

Quadville

VOL. III NO. 4

July 69

Bennington College

Bennington, Vermont



Martha Hill Awarded Degree

Martha Hill, who brought modern dance to American colleges, was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of

Letters from Bennington College on June 14. She is the sixth person to receive the degree.

Miss Hill, who is now head of dance at Juilliard, established this country's first bachelor of arts degree in modern dance at Bennington in 1932. She later created the Benning-

ton College Summer School of the Dance, which included such notables as Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, José Limon and Sophie Maslow. (Pictures, pages 12-16.)

She held her first festival of the dance while an instructor of physical education at Kansas State Teachers College. She studied at Teachers College at Columbia for a B.S. degree and at the Dalcroze School for Eurythmics. After meeting Martha Graham, Miss Hill taught modern dance at New York University and in 1932 began her long career at Bennington where she remained until she took leave of absence in 1952 to create and head the dance division at Juilliard.

Following the Commencement ceremony a champagne luncheon was held at Jennings in Miss Hill's honor. Dancers, dance patrons, old friends and faculty attended.

Miss Graham, Miss Holm, Mr. Limon, William Bales and two alumni, Ethel Winter and Carol Channing, have joined Merrill Hambleton to form a special committee to raise funds for a Martha Hill Workshop in the new Performing Arts Center at Bennington. At the end of three weeks \$48,000 had already been raised towards a goal of \$300,000.



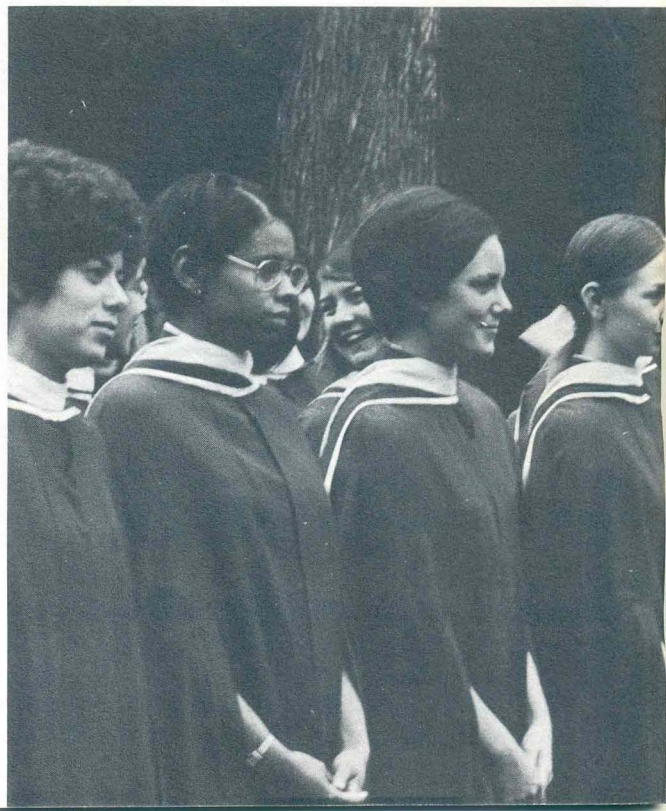
Bennington's Thirty-Fourth Commencement

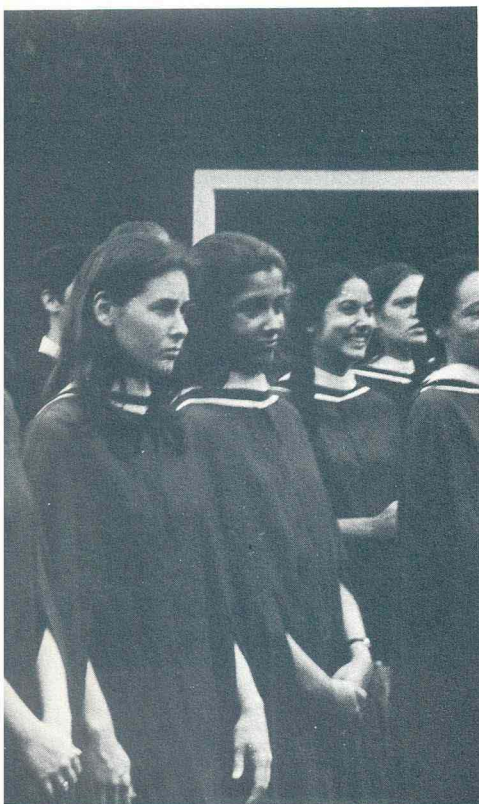
Ninety-six seniors received bachelors degrees June 14 in Commencement exercises at Bennington College. This was by far the largest graduating class in Bennington's 37-year history.

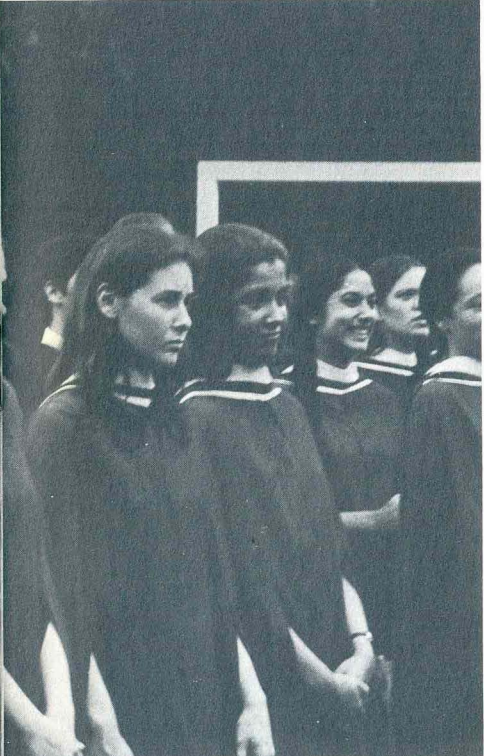
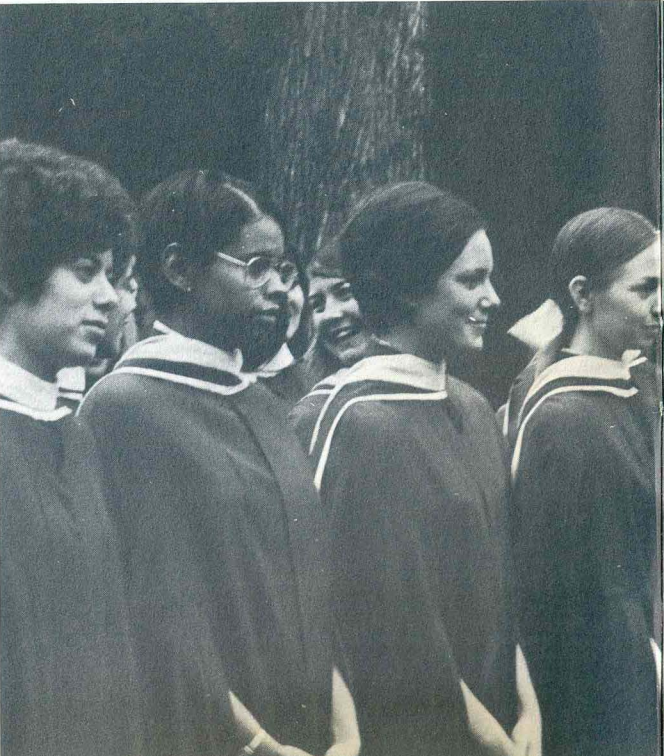
Martha Hill was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters and Susan Mauss and Jacqueline Starkey both received Masters degrees in the visual arts. The degrees were conferred by President Edward Bloustein and Mrs. Richard S. Emmet, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, in the traditionally brief ceremony in the Barn Quadrangle.

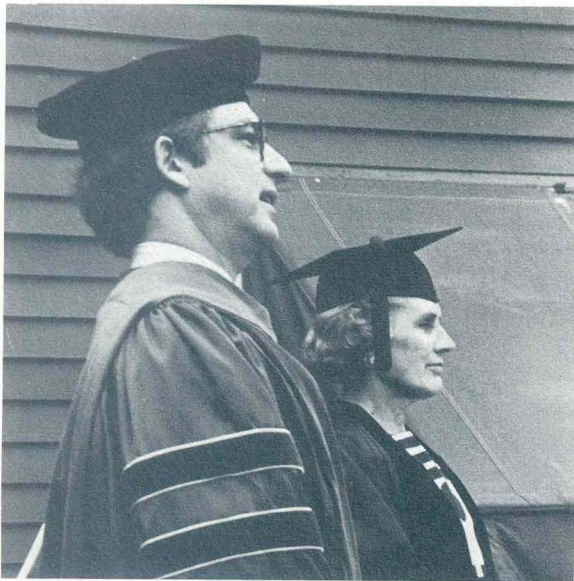
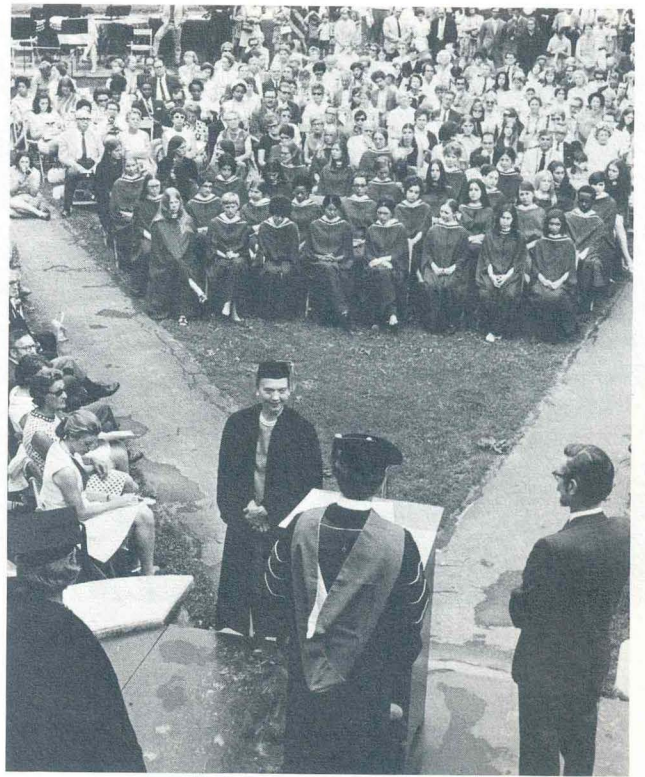
Seven of the bachelor degrees were awarded in dance. Nine were presented in drama, 28 in literature, 9 in music, 3 in science, 23 in social science, and there were two general majors.

