The Life and Times of My Zayda

Written and Produced by Harvey Horowitz and Harper Leary

A Word from the Editor

The relationship I have with my Zayda, Harvey, is beyond special, as anyone who knows us can recognize. I am fortunate enough to be his grandchild, his only one. There is something beyond blood that connects us, as if we are old friends who just understand each other. Despite being over 60 years apart, the generational gap has never gotten in the way, but instead has made us closer and able to bring different perspectives to the time we spend reflecting, joking, discussing, affectionately teasing, and of course, bonding.

This book means a lot to both of us, some of the reasons overlap, and some don't. For me, it was a way to understand him better, as if I was meeting the past versions of him I didn't get the chance to know. It was also a way to learn about the people I missed, his grandparents and parents, all of whom had passed away before I turned six months old. He was able to introduce us through his writing, and through the many breaks we took to discuss and ponder the content of what we were writing.

For him, it is a way to get all of his knowledge onto paper, for his children, for me, and for those who come after me. Rather than sifting through his dozens of journals, we now have a specific location for all of his memories spanning back to his childhood. I can't speak for him, but I know that there is a sense of relief that this exists, over 18 years after the original pages were written.

There is something to be said about an 18 and 81 year old who can sit together for hours every week to write a book. A mutual respect, affection, love, and trust is what made this possible, which is why I think only us two could have gotten it done.

Origins

When my first, and as of this writing only, grandchild was born in September 2005, I was asked what I wanted to be called—Gramps, Papa, Pop Pop, even Grandpop like Grandpop George, my father and grandfather to seven. I decided on Zayda, the Yiddish for grandfather, and what I had always called my grandfathers, Zayda Ben Horowitz and Zayda Sam Goodman. Zayda felt right to me, for it had personal, family, and ethnic resonances— a word that evoked powerful memories, and affections that collapse time and maintain a connection to my family's history in the shtetls of eastern Europe. That is where they came from, where the 20th-century chapter of my family's story begins.

My father's father, Benjamin Horowitz was born in 1889 and came from an area of southern Poland called Galicia, which could extend into western Ukraine and Russia depending on who had won the last war and where the changing borders were drawn. Ben emigrated to America with one older brother, Sam, and two older sisters, Tziviah and Chanah, around 1910, a time when the Jews of the shtetls of Eastern Europe suffered poverty, discrimination, and violence sanctioned by the ruling classes, particularly the Czar of Russia who stirred the peasantry to enact "pogroms," raids on Jewish villages and towns bringing murder, rape, and destruction.

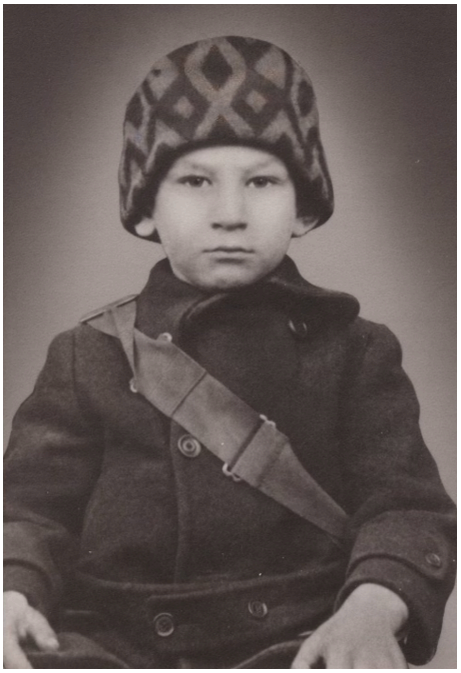
So Ben, looking for opportunity, security, and freedom from anti-semitism, arrived in New York and came to Philadelphia, a young and handsome man of seventeen. He was able to get work in the Stetson Hat Factory, in the Northern Liberties section of Philadelphia, where he was doing well apparently, for the only

picture we have of him from that time shows a well-dressed man. My father described him as "a Beau Brommel in his day".

We know nothing of Zayda Ben's parents, their lives in Galicia, or the sisters and brothers he left behind. Zayda Ben was a man of very few words, reserved and non-demonstrative, like most men of those times. But he would work long and hard days, twenty-hour days, seven days a week, in the candy store at the southeast corner of 20th and Dickinson in South Philadelphia, where he and Buba Goldie lived with their three sons – Max, my father, George, and Jack.

My father's mother, Goldie Letwin came to America from Kiev, the capital city of Ukraine, then part of Russia, one of six daughters brought by Meyer and Chava Letwin, who settled on Fairhill Street in South Philadelphia. When Goldie was about 19, she met Ben in what family mythology tells was an "arranged" meeting, which became an engagement and then marriage in 1914.

In 1915, Goldie and Ben had their first son, Max, who, according to family lore, suffered a traumatic birth— there are stories of forceps, the newborn being dropped— leading to brain damage. Max was what was for decades called "retarded"; delayed in his intellectual and social development. Thus began the great sadness and burden of Goldie's life and one of the defining moments of Horowitz family life.



On January 8th, 1917, Samuel (later to rename himself George), my father, was born, and two years later, Jacob, called Jack. Though Zayda had been a tailor in his early years in Philadelphia and had worked at the hat factory in the first years of marriage, he soon realized that the seasonal work, with a good part of the year not providing a wage, would not feed his family. And so, with help from some of his many brothers-in-law, he opened a candy store, a common way for an immigrant to begin a business, for almost every street corner had a candy store. The family lived behind the store in a few rooms, one of which was the kitchen where Goldie cooked, the beginning of her "art," and with a few pieces of furniture, orange crates for chairs, and a cot that my father and Jack shared.

The first of the candy stores failed, but one was vivid in George's memory, for it was on Oregon Avenue and across the street, at that time— 1920s— from the city dump. Little Sam played in the dump, going on expeditions in search of salvage to play with, discarded books to read, and hours to spend.

Ultimately, Ben and Goldie and family found 20th and Dickenson and once again opened a candy store in an ethnically diverse neighborhood where Italian, Negro (as African Americans were called then), and Jewish families lived. Here, the candy store became known to the

neighbors as Max's, after the friendly, talkative, but "slow" son of Ben and Goldie, who was always at the store, for in the 1920s, there was no schooling for the developmentally disabled. And it was at "Max's Store" that the family's fortunes turned, for by dint of hard work, Ben and Goldie could provide for the family during the Great Depression. George got his education, graduating from South Philadelphia High School for Boys in 1934 and then to Temple University.

During the years from his birth in 1915, Max lived at home with his family, always at home under the watchful eye of Goldie, who, during his childhood, never tired of taking him to doctors in the hopes of finding some treatment or help. But there was no help, and Max grew into a big, strong boy— man by adolescence, with the mind of a little boy who loved baseball. By then, he became a target of ridicule and cruelty from other boys, and George and Jack often had to come to his defense. My father told me of once picking up a pipe and saying he almost killed a boy while protecting Max. With his growth came more difficulty for Goldie to manage him at home, and sometime in 1932, Max was institutionalized at Pennhurst State Hospital, where he spent the rest of his life. But he was not abandoned. Every other week, Buba Goldie took public transportation, trolleys, and trains to the hospital near Valley Forge, carting shopping bags with food and necessities for Max and the others whose families didn't visit.

The stability of those years living behind the candy store made it possible to make friends, many of whom would remain close for the rest of their lives. During adolescence, Sam, as he was still known, and a dozen or more of his boyfriends formed a fraternity of sorts, which they called Club Royal, the primary focus and goal of which was to meet girls. All their energies and creativity were about social gatherings, which, according to my father, meant introductions at the home of one of the girls – and by 'home,' he meant the parlor under the watchful eye of the Momma. The boys of Club Royal were so successful at arranging get–togethers with Jewish girls from 'foreign' neighborhoods of Strawberry Mansion and West Philadelphia that many met their future wives there, and that was how Sam, who by then had become George, met Esther Goodman, my mother.

How Sam became George, as told to me, is a tale of practicality. Club Royal had too many 'Sams,' so Sam Horowitz became George Horowitz; it may only be coincidental that George was also the very non-ethnic name of the King of England.

My mother's parents, Samuel Goodman and Ida Zellinger Goodman, were early 20th-century Eastern European immigrants. Sam came alone the first time, according to the family narrative, after deserting the Czar's military, to which he had been conscripted and in which service for Jews was embedded in the hostility of the anti-semitism pervasive in the Czarist Russia of the time. Historians tell us of the pogroms of the first decade of the 20th century as being increasingly violent, of the inability of Jews to gain admittance to the universities and professional schools, of discriminatory laws and restrictions. So, many Jews, particularly the young, were leaving for America in search of freedom and opportunity, and

many would desert the military and take the dangerous trip by land and railroad, across borders and past military checkpoints, to a port where they could gain passage by boat.

