

CLASS OF 1970

50TH REUNION



BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Class of 1970

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Claudia Conine	Karen Franck	Nancy Holt Jadhav
Suzanne Courcier *	Cheryl Friend	Michael Kalinowski
Patricia Crain	Mary E. Fussell	Janis Durgin King
Elizabeth Acer Crawford	Gretchen Sloate Garrett	Vanessa Beer Korn
Michele Curtis	Stephanie Gelb	Gretchen S. Langheld
Karen Daly	Holly Neal Giffin	Ellen F. Lanier *



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Jane Evans Latimer

Linda L. Lawton

Suzanne Bredemeier Leaphart

Ruth Louisell Levine

Marian Lee Lewis

Anu-Liisa Lukk \*

Patricia Mallon Lustfield \*

Jan Cook Mack

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Sara Maynard

Carol Anne McGuirk

Frances Jacobowitz Metcalf

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Sharon Rubenfeld Mitchell

Lois Chabot Morris

Dorothy E. Muma

Deborah Thomas Neal

Darrell Nichols

Annette Noland

Alison Nowak

Thomas E. O'Connor

Andrea Olitsky

Ruth Olson

Ramie Limber Ortiz

Sharon M. Parnes

Suzanne Pelton

Sallyann Pischl Pogosky

Ellen Pollak

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Louisa B. Putnam

Emily Israel Raphael-Greenfield

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Mei Mei Sanford

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Eurydice Gitane Serrato

Susan Charow Sherman

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Barbara Wells \*

Anne West

Wendy K. Wilkins

Cristina Guiu Wood

Andrea Woodner

Felicity Wright

Zae Zatoon

Ruth Ann Beeby Olson

Currently I am living on a small farm in central Colorado with my husband, Jeff. We are both retired, finally. We raise horses, poultry, and hay, and have a large vegetable garden. We have two grown children: both sons. One lives in Brooklyn, New York, where he has his own design business. The other lives in The Bay Area in California, where he works for a construction company and has a real estate business featuring mid-century modern houses. He writes a blog featuring them as well. We have 3 grandchildren - Luka, Harriet and Cauê. We are missing them all during the pandemic. I still do some painting, although not professionally, for a long time. I am finding more studio time the longer I am retired, and that has been a joy! I have started a little charity here in Elbert County that distributes baskets full of beautiful layette items to moms in need, locally. It is called “Agnes Baskets” and is named after our granddaughter, whom we lost as a newborn, eleven years ago. I work with The Nurse Family Partnership and and organization called Baby Bear Hugs to distribute the baskets. I am also on the board of Baby Bear Hugs, so I am learning the ins and outs of running a non-profit. Jeff and I were also running a little business offering our Denver house and carriage house as a furnished, short-term, rental. That ended at the first of the year and we have pivoted to monthly rentals, but it is not clear whether there will be a market for this going forward. When we get really old, we plan to move back to the city. So we would like to hold on to the house, if we can.



Bennington changed my life and influenced my life in so many lasting ways. I think I was only the second student to go to the college from Minnesota at the time I arrived. So the college took a big chance on me, too! After a stint as an interior decorator at a department store, I worked in an art gallery in St. Louis. It was a sort of Castelli branch store run by Joseph Helman. He later moved to New York and opened Blum Helman Gallery with Harold Blum. I got to see the workings of the New York art world up close and personal, from a distance. I met some terrific artists and critics and some remarkable collectors. After that we moved to Chicago, where I had studio space and I could paint more. I was among the founding members of ARC Gallery. Our first child was born there in 1975. My husband was a young, just out of graduate school, architect and when the recession hit Chicago, we moved west, looking for work for him. We ended up in Iowa City, Iowa and so I went to graduate school there, receiving an MA (1979) and MFA (1980) in painting. And we had another child in 1977. In 1981, I worked briefly as an associate professor of art at the University of Minnesota, Morris, commuting every other weekend. That was rough. A lack of job opportunities for me and limited educational options for our children led us to relocate again, first to Tulsa, Oklahoma and eventually to Denver, Colorado in 1982. I set up a studio and worked as an artist for several years. I taught at the Rocky Mountain College of Art and Design. And I was a gallery director at The Carson Sapiro Gallery in Denver for a while, but eventually I moved into teaching art and enrichment classes for gifted kids in The Denver Public Schools. I helped develop the DPS Highly Gifted Program, did alternative certification, and became a classroom teacher in the program in 1992. I did some graduate courses in

\*Denotes deceased

education and became a specialist working with Twice-Exceptional Children. These are children who are gifted, but also have mild to moderate physical, learning, or communication disorders. I retired from DPS in 2008 and worked part-time at a private school for gifted children in Denver until 2015 - when I retired again. The art class model I learned at Bennington: learn by doing, by example, by one-on-one exchanges with others, was the model I came back to in all my teaching ventures. All this is a long-winded way of saying that my Bennington education has served me well as an artist, and educator, and human. It made me nimble, and able to land on my feet, and always clear about following my heart.



My challenges have been the same as many women of my generation. We have lived, mostly, in a man's world to which we are not particularly well-suited by nature, and by which we are not particularly well understood. I have been very fortunate and enjoyed great privilege, none-the-less. I have coped by having a supportive partner, an understanding family, and great women friends. That's still how I cope.

I hope that Bennington can continue to offer the kind of personalized education that I was afforded. I know that this is difficult in the face of new social and financial pressures. But it is still my hope.



## Penny Larrison Campbell

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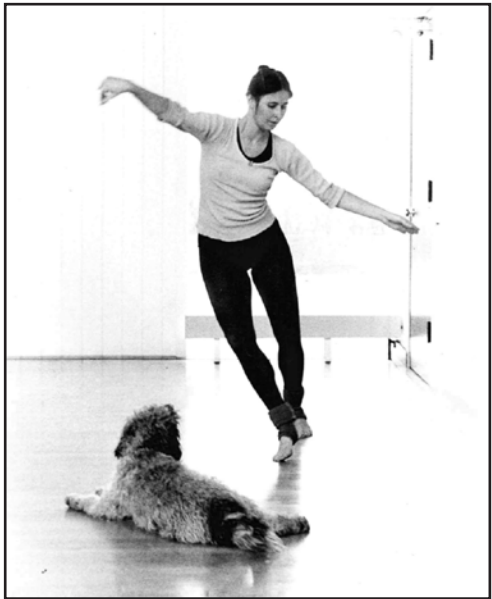
During my visit as a prospective student in 1965, I got a visceral, intuitive hit that Bennington was the place for me. I was looking for a respected dance program that offered a major. Check. I am a country girl, used to a good deal of independence, and I was fascinated by the idea of being in a primarily women's school free, I hoped, from late adolescent social distractions. Check, check, and check. I wasn't sure I had what it took to make dance my career, but I was pretty sure Bennington's impressive faculty in all disciplines would help me figure it out. It took another decade to achieve that, but they put me on the path!! And what I found myself saying to my own graduating dancers at Middlebury College from 1985 to 2014 was this: "If you can live without dancing, count your blessings and find something else that compels you. If dance means to have you, there will be no escape."

There was no escape for me, although I moved through a profusion of short-term occupations after Bennington to support my dance habit. I taught English conversation in Tokyo. Returning to Bennington in 1973 as a teaching assistant, I later worked custodial, was secretary to the Dance and Drama Division, helped organize an

arts association, a community access cable TV station, and a union in a local garment factory. In 1976, I ran for VT state senate as a Liberty Union candidate. Bernie Sanders (you've heard of him!) was leading the charge to make LU the state's third major party. We did it! I taught community dance classes in North Bennington and performed with Judith Dunn and Bill Dixon, foundational architects of the work that defines my professional life.

Probably because I stayed in Vermont after 1973—with repeated performance- and teaching-forays to Italy, Germany, Cuba, Grenada (W.I.), the Dominican Republic, and many parts of the US—I remained engaged with Bennington and its dance and music artists. Bennington was the progressive center for dance in the state, and I collaborated with Benningtonites Susan Sgorbati, Arthur Brooks (Black Music Division), Terry Creach, Sue Rees, Wendy Perron, and others in many ways over the years.

