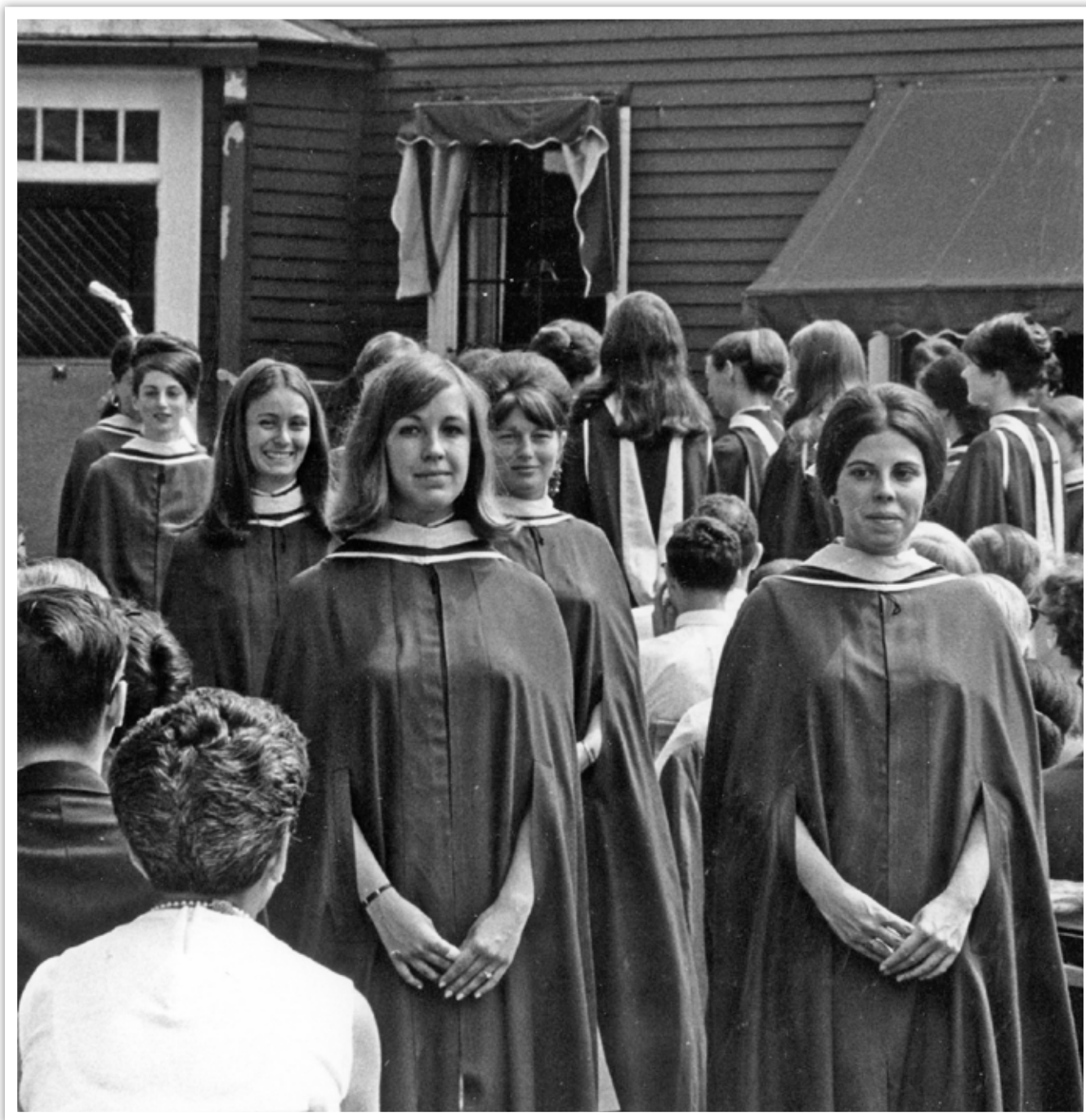


CLASS OF 1967

— 50TH REUNION —



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



Class of 1967

Patricia Abrahamson

Linda Gould Abtalion

Deborah Ackerman

Nancy Addison

Patricia Alexander

Barbara Garber Austin

Christine Nelson Barth

Anne Bell

Brenda Kurtz Bergstrom

Linda Wilder Blondel

Danice Bordett

Leslie Gieseke Bose

Martha Berke Boulanger

Elizabeth Bradford

Diane Iandoli Brandon*

Laren Croft Brill

Sally Levin Brotman

Susan Bryant

Susan Carr Buckner*

Victor Bumbalo

Nancy McCormick Caffall

Jane Carter

Deborah Chaffee

Celia Hudson Chandler

Martine Cherau

Leslie Noyes Cole

Roberta Mull Coleman

Linda Brooks Coy

Virginia Thorndike Craig

Elizabeth Cramer

Barbara Davenport

Danielle De Mers*

Sally Donaldson

Diana Forbes Droste

Katherine Sanford Echeverria*

Gretel Ehrlich

Mab Cockrell Englehart

Josephine Red Estes

Clara Freeman Farah

Dori Pavelle Feiszli

Donna Estabrook Fisher

Dechen Fitzhugh

Elizabeth Frank

Laurie Freedman

Marilyn Sibley Fries*

Ellen Galford

Carolyn Heimbürger Gannon

Marcia Green Gardère*

Barbara Gates

Deborah Clements Gessner

George Gilman

Laurie Rohde Godfrey

Lonny Gordon

Lois Segerman Graf

Gillian Hatch Gretton

Ellen Glick Hamer

Beth McGovern Hamilton

Joan Harkness Hantz

Tracy Harris

Peter Hayes

Kathleen Haynes

Anne Heller

Shelley Herman

Adria Heyman Hillman

Jai Hyman Holly

Victoria Kirsch Houston

Ingrid Blaufarb Hughes

Amy Dolgin Jaffe

Ginny Levin Jarvis

Yeddy Chisholm Kaiser*	Marcia Miller*	Robin Childs Stafford
Peggy Goldstein Katz*	Clyde Morgan	Laurie Kohn Steele
Susan Kaufman	Pamela Acheson Myers	Susan Mintz Super
Joyce Keener*	Elizabeth Clark Nigro	Laura Tennen
Constance Kheel	Stephanie Gordon Noland	Judith Thompson
Carol Kinne*	Kathy Bauman Paquette	Susan Mauss Tunick
Paula Kurasch	Karen Peck	Beebo Rantoul Turman
Michele Schurgin Lachman	Letitia Peplau	Ellen Torrey Van Allen
Sheila Kiley Largay	Raul Picco	Kirk Varnedoe*
Margaret Rood Lenzner	Sharon Powers	Aleta Wallach
Audrey Leppanen	Kate Lynn Rantilla	Alice Webber Briggs
Deborah Langman Lesser	Antoinette Rapone	Londa Weisman
Karen Bodkin Levin	Barbara Gioseffi Richman	Vivian Ryan Wells
Mary Lewis-Costantino	Tally Adams Riley	Susan White
Judith Larner Lowry	Nancy Robbins	Janet Hewitt Whiting
Meredith Marsh	Bambi Bernhard Schieffelin	Leni Zeiger Wildflower
Lisa Marshall	Magdalene Fincke Sears	Lois Lichtenstein Wilkins
Mary Tolbert Matheny	Nancy Seldin	Jennifer Fincke Windsor
Carla Maxwell	Eugenie Bird Shields	Elizabeth Lassiter Yerkes
Sharon Johanson McCullough	Katherine Smith*	Ann Quisenberry Zahradnik
Rose Davis Mendoza	Pamela Smith	
Beverly Mikuriya	Peter Snider	

* Designates alumni who have passed away.

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I entered Bennington at 16, determined to make my mark as a dancer and leave behind my stifling Baltimore life as a precociously gifted pianist who graduated from Peabody Preparatory School. The first faculty person I met was Jack Moore, who was, and remained, my advisor. Jack was nothing like anyone I had ever known, and I was fascinated by his cool, relaxed style. Martha and Joe Wittman were also strong candidates for my admiration. Martha's beautiful technique classes inspired me to soar. I was honored to be cast in their dance about Rousseau's paintings and also in Jack's dance, "Rocks," my senior year. Also at Bennington, I learned to trust my instincts as a choreographer. It was delicious! In my junior year, I met my lifelong beloved friend Harry Sheppard. For two years, we were in each other's dances, and we danced together in faculty dances.

At Bennington I was assigned a room in Leigh House. There I got to know and love Susan Merrill '64 who painted in her room and whose senior thesis was on *Alice in Wonderland* and Rima Gitlin '65 who became a close friend whose dances I was in. Later, when we both lived in NYC, I danced in her company and babysat for her daughter Sonya. In 1978, I lived with Rima for a few months, pregnant with my second son, and she made a solo for me that I performed at Dance Exchange in Washington, DC in my fifth month. Other dancer friends were Anne Bell, Leslie Berg, Cathy Stern, and Susanne Rappaport.

What did I learn at Bennington, outside of classes?:

That I couldn't be a scientist, or a doctor like my dad;

That I couldn't work in a lab where experiments were done on white mice (my first NRT job);

And although a lifelong lover of art, that I couldn't write a good Art History paper. To this day, I have little patience with academic essays on art or music.

In my junior year, once I was accepted as a dance major, I joyfully returned to music and had weekly lessons with Julian DeGray (harpsichord) and Lionel Nowak (piano). I still play from music I used then, and how I cherish Mr. DeGray's comments written there. What a lovely old-world gentleman he was. I discovered Bach "Sonatas for Viola da Gamba" with Alice Webber. Under the guidance of Louis Calabro, I composed a choral piece to celebrate the new Mt. Anthony High School. I composed "Small Zoo" for winds, under Henry Brant. In my senior year, I played a recital in the Carriage Barn, half piano and half harpsichord. It was a dark time for me, just a few months



*April 2012, Linda's Dance
choreographed by Elaine Shipman*

after my father's sudden death in June 1966, but I was lucky to be in a place where I could focus my energy on dance and music, surrounded by friends who loved me.

After graduation I lived in NYC for four years. I was a scholarship student at Merce Cunningham Studio and worked at the Library of Performing Arts at Lincoln Center in the Dance Collection. I then went to the Greek island of Paros where I taught and danced in an American summer dance school run by Wendy Osserman. Harry joined me there, and then in 1972, we ended up in Paris where, with Elaine Shipman, my friend from the Cunningham studio in New York, we formed a dance company called SITU. While in Paris, I met Pierre Blondel, who became my husband the following year. We lived in rural France the first five years of our marriage. We grew flowers and vegetables, and I did laundry by hand, including diapers. Then we moved to the USA, and since 1980 have lived in Charlottesville, Virginia. In the 1980s, I danced in a small local dance company founded by Miki Liszt, a Sarah Lawrence graduate. But gradually, I returned to music as a source of income, first teaching piano lessons at home and then accompanying music students and faculty at the University of Virginia.

Pierre is an artist and the love of my life. We have two sons, born in the late 1970s: Dimitri is a biologist PhD, living in Raleigh, North Carolina, and just married last summer at 42. Emile lives in Brooklyn and is a freelance pianist and versatile musician. They are the flowers on our tree, the jewels of my life.

After Bennington, I never went to graduate school, which proved to be a major obstacle as my music career flourished and I could have been hired at a university. Since 1981, I have been pianist at a small 200-year-old Presbyterian church near Charlottesville (Cove Church, in Coveseville), which has a beautiful 1899 Steinway grand, rebuilt in 1980s. I play chamber music concerts there every summer. Also, I play with the Waynesboro Symphony, a nearby community orchestra, when their repertoire requires keyboard.

I sometimes wish that I had gone to Bennington a little older, after taking time off from school. But the 16-year-old Linda was passionate and stubborn and determined to get on with life. I desperately needed what Bennington had to offer and didn't have the luxury of waiting for it. I only wish that Harry and I could have grown old together, old friends to the last. He had the most beautiful laugh. [Harry Whittaker Sheppard died on February 22, 1992 from complications of AIDS.]

Things I loved about Bennington:

Colorful leaves in the fall

Lilacs in April

The walk to Jennings

Sunday evening coffee hours

Secret Santa in December

Ben Belitt's class Poetry and the Imaginative Process

Friday lunches: clam chowder, grilled cheese, brownies, Yorkshire pudding on Sundays!

The New Studio, right next to Leigh House, where I did most of my choreography

Babysitting for Paul Gray's four kids

The two-manual harpsichord in the Carriage Barn

Bennington nurtured my natural impulse to question everything & to think for myself. This has stayed with me my whole life.