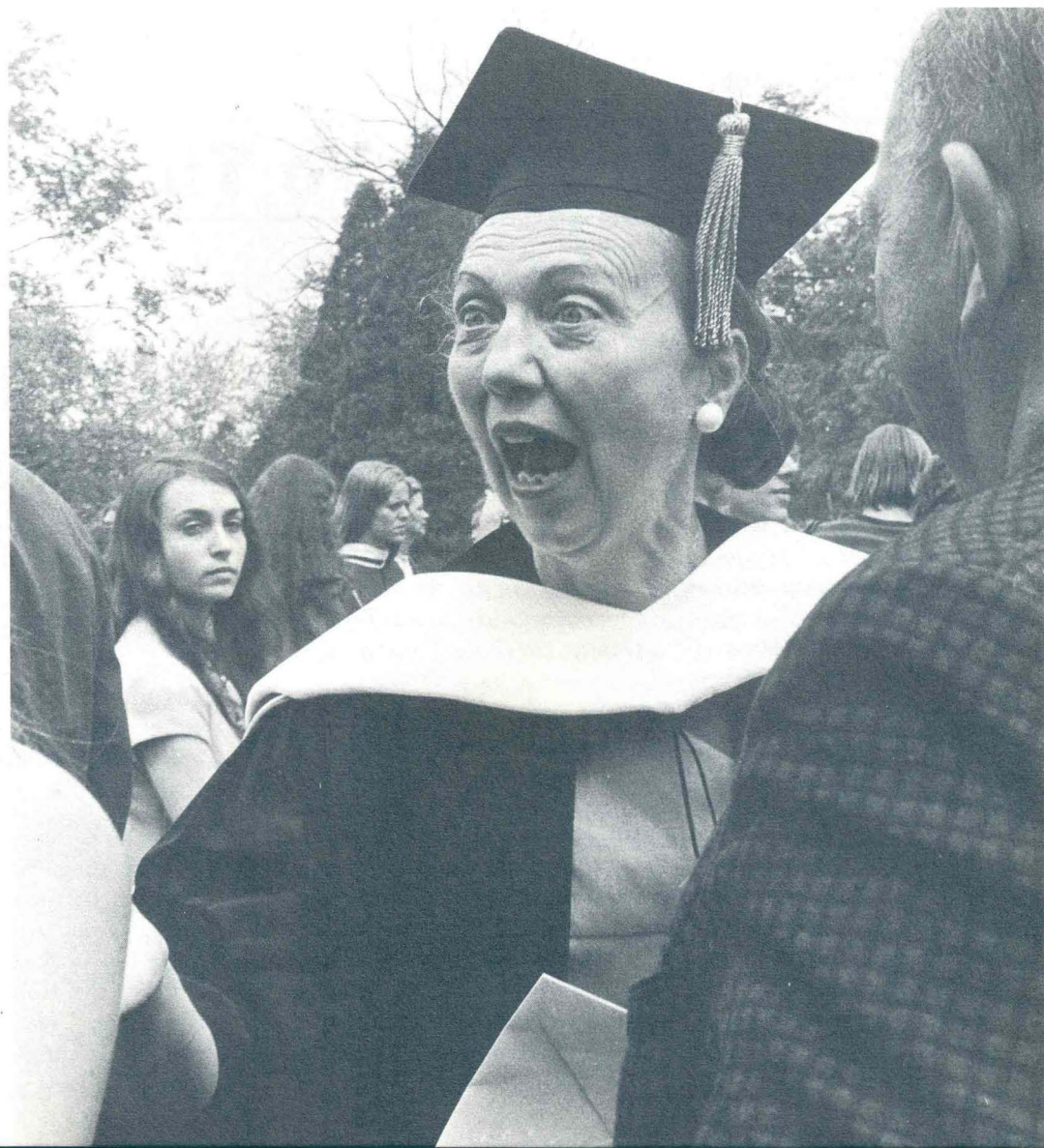
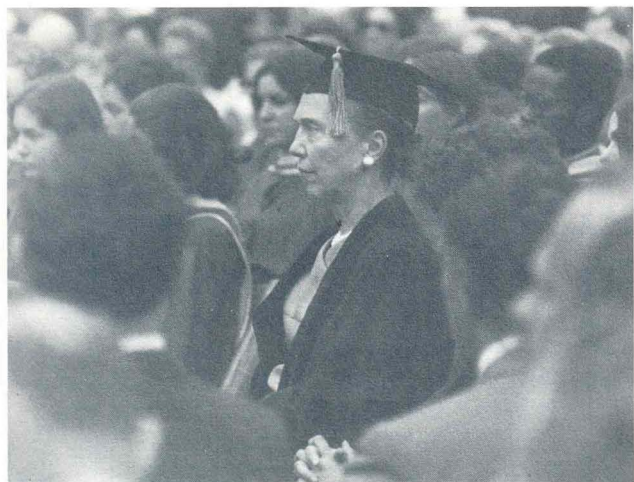
The Commencement Address was delivered the evening before in a tent on Commons Lawn by Denise Levertov, poet and visiting lecturer at Berkeley, who was chosen by the senior class.











Editorial Note

Quadrille is published at Bennington College four times a year during term. It is designed to reflect the views and opinions of students, faculty, administration, alumnae, trustees, parents of students, and friends of the College. It is distributed to all the constituencies and is intended primarily as a monthly paper in which members of the Greater College Community may expound, publicly, on topical issues.

The editors of *Quadrille* invite articles, statements, opinion and comment, letters to the editors, photographs and graphics, and reviews from members of all the constituencies.

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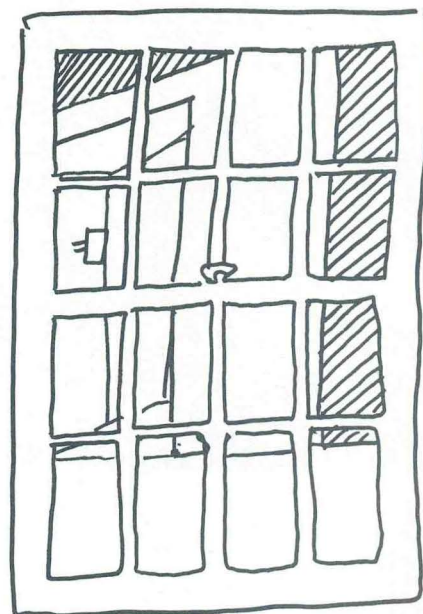
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—Drawings by JEAN HOLABIRD '69



Letters To The Editors

To the Editor:

I love all communications that come to us, as alumnae, from Bennington. They are always intelligent and well designed, at a minimum, and are often provocative and/or beautiful. Having quite recently seen publications from lots of other colleges, I know that Bennington is head and shoulders above them all, and I think that is worth considerable expense, not just for public relations but for private pride as well. Bennington has artistic and intellectual integrity and it is fitting that her publications have those qualities.

Anyone who demurs at contributing to the Alumnae Fund because of expenses in connection with *Quadrille*, *The Bennington Review*, fund-raising brochures, catalogues, booklets, etc. is a faker.

Sincerely,
OLGA LANDECK HEMING '51

To the Editor:

Ah so! The generation gap narroweth! Roberta Elzey Berke '65 has written a classic letter published in Volume III, no. 3, which is now properly framed and prominently displayed on one of my cracked walls. I herewith enclose one quart of my blood to be contributed to the Alumnae Silent Blood Pact. I would send more but I have to contribute several additional quarts a week to Mayor Lindsay's Fun City, and the rental lords who govern my blood-letting almost exclusively.

I was recently contacted on the phone by someone in the New York Chapter ("whatever that is" . . . a now-famous phrase in my house) who asked me for a donation to "some telethon, whatever that is, we're having to raise funds for the alumni." I asked her if they couldn't just pass the cup for one of their more needy members, MYSELF, since I was forced to spend all of my hard-earned loot in and out of hospitals over the past 3½ years, therefore [sic.] leaving me sans spaghetti AND bread. I offered to do some office work, typing or writing of promotional material, etc. No deal.

If the book I'm writing is a success, I'll send bread, but be it known that I'm preserving my blood for any future personal emergencies.

Sincerely,
MURIEL O'BRIEN McGARRY '46

Herewith is printed President Bloustein's reply to the letter from Roberta Elzey Berke '65 which appeared in QUADRILLE, volume III, no. 3.

Dear Mrs. Berke:

Your magnificent letter didn't spoil my morning—it made it. Its tone, its "gutsyness," its style—even its occasional wrong headedness, are among the qualities which make this little college the great place it is.

Now the trouble with your letter is that the "Silent Blood Pact" idea has been tried here for over a third of a century. It simply will not work to keep this place alive enough to keep producing women like you.

As for the cost of our publications, I do believe you should look into the matter more carefully than you have. It is the universal experience of people who are out to raise money that you cannot raise it by sending mimeographed appeals which cry out for "help!" as you suggest they might. As perverse and unreasonable as it may seem to you, the institution which uses money in its appeals for money simply raises more money than the one which makes a threadbare attempt at raising money.