In 1977, I relocated to Burlington, VT and, after a delightful stint as one of the first women city bus drivers—they threw my



*Dancing with Patches in 1974, by Jo Wittman*





'90s signature professional shot, by Erik Borg

two cats; assorted bobcats and coyotes; and, two field mouse babies who need feeding every two hours. Never mind the "Campbell!" That is a ridiculous sub-plot of my days as a bus driver and political activist!

commie-pinko butt out because I helped get all the drivers into the Teamster's Union—I became part of the burgeoning northern VT dance scene. Thanks to Susan Sgorbati and others, dancers from all over the state were soon meeting each other, sharing work, performing in festivals and Town Hall tours. Joining the faculty at Middlebury College in 1985 gave me space, time, economic independence, the support of wonderful, like-minded colleagues (musician/composer Michael Chorney and dance artist Peter Schmitz) and an engaged and smart student body to pursue my fascination with improvised performance. Motivated by Bill Dixon's legitimizing of improvisation as an independent performing art and Judith Dunn's early experiments with improvisation/composition, I dug deeply into figuring out how to train myself and ensembles of musicians and dancers to create good, improvised performance without premeditated scores. I called it Performance Improvisation. Find more about that here: [www.campbell830.wordpress.com](http://www.campbell830.wordpress.com)

Now, I live happily in rural Vermont, close-ish to Lake Champlain, with BabeCow, the daughter of my rescue Angus, Wild Cow; Papi, the dog;



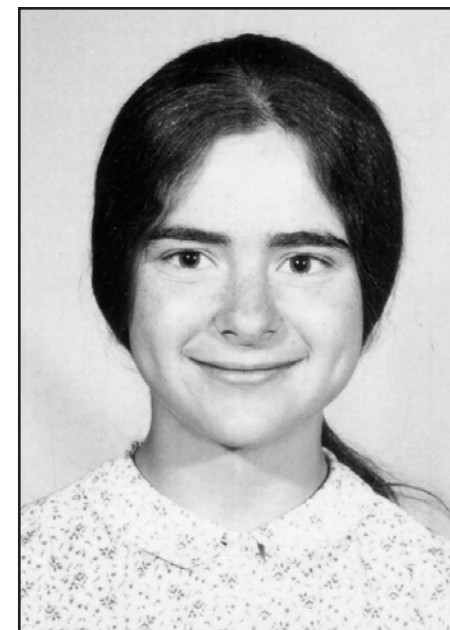
Havana, circa 2005, making connections with Vermont Institute in the Caribbean



Giants of Sciants: Peter Schmitz, Susan Sgorbati, and Penny in the '90s, photo by Erik Borg

## Victoria English Ellington

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I received two gifts from Bennington which have shaped my life over the past 50 years. The first is a love of languages and the arts. The second is the confidence to see my profession of journalism as a constant learning experience. This has enabled me to cross disciplines, starting with writing about politics, then finance and now biomedical research.

I came to Bennington in 1966 from small public high school which had modest expectations for its students. My decision to apply was based on a single sentence in the booklet entitled "What makes you think that I play the piano with my fingers?" The author, the husband of a Bennington alumna, wrote: "To ask what quality in a man enables him to uncover and express the essence of a musical composition is to ask what quality sets the human mind above the machine that can outthink the man." The author asserted, and I still agree 50 years later, that education should unleash our creative forces irrespective of what professions we choose. In my case the profession has been journalism.

It was at Bennington that I gained my first hands-on experience in the field when Emily Israel '70 (now Greenfield)



Victoria with Françoise Hollande, the former president of France

and I travelled by bus to Alabama to work for *The Southern Courier*, a civil rights newspaper which reported on events in rural communities in the south at a time when black power was in the ascendancy. One of my most memorable experiences was reporting on a speech by Martin Luther King Jr. "Things are not right in this country," he bellowed from a podium in a small church in Montgomery, Alabama. To this day, I can close my eyes and still see the sweat pouring down his face. Two months later, he was assassinated by a gunman in Memphis, Tennessee.

I returned to Bennington humbled by the tasks ahead of us as a society. However, rather than become an activist, I elected to pursue the role of reporter, dedicating my life to observing and writing about the ordinary and the extraordinary events of human life. After spending five years writing for two daily newspapers in Connecticut, I went to Columbia Journalism School, after which I became a rapporteur at the United Nations. In 1977, I took a job with Dow Jones & Co and a year later, was posted to Europe as a financial correspondent.

I worked in Amsterdam and Brussels, and then moved to London where I married my husband of 32 years who is also a journalist. I subsequently worked as a financial editor at *Reuters* and then shifted into healthcare. In 2007, my husband and I set up our own publishing company to write about biomedical innovation, which is still in operation. I have a step-daughter, who is an entrepreneur and linguist, a granddaughter, and a daughter who majored in philosophy at Princeton and now works at the UK Treasury. I trust that she too will follow her creative instincts.



*Victoria with her husband, William Ellington, on holiday in Norway, 2019*

**Jill Laurie Goodman**

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In 1972, I moved to New York City to attend NYU Law School. For many years I worked as a lawyer doing my best to bend the long arc of history towards justice. Much of the time I worked on behalf of women I left the legal world in 2013 knowing I had done what I could and understanding it was not enough. Since then, I have taken courses at the International Center for Photography, where I have been encouraged to take myself seriously as an artist. Photography has become a center of my life.

For thirty-seven years I have been married to Melvin Jules Bukiet, a novelist and professor at Sarah Lawrence College. Along the way, I have been mother to Madelaine, Louisa, and Miles Bukiet and now grandmother to Louisa’s twins, Zebulon Cato and Jaxon Ulysses, and their brother Nemo Nephtali.

Not long ago, in the midst of the pandemic, we left our home on the upper west side of Manhattan for a place we bought in late 2018 an hour north of our NYC house and have been trying to make habitable ever since. Here I have spent my days watching a cold, slow spring move to summer; planning a food forest in an old orchard; getting to know the foxes, chipmunks, birds, mice, toads, and garter snakes who have called this place home long before I did; playing Boggle with my husband; cooking; reading; talking with my children, family, and friends; meditating; making pictures; trying to make sense of my place in the world; and attempting to live an ethical life in complicated times, i.e., living, in some ways, as I have for the fifty years since I left Bennington.

I think, from time to time, about Bennington and how it shaped my life. I used to say I had a history teacher (Rush Welter) who taught me how to think and a painting teacher (Pat Adams) who taught me how to see. Lately I have come to understand that what endures as powerfully is the experience of living in the Vermont landscape, in the constant presence of those glorious, ever-changing hills.



## Allan Holzman

Bennington gave me the gifts of wisdom, experience and courage to produce art. From Pat Adams' first art class where we made the color wheel out of fresh fallen leaves to my shooting Paul Gray's movie in Morocco, Spain and Paris for my senior semester abroad, I have attempted to live my life in the Bennington way.

As a stutterer, I chose mostly to listen in life, finding early on that friendships with women would infuse me with intelligence, culture and creativity. After graduating, I worked as an editor in New York City, earning enough to produce my own plays. I received a fellowship to AFI in Los Angeles where I continue to reside.

