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# BENNINGTON COLLEGE BULLETIN

## Alumnae Issue

*volume XXXII, number 4, May 1964*

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# PAUL FEELEY:

## OPINIONS ON PAINTING

This transcription of a taped interview between Paul Feeley and Lawrence Alloway, who comments below on the artist's cover design, first appeared in "Living Arts III," published in London in May 1964 and reprinted here by permission. The English version contains about twenty reproductions, biographical material, and a more detailed study of the work. Mr. Feeley teaches painting at Bennington, and shows at the Betty Parsons Gallery in New York. Mr. Alloway is curator of the Guggenheim Museum in New York, and is currently teaching art criticism at Hunter College.

**T**HE DESIGN on the cover by Paul Feeley has the kind of simplicity and regularity that we associate with diagrams. However, the diagram, the chart, or the graph have not been regarded as a highly placed form of visual representation in traditional art theory, because their purposes have usually been equated with the purely explanatory. If a Leonardo flying machine works (or if it doesn't), most of our interest is in the flying machine and not on the diagrammatic studies for it, but the functional use of diagrams does not exhaust their possible esthetic function. The design on the cover of this *Bulletin* could not usefully be taken as instructions for making or doing something. On the contrary, despite its expository appearance, the configuration is absolute. What such an image demonstrates, therefore, is a possible case of order stated by an individual. A work like this implies a definite conceptual starting point (the preparations necessary for getting precision and balance) but this does not mean that the execution is merely a passive accounting of an original idea in the artist's mind. On the contrary, as the artist works, the densities of the color vary and the weight and direction of the contours shift according to Feeley's response to the emerging sensational display. Feeley's is not a classical art in the sense that he is working according to a consensus of rational form; it is an art which demonstrates that the clearest signs we make have, in fact, a potential for mystery as great as the splash, the heave, and the jerk. Within the context of any work of art, the elements most personal to the artist may be those that are most arbitrary. Thus, the choice of image that Feeley makes, because it is utterly clear, neither fussed nor sketchy, can be seen as both thoroughly arbitrary and highly controlled. Out of this interplay emerges an

art which is systematic, but the system is operational (of use in the making of paintings) and not a slogan of eternal form. In the recorded opinions of Feeley that follow, the basis of system or order in the personal identity of an artist, rather than in supposed universals, is discussed.

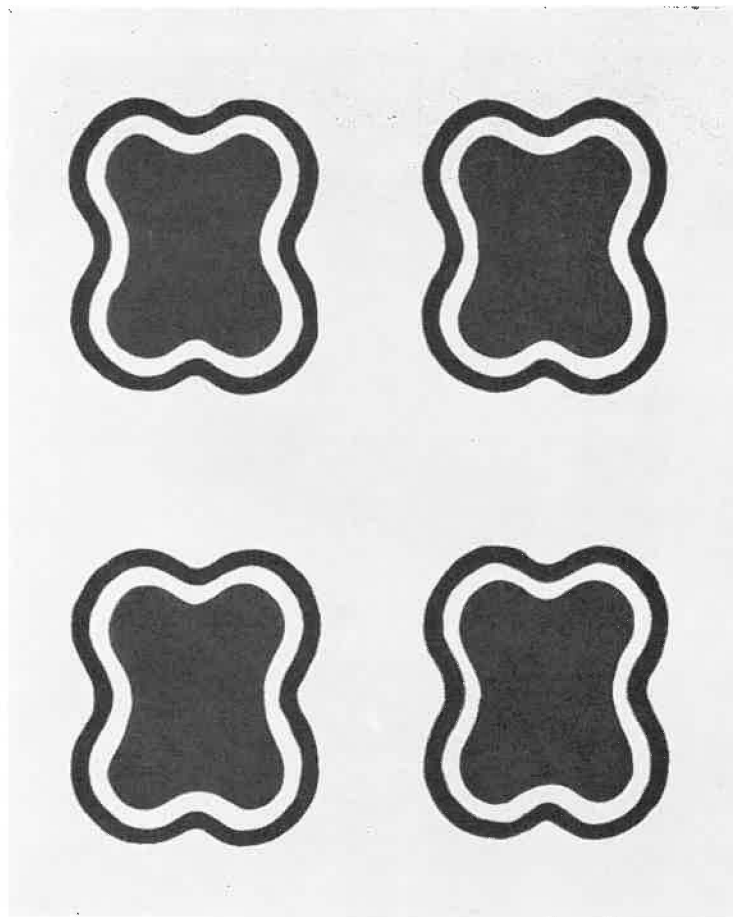
**LAWRENCE ALLOWAY:** Do you think Jackson Pollock had an influence on you when you began painting in the new style?

**PAUL FEELEY:** I suspect he had an effect before that when I first saw his work. When we had that Pollock show at Bennington—that must have been around '51, I'd known Pollock's work for some time. Maybe by that time the effects were in and probably over, in a way, but they didn't show that they were over for some time. I think the effect had to do with forgetting everything that one had learned, as though you had the idea that, "Well, today, I'll find out what painting really is," or something like that, and accept whatever happens. "I'll try to make it a real experience and I'll make an effort not to depend on what I've learned and I'll try to make the experience fresh."

**LA:** That means you trace your development in a very different way from this line which people have been trying to trace recently of Gorky's influence on American painting.

**PF:** Gorky never interested me professionally. Gorky's quality of refinement and taste I never found stood for the sort of thing Pollock meant in any way. The effects of Pollock I





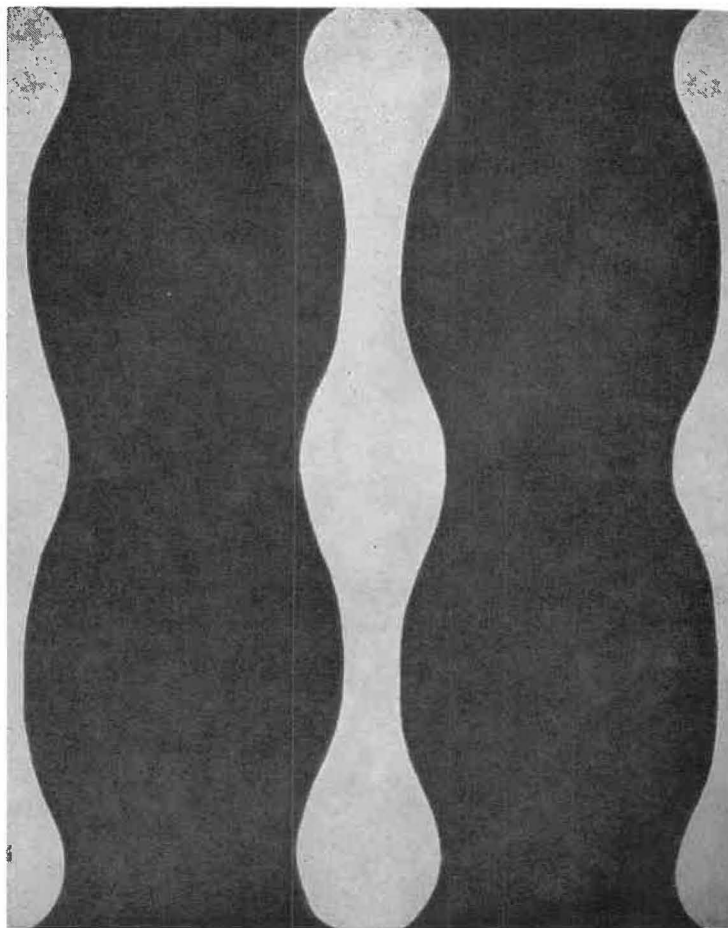
*Acrux, 1964*  
66" x 51"  
Kasmin Gallery, London

think were less effects in connection with a style, than they were effects that had to do with the intensity of and reality of experience—and a willingness to allow experience to be represented directly no matter how it might reflect upon oneself. It's difficult to describe. I think Expressionism in a way required some of that willingness to show oneself what one's worth, but Expressionism for most Americans already had a stylistic effect. It really required Pollock to add whatever it was that was necessary to add to make it possible for Americans, at least for me, to have that directness of experience. Initially I expect that the effects were shown stylistically, but I'm not even certain about that because the notion of breakthrough required one to forget what he had learned, forget all his craft, if possible, all his techniques that he'd arduously put together, try any tool that might provide some device for producing that reality of experience, whatever way one might want to describe it; you know—tools, medium, color, surface, whatever might make up the general paraphernalia of effects in painting. Whatever expression one might be concerned with was required to be found in some manner of freshness and directness.

**LA:** But that initial influence of Pollock is something you changed. Recently you've been using brushes, you've been using stretched canvases which you work at after they're stretched, so you've resumed more traditional tools of the painter, have you not?

**PF:** Yes, that's true. I might add in connection with all those

fresh effects in painting that they had to do as much with the literal manipulation of the space of painting as they had to do with anything else. Devices such as working on unstretched canvas and choosing sizes after the canvas has been painted, using every sort of an approach where one might, let's say, crumple the canvas before painting on the canvas, then stretching it, introduced devices that had to do with chance and fortune weighing against one's own rationalization of a more traditional kind of inventiveness. I think Pollock made me go back to school, or maybe make a school for myself. Something like that. And trying to forget was very difficult for me because I'd been an earnest and conscientious student. The most important lesson, I think, that I got from Pollock's work was that willingness to face the worst in oneself, to escape taste, or perhaps more accurately, traditional taste, by a freshness of experience that made taste by any common definition not the main issue. I think that what made me revise my ways after the influence of Pollock, and a lot of others, was maybe some embarrassment about an expression that eventually became for me unbearable. You know, a bit of that heart-on-the-sleeve effect. I suppose pushing that Expressionist element, by every device that I could think of, as far as it would go, led ultimately to complete disgust, just unbearable disgust, and then some uncertainty about which way to turn. All that time, too, spent in breaking up space in exciting and dynamic ways turned me toward a conception of movement which was almost the contradiction of what you might call the dynamic and the exciting. So I



*Lacona, 1962*  
60" x 48"  
Betty Parsons Gallery, N. Y.

suppose the reason that I can see that red and green picture as significant has to do with the absence of all those textural variations and all that brush dynamism. I suppose in fact I just placed it, and didn't do anything about the dynamic brush work, rather allowed the paint just to sit there. With the red and green picture, I think I just sensed the shape of the canvas as an event, as against the notion of the canvas creating an arena for events. It took me some time to catch up to this. It struck me increasingly that the things I couldn't forget in art, in connection with movement, were things more like pyramids, which made no attempt to be exciting, and Egyptian sculpture, and all sorts of early forms that got all of their life not through the dynamic but through something that just sat still and had a presence rather than some sort of an agitated fit. Maybe to some extent my own notion of art has to do with something that has presence but isn't unduly urgent, doesn't push itself, but brings you to it rather than projects itself upon you.

**LA:** What kind of a person do you think an artist is when he's painting? Do you think he's like a king or an emperor or a seer or a prophet?

**PF:** Well, I suspect that every day I have a slightly different point of view, but mostly I don't think of an artist as a prophet or as anything of that sort. I think of the artist as a man at the mercy of the gods, given to human failures but also given to success if the gods allow it. To some extent, that's a fair disposal. The gods can't do very much

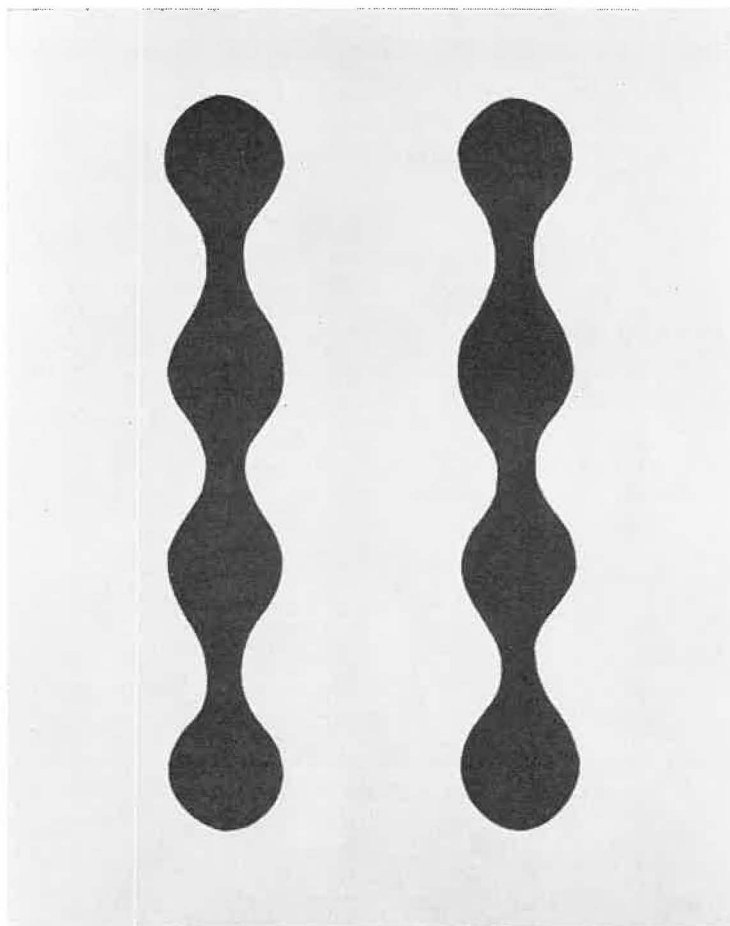
with you unless you're available. If fortune came and if the gods allowed it, you might be something other than a hack, you might do something that would be marvelous, but you can't count on it.

