

Class of 1961
50TH REUNION



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



Class of 1961

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Jennifer Moore Allen

Laura Levine Barnes

Anna Bartow

Susan Shaw Bazin

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Judith C. Schneider Bond

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Antoinette Brown-Brumbaugh

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Joan Legro Bushnell

Susan Elizabeth Mason

Callegari

Ann Adden Carroll

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Elizabeth Ravit Chase

Donna Coker

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Robin Watson deCampi

Marjorie Wilcox Dempsey

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Patricia Groner Dubin

Susan Ettinger

Jacqueline Ertel Everly

Elizabeth Hamerslag Fay

Dorothy Tulenko Feher

Jo Ann Fields

Uliana Fischbein Gabara

Gail Cherne Gambino

Lucia Gannett

Julie Eiseman Ginsburg

Sara Snow Glenn

Susannah Glusker

Elan Golomb

Lucinda Ruby Gray *

Meryl E. Whitman Green

Jeanne Chadwick Hallquist

Joan L. Hannah

Phyllis Shabecoff Harris

Rae Ellen Hanewald Harsch

Mary Hays

Arlene Bolliger Hayward

Carla Ostergren Helfferich

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Barbara R. Kapp

Margaret A. Katz Kaufman

Penni Kimmel

Nina Koch

Barbara Wiener Krevit *

Jane Lapiner

Deborah Culver Lawlor

Martha Bertelsen Leonard

Rima Tolchin Lieben

Lael Markel Locke

Hedwig Lockwood

* Denotes Deceased

Gerald Lukeman
 Ruth Doan MacDougall
 June Magnaldi
 Sheila Dickinson Malnic *
 Nicole Reinhold Martin
 Harriet Epstein Matthews
 Elizabeth Graham Monk
 Louise Kurtz Murphy
 Cynthia Taylor Nash
 Susan B. Marvel Norris
 Katharine Zantzing Okie
 Katherine Ross Outram
 Phyllis Martin Pearson
 Gretel Hoffman Pelto
 Lynne Weber Peterson
 Nancy Pettis *
 Pamela Hage Picciotti
 Julie Mahr Poll
 Robyn Posin
 Sara Libsohn Prestopino

Dimitra Sundeen Reber
 Valerie Sawyer Reilly *
 Eileen Walsh Resnick
 Kathryn Reynolds
 Victoria Buckingham Rojas
 Miriam Rosenberg
 Charles J. Ryan
 George Sampson
 Peter Sander
 Gail Rodier Schonbeck
 Jane Mindlin Schosberg
 Harriet Zarling Schuman
 Vickie Seitchik
 Mary C. Fleming Sheh
 Jessie Gifford Shestack
 Brenda Myerson Shoshanna
 Joanna Bulova Slimforte
 Lucy Sloan
 Sandra L. Kesselman Slotnik
 Ineke Sluiter *

Lynn Goldberg Small
 Theresa D'Esopo Spinner
 Monica Wulff Steinert
 Mariel Stephenson
 Barbara Bartelmes Surovell
 Brenda Schlossberg Tepper
 Florence Kit Tobin
 Joan Tower
 Clover Vail
 Marjorie Daniel Vanname
 Suzanne Varady *
 Cary Hewitt Vitikainen
 Karen Egeberg Warmer *
 Margot Adler Welch
 Carolyn H. Green Wilbur
 Auldlyn Higgins Williams
 Jane Sunshine Wohabe *
 Judith Wolfe
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Susan Burack

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Fifty years...Wow!

Bennington is an enduring presence, a powerful legacy of “engagement.”

It stayed with me through a few years living, working, and traveling in Europe, mostly France, connecting there with June Magnaldi, and going to graduate school in Indiana where I continued interests in dance, pottery, and classical literature. I even re-established contact with Ann Maslow Kaplan from Woolley House—our daughters grew up together. Over the years, I've also visited with Sara Libsohn Prestopino and Gail Harnett Wilson.

I was married for a while to Hoosier poet Jared Carter. Our daughter Selene Carter followed my path and teaches dance at Indiana University. Eventually I found my way to the Keweenaw in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, the little finger of land that sticks up into Lake Superior, where I live in the renovated ballroom of a



hotel built in 1906. I now serve as president of our small, historic synagogue and on the county Planning Commission, volunteering with hospice, leading Gentle Exercise for senior citizens, and helping with special projects for the Calumet Theatre and the Michigan Tech University Visual and Performing Arts Department and grow vegetables.

I remember provisioning most of the campus with Mexican imported blouses, shawls, and jewelry supplied by Ralph Nader's sister. I'm still reading Latin, though I've now added Hebrew and have mostly forgotten Greek. Recently I dug out my thesis which is surprisingly impressive.

Cherishing grandmotherhood.



* Denotes Deceased

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My primary interests while at Bennington were science and art and today are art and music. Bennington reinforced and encouraged the ability to think and act independently outside of influences. One up and down has been growing older. Some days a plus, some days a minus.



Uliana Fischbein Gabara

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Arriving in Bennington in '58, I was the first 'human being' from behind the Iron Curtain the girls had ever seen. (Yes, that's what we were called.) We eyed each other with puzzlement and suspicion in equal measure. I was also 'the other' international student—Vijay, who went on to a PhD in economics at Harvard, was there already. My English was marginal, I had never used a typewriter in my life, and my 'learning style' was what you would expect it to be for a chemical engineering student from Eastern Europe. (Yes, that is what it was then—a part of the Soviet empire, to most at Bennington undistinguishable from it. "A separate country? Really?") I survived and eventually thrived, thanks to a group of friends, with whom I am still in touch (Liz Partridge, Judy Schneider, Elan Golomb, Rima Tolchin, Betty Aberlin) and understanding, encouraging faculty. I switched from chemistry to literature and music as my majors. Most importantly, I learned to question, to make decisions, to consider ME as me, not only as a part of...

But then I returned to Poland, largely to see whether this humpty dumpty could be put together again. Rima came to visit and cried: "how can you live in a place where you have no choices?" I stayed for eight years, thought I would stay 'forever', but '68 happened and I was declared, together with all other Jews, a potential Zionist enemy of the state and invited to leave the country as a stateless, \$5.00 bearing refugee, bound for Israel. My husband and I took up the offer, but decided to apply for visas to US, which I thought I knew and which would, potentially, be easier to leave than Israel—our main criterion for a good country to settle in.

