

Class of 1959  
**50TH REUNION**



**BENNINGTON COLLEGE**



## **Class of 1959**

Marcia Margulies Abramson\*

Harriet Turteltaub Abrams

Hillary de Mandeville Adams  
(Judith Snyder)

Valerie Reichman Aspinwall\*

Jessica Falikman Attiyeh

Rona King Bank

Elisabeth Posselt Barker

Patricia Beatty

Joan Waltrich Blake\*

Deirdre Cooney Bonifaz

Alison Wilson Bow

Rebecca Stout Bradbury

Rosalie Posner Brinton

Nancy Schoenbrun Burkey

Heather Roden Cabrera

Carol Berry Cameron

June Allan Carter

Barrie Rabinowitz Cassileth

Ann Turner Chapin

France Berveiller Choa

Ann Avery Clarke

Katharine Durant Cobey

Margot Bowes Cody\*

Helen Coonley Colcord

Rita Zimmerman Collier

Justine (Merle) Riskind  
Coopersmith

Irene Kerman Cornman\*

Ellen Count

Ann Elliott Criswell

Diane Deckard

Jane Vanderploeg Deckoff

Linda Monheit Denholtz

Abby DuBow-Casden

Vijaya Gulhati Duggal

Elizabeth Partridge Durant

Ellen Hirsch Ephron\*

Margaret Fairlie-Kennedy

Helaine Feinstein Fortgang\*

Barbara Kyle Foster

Sally Foster

Amy Sweedler Friedlander

Joan Trooboff Geetter

Mary Jane Allison Gilbert

Phyllis Saretsky Gitlin

Helen Trubek Glenn

James Goldstone\*

Carol Grossman Gollob\*

Janet McCreery Gregg

Janice Probasco Griffiths\*

Janet Hallenborg\*

Mary Lynn Hanley

Linda Wittcoff Hanrahan

Barbara Hanson

Joan Cross Hawkins

Judith Silverman Herschman

Elaine Tabor Herdtfelder

Pamela Hill

Arlene Kronenberg Hoffman

Jill Hoffman

E. Joan Allan Horrocks

Mary Earhart Horton

Jane Leoncavallo Hough

Wilda Darby Hulse\*

Marina Mirkin Jacobs

Roberta Forrest Jacobson

Julie Hirsh Jadow

Paula Cassetta Jennings

Carolyn Wyte Jordan

Sandra Siegel Kaplan

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\* Denotes Deceased

Gigi (Ilka) Hewitt Kerr	Nancy Graves Parker	Carol Foley Surkin
Ellen Lapidus	Joan Matz Partington*	Edith Swan
Irene Osterweil Leeds	Sarah Southern Pease	Daisy Sharples Sweet
Dianne Meeker Leonardi	John Peirce	Diane Hilton Taillon
Gail Ruslander Levin	Claudine Bonmartin Poline	Tama Alcott Taub
(Carole) Ione Lewis	Jessica Rains	Verna Wilkinson Thomas
Susan Mallery May	Dorothy Edwards Rand	Virginia Owen Torrence
David MacFee	Sidra Levine Rausch	Andrea Frey Traboulsi
Marianne Dach Maxwell	Harlean Richardson	Susan Trott
Sarah Clarke Mayberry	Marjorie Rickard Richardson*	Judie Hershman Van
Jacqueline D’Elles McCloskey	Marjorie Godlin Roemer	Alice Van Norden*
Sonia Berlin Michelson	Anita Andres Rogerson	Paula Velsey
Sarah Lorenz Mitchell	Eleanor Rooks	Mary Ann Keegan Walter*
Joyce Dietz Myrus	Ann Little Rubenstein	Carol Donovan Ward*
Alice Marie Nelson	Sandra Uhle Sawin*	Malina Barker Weedman*
Emily Victoria Blunt Nelson	Esther Meader Scanlan	Dorothy Weis
Barbara Dain Nemiroff	Barbara Plapler Schiff	Irene Weisberg
Susan Fischer Netter*	Magi (Maxine) LaPides Schwartz	Ilisa Klotzman Wolfe
Henrietta Howe Niemeyer	Ava Heyman Siegler	Joanna Bramel Young
Catherine Hanf Noren	Hildreth Lindlof Simmons	Abby Fink Zito
Jenny Polson Ono Suttaby	Carita Richardson Smalley	Janet Marcus Zuckerman
Emily Carota Orne	Lydia Soifer	
Patricia Hopkins Owens*	Carol Rappaport Strick	

\* Denotes Deceased

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At Bennington, my interests were in music and art. However, I majored in psychology, with the intention of going on to graduate school and having a career as a social worker. Instead, I went on to get an MA in music and music education at Teachers College, Columbia University, then taught piano and played amateur chamber music for many years. As our children were growing up and I had more time, I went back to school at the University of Wisconsin, and received an MA in textile design and printing.

Two significant thoughts come to mind when I think about my Bennington years. I was exposed to an educational atmosphere, which taught me that if you believe strongly in something, you should just push ahead towards making it happen . . . and often, it does! Independent thinking and pursuing your passion were encouraged. This helped to provide a framework for me in 1986 to open “Turtledove,” an art-to-wear gallery and fabric printing studio, in Philadelphia. I was 50 years old at the time and went on to have an amazing experience for 15 years. (I have donated a large part of my personal wardrobe from Turtledove to the Textile Collection of The Philadelphia Museum of Art.)

I met my husband, Gene, in Boston during the Non-Resident Term of my senior year at Bennington. We married the following June, as he graduated from Harvard Medical School and I received my Bennington degree. His training and psychiatric career took us to many parts of the country including New Mexico, New York, Wisconsin, and then the suburbs of Philadelphia, where we have lived for 33 years. Along the way, we raised three children, Adam, Rachel, and Lisa. We have five wonderful grandchildren, ranging in age from 7 to 13.

I am enjoying the freedom of being retired, although, as many of our peers also claim, we seem to be doing more than before! With a lot of piano practice (after none for 15 years), I returned to playing chamber music. I also do a great deal of photography. Gene and I enjoy gardening and concert-going. Our family is mostly in New York, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and California. We have wonderful family reunions in all these exotic places, making travel high on our list. The riches of family life and an extended network of treasured friends are a blessing!

