

Class of 1964

50TH REUNION



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



Class of 1964

Patricia Cronin Adams

Ruth Reich Alpert

Deborah Sprague Arnold-Roht

Sarah Scattergood Ashe

Diane Sullivan Bacro

Gale Feuer Barish

Diane Litman Benjamin

Corinne Biggs Biggs-Hyman

Elizabeth Blum

Alison Creel Bodelon

Renee Bonner

Damaris Low Botwick

Babette Amberger Brackett*

Joan B. Brainard

Virginia Howard Brecher

Ann Lane Breit

Alexandra Broches

Betsy Brotman

Elizabeth Adele Brown*

Pamela deWindt Burke

Julia Faunce Carragan*

Judith Armstrong Chance

Nancy Farnam Charles

Carol Abbt Ciscel

Karen J. Clemmer*

Valarya Clifton

Yola Englander Coffeen

Cora Cohen

Maryanne Conheim

Carlotta Crissey

Carol King Daly

Paul Day

Sarah Verone Lawton del Bourgo

Elena Carter Delbanco

Wendy Gunshor DeMegret

Alexandra Ramsay DiLuglio

Edith Keppel Drury

Bronwyn Jones Dunne

Deborah Dupee

Andrea Boroff Eagan*

Alexandra Eames

Amy Ehrlich

Barbara Ireland Fajardo*

Betsy Feist

Marilyn Frasca

Gretchen van Horne Ganz

Julie Rogers Gittins

Vivian Bachrach Glick

Janet Gohres

Belinda Gold

Myra Goldberg

Marjorie Goldstone Greenberg

Donna Raye Gurian Greene

Susan Holland Greenleaf

Laurie Manulis Harmon

Elizabeth Walker Hasegawa

Brannon (Barbara) Heath

Barbara Thacher Herpin

Susan Groehl Hofmann

Jessica Howard

Diana Chace Hoyt

Elizabeth Yeomans Hunt

Jaqueth Hutchinson

Laurence Hyman

Judy Isacoff

Lucy James

Alix Kabat

Faith Kaltenbach

Ruth Chute Knapp

Karen Muson Latil

Marya Randall Levenson

Jon Lightfoot

Suzi Brandt Lipos

Victoria Greene Maddux

Dorothy Henken Malachowski

** Denotes Deceased*

Nancy Annis McDowell
Alexandra Herter Mead
Ann Harvey Mendershausen
Susan Merrill
Gael Rockwell Minton
Jinx Nolan
Patricia Nichols Norvell*
Heather Maycock Ogilvy
Jane Owen*
Helen Jane Weisbord Perin
Wendy Garrett Pierson
Ann Pitkin*
Elizabeth Mason Possidente
Ellen Sigward Prescott*
Jillian Krueger Printz
Jean Morgan Reed
Susan Friedman Reed

Erna Crown Reingold*
Naomi Rothman Rhoads
Susan Pattison Roberts-Smith
Donna Romero
Hannah Hewat Rose
Kate Spoerl Rose
Carole Hedlund Seigel
Patricia Seymour
Kaye Grossman Shackford
Nancy Smith
Stephanie Spinner
Jacqueline Klein Starkey
Carter Dunlop Stewart
Erica Stoller
Nina Pelikan Straus
Pamela Strauss Sullivan
Edith Stebbins Sweeney

Linda Tolbert Tarnay
Jill Mattuck Tarule
Holland (Virginia) Taylor
Diane Sherer Tucker
Julia Turner
Pegeen Daly Valentine
May L. Vaughan
Betsy Vickers
Nancy Nelson Weiss
Julie Wellings
Kimber Wheelock
Barbara Alrich Wichura
Susan Amadon Wilt
Anne Wirgin
Karen Jackel Wunsch
Barbara Jacobson Zimmerman

Patricia Cronin Adams

Information based on article submission, "Windows to Your Help," Wentworth-Douglass Hospital, Fall 2013, by Robert L.A. Adams, Patricia's husband.

Patricia's husband describes her as a "very intelligent and beautiful woman, a wonderful companion, a selfless person who was sensitive to the feelings of others and a highly respected, beloved pediatrician who gave much of herself to enhance the lives of others." When the Adamses moved to Berwick, Maine, they restored a home built in 1789. Patricia, a physician, earned degrees from Dartmouth Medical School and Harvard Medical School and joined the pediatric practice of Robert Wilson, MD and Sol Rockenmacher, MD that later became Dover Pediatric. Later, she served the Wentworth-Douglass Hospital as a physician, a member or chairperson of numerous committees, a presenter of education programs for nurses and physicians, president of the medical staff, and as a trustee. Sadly, Patricia became the victim of Alzheimer's disease at age 50. In honor of her work, the Patricia C. Adams, MD Endowment Fund for Children's Care supports programs offered by the Wentworth-Douglass Hospital and other entities that enhance the quality of life for children, particularly those with special needs.



* Denotes Deceased

Sarah Scattergood Ashe

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I came to Bennington from an urban Quaker school and felt overwhelmed by Bennington's all-female environment. Most women seemed to know what they wanted and how to get it...my approach of waiting and taking what was left was clearly not going to work very well. It was a hard four years, I think I never felt at home. Luckily, I made some wonderful lifetime friends. Babs Zimmerman and Alix Mead shared those stumbling years in Kilpatrick and then Bingham. Gael Minton, Gale Barish, Alix, and I shared a Cambridge NRT apartment to great hilarity and adventure. Later, I re-met fellow ceramic student, Ann Mendershausen in Tijuana and we have shared many visits and adventures since.

I came to Bennington because it offered applied art courses and a non-resident term. Being a struggling reader at the time, it seemed hopeful that I had found a place to explore my art interest while getting a liberal arts education. I enjoyed Bob Woodworth's biology classes, botany with John Frederick Wohnus, and Kit Foster's comedy class. The six-workshop course introduced me to the art faculty and helped me land in the ceramics studio where Stanley Rosen taught me to see and experiment, and opened my mind. I had several campus jobs including table waiting and assisting in the ceramics studio, which I deeply enjoyed.

On leaving Bennington, I joined the Peace Corps and finally encountered success. I think Bennington taught me to try new things no matter how scary, to pursue meaning in art (technique can be learned but have something to say), to read for the joy of it no matter how slowly, and a love of Vermont, its people, politics, countryside, and seasons.

I married a Peace Corps friend, Jeff Ashe. We lived in Ecuador and Costa Rica for five years before settling in Lexington, MA, and have two children. After 13 years, we divorced. It was then time to seriously make a living. Using my Spanish language skills I got a human resources job in a South Boston factory, ultimately becoming an HR director for a dental insurance company. I lasted about 15 years in corporate America. In 1999, having reconnected with my old Peace Corps supervisor, Tom Dunne, a recent widower, I moved to New Orleans. We got married, I became a consultant and job coach, and acquired three wonderful stepchildren.

Ever since college I have made art of one kind or another...it continues to be central to my life.

In the last years I began making what I call Light Sculptures (sarhashe.net): paper sculptural shades on bases that I put together from plumbing pipe and stones. I also paint, mixed media and oils. My husband has become a very accomplished wood turner, leaving his MBA finance jobs behind. We live most of the year in Middlebury, Vermont (where we moved after Katrina). Here, I enjoy volunteering for hospice, elderly services, and other community organizations, singing with a community chorus and gardening. Our winters are spent in New Orleans where Tom's children and grandchildren live, my daughter and family are nearby in Katy, TX; winter is a family time. My son is a musician and composer/keyboard player; it makes me happy that at least someone in the family is pursuing his art full time.



With my husband Tom Dunne

I realize increasingly that Bennington led me into a life I would never have encountered otherwise. It is a life that has been full of challenge, joy, and always the arts. Bennington (as well as the Peace Corps) taught me resilience, the value of exploring new ideas and experiences, to try to make small differences in people's lives, and the importance of love, friendship, and companionship along the way.



Me, Ann Harvey Mendershausen, and Alix Herter Mead



Gael Rockwell Minton, me, and Martha Rockwell

Gale Feuer Barish

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Bennington was a big change. I grew up in Brooklyn, New York, the only child of two older parents. I was a public school kid. I was ready to leave home to go to college at 17.

A social person, I made friends at Leigh. And, the next year, I had a terrific roommate and friends to share a flat with in Cambridge, during NRT. I felt part of the Bennington Community. Classes were stimulating and I had to work hard. I was playing catch up.

I was beginning to know myself and what I was interested in.

I had some amazing teachers during my four years: Katherine Osgood Foster, Louis Carini, Stanley Rosen, Barton Bernstein, and Stanley Edgar Hyman. My major was psychology, but I was also interested in art.

I decided to go to graduate school in education because I had great experiences teaching English in Japan during junior year NRT and teaching in a two-room schoolhouse in Peru, Vermont, senior year NRT. I applied to UC Berkeley, where I had several Bennington friends. Adjusting to life in Berkeley was life changing. Walking home at night, after having dinner with friends, I was attacked by a young man. I knew that if I did not fight him off, with screams and punches, I would have been raped. I fought back and he ran away.

Empowered by the fact that I had defended myself, I stayed in school and got my secondary teaching credential. During the same year, I attended FSM rallies at Sproul Plaza regularly, but that is another story....

I taught history and art in junior high school for a year and decided I wanted to teach art full time, so I got into the MA Design Program at Berkeley. I studied with Peter Voukos, James Melchert, and Ron Nagle, and exhibited at several juried museum shows. I met my future husband, David, a law student, at the ASUC Studio, below Sproul Hall, on campus, where I was teaching ceramics.

David and I married and moved to Carmel Valley where he was a public defender. We had two children, Leah and Noah, and enjoyed 28 years of parenting them. Combining my parenting and working part time as a high school ceramics teacher was both exhausting and rewarding. It was during these years that I faced my biggest challenge. I was diagnosed with endometrial cancer. Then, years later, I had thyroid cancer. With excellent medical care, the love and support of family, friends, and the macrobiotic diet, I was cured.

My life is good. It centers around my family and especially my four grandkids, Eliel, Ketriel, Sivan, and Elijah. I just got back from a Feuer family reunion where four generations were together for a long weekend.

I would like to hear from Bennington friends.



*Gale Feuer Barish in Naples
with Mount Vesuvius in
the background*

Liz Blum

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At Bennington I was interested in French and Russian as well as politics. I also had a passion for pottery in the studio with Stanley Rosen. I was involved in the civil rights, the anti-war, women's, anti-apartheid, and other movements through my deep commitment to peace, justice, and equality. I lived in Paris, San Francisco, New York, Cambridge, and Vermont after college. Probably a few other places as well. I settled in Chelsea, Vermont in 1972 and raised two children there (Yami and Pallo). It was a dairy-farming community and many well-educated hippies and back-to-the-landers moved there in the 1970s. We all had organic gardens, women's and men's groups and the co-ops were starting. It was a great time and we had a dynamic, creative, cooperative community. In 1987, I moved to Norwich, Vermont. In 1982, I went back to school and became an occupational therapist specializing in sensory integration at first and finally balance therapy and lymphedema/lymphatic drainage. I worked in schools, hospitals, nursing homes, the Visiting Nurse, and finally, the best job I ever had at Sojourns Community Clinic in Westminister, VT. The clinic is democratically run and there are naturopaths, chiropractors, PTs, OTs, nutritionists, body workers, MDs, nurse practitioners, herbalists, and more. I retired about two years ago, but still go there for care every once in a while. OT was a good career choice for me.