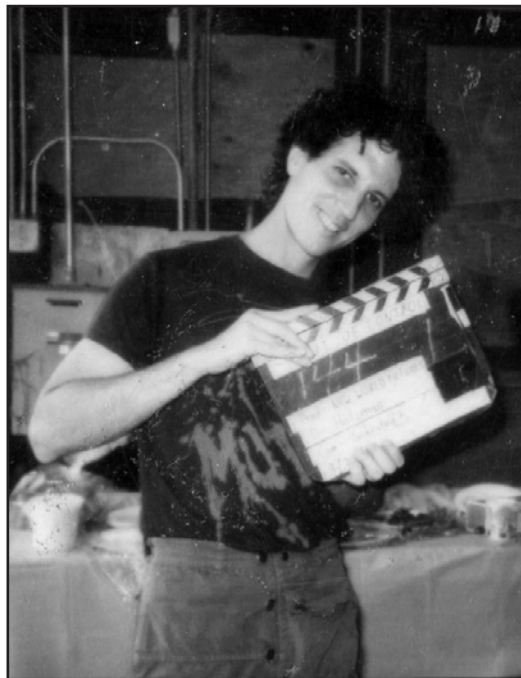
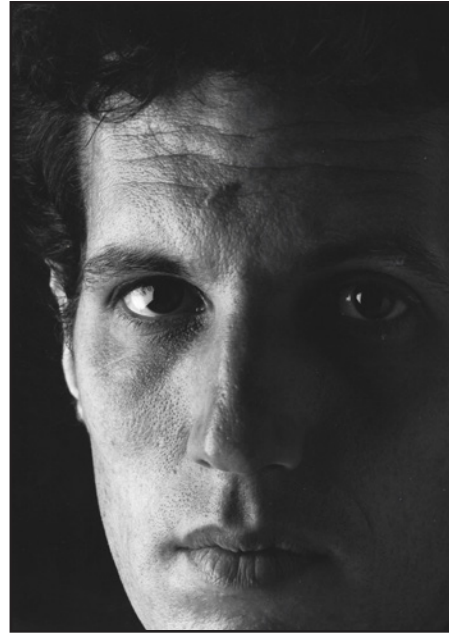
Attempting to uncover the cause of my stuttering I wrote a novel and made the autobiographical film C-C-CUT, ultimately unraveling that I was molested at 6 by my uncle who was babysitting when my bother was born. A few years later I attended speech therapy at UCLA, where I learned to accept my stuttering, thereby reducing the fear, and ultimately stuttering in a much easier way.

After directing five movies and editing a dozen, I switched from fiction to non-fiction, discovering the art of expressing truth and meaning through character and story without narration. I edited the Emmy award winning series *The Native Americans* and received a Peabody and Two Emmys for directing and editing Steven Spielberg's *Survivors of the Holocaust*.

My next directing/editing ventures Old Man River and Sounds of Memphis received eight film festival awards, including an American Cinema Editors Eddie. When I became As a Board Member of ACE, I created the annual Invisible Art/Visible Artists series, now in its twentieth year, featuring the Academy Award nominees. Last year, I received the ACE Heritage Award for my contribution to the art of editing.

My two books on editing and directing low budget films will be published this year under the moniker Celluloid Wars. I kept a daily journal while working for renowned low budget master Roger Corman, as a means to communicate the process of overcoming obstacles to make a good movie.

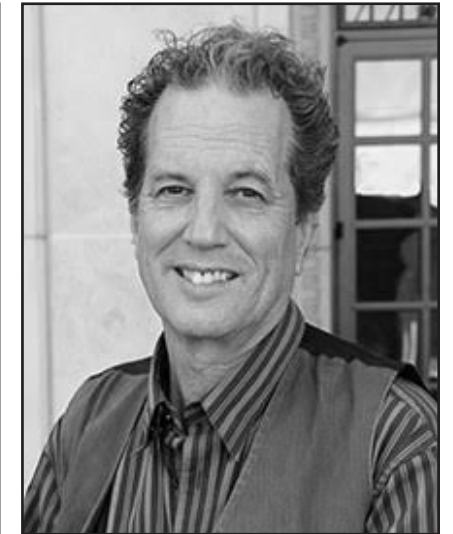
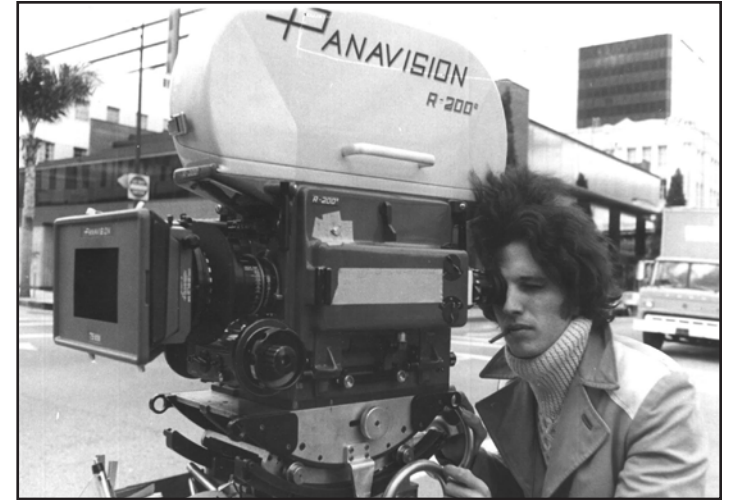
During my twelve years of teaching an editing class at USC, I made *The Art of Directing* series based on video tapes I rescued from the early years of AFI, featuring David Lean, Alfred Hitchcock, Frank Capra, John Huston, Francois Truffaut and a young Steven Spielberg.



With the advent of digital editing, I created multi-screen exhibitions, receiving a THEA award for the *Titanic Tour* and recently generated the 4 screen People and Places, which opened at the new Renzo Piano building on the Columbia University's Harlem campus.

Currently, I have re-edited my visualization of Dr. King's "I Have a Dream" speech (originally made for one screen in 1996) into a 4 screen exhibition, which I hope will be seen somewhere soon!

I don't really have an end to this essay, which is good news. There is so much more to contribute to life in my Bennington way.



# Emily Israel Raphael-Greenfield

I am mostly retired. I am still doing some adjunct teaching at Columbia University's Programs in Occupational Therapy where I have specialized in therapy for the urban homeless population with mental health issues. I am researching an executive function assessment, the Dream Home Assessment that is intended to assess and motivate currently homeless clients to transition to housing. I am also studying about plants and trees to better understand climate change, taking piano lessons, and remaining physically active.

Bennington influenced me by providing the tools needed to invent something new and opportunities to learn how to learn. The work terms were very influential in that I had opportunities to work in a U.S. Senator's office, with poor farmers in Alabama and a family in Bennington living on welfare. Bennington's learning by doing philosophy and spirit of adaptation lies at the heart of occupational therapy, a profession I chose as a second career after teaching.

Bennington's deep trust in the individual also sustained me through several personal losses.

One learns from setbacks and disappointments. I am trusting that our country can learn from the terrible losses from the pandemic and implement a system of universal health care for all Americans.

I am the proud mother of three wonderful sons, Adam, Fred and Henry. Adam works in logistics for Amazon; Fred is a NYC public high school college advisor; Henry is studying for a masters degree in economics at CUNY. I have three adorable grandchildren! Eddie Greenfield, my husband and soul-mate, is a retired NYC city planner and sailor.

For several years, my family and I have returned to the Davis Alumni House in the winter to spend time together in a beautiful comfortable setting and ski. Bennington never disappoints!



# Carol McGuirk

I was 17 as a freshman and came from a Catholic school that was academically good but a bad fit ontologically. Bennington turbocharged my interests in literature and art. The College was my parents' astonishing gift. Neither had attended a liberal arts college: my mother was a registered nurse and my father was an osteopath in general practice; both had begun medical training right out of high school. They had six children and their marriage was falling apart. Sensible people would have sent me to U Mass. Fortunately for me, they were dreamers.

I made lifelong friendships: the late Susan Toepfer and I were both wearing preppy bermuda shorts rather than jeans in our ceramics class and we gravitated to each other. Virginia Creighton became my instant friend in Intro to Anthropology. At the first class meeting, Lucien Hanks entered class wearing a kimono (I thought it was a bathrobe). This was nothing like high school and I loved it. At Dewey, my first house, I met Patricia Crain, then and now a kindred spirit. Friendships continuing after the BA also include Laurie Prencipe, Ellen Pollak (together we suffered into truth getting our Columbia PhDs), Ruth Ann Beeby, Liz Vick, Jane Larkin, Becky Mitchell, Janie Paul, Franny Wells.

It wasn't all good; the years between 1966-1970 were often painful. I learned watercolor painting, an interest of Sidney Tillim's; it still calms me down. The girls I had known in Brockton, MA (the few who went away to college) had taken their stuffed animals along for comfort, but Bennington pushed students relentlessly forward. My own coping device was a solo walk along the Silk Road and back via North Bennington, with a stop at the Percys' general store, where there were comic books to buy and a cat or two always on the counter.