Sam Goodman made the trip successfully and arrived in Philadelphia, where he lived with landsmen (friends and family from the same region— Zhitomer— of Russia (now Ukraine). Letters from his family at home in the town of Polonye informed him that political and economic threats to the family required him to return to Russia, complete his time of enforced service, or make the necessary bribes to officials. And so, he made a second voyage to America, again to Philadelphia, staying with relatives and getting a job in a sweater factory. Before long, he met Ida Zellinger (1895-1972).

The Zellingers, Henry and Dora, and their six children— Ida, the 19-year-old eldest and only daughter, and five sons, Abe, Lou, Jack, Joe, and Julius, arrived in Philadelphia in 1914 from Sklov, in the district of Mogliev, Russia, in what is now Belarus. They settled in the Strawberry Mansion neighborhood, and Henry and the older boys, Abe and Lou, went to work at a hardware store. By 1917, Ida had met and married Sam Goodman, a marriage that was not arranged but to have been based on love. On August 2nd, 1919, Esther Goodman, my mother, was born, followed in 1921 by Henry and in August of 1932, Libby, the unexpected "love child", arrived. The Sam and Ida Goodman home in Strawberry Mansion included their children and Ida's mother, Dora, brother Jack, and Sam's youngest sister, Cedora, also known as Shaindel in Yiddish and Jencie by the family.

Jencie and Anna Goodman were Sam Goodman's youngest sisters and the only of his siblings to join him in America, arriving from Russia in 1921. Anna went on to marry, have two sons, and lead a difficult life, dying relatively young in her 40s; I never knew her. Jencie became one of the family's more colorful and central characters. She taught herself English, attended Temple University's School of Pharmacy, graduating in 1924, one of the first women to do so, and became a part of the Russian-Jewish-Socialist intelligentsia in Philadelphia. She was cultured and well-read, independent and warm. Although she never married, she was my godmother.

As can be seen in pictures, my mother, Esther, was a beautiful young woman. She was also intelligent and talented; several of her pencil drawings and art projects from school have survived and were given to her grandchildren after her death. Because of Esther's natural gifts and intelligence, Aunt Jencie, a college graduate, felt strongly that she should pursue a scholarly course in high school. Jencie was pushing for her to go to Girls High, the city's all-girl, academic, college preparatory school. It is unknown where Sam and Ida stood on the issue; it seems that Jencie had a strong voice in family matters, perhaps because of Sam's illness and weakened

place and Jencie's contribution to the family finances during these years of the Great Depression. What is known is that Esther resisted mightily, as only she could, wanting to attend Simon Gratz High School in Strawberry Mansion with her friends. The conflict raged between these two strong-willed women, and tempers reached the point that Esther yelled at her aunt, "Go back to the old country!". Jencie prevailed, and Esther went unhappily to Girls' High—for a time—but eventually triumphed and transferred to Gratz. Hers was always a long game. She rejoined her girlfriends and their vibrant social life, studied the commercial curriculum to prepare for a secretarial job, and graduated in 1937.

The social lives of teenage Jewish girls in Strawberry Mansion in the 30s during the Depression, including Esther and her girlfriends – Bernice, Flossie, Iby, Lil, and other members of a sorority –went something like this: groups of boys (Club Royal) and groups of girls (sorority) got together at the home of one of the girls, boy meets girl while they dance, talk, laugh, flirt and boys go home. From these mixers, attractions arose, dates were made, relationships were begun, and, occasionally, marriages were planned.

As they got older, now young men and women, they would travel to Atlantic City on summer weekends, and that was how George Horowitz met Esther Goodman, walking on the Boardwalk with friends. At first, Esther was seeing a friend of George's, one Herbie Keller (future owner of the Showboat Jazz Club at Broad and Lombard). Still, Esther wasn't really "into" Herbie, so George, after checking with his friend, which was the code, asked her out, beginning several years of dating and eventually engaging. But all did not go smoothly. There came a time when George became restless and uncertain, and he told Esther that perhaps they needed to see other people to be sure. So they broke up, and following the break-up, Esther was hospitalized with appendicitis. News of her illness reached George, who, flowers in hand, appeared at her hospital room door and was greeted with, "What the hell are *you* doing here?" Two characteristics need to be mentioned here: Esther could hold onto her anger (what might be called a grudge), and she never cursed. I don't remember ever hearing my mother utter a curse word. Yet she relented and forgave George, and they were married on June 7, 1941.

How was it possible for George and Esther to marry with the country still in the Great Depression and World War II already raging in Europe? To answer this question, we have to return to 1938 when George was a senior at Temple University. He started as a pre-medical student, but then after realizing he didn't have the grades, he switched to graduate with a degree in education to teach math or history. In 1938, a job as a teacher paid $2000 a year, a substantial salary in those years. But during his senior year, a friend of Ben's and the salesman from whom he bought his candy and tobacco products for Max's store approached him with a business proposition. The friend, a Mr. Seltzer, was ready to retire; his sons were in the professions, so he asked Ben "Does George want to get into the wholesale candy and tobacco business?" George did, so he left Temple, never to graduate college, and with money given by his father, he went into business. Being intelligent, energetic, and ambitious, he moved to grow the business into both the wholesaling side and a small chain of corner candy stores, one of which was on the

corner of Broad and Ellsworth Sts., across Broad St. from a Marine Corps armory providing foot traffic, as did the subway stop at the corner. So his promising start in 1938 made it possible for George, at 24, and Esther, at age 21, to marry in 1941 and move into an apartment at 4th and Morris in South Philly.

And, at the very same time, in the summer of 1941, in Eastern Europe, where the family had been left behind, the armies of Nazi Germany invaded and quickly conquered Poland and the western territories of the Soviet Union, including Lithuania, Belarus, and Ukraine. From that summer of 1941 through1943, the Einsatzgruppen, the professional killing squads, murdered 1.5 million Jews, including women and children, and all the members of our family who stayed behind. Thus, the irony of Jewish family history: in America, weddings were celebrated, and newlyweds began lives together, while halfway around the world, brothers and sisters and parents and cousins were dying, unbeknownst to the family in the 'new world.'

So life went on, and fourteen months after their wedding, on August 2, 1942, Esther's 23rd birthday, I was born, named Harvey and Herschel in Yiddish, after my maternal great-grandfather, Herschel Goodman. During the war years, we lived in the apartment at 4th and Morris, and George built his retail and wholesale candy and tobacco business. He never went to war, having been twice rejected by his draft board due to his very poor eyesight, a 4F, or medical deferment.

1

I remember very little of the few years in South Philadelphia other than Mr. and Mrs. Bell, the couple who lived on the first floor and were our landlords. Mr. Bell, Moishe [moi-sha], was a car mechanic with a big laugh and a garage also on 4th Street which was guarded by a frightening dog, a boxer as I recall, kept on a long chain, and very good at keeping strangers out of the garage and of terrifying little boys. But my clearest memory of eighty years ago, when I was two or three years old, is of going to a hospital to have my tonsils removed, a tonsillectomy, which was a common pediatric surgery in the 1940's. My memories are of standing in a metal crib with metal rails, watching as my mother left, all alone and crying, my first experience of the terror and trauma of abandonment. The next moment in memory is of being in an operating room, lying on the table and looking up at the large disc of the light and seeing a nurse with surgical mask put the cloth wet with ether over my mouth and nose, and then I'm asleep. Looking back, the 'my mom is leaving' part of the memory stirs more anxiety than does the 'masked nurse with a cloth' part, which may have to do with the ether effects. The hospitalization draws to an end with ice cream to help the throat heal and going home.

In 1945, as the war in Europe was coming to an end, we moved from South Philadelphia to 6024 North 12th Street, a few blocks north of Broad and Olney Ave. Known hereafter as 12th Street., it was a stone front row house, with large maple or oak trees lining the street, and six steps up to the lawn level and then another six steps up to the front door. Inside was a living

room, a dining room, and a kitchen with a breakfast nook and table on the first floor and three bedrooms and two baths on the second.

Esther was pregnant when we moved in and on May 17th, 1945 my sister Carole was born. Pictures of that time show her in her carriage, hair the blond of corn silk, curly and very very cute.

