

Class of 1963
50TH REUNION



BENNINGTON COLLEGE



Class of 1963

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 Peggy A. Adler
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 Elyse Aronson-Van Breemen
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 Elinor Bacon
 Kristin McLaughlin Barber
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 Susan Henry Beall
 Kathleen Day Beare
 Janine Beichman
 Jean Elizabeth Bryant Benford
 Janet Craver Blue
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 Juno (Nancy) Dawson
 Roberta Faith Drubin
 DeDoming
 Marcia Dunbar-Soule Dobson
 Sandra Lee Meissner Drescher
 Susan Pickering DuMond
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 Deborah Hayes Gillette
 Adrienne Jaffe Goldman
 Jana Gail Dreiman Goodman
 Comfort Gilder Gordinier
 Jane Witty Gould
 Joyce Goldman Gould
 Catherine Johnston Greene*
 Sandra Perlmutter Greer
 Linda Appleman
 Guidall-Shapiro
 Hope Howland Hale
 Corinna Harmon
 Sarah Reynolds Harper
 Marilyn Harris
 Penelope Gates Hawkins
 Patricia Hempstead
 Arlene N. Heyman
 Marcie Brouner Heymann
 Constance Holden*
 Susan W. Horton
 Al C. Huang
 Sybillyn Hoyle Jennings
 Suzanne Hecht Juhasz
 Ellen Kaplan Kardon

* Denotes Deceased

Karen Kerner
 Katherine Little King
 Sally Wolter Kirouac
 Joan Scheiman Kirshner
 Wendy Kochenthal
 Mary Stewart Laird
 Keiko Itokawa LeVasseur
 Ann Ewbank Ludy*
 Sandra Alexa Smith Maxwell
 Charlotte Holt Menasveta
 Marianne Stafne Meyer
 Sheilah Marlowe Miller*
 Catherine Fairbank Mitchell
 Elizabeth Rebecca Starkloff
 Morris
 Ann Popple Muller
 Nancy Steinmetz Murray*
 Patricia Terry Myatt
 Eugenia Nicholas
 Josephine Liss Ohayon
 Margaret Nichols O'Neill

Denis Lesavoy Osborne
 Harriet Alper Otto
 Julie Jeppson Park*
 Natalie Pascoe
 James A. Payton
 Rosalind Pierson*
 Jill Schutz Pinkwater
 Isobel Pollock
 Mary F. Poole
 Barbara Young Poss
 Barbara Reinhold Rauch
 Louise Reichlin
 Barbara Goldberg Rohdie
 Karen Rosenblum-Cale*
 Jane Rosenthal
 Linda Gildeleon Ruoff
 Ella Dobkin Russell*
 Elizabeth Truslow Russell
 Judith Speckman Russell
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 Abbey Helen Smith
 Rhea Rabinowitz Smith-Tague
 Margaret Eliot Solomon
 Janet Lynn Taksa
 Barbara Tilden-Thompson
 James Tyler*
 Susan Appleman Unterberg
 Alice Vanderpool
 Jane Austin Vaughn
 Rita Resnick Vilner
 Nancy Warren
 Barbara Marie Voss Webster*
 Paula Zweifach Weinberger
 Priscilla Mader Wiggins
 Kate H. Davis Williams
 Tama Rib Zorn

* Denotes Deceased

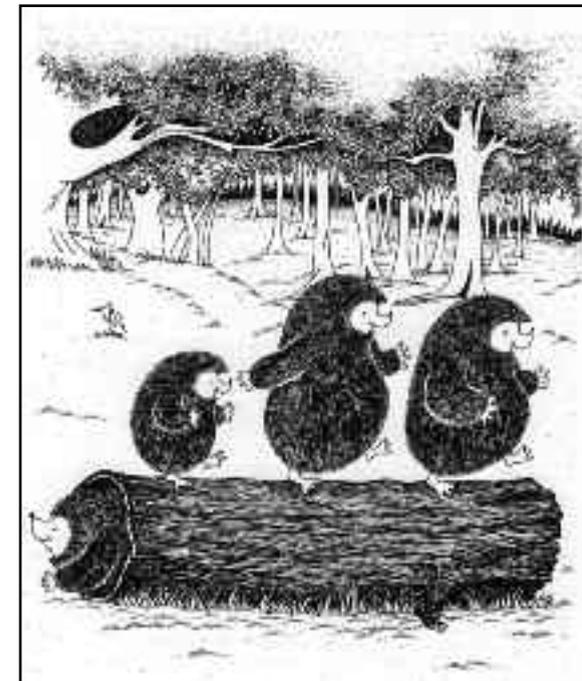
Peggy Adler

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I have been an author and illustrator of children's books; investigative researcher; and am currently a Police Commissioner. Born in New York City, I grew up in Bayside, Queens, and graduated from P.S.41 and Bayside High School before matriculating at Bennington College in September 1959.

My professional career as an illustrator began in 1958, at the age of sixteen, as the co-illustrator of the children's science book, *Weather in Your Life*. That same year, I was the sole illustrator of *Hot and Cold*. Both were published by the John Day Company of New York.

I continued illustrating for New York publishers while a student at Bennington and left college at the end of 1960, half way through my sophomore year, to learn more about the world of publishing—working at Golden Press in both editorial and production and later at FAO Schwarz selling children's books (to learn more about what was on the market).



3HH Walking Across a Log ('Metric Puzzles')

In 1962 I wrote and illustrated *The Adler Book of Puzzles and Riddles* (The John Day Company) which received an excellent review in the *New York Times Sunday Book Review* section. That same year I married Jeremy Abbot Walsh, my publisher's son, and moved to New Haven, Connecticut, where he was a graduate student at the Yale School of Architecture. There, I continued to write and illustrate—my next book *The Second Adler Book of Puzzles and Riddles*. At that same time, we started a family, giving birth to two daughters—Tenney Whedon Walsh in 1963 and Avery Denison Walsh in 1965. Jerry and I were divorced in 1968.



I continued work as an author and illustrator when Franklin Watts published my books *Metric Puzzles* (1977), *Math Puzzles* (1978) and *Geography Puzzles* (1979). I also did art work for the Bronx Zoo, the Humane Society of the United States, 20th Century Fox Film Corporation and many others. Additionally, in September 1969 I had the privilege of coordinating the World Premiere of “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid” for



Blue Footed Booby

20th Century Fox and handling the ticket sales and management of the premiere for Yale University.

In 1976 I remarried and for a brief time, in the early 1990s, worked under the name of Peggy Adler Robohm.

1990 was the onset of a decade of work under the license of a Connecticut private investigator, whereby I did research and document retrieval at town halls and court houses, all over the State of Connecticut, for civil and criminal cases for the defense.

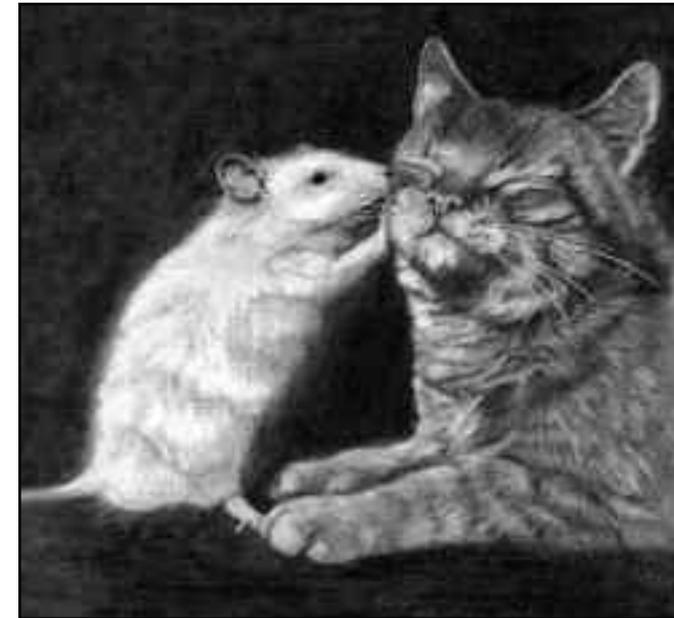
In 1991, as Adler Robohm, I was retained by self-proclaimed arms dealer and money launderer, Richard Brenneke, to co-author his autobiography. Upon discovering that he was merely a con artist who was drawing me into literary fraud, I contacted former CIA agent turned journalist, Frank Snapp, and with

him, exposed Brenneke and subsequently proved that the so called “October Surprise” (the allegations that the Reagan-Bush campaign team made a deal with the Ayatollah to hold onto the embassy hostages until Carter lost the election) was a hoax. This is chronicled in a series of articles Snapp wrote for the *Village Voice*, for which I provided the research and document retrieval. Subsequently, this episode in my life became an entire chapter in Robert Parry’s book, *Trick or Treason* and brought about an interview by PBS *Frontline* for their documentary on the subject.

In mid-1992, upon learning that a Congressional Task Force had been assembled to “Investigate Certain Allegations Concerning the Holding of American Hostages by Iran in 1980”, I contacted my friend, investigative journalist and author Steven Emerson, and asked him to put me in touch with someone from the Task Force so that I could turn over to them the seventy cartons of documents I’d hauled east from Brenneke’s home in Portland, Oregon, in order to write his memoirs. In exchange for the documents, the Task Force gave me a



Book Jacket ‘Reading Fundamental for Teenages’



Cat and Mouse



Daughters Tenney, Avery with me at the Clinton RR Station 4-28-2013



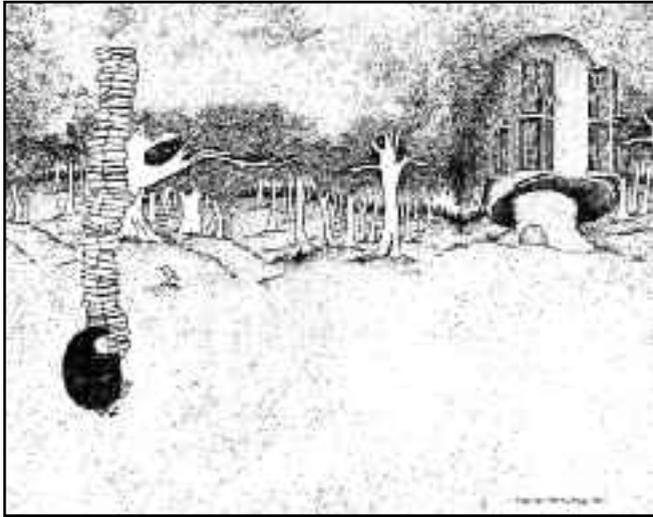
Harry and me following the Clinton Memorial Day Parade 2012

subpoena that is now framed and hanging in my home in Clinton, Connecticut. Subsequently, I was asked to work for the Task Force during the summer of 1992 and later that year drafted the Brenneke section of their final report. And according to Task Force Deputy Majority Counsel, Michael Zeldin, my work there “met and exceeded every expectation.”

A survivor of domestic violence, I divorced Robohm in the mid 1990s, and resumed the use of my maiden name.

In 2000 and 2001, I was the researcher who provided the documentation for journalist and author Ron Rosenbaum’s *Skull and Bones* articles that appeared in *The New York Observer* and am referenced by him in every article.

An active member of every community in which I have lived, I currently am in my 8th year as a Police Commissioner in my wonderful shoreline town of Clinton, Connecticut. Here, I have also served on the Design Review Board (eight years); Historic District Commission (five years); and Charter Revision Commission (1997-98 and 2003-04). For Clinton’s Department of Park and Rec, I coach 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grade girls softball with my domestic partner, Harry Swaun and for Clinton’s Rotary, do the publicity for their annual Cancer Relief Fund Drive Walk-a-thon.



