, therapy, and music. Our intention is to try to help people who are going through difficult transitions in their lives, by utilizing the biofeedback a horse can give naturally.

I have a fabulous daughter, Annie Vought, who is an acclaimed paper artist—[annie@annievought.com](mailto:annie@annievought.com), and I treasure my talented, charismatic son-in-law, Scott Vermeire, who is an edgy performing artist. They live in Oakland, CA with their gargantuan dog, Moses. Scott hopes to teach at Bennington one day, and....well, you just never know. Right?

By the photos here, you can see that I have continued friendships with several Bennington “sisters,” as Anne Waldman ’66, the poet extraordinaire describes us. Pril and I have stayed in close touch. Ten years ago, I visited Betsy Walker at her beautiful temple home in Kyoto, Japan. Sharon Powers ’67, came for tea this spring, and besides reminiscing, she told me about her wonderful Winds in the Wilderness Concerts in Copake, NY. And very recently, I attended a poetry reading here in Santa Fe by Anne Waldman. If she is performing near you, this is an experience not to miss.



*Scout and Nan on a spring ride in Velarde, NM, April 2015*

## Julie Snow Osherson

I read each and every fascinating entry in the booklet from the class of 1964. What an array of accomplishments. Bennington must be proud to see how powerful and long lived its influence has been on these women.

I found myself wondering about all the women who did not write entries. What happened to them in the intervening years? Why didn't they write something?

If they are at all like me, it might be because it seems overwhelmingly complex, this task of reflecting and summing up, especially if, in the spirit of being a Bennington alumna, it seems important to aim for the truth as much as possible.

So what does stand out? For me, the single, most profound gift of Bennington was being taken seriously. Being in the company of other students who took themselves seriously. Spending four years in an environment that fostered individual creativity and hard work, really hard work. The expectation that one should reach far and aim high has stayed with me my whole life, whether or not I have succeeded at either task. It has always been challenging to communicate what this felt like, especially since, for me, the absence of male students was such a contributing factor. And the incredible beauty in my surroundings.

I was a psychology major, with a late-blooming minor in music. Both have been the guiding passions of my life. As a clinical social worker (working in college counseling) and a singer/songwriter, I can say I am still using the foundational knowledge from my years at Bennington. (Richard Blake teaching us unadulterated Freud, Stanley Edgar Hyman's Myth, Ritual, and Literature—religion would never be the same, Calabro's Music Theory....and...the Bennington Ladies Jug Band!) It all felt very, very alive.

But what of the downside? Did all of those brilliant graduates from 1964 just sail through their four years? I believe my entering class numbered around 125. And I believe around 44 of us graduated. It's true we had advisors, and it's also true it was 1961–65 and so the College can be forgiven for its psychological naiveté, but my experience, as a student with serious attentional issues, was that I made my way through a sink-or-swim environment that felt as puritanical as it did progressive. No one really could flunk out, so what happened to all of those students who left?

I made it out with a diploma, but it took me until I took my own daughter back to visit the campus in 1996 to really appreciate how many astounding and wonderful experiences I had had there. I know the College is a very different place today, and I know it works hard to provide the support students need now. But my story would be like another holiday card without this part.

The personal side of my story is full of love, for which I am eternally grateful. I have been married for 37 years to a brilliant psychologist/novelist; I have a 32-year-old-son who helped Obama win both of his elections and who



lives and works happily in DC. And I have a brave and beautiful 28-year-old daughter, just finishing her undergraduate degree, who will be twice the healer either of her parents have been.

I do hope some of my classmates decide to write something for our 50th booklet.



# Katrina Edwards Pelkey

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In the fall of 1961, as a freshman coming to Bennington College, I really entered a new world of experiences and learning. I came from a rural setting, knowing how to milk a cow, how to pack a load of loose hay, and how to “double-clutch” manual transmission vehicles. Every other student seemed so sophisticated, compared to myself, but I still felt welcomed at Bennington. I do remember, when Mr. Fredricks asked in Lang & Lit class what we thought of something, I realized that he actually really wanted to know just that.

I fondly remember going often to the snack bar for diet cokes, bagels, and “nickel pickles.” Also, I remember a Saturday evening concert in Commons, featuring the “Blind Reverend” Garry Davis, with the “warm-up” act being a young singer/songwriter by the name of Bob Dylan. The weekend of November 22 to 24, 1963, was very sad as everyone was trying to absorb that national tragedy of President Kennedy’s death. Common Lounge was packed with people watching the television that the College had kindly rented for that weekend.