I hate to think that I'll be losing the possibility of hearing from you again, but in light of your letter, I shall ask our Development Office to save its money and not to send you any future publications or solicitations. I hope you will occasionally be able to learn of us through some other sources and that I can sometime in the future look forward to another blast from London.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD J. BLOUSTEIN

A Coeducational Freshman Class

The first substantially coeducational class at Bennington College has been accepted. The Admissions Office announced that the entering class numbers 215, of which 33 are men. Twenty-nine transfer students from other colleges and universities, of which 16 are men, are included in the group.

Total applications this year were 1123 compared to 744 in 1967-68. Thirty-three percent more applicants were interviewed and 4500 inquiries, as compared to 3000 last year, were received by the office.

Rebecca Stickney, Director of Admissions, pointed out that the increase occurred in spite of the fact that applications to other predominantly women's colleges were down. The location of the College, the emphasis on individual program planning, and Bennington's attitudes towards education and its students all worked to make Bennington more appealing to a large number of high school seniors, she said.

Bennington offered admission to 25 percent of the male applicants and 30 percent of the women. The male group's mean SAT verbal score is approximately 625 and SAT mathematics score is 630. For women the SAT verbal score is 643 and the mathematics score is 576. Sixty-two percent of the entering students attended public school and 38 percent attended independent schools.

Thirty-nine of the new students will receive financial aid, as compared to 28 last year. The average grant is \$1,740. Two students are receiving Bennington National Merit Scholarships.

The geographical distribution of the entering class is about the same as in preceding years. Twenty-four percent

of the class is from New England, 50 percent from the mid-Atlantic states, 19 percent from the north central states, 4 percent from the south, and 11 percent from the far west. Foreign students and Americans who live abroad account for 2 percent of the class.

Twelve of the incoming freshmen are alumni children, including four alumni sons. Three are related to current students and nine others have relatives who have attended Bennington.

Rebecca Stickney, Jean Holt to Leave

Miss Rebecca B. Stickney, Director of Admissions, will be on leave of absence from the College during 1969-70. Replacing her as Acting Director will be Mrs. David Aldrich, an alumna of Bennington College. Jean Short Aldrich was an art major in the Class of 1943. She moves to Bennington with her husband, an architect, this summer from Hobart College where she has been teaching art history. They have four children, the oldest a junior at Bennington.

Mrs. George Holt is retiring as Assistant Director of Admissions after eighteen years. Her replacement will be Mrs. Donald Brown, wife of a member of the social science faculty. Rae Brown, a graduate of UVM with an M.S. in Education from Harvard, has been working part-time as an interviewer in the Admissions Office for the last year and a half.

Anyone who has ever had anything to do with Bennington College will know how much Becca Stickney and Jean Holt will be missed. Becca first set foot on the campus hilltop thirty years ago this fall as a freshman student. She majored in science (bio-chemistry). Jean came to Bennington that same fall as a faculty wife after working as an administrator at the Fogg Museum.

Five years after graduation, Becca returned to Bennington in 1948 to become the College's first Alumnae Secretary. President Burkhardt was quick to recognize Becca's abilities and potentials, and in 1951 appointed her Director of Admissions. Jean joined her as assistant. Since that time, with the exception of three and a half years when Becca served as Director of News & Development and special assistant to President Fels, they have visited approximately 1875 schools, read approximately 10,200 applications, interviewed approximately 10,100 candidates, and admitted classes totaling 2632 students.

Faculty Notes

Pat Adams will spend the summer at Yaddo in Saratoga Springs, New York, preparing for a show of her paintings at the Zabriskie Gallery in New York in November.

Michael Benedikt's poems from *The Body* and from his new manuscript, *Sky*, have been scheduled to appear in several new anthologies: *Contemporary American Poetry*, edited by Donald Hall; *Expanded Poetry*, edited by Ronald Gross; *Poetry Since 1940*, edited by Mark Strand; and *The Modern Poets*, edited by John Malcolm Brinner and William Reed. His poems and criticism are scheduled to appear in forthcoming months in *Poetry*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Partisan Review*, *Kayak*, *Sumac*, *Stony Brook*, *The Sixties* and *London Magazine*. His sculpture, designed in collaboration with Charles Frazier of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at M.I.T., was shown this spring in the "Language" show at the Dwan Gallery in New York City. In June he appeared on Stanley Kauffmann's program, "Critique," on Channel 13, WNET-TV.

Louis Carini's article, "Symbolic Transformations Theorem on Language Learning," appears in the July issue of *The Proceedings of the American Psychological Association*. His monograph, "The Theory of Symbolic Transformations," will appear in the next issue of *Acta Psychologica*.

Stanley Eskin's article, *Political Themes in Sartre's Literary Works*, appeared in the spring issue of *Midway*. "The Literary Shape of Political Themes in Dante's Comedy" was published in *Cesare Barbieri Courier*, Vol. IX, No. 12.

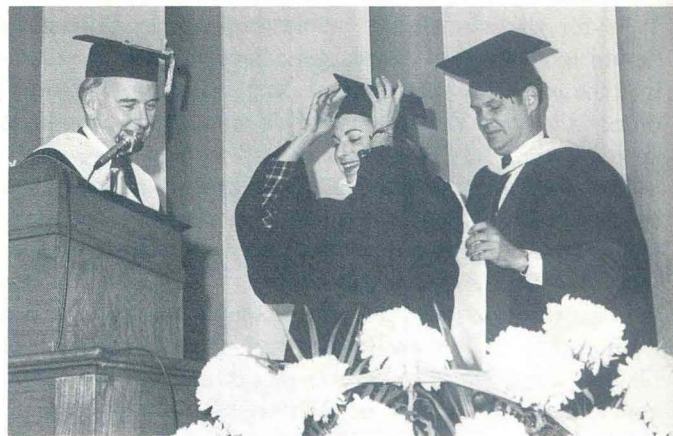
Joseph Juhasz will spend the summer at the University of California at Berkeley and will work also at San Francisco Art Institute studying the problems of predicting the success of students at those institutions. His article, "Towards a Psychology of Imagination," co-authored by T. A. Sorbin, will appear in the next issue of *The Journal of Personality*.

Jack Moore was commissioned to choreograph a dance work for the Adelphi Dance Theater, Adelphi University. The work, "Tracings," was performed April 30, May 1-3 at Adelphi and at Bennington College as part of the Spring Dance Workshop. Mr. Moore will be teaching at Adelphi in the summer dance program.

Poems by Ulisses Picco were published in *Razón y Fabula* (Bogata, Columbia) as well as his translation into Spanish of Ben Belitt's "The Burning Sarcophagus." The translation of another Belitt poem, "The Morning Neruda," appeared in *Mundo Nuevo* (Paris). Mr. Picco and Mr. Belitt presented "An Evening of Neruda" at Bennington this spring, which included bilingual readings, a lecture by Mr. Picco, and a movie about Pablo Neruda.

Peter Wilson finished a year as Visiting Professor of Anthropology at Brandeis University. His article, "Virgin Birth, a Comment," appeared in the June issue of *MAN*.

John F. Wahnus has been invited to participate as lecturer in the NSF-sponsored Summer Institute for Biology Teachers for the third year. It is held at Drew University, Madison, New Jersey, June 15-July 24.



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Wade N. Mack, Skidmore College registrar, adjusts the hood symbolizing the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters awarded to Miss Helen Frankenthaler, widely acclaimed artist and an alumna and Trustee of Bennington College, during 1969 Skidmore Commencement exercises at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. The degree was conferred by Dr. Joseph C. Palamountain, Jr., (left), president of Skidmore.

Committee for Survival Formed

Several Bennington College faculty members this spring helped to organize a Committee for Survival in response to news that the New York State Atomic and Space Development Agency has plans to build a fast breeder nuclear reactor in Easton, New York, about 25 miles northwest of Bennington.

Dr. Irving Lyon and Mrs. Catherine O. Foster, both members of the faculty, protested in the local press that a number of important questions relating to the possible biological consequences of such a reactor had not been answered. They emphasized that the possibility of such a nuclear power plant so close to Bennington College raised serious questions regarding its effects upon public health and safety.

They pointed out that substantial quantities of radioactive substances such as Iodine-131, Strontium-90 and Krypton-85 would be released during the normal operating cycle of a nuclear power plant. Furthermore, they said, vast amounts of radioactive wastes are in indefinite storage on tank farms throughout the country, and some of the tanks are known to have leaked considerable amounts of these wastes into the ground.

On May 31 the committee released 2,000 balloons at the Easton site to dramatize the possibilities that radioactive particles could drift a considerable distance from the point of their release. Balloons were recovered in Easton and Hoosick Falls, New York, and in Arlington, Vermont. The balloon release was covered by local news media and by *Life* magazine.

Spring Dance Workshop

—by DEBBIE THOMAS '70

The 1969 Spring Dance Workshop, presented May 15 through 18, offered two different programs, each running for two nights. There were overall themes, in both concerts, such as the use of slide projections, the simplicity of costuming, and the lack of sets, which drew attention to the new directions in which the dance department seems to be heading.

"Tracings," choreographed by department head Jack Moore, was the only piece performed all four nights. It represented a trend in this spring's concerts toward a unity of the arts. Totally black costumes took on colors of their own from the constantly changing lights, and sounds and rhythms came primarily from bodily contact with the floor and from the dancers. A contemporary style was threaded with suggestions of 17th century dance forms, and although the work was divided into sections, the combined segments held together as a unit, not unlike the classical symphonic arrangements.

Complex in construction, "Tracings" exploded with well developed subtleties in rhythmical variation, numerical symbolism, religious undertones and visual ambiguities which added immensely to the combined effect of the choreographic intricacies. The dancers were capable and earnest, which said much for their director.

Thursday and Friday the concert opened with "Like a Balloon Around the Sun," a work choreographed by Mary Kinal with music by Gerry Kaplan. Appropriately, the music was like a balloon around the dancing of Miss Kinal and Ryland Jordan. The costumes added to the already unified atmosphere, rendering a complete and satisfying performance.