About 2008

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I came to Bennington as a junior because I had friends there. It wasn't the greatest fit for me; I wasn't artistic, nor interested in much that happened after 1789. I should have been somewhere with huge libraries and many movie theaters. But I have some great academic memories (Milton, Pope, and Keats!), and strong personal recollections.

Through the Non-Residence Term, I got a toehold in journalism, writing for *Bay State Banner*, the Roxbury community weekly. That education probably



Danice with her granddaughter

doesn't exist any more, in layout, composition, headline writing, paste-up, photography, and reporting. Most important, I learned to be quiet and listen, a quality that hadn't been valued anywhere else in my life up to that point.

I went on to report for Pacifica Radio in New York and Washington, and eventually became news director at KSAN in San Francisco when it was the epitome of rock and roll (which I definitely was not, but the news department was very funny and lefty). I later taught English in a public high school in California.

Now I live alone, two miles from my daughter and granddaughters, and a 40-minute bus ride from my son and New York City. Personally I feel very fortunate. About the world, not so sanguine.



Leslie Gieseke Bose

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I was one of a relatively small number of science majors during the mid- to late 1960s. I had been especially interested in mathematics and physics in high school but felt that deciding on a major before even starting college would be quite premature and was even open to the possibility of majoring in a field that was totally new to me. Although I didn't enter Bennington with the expectation of becoming a science major, I was pleasantly surprised to find that despite the small size of the Science Department and the small number of students enrolled in the classes, Bennington offered first-rate programs in the sciences. I especially looked forward to Dr. van der Linde's small, challenging math classes, which I felt were a wonderful learning experience. He had a deep appreciation of mathematics and was delighted when a student began to grasp some rather abstract concepts themselves. I was also fortunate to be able to take physics tutorials with Dr. Apgar that were customized to my interests, which was certainly not normally possible at the undergraduate level.



Checking garden during 2017 winter warm spell

Very early in my freshman year, I met John Bose of New York City who was a senior at Williams. Although I may not have recognized it immediately since I was so focused on all the details related to starting my college career, I soon realized that he was my true love. After he graduated, we did a lot of commuting between Bennington and New York for three years. We were married soon after my graduation and will be celebrating our 50th anniversary this summer.

After graduation John and I lived in an apartment on New York's Upper West Side. John was a commercial banker, and I was a scientific systems analyst at a small electronics company involved in research and development. Because the company was small, I functioned in multiple roles and was frequently able to be involved in a project from its inception right on through the design and implementation phases. It was a very exciting period in electronics, with technology changing very rapidly. I thoroughly enjoyed my work there and found it challenging and extremely interesting.

Although I was very happy with life in New York City and with my job, John and I realized that we really missed the New England area that we'd enjoyed so much during our college days. So we purchased a home in Dorset, Vermont in 1975 and moved up permanently late in 1978. I did a considerable amount of consulting work for my former company for many years, which was a nice trade-off that allowed time for gardening, hiking, skiing, and snowshoeing. John and I each served on the Dorset Planning Commission at different periods in an attempt to help structure local zoning regulations to prevent development on environmentally fragile areas. In 1999, we moved to our current home in Shaftsbury where we continue to pursue our outdoor interests whenever possible. We also enjoy yearly vacations to the Adirondacks several times in the summer and fall to enjoy their mountains and lakes.

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I write this two weeks after the election of our 45th president, whose name I cannot bring myself to print. I am wondering when he will begin rounding up people who went to progressive schools...

Bennington was my salvation. After four years at The Putney School in Vermont, and one turbulent year at Brandeis, where would I go? My dear friend Connie Wallace, my roommate at Putney, had transferred from Barnard to Bennington and said it was the place for me. I think I was accepted because Bennington needed violas, my instrument. Happy to oblige, I majored in music and spent three years in another progressive haven, proud to be a Dewey product.

I loved Bennington. I studied composition with Henry Brant, Lou Calabro, and Vivian Fine and had lessons with Orrea Pernel. Pernie took Olivia Koppell and me to her house in Switzerland and then to Dartington Hall in Devon, England. Junior year, I went on tour with a string quartet for NRT.

In addition to music, I loved art—sculpture classes with Tony Caro, welding in that little hut subject to minor explosions from time to time, and drawing with Jules Olitski.



I never wanted to leave Bennington. But I did, going out to UCLA on an NDEA scholarship in composition (me, defending the country?). Once there I determined that life spent in a windowless practice room was not going to be fun, and I came home. My dad was an architect, so he suggested architecture school. I could draw and add, so why not? I spent a year at the GSD at Harvard, mostly ice skating at Wollman Rink. Once again, I decided, no, not for me. So, I went to the Museum School in Boston and found my career at last. After two-and-half years and lots of silkscreen ink, I started showing my portfolio and got jobs right away. I was a freelance illustrator!

I freelanced for 20-plus years, having developed my own style. I married Tom Briggs, a graphic designer, and we have one son together. Toby is a master carpenter and contractor with a daughter of his own, and lives nearby. But his father and I divorced and I have been married to—full circle—Josh Lombard, an architect and graduate of the GSD. We've been together for 22 years.

About 25 years ago, I stopped freelancing and started my own greeting card line, Alice Briggs Illustration, which I still have. I am the whole show: artist, shipper, packer, and bookkeeper. I bike in the spring and summer and swim in the winter. Somehow, I have become a semi-athlete and gym rat. I love biking in Amherst, past fields and farmland, and my husband and I have taken five self-guided bike trips in France. This year will be our sixth, in Brittany.

Bennington was the perfect fit for me, and I cherish my time there. I still feel like I live a sort of Bennington life. I visited the campus a few years ago and recognized an air of simple concentration among students that I hope I still have. While it is a struggle to maintain one's focus when the world has taken such a dangerous turn, it seems like the only path to round out one's lifetime. I think of Pernie and George Finkel playing the Brahms "Double Concerto," Pernie in a long, velvet, pumpkin-colored dress, and the warmth of their performance still inspires me. In fact, my most popular greeting cards feature drawings of musicians—images I absorbed body and soul during my years at Bennington, and which now appear in the way most appropriate to me. Thank you, Bennington.

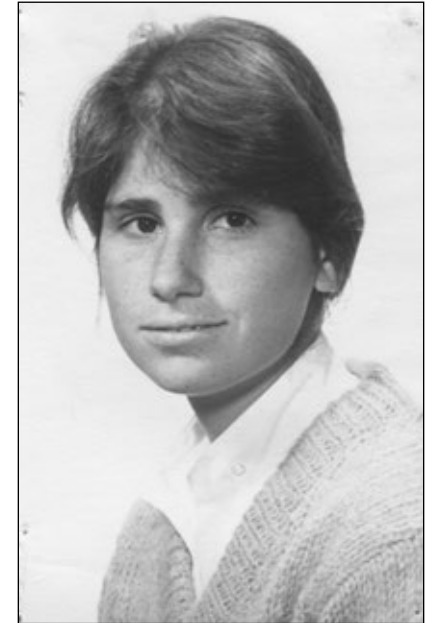


Burgundy, France 2015



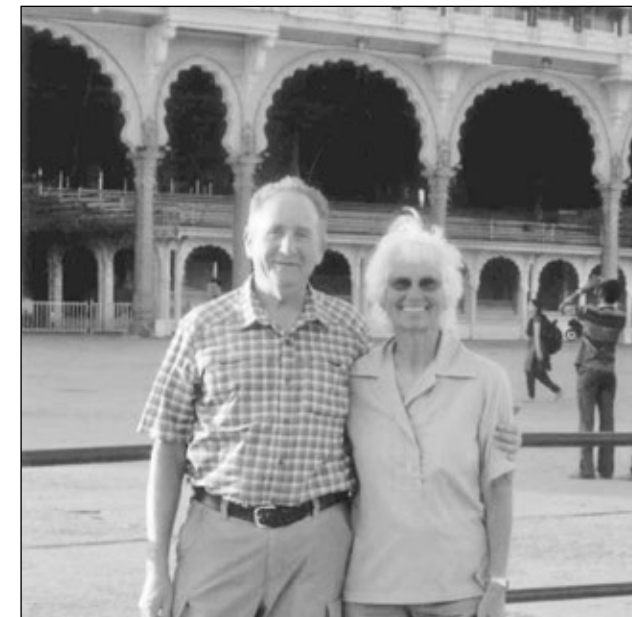
Sally Levin Brotman

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In my first semester at Bennington, I dropped Calculus II and took Visual Arts I, which was "daring" for me but lightened the load. I missed sports and timidly put on a leotard and became a regular at "Dance Extra." I always saw myself graduating, getting married, becoming a social worker, and living in the country with some kids and a big garden. I married my high school boyfriend, Carl Brotman, the day after graduation, and our life actually unfolded the way I'd imagined including the big garden and a flock of chickens. We had three kids (and a golden retriever). Family became my life focus. My social work career was a detour prior to heading in various other directions.

A half a century later, we're living in Truro on Cape Cod. I'm still dancing, which qualifies me as an "awesome" grandmother. Carl and I sing in the Outer Cape Chorale and in an a cappella chamber singers group. I've picked my political candidates and worked hard to get them elected. I studied ceramics at Radcliffe and computers at



Sally & Carl at Maharaja Palace, Mysore, India

Leslie College. I've pitched in with civic groups and committees, and I currently and improbably serve as chair on the library board of trustees. Sometimes I say I'm just sharpening my pencils to get started, but it may be more accurate to say that I've been a perpetual student, recently taking an online Bennington course with Noah Coburn on the conflict in Afghanistan.

School was a struggle for me, yet I knew that I wasn't stupid. I've gradually grown to understand the myriad ways in which a learning disability shaped my view of myself and influenced the course of my life. From struggling to learn to read, I've grown to love reading, mostly nonfiction. I still have no innate sense of direction, have difficulty figuring out left from right, and get exasperated trying to follow a map, but ironically, this inability to find my way in the world has helped me to find my way in life. I have navigated with an inner

compass derived from an intuitive understanding that I developed at a very young age. I understood that community and social justice are the essential ingredients that allow families and the natural world to survive and sometimes to flourish. They point to my magnetic North.

I've had plenty of ups and downs—especially the early loss of both parents. I'm proud of our three kids for their character and values, and our grandchildren who offer a hopeful window on the future. My daughter was born with neurofibromatosis, a neurologic condition, and her journey and ours has been uncharted and tough. We've stayed connected with a shrinking circle of family and friends and everyone loves visiting (at, in, on, and by the ocean) in Truro. I've been cured of cancer and I was lucky to have married my best friend. I try to be optimistic about the future, and hopeful that our interconnected world will generate the determination and knowledge to create a positive future in a confusing world.



Sally at Keshava Temple at Somnathpur, India



Maggy Fincke Sears '67 and Sally at Mysore Palace, India

Victor Bumbalo

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I graduated with a master's of arts degree and moved to New York with my future husband, Tom O'Connor, who I met at Bennington. Ever since I was a little boy I dreamed of living in that city. It always seemed magical to me. There I immersed myself in the off- and off-off Broadway theatre scene and began my life as a gay activist.

My first professional job was artistic director of The Soul and Latin Theatre. It was one of the first successful street theatres. Our productions toured the streets of New York for four summers.

It began to bother me that there were few authentic representations of gay life on the stage. I wrote a comedy, *Kitchen Duty*—hoping to create characters we haven't seen before. I have been writing ever since. *Niagara Falls*, a comedy about a working-class family's reaction to their gay son and his lover arriving unexpectedly for his sister's wedding, has had a long life being produced throughout the United States, Canada, Australia, and England. Residencies at MacDowell, Yaddo, and Helene Wurlitzer Foundation followed.



My grandmother, mother, me, Tom, Gretchen Gray (Paul Gray's wife, he was head of the theater department)

Then the era of AIDS began. Almost everyone involved with *Kitchen Duty* died of the disease. Nothing seemed funny to me anymore as we faced an avalanche of deaths. I volunteered at GMHC and headed a team that took care of people with AIDS. I avoided writing. Finally, confronting my demons, I wrote *Adam and the Experts*. It was loosely based on my relationship with my friend, George Whitmore, after his diagnosis. He also attended Bennington. *The New York Times* review of the play paved the way for numerous productions in this country and abroad. Three other works dealing with the AIDS epidemic followed.

Highlights of my career have been seeing all my work published, having it translated into five languages,





Gretchen Gray, me, Paul Gray, my mother

attending the opening of *Niagara Falls* in London—where I actually met the Queen Mum (she wasn't at the play), winning the Ingram-Merrill Award for playwriting, moving to Los Angeles and writing for various television series (starting with *NYPD Blue*), having my short film, *Two Boys*, appear in festivals throughout the United States, and recently finishing my first book, *Yearbook 1959*.