12th Street was a block of mostly uniform row houses, and so were the families living in them. Our parents were first generation Jewish Americans, our grandparents immigrants from Eastern Europe – in those days it was all mainly the Pale of Settlement in Russia, and maybe Poland. I don't remember any accents on 12th street, except when our grandparents were visiting, which was rare as we almost always went to them. Our fathers were mostly in family owned businesses like my father –fruits and vegetable wholesalers, shoe manufacturing, barrel making, retailers of women's clothing – all hardworking, all fairly successful, and all upwardly mobile. 12th street was a picture of a particular kind of 'making it' in post WWII America. Our mothers, who were homemakers, raised their two, maybe three children, kept their homes, and fed their families.

I have a dim memory of my fifth birthday party, the summer of 1947, with the house filled with adults and children, and I remember a gift of a toy gas station with garage and pumps and cars which I was playing with and gradually modifying until it wasn't nearly as complete – or recognizable as a gas station. I also received a bike, a white three wheeler, which ended up, I think that very day, down the sewer at the bottom of the street. Apparently, I was a "bad" kid, and didn't handle frustration nor my five year old boy impulses very well. I don't remember punishments but I do remember my father's disappointment over the gas station.

There was another episode where the "crime" involved some inappropriate behavior with another five or six year old, a girl who went to school with me and who lived behind us, across the driveway, on Camac Street. Her mother told my mother, who was mortified and I was sent to my room, the blinds were drawn, and I was in the dark. I don't remember for how long, but I do remember being chased around the dining room table by my father with his belt in his hand. I'm

not sure for which infraction he was after me – I'm told there were plenty. I have no memory of my father ever actually hitting me.

It was during these years that Libby, my mother's younger sister, became an important part of my life. Libby was born in 1932, thirteen years younger than Esther and ten years older than me – all of us had August birthdays. By the time she was twelve or thirteen, she had become my babysitter, taking care of Carole and me when Esther and George went out or went away for a weekend and we stayed with the Goodmans on Arizona Street in Strawberry Mansion. One Saturday, my father was at work –typical at the time– and my mother had gone into town, probably with Bernice Cohen, which was also typical. Libby was babysitting, and I had walked "up" the driveway. I should explain that since 12th St was on a hill, it ran "down" going north and "up" when going south, so that you went up the street when walking to the grocery store on Nedro Ave to get milk or Tasty Cakes and down the street to play wireball on the telephone wires on Spencer Ave. So I had gone up to the lot, an empty piece of dirt and crabgrass that did have an old, metal swing set that we played on. I remember the thrill of swinging fast and high, and this time I swung so high that I hit my head on the stone wall behind the swings. My shirt covered in blood, I went home and was then taken to the emergency room at Einstein Hospital, just a few blocks away. Since Libby was only a teenager and Esther wasn't home, our next-door neighbor, Max Lebow drove me there and signed me in and waited while three sutures closed the wound in my scalp. The scar remained for many years.

This photo is on Arizona Street, where I'm about three and she's thirteen. She has her arm around me protectively and her entire hand is covering my crotch. This photo is famous among the family.

In 1948, Zayda Goodman died after many years of heart disease and very limited activity. His death is a vivid memory of my childhood, arriving by cab with my mother and sister at my grandparents' home at 30th and Arizona streets, entering behind their bakery, climbing the steps

to the second floor and the bedrooms. As I got to the second floor landing, I heard, with a startle, a loud sound, almost a roar, from the room to my right. I turned and looked in and could see my grandfather, lying on his back, his chest heaving, struggling to breathe, sounding what I much later learned was his "death rattle". That was the last time I saw him; he was taken by ambulance to the hospital where he died.

Thinking of my grandfather, Sam Goodman, I have one other memory, more fuzzy but accessible. We are standing during Saturday morning Shabbos services in the little shul [Yiddish for synagogue] on the corner of 30th and York Street. I am standing next to my grandfather, at about knee level, surrounded by a forest of wool-encased legs of men, white prayer shawls hanging down, swaying and chanting prayers, "davening," as has been done by Jews around the world for a thousand years. I remember feeling comforted, engulfed, and held by this ritual and its devotion and piety. I also recall that I was with my grandfather and the men; the women prayed separately on a balcony above, surrounding the men on the floor of the shul. This is a sensual memory, the scent and feel of wool, the sound of the chanting.

In 1947, I began kindergarten at Julia Ward Howe Elementary School, just a few blocks from home. My kindergarten teacher was Miss Langdon. She was tall, dark-haired and pretty. Is it strange for a five-year-old boy to appreciate his teacher's beauty? I tried to be good, especially during rest hours when we lay on mats on the floor, quietly waiting for the following milk and cookies. I have no memory of being bad. And then came 1st grade and desks that were screwed to the floor and had benches to sit on, lift writing surfaces, and inkwells. We sat in rows, a row of boys alternating with a row of girls, the rows arranged by height. Howe School was a kindergarten through seventh-grade school, and every morning, the children would play in the schoolyard until the bell rang, and then we would line up by class, and within the class, by height again. As I was, along with Paul Moser, the shortest boy in my class, I was at the front of the line and sitting in one of the first two desks in the first row next to the closet where we hung our coats in winter. My first-grade teacher was Miss Cadwallader, who was not young and pretty and did not smile affectionately like Miss Langdon.

I remember the stability and security of our neighborhood and our neighborhood school. Families rarely moved, and a new kid in our class was unusual. The same neighbors, the same kids on the block, the same classmates in school, most of whom had been together from kindergarten and age five through 7th grade and age twelve. We had learned together— reading, writing, and arithmetic. The mechanics of handwriting were most difficult for me, being left-handed; in the early 50's, we learned to write with a pen, which was like a wood stalk with a metal point was inserted, and ink, being in an inkwell where we dipped the point. I was accomplished at dripping and especially smearing, and the letters were unintelligible for many years. But I could read, do math, and think, so my report cards were usually good.

And so we lined up when the school bell rang in the schoolyard. We walked into the building in rows by grade, by gender, and by height— there was order and regimentation in those years— and we hung our coats on the hooks in the clothes closets with the sliding doors on one

side of the room, and we slid onto the benches of our desks, and we looked toward the front of the room where our teacher sat at her desk or stood at the blackboard with chalk and eraser in hand. For some of us, the learning came quickly, but for some, it was a struggle; some could sit still and pay attention, and some found self-control very difficult. Unfortunately, back then, those kids were labeled "bad". In 3rd grade, we had a teacher, Miss MacAvoy, who was quite large and had pitch-black hair, rumored to be a wig, and was very mean and scary. One day, she had reached her very modest limit for the antics of Jerry Hecht, he being one of the boys who struggled, and she actually tied Jerry to his seat with rope.

So there were "good" and "not so good" kids, and "smart" and "not so smart" kids, and "favorites" and "others" – all of these arbitrary classifications and roles - and I will acknowledge being in that more "exalted" group, but I will also confess to being a fraud, an undercover bad boy, who, along with my best friends, Bob Perlman, Steve Honowitz, and Lenny Fishman, were involved in clandestine activities like sticking one's toes into a space between the seat and back of the desk in front of me and "goosing" the girl sitting there. At first, she jumped, but soon, she just turned and glared. And when there were heavy snows that cushioned the pavements to and from school, we would, in small gangs of three or four, begin talking to a small group of girls who might be walking home for lunch, and one of us would position himself on all fours behind unsuspecting classmates, and she was then pushed back and over the accomplice and head over heels into the snow. My mother was invited to a meeting with Mr. Anderson, the principal, to discuss my behavior.

There was another place of learning in those years, from 1949 to 1955, Hebrew School at Congregation Emanu-El, located at Old York Road and Stenton Avenue, about five or six blocks from home, an easy walk except for crossing Broad Street. I was seven years old when my mother brought me to Emanu-El to begin my religious education, and I can remember her standing in the hallway outside the classroom, watching me watching her; as she was about to leave, I felt anxious about being left in a strange place. That first year, my Hebrew teacher was Mr. Kaiserman, a large man with a sense of humor and a kind smile who called me "gremlin," I'm not sure why. I attended Hebrew classes on Mondays and Wednesdays after "regular" school and Sunday mornings when the class was on Jewish history. I enjoyed learning to read Hebrew, but we were never taught to speak or understand Hebrew as a modern language in the State of Israel. We resided mainly in ancient Israel, the land of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with supporting roles for Sarah, Rachel, and Rebekah, and Hebrew was the biblical language, ritual and liturgy, and song.