HH Carrying Books to Mushroom Condo

My daughter, Tenney, an actress, attended Yale and has appeared both on and off Broadway in such productions as *Joe Egg* (Long Wharf Theatre, Roundabout Theatre and Broadway), *The Wild Duck* (BAM); and *The Real Thing* (Seattle Rep). Subsequent to 9/11 she decided to leave the city and moved to Taos, NM. My daughter, Avery, a graduate of NYU's Tisch School of the Arts is married to Adam Lapidus, a staff writer for such shows as Disney Channel's *Suite Life of Zach and Cody*, *Suite Life on Deck* and currently, *Jessie*. They have two wonderful kids—Eli, who is entering his senior year at the University of Oregon and Peri who will be a freshman at Emerson College, in Boston, following her recent graduation from Malibu High School.

Life is GRAND!!



Lioness and cubs



Charles Darwin Research Center



Peg at Bennington College Nursery School



Peg at Bennington with Sue, Muffy and Gay

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It is hard to believe that this is our 50th reunion...although I suppose everyone says that! I am glad to once again bear witness to the place that defined my spirit, reminding me thru life that nothing is ever "impossible" and that once you've found your joy, you must never let it go.

I had danced from the time I was 3 and knew that I always wanted to dance. I had auditioned and had a job in the corps of the Royal Swedish Ballet, but in my family NOT going to college was NOT an option! By January of my Senior year in high school I still had not decided where to go. A friend told me about Bennington, I was accepted early decision and was off on an adventure that would shape me, in all ways, forever.

I lived in Franklin House for four years, as did all of us who entered as freshmen, Arlene Heyman, Jeanne Pavelle, Susie Hecht, Louise Reichlin, Adrienne Jaffe, Josie Liss, and my roommate and dear friend, Susan Pickering. Holland Taylor joined us sophomore year and stayed as well. What a great place to be...next to "the end of the world"...looking out on Mt. Anthony...perfect! Franklin was known as the "quiet" house, although I would beg to differ on some occasions!



I danced with Jack Moore's Company in NYC starting in my junior year. Martha Wittman was in the Company as well, and we commuted to NY many weekends to dance. Moving to NY after graduation, I continued to dance with Jack's as well as several other companies. I worked at the Psychiatric Institute by day and attended Columbia at night earning an MA in developmental psychology. One day I received a phone call from Bill Bales, then chair of the Bennington Dance Department. He said that Skidmore College wanted to start a dance program and had called him for a suggestion for a person to do so... and that he had suggested me! I had never wanted to teach, but he literally dared me to go for the interview. I did, and got the job, and found my true calling, teaching.

Over the course of 15 +/- years I directed the dance programs at Skidmore, Wells, and Keuka Colleges, as well as Montclair State and Eastern

Connecticut State Universities. When my son and daughter were 2 and 5, respectively, I started my own dance school in Lebanon, CT, where my husband had a veterinary practice. Divorcing after 25 years, I moved to Ridgefield, CT, where I opened The Ridgefield School of Dance which is still thriving and where I still teach six classes a week.

I now live in Redding, CT, with a wonderful man to whom I have been married for five years, Alan Andrews. I also have a precious granddaughter, McKenna, age 3 1/2, whose dance class I teach—what a thrill to be able to do that!

So I have lived my life happily as a dancer...I love gardening...I have raised and shown dogs (German Shorthaired Pointers), chaired the Ridgefield Arts Council for 10 years...am healthy, thank goodness...life is good. But I often, and gratefully, think about my time at Bennington.



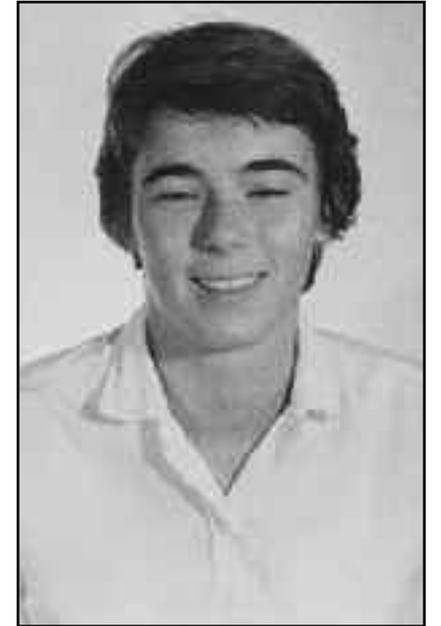
Teaching at my school The Ridgefield School of Dance, Ridgefield, CT



Performance of Dance Hill choreographed by Jack Moore (former Bennington dance faculty), NYC 1962.

Susan Fogg Austin

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Fifty years, can it possibly be? I came to Bennington from the Pacific Northwest. I knew I wanted to experience the Northeast but I did not want to “follow in my Mother’s footsteps at Sarah Lawrence” so she told me to look into “Sarah Lawrence in the country,” Bennington.

It happened that year that Bennington had put out a very “preppy” catalogue to attract girls just like me to help balance the leotard-clad-bare-foot-listen-to-the-grass-prototype-student of the late fifties. In fact, that first autumn, *Look Magazine* did a photo shoot at the College and featured me in a “return to college special”. It didn’t go over so well with the upper-class women. The magazine even provided the clothing for us all and did a shoot at a Williams fraternity party. Good God, what were they thinking? I was mistakenly flattered. I hope I am forgiven after 50 years.

I knew not what to expect, but was delighted with what I discovered. Most difficult discovery was that as smart, talented, and successful a student/person as I was, I was to be humbled by a whole college of smart, talented, and successful women...gratifying and challenging.



Susie laughing

I sent home my carefully packed trunk of plaid skirts, knee socks, prom dresses and loafers and told my mother to send my well-worn old jeans and leotards from the hook in the closet.

I really didn’t have a lot of focus while there; in retrospect I didn’t entirely realize the magical gift Bennington was. But I split a major in theater and psychology, nibbled on art and dance and literature and adored my roommate and heart friends. In fact, I ended up marrying my dear friend’s brother and had two great kids and an exciting life traveling between the Berkshires and Japan where I played house, was in amateur theatrical productions, and studied pottery

until, after twelve years the marriage ended; ahhh the seventies with the siren's call of liberation.

Now my background in psychology was to bail me out as I went on to get my degrees. MSW in clinical social work, Hartford, CT and DMFT, Marin Family Therapy Institute, CA and went on to support myself and my family after having returned to the Northwest.

Early nineties, my grown offspring were now tied to the East Coast, I was burned out having been a single mom, practicing therapist at a child guidance clinic and then coordinator for ten plus years at a substance abuse clinic, a law enforcement dispatcher, as well as in private practice. I had an impetuously brief second marriage, not really worthy of note. When did I sleep?

I returned to the Berkshires, worked at Simon's Rock College during some trying times. I conquered breast cancer, and then switched gears. I worked in design...not so far removed from the set design I studied at Bennington, really, many of the same principles applied, and the psychology, along with a sense of humor, was helpful to work with demanding clients.

Now in my semi-retired state I work in a high end retail shop in a deep pocket Connecticut town, just over the border from my vine-covered, pet haven of a cottage in Sheffield, MA. The Berkshires is a wonderful, culturally replete, absolutely gorgeous place to live, albeit, a long cold winter.

As close in proximity as I am, I have been remiss in keeping up with my Bennington friends and with the College itself. I did take a trip to the 30th reunion and found the basic structure and up-keep of the College to have changed so dramatically that I never went back. It was heartwarming to touch base with some of my classmates, but I let it all fade away. My issue entirely.

I didn't much like my 50th reunion at my high school. I am struggling as to whether to attend Bennington's 50th. Part of me wants to remember it as it was and us as we were and part of me is so damned curious. I'll keep mulling it over.

I am very content! I am still in close contact with my West Coast family who love to visit the Berkshires in the Fall, and with my beloved "outlaws", my ex-husband and his family. Both of my "kids" are near by as is my 21-year-old granddaughter.

I really do cherish every day, my pets and my garden and every dear friend and family member. Life is pretty daily and that is just fine.



Co-grandparents with daughter Alison and Granddaughter Amelia.

Paula Hopkins Bowman

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My primary interests while attending Bennington were my fellow students. Fresh from living with my parents three years in India, these American girls were not something I had seen before. The last time I had seen American girls was when I was a child of 14 years, and all blue collar (Rockville, Maryland.)

I never did figure out what I was doing at Bennington: never had a driver's license, got pregnant sophomore year, (subsequent abortion in New York City), and followed by a 5-year case of hives. Learned to smoke cigarettes. Thank God I never learned to drink: took up marijuana after my first child was born, in 1965. Was addicted 14 years. Must admit I resisted using drugs through that pregnancy for the sake of my first baby.

He's 47 now, big, strong, one of my best friends. He learned a trade, which he's been plying 20 years now. Taught himself.

Bennington girls took the place of most of what I would be studying, or pretending to study. Graduated with a C-minus average. I didn't become a student until I went back to college in Marin County California, when I was 45. Studied early childhood education at that point, acquired 14 units, all straight A's.

Remembered Sue Fogg, my class of 1963, who was a child psychology major, in whose studies I never took the slightest interest at the time. It seemed uncanny to me. By that time, when I was 45, I had three more kids, all living with their fathers, by whom they were kidnapped or ran away from me to be with. So I took up Early childhood education! Worked full time at three pre-schools—again, in Marin—an absorbing and interesting time in my life. Left those Bennington girls way behind.

Now I'm looking at all the girls of 1961, whom I looked up to from Bingham House, and they have their pictures there, but they themselves have disappeared! What happened to them? And I see the names of gals my age who are deceased! What business do they have doing THAT?

Myself, I'm swimming, getting good at line-dancing, helping out on the computers at the Public Library, and posting all my works to show on Pinterest.com.

Paula K. Bowman, that's me.



Joann Bromberg

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I loved my years at Bennington and remember the learning environment as a sustained introduction to thoughtful discourse. I majored in social science, taking advantage of the opportunity to delve into a mix of related disciplines and, during non-resident term, relevant jobs.

A day or so before graduation, walking past Commons, I met Anne Schlabach, and we stopped to talk. Amid goodbyes she said, “You are going to graduate school.” At the time, her memorable comment surprised me, as this possibility hadn’t come up in conversation with family or friends and I hadn’t given it any thought. A lot has happened in 50 years.

After graduation, I worked for a non-profit, setting up a Youth Employment Service for the City of Trenton. I married a year later and moved with my husband to Ithaca, New York, while he was in graduate school. There, I worked as a child welfare caseworker and our eldest child, Rebecca (a teacher), was born.

In 1967, we moved to Philadelphia, where my husband took a teaching job. We bought a fixer-upper, an inner-city, late-Victorian twin, near the University of Pennsylvania. Our second daughter, Micaela (a doctor) and adopted son, Jeremy (a businessman), were born here. When Micaela was a year and a half, I started graduate school, half time.



In 1972, after receiving an MA in American civilization at Penn, I transferred to the folklore and folklife department. At this time, I also took a half time job as research associate at Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute, working with Penn anthropologist Anthony F.C. Wallace. This was a heady time for me, exciting and confusing. Like thousands of women across the country caught up in the swirl of the women’s movement, I joined a consciousness-raising group.

With my pup, Mattie, The Beach at Kalaloch on the Olympic Peninsula, July 2013

Over time, these three beginnings—work with Tony Wallace, study in Penn’s folklore department and participation in consciousness-raising—melded in my awareness and cohered my thinking about self and social world. For the doctoral dissertation I focused on how, through the exchange of personal stories, we build identity, manage social relationships, and change (revitalize) our view of the social world.

In 1975, I moved to Boston where my husband had taken a two-year, grant-funded job. By 1982, when I received the PhD, full time college teaching jobs had dwindled, with part time positions filling the gap. Now divorced and with three children to support, I opted for “career change.” In 1983, I joined Digital Equipment Corporation and the following year was relocated to Seattle to work in sales. I settled in the town of Beaux Arts, a small residential community situated on the eastern shore of Lake Washington near my office.