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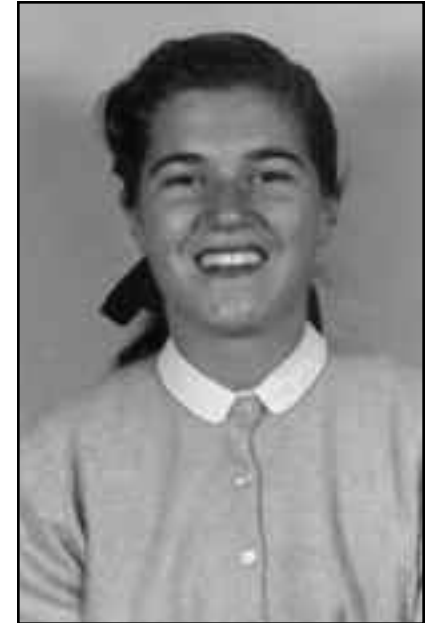
Note: In October 2006, I went back to Bennington to perform with the Bennington Madrigal Singers, at a multi-year reunion for the college. I had sung with this group during my freshman year in 1955. We spent the Non-Resident Term giving concerts at venues along the East Coast. Ruth Ring, our talented conductor, gathered 12 of our original group, plus a few substitutes. Several months before, she sent copies of the music, which we had performed all those years ago, so we could “bone up.” We had a great time being together again, and gave two exciting performances, which were very well received.



## Patricia (Trish) Beatty

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While at Bennington my primary interest was dance and more dance! The fact that I was given a fine liberal arts education along with my dance training was a huge bonus...one that I have been reaping the benefits of ever since. I was respected as a human being and as a student, which was a startling and life-changing experience for me. Bennington galvanized my energy and gave me the courage to have a pioneering life in Canada on behalf of modern dance. No doubt about it! Bennington was also an adventure...doors were opened for me and the kind of curiosity and stimulation that I found there whet my appetite for more. Ultimately, I think my four years at the College prepared me to live more fully...I think there can be no higher praise for an educational institution.



## June Allan Carter

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Bennington College was exciting! Exciting in multiple ways.... There was the intellectual energy of the place, the adventure of Non-Resident Term, the interaction with other students and with teachers, the physical beauty of the area, and last, but not least, the social excitement.

Sitting on the floor of Welling House living-room, discussing goodness knows what, talking philosophically with others, was an experience new to me. I think my visual memories of that room came from the level of the floor—sort of a dog’s eye view. The talks continued through the years, and happened in many venues, something I missed later in suburbia, when I was “grown up.”

The Non-Resident Term was a Godsend—really a Very Good Idea! It was a wonderful thing for someone like me, who had been so sheltered...a good way to kick-start a woman into being independent. At the same time, it was an opportunity to taste the variety of career options out there, and to learn what was palatable, and what was not. And, what was most important, to work with no pressure to specialize, to shut out other avenues of exploration. Every young person benefits from a feeling of competence, and the Non-Resident Term gave an opportunity for that. Each job I had was a learning experience, and many people taught and encouraged me. I learned that I did not enjoy at all the library at a life insurance company, but that I loved working in an art museum, and to this day, cannot keep my hands off objects on exhibition. About 15 years ago, I touched the center of a pile of Dale Chihuily sculptures, all nestled together, and the whole piece started rolling and gaining momentum. A few breath-holding moments later, they started slowing, then finally stopped, and I slunk out of the museum, a chastened, but still unrepentant “toucher”...

Good teachers are magical people—they draw out the best in the student, and like a conjuring trick, transform our questioning thoughts into a strong base for intellectual evolution. Bennington had such teachers. When I was a smarty-ass freshman, I looked down on free form verse, and one day I wrote a stream of consciousness poem as a joke, put it in the mailbox of a teacher I had never met, and it was returned, critiqued. That made me so ashamed, but so admiring of the man! All my teachers were good. They were interested and kind and went out of their way to help, even with problems not of the scholarly kind. I still remember them: The walk with my anthropology teacher and class through the Pownal Valley, on the railroad tracks. Seeing the “Weeping Rocks,” where a great Indian battle was fought, while enjoying the geography and learning about poverty in third world countries, and feeling myself so fortunate. The physiology teacher who also took slow-motion films of plants, and lectured us on the evils of generalizing in our conversation. The art teacher who



strode back and forth, with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth. He instructed us in a language of criticism which took me many weeks to decode, but seemed so very “right on” later, that to this day I want to discuss painting in art museums with anyone who will listen (while I try not to touch anything!). The French literature teacher who was so knowledgeable about his field, while at the same time, being a wonderful friend. The interest in and respect for each student given by the teachers was something I wish everyone could have!

How could I not have been happy, living in a colonial house, with hills and dales, beautiful trees and varied textures of grasses, hay, and stone walls all around? Over all rose Mount Anthony, a beneficent blue presence, and back at Welling House, there were lilacs in the spring, peonies in the summer, and a back-yard which looked like a Van Gogh painting. And the autumn! The campus was populated with orange or red or yellow trees, which seemed to glow like psychedelic lollipops! There were nights of intense moonlight, and I remember once seeing the green Northern Lights. The land and its embellishments at the College will always be with me. The visual memory is both centering and energizing. I think that it soaked into us and enhanced all we did.

The 1950s were a great time to enjoy socializing at college. Except for the graduate students, we were an all-girl school. However on the weekends, pushing open the heavy doors out of Commons, we would emerge into a visiting male gene pool, which surged back and forth across the lawn, up and down the streets, forever asking the question, “does anybody want a date?” I fantasized about the anthropologist, Margaret Mead, writing a book called, “Coming of Age in Southern Vermont!” In addition to this windfall, we had the nearby male colleges, where dating was arranged in a more regular manner. I graduated with a BA from Bennington, and a “MRS” degree from Williams.

A few years ago, I wondered if the fey Bennington girl was gone with the years and the changes made at the College. But there she was! I happened to drop by the campus, and saw a student flying across commons lawn, pushing a grocery shopping cart. While I deplore theft of shopping carts, I couldn’t help but wonder at this spirit, pushing her load of weightless autumn leaves to some destination which only she knew!

I did not appreciate right away all that Bennington gave me. I came to realize that it is like travel, when you are immersed in it, you miss things, but when you return home and sit down with your guide books and cup of coffee, you remember all the things you saw, and the things you glimpsed out of the corner of your eye, and it starts coming together piece by piece, like a collage.

We’re learning all our lives—sometimes there are times in our lives, even later on, when everything coalesces, when we realize that we know much more than we think we know. Some of the knowledge pent up inside us falls into place at a later date—even a very later date. Bennington gave me a voice—the ability to articulate some of the thoughts I’d had perhaps since childhood and hadn’t known how to say. It freed me. Though some people came here as free spirits already, for others it is a life-changing experience that opens one up to new ways of thinking. I love Bennington.

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My mother was afraid I would go to a Catholic college. So, in the spring of my senior year she shanghaied me from my convent boarding school in Connecticut and drove me past where we lived in Williamstown “to see” Bennington.