Starting life all over again, without family and the habits of body, soul, and mind, which one is not unaware of, was/is harder than I thought. But here we are, 42 years later, old Virginians, with two Virginian daughters (Esther and Rachel, both academics at Duke and the University of Georgia), three grandchildren, a new world-view, even if tinged with some old habits and that inescapable accent.

Professionally, I have used my Bennington education for work in English philology, Russian and Polish languages and literatures, international studies, and for 22 years now, in my work on the internationalization of the University of Richmond.

I would love to hear from and see Bennington people. This is an invitation. There are a number of my classmates about whom I have thought intermittently and meant to write or call. Daily life prevailed, but maybe this anniversary mood can overcome the pressures of the immediate.



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I came to Bennington with long-standing interests in theater and psychology. I knew I wanted to be a psychotherapist and pursued all avenues in that vein—in courses, guidance, NRT jobs and wonderful professors and administrators who offered support, knowledge, insight and direction. I am forever grateful to Becca Stickney, Marion Downes and Richard Blake. I am equally grateful for the educational principle that enabled me to practice my skills, and learn, as well, by “doing it.” (Thank you John Dewey). I very much enjoyed a semester of ceramics with Stanley Rosen and all the metaphoric lessons I learned about finding a calm, centered and focused place within through the disciplined art of ceramics. I was absorbed in finishing a pot one afternoon when, with all the attending layers of meaning implied, Stanley put his hands on my shoulders and said very simply, “ Now that, Gail, is a pot” My family loves to tease me about that story, but I display that pot in our living room to this day. That encounter, for me, exemplified the serious, respectful, non-judgmental, purposeful, disciplined and caring experiences in the learning and growing process at Bennington. Without diminishing the influence of Bennington in my life, it followed fourteen extraordinary years at the Ethical Culture Schools. They were my foundation, my loving beginning which prepared me to transition comfortably to Bennington. With all the ups and downs I’ve experienced over the years, I have always felt that this education was a blessing and a gift in my life. Living at Bennington for four years provided a safe and joyful space filled with the freedom to learn and explore, to enjoy wonderful friends and the luxury of being very silly, sometimes mischievous and very serious and determined in the same environment. I have been married to writer, professor, Richard Gambino for forty-two years, and we are blessed to live two blocks from our daughter and two grandchildren. I have loved my work as a marital and family therapist and the periodic theatrical endeavors (executive director, Hampton Theatre Co., and founder and director, Peconic Theatre Co.). Our daughter Erica got her masters in literature and fine art at Bennington. Sitting at her graduation next to my husband (whom I met when he was a Leader at Ethical Culture) and remembering my grandparents, parents and aunts and uncles sitting there at my graduation was a very special circular experience of time, place, memory and gift. This essay is written with love, for my dear friends from 1957 to 1961... and beyond.

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My Bennington application was dropped in the mailbox in April, 1957. Not giving much thought to college choices was due to my family’s assumption that I’d follow my mother’s lead and attend Simmons College.

But when my best friend, Harriet Zarling Schuman, mentioned that people could major in dance at Bennington, I decided on the last minute application. Since then, it’s difficult to remember how many times I’ve marveled at how completely different, less creative, less fulfilling in so many ways my life would have been had I not stumbled on the exceptional dance department and the magical frosting on the cake of all the other departments I was lucky enough to sample at Bennington. They put me where I meant to be, and enhanced my life beyond measure.



During my freshman and sophomore years, I knew I was a dancer but definitely not a choreographer. I had no idea how to start, or even what I wanted to dance about. The plan I concocted for Bill Bales to okay was to skip the choreographing and to develop a dance therapy program for myself instead. It was not okay with Bill. So I began, and miraculously discovered there was something in me to explore, to work on with my new skills, to occasionally perform, to watch in others, and to teach. Because Bill, Ruth Currier, Donald McKayle, Martha and Joe Wittman and others ultimately approved my work, I considered myself ready. Following



graduation, I jumped into the New York dance world, buoyed by the confidence my teachers had instilled in me, and never looked back. I'm still looking forward to the next dance with that same sense of excitement and possibility.

My husband Ray, my two children, my granddaughter, my family and friends, particularly Dimi Sundeen Reber, one of our four dance majors who became my treasured friend, have sweetened this special life I live as a dancer. My gratitude to Bennington for getting me on track is boundless.

One of the numerous teaching jobs I've had through the years was running the Dance Department at Greenwich Academy, a prep school in Greenwich, CT. Before retiring in 1995 I danced there with MAC (Moving Arts Collaborative) during the summers after school let out. MAC is a multi-generational dance improvisation group which has met every Tuesday morning for almost 30 years. Once retired, I was free to attend every week, and have led most of the sessions since then. If you've ever especially enjoyed dancing, acting, writing, making music or fine art, or anything else during your life, and you love to play, please write to me. We're an hour from

the City on Metro North or an easy drive from the Connecticut or Westchester area surrounding Greenwich. You can't be too old or too pestered by physical issues to dance with us.

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When I scanned the list of classmates Bennington sent us, with so many jimmied-on married names bespeaking lives I know nothing about, my mind drifted as I looked closely at the names one by one and caught on clear to fleeting images of so many of you, of the beautiful Vermont hills and crisp mountain air, especially in the mornings, the angst and confusions that rattled us and the sense of all of us then, poised on the cusp of our larger lives, now unfurled behind us.

The extraordinary language and literature faculty at Bennington in the years I was a student definitely launched me as a writer, though after



Photography Joyce Ravid

graduation I had NO idea how a fruitful career could be made out of the unfocused yearnings I had in that direction. But after a postgraduate year working for *Art International* magazine, which was then based in Zurich, and another writing for a childrens' encyclopedia and publishing some pieces for the *New York Times* and other publications, I was lucky to be hired by *The New Yorker*, where I worked as a staff writer for almost three decades. My first book, *Holy Days: the World of a Hasidic Family*, was serialized in three parts in the magazine and was a *NY Times Notable Book of the Year*; I've written two others since then: *Rules of Engagement*, a reflection on received ideas about American marriage over the centuries; and *Tilting at Mills*, about an idealistic scientist's eight-year-long attempt to build a recycled paper mill in the South Bronx, which grew out of a piece I wrote for *The New Yorker*. Currently I'm working on a book about three generations of a Palestinian family and three generations of an Israeli family who live, respectively, in East and West Jerusalem.