Today I'm still writing for theatre and still with Tom. I loved Bennington. The only glitch there happened one afternoon when President Bloustein called me into his office and told me that my degree might be in jeopardy because I was seen holding hands with Tom on the Commons. This weak threat came to no avail given the support I had from faculty members. Thankfully, things have changed.

Bennington—what a wonderful experience. The professors, paper week, the Barn Studio theatre, Paul Gray, the students, the friendships, the Commons. I couldn't be more grateful. It gave me my career and a husband. What more can you ask of a school?

Barbara Davenport

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I arrived at Bennington, wide-eyed, from Cincinnati. My classmates' worldliness amazed me: what they knew in the classroom and their range of life experience. Being at Bennington widened my world irreversibly, with far-reaching effects I often didn't recognize at the time. Three influences were particularly important: the practice of close attention, psychotherapy, and NRTs.

In my classes, across all disciplines I was impressed by the faculty's insistence on and my classmates' practice of, hard work, and paying close attention and understanding how things worked: a slime mold, a poem, an economic system, a print, a sculpture. That practice, close attention, has enriched every serious effort I've made in my life. In the visual arts I found a way of looking at the world that I had barely known, and I changed my major from literature to art. My friend Londa Weisman's eclectic, unconventional way of looking at things and her enormous pleasure in all things structural was a continuing pleasure and catalyst.

I loved NRTs for the break from classes and for the experience in the real world with grownups who were willing to teach me and held me to workplace expectations. I worked at an ad agency, catalogued David Smith's sculpture for him, was a curatorial assistant at the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, and taught English at Bennington High School. The experiences and exposures that NRT offered were some of the most valuable pieces of my education.

In psychotherapy with Mary Delia Flory I made some inroads into a chronic depression. It was a revelation to learn what I was feeling and find better ways to deal with it. I was so interested in the experience of psychotherapy that I decided to pursue it professionally. After Bennington I went to graduate school in social work and later completed a four-year program in child psychotherapy at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis. I practiced as a child and adolescent psychotherapist for 26 years, first in Indianapolis, and then in San Diego, where I now live.

I married several years after college and have two daughters, now in their 30s, who are the light of my life. Both of them went to Berkeley and both work in higher education. In my 40s, the certainties I'd built my life on, my professional work and my marriage, were dissolving beneath me. I'd spent years getting good at psychotherapy, but now I didn't want to continue to do that work. I couldn't ignore the feelings I'd always had for women, and I couldn't see how I could continue in my marriage. In the 90s my husband and I divorced amicably, I raised and launched my adolescent daughters on my own, I came out, and I started writing. Letting go of the old poses—psychotherapist, het-married lady—and learning my way around the new terrain was hard work, and slow. I credit what I learned at Bennington about sticking with it, trusting myself, and again, close examination with helping





me do the hard work of change.

I've freelanced for alternative weeklies and an investigative news website, and written two books, *The Worst Loss* (Henry Holt), on the deaths of children and how families heal, and last year, *Grit and Hope* (University of California Press), about a remarkable program that helps minority students become the first in their families to go to college.

My partner Benita is a real estate broker, now retired. We've been together 19 years and married when California legalized gay marriage. We live in a hip, uneven, gentrifying neighborhood of San Diego, where I raise vegetables in my front yard, work on the next book, and this year, commute to Oakland to take care of my first grandchild. I live very far from Bennington, but nearly every day I see myself invoking some principle or attitude I absorbed there. I'm very grateful for all that I gained.

I love the idea of this book, and I'm looking forward to learning about everyone's lives.

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Before Bennington I hated school, particularly the restrictive boarding school where I'd played dead for three years. When I first arrived, I didn't believe Catherine Osgood Foster when she told me, after reading my first stilted assignment in Lang and Lit, that she wanted to know what I thought. Surely my job as a student was to parrot back what she wanted. Soon, though, I caught on that learning to think my own thoughts was the point, something I found exhilarating though not as easy as it sounded.

I wasn't a natural fit at Bennington. (Someone once remarked that I looked like I got lost on my way to Smith.) I was intimidated by the painters from Music and Art High School in NYC, fascinated by the dancers, and floored by the theatre majors. In contrast to my confused stumbling, they, the dancers, artists, actors, and musicians, already seemed directed and proficient at being something. Though I became a dual major in social science and literature, my fondest memories are of dance concerts (I don't think I missed one), art openings, senior concerts in the Carriage Barn, and theatre productions of dark, difficult plays upstairs in Commons.

I found my bearings in my first psychology course with Lou Carini. While the material interested me, it was Lou's presence as a steady, interested teacher and later counselor that made the difference. He saw something in me I didn't see in myself and was able to convince me that I had a mind worth developing. At Bennington I morphed from a girl who disliked and wasn't particularly good at school to someone who couldn't get enough of it. I went on to get an MSW from Columbia and a PhD from NYU's program in clinical psychology. I have been a practicing psychologist in Greenwich Village, New York for 35 years. The desire to create that I'd admired in others at Bennington arrived when I turned 60 and culminated recently in an MFA in creative nonfiction from Stonecoast's low residency program in Maine.

As I approached 40, and the end of a second unsuccessful marriage, I despaired at ever becoming a mother. Thrilled and surprised when I got pregnant at 41, I went ahead and had the baby on my own. My baby is now a fabulous 30-year-old urban planner working in New York. When my daughter was ready for school, I considered only progressive, Bennington-like schools. (She attended the Little Red School House and St. Ann's in Brooklyn.)

My most enduring contact with Bennington is a plot of land in Pownal, Vermont that I found in college. Whenever I was depressed, restless, or unable to write a paper, I would get in my car and drive down whatever dirt road presented itself. On one of these jaunts I stumbled upon a spot off Carpenter Hill Road and fell in love with its grand, 180-degree view of the valley. Through college and after it was my special place. In 1975, I bought

land there and later built a house, thereby preserving my corner of paradise where I hope to retire and ultimately be buried.

After 10 years of single parenthood, I re-met a man who I'd last seen at my wedding to his freshman-year roommate from Williams 30 years before. The ups and down of our courtship, marriage, and building a functioning stepfamily with our three children is the subject of a memoir, *Falling in Love After Fifty*, that I began at Stonecoast. From where I am now, my life looks like an upside-down country music song where first she gets the house (and a career), then the child, and finally finds the right man to tie it all together.

Note: I'm sorry to have missed contacting the many Bennington alumni living in Maine when I was in residency in Brunswick. I didn't know of their existence until reading the 1966 reunion book. I would be delighted to hear from the women of the Class of 1967 whether or not we knew each other then.



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Ten years of Bennington—two years as a student and eight years as a trustee—began and continued to be an adventure for decades. I left my home in southern California and traveled three-and-a-half days (not counting stops in Ohio to visit both grandmothers) by train, arriving in North Bennington. That adventure was all the more so when, east of the Mississippi River, well-dressed African Americans boarded the train at every stop. Their destination was Washington, DC to hear Martin Luther King Jr. give his “I have a dream” speech, while I made only a brief stop there. What a missed historical opportunity that was for me.

However, opportunity awaited me on campus. Everything about Bennington was a new experience for me: the small size (only one-tenth the student body size of my high school), rural setting, teacher-practitioners, emphasis on creativity, amazing roommate (Karen Peck) and friends in Canfield, and incredible music teachers.

I was drawn to Bennington because of the Field Work Terms (as well as the renowned faculty and small class size). My two FWTs didn't disappoint: an exciting time in Washington, DC as a congressman's clerk during freshman year and St. Louis (Washington University) on a “new” math project during sophomore year. Both locations and jobs were pretty darn lively, especially given the era (1963–1965).



2016—hiking the coast of Capri, Italy

Bennington offered me the opportunity to observe, invent, and re-invent. I spent my two academic years acquiring a really good foundation in literature, art, social studies (e.g., Ethics and Social Change), music, and a little math. Actually, very little math. Almost every faculty member left an impact on me, especially Ben Belitt, Gunnar Schonbeck, Paul Boepple, and Henry Brant. In addition to being my advisor, Mr. Boepple advised me on how to build a stereo from individual components—even building the wooden turntable case from bits of plywood in his home shop.

In spite of being fairly math-less at Bennington, I transferred to University of California, Santa Barbara, and began an intensive catch-up for a couple of years to earn a bachelor's degree in math-



2011—Swazi school kids

as a Bennington trustee), Stanford University's international center, TheatreWorks, African Library Project, Nepal SEEDS, and others.

Together, Terry and I enjoy mentoring international grad students, founders of startups, and early-career technologists. Slowing down is not yet in the cards. To celebrate my 60th birthday, I took up mountaineering—climbing Kilimanjaro (twice), Mt. Rainier, Mt. Whitney (three times), Mt. Shasta, and a number of peaks in Nepal. We return to Nepal to trek again this year, climb several more peaks, and spend time with our Nepalese mentee (now at engineering college). Life is grand, indeed!

ematics. I truly missed Bennington at the beginning of my UCSB years, but that longing was softened when I met my future husband, Terry Gannon, UCSB's top electrical engineering undergraduate student.

Our life together (married for 49 years in June 2017) is still an adventure: supporting one another during grad school years (MSEE for me, PhD for Terry), Air Force (four years during the Vietnam era), lots of backpacking in the Sierras, high-tech careers for both of us, and nearly two decades (since "retiring") of very active volunteering with Child Advocates, several educational organizations (including eight years

Laurie Rohde Godfrey

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When I arrived at Bennington, I knew I was interested in biological anthropology; I thought I would study human evolution—a topic that interested me since I was 10 years old and read Louis Leakey's book called *Adam's Ancestors* that my mother brought into our house. I came to Bennington as a science enthusiast, taking courses in embryology and comparative anatomy in my freshman year. The courses were great, but I soon ran out of courses to take, as Bennington at that time had very few scientists, and no geologists. I transferred to Tufts University in my junior year where I majored in biology and geology. I loved it. After graduating, I entered the biological anthropology graduate program at Harvard University, where I truly began fulfilling my dreams. Sometime in the ensuing several years, I became interested in the giant fossil lemurs of Madagascar, and they became my new

passion. I've been working in Madagascar since the early 1970s, exploring Madagascar's phenomenal extinct lemurs and associated fauna. While I am now retired from teaching at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, I still work in Madagascar. My latest project involves fossils found under water in the flooded caves of southwest Madagascar.

I must add a shout-out to my wonderful husband, Paul Godfrey (who, as a leader in the field of acid rain research, shares my love for everything biological), my two children (my pride and joy), Darren and Mollie, and my six grandchildren, the oldest of whom is in his junior year of college. His passion is in 3-D computer game design; I remember him sitting in front of a computer as a toddler in diapers (I blame my son, whose own interest in computer graphics seems to have



Photos taken 1970 - 2016



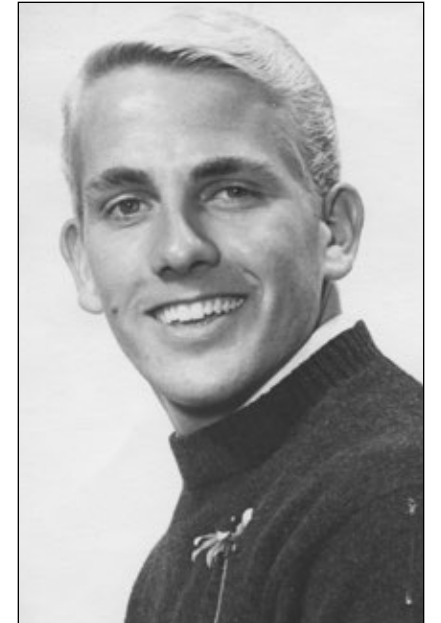
inspired his son). My daughter developed an interest in literature at an early age, and a passion for African American literature in graduate school; she now teaches in the English Department at James Madison University, continuing a long tradition in our family that began with my mother, now 92, a retired sociologist/gerontologist. That tradition is that the women in my family love school so much that they never stop! They persist!

The next shout-out goes to all my students and colleagues, but especially my Malagasy students and colleagues who have become family to us... I love you guys!



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Blessings and heartaches of people we embrace:

Linda Gould Abtalion invited me to her home in Rye, New York. A big-hearted family! My first Grand Central train and chauffeured limo.

Gretel Ehrlich survived a lightning bolt strike and crawling under a mirror in my choreography. She would share her poems with Carla Maxwell and me at the end of the wall on the Commons.

Elizabeth Frank, a great art historian now and an inspiration then! She helped with my studies under Peter Stroud, faculty art historian. I recall her being always impeccably tailored and positive.

Kathleen Haynes (at my invitation) filled my position on the dance faculty at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale when I went to Hampshire College as a guest artist. Upon my return, I found all in order on campus with positive student support.