I met my husband, Nelson Kasfir, through the anti-apartheid movement at Dartmouth. He is a government professor and works on African politics, ethnicity, democratization, and rebel governance. Those are all areas that interest me. We have been able to travel a lot for work and for pleasure. Together we have six grandchildren who all live within three hours of us.

I am one of the founders of the Vermont Progressive Party (1999) and am presently Windsor County chair. The VPP currently has five members in the house and three in the state senate. We have Bernie Sanders in the U.S. Senate too. I have been involved in local politics and was elected to the select board and am currently a "lister" or assessor.

I think Bennington offered many opportunities for me to learn in an uncompetitive climate. It made me curious about the world around me. Although I regret not having taken biology and botany courses, I have become a mushroom forager, birder, and gardener. Bennington gave us the freedom to think critically and gave me confidence in myself as a citizen, enabling me to participate in civic life and personal relationships. Being

able to spend my entire junior year in Paris gave me a lifelong ability to be fluent in French to learn other languages and to speak them. I guess it also influenced my decision about where to live.

I learned that conflict is healthy although it can be uncomfortable. I have experienced a lot of conflict in political life and learned to adjust to it and argue for what I believed in.

Some of the "downs" in my life: election victories and defeats, heartaches with children, death of my parents and close friends, frost on the garden in June and September, deer in the garden. Disappointments with children.

Some of the "ups" in my life: White-water canoeing, cross-country skiing, biking, hiking, children growing up and being healthy.

I want to thank my parents, Gladys and Tippy Blum for being excellent role models, parents, and grandparents, for sending me to Bennington and for imparting to me progressive values and activism.

My greatest hope is to leave to my children and grandchildren a world that is fossil-fuel free, equitable, non-racist, peaceful, tick-free, and just with universal healthcare.

I have been on the board and the documentary committee of the 10-year-old White River Indie Film Fest—a great event once a year in White River Junction, VT www.wrif.org.

Carol Parsons Ciscel

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I have always been interested in the life of the mind and learning and books. I studied math, science, art, dance, and social studies at Bennington. It was hard to choose, but I think the social studies course—From Hobbes to Marx—was the most formative for me.

I left Bennington in the fall of my sophomore year to get married. From Bennington I went to the University of Massachusetts with my new husband and new baby. You can connect the dots. I stayed in touch with Bennington through Abby Goldstein (Arato) '65, my classmate and dear friend who died in 1984.

Bennington has been a lodestar for me. I never forgot my time there and dreamt for years that I had returned; in fact I still have that dream. Maybe that's what kept me trying again. Since my husband was following his dreams around the country, I went to six universities before I amassed enough credits for a bachelor's degree: Bennington, University of Massachusetts, Clark University, the University of

Indiana at Evansville, and North Texas State. Finally I went back to Evansville where I had the most credit hours and, in 1973, I was the first woman to graduate from that institution with a bachelor's degree in economics. Then in 1982, several years after my divorce, I got a master's degree in economics from the University of Memphis. When I finally had a chance to go back for a PhD in 1999, I chose history but so late in life that I was collecting Social Security before I graduated in 2010. However, I had quite a long career in the classroom teaching first economics and then history as an adjunct instructor mostly for Christian Brothers University here in Memphis. While I was there as Academic Director of the Evening Program, I did interviewing for the



Carol and David Ciscel

Bennington admissions office. I'm pretty sure I had the honor of interviewing Donna Tartt when she transferred to Bennington from Ole Miss. My last appointment was at Rhodes College, also here in Memphis in 2007/8, teaching my new specialty, Medieval history. My dissertation is on Heloise and I gave a paper on the significance of her third letter to Abelard at the Medieval Congress in Kalamazoo in 2007.

I had three babies before I was 25—all boys. Then when I was 34 I divorced and lost custody of the children. I missed their teen years and, although now I have a close relationship with the two eldest, the youngest died some 21 years ago at the age of 26.

During that hard time I was very active in the Women's Movement in Memphis helping to found the first wife abuse crisis service in this city. In 1989, I married again, this time to a professor of economics, and life got better. We are both Quakers and work for our yearly meeting that covers an eight-state area. That, and our far-flung grandchildren—eight of them now—keep us on the road much of the year.

I have one brother and one sister who still live in New England; one still in Acton, MA, where we grew up; one brother in Sweden, one sister in California, and me in Memphis for 42 years. I like Memphis sitting as it does in the center of the country. I can get east to visit relatives and west to visit, well, the west, both with relative ease.



Carol and her grandson, Will



Carol and her sister, Susan



Carol at home

Elena Carter Delbanco

Name at Bennington: Ellen Carter
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My primary interests at Bennington were just about everything. All over the map, but my major was language and literature. I also studied art, history, and music.

I've just retired from 30 years of teaching policy writing at The Gerald R. Ford School of Public Policy, University of Michigan. Fascinating decades, engaging my interests in domestic and international affairs, politics, and writing.

My current interests include figuring out retirement, spending lots of time with my husband of 44 years, Nicholas Delbanco, who came to teach at Bennington in 1966, visiting with my two amazing daughters, Francesca (a novelist) and Andrea (a journalist), and playing with my four little granddaughters, Anna, Penelope, Rosalie, and Frederica. I enjoy painting and I've just written my first novel, which will be published by Other Press next spring. It's called *The Silver Swan*.

Bennington offered me a marvelous education (every day I understand some other way in which it was valuable) and the confidence to do many things in the course of my career, including working at Phoenix House, a drug treatment program in New York City, working at Bennington College for six years in the Counseling Service, and helping Nick start the Bennington Writing Workshops with John Gardner in 1977. I think it also gave me the confidence to go after an academic position at the University of Michigan, a position I worked to create, which has now materialized into a full-fledged Writing Center. So, first and foremost, I gained intellectual self-confidence. I learned two additional things: first, that I wasn't a very talented visual artist but could still really enjoy painting and,



1961 Kilpatrick House

second, that music wasn't the field for me, although I still love it most.

I particularly wanted to go to a women's college and feel I gained a great deal from those four years with very smart women all around me. It provided a stimulating, serious environment. I was terribly disappointed when Bennington went co-ed, shortly after I graduated. Many schools became co-ed at the same time. Fortunately, a few did not, and so that choice remains available to young women. (Although my kids did not seem at all interested in the option.)

As a student and as an employee and as a faculty wife, I had very different experiences of the college. It was hard to leave Vermont in 1985, when we moved to Ann Arbor, but it was the right thing to do after 15 years of intense connection.

Nicholas left Bennington to found the MFA in Creative Writing at the University of Michigan. It's a fabulous program and has produced a large number of fine writers. All enrolled writers are fully funded for three years, including healthcare and living expenses. Nick will join me in retirement in December 2014. He keeps writing, of course, and by now has published 28 books of fiction and nonfiction.

Our older daughter, Francesca, went to Harvard, served as the "Dear Abby" for *Seventeen Magazine*, got an MFA in fiction, published a novel with Norton, and moved to Los Angeles. She is married to a movie writer/director/producer named Nicholas Stoller (*Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, *Get Him To The Greek*, *The Five-Year Engagement*, and *Neighbors*.) They have two daughters.

Our younger daughter, Andrea, went to Brown, went immediately to work for *The New York Times*, then *TimeOut* and now *Time, Inc.*, where she is a senior editor for their children's magazine, *Time for Kids*. She married Alexander Shalom, an attorney for New Jersey ACLU, now fighting for the right of all children, documented or undocumented, to enter public schools in New Jersey. They have two daughters.

The friends I made at Bennington will last a lifetime and are very dear to me. (This includes Nicholas, whom I met on campus in 1961.) I was a very homesick 16-year-old when I arrived, and a general pain in the neck for at least the first year, until I got comfortable being away from home and grew up a little. I don't think any other school would have thrown itself into seeing me through that year the way Bennington did. I am grateful to this day for all the ways in which Bennington jump-started my life.



Elena Delbanco 2014

Betsy Feist

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There is no way to capture the richness of 50 years of experience in a brief account, so I won't try. Here instead is a snapshot.

After graduation, I went on to a career in publishing, working on staff for several companies, including McGraw-Hill and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, before starting my own freelance business, developing, writing, and editing instructional and informational materials. I've always been a writer, and several of my short stories have been published in literary magazines. When one freelances, there is no official retirement date, but I haven't taken on any new work recently. Still, if I were offered an interesting project, I'd likely say yes.

Along the way, I've formed many lasting friendships, enjoyed a few romances, and had one long-term nonmarriage. I've also found myself with a family that has nothing to do with shared DNA or legal status, but is made up of bonds of caring.

For many years I was active in the National Writers Union, where I was co-founder and co-chair of the Business, Instructional, Technical, and Electronic Division and of the Health and Safety Committee, and served on the New York Local's steering committee. I have been active in a local Amnesty International group and, following the passage of the Patriot Act, I participated in the Bill of Rights Defense Campaign through a volunteer group under the aegis of the New York Civil Liberties Union. As an active Democrat, I volunteered in the campaigns of many candidates for state and local offices. Since New York is so blue that it is



At the Father's Day March Against Stop-and-Friske Abuse, June 17, 2012, New York City

ignored by the national parties, I traveled to Minnesota and Colorado to campaign with my sister and her family in presidential election years. I am currently President of the East Side Democratic Club and I consider the club and its activities have become my primary occupation.

I haven't yet succeeded in bringing peace, justice, and equality to the world, but perhaps I've helped make it a better place in smaller ways. I hope so.

Julie Rogers Gittins

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Sum up your Bennington experience and the last 50 years in a short essay—due in less than a month! Now there is a true Bennington assignment.

Honestly, though, the sum total of what I want to say is “Thank you Bennington for those four years.” Thank you for the wonderful staff and the marvelous teachers. Thank you even for the ones who were not so marvelous. Thank you for the kind and tolerant friends I found and thank you, too, for the people who found me intolerable. Thank you for the Comments rather than Grades. Thank you for NRTs. Thank you for letting up on the pressure to satisfy others and letting me put the pressure on myself—to find out what I could and could not do and to get a sense of where I could go and was going. Thank you for letting this introvert sink a bit into herself. After high school, that was a blessing.



John and Julie Gittins, Paris, 1993

And what did I do with all that? Well, probably nothing that would surprise you (or me for that matter). Several years teaching followed by 20+ years as a school psychologist—with a side-step for a while working for the Department of Mental Health and then in the local ER—jobs by turns fascinating and enlivening, frustrating, and depressing. Jobs where I hope I helped a few people and know I didn't help others enough.

The ups? My jobs (on most days anyway), my friends, my wonderful, amazing husband and family, the coming of spring, time with my children—especially my grandchildren. (Grandkids are catnip to grams I found.) Good food, too, good talk, good books, good film—good times all.



Isabel, Chris, Stacy, and Henry Gittins, 2013

The downs? The deaths of close friends and family mostly and the sense that these are coming too quickly and close together in recent years—and I must add to that, these wars that, since Vietnam, have been all too vivid and too numerous, the horrible exploitation of our environment, and the miserable treatment of people in so many places.

But still, for those four years—a chance to draw breath and a chance to grow—“Thank you, Bennington.” I feel amazingly lucky to have had them.