Katrina while blond

NRT gave me opportunities to live and work in places that I had never been. Amazingly, I survived 1962’s NRT, when I bused to New York City with only \$70 and a job possibility of \$65 a week. 1963’s NRT and the following summer, I was in Washington, DC, attending the now-famous March on Washington. It was such a warm and wonderful event of which to be a part.

My work career after Bennington was quite varied. My first job was doing statistics at the Vermont Health Department. In 2010, I ended my “paid-work” life for the same employer, as an outreach specialist in women’s cancer health issues. I brought a personal interest to that work, having been diagnosed and treated twice for breast cancer. In addition, I have met some absolutely wonderful people in the course of my surgeries, treatments, and my involvement with the volunteer organization Casting for Recovery.

Other work experiences include two years as a social worker at a ’60s War on Poverty program; a year running crafts shops for U.S. and Filipino troops in Vietnam; a year of editorial work at *Broadcasting Magazine* in Washington, DC; four years directing aftercare programs for former Vermont State Hospital patients; two years as a residential phone company service representative; and a decade in pension and employee benefit administration.



Katrina and Peter

My personal life is a happy one. When Peter and I married in 1978, we “agreed to disagree” in the future, respecting each other’s viewpoints. That agreement has worked well over our years together. We have not been fortunate to be blessed with children.

My artistic interests have been expressed in pottery, weaving, photography, and home projects. Peter and I love to travel, seeing new places and meeting people. We are fortunate to have a foreign country (i.e., Canada) within easy driving distance to get to Montréal and Québec City. We have made it to the Southwest, Civil War battlefields, Alaska, Vancouver, Seattle, Maritime Provinces, Panama, Peru, Ireland, and the Azores. In February 2016, we plan a trip to Vietnam and Cambodia.

In respect to my Bennington College experience, I do regret losing contact with some students who had been my friends, especially fellow residents of Dewey House. I would welcome contact from them and definitely hope to be at the College for the reunion event being planned for fall 2016.

I would like to close with a favorite quote:

*“Until further notice, celebrate everything.”*

# Judy Rosenberg Pritchett

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Like so many of my classmates, I will remember Bennington fondly for the excitement and rigor of my classes, primarily in literature and the social sciences. The skills I gained in independent research, out-of-the-box thinking, and critical analysis have served me well in life. I got a master's of science in occupational therapy from Columbia University, and I had a good career in the community mental health field, developing programs to meet the challenges of the then-newly de-institutionalized psychiatric patients, especially those who fell through the cracks. I was able to be a significant contributor to the development of Goddard Riverside's Project Reachout, a program of outreach and intervention for homeless mentally ill people, where I served as clinical director for 10 wonderful years. Working far from a traditional medical or psychiatric setting, I found the skills in research and creative problem-solving I acquired at Bennington were invaluable.

But something very special I experienced at Bennington happened outside of the classrooms and the library. It is ironic that one of the reasons I chose Bennington was because I hoped to carry a minor in modern dance.



However, I was quickly intimidated by the intense dance majors and gave up that idea. Instead, I had a remarkable education in popular dance and music in the Kilpatrick living room. I learned to boogie. The times were a'changing and the music and new freestyle dancing were an important part of that. I am particularly grateful to two classmates from Ohio, Wendy Garret '64 and Ruth Hornbein '66 who had a remarkable knowledge and collection of black soul, rhythm and blues, and early Motown music, which was little known among white people prior to that time, and to Corinna Harmon '63 whose joy and lack of inhibition on the Kilpatrick dance floor was completely contagious. We even went on outings to a raunchy club in Boston called The Golden Nugget whose clientele were wonderfully racially and socio-economically mixed, and we spent an NRT close enough to become regulars.

When I graduated from Bennington in 1965, I went down to the Mississippi Delta where I was a civil rights worker for several months—a powerful experience. I knew nothing about community



organization, but stayed close to the hubs of social life down there, the church, and the jook joints and did what I could. In the jooks I was welcomed as a "soul sister."

