

CLASS OF 1968

———— 50TH REUNION ————



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



Class of 1968

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Harriet E. Bing	Anna Renfield Dubow	Erica Fratkin Hiersteiner
Marjorie McRae Black	Patricia Woodbridge Dunn	John K. Hoffman
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Julia Agee Bollinger*	Re'u ben James Christman Edinger	Liz Dicker Ingersoll
Pamela Bostelmann	Carolyn Minick Emanuel	Susan Hannon Italia
Barbara Kaufman Bouldin	Elizabeth Enlund	Marsha Kadesch*
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Penelope Priest Burkitt	Cheryl Sorli Fouche	Claudia E. Lapp
Patricia Burrows	Alana Martin Frumkes	Leslie Sliker LaRocca

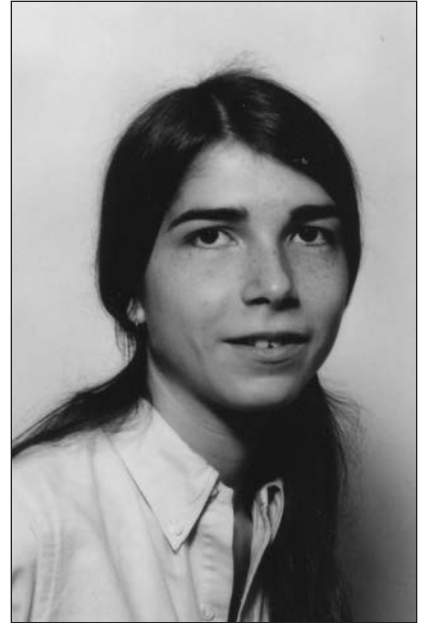
Carol Levin	Alexa Davis Parker	Lynn Jones Stinnette
Paula Ann Levine	Barbara Pepe	Gale Thompson Synnott
Doris Levine*	Phoebe Pettingell	Marie McKenney Tavernini
Lynne Lewis	Ruth Ann Phimister	Lindley G. Thomasset
Catherine Stern Lichtman	Margaret Polchow	Deborah Thompson
Patricia Lutkins	Joanna Pousette-Dart	Janie Tyre
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Barbara Manners	Allison Simmons Prouty	Michael Vlastas
Susanna McAdam	Kate Morgan Reiss*	Elaine Lasker VonBruns
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Margaret Morgan-Hubbard	Polly Notkins Rubin	Elizabeth Devine Wilczek
Elenita Muñiz	Marguerite Saslow	Nora Wilson
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Wendy Moskow Norton	Catherine Armstrong Short	Ruth Bluestein Wolff
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Natalie Orloff*	Adele Smith-Penniman	Frank Kenneth Wood
Mabrie Jeanne Ormes	Fifi Delacorte Spangler	Jessica (Jean Witkin) Zeller
Alan Ormsby	Ellen Stark	
Marc Ozanich	Elizabeth Stewart	

* Designates alumni who have passed away.

Sandra Adams

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I grew up in a blue-collar family in a small town in Western Massachusetts. Four years in a girls' prep school exposed me to another world. Bennington taught to go out there, to do what I wanted/needed to do, so that's what I did. After two years at Bennington I spent two years at Philadelphia College of Art. I was then accepted to Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17 in Paris to study printmaking. Within hours of my arrival I knew that Paris was going to be home. After 25 years there – studying printmaking, painting, working first as an English teacher and then in PR, Communication and International Relations in a design school and raising two sons, I moved to New York in 1993. I stayed in the field of education, first at the Alliance Française, and then at NYU. Ten years ago, on a whim, I went to an Oriental Dance class and got hooked. I've been studying Middle Eastern percussion (darbouka) for three years and perform both dance and percussion at various venues in New York and New Jersey. I go home to Paris at least once a year, and for the past seven years have been attending a dance workshop in Marrakech and traveling around Morocco. After retiring from NYU six years ago I began volunteering as a translator/interpreter for asylum seekers and teaching literacy and English to recent immigrants, mainly from Arabic speaking countries. I am looking forward to moving back to Paris in the near future.



Barbara Lazear Ascher

“Bennington saved me!” I say to anyone who asks. It’s not original. Helen Frankenthaler said it to me long, long ago and I’ve borrowed it ever since.

The college counselor at my girls’ boarding school had steered me toward the “Seven Sisters.” A dutiful student, I interviewed at Smith, Vassar, and Mt. Holyoke and found them to be too similar to what I was coming from. And I doubted that what I was coming from had been educational. So much homework, so many maps to draw, exams to take, so much memorization, borders, imports, exports.

I wrote to Bennington for an application and requested an interview. There was no turning back. When I drove through those gates to the top of the hill and looked out to other distant hills, I breathed a sigh of relief.

I continued to breathe that sigh through all four years. I was free to pursue my passion for literature with an emphasis on poetry. What other 18, 19, 20-year-olds in other places of higher education get to have Stanley Edgar Hyman and Howard Nemerov for tutors? Get to be taken seriously by teachers as original thinkers, merging professionals?

My teachers shared Paul Feeley’s exhortation to his freshmen painting class, “Stop thinking of yourselves as students. Think of yourselves as artists.” We were expected to take our work seriously and ease up on taking ourselves too seriously. Harold Kaplan took us deep into texts and critical thinking. Barbara Hernstein Smith addressed us in her course on Renaissance Poetry, “Why don’t you dare to risk love?”

We were being taught to open ourselves, expand our minds. I felt as though I had been awakened from a long sleep. Bennington opened me to a burning, life-long curiosity and love of learning that I see living on in my daughter and granddaughters. A long legacy.

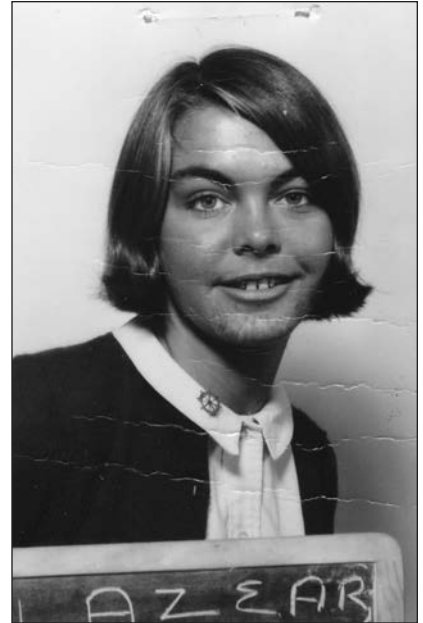
I fell in love my freshman year and married over Long Weekend the spring of my junior year. I commuted between Vermont and New York and even then, when I returned and I drove through those gates, my spirits soared.



Engagement photo, February 2015.
Barbara with now husband Strobe Talbott.

My husband, Bob Ascher, died in 2002 and I was swept into the anguish familiar to anyone who’s had a great love affair come to that irredeemable end. But, such despair does give way to work and love. About that Freud was right.

My professional life has been a continuation of Bennington enthusiasms. I was a columnist for the *New York Times*, *Elle* and *Self Magazine*. I traveled the world writing articles for the *Times*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Gourmet*, *European Travel*, and *Life*. I’ve written four books and hope that the fifth will be finished by the time you read this.



I've taught writing in MFA programs, most happily at Bennington. I also help writers and would-be-writers with their own books. I like circling the craft from these different vantage points.

I have three stepchildren and a daughter, Rebecca, born in October following graduation. They have been a source of and inspiration for deep love and joy. In 2009, my daughter gave birth to twin girls about whom I'm not going to write because I've never read anything about grandchildren that doesn't make me skip to the next paragraph. I'll just say, glorious.

They and their parents, Rebecca and husband, Charles Ascher-Walsh, a gynecological surgeon, live within an easy walk from my apartment in New York. That setup became a bit more complicated when to my surprise, Strobe Talbott appeared 12 years after Bob's death and, although I prized my independence, my single life, he persuaded me that love and marriage would only enrich that life. And so now I'm back to commuting. Just like the Bennington days except this time it's between New York and Washington, D.C., where Strobe has lived and worked for as long as I've done the same in New York.

I return to my writing room in the New York Society library, my family, apartment, and the city that will always be home, then return to my new home and new love, my husband of three years.

Like the rest of us, I am concerned about the state of the world in general and specifically about low voter turnout in this country. If each of us would walk one millennial to the polls...

When considering the joys of my life and despair for the world, I often think of Kit Foster, who taught complexity by quoting Prospero. "Both, both my dear," she said. Now that's education.



Athena and Dahlia, age 9. Daughter and son-in-law, Rebecca and Charles Ascher-Walsh

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I majored in science, minored in psychology, emphasis on child development, (with special appreciation to Marion Downs, who let me into a senior seminar as a freshman, which included working in the college pre-school and in a campus summer Headstart Kindergarten). Marion Downs also sponsored my tutorial in mental retardation. I'd worked at the former Brandon Training School the summer before my freshman year as an aide, and during one Bennington College Work Term (NRT for "Non-Resident Term") as a Research Assistant.



I shared a North Bennington summer apartment with Liz Richter; we swam in Lake Paran beneath an orange harvest moon and could walk to campus. Marion Stroud, instrumental in having founded The Prospect School, served as a sterling Williston Central School principal during my own three children's K-8 years, throughout which they'd walked to school from our former Williston, VT, Tower Lane Home.

Among all positions I have held, I prepared for and still study parenting, which I consider a profession – one benefiting from research, consulting, and sharing experiences with fellow parents. Among many varied temp "moonlighting" jobs, I've served as both a birth and a postpartum doula, a La Leche League leader, a home-visiting lactation consultant (mostly via VNA), and have consulted with others who also serve families.

As life progresses, I've also found myself caregiving beyond baby days, as for aging family members and/or friends, one who was seriously dementing. Currently I'm working with a delightful, fun, lucid local senior who is also a wonderful role model!

Classmate Phoebe Pettingell and I still correspond and often reminisce about our Bennington College days.

Living far from my three married children and four grandchildren, I've learned that texting can help enormously with keeping in touch. However widespread, my text-watching a Super Bowl (the only show broadcast simultaneously nation-wide), with those interested, can give emoji responses a real workout while providing a fun connection. (Last game, I had to remember which correspondent was rooting for which team!)

Wishing each and all of you well and very well.

Pamela Bostelmann

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The years 1964-67 seem like a VERY large drop into the bucket of my life... So young, so young... Such fun, such fun!

I'm no longer any kind of musician, although that freshman year NRT teaching in the US Virgin Islands left a major imprint: I'm to this day fascinated by cultures other than North American or Western European, and the longest job/position I ever held was my last one: 10 years teaching 7th grade English (and World Film!) in my neighborhood middle school, a Title One school, 85% of whose students speak English as a Second Language. (Now how's THAT for a sentence!?)

How did Bennington influence my direction in life? Not sure... I think even before Bennington, I was primed to plunge into the unknown and to experiment—practices that Bennington certainly encouraged and which persist in my life today. (Side note of major gratitude: Despite enormous amounts of highly risky behavior, I'm alive and thriving!)



January 2018, Arenal National Park, Costa Rica

Family notes: I'm still happily single and child-free. I was married for a short while (six years) to a lovely Kenyan man whom I'm proud to count among my best friends currently.

The following are among the highlights of my very blessed life, in addition to my 10 precious years teaching 7th grade English. (Alas, they don't lend themselves to short expository paragraphs...)

- A year as a bilingual secretary at the Centre Universitaire Expérimental de Vincennes (now University of Paris 8)
- B.A., History, Columbia University
- Several years working as a go-go dancer, mostly in northern New Jersey
- Several years working on the Attica Brothers Legal Defense
- Co-founder & sole proprietor of EMMA, The Buffalo Women's Bookstore



My ex-husband Mito, his wife Martha, and their daughter Aisha

- Close to 2 decades in various administrative positions at the University of California, Berkeley
- A decade of psychoanalytic therapy encompassing, inter alia, Gurdjieff work and Jungian sand tray
- M.A. TESOL, San Francisco State University
- A year as an English Language Fellow teaching English and Legal English at the Ministry of Justice, Asmara, Eritrea
- 7-8 years teaching ESL in various community colleges in the East Bay Area
- Another year as an English Language Fellow teaching English and Pedagogical Methodologies at the University of Burundi, Bujumbura, Burundi
- Two short stints teaching English in China: to undergraduates at the University of Wuhan and to secondary-school teachers in the Nanjing District
- Touristic visits to Kenya, Abu Dhabi, Dubai, Bali, Mexico, Uganda, Egypt, Rwanda, Jamaica, Benin, and most recently, Costa Rica. Planned for later this year: South Africa!

What am I interested in today? Novels by women; history and literature from the African continent; fiction films from around the world; getting 45 out of office; swimming; the Feldenkrais method (Awareness Through Movement); learning and understanding the disparate techniques women develop to continue to thrive as we age; travel to places I haven't yet been; cultivating, nourishing, and sustaining friendships with interesting women; maintaining an attitude of gratitude for all I have been given.

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I used to read the alumni notes and wonder why I never felt that I had a wonderful and transformative experience at Bennington. I came from a suburban high school on Long Island where my two favorite subjects were English and Math. Aspects of my freshman year were very disappointing, particularly literature. My Myth Rit Lit class felt like a step backwards. I had a couple of excellent teachers at Bennington – Mr. Van der Linde was truly a nonpareil, and A. Norman Klein was interesting. Eventually I came to realize that I did get something from my Bennington education – a deep distaste for self-congratulation. Only recently have I realized that one must promote oneself to some degree, and colleges have to do it too. I left after three years, transferred to SUNY Stony Brook and abandoned math for anthropology. I later detected a pattern in my life: I have to do everything twice. Two colleges, two majors. Two marriages, one I came to rationalize as a “starter marriage.” Four pregnancies, and two wonderful children. Two careers: I abandoned a graduate program in anthropology for accounting. I spent my adult years as a CPA in a small college town in upstate New York, a job that allowed me to gratify my curiosity about how the world works. It also absorbed a lot of my time. I have just been widowed, three years after my parents died. I know the drill, the paperwork, sorting, deciding about books and papers, scanning and tossing. And now on to a new and as yet unimaginable life.