Risa Tobis' senior project, a dance based on a quotation by Bertold Brecht, was perhaps more interesting in its components than as a whole. The work showed imaginative use of stage setting and light and shadow and the natural rhythms created by the dancer's body against the stage—sounds so often covered up by musical accompaniment.

A substantial contribution to the success of the concert was made by Lynn Colburn in her extremely clever and well executed compositions, "Personification of a Black Jelly Bean," her skillful parody of a Feifferesque Bennington dance major in "Free Spirit," and "Fanfare to Louis XII."

Penny Larrison's "Fleurs du Mal" approached those of Baudelaire only in a mutual atmosphere of slight madness. The visual impact was that of a scene from the gymnasium of a mental institution, and in the midst of this all-too-convincing confusion came a quotation from D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*. Unfortunately, it was difficult to concentrate on the quotation and the dancers simultaneously,

which reportedly led many members of the audience to concentrate on the mesmerising quality in the voice of Ulysses Dove.

"Recipe for Sea Bream," by Elizabeth Pattison, was an original conception of dance versus drama, severely ham-



pered by length and repetition. Perhaps with closer scrutiny one could extract theories of speech as a replacement for music in dance, but at a glance it seemed that Miss Pattison's dancing had little to do with Judith Levin's monologues. The quality of dancing and recitation was noteworthy, and the costumes were equally impressive.

"Mahdekab," Leslie Berg's senior project, was not only the most elaborate work in the concert in design, but was choreographically a beautiful, hilarious work. Part of the genius of this work was brought out by the use Miss Berg made of her dancers and their abilities and limitations. Cathy Weiss, Ryland Jordan and Ande Peck were as spontaneous as the chorus of improvising vocalists.

Saturday and Sunday's concerts opened with a senior project by Ande Peck entitled "In a Shadowland of Near



Silence." Against a backdrop of a slide projection, the three dancers, Susan Meyers, Wendy Perron and Mr. Peck, were not easily visible. Their shadows, however, were slightly larger than life size and were silhouetted sharply against the background. This ingenious effect was complemented by Leslie Berg wandering throughout playing a flute while a tape recording of the same served as the shadow of her music. The composition was visually extraordinary and well executed.

"The Hunter," by Whittaker Sheppard, was a humorous work at times and a serious visitation of the man/animal struggle for supremacy. Mr. Sheppard seemed at moments man the hunter, but more often his movements implied those of an animal hunting or being hunted, possibly presenting the ancient belief that the hunter is the hunted.

Wendy Perron illustrated her combination of beauty, fluidity and control in her senior project, "A Piece of Wind." The choreography was fresh, strong and cleanly performed. Shelley White's vocal improvisations contained each of these qualities as well, and blended with the dance without losing any of its unique mystery.

A break in the mood of the concert came with "Crissie, Papa's Little Lump of Dung," choreographed and danced by Karen Lierly, Susan Kunstler and Goldie Morgentaler. The three girls, reacting to each other's emotional outbursts might better have avoided each other, but fortunately the piece was redeemed in places by perceptive bits of humor and shades of individuality on the part of each dancer, despite the subject matter.

Irene Meltzer presented balletomanes with "Eoline," a barefoot rendition of one's maiden aunt in her youthful career on the stage. Miss Meltzer did not stoop to melodrama, but floated past the drifts of the "white ballet" into a Chaplinesque mood which, had she used his art of brevity as well, would have surpassed itself.

Holly Barrett's "Turnips and Downs," danced by Wendy Perron and Ulysses Dove, was clean and alive and new to

the Bennington stage. Mr. Dove's physical and vocal rapport with Miss Perron produced a complete and exciting performance of the work.



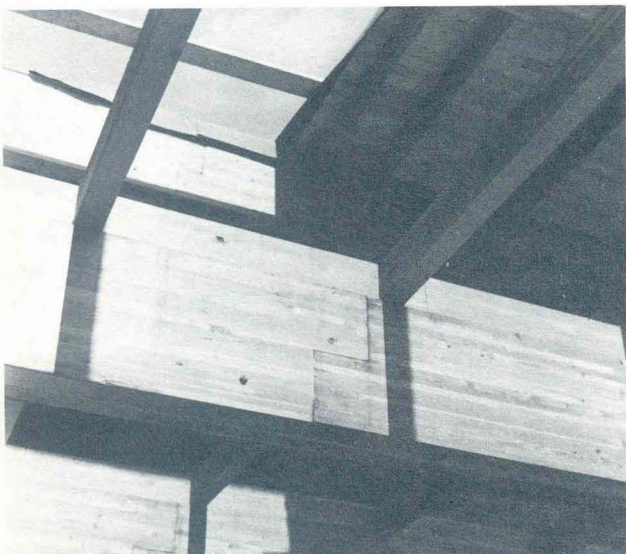
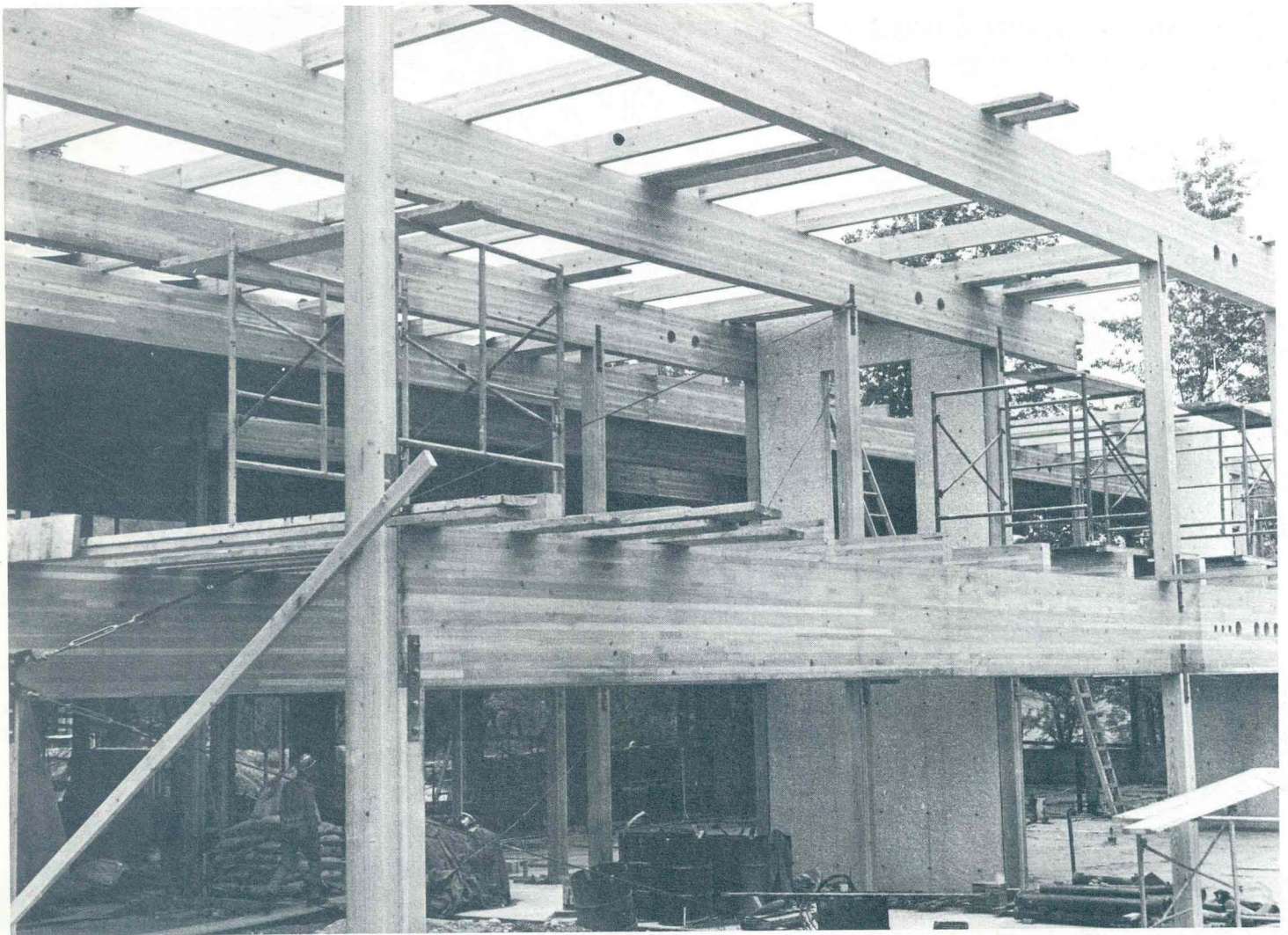
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Slides and lighting were totally effective in Verna Rakofsky's "Noi, ingioielati." In an ambitious undertaking, Miss Rakofsky achieved a union of two and three dimensional arts, and then went on to stretch the limitations of both by allowing her still projections to move, and by expanding the stage to include the depths of the audience. The dancers, Elizabeth Pattison and Whittaker Sheppard, were able to maintain the identity of their individual roles without being overcome by the special effects, and the work was a closely knit artistic success.

In Whittaker Sheppard's "A Dance Remembered" the dancers executed a quadrille of sorts, involving threads of various preclassic dance forms as well as ballet movements. On the whole, the four dancers were not as light and fluid in their movements as one would have hoped for such a dance, but there were moments of startling beauty throughout.

There was a freshness and content to the dances on the whole, and a new freedom, perhaps brought about by the recent adoption of new policies concerning participation in public performances. It will be interesting to see the effect of the dance division on the other arts at Bennington, and in turn to see how the dancers continue to borrow from them.





The exterior of the Elizabeth Harrington Dickinson Science Building is now about half finished. The pre-fabricated wood superstructure has been erected and the roof will soon be put on. During the summer the laminated cedar panels which will form the basic enclosures on the east and west will be put into place and the windows on the north and south will be installed. Work will then begin on the superstructure of the adjacent lecture hall.