**LA:** What about the work of art? Do you regard it as a sacrosanct object or do you think it's something which ought to be mixed in with the lives of people?

**PF:** Mostly my interest in any work that I've done is over when it's done, and I don't find that I have any special feelings about curating it or taking care of it. I suppose my real notion about how a work of art should stand up would be the works in European countries that you find in old churches or old buildings where people rub up against them and where curating is, I'd say, neat but minimal—I mean, the things are designed to stand up in a routine human environment.

**LA:** You said when you came back from Greece that you had the feeling that Greek art and Greek life were much closer than you were accustomed to experiencing art and life in America. As if, maybe, Greek epigrams came out of the street, and commented on it. Does that relate in any way to your attitude in painting?

**PF:** I think in some way that Greek art and life have given me, for one thing, a lack of any fanciness about subject matter, I mean a willingness to use almost any subject matter that might occur. I suppose this is in keeping with a conception I have of Greek thought, which allows for



*Hawara, 1962*  
60" x 48"  
*Betty Parsons Gallery, N. Y.*

certain realms of vagueness, as though one might be in error to be too explicit about one's aim and one's ways of doing things, and this means with subject matter as much as anything else. I think that Greek art and thought share a certain wariness of unduly explicit strategies about life, of not using too precise tactics, as though that were all getting a touch super-human and not sufficiently allowing man to be at the mercy of forces that he can't just put at his beck and call.

**LA:** What about when you were in Greece, the watercolors you made of hills, beach scenes and stones? How do you relate them, if you do, to your studio paintings?

**PF:** Well, I hadn't done any watercolors, before the ones I did in Greece, for three or four years, and the ones I did previously were somewhat expressionistic. In Greece, working from nature, there appeared the faint image of what I'd been drawn to work with in oil paint. I have never especially had the view that the content of any painting is required to be abstract. I had no strain in painting directly from nature. So it may be that there's something about the Greeks, some atmosphere that made the tension about abstract painting, as against subject matter painting, a matter that didn't appear to be of much consequence. Most of the watercolors that I did there were done with pretty much the same basic image of quietness and stillness of surface and reduced subdivision of space as my oils, and, in the main, tending to make space stand still, or something like that.

**LA:** So it's not a question of painting a flat picture, but of painting a picture in which the spatial movement is arrested. It's still space, not no space.

**PF:** Yes, still space. I'd say that my fight with Abstract Expressionism, if you'd call it a fight, had to do with deciding that all that dynamic stuff was more than the ever-loving world could stand. You know—down with movement, man's nutty enough, what he really needs is something to allow him to ease off.

**LA:** Is that the reason for your use of symmetrical layouts in your later work?

**PF:** It was as though I were required, in order to keep from going insane, to find something which would give me a core and allow me to dwell upon something which could keep me going. I began to dwell on pyramids and things like that instead of on jungles of movement and action.

**LA:** To what extent, then, are your symmetrical paintings pre-planned?

**PF:** Very often. Substantially pre-planning allows that the moment that one begins to paint, everything's a surprise. The extent to which I plan, I'd say, is a complete contradiction to my earlier Expressionist aims.

**LA:** I have a feeling that planning or not planning a picture, it comes out much the same, I mean a Paul Feeley and a Norman Bluhm, one pre-planned and the other not, both come out just as characteristic of the painter. It's as if it

seems to make no difference to the outcome whether you plan or don't plan.

**PF:** I suspect that's true. However, in one's own experience, matters which may be irrelevant look more significant than perhaps they are. When I began to draw again before painting, it was as though I were denying freshness, as though I were denying the moment of revelation because clearly to achieve what I'd earlier thought was necessary, an urgency of experience, all steps which might be clear, rational steps had to be eliminated, and that included drawing. All the moves that were made in the painting act were moves that came from one in the life of that particular struggle. They should not be preconceived on the grounds that preconception kills freshness. When I began to draw again, and allow any design or drawing devices that might occur to me, it was as though I'd completely upset my own apple cart.

**LA:** But your ideas as you plan are just as much a part of you as anything that happens to you while you're putting the paint down. It's you doing it, whether you're thinking ahead of the painting or whether you've got the brush in your hand. Doesn't that mean that freshness could occur, and be equally personal, at any point?

**PF:** It's true, I think, that what one can see in retrospect, generally speaking, is one's inclination to escape one dogmatism by buying another. I'm inclined to allow just what you said, you know, but it's difficult to support oneself except with reference to these little dogmatic devices that one comes up with as one goes along. One of the things that I have in mind is a reaction to all the expressive and unconsidered moves I've made over a period of years, a reaction that has turned me to the opposite direction of viewing painting in a preconceived light, of thinking through a process to the extent that now, if I could, I would get a painting done without concerning my hand with it. I'd be greatly pleased if I could make a painting into an act of the mind as against an act of craft-skill. I haven't been able to accomplish anything like that, and I don't see how I ever will, but it's a thought that I find gives me a lift.

**LA:** What would be the content of a work that you had not executed yourself, but that you had devised a means of controlling and having realized? Would it be the same as a work that you had yourself, in fact, achieved by hand?

**PF:** It seems to me that the work, if it were to be executed in the light of the conception, would contain that life of thought and spirit which in truth I suppose I think is what art is about. As I view it now, art is less to me a matter of craft than it is a matter of conception, and all that conception may mean.

**LA:** In a way, then, the content of your later symmetrical paintings is a kind of image, a kind of pattern of order.

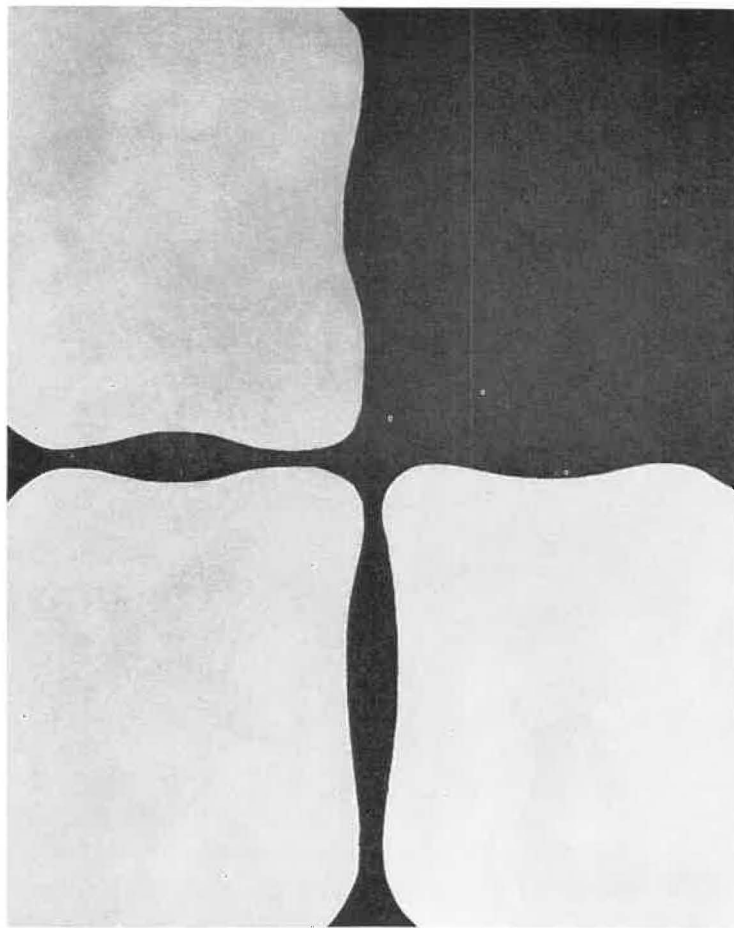
**PF:** Yes, I suppose that image of order, that image of pattern, is what I figured I needed to keep myself going in a world cluttered beyond my capacity to live with it—something like that. In some respects I figure that art is a product of a kind of necessity, it's what it must be, and it's human, and there's no question in my mind that it serves a profound human necessity. It must be what it must be, in some respects for the survival of the life of the spirit of man—something like that. So whether one puts one's hand to that concept or whether one just had that concept and it were executed by hands other than his, it seems to me that this is still the art that one is talking about.

**LA:** When you went from a messy to a tidier kind of form, you said it was like getting away from the madness, too much dynamic energy, of the earlier style. On the other hand, the forms you make now are no less mysterious, perhaps, than the marks you made before. In fact, for all their order, maybe they're more mysterious?

**PF:** I agree, I just never thought of it that way. . . . I suppose I feel a willingness to allow for that mystery which your question suggests. My notion has to do with taking it easy, allowing exactness just to appear, even though exactness may be one's ultimate aim, of not being too precise about the acquisition of precision, as though by that manner one might limit one's own aim.

**LA:** Did you ever use mathematical means in planning your symmetrical paintings?

**PF:** I've always been interested in notions about sub-divisions. Whenever any concept of mathematics appears to lend itself to a visual construction, I'd be taken by it and find some way of representing it, just to see what it might look like. I've always been interested in early notions of dynamic symmetry and static symmetry. These ideas, for that period of time when practically everything I did was concerned with Expressionist aims, were minimized. But around 1953 I began to move back toward them again, and now many of these ideas pre-occupy me a lot in relation to systems for breaking up space. Any conception that takes an aspect of life or its appearance, and translates it to another aspect of its appearance, I find fascinating. Any device which takes things that may be seen in three dimensions and translates them into two dimensions, or things that may be seen in two dimensions and translates them into three dimensions, is to some extent the very life of art. Art has always had to do with that translation of three into two, and two into three, and in some respects one is simply getting fancy if one makes too much of an issue about the manner of the translation. There are lots of ways of translating that one aspect of life into the other aspect of life. I suppose the reason that I've never really had any strong feelings about naturalistic painting as against abstract painting, apart from my own manner of painting, is because any act of painting, as far as I can



*Caesarea, 1962*  
60" x 48"  
*Kasmin Gallery, London*

see, is a translation of some three dimensional thing into some two dimensional thing. It's all painting and if one goes for painting, then this is what one goes for in painting. In some respects it's somewhat like that line in Solon where he describes getting terribly upset about the particular, when the real act has to do with something infinitely more general that encompasses all that. You know that line where he speaks of "Such is the punishment Zeus gives, he does not like a mortal all in a rage over each particular thing." That's all I mean, you know all these distinctions . . . and yet it never escapes Zeus all the way, when man is a thinking spirit and always in the end his judgment is plain. This point has a bit of that vagueness. Take it easy on the specification. I was thinking about Renaissance drawings in connection with that question. You asked me about mathematics and abstract line, dynamic symmetry and so on. It was a long time before I discovered that, among the things I loved about Renaissance art, perhaps I liked best, were all the guide lines and perspective lines that were left in the drawing. Maybe in some respects I like the drawing better than Renaissance painting, because all the sub-dividing ideas that show in the drawings in the most explicit way, were removed in the painting. These things became implicit, whereas the drawings made them explicit. For so long I had the notion that art was the completion of a process, that all these things I liked, I wasn't in a sense allowed to like, because they had to be obscured in the necessary process of art. It took a long time to discover that an item in the process

was what I really liked about art. I think that maybe my early interest in some aspects of Cubism was that Cubist paintings looked like Renaissance drawings. You know, they had all the spatial statements left in them. I get exactly the same kicks from some Cubist works that I get from some of the Renaissance drawings where all the perspective lines are left right in the space; you know—figures would peer through them. When I was taught to look at those things, though, all these lines appeared to be fixed for the representation of other shapes. In my own work, especially now in retrospect, I can see that whenever I removed a guide line I couldn't bear what I then had. Maybe art, in this respect, was an item in the process, something like that.

**LA:** What is the most significant development in American painting since Pollock, in your view?

**PF:** I think of Barnett Newman as the one American artist who has stood for the way out of Pollock, who has stood for the big assist. Pollock in some ways was as powerful as the Cubism he combatted; he could very easily swallow up all of American painting and kill it. If it had not been for the presence of Newman on the scene, giving counterbalance to all the life and movement proposed by Pollock, I suspect the course of American painting would be different. My own view is that in connection with the image that Newman achieves, he goes beyond Pollock. In connection with an image that fits a concept of a modern life that's possible, Newman's more with that life. □



# JOB TICKET NO. 1517

Murry Karmiller

Photographs by Matthias Tarnay assisted by Margaret Donald '65

*Job Ticket No. 1517 is hardly a ticket at all. It is, in fact, a six-page pad made up of papers of various colors, thicknesses and sizes. Some of its component sheets are longer than others. Some are wider. A few are backed with patches of carbon coating. The top leaf, prim as a valentine by Mondrian, is perforated, not for style but for the ultimate convenience of reality-oriented individuals who like to know precisely who got what from The Vermont Printing Co., and when it left, and where it went, besides.*

Clearly, *Job Ticket No. 1517* won't admit two to fair or local movie, nor will it tell how certain garments may be washed and dried. But since it carries information a number of people need if they're to keep from losing mental buttons while channelling engravings, bits of copy and fonts of type into the proper page form, it's read with avid interest in those portions of the four-story Brattleboro building which The Vermont Printing Company occupies. At best, to concentrate on work in progress there requires discipline; the Connecticut River, with all its visual distractions, placidly flows outside.