Debbie Brown

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When I first started thinking about college, I knew that Bennington would be my first choice. My mother, Polly Swan, was a member of Bennington's second graduating class. In the essay written for her own 50th anniversary, she writes, "I have found no reason to change my social point of view or my political beliefs – developed early and strengthened at Bennington: a hope and a dream of a more peaceful world, with a more equitable way of distributing wealth and better ways of nurturing new generations so that there will be more kindness and less cruelty."

I had many eye-opening experiences in my first year at Bennington, from navigating social gatherings at Williams to balancing stimulating coursework with walks in the hills around the college. I was excited to be studying with teachers like Howard Nemerov and Catherine Osgood Foster. Another vivid memory is hiking through the woods with Robert Woodworth, as he shared his vast knowledge of plants and his deep reverence for life.

I spent three Non-Resident Terms in Alaska, teaching at boarding schools for Inuit and Yupik high school students. I came away from those adventures with a much more nuanced understanding of the differences in cultures.

After Bennington, I headed for the University of Wisconsin to get a degree in teaching. Not willing to give up on my dream of going back to Alaska, I audited a class in Arctic Anthropology. The first day of classes, a tall, relaxed sort of guy sat down behind me. In a conversation during a fire drill, I learned that he too had had an inspiring Arctic experience. We never made it to Alaska, but 50 years, two children, and five grandchildren later, Michael and I look back on many happy times.

In Madison and later in Milwaukee, we marched for justice and an end to war and our collective stayed up far into the



Debbie with her grandchildren

night debating how women should be treated and how we should raise our children. Michael started a natural foods store and I started a children's co-op.

A move to Atlanta resulted in more opportunities to teach and learn from people different than me, including construction workers from Central America, maintenance workers from Somalia, and pregnant women from Mexico. Dissatisfied with the teaching materials available, I wrote manuals for the women and the maintenance workers.

Ten years ago, we moved to the Bay Area. Michael works as a professor and I volunteer for a tutoring program. I'm grateful to Bennington for offering a stimulating and broadening chapter in my life.



My mother, Polly Brown, at Bennington (third from left)



Michael and I in front of our house

Patricia Burrows

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I was very happy to become a student at Bennington. I wanted to be an actor, or a writer, or a painter. I wanted to be an anthropologist or a psychologist and study history and learn to dance. Suddenly all these fields were open to me. I could study them all if I had time. I was thrilled!

Eventually, after exposing myself to all the subjects I loved, I managed to calm down. Psychology and anthropology became the most important but, because I could, I continued to write and paint, create woodcuts and etchings, study biology, and even dance a bit. I wrote my Senior Thesis on stealing, testing 200 students and finding a definite correlation between stealing behaviors and loneliness and eating issues. (Sadly, my thesis was considered inflammatory and was not allowed to be on display in the library during graduation!)

After college, I went to graduate school, became a social worker, went back to school to learn psychotherapy, child and family therapy and then psychoanalysis, which I continue to practice today.

My absolute favorite class at Bennington was Myth and Ritual in Literature. Aside from being completely charmed by Stanley Hyman, I also became very aware of the significant ways that our experiences function for us, varying in importance and influencing our perceptions as we move through our lives, culturally, historically and psychologically. I consider this concept every time I meet a client.

I met my husband, Milt Wolfson, in graduate school. We have four children, the two oldest girls are my step-daughters and together we have another daughter, Jessica, who is a documentary filmmaker, and a son, Jordan, who has become a successful artist. We also have six grandchildren ranging in age from two to 22.

I feel fortunate to have made some very special friends at Bennington with whom I am still quite close. Life has been, and continues to be, very full.



Sharon Cameron

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After Bennington, I received a Ph.D. from Brandeis University in English and American Literature. I enjoyed my first job at Boston University, but was given a terminal contract in my second year of successful teaching on the grounds that I would never publish anything. I wrote my first book, *Lyric Time: Dickinson and the Limits of Genre* (1979) on unemployment insurance and food stamps. Subsequently, I taught for a year at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and then at Johns Hopkins for thirty-six years, where I am currently the William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of English, Emerita. I have also taught at UCLA, the National Humanities Center, and at the School of Criticism and Theory at Cornell University. Subsequent books are *The Corporeal Self: Allegories of the Body in Melville and Hawthorne* (1981); *Writing Nature: Henry Thoreau's Journal* (1989); *Thinking in Henry James* (1989); *Choosing*



Not Choosing: Dickinson's Fascicles (1993); *Beautiful Work: A Meditation on Pain* (2000); *Impersonality: Seven Essays* (2007); and *The Bond of the Furthest Apart: Essays on Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Bresson, and Kafka* (2017). I've received numerous fellowships and awards including the J.B. Hubbell Medal for Lifetime Achievement in American Literary Studies from the Modern Languages Association (2008) and the Harold D. Vursell Memorial Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters (2009). For fifteen years I was a hospice volunteer, and have practiced Vipassana meditation for three decades.

Since retiring from Johns Hopkins, I have lectured and given guest classes at universities around the country, and last fall taught a one-off seminar on scene in Dickinson's poetry at the Fishkill Medium Security Prison for Men. Recently I was invited to be the Bain-Swiggett Visiting Professor of Poetry and Poetics for one semester in Fall 2018 at Princeton, and plan to accept. I'd also like to do more teaching in prison.

I have increasingly come to value my years at Bennington, and have remained in touch with my friends Julia Welch, Marguerite Saslow, until recently, the late Rhoda Holtzman Halperin, the late Lindsley Cameron Miyoshi, and Ann Goldstein, as well as with Barbara Herrnstein Smith and Pat Adams.

Beth P. Cavanaugh

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Since graduating from Bennington (50 years ago!!!), my life has had more ups and downs than I can recount here so I won't try to do so. I divide my time between the Upper West Side of Manhattan and upstate in Denver, NY. I received my MSW from New York University. As an LCSW in private practice have specialized in trauma and addiction. In June 2018, I will be ordained by One Spirit Interfaith Seminary. My passion is travel (and border collies). I spent many winters in Costa Rica. I have done a lot of diving and snorkeling in Bonaire, Belize and throughout the Caribbean. I have traveled, as well, to parts of Africa and Europe, and have especially enjoyed France and Denmark. I spent the spring of 1975 in Vietnam and Cambodia working on an article on the Montagnards for *Harper's Magazine*. I ended up covering the demise of both countries as we knew them. My left knee and other parts are wearing out, but it's always on to the next adventure. Looking forward to hearing from others.



Pamela Bostelmann and Beth Cavanaugh at the Met, 2017



Cheryl Hauselmann Cherney

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I only attended Bennington for my freshman year. I loved the beautiful Vermont location. My favorite teacher was Mr. Wohnus who taught biology. We made electron microscopic photos of our DNA using *Drosophila* flies. It was magical, outstanding!

When I left Bennington, I moved out to San Francisco where I lived my version of a hippie lifestyle for 4-5 years – I think it was called Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll. Though, of course, we were evolving.

The sudden, tragic death of my middle sister brought me up short. All this madness had to stop with me. Within about nine months of finding out about her death, I married someone I didn't know very well, but trusted implicitly. It was a good match.

Over time, we had four children and a pretty adventurous life together. I now have 11 grandchildren. Lucky me!

I worked full time after my three youngest were in kindergarten and nursery school. First as a secretary (called then an Administrative Assistant).

When I was nursing my youngest, my husband and I who were living in the country in Sonoma County, decided to go back to school to UC Berkeley. He went to finish his PhD dissertation in Chemical Engineering; I went to finish my BA in Archaeology. It was lots of fun. We had household back-up at home for our other children and we would leave at 5:30 in the morning, nursing baby in tow, to go to school.

After I graduated I started teaching in a small, private, experimental grade school, which I did for seven years. It was really neat because as long as we taught the 3Rs well, we were able to teach any other subjects we loved and were interested in. My students learned lots and lots about world history and archaeology. We went on field trips once a week and basically had a ball.

In 1984, I gave birth to twins. My husband and I had decided to get pregnant with a baby for close friends of ours who couldn't get pregnant. The one baby turned out to be two! I have remained in close touch with them and their family, and they are a joyful part of my life today. I think of them as my most beloved niece and nephew.

In 1989, I had a very bad auto accident which crushed my right ankle, which had to be rebuilt with two surgeries, bone grafts, skin grafts, two metal plates in my leg, and fifteen bolts holding the whole thing together. I was in bed for six months, and took almost three years to get back on my feet.



My trip this winter to see my daughter and her family in Tokyo

The amazing upside of all this is that I was introduced to the art of Jin Shin Jyutsu, which is an ancient Japanese healing art, somewhat like acupuncture without the needles. My tri-weekly treatments over the next year helped me to heal and to stay calm in the midst of a busy household with four children. I have been a student of Jin Shin Jyutsu ever since.

After my children grew up and the youngest left home, I decided to go back to school for my MA in Cultural Anthropology. After I graduated from UC Davis, I spent a year or two traveling around the Southwest, putting together the two disciplines of Archaeology and Cultural Anthropology in a wonderful, experiential way. Trying to figure out what to do next...

I finally decided I had had enough with academia and decided to open a private Jin Shin Jyutsu practice in Sonoma County. I had been taking classes, practicing and studying for many years, and it is something I love to do.

It makes me happy and is often quite useful to other people.

Twelve years later, I realized that my marriage wasn't working anymore and my 30-year relationship with my Guirdjieff teacher and work group had changed drastically and I didn't want to continue. So I began to separate from both.

Just then, I was diagnosed with a small, slow-growing cancerous breast tumor. I've now been cancer free for seven years, and have been divorced after 46 years of marriage, being separated for seven of those years. I'm lucky to be able to retain the friendships and ideas that matter to me from my time in the work group, and feel quite free for the first time in a long time.

Today, I live alone in a small Victorian in Petaluma, California, which my husband and I bought 45 years ago. I have pets I adore, a big, beautiful and overgrown garden, and a happy semi-retired from my Jin Shin practice life.

I travel a lot because I have close family in Aspen, Colorado; Tokyo, Japan; Copenhagen; the Basque Country in Spain; Switzerland; Albania; and Alaska. So that makes for lots of fun adventures with my family.

I practice yoga once a week, as well as Falun Gong, teach a small arts and crafts class to young children, have started a meetup group for senior downhill skiers (I grew up in Denver and started skiing when I was seven). I enjoy exploring lots of different ways to make something art-wise, without too much fuss. My newest love for the last two years is taking a memoir writing class, which has been unexpectedly rich and fruitful.

I think that's about it. I look forward to hearing about everyone else from my class at Bennington.

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I attended a progressive grammar school where education was fun and self-directed. Then my family moved and I went to a public high school, where students marched in lines between classes and each day was marked by clock hands. I had considered going to an art school but wanted the full education of a liberal arts school, so I chose Bennington, especially because the school emphasized arts taught by practicing artists. Ben Belitt for freshman literature, Howard Nemerov for English literature, Pat Adams for drawing, Anthony Caro for sculpture, Stanley Rosen for ceramics; these were some of the great artist/teachers I was privileged to study under.

I had planned to major in psychology or English literature. One evening my roommate, Valerie Van Winkle, whom I rarely saw as she was usually at rehearsal in the Ensemble Studio Theatre headed by Paul Gray, asked me to volunteer in the costume shop. So I wandered over to a chaotic room with seemingly hysterical people sewing and yelling. They were putting on *The Wakefield Cycle* and asked me to make costumes for four shepherds. “Uh, how?” I asked and someone pointed to a wall of boxes labeled “fur,” “linen,” “silk,” “leather,” and so on. Then they trundled over a castered dress form. I climbed up a ladder, opened the boxes, discovered an old piece of sheepskin and some leather straps, and was hooked for life. The next morning, I dropped statistics and signed up for theatre. I loved that scenic design is a collaborative art form that encompasses painting, sculpture, literature, history, and psychology.



The following year Judy North (then Judy Davis Raffael) arrived to teach theatre design. She and I went to New York City to purchase costume fabric, spending the night at the YMCA after attending a performance at Lincoln Center, which was then run by Herbert Blau, whom Judy had designed for in San Francisco. My senior work term I interned in the studio of the great Broadway set designer Jo Mielziner, stirring his tempera paint pots, printing and filing his working drawings and set renderings.

After graduation, I moved to NYC, sharing an apartment with Valerie. I worked as a secretary while designing little shows at night, including a dance/drama *Oedipus*, directed by Victor Bumbalo. I received a full scholarship to the Theatre Design graduate program at New York University. The great set designer/teacher Ming Cho Lee invited me to

intern in his set design studio, which I did for five years while starting to design sets for small New York City theatres, regional theatres, opera, and dance. I collaborated with many talented directors, discovering a shared vision of a dramatic work and evolving its three-dimensional world. I lean towards metaphoric, sculptural scenery but try to avoid stylistic preconceptions. I supplemented my set design fees by working for Broadway set designers, building scale models and doing design/construction drawings.

In the 1990s I began working as a set designer in the art department of feature films, then I moved up to art director, the person directly under the production designer, helping him or her realize their vision by hiring and running the art department, estimating and overseeing the scenery budget, and coordinating and scheduling with all other departments.

I've had a fabulous career, and along the way I mentored the next generation of scenic designers, teaching for fourteen years in the graduate program of NYU TISCH School of the Arts, and a year at Savannah College of Art and Design. In 2000, Focal Press published my graduate-level textbook on set design communication, and in 2013 the second edition.

My dear husband, Robert Dunn, and I live on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. He is a novelist and photographer, and teaches short story writing and "Writing the Photobook" at the New School University. A few years ago, I retired from the film business and I'm happily painting watercolors.

Bennington's rich educational offerings, gifted artist/teachers and encouragement of self-directed learning were instrumental in the discovery of my life's passion. The school nourished my curiosity and guided my initial steps to a successful and fulfilling career.