Vivian Bachrach Glick

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My interests at Bennington were dance and French. Today, it's learning Italian, living life to its fullest.

My ups and downs include a short first marriage (three years) and an excellent, happy, and fulfilling second marriage (to date 45 years). A rewarding 30-year career as a massage therapist.

My older daughter, Jennifer, is married with two sons, 16 and 12, lives in Maine, and is an administrative manager for a national engineering firm. My son, Adam, is married with two daughters, 16 and 13, lives in Los Angeles, and is an executive at Warner Bros. Television.

My daughter, Melissa, is a physician assistant in oncology, and lives in Salt Lake City.

I loved being at Bennington and feel grateful to have had the opportunity to be a part of that magical community for four years.



Janet Gohres

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I transferred to Bennington from another college where I had been a biology major, and where biology often meant premedical. I was interested in natural history and field biology, running around in the woods, and doing art and theater, to the detriment of my studies.

At Bennington I took a lot of literature courses. I majored in art and loved it. I still do art, printmaking and ceramic sculpture mostly, and my work is very nature oriented, birds, plants bugs, and quite picky—very different from the work I did in college, when I was encouraged by Paul Feeley to be more aware of the New York art scene. I am afraid I would disappoint him, as I am still inclined to be an ivory-tower artist.

I still enjoy classical music. I can credit Lionel Nowak, the lively Bennington concert scene, and my suitemates Julie Faunce (Carragan) and Barbara Alrich (Wichura) with honing this interest.

I sell my work locally in Virginia and in a gallery in Maine, where I spend most of the summer in a cabin in the woods on Vinalhaven Island. Bennington's beautiful surroundings, the mountains, the countryside, the frog pond, were important to me. I later studied ornithology, entomology, botany, etc. I still love to read and run around in the woods. So not much change, except more family, more animal companions, and, alas, more possessions.

I was rebellious and a little immature when I went to college. There was nothing to rebel against at Bennington, and a lot of guidance from faculty counseling, which was wise, inspiring, and supportive. I felt respected, not controlled, and responded by working hard. I am not sure where else I would have found this combination of excitement about learning and real encouragement to grow.

Lionel Nowak was my first faculty advisor and was wonderful, a mentor, parent away from home, who included me on outings with his family and treated me with respect, an important part of a Bennington education, I think. Catherine O. Foster and Paul Feeley were very special teachers, and Kent Lawson taught a course called Physics as Inquiry that was so exciting, sometimes, it was hard to stay seated, especially when Dr. Lawson did demonstrations at the beginning of class.



I have had two marriages, the first unhappy and soon over, the second still happy with Robert Hahl. I was a successful school teacher for years, if a little disorganized. I really like my two sons, Alex, 29, and Brian, 22, even though their teen years were very difficult. My mother, Janet Furlong, lives with us, and Alex is temporarily here. I am healthy and active, but I cannot seem to get everything done—a lifelong problem.

Our destruction of the natural world is very disturbing. If I am gifted with anything special it would be a sense of wonder, and it is hard to see our greed and growth destroy so much that is wonderful. This is visible. I have lived a while, and seen many spring bird migrations, quite a few summer trees and skies, and attendance comes up short now, in water and on land.

Elizabeth Walker Hasegawa

Name while at Bennington: Betsy Walker

To my classmates, after being with you, I went to Juilliard, thanks to Bennington, then to Harvard, then Japan, where I have been now more than 40 years. I was diagnosed eight years ago with Cushing's Disease. So far it is incurable in me. It gives me high creative energy while otherwise bringing the body down.

I am happy to join with you here.

Best wishes from me in the hills overlooking Kyoto—

(I graduated December '64, having spent spring term with Pernie in Lugano.)

(italics from William Blake's six-stanza poem "The Tiger")

Mortally immortal

*Tiger, tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?*

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

There came a tiger's swift reply:
Your question that? It was I,
I that made my burning bright,
This flawless, faultless symmetry.

Cutting through a rising sea,
With tiger's fearful symmetry.
Who with mortal hand or eye
Can seize this tiger slicing by?

Tiger's all, or so we're named,
Tiger cat and Tiger shark.
No immortal hand or eye
Has claimed our fearless symmetry.

Waters stream with salty tears,
Stars send down their distant light.
Written on the sand tonight,
Tiger, tiger, burning bright.

(composed April 29–May 5, 2009)

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After graduation, I moved to New York City and worked at a bottom-rung position at *Time*. Later, I took over Erna Crown Reingold's job with Margaret Mead despite my lack of any anthropology studies. Erna became a good friend when we both lived in Connecticut. She died after a fierce battle with lung cancer. I miss her so much.

I left New York City and moved to Tucson, Arizona, where I got an MA in English. Then I moved to Chicago where I taught at Evanston High School, considered at the time the #1 high school in the country. After seven years teaching and one brief marriage, I opened a children's clothing store in a kind of co-op experiment by the building's architect. I loved the designing and buying for the store but hated the daily grind of selling.

Ten years after my Bennington graduation and remarriage, I entered law school at Loyola University of Chicago. I loved law school. Upon my graduation, newly pregnant, I was lucky to be offered a position in the Legal Writing program at Loyola.

I had two children back to back (14 months apart), a daughter, Tyler, and a son, Bennett. We all moved to Greenwich, Connecticut, when my husband was transferred to NYC. I stayed home with my children and began to ride seriously.

When I divorced my husband, I became the single mom with kids and no longer could afford to ride. I was lucky enough to be hired by Touro Law School as an associate professor of legal writing, a job I truly loved. I loved teaching; I loved creating problems; I loved the freedom I had to teach as I saw fit; I loved my colleagues in the department.

With my third try, I found my perfect mate. I had 19 years together with my wonderful, patient, loving husband, a professor at New York Law School.

I have been very fortunate in my life to have so many chances to improve myself. I have wonderful children (don't we all?) who support themselves, love their mother, and seem willing to spend time with Mom. I even reached a point where my husband, my kids, and my ex-husband could vacation together so we could all share the joy of having kids with us.

My greatest down was the illness and death of my husband, Don Zeigler. Eight years ago he walked out of a routine physical, with no symptoms, with a death sentence; he had both lung cancer and pulmonary fibrosis. Somehow the lung cancer went into remission, but the pulmonary fibrosis took its place. He tried all kinds of

treatment but eventually we moved to Pittsburgh where he waited for a double-lung transplant. Six months later, after a harrowing recovery from the transplant, we returned home to New York. We had a few months of joy. But the suppression drugs necessary after the transplant opened the door to the return of cancer.

We both retired and moved to California so I could be near my daughter when he died. He died in Kona, Hawaii, where we had gone to see my daughter, a world-class triathlete, compete in the World Championship. Two of the doctors most instrumental in getting Don a transplant, were with us, as were my kids, and my ex. Hospice offered services and made the experience so much easier. All of us stayed on the first floor of our house with Don, who died shortly after my daughter finished her race and was home to say goodbye.

I am now a widow, living in the beautiful setting of Tiburon, just outside of San Francisco. I have returned to riding, where I have found some solace.

As a transfer to Bennington in my junior year, I never made many friends. Erna became a dear friend. I knew Pam deWindt from high school, and she also has remained a friend. I also remember Suzi Brandt for her gracious hospitality and artistic talent. Mostly, I remember my classmates being very bright and ambitious, a number of satellites independently whirling in an imaginative universe. I felt like a naïve hick from the Midwest.

I loved the freedom of Bennington, the high expectations, the beauty of the campus. I never regretted my transfer.

Jaqueth Hutchinson

Confronted with the challenge to 50-years-later-tell-your-story at first I thought “hmmmmmm, ah dunno...Maybe.” Then given some time I began to think “yes.” But how to condense it? Would it be bright or dark, heavy or light. Because Bennington was all of those.

Admission to the class of '64 was a stroke of luck. Bennington must have seen something in me that I had little clue of. Born into a disinterested and bored family, sandwiched between two boys who were the important ones, at odds with parents who squabbled and drank away the evenings, the future seemed prescribed for me. Marriage, family, a station wagon, a suburb, none of which appealed to me but I had experienced no alternatives.

Bennington was an eye-opener in so many ways. My memories of the faculty and extraordinary range of students are many. Would I open my mouth if the articulate Arlene Heyman was in class with me? And talk about smart and quick—Jane Rosenthal catching Clement Greenberg in a contradiction at one of his lectures. I'd like to forget the sadist Francis Golffing who, aided and abetted by the short, plump Holland Taylor, made my life in Language and Literature a first-year hell. Brighter and funnier memories include David Smith in the welding studio studying the revealing leotard-clad Wendy Gunshore. When she assured him that she always came dressed that way to sculpture (welding) class he remarked “OK get a spark down your cleavage. See if I care.” There is Orea Pernel advising: “Come on now. Loosen up. Unhook your bra.” There's the 8:30 a.m. Music I class and Barbara Dula with her flashing brown eyes and beguiling smile telling the furious Paul Boepple that she was late because she had dropped her earring down the sink. The look on his face went from a frightening magenta to softened mush. Unforgettable. There's Mike the chef who loved my dog George who learned to show up in the kitchen with regularity for Mike's handouts—much to the displeasure of Mr. Parry. There's Linda Tolbert swaying down the hall in Woolley. Sooooo tall, sooo graceful. And Pegeen Daly arriving with her tray at breakfast, rolling her eyes and in a diva voice moaning “La vie. La vie.” There's Willa deSousa and “Staaark terra.” There's Suzy Stanton with her endless imagination—enormous woodcuts of sunbursts and raccoons, a chair that reached to the ceiling, a huge welded bowl, tiny etchings of a “Happening.” There's Nina Pelikan driving her harp around campus in a tiny car, lunches on the porch in the spring, concerts in the Carriage Barn, long bike rides to South Shaftsbury to visit a boyfriend. I majored in sculpture and painting with a minor in Lit. and I had an array of great teachers: Paul Feeley, Tony Caro, Stanley Rosen, and Stanley Edgar Hyman. Tony Caro helped me with my senior project during NRT. In exchange I taught him and his sons to ski. I went away at the end of NRT and he broke his leg at the local mountain.



After graduating I went to London and studied at St. Martin's School of Art where the sculpture scene was very alive as was a certain portion of the London gallery world where Caro, Noland, Stella, Poons, and Olitski were all showing and becoming well known. I made many friends there and in Italy where I traveled, to join my then-romantic entanglement and “do” Rome, I met actors and movie people, artists and writers, some of whom are friends to this day.

I returned to America and worked at a number of jobs, went to Chapel Hill, North Carolina to do layout and makeup for a small radical newspaper and then joined five friends to rebuild a famous old pottery, Jugtown, in the Piedmont area of North Carolina. It was the late '60s and we were Yankees in very short skirts. The locals who were very “country” thought we had come to stir up trouble. There were efforts to intimidate us with trucks circling the property and gunshots in the night. As scary as it was we prevailed and Jugtown became a booming success under the guidance of Nancy Sweezy whose inspiration it was to buy the place. When I left there I returned to Cambridge, got a studio, and began to paint and make sculpture regularly. I worked as a USA assistant for Tony Caro, delivering sculptures for museums and private collectors, installing, mending, and painting them if needed. I bought a run-down house and rebuilt it with the help and direction of Molly Gregory, a graduate of the first class at Bennington. What I learned from her regarding design and building has bled into every area of my life whether carpentry, sewing, cooking, silversmithing, or gardening—she was a major resource and inspiration.