Becca Stickney talked to us both, and then to my surprise and Mother’s amazement, she sent Mother off. As the door closed, Becca said, “Why do you want to come here?” I said, “I don’t. All I know about Bennington is scuttlebutt from Williams students.” She laughed and said, “Take the tour, and find out what we are really like. Then come back and talk.”

After the tour I did know why I wanted to come, and I was “accepted” and generously given the scholarship I needed. Then I spent the next four years of my life in a world where finally I was less of a misfit than I had



ever been before. The friendships made at Bennington were an integral part of my education. I lived in Dewey House for four years. Diane Deckard was my roommate for two years. One December we went out in what we thought were woods and cut down a small Christmas tree to have in our room. Unfortunately, as we sang our prize back towards our room we met Mr. Perry. Nondescript as it was, our tree turned out to be the gift of some previous year’s alumni. We had to replace it, I think.

One of the jobs I did as part of my scholarship requirement was working for the Admissions Office. I gave student tours, and in my senior Non-Resident Term worked full time for the office—I even had the loan of one of the faculty apartments. That winter, I cooked my first meal for guests. As my Williams College fiancé and his aunt and uncle sat down to eat, I realized that the main ingredient of each course was sour cream—and I had neglected to put sugar in the cherry pie. Cooking was something I learned after Bennington.

Near the end of the term, the College lent me a car and I spent several weeks giving slide shows to prospective students at teas the alumni had organized. For me, giving those talks, staying with and getting to know graduates, and driving myself from city to city, even through the tunnel into New Haven, were momentous.

What was I interested in? Ideas, boys, dancing at the State Line, more ideas, the out-of-doors, writing poetry, and myself. I was a language and literature major. Now I wish I had also taken anthropology and done more studio art. Wallace Fowlie, Howard Nemerov, and Louis Calabro were and are ongoing influences in my life.

What did I learn? That I knew very little, but that there were people and books and places where I could work on filling in some of my gaps. I even learned that there were things that most Bennington students scorned, that I did not. Like knitting.

Now seventy-one, I have had plenty of opportunities to learn from adversity, but at Bennington I learned because I was happy. It was something like what I imagine a bird feels as it first begins to fly.

I have lived in Africa and three different countries in Europe as well as in Maine and Washington, DC. There have been two husbands, four children, three step-children, eleven grandchildren, many friends, numerous dogs and cats, two books of poetry published, and since 1978, a full-time involvement making and teaching fiber art.

Now I live in Maine with a studio looking down on a tidal river. My body is uncooperative, even recalcitrant, but except for forgetting names, I keep my wits about me. How fortunate I have been, and am.

Here is *Boat with Four Figures*, my thirty-foot-long installation at the Zoellner Gallery at Lehigh University, one of four museums where it has been exhibited.

I am sure Bennington is a part of the things I make.





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How to synopsise one’s last fifty years in a paragraph or two? It can’t be done. But I can certainly confirm that my life has been highly influenced by Bennington’s John Dewey approach to learning by doing. Except for 12 years in my husband’s printing business as his plant manager, most of my “work product” has been in the arts—from being a hat check girl in a night club that featured Mabel Mercer to being a production assistant to Broadway producer Alexander Cohen to starting my own music management business to my present retirement job of starting a not-for-profit concert series in the Hamptons on Long Island. My husband Marvin and I have raised three ever-interesting children (based in New York, London, and San Francisco) and now enjoy three rowdy grandchildren. Life is full—with lots of music, sports, books, travel, and good friends and family.



# Joan Trooboff Geetter

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**Family notes:** 51 years of marriage, two daughters (attorneys WITH licenses), and two grandchildren.

I loved Bennington and felt instantly at home there, finding it a place where others enjoyed and valued what I did: reading, conversation about ideas, the arts, faculty who wrote books and then talked to you about them, accessible geniuses like Kenneth Burke, the beauty and peace of “the country”—to a city kid all this was heavenly. These kinds of pleasures haven’t changed much.

After graduation I got a Masters in English and eventually a PhD. I worked for a while with the State’s Commission on the Status of Women. Ultimately I spent over 20 years at the University of Connecticut in charge of Labor Relations and rarely saw a classroom. I used to explain that I practiced law without license. Of



course, had it not been for the women’s movement, none of this would have been possible. In 1974, no matter how many degrees you had, female administrators were quarantined in nursing and home economics. Today, thank goodness, we have the run of the place.

Once I left UConn (and now desensitized to people arguing), I got a degree in marriage and family therapy. The idea was to have access to portable part-time work, although at this point, I see couples or families only a few

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hours a week. My latest interest is mediation. Mediating custody problems and complaints of employment discrimination, I volunteer with the Children's Law Center and the New England region of the EEOC.

The rest of the time, I serve on the board of Hartt College of Music, we travel, and I try to play the piano. Between Hartford Stage, Theater Works, and Yale Rep., we see theater all over Connecticut and in New York. We do the occasional film festival; David plays in the West Hartford Symphony and we keep tabs on local chamber groups. When spring comes we poke around Brimfield and buy stuff we don't need.

The fates have been extraordinarily kind thus far. Is it too cynical to remind oneself of the guy who jumped out of a tenth story window and yelled as he passed the sixth, "So far, so good"?

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DARE TO TRY NEW THINGS. YOU'LL LEARN BY DOING! That was the main lesson that I learned at Bennington, and one that has since been my steady guide.

My small-town upbringing and public high school education had ill prepared me to meet the requirements of teachers like Stanley Edgar Hyman or even to comfortably interact with my much more sophisticated fellow students. So I began my Bennington years by watching and listening! But after a few stops and starts, an "I can do that!" feeling took hold and I was on my way.

How wonderful it was to be able to choose among so many appealing courses! I ended up with a double major (drama & French literature), along with forays into psychology, literature, history and political thought, plus dance and music extras. My senior thesis, in French, supervised by Wallace Fowlie, was on the theatre of Eugène Ionesco. I also did a production of that playwright's *The Chairs*, playing the old woman under the direction of my drama teacher, Bill Alton. (Now I'm just the right age for that part!)

One week after graduation I moved to New York City and found a job. In those days the first question an employment agency asked a female college graduate was "Can you type?" Fortunately I could, having acquired that very valuable skill in high school and built up a résumé through Non-Resident Term and summer work.

That first job, with a small company that produced communications training films, lasted nearly nine years, during which I learned about human resources development films and courses while assuming increasing levels of responsibility. It also led to my second job when a former colleague who had become a speech and publications writer for the United Nations Development Programme (UNDP) asked if I would like to assist with research. There, my initial one-month contract mushroomed into a 28-year career as a writer, editor, and supervisor in the UNDP Division of Public Affairs.