I teach at Florida Atlantic now, among the most diverse US universities: the students are a rainbow of differences, mostly harmonious. The working-class, gateway-city kid still in me remains strongly attached, though at some point I would like to retire to New England. I learned teaching by watching Barbara Herrnstein Smith, Stanley Rosen, Richard Tristman, and Sidney Tillim at work. I am sad that the Literature and Languages division that supported me so generously was disbanded in the 1990s. Their curriculum gave aspiring students a foundation for graduate work. The Art division, with good reason, feared that my first priority was literature, so for two years I did the work of a double major (Art/Lit) on probation. Clement Greenberg, who conducted





our senior painting critique, startled everyone by praising my larger paintings, so I was taken off parole days before graduation. Making art and looking at art: still an essential joy.

I am currently writing about Byron’s stanzas for the Regency song-book Hebrew Melodies; I have done most of my work on Robert Burns. I also write about science fiction and co-edit Science Fiction Studies. The picture of me now is a screenshot from March. Due to Covid-19, I was teaching my first ever online class, on Book 5 of *Paradise Lost*. Being pitchforked into virtual teaching was in many ways like Bennington c. 1970: weirdly intense yet oddly companionable, with moments of happy confluence and always the deep excitement of learning under pressure.

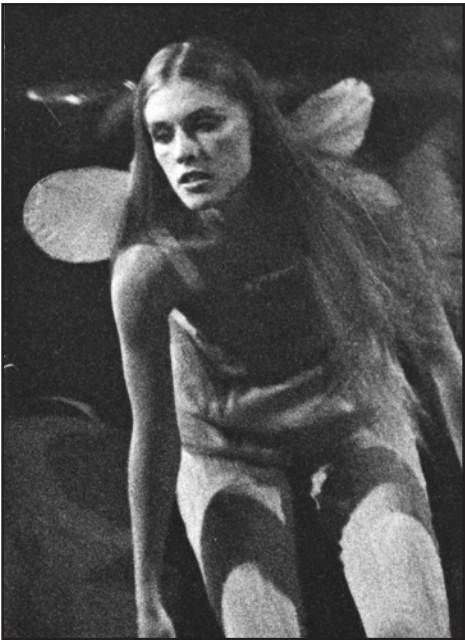
**Rebecca (Becky) Mitchell**

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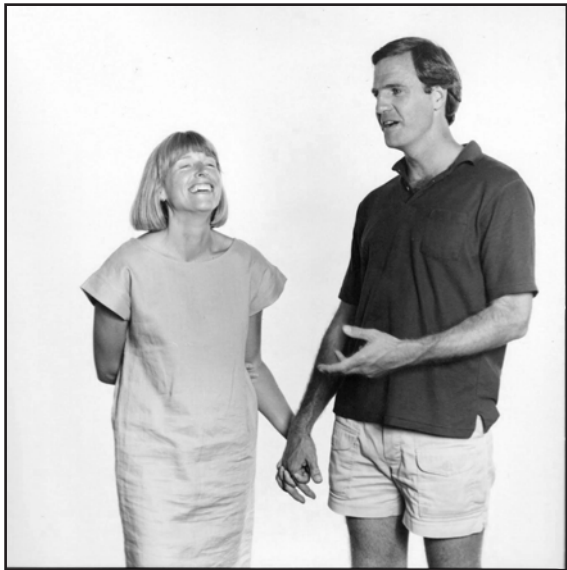
In a recent book review Joan Wickersham wrote in the *Boston Globe* that “A pandemic is, at its heart, a loss of innocence.” At our graduation Kurt Vonnegut, a self-described pessimist, predicted “everything would become worse, much worse.”

While I entered Bennington as an optimist, and essentially remain one, I was also an innocent—innocent of cruelty, injustice, prejudice, and violence, both random and calculated. I reveled in the freedom at Bennington, the acceptance of difference, and the seriousness of purpose among both students and faculty. Looking back I wish I had paid more attention to Andrea Dworkin, who had a room down the hall in Stokes. I think of her as our Cassandra.

I am incalculably grateful for those who taught me at Bennington and think I still try to achieve for them. In dance I learned to freely explore, to try again after missteps, and to have the discipline to perform even when feeling miserable. In literature, history, and philosophy I learned to organize my thoughts and express them in writing. I am also grateful to Becca Stickney who saw I could thrive at Bennington and matched me with my enduring friend Liz Vick.



*Photo by Joesphy Wittmann, 1968*



*Poughkeepsie, 1983*

The events of our last year at Bennington, culminating in the murders at Kent State and Jackson State, should have been enough to do away with any remaining innocence. But I left still thinking that if you are smart, work hard and achieve you will be rewarded. I soon learned that did not apply to women. Seeking answers to what seemed to boil down to questions of history I went on to get a Master’s degree in American history at William and Mary.

Sometime in those few years after leaving Bennington I remember waiting to get my car serviced and striking up a conversation with a man who was about the age I am now. He asked about my plans for the future and I said, somewhat to my own surprise, that I imagined I would be involved in some way in academia. It has been true. In 1973 I married Ben Harris, then a graduate student in psychology. We had met, in a random stroke of good fortune, in the Stokes living room in September 1969. In the ensuing years our path has followed Ben’s professorial career.

My Bennington NRTs involved work at the Harvard Archives and at the American Antiquarian Society, and equipped with the addition of a MLS I followed that interest working at Vassar College and the University of Wisconsin-Parkside as a history reference librarian and archivist. From my present perspective those years in my thirties and early forties seem short but formative.

When I found myself at my desk thinking of nothing but wanting to write I decided to quit work. Somewhat confoundingly I then discovered I wanted to garden and make things. The next big shift happened when Ben was hired by the University of New Hampshire. I became deeply involved with rehabbing our c.1725 house and with care for my parents. I think that one of my best accomplishments was helping my mother to die in the old family house in New Hampshire, the house in which she was born.

For fifteen years I have been occupied, as a volunteer, with historic preservation and planning in our hometown and on the state level. It is challenging work that brings opportunities to learn and to meet some wonderful people.

Ben and I do not have children, a state that was not planned but seems in retrospect to suit us. While remaining stubbornly individual we are fortunate to share both old and new interests, opera being one of them. We happily create together in our kitchen and our travel styles are the same. More than 30 years ago we bought an old cottage on the coast of Maine and it remains a refuge.

The concluding challenge of Vonnegut's speech seems especially apt in our current national situation: "Let's make sure that everybody has enough to eat, and a decent place to live, and medical help when he needs it... It isn't moonbeams to talk of modest plenty for all."



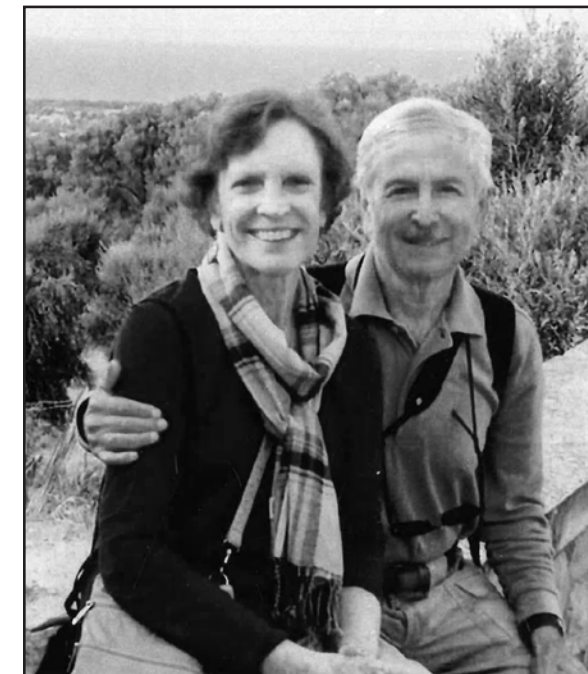
## Alison Nowak

I regret that I did not have the pleasure and advantage of meeting my Class of 1970 when they entered Bennington. I would have enjoyed getting to know them from the start, but I transferred to Bennington as a sophomore. In addition, I was a music major when I arrived, so most of my time at the college was spent at Jennings (the music building) at a far distance from the main campus.