I have two great sons, Nicholas and David, and two grandchildren and a step-grandchild—all glorious. I'm married to the painter Martin Washburn; he is my third husband.

A decade ago I left *The New Yorker* to become a professor at Columbia's Graduate School of the Arts and have been happily teaching there full time ever since. My students are entering a literary world far more commercialized and narrow than it was when I was their age, but I am astonished and pleased to observe that the same desire for an imaginative reach, a strong connection to one's work, and a stubbornly held hope sustains them as much as it sustained me.

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When I first went to Bennington, I had the idea that my sudden and glorious release from parental oversight would automatically open the world to me but I hadn't counted on my own resistance. I was hampered by my fear of letting people know how much I didn't know so I stuck to what was familiar. When I look back at all those opportunities at Bennington for learning in fields I'm now fascinated by, I'm amazed that someone didn't just shake me. Instead, I transferred to the

University of Chicago where I majored in literature and history, two very comfortable areas, and prospered as long as I didn't take classes in any other subjects. Physics was quite a shock, although I ultimately triumphed (that is, I finally passed the second time around—or was it the third?). It was a humbling experience.

I went on to get a graduate degree at Chicago in medieval studies. By the time I finished, I had two children and my husband and I had moved to Colorado. My next move, as a divorced mother, was to Santa Fe where I was active in the theater world, both as a playwright and actress. While working for Santa Fe's daily newspaper as a drama critic, I met my present husband, Steve Long, when I reviewed a play he wrote. We were still living in New Mexico when my eldest daughter, Sara Pinto, graduated from Bennington ('86) in fine arts. Francesca, my youngest daughter, went to Grinnell and majored in art history, then ended up in public health.

By the time we moved to central Vermont, where we live now, I was writing fiction. Steve founded a magazine, *Northern Woodlands*, now in its 17th year, and I taught at a



rural elementary school while working on a novel (*Learning to Drive* was published 2003 and is an Anchor paperback). I'm no longer teaching and am now doing a lot more writing as well as weaving. For ten years, we bred and raised Navajo-Churro sheep—I learned to spin and then to weave and now I make rugs with the yarn I spin. Always something new.

I'm not exactly sure when I discovered the joy of saying "I don't know" and then going about the business of finding out. To know it already—what fun is that?

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Writing a few words for the 50th anniversary of our Bennington class is easy; it's thinking about what to say that's hard.

Fifty years? It's been fifty years? No way! It's the classic setup—denial, anger, grief, etc. Sounds familiar; the exercise has that quality of looking back before checking out: Where did I start and where did I go? What part did Bennington, the "Bennington experience," play in all that's happened?

The College woke me up and wound me up. The first big lesson was that there were some really, really smart cookies out there, remarkable young women of talent and pizzazz, and I had to work my tail off to keep up anywhere near them. These new, invigorating creatures challenged everything I thought I knew. Johanna Bulova definitely deserved a better freshman roommate than the snarky only child she got with me, but she left me awed with her diversity of talents (Gaelic harp! Dance!) and poise; Kitty Ross and Margot Adler, who mischievously described herself



as "the horse-faced daughter of a Cincinnati sock manufacturer;" Sarah Snow, who roused all of Booth House once with laughter at her mother's telegraphed quips; Jessie Gifford, a great chum who could turn anything into lively and compelling expressions of art, and who tried womanfully to help me overcome my addiction to Dairy Queen treats. (The irrepressibly creative Artelia Court wasn't a Boothie, and so didn't help bend my brain in the all-night paper-writing sessions in the house living room, but she showed me that poetry could be terrifying as well as beautiful during our occasional discussions— invaluable lesson.) I'd expected to be awed by the faculty, but it was the students who made the first impact. Full marks to, and fond memories of them all, including the many I've not named here. As they say at the Oscars, you know who you are.

The faculty did not disappoint, despite my inhumanly high expectations. Kenneth Burke, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Barnett Newman—good grief, it’s a roster of excellence of the times, in many fields. Stimulating, demanding, insisting that we could do better, and so we did. Their voices ran in my head down the decades—as did those of the wise ones who guided me away from fields in which my feelings ran high, but my skills low. The blessed realism of the faculty shows still in one tiny souvenir I have from Bennington days: a typewritten note from my sophomore-year faculty advisor, Rush Welter, saying “Carla—I have moved our weekly meeting to Wednesdays at 8:30 am. I realize you will not be awake at that hour. In fact, I am counting on it.” How could I not appreciate a faculty so committed to truth?

So the Bennington experience did set me up for life in Alaska, where people were scarce and challenges enormous in the pre-oil days. I’ve had my share of classic northern adventures (building a log cabin and living in it; being snowbound and snowed out; going out the tent door as the bear came through the tent’s side—and later having the pleasure of eating that bear) and some not so classic (see, Alaska’s exotic lure draws all manner of folks, so one memorable evening found me bellied up to the bar, talking of books with Norman Mailer). But I’ve also had a chance to apply what I learned about how to keep learning in a satisfying and diverse professional career, which has included working as an English instructor at the University of Alaska, serving as a science writer for Alaska’s newspapers, and being the founding chief editor for the University of Alaska Press. It’s been a terrific ride, gifted with adventure and love (two delightful daughters, thank you, and let me tell you about my marvelous husband(s)—never mind. Space is limited). All in all, it’s been a joyous ride...and I’m glad it’s not over yet.

Kathryn Reynolds Krietzman

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At Bennington my primary interests were music and music. Personally focused on piano, vocal, and chamber music, as well as composition. I was also interested in writing, art and acting. Those remain my primary interests but also include politics and social issues. And, of course, more. The Bennington environment was exactly right for me. It gave me the tools and teachers to challenge and inspire me.

What ups and downs have I faced? Far too many to revisit in one sitting. True for all of us, I would imagine. Ron Krietzman is my husband and we live in Los Angeles. We have each had multifaceted careers in and around ‘show business’. However, I spent 20 years working for the city manager at West Hollywood. I have, so far, had a fortunate and fascinating life, including triumphs and losses. I am grateful for it all, certainly including my fertile years at Bennington.