I was totally unprepared for that UN position, having studied neither international relations nor writing, and I definitely would not have been considered for it today, when even an entry-level UN professional post requires a master's degree. But thanks to my Bennington experience, I was not deterred and managed to acquire the

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skills and knowledge needed for each new assignment as I moved up the ladder and eventually became chief of the publications branch and assistant director of the division. Over the years I had many opportunities to visit countries to which I never would have ventured on my own (Burkina Faso, Swaziland, Yemen, Mauritania, Maldives, and Kirabati to mention just a few), writing and photographing stories on UNDP-supported projects for our in-house publications. UN classes that enabled me to improve my French were an added perk.

All that came to an end when I reached the UN's (rather early) mandatory retirement age of 60 and had to figure out what to do with the rest of my life.

That's when I began the freelance writing and editing for the UN and other clients that I continue to do today. Also, since moving to New York, I had studied acting with Mira Rostova (recommended to me by my Bennington drama teacher mentioned above), appeared in a few off-off Broadway productions, and periodically wrote, produced, and directed topical shows for UN staff parties and fundraisers. I was therefore delighted to discover the Seasoned Citizens Theatre Company, a group of performers aged 60+ that was performing up to 80 shows a year for older audiences in senior residences and centers throughout the



boroughs of New York City, in Westchester, and on Long Island. I've been a member of that company for nine years, serving as the resident comedian among a group of singers and dancers through monologues on themes of interest to older people that I put together and perform.

I also resumed playing the flute, abandoned for lack of time for about 45 years, and enjoy studying at the Mannes College for Music and playing in a flute ensemble and various chamber music groups, and for the seniors.

To Bennington, I am eternally grateful for teaching me how to continue my education, which I expect to last as long as I do.

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My father was in the paper business and many many years ago on one of his trips to the mills in Vermont he visited Bennington College. It was love at first sight and he thought if he had a daughter, this small progressive women's college would be a wonderful place for her.

He was right. Eighteen years later, there I was unpacking at Leigh House, ready for all Bennington had to offer. In 1955, women were nurses, teachers, or secretaries, and I didn't see myself as any of the above. Here would be a place to explore.

I went to Bennington not knowing a soul. I did have the name of a professor who was the son of a friend. And with luck it was Stanley Edgar Hyman. I signed up for his Myth and Ritual class and it was like a breath of fresh air. He encouraged me to think, to question, and strike out on my own. He gave me the confidence to follow my own path. I think of him, and bless him, to this day.

Other highlights were classes with Robert Woodworth. Woodie showed us medical films in his Human Physiology course—mostly operations—as we studied parts of the body. The class was right after breakfast and we all gagged the first few weeks. But to this day I remember every part of the ear. Biggest disappointment was signing up too late to take Wallace Fowlie's Proust class.

Junior year Non-Resident Term, a group of us worked at AT&T. We had a wonderful time being together, trying to explain convertible debentures to the stockholders. It was there I met my future husband, Joe. We will be married 50 years this July and have one daughter, Nicole, who got her MBA at Harvard and works at Community Wealth Ventures in Washington, DC. Our granddaughter, Sasha, was born in May of 2009.

Have always been an animal lover and started my own business with my husband in the early '80s. And that I owe to Bennington because Sandy McClellan, who lived down the hall from me freshman year, gave me a German Shepherd who I trained for film work after I graduated. I was still determined not to be a nurse, teacher, or secretary.

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For the last 20 years I have been the sole supplier of animals for *Saturday Night Live*. My silver tabby cat Toonces was a cult figure on a sketch that ran three seasons. After *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* moved to the West Coast, I began working on *Late Night with Jimmy Fallon*.

It has been quite a journey. An unusual one. But I wouldn't have it any other way.

So much I owe to Bennington.

E. Joan Allan Horrocks

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Between my morning and my afternoon Latin exam for entrance to McGill University in Montreal, I happened to read an article about an innovative college in Vermont called Bennington. The article described the weekly conferences where students and teachers discuss what the student is learning and grades are given as written critiques of the student's work. I was fascinated. Time was short so my twin sister, June, and I, both planning to major in art, quickly applied to and were accepted at Bennington. To this day I feel beholden to the College for nurturing my curiosity and encouraging my creativity in any endeavor I undertook.

In 1963, I married Bill Horrocks, on the chemistry faculty at Princeton. We moved to Penn State six years later about the time our son, Allan, was born. (Allan chose my home country for college, graduating from Trinity College, University of Toronto, where he was known as "the long-haired American with no major.")

Through the years, I tended to problems that came along by working in the studio and visually thinking them out as much as I could. Art is still my diary. I have a studio in Pennsylvania for my sculpture (mostly wall pieces) and photography but I am gradually spending more and more time throughout the year in Chatham, Massachusetts, where we also have a home. I love wandering around the "old village" at night peering into



windows and have legitimized my voyeurism by producing (it is almost finished), a photography book entitled, *Dusk to Dawn, The Old Village at Night*. It starts out with the colors being struck at sunset at the Chatham Coast Guard Station near the lighthouse and continues through the night until the fishing boats head out to sea in the morning. My first (and only?) book and it has been so much fun!

I enclose a photo taken last week at a board meeting of the YWCA/Philadelphia. Bill is



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on the advisory panel and I am a director. Our YWCA has gone through a crisis involving hijacking of the organization by a few members of the former board. Our new board has been working mightily to overcome the resulting difficulties and to save three houses on Cape Cod used by YWCA members to come together, get to know each other, solve problems, and have a week of rest and enjoyment.

It is hard to believe that 50 years have passed since I was a student at Bennington. I look forward to attending the reunion this autumn with my old friend, Jenny Polson Ono Suttaby; seeing other friends and our old house, Franklin; and sitting with students in Commons once again.

## Jane Leoncavallo Hough

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My focus at Bennington was to get a general education before going on to study architecture. My parents encouraged me not to specialize right away and to make sure that architecture was the right profession for me. My mother had influenced me from an early age about architecture as she had wanted to be an architect but had ended up in childhood education. Mother had building blocks made for me; she took me to see modern houses and buildings and shared her “modern design” magazines. My career path was set long before I started college.

My parents discovered Bennington College through Jean Hinton, a Bennington graduate that my father had worked with in Washington DC’s Department of Agriculture. Through Jean, we met her mother, Carmelita Hinton who started the Putney School in Vermont that was similar in many ways to Bennington. My family had visited Putney and were impressed that the students had built the buildings, raised their own food, and that each student had an individually designed educational program. So when it came time to choose a college, Bennington seemed to be the best choice and the Hinton family’s recommendations helped make that possible.