My father, Lionel Nowak, pianist and composer, had been on the faculty since 1948, the year of my birth. I have always felt plain lucky to have been surrounded, taught and influenced by faculty so impassioned personally and mutually. Louis Calabro, Gunnar Schonbeck, Henry Brant, George Finckel and Frank Baker I had known since I was a child or teenager, and being welcomed by them contributed to my admiration and gratitude. The composer, Vivian Fine, and the violist, Jacob Glick, were also great encouragers of my development as a composer and violinist.

I am indebted to the extraordinary teaching of those in other divisions, including Claude Fredericks, Edward Bloustein and Nora Montesinos.

It was Jack Glick who said to me in my senior year, "I think you should go to Columbia University and study with Charles Wuocinen." I left for New York the day I graduated from Bennington, continued my studies in violin and earned



my masters and doctoral degrees in music composition from Columbia. My music has been performed and commissioned by soloists, chamber music groups and orchestras, and is available through the American Composers Alliance (composers.com). I taught at Union College, the 92nd St. Y, The New School, Columbia University Teachers College and privately, and was a member of the Greenwich Symphony Orchestra in Greenwich, Connecticut, for over 25 years.

I was surprised, happy and fortunate to find a continuation of Bennington when I first arrived in New York. To support myself while a student, I became assistant to the composer, Otto Luening (1900–1996), Professor Emeritus at Columbia who was writing his autobiography, *The Odyssey of an American Composer*, Scribner NY, 1980. He had taught at Bennington in the early chapter in his book called "A New College in Vermont").

Things changed after the firing in 1994 of almost 1/3 of the entire Bennington faculty, including all but one music division.





I lost touch with and faith in the college for 20 years. During that time, I returned only once, in September, 2011, to produce a concert in honor and memory of my father on his 100th birthday.

I am very glad my close relationship with the college had been restored. My husband, Robert Cane (an architect and amateur cellist), and I have supported the Jennings Music Archive, contributed to the music library’s renovation and now sponsor annual concerts, performed by faculty, students and guest artists.

50 years after my graduation, I am spending more time back home in Vermont, and I look forward with anticipation and eagerness to more years of Bennington’s singular offerings and the further impact the college will have on my life.

Sharon Parnes

Life since Bennington

Happily married to Brien Brothman, with two wonderful and interesting daughters, Suzie and Ariel. Brien is an historian and archivist, plays jazz guitar and has taught me a lot about jazz, Suzie is a child psychotherapist married to a builder and is the reason we moved from MA to NJ, and Ariel lives in France with her French partner, who works in environmental compliance. Ariel became bilingual and got a graduate degree in communications in France, and is job-hunting- not so easy in France if you are looking for something other than teaching English or being a nanny.

I retired from being a pediatric neurologist a few years ago. It was deeply gratifying to be able to help so many kids and families, but in recent years the documentation, online data entry requirements, and the imposition of business values on the medical workplace made work less rewarding. In retirement I have been doing volunteer work of various kinds, including teaching ESOL and supporting immigrants, and have become more committed to liberal Judaism, which offers much more than I was aware of during most of my life. I sing in two choirs and just got a keyboard to try out.



Bennington’s influence

As so many have said, Bennington teaches its students how to think and to learn experientially. It also shaped me to devalue hierarchies of authority and to expect to be taken seriously, because that was the way Bennington was – but that isn’t the way all of life after Bennington has been. So I’ve tried to avoid administrative hierarchies, and as a practitioner to work collaboratively and respectfully with my patients and their families.

I recently learned that Bennington costs around \$70,000 a year, similar to what other excellent colleges cost. I am very grateful for my years at Bennington. Teachers like Rush Welter

and Anne Schlabach were so dedicated and attentive to each individual student, and the administration as so supportive in helping me do a premed post-bac year before it became a program. Yet I’m very troubled by current costs, which despite scholarship support are a source of tremendous angst for middle class American families from the time their children are born onward. I would like to see Bennington put its historic ability to innovate toward developing ways of dramatically reducing college costs.



## Andréa (Katz) Vaucher

### My NRT in Swinging, Sixties London Changed My Life

The Non-Resident Term—now called the Field Work Term—sold me on Bennington. It wanted a small liberal arts college where I could explore my many interests; getting to spend winters off-campus acquiring real world experience sealed the deal. During my two years at Bennington, I signed up for all the arts classes I could—drama, dance, English, writing, painting, art history, sculpture—but the visual arts department, with its superstar artist/teachers like Ken Noland, Jukes Olitski and Isaac Witkin, won me over. Here my creativity took flight as I explored intuition, experimentation and took risks in my art and my life.

The art scene at Bennington was legendary. Paul Feeley, who was the art department head since 1940 (he had just died when I arrived), attracted to Bennington the high-profile artists of the New York gallery scene. They came to teach or to have shows of their work; all were curious to check out this all-girls college with its progressive reputation. Jackson Pollock had his first retrospective in the new gallery in the Carriage Barn. Feeley's friends critic Clement Greenberg, Hans Hofmann, Adolph Gottlieb, Morris Louis, David Smith, and Barnett Newman all made treks to the mountains of Vermont.

My first Non-Resident Term, I went to London to assist Peter Stroud, the new head of Bennington's art department, who was preparing a show there.

I couldn't believe my luck. What seventeen year old wouldn't be thrilled to go to London to work for three months? Peter couldn't afford to pay me much but I could stay in his townhouse on Camden Square. It didn't take much convincing to get my parents to buy me a NY to London ticket.

I headed to the UK sometime in December 1966. It was the height of "swinging London." The Mods and the Rockers. Carnaby Street. Portobello Road. The Beatles and The Stones. And, I, a rebellious albeit sophisticated teenager from Long Island, was in the middle of everything.

Peter took me to galleries, lectures, museums, to the London School of Economics to hear Buckminster Fuller talk about "The Function of Man in the Universe." I got an asymmetrical hair-cut at Vidal Sassoon. Bought a fuschia and bright green dress at Biba on the Kings Road to wear to dinner at Aratusa. We hung out with Peter's friends, all famous artists like A.J. Kitaj and David Hockney, who did a pen and ink portrait of me, which I still have.

I tasted independence and I was hooked. I soaked up the endless conversations about art, film, music and life in general. I basked in the glow of being taken seriously, listened to and treated like an adult.



*Andréa at Bennington*

One evening at a dinner for Bridget Riley, I made a comment about the benefits of a liberal arts education over the British way of picking a field of study directly after high school. One of the editors of *Studio International*, a prestigious British art magazine, who was at the table was intrigued and asked me to write an essay about this for his publication. My story about the American liberal arts curriculum became my first published piece, perhaps you could say it launched my eventual career as a journalist.

Back at Bennington, I continued dabbling in the arts, with an emphasis on painting—big hard-edge, color field paintings as was the rage back then. But when it came time to major, I decided to study film, which was not available at Bennington then. I was accepted at NYU Film School, its sprawling urban campus, the antithesis of Bennington. I got a B.A. in Film and TV and an MA in Cinema Studies from NYU, but Bennington never stopped calling me an alumni and the further I get from those days in Vermont the more I realize how much my education there has shaped my life and my career.

### BIO

Andréa R.Vaucher has been writing about media, the arts, style, travel and spirituality for decades. She began as a film critic at the LA Weekly, was a founding editor of Venice Magazine, and was the Paris bureau chief and European correspondent for Variety. Her work has appeared in The New York Times, the LA Times, Tricycle, The Washington Post, The Boston Globe, among other publications.

In 2013, she won the Visit California Eureka Award for her Huffington Post digital feature, Los Angeles to San Francisco: From Goat Cheese to Gaultier.

Ms. Vaucher is the author of *Muses from Chaos* and *Ash: AIDS, Artists and Art* (Grove Press), the first book to explore the effect of the AIDS crisis on the international art community. She is currently finishing a novel, *Venice/Venice*.

She divides her time between Santa Monica and Idyllwild, CA, where she regularly disconnects in her vintage cabin in the wilderness.