For DEC I sold computer systems into the western Washington healthcare market until taking early retirement in 1997. It was a good job, providing good benefits and financial security.

Upon retirement, I trained as a mediator with the City of Bellevue. Eventually, I became state certified and now volunteer as mediator, mentor, and coach.

I have come to consider myself a member of the ‘think global, act local’ movement, since I have committed skills and much time to community projects. Working with others I directed a neighborhood stories project. This ethnographic study of village life over eight decades culminated in the publication of a coffee table book, *Talking About Beaux Arts*, 2007.

I currently direct the grant funded, Beaux Arts Shoreline Restoration project, designed to improve habitat for Chinook salmonid, migrating out to sea via Lake Washington. This is a pilot project, proof of concept. The long-term goal is to replace armored bulwark that rims the lake with sloped, cobbled, softscape. The first section, Phase One, was constructed last year, Phase Two is slated for funding this year and Phase Three in 2014.

When I took early retirement, my stated intention was to publish my doctoral research for a lay audience. Instead, I welcomed distractions. While I have given some talks on the subject and recently published an article in the *Journal of Narrative Inquiry*, I am no longer confident I’ll write that book. Perhaps.

Family is—has always been—my top priority. Many personal decisions were and are made with children and grandchildren in mind.



Hiking in the Canadian Rockies with my eldest daughter, Rebecca. July 2012

Judith Selis Davidson

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I ultimately became a math major and ended up using that knowledge to become a programmer. I got into that field on the ground floor and ended up working for IBM for 34 years.

Because of my Non Resident Term job in my senior year, thanks to the spouse of a Bennington grad, I worked for Bell Telephone Laboratories and went back after graduation as a programmer. It was a field that was just beginning. I also met my future husband during that NRT.

I have experienced mostly ups in my life. I worked for two companies as a programmer and then manager, until I retired. I was very fortunate to have the same person take care of my kids until the youngest graduated from high school. It made my work life possible.

I have two daughters. My oldest is a Med/Peds physician and she has two children. My younger daughter teaches Linguistics at New York University. My husband Evan and I will be celebrating our 50th anniversary in December.

I give Bennington credit for giving me a direction in my life because the idea of a work term was ahead of its time.



Juno (Nancy) Dawson

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I was born Nancy Juno Dawson.

I grew up as Nancy Dawson.

At Bennington I was Nancy Dawson.

When I learned that Juno was a goddess, I signed my drawings and paintings, while in Paul Feeley's art class, with the name "Juno."

As a professional actress, I was Nancy Dawson—until I co-starred in my first major motion picture, *The Iceman Cometh*, in 1973, as Nancy Juno Dawson. (This film can be rented from Netflix. I play "Pearl" and have dark brown curly hair.) While making the film, I asked everyone to call me "Juno." However, as long as there was a "Nancy" in my name, no one took me seriously. So I dropped the Nancy and became Juno. For one year, I felt a bit dishonest. After that, I no longer related to my former first name. I have now been Juno Dawson for almost 40 years. At Bennington I majored in drama. I spent my junior year in Paris, studying the French theatre. My closest friends at Bennington were Ann Popple (Muller), my freshman roommate, and Marcia (Eli) Daker. NRT of sophomore year, Ann and I shared an apartment in Greenwich Village.



My favorite teachers at Bennington were Catherine Osgood Foster and Stanley Edgar Hyman.

I loved the view at the end of Commons Lawn and the autumn colors most.

After graduation, I moved to New York, studied with Lee Strasberg, and became a professional actress (my goal since starring in the kindergarten play).

From New York, I migrated to California and co-starred in some tv shows and films.

In 1974, living in Malibu at the ocean, walking on the beach each evening while opening to merge with the sunset (repeating the Hermetic principle "All is in the ALL, and the ALL is in All"), I began my spiritual



journey. I did a lot of deep meditation and spent some time following a guru to other countries. It was a time of great joy, of grand adventure, of following my heart, and of beginning to open to the fullness of my being. During that time of deep meditation, I began channeling healing musical sounds through my voice.

Since then, I have conducted Heart-Opening sound healing workshops, and also work with people individually as a transformational facilitator.

In 1979, with the birth of my daughter, I moved back East to raise my family. I adore my two children: my daughter Angel and my son Mahkyle, and my 2-1/2 year-old grandson Otto.

Today I live in Mount Shasta in Northern California. Considered a “sacred mountain”, Mount Shasta is beautiful (14,000 feet high), with clean air, pure water, and glorious energies. I live a little ways up the mountain (at 3900 feet) with 360 degree mountain views and wonderful mountain walking trails right outside my door.

My goal is to become all that I truly am, to do all that I am here to do, to open my heart, and to help to inspire others.

I am grateful for this opportunity to look back on my life since Bennington, and to reach out and reconnect with Bennington class members.



Susan Pickering DuMond

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Exhausted and overwhelmed, Sue Pickering stepped off a smoke-filled Greyhound bus in downtown Bennington, Vermont in the fall of 1959. Everything she owned was packed in her blue plastic suitcase, a gift from the girls she left behind at the Susquehanna Valley Children’s Home.

I may have been the only kid here from an orphanage in upstate New York, but Bennington gave me what I needed. Warm support from teachers and staff. Burgeoning friendships with cool girls, some of whom had scholarships like I did. A chance to learn—really learn—about theatre, about literature, about waiting on tables, about finding a money-making job during NRT, about how to build an identity. A true hand up.



Four years later, after surviving Francis Golfing’s advanced seminar on Alexander Pope (his end-of-term comment: “Sue Pickering is a fine actress.”), learning how to cross the floor in modern dance (humor goes a long way), inhaling the incredible poetry and fiction flowing from teachers such as Nemerov and Belitt, and performing in numerous productions including as the hapless target in Shirley Jackson’s outstanding “The Lottery,” I graduated.

Regardless of what I do (earn a PhD in educational policy and management, consult for The Tom Peters Group, start my own writing and information design firm, write the first handbook for Microsoft’s PowerPoint, complete a memoir about my years in the orphanage), Bennington looms large. My ability to do anything at all hangs in part on my years at Bennington. I still contend that my BA in Theatre/Acting guides my life and gets me through many of life’s adventures. That matters.

I’m happily and seriously married (third time’s a charm) and have some wonderful grown step-kids who present opportunities to do a bit more,

go a bit further, listen harder. I step on stage periodically, which brings Bennington and my theatre training directly into the present. One of my great mini-pleasures in this information-overloaded world is to see an email message from Bennington in my inbox. Or to find a beautifully produced, well written, poignant brochure/letter/flyer nestled in my mailbox.

The future? I'm writing a lot. This time for me. And hopefully for others. Have hit the top ten and honorable mention in two short fiction contests with "Lucille's Shoes" and "The Hat," had poetry published, and recently had a short memoir called "The Visit" chosen from among 800 submissions to appear in a wonderful Irish publication, Fish Anthology 2013 (available on Amazon). I look forward to publishing my memoir, *Another Place Called Home*, that highlights the struggles and victories of an orphanage kid and concludes as I step on that bus to Bennington. For more about the book and a few brief excerpts, visit www.anotherplacecalledhome.com.

Bennington? God, I love this place.

Linda Appleman Guidall-Shapiro

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As the daughter of hard-working Russian immigrants, I needed to earn spending money, and didn't think I was doing anything illegal when I lied about my age in order to secure a job as a camp counselor. I'm not proud about having lied, but I am forever indebted to myself for having done so. Had I not taken that brazen leap, I would never have known about Bennington.

It was the summer of 1957 and I was sixteen. In an interview with the camp's director my legitimacy was never questioned. I was paired with a junior counselor who was older than I was and, unwittingly, she succeeded in changing my life. No small accomplishment.

Fortunately, at least to my knowledge, I harmed no one and the campers and I got along famously. I mention this part of my story because that junior counselor had applied for early admission to Bennington that year. She had been rejected, and talked about it incessantly throughout the summer. She described every aspect of Bennington's physical campus, the college's philosophy, the courses offered and, of course, how very disappointed she was not to have had her dream fulfilled.

In listening to her day after day, I tucked her fairy tale stories into a corner of my brain, knowing full well that I would retrieve them when the time came for me to apply to college. (As far as she knew—and everyone else—I had just completed my freshman year at Boston University. To my great good fortune I succeeded in pulling off the ruse.)

Until that summer, the only trips I had taken outside of Brooklyn, New York, had been to Pawtucket, RI where my parents had dear friends who had moved there at the height of the Depression.

When I was ten, we drove my brother to Cambridge the week he was to begin his freshman year on a scholarship to Harvard.

At twelve, I discovered the state of New Jersey when I went to South Orange to visit a friend I'd met in a drama program I was attending in Manhattan.

I had never flown in a plane. I had clearly never left the States. And when it was time to apply to college the following year, I was destined to attend Brooklyn College, where all honor students attending any high school in Brooklyn, New York, were automatically accepted.

I don't know how I gave myself permission to tell my parents that I had no intention of going to "Brooklyn," where my mother was determined to have her daughter, at least, live at home, eat her meals and be under the watchful eyes of her parents. But, I told them, nevertheless, that I was applying to one college and one college only, Bennington College in Bennington, VT. I had gone to the library and had read everything I could about the College. I'd sent for its brochure and was totally convinced that the College had been founded on my behalf! I know that sounds awfully corny, and call it superstition, if you will, but I believed that even the green mountains knew I had to be there to witness their towering grandeur.

Yet, don't think my grand plan wasn't met with enormous resistance. My guidance teacher was as discouraging as were my parents. She assured me that only one student had ever been admitted to Bennington from my high school and since I was applying for a scholarship the chance that I'd be accepted was probably non-existent. Still, as only young people can do, I defied what I was being told and forged ahead. My unrealistic back-up plan (were I not to be accepted) was to work for a year and to re-apply the following year.

Luckily, there were some incredible people in my court. As the editor-in-chief of our senior year book (for a class of 1,250) and as one of a dozen hand-picked students who participated in the principal's Great Books Club, the letters written on my behalf by the principal, Dr. Abraham Lass, and several of my teachers were embarrassingly flattering. They empowered me to the point where I decided to take a bus from Manhattan to Albany, another one from Albany to Bennington, and a car service that the College provided from the drop-off point in town to the campus.

I needed to see it all for myself and was determined to have someone at the College see me and meet with me. I had two interviews—one with the Dean of Admissions and a less formal one with Becca Stickney who remained dear to my heart from that day onward. I slept in a student's room in one of the campus houses that I can no longer recall, but most memorable of all was sitting in on a class—Myth, Ritual and Literature—taught by the bulky, bearded, and totally engaging staffer at *The New Yorker* and literary critic, Stanley Edgar Hyman. The setting was in the commons area—a space my mother would have called a "parlor"—in one of the student houses. There were no desks. There were couches and arm chairs and window seats and the floor where students sat comfortably and the dialogue between Hyman and the students and between the students themselves . . . well, to this kid from Brooklyn, nothing could have been closer to experiencing Nirvana. I headed back to Brooklyn more determined than ever.

The day I received a letter welcoming me to the class of '63 was very bitter sweet, though. I was ecstatic at having been accepted, but I had not received any information regarding the scholarship for which I'd applied and without which there was no way I'd be able to attend. It all felt like a wicked tease. But the gods work in miraculous ways. Dr. Lass had not yet left school when I called to give him the news. He immediately called the College to explain what he said must have been an error of omission. In fact, that is what it was. The letter stating that I was being offered a scholarship was in the next day's mail, but I didn't have to wait to receive it to know that it was on its way. Dr. Lass encouraged the College to call me immediately to alleviate my frustration, and I remember that call even today, more than fifty years later. It was the first most exciting and affirming day of my life.