I remember being engrossed in the Bible as narrative literature and as a history of the Jewish people, although somehow, at a very young age, I got the idea that this was also mythology and required a "suspension of disbelief" to be accepted and enjoyed. But the stories and the characters – Samson and Delilah, Samson bringing down the temple of the Philistines, David, and Goliath, David and Bathsheba – were exhilarating stories for a boy.

Though I was one of the youngest in the Hebrew School, I was soon joined by friends from the neighborhood – Bob Perlman from 13th Street, Lenny Fishman, and Steve Honowitz from Marvine Street (which we referred to as 'around the corner' meaning the next street over), and my buddy from my block of 12th Street, Carl Poplar. As a group, we walked to Emanu El across Broad Street and occasionally stopped at the Hot Shoppe for a bag of greasy, salty, and delicious French fries before class. We started to attend Saturday morning Sabbath services for children, called Junior Congregation, which was intended to teach us the ancient prayers and ceremonies. But prayer and piety were not the only reasons for our attendance at services; services also were an opportunity to socialize, to see and possibly become friends with some of the girls from other neighborhoods, particularly Ellen Lehman, who had dark hair, dark skin, and dark eyes. I haven't seen Ellen Lehman for over sixty years, but I can picture her at Junior Congregation on Saturday morning.

In time, we were chosen to fill the roles of rabbi and cantor, leading the Hebrew prayers, the English responsive readings, the cantorial songs, and, most importantly, the part of the service when the Torah, the handwritten scrolls containing the Five Books of Moses, Judaism's most sacred object, is taken from the Ark with its Eternal Light hanging above. Each week, a Torah portion is chanted so that the entire Torah is read to the congregation and discussed by the rabbi over the year. What I remember most vividly is standing facing the Ark, which is raised and mysterious, holding the Torah, which is re-rolled and dressed in its velvet garment and silver breastplate, and about half my ten-year-old size, and chanting the ancient prayer that says:

עֵץ חַיִּים הִיא לַמַּחֲזִיקִים בָּהּ

It is a tree of life to those who hold fast to it,
and those who support it are fulfilled and happy.

These words were sung to a melancholy and beautiful melody that gave me one of my earliest experiences of the powerful emotional effects of music and ritual and a context that can alter consciousness so dramatically– even for a nine-year-old boy. It's not the words alone; it's the music and the poetry, and since that time, music has remained an essential source of the transcendent for me. Even today, almost 75 years later, even though I'm rarely in Saturday morning synagogue, hearing this melancholy melody of childhood will bring a sweet sadness and tears to me.

Hebrew school continued to be an essential part of my life, and when I was nine or ten, I was invited to join a small and select group of boys who would be trained to read the Torah at Saturday morning services. This training involved learning to read Hebrew as it appears in the Scrolls, without vowels, and chanted according to a memorized musical notation. Moreover, after reading for the children's service, where I was comfortable several times in the first year, I was told I was moving to the adult service in the main Sanctuary where Rabbi Farber officiated

and Cantor Spiro sang operatically and where there might be hundreds of worshipers. I believe these were my first experiences of the anxiety that is stage fright, and I was a bit relieved that the other boy doing the Torah reading with me that first time was my best friend, Steve Honowitz (the portions were too long for one so that two and sometimes three boys were called on).

The Saturday of the first "performance" arrived, and I believe I was shaking as I sat and waited to be called when the service reached its penultimate moment, the reading of the Torah portion. Finally, the rabbi introduced the portion, briefly discussed meanings, ancient and contemporary, and then introduced me to the congregation, which did not include any of my parents, who were not Synagogue attending Jews. Nor were they "Rah-rah he's our kid!" parents.

When I reached the bimah, the desk on which the Torah lay, I realized it was too high— I couldn't see to begin to read. There was an interminable pause, some murmuring and chuckling, and then Mr. Halpern, a neighbor and one of the two men who held the scrolls open, whispered to me to step back while he pulled out a stool from under the bimah. I stepped up on the stool, took hold of the pointer, and now ready (and I should add 'reedy' for my voice, never great, was further compromised by nerves), I began, although still too small to see or be seen by the assembled. But I could be heard, and so could Honowitz! The rabbi was so pleased by our performances and the sight of these two kids in traditional, learned adult roles that he went on a bit, as rabbis are know to do, and eventually referred to us as the team of "Honowitz and Horowitz" as if we were the Martin and Lewis of Emanu El. Steve and I continued to read the Torah together for several years, the last times at our Bar Mitzvahs when we were thirteen.

Just as there was at Emanu El, Howe School was also a place to experience the early awakenings of the romantic heart. In 4th grade, when I was nine, a cute red-headed girl named Louise Gudknecht entered our class. Louise, being non-Jewish, red-headed, and fair, had more of the mystery and allure of the unfamiliar, and her differences and her physical development inflamed the passions of the little Jewish boys in Mrs. Lavin's class. It was not only her exotic "Shiksahood" (gentile girl) but also that Louise was visibly developing; something in the contours of her body, her flashing blue eyes, and her innocent smile led to much anguished and obsessive thought. Bob, Steve, and I longed to see her in class, at recess, and nothing made my heart leap and my throat constrict like Louise appearing at the Esquire movie for a Saturday matinee. The big question was who would sit beside her and maybe put an arm around her. Alas, Louise liked Bob, and I was never her boyfriend, but we did kiss one night at a party when, down in somebody's basement, a group of us played Spin the Bottle. The last time I saw Louise was in June 1955, when we finished 7th grade and graduated from Howe Elementary, but I remember her with warmth sixty years later; she introduced me to yearning and the bittersweet sensations of 'unrequited love.'

When we weren't in one school or another, we played, and in those childhood years, the place we played was the "street." The street referred to our block of 12th street, stonefront row houses on both sides, built around 1940 before the US entered the war, and inhabited after the war by families usually of four, occasionally just one or maybe three children, young families with kids from two or three to seven or eight years, homogeneous—all Jewish, all middle class and upwardly mobile. The fathers were businessmen; the mothers were housewives—I can remember only a few who worked. It was a stable and safe place to grow up— we kids knew nothing of divorce, violence, abuse, or alcoholism. The adults were friends and "aunt" and "uncle" to one another's children. Neighbors were close enough that the men formed a 6012 club, held meetings every Friday night at someone's home, played cards, drank a bit, smoked cigars, put out a newsletter, and took the wives on an annual trip to the Catskills. It was the post-war years, and it was kind of idyllic.

Family life in the 50s for the four of us, Esther and George, Carol and me, was conventional – rules, roles, and routines. Fathers worked, and mothers ran the home. Our home didn't seem any different from any other home on 12th Street, and my parent's marriage didn't look different from the others to a little kid. We ate dinner together at 6 o'clock most nights, except on Tuesdays and Thursdays when my father went to his organization meetings or to the Broadwood Health Institute, where he got a little exercise, some "steam," and a massage— this was the American version of the East European baths or "schvitz" in Yiddish (meaning sweat).

Dinnertime, the four of us sat around the Formica kitchen table, my parents facing one another as were Carole and I, my father and I on the blue nook, Carole and Mom on kitchen chairs. I don't remember meals being particularly enjoyable due to the usual conflicts over children's picky eating– I had a minimal palette and a strong aversion to vegetables, with limited options for concealing peas and other greens! But dinnertime was also the most likely time we would see conflicts between our parents. George would come home late and fail to call to warn Mom; the meat would burn, as would Esther. George would get defensive and raise his voice, and Esther would get more silent and angry, finally leaving the table in tears. It didn't happen too often, but it did, and most of the time, as I remember it, there wasn't too much conversation, anecdote sharing, storytelling, or laughter, other than when I would open my mouth full of mashed potatoes and gross-out Carole.

After dinner, I remember Carole and I laying on the carpeted floor in the living room and listening to the radio, to "The Lone Ranger", "The Shadow", and "The Fat Man", each with their

own unique introduction and theme music – The Lone Ranger rode into each adventure to the "William Tell Overture." Cheerios was one of the sponsors, and if you saved enough cereal box tops and mailed them in, you might get a ring with a secret compartment. A couple of years later, a neighbor bought the first television, and after school, the kids packed into their living room to watch "Howdy Doody" and "Kukla, Fran and Ollie." Soon after, we had our own TV, and after dinner became time, we gathered around it and watched "Your Show of Shows" with Sid Caesar or "The Milton Berle Show." Family time became TV time, passively absorbed by the images from the box and the new medium.

So family life settled into routines, and my life was a routine of school, play on the street after school, dinner at 6 as a family, then homework and TV in the evening – settled and predictable.