# Elizabeth L. Vick

## 1970-2020: Thinking of Bennington, 50 Years Later

I was born into a family which was Bennington College-crazy. My mother, Louise Stockard Vick '36, was not-a-little proud of being in Bennington's first graduating class; she was followed by her 2 sisters, my Aunt Sue (Suzanne Stockard Underwood, '39 and my Aunt Joanie (Joan Stockard Sweasy, who attended but didn't finish). I think it was brave of my grandparents to trust their daughters' higher education to an experimental venture in North Bennington, Vermont. It was the middle of the Great Depression and my mother wrote in a memoir that "colleges were desperate for students. I visited in June, fell in love with it, and was accepted on the spot." Then, in my generation, my older cousin signed on. Bennington felt omnipresent. By the time I was 16, attending Bennington myself didn't seem like either an original or a desirable plan.

Nevertheless, when I was visiting colleges as a high school Junior, a friend and I drove to Vermont. We stayed at Bennington for a couple of days in a campus house with my cousin, Jill Underwood Bertrand, '65. I had visited other women's colleges which, although excellent schools, were not what I wanted. Bennington was different—so many dynamic women in jeans!! Students appeared to be really excited about and engaged in their education. Being unique or unusual was celebrated. This was a place where I could picture myself exploring and, one would hope, finding my own path. So once Bennington accepted me, I, too, chose Bennington.



*Elizabeth as a freshman in an Embryology (biology) class with professor John Wobnus, 1966*



The best parts of Bennington for me were: the friendships I made, which I still cherish, particularly Becky Mitchell, Ruth Ann Beeby Olson and Carol McGuirk, all '70; the variety of courses I took, which encouraged my love of history (which has morphed into a fascination with local history- locating, mapping and teaching others about "lost" roads and homesteads/cellar holes in the Marlboro, VT woods) and my interest in biology and the creative arts; and the amazing beauty of the Vermont landscape. Additionally, with the help and support of my thesis advisor, Rush Welter, I spent my junior year at the University of East Anglia at the School of English and American Studies in Norwich, Norfolk, England, studying English and American history and literature—another life-altering experience which taught me a lot about myself and how to survive in the wider world.

My life was changed in radical and wonderful ways by my college choice. Naturally, there were many moments of angst, uncertainty, rebellion (we're talking the '60s here), but my experience at Bennington—intellectually, creatively, and socially—prepared me for a wide variety of pursuits over the years. My journey, spent almost entirely in southern Vermont, has not been linear and has included the following jobs and pursuits: teacher of young children, mom, senior center cook, area agency on aging nutrition director, step-mom, early childhood center teacher and director, student of Scottish fiddling, master gardener, violinist in an orchestra and string quartet, grandma, carpenter's assistant, sheep farmer...looking back, my greatest loves have been being a parent and teacher, and farming/gardening: nurturing children, animals and plants. With my husband, Craig Hammond, my son, Max Vick Ranall, and my step-daughters, Laura Hammond, Chelsea Sprague and Miranda Hammond and their partners and children, I have been fortunate to have had a full and loving extended family life.

Bennington College contributed to this patchwork of my life by giving me the courage to try the unexpected, to follow the trail of what makes me curious, to find satisfaction in learning new skills, to be unafraid of being who I am. I am forever grateful for being able to access such a fine education. May we all continue to be life-long learners, even during this crazy Covid-19 pandemic. Thank you, Bennington!



*25th Reunion with Ruth Ann Beeby Olson, Elizabeth Vick, Rebecca Mitchell, Sharon Parnes, and Erica Bro Dobrzynski*

## Cathy Weis

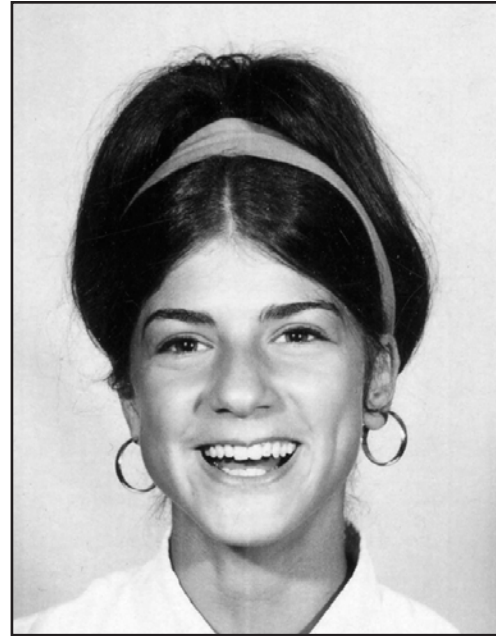
537 Broadway #7  
New York, NY 10012

Of course, I have very fond memories of my time at Bennington. I continue to work closely with collaborators from my time there, including Lisa Nelson, who you'll see in several of the photos.

The pictures are from two different shows that I did at Bennington. The first one was called "The Invitation," with my collaborator Mary Fussel, at Jennings in 1969. I took over the whole place (the music department was very generous). When people came to view, they were given a costume. There was chamber music with Michael Finckel (son of B'ton cello teacher George) and then a big dance upstairs. In the basement, I had modeled a bunch of rooms after different parts of the body.

The next year, I did another show with Lisa Nelson, Susan Sgorbati and others... also in Jennings. It was a continuation of the first version from the year before.

Currently, I'm creating my own dance work and hosting a weekly dance series called Sundays on Broadway in my loft in Soho, NYC. I see many different Bennington alum from the ages who come to perform at the series.



*Cathy with Lisa Nelson*



*Cathy with Lisa Nelson*



*Cathy with David Strathairn*



*Cathy with Susan Sgorbati and others at Jennings*



# Zae Zatoon

## Enjoying Your Life Is the Highest Form of Worship

Roughly 20 years ago, I discovered that I am *shaman*, a traditional (pre-religious and pre-scientific) monk, healer, ascetic and medium, who acts between our generally perceived “reality” and other less etheric realms – due not to the opportunity of education, but instead to the obligation of birthright. This calling has consistently taken me beyond the general crowd because, had I followed the crowd, I would most likely have gone no further than others; whereas I have always been intent instead upon finding myself in places where no one else had ever been.

My current penchant is for quantum physics, the notion that everything we “think” is real is merely an illusion composed of 99.999. .% empty space. To visualize this graphically, you need only imagine the point of a sewing needle compared to the circumference of the Sun. The Sun in this analogy represents the 99.999. .% of everything we “think” is real. As a matter of fact, if we were to extract the empty space from all the people in the world, the sum total of the world’s population would fit comfortably inside a cube no larger than a lump of sugar.

Here’s the point. . .

Traveling at the speed of light, it would take us one second (“one one-thousand”) to get from here to the Moon. Eight minutes later, we would arrive at the Sun. At that same speed, it would take 20,000 years for us to get to the edge of the Milky Way Galaxy, and in 46.5 billion years (that’s “billion” with a “b”), we would begin to embark beyond the edge of the observable universe -- not the “omniverse,” not the “megaverse,” not the “multiverse,” but the observable universe. 46.5 billion years!

Now, according to *National Geographic*, the human body is composed of 100 trillion cells, each containing approximately 200 trillion atoms. Doing the math, the human body, your body, contains approximately 200 septillion atoms – that’s 200 with 24 zeros following it.



This gives each of us 100 times more atoms in our bodies than there are stars in the universe we were talking about above. Yet, how often are we encouraged to go within ourselves for answers – into the vastness of our own, Internal Knowing?

Rather, we are indoctrinated by well-meaning people, who were indoctrinated by well-meaning people, who were indoctrinated by well-meaning people. . . to look outside ourselves for validation. As a result, almost everything we “think” we know is at best second-hand information.

As shaman, I pro-actively reject bilateral thinking (i.e., the belief in right vs. wrong, good vs. evil, righteousness vs. unrighteousness, etc.) and cultivate instead an awareness that “there is no ‘God,’ and

everything is God.” In the same way a wave cannot be separated from the ocean, so too you, I and everyone/everything cannot be separated from All That IS. Like the Beatles used to sing in the days we were at Bennington: “I am he as you are he as you are me, and we are all together.”