I had my first show early in the '70s and was later selected as one of six Boston painters chosen for the opening of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts contemporary wing. Since then I have shown both painting and sculpture in Barcelona, Alberta, BC, Norfolk, England, New York, Amsterdam, and Boston. I've been invited to lecture (joke: the gene for public speaking was left out of my DNA) and teach in England, Canada, and the U.S. Art has been at the center of my life and everything that has come with it—extensive travel, friends, opportunities. And, too, the pleasure that is embedded in the difficulty of making art—all of this has made for an amazing life. As far as I can tell it all began at Bennington where I began to be who I have become.

There have been dark and scary times of course. Premature death of my younger brother and a very good friend, dodging the bullet of breast cancer, a good deal of psychiatric help, a very painful lawsuit against Harvard, which I won. Plenty of lows. I am saving those stories for our 60th reunion write-in, though by then I may have forgotten them entirely.



Laurence Jackson Hyman

Name while at Bennington: Laurie Hyman (as student); Laurence (as Bennington employee)

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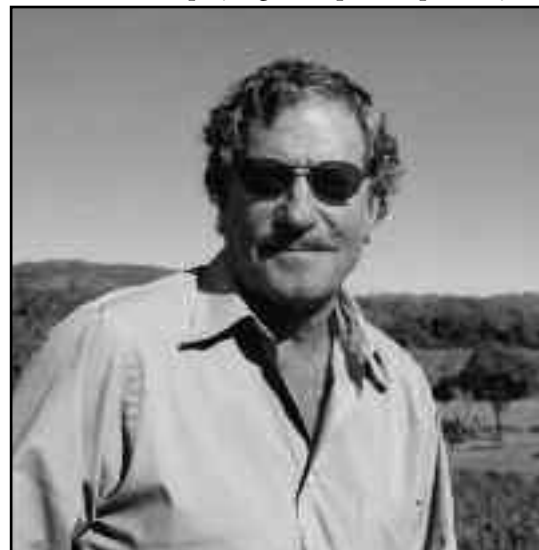
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In 1945, when I was 3, my parents Stanley Edgar Hyman and Shirley Jackson moved us from a cramped Greenwich Village apartment into a huge old house with pillars in North Bennington. My father had been offered a teaching position in the literature department on the recommendation of Kenneth Burke. My mother was already publishing short fiction in *The New Yorker* and other national magazines, and welcomed North Bennington as a comfortable place to live, write, and raise a family.

I was among the first to attend the Bennington College Nursery School. One of my father's students, Miriam Marx, was my regular, favorite babysitter, and I remember often riding in her famous jalopy convertible to go swimming at the Cascades, and the night she took me to my first screening of *Night at the Opera*. I treasure the photograph Groucho autographed to me on one of his several visits.

Growing up, I painted on Saturday mornings with George Holt, was coached on my oil painting by neighbor Paul Feeley (who also taught me to catch and clean fish), and learned to make mobiles from Tom Brockway.

At 12 I started playing trumpet, inspired by my father's legendary collection of blues and jazz records, and



In wine country, Sonoma County

learned jazz by playing along with them. I was invited to join various musical College ensembles and workshops, and often attended College theatre, dance, and music productions, and lectures. At 16 I started playing every Friday and Saturday night with a quartet of seasoned, black, middle-age jazz professionals at The Merry-Go-Round, and I learned to improvise and to swing.

I also began playing in a Williams College band, and at 17 went on my first European jazz tour. As a senior at North Bennington High School, I was invited to take a freshman literature class at Bennington taught by Kit Foster. It was, of course, mind-bending, and I was hooked.

So I applied to Bennington. President Bill Fels turned me down personally, pointing out that it was still a women's college. Instead I went to Goddard, but it was small, and

halfway through my sophomore year I realized I had taken most of the literature and music classes, and, having then married a Bennington student (Corinne Biggs, '64), I reapplied. This time I was accepted, as a junior, and for two years I was finally able to immerse myself fully in the whole fabric of the College.

My first counselor was Lionel Nowak, who also gave me piano lessons; I would sometimes arrive at his Jennings office carrying my infant son, Miles, in a wicker basket (he usually mercifully slept through my playing). I studied playwriting with Marc Blitzstein; learned about graphics and design with Vinnie Longo; composed and played with Henry Brant (and in his "Vertical Chord"), Lou Calabro and Gunnar Schonbeck; read poetry with Ben Belitt; achieved some small notoriety in *Newsweek* for tossing a cream pie at Kit Foster, to her surprised delight, in her comedy class; and tutored as a senior with Claude Fredericks, who also introduced me to typesetting and hand-printing. Despite my being self-taught at photography—and since it was still not offered at Bennington—Vinnie offered to co-tutor me with Claude, treating photography as graphic art. I was a split-division major in literature and photography, and as my senior thesis I produced a large-format book of photographs and texts I composed about New York's East River and Fulton Fish Market, entitled *Calling the Wind*.

After graduating in 1964, I spent a year in Manhattan playing jazz and teaching music to kids in Spanish Harlem, then landed a job as reporter/photographer for the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*. One day, only months later, the phone rang and it was Lionel Nowak, Bennington's Director of Development, inviting me to come back to Bennington to become Director of Public Relations and Publications. I could not resist the offer and welcomed the chance to return to the College, now as a member of the administration.

Suddenly I had to publish. I felt confident as a writer, photographer, and editor, but I knew little about the publishing process, so I did what my Bennington education had taught me to do—I went to the library. I learned as much as I could about type, design, layout, paper, printing, and binding. Lionel and Ed Bloustein gave me lots of space to take chances and encouraged me to experiment. I founded *Quadrille* and then *The Bennington Review*. Faculty and alumnae welcomed the opportunity to publish in the new quarterly, and soon I had a wealth of excellent writing and art with which to work. For years we won many editorial, design, and printing awards. I was doing a lot of photography for Bennington then, taking pictures of faculty, students, visiting performers, and lecturers for various College publications besides the magazines, including catalogs, View-Books, picture-publications about NRT, fundraising booklets, even print ads.



In front of Amtrak's Coast Starlight on a trip to Los Angeles

David and Gloria Gil, founders of Bennington Potters, asked me one day to photograph and design their brochures, and later *New Yorker* ads, so I started my freelance Woodford Design. *Vermont Life* commissioned me to produce an article and photographs about four selected faculty members with interesting avocations: Claude Fredericks (hand-printing), George Finckel (antiques store), Rine VanDerLinde (pipe-organ building and playing), and Gunnar Schonbeck (musical hardware store, invented instruments).

One day, in 1966, Ed called me into his office and told me he wanted me to start teaching a class in photography. He said he knew there would be resistance from the art department, which had been very slow to embrace photography, but promised to back me. I put together a plan, obtained a very modest budget, supervised construction of a single, simple darkroom in Welling Basement, and bought a couple of twin-lens cameras, light-meters, an enlarger, and other necessary equipment. My six-student class was filled almost as soon as it was announced, and photography was born at Bennington College.

If there was lingering argument among the art faculty it was quickly quieted when my students had their first show that fall in Commons. They had done really imaginative photography and printing, some even working in three dimensions, creating large photographic constructions with movable panels, and the show was wonderful. Their work spoke for itself. The class grew. I was now a member of both the administration and the faculty. I loved to sit in faculty meetings with my pal Georges Guy.

In the late '60s, while most of our administrative meetings were spent planning the new academic and arts buildings, I began to lobby aggressively for coeducation at Bennington, offering myself as a limited but enthusiastic experiment, arguing simply that Bennington's unique educational experience should not be denied to men. It was a tough fight. But gradually the resistance faded and Bennington indeed became coeducational in 1969.

I left Bennington that summer and moved to San Francisco with Deirdre Dole ('68), learning from afar that the early days of coeducation at Bennington were not as easy as we had all hoped, as Bennington struggled through one of its periodic reinventions.

San Francisco in 1970 was the epicenter of rock culture and was bursting with artists and musicians and alternative publishing. I bought and restored a 15-room commune-house in The Haight-Ashbury while working as a textbook designer. I reinvented Woodford Design, and my first paying client was the Jefferson Starship. I came to enjoy the inner circles of rock; there were private parties upstairs at The Fillmore and Winterland hosted by Bill Graham, with whom I soon became friends, and later publisher of his programs. I also began designing and publishing botanical journals—*Pacific Horticulture* and *Fremontia*, colorful magazines for the iconic Strybing Arboretum, a monthly magazine for The Bank of America, then world-centered in San Francisco, and I helped found and run *San Francisco Theatre Magazine*.

In 1979, I approached the San Francisco Giants, convinced I could bring improvement and needed dignity to their team publications. Stunned, I walked out of a long, bizarre meeting with the general manager with a two-year contract to produce yearbooks and media guides. I immediately started Woodford Publishing in the bottom floor of my house, and a wild ride began. Soon we added the 49ers, the Chicago Cubs, the New York Yankees, and many other professional sports teams.

My staff grew as we also began to produce theatre programs, art monographs, fine-art lithographs, commercial magazines, and finally hardcover books. I loved sports photography and found professional sports and music ideal subjects for the large-format "coffee-table" books that made us famous. By the early '90s we were publishing books for Major League Baseball itself, the NFL, the NHL, and the NBA, and each year I would take a crew of photographers and writers to the World Series and Super Bowl. I wrote and published *Going to Chicago*, a photographic homage to the great touring blues bands of the '80s, for which the photographer and I won the W.C. Handy Award; its sequel, *Really the Blues: The Great Jazz Day in Harlem*, which had many printings; Buddy Guy's autobiography, *Damn Right I've Got the Blues*, and dozens of other nationally distributed books on a variety of subjects.

My four children are spread out, although we get together often; Miles, an artist, lives in Paris; Gretchen, a writer and editor, lives in L.A.; Bodie is Key Grip on Hollywood movies and TV series; and Nathaniel is teaching and filmmaking in Bangkok. I have five grandchildren, and good reason to believe more are on the way. My third wife Cynthia and I have been together for nearly 40 years and divide our time between our houses in San Francisco and in the redwoods near Occidental, in western Sonoma County.

For years I have been supervising my mother's literary estate. Shirley Jackson remains very popular, with a large group of devoted fans worldwide, and permissions and adaptation requests appear daily. In 1996, my sister and I edited a book of her previously unpublished short fiction, *Just an Ordinary Day* (Bantam). Recently we discovered another trove of unpublished Jackson stories at the Library of Congress and are now editing a new volume of her short stories, essays, lectures, letters, and many of her drawings; *Garlic in Fiction* will be published next spring by Random House. Two stories from this new collection have already appeared in *The New Yorker* within the past year, together with interviews with me, and others in *McSweeney's*, *Tin House*, and *Strand*. Happily we have managed to get all of her novels back into print (Penguin Classics) and there have been many plays, audiobooks, musicals, ballets, indie, and Hollywood films. Exciting new things are in the works!

Stanley is also in the news again these days, more than four decades after his death: A photograph of him leaping three feet into the air, taken in 1959 by Phillippe Halsman and appearing in his famous *JUMP* book, is currently being used as a marketing centerpiece by Berluti, a worldwide high-end men's boot and accessory company based in Paris. I published a piece describing the story of his remarkable jump last fall ("Leaping Litteratus") in *Tablet Magazine*. So sedentary Stanley Hyman is jumping happily on advertising posters in stores and on billboards in Paris, London, Rome, New York, and throughout Asia. He would no doubt be immensely amused by his current athletic fame.