The Vermont Printing Company was founded in 1903 by Ephraim Hitchcock Crane. Upon his death in 1944, direction of the company was passed on to his son-in-law, James Calvin Irish, a genial gentleman who smokes a pipe and somehow manages to maintain an air of quiet dignity, despite a noticeable twinkle in his eye. A graduate of Worcester Polytech, he holds a degree in Electrical Engineering. The degree is plainly dated 1925. The Monday following his commencement, he took employment with The Vermont Printing Company on a trial basis. Nothing more definite has ever been said about the matter. Nevertheless, after almost forty years, he thinks the printing business suits him and he may stay on.

In its first full year of operation, The Vermont Printing Company paid eight employees a total of \$7,000. Approximately eighty people currently find employment at the plant. Salaries are thirty-five times as high as they were back in the good old days—days for which neither Mr. Irish nor his employees would seem to pine. Much of the type now is set by huge machines which automatically cook long bars of lead down drop by drop, select the proper mats of brass and press and space out words and punctuation, a full line at a time. Some hand-set type is still required, of course, and now and then, a manually operated press is used as well. But by and large, equipment does the work.

Lock sixteen magazine-size pages in a chase, secure the chase in the press. Feed well with papers of your choice. Flip paper over, pancake style—another form will print each page's other side. About two thousand magazines can be run off every hour, provided everyone working on the project has everything he should have at the proper time. That's where *Job Ticket No. 1517* comes in.

As crisply as any secret agent in Her Majesty's Service, it offers advice and pertinent information to stockroom, proofreader, printer, binder, stock-cutter and mailer. *Job Ticket No. 1517*, incidentally, lists Bennington College as Customer, *Alumnae Bulletin* as *Job Title* on its topmost line. The first Bennington College *Job Ticket* is plainly dated 1952. Since then, little has been said about it. Now that we mention it, however, we think we may stay on.



1

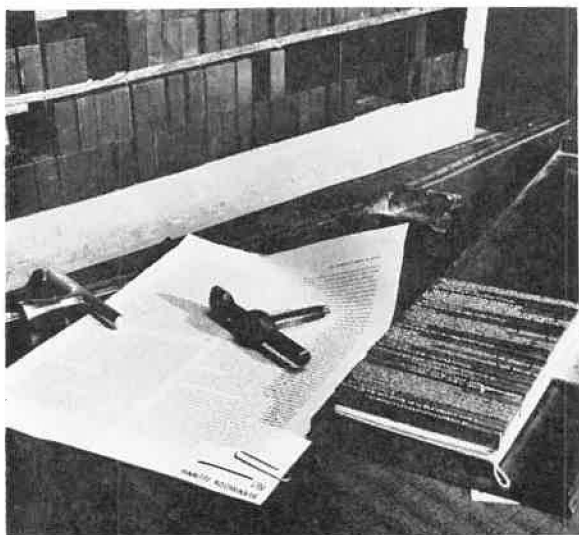
PLANNING AHEAD. Alas, the close-eyes-and-jump technique doesn't work in printing. Before a line of type is set, Arthur Cushing, Richard Sherwin and William O'Brien size up the job. Composing Room Foreman, Vice President and General Manager, and Linotype Machinest, they argue out ifs, buts and maybes well ahead of time, while keeping costs, deadlines, material supplies, customer's quirks and machine as well as human frailties firmly in mind.



2

ACTUAL START is made by linotypist. Unintimidated by huge Mergenthaler machine, William Dawson, a boating enthusiast in his free time, quietly decides how many words will fit on any given line. Behind machine's superstructure, a large flat magazine releases character-forming brass mats of roman and italic type, one letter at a time. Uniformly pressured v-shaped space bands automatically effect even spacing between all words on line. Mechanically, hot lead is applied to the line of mats and cooled. Brass mats are returned to proper places in magazine. Finished type line is moved automatically from machine to tray on operator's left.

3



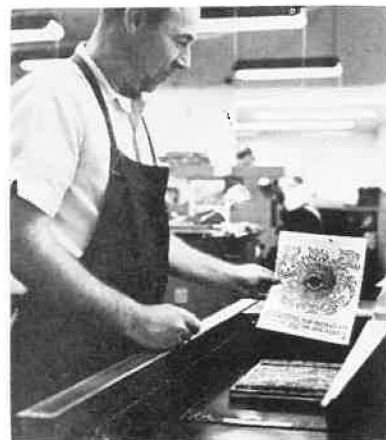
SINGLE PAGE OF TYPE, tied up in galley, is ready for the proofing. Lock-up stone on which the galley rests was named before steel replaced original marble surface.

5

FIRST LOOK. Proof room forelady Bernice Anderson examines page proofs for errors and appearance. Married to one of firm's top-ranking lino-type operators, Mrs. Anderson usually knows long before dinner when husband's had a hard day at the plant.



4



DRAWING PROOF. Harold Deyo pulls first proofs by hand. A longtime employee of Vermont Printing, Deyo was one of the first high school students to receive on-job training under the Diversified Industries Program initiated in 1939.

6

FULL SET OF PROOFS calls for hiatus in printing process. These will be sent to Alumnae Office Director Helen Webster Feeley for checking and rechecking. Last chance, too, to add a birth announcement or insert pertinent letters from readers.



7

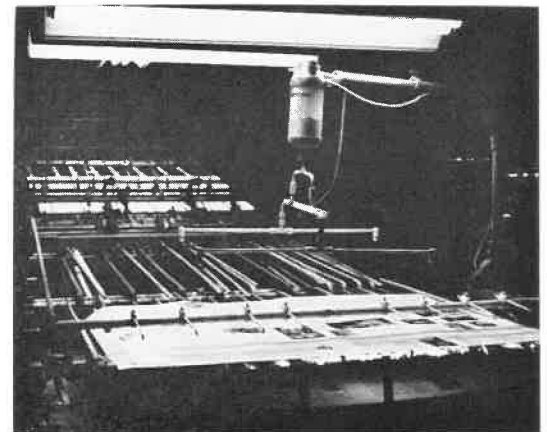
CORRECTED AND AMENDED, sixteen pages of type are set into one large press form. Stoneman Fred Slate, obviously the possessor of an origami mind, orients pages so each will print right side up after great sheet is folded for the fourth confusing time.





8

**PRESSROOM FOREMAN** George Helstowski reviews instructions, decides which press will be assigned the job. In a concern where longevity of service is the rule, Helstowski currently holds the distinction of being the company's newest man.



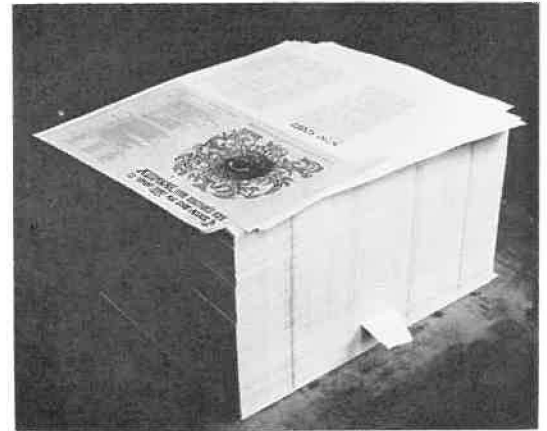
9

**KISSED.** Picked up at the far end of the press, each sheet of paper is moved through rollers for what the trade calls a "kiss impression," and travels forward for a quick baptism of fire over the row of gas jets in foreground. The fire dries the ink, but more important, draws off charges of static electricity.



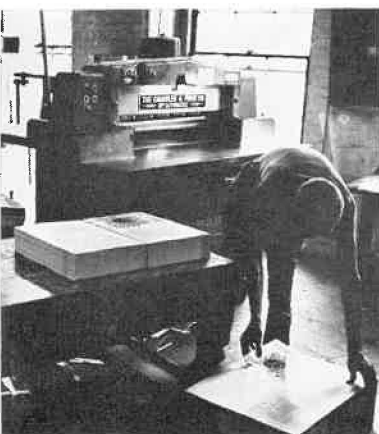
10

**SO THAT'S IT.** As many as five hours may be required for setting up the press for one sixteen page form. Small wonder then that Pressman Oscar Harrington's curiosity is aroused or that he keeps a constant check on the quality of the work his machine is turning out.



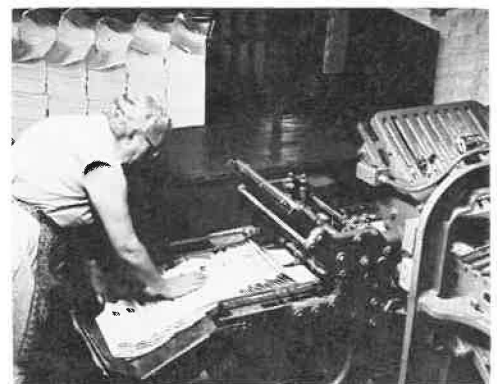
11

**WATCHFUL WAITING.** Covers, separately printed on a smaller press, stand by in bindery until inside pages are ready. Printed two-up, these covers will be cut in half.



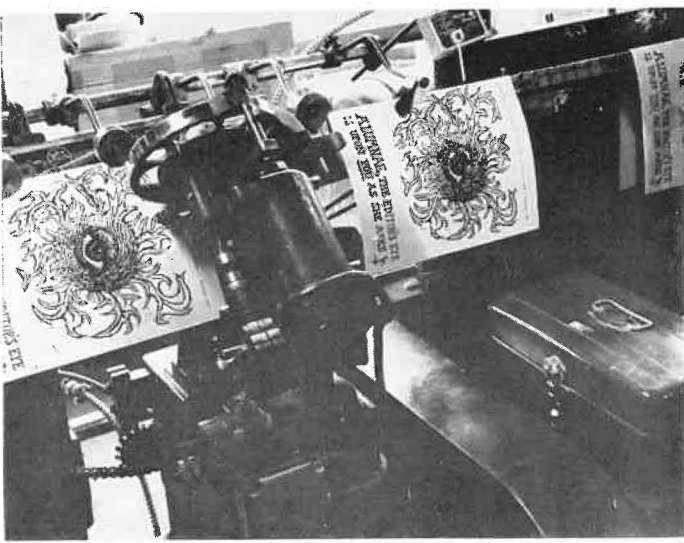
12

**CUTTER** is operated by Lourio Martel, whose son recently joined the staff to establish Vermont Printing's first father and son team.



13

**NEXT TO LAST STEP** in the actual printing operation is the folding. Here, Mrs. Belle Mack, an employee of the firm since 1926, operates folder.



14  
ALL OF A PIECE. Collated by machine, cover and pages become an entity on the octopus-inspired stitcher-trimmer.



16  
EN ROUTE. In mail sacks now, the Bennington College Alumnae Bulletin will soon be posted at the Brattleboro Post Office.



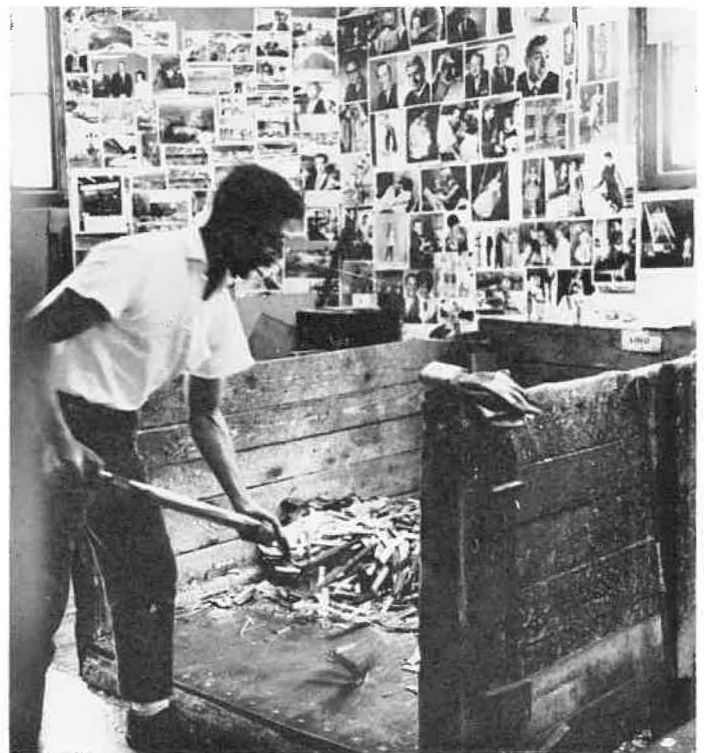
18  
SPEAKING OF THE NEXT ISSUE, HELEN, I WONDERED what you would think about doing a piece on the Chance Opportunities for Socio-Psycho-Philosophic Development Lying in Wait for Modern Man? You see. . . .



15  
MAILING SERVICES are offered by The Vermont Printing Company, too. Miss Marian Deone does the addressing on an Elliott.



17  
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE ALUMNAE OFFICE, Mrs. Charlotte Eddy outperforms the Rosetta stone, deciphering proof-reader's marks on a manuscript being processed for the next issue.



19  
. . . AFTER EACH VERMONT PRINTING CO. JOB IS COMPLETED, Joseph E. Wojchick melts down the type to make a new set of shiny lead bars.

# MEMORANDUM . . .

## *to an Alma Mater from a Somewhat Grateful Daughter*

ADRIAN: The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN: As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO: Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO: Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO: True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN: Of that there's none, or little.

THIS DISAGREEMENT in *The Tempest* is never resolved except by the play itself. Since the play has a happy ending, Adrian and Gonzalo prove right, Sebastian and Antonio, Shakespeare's villains, are proved wrong: this enchanted isle is a happy one, its air breathes sweetly. Gonzalo, attempting in this scene to hearten his grieving lord and succeeding only in wearying him with words, is one of Shakespeare's garrulous old men. *Hamlet's* Polonius was likewise an old man who talked too much, but the "foolish prating knave" of *Hamlet* proved unable to keep terror at bay with his tediously complacent aphorisms ("To thine own self be true") whereas the complacent prattling of Gonzalo, created when Shakespeare himself was old, proves right about the nature of this enchanted isle on which we all live.