From my heart to your heart,

Zae Zatoon

[www.muaisa.org](http://www.muaisa.org)





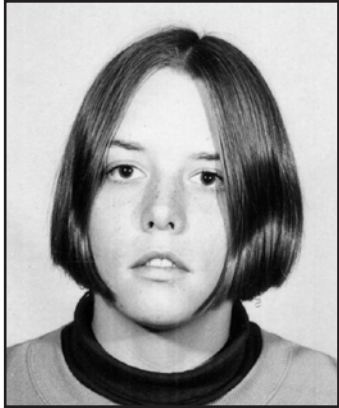




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Anne Ackerman



Katherine M. Aldrich



Claudia J. Bader



Naomi Bennett



Lucy Bergstrom



Ellen Berman



Mary Bickert Bevernick



Joanna Cobb Biermann



Mary Bresnan

Did not send an update



Robin Bruch



Patricia Prandini Buckler



Sally Edwards Canzoneri



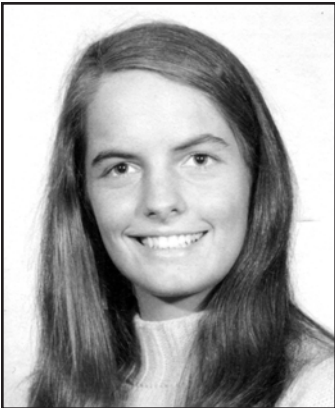
Deborah Carter



Claudia Conine



Patricia Crain



Elizabeth Acer Crawford



Elizabeth M. de Rham



Laurel Delp



Did not send an update



Elizabeth Horton DeVan



Susan Donath



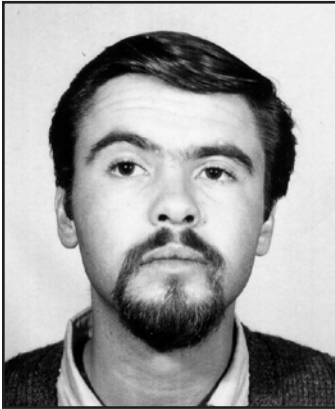
Frances W. Dorsey



Claire Copley Eisenberg



Lynne Coleman Gevirtz



Dennis Eubanks



Jane Leavitt Farrell



Claudia Packer Feurey



Gretchen Sloate Garrett

Did not send an update



Stephanie Gelb



Holly Neal Giffin



Pamela Granbery



Laura E. Greenfield



Lavinia Hall



Judith Savin Hansen



Viviane Harvey



Hilary Apjohn Hatch



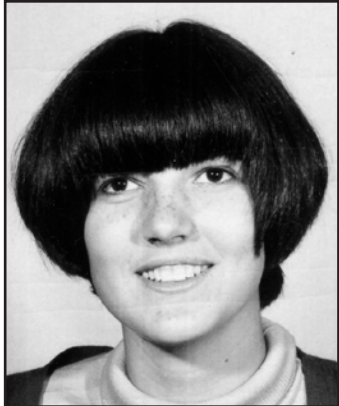
Marjorie Hirst Hawley



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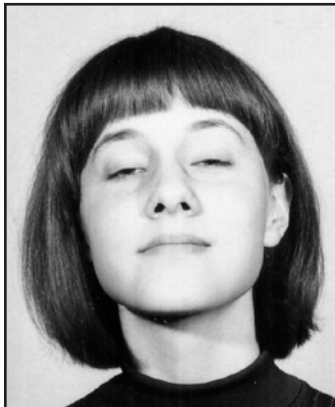
Nancy Hobbs



Sylvia Duchacek Imbert



Dana Porter Ivers



Nancy Holt Jadhav



Vanessa Beer Korn



Gretchen S. Langheld



Jane Larkin



Jane Evans Latimer



Linda L. Lawton

Did not send an update



Suzanne Bredemeier Leaphart



Ruth Louisell Levine



Marian Lee Lewis



Mady Marantz



Sara Maynard



Frances Jacobowitz Metcalf



Jennifer Woodworth Michaels



Harriet R. Miller



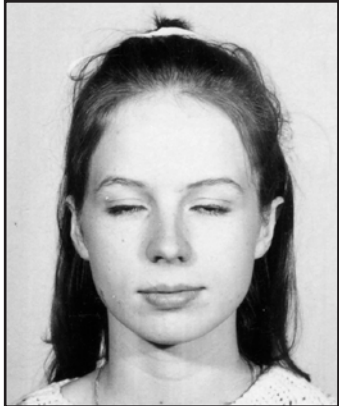
Dorothy E. Muma



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Darrell Nichols



Annette Noland



Ramie Limber Ortiz



Suzanne Pelton



Sallyann Pischl Pogosky



Ellen Pollak



Louisa B. Putnam



Leslie Burke Rich



Carol Child Rosenblith

Did not send an update



Jessica Rostow



Vera Neumann Ryersbach



Adam Sacks



Mei Mei Sanford



Christina Mills Schenk



Lucie Hayes Semler



Susan Charow Sherman



Beth Skinner



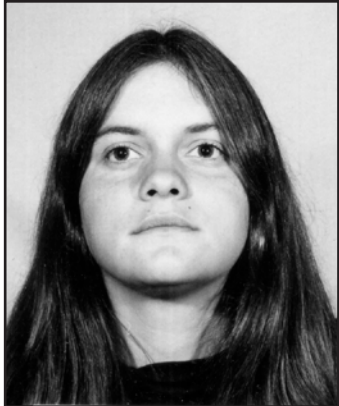
Kathleen Jane Smith



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Cathy Jehle Stryker



Constance L. Talbot



Janet E. Tice



Evelyn Thal Toynton



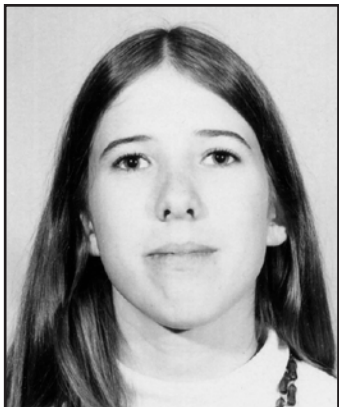
Sarah J. Vaughan



Joan Katz von Ohlen



Gwyneth Welch

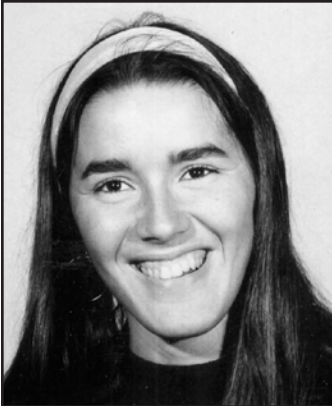


Anne West



Wendy K. Wilkins

**Did not send an update**



Cristina Guiu Wood



Andrea Woodner



Felicity Wright

**Without update—no photo available**

Martin Barolsky  
Camilla Beale  
Harry Brauser  
Seie Wolf Brigham  
Michele Curtis  
Karen Daly  
Christopher Delaney  
Jane DeLoache  
Sarah Hyman DeWitt  
Erika C. Dobrzynski  
Christina de Villafranca Douglas  
Deborah Roseman First  
Karen Franck

Cheryl Friend  
Mary E Fussell  
Kristin Hanson  
Penelope L. Hargrove  
Deoborah Wallace-Cordon Hart  
Janet Hodges Jalloul  
Elizabeth S. Hoyt  
Suzanne Husting  
Michael Kalinowski  
Janis Durgin King  
Jan Cook Mack  
Sharon Rubenfeld Mitchell  
Lois Chabot Morris

Deborah Thomas Neal  
Thomas E. O'Connor  
Andrea Olitsky  
Laurie Prencipe  
Miri Richman  
Myretta Robens  
Laura Carroll Robinson  
Ruth Elias Rogers  
Gail S. Rothman  
Eurydice Gitane Serrato  
Joanna Clark Swayze  
Leslie Black Tawfik

**In memoriam**



Valerie Arning



Lindsley Cameron



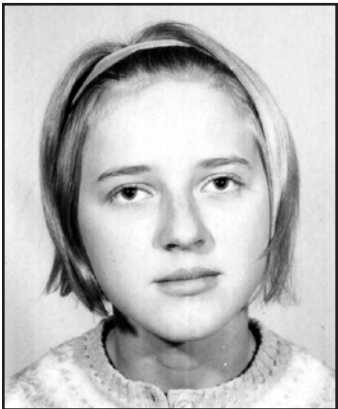
Suzanne Courcier



Paula DeLancey



Joel Harvey



Anu-Liisa Lukk



Bronwen Miller



Jocelyn Bloomfield Rose



Beverly Ryan

**In memoriam**



Janet Withington Todd



Susan Toepfer



Robin Walker

**In memoriam—no photo available**

- Joy Anne Ross Dewey
- Ulysses Dove
- Julia Hall
- Ellen F. Lanier
- Patricia Mallon Lustfield
- Anne Tredway
- Barbara Wells



COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

June 19-20, 1970

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Thirty-fifth

COMMENCEMENT

June 19-20, 1970

Friday, June 19

Carriage Barn  
4:00 p.m.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

A concert by Bennington College students, alumni,  
faculty, faculty wives, administration, and members  
of the community.