The rest is history. I entered on a drama scholarship (in the same class with Holland Taylor, Betty Aberlin, and at least a handful of other aspiring young actresses). But I switched majors at the end of my sophomore year and graduated from the literature division, while sneaking time to audition and play a role in the College's production of *Separate Tables* and another in *She Stoops to Conquer* at Williams College.

In my freshman year I looked forward to Sunday morning brunches at my counselor, Lucien Hanks' house. As anthropologists, he and his wife believed that freshmen needed to feel that a "homey" environment was available to them at least once a week. And what a treat that was! Especially when one or two of their handsome sons joined us—each one playing a different musical instrument—inviting us freshmen to become part of an improvised jam session.

During my four years at the College my world expanded in just about every direction. I met students and teachers from all walks of life and from backgrounds that couldn't have been more different than mine. I was encouraged not merely to think outside every conventional box but to do what I always treasured—to think independently and to explore everything I felt passionate about. Such luxuries helped, in no small measure, to influence every decision I've made since graduating in '63.

In my sophomore year when I decided to transfer from being a drama major to entering the literature division, Ben Belitt (poet, translator, and professor) was head of the lit division. Intense and honest to his core, he told me that since I was lacking a few credits in literature, he would have to be convinced that my thinking, my ability to organize my thoughts, and my writing measured up to the College's standards, if I was to graduate with a major in literature. That meant he wished to read my notes and an outline for the paper I was about to write on *Miss Lonelyhearts*.

That, too (when I passed his litmus test, and please excuse this play on words) was a personal victory. If I had not been accepted, I would have had to leave the College. That would have been devastating. Yet, I'd have to say that the lasting gift that Belitt gave me was his stated philosophy that one's life should always be lived as a work in process. I treasure that and have done my best to live as he did, though I would never claim to be as tenacious or as brilliant.

My graduate thesis had all the earmarks of what makes Bennington, Bennington. Entitled, "The Concepts of Love and Marriage in Tolstoy's Fiction," it revealed the naïveté and arrogance that a young adult has when she has been afforded hours of wisdom from a tutor (mine was Harold Kaplan) and has gained the confidence to expound upon and analyze subjects she has yet to experience.

To be truly nostalgic, I would be remiss if I failed to mention the extraordinary pleasure afforded to all students who wished—as I did—to attend weekly student and faculty music performances at the Barn and sit in the theater (a rather intimate sized space inside the Commons building in those days) watching choreographed dances in the process of being prepared for performance. That was the icing on the cake...as were the hours I spent in Jennings where friends who were music majors invited me to sit in while they practiced for their next lesson.

Those were also the days (and I hope they still exist) when faculty members availed themselves in comfortable and supportive ways. Despite what rumors and true stories abound regarding Bennington's reputation for

attracting the rich and the sexually risqué, that was never my experience. Perhaps I'm in a minority. If so, I'm proud to be an honorary member. My friendships with several of my teachers and their wives—Bernie Malamud and his wife Anne, Harold Kaplan and his wife Isabelle, and Marc Blitzstein (the visiting scholar in residence in my senior year) enriched my life and my understanding of what it means to be a disciplined, creative thinker/writer/ artist/musician. Such people and their influence upon my life cannot be measured.

Years after Malamud died and I had long since graduated, I had the extreme pleasure of calling Anne (who then lived in Boston and was ailing but sharp enough to appreciate my news) telling her that a photo of Bernie was next to one of my husband on the back cover of the audiobook for “The Assistant,” which my husband, actor and audiobook narrator George Guidall, had recently narrated. Such circles within circles continue to delight me.

Then, too, when Harold Kaplan returned to campus from being on a sabbatical leave and came to campus with a beautiful French wife on his arm (whom you all must know and remember as Isabelle Kaplan), she, too, became a dear friend, and one who was kind enough to invite me and my husband to Harold's 90th birthday celebration at their home in North Bennington. It was a celebration for close family members, some faculty members, and a handful of his students over the years. I was deeply honored to have been included, and more than thrilled to talk with Kaplan who still was able to recall my thesis.

I suppose I could go on sharing my memories, just as everyone who attended the College could do. But I'll end by saying that despite the fact that Bennington—not unlike most colleges and institutions has had its fair share of challenges throughout the years since '63...and I was an active member of the Alumni Board of Directors during some rather scandalous times...yet, when I receive a call each year from a student currently attending the College who's asking for a contribution, I always engage such students asking them a plethora of questions. I want to know what their experiences are, and it never fails to excite me when I hear stories that so resemble my own. That's what convinces me that there will always be devoted scholars and idealistic students who will keep this college alive and thriving with those same grand mountains as its permanent backdrop.

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After living in Paris for the better part of five years—1963 to 1968—I was arrested and deported by De Gaulle's government for participating in the student/worker uprising of April and May, 1968. My expatriate buddy and Bennington classmate Elizabeth Weiss, '63, took me into her New York City apartment and I started a new life as a hippie. This path took me to the communes of the day: first, The Huggs Family Farm in Pownal, Vermont, and then to Wheeler's Ranch in California, and to New Buffalo in Taos, New Mexico. At New Buffalo I met my future husband, Larry McInteer, who was a devout member of the Native American Peyote Church and who brought me into the Church.

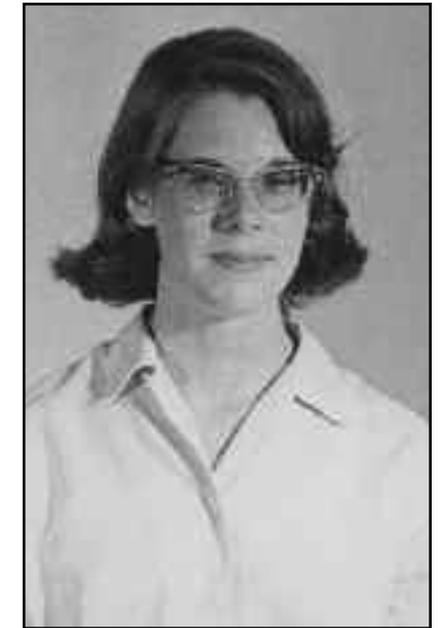
I was living in the foothills of the Rockies in a commune called Anonymous Artists of America in 1972 when my first child was born. Betsy Jane (who went to Bennington in the early 90's) was delivered by a midwife in a



tipi I stitched. Before Betsy was a year old, we moved to The Farm, an intentional community in southern middle Tennessee. Founded in 1971, The Farm grew to 1400 people by 1983, with sister Farms around the country and in Ireland and Canada.

On a sister Farm in New Hampshire my son Joseph was born in 1976; my daughters Annie Rose and Evelyn Grace were born on The Tennessee Farm. All were delivered by midwives and I began studying to be a midwife myself.

I still live on The Farm, although for 15 years I taught French, Spanish, German and English as a Second Language in the Nashville, TN, public schools. I finished my teaching career at our small alternative



school on The Farm teaching Spanish, French, folk songs, and clogging. While teaching I wrote a play to debunk the Columbus myth: “Dangerous Memories: the True History of the Conquest,” which had five performances in Nashville in the quincentennial year, 1992.

As my babies were growing up and then taking off on their own, I took up the fiddle, banjo and guitar. These days I say I am a practitioner of Vipassana (Buddhist) meditation and a folk musician, singing and playing traditional Celtic and Old Time music. My soul mate Larry and I traveled in Ireland in 2012. He passed to a freer life in March 2013. I went to Scotland in June and spread his ashes in the land of his ancestors.

At Bennington I was a painting and graphic arts major, with a minor in French and German literature. I feel privileged to have had four years at the college. I loved the green hills of Vermont.

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I had always considered that I chose Bennington College, one of the smartest moves of my life, for wacky reasons. But I realize now that they were quite sound.

Someone gave me an article about Bennington that had appeared in a copy of *Esquire* magazine. Bennington was said to have a marvelous literature department—and whoever gave me the article knew I wanted a life in literature; but also, according to the article, the young women there had wonderful sex lives. Wilhelm Reich had been at Bennington, and one of his orgone boxes, which supposedly delivered energy that made for splendid orgasms, had been or still was on campus.

I applied.

At my interview in New York City, I was asked what I planned to do with my life. I said I wanted to be “an import-export secretary.” The fact was I loved languages, I loved Spanish, and I had heard somewhere that “import-export secretaries,” whatever they were, used Spanish. Why I didn’t tell the interviewer that I wanted to write, since I had always wanted to write, I can’t say. Perhaps I imagined that to be an import-export secretary sounded more important. I have to thank the Bennington interviewer who somehow had confidence in me.

At the College, at our first meeting, I asked my freshman advisor, political scientist Henry Kariel, if he would make me a list of the hundred best books. Mr. Kariel asked, “The hundred best books about what?” I was taken aback. I wanted to become educated. I thought reading the hundred best books was the way to go about it. I had heard somewhere that the University of Chicago offered courses-by-mail based on the hundred best books, and so I assumed they existed.

Another embarrassment of my freshman year resulted from a galley Karen Rosenblum (a classmate, long deceased) and I wrote together and distributed. We had counted the days of classes for the year and concluded there weren’t enough to meet the legal standards; we wanted more. In a responding galley from the administration we were told that we were indeed getting the legal number of class days; our arithmetic was off.

Looking back now at my 17-year-old self, I think to choose a school because it promised good literature and good sex—those are splendid reasons. And to want to read the hundred best books and to want more days of classes, who would fault a young woman for that? Classes were wonderful: And not only Bernard Malamud’s and Howard Nemerov’s but also the classes of “lesser knowns”—thoughtful American philosophy professor Anne Schlabach, and Spanish and Russian teacher Nora Montesinos, and smart Henry Kariel, and a gracious intellectual history professor, professor of renaissance history, whose name I can’t quite remember but whose face I can still see. Unless I’ve rosied things up in retrospect, I don’t recall a single course that was a dud. Under the tutelage of Bernard Malamud, I began writing at Bennington in earnest. In a living room of one of the student houses, I read my fiction aloud for the first time to an audience of my peers, an exhilarating experience.

A few months before I was to graduate from Bennington, I began to cry and continued crying through graduation, with the feeling that I would never again find such a wonderful place for myself.

A couple of years after I left, I began publishing short stories, probably after I got an MFA in writing at Syracuse University, and then while I was teaching literature at Auburn Community College and at SUNY Upstate Medical Center.

At age thirty, I took a sharp professional turn. Having been in psychoanalytic treatment in Syracuse and found it life-saving, I decided that, rather than getting a PhD in literature, I would become a psychoanalyst to support my writing. I did it the hard way (but for me, in the end, the best way). I went to medical school at University of Pennsylvania, a harrowing and memorable experience. I did my psychiatric residency at Jacobi Hospital, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, in the Bronx; and my residency was extraordinary, the closest thing to the humane, intellectually vibrant experience of Bennington, the closest thing to reading Chekhov. I graduated from The New York Psychoanalytic Institute as a psychoanalyst, and I practice now in New York City. Seeing patients are what I do half-time; it continues to be absorbing and thrilling really—every patient is a new world. I continue to write fiction; I have a new literary agent.

My first husband was Shepard Kantor, also a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, whom I married in 1979 and who died of leukemia in 1997. With him, I have two sons, Jacob Heyman-Kantor, 32 years old, a lawyer for the National Treasury Employees Union in Washington, D.C., and Reuben Heyman-Kantor, 28, an associate producer at 60 Minutes. Jacob’s partner is Yonit Lax, who has just begun her residency in pediatrics at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx. Reuben is married to Michelle Witten, an assistant district attorney in Queens. My first grandchild, a boy, was born in September.

And I have married again—my second husband is Leonard Rodberg, chair of Urban Studies at Queens College and a political activist with a long interesting background. He has six children of his own and eight grandchildren.

I remain grateful to Bennington for the respect it showed me, the respect I believe it showed all of us students as intelligent, creative people. And so I came to respect myself intellectually. I learned in an unforgettable way the pleasures of learning, the tremulous lifelong love of it, at Bennington.