Much later in life, when working at Project Reachout and serving as an advocate and volunteer after hours kept me at a pretty high level of stress, social dancing came back into my life again, and has stayed there ever since. This time I was part of the revival of swing dancing and music in the early '80s, and I plunged right into the Lindy hop and the rich story of its origins in Harlem's Savoy Ballroom in the '30s. Eventually I left the mental health field and started an online shop for swing dancers in 1996 when e-commerce was a crazy new idea. The business gave me the flexibility to travel around the world with my life partner, the dancer and teacher Frankie Manning. I became an expert in the history of swing dance and continue to give lectures and video presentations. I have made a video documentary called *Dancing the Big Apple, 1937*, which makes good use of the wonderful Stanley Edgar Hyman's Myth, Rit, and Lit course, my favorite at Bennington, and also uses my experiences in the church in Mississippi to shed light on a dance craze. Since Frankie's passing in 2009, I have been active in the Frankie Manning Foundation ([frankiemanningfoundation.org](http://frankiemanningfoundation.org)).





## Lucy Kostelanetz Schrader

As a member of class of the 1961–65, I experienced two turning points in my life. One I understood at the time and the other I did not understand until 20 years later.

During my junior year I spent my work term in San Francisco and, in need of finding any kind of paying job, I finally ended up as a temp in an insurance company filing the E and U cards. It was deadly. I thought each day I would faint from the boredom and tedium of it. So, when I returned to Bennington that spring, I was so grateful to be back in a stimulating and intellectually engaging environment. And, after that, everything seemed interesting to me. It was truly an awakening of a kind.

The other event happened during the spring of my freshman year. By chance I saw a sign on a chalkboard announcing that Frances Flaherty, widow of the filmmaker Robert Flaherty, would be showing his films. I was blown away by them and tried to get an internship during my work term the following year with a photographer/filmmaker named Arnold Eagle whom I was told had worked with Flaherty on his film *Louisiana Story*.

I never heard back from Arnold at that time. But 20 years later, while I was studying film with him at The New School in NYC, he found the letter in his files! Of course, by then I had totally forgotten I had ever written it. Also, by then, I had left a longstanding position at the New York State Council on the Arts to pursue finally what

I had always wanted to do.

I also became deeply involved with International Film Seminars that produces the annual Robert Flaherty Film Seminar, serving twice on their board and as president from 2000–2001. The board meetings were held in Marlboro, Vermont, near the Flaherty homestead in Dummerston. When my husband, Steve Schrader, accompanied me to the first one, he fell instantly in love with the countryside, and we continued to spend our summers there, along with our daughter Eliza when she was young, until very recently.

Although known as one of the first documentary filmmakers, for me Robert Flaherty was one of the first independent filmmakers, pursuing his own vision and sensibility. And being part of the Flaherty community of filmmakers, programmers, librarians, etc, has given me the courage and support to pursue my own kind of work.

I like intimate, personal films, and my “auteurship” is very important to me. I actually started out in the ’80s, like many people impatient to

find their own voice, working in Super8, making what I thought of as handcrafted films. I progressed, of course, in time to 16mm and now digital everything.

Considering how impressionable and lost I felt as a student at that time, in retrospect I see that my years at Bennington set me on several good and important paths in my life.



Lucy Kostelanetz '65



Lucy Kostelanetz third in row



Lucy Kostelanetz and Ben Belitt



Lucy Kostelanetz and Kit Foster



## Pril Smiley

Bennington was the only college I wanted to attend, and I'll be forever grateful that I got in, considering my distinctly unimpressive high school grades. I thought I wanted to major in architecture or psychology, but after a freshman semester in Henry Brant's music class, I knew that music composition was to be my focus. Later I would come to say that I was really majoring in Bennington's incredible music *faculty*, not music subjects. Jennings became my home; the faculty became my family. Developing as a composer was a means, not an end, as my teachers offered provocative,



*Pril Smiley '65, Betsy Walker '64, and Nan Newton '65 performing at a 1963 faculty concert—in a surprise skit posing as faculty composers Lou Calabro, Henry Brant, and Lionel Nowak—having borrowed their actual clothes from their wives.*

challenging, and valuable perspectives and “life advice.” At one point Lou Calabro refused to continue teaching me composition unless I took voice lessons with Frank Baker; he said my composing was hampered by my fear of feeling and committing to *longer* lines of musical expression—letting my soul sing from the inside out, as opposed to my trying to “control” everything with imposed percussive/rhythmic writing. George Finckel scolded me—one day as I was playing a fast-moving cello passage and struggling to get my fingers to land perfectly on the fingerboard for the correct pitches—“Goddamn it, Smiley, the music is *in between* the notes!!!” I’m still working on these lessons.