And we kids played in the street, the girls jumping rope but mostly the boys playing various forms of urban ball games; in the spring and summer, games like wall ball, wire ball, and "points" where a rubber ball was thrown against the cement front steps of a house, and you had to catch the rebound in the air or on one bounce to earn points, and most often stickball with a pitcher on one side of the street pitching to a batter on the other side to strike him out or of his hitting the ball a certain distance to be awarded a single or better – and over the rooftop was a homerun. Many balls – rubber, tennis, sponge were lost.

Every day, rain or shine, after school, we would drop off our books, change out of school clothes – mothers insisted – and out into the street we'd run to play touch football in the fall and winter, the field being the street between two telephone poles marking the goal lines, with cars on both sides acting as sidelines. The game was pretty much how Bill Cosby described his North Philly street. We played for hours, beyond darkness, until our mothers called us in for dinner… the second or third time.

Along with the "street," there was the schoolyard. Howe School had a schoolyard with a basketball court. As we got a little older, we would stick around after school to play "hoops," three on three half courts, winners stick losers sit, weekdays and much of Saturday and Sunday. In the schoolyard, I learned to play guard, the only position for someone my size, and to focus on dribbling and passing and becoming a "playmaker." Though I was a pretty good schoolyard player in the small world of our neighborhood, I never made the team when I tried out at Central High, a school with 2,000 boys from all over the city, a city crazy about basketball. I remember going to the Saturday morning children's matinee at the Esquire Movie Theater on Broad Street in the early '50s, and as a special treat for the kids there to see cartoons and serials, we were introduced to Wilt Chamberlain, still a student at Overbrook High School.

The games changed with the seasons, and, as I said, the fall brought football, touch football in the street. Since I could pass and call plays, meaning I was bossy, I frequently played

quarterback, and everyone there was included. Carl Poplar, a friend since he was three and I was four, was like a younger brother. He was a great tree climber and risk-taker, fearless, athletic, competitive, and very emotional. Carl would frequently get frustrated with his performance or assigned role and sometimes get very angry with me, mainly because of my bossiness or disappointment. Once, we were in the huddle, and he got so furious that he took a swing at me, which I instinctively blocked, and in doing so, his pinky finger was dislocated and sticking out at a peculiar angle. We were both stunned and stared at it for a couple of seconds, and then I grabbed his hand and, without thinking too much, pulled the finger toward me, and it popped back into place. Without missing a beat, we returned to the huddle, a play was called, and the game continued.

There was another memorable Carl and Harvey moment. Again, he was furious with me, and I must not have handled the situation or his sensitivities with care (who had "sensitivities" among nine and ten-year-old boys in the 1950s?). He became enraged until he couldn't stay in the game or on the street, disappearing into his house, only to emerge minutes later with one of his mother's kitchen knives, whence he commenced to chase me in a manner most threatening and most dire, eyes wide with fury and waving the knife. Though never a speed demon, I moved with great haste around and between cars that day, eventually finding safety under a car where I couldn't be reached until Carl calmed down. Carl and I were like brothers, very competitive brothers, and to this day, I love him like a brother, although I rarely see him.

In September 1955, I was Bar Mitzvahed, and what I remember most clearly about that experience was realizing just a few weeks before the day that I was unprepared, having not studied at all during the summer at camp. So I studied and panicked right up to the night before, and I didn't think I knew the Torah portion and the Haftorah– a lot of Hebrew and chanting. Despite the years of Hebrew school, I was sure it would be a disaster in front of family, friends, and congregation. So I did what any overwhelmed with anxiety, paralyzed thirteen-year-old Bar Mitzvah boy would do – I tried negotiating with the Old Man with a Beard! The following day at the service, I went into an altered state of consciousness, like not being there or in my own body, automatic pilot, and the entire thing just came out of me. I took a lesson from that, not in the power of prayer as a conversation with the supernatural, for I don't believe in anything beyond Nature, but rather in the varieties of mind and mental process and the many ways of knowing.

After graduating from Howe Elementary in 7th grade in 1955, I went to Wagner Jr. High School, a much longer walk to a much larger school, with students from other neighborhoods who were strangers, unfamiliar, and different ethnically, racially, and behaviorally. Junior high school was a shock with a sudden increase in energy, noise, aggression, sexuality, and numbers. And it was 1955– the beginning of Rock and Roll. In the cafeteria at Wagner, I first heard Elvis sing “Heartbreak Hotel” and watched the 50’s versions of teenage flirtation rituals. It was also the beginning of my ‘coming of age.’

Being surrounded by the excitement of girls didn't last, which was probably a good thing– I'm not sure I could have concentrated. In September of 1956, I began Central High School, the all-boys college preparatory school that had been opened in the 1840s, one of the nation's first public schools of this kind. And there I spent the next four years of rigorous education, making friends, playing competitive athletics, and having a good time– sometimes too good with too much fun. Classes were taught by dedicated teachers, many of whom were characters in their own right– Dr. Cade in English, who we called "Ming the Merciless" both for his appearance and his fearsome style; Dr. Keynes, about five feet tall and all passion about American history; Mr. Levin, young and hip and trying to help me “ge”" geometry (I passed with a charitable 'D'—almost all of them memorable.

At Central, I was introduced to Shakespeare, Dickens, and the Romantic poets, getting lost in well-written history and perplexed by anything math. I played baseball, swam on the city championship swim team, tried out for and didn't make the football or basketball teams, and left school during lunch, which was against the rules, to go to the nearby greasy spoon luncheonette, known for its great cheesesteaks. Now and then, there would be a "raid," and any of us who were caught were given detentions. When the school authorities burst through the front doors, those who were quick enough made an escape through the back door. I was never captured. I was in the 214th class at Central, and we recently had our 60th reunion, friendships that have lasted.

Adolescence in the 1950s was an experience far more significant and complex than high school. It was social and visceral, confusing and, at times, a frightening mix of new needs and urges and powers and thinking, albeit of a very primitive kind. It was a classroom and a laboratory for learning about the body, relationships, and the other, and the mystery of changing bodies and behavior.

To the four of us who had known each other and been friends since kindergarten, we added Alan Dickerman, who Bob and I had met at Central, and who had moved to the neighborhood from Strawberry Mansion. Alan fit in seamlessly, as he had a similar spirit– wise-ass and rebellious, less than serious about most of life except for hanging out with girls, motivated by pleasure and laughter, combined with a disregard for rules and disrespect for some forms of authority bordering on juvenile delinquency.

The “criminality” was modest. Truancy on the opening day of baseball season, sneaking into movie theaters, particularly the Tacony Drive-In with several of us hidden in the trunk of the car, underage drinking, disorderly conduct, etc. One of Alan’s more memorable scams was the

creation of a fraternity, which was called the Greeks, a fraternity that did nothing and stood for less, except in the minds of those classmates who were persuaded to join for a $5.00 membership fee, for which the member received a membership card. Alan thought this was an easy way to make a few dollars, and he was right. Our classmates joined in droves, swept up in the peer pressure and the desire to belong, to be cool. And, at the risk of immodesty, by 10th grade, we were considered cool.

Freshman year was spent in groups. The boys, the five of us, played schoolyard basketball and touch football in the street, all activities embedded loosely in a lot of hanging out. Weekends, the focus changed, beginning on Friday nights, when we blended into the mass migrations of adolescents to the Esquire Movie Theater, not to watch a movie but to watch and excite one another, the rituals of the males and females of the specie. I doubt that anyone was watching the movie, nor could the sound of chatter, giggling, and laughter be heard over the din. There was so much teenage energy and noise that the manager would make several trips down the aisles of the darkened theater, flashlight in hand, threatening to exile the rowdy and ill–behaved.

After the movie, the migration would continue north on Broad Street to the Hot Shoppe, the restaurant, and hang-out, where my kinsmen and I would resume our hormone-driven effort to engage and entertain the tables of girls in the hopes of meeting someone and creating a gathering the next night. Then we would have something to do on Saturday night. And so it went, week after week; our energies never flagged, and our mission was singular.

Planning for Saturday night also required using the only piece of technology available for conversation at a distance in the 50s, the "dreaded"telephone. It was black, had to be dialed with the forefinger, and then it was answered, usually by someone in the family other than the girl you were calling, leading to a silence and a wait. During these painfully long moments, you were imagining how she was laughing or gesturing, "No, No!" but finally, this stranger said, "Hello?" and then the even more difficult "What do I say now?!" The telephone call was a task I avoided; fortunately, it was one that Bob welcomed. He could talk to anyone, whether face to face or on the phone, and his fearlessness and skill at engaging with girls made our Saturday nights busy. And so, after cold cuts with the family, the five of us would meet and venture outside the neighborhood to new and strange lands to meet new and sometimes strange girls by foot (in Logan) or by public transportation (the Northeast or West Philadelphia). These exciting times were made possible by the group– "the Boys".