I never stopped playing jazz trumpet. When I arrived in San Francisco I started playing regularly with several professional bands in jazz clubs around the city, Sausalito, the Bay Area, and at Sonoma and Napa wineries, parties, and concerts. I continue to play cornet and flugelhorn, pushing 60 years since I picked up my first horn. Almost everything I do has something to do with Bennington College.

Marya Randall Levenson

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I was interested in dance and history while at Bennington. Today I am very interested in teaching and education policy. After being a history teacher, high school principal, and superintendent of schools for the last 12 years. I have been Professor of the Practice in Education and the Harry S. Levitan Director of the Education Program at Brandeis University.

Professors at Bennington taught me the importance of inquiry and critical analysis. Because there were so few history professors, I transferred to Brandeis University in my junior year.

Like many people, I have had ups and downs, but on the whole, I feel as though I have been very fortunate to have work that I cared about and where I could make a difference. I recently wrote a book on Pathways to Teacher Leadership, published by the Harvard Education Press. I am also blessed by having a loving husband, children who are well and happy for the most part, and five wonderful grandchildren.



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I did not know how lucky I was to get into Bennington until I got into Bennington. After a rocky start, I learned self-confidence and the ability to meet the world head on no matter what the circumstances.

Despite my parents' protests over going away to college (my mother wanted me to go to finishing school...I thought I was "finished"), they relented when I promised to spend my NRT programs in New York.

I entered Bennington to pursue my interest in art and painting. Half way through the only required course I had to take freshman year (Language and Literature), I received a comment from Howard Nemerov that stated, "the icing on your last paragraph would look better with a cake under it." This totally crushed me. I negotiated dropping the course with the promise of starting it again the following year with Stanley Edgar Hyman. Second only to my husband, Stanley Edgar Hyman was the greatest male influence in my life. He literally (no pun intended) taught me how to read. He forever erased the nightmare of my dreadful high school English teacher and imbued me with a love of language, literature, folk music, and drama that continues to this day.

I didn't have many friends at Bennington. Work was all encompassing and it seemed I had to work harder than others if I wanted to do well. I tended to spend too much time at the snack bar on weekends, so to preserve my sanity—and my waistline—I worked extra hard Monday through Friday and escaped to New York on weekends, much to my parents delight.

Through contacts in New York, I had some amazing NRT programs—the last one was spent in a small advertising agency and I loved every minute. I applied to the top 25 agencies for work after graduation. Twenty-four asked how many words a minute I could type. Lucky me, I was hired by the 25th.

That agency was BBDO and if you want a glimpse of what life was like there, just tune into any episode of *Mad Men* on TV. I was one of a very few female copywriters. I loved the glamor and creative challenges presented. I loved working with art directors who respected my visual and artistic input (thanks to Bennington) and, most of all, I loved having a secretary type everything since I still cannot type without my words looking like they were written by someone with dyslexia.



After several years I met and married my first husband and moved to Montréal, Québec. I had no friends, job, no family, and nothing but a lot of Bennington grit and creativity to get me through. Finding a job was the hardest because none of the advertising agencies believed my “book” of creative work from New York. I finally convinced one agency to hire me for a month, to see that I could do what I said I could do, while I spent lunch hours looking for permanent work.

Of course, the day I was hired by another agency, the one that I was “temping” for offered me full-time work. Writing for a Canadian agency was very different. Canada was five years behind and my writing too “clever,” not “dumbed down” enough, etc. etc. After several frustrating years the Québec political scene changed. All major English agencies moved to Toronto. Moving was not an option for me. At the time I was the mother of two, divorced, and desperately in need of a career change.

Again Bennington came to the rescue. In my freshman year, I took a course with Robert Woodworth called Human Biology. For each system of the body that we studied (independently from the class time), we saw films of operations (from medical schools, I imagine) that dealt with that system i.e., we saw operations on the lungs when we were studying the respiratory system. I was totally fascinated and thought briefly of becoming a doctor (emphasis on the word “briefly”).

After several (boring) post-agency jobs, I quit my last job as the publicity director for a community center and walked up the street to volunteer in the emergency room of a large university hospital. I figured that if I could handle it for a year, I would enter nursing school at age 39. This is a decision that I have never regretted.

My parents and friends all reacted as if I had a brain tumor. But in my final year of nursing school, my mother was diagnosed with lung cancer and she appreciated my decision in a very personal, although unfortunate, way. I knew all too well about her diagnosis, her medications, the language that her doctors spoke, and all aspects of her declining condition.

When I arrived in Montréal in the late '60s, all the women who worked were nurses and teachers (remember, Canada was five years or more behind the US, and this included the women's rights movement). By the mid-'80s, my friends were lawyers, stockbrokers, etc. I was (what everybody used to be) a nurse! And I loved every minute. When I started, everyone thought I was the head nurse (I was 42 and everyone else was 22). No matter, I had a lot to learn once nursing school was over. Each day I continue to work, I'm still learning.

I officially retired six years ago in order to receive my nursing pension. Fortunately, I am able to continue working (parttime) whenever I sign up for a shift. How lucky can I be? I am able to take off a month or two at a time (and thus avoid winter in Montréal) and work three days a week whenever I choose! My goal is to become the only 80-year-old nurse. Only nine years to go.



My children, Julie, 45, and Kenneth, 44, each survived my divorce, i.e. marriage and career changes. Both children were told at an early age that they could go to the U.S. for college if they got into an Ivy League school. If not, McGill would have to suffice. Julie went to Smith ('90) and Kenneth to Penn ('92) thanks to Pell grants, which covered most of their tuition.

Julie learned Japanese, spent a year in Kyoto, and two years in Paris before settling in New York, where she met and married a very wonderful man—Douglas Shapiro—and they are the parents of my three grandchildren, Naomi, 12, Leah, 8, and Jack, 5.

After several years as a VP on Wall Street, Kenneth moved to California where he has a business involving pollution credits and water rights. He shares his life with Danelle Rondberg.

My life as I knew it changed forever when I went on a blind date 28 years ago and met Arnie, my soul mate and husband of 26 years. Vowing to never marry again after my divorce (been there, done that), Arnie changed my mind and my life and we have been on a honeymoon (corny but true) ever since. Arnie is a mechanical engineer by profession who has managed and owned machinery manufacturing companies during his career. He is still working on projects as a consultant, and has more than a dozen U.S. patents. He loves golf and dancing, and most of all loves my children and grandchildren as his own.

I never wanted to return to Bennington to visit. It is what it is (and how it was) in the years from 1960–64. It has changed and so have I. I can deal with my own changes. I want to remember Bennington just as it was. It gave me many gifts, the most magical one being the gift to deal with change, accept change, and move on.



Ann Harvey Mendershausen

I came to Bennington from a small Vermont high school and was initially intimidated by the erudition of the faculty and the sophistication of the other students. Being a scholarship student, I worked many campus jobs: waitress, campus guide, lab assistant. I remember monthly paychecks of \$33. I started out with an interest in biology due primarily to the kindness and encouragement of Dr. Woodworth and ended up in anthropology/psychology. I excelled at NRT, scoring, in my senior year, a paid job with an archaeological project in Mexico. The passions I developed at Bennington: plants (Woodworth), clay (Rosen), and pre-history (Hanks, Munn, Salwen)—somehow Freudian and Gestalt psychology (Blake/Carini) drifted away—have persisted throughout my life. I have worked as a ranger naturalist in Yosemite, a ceramics instructor, helped preserve a wild and scenic river, co-authored a local flower guide, climbed many fabulous mountains, rafted amazing rivers, and turned many people on to nature and clay.



I married a guy I met at UC Berkeley. (He is typing this!) He had grown up in Bennington playing little league with Laurie Hyman and Toby Hanks and had attended the Putney School with my dear friend, Gael

Rockwell ('64). Small world! Between 1967 and 1979 we both taught at the Putney School after having lived in Germany with our little daughter and having built an abode near Yosemite National Park. We knew little of the skills involved, but the house seemed so wonderful! We have a daughter, Julia, and two adorable grandchildren, who are currently luring us toward the Northwest, away from drought-stricken California. New adventures on the horizon are better than same old, same old.



Left to right: Lucy Kostelanetz '65, Gail Feuer '64, Tatty Scattergood '64, Ann Mendershausen '64, and Paula Zweifach '63. Taken on the occasion of my daughter's wedding in February 2006.

The best things about Bennington were the excellent teachers, the beautiful surroundings, and lifelong friendships. Ah! Let us not forget the food. In hindsight, I think there should have been more academic requirements. Ultimately, it was my own fault, but there were/are glaring gaps in my education! I kick myself that I did not take more advantage of the college offerings. A Bennington education is quite wasted on 18-year-olds. In conclusion, here is an amazing Bennington story: in the late '80s I was working in Tuolumne Meadows, high up in the mountains of Yosemite, one of the most beautiful places in the world. At that time there were less than 100 summer employees stationed there, and yet there were "Bennington girls": one park ranger (myself) and two mule skinnners. They were Satie Airame ('92) and Sheridan King ('66)! Such statistics must say something about the Bennington aesthetic.

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I was a good student in high school because I was an avid reader and a terrific memorizer, but I was really an artist. After graduation, I just wanted to go to art school, but my father wanted me to go to college. So I ended up in Bennington, a college where I could major in art. I majored in literature.

All my courses were wonderful, and I loved my teachers. Marilyn Frasca was the best art teacher in all the world. But I was always simple and focused on my work. I was too young, spacey, and naive to have much of a sense of all the social stuff that was going on around me, and I only had a few friends while I was there. The College allowed me to take a lot of art and literature courses, and they taught me to ask questions, to be skeptical, and to analyze.

After finishing Bennington, I finally went to art school, at l'Accademia delle Belle Arti in Rome. There I had a glorious time, painted a lot, learned the language, and went to Paris a couple of times to visit Marilyn Harris '63, who was living and working there at the time.

I only left Rome to marry an American artist from my hometown, Jarvis Rockwell. We were married two months after we met, and the marriage only lasted seven years, but we did remain lifelong friends and produced a sensational daughter, Daisy Rockwell, a painter, writer, and translator. Oddly enough, she now lives in North Bennington with her husband, Aaron York, and charming 5-year-old daughter, Serafina.

Down the road, I live with my second husband, production designer Carl Sprague, in the family house in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where I spent my childhood summers. We have two adopted children, one from Russia, 23-year-old Ruslan, a spectacular ballet dancer; and the other from Ukraine, Elena, who's still a student. Three corgis live here, too.

I never stopped painting. Just a couple of days ago, I opened a big show (33 paintings) of farm animals, at Hancock Shaker Village. This is my sixth annual show for them. And I have written and published two novels. I remain a simple person, and my work is simple. I always seem to be penniless, but I'm always busy and happy.

Susan Friedman Reed

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I was totally unprepared for my early days at Bennington! The women there seemed more sophisticated, more knowledgeable, and smarter than I was. I went to the worst high school in the country and had never written a paper in high school. My first paper for Ben Belitt was a disaster. It was clear that science was to be my major. I loved Dr. Coburn's labs! He taught us how to solve problems in ingenious ways. I remember picking dandelions on the Commons lawn and creating elaborate architectural glassware to make dandelion wine. The entire barn smelled like the wine, which wasn't very good until we added a bottle of vodka. In physical chemistry class we made gems that we attached to our sandals for graduation.