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I didn't want to go to Bennington. I wanted to go to Antioch or Sarah Lawrence or the Eastman School of Music, but the first two rejected me and my mother convinced me not to apply to the third. So I applied to Bennington with the intent of majoring in voice.

It turned out that the voice teacher at Bennington (Frank Sherman Baker, I believe) and I did not get along, so I switched my major to French literature, with no intent of making this into a career, but rather enjoying reading and talking about books with Wallace Fowlie. (In fact, I believe the only time I've used my knowledge of French since



graduation was to tell a Canadian woman at Madison Square Garden that she was sitting in my seat.)

Without disparaging the College, I don't think I learned anything of importance during my four years at Bennington. This was due to a combination of a lack of focus on my part and a lack of guidance on the College's. Everyone else I knew at Bennington seemed delighted to be there and motivated by their studies and teachers (though I must add that two of my closest friends — Margie Joseph and Louise "Weezie" Kurtz — are listed among the "no contact" in your records, so maybe they didn't take too much away with them, either).

There were some really good times — Toni Brown and I discovered a mutual love of the Carter Family, old-timey and bluegrass music; Sue Marvel and I shared an apartment during one memorable NRT in Cambridge; I was amazed each year by the lilacs and apple trees outside Stokes, as well as by the breath-taking view from the back of Commons.

Not long after graduation I moved to the Village of Chatham, where I have remained through two marriages and one fantastic



daughter, Jennifer. She is my best and dearest friend and lives just 10 miles away, so I get to see and/or talk with her every day.

I ran for election to the local Village Board in 1997 and have served as a Village Trustee since then. I also began acting in area theatre productions in the late 1990s and continue to have a good time singing and dancing from Chatham to Pittsfield, Hudson and Stockbridge, MA.

As far as "real" work, it's been a checkered career: I've been a 4-H Livestock Agent; worked as a PR person for a heritage breeds conservancy in the Berkshires; started and ran a regional monthly newspaper from 1983–95; and, since 2000, have been a community planner with a New York state non-profit—the New York Planning Federation—where I organize and run an annual conference, edit the newsletter and answer questions about planning and zoning from member communities.

That's life in a nutshell.



My daughter Jennifer Lawrence

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In one of the final scenes in *The Cheerleader*, my novel about high school in the 1950s, the heroine, Henrietta Snow, nicknamed Snowy, is talking with her best friend's mother, Julia.

Snowy said, "And this will happen all over again. I'll go away to [college] and spend the next four years trying to be a big deal and get all A's and be best."

"You've proved it once. Isn't that enough?"

"I don't want to, but I'll do it."

"Well, some of it you can't help, can you? The A's. You're a student."

"I'm not really. I've got a good memory, that's all. I don't want to spend the next four years memorizing."

Julia said, "I've heard of a school in Vermont, Bennington College. No tests, no marks."

"What?"

"Why don't you send for the catalog?"

Snowy did, and applied, and one Saturday she drove with her parents over mountains to Bennington. The dormitories were white clapboard houses; classes were held in a low red clapboard building called the Barn. She saw girls wearing dungarees and sweatshirts, and she gawked at the girls walking barefoot even in autumn, wearing leotards and tights and dirndl skirts, their long hair hanging straight. At the interview, the woman asked, "If you were cast away on a desert island, what one book would you like to have with you?"

"A dictionary," Snowy said. They laughed.

Actually, it was my mother who knew about Bennington. Thank heavens she suggested it!

My father was a writer. That's what I wanted to be and had begun becoming when I arrived at Bennington, with the sale of a story to a national magazine. I took Kenneth Burke's prose writing class and still have his advice pinned up in my office: "Form is the creation of an appetite in the mind of the auditor and the adequate satisfying of that appetite."

After my sophomore year, I transferred to Keene (NH) Teachers' College (now Keene State) to be with my husband, Don. I felt that my two years at Bennington would sustain me there and ever afterward, and they have.

In the 1960s we lived in England for a couple of years and spent another year in Boston, and then we settled down for good in our native state, New Hampshire. Since 1976 we've lived in Center Sandwich, which is considered one of the Granite State's loveliest towns, a description with which we of course agree.

Don has been an English teacher and a high-school librarian; when he'd had enough of that, we launched a little care-taking business.

I've been writing all these years. My fourteenth novel, *A Born Maniac*, the fourth sequel to *The Cheerleader*, is coming out this year. The fans are remarkable. They have done tours of Laconia, my hometown, to see Cheerleader sights and sites, and some have made pilgrimages to Bennington, which Snowy attends in the first sequel.

I also update my father's hiking books, *Daniel Doan's 50 Hikes in the White Mountains* and *50 More Hikes in New Hampshire*.

In the piece he wrote for his Dartmouth Class of 1936 50th reunion, he concluded, "This thought emerges: Successful or not, the years devoted to the art, craft, trade, or hobby of writing can be looked upon as having been spent in a great tradition and enterprise. What did you do with your life? I tried to learn to write."

So have I.



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What were your primary interests while attending Benington and what are you interested in today?

Art—Bennington and today

How did the Bennington experience influence your direction in life?

Immersed me in the arts.

Do you have any family notes you would like to share?

Marty and I will celebrate our 50th anniversary on May 5th

We have two children and three grandchildren.

Are there any comments you wish to make on the past, present, or future?

I continue a Trust Chair of the award-winning Art in Public Places Program for Miami-Dade County Florida

Founding member and still on Executive Board of Trustees, the Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA), North Miami, Fl. We just celebrated our 15th anniversary with a spectacular weekend attended by artists, dealers, collectors, patrons and friends, ending with an all-day conversation with the artists seen in-house and online.



Robyn Posin

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Graced with a full scholarship (there is no way my blue collar family could have afforded me the opportunity otherwise), I came to Bennington (the only school I seriously considered) intent on majoring in drama with visions for preparing for living my passion: acting and directing in theatre.

Midway into my sophomore year, I made the decision to take care of my emotionally exhausted self rather than spend the Fall Long Weekend break with my very stressful scene partners to a statewide competition in Burlington. I made the decision understanding that it would end my career as a drama major. It was not difficult for me: I found the (sexual) politics in the department at the time quite disconcerting and challenging.