Jennings Lawn  
6:30 p.m.

THE SENIOR SUPPER

An outdoor buffet for seniors, their guests, faculty  
and administration, trustees, and students.  
(In case of rain, in the Marquee on Commons Lawn.)

Marquee on  
Commons Lawn  
8:30 p.m.

THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Address by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Commons Porch

INFORMAL RECEPTION

Marquee on  
Commons Lawn

MEETING

Politics and the College.

Saturday, June 20

Barn Quadrangle  
10:00 a.m.

THE DEGREE-CONFERRING CEREMONY

For details, see page 2.  
(In case of rain, in the Marquee on Commons Lawn.)

Reception after the ceremony. Punch served  
under Commons porch over-hang.

THE DEGREE-CONFERRING CEREMONY

Processional. . . . . Hilary Apjohn Trigaux '70

- \* 1. The Procession moves from the southwest door of the Barn to the Silo base.
2. The Procession is seated.
3. The President gives his opening remarks.
4. The President addresses the Faculty Representatives.
5. & 6. The Faculty Representatives present their candidates for the Bachelor of Arts Degrees and Master of Arts Degree.
7. The President addresses the Faculty.
8. The President addresses the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.
9. The Chairman of the Board of Trustees addresses the Board.
10. The Chairman of the Board of Trustees addresses the members of the Graduating Class.
11. The Candidate for the Master of Arts degree receives congratulations from Mr. Bloustein.
12. The President concludes his remarks to the Graduating Class.

"Lament". . . . . Louis Calabro

Recessional . . . . . Hilary Apjohn Trigaux

14. & 15. The Graduates march in procession to Commons Lawn where they receive their diplomas.
16. Informal reception on Commons Lawn for Graduates and their guests.

\*Guests are requested to refrain from using photographic equipment until the recessional.

Bennington College

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES

June 20, 1970

MASTER OF ARTS. . . . . Harry Boris Breuser

BACHELOR OF ARTS  
(\*Receiving their degrees as of December, 1969)

DANCE

Joy Anne Dewey  
Ulysses Dove, Jr.  
Penny Jane Larrison  
Risa Jaroslow Tobis  
Catherine L. Weis

DRAMA

Martin A. Barolsky  
Allan Holzman  
Michael F. Kalinowski  
Holly Lynne Neal  
Beth Skinner

LITERATURE

Elizabeth Bassett\*  
Leslie Denison Black  
Patricia Prandini Buckler\*  
Patricia Anne Crain  
Laurel Katherine Delp\*  
Lavinia Elizabeth Hall  
Nancy Spooner Hobbs  
Cathy Jane Jehle  
Jane Elizabeth Larkin  
Jane Talbot Leavitt  
Harriet Raza Miller  
Ellen Margaret Pollak  
Laurie Prencipe  
Louisa Bidwell Putnam  
Beverly Anne Ryan  
Evelyn Jean Thal  
Deborah Charlotte Thomas  
Susan Jill Toepfer  
Sarah Joan Vaughan  
Robin Elizabeth Walker

MUSIC

Susan Frances Charow  
Carol Elinor Child  
Christina Margarita Mercedes Guiu  
Alison Ann Nowak  
Mei Mei Elma Cooper Sanford  
Hilary Apjohn Trigaux

SCIENCE

Kathleen Jane Smith  
Janet Elise Tice

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Vanessa Jane Beer  
Ellen S. Berman  
Jocelyn Bloomfield  
Lois Chabot  
Jill Goodman Crane  
Victoria English  
Karen Alicia Franck  
Stephanie Nancy Gelb  
Elizabeth Anne Horton  
Rebecca Mary Mitchell  
Sharon M. Parnes  
Sallyann Joy Pischl  
Emily Israel Raphael  
Elizabeth Lyon Vick

VISUAL ARTS

Ruth Ann Beeby  
Margaret Osborne Bruch  
Jan Louise Cook  
Suzanne Courcier  
Sylvia Francine Duchacek  
Jane Evans  
Elaine Ann Gismondi  
Pamela Granbery  
Linda Louise Lawton  
Michele Colt Molyneux  
Joanna Clark Swayze  
Gwyneth Jeanne Welch\*  
Andrea Woodner  
Jo Ann Zai Zatoon

GENERAL

Constance LaBoiteaux Talbot

INTER-DIVISIONAL

Christina V. M. Root - Soc. Science/Lit.

DOUBLE MAJOR

Carol McGuirk - Vis. Arts & Literature



#### FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES

Dance. . . . . Judith Dunn  
Drama. . . . . Robert Sugarman  
General; Inter-Divisional . . . . . Wallace P. Scott  
Literature & Languages . . . . . Stanley Eskin  
Music. . . . . Vivian Fine  
Science . . . . . Robert Cornwell  
Social Science:  
    Anthropology, Psychology . . . . . Peter Wilson  
    Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics . . . . . John Cairns  
Visual Arts. . . . . Pat Adams

#### INSTRUMENTALISTS Processional

##### Trombone

Richard Diehl  
Warren Robinson

##### Trumpet

David Carrier  
Patrick Renzi

##### Tuba

Luther Everly

Conductor . . . . . Hilary Apjohn Trigaux '70

##### Lament

from "Latitude 15.09° N (Longitude 108.5° E)"

##### Violin I

Eileen Carrier  
Alison Nowak  
Leonard Rowe  
Susan Cantrick

##### Violin II

Julie Copland  
Jane Hanks  
Cindy Jordan  
Elaine Curran

##### Viola

Jacob Glick  
Deborah Borda

##### Cello

Gail Alcock  
Michael Finckel  
Robert Nowak

##### Bass

Marianne Finckel

Alto Soloist . . . . . Kimball Wheeler

Conductor . . . . . Louis Calabro

#### On Display in The Carriage Barn, New Gallery, is the Annual Senior Art Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, graphics, ceramics and other media by:

Ruth Ann Beeby	Linda Lawton
Robyn Bruch	Carol McGuirk
Jan Cook	Michele Molyneux
Suzanne Courcier	Joanna Clark Swayze
Sylvia Duchacek	Andrea Woodner
Elaine Ann Gismondi	JoAnn Zai Zatoon
Pamela Granbery	

#### On Display in the Library are the SENIOR THESES of:

Elizabeth Bassett	Cathy Jane Jehle
Vanessa Jane Beer	Jane Elizabeth Larkin
Ellen S. Berman	Laurie Prencipe
Leslie Denison Black	Emily Israel Raphael
Patricia Prandini Buckler	Christina V. M. Root
Patricia Anne Crain	Beverly Anne Ryan
Jill Goodman Crane	Deborah Charlotte Thomas
Victoria English	Susan Jill Toepfer
Karen Alicia Franck	Elizabeth Lyon Vick

#### On Display in the Barn are exhibits of drawings, water colors, graphics, and architectural renderings by:

Robin Bruch	Elaine Ann Gismondi
Jan Cook	Pamela Granbery
Suzanne Courcier	Linda Lawton
Sylvia Duchacek	Jo Ann Zai Zatoon





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