My sophomore NRT in 1963, as an intern at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center, provided the launching pad for the ensuing decades of my music career. The electronic music field was in its first few years of existence in the United States—having actually been “founded” in Bennington’s Carriage Barn by Columbia professors Vladimir Ussachevsky and Otto Luening (a whole separate story). Following my initial NRT internship, I became intensely involved (weekends, NRTs, summers) in electronic music as an apprentice to Ussachevsky. (Later I learned that I was the first female electronic music composer on the East Coast—with my friend Pauline Oliveros being my West Coast counterpart.)

Upon graduating, I “walked into” a teaching assistant job at Columbia—electronic music composition courses were only beginning to be offered, and the field was so new that only a handful of us even had the experience to be *able* to teach others. Over the next 30 years, I continued to teach as well as serve as associate director at the



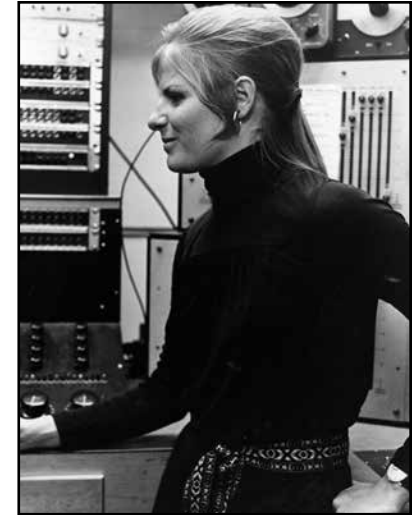
Center. As a resident composer there, I wrote electronic music for more than 40 theater, film, and dance productions and served for six years as Electronic Music Consultant for the Vivian Beaumont Theatre at Lincoln Center after it had just opened.

Meanwhile, *other* post-Bennington aspects of my life were equally engaging and fulfilling: in the mid-1970s, being an avid downhill skier, I spent a Guggenheim Fellowship year (composing and skiing) in Alta, Utah. I had fallen in love with Jack Campbell, an employee at the Alta Lodge, and I spent the next 17 years commuting between New York and Utah. We mostly lived in our 1967 VW bus and spent extensive time kayaking in Idaho, exploring canyons in southern Utah, and backpacking in the Wind River Mountain Range in Wyoming.



*...next to my husband, 2014*

Enough for now! I’ve had a fascinating and full life—with good odds for a bit more to follow. I do *not* measure others or myself in terms of “accomplishments”; “processes” have always been more exciting and meaningful to me than “results”; and the older I get, the more strongly I feel that ultimately it’s “people connections” that really matter. I find much to value in every day, and continue to find ways to live from the “inside out.”



*...at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center, 1969*

In the mid-1990s, life changed radically, as I severed my Utah connections, resigned from Columbia, and got married to Keith LaBudde—a rock climber and retired professor. I had moved back to my original “territory” where I grew up, namely the Mohonk Mountain House (sort of a Victorian resort hotel) in the Hudson Valley area of New York. Mohonk was founded by my forebears 146 years ago—I’m fourth generation—and I have been heavily involved in that family enterprise since 1972 (another long separate story).

# Leslie Falke Trainer

Back in those days, we didn't know what ADD was. At this point, I would like to thank, up front, everyone at Bennington who ever shared with me their Dexedrine, a medication for which I now have a prescription. I fondly recall reading *The Idiot* in one sitting, throwing Dexedrine-fueled all-nighters chasing after deadlines I would rarely catch. My empathetic (thank you) but baffled (ouch) advisors were forced to conclude that I was a lazy, exasperating underachiever. But I stuck to my guns and soaked up the wonders of Bennington despite my inability to operate within the system. I revered Stanley Edgar Hyman and Gene Baro, both of whom were deeply supportive and generous with superlatives about the work I did for them. Thank you to Monsieur Guy who slipped me through French because I had a great accent, although we agreed my grammar was execrable. Onions to Lyman Kipp who accepted a submission of art made from found objects with the words, "Who-do-you-think-you-are-Brancusi?" and dismissed my self-portrait as "a-cartoon." Gratitude to Bernard Malamud for saying that my fiction exhibited "charm, energy and style," when his preferred dishes ran more to dark stories about bitter sisters, possibly entitled "malice." In the two years that I managed to hang on, Henry Kariel taught me the word *diffident* by labeling me with it. I made friendships, among them Elena Carter Delbanco '64, Susan Friedman Reed '64, and especially Pam Strauss Sullivan '64 who is still my neighbor and besty here in Maine. In a memorable lecture given by Howard Nemerov, I learned that the most we could expect



to gain from any one school over another, was not a better body of knowledge, but a sense of style.