In the first of the series of seemingly serendipitous accidents that moved me relentlessly towards the life I now live and delight in, I chose to move into the social science division. I changed my major to psychology because

it was the most interesting of the courses I was taking (Ricky Blake's inimitable abnormal psych). Over the next couple of years, I became as fascinated with experimental psychology as I had been with the clinical courses. Lou Carini became my extraordinary and much cherished mentor.

Lou connected me with a colleague of his at Yeshiva University/Albert Einstein Medical School in New York City for a research assistant job the summer after my junior year. That man, Chairman of the Graduate Psychology Department, was doing research in the same field as my Bennington thesis (visual perception). I worked with Irvin Rock that summer, through the Fall Non-Resident Term (as it was called back then) and then through the last semester of my senior year which I did in absentia taking two graduate courses at the New School for Social Research. Though I'd imagined going to professional acting school after graduation, Rock invited and encouraged me to enter his graduate psychology program.

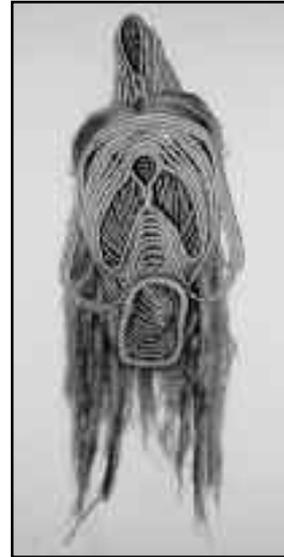


Officiating at the Wedding of Carol Munter
(Class of 1965) October 2010

This was the second bit of serendipity: it seemed an irresistible opportunity to experiment, so I agreed and postponed acting school a bit longer. Without ever deciding to sign on for the Ph.D. program, I nevertheless ended up taking all of both the experimental and clinical psychology coursework year by year with fellowships. Rock was my research mentor and Ruth Lesser became my clinical mentor, moving me into the third bit of serendipity: falling in love with the idea of becoming a psychotherapist. The vision of a career in theatre fell away, and I wound up receiving my PhD in psychology from Yeshiva University in January of 1966. After the constant pressure at Bennington to think and synthesize creatively, graduate school in psychology was a cakewalk; except for synthesizing reports based on clinical testing and developing both my Master's Thesis and my PhD dissertation, little creative thinking was required. Most of the time I just had to repeat back on exams what my professors had said during lectures, quite a comedown from my Bennington education!



She Who Keens with Women's Grief:
From the Spirit Mother Totem
Series. Height: 3' 9"



She Who Howls with Women's
Pain: From the Spirit Mother
Totem Series. Height: 2' 6"

I've loved being a therapist over most of the last 45 years (I did take two breaks for a little over a year each to reconsider my life/direction). I've practiced (mostly in solo private practice) in New York City, Buffalo, Santa Barbara, South Bend, and (for the last 29 years) Ojai, California. These days I work almost exclusively with

women. For the most part, the women who find their way to me are quite successful and gifted but struggle with learning to be compassionate toward themselves. It's a road I know from traveling it myself.

Despite the eclectic training I had in graduate school, how I actually work continues to be informed by my own personal healing journey. Much of what I do is to help women de-fang the vitriolic, inner critics that encourage one to pursue a goal of perfection in order to feel okay with oneself. For the past almost twenty years, I have worked with



She Who Revels in the Joys and Raptures
Of Women: From the Spirit Mother
Totem Series. Height: 3' 9"



She Who Roars with Women's Rage:
From the Spirit Mother Totem Series.
Height: 4'

clients only two days every other week, and more and more have begun to engage in long distance, open ended sessions for however long and however often the client decides.

For the last two years I've begun to organize non-profit women's talks on topics which are near and dear to my heart: Aging and Outrageous in Youth Culture, Imagine Embracing All the Things that You Are, Honoring Our Introversion in a World that Idealizes Extroversion, and Making it Safe to Feel All of Our Feelings to name a few. There's clearly a hunger for community among the women of Ojai, and many women from their 50s through their 70s come to these talks frequently. The openness and authenticity with which women at these gatherings share their successes and struggles has been astonishing and nourishing for all of us.



She Who Shelters the Sorrows of Women:
From the Spirit Mother Totem Series.
Height: 3'

In between my non-profit work and private practice, I putter around my container garden organically growing vegetables and flowers, tend to the needs of my two adorable and adoring sibling cats, go for hikes and walks around the country trails and quiet Ojai streets, stay in shape with a combination of yoga, tai chi, and free weight exercises, read incessantly, and sleep in the tent in the wild meadow which surrounds my cottage. The mantras by which I live: Go only as fast as the slowest part of you feels safe going, the rest is a sacred act and remember that life is a process not an achievement.

Twice a year I work with Carol Munter (Class of 1965) doing Advanced Overcoming Overeating Weekend Workshops (based primarily on her extraordinary work and book of the same name, the work I've done in relating her ideas on food to our overall emotional health, and her most recent book *When Women Stop Hating Their Bodies*). The classes (once in New York City in the fall, and again in Ojai in the spring) focus on getting women to turn to their selves for happiness instead of food for emotional solace. It has been an enormously rewarding experience for both of us as well as the women who take part in our workshops.

Between all of this action I make art, including ink based gestural drawings and large crocheted or coiled fiber masks. I also write tales from my past journeys and present experiences for my website www.forthelit-leoneinside.com which I have had since 1999. The tales are the back stories for each of the 58 affirmation cards in the Rememberings and Celebrations Deck that I have been working on since 1991, and are now being gathered into a manuscript. The manuscript is currently on its way to becoming a hard copy, as well as an e-copy which will be available for publishing on-demand by early 2012.

After two seven year, serious relationships (one with a woman, and one with a man) I have decided that I am most happy living with myself. Over the past 27 years I've become increasingly more comfortable with this idea, while maintaining a small circle of close friends. I'm committed to living in the slow lane as organically and comfortably as possible, and I am grateful for the good health I have maintained. An abiding spiritual connection with the Sacred Feminine: the Great Mother's indwelling voice and the presence of a gaggle of outrageous, guiding, and protective Grandmother Spirits continually infuses my life and journey with magic and wisdom. I feel very blessed.

Sara Libsohn Prestopino

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Still here
Through weaving and spinning; cooking and baking.
Food and making things make my life.
Mother of one
Grandmother of one.
Still married to and sometimes roadie for Paul.
Mired in the stuff and art of our parents.
Mired in our own collection of stuff.
Still wildly in love with the New England landscape.
Still here.