Some classrooms may be available for use at the opening of term. The Science Division will make the move from the Barn to the new building during NRT, 1969-70.

The Bennington College Summer School of the Dance



Martha Hill

Percussion workshop

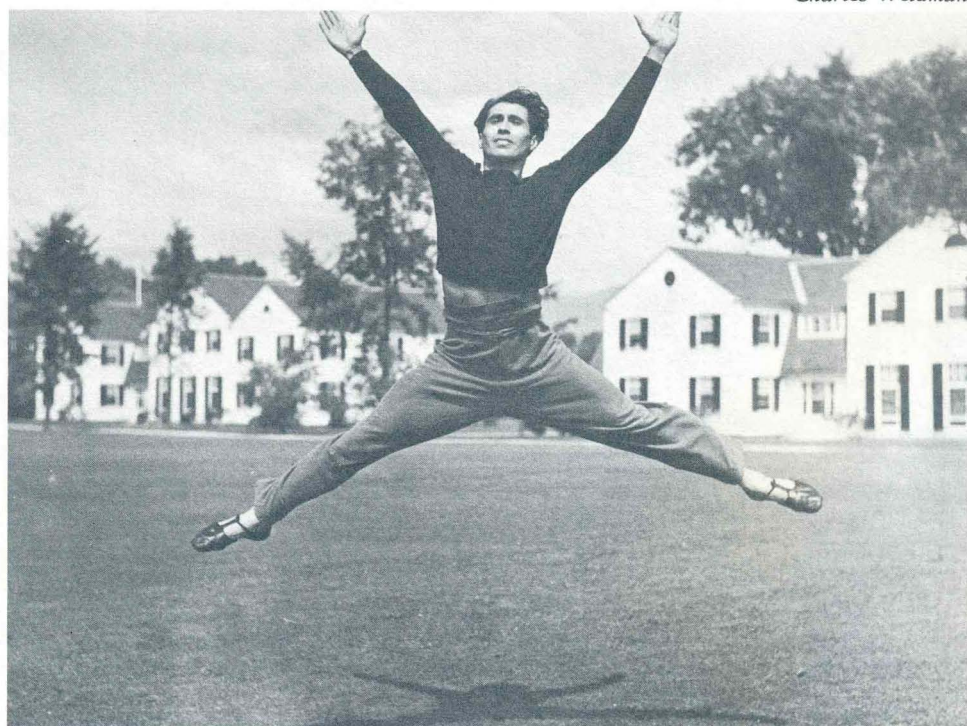




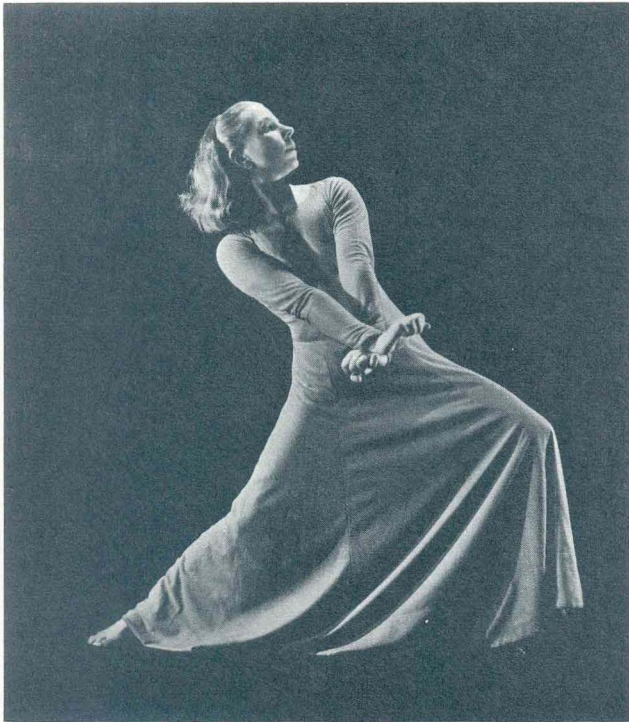
Martha Hill, right center, teaching a class, 1937



Doris Humphrey



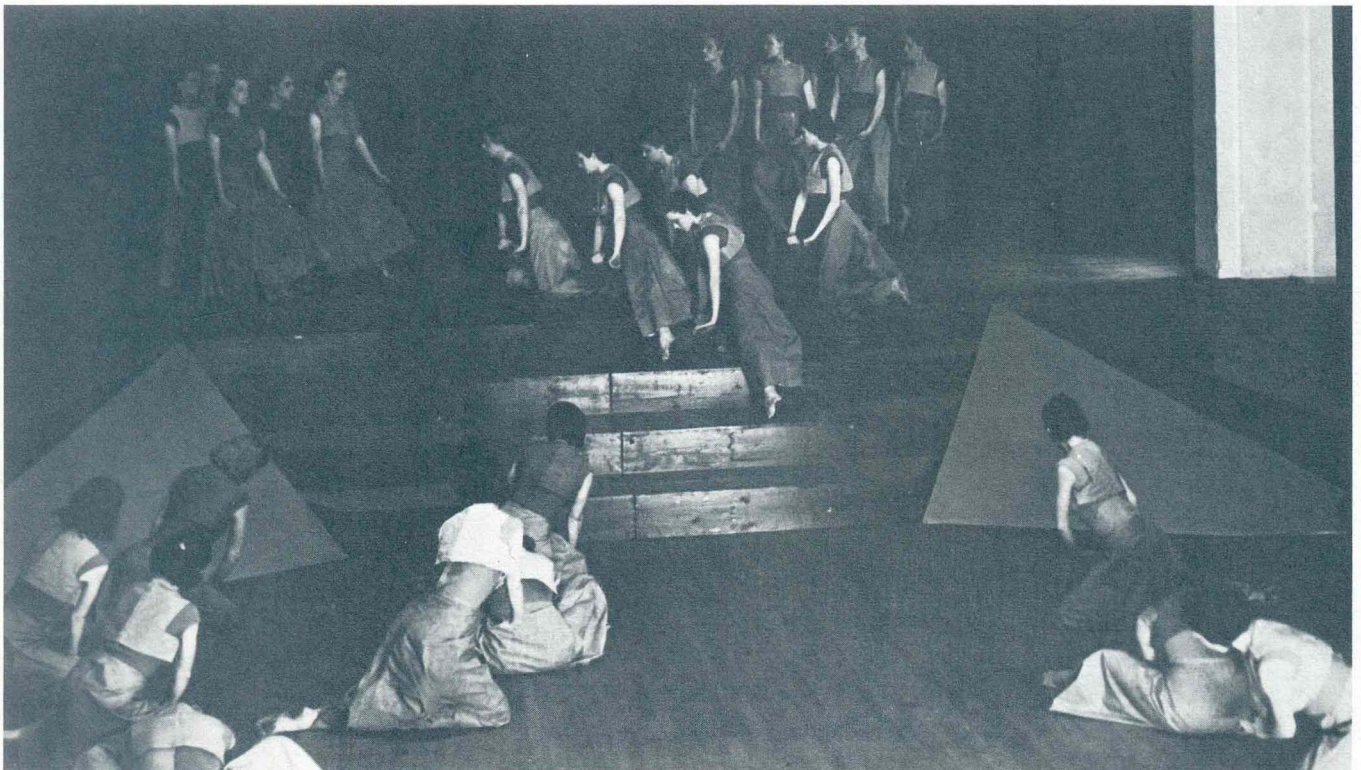
Charles Weidman



Hanya Holm



Bessie Schoenberg, 1937





"Indian Episode" from Martha Graham's "American Document"

The Benniad—A Galley

—written in the year MCMLXIX by APOCA LYPsia

Focus in now on the Bennium College community, cradled in the arms of the Verminn Mountains, where its expanded quota of 2000 women today occupies its mere one and a half acres of land. Let us join the stupenti as they engage in their daily routines. It is springtime, so we will find them outside in their bikinis, lying in rows across the Commons Lawn like tightly packed sardines, their bodies profusely oiled. The sun, beating down on the bodies, is reflected from one shining shape to another. The glare of moist bronze covers the Lawn like a burning lake. Now and then someone sluggishly rolls over making the flat sheet formed by the bodies blister and boil like molten lead. Erotica rolls too far to the left, bumping into Virginia, who in turn bumps into Chaotica, and the whole Lawn trembles like a mass of taut flesh.

As we approach Bennium from the direction of New Hades, the odor of warm humanity greets us. Arriving here we have left the city behind us. Here they live and learn close to Nature. The motto here is *Intensity*, the dirty word is *Dabble*. That is why they have reduced their curriculum to only one course. The name of the course is *Introduction to Learning* and is described in the college catalogue as a course in "learning how to learn." Hence, by designing itself a curriculum markedly singular in nature, the Bennium community has ingeniously insured itself against Dilettantism. The content of the course varies from stupent to stupent. Not only is the subject matter different for each stupent, but it literally *depends* upon her, for Bennium is a school which holds the individual responsibility of the stupent as essential to her educational experience. The principle that underlies the educational philosophy is that of "matriculation by concentration." In other words, since there is only one course, there is no need to register or to make decisions as to instructors (for the distinction between *faculti* and *stupenti* has long vanished from the face of the campus). All in all, the institution has managed to do away with the red tape and formalities of Academia, to eliminate Bureaucracy and to become the truly American, truly democratic and truly Feminine free-institution. Besides these items, Bennium has also gotten rid of books, paper, writing utensils, desks and all other objects which formerly stood as barriers to a true communion between the stupent and her work.