When I wasn't in the lab, I was in the library, at concerts, or lectures, trying to make up for my limited educational preparation. Mine wasn't a "typical" Bennington education, arts or literature, but the school taught me how to



Susan and her car

learn and how to think. The day we graduated, I left for three years of Peace Corps service in India. For the first two years I taught science in southern India. There was no lab equipment, but I knew I didn't need anything more than what was available to teach the kids. My third year was spent doing "ladies' work" (remember, this was the '60s) close to Agra. Nutrition, kitchen gardens, and family planning were the focus of my work.

I met my Montana cowboy when we both helped train new volunteers and we were married in India. Fred and I went to Chapel Hill, North Carolina after India: he got a PhD in sociology;

I worked in a biochemistry lab. Notwithstanding my NRT jobs, which I enjoyed, I realized science wasn't for me. After jobs at the University of Chicago and United Nations in Ethiopia, we returned to Montana. Missoula was a small town at the time; I wanted a part-time job, so I studied accounting, thinking I could work only part time during tax season. That never happened; I was elected County Auditor and remained in that position for roughly 20 years. As auditor I performed management audits, so I was able to improve economy and efficiency in many departments. My last audit, the road department, was my favorite. Of 62 recommendations, the department implemented 61...AND I got to drive a road grader!

Thank you again, Bennington, for teaching me to solve problems in inventive and imaginative ways.

We've spent a lot of time traveling, especially since our son worked overseas much of his career. One of our favorite trips, though, was a six-week journey around the U.S. in our bright-blue Mini Cooper. I've served on a number of boards nationally and locally. My happy moment was serving on the board on the Clark Fork Coalition, when we were able to take out an outdated dam that harbored heavy metals AND clean up the river!

We have one son, Ben, who is an attorney, a lovely daughter-in-law, and a perfect grandson. They have returned to the States and live in Helena, Montana, just two hours away.

I keep in touch with May Vaughan, who spends part of the year in Montana. We hiked in Glacier Park together and hope to do it again soon. Life is good!

Donna Romero

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I grew up in Arlington, just north of Bennington. My mother, June Weaver (Romero Edson), worked as a teacher in the Early Childhood Education department at Bennington College. During my childhood, the Commons lawn and the carriage sheds looked like a palatial and manicured heaven. I never dreamed I would be living in that environment many years later as a student in my late teens.

During my freshman year I lived off campus with Jane and Lucien Hanks so that my tuition and housing costs would be as low as possible. I set up their breakfast table every night and climbed up through the fields every morning to arrive on the far end of the Commons lawn.

After years spent playing in the woods alone, the Kilpatrick girls filled me with shock and awe, most of whom came from New York City. They taught me the meaning of angst and existential despair. Who knew. It was the beginning of growing up for me.

I adored Vincent Longo's color class, Rebecca Stickney's literature classes, and Paul Feeley's cut-paper renditions of the layered hills of Vermont. Art had long since claimed me for life by the time I was 13.

I remember many of us singing a madrigal in the great acoustics of the stairwell of the Commons building one night after dinner, having just scarfed down our favorite dessert of raspberry jell-o, Grape Nuts, and real whipped cream.

My friendships grew; one friend, Judy, needed to leave Bennington part way through the fall, and she asked the College to let me live in her room for the duration of the year. It changed everything, living night and day on campus, in the mix, in the company of smart, funny, creative, loving women. Babette Amberger took me under her wing. I met Donnie Devan and his future wife, Pepa Ferrer, on campus. I named my daughter Pepa years later.

Bennington gave me a huge sense of adventure; I spent two winter work terms in New York City working at the Vermont Information Center in Rockefeller Center and roaming the streets all night with Verone Lawton, Tall Scary Verone, as we fondly called her. We walked barefoot down Broadway, into the steamy, hectic buzz of coffee houses and music in the Village at 4:00 am.



I left Bennington after my sophomore year to marry and have two children, Josh Brower and Pepa Brower. I divorced after four years and moved to northern Vermont where I finished my BA in art and lit. and earned an MA in drawing at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont. Again, my mother taught there. Art became my mainstay. Goddard allowed me to learn as many mediums and techniques as I could absorb. I loved it, as crazy as life got in those experimental days.

There were hard long years of working as a plumber to support my children and drinking too much. We all drank too much and did everything to excess. I grew steadily more unhappy, and my children grew steadily older. I finally got clean and sober in 1988, and my life was transformed in AA.

I got a wonderful job teaching art at a spectacular public school in Montpelier, Vermont, lovingly known as U32. It was the path I was meant to be on. I have now taught art to middle and high school students for almost 28 years, making my own art as much as possible. The U32 students are my lifelong friends. I am currently finishing six years teaching studio arts in a fantastic private school in Seattle and will move back to Vashon Island in the Puget Sound to reclaim an oil-painting career that tanked in the unofficial recession. I have a modest website, donnaromero.com, where you can see some of my paintings. I paint quiet interiors, full of light and shadow.

My two children, their spouses, and my two beloved grandchildren live close by, and our mutual lives are full of love, fun, laughter, great food, and the vicissitudes of existence. I am blessed.

Bennington taught me not to be afraid; the greatest compliment I ever got from a fantastic teacher, Stuart Diamond of NYC, was that I was willing to try anything, that I was still teachable, that I showed up every morning ready to work. I still try to show up, ready to learn and work, and I trust retirement will be full of adventure.



Nina Pelikan Straus

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At Bennington I studied literature with Howard Nemerov and Stanley Edgar Hyman and creative writing with Bernard Malamud. After receiving my doctorate at NYU in 1977, I taught comparative literature as a professor at Purchase College, SUNY for some 30 years, and now, retired, I teach one course a year, lead book clubs, and give talks.

Initially interested in drama and acting, my experience at Bennington nudged me toward literary studies and an interest in psychoanalysis. Malamud's fiction, Nemerov's poetry, and Hyman's class in myth, literature, and ritual influenced the way I think and the way I teach. I've published articles on Conrad, Kafka, Kundera, Mann, feminist theory, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. My book, *Dostoevsky and the Woman Question* (St. Martins, 1994), takes a feminist approach to the Russian's works.

Through Malamud's publisher, Farrar Straus & Giroux, I met Roger Straus III whom I married and divorced a decade later. Our union yielded three daughters, now grown. The eldest runs an art gallery; one daughter teaches dance history at Juilliard, and her twin works at Berkeley UC as an editor and writer.

My teaching career has been steady and my personal life a bit of a drama. Arlene Heyman, class of '63, has been a friend and fellow Malamud fan and fiction reader/writer for many years. At our recent Bennington reunion, I came to acknowledge continuities and influences that framed my life experience. Bennington's progressive politics of the 1960s and its John Dewey philosophy of education remains with me.



Diane Sherer Tucker

The main thing I thought about while at Bennington was my dancing, choreography, and developing as an artist. I loved my teachers, particularly Martha Wittman, Joseph Wittman, and Jack Moore. I loved Bennington and remember the beauty and quiet there, the wind and mountains, and the sense of being in the country. I loved my friends—Kathy Posin, Linda Tolbert, and Rima Gitlin—and also enjoyed the music department, classes with Ben Belitt, and being in other people's dances. I liked working as a waitress and also in the nursery helping little children. I also worked delivering *The New York Times* on Sundays and was mortified one Sunday when I overslept and everyone was angry.



Flyer for her new book *Petambi and the Moon*

Now I am hoping to work on a retrospective of choreography from 1960 to 2009 or so, which will be in DVD form. I will call it *Violet, A Journey of Faith*, and it includes solo and group work of many genres. There are beginning ones, dances made at Bennington, dances with my children, dances made to be done in church, dances as part of concert series, programs on angles, clown shows, dances as meditation off of Scripture, dances to grieve my sister's death, and one DVD to honor my teacher, Sybil Shearer, after her death. I will be thinking of what to include, what to eliminate, and what dance has meant to me all these years. I am also interested in continuing to write and illustrate children's stories, which I've been doing for the past 10 years. I am interested in the world of the spirit as it moves in the heart and how this can be made visible. Mostly I am interested in love and how to let it grow, mature, and evolve going into old age. I love shadows, reflections, and water, and hope to remain an artist the rest of my days.

Bennington really encouraged me to be myself and make dances, and two of my

teachers encouraged me and I continued to dance most of my life. Even in my 60s I danced three or four hours a day and taught Tai Chi Ch'uan for nine years here. I did my best work in my 60s. I went to Urbana, Illinois to study with Al Huang and we had a wonderful reunion; he brought out his pictures of *Kites*, his dance I was in. He approved of my work and gave me a scholarship to Oregon, which I was unable to take. I feel Bennington was the strongest and most honest influence on my life, and the values I learned there have influenced all work since that time.

Once I had a breakdown and had to leave a wonderful job teaching children in New York. I was very ill and lost 15 pounds in one week. But luckily I went to a film made by Helen Morrison of Sybil dancing and began back to the studio to make four new pieces, all of which were performed by my advanced dancers in a public high school the next year. Another time I could not get a work scholarship and had no money to take class, but was given a large space with a hardwood floor and made two dances that I shared with the dance department that had rejected me. When my sister died I was encouraged to dance and made four dances of the journey of grief that I performed for Sybil. She sent me a generous check out of her pocket, and it opened many doors for me. I was able to travel to the University of North Carolina and teach a dance that I'd made to thank Sybil for her generosity. This was done in concert by six advanced dance students that spring. I was also able to work on an abridged version of my first book, *Petambi's Story*, which I'd worked on for a year. I have received an Emerging Artist Grant from the North Carolina Arts Council and also a Fletcher Foundation Grant and my new book, *Petambi and the Moon*, is coming out this May on ebook and in hardcover. I hope to do a retrospective of more than 50 films of my choreography as my next project.

I am fortunate to have married Tommy Tucker, who is an author and also taught English for most of our married life. Tom helped me as a professional clown, blowing the perfect note that I ruined many times. He is a wonderful writer and also has filmed a lot of my dances. He has been a great support. We have three children, Matthew, who teaches math and loves his garden, married to Jenny, who created her own business, Create a Space, in Zionsville, Indiana, teaching art to adults and children, and their two children, Sammy, 14, who plays the violin and is a freshman in high school, and Grace, 12, who shows great promise as an actress and singer and also dances. Grace danced with passion in Sybil Shearer's living room the last time we visited. Our second son, Joey, is a doctor and works in London having conference against syphilis. He and his wife Xiaoxi, who is also a doctor, have an 18-month-old named Kai, who we get to see on skype once a week. They live in London, but Joey travels to China to work and also is on the faculty at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Our daughter, Bonnie, is getting a PhD in English and Education at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. She loves the teaching she is doing. We are proud of all three kids and remember very fondly all the fun we had raising them. In the retrospective, I dance with each one, and the last dance was filmed by Joe and Martha at Bennington. I feel the experience of being a mother was rich and deeply rewarding, also very hard at times, but I would never change it for the world. The way I survived my children's illnesses when they were far away was through dance. That was always the way I stayed in touch with my deeper self. If I did not know the answer I could find it through dance.