Harriet Schuman

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During my junior year NRT, in San Francisco, I met a guy, fell for him and he convinced me to marry him and transfer to Stanford at the end of my junior year. I did both! We have just celebrated our 51st anniversary and although he is now terminally ill and I am going to lose him soon—it was a whirlwind romance that evolved to fantastic!

Our greatest joy over the years has been three wonderful children who have given us six of the greatest grandchildren—and they all live within an hour of our home in Del Mar, Ca—the area we've been in for over 40 years.

Because of that junior year NRT though, I had a unique 'upside down' college education.

'Upside down' because when I transferred west, in order to graduate 'on time', I was required to take all freshman 'core' university classes! So, in my senior year, along with completion of my major requirements—political economics, I was essentially a freshman—all my credits from Bennington accepted—just needing to get those 'basics' on to my record.

If only the years had been reversed...I would have gotten my intellectual 'legs' first and then had a glorious time with Bennington's learning philosophy...

I'm an art consultant, placing art in commercial buildings, hotels and hospitals in southern California. I didn't start to work until my youngest daughter had left for college. It's been fun and creative and keeps me young and au courant in the real world.

In my 60's, I finally renewed my passion for creating art which largely went by the wayside at Bennington of all places! (I became a political economy major because I had huge 'insecurity issues' about my measuring up to fellow art students who seemed so incredibly sophisticated.)

On a trip to Kyoto and its secret gardens, I discovered Japan and myself—capturing my own identity with a wabi-sabi ethic that I embraced.

Subsequently, I became successful in developing an unusual photographic eye—and since, have had local shows and sales.



I became fascinated with the colors, textures and shapes of rust, old metal and scrap as photographic subject matter and I started to frequent junk and scrap yards for inspiration. That led me to another discipline where I began to seek out the common and the beautiful in the humblest pieces lying around, and re-read and re-invented them as art in their disintegration; then placed them in the appropriate settings as pieces of sculpture.



I still connect with a few girls from our class; Meryl Whitman Green, my best friend since nursery school, and Sandi Kesselman Slotnik. Nicole Reinhold Martin and I have also been in touch sporadically—I'm trying to reconnect again—and over the years I have thought so often of my roommate, Dolly Tulenko, who was very special.

50 years have gone by so fast, it seems like only yesterday...Life has had its ups and downs but it's been good!

During my junior year NRT, in San Francisco, I met a guy, fell for him and he convinced me to transfer to marry him and transfer to Stanford at the end of my junior year. I did both! We have just celebrated our 51st anniversary and although he is now terminally ill and I am going to lose him soon—it was a whirlwind romance that evolved to fantastic!

**Since this was submitted last year, Sid Schuman passed away on October 19, 2011.*

Mary Cheney Fleming Sheh

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Of course, I majored in literature at Bennington! I was raised on James Joyce and Greek tragedies. My father taught English literature. My mother taught French. In 1958 Bennington had a such an exciting group of professors in the literature department, I think even my parents were a bit envious that I had the opportunity to study with them. Today I still love reading and appreciate the critical skills that Stanley Hyman, Howard Nemerov, Wallace Fowle and others tried to pass on to us in class. I found these skills could be applied in many ways. An awareness of symbolism and its power was one of the most valuable lessons I learned at Bennington.

The Bennington experience influenced my personal philosophy, but my direction in life was most influenced by my marriage. A year after graduation I was the wife of a Rennselaer graduate/Naval ensign. By the time I was 31 Bob and I had lived in seven different homes and had a family of five children. These events certainly influenced my direction in life—and continue to do so.

Life has been exciting. Bob's work has taken him all over the world and our roster of friends is international. Our children say that they are grateful for the nine years they spent growing up in The Netherlands and England. Now all five of them are married and we have ten grandchildren.



Today Bob and I are settled in Palos Verdes, California. Outside of the family—which still keeps me busy—I support the Palos Verdes Art Center. When I am not working on their fundraisers, I enjoy taking ceramic and sculpture classes. Bob is on several boards which offer many opportunities for us to travel and see our friends scattered around the globe. And, of course, I am always looking for a good book to read.

Photo was taken this summer on a family trip to Albania

Sandy Kesselman Slotnik

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I went to Bennington because I thought the Vermont campus was beautiful and also to follow my sister. I discovered at Bennington, I could not follow anyone, and was encouraged to make my own footprints one by one. No easy task for me.

In December, 1960 of my senior year, I was told not to return after NRT for the spring semester. At the time, I felt frightened and devastated. Looking back at the experience, Bennington gave me the opportunity to grow and make a stronger commitment toward my major field. Bennington also gave me a second chance! For that I am deeply appreciative, and always try to remember the college and their personal guidance.



Top: Sandy, Joe. Bottom: Zachary, Léo, Sophie, Alec

I was determined to return to Bennington College, and I did graduate one year later with the Class of 1962. That extra year, my last one at the College, I had my own art studio and worked closely with my counselor, Lyman Kipp, the sculptor. Bennington became a place to explore freely and take risks leading to new creative adventures in painting and printmaking.

After graduating, I worked and went to graduate school. I received a M.E.D. from Northeastern University and married Joe Slotnik. Joe, also became involved with

Bennington and was a trustee in the 1980s for about 10 years.

I taught art in the Brookline Public Schools, have two married children and have the marvelous experience of being grandparents to four lovable children: Zachary 8, Leo 4 ½, Sophie 5, and Alec 7 ½.

Today our lives focus on our family and friendships. We have moved to Miami and there seven months until we return to our Cape Cod home of forty-four years. I really enjoy “playing” outside. I play competitive tennis and golf, and have learned a lot about focusing from playing sports.

My past was more complicated, and I look forward to a future filled with family, friends, fun, and love.

Lynn Small

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I had a wonderful four years at Bennington. It was the time of my intellectual awakening, not only in classes, but also as the result of many inspiring conversations that took place with stimulating friends routinely into the wee hours of the morning. It was often intense, frequently surprising, and always new.