Some Saturday nights, we went to dances, usually at synagogues, attended by hundreds of teenagers and hosted by one of the prominent DJs like Hy Lit or Joe Niagra from WIBG, the local rock and roll radio station. Following the Bandstand model (created in Philly), the DJ would bring a doo-wop group to perform and get some exposure for their latest 45 rpm record release (a 45 was a vinyl recording with one song on an A side and one on the B side). This was how we heard Lee Andrews and the Hearts sing "Tears on My Pillow" and many other great groups out of Philly.

From these dances and the performances of the doo-wop singing groups, the boys got the idea that we, too, should form a group, sing at the "hops," and naturally receive the adulation of countless girls. So, a few songs were written of no musical merit along the lines of "Pixie from Dixie," rehearsals were held, and by dint of little talent and enormous 'chutzpah' (Yiddish for balls or the courage needed to embarrass yourself doing something that you may be ill-prepared for) "the Blazers", decked out in matching boatneck jerseys, talked their way into performing on stage at several dances. The originals were pretty bad, but they did a pretty good cover of "In the Still of the Night." Their "careers" ended the night when Hy Lit gave us the hook while it rained pennies being thrown by an unappreciative audience. And as far as the girls went, well…

I never went on stage with the boys. I was the group's manager behind the scenes, where I was safe from what looked like sure embarrassment. Whereas my friends were fearless, I was terrified of the exposure and couldn't take the risk of public humiliation. But I did get to go along for the ride and share the excitement of those memorable moments.

One of those moments occurred on a night when we were backstage with the aforementioned Lee Andrews, who was talking to his group, which included his wife, Jackie Andrews. We were a few feet away when I said something loud and inappropriate– I don't remember the exact words—and the space got silent, and Lee Andrews, a grown and religious man and a star, gave me a cold, hard stare. After a few seconds that felt like days, I apologized to Lee and his wife, and life went on and on as the boys never tired of telling the story. About fifty years later, I read an article about Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson, the founder and drummer of the hip-hop group The Roots, when I discovered he was Lee Andrews's son, bringing the story back again.

August 2, 1958, I turned 16, and by September, I had my driver's license and access to my father's fire engine red Dodge D-500 convertible. He had turned 40 the year before, and I guess the car was his mid-life gift to himself. The vehicle changed everything as my teenage world expanded and opportunities (for getting into trouble) increased. Since George was liberal with the car, I became the designated driver for the boys. On Saturday nights, we explored new and more distant neighborhoods, meeting up with friends from school in places like Mt. Airy, Oxford Circle, and West Philly. We went to drive-in movies, with two couples paying admission while two friends were in the trunk.

We acquired a group identity and a reputation, necessities in the adolescent social world of the 50s. Two of the boys, Lenny and Steve, worked as attendants at a parking lot across the street from the Broad and Olney bowling alley. We began to hang out after school and on weekends at the parking lot, which had a shack big enough for the five of us. Geography gave us our identity, both the shack and the bowling alley; we became the "BO boys," with certain notoriety, and the location became a gathering place for our extended "family" which now

included friends from other neighborhoods who would drive over to hang out. This run down wood shack was our “temple of connection”. Being part of a group, particularly a “cool” group, hid a lot of insecurity.

As I mentioned, soon after getting my license, I became the designated driver because I could usually get my father’s car.I had a good sense of direction and knew my way around Philly, and, unlike the others, I didn’t drink. I vehemently disliked the taste of cheap straight whiskey, which is what my friends were drinking. It was just teenage boys wanting to get intoxicated. In our gang and in the 50s, Friday and Saturday night meant buying a bottle of cheap whiskey or wine (Four Roses or Thunderbird) to be passed around for the expressed purpose of intoxication and diminished inhibitions. So, on a rainy Saturday night in September of 1958, the Boys were on our way home from a party, passing through Logan about 1 AM in my father’s new convertible, when a parked car pulled out from my left right into my path and I could not avoid it. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and I could drive home, but I was terrified as I went up the steps to my parents’ bedroom. How was my father going to take the news, he of the hot temper? The light was still on, Esther in curlers and still awake, George asleep. I shook him awake and confessed, “Dad, I got into an accident.” He looked up at me and asked, “Was anybody hurt?” “No,” I said, and he said, “Good, we’ll talk in the morning.” And he rolled over and went back to sleep. That was one of the great surprises and reliefs of my life.

The car also made it possible for our musical experiences to expand. Around this same time, 1958, we became interested in jazz, that uniquely African-American art form that represented the cool, sophisticated, adult, “hip” persona—a way of beginning to differentiate ourselves from peers and enter a dark and mysterious world. Our weekend, Friday night, would start with WHAT FM, the all-jazz radio station in Philly, David “Fathead” Newman playing sax on “Hard Times,” Joel Dorns’ theme song, followed by Sid Mark and his show, “Fridays with Frank” a couple of hours with the “Chairman of the Board” from Frank Sinatra, and his classic albums of the 50s. And then, on Saturday, the car took us over the bridge to New Jersey and the Red Hill Inn in Camden, where, dressed in coats and ties, we were welcomed, at 16 and 17 years old, as if we were of age and legit to be there and order our drinks and sit at our table by the stage and listen to Cannonball Adderley on sax, the Oscar Peterson Trio, and many others. So the car took us to jazz, girls, and a glimpse of independence and a kind of manhood that was exciting but limited, narrow, in a 50s way.

The car also drastically changed relationships; it made dating possible and began the moving from a group social life to that of coupling. You picked up your date at her home, drove with her to a movie,

concert, or party, and at the end of the evening if you clicked together and were lucky, you went to some dark, secluded spot to make out. The car was the "room" of young love and lust on wheels. But Saturday night didn't end for the Boys when we dropped our dates or girlfriends off at their homes. No matter the hour, usually 12 or 1AM, we would meet at the Linton's restaurant on Broad St., where we would eat, talk – and lie – about the evening's adventures, tease and insult one another, joke and laugh with the waitresses and other customers, many of whom would shudder when we walked in. Linton's on Saturday night was our ritual, our communion, and the feeling of it was captured by Barry Levinson's 1982 classic film, "Diner."

There were some Saturday nights when my parents' car wasn't available, and when that happened, I would ask Zayda Ben if I could borrow his 54 Chevy. So I would go to his home to pick up his car on Saturday, use it for that evening, and then on Sunday morning I would drive to 8th and Vine streets, where at 70, he still had a candy store, and I would help out for a few hours and then drive with him to Sunday afternoon cooked by Buba. These few hours were the most memorable times I was with my grandfather.

Early one Sunday morning in January of 1959, the phone rang, and my father answered to learn that Zayda Ben was hurt and was at the Hahnemann Hospital emergency room. He ran to the car, and I jumped in the car with him since I was already up. George sped south through empty streets, running red lights and stop signs. I had never seen him so reckless and anxious. When we got to the ER, we learned that my grandfather had been stabbed during a robbery at the candy store, his lung was punctured and collapsed, and that he had continued to wait on customers after the stabbing until someone saw blood on his white shirt and called the police. I remember my Uncle Jack being so upset in the ER that he got in his car and drove back to the neighborhood of the store looking for the robber. I went with him. Zayda, at 70, made a complete recovery, but the candy store, which had been in the family for years, was closed, and he worked in Dad's warehouse with his two sons until he died in 1975.

I met Ricki Handler in the summer of 1958 at Camp Green Lane. I was an almost 16,-year-old waiter and she was a 13 year old bunk-mate of my sister Carole's. She was young and very cute. The following summer she wasn't quite so young and she was still very cute, big brown eyes and a big smile. Though she was still a camper, we fell for one another and began a summer camp teenage romance. It had all the ingredients of teenage "love", the powerful experience of lust, the joy of being wanted, the security of knowing someone wanted to hold your hand and give you a good night kiss. After the summer, we saw each other every Saturday night and talked on the phone most nights; we were

"going steady", meaning we weren't dating anyone else. We were highschool sweethearts, just kids; I was 17, and Ricki was going on 15, but just as surely enjoying "young love." My senior year flew by, and in the spring of 1960, we went to my senior prom together. In June, I graduated in the 214th graduating class of Central High School.