Now that I am 71 and have arthritis in my knees I am still doing Tai Chi, walking, and swimming. I miss the complete workout I used to enjoy and the wonderful release. I believe the creative life is exciting and that God

always sends angels along the way. My studio is still a very real haven for me and has been blessed and consecrated three times to Christ. I was able to teach ballroom dance, liturgical dance, clowning, and Tai Chi Ch'uan in there. I also taught privately. I have been saving money to help abused children by creating a fine arts center. I have made and published five books, and feel grateful to have many more coming. The value of going at your own pace and being quiet enough to hear your inner voice have helped me keep committed to my art. I am very grateful to Bennington for wonderful memories, friendships, and for its natural beauty that I remember so very well.

May Vaughan

It has taken me many years to forgive myself for not taking advantage of what was available when I was at Bennington. I was naive and intimidated by nearly everyone when I arrived on campus during the time of Clement Greenberg, Anthony Caro, David Smith, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Howard Nemerov, and LeRoi Jones. I hid myself in a major of political economy and an unfinished thesis on the India/China borders. I did take Dance Extra and ceramics to expand my horizons.

In retrospect, a talk by Dr. Alan Guttmacher, who had delivered several Bennington students, influenced the rest of my life. The talk was about human sexuality. A box for anonymous questions was put in Commons. Dr. Guttmacher's comment, which I have not forgotten was, "Most of you would benefit from reading a good biology text." This was a revelation to me because I saw myself as the only one who wasn't totally informed and wildly, happily having guilt-free sex in any free time available. Dr. Guttmacher influenced me later when I spent years volunteering at Planned Parenthood chapters while moving around with my Army officer husband. Later he liberated me when I was pregnant and he wrote that he did not let his patients ride horses because he didn't like horses and his partner forbade tennis because he was bad at it. Dr. Guttmacher went on to International Planned Parenthood and I went to the nursing school at Catholic University as a "returning woman." Catholic allowed me all my liberal arts credits and human biology. Thank you, Bennington!



Grandchildren, Lizzie, 12 and Willy, 16 Tatten

Witnessing that first incision in the surgery films shown in human biology has kept me at an appropriate weight ever since.

I expected that my nursing career would lead me back to Planned Parenthood, but Children's National Medical Center had a summer internship that helped me finish sooner, and I managed to stay for 30 years. In order to be a registered nurse by 1990, a bachelor's degree was going to be required. I was divorced and did not have the extra energy to go on for a master's to work at Planned Parenthood. I managed

to have a very hardworking, satisfying career finally finding a niche at the anesthesia department and helping to start the Pediatric Pain Service.

Thanks to the Army's policy of sending people all over the world, I got to live in Germany, Baltimore, Fort Leavenworth, Monterey, California, where I was able to study Arabic as "wife of." Beirut, Saudi Arabia, and Washington, DC. I loved Beirut and cried when we left just before the civil war.

I have maintained an interest in modern dance and have taken classes at Jill Hinckley's pottery studio in Washington for many years. Every time I wash my tools in warm water, I remember the cold in the chicken coops at Bennington. The German I studied, which included the libretto of *The Magic Flute*, came in handy in Turkey (workers who had gone to Germany), and led me to love opera.

At one point, I told my children that I did not want my obituary to read: May Vaughan, volunteer. I have evolved and realize that some of my best experiences have been volunteering.



May at Lake Waiwasha, Kenya, Earthwatch Project



Folklife Festival when Hawaii featured

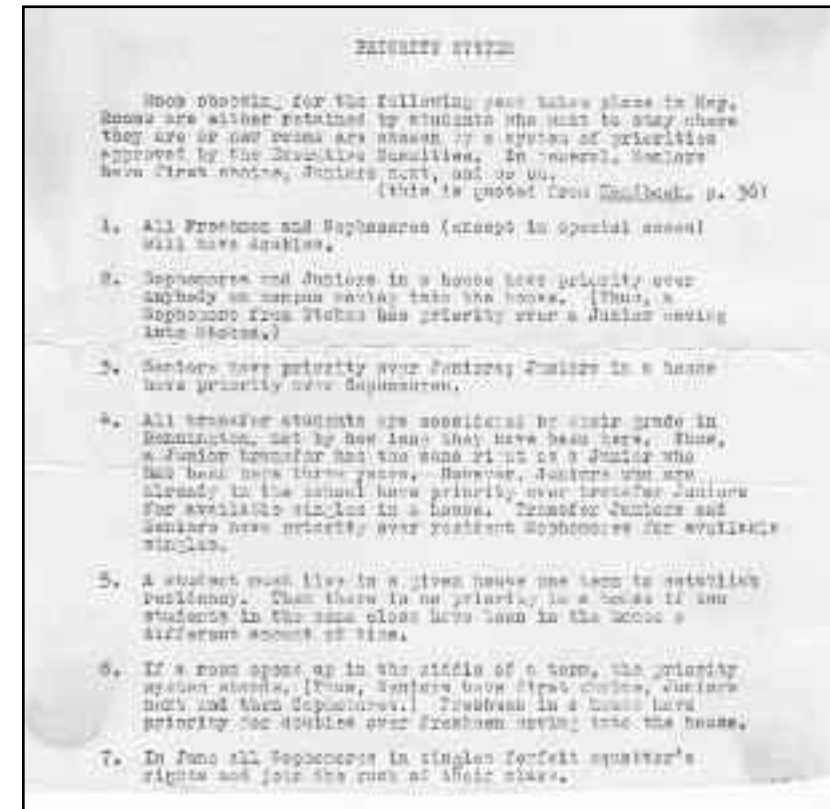


May Vaughan and Julie Wellings in Ajai circa 1990

I have had a wonderful time from 30 years of volunteering at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival on the Mall. I don't know how I did it when I was working because it is always at the hottest time of the year and I would come home, take a shower, and lie on the floor to recover. I have volunteered at immunization clinics, Planned Parenthood clinics, charity thrift shops, and several Earthwatch projects. Another volunteer project was co-chairing the Bennington Alumnae/i Association in Washington. Meeting people who have gone to Bennington guarantees interesting events and conversations. I am hoping for rejuvenation of the alumnae/i groups.

My summer volunteer stint this year will be on the recycling team with the Greater Yellowstone Coalition bicycle ride around Yellowstone country. Last year was Montana. This year will be Wyoming. I have never seen so many adults drink milk. Rumor has it that chocolate milk helps replace minerals—on cereal. Yuk! We served one percent, two percent, whole milk, skim milk, and the chocolate milk.

My connection to Montana comes from my son and his family who live in Bozeman. I spend as much time as I can there. Until this year, they were the parents of my two grandchildren. Another is to be born this year to my daughter who lives in South Africa. I was delighted to find Susan Friedman Reed in Missoula. We both "do" pottery, lament what lobbying has done to government, and share books. As a longtime resident, she keeps me aware of the local culture, so I avoid faux pas.



In conclusion, I believe my time at Bennington did what a liberal arts education should accomplish. It gave me the incentive to never stop learning.

Betsy Vickers

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Although I had wanted to apply to Bennington out of high school, my parents took a year of convincing to go along with my choice. Thus, I arrived at Bennington as a sophomore. As I had been in college on the West Coast, I'd never visited the campus, which seems like a strangely blind act of faith, yet which in the end was richly rewarded.

The major drawback of coming as a sophomore was that I neither identified nor bonded with my class, missing out on the earliest shared joys, pitfalls, and loyalties of freshmen finding their ways. On the other hand, I believe it gave me greater freedom to make friends from all the classes—a couple of whom are still close friends.

Although my pre-Bennington education was excellent in a traditional way, at the College I found my individuality/identity through an intellectual and creative combination which, lifelong, has served me well—as a liberal, questioning, exploring thinker and hands-on maker both of art and through words. The impact my Bennington teachers was intense, indelible, and almost entirely positive. They modeled a one-on-one caring and fostering of original thinking, ideas, problem solving, and discourse that I strove to emulate in my own teaching.

Directly after graduating from Bennington, I taught art in the Boston area, then went to art college in London, stayed another year to teach both at the high school and university levels, returned for a year to the same school in Boston after which I married, moved to Chicago, and went to the School of the Art Institute of Chicago for my MFA in printmaking. Subsequently, I taught studio art and art history at a local community college for several years. During the Bennington years, Vincent Longo had the greatest influence on my



A silkscreen self-portrait done in 1963 at Bennington

choice of a printmaking concentration, instilling a love of craft and material, a strong work ethic, and aesthetic sophistication.

While in Chicago, I did some Bennington alumni work that segued into admissions interviewing into becoming a Midwest admissions representative, and finally I moved to Vermont to work full time in the College admissions office as an associate director. I would only be half joking to say this move ended my marriage.

From Bennington admissions, I went to Maine College of Art for six years as Dean of Admissions and Financial Aid after which I started my own business creating print media and websites for educational institutions, eventually with a specialty in study abroad—involving much memorable European travel. This work of 20 years called on my strengths in both art/design and writing—mainstays since Bennington.

Now retired, I live with my sixth black Lab—once again in rural Vermont, but not far from the cultural opportunities of the Dartmouth College community. I have written poetry seriously for many years, given some readings, and belong to a group that meets regularly to critique one another's work. Although very un-Bennington of me, I have never—an odd distinction—sent out a poem seeking publication, understanding that I will be making poems regardless of any larger public. My first encouragement to keep writing poetry came from Ben Belitt, and although I abandoned it for decades for art, it is interesting that this long-ago talent and devotion was never lost, and seems now to have come full circle.

The following poem is from a memory of a Bennington student.

DIAMONDBACK

Like rattlers on a hot rock ready to strike
two diamond-patterned bullwhips
coiled leathery-tense on the radiator
for snatching up at a black night impulse
carried out to the expanse of
college commons lawn
flicked loose by a sinewed wrist-flip

one in each fist whirled overhead
interlocking bracelets and arcs
reminiscent of the innocent
weave of two-strand jump-ropes
hopped into and inside by small girls

the lash-hiss through air stopped with a crack
that smacked against the dorm facades
again and again until she had
exhausted a serpent whose fangs
by November when she left school
must have bitten deep.

Also attached: a silkscreen self-portrait from 1963 and a recent photograph. I was amused to note that despite countless intervening styles, I once again have mid-length hair and wear round glasses.



Current photo for Class of 1964 Reunion book; Betsy Vickers

Barbara Alrich Wichura

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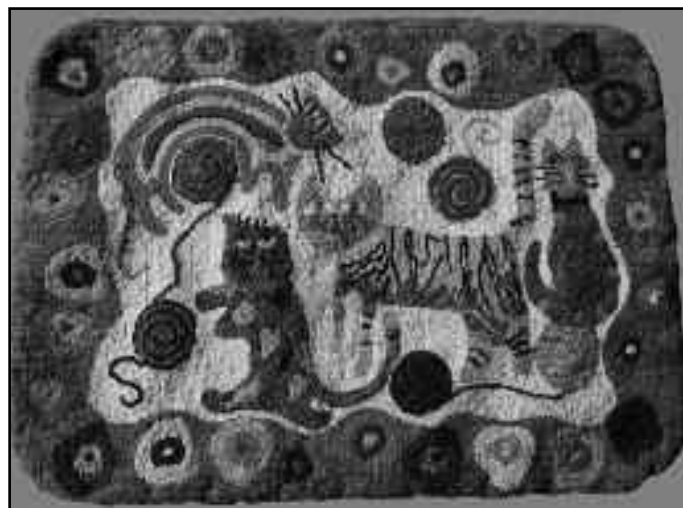
Attending Bennington, with all its creative activities, was a wonderful, fulfilling experience for me. A few years ago, I took up a creative, wonderful, fulfilling new hobby: rug hooking. If you're unfamiliar with that traditional art form, I encourage you to give it a try; look it up on the Internet, in particular, google "Gene Sheppard" to learn how to get started. I've attached pictures of a couple of rugs I hooked. I hope you can see how much fun they were to make. The last three years, I've been



battling metastatic breast cancer and cognitive decline. Sadly the cognitive decline now keeps me from rug hooking and my other hobbies. But I can still picture Bennington in my mind and remember my happy days there.