I loved Bennington from the beginning. I loved not only the idyllic setting in the rolling hills of Vermont but that the students were serious about their education. During my four years, I made many good friends that are still close friends today and took advantage of the wealth and diversity of courses offered. Here’s a short list of some of the courses I took—French, creative writing, philosophy, piano, religions, life drawing, and art history. I was fortunate to have Stanley Hyman for literature, Alexander Dorner for art history, and Tony Smith, sculptor architect, as my thesis advisor. Tony had a unique approach to design and was an excellent art critic. He wrote such a positive recommendation for me, that I was accepted by the Harvard Graduate School of Design for the coming fall. I am forever grateful for Bennington’s brand of education that gave me a sound education as well as the courage to be whatever I wanted to be.

My professional life was very positive, or a real “up,” as you put it. I was fortunate to have had architectural jobs in a variety of fields. After graduate school, my first jobs were in the mental health facilities field, first with the National Institute of Mental Health in Maryland and then with the Health and Hospitals Corporation in

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NYC. The design of these facilities brought me into contact with researchers concerned with environment and behavior and I was able to apply new concepts in the design of these facilities.

In 1974, I married and moved to Chicago, and began work in the hotel field. I worked initially with Hyatt International, then with Skidmore Owings and Merrill and later with John Portman's Hotel Company in Atlanta. The hotels, located both within and outside the U.S., were special in that each had unique requirements and most of the projects I worked on were built.

In the summer of 1986, I moved from Atlanta to Washington, DC, again changing my professional focus to educational facilities. As chief architect for DC Public Schools for four years, I oversaw some 300 buildings that required repairs and major renovations. The scope of the work was immense and a real challenge for me and my small staff. In 1990, I made my final career move into the world of diplomacy. As a project director at the U.S. Department of State, I managed the process of creating new U.S. embassies from design through construction. This was the best job as the work was not only professionally fascinating but involved international travel. During my ten years at State, I had projects in China, India, Kathmandu, Morocco, Nicaragua, and a few other places. While on travel, I spent every free minute exploring the cities and countries where my projects were situated.

My personal life, however, had some ups and downs. My first marriage to an Italian architect resulted in a wonderful son and a divorce ten years later. My son, Gianmarco, and I were a great team. He attended Pitzer College and then moved to New York City. While raising Gian, I had the opportunity to be close to my parents, another "up." My mother's interest in our family transferred to me and when I retired, I organized her many boxes of items into our *Family History*. This project has become as demanding as a senior thesis.

During my last two years at the State Department, I met my life partner, Peter Gregson. We moved to the Las Vegas area where Peter works with the Department of Reclamation overseeing the security of seventeen dams including Hoover. Through his work, we are learning about water, dams, and desert. With the constant sun and blue skies, it's a different world out here. And when I eventually wrap up the *Family History* and Peter retires, life will, no doubt, take another interesting turn.



1959 Vermont



2008 Nevada

## (Carole) Ione Lewis

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www.ionedreams.us

I was interested in literature, French and French literature, dance, and painting. I had extraordinary guidance in each of these areas—notably from Thomas Wilcox, Wallace Fowlie, Martha Hill, and Paul Feeley! I have pursued each of these elements throughout my life. I attach a short bio which covers some of my activities:

Ione is a noted author, playwright and poet whose works include the critically acclaimed memoir, *Pride of Family: Four Generations of American Women of Color*, *Listening in Dreams* and *This is a Dream!* She is the playwright and director of *Njinga the Queen King* and the dance opera *Io and Her and the Trouble with Him* and director and writer of *Dreams of the Jungfrau*, a 20 minute experimental narrative film shot high in the Swiss Alps. A dedicated educator and counselor who specializes in dreams and the creative process, she conducts seminars and retreats throughout the world. She is also an improvising spoken word performer and sound artist who performs with Pauline Oliveros and other artists in the United States and

Internationally. Ione is the director of the Ministry of Maât, Inc. ([www.ministryofmaat.org](http://www.ministryofmaat.org)) a spiritual organization specializing in women and community with goals of world harmony and balance. She is also the artistic director of Deep Listening Institute, Ltd. ([www.deeplisting.org](http://www.deeplisting.org)).



## Jenny Polson Ono Suttaby

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The four years at Bennington were exhilarating. After having been pretty much a misfit in high school (who the heck is interested in painting and playing the flute in high school?), it was wonderful to be able to indulge myself in these things. I guess I tend to want to work through to the end of a project—and time in the print studio, and in my room, pursuing into the wee hours what I had started was a wonderful indulgence—even if it meant it was a struggle to keep my eyes open in class the next day. From the ideal to the practical—the year after graduation I spent at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, getting a Master of Arts in Teaching (MAT) degree in art education K-12, recognized in many states and in Canada.

I actually ended up only teaching art for one year—in a junior high school in St. Paul, Minnesota (incredibly hard work), and from there to a position as graphic illustrator in the Department of Medical Illustration at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. Having married Hiroshi Ono in 1959, the moves from Boston to Minnesota to California were due to his pursuit of a PhD degree. Our two children were born in California. An early on mother-at-work, I took my first child, daughter Mika, to work with me in the all female office. Baby Mika slept in a cardboard box in the back room, where I went to nurse her when it was time. Two children in the office was too much, so I became an “at home” mom when Ken was born.

Hawaii next, for two years (Hiroshi’s first job), then York University, Toronto, Canada, where Hiroshi taught and I juggled my need to do something (batik and free lance graphic illustrating) with the kids’ need to have an attentive mom.

In the late 70s, with my kids pretty much launched and my marriage breaking up, I knew I had to do something (a job, not teaching high school) and ended up, after aptitude tests, enrolling in a 3-year course in Machine Design Technology at a George Brown College in Toronto. The subject suited me well, and I got on well with my classmates, all of them half my age, receiving the Dean’s Award for best in the division upon graduation. Many people remarked that a switch from art to engineering seemed extreme and unlikely. However, I found that the kind of visualization and mental image-manipulation one does in the production of art is exactly what is required in the world of engineering.



Over the next six years I worked in the field of manufacturing, first with a company that designed and had built a high-efficiency furnace, and then with a machining company that made high-precision parts for the aircraft industry, Pratt & Whitney among others. From there I returned to teach engineering drafting at the same community college from which I had received my diploma. This lasted six years until, because of extensive government cutbacks, I was laid off, not having quite enough seniority in the union pecking order to hang on to my job. However, I blew the nice, fat, retraining allowance on a computer course in multimedia, which included HTML programming. This turned out to be very useful, as the time was the mid-90s and the Internet was in the news daily. When I decided to set up my own web-design company working from home, the news of the day did my PR for me and I was able to ride the wave of the developing web, making enough from my efforts to keep me going until and through retirement. I still have a few paying customers, and several pro-bono customers.