The enthusiasm of the faculty was remarkable. I find it astounding to consider that a talent such as sculptor Tony Smith taught architecture to a clueless freshman like me who, at that time, had never even taken a drawing class. How I would love to take that course again! I feel that about so many of my classes. I think particularly of Kenneth Burke (maybe I would understand him now) and Howard Nemerov to name but two. Many a time I left class walking on air with the headiness of it all.

One of my fondest memories of Bennington took place senior year on election night.



I was in the Carriage Barn appearing in Gershwin's "Of Thee I Sing" playing a beauty contestant opposite Wallace Fowlie as the French Ambassador! Where could this happen but Bennington and I have to say he absolutely loved performing. I was a French lit/theater major and he was my tutorial counselor. How lucky can you get to meet weekly and in rehearsals with one of the foremost scholars of surrealism and a translator of Rimbaud?

I married Michael Small the summer after graduation. Nancy Markey had introduced us for which I will be



forever grateful. Some of you will remember Michael who spent many hours in the Bennington Commons, driving up from Williams to find the cast for his musicals. He went on to have a very successful career as a film composer (45 feature films) which gave us wonderful opportunities to travel the world as he conducted in many different cities. Sadly, he died far too young in 2003.

I did find my fluency in French practical when in 1963 I became the manager of an ethnographic art gallery specializing in African and Oceanic sculpture. My employer was French as were most of the clients. After my children Jonathan and David were born, I began to study wheel thrown pottery, a passion that led to a full time career. I exhibited and taught ceramics in Los Angeles, Manhattan and Westchester for the next 25 years. Was the simplicity of those white clapboard houses the influence behind my unadorned white bisque porcelains? Everything goes into the mix.



When I returned to Manhattan in 1998, I found a sculpture studio only a few blocks from our apartment and started to do portrait sculpture in clay. I find this surprisingly like acting in that you have to feel the character of the model in order to bring it to life. I am now painting in oils and watercolors and I am part of a performing acting group.

I have two amazing grandchildren and I also have a new romantic love in my life, coincidentally someone I dated while at Bennington. We have been happily unmarried living in New York City for 7 years.

Joan Tower

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Bennington played a huge and vital role in my life—both in my musical thinking and in my teaching. It was the perfect fit for me at that time in my life. I actually wanted to go to Radcliffe because I had a boyfriend at Harvard who drove a motorcycle (very cool)! A smart Radcliffe Admissions person (who interviewed me for quite a long time) actually saved my life and steered me towards Bennington for which I am eternally grateful. I actually thanked her during my Commencement speech at Bennington in 1990.

Bennington allowed me to grow into a person that could find her own independent “wings” (and musical voice). I was quite musical but at that time, only through the piano. They asked me to compose a piece from the start—a very intimidating experience for most performers. My first (second and third) pieces were pretty much a disaster and I spent the rest of my time at Bennington trying to create better and better pieces—which has continued to this day. (I probably would have died at Radcliffe—a school that was definitely not a good place for my particular talents). So I think Bennington (and the music faculty at that time—George Finckel, Lionel Nowak, Lou Calabro and Frank Baker) for getting me started in the right direction.

Since graduating from Bennington in 1961, I am lucky to have had performances and commission by

May 19th, 2012—after performance of Violin Concerto with Albany Symphony



major orchestras and soloists and have won three Grammys (for a recording on Naxos) which my biography at Schirmer.com will tell you all about (if you are interested).

I am married for 39 years to a wonderful friend (Jeff) and I teach at Bard College—this is my 40th year—which I love to do. My students are like the children I never had. I really care about them and how they get “fueled” by music.

All in all, I have a fantastic life and feel very lucky. It really all started at Bennington.