Mary Tolbert Matheny was assigned to create a duet with me by the dance faculty...it was a "Mutt and Jeff" disaster. While wearing ballet pointe shoes she accidentally stepped on one of my testicles; I was hospitalized for two weeks.

Carla Maxwell. I created a duet for us and we showed it in the dance studio showings. We share theatre and dance, and dine together at the Yale Club when I am in NYC. She is a rock and a star for José Limón!

Kathryn Posin. Thirty years later, Kathryn admitted parking her bicycle under the windows by my bed and climbing up vines covering two stories of Jennings Manor to connect with David Krohn. The mystery leaves in my bed finally revealed.

Aleta Wallach. We laughed and joked daily. When a stuffy faculty teacher chastised us for our laughter during lunch, Aleta responded: "Would you prefer that Lonny and I cried and screamed and complained? This is joyous noise we are making!" How could one not adore such a quick, witty respondent as Aleta? One day she disappeared from campus. Read and then contact me. Exit smiling and laughing!

Moss Cohen, a truly handsome and focused dancer, joined the Martha Graham Dance Company. I would watch him move and learn more about phrasing. Moss with Martha came to Madison and we dined.

Clyde Morgan, another one of the male dance majors, came to the University of Wisconsin to replace me while I was abroad. He was invited without my knowledge or input. When I returned all was havoc as I was locked out of my office and the students were in a political, stirred-up dither.

Holland Taylor, gifted, attractive, her take of Texas Governor Ann Richards was a classic portrayal of Ann.

Elizabeth Zimmer evolved as a dance writer, and our paths crossed at dance and critics gatherings over the years.

Sir Anthony Caro made fascinating, rhythmic, durable, bursting-with-energy sculptures with which he allowed me to improvise. One night after darkness, he heard my haunted cries in a meadow by a pond. He found and lifted my limp body into his steel arms and carried me to my room in Jennings Manor. He said softly: “keep going forward...do not look back...your talents propel to protect you.”

Stephen Sandy was also on a Fulbright in Japan with me in 1967. He wrote several poems that accompanied my solos. Later he joined the Bennington faculty.

Josef Whitman played the piano with a heartbeat for dance. He singled me out on a bright May '64 day, sat with me in a field, and talked about my taking leave. Joseph stated I was the only student/person to speak with William Bales concerning his vicious critiques. True! I did after observing three classmates dissolve into tears. In saved letters home to Texas, I found the direct quotes of these criticisms recorded.

William Bales helped in ways he did not intend. I learned a kind of professor and professional not to become. Paths crossed with Mr. Bales numerous times and he always tried to walk faster or look the other way. I always greeted him. He never responded.

I was in the Bennington College bookstore when the assassination of Kennedy was announced and in Cuba as the island silenced for Fidel Castro passing. Every time I traveled to Asia a member of my family passed. Bennington is the only place I've been asked if our family owned slaves. We did not.

In our family historic storage facility, I searched for all the materials my mother Ruth had saved. Finding a chest marked Lonny/Bennington was a revelation as my letters and written papers were saved.

In poetry class with Ben Belitt, I wrote a book of poetry and his handwritten notes are all over the pages. He liked my use of words and rhythms. He advised me to find a career in writing for when the body would not continue to dance. Professor Belitt came to see me perform over winter break in NYC and took me for a meal.

I have been writing about many arts and life-related experiences in my private journals. This month, March 2017, Japanese Art



Radiant Shaman



Radiant Shaman

The finest was that my foster father had never been to NYC. He booked a round-trip flight, purchased a ticket, and saw the performance. As I was bowing I noted his tall frame and his always light-colored Stetson hat. I rushed out of the back exit to the front entrance and saw him hailing a cab as I called out: “Poppy, Poppy!” Later, I called home to Texas and we spoke briefly about why he did not tell me he was coming to NYC. His slow drawl responded, “I did not want you to be nervous. You have a great talent. I totally support you studying dance and the arts. Your mother is crazy! You should not be a petroleum engineer!” and he hung up.

Later, I was summoned to my dressing room door and there stood Martha Graham. She touched my shoulders with both of her hands and stated, “Now you have learned to point your foot, foot, feet!” and vanished into the hallway.

During the ensuing 50-plus years, I have advised several individuals to apply to Bennington. Two were accepted, and Mara Purl is now world published. Two literate daughters and one son blessed my life. My training at Bennington in writing for all classes, with the corrections and feedback of my teachers, influenced my red pen responses and corrections for my students.

My career narrative may be found through a google search of my name / career narrative.

Texas hugs,

Lonny

Society of America in the magazine, Impressions, edited by Julia Meech, published more than 29 pages from 1979 and included stunning photos. Time and youth and mind captured into perpetuity.

Peter Stroud in his evaluation of a paper about Piet Mondrian also suggested that I consider writing about the fine arts.

With a psychology term paper called “A Pig’s Snout and the Human Mind,” I found notes written by Louis Carini about my future as a writer and analytical thinker.

Kazuko Hirabayashi was a guest on the dance faculty in the fall of 1963, and she invited me to join with her company in NYC premiere performances over winter break. An experience of many ramifications.



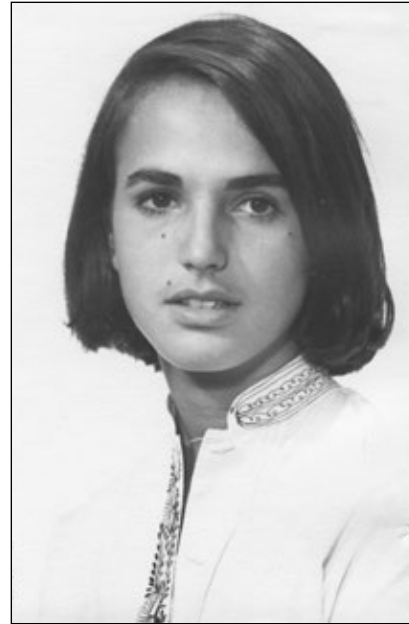
Radiant Shaman

Ellen Glick Hamer

After graduation, I worked in New York in the advertising business representing commercial photographers. In 1975, I fulfilled a longstanding goal to move to Los Angeles to enter the film and television industry. I worked in PR and personal management before becoming a literary agent representing mostly writers and directors. I then went into the creative end, working at production companies (including Dick Clark's), developing mostly television movies and series. Finally in 1993, I decided to leave the business and I moved to Ashland, Oregon in southern Oregon where I met and soon married my wonderful husband Julian.

And in the way of "family notes," one of the fun and wonderful anecdotes about my time at Bennington is that in the second half of freshman year, my roommates and I moved into the "apartment" in Booth house. There I soon met Vivian Bachrach, a senior who I decided I wanted to have as my "big sister." Well as fate would have it, she has been my sister-in-law, married to my older brother Bob, for 48 years!

I have attached two photos: one of Julian and I, and the other, me on my first day arriving at Bennington. You can be sure I never wore any of those clothes again!



Ellen on her first day arriving at Bennington



Ellen and Julian

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In the fall of 1963 I came to Bennington as the only freshman from Texas who had no idea of the extent of the adventure I had chosen. I went through a little culture shock in the first semester but then learned to love it and could not conceive of going to college anywhere else. I found myself among the smartest young females I had ever been exposed to, which was very sobering. As I told my friends and family later, in my Texas public high school I was afraid to raise my hand in class because girls were not supposed to be smarter than boys. At Bennington I was afraid to raise my hand in class because the Bennington girls were so much smarter than I was.

I am indebted to Bennington for teaching me tolerance, empathy, humility, intellectual curiosity, creativity, the ability to approach issues from many sides, the capacity to never give up on something think is worthwhile, and the desire to keep an open mind (although I am not always successful at the last one). Each year I am away from Bennington I appreciate it more.

I made wonderful friendships at Bennington and still keep in touch regularly with members from my class, especially Carolyn Heimburger Gannon, Beebo Rantoul Turman, Dori Pavelle Feiszli, Liebe Clark Nigro, and Gretchen Sloate Garrett from the class of 1970. I also enjoy reading about my various classmates who have become famous writers, artists, dancers, and so on. For me Bennington was such a special place that allowed me to grow as a human being both intellectually and personally.



After Bennington I taught high school Spanish and French and continued to go to graduate schools, getting a master's at Columbia Teachers College in Spanish and French, a master's in linguistics from Ohio State University, and finally a PhD in linguistics from Georgetown University. I taught for a total of 42 years. My latest university job was teaching Spanish and linguistics for 24 years at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois. I retired in 2014 and now spend my time traveling and taking Italian courses at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign. I presently live with my four cats and am still enjoying euphoria in Peoria.



Shelley Herman

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After majoring in painting and sculpture, I aspired to be the best woman painter since Helen Frankenthaler. I worked for a year in New York, and then got an assistantship at Bucknell University (non-degree program) in the art department. After my father died in 1969, I returned to New Jersey and fell into a job as the Muppet secretary, and my path changed. I found a way to make a living! After two years with Jim Henson, I migrated to Sesame Street, where I learned production, and the skills I still use today as a script supervisor in television.

A year after I moved to Los Angeles (1975) to get into feature film production, I met my beloved, Ken Wheat, at a job interview at MGM studios.



Shelley Herman and Ken Wheat with Caro Sculpture, Venice 2015

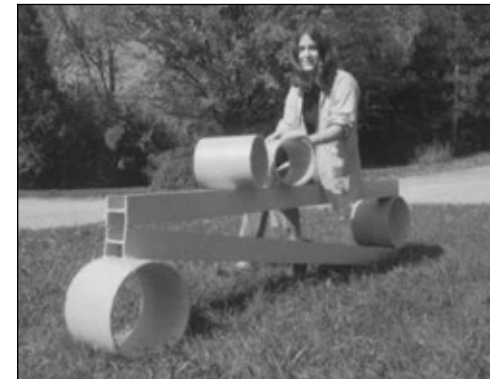
The movie didn't get made, but we've been together for 40 years. Both of us have been "in the business," as they say—he as a writer/director in features and television, and I mostly working in television (we co-produced a feature in the mid-1980s). He's semi-retired now, but I'm still working freelance, mostly in sitcoms, dreaming of retirement so I can devote myself to my jewelry business.

After a long hiatus, I started painting again in 1987 and remembered why it felt so good. I was blessed to have great teachers at Bennington in the mid-1960s, among them Jules Olitski, Anthony Caro, Paul Feeley, Isaac Witkin, Bob Cronin, and Mike Todd. I'm still in touch with Cronin and Todd. I had a couple of shows in New York around 2000, but was continually frustrated by the politics of the art world. I still have a studio in downtown Los Angeles, but I gradually stopped painting and started designing and making jewelry. All of my experience as an abstract painter made the process feel very natural. I've described my jewelry work as painting with stones.

I've lost a couple of my closest Bennington friends: my soul-mate and former roommate Marcia Green Gardère and Joyce Keener. I'm still in touch with Linda Gould Abtalion and see her every time I'm in New York to sell my jewelry! And Ellen Glick Hamer, who



Shelley Herman and Marcia Green Gardère in Plymouth MA 2006



Shelley in 1965 in front of sculpture project - first welded steel piece



Shelley Herman and Ken Wheat, France 2014

was part of my LA circle for many years. I also see Barbara Matthews Spar Furstenberg when she visits her family out here. It's hard to believe we all arrived nearly 50 years ago as young bohemians... Going to Bennington had been my goal throughout high school, and I'm still so grateful for the impact the College had on all aspects of my life—particularly my artistic life. I'm proud to say I have a very active and fulfilling creative life at 70-plus, not exactly what I imagined but very satisfying.



Shelley Herman, LA Fashion Week, 2016

Ken and I take a big trip once a year—for many years to the same house in southern France. We switched to Italy for my 70th birthday trip; I wanted to awaken in Venice on my birthday and to see the Caro sculptures at the Peggy Guggenheim Museum (see photo). I was Caro's studio assistant in 1965 and think I might've painted the sculpture in that picture! After being hardcore Francophiles for more than 20 years, we fell in love with Italy and are planning a month-long trip this spring.

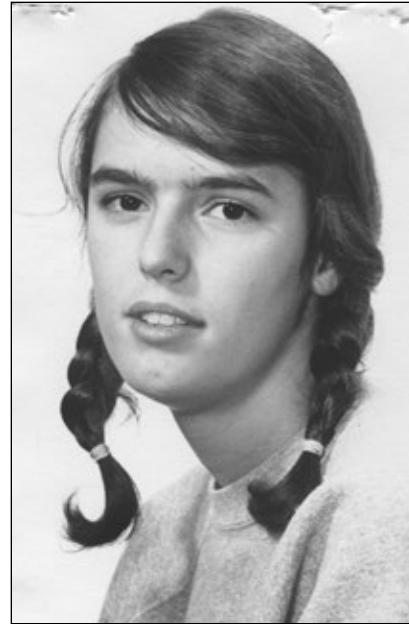
Bennington has informed my attitude toward life, both consciously and unconsciously, since I arrived in the fall of 1963. I'm eternally grateful. Once a Bennington girl, always a Bennington girl!