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I came to Bennington with a BA in architecture from UCLA as a graduate dance fellow to pursue my studies in dance, choreography, with a keen interest in cultural anthropology. I made my solo debut at Jacob’s Pillow Dance Festival summer of 1963 after receiving my Master’s Degree, and embarked on a dance career with my own Al Huang Dance Company, featuring my wife-partner Suzanne Pierce. While teaching at dance department in UCLA from 1963-68, we took a year of leave on a Ford Foundation Grant to introduce modern dance in the Republic of China. As pioneers we trained the Chinese dancers in Taiwan and presented the very first Chinese modern dance performances in Taipei, in May of 1967. The founder-director of the Cloud Gate Dance Theater from Taiwan, Lin Hwai-min was one of the trainees.

After returning to the USA, the Al Huang Dance Company continued to perform on the West Coast, and at the Jacob’s Pillow in Massachusetts and the American Dance Festival in New London, Connecticut; and at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park, New York.



From 1968 to 1971, Suzanne and I were invited to be the first artists-in-residence at the newly formed Krannert Center for the Performing Arts (KCPA) at the University of Illinois, designed by the architect Max Abramovitz who envisioned the New York City’s Lincoln Center. From there, we performed and taught at York University in Toronto, Canada, where I was the director of Asian Theater division in the School of the Fine Arts from 1971-73. Our first daughter, Lark Yulan was born in 1970, second daughter Tysan Pierce, in 1974. We have two grandchildren, Avery Yulan, seventeen, Sylvia Yulan, six. Suzanne and I will celebrate our golden wedding in 2015.

I made a major shift in my life’s path, after a fortuitous meeting with philosopher-author, Alan W. Watts who encouraged me to expand my Asian cultural heritage to include Tai Ji, Taoist, and Zen philosophy into my work, and invited me to co-lead East-West bridge building seminars with him at

Esalen Institute in Big Sur. Through the past five decades, I have had the privilege to learn and co-lead seminars at Esalen with Alan Watts, Joseph Campbell, Gregory Bateson, Huston Smith, Laura Archera Huxley, John Blofeld, Lama Anagarika Govinda, Fritjof Capra, Robert Bly, Brother David Steindl-Rast; and have enjoyed teaching and performing with musicians Paul Winter, Paul Horn, David Darling, Alexander Murray, Michael Fitzpatrick; singer John Denver, Joan Baez and dancer, Anna Halprin.

I established a non-profit East-West cultural-arts exchange educational “Living Tao Foundation”, offering programs internationally since 1976. After China opened her doors in 1982, I have been returning there, founded the Lan Ting Institute in 1984 at Wu Yi Mountain in Fujian Province, now a UNESCO World Cultural Heritage Site. Since then, I have been, every two years, leading international scholars to study there.

More detailed information of my life and work can be found in our website www.livingtao.org including seasonal newsletters and photo galleries of various anniversary events, calendar of international venues of my seminars, and of our family.



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In a dank used-book store in Cherry Valley, I open *D.H. Lawrence and the Dial* to read a tribute to Kenneth Burke; there’s a copy of Nemerov’s “Blue Swallows” in a Kerouac-inspired, old-book shop we come upon in Stephentown, but that volume I know almost by heart. First-year roommates, Sally Wolter Kirouac and I have lunch together. She is going to Kenya in February; I am going to Troy to teach another year, likely the last before retiring. Life with Bennington continues.

1963. We graduated on the cusp of astonishing political action. I would see more of it in San Jose, Berkeley, and Santa Barbara in the later years of that decade. I remember Sally’s on-going arguments with Henry Kariel, listening to discussions in Woolley with Eve Chinitz, Stevie Croll, and Linda Horne, SEH praising the protestant clergy for their support of the Freedom Marchers, Mr. Pearson arguing for a political economy



that would keep educational decision making outside the market—bits and pieces of politics. My world was classes, reading in the library, working in the library, walking the hemlock garden when my world was falling apart, picking lily-of-the-valley in the cemetery when I was in love, conferences with teachers who were kind as well as brilliant, more classes, concerts in the Carriage

25th Reunion

Barn, dance productions in Commons theatre, and all around me students with so many talents. The direction didn't matter; what mattered was doing the work. For me, that is still what learning is about—to be doing the work, with the rare pleasure of occasionally getting it right.

Suzanne Hecht Juhasz

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I graduated from Bennington in 1963 with two majors: creative writing and theatre. Three days after graduation I married Joseph Juhasz, whom some of you may remember: the Hungarian guy who used to sleep in the graveyard on weekends. When we married, he was a Lieutenant in the Navy. Thus my somewhat hazy plans for Broadway were immediately cancelled by life as a Navy wife in Norfolk, VA, with a small baby. When Joseph applied to graduate school two years later, according to plan, I did, too—not according to plan. But the housewife role was not to my liking. Together we went to Berkeley, and this is how I became a professor of English.

In graduate school it was not easy to be a Bennington girl. When we were to write our first paper in my class on Victorian literature, for example, Professor Masao Miyoshi, who'd been a Fulbright Scholar with Kenneth Burke at Bennington, announced pointedly: "We will not illustrate this paper. We will not dance this paper. We will write it." But I learned to become a good student in this traditional setting. Also while in graduate school, I had two more children—one for the MA, one for the PhD, as I always say.

Along the way some peculiar things happened. For example, the professors tried to fail all the women at the Masters' exam, because we weren't wanted in the profession: we'd "only get married and have babies and drop out anyway," they said. But I squeaked through. Later, when, with my excellent Berkeley PhD, I tried to get a job, I discovered that as a "faculty wife" I was unhireable for tenure track positions. Suddenly, in the early 70s I had that famous MS "click" moment: "Oh, maybe this isn't all about me; maybe it's about women!" This is how I became a feminist.

I finally did get a position at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Now I was a professional academic feminist, fighting for issues like affirmative action and equal pay for university women. I helped to found the Women's Studies Program. I taught and wrote books and essays on women poets, especially Emily Dickinson. Eventually I became the first woman full professor in the English Department. Later in my career I grew interested in object relations and relational psychoanalysis, and, using this perspective, I wrote on women novelists. Then, in the 90s I helped to found the Gay/Lesbian/Bi-Sexual/Transgender Studies Program (later known as Queer Studies) and wrote on topics as diverse as queer ballet.

This last essay stems from my ongoing interest in dance, cultivated at Bennington. I took three ballet classes a week all of my adult life until I was sixty-five.

Joseph and I were divorced in 1980, but I am happy to report that with the birth of our first grandchild in 1997, we became friends again. Ours has been a nearly sixty-year, complicated relationship. We have three wonderful, talented daughters: Alexandra, Jennifer, and Antonia, and now we now have the gift of four grandchildren.

I retired in 2007, weary of the academy after thirty-eight years and eager to do what I call “real writing,” as I used to do, as well as theatre, as I used to do. In other words, I wanted to revive the parts of myself (the Bennington parts, if you will), that had pretty much gone underground during my academic life. Today I am finishing a memoir, a book about aging and how this new place that I inhabit affects my perspective on my life experiences. I am doing some theatre and even more interesting, I have been training as a singer, something that I never did while I was appearing in all those musicals long ago.

Suzy Hecht has taken some unexpected turns as she evolved into Suzanne Juhasz. It’s been interesting, rewarding, exciting. But I’ve always been a Bennington girl, stubbornly following my own bent, even within the rigid confines of academic scholarship. Here is one of my favorite stories. When I passed my PhD orals back in graduate school, my advisor, professor Josephine Miles (the only woman professor at Berkeley in the 60s), said to me, “What is so funny about you, Suzy, is that when someone asks you a question like “Which way is North?,” you think you have to figure out the answer for yourself.”



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I had wanted to be an anthropologist since I was 7 years old when I started reading books by Margaret Mead about her research in Samoa and elsewhere. It is therefore not particularly surprising that I wound up in the anthropology PhD program at Columbia University—where Margaret Mead was still teaching—after graduating from Bennington. My triple major at Bennington was in anthropology, psychology and literature, which remain my interests to this day.

My four years at Bennington were among the happiest of my life. The teachers were incredible. Among them were Morton Klass, who was my first anthropology professor, who also became one of my dissertation advisers and close friends at Columbia. I still regret his far too early death.

My English teacher was Gene Baro; I recall having had the effrontery to tell him I didn’t need to take a first-year English class. He said that I did (!), and immediately assigned me to his own classes.

Alas, I don’t immediately recall the name of my social psychology professor, but she was one of the finest teachers and most inquiring minds it has been my privilege to meet. The encouragement offered by all my instructors throughout my four years at Bennington, and their inspirational style of education, helped me to formulate the questions and thoughts that have shaped my life ever since.

My fellow students were as inspirational as my teachers. I remember with more than a small amount of awe their almost universal beauty of form and intellect. We learned from each other: we talked and talked about anything and everything. We helped each other to define our selves, most times through kindness, sometimes by betrayal.

I have had the rare good fortune to have maintained a close friendship with Jan Taksa since I first met her when we were both 17 year old freshmen. Despite occasional lengthy separations in both space and time, she is like a sister to me still.

And so I became an anthropologist, working with both Mort Klass and Bert Salwen (who both had taught at Bennington) while at Columbia. Despite invitations from both the University of Chicago and Harvard, where



I had worked as a research assistant during several of my work terms and summers, Columbia was my first choice. I specialized in the study of religious cults, and spent nearly two years studying the “new religion” Tensho-Kotai-Jingu-Kyo in Japan for my dissertation. My research was interrupted when I went blind in Japan and wound up being treated at a US Navy hospital at the time of the Tet Offensive in Vietnam. Fortunately, the expert doctors managed to save my sight and I was able to return to the headquarters of the sect and my research after about three months of treatment.

When they get together, anthropologists tend to joke about the bizarre ailments they have developed during the course of their research. I went blind again while conducting ethnohistorical research on drugs in England in 1972 and have the Moorfield Eye Hospital in London to thank for impeccable care. I still don't know what caused these episodes, possibly parasites or stress or both, but they were taxing times.

While at Columbia I met a fellow student who became my first husband. David Feingold, anthropologist and filmmaker, specialized in Southeast Asian ethnography and continues to do so to this day. I spent six months with him living with hill tribes on the Thailand/Burma border. We both taught at Temple University and later founded a research institute (ISHI: the Institute for the Study of Human Issues) and publishing company which was quite successful in obtaining research funds and publishing books for about 15 years. Unfortunately, our respective research interests often kept us apart and we eventually divorced.

In 1983, having received funding to look at the impact of volatile substance abuse (glue-sniffing) and how the Scottish police dealt with it, I came to Scotland to start my research—and fell in love with Scotland. I have been here ever since for nearly 30 years, and am now married to a Scotsman, Andy McCord. He is an engineer, a mountaineer and an outdoor pursuits educator. He has provided me with two beautiful stepdaughters, one of whom is a consultant obstetrician and the other a Senior Administrator for one of the UK's largest charities.

The most testing experience I have had to date—and both sudden blindness and divorce were very difficult to deal with—was when I was diagnosed with cancer in 1990. I also developed septicemia after surgery and had a very lengthy stay in hospital. The only way I could cope was to treat the experience as a forum for ethnographic inquiry. I have a number of as yet unpublished papers on the culture of all-female wards, nursing procedures, and patient behavior, some of which may yet see the light of day.

While in Scotland, I have been a consultant to the Police Foundation, the Scottish government, and Glasgow Caledonian and Strathclyde Universities in Glasgow, and the University of Edinburgh. At present, I am working on preparing several research reports and two thoroughly escapist novels for publication. Retirement from paying work, as most of my friends here acknowledge, means doing twice as much as before without any recompense.

At the moment, Andy and I split our time between a small village in southern Scotland and a much larger one in Florida. Warmth and sun in a subtropical setting provide a desirable counterpoint to the stark and often chilly beauty of Scotland.