Brush and floss



Four cats

Karen Wunsch

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I wanted to write fiction when I was a Bennington student. I still write, almost every day.

Bennington gave me self-confidence. Several years ago I retired from a career I loved—teaching college English. My husband and I have a son, a daughter, and two granddaughters.

I'm grateful that at Bennington I was surrounded by many bright, talented, and interesting women (who also had looks and charm), and that many of my teachers made me feel smart and "creative."



Barbara Jacobson Zimmerman

My mind travels back to those days eons ago to my years at Bennington College. I arrived interested in writing, literature, history, and art. I majored in literature but I took a lot of sculpture classes to avoid writing one more paper. The sculpture teachers I remember were the gentle Anthony Caro and the burly David Smith. David Smith would tool into class, always late, in a vintage yellow Mercedes convertible. He spent a lot of time ordering materials and didn't do much instruction. At the end of term, he invited us to visit his studio in Bolton Landing. The lawns were populated by his large dynamic creations.

I took classes with Howard Nemerov, who interrupted a class to point out a hummingbird, Stanley Edgar Hyman, and Catherine Osgood Foster. Stanley Hyman's class, *Form in the Novel*, remains the best course I have ever taken. We read *The Odyssey* with facing Greek, *Moby Dick*, *King Lear*, and *Ulysses*. Stanley Hyman was my thesis adviser. We



met in the afternoons, he with a drink by his side while I smoked thin Danish cigars. I loved his wife Shirley Jackson, who was not my idea of a writer. She wore house dresses with white socks and looked a bit like a bag lady. But when she read her unpublished novel, *We have Always Lived in a Castle*, in a deep rich voice it was spellbinding. Catherine Osgood Foster's Shakespeare class was memorable, although we got off to a shaky start. She wrote the class a four-page single-spaced report card saying we were a slothful bunch. After that we improved! She read our papers and left comments by every paragraph. At the end of the term, she gave out gifts and a prophecy for each student.

Bennington in those days was a heady place full of vitality and individualists. Who was that young woman who sat under the table to avoid the pervasive smoke in Wallace Scott's wonderful Renaissance and Reformation class and dressed herself in period garb? You were expected to work and if you didn't, you left.

After college I worked at *Newsweek* and married the back of the book writer, Paul D. Zimmerman, who later wrote the

cult classic movie, *The King of Comedy*. After my marriage, I took many pottery classes and joined a pottery studio in the Lower East Side. Paul and I produced two children, Ian and Kirsten, and fostered a Vietnamese boat person, Toan. I have spent many years working against nuclear power and for a nuclear-free world. To that end, I have been arrested four times. I have participated in countless peace demonstrations; sadly the world is no closer to peaceful resolutions.

In 1972, we moved from NYC to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where we raised our family. I established a successful pottery business in my lovely barn. My husband passed away in 1993 from colon cancer. Since that time I have concentrated my time on making pots. I love clay and never get tired of making objects. I volunteer in our local prison, garden, hike, do yoga, and play lots of tennis.

Oh yes, Catherine Foster's prophecy to me was: "Babs the sea will never drown you." But it has come close.



Did not send an update



Ruth Reich Alpert



Deborah Sprague Arnold-Roht



Diane Litman Benjamin



Corinne Biggs-Hyman



Alison Creel Bodelon



Renee Bonner



Damaris Low Botwick



Joan Brainard



Alexandra Broches

Did not send an update



Betsy Brotman



Pamela deWindt Burke



Judith Armstrong Chance



Nancy Farnam Charles



Valarya Clifton



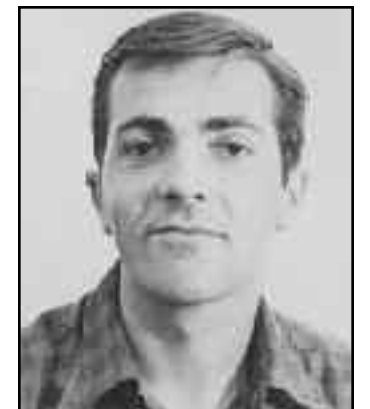
Yola Englander Coffeen



Carlotta Crissey



Carol King Daly



Paul Day

Did not send an update



Sarah Verone Lawton del Bourgo



Wendy Gunshor DeMegret



Alexandra Ramsay DiLuglio



Edith Keppel Drury



Bronwyn Jones Dunne



Deborah Dupee



Alexandra Eames



Amy Ehrlich



Gretchen van Horne Ganz

Did not send an update



Belinda Gold



Marjorie Goldstone Greenberg



Donna Gurian Greene



Susan Holland Greenleaf



Laurie Manulis Harmon



Barbara Thacher Herpin



Susan Groehl Hofmann



Jessica Howard



Diana Chace Hoyt

Did not send an update



Elizabeth Yeomans Hunt



Judy Isacoff



Lucy James



Alix Kabat



Faith Kaltenbach



Ruth Chute Knapp



Karen Muson Latil



Jon Lightfoot



Victoria Greene Maddux

Did not send an update



Dorothy Henken Malachowski



Nancy Annis McDowell



Alexandra Herter Mead



Gael Rockwell Minton



Jinx Nolan



Jane Weisbord Perin



Wendy Garrett Pierson



Jillian Krueger Printz



Jean Morgan Reed

Did not send an update



Naomi Rothman Rhoads



Hannah Hewat Rose



Kate Spoerl Rose



Carole Hedlund Seigel



Patricia Seymour



Kaye Grossman Shackford



Nancy Smith



Stephanie Spinner



Jacqueline Klein Starkey

Did not send an update



Carter Dunlop Stewart



Erica Stoller



Pamela Strauss Sullivan



Edith Stebbins Sweeney



Linda Tolbert Tarnay



Jill Mattuck Tarule



Holland (Virginia) Taylor



Julia Turner



Pegeen Daly Valentine

Did not send an update



Nancy Nelson Weiss



Julie Wellings



Susan Amadon Wilt



Anne Wirgin

Without Update—No Photo

Diane Sullivan Bacro
Virginia Howard Brecher
Ann Lane Breit
Cora Cohen
Maryanne Conheim
Marilyn Frasca

Myra Goldberg
Heather Maycock Ogilvy
Elizabeth Mason Possidente
Susan Pattison Roberts-Smith
Kimber Wheelock

In Memoriam



Babette Amberger Brackett



Elizabeth Adele Brown



Julia Faunce Carragan



Karen J. Clemmer



Andrea Boroff Eagan



Barbara Ireland Fajardo



Jane Owen



Ann Pitkin



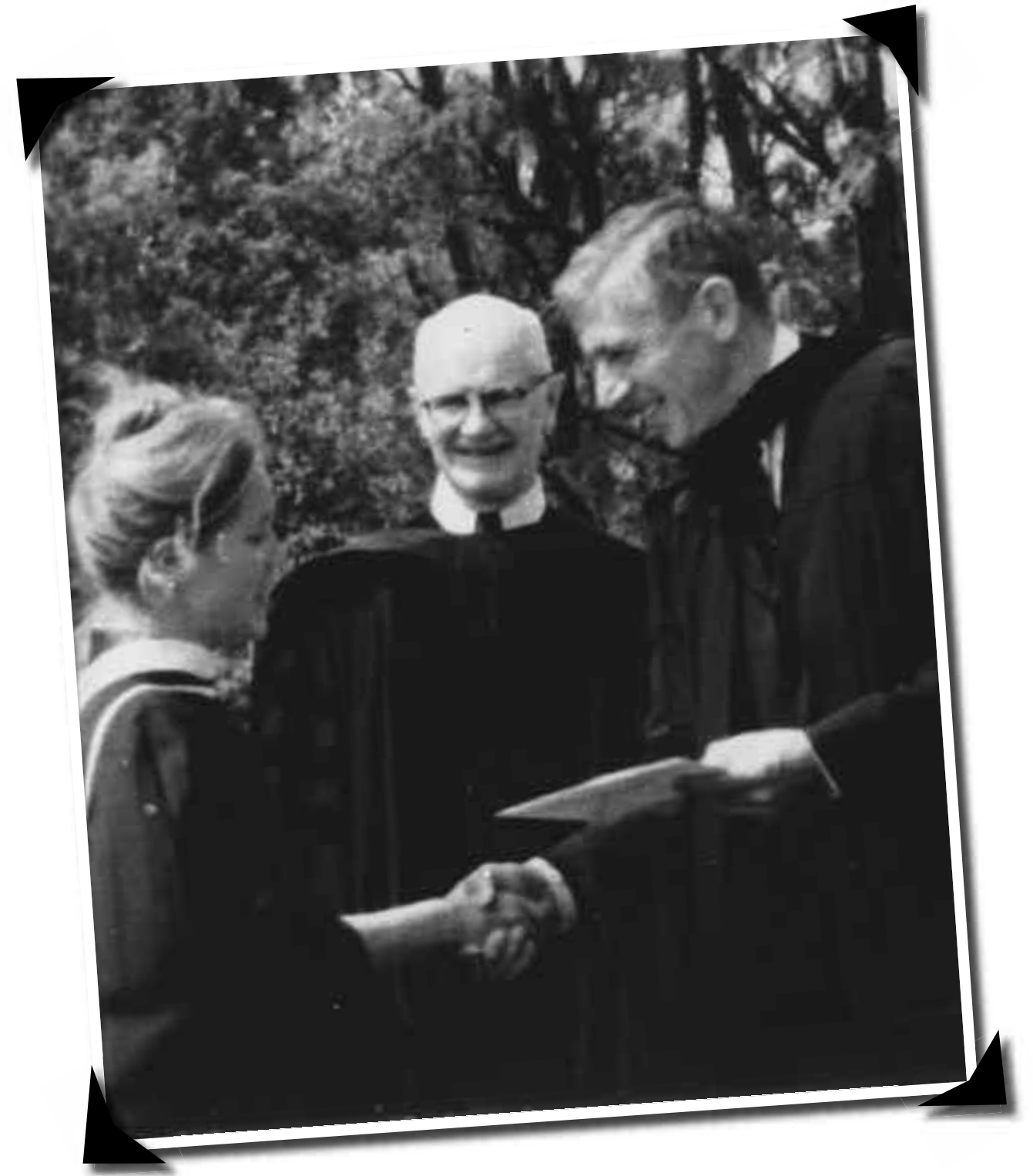
Ellen Sigward Prescott



In Memoriam No Photo Available

Patricia Nichols Norvell

Erna Crown Reingold





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