The scent of the air is a strange thing to disagree about, for smell, that lowliest of senses, is surely also the least deceptive. But the disagreement is perhaps no stranger than humanity's more important dialogue about the nature of our planet: "Here is everything advantageous to life." / "True; save means to live."

Personally, I need all the assurances I can get that Gonzalo is right about our isle. I live much of my woman's life between a vague nervousness and outright fear and horror. My life is hard and bad. It's hard, for one thing, to earn my living and to bring up a fatherless child—but that's not it. I've never been very happy.

My grandmother was happy. Can it be that happiness is for the old? Shakespeare was old when he wrote this happy play and a grandmother is old by definition. Yet the older I am myself, the more old age seems not to have been an integral part of her life; her old age was like Yeats', "decrepit age that has been tied to me as to a dog's tail." She was young to be a grandmother anyway; decrepit age was not really tied to her until my own adulthood. Still, all grandmothers are old, and she may have been an unhappy woman when she was as old as I am now; she is dead, she cannot say.

But it seems more likely that Shakespeare found in mellow old age a quality my grandmother had all her life. Once the male menopause is past, freed from sex or less pressed by that drive Sophocles said was a cruel and insane master, a man can perhaps attain to a kind of wisdom available to any twenty-year-old girl. I think my grandmother was happy all her life.

I was too young when it happened to remember how she moved into our house to take my dead mother's place. But I see her now as a figure of calm, quick decision moving surely through the chaos of her daughter's sudden death. In my mind's eye, she moved her belongings into my mother's bedroom unobtrusively, neatly, surely, no more dismayed than she was at the time I do remember her, the calm eye in the center of the storm that was my childhood and that of my siblings.

Shrieking, once, that I would be back to join the pillow fight the five of us were having in our living room, I clattered up the stairs to relieve myself. She called me into her bedroom—to wipe my nose? to tie my shoe? no, she never behaved like a mother, her ministering to our bodies was dispensed only when necessary, never as a caress; in the economy of so large a household, affection was expensive; and it seems anyway that only one's physical mother can give a child that shield of physical warmth that has preserved the beauty of my own baby through childhood, adolescence and young womanhood (I was an ugly child); my grandmother called from her bedroom to reprove me, I suppose, for my noise.

I stood wide-eyed for a moment at the quiet in her room, at its seemly arrangement of furniture, of dresser appointments, its hint of a luxury lacking in the rest of the house. She had enough money so that she could have traveled, could have done many things other than create order for five dirty, noisy little creatures. What amazed me, I think, was the sudden insight that effort—no, a child does not see its god-like caretakers as needing to make efforts—an insight that *intent* accounted for this island of calm into which she had, for a few minutes, retired. She was sitting at her desk writing—a letter, I suppose, to one of my dead mother's sisters—and though my clamoring child's will could not keep me from asking if it was I—I of all the five—of whom she was writing, I perceived also in one of those flashing disappearing child's looks into the lives of adults that besides being the heaven beneath which I lived, the earth on which I walked, my grandmother was a *person* who thought about and planned for her life and happiness and preservation as I did mine. That she could intend, let alone require, a few minutes of her own peace from which to draw the peace she gave me, the order I could not live without, this need of hers struck me with amazement (and with shock: it is shocking to think that god and nature have needs); and the thought as suddenly disappeared.

For me, what matters is that my grandmother did choose to create that order without which I could not have lived. If I am not happy, I would be unhappier still (perhaps dead), were it not for her. She was a quick, bright, decisive woman, but within her there was quiet, there was a serene belief that on our planet, perfumed for some of us like a fen, the air breathes sweetly.

There is another woman who has reassured me that life is possible, even good, that "here is everything advantageous to life." She has not, like my grandmother, spent herself on me. A child does not need to give, a child is in itself an undeserved gift. To watch the sure rhythm of nature as it unfolds my daughter has been, for sixteen years, my chief stay against despair. However blindly I conceived her, however clumsily I try to find room for that unfolding in a crowded world, however poor and unloved I am myself, she is palpable and breathing proof that man is meant to live and be happy. If I am told "Here is everything advantageous to life," I cannot honestly wisecrack "True, save means to live. Of that there's none, or little." There's means—my child exists, man is, life lives.

Between the time I lived with my grandmother and the time I have lived with my daughter, I went to Bennington. I could complain that I did not get all I needed from my alma mater, as I could complain that my grandmother and my daughter never contributed enough to my happiness. Indeed, I do complain, because, as I said, I'm not happy. (Like most of us, male and female, I reserve my bitterest recriminations for the opposite sex. Of all the people who have failed to devote enough thought to my happiness, the men I have known are chief. But I am thinking now of how the three most important women in my life have failed me.)

I complain about my grandmother because surely her repressive methods of child rearing are responsible for my malice and my envy. My simplest need, the need to be accepted as I was and hence to accept myself now as I am, could hardly be met by a Christian who truly believed that man is conceived in sin, born in iniquity, and only by pain trained to virtue. The stings of an irrational conscience arouse painful, ugly, and unnecessary emotions that have no doubt even marred my rearing of my daughter.

I complain about my daughter too. I complain about the many times when I have given all I had—of understanding, of love, of time, of money—and she has asked for more.

However much a parent gives, it seems never to be enough; and an alma mater need expect gratitude no more than any other parent. I, who paid no tuition, who even received free room and board, I, on whom Bennington bestowed, free, an expensive education—I complain. Bennington failed to prepare me for life. (I haven't looked, but I suspect that somewhere in its catalog Bennington falsely advertises, as most education does, that it prepares its students for Life.) I would complain chiefly that it gave me illusions of moral and aesthetic grandeur about myself and my species. I learned to know Mozart and Shakespeare and Tolstoy at Bennington. When I left it, I thought there were many in the world who also loved the truth. I know now that the world bestows acclaim upon ignorant politicians telling the most implausible lies while it ignores or kills Dylan Thomas, Bela Bartok, Theodore Roethke. (If you want truth known, wait till you are safely dead to tell it.) I complain that if Bennington prepared me for life, it was for one I have not found. You have failed me, all three of you—my grandmother, Bennington, my daughter. I am not happy.

Whether one lives in a garden or in urban stench, the nose is quickly satiated, the air usually has no smell at all. Most of

the time we heed our surroundings no more than our own actions. Most Americans evidently see no contradiction in laboring for a month of every year to pay taxes to make bombs to kill babies and at the same time loving and begetting and bearing and caring for babies of their own. Perhaps it seems to them that between life and death, they have chosen the middle way. They need not decide whether life is possible or pleasant on this planet.

I think they are wrong, and that sometime in this century, man must decide, and man is each of us, one by one. There is no longer a middle way between love and hate. We will kill and be killed if that proves to be man's nature, or we will love and live and do the work of loving and living. Either the air breathes sweetly or it breathes upon us from rotten lungs.

In every alumnae *Bulletin*, implied or explicit, I seem to hear "Is anyone listening? Does Bennington make a difference in its students' lives? Does it matter if those of us who work for it work well or badly?"

I cannot believe my affirmative is the only one. I think I speak for many alumnae. If I do not send much money and have never until now said "thank you" for Bennington's great gift to me, it is because my life is hard to live, harder to understand, I have so little energy left after keeping myself and my daughter alive. My life is hard and bad and ugly. But it is easier and better and more beautiful because of Bennington.

My grandmother died before I thanked her, my daughter, never having known me childless, would not comprehend my thanks. Bennington is not a person but an institution and perhaps has no ear, but if it did, it would hear my gratitude.

No more than most of mankind have I chosen between life and death. I sometimes think that most of my nature is in accord with the villains of *The Tempest*. Means to live? Of that there's none, or little. If you ask me, Manhattan, the cursed, enchanted Isle on which I earn my bread, stinks. Every day the bus on which I commute drives through Lincoln Tunnel in which fumes poisonous to life are all the breath there is. There is so little space for me to stand on the crowded island, no provision for the most elementary of creature comforts. In the inferno of the subways, the air, if it breathes at all, breathes as if from rotten lungs, as if perfumed by a fen.

Yet Manhattan, with "cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," is fabulously beautiful too. The sea is not so far away that a wisp of pure air cannot now and then make its way through the dirt and noise. Especially when concrete cliffs are blurred by twilight, Manhattan can seem a thing of air and twinkling lights, a serene creation topping its noisy creators.

If it is true that I complain that neither Bennington nor my grandmother nor my daughter have made me happy, the paltry store of courage I do possess came from those three, the courage that makes it possible sometimes to forget myself and see beauty. You have kept me alive to believe the time will come when it will not be foolish to say serenely, "Here is everything advantageous to life. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly."

—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST



## DIALOGUES OF MEMORIAM 1963-64

My God, take this cup from me!  
You know I can't, my Son.  
But it's so hot in the mid-day sun—  
Ask not . . . my Son. It shall be given Thee.  
Remember, this generation (I'm the greatest! I'm the greatest!)  
Of silent, dedicated, young Americans . . .  
"And now, ladies and gentlemen, they're bringing  
Oswald down the corridor of the police station . . ."  
[In Greek tragedy, the sin of hubris is thinking  
Oneself greater than the Gods.  
Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, returned home to  
His wife Clytemnestra] . . . "How do you do.  
My name's Jack Kennedy and I'm running  
For President of the United States."  
" . . . and My God, he's been shot! Someone just shot  
Oswald as they were leading him down  
The corridor to the . . . (I'm the King of the  
World! The King! No one can say I'm not.  
I've proved it! I'm the King of the World!)  
I do not shrink from this responsibility.  
I welcome it! (Thousands Cheer)

"Today in Birmingham, ladies and gentlemen,  
Police reportedly used fire hoses to  
Prevent a group of Negro Demonstrators . . ."  
From the arch of the Capital Dome the procession  
Slowly passes down Constitution Avenue to the . . .  
**WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED! WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED!**  
Is it ever possible, after all, to get a fair trial?  
This epileptic, psychotic—"Boy, if I could just get  
My hands on that guy Oswald, I'd . . .  
(I'll kiss his feet. If he beats me, I'll kiss  
His feet, and I expect him to kiss my feet  
If I beat him!)  
The world may never be the same again, said the Chorus.  
Nonsense, said Clytemnestra, there's always Orestes  
To consider.  
America, America (I don't photograph well in  
Glasses. Watch the teleprompter!) God shed his . . .  
"God Bless thy servant John Fitzgerald Kennedy."  
(I'm the Greatest! I'm the Greatest!)  
Thou shalt not kill (and the greatest of these is  
Charity). For if a man . . .

Oh Jack. No. No.

—JOAN SIMONS CONSTANTIKES '56



*Letter from Alumnae*

December 29, 1963

To the Editor:

I write to express two main concerns. First is a response to your challenging cry for alumnae reaction in the November (XXXII, #2) alumnae *Bulletin*. I appreciate your sense of the voice crying in the wilderness, the muffling cotton of no reply. But what can you expect?

If other alumnae are like me, our silence has a simple explanation. We read, we react. But we do not put it in writing. We have too many other things to do, because our lives are busy and interesting. Besides—I, for one, was never a letter-to-the-editor writer. I can shoot my mouth off vigorously in small or large gatherings; but I don't write it down—that's too much work. I often plan to, because I believe in expressing opinions where they may do some good. But if I mail this, it will be the first such intention I ever carried through.

If what happened at Bennington did us any good, we've incorporated it into our lives and personalities, along with what we were before Bennington, and what happened to us afterward. Those four years may remain the ones most intensively devoted to a certain kind of learning, but they represent an increasingly small percentage of our total lives. That, I believe, is part of what "Bennington Education" means.

This does not mean, however, that we forget those years, or our college. In my case, and I should think in many others, my best tribute to my college takes the form of some continuing activity in its behalf. I join my local alumnae group, I struggle to bring Bennington to public attention so that more people may understand its goals and wish to send their daughters there. When representatives of the College appear on the scene I go to hear them, and talk with them, so I can keep up with what goes on now at Bennington. I wanted to go to the "reunion" a few years ago but time, distance and other obligations kept me home. I would have gone to my own "25th," but there wasn't any. (No criticism implied.) Last, but certainly not least, I read the *Bulletins* I receive, with the same urge to keep in touch.

My efforts to publicize Bennington, and my most recent encounter with a Bennington representative, bring me to my second theme. The following ideas came tumbling out of me like the pop of a champagne cork, under the stimulus of an informal gathering with Gladys Ogden Dimock '36 and her husband, who cried, "Write it down! Send it in!" So here I am trying.

I am one of the probably small number of Bennington alumnae who has continued to live in the academic world. When my husband rejoined the university world in 1952 as an instructor of mathematics at Purdue University (he is now chairman of the department of mathematics at the University of Rochester), we began a period of life we both find fascinating, rich, creative and stimulating. I also find that I am looking at the problems of colleges and their students from the professional, rather than the lay, point of view. I know what the faculty worry about; I know what the students often do not understand; I know what the faculty think is the place of administrators and boards of trustees. In response to some of the misconceptions which seem to be floating around the Bennington alumnae world then, I cry out.

*Point 1.* The heart of any educational institution is its faculty. If they don't know what they're doing, it won't get done. In my experience, faculty worry a great deal about the goals of education in general, and their own institution in particular, and even more about how well the theories are being put into practice. Some teachers are surely well able to tell others about this, while some will end their efforts with the doing. But if the teachers at Bennington didn't know what Bennington was all about, they wouldn't stay there.