After leaving Bennington, it took me another six years, but I landed a BA in anthropology at UNC-Chapel Hill, then a master's in library science, and went on to a solidly rewarding career, first as a university library administrator, and later as, in what became my true calling, a school librarian. School librarian is the best job in the world. Every year you get to spend thousands of dollars of someone else's money on the best books and materials you can find, to support students, teachers, and curriculum. Every waking moment you are alert to the resources for learning all around you. Your life becomes a mission-driven shopping expedition to curate a collection full of intellectual and creative gold. You get to teach. Kids. You get to have time to spend with your own kids.

2016 will be the 50th anniversary of my wedding to Edward Trainer, a financial planner turned public health guy, whose work took us many places. Most affecting were New York, home to both of us and where

our son was born, Tokyo, Japan where we lived for six years for UNICEF, and where our daughter was born, and Lahore, Pakistan, where we lived for five years, also for UNICEF. After a decade in Asia we would never be the same. But then, who'd want to be? We repatriated to Chicago where Ted took up leadership of Polio Plus, Rotary International's program in worldwide polio eradication, and I headed back to library school to retool for stateside public and private school libraries. Fifteen years ago we moved to Lyman, Maine, where we built a house that looked suspiciously like something that could have been part of the scene at Bennington College. Pam Strauss and I shared a swimming pool sited among the trees between our two houses. Pretty darned great.

Looking back, I am moved by the first part of a poem called "Thanks, Robert Frost," by David Ray, wherein the grand old man is asked if he has hope for the future. He replies that yes, he has hope for the future, and hope for the past, as well.

"Yes, and even for the past, he replied, that it will turn out to have been all right for what it was, something we can accept, mistakes made by the selves we had to be, not able to be, perhaps, what we wished.... The future, yes, and even for the past, that it will become something we can bear."

For my family and for me, the past is shaping up nicely, including the tangled months spent on a beautiful campus in Vermont with all of you. Indeed, Bennington, I've been kicked out of other places, but none better. Thanks for the treasure I got to keep, good friends, great teachers, and a sense of style.

# Simone Naomi Yehuda

Name while at Bennington: Simone Naomi Juda  
Other names I have had and/or published under: Patoute Juda, Simone Juda Press, and Simone Shapiro.  
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Ann Arbor, MI 48103  
734-945-7967  
simone.yehuda@gmail.com

My primary interests at Bennington were literature, music, and survival. Because I was editor of SILO, I started writing poetry: two books of my poetry—*Thaw* and *Lifting Water*—have since been published. Because of studying flute with Gunnar Schonbeck, I performed in some of Louis Calabro’s concerts and later played in an orchestra in New York City.

Today my interests include:

- Literature and reading, reading, reading.
- Gardening, quilting, doll-making, knitting, swimming, exercise, dance, and music.
- Theatre: I’ve written and produced such plays as *Willing* and *The Sign of a Free Man*. I’ve been Playwright in Residence at the Attic Theatre in Detroit and artistic director of the Ann Arbor Young People’s Theatre and the equity Ann Arbor Repertory Theater.



- Film: I’m currently working with some incredible mentors on three screenplays: *Eve 2K* (a fantasy/sci-fi thriller based on the *golem* legend), *Jerusalem Road* (a political thriller), and *Still Standing* (a romantic thriller).
- Loving and enjoying life, my husband (historian Barry Michael Shapiro), twin daughters (physician Valerie Gabriella Press and artist/therapist Corinna Nicole Press and their families), choir, and the many friends and colleagues I’ve been blessed with.

It was at Bennington that I learned how to think and function outside the box and therefore begin to become my own person. That has pretty much affected every single facet of my life and allowed me to grow personally, professionally, as a mother, wife, teacher, friend, and writer.

**Many Wonderful Ups:** my first marriage to Steven Eric Press, the birth of our twin daughters, the publication of two books of poetry,



the production of several plays, getting my PhD, my second marriage to Barry Michael Shapiro, and the encouragement of my screenwriting mentors.

**Some Terrible Downs:** Primarily involving coping with the suicide of my youngest brother and a lifelong, arduous recovery from massive psychic trauma experienced as a child.

My father Walter Juda, a refugee from Nazi Germany, was a brilliant scientist. Among many other accomplishments, he invented the membrane process of changing salt (brackish) water to fresh (drinkable) water. My mother’s mother, Blanche Molino, was a heroine of the French Resistance who helped my father—as well as countless other Jews—escape to freedom.