2

In September 1960, I left 12th Street for Susquehanna University in Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, about 2.5 hours from Philadelphia. My parents drove me to school and helped me move into my dorm on the 3rd floor of an old building. When I entered the room I found that it was going to be home to four of us and the other three had already moved in, as they were on athletic scholarships, and had come early for football camp. There were two bunk beds, and the only available was an upper, which didn't seem like the best fit for the smallest of the foursome, but when I asked, innocently, who was bunking on the top bunk, my 6ft roommate, Clark "Duke" Schenk, said "You're up here," and matter of factly lifted me by my ribcage, placed me on the bed. We had a great Freshman year!

I was a pre-med science major, and I did very well, a good part due to my high school education, which seemed much more college-preparation than my classmates. And because Susquehanna was a small, good school, I could also play freshman basketball and varsity baseball.

I took an algebra class my freshman year taught by Blair Heaton, a star athlete at Susquehanna University, 20 years earlier. In addition to teaching math, Mr. Heaton was a football and track coach, the sports he had excelled in 20 years before. He appeared to be a trim, fit, 40-year-old man who clutched his chest while standing in front of the first meeting of the class, said he didn't feel well and collapsed. He died in the hospital a day or two later.

Another class I took was a required course in religion taught by Dr. Benjamin Lutz, a sweet older man of good humor with his divinity degree from the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. As the only Jew in the class with an extensive religious education, I quickly became Dr. Lutz's resident scholar on the Old Testament and Judaism. This was another example of where I grew up affecting me in a way that was advantageous at college.

This was true of baseball, which I hadn't played at Central in my junior and senior years. But all those years of sandlot baseball and schoolyard basketball during the summers of my

childhood and early adolescence gave me the skills to try out for and make the varsity baseball team and the JV basketball team.

The second semester of freshman year was also the time of pledging a fraternity, and since many of my friends made playing baseball and basketball were headed to the "jock" house, Lambda Chi, I too was leaning toward the house. But, despite many of the upperclassmen brothers making it clear they wanted me at first, I soon found out that the national fraternity Lambda Chi had restrictive by-laws — Jews and "negroes" were not accepted, were not acceptable. I was stunned; I had never encountered institutional anti-Semitism before. I didn't take it personally. However, I pledged to Theta Chi and made some good friends.

My sophomore year is memorable as I look back on my biology classes, particularly embryology with Dr. Bruce Presser, which provided me with an early experience of awe at the profound inter-relatedness of biological systems and the elegance in the organization of living systems. My introduction to the developmental perspective has stayed with me and informed my thinking about biology, psychology, and social systems. And I feel the awe and the mystery to this day, so I would have to say that my spirituality also reads of these ideas and that experience, natural wonder, "the grandeur of reason incarnate" – Albert Einstein.

Sophomore year was also the year of a relationship with Midge Roth, a classmate from somewhere in Pennsylvania that wasn't Philly, the sophomore class representation to the court of the Homecoming Queen, and very adorable. We would go to her sorority parties and some fraternity parties — she was my campus girlfriend, at home, Ricki Handler remained my girlfriend, and I had to go home every other weekend. The "romance" with Midge lasted into the spring and then fizzled, why I'm not clear about, but it may have had something to do with a guy from York, Pennsylvania, with whom she got pregnant, left school to get married, and never had any contact with me after the end of the school year in 1962.

My baseball coach that year was Jim Garrett, the head football coach. Garrett was a tough, perfectionistic, driven man from New Jersey who had played professional football with the New York Giants in the '50s and was known on campus to be volatile, demanding, and sarcastic when confronted with mistakes. But his manner is something out the back in his players, and I think I got more out of myself from Coach Garrett than any other coach. Since I wasn't one of his favorite prospects, I didn't get the full brunt of his wrath. Or perhaps he realized that for me, baseball was only a game to play while getting the education that was going to lead to medical school. Indeed, I thought that that domain of ideas was as important as the domain of competitive athletics, which was a foreign idea to Coach Garrett.

One of the joys of that spring of baseball in 1962 was the spring break tour of Southern schools the baseball team took. In our coaches' three cars, we rode the interstates to North and South Carolina and the country roads to schools like Elon College and Lenoir-Rhyne University to play baseball games against excellent teams that usually beat us. But the real adventure was the trip itself, the time joking and laughing in the car and when Coach Secanovitch hit the gas

when a chicken appeared in the middle of the road one dark night. We had feathers all over the windshield!

Music and civil rights and the relationship of the two dominate my memory of my junior year. I was writing for the school newspaper, and my occasional article focused on the Civil Rights movement and was inspired by the writings of James Baldwin, who became one of my early literary heroes. His books and essays, particularly "Go Tell It on the Mountain" and "The Fire Next Time", opened my sense of justice, already awakening through my ethnicity and Jewish persecution and prejudice. I remember the arguments at school and, surprisingly, the more heated arguments at home around the kitchen table where my father and I got loud as my idealistic righteous indignation met his real-life experience and more practical take on things. Even more volatile were my discussions with my friends from home, particularly Alan Dickerman, where my idealized sense of the rights of every man ran into the wall of his experiences as a kid in Strawberry Mansion of getting beat up and having his bicycle stolen.

And my music changed, and reflected the gathering of the folk music tradition to the Civil Rights Movement. In my room at the fraternity house you would hear Bob Dylan's first album and the later work that included Blowin' in the Wind, as well as Pete Seeger and "We Shall Overcome". What was happening was the protest song, but it was always, also, the songs of love and loss and suffering. I seemed from a certain age to carry this sensitivity, a melancholy rooted in the inevitability of loss, the imperfectability of men and women and their fragile relationships. So Bacy singing real English ballads or Dylan his contemporary versions could bring me to some bittersweet place that remains.

During this time, the country also went through the Cuban Missile Crisis, those few days when my fraternity brothers and I sat around the TV watching President Kennedy tell us that we might go to war or that we might get blown up — I don't remember being scared; it didn't seem real in a visceral way; it was just TV.

In early September, 1963, a day before I was to leave to return to Susquehanna for my senior year I received a letter from Temple University School of Medicine accepting me for the following academic year, September 1964. This acceptance meant that I could take whatever courses I wanted without regard for pre-med science requirements. What a gift! So that year I registered for American literature, Shakespeare, theater — enough literature classes that I would graduate with a double major in science and English literature. And what a fantastic year it was — learning was never so natural with ease, curiosity, imagination, and inspiration. These are the wonderful times, heady times of youth, when, if you are lucky, you are in love with what you're learning, with learning itself, with the only goal being the excitement of the discovery of ideas.

This experience was facilitated by a small group of fraternity brothers, Don, Bob, and Pete, a foursome who would discuss life and literature amid the haze of pipe smoke deep into the night. So typical of college boys, deep philosophical discussions as if we knew something about life.

That fall of 1963, the Susquehanna University football team under Coach Garrett was undefeated and one of the country's best small college teams with one game to play against

Temple University in Philadelphia. This was a David and Goliath event, with Susquehanna University, a school of 2,000, playing Temple, a huge, urban university. To add to the drama for me, the Susquehanna team was led by my good friends, frat brothers, and former teammates, while Temple's leading ball carrier was Butch Fecek, a childhood friend from around the corner. I decided to have a party at my house on 12th Street after the game on Saturday.

When Susquehanna pulled that upset, there was cause for celebration.

The party was in the basement; we had a finished basement in our rowhouse on 12th Street, and that was where we had the party. Friends from childhood, from high school — city kids from Philly mixing with my friends from college; small town and more rural kids, and the mixing facilitated by the flowing beer. I think that party was the first time we had beer in our house — my family and ethnic community Jews only drank alcohol at weddings and mitzvahs, and drinking beer was goyishe. But not that night — everybody drank, danced, flirted — it was very high energy, ultimately too much energy. I'm not sure when the police arrived, but arrive they did, called by a neighbor across the driveway who noticed a disturbance behind my house. The disturbance was a fight, something else that was rare in a Jewish neighborhood, a fight that had broken out between my close boyhood friend Bob Perlman and one of my fraternity brothers, Ken Mutzel, who was bleeding from a sucker punch. Order and peace were achieved, the police left, the party continued, my parents stayed upstairs and in the kitchen, and I had a great time. Ah, the college years.

This all changed on November 22nd, 1963. I was walking through the lounge of the Student Union on my way to the mailboxes for my almost daily letter from Ricki and my Philadelphia Inquirer when Walter Cronkite made time stop when he announced that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. Not too long after, he reported that the president was dead. Words like "stunned" don't describe what I felt like — those of us standing around stared blankly, asked questions of disbelief, and cried. When it was announced that school would be canceled I decided to drive home to Philly — where else do you go when tragedy occurs?