*Point 2.* The faculty must speak to the world about their goals and methods. No one can do it better. The faculty should speak to the trustees through the president. (If he does not understand, or cannot transmit their message, he will have to be replaced.) Wherever possible, individual teachers should speak to alumnae and other interested persons, and to the public when it is appropriate. A faculty member of Bennington College has a special responsibility to interpret a different institution—one

which he understands better than any other class of people. Many teachers will shrink from this duty, and a few, I suppose, are not suited to it. Lionel Nowak stands out as a glowing example of the best of such communicators.

I think both alumnae and trustees yearn to know more about the College, to understand it better—and I think our best help will come from the faculty.

With this I rest—and may I have paid my debt for some years to come!

Sincerely,  
REBA MARCUS GILLMAN '38  
Rochester, N. Y.

February 26, 1964

Alumnae Office:

As I read of the accomplishments of my fellow alumnae I feel a pinch of self-dissatisfaction because my life seems so less purposeful and creative, but then I remember that in the past six years I've had three children, built a home and become involved in part-time projects that require the use of my brain, and besides all that I'm happy. So I guess I'll have to put up with being dissatisfied every few months. I'm actually terribly proud to belong to the same alumnae as these successful young women. It's the alumnae, after all, who show what a college is made of.

I sense in the letters the suburban contingent sends in, an air of apology. As though being in the suburbs were an admission of complete stagnation and doom to the intellect. To my way of thinking the suburbs are a place to live, not a frame of mind. Nor need suburbia even be a way of life. It means a home with some ground, good schools and decent neighbors.

When we were first married, my husband and I lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and loved it. We wanted to buy a home there, but unless you've lived in Cambridge for the last fifty years or just come into a vast inheritance, forget it. So the next step was a town outside of Boston. We then were faced with the type of second car we should drive. We looked at Mercedes, Jaguars, Corvettes, but finally admitted the grim truth: we needed a station wagon. Oh, how I fought that realization. I was not going to be the typical dame in the suburbs with her station wagon, chauffeuring her way through life, but finally you say, so what, and become typical in appearances anyway. You sit back and enjoy the good things that you're fortunate enough to have. You by all means don't stagnate—I don't think a Bennington girl ever could—you keep the brain in working order so that when the day comes when your son or daughter starts telling you all the intellectual truths he's uncovering, you won't have forgotten what he's talking about.

Sincerely,  
CONSTANCE GOLUB GORFINKLE '57  
Braintree, Mass.

February 28, 1964

To the Editor:

As I sat shoveling Gerber's into five-month Tim's mouth, the TV blaring the Bobby Baker case, the phone crooked on one shoulder as I figured exchange baby-sitting for our respective party meetings (she's a Republican and I a Democrat), three-year-old Kim came in with the mail which held the *Bulletin*. So okay, if it is the last thing I do—today, tomorrow or before the weekend—I shall write a letter. For something like the seven millionth time I have sighed, "Why did I ever bother going to college," and I really know, especially now, and I suppose I should say why to someone.

You see, I'm just a plain old housewife, zoo keeper, PTA hospitality committee (that is where they put the dangerous thinkers), League arguer (of Women Voters), delegate to endorsing conventions, sorority bridge player, and all the other screwball things one does while managing (?) a household of four sons, three daughters, and a demanding husband. For this, one should have seventeen years at Bennington and seventeen different Non-Resident Term jobs. One gets very depressed, especially, I think, of the early years of babies, when one is still dreaming of glorious occupations and self-images, and you don't realize how much of your education is being poured into your family—in pieces and bits, at meals and bedtime. But woman, in her infinite variety, is geared for this mundane, if you choose to make it so, life. Well, I haven't made it so, and though it has been a struggle, we have managed to avoid suborbitis. That takes skill and courage—a Bennington edict.

Once you have faced the fact that you aren't really normal and average, and don't think like your peers, you've taken the first step. Then you can tolerate living with those who are, and take their barbs in good humor. It took a few small towns for me really to realize this fully, and since my husband's position gives me no choice at all about places to settle down, I just operate on my own and find myself more acceptable, if not in thought, at least as others respect old age. Operating on one's own—a trait learned at Bennington.

Resourcefulness—let me tell you! I am an only child, spoiled, and city-bred. Thanks to a beginning class in "Human Life and Environment," and the fact that I saved my books, we have managed through a number of near disasters with the children. I suppose they were simple things to my pioneer ancestors, but not me—living out in the middle of the desert in 125° and no car, phone, or nearby neighbor, there was the brain concussion, an arm ripped to the bone by a pane glass window, the 105° valley fever that put my daughter in bed for a year. Knowing where to look, how to analyze, deduct, reason, and, most of all, how to act when it is necessary—I can plumb with aplomb, fix gas leaks, find spark plugs, track down wiring, paint, roof, re-upholster, carpet, and lay tile with the finesse of an expert. I did not learn how at college—just how to know how. No college, high school, or anything really prepares one for marriage and children, which is the honest desire of most women. My high-school-trained friends are just as lost, and with no resources on which to draw.

The most important thing, of course, is having some kind of



a philosophy of life and value system on which to operate. And, though mine was pretty healthy when I went to college, the most settling groundwork came to me from Phillip Sperling and Max Salvadori. Sperling's first assignment was "All right, you have said 'good' all through this class—what is 'good' for children, parents, teachers, etc. Now next week tell me what 'good' is, and how it relates to you as a teacher in a classroom." When I start thinking how bad things are, this I remember. And Max—I'm sure he wanted to fail me many times—but from him, the worth of a man, that freedom is the choice of one's restrictions, the value of a minority, learning to accept the majority decision, ad infinitum. Then the ideas seemed so obvious, but now I know how hazy they were. Only by living, and especially with children, can I appreciate them, and hope I am presenting them in proper aspect to my children. I cannot say enough about what a school like Bennington does to help this kind of thinking and understanding. I went to two other colleges, as did my husband (we total five), and they made me sick and disillusioned by comparison. As my eleven-year-old son, who is taking (ha ha) "creative writing" in his McGuffey Reader school, brings home his assignments, I die a thousand deaths for dear Ben Belitt. It is like "Explain the universe. Step one, question. Step two, body. Step three, conclusion." Where is the wonderful search and discovery, for one's self, where it has meaning? Oh, this is when I scream (out of my son's hearing) and, because it would do no good to write the principal a note (he has no idea what creativity is), I swallow hard, ask my son a "probing question," and turn him loose.

I think going to college—or at least living early where one is exposed to other value systems, does help throw back some answers. My oldest daughter says, "Mother, why don't you just answer a question?" No. 1 son says, "I know. Look it up." No. 2 son says, "How can I look it up if I can't spell it?" I know why I went to college. Partly because my children are all smarter than I am, and I only keep tabs down by maturity and vaster knowledge. (Or has anyone else been trying to help his children with the "new math"?)

That thing called creativity that Bennington inspires—well, I was endowed with a touch of it, but repression has snuggled it far into a back corner. Someday I will dust it off—when the children are grown. My capacity to "get by with nothing" is growing larger by the baby. Then there is "inspiring creativity in others," and this I have ample opportunity to do, and were I fulfilling my dream occupation from college, this would be my line. With the children it is marvelous fun—building a playhouse in the backyard, a treehouse in Grandpa's avocado grove, do-it-yourself skate boards, the ships Greg built after he cut up the maple bunk bed ladder on his father's arbor saw! The avocado tree Jonathan grew behind the dresser, Greg's private cornfield in the backyard, the game Chris invented to keep his sisters out of his stamp collection, and our oldest brings all her grades up with her posters, exhibits, and samples she adds to her work. But the prize was my husband's name on an invention that is now patent pending—three years of work, and husbands are lots harder to train than children!

I am too busy to keep up with Jones or Smith, and far too

occupied to have ulcers or a nervous breakdown. I know it is stylish, but you can't have everything. "Just a housewife"—man, those words are murder to me. With my family I have an excuse to get out of anything I don't want to do, and my crazy upside-down life is full of interesting things to do and think, and it has infinite variety. It's a good and rewarding occupation and subject to the same problems and hazards that one encounters in an out-of-the-house job.

When we planned our future I intended, dutifully, to work at a job outside the home, but it took only two babies to discover that this was no way to live. No hired help can cope properly with the kind of questions they ask, the way you want them to learn "good," "right," and "truth." Hired help can love as much, maybe, and care for physical needs, but not give of the self.

If after much introspective soul searching a woman cannot see her value as a maker of the home, I pity her. The kinds of jobs indulged in by Bennington girls, on the whole, seem wisely chosen, and not too interfering with the house and business of the home. This makes me proud to be a part of the alumnae. I see too many lost children of working mothers on whom I am heaping my standards of behavior because they are here after school. What their mothers are missing! Not that many of the mothers work from real necessity, but to make more money for their too high standards of living, or to escape from the "drudgery" or "boredom" of housework. Just as many escape to volunteer organizations. Proper perspective, wise use of leisure, variety of interests—well, that is another story.

While I am here at the typewriter, thanks to Emily Sweetser Alford for her article. Because it is the thing of the moment in my life (I have five children in school), creativity in the schoolroom is my favorite fuss. Except that children have to learn to live with things as they are and not as you would wish them, it is a marvelous approach to education. My children are rotting it through a school where the principal is in dire fear that they won't be properly crammed for the SAT. Discipline! Homework! Workbooks! Memorize! God help you if you can't



read by second grade, because if you don't they will surely have made an emotional wreck out of you.

If there is one thing learned from a place like Bennington, it is that life, and what you get out of it, is built on the smallest grains of sand and bits of wood. The answers to the children's little questions, the after-school snack, the choosing of a better TV show to watch, earning the nickel for carrying the letters to the mailbox. When you can see progress ("You have the most polite children!") "Jenny asks the most interesting questions!") and can lay claim to the rewards, this should be pleasure and happiness—the doing of the thing which results in constant discovery of more to do, and pleasure is heaped upon pleasure.

So keep up the good work. I will not send my daughter to Bennington, but I hope she will choose it.

PRISCILLA TAFT PALO '51  
Los Angeles

March 18, 1964

To the Editor:

Comments on the *Bulletin*: Nice, as usual. I think what it lacks is *pictures*. Drawings, photos, cartoons pertinent to the features. It looks very dry this time. I'm only speaking from a disinterested passerby point of view. How about reproducing a student or faculty woodcut or something in two colors somewhere suitable for framing (as was almost done in the new *Alma Mater* magazine, of Plato). That should generate interest. It wouldn't have to be on that nice paper. . . . I've occasionally been sorry all the printing is on the cover when good covers "suitable for framing" come out. Maybe an inside front or back cover?

JANE BERRY VOSBURGH '58  
New Kensington, Pa.

March 26, 1964

To the Editor:

My own general comments on the whole magazine, which you so kindly have solicited, are varied. I enjoy the less far-out articles, such as the one on the City & Country School by Emily Sweetser Alford—or Mr. Fels' address about college presidents' duties. But I decry nonsense like the bit on "Warhol's Tomato Soup Can"; perhaps I am being un-Bennington-ish but I am not reluctant to say that both article and painting seemed meaningless to me and unworthy of so much space. However, I realize that with such a magazine you want to offer a wide variety of material—and I do scan it for pieces which are stimulating. I think it might offer more in the field of education regarding trends and progressive movements in schools in general, and some judgment on their values.

LYNN PHILLIPS RASHBAUM '46  
Riverdale, New York

March 16, 1964

To the Editor:

Bennington gave me so very much. What I took I wholly appreciate. What I didn't have the sense, at the time, to take I wholly regret. Often I wonder what, if anything, I will one day be able to give back. Ideas come and go and seem unworthy. I am going to offer a few now, at long last, for you to take or leave as you see fit. You have succeeded in making alumnae feel some responsibility to the alumnae issues of the Bennington *Bulletin*, and have perhaps flattered us into action by hinting that it might be appreciated if we were to pick up that responsibility. So I ripple the stagnant waters. . . .

To begin with, we read the *Bulletin*, appreciate those portions which particularly interest us, and go on with our personal activities which seem perhaps more important to us than ever in this age. We never supposed you wanted us to feel like active participants. We read, praise, or damn with faint praise, or simply and for the most part carry on. Now you remind us that the *Bulletin* might be of the alumnae, by the alumnae, and it strikes a reasonable spark here.

There are many items in the *Bulletin* which rate praise: the "Index" kindly pulls similar material under one heading, the "Memorandums" are top-rate fare. The few articles which are contributed by faculty are the priceless and most relished features of any issue, and serve, not always in vain, to remind us what and why we learned at Bennington.

More profiles might be added to these alumnae issues, perhaps more alumnae profiles, more "living Bennington"? Most of us live Bennington to some degree, the Bennington idea is a part of ourselves, not just something that happened to us and is finished. Most alumnae have a Bennington approach to life—let's hear about it in fact and fiction, in prose and poetry and photos, unleash those ideas that are just awaiting an audience. We might also start some real controversies under that cancelled postage stamp (an excellent corner!), not just for the sake of controversy but because it's one page alumnae may not feel self-conscious about contributing to. Let's not be timid. Nothing comes of underestimating ourselves, especially when we let someone else be the judge, and we can let the editor decide which imaginations are over the hill! As Larry Potter Widmayer suggests, "Push us." There is certainly plenty of interesting-to-fascinating, surely enlightening, alumnae dope never cracked. Let's get cracking!