There is no place like Bennington in the United Kingdom. I feel immensely privileged to have spent four years there. My education and life experience at Bennington have been major influences in the shaping of the analytic eccentric or eccentric analyst that I am today.

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Bennington was the only school I wanted to go to—and the only one to which I applied, much to my parents' dismay. So, it was a good thing that I was accepted with scholarship. It turned out to be everything that I had hoped and more. Having the opportunity to explore many areas in an incredibly intellectual environment was true self-indulgence. I thought I wanted to major in lit but soon discovered poli sci and philosophy—and then art. Eventually, I went to graduate school in American Studies and worked in the New York State Legislature, but it didn't take long to discover that practical politics was light years away from the theory of a Kariel classroom. Along the way, I taught high school English and, while we lived in Germany, English as a second language. Meanwhile, three children intervened but that Bennington art experience kept tugging at me and brought me to a variety of art classes. Finally, I took a degree in graphic design and enjoyed the next 15 years working in that field and freelancing.

My Bennington education has influenced virtually every aspect of my life—including my choice of husband whom I met on my 3rd day at Bennington. Sadly, after almost 50 years of marriage and 3 children and 5 grandchildren later, he passed away last December 15.

Currently, I remain in Saratoga Springs and am looking forward to an African safari in February.



Me



My whole clan

Wendy Kochenthal

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Dear Bennington friends, I never thought I would do this: it is not like me. And the only way I can do it, is to be perfectly honest! I was not happy at Bennington. It was not Bennington; I was still embedded in family abuse. I felt alone and alienated from other students and, in my denial, walked around campus, secretly wanting to be saved by a fantasy that I would be happy, if I fell in love. But Bennington was too REAL, to let that happen. I walked through Commons, with a pretentious smile on my face and Linda Appleman, I believe, a psychology major, asked me whether I was happy. Though it frightened me that someone could see through my façade, I thank you Linda!

Painting and printmaking saved me, from my isolation. I believe, with highly sensitive and talented teachers, like Paul Feeley and Vincent Longo, I learned to create and grow, from my inner most feelings. My experiences and friends at Bennington instilled in me the honesty, integrity, vulnerability and compassion to dare to take

risks and live on the edge. My two favorite books, now, are *Daring Greatly* by Brene Brown and *The Body Never Lies* by Alice Miller.

I lived in the woods and by the ocean, in Maine for 25 years, where we had a beautiful son, Josh. Now, I live in the mountains, happily, alone, in my own Deltec, octagonal home, in rural Asheville, North Carolina.

In Ireland, the morning after Obama won



I am a poet and potter. Poems from my recently published book, *Between Sleep and Awake* appear on my website, www.wendykochenthal.com. Presently, I am writing *Conversations Between My Right and My Left Hand* (A child's memories of sexual abuse). Writing my deep truth and painting around clay pots are my passions. They clarify my understanding of life, while they allow me to express my depths of grief and soaring of joy. It doesn't stop and I love it!

Thank you,
Bennington, for
being there, when I
needed you.

My Home



James Payton

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From '63 to '13: Many attempts, many failures, and an ultimate success. James Payton, class of '63.

Firstly, when I entered Bennington I had already had a successful career as a dancer in New York, had attended Oberlin and Juilliard, and had also had success as an oboist. I had also been married and had a child and was about to be divorced. Underneath my successful veneer I knew that I was a drunk, a phony, a coward, and that I didn't have any rights.

In short, I arrived an arrogant NY Pro who felt that he had more to offer to Bennington than it did to him. What I found was that I had come into a warm, loving community which let me sputter away in my own delusions knowing that in time the Bennington Magic would prevail. And it did. By only the second week I was sitting in a class with Stanley Edgar Hyman and I witnessed Arlene Heyman sparring with the great man, and holding her own, and ultimately having him end by complimenting her on the depth and originality of her thinking. This and many other similar experiences opened my eyes to the fact that Bennington had much, much more to offer me than I to it. By the time I graduated I had acquired a much more realistic assessment of my strengths and weaknesses. I had been able to let the incredible richness of the people and experiences in the Bennington community seep into my system. I finally felt solidly prepared to face my future both professionally and as a person. And I'm still amazed that the Bennington experience, faculty and fellow students accomplished this in only three semesters.

To further my career I went to University of Wisconsin to teach and to get a master's degree. That year was nearly a total personal disaster although I did manage to put on the first full concert of my own choreography. But by September of '64 I was in the State Mental Hospital in Columbus, Ohio for a three month stay.

Then I went to Ohio State where I got the master's degree and a teaching job and a new wife and some of my lost self-respect. In '69 I took a job at SUNY Brockport where not only did my wife and I have faculty positions, I also managed to install my own company in residence. My company and my choreography then proceeded from success to success. We got substantial NY State Arts Council grants, I got an NEA grant, and we performed a lot, usually with three-day residencies, and also ran a program at the J.C.C. in Rochester. I finally felt that I was on the path that Bennington had prepared me for.

In February of '74 we had a child, and in April I had a total breakdown and ended up in the R wing of the University of Rochester Hospital. During my stay there the board decided to fold the company. When I got out I still had a wife and child and a faculty position.

During this period, '69-'74 I had stopped being a daily drinker and became a periodic drunk. By '77 I had managed to ruin my marriage, have a court order out to prevent me from seeing my son and had been told by my girlfriend that she wouldn't see me anymore because she couldn't stand watching me die.

At this point I checked myself into a hotel with a room on the ninth floor in order to commit suicide. When I couldn't work up the courage to jump out the wide-open window I lay on the bed sobbing with shame for being such a coward, and for being a total wash out as a human being. I knew that I had to do something and I thought, "Well I should probably sober up first." Of course, I thought it would take a couple of days and then my head would get clearer and I could get on to more important things.

The next day, March 22, 1977, I went to my first AA meeting and in a miraculously short time not only did I get sober and stay sober but I changed very much as a person. A colleague who had been on sabbatical when I sobered up stopped me in the hallway one day and said, "Jim if you didn't have on the same face I would never know it was you."

After I had been sober for a year and a half as I was walking down the hallway at work I stopped dead with the realization, "Shit! I'm in the wrong field." I managed to teach my first class, sort of "on automatic." Then I called my sponsor who then helped me go through a three month long process of exploring options and finally coming up with the solution of keeping my job but concentrated on the teaching, and helping my students and not beating up myself about the bad fit of the field that I found myself in.

And so, after having had a hellish life I settled into a very secure, very happy life. AA was at the core. I was able to marry, have two more children, and become a devoted husband a loving father, and a respected member of the community. Shit, I even went to church.

And then, after eight years my wife informed that she had fallen in love with someone else and couldn't stand being in the same room with me and wanted me out of the house immediately. And so, since I still lived with the feeling that I didn't have any rights, I moved out. Also knowing what a shithead that I had been with my other two wives I felt that I had it coming to me. Karmic pay back.

Two months later, July 13th of '89, I was a victim of a "Wilding" attack. Three teen-agers from Buffalo who were living with a family in Brockport in the Fresh Air Program attacked me with baseball bats. The only memory I have is that as I was trying to regain consciousness lying in the shrubs my first thought was, "oh holy shit! Not again." I assumed that I was drunk. I was told later by a couple who found me and took me to the hospital that I kept repeating, "I'm not drunk, I'm not drunk."

Then came my second episode of recovery. The physical part of the attack healed pretty quickly. But the traumatic brain injury and PTS took a year and a half of out-patient daily therapy. My speech and thinking were badly scrambled and I had a lot of trouble holding concentration. But the most difficult persistent symptom was myoclonic seizures—best described as sticking your finger in a light socket. All attempts at medication failed. The seizures always occurred with the least bit of stress, and always at bedtime.

Obviously I was unable to return to teaching. But this had a good side to it. I could stop being such a hypocrite, faking enthusiasm for a field that I really didn't want to be in. Instead I became a full time

cabinetmaker. It had been a hobby where I had been slowly building my skills. This transition worked really well. I was collecting disability at 60% of my former salary, so I could pursue the cabinetmaking without the pressure of having to make a full time salary out of it.

In February of the following year I got a call from the daughter from my first marriage that I had communicated with off and on but had not seen since she was five. “Hi, Jim. Want to come to Philadelphia to see me and to meet your grandson.” I did indeed. I took a week off from my rehab and spent it with daughter and grandson. I should mention that my daughter had inherited alcoholism from me and was in the program so we had a very deep bond before we even saw each other. At the end of my stay she said, “So, you want to have dinner with mom?” I thought, “Jesus, that’s the last person I want to have dinner with.” But, come on, I’m a good AAer I don’t say things like that. So I said, “Sure.” I met Ann at a restaurant at 6:30 and at 11:30 we were informed that they were closing. When Ann and I were at Juilliard we were best friends the first year—no romance, no lust, just best friends. And in that restaurant that best friends feeling came back immediately. We corresponded and eventually started meeting on weekends, and in ’93 we had remarried.

By ’98 I had developed a good life—good marriage, a good profession, beautiful accomplished children—top of the world. And yet I still suffered from the seizures. The other persistent negatives were the knowledge that I had no rights so there was never any use in trying to stick up for myself—I didn’t have the right. I was still a phony, but now I was a phony cabinetmaker, never mind that I had satisfied customers, and was always several months back ordered.

Cut to 2006: I had been going through a period of increased frequency and severity of seizures and my Philadelphia neurologists sent me to the NYU Comprehensive Epilepsy Center. They in turn put me in a hospital ward, wired me up and monitored me around the clock for five days. On Saturday morning they met with me and gave me a new diagnosis, “Non-epileptic conversion seizures.” “What the hell is that?” “It used to be called hysteria.” “Oh great, now I’m psychotic. What the fuck do I do with that?” “Well that’s a bit excessive, but yes the cause is definitely psychogenic, and we want you to talk with Dr. . . . the staff psychiatrist.”

And now we come to my third period of recovery. My “talk” with Dr. . . . lasted three hours. He knew exactly what he was after and went after it with a vengeance. I’ve been seeing shrinks all my adult life, been in the nut house three times, but have never experienced the intensity of that session.

He quickly got into my sexual experiences, “My first experience was with my minister when I was fourteen, and it lasted until I was seventeen, but it wasn’t abusive.” He then asked me if I was gay. “No.” “And you still don’t think that it was abusive?” Bingo! A shut door opened. I had put a rosy sheet over that period. I was a teenage drunk. He supplied me with booze—I had sex with him. Quid pro Quo. That question popped into my consciousness the fact that I hated having sex with him—every God damned time, even when I was “high” or “drunk” which was most of the time. The first time he raped me I was stone sober and vowed to myself that I would never ever see him again. Ha! I had no suspicion that I was totally under his control and would be unable to break free until I was seventeen.

Now I entered a therapy that lasted several years, culminating with my finding the right therapist. It was a very difficult process as I had to pull up the very things that I couldn’t process at the time that they were

happening—including episodes of initial violence as he was gaining control over me. And then had to access the pent up, never expressed anger, and SHAME—And then to face the power of the trauma of the initial rape and coming to grips that fact that the core of my being was broken.

But I’m here to say that the therapy was effective. Two years ago I stopped having the seizures. After individual therapy I graduated to a group, male survivors of sexual abuse. In our first meeting some guy put it right out there, “Thank God I don’t have to worry about trying to explain to you guys what it’s like. You know.” The specifics of our abuse experience were quite varied; but the emotional and behavioral consequences were almost identical. We all were broken men whose adult lives had been a disaster no matter how hard we tried to be good people, good husbands, good fathers, good workers.

I think that a reason that I have chosen to write this thing at age seventy-five is that I have experienced a fundamental change deep inside myself. I think that it has happened over the past three months without my being aware of it until I realized that my old constant companions of feeling like a phony, feeling like a second class citizen with no rights, feeling like a coward, and feeling shame for no particular reason—they have disappeared. I had always wished that I could dig into my core and there would be this solid oak trunk. I don’t have that feeling, but I do finally have a feeling that there is something there. Nothing very impressive—but that’s OK. I reach down and I can feel something—broken, yes, but something is finally there.