All educational philosophies are premised on the principle of Mind over Matter, but the Bennium philosophy is the only one which has succeeded in vindicating this principle. It is the embodiment of Spirit itself. It operates on the assumption that stupenti "learn by doing" and, carrying out the full implications of this great Progressive principle, has

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reached a point in its development where action and being have become synonymous. These bodies which you see here lying before you are testimony of this fact. The educational activity which the stupenti engage in in the spring term is a form of sun worship, designed to dull the common and mundane senses and heighten the precious sensibilities. Many of the women have fallen into a swoon, which you will notice by the fact that their mouths are open. This means that the sun has penetrated their brains and is performing the process of Enlightenment. It is a version of Osmosis and is achieved only through a most intense period of concentration and introspection. The catalogue here calls the process "Solar Reflection in the Photosynthetic Style." The beads of perspiration about the foreheads and over the upper lips of the stupenti is another indication of the rigor of this approach. If you look closely, you will see how remarkably skinny the bodies are. Notice the greyness and near transparency of the skin, listen to the rattling of the bones as the bodies move and to the groaning and gurgling of their bloated bellies. It is music to the Master Mind, for here they starve the stomach to feed the soul, which is the first aim of so aristocratic and expensive an education.

Beastbara-none is finding it difficult to concentrate and that is why you see her sitting up, angrily shouting "Dabble! Dabble! Dabble!" And Anathema, who just raised her head and declared "I make emotion, That Bennium by now should have an Ocean!" offers an example, of the kinds of interdisciplinary work that can be done in Bennium's one course program—namely, an intermingling of poetry and politics. . . .

It is worthy of note that all the educational advances that Bennium College has made over the past thirty-one years are the results of much hard work and sacrifice. They were in fact born out of grave Crisis—a Crisis that would never have had so stupendous an outcome if it had not been for the bold and creative imaginations that were responsible for working out the dismal situation. It was in the year 1969 that the Crisis hit the campus. Strangely enough, the school that had placed itself, or so it thought at the time, so marvelously above monetary and other mundane matters, was suddenly threatened with financial ruin. For years the college had run on so fine a balance of high tuitions paid by parenti and intellectual extravagance on the part of stupenti that no one ever really knew that this process was at work, so smoothly did the dynamics of the System run—the bottomless source of the campus Vault continuously feeding into the operation of stupenti minds as if Nature had ordained it. No one knew how that System began—no one even knew, as I already pointed out, that it existed until finally in that fateful year it began to manifest its imperfections. All of a sudden the inhabitants of the campus were rudely awakened one morning by the harsh light of Reality and had no choice but to rub the sleep from their eyes with

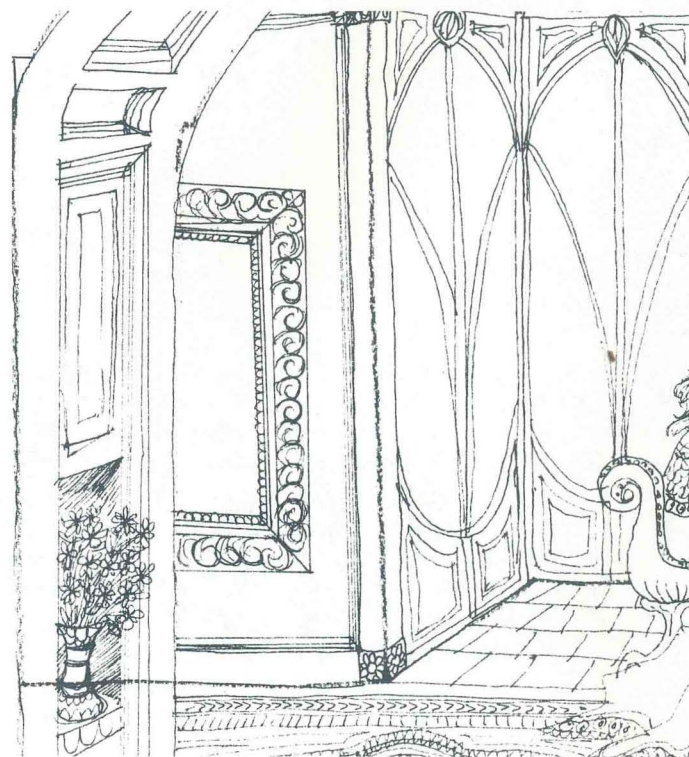
their angry little fists and confront the brutal Fact. Understandably, it threw the campus into a terrible tizzy of despair. Truly they were tempted to yield to Reality's demands and relinquish their High ideals, which is the common fate of weak characters and uningenious minds thrown into the depths of Poverty. Some suggested that they increase the size of classes, thereby cutting down on the amount of courses teachers have to be paid for teaching and increasing the amount of incoming tuitions. The intimacy of the student-teacher relationship had always been one of Bennium's main features of attraction, but now that the unfortunate turn of events called the principles on which it was based into question, they were willing to give it up just as if it never existed. Their belief in the principles of Individuality, academic Freedom and High intellectual pursuits divorced from the trivialities of Facts, Dates, finances and future concerns had been challenged. Their whole philosophy of Life was being threatened, and they saw no way out of their predicament. They simply would have to conform to the horrors prevalent throughout the other universities of the land condoning the use of Statistics, the reading of Secondary Sources, the institution of the Lecture, the Evil of Professionalism and the acknowledgment of the phenomenon of a Body of accumulated Knowledge. It sickened them to think of learning as something that could be contained in the squirming squiggles on a pock-marked page, folded and stuffed into somebody's pocket for future reference. If they had already gone so far as to rely on the dollar as a means of sustaining themselves (and oh, the agony of the thought that for so long they had remained blind to their own miserable vices!) then they certainly could not presume to anything more than a program of marks and required courses and well-rounded programs that open the mind to the Demons of Breadth, Background, Scope in learning, factual History, a sense of Continuity and Coherence and other vices of Dabbling and Dilletantism. If they, like others, were vulnerable to the slings and arrows of outrageous Poverty, then, like the Poor, they must lower themselves to the more vulgar forms of living. Oh! Wretched is the state of Man, they thought when he discovers finally that no matter how endowed with Virtue, Honor and Truth, he must needs still be endowed with Cash! To realize of a sudden, that despite the refinements of Culture and High thinking, all men in Society are Poor and that Society itself is the perpetuation of that wretchedness!

Such was the despair of the stupenti at the first dawning of their Crisis, but not for long were they left tormented by their thoughts of hopelessness. For suddenly before the crowd arose Ned Patan, the Prime Ministrator of the college at that time. High on a tarnished throne now far outworn, he sat, holding in his hands the blueprints for the expansion of the beloved institution that was now crumbling before his eyes. On seeing that he was about to speak, the stupenti,

who had been tearing their hair in despair, weeping, groaning in frenzy, throwing tantrums and sobbing, fell silent. And so Ned began.

Stupenti! Do not give yourselves up for lost! If, until now, our scheme has failed in operation, this does not mean that our first principles no longer hold promise. You may by now already have heard of a secret cave which has been discovered to have been hidden in our foundations and the defectiveness of which is known to be the source of our misfortunes. Here, in the campus Vault, the Ledgers and Budgets of the school are entombed. Rules and Regulations, Rhyme and Reason, Grade, Examinations, Course Structures, Deadlines and other Demons have been lurking there all along. While we have been virtuously devoting ourselves to the Higher pursuits of learning, underground arteries leading to this Vault have been pumping foul Hypocrisy into our System! Shall we, because we have been mistaken once, give up all we have ever worked for and throw open our doors to these dreadful Forms? No, I say! We must hold to our experimental Ideals, and though our experiment fails, must retain the Privilege of making mistakes. We shall not lower ourselves to learn from any Lesson! Hence I come to you, Stupenti, to announce my journey to the campus Vault. In my descent, I hope to discover by what irregularity these hitherto artfully hidden caverns have been brought to our attention, what parasite perhaps has dried our source of life (vicious as that source is). By knowing finally the truth about our operation, we then may consult how we can repair our loss and overcome our dire calamity. Thus I come

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to you to ask for your support on this terrible journey as well as for your patience, so that I may obtain whatever information is necessary for a proper consideration of our situation before we enact any radical changes in policy.

Thus Ned Patan spoke, and the grateful stupenti cheered him on as he descended his throne and walked through the crowd to the far end of the Common's Lawn, where at last he disappeared over the edge. Down he descended through hollow passageways and was blown by a howling wind through dark and mazy corridors. The walls throbbed like a pulse, but no substance moved through those underground arteries but poor Ned who was tossed and tumbled by the relentless wind and left panting and bewildered at the huge door of the Vault. The door was locked, but Ned knew the combination. (He had known about the Vault all along, but since it did not seem to be relevant to the stupenti's education, he had never bothered to mention it.) When he opened the door and entered the yawning stomach of Bennium, he saw immediately that something was not right. The energetic little demons of Masculine Rationality who were usually hard at work pumping Life into the arteries of the college and feeding its operation, sat limp and forlorn at their posts. Rules and Regulations, usually pert, proper, and erect, were obscenely sprawled about the floor. Reason, always cool, calm and collected, lay in bed, nervously clutching a thermometer in its mouth and looking flushed and feverish. Sets of standards standing about in groups were sinking lower and lower with fatigue. Ned examined the grave conditions with desperate eyes. Some very foul infection must be draining these creatures of their health and energy, he thought, and just as he thought it, a horde of swarming Budgetary Options swooped down upon his head from an ulcerous cavity that was growing directly above him. Ned looked up at the giant Dome that reared its head like a Huge Inflation, sucking the Life out of the Vault like an Eternal Vacuum. On its corner stone the name Ned Patan was engraved in mortar. Roaring and rumbling, it belched and spat dirt upward. A huge steam shovel impiously ransacked the bowels of the earth, leaving the Vault with a gaping gut and removing its precious bane. And all the while the Options hissed at Ned and tortured him with taunts and jeers. Option 4433 alighted on his head and whispered in his ear a million times over "science, science, science, science;" 5533 pointed at him and poked him with its pinions, and all the other Options swarmed about his feet and under his arms like maggots, laughing a hideous laugh.