I wish to express my gratitude to faculty member Harold Kaplan for a comment he once wrote in one of my evaluations: “You are struggling with some kind of soul-crushing anguish, but it is my belief that you will survive the pain and one day flourish in your own right.”



Did not send an update



Catherine Posselt Bachrach



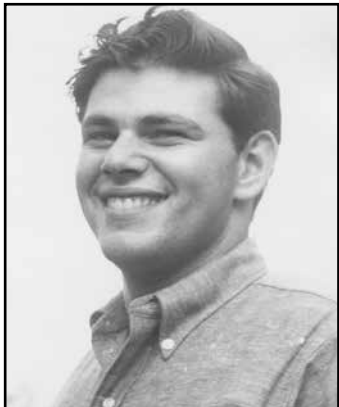
Cynthia Rodriguez Badendyck



Helen Eggleston Bellas



Deborah Kasin Benz



Stephen Bick



Roberta Robbins Bickford



Ruth Jacobs Boody



Linda Bratton



Mary Okie Brown

Did not send an update



Donna Maxfield Chimera



Moss Cohen



Jane McCormick Cowgill



Susan Crile



Michele DeAngelis



Marilyn Kirshner Draper



Bonnie Dyer-Bennet



Diane Globus Edingto



Lisa (Elizabeth) Gallatin  
Ehrenkranz

**Did not send an update**



Timothy Caroline Tupling Evans



Joy Bacon Friedman



Judith Hyde Gessel



Lynne Coleman Gevirtz



Joan Golden-Alexis



Susan Hadary



Lynne Tishman Handler



Anna Coffey Harrington



Sandol Sturges Harsch

**Did not send an update**



Joann Hirschorn Harte



Marcia Heiman



Hope Norris Hendrickson



Suzanne Robertson Henroid



Carol Hickler



Carla Otten Hosford



Inez Ingle



Carole Irby



Stephanie Stouffer Kahn

**Did not send an update**



Lorna (Miriam) Katz-Lawson



Cynthia Keyworth



Anne Boyd Kraig Edith



Anderson Kraysler



Stephanie LeVanda Lipsky



Eliza Wood Livingston



Caryn Levy Magid



Carol Lee Metzger



Dorothy Minshall Miller

**Did not send an update**



Janet Warner Montgomery



Carol Munter



Barbara Nachmias-Kedesdy



De Ette Wilkinson Palvolgyi-Tomka



Carol Peckham



Marjorie Perloff



Kathryn Posin



Joan Kassman Price



Tonia Noell Roberts



**Did not send an update**



Rosalind Robinson



Lois Banulis Rogers



Ruth Grunzweig Roth



Gail Mayer Rubino



Betsy Brodie Sand



Annie Abel Schlesinger



Jeanie Schofield



Marjorie Searles



Nancy Giese Slavin

**Did not send an update**



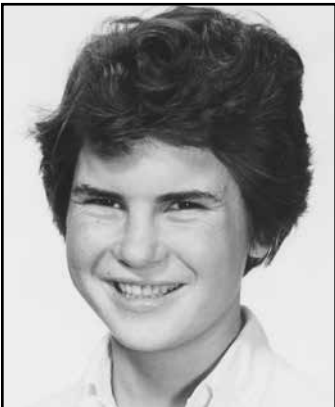
Margaret Donald Snider



Judith Spiller



Carolyn Sprogell



Susan St. John



Marcia Staff



Suzanne Stanton Annette



Adams Stuart



Joyce Sunila



Maria Taranto

**Did not send an update**



Susan Tarlov



Patricia Thomas



Holly Long Van Dine



Geraldine Rapf Van Dusen



Elinor Johnston Vincent



Barbara Von Eckardt



Andrea Vongronicka



Gale McCullough Ward



Rosemary Wilson

**Did not send an update**



Reed Wolcott



Ellen Fowle Wright



Nancy Zinman



Dale Kostka Zuehlke

**Without update—no photo available**

Polly Burr Drinkwater  
Nicholas Russiyan

**In memoriam**



Abby Goldstein Arato



Jill (Elizabeth) Underwood Bertrand



Elizabeth Boulware



Renee Engel Bowen



Patsy Burns



Charles Caffall



Martha Hollins Gold



Judith Henning Hoopes



Melissa Saltman Meyer

**In memoriam**



Brian O'Rourke



Claire Thoron Pyle



Deborah Rankin



Laurie Libkin Salvia



Meredith Leavitt Teare

**In memoriam - no photo available**

Derwin Stevens







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