I promise to put up or shut up, so for now it's the latter. . . .

CLARISSA HILL LEATHER '57  
Darien, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTES: 1.) Thanks to those of you who have put up. We hope more of you will do so. 2.) Jane Vosburgh, and anyone else who cares to, may have a copy of the cover on this issue ("suitable for framing" and without type) on request to the Alumnae Office. Send \$1.00 in check, cash or stamps to cover cost and postage.




## INDEX to:

The general newsnotes about the College ( *on campus*:  *off campus*:  *Bennington in print*: and so on) which have appeared in this column heretofore, are being discontinued as unkind competition to the *Newsletter* published once each term and sent to the same mailing list that receives the *Bulletin*. We scooped such College news as was, so completely in our February issue, that the usual mid-winter *Newsletter* didn't even appear. This is bad for business, so we must bow out.

This and future "Index" columns will concentrate primarily on alumnae, picking up only such pieces of College news as may be left over. The change seems automatically to bring us back to the old "class notes" routine, making some readers happy, others bored, and the editors again trying to figure how to liven things up. Ideas, anyone?

This might be the place to mention that deadlines for alumnae news (and anything else, for that matter) in the magazine are *September 25th* for the November issue, *January 5th* for the February issue, and *March 25th* for the May issue. However, the earlier you send things in, the less frantic we'll be as these dates come (and go). Items should be sent directly to the Alumnae Office. And this might be the time to remind you again that the following notes are by class year and alphabetically by maiden name within the year. We'll stop repeating this if you'll remember it.

 *alumnae news*: We don't usually go in for announcing engagements, and especially of non-alumnae, but it does seem of interest to mention a sort of Intra-Bennington Social Note—i.e., the son of Elsa Voorhees Hauschka '36 is marrying the daughter of Alice Rowley Cheney '39. Are there any other alumnae children alliances like this, or is this the first?

An extraordinary four-gallery show of works by the late Georges Braque opened in New York on April 8th for the benefit of the Public Education Association. Among the committee heads who helped arrange the exhibition were Ernestine Cohen Meyer '37 and Kathleen Harriman Mortimer '40.

Esther Williamson Ballou '37, well known by many in the Washington, D. C. area for her musical talents, was joined by Evelyn Swarthout in a four-hand piano concert for the Montgomery County Art Center last winter. It was a fine program and a pleasant evening for those who attended.

Mary Jane Sheerin Bennett '38 chairs the Montgomery County, Maryland, School Board Selection Committee, which recently completed a study of methods of choosing boards of education.

Marcia Ward Behr '38 and Sally Brownell Montanari '38 are conducting a class at the Madeira School in Virginia on acting and staging. Mrs. Behr is teaching the art of acting and analysis of plays, while Mrs. Montanari is teaching the

girls the concepts of space and design. Mrs. Behr also appeared in the Washington, D. C. Arena Stage's production "Dark of the Moon."

Faith Rehyer Jackson '39 is teaching a course on the history of dance at the Washington (D. C.) School of Ballet. She has also finished editing a cookbook for the Friendship House. This year Faith is organizing the Capitol Hill House Tour.

No less literary a light than Henry Miller wrote the introduction to *Impressions of Greece*, a new Viking Press book of sketches, watercolors and pastels by Anne Poor '39.

Isabella Perrotta Erickson '40 is president of the Vermont Music Educators Association—and reports she's still happy on public school music.

Jane Holmes Wood '40 is doing part-time graduate work at the University of Wisconsin School of Social Work.

President of the League of Women Voters of the State of Maryland is Helen Levine Koss '42.

Last October Jeanne Michaels Radow '42 helped establish Oregon's first Planned Parenthood Clinic. She foresees patient interest developing slowly, but acknowledges that big educational jobs take much time and ingenuity.

Next year, Josephine Swift Boyer '44 hopes to be teaching full time. Meanwhile, substitute teaching in the public school system in Carmel and Monterey (California) keeps her in perpetually new situations.

Geraldine Babcock Boone '45 was one of the founders of the Princeton (N. J.) Association on Human Rights, and is presently helping Negro workers find employment commensurate with their training.

Margaret White Brown '45, already a "summa cum laude" wife and mother of five, is enrolled at the Northwestern Hospital School of Nursing in Minneapolis.

Joanne Sokol Matthews '46 is a substitute teacher in second grade at the Eastchester (New York) Waverly School.

Panoras Gallery in New York City in March exhibited paintings by Constance McMillan '46.

Singing science records for children is just one of the many activities filling the days of Muriel O'Brien McGarry '46.

Ella Russell Torrey '47, living in Evansville, Indiana, is a speaker with the UN Speakers Bureau, and a mother of four, besides.

From Scribner's comes *A Cook's Tour of San Francisco*, a new book by Doris Corn Muscatine '47. Writing this Bae-deker of food couldn't have been all hard work, since the California wine country provided some of the sparkle.

Marjorie Soule Orrick '47, with five children enrolled in five different schools, is finding time to serve on six community boards, direct a play for the Children's Theatre Association of San Francisco, and answer to the title of business manager of the Junior League magazine *Spectator*.



Paintings by Adele Herter Seronde '47 were exhibited at Boston's Weeden Gallery. The opening attracted the President of Radcliffe College, Mary Bunting (Bennington ex-faculty), among others.

One reason why Los Angeles is becoming the dance town may be Olga Balasenowich '50, who is teaching creative dance at the studio of David and Tania Lichine.

Sally Liberman Smith '50 has organized and conducted a series of eight panels for the Washington, D. C., branch of the Pan-Pacific Southeast Asia Women's Association. This group is concerned with the various aspects of how to preserve their culture in the face of social and technological changes taking place in their countries today. Mary-Averett Seelye '40 participated as a panel member for one of the sessions about the "Artist in Society." In April, Miss Seelye will serve on a panel at the meeting of the American Association of High School Physics Teachers, this time to discuss how physics contributes to the humanities.

Dusty Hutton Landis '51 writes from Beirut: "My husband and I were on leave from his job as area representative for the First National City Bank here in Beirut and, thanks to Sally Pickells Burrill '51, had a partial reunion of Leigh House inmates last summer on Cape Cod at Sally and her husband's wonderfully endless house. Kristin Curtis Lothrop '51 (and Frank), Sally (and Bob), Pin Stires Rogers '53 (and Ray), myself (and Ken), plus our combined fifteen children and two boys that Sal has every summer and Christmastime thanks to the Fresh Air Fund made up the group. The weekend was a 'beautiful blast,' in the words of one of the young. We swam constantly, watching seventeen heads in the waves, ate lobster, reconstructed old 'Octet' songs, reminisced unashamedly, and listened to our husbands argue the pros and cons of Bennington spouses. They agreed that the plural of Bennington spouse was 'spice,' which we thought was a fine tribute to the College. During the lobster and rosé banquets many testimonial speeches were offered to absent friends, to half-forgotten professors, to the memory of brilliant papers we wrote, and to the several Ingenious Practical Jokes we managed to perpetrate. (Our husbands heard for the thousandth time the tale of the Great Faculty April Fool Art Show.) Unfortunately the tape that was made of these orations got washed in the lobster pot, but as we look forward to repeating the reunion on an even grander scale during another home leave and summer, we can perhaps improve on what one husband was heard to call 'Smith rhetoric, Bennet content.' "



Left to right: Dusty Hutton Landis, Sally Pickells Burrill, Pin Stires Rogers looking beautiful while blasting.

Carol Haffner Strauss '52 received her elementary teaching credential at the University of California last June, and is now substitute teaching in Berkeley.

"The Bonanza" at 1700 East State Street, Westport, Connecticut, has Rhoda Turteltaub Green '52 to serve pies on weekends while husband, Ed, keeps a watchful eye on the steaks featured at the Greens' new restaurant. Our alumnae spies in disguise report the food is great.

Hester Haring '52, who was assistant to the map director of Grolier's *Encyclopedia International*, now works in the art department of "Grolier Project 15," which has to do with the *Book of Knowledge*.

Scene-maker for the New York Museum of Natural History's dioramas, Frederica Leser '53 made the scene herself in a March 4 edition of the New York *Daily News*. They did a feature story on her life and work.

Anne Moynahan Elmaleh '53 says she is studying French at the Sorbonne, "or, more precisely, at l'Institut des Professeurs de Français à l'Etranger, and doing my best to shed honor on Bennington thereby. They tell me that I am the only Bennington girl they have ever had, so I feel obliged to give us a good international reputation."

Back home in Tucson and dancing again with the Kadimah Dancers is Ethel Smith Cohen '53.

Carol Gewirtz Rosenthal '54 is teaching six- and seven-year olds creative rhythms at the Stamford (Connecticut) Museum and Nature Center.

Dale Lester '56 is assistant to the publisher of *Flower Grower* magazine, and staff artist and production manager of *The Lawn & Garden Dealer Guide*.

Sonja van Hall '57 is Amsterdam (Holland) Official Hostess in the United States, and lectures on travel in the Netherlands at various clubs all over the country.

Judith Levine Rubin '57 is chairman of the Harrington Park (New Jersey) Anti-Defamation League, and is a member of the Board of the local chapter of B'nai Brith.

Pamela Cook '57 took part in a New York Philharmonic Hall multiple harpsichord evening of Bach concerti last winter. Photographed with her in a picture released to the New York *Times* was Sylvia Marlowe, who gave a concert at Bennington last year to help raise funds for the College's two new harpsichords.

Ana Berliant Glick '58 is an intern at San Francisco's Mt. Zion Hospital, where her husband, Ira, is a resident in psychiatry. July will bring them to New York for residencies in psychiatry at Hillside Hospital.

Christine Loizeaux '58 teaches dance at Drew University in Madison, New Jersey, except when she's teaching dance in Larchmont or Mamaroneck, New York, dancing herself in little theatre productions ("Amahl and the Night Visitors"), or doing etchings at the Pratt Graphic Art Center.

While New Yorkers viewed Rosemarie Yellen '58 in "Funny Girl," the new musical based on the life of Fanny Brice, Benningtonians saw her at local Harte Theatre showings of the movie, "The Cardinal."

Patricia Beatty '59 teaches creative dance at Scarborough School-on-the-Hudson, and in the children's department at the New Dance Group. She continues as a member of the Pearl Lang Company, as well.

Keep an eye out for the television Spray Net commercial featuring Jacqui D'Elles '59.

Ann Turner Chapin '59 is proud possessor of a growing son, a new daughter, a B.A. degree in English from Phillips University and a teaching certificate in secondary education in Georgia.

Good neighbor Carol Berry Cameron '59 keeps busy with Potentials, Inc., a Manchester, Vt., real estate firm, and lives with her three children at nearby East Arlington.

Cecile Cohen Chassman '60 has had a number of graphics at

the Associated American Artists Gallery in Manhattan. More than that, her daughter arrived in October of last year.

A work of sculpture by **Sandra Cohen Weinstein '60** graces an art collection put together by Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

At Columbia University last June, **Nancy Markey Chase '61** received an M.A. in Education.

**Sonia Harrison '61** received her M.A. in Spanish at the University of California at Berkeley in June. An Associate in Spanish now, her services are claimed by the University of California at Davis.

**Brenda Goldberg '61** commutes between New York City's East Seventies and the Research Division Laboratory of the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island.

One of the proprietors of Valerie's Gallery in Cambridge (Mass.) is **Valerie Sawyer '61**. A Sawyer batik was included in an exhibit shown at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York City, as well as at the Baltimore Museum of Art.

**Judith Beatie '62**, **Louise Reichlin '63**, and **Martin Morginsky** who was a special student in dance in '54-'55, are members of the Dance Theatre Company and performed at the 92nd Street "Y" in New York in March.

**Suzanne Brecht '62** in December received a Master of Arts degree in Education at the University of Pennsylvania.

**Deborah Jo Kasin Nelson '65** is majoring in dance at the State University of Iowa, while "The Milyunbuck Dreamrag of the World" prepares for its magazine debut under the aegis of her husband, David.

*Alumnae Association activities are listed alphabetically according to locality. Since the Association Board, although it usually meets in New York, nominally has its headquarters in Bennington, we'll start with it:*

The annual mid-winter meeting of the Alumnae Association **BOARD OF DIRECTORS** was held in New York City on February 4th with **Jane Berry Vosburgh '58**, Vice President, presiding in the absence of **Gladys Ogden Dimock '36** who was in India. Nineteen Board members were present, having come from northern New York State to Washington, D. C., from Boston to Los Angeles for this occasion. Special guests invited to



*One of the gentlemen visitors to the Board meeting was caught doodling what can only be construed as his subconscious image of those alumnae present (or in general?). Make of it what you will.*

speak were Mr. David A. Bergmark from the College's Development Office and Mr. Murry Karmiller from the College's Office of Information Services.

A brief business session, preceding the speakers, covered the Treasurer's report; ratification of the slate for the spring election of Class Representatives and ratification of Members-at-Large for terms beginning in 1964-65; reports and suggestions from chairmen of the Benefits & Projects, Publicity, Fund Raising and Student Recruitment Committees; and discussion of a proposed alumnae study program.

The major part of the meeting was devoted to discussion by and with Mr. Bergmark and Mr. Karmiller on their work at the College, the Board's role as liaison between the College and the Regional Groups, and plans for the future.

\* **Martha Holt Whidden '51**, **BOSTON** Regional Group co-chairman, reports that their maple syrup project was a great success this winter. About 125 quarts were sold at Christmas time, double the amount of the year before, the first year the project was undertaken. During the year the Boston alumnae helped three other Regional Groups organize maple syrup projects of their own, for the benefit of the Alumnae Fund.