1981 – Washington Square Park
Teaching location surveying to graduate design students



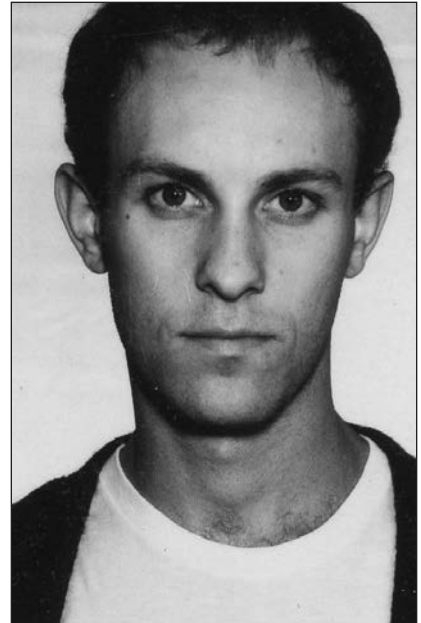
Bob and I



2007 - Art Director on *I Am Legend*
Overseeing the crews pouring and distressing the asphalt streets in the Kingsbridge Armory for the postapocalypse Times Square set

Re'u ben James Christman Edinger

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Bennington College is across America from Yakima, WA, where I lived until graduating from high school in 1961. I became a student at Central Washington College, and discovered modern dance. In 1965, I applied to The American Dance Festival in New London, CT. Granted a work scholarship, I hitched rides to Vancouver, BC, took The Canadian Pacific train to Montreal, and the Greyhound Bus to New London.

I met Dick Kuch from The Martha Graham Dance Company; he introduced me to Bill Bales who he was assisting that summer. He introduced me to Jose Limon, Paul Draper, and other modern dancers teaching at the festival. During that summer Bill told me about Bennington College, introduced me to Jack Moore, and they invited me to apply to Bennington as a Dance Fellow. I hitched a ride with Joe Wittman for my appointment with Wally Scott in Admissions.

Mr. Scott said my academic transcript was the worst he had ever seen; why did I think it would be any different at Bennington? My answer was that I had discovered modern dance. Wally smiled and I left the meeting feeling terrified but inspired. I was accepted and became a Bennington student. Bennington became for me, as Voltaire's Pangloss told Candide, "the best of all possible worlds."

After graduating in 1968 I moved to Israel to dance with The Batsheva Dance Company. Similar to Voltaire's Candide I went into the world and values shared with classmates such as Harry Sheppard, Rose Basile, Wendy Perron, and Susan Bryant began to fade. I experienced culture shock in Israel, but Talley Beatty was a guest choreographer and opened my eyes to possibilities in New York City.

Returning to the United States in 1969, a job at Ohio State University attracted me to work with Ruth Currier and co-found American Dance in Repertory.

Moving back to New York City in 1971 I began taking classes at The Martha Graham Studio. Martha Graham was my mentor at The American Dance Festival, and I adored her. She often came to visit with me after I closed the snack-shop at the festival, and I would make her a special tuna-fish sandwich. I felt welcome at her studio and was invited to participate as a dancer in the rebuilding of Ms. Graham's new company. Meeting and working with Bertram Ross was extremely rewarding.

After leaving The Graham Studio I joined James Cunningham's ACME Dance Company. During the summers, I



worked with Martha Armstrong Gray (Bennington '68), Director of The Harvard Dance Center. After leaving the ACME Dance Co. I got a job at The Cambridge School of Weston where Martha Gray was director of the dance program. While living in the Cambridge/Boston area I founded ATMA (American Theatrical Motion Art).

My next move was to Seattle (where I was born); it was 1977. I opened the ATMA Studio where I taught classes and choreographed. I moved back to New York City in 1980. Anne Bell (Bennington '67) and I began working together, traveling to Paris and London to teach and perform. Throughout the 70s and 80s I worked with many Benningtonians: Jack Moore, Martha and Joe

Wittman, Kathy Haynes, and Kathy Posin. During the 90s I moved back to the Pacific Northwest where I met and married Joan Amby (PhD, Family Studies, and Professor Emeritus at the college where I discovered modern dance. We live in the hill with a view to the Pacific and the San Juan Islands. This truly is “the best of all worlds.”

Susan Evers

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I was only at Bennington for one year. After I left, I finished my BA and got a master's in education at Hunter College in New York City, married and had a daughter. I worked as an elementary school teacher, a baker in a restaurant, a secretary, and finally as a research analyst in audience measurement at CBS. In 1996 I married



a German, and the following year we moved to Berlin, where I taught business and technical English in companies. I'm now retired and also divorced, and I spend my time auditing East Asian art history courses at the Freie Universität, taking figure skating lessons, and practicing yoga. My interest in art began at Bennington, one of the experiences I had there that I'm grateful for!



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As I read through the 1967 50th reunion book in preparation for writing my own submission, I'm struck with how few of these women I knew, and how many of them I'd like to know now. I also realize this will likely be the same experience I have when I read through my own classmates' stories.

Despite the loneliness I felt at times, I'm glad I went to Bennington. I think of that beautiful campus, the green hills, the taste of autumn apples as I walked to the art studio, the quiet at night. I think of the art, dance, drama and film that was so much a part of life there, and such an important part of my education. I think of the social and political awareness fueled by the civil rights and anti-war movements of the 60s and cultivated and nurtured by professors and classmates.

My introduction to anthropology through Professors Peter Wilson and Joanna Kirkpatrick opened a path I recognized immediately as a coming home. Dr. Kirkpatrick in particular was such a strong influence – a great role model, a dedicated scholar and a warm, personable human being.

I majored in Anthropology, went to Northwestern for an MA, and then University of Pennsylvania for a PhD. I married a fellow student and we went to the Papua New Guinea Highlands in 1973 for our dissertation research. It was a life-changing event, teaching me so much about my own cultural conditioning and particularly my assumptions about gender and power.

Upon returning to the US, we moved to Venice, CA for jobs at UCLA. We divorced soon thereafter and I began what is a life-long exploration of Buddhism, mainly Zen and Tibetan, as well as other spiritual traditions. In 1978, I went to India to visit Sathya Sai Baba – another life-changing experience. He remains for me a powerful teacher and guide.



Lisa and Djann

Returning from India, I moved to northern California to begin a new chapter. Happily, I met my husband of 39 years, Djann Hoffman, on a sailboat in San Francisco Bay. I also met his wonderful son Josh, who is now such an important part of my life.

In 1980, I helped launch a new anthropology graduate program at the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco. We called our work “engaged anthropology” and focused on preparing students to engage with the world in ways that contributed to social justice and economic and environmental sustainability. I taught in and directed that program for nearly 20 years and am especially grateful for the amazing students with whom I worked.

A desire for new adventure led me unexpectedly to work as a social scientist at NASA for ten years. First, I facilitated collaboration among scientists of diverse disciplines with the NASA Astrobiology Institute. Later I facilitated exchange between Mission Control Personnel and computer scientists, who were developing new technologies for NASA missions.

The flexibility of our work allowed us to move to northern New Mexico in 2006. Djann, a multi-talented artist, currently works as a potter and a woodworker – producing Buddhist figures, large platters and other ceramic ware out of micaceous clay, and crafting tables, sideboards, and benches out of slabs of local Ponderosa. I am on the faculty at the Academy for the Love of Learning in Santa Fe, co-facilitating workshops on reigniting ourselves as life-long learners and deepening self-understanding.

We’ve been developing a small organic farm, vineyard and educational venue near Abiquiu, where we live with our beloved canines and feline. Our focus is on the arts, healing and local food sustainability and we have a casita for rent on VRBO – River Farm Casita. We would love to welcome visitors from Bennington!



Lisa and Lola



Gandalf and clouds

Barbara Fisher

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Bennington was THE educational experience of my life. At Bennington, for the first time, I worked hard and was taken seriously by my teachers. I had not taken myself very seriously in high school, but I was, for some reason, determined to study in college, to prove, to myself mostly, that I was capable. At Bennington, I spent a tremendous amount of time in the library, sitting in one of the comfy chairs on the first floor reading carefully and learning how to form my own thoughts and ideas. Listening to Howard Nemerov in Lang and Lit my freshman year left me mostly baffled but intrigued. Stanley Edgar Hyman's *Myth, Rit, Lit* class was more comprehensible, and Hyman more approachable. He sponsored my senior paper, encouraged me to continue on to graduate school, and wrote the recommendation that made it possible for me to be admitted to the Ph.D. program in English Literature at Columbia University. Even more important to me was Richard Tristman, whose 18th century novel class engaged me completely. For another class with him, I read *Don Quixote*, which amazed and thrilled me then and continues to expand for me fifty years later.

Immediately after Bennington, I went on to graduate school in English at Columbia, studying 18th century English Literature. I had read almost nothing in the 18th century except what I had read in Tristman's one semester course, but, thanks to Bennington, I knew how to speak in a seminar and how to write a paper. I wrote my Ph.D. dissertation on 18th century English satire, a direct continuation of my class with Richard Tristman and my senior essay on Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. I went on to teach 18th and 19th century fiction at Columbia and the City University of New York briefly and, for 25 years, at the undergraduate college of the New School, Eugene Lang College. This experimental undergraduate college was founded and led by Elizabeth Coleman, who went on to become Bennington's savior and its president for 25 years. I recommended her to the college search committee, as, no doubt, many others



Barbara Fisher with husband Jack Resnick

did. Nonetheless, I like to believe that she was my gift to the college. She continues to be my good friend. I visited the college when she was inaugurated president and for the college's 75th anniversary.

As well as teaching, I reviewed books for many newspapers, including *The New York Times Book Review*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*. For more than fifteen years I wrote a bi-weekly book column in *The Boston Globe*. Recently, I started to write biographies and I am, at the moment, researching and writing a biography of mid-century literary and cultural critic, Lionel Trilling.

I had great friends at Bennington. I remember especially fondly Laura Furman, Allison Simmons, and Alana Martin, as well as many other Swan House girls. Sadly, I have not kept up with them. I remember sitting around the table after lunch, drinking coffee and talking for hours with these friends. I was always the last to leave. Talking over coffee (and better still pastries) with friends remains one of my great pleasures. A number of years ago, I reconnected with Marcia Miller of the class of 1967 and became close to her during her final illness and untimely death. Through Marcia, I also reconnected with our classmate Patty Burrows, who remains a friend and who possesses an astonishing memory in general and of our Bennington years.



*Barbara Fisher and Alana Martin,
June 1965, behind Swan House*



Barbara with her two sons, Andy and Douglas

I married the wrong man in 1973 but had two wonderful sons, Douglas and Andy. After divorcing him, I found the right man, Jack Resnick and eventually married him in 2001. My beautiful, brilliant, and beloved son Andy died suddenly of a heart attack in May 2017, and I am still trying, to some degree, to get over that loss. My older son Douglas, who has lived all over the world and is fluent in French, Spanish, and German, currently lives and works in Berlin and is my comfort and joy.

I think about Bennington with great pride and pleasure. It was where I learned to think for myself and begin to be myself.

Martha Armstrong Gray

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I have been out of touch with Bennington friends except for a few on Facebook (mostly Wendy Summit Kaiser – my roommate, and Laurie Freedman). Thanks, Wendy, for teaching me to make lists! It was lovely to read the book on the 1967 graduates. Thinking back on the first few years after college, I remember that there were friends from Bennington with whom I worked in performing and teaching. Harry Shepard and Reuben James Christman Edinger were two of them.

I spent 45 happy years as Chair of the Dance Department at the Cambridge School of Weston and thirty years as Artistic Co-Director of Boston Dance Collective. Both very satisfying pursuits. For my retirement party from CSW in 2013, I reconnected with Tina Croll (Class of '65) and her colleague Jamie Cunningham. They set their amazing piece “From the Horse’s Mouth” on me and 22 of my former students; who had become professional dancers, choreographers, and movement artists. We shared stories and improvised together along a fascinating



score. It was a joyous event. Woot woot! Quite an experience!



Martha and Jerry with Gus (11), Willy (3 months), and Sadie (7)

I was lucky to train with some incredible faculty, and am grateful to Jack Moore, Jane Dudley, Bill Bales, Martha and Joe Wittman, and Viola Farber. Anne Schlabach was a compassionate and inspiring support as well. I like to think that the Bennington experience helped me hone some intellectual curiosity and build some resilience.

Remember “Selection Day”? I instituted a form of it at The Cambridge School, with a change. I had the students do the critiquing and the final voting on which dances to include in the annual dance concert. It is still an institution at CSW,



Four chalices commissioned for a Unitarian Church

and I believe that the students learn more from that rigorous process than from any other experiences in the dance department, maybe in any department.

In 2013, I decided to learn to be a potter. What a beautiful and challenging art form! I am totally hooked and loving making something palpable (grin). Quite different from choreography! Jerry Cathey, whom I married in 1996, is my soulmate, co-conspirator, creator of laughter, and love. Dogs feature prominently in our lives. We compete in agility with our two mini Aussies and have added a little brown dog from a Texas rescue to our pack. I am hoping that he is going to be my next agility partner, if he ever pays attention to me.

I have three adult step kids and five grandchildren plus an adopted niece. Life throws some curves: divorce, the death of my sister and taking in her sixteen-year-old daughter, learning to be a stepmom, the challenges of running a dance company, etc. But at 71 years old I am having fun and have wonderful friends. We love to travel, though with three dogs it can be a challenge to get away.

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A foggy morning in a snowless, dry winter in southwestern Colorado. Canada geese are on the move. My horses have started to shed. In town, daffodils are coming up. A new student movement is rising nationally and the president, in the thick of Russiagate and publicity about an affair with a porn star, stumps for the return of steel and coal jobs, “clean” coal at that. Late days in a long, strange trip.

I have done a lot of reflecting in my life – a proclivity which became increasingly prevalent in my 60s – but had not considered in any deliberate fashion the role that Bennington played in my life. Doing so now, I can see all the ways that my experiences at Bennington corroborated and advanced the most important.