Victoria Houston

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Bennington College, even though I didn't finish, has changed my life in startling ways. For me, at 18, arriving at Bennington on a full scholarship was landing in a universe vastly different from the small northern Wisconsin town where I grew up: the oldest of eight, daughter of a dentist, and self-styled rebel ironing her long hair in an effort to channel Joan Baez.

The first shock I experienced was visual. Growing up the only fine art I had ever seen was paintings and sculptures of fish, ducks, deer, and bear. You can imagine my confusion on seeing the dots, stripes, splashes, and abstract steel geometrics by artists like Noland, Olitski, Frankenthaler, and David Smith. But I decided the moment I saw their art to explore what it was about and why it moved me. In the years ahead I would study Chinese brush painting and Japanese Ukiyo-e as well as take studio art courses in varied media. By 1974, I was writing art criticism for *The Kansas City Star* and *ARTnews* magazine. If not for Bennington I never would have discovered one of the great pleasures of my life: seeing beyond those fish, ducks, deer, and bear.



The next shock occurred walking into my freshman lit class, which was taught by Bernard Malamud. I remember sitting down next to a girl who looked me up and down before demanding, "So, where have you been published?" Having not even been published in my hometown's "Daily Snooze," I was flummoxed but countered with "Where have you been published?" "The New Yorker." That took care of any literary pretensions I had even as I'd won awards and had an aptitude (I thought) for writing.

Later that year my literary future was determined by another experience that was mortifying at the moment. Ann Schlabach, my philosophy teacher, criticized a paper I had turned in. "It's written okay," she said, "but all you did was regurgitate the research you did. I don't want that. I want your ideas, your take on what you've learned. So go back to your room, throw all those notecards on the floor, and start over. Do not look at a single notecard until you're done." So I did and working that way changed me forever.

Today I make a living as a writer of regional mysteries. Since I left

Bennington and although I've never earned a degree, I have published 24 books: 7 nonfiction and 17 mysteries. I am currently starting the 18th book in my Loon Lake Mystery series.

How do I work? While researching a book, I keep notes and clips in a sketchbook. When ready to write, I figuratively throw that sketchbook on the floor and get started. Nine months later: I have a book. Thank you, Miss Schlabach!

And three more times Bennington has figured in my life in fortuitous ways: The first was my second marriage to Brant Houston '76 whom I met at one of the Bennington alumni weekends. The second was having the privilege of excellent legal advice from Bennington grad David Smallman '76 during my career in book publishing. And the third was when I finished the manuscript for my first mystery; I'd sent it to my agent with an apology thinking no editor would be looking for a book set in northern Wisconsin against a background of fishing. But one was: Sara Carder '92, a Bennington grad and an acquiring editor at Berkley Prime Crime. She had been actively looking for a series set around fishing. Who'd a thunk! So my agent and I got a three-book contract and the rest is history.

And so Bennington College has figured in my life more than you might expect for a girl who spent only two years there and will never regret it.



Victoria with youngest son, Ryan Melcher, taken in the Santa Cruz Mountains



Victoria in the trout stream

Ingrid Hughes

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During the short time I was at Bennington, the course that meant the most to me was Language and Literature with Bernard Malamud. I still have the papers I wrote for Mr. Malamud, as we called him, and have felt good whenever I've reread his enthusiastic comments. Unfortunately, I didn't have the focus or discipline to take advantage of what Bennington had to offer and left after three semesters. What stays with me of my experience is the beauty of the campus and memories of my friends there: Susan Kaufman, Jenny Fincke, and Lisa Marshall.

As it happened, by the time I was 20 I was married to Arthur Hughes and had a baby, my daughter, Stasha, soon to be followed by another. Arthur and I lived in Manhattan through the tumultuous years of the war, while I went back to school to get a BA in English at Columbia's School of General Studies. After we separated, I got an MA in Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages at Hunter College and taught English language and literature to immigrants and native New Yorkers on several campuses in the City University system, meeting many extraordinary students and teachers during that time. I also did a lot of organizing of part-timers in the faculty union at CUNY and served as an officer in the union.

Very sadly, my son Aaron, after a brilliant start, was hit by schizophrenia and eventually took his own life. After my retirement from teaching in 2011, I was able to write about him. That book, *Losing Aaron*, was published in 2016 and is available from Amazon. With my husband, Jay Klokker, I live in the Hudson Valley, where I'm active in a peace group, Women in Black. I'm very happy because my daughter, her husband, and their daughter live almost next door.



Me and my son Aaron, and in front, my daughter Stasha and my first husband, Arthur Hughes



Me and Jay Klokker on our favorite mountain in Maine, Great Pond Mountain, in East Orland



Me in Prospect Park

Lisa J. Marshall

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Ah, Bennington. I dragged both my girls there when it came time to apply for college, and they both applied. Got in and then didn't go. "I'm not a 'self-directed learner,' Mom, you are," said my older one. So true. I still remember dragging a huge box of notecards from three months at the Library of Congress into Rush Welter's office after NRT to ask "now what do I do with them?" "You decide what they mean and write it up." I decide?!? I decide!!! O.M.G. The freedom and responsibility of that has stayed with me for 50 years.

I was recruited by Marilyn Lowen and went to Mississippi to teach in a Headstart program in 1965, between my sophomore and junior years. Hanging out with a bunch of slightly younger black kids in a community center in Mileston, Mississippi that summer, I made a joke about draining the Mississippi River. "Maybe they'd find my uncle," said one kid. "Maybe they'd find my cousin," said another. "Maybe they'd find my neighbor," said a third. Twelve kids, and they all knew someone who had simply disappeared. I've understood ever since that this country is an idea, a promise, but not a reality. And that it would take very hard work to make that promise a reality, as we are seeing so painfully these days. We have yet to make black lives matter.

After college I worked with a street gang in North Philly that had been part of an interesting filmmaking experiment and ended up spending more than a decade as a documentary and educational filmmaker. (Turned out I was good at getting people to tell me their stories.) Spent the last five years at the Legal Service Corporation, working on materials to educate communities about basic rights.

I lived communally in DC for most of that time, which certainly made me a better person. It all fell apart around the time my friends were all ending their first marriages, which seemed appropriate. I retreated to an old high school friend's farm a year after his first marriage had ended, and one thing led to another...that was 40 years ago. He had two daughters by his first marriage, and we had two more. What hard work (especially step-parenting), what gifts!

I took a couple of years off for each kid, and then returned to work, at a company that was built on the idea that technical professionals need to learn the so-called "soft skills" in order to be effective, something I knew from my work as a filmmaker. It was a fabulous opportunity to learn—about how minds/brains and bodies work, about business, about corporate life (better to be an observer than inside!), about leadership, and about how important stories are. In '99 I left and transitioned from trainer to full-time executive coaching, which I've done now for almost 20 years and still love doing. Not only do people tell me their stories, we get to rewrite them and make them better!



My senior thesis at Bennington was nearly 300 pages in rough draft. I left thinking well, I know how to do that; I don't have to get another degree to learn it. Normal academic life had no appeal, but I have written a couple of books over the years and value those experiences highly—another rich opportunity to decide what I think! Nowadays, I'm mostly writing poetry, although hoping to do a book on implicit bias with a colleague sometime this year.

Twelve years ago, the bank where my spousal unit was working got bought and we decided to move from DC to central Pennsylvania, where I had spent the happiest parts of my childhood. We moved into my parents' second home, thinking we'd look for land and build a place of our own, but then kids started returning, and kids started having kids, and having a rambling six-bedroom place began to make more sense. And it turned out that there was an awesome community of artists and musicians hiding out in these old hills. Today, my oldest lives a mile away, and we babysit while she sees massage clients in one of those six bedrooms. The youngest lives closer to Pittsburgh and is a lawyer who passed two bar exams in one year so

that she can fight fracking. My girls are awesome: I am humble in the face of what they do to heal the planet. All told, we now have five grandsons, a bit of a shock for someone who was raised by a female chauvinist, was one of three sisters, and raised four girls! But we adjust and learn.

So my husband fixes computers and is starting a low-power FM community radio station. I work about 10 to 12 hours every other week, serve on three boards, garden as intensively as one can on a shale-ly hillside, and we tag-team the youngest grandson about 15 hours a week. (He's 20 months; it's unclear how much longer we can keep this up!) My life is rich and full and blessed, and I am very frightened for the future of this country, this idea, this dream, this promise. We face rough times ahead. I love Clarissa Pinkola Estes's notion that "we were made for these times." It will take everything we learned at Bennington and afterward to keep this ship sailing safely.

PS. I mourn the loss of Cecelia Marina Mercedes Llerena Guiu Searle, my senior year roommate in the apartment in Kilpatrick, quirky, brilliant, and the first woman registered landscape architect in the state of Massachusetts. Ceil was a gifted artist and created beautiful spaces and an amazing family.

Mary Tolbert Matheny

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Having grown up at St. John's College in Annapolis, where my father taught, I knew I wanted to attend a similarly small, liberal-arts college. I applied to several, but Bennington was already my first choice. I had visited my sister, Linda ('64), at Bennington several times. I had sat in on engaging classes, enjoyed Linda's friends, loved the sweeping Commons lawn and the mountains beyond—and chocolate mousse at The Rainbarrel.

English had always been my favorite, and strongest, subject in school. I had, since childhood, been learning grammar, usage, syntax, and punctuation, primarily from my English-language-maven father. I had always loved to read and to write. Everyone, including me, assumed I would major in language and literature at Bennington. (Stay tuned: I didn't.) Continuing at Bennington subjects I had enjoyed elsewhere for years: I took classes in Lang & Lit, French, and dance every year. I took a year each of piano, music composition, and theater. Less predictably: I took as many courses in psychology and philosophy as I did in Lang & Lit. And having rarely enjoyed science courses before college, I was captivated by Bob Woodworth's human biology and botany courses.

I have always been endlessly interested in children. Thanks to Lou Carini's classes, and time spent at The Prospect School (co-founded by Pat Carini), I happily immersed myself in studying children's cognitive development—especially the relationship between language and thought in young children. That relationship was the subject of my senior thesis. Hence, my unexpected major in social science.

Some cherished people and experiences at Bennington: I lived in Franklin. I was lucky to have Sheila Kiley as my roommate for our first two years. Although our backgrounds and interests differed, we enjoyed each other and became good friends. Other close friends were Pam Acheson, Kathleen Norris, Sherri Zync, Marilyn Sibley, Robin Childs, Kitty Fisk, Vicky Kirsch, Barbara Gioseffi, and too many others to list here.

I remember taking my typewriter outside on beautiful days, sitting on the grass to type papers on Gerard Manley Hopkins, Heraclitus, Piaget, Dante;

Ben Belitt's penciled checkmarks and marginal comments throughout every paper of mine that he was returning—showing how closely he had read it and how he had reacted to a phrase or idea I'd written;

Sheila's wonderful dog, Cooper, that lived with us for a while;

walking through the birches, past the pond and croaking frogs, on my way to Jennings; amazing FOOD—especially Sunday dinners;



Mary with son Jason and his family

and yes, still those chocolate mousses at The Rainbarrel. Almost every one of my teachers at Bennington was extraordinary. My favorites were Ben Belitt (whose Poetry and the Imaginative Process was the best course I ever had on any subject, anywhere), Lou Carini, Anne Schlabach, Claude Fredericks, Bob Woodworth, and the dance faculty. All my NRTs were fascinating—the first two teaching children, the second two at a children's diagnostic clinic at NIH. At NIH I worked primarily with staff psychologist Adam Matheny. Watching him [through a one-way window/mirror] test children and counsel their parents, I admired and learned from him. I knew nothing about him personally, only that he was exceptionally good at his job. I returned to that clinic, on an NSF grant, the following summer. During that summer Adam and I began seeing each other socially, then romantically. (Although Adam was never my direct supervisor, we nevertheless chose not to let anyone at the clinic know we were seeing each other outside the clinic.) In the fall of my senior year, we became engaged.

The director of the NIH clinic invited me to return for a second NRT. At the end of it, Adam and I told a few close friends at NIH about our engagement.