Through all this time I have played flute on and off—mostly on lately. A website for Polson Iron Works, my grandfather and great-grandfather’s company, active in the formative years of Toronto and manufacturers of lake boats, yachts, dredges, and barges, is my latest project.

Overall my professional life has been spotty—as has my personal life—but I have ended up with two wonderful children (now in their 40s), Jack Suttaby, my good friend and husband for nearly 18 years, and am lucky enough to have four people in this world who call me Grandma. Pretty good, overall, I think!



# Sidra Levine Rausch

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Bennington was a revelation to me coming from a New York public school. Everyone seemed so sophisticated and worldly except me! Rebecca Stickney had accepted me and that made me one of “Becca’s girls.” She always made me feel I belonged at Bennington.

Two outstanding teachers were Frank Baker in voice and Wallace Fowlie in literature. Both left indelible marks on my mind with their wisdom.

Bennington left me with a feeling of curiosity about the world, about literature and the arts, and about mankind. I still feel like a Bennington girl!



# Marjorie Godlin Roemer

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Before I entered Bennington I had narrowed down my two college choices to either Bennington or Cornell, and I agonized for a long time about which to choose. I remember struggling with a good friend about those choices. He was weighing either Yale or Dartmouth, and finally we met at the mailbox to send our acceptances: his to Dartmouth, mine to Bennington. That was so long ago. Occasionally, I wonder what the difference would have been if I had made the other choice. When I came to Bennington I was a traditionally successful student but one with a strong independent or contrarian streak. I’d been an art student at the High School of Music and Art and a political activist. After many years of studying ballet, I had just recently discovered modern dance. I’d found my way to the Graham studio and to the New Dance Group. I’d taken some classes there with Bill Bales. So, the dance program was one deciding factor, the emphasis on the arts and the progressive rhetoric of the catalog were others. I liked the idea of a college that broke with traditions and that offered freedom and choice to its students. Those ideas resonated with me, but I felt that I was giving up a more conventional path to scholarship.

And in many ways I was. I was a willful student. Stanley Edgar Hyman was a dazzling teacher to me. (I always said that in his Language and Literature class I went from reading in black and white to reading in Technicolor. There was no other way to describe the extraordinary revelations that his critical skills offered.) Still, I managed to follow my own bent a great deal at Bennington, and often that led me to byways and odd corners of scholarship. I wrote on Dorothy Richardson and Édouard Dujardin but managed not to study any Shakespeare, something of a handicap when I went on to graduate work in English. I spent at least as much time studying dance and painting as I did studying literature, though I graduated as a literature major.

Now, in the first year of my retirement after having been a high school English teacher for fifteen years and a college English professor for twenty-four (and a full-time dancer for about two), I’m pretty sure I made the right decision. There were ways in which I was underprepared when I entered graduate school, but there were other ways in which I had a preparation that no other education could have offered. I have always thought of dance as my metaphor for all the other arts. The visceral has shaped my understandings in important ways and



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kept me far away from dry pedantry. Modernism is meaningful to me through Graham and Picasso at least as much as through Joyce and Woolf.

But perhaps most significantly, my life as an educator has been shaped by the ethos of Bennington, its emphasis on the creative, the engaged, the experiential. When I marvel at the direction that current educational trends are taking and their utter disregard for students and the variety of ways that they experience the world, I realize how very right the Bennington choice was for me.

## Anita Andres Rogerson

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Woodstock, VT 05091

My mother gave me a huge gift when she put a pair of skates on my feet and took me out on a frozen lake. A few years later she took me to the Boston Arena and, as we skated around together, asked me if I would like to take skating lessons. I said, "Oh, yes!" That took me on a path of great happiness and exploration which led in turn to dance and yoga.

My family always supported me along the way. Bennington was the perfect place for me as I spread my wings. When I left at the end of my junior year to marry the love of my life, David Rogerson, I never looked back. After giving birth to two daughters and two sons, dance again became an important part of my life and I realized that I wanted my Bennington degree in dance and succeeded in graduating in 1979. My good fortune and accomplishments have always been generously encouraged by my family, dear husband, and lovely children, their spouses, and grandchildren. I am truly blessed!

To love and to be loved is the greatest gift. I lost my beloved husband David in the fiftieth year of our marriage. Together we raised four wonderful children, built a house in Vermont and are blessed with nine amazing grandchildren. They all are my joy, my refuge, and my hope for a brighter future for the world and our planet earth.



# Magi (Maxine) LaPides Schwartz

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formsmagi@aol.com

The “primary” interest that made me apply to Bennington, which sustained me through Bennington and sustains me to this day, is creative writing—namely, poetry. I am a published poet. (ta-dah!)

Bennington taught me my life’s most valuable lesson—HOW TO THINK FOR YOURSELF! (My mother, on the other hand, was horrified and made me leave!) But this lesson guides me down the road I travel—even now.

An art history class, taught by Alexander Dorner, instilled my curiosity for the history of art as my most nourishing experience, after poetry. I am the chair of art in public spaces for the City of Hollywood (FL) since 1992. I have recently been appointed to the Broward County Art Council. Since 1985, I have presented a (very successful) off-beat lecture series, in both the public and private sector on the history of art.



The beauty of Bennington has never left me. Its memories and opportunities are a warm quilt I use frequently. I am still friendly with several Bennington alumni—Lydia Soifer, Lynne Miller Guss, Michael Jacobs Wickman, and Irene Kerman Cornman (these last two are deceased). We do more than just stay in touch.



# Carol Rappaport Strick

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**Family notes:** Four children, six grandchildren.

Bennington College had an influence on both of my careers. It was easy and enjoyable to make the faience jewelry for the Metropolitan Museum of Art because I learned everything about clay—its possibilities and its limits—from Mrs. Moselsio. Both she and Mr. Mo doted on pupils who were interested in their respective fields, clay and sculpture. They treated us like the daughters they never had. A childless couple, the Moselsio’s poured encouragement and love into their students.

Several years after I had begun working for the Met, I went up to Bennington to show Mrs. Mo my work. She had retired, he had passed away. She looked beautiful and she was as proud of me as I was proud of her.