When I came to Bennington the fall of 1964, I was 17. Like many teenagers, I was itching to leave the familiar home terrain, to be somewhere new, to do something new. New England, so different from the communities, the ocean, bay, and coast range mountains of my childhood, fit the bill in those ways: New England and the East presented a very different culture, and the densely wooded mountains and narrow valleys a landscape, utterly distinct from what I was accustomed to. While the ambiance and physical environments were unfamiliar, the atmosphere of the college was not; Bennington manifested an understanding that real education is one of the greatest human adventures, that it can be messy and wild, that it cannot be boxed or held to unchanging designs.

A host of images comes to mind when I think of Bennington: encounters on the campus with a fellow lover of whistling and Copland in Howard Nemerov, being regaled by our anthropology professor with tales of early LSD experiments in a Harvard lab with Alpert and Leary on the weekends, sitting on the floor around Barbara Smith, talking about Chekov and Tennessee Williams (I got behind in her class because I was so on fire that I had to read both Chekov and Williams’s complete works).

I studied anthropology, philosophy, psychology, and art. I read mythology with Stanley Hyman. I took poetry with Ben Belitt and still have my notes from his riveting lectures.

Along with the adventures of the mind, I explored New England, starting early that first fall, walking with a backpack to Route 7 and sticking out my thumb, intent on getting to Hanover where the Dartmouth kayaking team was holding a practice race. I had begun kayaking the summer of ’63 at Colorado Rocky Mountain School and had taken that passion back with me to California where, during my senior year of high school, I had hooked



At Hovenweep National Monument, SE Utah, March 10, 2018

up with a small group of Sierra Club renegade enthusiasts who were running serious whitewater. Simply by virtue of being female, I was a bit of an anomaly but I had run water they'd only read about and that made me a member of the club. The Dartmouth boys accepted me as an unofficial member of their team and I went to races with them, '64-'66.

Jeanie Witkin (Jessica Zeller) and I were roommates sophomore year, after the intervening summer in Aspen (with Carolyn Minick), a huge adventure on many levels. A strong bond was forged in our shared experiences, one that has remained solid to this day. In part due to the events of that surprising summer in Aspen but also in response to the advent of a counter culture I felt I'd been born for, I left Bennington at the end of my second year and returned to San Francisco. Then the anti-war movement was in full swing. So were all sorts of manifestations

of a spirit of change that prompted creative innovations in social norms and dress, living arrangements, sexuality, and experimentation with drugs, primarily marijuana and LSD, all explored with my first great love. The music was fantastic with bands emerging like Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, The Youngbloods, Big Brother, The Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, and never to be forgotten events like the Human Be-In in the Golden Gate Park Panhandle.

I enrolled at San Francisco City College the winter of '67-68 to bring up my grades, after which I found myself a fourth-generation student at Berkeley. As Bennington had been (and City College, too), Berkeley was a moveable feast, and by this time I was ready to commit to English as my major. I will never forget Victorian Literature with Stephen Orgill or Shakespeare with Ed Snow.

As for what I wanted to be when I grew up? Fast forward to the early '70s, a marriage, and Park City, Utah. Horses came back into my life full tilt and I started a training business and stood an Appaloosa stallion at stud. Work in the ski industry led to starting White Pine Ski Touring Company (still there, with different ownership) with my then husband and two friends. Ultimately, however, while I continued to train horses professionally until 2005, my larger career emerged out of a phone conversation with my mother one late November day in '76 when there was no snow to speak of in Park City and we couldn't open the touring center. "You've been teaching something to someone most of your life," she said. "Why don't you apply to the University of Utah and get a teaching certificate?" Bingo.

I did coursework at the U starting winter quarter, 1977. Spring of '79, I did my student teaching at Valley High School, an alternative school, in Sandy, Utah and segued into a job there. I was at Valley for ten terrific years, teaching English, literature, AP Humanities, and a team-taught course with a Social Studies colleague which we called Literature/History Alliance.

In 1988, looking for change, and drawn by the fact the Jessica (Jenie Witkin) Zeller was living in Durango, a place I'd visited often between '68 and the mid '80s, I moved here. This August will mark 30 years in this marvelous place. While I retired from working with horses professionally, I still have two, Isadora and Townes, with whom I enjoy exploring the hills and high desert as a recreational rider.

My career in education resumed when I began teaching as an adjunct in English, Southwest Studies and History at Fort Lewis College in 1989. In the early '90s, I was asked to run the writing component of the Learning Assistance Center, teaching courses designed to help underprepared students get ready for the greater rigors of first-year writing courses. In '95, the first iteration of our current Writing Program came into being. After close to 40 years, I still love teaching (grading not so much!) but being in the classroom with students, talking about issues and ideas, and helping them learn what constitutes quality writing still absolutely rolls my socks up and down. Additionally, we are living in a time of unprecedented complexity and urgency. Climate change, a burgeoning human population, the sixth mass extinction, wars and violence, racial and religious intolerance, enormous income inequalities, the need for universal health care – these are among the most pressing issues that must be addressed now. These times demand more than ever that people possess critical thinking skills that enable them to sort the garbage, the actual “fake news,” from the genuine, evidenced journalism, and look at what is going on through not just critical but ethical/moral lenses.

Teaching has been a career. It is also a calling. I think back to all the great, inspirational teachers I have had. I think about what I learn every week from my colleagues here at Fort Lewis and, most important of all, my students. I have been able to do what I love, what I came on the planet to do, and to make a living at it, lo these nearly 40 years. One of my parents' “mantras” was this: Leave the world a better place than it was when you arrived. Good counsel for a life well lived.



1968

Emily Stonington Hibbard

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I was a misfit at Bennington, and yet I stayed four years and graduated from the College. Go figure! Out of admiration for my mother, who was in Bennington's second graduating class, I chose Bennington. Raised in Denver, Colorado, I was a skier, horse rider, sports of any kind lover. Yet I was curious, and Bennington's unorthodox "no grades, small classes, inquiry" drew my rebellious spirit even though there were no organized sports and I was a clumsy elephant on the dance floor. My restless spirit found its home in a Bennington family who had horses, in political science courses at Williams, and in a unique junior year in Lyon, France with three other students. But it was the Non-Resident Term that kept me coming back... what a time to explore, freedom to dream of a career, and a real job.



Montana riding

Following Bennington, my career had a winding course of teaching elementary school, teaching mountaineering adventure courses with Outward Bound, running a non-profit, being a state legislator in Montana, and finally marrying a fourth generation Montana rancher and learning about cattle, sheep, and business. Always, curiosity and sense of a different spirit that drew me to Bennington and were cultivated, pulled me along.

I didn't make friends at Bennington. I was intimidated, so I found my own path. Deep long-standing friendships and love came later, as I returned to the Colorado mountains and settled into my soul. When I ask myself how Bennington influenced my direction in life, I think of New England, artists

from New York, a vastly different culture than that in Denver, Colorado. I stuck it out, without regret. I doubt I would choose differently today. My stubbornness needed Bennington to let me know how little I knew, and to expand my horizons.

I moved to Montana in the late 70s, and here I've stayed. Helping a friend run for governor by organizing a horse-back ride across the state and accompanying her on it sunk my roots here. I ran for her seat in the state legislature, was elected, and served for twelve years. I became a Montanan, understanding through much disagreement how people of varied backgrounds make decisions. Through this civic involvement I met my husband (not my first) with whom I finally belong, and with whom I have four children (blended) and five grandchildren, and am part of a legacy ranching family in Montana history.

Grandparenting and aging challenge me now. Grandparenting is a delight, full of laughter, surprise at the damndest things they say and do, and worry about their future. Aging is not quite as carefree, yet rich. Both Chase and I are still imbued with wonder about the outdoors, livestock, wildlife, and staying fit. Our political alignments have shifted over time. He was a Republican legislator, me a Democrat. With time, we are both more centrist and both more worried about our democracy.



Chase and Emily Stonington Hibbard



Lambing on the ranch

Liz Dicker Ingersoll

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My class was on campus from the Fall of 1964 to June 1968. These were tumultuous years that saw the growth of protests over the Vietnam War, the sexual revolution introduced by the pill, the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy. When I entered Bennington as a freshman there were faculty teas for students and staff. I wore pleated skirts and knee socks to class. When I graduated the standard dress was Levi's and sandals, and on campuses all over the country students were occupying buildings and taking over classrooms. SDS and SNCC were prominent at Bennington,

and there was much controversy among students about how to best protest the war and take action against poverty and oppression.

I've given a lot of thought to what my take away was from the Bennington years. A love of history was imparted by my wonderful teachers, Wallace Scott and R. Arnold Ricks. Ben Belitt's poetry classes left a lasting impression, as did Claude Fredericks' reading – in Italian – of Dante's *La Vita Nuova*. But it took me 20 years to shake off Bernard Malamud's



With Zachary, in front of John's Ice Cream in Downtown Berkeley, celebrating the end of 2nd grade



At Bryce Canyon, April 2012



At my niece's wedding in Poughkeepsie, NY 2012. Left to right: Son Jonathan, daughter-in-law Amy, husband Bob, me. Bottom: grandson Zachary

harsh critiques of my short fiction. All of which I destroyed. And it's only in the last decade, with the help and encouragement of my writing group, that I can put pen to paper with any confidence.

I think the most important thing I learned at Bennington was to value the friendship of women; to understand that our voices matter, and our actions signify. At the age of 71, I count among my dearest friends Erica Fratkin Hiersteiner, who bunked with me in the Canfield apartment, together with our recently deceased and dearly missed friend Lindley Cameron Miyoshi. I keep in touch with Carolyn Minick Emanuel, Jane Norling, and Jane Tyre, and follow their careers with interest.

Seven decades gives a person perspective. Each time I tie my sneakers and drive off to Zumba, I count my blessings. As I sit and read my latest favorite novel, I am aware that leisure time is gift that not enough people enjoy. I try not to take for granted my health and financial security. Nor do I take for granted my family, whose love lifts me up on my blue days, and without whom life would be unsustainable.

I often wonder if I'd be the same me I am now if I had attended a different college. Or married a different man, or lived in a different part of the country. How would I have been changed by any of those choices? I'll never know, and I'm okay with that.

Wendy Summit Kaiser

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When I came to Bennington, I was a young kid from Long Island whose world was dancing. I left there with my world opened up in so many ways and my dance world expanded many fold, thanks to my wonderful teachers, Martha Wittman, Bill Bales, Jane Dudley, and Jack Moore. My close friends from there continue to be Wendy Perron, with whom I attended dance classes in high school at the Martha Graham School in Manhattan, Holly Barrett, and Kathy Posin, all from other classes. And I also keep in touch with Martha Gray, one of my suitemates, who was also in the class of '68 at school.

After graduation, I danced with many companies in New York City, some associated with Dance Theater Workshop (DTW), of which I'm considered an "original." That meant that I was one of the people who performed in Jeff Duncan's loft, along with Art Bauman, Jack Moore, John Wilson, Anthony LaGiglia, Za-eva Cohen, and Barbara Roan, some of my favorite people in the world at that time, and

many of whom died in the scourge of AIDS. I spent about eight years performing with the companies of Kathy Posin, Rudy Perez, Sophie Maslow, Muriel Manings, and others. Wendy Perron and I put on a joint show of our choreography and that of others at the Cubiculo, a popular performing space. And Jeff, Art, and I went on tour with lecture-demonstrations in schools in the area. With Art's improv group, we performed at the Museum of Modern Art – a favorite memory. I supported myself with teaching dance at DTW and other studios, and doing clerical work at the NYS Council on the Arts.

Then I gradually transitioned to fields that I felt were somewhat more secure than performing. I went for a Masters at Hunter College in Dance Therapy and worked in that field for a while, but I then decided I wanted more training with a psychoanalytically-based treatment and did that training at NPAP, where I could do so part-time while eventually starting to work with patients and also working with an agency as a Dance Therapist. During those 10 years, I also completed a second Masters in Social Work at Fordham to be able to



Wendy and Paul Kaiser at a professional function



Brittany with our sweet dog, Jordan



Kim and Joe on their wedding day

qualify for insurance reimbursement.

While I was in analytic training I met and fell in love with Paul Kaiser, also at NPAP. We knew pretty quickly that we wanted to spend our lives together, so when I moved in with him, we turned my Manhattan apartment into an office, where we have continued to practice since then.

We married, had two terrific daughters, and moved from our apartment in Brooklyn to a big house in Hastings on Hudson in Westchester, NY. We love that community and the great education the kids got, but now that they're in their 30s, we're in the process of downsizing and moving to an apartment in the area. Kim is an actor and a nurse and just married a wonderful man who's also an actor and a lawyer, and Brittany is now teaching art at a middle school in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, having completed her Masters at NYU.

Both our kids are also very big activists in areas of racism, public education, the feminist movement, sexual harassment, economic inequality, and all anti-Trump activity. We're very proud of them, and they keep us on our toes so we can be activists as well. I keep involved in the theater world by being the volunteer Production Coordinator to the Director of some of the Hastings School District's musicals, a few every year, which provides a nice balance to my work as a therapist.

I loved being at Bennington, both for its unique education process and for its beautiful setting, where we go every chance we get. We've already planned to celebrate our 35th anniversary in Vermont during Fall Foliage 2018.

Claudia E. Lapp

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My life has been about connections and affinities, fueled by a hunger to explore diverse knowledge bases with a slant towards literary, artistic, intuitive, musical, and inner/spiritual paths. These are themes which drew me to Bennington and which I now weave together as an Elder. At Bennington, I found a community where the fires of creation were on full display by extraordinary teachers who were practicing masters in their fields and where students were given the opportunity to step beyond self-limiting beliefs and habits.