After Bennington: Adam and I were married a week after my graduation from Bennington. Sheila Kiley was a bridesmaid. Kitty Fisk came, and Kathy Norris sent leis from Hawaii. Adam and I soon moved to Louisville, Kentucky, where Adam had accepted (after lengthy discussions with me, given postgrad plans of my own I'd originally had) a faculty position in the University of Louisville Medical School's Department of Pediatrics.

Life in Louisville was good: Our daughter, Laura, was born in 1969, and our son, Jason, in 1974. During 23 years of happy marriage we watched our children grow into kind, gifted, interesting, witty, and accomplished adults. Both Adam and I were personally and professionally happy. We also traveled a lot, including numerous trips to Europe, where Adam was often invited to present papers at conferences.

Adam and I were a perfect match in virtually every respect. But one persisting fault line eventually overcame our ability to remain good for each other as a married couple. We did a caring job of separation and divorce in 1995 and remained close friends—talking, exchanging birthday and Christmas



Daughter Laura with son Ryan, and Husband, Dan

gifts, getting together with the children and (later) their families, and spending hours together when (after moving to Baltimore in 1996) I was in Louisville every fall. Neither of us ever remarried.

Adam died in 2014—remarkably, during the one week I’m always in Louisville. We shared some precious time in the ICU. He died the next day. I will always miss him. Other recent “downs”: For me, “finding” a job had usually consisted of an employer’s calling me saying, “Something’s come up that I’d like to talk with you about.” But after being deputy director of communication for the Governor’s Office of Smart Growth from 2001 to its dismantling by an incoming (Republican) governor in 2003, I could not find another job anywhere. After two years of trying, I had to retire early by default.

In the past 20 years I have had breast cancer, developed several heart abnormalities, and had knee surgery. And in 2016, I was in a multicar collision on I-95 that totaled my car and fractured my sternum. (Seven months later, having been told recovery could take “as long as” two weeks, I have recovered.)



Mary with Adam & Jason at Laura’s wedding (1998)

And the results of the 2016 election(s) represent a catastrophic PLUNGE for us all.

As for “Bennington’s influence on my direction in life”: I have often said that my professional life either suggests that I am a dilettante or serves as a billboard for liberal-arts education. I laugh whenever I hear or read the phrase “career PATH.” Mine has been more like a Cirque du Soleil performance, with seven distinct careers and me leaping fearlessly from one to the next. For only the first career (teaching) did I have any credentials. The rest—researching topics for a PBS news-analysis program, fundraising for nonprofits, directing the Louisville/Jefferson County Democratic Party, managing operations and special projects for the City of Louisville’s urban planning & design agency, directing a nonprofit’s efforts to correct policy inequities in the Baltimore metro region, and promoting “Smart Growth” for the State of Maryland—I had known next to nothing about before taking the job. But I always believed that I could learn what I needed to know and do a good job. I did, every time. And every position required enormous amounts of writing. (Thanks, Bennington.)

I now do contractual writing and editing. I also continue to do lots of volunteering—in every major campaign, on organizations’ boards, and in tutoring programs.

Adam used to say, “You may not know everything about a given subject, but you always ask the best questions in the room.” (Thanks, Bennington.)



Mary in 2013

I was aware, as a student, of the great privilege it was to spend four years being exposed to a wealth of ideas, questions, books, skills, and arts—taught by some of the most gifted faculty anywhere and able to do the best thinking and writing I’d ever done. Fifty years later, I continue to see, use, and appreciate Bennington’s gifts to me.

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My primary interests while attending Bennington were math, science (especially physics), and women in STEM fields. Going to an all-women's college and having the non-resident term experiences made important contributions to my having a successful career in information technology after I graduated.

In my life, marriage and working in a "man's field" bring countless ups and downs, but on the whole I have been extremely well prepared and also fortunate in making choices when I had them. I am happily married to my husband of 46 years (as of November 2016).

I regret that Bennington is not still an all-women's college.



Anne Peplau

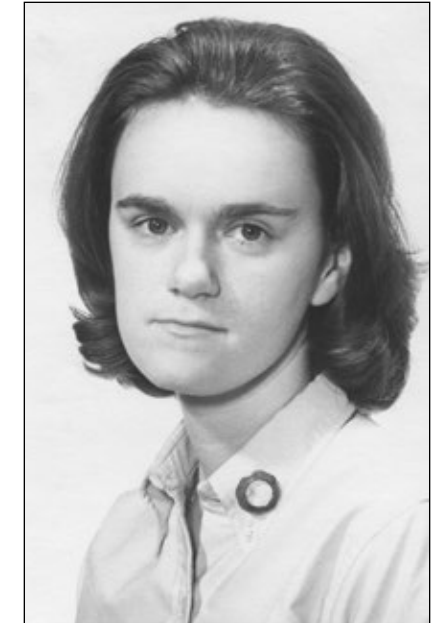
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I spent only one year at Bennington before transferring to Brown University (Pembroke College). Although Bennington was not the right school for me, I have many fond memories of my year in the beautiful hills of Vermont. I was enormously fortunate to have a wonderful roommate, Pamela Acheson. My ability to write was greatly enhanced by Catherine Foster's outstanding English course. I was challenged by advanced French literature courses and reading long Stendahl novels in the original (not knowing they were available in English translation). An internship at the NYC public library during winter session was my first introduction to employment.

At Brown University, I initially majored in French and spent my junior year in Paris, where I learned that college is a lot more fun if you don't study very hard. During vacations, I traveled a lot, including the Soviet Union, East Berlin, Poland, Turkey, and Greece. Back at Brown University, I changed my major to psychology. A course on social psychology hooked me on that field

and led me to graduate school at Harvard. I planned to study race relations but wound up studying dating and marriage, with a focus on how women's changing roles were affecting close relationships. In 1973, I left the East Coast for a faculty position at UCLA, assuming I'd be there for a few years and then return east. But I fell in love, both with the state of California and with Steve Gordon. Steve is a native of Los Angeles, a sociologist and fellow academic. We were married in 1980. Our son David just finished his PhD at the University of California, Santa Barbara working on music composition and digital arts.

In 2006, I underwent treatment for breast cancer and so far I've been cancer-free ever since. I retired from UCLA in 2011 but, reluctant to sever all ties with the university instantly, I have continued to work part time in an administrative role. My research as a social psychologist led me to study not only heterosexual couples but also



Anne and Steve at the Dalmatian Coast



same-sex couples. Because of this research, I had the opportunity to serve as an expert in the Prop 8 “gay marriage” case in California and the Windsor case that led the Supreme Court to end the Defense of Marriage Act in 2010. It was quite fascinating to work with talented attorneys and to see social science research used in high-profile legal cases.

My life in California has been remarkably stable with the same job, husband, and home for decades. Perhaps as a counterbalance, I truly love traveling and seeing the world with recent trips to Borneo, Laos, Morocco, Argentina, and Colombia.

I look forward to reading about the lives of my Bennington classmates!

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I transferred to NYU after my sophomore year at Bennington, something that I quickly regretted. I’m afraid that I did not fully appreciate the Bennington experience until I had left. However, the Bennington liberal values have stayed with me.

The Bennington experience influenced my direction in life in the usual way: some boring jobs, some wonderful jobs such as a theatre production on Broadway. I’ve lost loved ones to sudden deaths, Alzheimer’s, et al. I finally met my husband Michel at age 40, which changed my life completely and happily.

I have no children, as Michel and I met late and he already had a son. I now have two granddaughters in Lyon, France and wonderful extended French family. The past has been wonderful, despite bumps on the road. The present and future, since the 2016 election, has me terrified.

PS. I own a rental villa in St. Barth, if anyone wants to see it at les-petits-pois.com.



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My primary interests were anthropology and psychology, antiwar and civil rights politics, ceramics, black-and-white photography, and being in the countryside and on the back roads of Vermont.

It is difficult to impossible to separate out the national culture of the time and the culture of Bennington on my path in life. My first memory of Bennington is being told at a freshman orientation by a male figure (I'm not sure who) that our job was to get well educated so that we would be good partners to interesting men. There was nothing that I remember about being encouraged to be our best selves for ourselves or for the good of society.

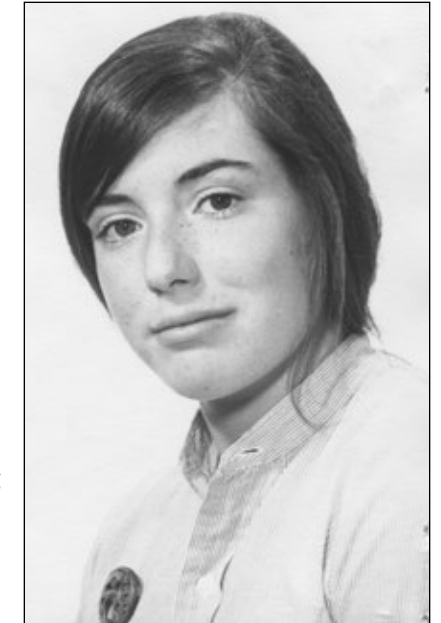
Another prominent memory is the number of male faculty who had ongoing affairs with classmates. At a women's college I had one woman teacher, I think—and she was not a positive role model. It was a time of political activism, but one had to go down to Williams College to be engaged in that way.

My awareness and passion for understanding cultures of the world, which I'd had since childhood, was further stimulated by work in my anthropology major and Work Terms spent at Harvard Human Relations Area Files. My creativity at the time was in the area of woodcarving, weaving, black-and-white photography, and baroque recorder playing. None of which were recognized or encouraged as legitimate art forms at the school at the time, but which I nonetheless continued on my own.

I've had a wonderful life with really very little adversity. I earned three graduate degrees after Bennington: MS in early childhood education, MPH in community mental health, and EdD in counseling. There was an unwanted divorce after 25 years, and we had two terrific kids who are a joy to me. I remarried at 65 to a man who also had a grown son, so we now have between us four grandkids/babies. I've had a varied and stimulating career combining teaching (kindergarten through grad school) and a part-time private counseling practice that I continue still at 70. I continue to exercise and practice yoga steadily, ski, and hike quite a bit. I play with a recorder consort (Facebook: Backyard Recorder Consort), knit and crochet, am still active politically, especially since the debacle of this past fall. There were two amazing adventures in my 60s: going around the world two times with 600 undergrads and a wonderful faculty and staff while working for Semester at Sea.

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A few memories of my two years at Bennington:

I arrived wearing a tailored wool suit, which I didn't put on again. Right away I learned that there were no organized sports teams on campus. No problem; dance classes were required for drama students.

Bennington was a rich environment for experiencing the arts close up. Being taught by practicing artists was a privilege. Now, 50 years later, I realize how wonderful that was. Sculptor Anthony Caro described his artistic passion as he instructed us. Stanley Rosen taught ceramics by showing rather than using words. I modeled once for Jules Olitski's drawing class where he described the "sensitive" line.

I have fond memories of drama class, acting out inanimate objects. I was a trash can with lid and foot pedal, which I can still do.

We had lectures from prominent people in the art world, Clement Greenburg and David Smith to name two.

I also worked as a waitress in the College dining hall, wearing starched green uniforms that had to be pulled apart to get into. A highlight was a dinner before winter break when we marched out carrying flaming baked Alaska created by Chef O'Brien.



I have been enjoying the discipline of Ikebana for over 15 years.

I met lifelong friends. Taking study breaks, we would walk through the woods to North Bennington for ice cream. Fond memories of going to the Rainbarrel and having trout almondine.

I married Ben Stafford in 1970 and have lived in southern California for more than 46 years. We have two sons and a grandson. Ben retired from his private medical practice a year ago, so we have time to travel and spend time with family and friends.

I feel fortunate that I had that time at Bennington.

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My life at Bennington essentially prefigured what was to come over the succeeding 50 years—work divided between studio art and literary matters, along with a sorry waste of gifts as I squandered the abundant resources and privilege I was allotted. I never seemed to master—or even touch into—many basic zones of human life on earth, so I have little worth recounting here of fruits of love, work/creation, or realization.

Perhaps more reportable is my life's surprising Zelig-ian aspect. (No similarity with the movie's fictional character's chameleon abilities, rather to his life's being uncommonly populated by The Famous.)

Before I reached Bennington, it was already happening: Eleanor Roosevelt had treated me to ice cream; I had a lively correspondence with Ben Shahn; and, due to my having published a slight piece in *The New Yorker* while in high school, by 1962 I was regularly lunching at The Algonquin with luminaries. My only blind date? 1963, with Bob Dylan.