Louise Reichlin

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Overview

At Bennington I had already centered on dance, and everything pretty much grew out of that. I still direct my dance company (Louise Reichlin and Dancers/Los Angeles Choreographers and Dancers), never had children, but still teach dance and movement to people of all ages, especially children, and have created about 100 works. My web site is: www.LaChoreographersAndDancers.org

Dance and multimedia remain my primary means of communication. Although many of my earlier works are “family” oriented like *The Patchwork Girl of Oz*, or theater dance like *The Tennis Dances*, my newest project was inspired after my husband and partner of 39 years Alfred Desio passed away six years ago. Even though Alfred is no longer physically here, I believe his support and nurturing



spirit still remain with me. While no two people grieve identically, one commonality of grief is this lingering “baggage” (in a positive way) carried after losing a loved one. Named “The Baggage Project”, the centerpiece is a film and live work called *Tap Dance Widows Club*.

I always knew I was a dancer, from inventing original falls as soon as I

Birds of a Feather - cool photo, but don't remember anything else.



Dance Tour '62: Rehearsal before the tour. 1. Dinner at Mr. Parry's: Barbara Kirshner, Nancy Comstock, Harriet Fraad, Louise Reichlin (me), Pat Malkin; 2. Pat Malkin and Jim Tyler cook supper; 3. Nancy Comstock, Mr. Parry, Roz Pierson, Louise Reichlin (me); 4. Bill Bales, Dance Chair, visits us in New York after show: Judy Beatti, Donato Cappazolli, and Harriet Fraad; 5. Warming up before show with Barb Kirshner, Nancy Comstock, Roz Pierson, Harriet Fraad, Louise Reichlin (me), Adrienne Jaffe; 6. Performing "Baroque Wedding" at Marymount with Louise Reichlin (me), Roz Pierson, and Nancy Comstock

could walk and as I fell off my bike, always a challenge to balance on, to folding laundry for my scholarship at Interlochen in the summer months, to attending Bennington majoring in both dance and music the first two years and then just dance. Bennington was intense; life was mostly choreographing and rehearsing, as well as waiting on tables, and I think I remember more about that part of it, and the House I lived, then the actual classes. My department major (dance) demanded I be able to verbalize my dances before creating them, and it stifled my creativity because I am a non-linear thinker. I did produce as required. But this demand combined with my age (and delight that at last I could dance instead of socialize as my parents hoped I would do) allowed my dance technique to develop, but not my originality to flourish. However, Bennington did nurture a curiosity to learn, and that returned many years later. I just wasn't ready to bloom yet.

As much as I had loved choreographing at Bennington, when I went to New York during non-resident terms, and then on graduation, studying and working with Merce Cunningham, Martha Graham, and Jose Limon and others drove away the need to choreograph, and I reverted to my non-linear not very verbal person. My passion was performing works of many early modern dance pioneers and I danced in a repertory company. My first Equity job actually came from a call from one of my Bennington teachers and counselors, Donald McKayle. I had to choose between dancing in an opera I had auditioned for at Lincoln Center and continue the concert path or his show, which won out. Broadway shows followed (*Fiddler on the Roof* and *West Side Story* at Lincoln Center/ Jerome Robbins, finally moving to LA with the show *Coco* starring Katherine Hepburn. My life was always aligned with my dance work, and by then I had married the fiddler on the roof from that show, Alfred



Dance Tour '62 continued: Often putting on make-up in the dressing room. Loved that we performed so much! 1. Louise Reichlin (me), Pat Malkin, Nancy Comstock; 2. Roz Pierson, Louise Reichlin (me), Barb Kirshner, Adrienne Jaffe



Desio. The air was more open - my early love of creating dances returned that I had last done at Bennington. Through a job on the faculty of USC choreographing musicals and plays, and teaching Movement Training for Actors (and later musicians), I found multiple bodies to create on. When John Houseman was interim chair, his assistant, who had started Juilliard Acting School with him, asked why I didn't have my own dance company, as their NY teachers had; the opera director I partnered with cautioned me about investing my creativity through a university - and when I was asked to choreograph a piece for their dance department (I was usually in drama and music) it turned into the company I founded in 1979. With diverse commissions (The LA Zoo, Gimdbu Dance Suite (with a hanging monofilament spoked 13 foot high kinetic sculpture), various Shakespeare Festivals, Dream Scapes (a cirque live music production) that my company toured with for about five years, I learned to write grants and run a company. One of my earliest activities (teaching dance to my five year old buddies in The Talent Club) came into the picture, and I learned how to weave my work into standards based interactive workshops and performances for schools - also to finance the company. I hate having to fund raise for projects, and although we had a successful crowd funding project on USA Artist for Tap Dance Widows Club, a 50' video/documentary/visual art and live performance work that premiered in November, I am still wondering if I will ever complete the next work in progress of "The Baggage Project".

Style and Influences: I did retain something that Bill Bales, our department chair, did at Bennington. He was unafraid, with his class there, to improvise authentic movement that both came out of him and the dancers in the room. This, combined with later influences of composition with Merce Cunningham and John Cage, the mentoring of Eugene Loring when I came to CA, who from his MGM days and teaching methods at the American School of Dance in Hollywood and his new dance program at UC Irvine, worked with me on how to prepare my choreography for plays and film, and how to build a class when I taught for schools, so that my students had a progression and achieved something new each class. After teaching for him for several years, I stayed to get an MFA, and from Olga Maynard, a writer there, I became fascinated with the history of women throughout time, and realized that a matriarchal society had preceded the Judeo-Christian one. It blew my thoughts into the next generation. A choreographer that affected me was Pina Bausch, during her visit at the '84 Olympics. I felt a kindred spirit, although her works were much darker than mine. I am more influenced by what is happening in the world, often focusing on a personal part of my own life, than by other artists. In 2010-11 I began a new direction within my "Reality Series" called the "Baggage Project". In 2007 my husband and partner of 39 years Alfred Desio passed away. Even though Alfred is no longer here, I believe his nurturing spirit remains with me. While no two people grieve identically, one commonality of grief is this lingering "baggage" carried after losing a loved one. Although "baggage" often carries a negative connotation, the works in my series redefine it as a continuation of life and a feeling of comfort from this energy and influence. Since the loss of my husband, I became aware that half of our culture shares this kind of presence after personal losses. Styles range from *Remembrance* used in several of my works, but this time with digital photos that others had sent me through a Facebook page of those they had lost (and many sobs in the theatre), and a projected art animation by Audri Phillips. *Mourning Light* was for a live person, with the other five only there in memory. *Tap Dance Widows Club*, mentioned above, focused more on the filmic narrative and historic clips, with a story that wove the three Widows' husbands into a story of both early Hollywood and Broadway as well as the personal lives that artists married to artists have.



Dance Tour '62 continued: 1. Waiting for a train in the cold; 2. Donato Cappazolli's birthday dinner at Pat Malkin's in Westfield NJ; 3. Loading out, all bundled up.



Dance Tour '62 continued: Jim Taylor and Louise Reichlin (me) warm-up our fingers before a performance.

Artistic agenda: "The Baggage Project" is part of "The Reality Series" begun in 2006 that has to do with looking closely at everyday activities that often go unnoticed. It focuses on death and how those who have passed are carried with us in life. The original triptych all used audience participation and included *Shampoo*, *Los(t) Angeles*, and *Identity* (based on spam emails to create characters that the audience had to identify); *Dance At the Stone House*, a site specific work on the architecture of an historic

building with 5 professional dancers and spaces for 60-80 students; *The Better To Bite You With*, a stand alone work about teeth, inspired by X-rays my dentist uses on his computer including audience participation, multimedia, *L'il Red and Grey Wolf*, and multiple X-rays. The newest work in progress is about Patti Smith and deals with her relationship with photographer Mapplethorpe as related in her book *Just Kids* including a view of the arts world and Village in NY, late 60's as well as a moving tale of the intense support in the journey of young artists that a relationship can foster. My inspiration for this part of the "Baggage" project was in January '11—an interview of Patti Smith on the Charlie Rose show. Mapplethorpe had asked Smith to help tell the world about his life when she went to visit him when he was dying. Smith spoke about the support her relationship with Mapplethorpe had given her. Although Mapplethorpe and Smith eventually went on to lead separate lives, their supportive bond never faded. Smith attributed the rise of both their careers—and the source of her self confidence—to this support. This sentiment resonated with me. Mutual support in my marriage led to the fruition of both my husband's innovative Tap-Tronics and my own unique mix. Support also allowed us to push ourselves to develop more, as we would share the uncertainty of the creation process. The location and time of NY also coincided with my own entry into the city, and I am creating the era with elements I had almost forgotten—hot sidewalks, moon dog on 6th ave, splatter paint from the sidewalk art in the village, expressionistic action painting, psychedelic art, and a time of grass, acid, and an opening up of minds and possibilities.

Long-term artistic ambitions: I will continue to create, both works planned and new ones that pop-up. My new site-specific last week-end



Our dance faculty in judgement of a study, Martha Wittman, Bill Bales, Ruth Currier



called *Al's House* had the guests digitally record the work as it led from the living room to patio to the freedom of the yard and finally into the pool. I find inspiration in many areas, and feel I am just beginning to explore the newest so rapidly changing world of possibilities of today's genres. I always hope to become more well known and engage more people. I consider age 72 still emerging.



1. *Unanswered Question (I think)*, Louise Reichlin (me); 2. *Unanswered Question (I think)*, Josie Liss and Donato Cappazolli; 3. Harriet Dick, Judy Beatti, Josie Liss, Harriet Fraad, Karen Mason; 4. Adrienne, Nancy Comstock, Roz Pierson; 5. Louise Reichlin (me) in my room at Franklin House



1. Louise Reichlin, Freshman year 1959; 2. My roommate Suzanne Hecht and me (Louise Reichlin); 3. Nancy Comstock, Harriet Dick, and Marcie Dunbarre-Soul; 4. Commons



My best friends in Franklin House 1959-63 Suzanne Hecht, Louise Reichlin (me), Susan Pickering, Nancy Comstock, Jeanne Pavel



"Dark Playground" 1959-60. Choreographed by faculty member Martha Wittman. Dancers include Louise Reichlin (me), Shannon Theobald, Julie Arenal, Miriamne Spector, Gretel Hoffman, Adrienne Jaffe, Josie Liss



Louise Reichlin (me) and William Bales (dance chair) in 1962-63



The Players Series, choreographed by Louise Reichlin 1963 / Bennington Spring Concert. Al Huang, Louise Reichlin and Roz Pierson



The Players Series, choreographed by Louise Reichlin 1963 / Bennington Spring Concert. Roz Pierson and Louise Reichlin



Nancy Comstock and Louise Reichlin, Split Image 1960



The Players Series, choreographed by Louise Reichlin 1963 / Bennington Spring Concert. Al Huang, Louise Reichlin and Roz Pierson



Louise Reichlin 2012



Louise Reichlin and husband Alfred Desio

Barbara Goldberg Rohdie

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My list of interests was long - one of the main reasons I chose Bennington: dance, graphic arts, psychology, anthropology, poetry, and education among them.

After a smorgasbord of Bennington classes, whether true or not, I felt I could tackle anything successfully. When my husband-to-be went to law school and someone had to support us, I reluctantly gave up the prospect of graduate school in anthropology and became a teacher. I loved it.

I've been extraordinarily lucky: an enduringly wonderful marriage (50 yrs. next Aug), 2 happy, successful children, 5 grandchildren with whom I spend a great deal of time after teaching grade school, high school, and then college. I continued to dance, play tennis, pursue artistic endeavors throughout these 50 years and I have recently become an avid gardener (Catch photos in the Fall issue of "Martha Stewart Living"). I am an official docent of the High Line, a tour guide in Central Park for Big Apple Greeter and a member of the Board of Parsons Dance.