My affinity with Bennington began with the campus, loved for its hedged outdoor “rooms,” long path to Jennings, the ponds, and rolling hills. I wasn’t looking for a profession. I wanted to immerse myself in literature (loved Middle English with Richard Tristman), languages, and music (my minor). My senior concert, Une Soiree Francaise, French Impressionist Songs, accompanied by Marianne Finckel, was a highlight of my Bennington years. Since then I’ve sung in a variety of ensembles, including Sufi Choir, Madrigal and Sacred choral groups. The intimacy of small classes with Claude Fredericks and Stanley Edgar Hyman’s mind-bending Myth Ritual Literature were the foundation for Lyric Poetry and other courses I later taught at John Abbott College, near Montreal, my first destination after graduation.



Museum EI's taste Pinots, 2006 (in leather jacket)



Bangalore, India with Dr. R. Patel, 1989

I had visited Montreal with an Aussie boyfriend and the bi-lingual multi-cultural city charmed me. I applied for a job at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and was hired without much ado by the Curator of Education. The first exhibit I saw there was a major show by Rembrandt. At the right place at the right time, I'd found my promised land. My friends were mostly artists, filmmakers, photographers and poets. I became one of the seven Vehicule Gallery poets. Our fortieth anniversary will be celebrated at Montreal's Blue Metropolis Festival this April with a reading/performance at McGill University.

While in Montreal I attended talks and studied with diverse spiritual teachers, especially Trungpa Rinpoche and Pir Vilayet, and took a summer trip to Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado to study poetry with Anne Waldman (ex-Bennington), Allen Ginsberg and Diane di Prima. In Montreal, I also began serious study of astrology which led to a life-long avocation and profession. I joined the local Friends of Jung and have initiated dream groups wherever I've lived.

After ten years in Montreal I moved to Berkeley Springs, West Virginia for a few years in a community of craftsmen and musicians, before settling in Columbia, Maryland, to be closer to my aging parents. My German mother died unexpectedly in 1983 at 61. I worked through the grief by writing my third book, *Cloud Gate*, funded by my father Theodore, who died on Valentine's Day 1987. *Water and Fire* was written in honor of both parents. That same year I married Gary Rabideau who I met at an astrology lecture. Yes, the stars aligned and his Leo and her Pisces are grateful! Gary has three children from previous marriages and a dozen grandkids. I never had children but have been blessed with deep connections with my students and am a favorite "auntie." We've had two peerless felines, Batman and Ambler, in our family, both gone beyond.

In our middle years, we travelled widely. Gary's good job with a tech company took us to Australia (twice) and Holland. Family connections brought us



With Gary at Andy Warhol opening, 2005



Claudia at Oregon Lava Beds, 2015

to Germany and France. Friends drew us to Ireland and England, and a conference on Holistic Healing took me to Bangalore, India, where I studied with eminent homeopaths and met Ayurvedic healers. The keynote speaker was HH the Dalai Lama. It was 1989. The day the Berlin Wall came down, I was on a bus visiting an ashram. In 2013, the Dalai Lama came to the University of Oregon and filled the new basketball arena.

Eugene, Oregon has been our home since 1991. It suits us well. I was an Exhibit Interpreter (EI) for 12 years at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, gratifying work giving tours for people of all ages. I began a decade of photography (Poet with Pentax) and submitted three photos to Bennington's 5x7 exhibit in 2010. We enjoy all the benefits of living in a college town (University of Oregon): concerts of all genres, readings by major poets, international Track and Field events, abundant wineries. The spectacular natural beauty of the Pacific Northwest is close at hand, plus plenty of activists working to protect old growth forests and wild rivers.

When I arrived as a freshman, I was a Work in Progress. I still am, and grateful for it.

Two Six Word Bios:

Desire clings, a long, wet hair.

Isn't it enough just to be?



Poetry reading at Cosmic Pizza, 2001



*With father and husband Gary at Calliope Books in Washington DC
(reading for Cloud Gate, 1986)*

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I grew up loving to read and to draw. Bennington was a perfect place for me. I could read lots of books, write papers and take studio art classes, ride my bike, take early morning walks, make friends with people like myself. I learned about modern dance by watching real dancers and by taking basic technique classes.

My life today is not so different. I read lots of books, write letters, keep journals, spend time with friends, go to museums and concerts. Bennington helped prepare me for life, not necessarily for a career. It reinforced early interests and introduced me to new ones.

Over the years I have been a teacher, raised two children, had a long marriage, travelled widely, but the basic threads of my life have remained constant.

My father advised me to apply to Bennington, Swarthmore, and Reed because they refused to require their faculty to sign loyalty oaths. I was intrigued by the *Saturday Review* article calling Bennington a “cauldron of creativity.” Having attended a large public high school with 1,100 students in my graduating class, I wanted a small college with a strong studio arts program. Although I majored in literature, I took art classes every year with teachers who helped shape the way I look at the world, in particular drawing classes with Pat Adams and sculpture with

Anthony Caro. Stanley Edgar Hyman’s *Myth, Ritual and Literature*, and Harold Kaplan’s *Russian Novel* still influence my reading and thinking (and the way I listen to the blues).

There was always time for friends. I remember especially Margie Baron and Harriet Moger, my sophomore roommates in the Booth House apartment, and Susan Mauss, who was a year ahead of us. I remain close friends with Harriet and Susan and mourn Margie’s recent death. I have many memories of nighttime walks to the Rainbarrel, working with Margie and Susan in the graphic arts studio, discussing Harriet’s cleverly titled history papers, attending concerts and



With my husband in Point Reyes, CA

dance performances together, being awed by John Barth reading in the Carriage Barn and David Smith speaking in the theater.

Freshman year I met my future husband, Bob LaRocca, who was at Harvard. I travelled to Cambridge many weekends and spent two NRTs there. We were married right after graduation and moved to Washington D.C., where we joined the Urban Teacher Corps and enrolled in M.A.T. programs. It was right after the 1968 riots which followed Martin Luther King's assassination. Young and idealistic, we had no training and very little idea of what we were getting into.

I worked with young children and became a reading teacher. Bob taught high school students, and eventually became a lawyer. Forty years ago, we moved to Philadelphia for one year so Bob could clerk for a federal judge. By then we had two young children and somehow, we never left, even remaining in the same small 1794 row house in Center City where we raised our children.

Our son Karl is now an artist in Brooklyn, which gives me great pleasure, as does having his five-year-old daughter Evelyn for a granddaughter. Our daughter Lauren recently moved from San Francisco to Point Reyes Station in California. We make frequent trips across country to visit her and our six-year-old grandson Deckard.

I am fortunate to have my mother, a vigorous 95-year-old (who routinely beats her children and grandchildren at Words with Friends) alive and healthy, living independently in a house built by my father on Shelter Island, New York. It has become an extended family compound where four generations of my family frequently gather together.



Margie holding one of her pots senior year



With my granddaughter Evelyn

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I was so not ready for Bennington, totally unprepared to take advantage of all its freedom. By Sophomore Plan, I couldn't even think of four courses I'd want to take to balance off my drama half. So I left, worked as a clerk typist, and two years later, chose 93 courses from the UConn catalog the first time I looked at it. Different time, different person. Still, Bennington gave me a love for medieval drama, stage managing, and costume-building, and the view of the End of the World. Most of those have come in handy over time.

I decided in my ninth semester at UConn that medieval literature was the wrong concentration, but it was two years before I could go back and get another degree, this one in agriculture, specifically, light horse production. Alas, by then I was a single parent and couldn't afford to take my dream job in a horse farm management program paying \$25 per month plus room and board, so I returned to The Travelers as a training administrator. After a decade, I moved to Cape Cod with my then-husband and two daughters. For 26 years, I worked at Falmouth Academy as director of development, then admissions, then publications. For the following six years, I was coordinator for the Barnstable County Human Rights Commission, which I very much enjoyed – for four years. Then I stated that, as a white person raised in the U.S., I was a racist and believed all white people were similarly racist.



Elenita Muñiz and partner, Judy Fenner, sailing on Nantucket Sound



My work place became more and more hostile and after two years, I resigned. Now I'm loving working as head cashier for our local Home Goods store – lovely colleagues and management, mostly enjoyable customers, and I take none of it home with me at night!

In 1989, I discovered Women's International League for Peace and Freedom where I found an analysis that grounded my unrest about the state of the world. I have worked with WILPF through my local branch, the US Section, and international congresses. In 1991, feminist friends and I founded the Clothesline Project, a vehicle for women survivors of violence to tell their stories and begin to heal. I also came out that year and settled down with my dear partner, Judy Fenner. Judy shared with me her love of sailing and her clear sense of right and

wrong. We have continued our work as feminist peaceniks, gay rights advocates, and for an end to violence against women ever since.

Together, we raised my younger daughter, while my older daughter was away at college. They are now strong and generous women, one a treasured teacher of students with developmental disabilities and the other a Foreign Service Officer who's served across western Asia and eastern Europe. We have five grandchildren whom we love dearly and we continue to care for my 98-year-old father.

A few years ago, I took a tapestry weaving course and fell in love with the texture and challenge of "painting with yarn." Wish that I could spend all my time at my loom! Maybe someday...

Sometimes I wish I could get a do-over for my Bennington years, especially with CAPA in existence. I miss the roommates I so arrogantly cut off and wonder whether I would still be as intimidated and lost as I was 50 years ago. But now, I am content living with my dear Judy in 800 acres of conservation land where, when the early morning wind is right, we can smell the ocean a few miles away.



Daughters Bryony Scudder and Micaela Schweitzer-Bluhm



Elenita's latest tapestry weaving, "Mahara's Wave," 2017

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My memories of my college days are pretty dim, though they are suffused with light: the rosey years of my youth and inexperience! I worked in the dining room for book money and got to know the cooks, in particular one who had huge thick fingers, with which he deftly seeded each and every grape for our Friday fruit salad. I was from a working-class background and found few friends at Bennington. I had a few and I hope they show up in this sweep. Partly it was my shyness and partly it was a matter of the privileges other students took for granted. Nevertheless, I treasured my education at Bennington and spent three years taking it for granted myself. My senior year I looked around as though coming awake for the first time and it was then I really appreciated what Bennington had to offer. That was the year I took singing, just because I could and I went to all the concerts and the theater productions and generally participated in campus life.

Academically, when I was at Bennington, I took the occasional ceramics or graphic design course but my emphasis was definitely in literature and critical writing. Practically the moment I left, however, I became a Peace Corps Volunteer in Senegal and while there I began to paint during siesta time for the villagers. I regarded painting as a pastime in Senegal, a way to record impressions when I did not have a camera. By the time I was 30, however, I had eight years as a self-taught black and white photographer under my belt and was on my way to finding a method by which I might interpret my black and white images in color. I took a photo-printmaking course for a year and was required to attend an evening figure-drawing session. I fell in love with drawing and then painting. I have now been an artist for 40 years.



As an artist, I have always considered myself a cultural worker. I credit my working-class father with giving me the foundations of that broader view of one's actions in the world. I credit Bennington with supporting my first independent thoughts. Add to that Africa, which taught me how to live simply when I was fresh out of the nest. I have been able to live an unusually satisfying life in spite of material challenges. I have meaningful work and independence. I am proud to be a female artist, who has made sacrifices in order to keep my freedom



to say some different things to my contemporaries. Moreover, I have lived long enough to see opportunities for women in the arts on the increase.

Overall, my college years as a literature major provided bedrock skills in writing and reading. Indeed, my latest project in the studio involves making ten portraits of North American female authors who influenced my young life as a visual artist by helping me “see” my way through graduate school in painting. These were writers I read during a five-year period when I read woman-authored books exclusively: if it was written by a man, I did not read it!

The experience convinced me that women artists have a “slant” view of life and people that is expansive. The subtle implications of the principles of feminism have been intuited and storied by women artists and authors, many of whom made their work without the guidance of feminism, as we understand it today, and in spite of their male peers’ willingness to ignore and dismiss their contribution to the cultural conversation. My intention is to further their (our) work in my own way. I began the journey at Bennington, where independence of thought in a woman is rewarded.

Rather late in life (I was 60), I discovered a talent for the theater. I enrolled in a BFA program with an emphasis in performance and have been acting in various community theaters ever since. My first full production was as the boss in *Reservoir Dolls*, adapted from the Tarantino screenplay for an all-woman cast. For my latest movements on the boards, in a series of short plays by local playwrights, I was a teddy bear opposite GI Joe and Barbie in a thinly disguised comedic send up for workers’ rights. Later the same evening I played a trans woman who had spent most of her life as a man.

I am not famous in my own time and in spite of actively showing my work many places, lo, these many years, I can’t think of a single notable prize or event in which I have participated as an artist. I guess the Denver Museum Symposium of Papers in 1990 where I gave a slide show and talk entitled: “Through the Others’ Eyes: Female Artists Create a Lens to Revision the World,” was something notable. I was not one of the artists I talked about, however.

If you are interested in seeing imagery, please go to my website: www.mabrieormes.com. It is continually in need of updating and needs it now. My Bathers project (2015-16) is the most recent work there. For it, I made paintings in homage to Edgar Degas, whom I credit with painting his Bathers as subjects. The women authors are not up yet.

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When I was at Bennington for just one year, I had classes with Howard Nemerov (Lang/Lit), Paul Gray and William Sherman (Drama), Manuela Escamilla (Spanish), and two handsome professors from Williams College (Economics). Miss Escamilla was my advisor and spoke only Spanish. We played Scrabble in Spanish together.

My freshman roommate, an art major and painter, left after 5 or 6 weeks, transferred to NYU.

I lived in McCullough and Stokes houses.

After I left Bennington, I received a BA in Philosophy from Drew University, an MA in Theatre from the University of Southern California, and an MLS from Queens College. I took draping, sewing, and millinery classes at FIT, and acting and singing at HB Studio.



I received my Equity (AEA) Union membership in 1980. I joined SAG and AFTRA and ultimately, they merged, now SAG/AFTRA.

In 1971, I married an Air Force man, a psychiatric social worker. We divorced in 1980, but are still friends.

My father lived to 92, my mother to 103 and a half. My sisters both majored and worked in art. One is married to a retired minister, one to a musician/music therapist. The family dog, Brady, is one of my best friends.