My freshman NRT was an internship with Erich Fromm. Another NRT, in Cambridge, Andy Warhol and entourage, God knows how or why, showed up at the one party I've ever thrown. (Later, back in NYC, at Andy's Factory, I met sculptor John Chamberlain, who offered me a massage that, due to his penchant for crashed-car and exuberantly twisted metal sculptures, it sadly felt life-savingly necessary to decline.) On the Vineyard one summer, Debbie Langman '67 arranged for us to pop over to Thomas Hart Benton's home, where we visited with the painter I'd learned about in elementary school.

After school, in London, a man I randomly was seated next to at a concert wound up offering me a job editing BBC publications, and a second one painting op-artist Bridget Riley's draft mockups as her studio assistant—both of which I snapped up. (Years later at an exhibition of contemporary British art at MoMA with my mother, I was startled to see on the gallery wall a canvas that I'd painted!) Happily I was able to return the favor later when I facilitated his hiring as art director of *Esquire* magazine, where I'd been an editor.

At a small black-tie opening of a quiet, atypically non-blockbuster show, black-and-white Italian Drawings from the Louvre Collection, that I attended at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the others present seemed to mostly be over the age of 80—except for John Lennon (with May Pang in tow, so it was during that period of his life) and Mick and Bianca Jagger—the four of whom I wound up hanging out with. (As it happened, we were the only ones not in black tie.) I remember how odd it felt to apparently be the only person in the room to know who they were! As I was leaving, I passed Tom Hoving just arriving, pausing in the hallway for a word with Maxime de la Falaise McKendry (wife of the curator who organized the show, an exotic figure in her own right; see wikipedia.org).

I heard her coyly brag to Mr. Hoving, “Did you see who I brought? Mick and Bianca and John and Yoko [sic]! But they already left.” “Oh shit,” Mr. Hoving thundered. (Ms. McKendry lost big points with me for not being able to tell the difference between an upbeat young Chinese American girl supposedly her guest and a middle-age Japanese woman whose iconic face was everywhere.)

It kept happening. Encountering André Gregory at Caffè SanAmbroeuus around the corner from my Manhattan rent-controlled flat (and the Institute of Fine Arts, where I worked throughout the 70s) resulted in “My (4-hour) Coffee with André.”

By chance in south India, a private meeting with HH the 14th Dalai Lama. We wound up speaking for the better part of an hour. He invited me to visit him in Dharamsala later on my trip so that we could continue, but I took ill and had to leave India to see a doctor in England (legendary Gurdjieffian physician Shyam Singha). Then years later a reunion with the Dalai Lama at a monastery in New Jersey, by our design.

A series of personal encounters and connections with other diverse spiritual leaders (including Ram Dass, Irina Tweedie, Roshi Joan Halifax, and Yogi Amrit Desai, for whom I was installed at his ashram for five years as “muse”).

Meeting the Obamas (when my companion was declared a hero in 2011)! Michelle was a teen-whisperer, transforming our goddaughter's recalcitrance at having had to miss soccer practice in order to meet the president, into her attentive presence. The president was a healer too, calming unspoken fears I arrived with, in an affecting intuitive way. As our visit unfolded, they both proved to be remarkable beings; it was true grace to experience up close.

A few snapshots: Talking with Big Bird (Caroll Spinney), who had removed the feathered head-and-body of the puppet he inhabits on camera, who was sitting with me therefore in his business shirt over striped legs and big stuffed feet, tears running down his face when he brought up his divorce; chatting with Janis Joplin outside the Wolman Skating Rink in Central Park; paparazzo Ron Galella knocking Divine into me as he rushed backward at the Costume Institute ball in order to comply with his restraining order to never be closer than 50 feet to Jackie O, who looked amused; listening while getting a haircut in the chair next to Dr. Ruth; patching wormholes in a 14th-century vellum manuscript and a Tiepolo, as a conservator at the Pierpont Morgan Library; Professor Irwin Corey; Michael Pollan; Philip Glass; John Cage in Santa Fe and NYC; finding myself to be an actual footnote in a book by Louise Bourgeois; Madhur Jaffrey; a very caring Katie Couric; Christiane Amanpour; and so on. Phone messages in Geoffrey Holder's astonishing voice (best known for saying “the UN-cola”), including his addressing me on tape by name: “Hell-o Lau-ra”—the best part its being on voicemail so I could listen to it over and over.

But then again maybe the overall phenomenon is commonplace and I've deluded myself that it's worth mentioning to you. I just happened upon some personal biographical anecdotes of James Lipton (Inside the Actors Studio), including a reference to his having Pilates sessions with Joseph Pilates himself. And my own mother in the 1930s dated the man who would bring origami to America. So, perhaps so much for this being noteworthy circumstance...

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One of the most important aspects of my years at Bennington (1963–1967, BA; 1968–1969 MFA) was the chance to study with a number of outstanding artist-teachers including Stanley Rosen, Pat Adams, Anthony Caro, and Vincent Longo. I have been fortunate to remain in regular contact with Stan and Pat—a great source of pleasure to me.

After graduating with an MFA I married Paul Tunick (my sweetheart) in 1969. While he completed his medical training at NYU, I taught ceramics in and around NYC. I also worked on my own projects in painting and ceramics. Our daughter, Anna, was born in 1977, and I experienced the pleasures and challenges of motherhood.

By 1980, I became curious about some of the wonderful, historic buildings in the city. After staring out our windows for long periods, I had a suspicion that the facade of our apartment building, The Gramercy (34 Gramercy Park, 1883) possessed ornament made of fired clay. This “discovery” led to a new passion: the study and preservation of architectural ceramics (both tile and terra cotta).

I learned that a new organization, the Friends of Terra Cotta, had been founded in California in 1981. The organization welcomed me to establish a New York State branch. This has led to efforts to obtain Landmark Designation for a number of remarkable terra-cotta structures in New York. Eventually I became president of the organization, and in 2016, we celebrated our 35th anniversary. My involvement in FOTC led to the publication of several books; the greatest effort went into *Terra Cotta Skyline* (Princeton Architectural Press, 1997, NY). It received several awards including the New York Library Society’s Award for the best book about New York published in 1997.

Along with these volunteer activities, I continued work in the studio and on a number of public and private commissions. Site-specific installations include works



My husband Paul and our daughter Anna Tunick Tabachnik, 2012



Susan in her studio with a piece for a large commission, New Jersey Light Rail, 2003



Bennington friends, Nancy Marshall (left), Susan (middle) and Harriet Moger Watson (right) in front of a ceramic-mosaic and wood sculpture commission, 2012.

for the NYC subway (Parkside and Prospect Park stations, Brooklyn), the School Construction Authority (PS 222, Queens), and the New Jersey Light Rail (Bayonne, NJ). In addition, I have been exhibiting work in galleries throughout the United States. I really enjoy the contrast between quiet work in my studio and active involvement with the preservation community.

In the last 14 years my activities have been somewhat curtailed due to a lack of time—the result of caregiving for my father, mother-in-law, older brother, and my husband Paul. The latter has been the most intense. In 2009, after 42 years in cardiology (research and some private practice), Paul retired at 61. Shortly thereafter he was diagnosed with progressive multiple sclerosis. These past eight years have frequently been difficult and frustrating.

Fortunately, the last five years have been balanced by the joy and surprises of grandparenting. Our daughter Anna and her husband Serge live in Paris and have two wonderful children, Elsa, 5, and Alex, 2. It is impressive to watch them be so comfortable in both English and French. They love to work in clay and Elsa had an opportunity to glaze some of her bisque pieces in my studio this past December. When she returned to Paris, her teachers asked what she did in New York. Everyone was mystified when she proudly said, “glazing!” One unexpected gift has been the pleasure in watching our daughter be such a terrific and creative parent. Observing her evolution in parenting is a truly rewarding aspect of grandparenthood!



Our grandchildren, Elsa (5) and Alex (2) at home in Paris, 2017.



Serge, Anna, Elsa and baby Alex visiting in New York, 2014.

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In the two years I was at Bennington I was very in awe of all the girls who seemed to know what they wanted to do in life. I wasn't at all sure. I was interested in art, but not in the kind that Vincent Longo was doing (12 small squares of different variations of gray). I wanted to learn how to draw. I commuted to Cambridge for many weekends to see a boyfriend, and so was very distracted with my classes. (I barely made it through Van Der Linde's math class and wrote a horrible paper on "Why Reconstruction Failed" for my history class—both teachers were very kind). Bennington gave me the idea that the world was full of possibilities. I loved the beauty of Vermont and the ideals of the College, but was too immature to become myself: I tried to be what others wanted me to be.

Thinking I would like co-education in a larger college (and to be close to the boyfriend), I transferred to Boston University. Boy, was I wrong! I hated BU, survived a breakup with the guy, and totaled my VW. Found a good therapist to help me out, then worked at secretarial jobs for two years. Eventually found my way to California College of Arts & Crafts, in Oakland. There I got a fine arts degree in painting and weaving, also getting a teaching credential.



Ten years later I got a master's in early childhood studies at Mills College, which was a total delight finding out I could write papers after eight years of mothering and maintaining. I taught art classes to children for 12 years, sublimating my meager income by making and selling quilts. After that I taught and ran preschool—two different jobs—for eight years.

Tom and I got married in 1972. His career has been in architecture, teaching, and writing. The biggest thrill of my life has been sharing parenthood with my husband and watching our daughters grow up. Such a wonderful memories: running on the beaches of Martha's Vineyard, cooking together, snorkeling in the warm waters of St. Lucia and Australia, making home-



Her husband, Tom Turman and daughter Brenna Turman



Her daughter Laurel Turman

work projects on the kitchen floor, and seeing both daughters grow into strong, caring people, and now married with children of their own.

Depression was part of my life from about age 15 to 35. From that point on I have been on a low dose, anti-depression medication that really worked for me. Other than life's ups and downs I have never been in a deep depression like I had experienced before. I tell everyone because I think depression has to come out of the closet, and tell everyone that there is help for you if you are without joy in your life.

Back in the 1960s, Tom helped start a school of architecture in Ghana, and in 2002, he and I returned to help evaluate the program's master's degree. We had an amazing experience there for four months. Two years later I decided that I wanted a sabbatical semester, so we spent four months at our family home on Martha's Vineyard. A glorious autumn for me! Our home on the hill overlooks farmland, and then the ocean, and summers we share it with my brother and sister. Tom used the occasional rainy days to write a book, and I tried to master pastels (harder than I thought!).

Twenty years ago I helped Alice Waters (from Chez Panisse fame) start the Edible Schoolyard—a garden and kitchen project for King Middle School, in Berkeley. I have been a volunteer with the teachers and students there ever since. From there I went on to found and run the Berkeley Community Gardening Collaborative, which focuses on starting and maintaining community and school gardens, which in turn focuses on teaching healthy eating. Along the way I concentrated on recycling in the Berkeley public schools. Very rewarding: gardens and recycling.

Last September, I loved the reunion and seeing old classmates, and of course the beautiful campus. I am looking forward to reading all of our autobiographies in the coming book. As Garrison Keillor says, "Be well. Do good work. And keep in touch."



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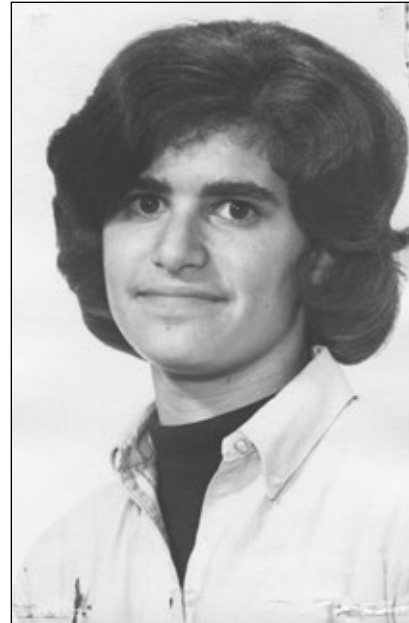
It is a warm, sunny afternoon, and I am sprawled out on Commons lawn to read *Sons and Lovers*. Doing my coursework, freshman year. How much better could it get? It was the first of four glorious years...my memory conveniently fades out on those moments of adolescent angst, deadlines, and disappointments, although it is impossible to forget the assassination of JFK and civil rights and Vietnam War activism.

But on campus, botany, biology, philosophy, political science, and art occupied most of my time. Catherine Foster, Nicolas Delbanco, Thomas Brockway, Leonard Rowe, Anne Schlabach, Peter Stroud, and Robert Woodworth squired me through my coursework.

Memories always include dance performances upstairs in Commons, the Divine Comedy picnic, a costume party at Kit Foster's house, jazz weekend in the Carriage Barn, Lou Calabro's music, faculty parties in house living rooms, chemistry and physics teachers admiring the weld on a student's sculpture, a landscape painting on the side of a student house created by students whose rooms didn't have a view of the Vermont mountains...