Oh misery! thought Ned. What proud imagination had led me to believe that I might construct the Cave of Science so close above this Vault that my own mighty shovels have opened it to the light? All hell has broken loose, and I am the very author of my ruin! Already the stupenti have complained that they cannot hear their teachers for the din

of the construction, but I had not thought I would live to be heckled for this! But hold! As yet the stupenti have not seen the source of their affliction. Patiently they await my return and the report of what I have seen. If my wits are still about me as they were when I first conceived this wild construction, then, if not money, at least my Reputation and dear Bennium's will be saved. I go at once to offer my report. So thought Ned and tore himself from the troublesome Options to reascend onto the Common's Lawn.

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The stupenti, hovering about on the Lawn, and hanging their heads over the edge of the precipice where Ned had descended, pantingly anticipated their Prime Ministrator's return, like thirsty dogs on the bank of a rippling stream which their long tongues cannot reach. Finally he ascended, tattered and torn by his hassle with the Options, and the stupenti, with some effort, pulled him back onto the Lawn, where he strode heroically toward his throne, the throngs of hairy mongrels following close upon his heel. Reaching his seat, he turned and spoke.

Fear not, my friends! Bennium will be saved! And your purpose in coming here to avoid the blinding and changing light of Reality shall be fulfilled. If we cannot find reinforcement in hope, then at least we may find resolution in despair. On my journey to the bottom of the Vault, I did achieve my purpose, which was to learn the cause of our misfortune. It is a Test, Stupenti! Yes, I say, a Test of our very Virtue imposed on us by the Almighty. In the dark caverns of the campus, I was assaulted by an army of Options, each one representing an alternative remedy for our situation, each asking to be worshipped by us. Each proposes a raise in tuitions paid by Parenti, but each demands as well a reorganization of curriculum. Option 4444 proposes that we do away with Counseling and retain our Four Course Norm, Option 4433 that we do away with some Counseling and take only Three Courses in our last two years, Option 5333 that we take Five Courses in our first year and Three in the remaining three, and so on. We are confronted by an infinite number of choices. We may, as earlier you despaired of, join the rest of Society in becoming a highly Bureaucratized institution and raise ourselves from the status of feeling Animals to the Abstract level of Statistics. Or we may choose one of the aforementioned Options as our God and regain our previous financial Balance. But do not be deceived, Stupenti! This Crisis is not merely a Test of our abilities to make random decision. It is a Temptation! For, if we choose an Option, whichever it may be, what are we doing but compromising ourselves with Reality and the Present corrupt state of Society as we unwittingly have done in the Past? We were innocent then, for then we were blind. But now, now we should know better. If we accept *any* of these Options, we have lost our purity and innocence forever. There is only one way to regain our innocence and remain unborn into the evils of

the world, and that is to remain truly Progressive. Let us not lower ourselves to the social Forms that merely point toward a better Future. Let us construct that future now! By hurling us into this Crisis, the Almighty has revealed to us the gross Reality that is in our System and has thereby given us a chance to get it out. Grab the opportunity, Comrades, and you will find immediate gratification! To eliminate one Course is but a half-hearted solution to our problem. It can only prepare us for another Crisis of the sort we suffer now. If we are truly Progressive, what need do we have of Society at all? Let us leave the world behind! If we are truly experimental, then let us take risks in the manner that term demands of us. Jump with me into the adventurous sea of the Future as I have delved into the elemental darkness of the campus Vault, where at last I found the Truth. Our salvation, Stupenti, depends not on how we change, but on the extent to which we may become more of what we are—and the ultimate of what we aspire to be. Therefore do I urge the institution of the ONE COURSE program. ONE. There is Nothing in the world like the number ONE. The ONE and only of Absolute Perfection. Not only shall our educational policy then be Modern, but it shall be singularly so! Let us not stand and, out of fear, dally in conservative considerations, but let us move forward with gusto! If until this Crisis came upon us, Bennium has been our Paradise, then the Bennium of the Future will be a Paradise happier far. For it will be the true Higher education.

Thus spoke Ned, and the stupenti fell into roars of ecstatic applause and laughter and ran about kissing one another and weeping for joy and tearing at their hair and straining to touch their great Ministrator with clawing hands and faces tormented with Love. Not since Caesar, Napoleon or Lennon had any leader inspired so enthusiastic a response in his following. When at long last the noise subsided, Ned resumed.

Stupenti, much remains yet to be done. The achievement of our ends must involve a great sacrifice. We have many fine Books, Supplies and Professors here who have become a financial burden. We must act with no priorities. Fetch them as quickly as you can and bring them to the altar which, in the meantime, I will lead some of the women to the Mountain to build.

Thus did the Stupenti disperse as best they could, being as numerous as they were. They sped as if the devil had possessed them or they had drunk some magic potion to recover them from their normal state of lethargy. Madly they rampaged the buildings, tearing the Books from the shelves, seizing Chairs and Tables and Chalk, ravaging the kitchen for every last morsel of Food, and lassoing their Teachers who were not yet sure what was happening to them. Literally, they took everything they could lay their hands on and, in hordes, carried these treasures to the altar

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on the Mount, where they danced insanely about, striking the most extravagant postures, flinging their long hair to the sky. All the great Minds from Plato to Aristotle, Shakespeare, Milton, Einstein, Dewey, were brought in volumes and the handful of great Contemporaries who were the Faculti of that highly renowned college were delivered up. Then did the maenads begin to rend the pages from the Books, throwing them in a heap of Confusion, much as their contents were heaped in the stupenti minds. Then, as the pyre was lit and the printed pages went up in smoke, the stupenti proceeded to tear apart their Teachers limb from limb and to devour them alive, experiencing at once a mixture of supreme exaltation and supreme repulsion; after which they gorged themselves on the rations stolen from the kitchen.

And Ned spoke into the fire.

Go! Purified by flames ascend the sky. From this day on we shall live as true Intellectuals, unprofaned by Budgetary concerns. Go, vicious Food that has made gluttons of us all and summon up spare Fast that diets with the gods. Go, Tables, Chairs and vile Conveniences that infect us with a comfortable disease and, in the name of the Spirit, let us suffer. And lastly do we sacrifice our own dear Reasoning Faculti. Be gone, beloved Instructors, but do not bid farewell, for by divine Incorporation we make you a part of ourselves, forever to preside over our minds, melted down as in a crucible into one lump of liquid Virtue and Intelligence—bodiless and therefore immortal. Better to rest at Bennium than to work at New Hades State, I say! And thus we are all united—firm and formidably at ONE with ourselves and our Ideals.

You have just read the record of a televised tour of Bennium that took place in the year 2000. A follow-up study of the college reports that the school ran smoothly on its new program for quite some time before the people of the town surrounding the campus became incensed by the stupenti's predisposition to pilfer food from their homes. The consequent reinstitution of dining facilities in the college and the small fee thereby necessitated, brought Bennium, in the year 2010, to its second financial Crisis. The school found a corrective for this calamity by limiting itself beyond a single Course to a single Class, which graduated in the year 2012, one year after the sad death of their Prime Ministrator. Information received from various parts of the country reports that college graduates holding Bennium degrees can be identified by the Fact that they KNOW NOTHING. Tourists in New Bengland still can visit Bennium College cradled in the arms of the Verminn Mountains, where the wind whistles through the empty houses that border on the Commons Lawn, and the Cave of Science stands with NED PATAN engraved on its cornerstone.

—ELLEN POLLACK

1969 Telethon

More than eighty alumni manned telephones in the New York Office during the Telethon held the first week in May to boost the 1968-69 Alumni Fund for scholarships.

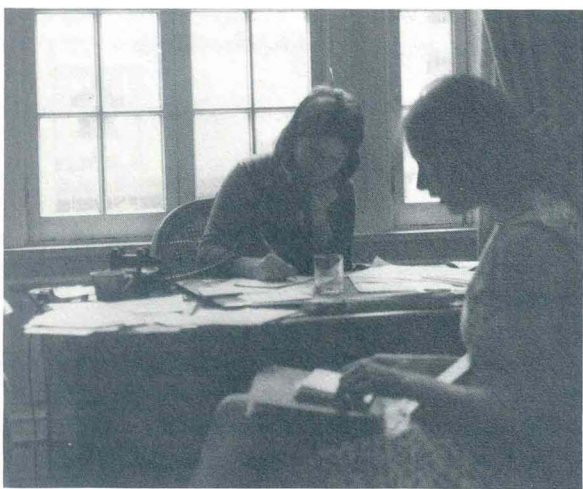
As *Quadrille* goes to press it is still too soon to give final facts and figures. It is not too soon, however, to say that

Barbara Ushkow Deane '51, Alumni Fund chairman



Bennington alumni appreciate a personal telephone call and are more than willing to give to the Alumni Fund when apprised of the continuing and increasing need for financial aid funds at the College. Nor is it too soon to announce, with much pride, that more alumni have contributed to the 1968-69 Fund than in any of the preceding four years, and

Ellen Beskind Smart '66 (left) and Constance Wallace '66



that total dollars already raised are ahead of the final figure for 1967-68. As of June 17 the Alumni Fund stood at \$75,098 from 1145 donors.

More than \$7,000 has been added to the Alumni Fund coffers since the Telethon, from well over 200 donors.

Approximately 350 calls were completed throughout the country.

Based on the great enthusiasm of the alumni volunteers and the appreciation of those who were reached by telephone Alumni Fund Chairman Barbara Ushkow Deane '51 has definitely decided to hold a second Telethon in May, 1970. The Chairman will be one of this year's most effective and enthusiastic volunteers, Janet Briggs Glover '43. Her goal will be to reach at least twice the number of alumni in 1970 as were contacted in 1969.