So many years, so many ups and downs. Love and disagreements. Life is fascinating each and every day, but we have faced natural and violent disasters. I've prayed at home and in many different churches.

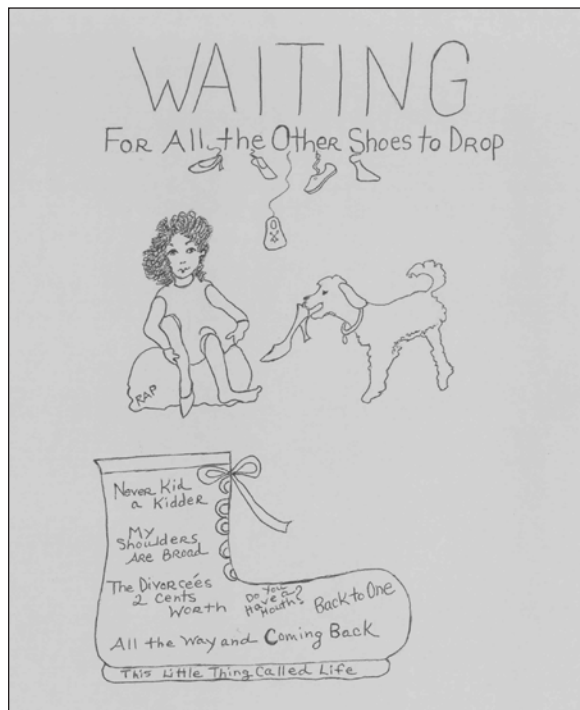
I've worked stage, screen, and narrated over 100 audiobooks. I've taught in all kinds of schools, all ages of students.

I enjoy reading, writing, drawing, painting, some sewing and cooking. I like jumping up and down and riding the waves in the ocean when I can get there.

My mind is cluttered and so is my apartment. Having to plug in and recharge equipment, and myself, makes me grumpy.

Thank you, Bennington, for keeping in touch, and taking me back on memory lane.

I hope to receive memories from classmates of 1968.

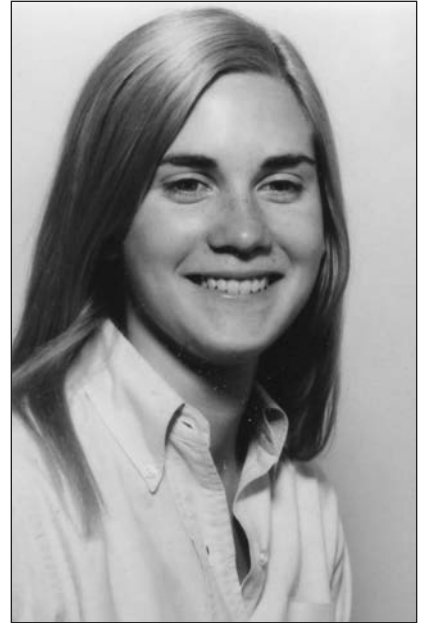


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Bennington was perfect for me. I'm an adventurer, always have been. I was able to explore through the curriculum, including a biology class where we watched videos of operations used by Harvard medical students, walking up to the Carriage House every afternoon to practice and then forgetting some of my notes during a concert, studying, and creating art and music and combining them for a senior project. I was exploring more than studying. In the 60s we could go anywhere, do anything, and contribute everywhere. I felt loved, supported, and protected by the universe. My non-resident term experiences encouraged similar adventures.

After Bennington, I worked in a variety of areas. The thread of connection throughout these 60 years is designing and developing new programs. Fundamentally, the focus is self-healing; I call it Radical Self Care, a simple 12-step program to claim responsibility and take action for our own health and happiness. We become part of the solution, not the problem.



In Hawaii for my birthday with my daughter, Nohea

In the 1960s I developed a summer art program at Vassar for high school students, inviting Bennington alumnae to be instructors, then sailed in the Caribbean, taught at Outward Bound School in Maine in the 1970s, became a massage therapist, and moved to Hawaii in 1980. Once in Hawaii, I started a massage practice and then a massage school that became internationally known and offered me ever more opportunities to explore the world, learn healing modalities, and serve our communities. My daughter, Nohea, was born in 1983 and is an extraordinary woman who will continue to be involved in global diplomacy. She has always been one of my outstanding

teachers; I am truly grateful we are best friends and have travelled and played together all these years.

Looking back at the queries:

1. Everything I need to know in life (and everything I love) I learned at summer camp in the Canadian wilderness as a youngster, living in Rome as a teenager, and attending Bennington as a college student.
2. Bennington encouraged me in every way; those four years progressed the outlook on life with which I was raised (my mother graduated from Bennington in 1944): exploration, responsibility to take action toward what I know is true and correct, knowing and following my heart, gratitude for everything in my life, and service. I love supporting the Arts, Music, and Theatre in Hawaii, Hawaii Forgiveness Project, Waikiki Aquarium, and more.
3. Ups and downs, when we own them, are all springboards to more understanding and wisdom.
4. I have had many opportunities to be close to great beings on the cutting edge of the art world and the mission for global consciousness, both at and after Bennington. Currently, keep an eye out for Dr. Rulin Xiu as she becomes better known in the world of Theoretical Quantum Physics with her new book *Tao Science*, to be released in September 2018. For now, she travels and teaches.



Marguerite Saslow

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The natural world is my passion, muse, and healer. At Bennington, I found ways to share this love through poetry, ceramics, and drawing. Throughout my life, poetry and images of nature have been continuous threads. Most recently, offering views of nature through digital photography has become a joyful exchange with family and friends.

After Bennington, I made a conscious choice to continue exploring the creative process for my own growth and pleasure of stepping in that “flow” on my own time rather than pursuing a career in poetry and/or art.

I chose a vocational path of healthcare/social/community service: RN, MSN, counseling psychology, art therapy, silent clowning, hospice, elder-care, business creator/owner of community healthcare (still active).

Marriage, kids, divorce, cancer, travel have been some of the peaks and valleys. My adult daughters are the loves of my life, my ultimate teachers, and delight. One is a commercial pilot and world adventurer, the other a family practice MD and outdoors explorer and educator.

I live in a straw bale house off the grid in the high desert of Central Oregon, walking, hiking, riding, cross-country skiing, being still. My area is a hub of music, art, writing, quilting, community-supported



Pila and Tofu, July 2009



70th birthday with Robin and Sarah (my daughters)



organic agriculture as well as an outdoor mecca for science and recreation. I am active in community processes and local resistance activities, seeking peaceful ways for deeper connection, inclusion, planetary restoration.

Perhaps my most enduring learning from Bennington emerged from lessons outside the classroom: NRTs and summers. I made lifelong friends there and many memories. There was an earthy richness in being taught by working poets, authors, artists, and scholars, although the quality of teaching and interpersonal skills were uneven, if not dismaying and confusing at times.

I continue to love the landscapes of New England and think fondly of fresh pressed cider and Vermont cheddar spiced with the aroma and colors of fall leaves on the ground and the surrounding hills.

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Perhaps I hold the Class of 1968 record for least amount of time at Bennington? I was there only our first semester, fall of 1964.

During our first non-resident term, I became pregnant and my life changed utterly. By the end of 1965, I had a husband and a tiny son, I had completed language and Southeast Asian area studies at the State Department in Washington, D.C., and I was living in a remote and beautiful valley in Laos.

After great distress and shame, my marriage to the baby’s father, ten years older than I, barely saved the situation in my parents’ view. I hardly had a view, and was plunged into a strange adult world.

My husband, son, and I lived in up-country Laos for five years, working for USAID, “winning hearts and minds.” A second son was born in Chiang Mai, Thailand and both kids grew up speaking Lao as their first language.

When the war grew too dangerous – and as we came to see what a terrible mistake it was – my husband and I left Laos for Alaska, where he worked for the EPA and I went back to college. I taught dance at the Fairbanks community college and was part of a dance company that toured Alaska villages.



Me with my grandson

Degree in hand, I divorced my husband in 1976. I still think it was the bravest thing I ever did: he had been abusing me for years. After a year in grad school “outside,” I returned to Alaska. My sons and I lived in a tiny converted chicken coop. Our neighbor was a fellow named Fred from New Hampshire, where I was raised. We married in 1979 and we are married still today. Our honeymoon was a camping trip to Denali – with our sons, in the snow.

Life took us to Florida where Fred had a post-doctoral fellowship and we had a daughter. Eventually, we settled in New Hampshire. I worked for a feminist health center and raised our young daughter as our sons finished college. I studied journalism and

finished a master's degree in 1988. In those years, I had a breakdown, went through psychotherapy to recover from childhood sexual abuse, and gave up alcohol, a crutch for many years.

For 20 years, I worked at the University of New Hampshire as a technical writer and editor. My main colleague was my husband, a research oceanographer. We worked happily together for 20 years, travelling the world's coastlines for this research.

We still write science papers together, although I have now retired. We lived in Olympia, Washington for a few years, but eventually returned to New Hampshire. The hills and woods, the smell of pine needles on old tar roads – these called to me, along with childhood memories, innumerable cousins, and the house and barn we built years ago.

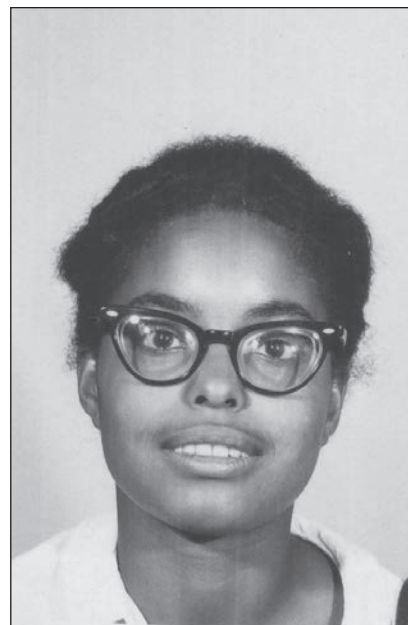
One son is CEO of an investment corporation, the other teaches at an alternative high school. Our daughter works in organ donation and is expecting a baby. I loosely practice Vipassana meditation and attend AA meetings. Deep friendships and walking through the seasons are my delight, along with family relationships.

I feel the arc of my life as it bends toward its inevitable end. I cannot say how much Bennington influenced it, but I am thankful for my wonderful, if brief, time there and am very interested to read about you, classmate!

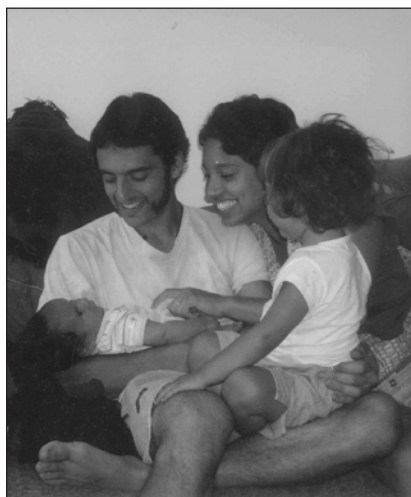
Adele Smith-Penniman

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In 1966, I transferred to Bennington from Brandeis, in part seeking a more progressive educational model, but also because I needed a pause from my activism. I had been doing civil rights organizing in the North and South, a beautiful, empowering experience which included summer 1965 doing full-time voter registration with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. I was trained by such greats of the Movement as Dr. King, Bayard Rustin, Hosea Williams, Ralph Abernathy, and the citizens of Kershaw and Richmond County. However, it was my SDS involvement during those years that called me to step back and let my ethics catch up with my politics. I asked, how best to bring about substantial social change without leaving behind victims? The Green Mountains would provide a sabbatical.



During this time, I was severely depressed but Bennington's classes offered some respite. I delved into books even when it was challenging to engage with fellow students. I particularly welcomed the opportunity to do a senior project that integrated my love of language with African identity: *The Concept of Negritude in the Poetry of French-Speaking Africa and the Caribbean*. Over the years, education continued to be an antidote to depression. I received an M.A. and was in a Ph.D. program in developmental psychology at Columbia (which I didn't complete), earned a Masters at Harvard Divinity School, and completed a doctorate at Andover Newton Theological School, combining psychology and theology from a Buddhist perspective.



My oldest daughter and her family

While I am extremely grateful for my formal education at Bennington, I experienced a dissonance between my upbringing and the largely white and affluent student body. This was exacerbated by its apolitical nature, paradoxically the very thing I thought I was seeking. Disconnect? Alienation? Pain? Senior year NRT found me in New York City working with SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee). And in April 1968 when Rev. Dr. King was assassinated, I could not remain in Vermont and took the bus to New York to rejoin my SNCC colleagues.

Upon graduation I settled in New York (\$90/month Brooklyn studio apartment... do you remember those days?) and joined the staff of SNCC before moving on to teach Head Start on West 126th Street. Eight years later, I returned to my home state of Massachusetts to study at Harvard. It was thrilling! First, women were just beginning to enter the ministry in numbers



and I felt so fortunate to be amidst the energy of feminist theology. Secondly, Harvard attracted a variety of perspectives, and discussions were electric: agnostics, Roman Catholics, Jews, Muslims all grappling with compelling questions.

I eventually became an ordained Unitarian Universalist minister, the first African American woman to complete the process. Most of my work has been in community settings particularly with women most marginalized – immigrants, low income citizens, people incarcerated – but I have also been in the parish. It is a gift to walk with people through life's many transitions. During this time, I also married. Together we have three amazing children, all activists, creative and soaring in their careers. My eldest is a farmer, science teacher, and mother. My younger daughter is a full-time spoken word poet who performs throughout the States and beyond. My son is an urban designer (read: parks and bike lanes and sustainable buildings, not people

removal). I often say that being a mother is the best thing I have ever done as well as the hardest. I am blessed that our children all live relatively close. Their father and I divorced but we remain friends and family.