Re-friended Marcie Brouner Heymann when she moved back into NYC and now do 7 am power walks with her in Central Park.

Lynn Goldberg Smalls '61 husband, Michael, composed the music for several of my director brother Paul Williams, movies.

Celebrating my 70th Birthday in Central Park 5/22/2012

Judith Speckman Russell

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Although I did not graduate from Bennington—I left at the beginning of my senior year—I consider the years spent there to have been my college years. The memories of Bennington are somewhat bittersweet. Later on I graduated from Ohio State with a degree in occupational Therapy, quite a change from literature, history, and art which had been my interests at Bennington. However, over the years I have found that my enduring interests have been in these areas. A few years ago I reread Proust's *Rembrances of Things Past*, followed by books written by Wallace Fowlie and Howard Nemerov on Proust, which brought back Bennington days.

While doing my training in OT, I met my husband Charlie. We married 43 years ago and have two sons, and now two grandchildren. One son lives on the west coast, and the other on the east coast. We live in Alabama and Maine, but we do manage to see each other and keep in touch.

In 1996 I took up painting, something I had wanted to do for a long time. I paint both watercolors and oils, and this past May I had my first show, in Ohio where I grew up. Most of my paintings are landscapes, but I have recently started to do portraits of the grandchildren.



Nancy Warren

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My years at Bennington were pretty much idyllic. As a young woman I didn't fully appreciate what a gift it was to attend such a fantastic college. I think I fully expected the rest of my life to be as exciting and fulfilling as my years on that beautiful campus. That was not to be. My life was a roller coaster ride for a long time as I struggled to overcome the problems I was oblivious to as a young woman. I looked for fulfillment in relationships and in alcohol for a long time. Now, as I approach my 72nd birthday life is joyful. I worked for years to gain insight into my debilitating anxiety and insecurity. When I turned 60 it seemed as if the light came on and I began to shed the burdens that I had been carrying for 40 plus years. I was graduated by my psychoanalyst (how East Coast 60s of me to be seeing a Jungian analysts for years). I got sober from alcohol and my constant buddy Xanax. I learned to be happy as a single woman. What can I say? Life is good now. I work in the library of our local art college. The library is housed in a beautiful reconfigured Georgian mansion which sits on a hill overlooking a park. I am surrounded by a community of fantastic, creative art students. It is almost as if I have come full circle and am back on the Bennington campus with art and culture all around me but now I have the capacity to fully appreciate and enjoy it.



Priscilla Mader Wiggins

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While at Bennington my primary interests were literature and art. Today they are Buddhism and camping in wild places, painting nature as my living room. Bennington encouraged the ability to think and act independently, resourcefully, and courageously, plowing through obstacles, believing in miracles, taking the path with heart. A big up and down has been living with Lyme Disease since 1997. It stopped me in my tracks for awhile after many years of climbing mountains and backpacking. Now, after making a come-back, gratefully camping and painting nature's beauty.



Did not send an update



Betty K. Aberlin



Elinor Bacon



Kristin McLaughlin Barber



Virginia M. Barlow



Susan Henry Beall



Kathleen Day Beare



Janine Beichman



Janet Craver Blue



Marcia Livingston Fox-Martin
Bradley

Did not send an update



Harriet Huxley Dick Brown



Elizabeth Weiss Burk



Patricia Sheahan Clenaghan



Deborah Comay



Patricia Bergson Comross



Elizabeth Daker Dakavana



Roberta Faith Drubin DeDoming



Marcia Dunbar-Soule Dobson



Sandra Lee Meissner
Drescher

Did not send an update



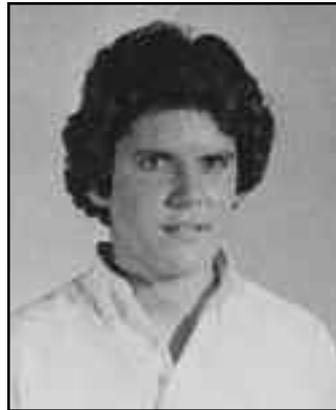
Betsey Dingman Eidinoff



Barbara Eisberg



Cecile Miller Eistrup



Gail Hirschorn Evans



Barbara Dula Ewald



Erika Schwenn Fox



Harriet L. Fraad



Margery A. Freedman



Carolee Gould Friedlander

Did not send an update



Elizabeth Martin Funk



Jeane Pavelle Garment



Jana Gail Dreiman Goodman



Comfort Gilder Gordinier



Joyce Goldman Gould



Sandra Perlmutter Greer



Hope Howland Hale



Corinna Harmon



Sarah Reynolds Harper

Did not send an update



Penelope Gates Hawkins



Patricia Hempstead



Marcie Brouner Heymann



Susan W. Horton



Ellen Kaplan Kardon



Katherine Little King



Joan Scheiman Kirshner



Mary Stewart Laird



Keiko Itokawa LeVasseur

Did not send an update



Sandra Alexa Smith Maxwell



Marianne Stafne Meyer



Elizabeth Rebecca Starkloff
Morris



Ann Popple Muller



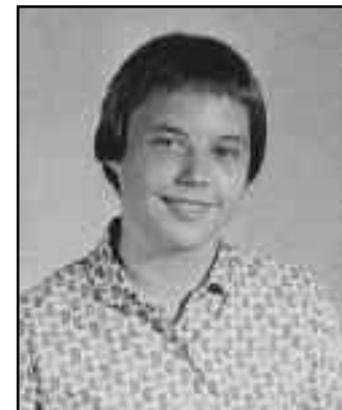
Patricia Terry Myatt



Eugenia Nicholas



Josephine Liss Ohayon



Margaret Nichols O'Neill



Denis Lesavoy Osborne

Did not send an update



Harriet Alper Otto



Natalie Pascoe



Jill Schutz Pinkwater



Isobel Pollock



Mary F. Poole



Barbara Young Poss



Barbara Reinhold Rauch



Jane Rosenthal



Linda Gildeleon Ruoff

Did not send an update



Elizabeth Truslow Russell



Brenda Samara



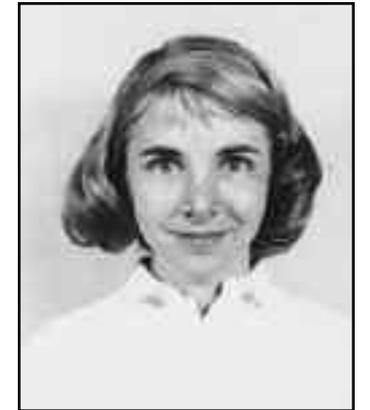
Diana Strauch Scott-Auger



Sally Shaw



Mary Hassett Skarstrom



Abbey (Helen) Smith



Rhea Rabinowitz Smith-Tague



Margaret Eliot Solomon



Janet Lynn Taksa

Did not send an update



Barbara Tilden-Thompson



Susan Appleman Unterberg



Alice Vanderpool



Rita Resnick Vilner



Paula Zweifach Weinberger



Kate H. Davis Williams



Tama Rib Zorn

Without Update—No Photo

Elyse Aronson-Van Breemen
Jane Witty Gould
Charlotte Holt Menasveta
Catherine Fairbank Mitchell
Georgia Atkins Scarbrough
Jane Austin Vaughn

In Memoriam



Linda Chase Broda



Abbie Aurell Brown



Nancy Dinsmore Cavanaugh



Meredith Lenore Pierce Champlin



Betsy Baker Colacicchi



Elsie Anne Farnam



Gretchen Gager



Catherine Johnston Greene



Constance Holden

In Memoriam



Sheilah Marlowe Miller



Nancy Steinmetz Murray



Rosalind Pierson

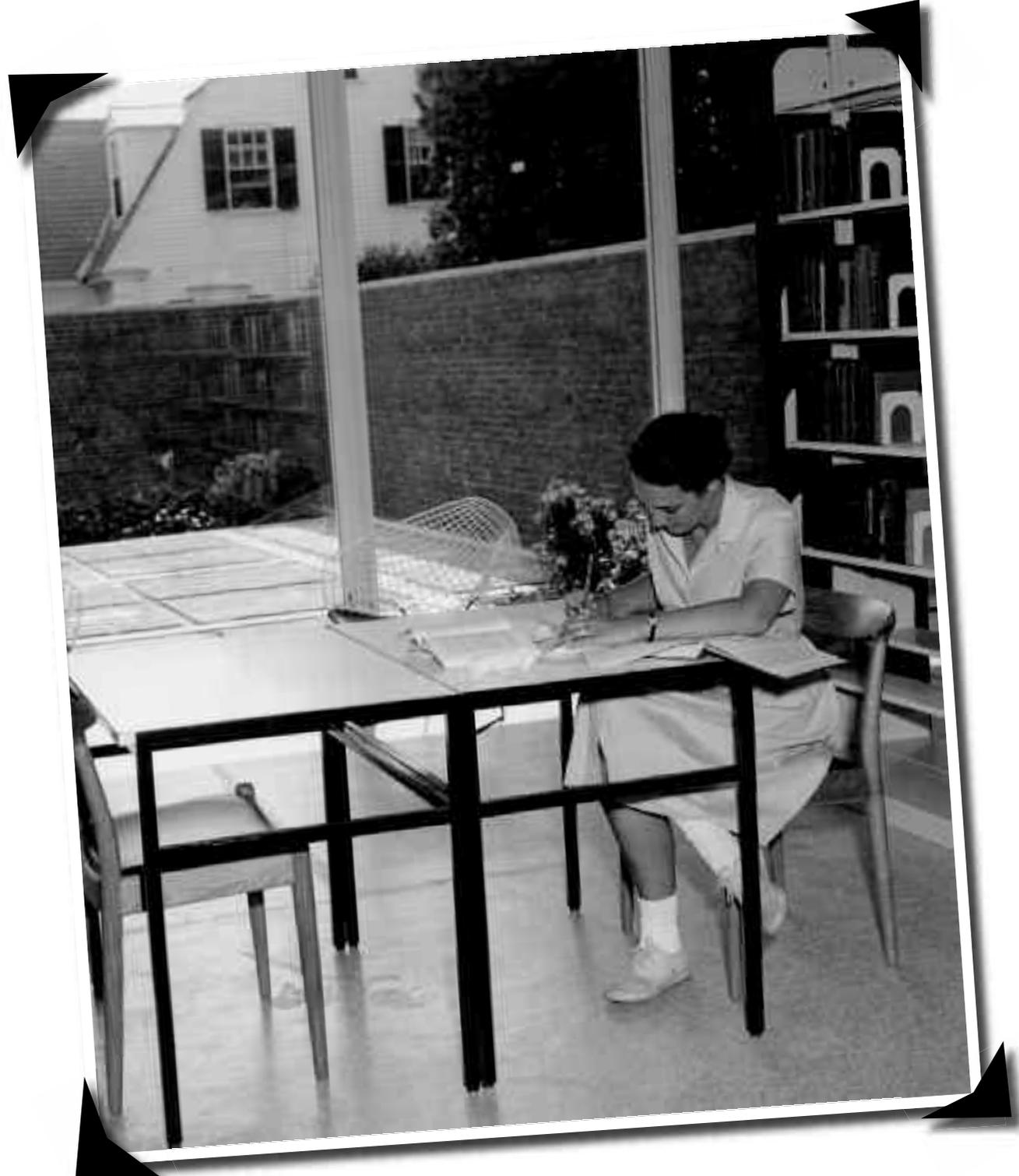


Barbara Marie Voss Webster

No Photo Available

- Priscilla Copela Rendell Cleveland
- Anne Forrester
- Ann Ewbank Ludy
- Julie Jeppson Park
- Karen Rosenblum-Cale
- Ella Dobkin Russell
- James Tyler





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