I began my second career, as an advocate for prisoners, in the early 90s. I wrote a column for a zine in California, *North Coast X Press*. My column, “News from the Gulag,” brought three FBI agents to my house asking me why I was writing this (the wretchedness of prison). Why? Because I magnified and institutionalized



*Les Misérables* and came up with the U.S. Prison System. Why not follow in the footsteps of Emma Goldman, Victor Hugo, Dostoyevsky, and George Jackson? Out of the column came a prison art show. It was natural for me, an artist, to seek out artists behind the bars to change the public’s misconception of prisoners. The art show has taken on a life of its own. When I compare the conditions in which these artists work to the luxury of studying art at Bennington College, I can cry. The only thing that separates the two groups is money. The genocide of poverty has kept the prisoners from nurturing their talent. They are the heirs to Leonardo and Michelangelo. Their painstaking details have almost disappeared in the age of computers.

The following images feature artwork by prisoners.

Arnold Davila, Hughes Unit, Gatesville, TX, 2.5" long  
Shrimp Trawler, paper and found objects



continued on page 30



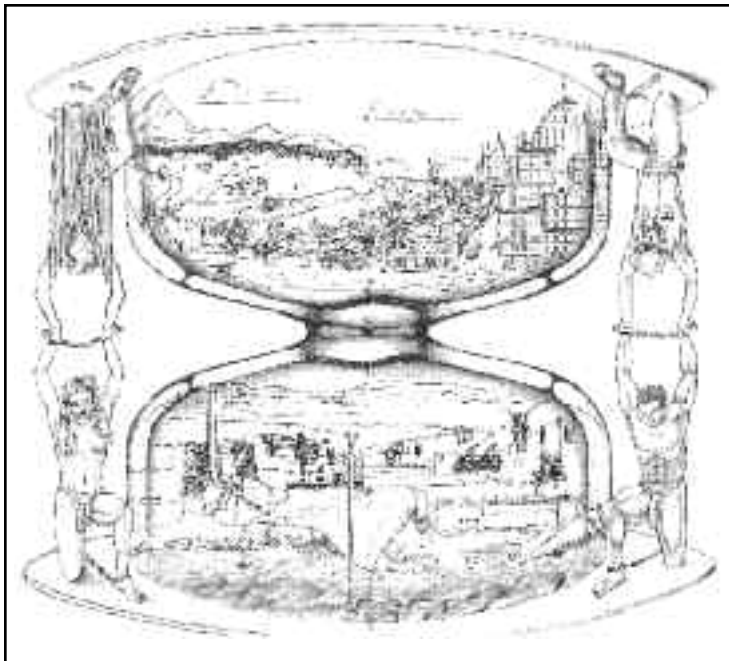
Bill Gregory, "The Woman in Pink Sneakers" pastels 11" x 13"



John Ekers, "Injustice is Perfectly Clear," crushed markers on bed sheet, 16" x 22"



Roberto Garcia, "Penitentiary Terror Zone"



"Centripetal Force"



John Ekers, "Life Without Parole," crushed colored pencils and oil on cloth, 20" x 14"

## Susan Trott

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**Interests:** Art and writing, then and now. Inspired to start a novel.

**Ups and Downs:** Determined to be a writer. Dedicated to the craft. Many rejections over many years. Have now published 14 novels. Twice married, three children, eight grandchildren. A blessed life.



# Joanna (Jo) Bramel Young

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jobramel@sonic.net

I transferred to Bennington in my junior year from University of California Santa Barbara. As a Northern California girl (San Francisco area) Bennington couldn't have been more of a change for me—and I was ready for it. I entered Bennington as an art major, little realizing the state of art on the East Coast—abstract expressionism. That was not my cup of tea. Bennington allowed me to explore my musical interests, which found expression in the recorder. I was lucky enough to be a student of the great Henry Brant, who allowed me to go full speed ahead with my music interests. He and I made a deal at the beginning of my senior year (my idea): I would choose the players and rehearse them for a year on Bach's great Fourth Brandenburg Concerto (scored for two recorders and orchestra) and at the end of the year he would conduct it and I would solo (with a flutist playing the second recorder part). The concert was performed on Jennings' beautiful lawn, with Henry conducting from an upright piano. That experience was life changing for me. At the time, I assumed that, after leaving Bennington, I would never perform another concert—the recorder not being a very popular instrument in 1959. From Bennington, I spent a year studying with an excellent recorder



teacher in Germany, then on to Stanford for some serious study of early music. From Stanford, I began performing and teaching in recorder workshops around the country, and I eventually joined the faculty of Santa Rosa Junior College, where I taught recorder for twenty-two years.

I am also one of the founding members of a renaissance performing group, The Festival Consort. Formed in 1976, we toured the U.S. several times for

Community Concerts, and still play concerts every year in the San Francisco Bay Area. I play recorders, pipe and tabor, and renaissance double reeds (shawms, crumhorns, and curtal). We recently produced a CD.

I refuse to give in to old age. I try to stay young playing lots of tennis, competing in club matches. With my husband, Howard, we raised a son Colin, who is a design engineer at Ford in Michigan. We have two delightful grandchildren, who we see twice a year.



Without Update



Hillary de Mandeville Adams  
(Judith Snyder)