I had not believed that at 70 I would fall in love. My partner is in women's studies and IT. As I write, we just returned from a weekend on Plum Island on Massachusetts' North Shore where we walked the beach for miles and saw two snowy owls! The outdoors has always been a companion. Vermont's beauty soothed my distress and I would often take off on my bike in the morning and return to Dewey House just before nightfall. While I am grateful for having entered adulthood in New York City and I take delight in visiting my



My cabin in the woods

Brooklyn daughter whenever I can, I presently live in a cottage in the woods in a town of some 900 people near Amherst/Greenfield.

Life is good, something I would not have been able to say in years past: friendships deepen, I am less concerned what others think, I see wonder in the everyday, and I accept life's vicissitudes. Since retirement I have increased my committee and board involvement, taken up cello, and become a weaver. You might also find me hanging out with Neshima and Emet, my glorious granddaughter and grandson. Yes, life is good.

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It is curious to think about my two years at Bennington after so many decades, and curious to rethink my own twice-told tale – separating what I remembered from the actual experience. I transferred as a junior after a break year as a social worker in Boston, then thinking it quite possible to transform the South End. It was almost just one year at Bennington: as having backpacked through Greece and Crete for three months with a friend, I was wanting more of the Zen traveler's life.

At Bennington, my interests were Ancient Greek and Elizabethan drama and worlds (with Claude Fredericks); creative writing (with Nicholas DelBlanco); American history (with Rush Welter); reading through non-course related books in the library; exploring Vermont back roads (while learning to drive a fourth-hand Volkswagen); long talks, ponderings, and working through of ideas with friends; hanging out at Lucien and Nancy Hanks' house with classmates (he once challenged a friend and I to apply our thoughts and queries about more



positive and fair-minded societies to one of the nearby small mountain villages); living my second year at the Schurinks' dairy and horse farm in Shaftsbury. These names elicit many memories. Bennington further encouraged in me the explorer, thinker, deeper listener/observer, questioner, and writer – along with a strong sense of independence and determination.

I had thought to become a writer, pursuing a wind-swept and somewhat impoverished life. I do continue to write, mostly for myself. I did continue my migration within progressive education as a student (two graduate degrees), teacher (early childhood and childhood), director (two schools), college professor and coordinator (teacher education), collaborator with an arts-in-education program, and now a volunteer at a second chance progressive high school.

It hasn't always been an easy journey, balancing student/administrator/educator demands with those of family (*see below on that). Throughout, I have come to know well and to applaud a diverse range of students of all ages, probably learning more



from them that has endured, than they from me. I have shared this journey with some awesome colleagues.

While myriad, my current interests include travel/exploration, languages, words and etymology, art-making, writing, reading, history as shaped by individuals critically matched to their specific time/place, yoga, herb and vegetable gardening, the many different ways people learn and make sense of their world. Connections to (northern) Vermont have continued with the managing of our family hay farm.

*I celebrate my husband of 49 years, my two sons (who have evolved into kind, creative, loving adults), my two daughters-in-law, and my two-year-old grandson (who is joyfully erupting into conversation).

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I went to Bennington to major in Science because of the Non-Resident Term and opportunities to work in research in various labs all over the country.

Bennington's emphasis on independent research and training students to think creatively gave me the confidence to pursue a Master's in Anatomy at UVM. I started in 1969 after a work year in Neuropathology at Harvard Medical School. Taking 18 credits per semester was challenging and I ended up transferring into a Speech-Language Pathology program at the University of Vermont. UVM gave me an independent dissection project to bridge the two departments. Had the opportunity to work as an apprentice to a marvelous instructor in the Anatomy Department; it was a great experience. I started in the Speech department after teaching the Neuroanatomy lab to grad students – because of work background.

Studying a completely new field was challenging and I depended on other grad students who had training as clinicians. I had to fulfill different requirements – improving voice and articulation to be a good model – had a radio program on the UVM station. It was fun doing broadcasting – played my mother's opera recordings on the air and even got fan mail. My roommate – Sue Frary '66 was getting a PhD in Biochem – sponsored me for membership in Sierra Club. Met my husband Paul on a canoe trip on the White River – he rescued me. We married in '71 and are still together after 47 years. He's a remarkable person. I have three step-sons and five grandchildren. We have been very lucky to be able to live well, drink and taste wines, travel to many places.

We lived in New Jersey for five years and moved to Westchester in '76 where we live now. We spend time in the Adirondacks – at an old-time family resort in Big Moose Lake which is why I never can get to the Reunions at the College – Columbus Day weekend is sacred. This summer we had a huge health scare for Paul with three surgeries, an emergency ostomy and reversal. Slow recov-



Our family photo, 4 out of 5 grandchildren and our French exchange student guest. February 19, 2018



Lindley and Paul Thomasset

Language Pathologist – I worked in home health care for 33 years including Hospice Care for a local Visiting Nurse Association. Also taught as adjunct and half-time professor at Iona College in New Rochelle. Ran a Communication Skills Workshop for students who were taking the core course in public speaking. Great fun and consulting with department faculty was gratifying.

Currently Paul and I are planning some photography trips in the Northeast Kingdom; we will probably stop by in Old Bennington to see the Old First Church and the Walloomsac Inn. We read the *Times* every day and contribute to PBS and NPR to resist the idiocy of this current administration. As lifetime Sierra Club members, we view the Trump non-environmental policies as a disaster. Arming teachers is even more idiotic; but then stupid is as stupid does.

ery for him but each day is better. It's been a test for both of us but we've come through this as stronger people. Currently I serve as legal guardian for a developmentally delayed sister, manage the family plot, and agitate behind the scenes to get more recognition for my mother, Beverly Sills. She finally got named as a Founder of Lincoln Center and Hall of Fame Member in June of '17.

I also have sung in the Hudson Bells, a local women's chorus, for 34 years.

Life is never dull and I'm grateful to Bennington for showing me how to enquire and be curious.

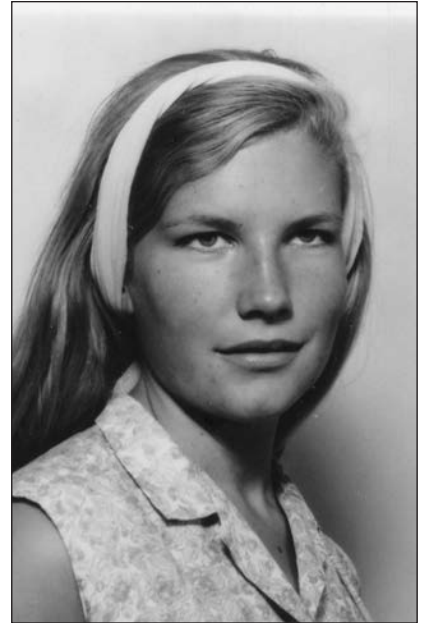
I wanted to add some information about my 38-year career as a Speech-

Valerie Van Winkle

In Memoriam

Written by Patricia Woodbridge Dunn

Valerie Van Winkle, class of 1968, arrived at Welling House, 6 foot three inches tall with long blond hair, wearing a Lord and Taylor white linen sheath edged in navy, driving a small white sports car with the top down. I had arrived in a relatively clean T-shirt and jeans, dropped off from my aunt's taped together VW bus after spending two weeks helping my cousin Becky and her new husband, Perry, gut a few thousand chickens that they were raising for profit. Crammed into a tiny single room at the top of the stairs, neither Valerie nor I had bothered to fill out the roommate form so we were perfectly matched. After freshman year we roomed together for two more years then had rooms next to each other in Noyes. At seventeen, we both carried scars from our upbringing, which may be why we gravitated towards each other. At the age of eleven Valerie had discovered her father's body on her front porch where he had blown his brains out after being sued for negligence for eye surgery. At Bennington, Valerie was a committed member of the Ensemble Studio Theatre run by Paul Gray and instrumental in my joining the theatre and discovering my passion for set design, both of us attracted to the performing arts where people group themselves into new, if temporary, families.



After graduation we both came to NYC and for a year shared a one room apartment on West 98th Street. Our lives separated and we slowly lost touch. Valerie worked a variety of odd jobs, those that a woman could get without learning how to type, which she refused to do. She adored ballet and had many friends who were dancers or involved with American Ballet Theatre, including the set designer, Oliver Smith. For many years she managed the intermission gift shop for American Ballet Theatre. In 1983, Valerie arranged that I would design the set for the ballet "Bilitis Esselte," choreographed and danced by her friend, Ruth Mayer, at the Joyce Theatre.

After her mother died, and after Valerie lost her job at Ballet Theatre, she moved to Maine. She stayed with me once, visiting other friends in NYC and once, after taking a course at the Maine Photographic Workshop, I drove several hours north to visit her. She was living in a small, unheated wood cottage, part of 12 cottages clinging to a steep cliff overlooking Penobscot Bay. Her mother's large canopy bed took up most all the space in the single room and, as there was no running water, daily she filled plastic gallon jugs and carried them up many flights of wood steps to her home. The cluster of cottages belonged to the National Spiritualist Association of Churches and the members shared meals together, cooking and eating in a sprawling communal building. But Valerie had purchased and cooked two lobsters for us to share with a bottle of wine looking at the sun set in the ocean.

In 1996, I was shocked to open the *New York Times* and see a full half page photo of Valerie, silhouetted against the ocean. Since 1993 Valerie had run the spiritualist camp which had been founded in 1882 as a local Maine corporation. In 1963 the deed had been transferred to the National Spiritualist Association of Churches, a group with

headquarters in Lily Dale, in western New York. Like all coastal real estate, the land had become valuable and, in order to remove Valerie, the “Spiritual Community” declared her a witch to remove her from office. Shortly after the article was published, Valerie called me saying she needed to purchase a house and asked if I could help her financially. I did help, saying it was a gift and she shouldn’t worry about repayment. She didn’t contact me again and I was unable to reach her. She had diabetes and had to regularly inject her stomach with an insulin needle. According to the *Bangor Maine* record, she died on September 2002 at the age of 55.

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In 1968, who thought we'd be reliving the turbulent, race-, culture-, and war-riven sixties in our seventies? I'm very thankful for reading Pilgrim's Progress at Bennington. The phrase "slough of despond" comes in handy these days.

But anecdote is a powerful lens through which to think about things past, present, and future.

I applied to Bennington because my sister went there. Not a very deep reason, but good enough. At the beginning, the College was a difficult place for me in many ways, but now, from the aerial view of 71 years, I can fully see how important Bennington was in shaping the person I would become.

Some indelible memories of my Bennington experience:

I was elected house chairman and thought I was the Sally Fields of Booth House ("You like me! You like me!"). Not the first or last time I'd be felled by naiveté! (The smell of incense drove me from campus many weekends, which, in hindsight, explained my election. Only later did I learn it was masking the smell of weed!)



Bennington friends at Harriet's wedding, May 1971

John Berryman's reading in the carriage barn. He was so drunk he could hardly stand and recite his work, yet merely being in his presence was extraordinary.

Stanley Edgar Hyman. First, his iconic course, Myth. Ritual. Literature. Looking back, I now know that he cultivated in me (and many others) a profound and lifelong appreciation that words and ideas matter. Second, hours spent painstakingly trying to transcribe a single word from scratchy, almost unintelligible, recordings of bluegrass and gospel music for him. Many valuable lessons learned here, not the least of which was that hard work and undivided attention usually pay off, but not always.

Being in a challenging, intellectual environment that



Harriet with Leslie LaRocca, Chadds Ford, PA, 2017



*Peter, Harriet, and Charlie the labradoodle
at Ramona Falls, Mt. Hood, Oregon*

developed resourceful, independent thinkers. I was never told what to think, but was guided toward the important things to think about.

The non-resident term was critical in my carving out a career in journalism and public affairs, and in my learning how to make my way in the world.

I intended to go to graduate school, but needed time to figure out in what and where. That never happened. Instead, my life post-Bennington was a terrific, crazy quilt of experiences and geography:

Washington, D.C. (ABC News; where I met my Williams College alumnus husband, Peter); Philadelphia (*The Philadelphia Bulletin*); Denver (*Colorado Business Magazine*; *The Rocky Mountain News*; birth of my son, Eric); Louisville (freelance journalist; birth of my second son, David); Portland, Oregon, where we've lived since 1979 (*Oregon Magazine*; *Willamette Week*; director of public affairs at Reed College; president of the City Club of Portland; founding member of the Portland Parks Foundation).

I'm happily retired (and less-happily signing "resistance" petitions on what seems like an hourly basis). I'm grateful for all that I have in my life, especially great friends and a wonderful family. I could do without the recurrent cancer, but at this age everyone has something.

In my sixties, I reached out to college friends I'd thought of often, but hadn't communicated with in years: Leslie Sliker LaRocca '68, Susan Mauss Tunick '67, Carol Lazarus '75, Sally Levin Brotman '67, and Nancy Marshall '65. We caught up with news of the intervening decades and effortlessly jump-started old friendships. And so begins a new chapter in my ongoing Bennington story.

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Bennington considers me a member of the class of 1968 though I never graduated. I went to college the way I went from first grade to second grade: it was what was expected, what was done. I was the perfect candidate for a gap year before anyone had heard of gap years.

I fell through the cracks at Bennington. I did not grasp that I could take courses that corresponded to personal interests such as children and plants. I never found a mentor relationship with any of my teachers or counselors. Midway through my junior year I asked my counselor, "Shouldn't I be working on a plan?" I floated along, taking courses others said were good, watching faculty/student affairs abound, joining SDS, and falling in love.

I left Bennington after my junior year to get married. (I like to say that I got married so that I wouldn't have to write a thesis. This is not really true and is certainly not fair to my husband, but, as my maternal grandmother often said when embellishing on the facts, it makes a better story.) Years after leaving it took me an hour to remember my major so that I could fill out a job application. Yikes!

All in all, I have had a good life though it took me a long time to come to terms with situations that are now called Adverse Childhood Experiences, with two divorces, and with some pretty serious medical challenges. I now regard all of them as leading me to now and I am glad to be here.