Before NY premiere of dance May 2012, with choreographer Pascal Rioult



Without Update



Sandra Albinson



Laura Levine Barnes



Anna Bartow



Susan Shaw Bazin



Brenda M. Goldberg Bemporad



Kaye Donoho Benton



Marjorie McKinley Bhavnani



Judith C. Schneider Bond



Diane Stratton Brittain

Without Update



Antoinette Brown-Brumbaugh



Aviva Dubitzky Budd



Dorothy Ann Bunke



Edna K. Goodman Burak



Joan Legro Bushnell



Susan Elizabeth Mason Callegari



Ann Adden Carroll



Nancy Markey Chase



Elizabeth Ravit Chase

Without Update



Judith A. Cohen-Herman



Sylvia Conway



Artelia Court



Marjorie Wilcox Dempsey



Shannon J. Theobald Devoe



Patricia Hines Dizenzo



Patricia Groner Dubin



Jacqueline Ertel Everly



Elizabeth Hamerslag Fay

Without Update



Dorothy Tulenko Feher



Jo Ann Fields



Lucia Gannett



Julie Eiseman Ginsburg



Sara Snow Glenn



Susannah Glusker



Elan Golomb



Jeanne Chadwick Hallquist



Joan L. Hannah

Without Update



Rae Ellen Hanewald Harsch



Arlene Bolliger Hayward



Susan Loomis Herrmann



Diana B. Wilson Hoven



Katharine B. Margeson Ingram



Sonia Harrison Jones



Margaret Joseph



Judith Joseph Martinez



Julie H. Cavanagh Kaneta

Without Update



Barbara R. Kapp



Margaret A. Katz Kaufman



Penni Kimmel



Nina Koch



Jane Lapiner



Deborah Culver Lawlor



Martha Bertelsen Leonard

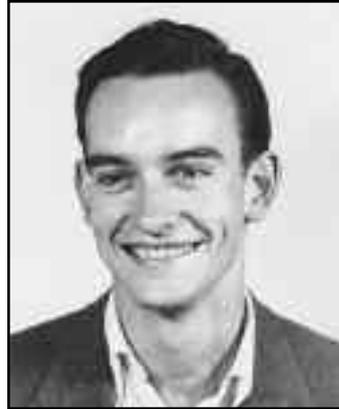


Rima Tolchin Lieben



Hedwig Lockwood

Without Update



Gerald Lukeman



Nicole Reinhold Martin



Harriet Epstein Matthews



Elizabeth Graham Monk



Louise Kurtz Murphy



Susan B. Marvel Norris



Katharine Zantzing Okie



Katherine Ross Outram



Phyllis Martin Pearson

Without Update



Gretel Hoffman Pelto



Lynne Weber Peterson



Pamela Hage Picciotti



Julie Mahr Poll



Dimitra Sundeen Reber



Eileen Walsh Resnick



Victoria Buckingham Rojas



Miriam Rosenberg



Charles J. Ryan

Without Update



Peter Sander



Gail Rodier Schonbeck



Jane Mindlin Schosberg



Vickie Seitchik



Jessie Gifford Shestack



Brenda Myerson Shoshanna



Joanna Bulova Slimforte



Lucy Sloan



Theresa D'Esopo Spinner

Without Update



Monica Wulff Steinert



Mariel Stephenson



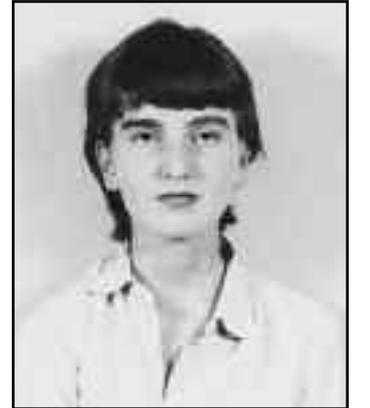
Barbara Bartelmes Surovell



Brenda Schlossberg Tepper



Florence Kit Tobin



Clover Vail



Marjorie Daniel Vannam



Cary Hewitt Vitikainen



Margot Adler Welch

Without Update



Carolyn H. Green Wilbur



Auldlyn Higgins Williams



Judith Wolfe

Without Update - No Photo

Jennifer Moore Allen
Donna Coker
William W. Coker
Robin Watson deCampi
Jake Holmes
June Magnaldi
George Sampson
Carol Kellogg Wyndham

Deceased - No Photo

Ineke Sluiter

Deceased



Lucinda Ruby Gray



Priscilla Kaufman Janis



Barbara Wiener Krevit



Sheila Dickinson Malnic



Nancy Pettis



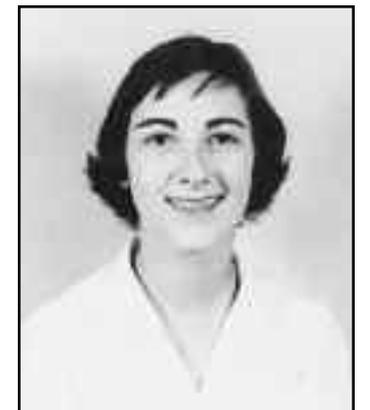
Valerie Sawyer Reilly



Suzanne Varady

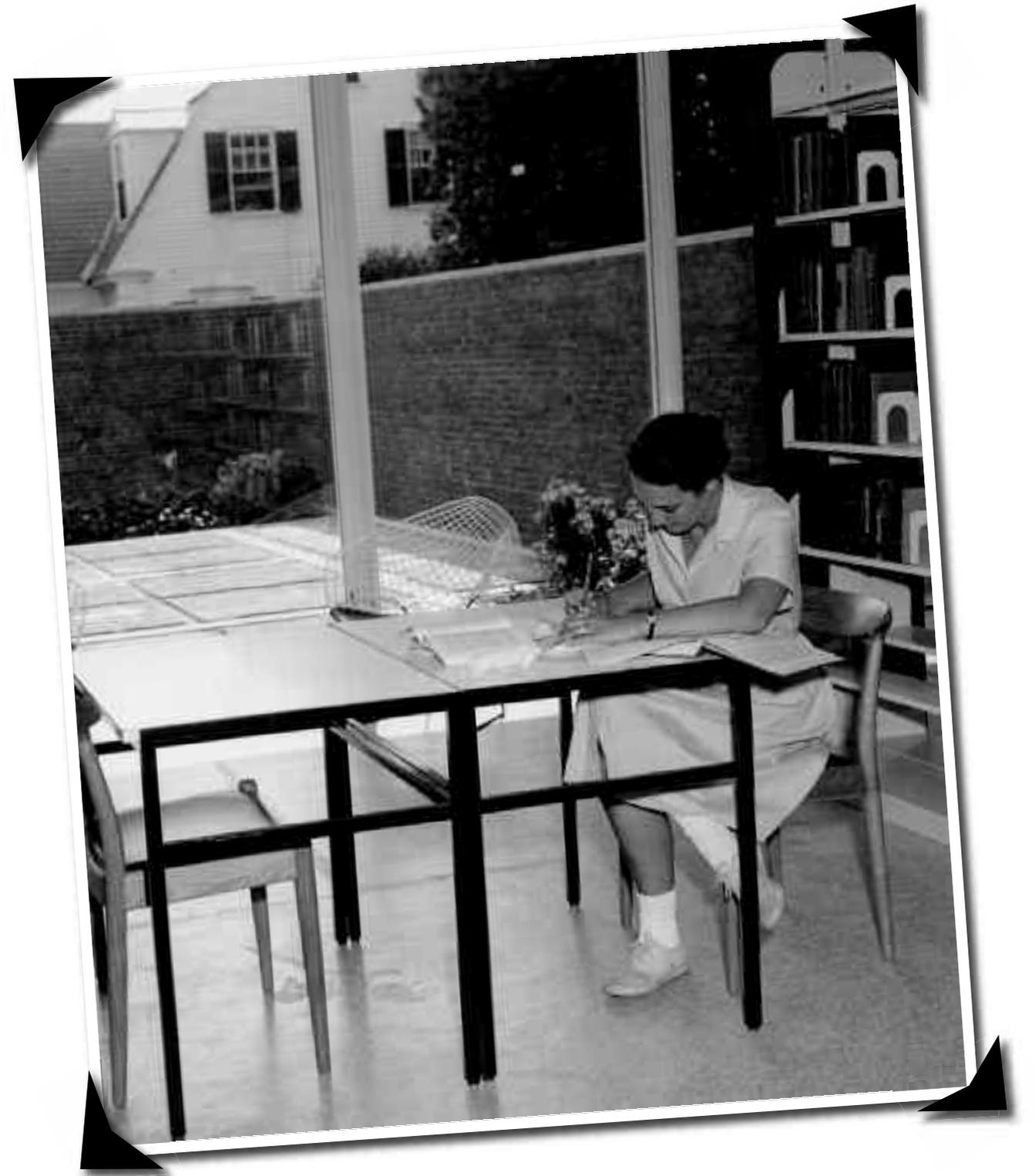


Karen Egeberg Warmer



Jane Sunshine Wohabe





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