A benefit performance for Bennington, by the new Theatre Company of Boston, of Chekhov's "A Country Scandal" is planned for Sunday afternoon, April 19. The production (in a new translation) at the Hotel Bostonian will be followed by a reception with the cast.

In January when the student Dance Tour was in town, alumnae provided overnight accommodations for the students, between performances at Brimmer and May School and Needham High School.

Area Secretary **Ellen Count '59** prepared a directory of alumnae in the Region and distributed a copy to each one this winter.

On February 12, **Laurel Melnick Koufman '51**, area NRT chairman, gave a coffee and dessert party for students spending the term in Boston. NRT Director **Gloria Goldfarb Gil '52** came down for the informal get-together, which was attended by about twenty students and a half-dozen alumnae.

Luncheons were held on two consecutive days, February 26 and 27, at which **Helen Webster Feeley '37**, Alumnae Director, and **Rebecca Stickney '43**, Assistant to the President for Non-Academic Affairs, spoke on current news of the College. The first, for alumnae from the Newton-Wellesley-Dedham area, was held at the home of **Janet McCreery '59** in Newton Centre. The second, for alumnae from Lexington-Concord, was given by **Pamela Richards Brooks '41** at her home in Weston.

—S.B.E. '52

\* The first meeting in **BUFFALO** of the Western New York Regional Group was held at a luncheon at the home of **Mary Heath Wright '49**. Those present included: **Charlotte (Petah) Cullingham Acer '46**, **Elsa Voorhees Hauschka '36**, **Judy Kantrowitz Harris '58**, **Cynthia Kanelos '60** and **Pat Williams Silver '52** who braved our February weather and drove up from Rochester. Pat was full of enthusiasm and information about alumnae opportunities, regional activities more specifically. Judy Harris, who was elected Chairman, presented a summary of what is going on at Bennington today. A general discussion of alumnae affairs followed, including the Dance Tour, publicity and guidance counselor dinners. It has not been easy pulling this group together, as most people felt that our number was too small and that previous attempts had failed. But Mary's hot soup

warmed us and much enthusiasm ensued. We made tentative plans for a reception in May for Gladys Dimock and her husband. Fall plans include teas and a guidance counselor dinner. We had a grand time finding other Bennington girls in the area and look forward to a May meeting, hopeful that more alumnae will come.

—J.K.H. '58

\* **CHICAGO** can hopefully look forward to two dynamic additions to the Bennington alumnae role when present dance students **Diana Sherer '64** and **Kathryn Posin '65** graduate. They led a very successful Dance Tour to the Chicago area and taped an hour-long program for Channel 11's "Festival," shown on March 13th and again on March 15th at prime times, which meant a great many Chicago viewers saw them. Further, the College has bought a print of the film, to be used by the Development and Information Service Offices.

The annual spring planning meeting will soon be announced.

—K.B.H. '52

\* On March 9th **FAIRFIELD COUNTY EAST & WEST** held a coffee at the home of **Yvonne Franz Herz '53**. Alumnae attending were **Elisabeth Delatour Jenkins '53**, **Virginia Todahl Davis '40**, **Carol Gewirtz Rosenthal '54**, **Jane Roberts Giedraitis '50**, **Edith Conklin Weaver '39**, **Wanda Peck Spreen '54**, **Mary Johnson Blank '37** and **Clarissa Hill Leather '57**. Students now attending the College were invited but the spring term was about to begin and none of them was able to attend.

Plans were discussed for a Spring Raffle, and if the State of Connecticut approves our fingerprints we shall be raffling off a *splurge*, a *fling*, a *day of luxury*. First prize will be a \$150 gift certificate for Bergdorf Goodman, second prize a \$100 gift certificate for the Plaza Hotel, and third prize a full day at Elizabeth Arden's—the works! The drawing will be held June 7th, at a beer and picnic supper at the home of Jinny Davis in Stamford. Tickets will sell for \$1.00 and all alumnae are invited to take a chance and help raise money for the Alumnae Fund. We hope to get a big and enthusiastic group together for the June picnic and in the meantime, hope our fingerprints pass the proper tests!

We continue to sell maple syrup and keep in touch with one another by newsletter.

—Y.F.H. '53

\* Changes in **HARTFORD** regional positions were decided at a late spring meeting a year ago. **Suzi Cremer Smith '57** is the current chairman. (**Hannah Coffin Smith '36**, who had led the group since its formation, retired to devote more time to many other interests. **Beth Olson Marshall '47**, who had been co-chairman since 1960, was elected to serve on the Alumnae Association Board.) **Frances Finesilver Blumenthal '60** is the current publicity chairman. **Alice Rowley Cheney '39** continues as treasurer, and **Suzi Smith** has continued with student recruitment. Chairmen for annual projects were decided according to the nature of each project and the special interests of individual alumnae.

Our local Directory, published this spring, shows that the number of alumnae has grown from forty-one to sixty-two in the past two years.

**Janet MacColl Taylor '44** is chairman of the 1963-64 maple syrup sale, which has netted us \$200 for donation to the Alumnae Fund. With the organization of almost two years behind us, next year's sale should yield more profit with less effort. Forty-five alumnae from Springfield, Massachusetts, and northwestern and central Connecticut, as well as the greater Hartford areas were contacted for the sale. More than thirty of them were able to help make this project a success. Most felt ten quarts to be a reasonable number for each alumna to handle, some found they could sell more, others less. The price of \$2.80 was comparable to that of the same grade syrup in local stores, but a few alumnae felt the price was high. All suggestions are welcome and will be considered at a meeting in late May.

Last November Mr. John Handy, the College Admissions Director, visited schools in Hartford, and we held a tea for interested girls at the home of Hannah Smith. At present we have established contact with guidance counselors from twenty-five public schools in thirteen communities, and six private schools, four in outlying areas.

Since we decided not to sponsor the student Dance Tour in a benefit performance this year, Beth Marshall arranged for them to perform on January 25th at the Ethel Walker School, where she teaches dance. As well as the students, several alumnae, their husbands and children attended this first-rate program and were entertained afterward, along with the dancers, at the Marshalls' home.

—F.F.B. '60

\* **LONG ISLAND** alumnae were delighted to contribute \$229.60 to the Alumnae Fund from the proceeds of our second benefit, March 8, when we sponsored a student Dance Tour performance at Cold Spring Harbor. **Laura Jennings Ingraham '39**, **Florence Bateson Berry '38** and a committee of local alumnae did a wonderful job in planning and carrying out this benefit. Alumnae in Nassau County helped by selling tickets, distributing posters in local high schools, dance schools, railroad stations, etc. There were a great many children in the audience, and the performance delighted them. We hope to sponsor the Dance Tour again, as it was a wonderful show as well as a profitable one.

**Barbara Nelson Pavan '54**, Student Recruitment Chairman, gave a tea on March 3 for students from local high schools. **Liz Richter '66**, the College's NR Tea Girl on Long Island, gave the younger students an exciting and informative talk about Bennington. We would like to do more of this, as there seems to be a great lack of knowledge about Bennington in high schools outside of the Great Neck-Oyster Bay areas.

Our main problem is still communications. Our hundred-some alumnae scattered over 100 miles of Long Island pose quite a challenge in getting any coordinated activity going. Directories seem to be out-of-date as soon as they are printed, we discovered, when we began phoning alumnae for the Dance Tour program. We plan, therefore, to make a new directory of Long Island alumnae for our next project.

—B.E.I. '54

\* **LOS ANGELES** alumnae welcomed India-bound **Gladys Ogden Dimock '36**, President of the Alumnae Association, and her husband at two parties just before Christmas. The first gathering was held at the home of **Barbara Briggs McCulloch '37**; **Joan Thomson Day '41**, Regional Co-Chairman, was hostess at the second get-together. Alumnae who



heard Gladys' enthusiastic presentation of College activities included Petrie Manning Wilson '50, Maxine Cooper Gomberg '46 and husband Sy Gomberg, Louise Friedberg Strouse '36 and Allegra Fuller Snyder '51.

Miss Jean Miller, Director of Student Personnel, paid a visit to Los Angeles in February. Arrangements were made for Miss Miller to meet applicants at a number of high schools in the area, among them University High School, Palos Verdes High School, Beverly Hills High School and Westlake School.

Petrie Wilson, Student Recruitment Chairman, has reported that we have received requests from the College to arrange seventeen interviews. Alumnae who have assisted with these interviews are Betty Uptegrove Mathews '44, Eleanor Rockwell Edelstein '47, Louise Strouse, and Allegra Snyder.

—D.S.W. '41

\* Sonya Rudikoff Gutman '48, Regional Chairman of NEW JERSEY SOUTH, has been in California since January and won't be back until July. She didn't have a chance to organize a meeting before she left, so consequently nothing has happened this winter to report. However our school visiting activities of last fall have not as yet been mentioned.

Mrs. Jean Holt, of the College Admissions Office, was in the New Jersey South area for two days in November. She met with guidance counselors and students at several schools, and we had a buffet supper for guidance counselors at the home of Claire McIntosh Miller '48. This was a very worthwhile evening, the smallness and informality of the gathering making possible a pleasant and easy exchange of ideas. Those who came undoubtedly got a clearer picture of, and a warmer feeling for, Bennington, and had a better time than they could have at a large party listening to a speech. Alumnae at the supper were Sonya Gutman, Claire Miller, Annis Leach Young '44 and Bea Van Cleve Lee '50.

—B.V.L. '50

\* The 1963-64 academic year has seen great strides made in the development of the NEW YORK CITY Regional Group. We have elected the following officers: Chairman, Carol Kobin Newman '46; Vice-Chairman, Marcia Sang Isaacs '57; Alumnae Coordinator, Elinor Berman Sidel '57; Publicity Chairman, Lenore Janis Greenwald '55; Acting Secretary, Nancy Janover Carliner '62. The Newsletter continues to be edited by Dassie Houtz Hoffman '57.

On December 1st a reception for members of the student Dance Tour was given by the alumnae, immediately following a performance at the 92nd Street YMHA. It was such a success that the group plans to repeat it again next year.

A Directory of Alumnae in the area was prepared and distributed (free of charge) to all New York City alumnae. Sue Edelmenn '53 was the editor of the Directory.

Three teas for prospective students were given during Non-Resident Term, arranged by Terry Klein Sklover '60 and Sandra Mallin Plehn '56. They were given at the homes of Rita Friedman Saltzman '45, Sara Jane Troy Schiffer '43 and Mrs. Robert Janover. The hostesses were Carol Newman, Nancy Carliner, Becky Stout Bradbury '59, Sue Lemberg Usdan '51, Terry Sklover and Sandra Plehn.

Various members of the New York City group visited some local high schools in order to include, at the teas, present juniors as well as those seniors who have already applied

for admission. Visiting for the College were: Annette Hidary Goldman '58, Lenore Greenwald, Emily Sweetser Alford '38, Elinor Sidel, and Sandra Plehn.

Finally, the Regional Group sent out a questionnaire to all local alumnae, attempting to gather general information about the group, their willingness to work for the College, and the type of alumnae work or activity which most interested them. Thus far, an astounding 25% of the questionnaires have been returned, and they are still pouring in.

It's been a busy year for us all, and we hope that next year will be even more so. The first item on the 1964-65 calendar is a tea for incoming freshmen, which will be held in early September. Best wishes from all of us to all of you for a pleasant summer.

—H.H.H. '57

\* The Bennington student Dance Tour arrived in ROCHESTER on February 8th for a single performance that evening sponsored by the alumnae Regional Group in cooperation with the Health-Education Department of the YWCA of Rochester and Monroe County (wow!). The dancers performed well, despite injuries and a killing schedule of performances the week before their arrival.

The goal of Rochester alumnae—that of establishing good public relations and publicity—was realized 100% plus. Priscilla Baker Reveley '45 carried a truckload of sandwiches and coffee to the dancers prior to the performance, and as well had earlier done a sensational job on printing. Reba Marcus Gilman '38, Louise Stockard Vick '36 and Priscilla Reveley chauffeured the dancers and bed and fed them. Sally Lockley Tait '54 (ably assisted by her figure-wise\*husband) sold tickets at the door, and later was co-hostess at an after-theater supper for the dancers and representatives from the YWCA and Dance Council at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Silver (Patricia Williams Silver '51). Others who helped the Rochester Regional Group in one capacity or another were Jean Short Aldrich '43, Caroline Moody Law '47, Betty Oviatt Ryan '43, Elizabeth Plimpton Tilton '41, Elsa Voorhees Hauschka '36, Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Chapin, Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Stern and Mrs. Helen M. Williams.

At a meeting a week after the performance the following positions were filled for 1964-65: Sally Tait, Regional Chairman and representative to the Associated Alumnae Clubs of Rochester; Priscilla Reveley, Student Recruitment; Reba Gilman, newsletter and directory; Louise Vick, "keeper of records"; and Pat Silver, publicity.

—P.W.S. '51

\* Early last fall SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA alumnae decided that the main focus of activity this year would be on a benefit, and plans for this even now are congealing. Since "The Committee" benefit was such a success last year, when that drama group had barely opened, and since their fame and stature have been steadily growing, we have decided to do a repeat—with this difference: the benefit will be held on a Sunday evening (last year's was in the middle of the week) and will be preceded by a private Bennington party on the premises. This will give plenty of time for getting together with old friends and meeting new people in the

\* The attractiveness of our dancers notwithstanding, the reference here is to money.



area, which has been difficult in previous years. The new Directory and a Newsletter will be out the first week in April, and this is timed to "set the stage" for the benefit which follows in a few weeks. An annual business meeting with reports from all committee chairmen, the story of the campus Alumnae Association Board meeting, and our election of local officers, will be scheduled toward the end of May.