Alumni Hold Spring Meeting On Campus

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May 14-16 marked a three day campus reunion for thirty-four members of the Alumni Association Board of Directors, Regional Chairmen, and Alumni Fund Class Chairmen. The occasion was their annual business meeting, but much time was also devoted to discussion with faculty and administration, a party with members of the senior class, and general recommitment on the part of alumni to the College as it is today and has been since its inception.

Long distance records were established by Eleanor Rockwell Edelstein '47 who journeyed from Los Angeles and Carolyn Green Wilbur '61 who flew to Vermont from San Francisco.

First order of business for all concerned was how to reach all alumni, parents, and friends in a general solicitation for the Bennington College Capital Funds Program. It became generally agreed that this important and time-consuming job must be the primary concern of all Regional Groups during 1969-70. A relatively small group of alumni is already working on limited solicitation, but the added organized strength of the Regional Groups (into which at least half of Bennington's total alumni are grouped) should make it possible to complete the entire job by June of 1970. Members of the Alumni Association Board will also take an active part in general solicitation as well as responsibility for overall planning.

The traditional "mugging" ceremony for outgoing members of the Board and Regional Chairmen was held during the three day session. Bennington College mugs were presented to Carol Diamond Feuer '51, outgoing President; Joya Bovingdon Cox '46, and Ellen Count '59. Mugs were mailed to those unable to attend the spring meeting: Joyce Beskind Grodnick '44, Helen Allentuck Bronheim '57, Joan Brauer Alpert '47, Barbara Black Frank '60, Polly Kirsten Breul '44, Maxine Lapides Schwartz '59, Theodora Klein Sklover '60 and Janet Wells Sherwin '57. Carol Feuer was presented with a silver pin in gratitude for outstanding service and achievement during her three year term as President of the Alumni Association.

—by CATHERINE CUMPSTON

Alumni Regional Notes And Reports

Regional Groups come into being when enough alumni in an area want to band together to do something for the College. Their major purpose is to keep the College and the "Bennington Idea" alive in the minds of alumni, both by increased communication between the College and alumni, and by actively supporting Bennington through an appropriate benefit or project. Their role also includes student recruitment, through such activities as teas for interested high school students, organizing functions for local guidance counselors, and assistance with finding NRT jobs and housing in their areas. There are at present twenty-six Regional Groups which vary in size from less than twenty members to more than six hundred. The Bennington College Council of Greater New York has as its members the following Regional Groups: Fairfield County, Long Island, New Jersey Groups, New York City, and Westchester.

Baltimore Elaine Liberstein Pitt '57, Chairman

Boston Dorothy Coffin Harvi '42, Chairman

In november a dinner was held for alumni, parents, and friends with Daniel P. Moynihan as guest speaker. The purpose of the event was public relations. In February a series of meetings was scheduled for alumni in the various areas around and in Boston to meet, hear, and talk with the student travelling NRT panel from the College. Due to the "great blizzard" only one luncheon was actually held—but this, in Concord, was highly successful. The Annual Spring Meeting was held in May at the home of Jane Carrott Boardman '38, and highlighted by an informal art show of local alumni work. Two newsletters were published during the year.

Chicago . Polly Kirsten Breul '44, Outgoing Chairman

Edmar von Henke Hoppe '50, Incoming Chairman

In August a tea for returning and entering students was given by Polly Breul, with Mary Lou Chapman Ingwersen '47 assisting. An evening meeting with Rebecca Stickney and Helen Feeley from the College was held at the home of Joan Hyatt '43 when the two administrators were in Chicago to investigate NRT job students with the assistance of Katrina Boyden Hadley '52. In February a series of teas for prospective students used the NRT travelling student panel as College Representatives. President Bloustein had dinner with a small group of alumni during February. A new Directory of Chicago alumni was compiled, and a newsletter distributed.

Cincinnati Marilyn Lord Dux '48, Chairman

Cleveland Ann Fulton Magai '58, Chairman

A tea was held for NRT students and prospective students when the NRT travelling student panel visited Cleveland during February. Ann Magai visited guidance counselors at four area high schools.

Denver . . . Marjorie Brown Jump '40, Outgoing Chairman

Nancy Markey Chase '61, Incoming Chairman

The group will expand to include all alumni in Colorado in 1969-70.

Detroit Rebecca Stout Bradbury '59, Outgoing
Co-Chairman

Margaret Dudley Thurber '41, Outgoing
Co-Chairman

Hartford Cynthia Sheldon Smith '56, Co-Chairman
Sally Smith Norris '44, Co-Chairman

Two meetings were held during the year; one with NRT Office Director, Helen Webster Feeley, and the other with Alumni Director, Cappy Cumpston.

Long Island Maxine Lapides Schwartz '59, Outgoing
Chairman

Jane Thornton Iselin '56, Incoming
Chairman

An Alumni Meeting was held in February at the home of Carol Diamond Feuer '51 with the NRT travelling student panel.

Los Angeles . . . Eleanor Rockwell Edelstein '47, Chairman
Maxine Cooper Gombert '46, Co-Chairman

Newsletters were distributed in November and March, and a Directory published in November.

Minneapolis-St. Paul . Alice Edge Wittenberg '53, Chairman

New Haven Hudas Schwartz Liff '47, Outgoing
Chairman

Maureen Mahoney Murphy, Incoming
Chairman

Peggy Adler Walsh '63, Incoming
Co-Chairman

A Directory was distributed in October, and a newsletter published in February. A reception for President and Mrs. Bloustein was held at the home of Nancy Lindau Lewis '49 in January. The Group participated with other women's colleges in the College Club Showcase in November—a Christmas boutique at which the Bennington Group sold fused glass by Priscilla Manning Porter '40. Approximately \$200 was netted for the Scholarship Fund under the general chairmanship of Hudas Liff. On April 18, as a public relations project, the New Haven Association presented a



symposium entitled "Life Patterns and Career Issues", attended by approximately sixty alumni and interested friends. General Chairman was Francine Smerka Hall '65.

New Jersey North. Barbara Goldberg Rohdie '63, Chairman

New Jersey Shore. Sophie Ruderman Weber '52, Chairman

New Jersey Central. Sonya Rudikoff Gutman '48, Chairman

A sale of flowering bulbs was held on March 21st. The sale netted \$146.50 for the Scholarship Fund.

New York. Barbara Black Frank '60, Outgoing Chairman
Barbara Reinhold Rauch '63, Incoming Chairman

Linda Appleman Guidall-Shapiro '63, Incoming Co-Chairman

The annual Ski Weekend held at the College over Washington's Birthday was a tremendous success. Close to two hundred alumni, families, and friends attended. Ski conditions were ideal, and *apres* ski activities included a cocktail party with members of the faculty and administration, and a showing of the Disney film "The Incredible Journey." Jay Brady '68 gave morning art classes.

Bennington College Council Miriam Hermanos Knapp '55, of Greater New York Chairman

Theodora Klein Sklover '60, Outgoing Co-Chairman

Alana Martin Frumkes '68, Incoming Co-Chairman

The Bennington Art Collectors Tour in December netted more than \$5,000 for the Paul Terence Feeley Visual Arts Center. Chairmen of the benefit were Ernestine Cohen Meyer '37, Jacqueline Watkins Slivka '56, and Ellen Beskind Smart '66. The midwinter Lecture Series entitled "Changing American Social Ideas and Values" featured lectures by faculty members Rush Welter and Richard Elman. A reception for parents of incoming freshmen from the New York area was held on May 22 at the Martin Foundation. New York Seena Israel Fish '52, Chairman

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Theatre Benefit. Joan Maggin Weiner '52, Co-Chairman
Four hundred orchestra seats were sold to "Hadrian VII", and approximately \$10,500 raised for the scholarship fund. A pre-theatre dinner was arranged by Lenore Janis Greenwald '55 at Barbetta's Restaurant.

Philadelphia Cynthia Whitney Drayton '48, Incoming Co-Chairman

Grace Russell Sharples '48, Incoming Co-Chairman

Pittsburgh Jane Neal Keller '52, Chairman

A dinner for President and Mrs. Bloustein was held in January under the chairmanship of Jane Keller and Audrey Rosenthal Reichblum '56.

Providence Faith Richardson Barnett '41, Chairman

\$150 was raised at the Bennington table at the annual Christmas Co-op held last fall and turned over by Faith Barnett to the College for the benefit of the scholarship fund.

Rochester Judith Kantrowitz Harris '58, Chairman

An extremely well attended and successful dinner for all area High School Guidance Counselors was held at the University Club in September. President Bloustein was the speaker for the occasion. Rebecca Stickney interviewed interested students in November. Alumni met in September at the home of Judy Harris. Guests from the College were Mr. and Mrs. Bloustein and Cappy Cumpston, Alumni Director.

San Francisco Carolyn Green Wilbur '61, Chairman

Syracuse Ruth Livingston Wynn '49, Chairman

Texas June Wineburgh Baker '53, Chairman

Washington, D.C. . Patricia Sullivan Meyers '58, Chairman

A supper was held in February for the twenty Bennington students in Washington during NRT. A Fall newsletter was published. \$72.69 was turned over to the scholarship fund through rebates on purchases made through the Associated Alumnae Clubs of Washington Scholarship Fund Plan.

Westchester County . . Susan Gurion Ackiron '56, Chairman
Janet Wells Sherwin '57, Outgoing Co-Chairman

A reception for President and Mrs. Edward Bloustein and Board Chairman Mrs. Richard Emmet was held at the home of Janet Sherwin on May 18. Other guests from the College were Kendall Landis, Director of Development and Cappy Cumpston, Alumni Director.

announcing

THE BENNINGTON REVIEW #7_____containing:

fall (available in early September)

a new essay by Marcelin Pleynet
a short story, Robert Coover
photographs, Phillippe Halsmann
drawings and collages, William Dole
poems by Ben Belitt, Samuel Hazo
a short story, Karen Jackel
an essay, Irving Lyon

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