Jessica Falikman Attiyeh



Rona King Bank



Elisabeth Posselt Barker



Deirdre Cooney Bonifaz



Alison Wilson Bow



Rebecca Stout Bradbury



Rosalie Posner Brinton



Nancy Schoenbrun Burkey

Without Update



Heather Roden Cabrera



Carol Berry Cameron



Barrie Rabinowitz Cassileth



Ann Turner Chapin



France Berveiller Choa



Ann Avery Clarke



Helen Coonley Colcord



Rita Zimmerman Collier



Justine (Merle) Riskind  
Coopersmith

Without Update



Ellen Count



Ann Elliott Criswell



Diane Deckard



Linda Monheit Denholtz



Abby DuBow-Casden



Vijaya Gulhati Duggal



Elizabeth Partridge Durant



Barbara Kyle Foster



Sally Foster

Without Update



Amy Sweedler Friedlander



Mary Jane Allison Gilbert



Phyllis Saretsky Gitlin



Helen Trubek Glenn



Janet McCreery Gregg



Barbara Hanson



Joan Cross Hawkins



Judith Silverman Herschman



Elaine Tabor Herdtfelder



Without Update



Pamela Hill



Arlene Kronenberg Hoffman



Jill Hoffman



Mary Earhart Horton



Marina Mirkin Jacobs



Roberta Forrest Jacobson



Julie Hirsh Jadow

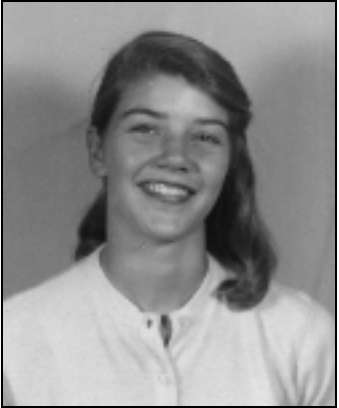


Paula Cassetta Jennings



Carolyn Wyte Jordan

Without Update



Gigi (Ilka) Hewitt Kerr



Ellen Lapidus



Irene Osterweil Leeds



Dianne Meeker Leonard



Gail Ruslander Levin



Susan Mallery May



Marianne Dach Maxwell



Sarah Clarke Mayberry



Jacqueline D'Elles McCloskey



Without Update



Sonia Berlin Michelson



Sarah Lorenz Mitchell



Joyce Dietz Myrus



Alice Marie Nelson



Emily Victoria Blunt Nelson



Barbara Dain Nemiroff



Henrietta Howe Niemeyer



Catherine Hanf Noren



Emily Carota Orne

Without Update



Nancy Graves Parker



Sarah Southern Pease



John Peirce



Claudine Bonmartin Poline



Jessica Rains



Dorothy Edwards Rand



Harlean Richardson



Eleanor Rooks



Ann Little Rubenstein

Without Update



Barbara Plapler Schiff



Ava Heyman Siegler



Hildreth Lindlof Simmons



Carita Richardson Smalley



Lydia Soifer



Carol Foley Surkin



Edith Swan



Daisy Sharples Sweet



Diane Hilton Taillon

Without Update



Tama Alcott Taub



Verna Wilkinson Thomas



Virginia Owen Torrence



Andrea Frey Traboulsi



Judie Hershman Van



Paula Velsey



Dorothy Weis



Irene Weisberg



Abby Fink Zito

Without Update



Janet Marcus Zuckerman

Without Update - No Photo

Margaret Fairlie-Kennedy  
Sandra Siegel Kaplan  
David MacFee  
Esther Meader Scanlan  
Ilsa Klotzman Wolfe



Deceased



Marcia Margulies Abramson



Valerie Reichman Aspinwall



Joan Waltrich Blake



Margot Bowes Cody



Irene Kerman Cornman



Ellen Hirsch Ephron



Helaine Feinstein Fortgang



James Goldstone



Carol Grossman Gollob

**Deceased**



Janice Probasco Griffiths



Janet Hallenborg



Wilda Darby Hulse



Susan Fischer Netter



Patricia Hopkins Owens



Joan Matz Partington



Marjorie Rickard Richardson



Sandra Uhle Sawin



Alice Van Norden

**Deceased**



Mary Ann Keegan Walter



Carol Donovan Ward

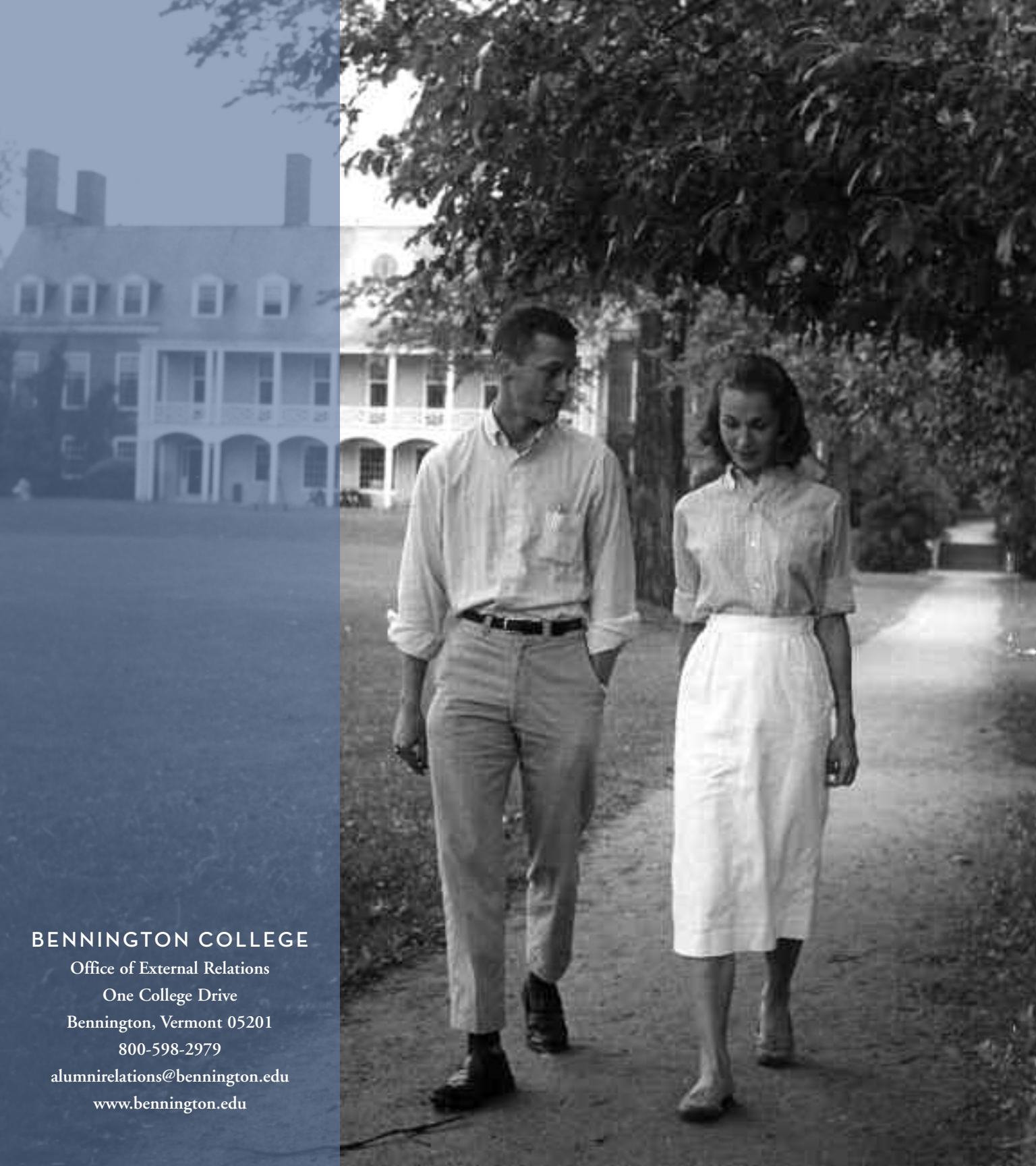


Malina Barker Weedman









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