We hope that by simplifying organizational procedures in this way, we can count on a greater number of alumnae participating. Especially coming to the benefit! Attendance at meetings in this area has never been very large and a great deal of effort and money has been wasted in mailings for these routine events, the statistical return being around ten percent. We also know many distinguished alumnae in this area (the most interesting kind of Regional Notes, we think, would be writing about the individual activities of some of these people) who have never participated at all in alumnae affairs, not because of lack of interest in the College, but because their energies are already invested in so many other directions. We hope that in our consideration of this fact, they will support us on this *One Big Occasion!*

As for what's been going on so far, there has been a great deal of interviewing of prospective students, Student Recruitment being under the aegis of Sally Whiteley '49, and some interviewing has also been done by others—among them, Dorothy McWilliams Cousins '39, Joel Wells Schreck '54 and Joan Larson Gatter '53. There appear to be more students applying to Bennington from this area than at any time in recent history, and we trust that some of them are promising.

Kelly Falconer '41 was this year's NRT Chairman. A surprising number of students journeyed here for their Non-Resident Term. They were: Ruth Hornbein from Akron, who had a paying job working on the inventory of the permanent collection at the San Francisco Museum of Art; Simone Juda from Lexington, Massachusetts, who did volunteer work at the French Consulate; Gay Harriman from Cambridge, who worked at the United California Bank; Lucy Kostalanetz from Scarsdale, who worked as an "S.O.S." Girl, and also at Cory Imports; Susan Merrill from Baltimore, who combined work on her Oscar Wilde thesis with volunteer work for a local film-maker (Simone Juda's brother); Patsy Nichols, an art major, who did ceramics in Berkeley; and Clare Thoron from New York (whose cousin Ann Thoron Hale '50 is a local alumna), who worked for Paul Masson Wines. Clare, the senior in the group, gave a very fine dinner party for the entire throng at her Twin Peaks apartment. Since the girls seemed to be managing very well on their own and enjoying their independence, no special function was planned for them by the NRT Chairman. Next year if the trend of more applicants and also more NRT students continues, we should try to work out a way to bring these two factions together.

"Special Event" of the winter was the San Francisco Museum Preview Party for "The New Art and Design of Sweden," which opened "Meet Modern Sweden Week" in San Francisco, and whose honored guest was the Swedish Ambassador to the United States. This party was intended as a "bonus" for alumnae who had contributed to the local Regional Group last year, and they were invited, as well as the NRT students and some newcomers. As there were around two thousand people attending (a dance orchestra and all the usual paraphernalia of a Black Tie party, plus a multilingual crowd), it was as a Bennington-get-together rather confusing, but nevertheless a ball for those with the proper anthropological spirit! Seen through the smoke and blue and yellow darkly were: Sally, Kelly, Sue Heller Harris '41, Leslie Denham Smith '47, Sylvie Redmond Griffiths '38,

Mickey Simons Grasseti '49, Jacqueline Paul Roberts '43 (who is currently having an exhibit of her Japan photographs at the Palace of the Legion of Honor), Helaine Feinstein Fortgang '59, and others. The press on this was quite good. For those who don't like such large gatherings, we hasten to add that the benefit will be strictly a Bennington party, though we hope that everyone will bring friends from the outside too, since that makes the evening more festive and also helps increase our profit. The party (date to be announced) will commence at 6 p.m., allowing three hours for conversation and conviviality before the show.

—J.L.G. '53

\* January 22nd found many alumnae in the WASHINGTON, D. C. area gathered at Marne Lloyd-Smith Hornblower's ('40) house for a meeting and get-together. Aside from the opportunity of meeting one another, we had the pleasure of having Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nemerov with us. Mr. Nemerov is on leave from the College and is in Washington where he is Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress. We had an informal visit, and he answered questions from alumnae and NRT students. Mr. Nemerov then gave us his "random thoughts" on comparing Washington, D. C. with the nucleus of an atom. It was interesting and certainly thought-provoking. Before the meeting, NRT students who were working and living here were served a buffet supper. Those giving a helping hand were Danie Rowe Bradford '39, Gretchen Van Tassel Shaw '39, Carol Spence Maxon '51, Tourri Rhodes Herndon '53, Solveig Peterson Cox '53, Sue Friedman McGowen '54 and Dona Bowman Kratz '53.

The Bennington Dance Tour performed in Baltimore, where Caroline Sizer Cochrane '39 and Muriel Seelye Heine-man '47 made all the arrangements for transporting, housing and feeding them. When the group came to Washington to perform they were taken care of by Danie Bradford and Louisa Richardson Dreier '36. Many of the alumnae had the opportunity of seeing them. The dance group received very favorable newspaper publicity.


The alumnae have again participated in the Merchandise Discount Plan to the sum of \$32.43.

—D.B.K. '53

\* WESTCHESTER COUNTY alumnae met on March 17th at the home of Jane Martin Ginsburg '56. Those attending were Frances Wells Bernhard '51, Olga Landeck Heming '51, Marjorie Davis Forood '53, Elizabeth Mamorsky Lazurus '60, Joan Heilig Kahn '56, Adrienne Schlang Ritter '57, Barbara Cholfin Johnson '56 and Ellin Gossert Horowitz '54.

The problem under discussion, our plans for a spring activity, was resolved in favor of a luncheon and swimming pool party to be held on June 16th at the home of Frances Bernhard. Our purpose is primarily social, as it was felt that we should all know each other better before attempting a massive fund-raising project (alumnae who play together pay together). The desire to get together and find out What-Have-You-Been-Doing-With-Yourself developed into plans for a more or less informal panel discussion, to accompany lunch, on what we have done since graduation. Possibly a speaker from the Barnard Workshop will join us to relate their (the Workshop's) experience with part-time career opportunities to our own interests and goals. It promises to be both challenging and fun.

—E.G.H. '54

 **married:** Elinor Brisbane Kelley '46 to Ewing R. Philbin in March of this year. Their address is 11 Gracie Square, N.Y.C.

Carolyn Vreeland Poilpre '49 to Edward Sturgis Cholmeley-Jones, on December 21, 1963. Mr. Cholmeley-Jones is assistant vice-president of Johnson and Higgins, International Insurance Brokers, in N.Y.C.

Sue Friedman Miller '54 to Edward Jay McGowen, on November 26, 1963.

Josephine Hamlin '56 to Luther E. Zai on January 19, 1964. Mr. Zai is associate professor of forestry at the University of Vermont.

Catherine Hanf '59 to Cecil Anderson Noren on December 27, 1963. Their address is 511 Third Avenue, N.Y.C.

Joanna Roos '60 to Lloyd Harvey Siegel on December 8, 1963.

Sandra Albinson '61 to James Michael Zapinski on October 10, 1963. Mr. Zapinski is an instructor of English Literature at the New York State University College at Oswego.

Judith Barsky '61 to Herbert Lieberman on June 9, 1963. Mr. Lieberman is an editor for the American Book Company, and a sometimes playwright. His three-act play, "Matty and the Moron and the Madonna" will be presented off-Broadway this fall. Judy is currently doing free-lance research for television, as well as painting.

Florence (Kit) Tobin '61 to Lt. Bartlett Spaulding Dunbar, USN, on December 30, 1963. Mr. Dunbar, a Harvard graduate, is stationed aboard the USS Frigate Bird at Wiloughby Spit, Norfolk, Virginia.

Thelma Bullock '62 to Rush Welter on January 25, 1964. Mr. Welter is currently on leave of absence from Bennington College and will be lecturing in history at the University of Manchester in England next year, returning to Bennington in September 1965.

Jennifer Creel '62 to Albert Thomason on December 23, 1962. They are living in Hawaii at 1256 Lauhala Street, Honolulu.


Judith Selis '63 to Evan C. Davidson on December 14, 1963. Mr. Davidson, a graduate of RPI, is an electrical engineer employed at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey, where Judy is also working.

Sally Wolter '63 to George Kirouac on June 29, 1963. Mr. Kirouac is a doctoral candidate in nuclear physics at R.P.I., and Sally is a research worker in the New York State Assembly. Their address is 2-1 Edgehill Terrace, Rensselaerwyck, Troy, N. Y.

Alison Creel '64 to Eduardo Bodelon on August 10, 1963. They are living in Munich, Germany, where Mr. Bodelon is working towards an engineering degree.

Yola Englander '64 to Anatol Schlosser on March 7, 1963. Mr. Schlosser is the manager of the Toho Cinema in N.Y.C., and Yola is a senior at Barnard College.

Lucy James '64 to Richard Eastman Gilbert on December 30, 1963. He is a graduate of Yale and will receive his M.A. in June from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Boston.

 **born:** To Mary Lou Chapman Ingwersen '47, her second daughter, in February of this year.

To Baba Foster Freeman '48, her first son and second child, Roger, on February 13, 1964.

To Judith Backer Grunberg '55, her second child and son, David Aaron, on May 17, 1963.

To Nancy Wharton Duryea '55, her first child, a daughter, Leslie Vernam, on August 2, 1963.

To Adelaide Phillips Bull '56, her third son, Kenneth Al-

pers, on November 24, 1963. (Those labor pains she mentioned in her letter to the February *Bulletin* obviously were the real thing!)

To Nina Gelles Koepcke '57, her third child and second daughter, Karlin Kay, on March 13, 1964.

To Marjorie Hirsch Goldstein '57, her second daughter, Laura Jo, on February 11, 1964.

To Janet Wells Sherwin '57, her first daughter, second child, Carolyn Cady, on June 27, 1963.

To Sonia Berlin Michelson '59, her first child, David Henry, on June 9, 1963.

To Ellen Hirsch Ephron '59, her second child, first son, John, on March 4, 1964.

To Rona King Bank '59, her second son, Michael John, on February 12, 1964.

To Janice Probasco Griffiths '59, her third child and second daughter, Elizabeth Jane, on the day before Christmas, 1963.

To Marjorie Rickard Wendt '59, her first child, a son, last summer.

To Joan Trooboff Geetter '59, her second daughter, Erika, on October 1, 1963.

To Harriet Turteltaub Abrams '59, her second child and first daughter, Rachel, on December 5, 1963.

To Paula Velsey Martinet '59, her second child and first son, Corydon, on August 14, 1963. Paula is a children's book illustrator currently in search of an author. Anyone vice versa can write her at 1208 1/2 Xenia Avenue, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

To Marcia Bogart Page '60, her first child, Rebecca, on February 23, 1964.

To Mary Griffith Pace '60, her first child, Munro, on November 28, 1963.


To Mary Dee Humes Crowe '60, her first daughter, second child, on March 21, 1964.

To Rochelle Sholder Papernik '60, a son, Brian, on March 7, 1964.

To Andrea Kanner Halbfinger '62, her first child, Caren Riva, on December 5, 1963. The Halbfingers' new address is 5900 Knollbrook Drive, Hyattsville, Maryland.

To Jane Littauer Salamon '62, her first child, Karen Michelle, on December 30, 1963.

To Carol Abbt Parsons '64, her second son, Roger, on March 1, 1964.

 **died:** Helen Hagerman Crowe '36 in 1963. No details are known as the magazine goes to press.

On February 25th, Mrs. Arthur Dewing, who taught mathematics at Bennington in the early 40's as her "war work," although she was herself at that time in her late sixties. She also had taught at Mount Holyoke, Smith and Wellesley, and was a member of the American Mathematical Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Mrs. Dewing's association with Bennington dated back to the College's very earliest days. She was among the first generous believers in and supporters of the new enterprise, contributing time, energy, money, enthusiasm, and a daughter, Ruth, to the second graduating class.

Frank H. Tschorn on October 29, 1963. Mr. Tschorn was on the staff at Bennington from 1934 to 1946. He directed the reconstruction, construction and maintenance of many of the College buildings, as well as the daily affairs of the Department of Buildings and Grounds, as it was known at that time. At the time of his death (unexpectedly, in his sleep) he was professor of building construction at the University of Florida in Gainesville.

I	IV
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II	III

The picture on page 9 of this issue shows a stoneman locking up sixteen pages for The Vermont Printing Company's largest press. The diagrams here show the resulting "sheet lays," after printing. The Bennington magazine is printed on three different presses—one for sixteen, one for eight, and one for four pages, and each sheet of paper is printed on both sides. Next each is cut in half and folded down to magazine size. Finally the three separate sections are folded one inside another, stapled, and only then are the folded edges cut off.

Collating is automatic and easy if you've laid it all out correctly in the first place, but it is complicated for the uninitiated, as you'll discover if you want to take a few minutes trying to figure these diagrams out. The words here will make sense if you read the pages in order, beginning with Cover I at the top left corner. For those too confused, busy, tired, etc., to play games, turn this around and read on:

Education is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making the best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others." Ruskin said this in 1853. Your gifts to Bennington College make it possible in 1963-64. If you've already given, thank you! If you haven't . . . . ., but you can fill in the words from here.

14	Ruskin said this	in 1963-64.	61	20	If you've	to others."	13
11	also makes them	are always attainable together,	9	5	and these two objects	most serviceable	12
10	happiest in themselves	and by the same means;	7	8	the training	which makes men	6
15	in 1853.	make it possible	81	17	to Bennington College	Your gifts	91

24	you but	already given,	21
1	human souls	out of them;	4
2	to what is best,	and making the best	3
23	If you haven't	thank you!	22