I live in Marlboro, Vermont just up the hill from the ancestral farmhouse where I spent all my childhood summers. Fred, my partner of 21 years, and I met at a square dance, and we still dance whenever we can. I spend lots of time in my extensive naturalized gardens that spread out into the woods of the hillside. I have many houseplants to keep me going in the winter and a light garden for starting flower seeds for my summer deck containers. Fred built a very small sugarcabin a few years ago, and he makes maple syrup every spring. My contribution is bringing meals out to the sugarcabin because, when the sap is boiling, it must be tended constantly. We walk in the woods, I sew and knit,





and Fred builds Adirondack chairs and other furniture. We are very much homebodies.

We do not have a vegetable garden because there is no one place that gets enough sun. Instead we join a CSA each year to support a local farm and reap the benefits of their hard work.

Between us we have four children and four grandchildren. I consider myself a member of an elite demographic called the club sandwich generation: I help out with my parents who are in their mid-nineties and live down the road, with the kids who still rely on me in all the ways I want them to, and with my grandchildren

who rarely have a babysitter whose name is not Gramma. It is all delightful and exhausting.

For 23 years I was elected and served as the Town Clerk of Marlboro. I managed elections, maintained land records and vital records, sold dog licenses, and served as the point person for town government because I answered the one telephone line. I took minutes at the annual Town Meeting. I retired at the end of 2012 after learning that my second granddaughter was on her way and now use my minute-taking skills as secretary of two organizations: Marlboro Cares works to help elders stay in their own homes, and The Jenckes Foundation Inc. conserves undeveloped land.

After being interested in politics and active in civil rights and anti-war movements since I was fourteen, I find myself avoiding the news because it is too depressing. I rely on a daily email briefing from *The New York Times* to let me know if I need to pay more attention. I am very concerned about the future of our country. How will we ever recover from the damage done by the judicial appointments of this administration and all the other damage being carried out behind the distractions of presidential antics?

Jane Elkington Wohl

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I was an aspiring dance major when I was at Bennington, but I was very young. My advisor, Bill Bales, gave me invaluable advice when he told me gently that it was okay to change my mind.

I followed a circuitous educational path, ultimately getting my BA in Art from UC Santa Barbara in 1971, my MEd in Special Education from Antioch in 1975, and my Ph.D. in Creative Writing from the Union Institute in 1994, not in strict succession.

I married in 1968 and had three children who are wonderful adults. I now have four grandchildren. I divorced in 2017. I have lived in Wyoming for almost 40 years.

Over the years, I have taught special education, preschool, English at Sheridan Community College (28 years), and the Goddard College MFA program (20 years).

I have been published in many small journals and have three books of poetry, *Beasts in Snow* (2006), *Triage* (2012), and *Learning from Old Masters* (2016).



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I spent my Bennington time in something of a fog; that is not unusual for me – cluelessness as a way of life. Growing up I assumed everyone else knew what was happening while I waited to get blindsided. One copes by blundering ahead and hoping for the best, which works out splendidly, on the whole. I married Ken Wood, a Drama Fellow (probably not a good idea), had a son, Joshua Penrose Wood (definitely a good idea), spent 24 years as a single mother working as an environmental studies contractor (way fun, especially in the early days). The consulting firm I worked for in San Francisco lucked into the first Environmental Impact Statement study ever (for a proposed pipeline in Alaska) and I spent two years studying everything from archaeology to zoology; it became a career. Since we did not have “Environmental Studies” as a subject area back in the day, I took an exam and became a Certified Environmental Professional in the 1980s. Basically, what I sold was my ability to write, taking arcane gibberish from the project scientists and engineers and making it comprehensible to the public. However, I am happy not to do another public hearing in New Jersey.

Moving to San Francisco after Bennington was Ken Wood’s idea; when he left to go “find himself” I was living on a houseboat in Sausalito with no job, an infant, two cats, and a dog – 3,000 miles away from home, family, and friends. When you hit bottom that hard and recover, you can do anything. Eventually the California “lifestyle” got on my nerves, and I took a year and a half off to travel in Europe, buying a 10-meter yacht in Ireland, fixing it up in southern England, and crossing the Channel to France. We took the masts down in Le Havre then followed the rivers and canals through Paris northeast to Nancy, then Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, and France again. Putting the masts back up, we sailed out into the Mediterranean across the Cote d’Azur to San Remo in Italy then around Corsica, Sardinia, across the boot of Italy to Greece, where I ran out of money. My son had the perfect nine-year-old summer in Corfu. We returned to settle in Washington, D.C., on Capitol Hill, where I remain.



Herman and me, 1995

I am ostensibly retired, but remarried in 1994 to Herman Pirchner, whose American Foreign Policy Council (AFPC) pro-



Junior year, 1967

subject changed from contract to contract – although I did a study of nursing studies (every state does an annual nursing study) that nearly killed me. There was a truly splendid moment at Bennington when all that I ever learned seemed to pivot on a single point, everything interconnected and one subject amplifying the next.

Right now, I am slowly recovering from back-surgery-gone-wrong, which keeps me from travelling. I am grumpy about it, but what can you do?

vides me a whole new existence. I edit AFPC publications, and have accompanied delegations to China at least once every year since 1994; to Russia too many times to count, including three trips to Siberia and the Russian Far East; India and Ukraine.

Josh Wood presently lives in Silver Spring, Maryland with his wife, Mary and my of-course-perfect granddaughter, Fiona. (All grandchildren are, by definition, perfect.) Fiona is 12 and doing something called “competitive ballet.” I am somewhat unclear on the concept.

Everything is interesting. I read the entire Encyclopedia Britannica when I was a kid and consulting was fun because the

Jessica (Jean Witkin) Zeller

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Looking back, I was a babe in the woods! Bennington was my first experience of actually living in nature. Sure, growing up in a suburb of Chicago, I knew what being at Lake Michigan was, or going to Wisconsin on vacation, but actually seeing the stars, looking out at the mountains, this was an initiation for me. So much of the rest of my life was seeded at Bennington.

I had come at the suggestion of my cousin, Bob, who was from Boston – he knew I was a dancer, a performer. Pursuing dance and drama, experiencing the atmosphere of creative artists like Paul Gray and Jack Moore gave me a taste of sophisticated dance and theater training, and I've utilized this training in both professional and community settings for 50 years.

Myth, Ritual and Literature with Stanley Edgar Hyman primed my pump for later work guiding Rites of Passage, Vision Quest, exploring the unconscious, connecting to nature, Joseph Campbell's Hero's Journey, Jungian expressive arts therapy, creating ceremonies. I didn't know then what I was learning, but I know now.

I was in a class with Howard Nemerov! Like I said – a babe in the woods.

But, the main gift that Bennington gave me was my lifelong friendship with my sophomore roommate, Nancy (Ana Hale) Waybur. Ana encouraged me to join her for the summer between our freshman and sophomore years in Aspen, Colorado. Oh boy – that was the rock that dropped in the pond of my life – the rest is ripples.

I fell in love with Colorado, the mountains, the sky, the wilderness. I also met Katherine and William, caravanned with them to the Newport Folk Festival to see Bob Dylan, et al and fell in love with someone's roommate who lived in Boulder.



With Zia in Arches



So, for my Non-Resident Term during my sophomore year, I arranged to go to Boulder and work in the theater department at CU. (The guy I “fell in love” with dumped me.) Came back for the summer to act in the Colorado Shakespeare Festival and met Richard, the man who later became my first husband, the father of my only child, Mira. I didn't return to Bennington the following year because I was taking acid with Richard – ah, the '60s!

The following summer was the summer of '67 and Ana was in San Francisco so I went out there for the



My granddaughter, Zia (now 16), my daughter, Mira, my grandson, Cooper (now 13) and my great niece, Gina



Summer of Love! This needs no explanation.

I finished my undergraduate degree in Psychology at the University of Wisconsin (in time to protest the War in Vietnam) then headed back to the Bay Area to live with Katherine and William (remember them from Aspen?) in a place called Canyon outside Berkeley. There we were true flower children, learning yoga, Sufism, studying North Indian music, living in a redwood forest, being squatters in the watershed. The book *Handmade Houses* was about Canyon, and my friend Annabelle Westling and I put together a book about Canyon people – *Handmade Lives*. Suffice it to say, when my parents visited me there, they cried.

After completing a teaching certificate at San Francisco State, doing my student teaching in Canyon's two room schoolhouse, I got a postcard from Richard (remember him from Boulder?). He invited me to visit him on a ranch he was caretaking in Chimney Rock, Colorado on the wild and scenic Piedra River. I came, I took one look, went back to Canyon to pack it up and was living on the Piedra, raising chickens, a pig, a goat and then a baby, Mira, and teaching yoga in Durango. Ah, the '70s.

Fast forward... I've been living in Colorado for over 45 years, mostly in Durango, sometimes in Denver/ Boulder. I've been a transpersonal psychotherapist, a Vision Quest guide (Animas Valley Institute), a professor of Ecopsychology at Naropa University, always acting and dancing when I have an opportunity – utilizing creative arts in therapy and the wilderness. I've recently been most interested in expanding consciousness through non-dual meditation and helping people let go of identities that are injurious to the earth. I guess I'm still a flower child at heart.

Of course, Ana came to visit me in Durango about 30 years ago – you'll have to read her entry to get “the rest of the story”!

I've been married to my current husband, Steve since 1981 – he's a treasure. We just finished building a house on the Animas River. We have two teenage (!) grandchildren, Cooper and Zia. We are a little shocked – we used to be living in the '70s and now we are IN our 70s!!! Quite the revelation.

No update available



Alix Abrons



Sharon Zync Alper



Harriet Beinfield



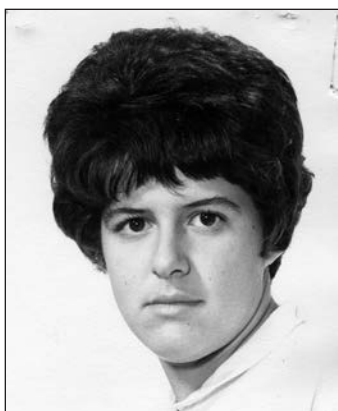
Leslie V. Berg



Harriet E. Bing



Marjorie McRae Black



Barbara Kaufman Bouldin



Tommie Ann Braun Bower

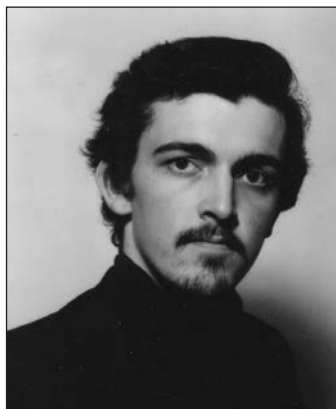


Ellen Shaw Clark Brown

No update available



Gillian Cockburn Burch



Steven Bush



Karen Manulis Cohen



Molly Coye



Cornelia Carlton Crocker



Kathleen Driscoll



Anna Renfield Dubow



Carolyn Minick Emanuel



Elizabeth Enlund

No update available



Karron C. Esmonde



Cheryl Sorli Fouche



Alana Martin Frumkes



Laura Furman



Ann Garvin



Judith Gerson



Peggy Kohn Glass



Jennifer Wherry Griffin



Daryl Hartshorne

No update available



Erica Fratkin Hiersteiner



Maria E. Huffman



Susan Hannon Italia



Lydia Allen Kitfield



Reiko Sunami Kopelson



Cathie Korey



Carol Levin



Lynne Lewis



Catherine Stern Lichtman

No update available



Patricia Lutkins



Josephine Noyes Maistre



Barbara Manners



Susanna McAdam



Ann Christoffers Menuhin



Melody Sternoff Meyers



Margaret Morgan-Hubbard



Jane Norling

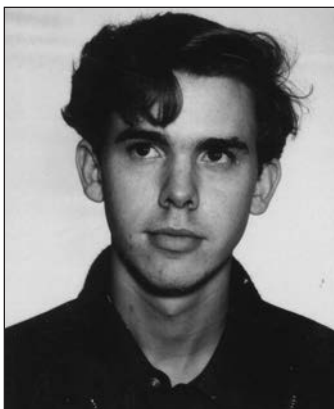


Wendy Moskow Norton

No update available



Margaret S. Oppel



Alan Ormsby



Marc Ozanich



Alexa Davis Parker



Barbara Pepe



Phoebe Pettingell



Margaret Polchow



Joanna Pousette-Dart



Allison Simmons Prouty

No update available



Roxana Barry Robinson



Joanne Robinson Hill



Jennifer Rochow



Polly Notkins Rubin



Wade Ballinger Skinner



Fifi Delacorte Spangler



Ellen Stark



Lynn Jones Stinnette



Marie McKenney Tavernini

No update available



Deborah Thompson



Janie Tyre



Elaine Lasker VonBruns



Julia Welch



Frances Wells



Elizabeth Devine Wilczek



Ruth Bluestein Wolff

No update or photo available

Jane B. Becker

Anne Force Montgomery

Penelope Priest Burkitt

Anne Trump Preier

Nancy Finnegan Farnham

Elizabeth Stewart

John K. Hoffman

Michael Vlastas

Paula Ann Levine

Frank Kenneth Wood

Nancy Kotler Meinhard

We remember



Marjorie E. Baron



Andrea Behr



Karen Michaels Berg



Julia Agee Bollinger



Diane Clemmons



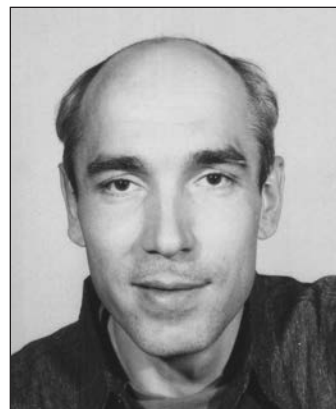
Andrea Dworkin



Rhoda Holtzman Halperin



Marsha Kadesch



Dr. Ernest T. Kirby

We remember



Doris Levine



Natalie Orloff



Kate Morgan Reiss



Cecilia Guiu Searle



Valerie Van Winkle

No photo available

Leontina Calabro

George Whitmore









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