Vendors in Commons, the Stateline House, coffee hours at the Rainbarrel, Non-Resident Term in frozen Montpelier, game juice at Williams College football games, a Nude Descending a Staircase, gallery crawls in NYC, a snack bar that featured hot dogs, hamburgers, and grilled cheese, and a bit of graffiti scrawled on the column on the way off campus: "only 19 miles to go."

Bennington spoiled me for graduate school, which never measured up to my undergraduate experience. And I have always envied those who came after the age of typewriters and mimeograph machines...and wished staying in touch with my Bennington friends and faculty had been as easy as it is now. I didn't return for 20 years, when I came back to find an expanded, improved Bennington still peopled with a few favorites like Woody, happily ensconced in his beautiful new sci-



My work; Hand built with coils of clay



My work; Hand built with coils of clay



Nova Scotia boat photo

ence building, and a fantastic array of buildings for fine and performing arts.

Fifty years later I find a campus atmosphere that seems like the logical outgrowth of the Bennington I experienced, and that makes me very happy.

Since Bennington, I tried news reporting in northern New Jersey and eventually found my niche as an English/journalism/theatre teacher in a county vocational-technical school. After 10 years in the classroom, I "graduated" to the library media center just in time to abandon card catalog drawers for computers and to participate in the technology revolution in public schools. I was able to play a role in making changes at county and state levels, and to contribute to the leadership of state and national technology organizations.

Along the way, my love of pottery turned into a love of making pottery, and I retired from education to develop my clay studio/workshop in my new home in eastern Pennsylvania. I am also addicted to train travel, the Canadian Maritimes, and digital cameras.

Liberty Lassiter Yerkes

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I am contributing my two bits because I was disappointed with how few women from 1966 had participated in this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to share.

My interests while I studied at Bennington have carried over into my life. I majored in European history and went on in my second career to get an MA in history of the European decorative arts and now work as an appraiser of decorative and fine art.

In analyzing my time at Bennington, I must say I found the College to be too small in that it had few instructors and few selection of courses; for instance, in French and French literature and even in my chosen field, European history. I would have loved a semester abroad. I do remember with delight Mr. Ricks, Stanley Edgar Hyman, and studying Dante. I decided to make the best of it even though Bennington was not a perfect fit.

During my four years at Bennington, I was a total grind. I spent just about every waking moment in the library when not in class. I had attended a very strict boarding school and was used to a highly structured environment.

When my liberation came at Bennington, I simply re-created the structure.

After I graduated, my academic style of life and interests at college could not carry over into a job in New York City, my hometown. I had to reinvent myself and go back to school in fashion, another great interest. I spent the next 20 years of my first career working in the fashion business and in my own fashion company.

I adopted children in my 40s. My son and daughter are enterprising, wonderful young people and so is my 1-year-old grandson. I got the nanny I always wanted but then decided to stay home because my priorities had changed. As the kids became teenagers, I realized they would leave me and have their own lives. That's when I went back for my MA in the history of the decorative arts and a new career I could pursue into my 70s.



Summer of 2016, on the way to Stonington, CT

My life has been an upward trajectory. Everything I wanted, I managed to achieve somehow. I wanted a career, a supportive husband, children and a nanny, a beautiful home, travel, friends, and a stable existence.

I have a vast range of interests with a special focus on the arts. I delight in learning new things, taking classes, going to seminars and exhibitions, field trips, and traveling to broaden my range of knowledge.

I am not that happy with the aging process because the never-ending horizon of youth is over. I may possibly be wiser but that is no consolation for the losses and the mistakes. I am very worried about the state of the world and our country. And I worry about my husband's poor health.



Liberty and Peter Yerkes 2014



Christmas 2016 in Summit, NJ with my family, Peter Yerkes, Isabel (daughter with Rob and Milo, 1-year-old) Liberty Yerkes, Harry Yerkes, back row

No update available



Linda Gould Abtalion



Deborah Ackerman



Nancy Addison



Patricia Alexander



Barbara Garber Austin



Christine Nelson Barth



Anne Bell



Brenda Kurtz Bergstrom



Martha Berke Boulanger

No update available



Elizabeth Bradford



Laren Croft Brill



Susan Bryant



Nancy McCormick Caffall



Jane Carter



Deborah Chaffee



Celia Hudson Chandler



Martine Cherau



Leslie Noyes Cole

No update available



Roberta Mull Coleman



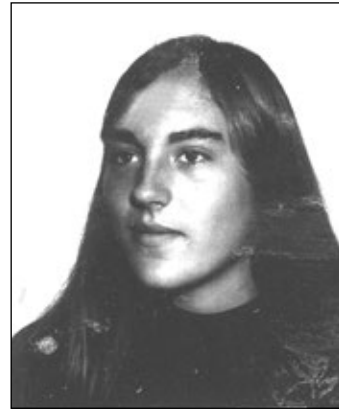
Linda Brooks Coy



Virginia Thorndike Craig



Elizabeth Cramer



Diana Forbes Droste



Gretel Ehrlich



Josephine Red Estes



Clara Freeman Farah



Dori Pavelle Feiszli

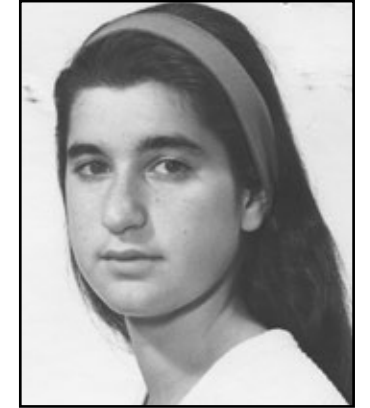
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Donna Estabrook Fisher



Elizabeth Frank



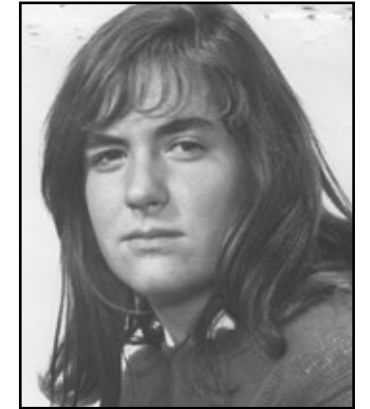
Laurie Freedman



Ellen Galford



Barbara Gates



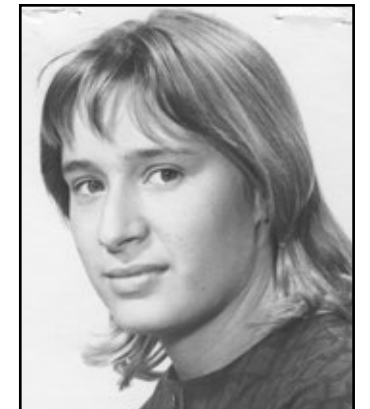
Deborah Clements Gessner



Lois Segerman Graf



Gillian Hatch Gretton



Joan Harkness Hantz

No update available



Kathleen Haynes



Anne Heller



Adria Heyman Hillman



Jai Hyman Holly



Amy Dolgin Jaffe



Ginny Levin Jarvis



Susan Kaufman



Paula Kurasch



Michele Schurgin Lachman

No update available



Sheila Kiley Largay



Margaret Rood Lenzner



Audrey Leppanen



Deborah Langman Lesser



Karen Bodkin Levin



Mary Lewis-Costantino



Judith Larner Lowry



Meredith Marsh



Carla Maxwell

No update available



Sharon Johanson McCullough



Rose Davis Mendoza



Beverly Mikuriya



Clyde Morgan



Pamela Acheson Myers



Kathy Bauman Paquette



Karen Peck



Sharon Powers



Kate Lynn Rantilla

No update available



Antoinette Rapone



Barbara Gioseffi Richman



Tally Adams Riley



Bambi Bernhard Schieffelin



Magdalene Fincke Sears



Eugenie Bird Shields



Pamela Smith



Peter Snider



Laurie Kohn Steele

No update available



Susan Mintz Super



Judith Thompson



Ellen Torrey Van Allen



Aleta Wallach



Vivian Ryan Wells



Susan White



Janet Hewitt Whiting



Leni Zeiger Wildflower



Jennifer Fincke Windsor

No update available



Ann Quisenberry Zahradnik

No update or photo available

Constance Kheel

Patricia Abrahamson

Stephanie Gordon Noland

Dechen Fitzhugh

Raul Picco

George Gilman

Mab Cockrell Englehart

Beth McGovern Hamilton

Londa Weisman

Peter Hayes

We remember



Diane Landoli Brandon



Susan Carr Buckner



Danielle De Mers



Katherine Sanford Echeverria



Marilyn Sibley Fries



Marcia Green Gardère



Yeddy Chisholm Kaiser



Peggy Goldstein Katz



Joyce Keener

We remember



Marcia Miller

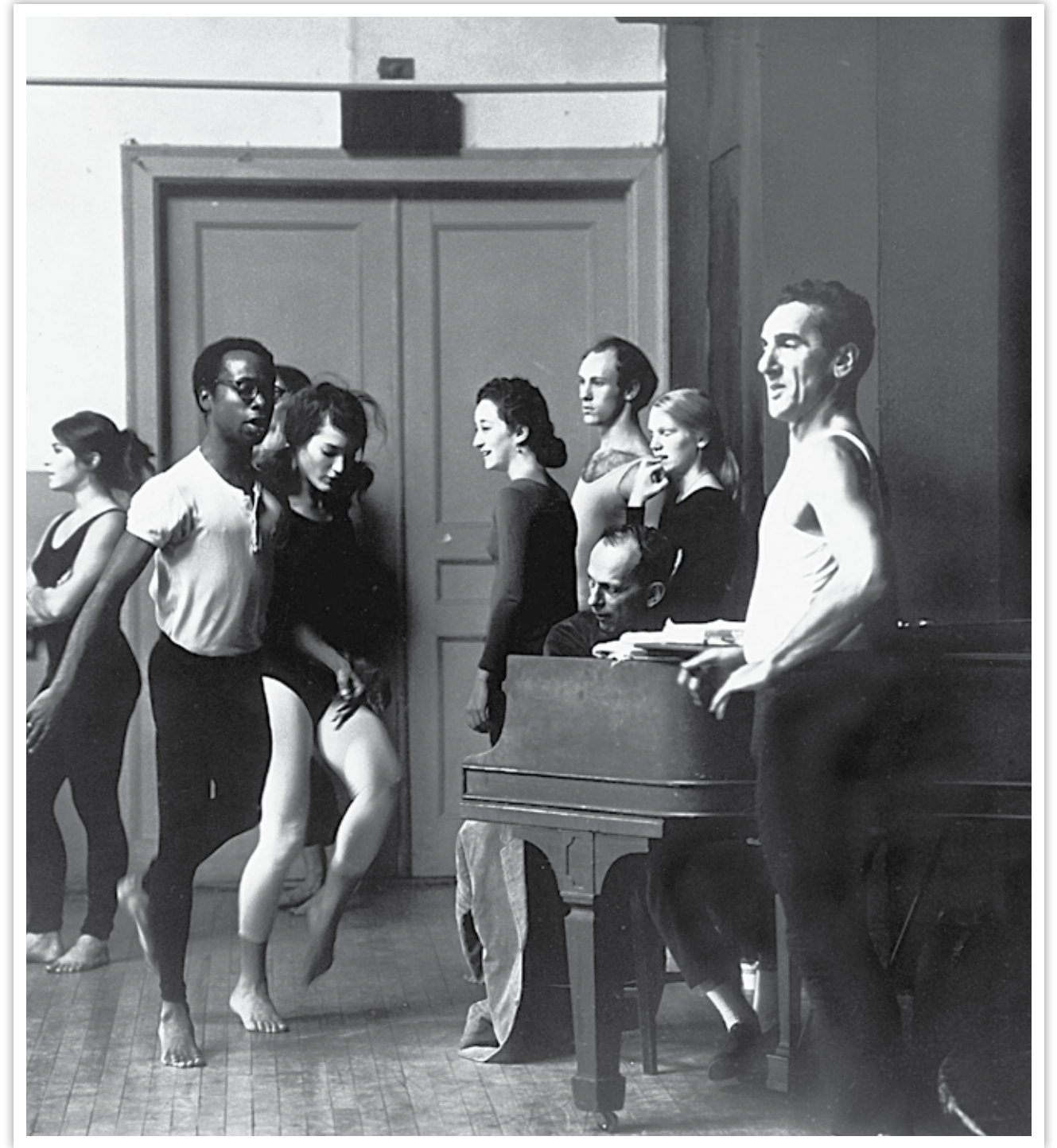


Katherine Smith

No photo available

Kirk Varnedoe

Carol Kinne



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