A day or two later, Ricki, Lenny Fishman, and I drove down to Washington, D.C., to witness the president's body being moved from the White House to lie in state in the Capitol Rotunda. We were standing in the frigid cold as the riderless horse and the horse-drawn caisson with the casket went by; tens of thousands stood silently.

But of course, life went on — it always does, taking little note of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" — and my senior year and my undergraduate life at Susquehanna ended with graduation, magna cum laude, that spring of 1964. Following graduation, I asked Ricki to marry me, and we planned to marry a year later, in June of 1965.

I was leading a charmed life, or so it seemed.

I began medical school in September 1964, moving into an apartment above a barbershop across from the Basic Science Building. The apartment was somewhat dark, having its windows facing another building and overlooking an alley. There was a small bedroom, big enough for a bed pushed against two walls, and a living room with a kitchenette and bathroom. It seemed good enough at first, certainly more than what I was used to in a fraternity house.

Freshman year of medical school began with gross anatomy, full days of lectures on bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, and organs, and their relationships, followed by labs in which the class, broken into groups of four, dissected a human cadaver. The group I was assigned to included Dick Scott, Taylor Caswell, and Mike Kirsh. The four of us surrounded the table on which lay the remains of a petite old lady whose thin body made dissection easier, for there weren't layers of fat to go through. We got along well and settled into roles and the procedure. Fortunately, Dick was the son of Dr. Michael Scott, Professor of Neurosurgery at Temple, and Taylor, who was called Caz, was the son of Taylor Caswell, Jr., Professor of Surgery at Temple, and both of them were very interested in surgery and dove into the actual dissection. I gravitated to reading the manual, which became our Gospels, and my readings and interpretations drifted to the sound of a Black Baptist preacher. We had fun, learned our anatomy, and passed our finals.

We also had an extensive and challenging course on neuroanatomy, studying the anatomy of the nervous system. Descending tracts of motor neurons, ascending tracts of sensory neurons, all meeting in the brain and forming the essential circulatory system typical of all living systems. A complex system — the human brain is perhaps the most complicated organization of biological tissue in the known universe and studying it makes a challenging course. Yet, I remember in the last few days of the class, when our professors tried to tie it all together, having this ecstatic experience of light, insight, and understanding. A mind studying the mind, a brain appreciating its own vast organization — was one of those moments of grace when one experiences the beauty of integration.

The rest of my life in the fall of 1964 did not feel so integrated. Ricki was also in her second year at Temple, studying education and planning to teach, and we were seeing each other as often as possible, but the academic pressure was great. I remember sitting alone on the steps to my apartment, watching the traffic on Broad Street and listening to the Phillies lose the pennant in the famous dive of 1964. I felt very alone, living by myself, and in retrospect, it was probably a mistake not to find a roommate to live with. The combination of loneliness and isolation, along with the stress of medical school, led me to a solution — move my marriage up to January 1965, between semesters. Ricki and our parents agreed that it was a good idea.

So, on January 23rd, 1965, Ricki and I married at the Germantown Jewish Community Center. It was a Saturday night of a snowstorm, but well over two hundred people made it to the ceremony and dinner dance that followed, and the following Monday, I was back in school.

The second semester was more of the same — physiology, microbiology, embryology — all interesting and contributing to my lifelong interest in living systems. Ricki and I lived in that little apartment, and within a month, she was pregnant. The future fathers role at that time was removed from the process of a pregnancy. Husbands didn't go to appointments, didn't have a role in childbirth, pregnancy and delivery was a woman and her doctor's. I was similarly stressed with medical school as the year before, so there wasn't time to be involved, nor was there an expectation for me to be involved. She completed that semester but never returned to college and never had a career or a life as an independent woman. Looking back, those decisions were very much of that time and a very different view of being a woman. Soon came the cultural revolution of the 60s, the anti-war movement, the feminist movement, and a massive change in how women think about their identity, roles, choices, responsibilities, and relationships. I know now that in 1965, I wasn't very conscious of the impact of my decisions, nor do I feel that many of those singularly important decisions — when to marry, when to have children, the meaning of independence — were made without reflection and deliberation.

With the end of year one of medical school in June, we took our delayed honeymoon to Caneel Bay Plantation on St. John, US Virgin Islands — my first flight. We then moved to a two-bedroom apartment in Germantown, Erringer Place Apartments. September brought the beginning of year two and its main focus, pathology, along with the start of some clinical courses like physical examination and diagnosis.

And on December 28th, 1965, David Sean was born, beginning a joyful period of life. David was a wonderful baby — happy, smiling, adorable — and we had a lot of

fun and happiness, as did his grandparents. I got a good camera and spent time, when not studying, taking pictures as my father had done almost 25 years earlier. The firstborn in the next generation, as I had been in 1942 and as David was in 1966, stirs an enormous amount of joy and attention as the family witnesses its continuation into a more certain future. And in the age of snapshot photography for the common man, the firstborn generates a load of photographs — life as a documentary! I remember this as a happy time.

In the summer of 1966, we moved to my childhood home on 12th Street while Mom and Dad moved to the suburbs to a single home on Wistar Drive in Wyncote. I enjoyed living in my boyhood home. However, as I continued my medical school studies into the clinical years with its excessive time demands while rotating through medicine, surgery, ob-gyn, and pediatrics, I wasn't home too much. And 12th Street had changed. Most of the families I knew had moved to the suburbs, and the families moving in were racially and ethnically very different. The post-war city of the 50s and early 60s had a distinct look with the "white flight."

In the spring of 1967, I was offered an internship, a clinical rotation of cardiology at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco. In May, Ricki, who was pregnant with our second, and I loaded our sedan with some stuff, put David in the back, where a platform converted the car into something more like a station wagon, and set off for a ride across the country, taking the southern route with old Route 66. As we had only ten days to get to the West Coast, we mostly drove on highways until we got to the Southwest, and then we started sightseeing, stopping in Santa Fe and Taos, New Mexico, on through Gallup to Arizona and the Grand Canyon, then a night in Las Vegas, and across Death Valley into Southern California. Taking the scenic Route 1 north along the coast, also called the Mission Trail, we stopped in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, then on to San Simeon and the Hearst Castle, a bit of Big Sur, and then directly to San Francisco.

We settled into an apartment in the Presidio area, and I began my rotation while Ricki and David explored the city — Fisherman's Wharf, Golden Gate Park; it was exciting, and it was early summer of 1967, the Summer of Love, so we also drove and walked around the Haight-Ashbury area where all the hippies were getting high and enjoying the "free love" and "free speech." Being a 3rd-year medical student lost in books and hospital hallways, gathered around the beds of teaching cases with a stethoscope in my ears, I was deaf to the sound of much of what was happening in popular culture from 1964 to 1968. So, though it was my generation that was protesting the Vietnam War and singing about the virtues of acid and proclaiming, "make love not war," I was more focused on becoming a doctor while starting a family with Ricki, and to that after I was "out of it" — I was already deep into conventionality and didn't know it. So Ricki and I were more tourists in the Height than participants.

After a few weeks, the excitement of novelty had become the stress of the unfamiliar and isolated for Ricki, and with the pregnancy and her asthma becoming symptomatic, we decided

she and David would return home. I would stay in San Francisco, complete my internship, and study for a medical re-test, which I would be taking on my return to Philadelphia and Temple. I had to pass the test to continue into my senior year, so there was some pressure, and I knew I would prepare better without distractions. So that's what we did, and when I returned to Philly later in the summer, I had my first airport reunion with family after a long separation; it was very sweet — I've always experienced separations and returns intensely, the separations being painful and reunions joyful.

Senior year began with more involving and intensive clinical rotations, and a growing interest in reproductive endocrinology as well as a certainty that I wasn't cut out to be a surgeon. After scrubbing in and holding a retractor for hours during a cholecystectomy, the removal of the gallbladder, I was positive I wanted no more of the operating room. I recall no eagerness to get closer, no passion for doing, that led to imagining myself as the surgeon. I believe I've had very few identifications with people who work with their hands.

Pediatrics at St. Christopher's, on the other hand, was inspiring, in part, for the brilliance of the attending physicians; the faculty that taught us were among the world's experts, in their sub-specialties. And the atmosphere at that hospital, quiet, thoughtful, unhurried, was very different from the rush and urgency at Temple. St. Chris was like a temple to teaching, learning, as well as taking care of very sick kids.

The most exciting and terrifying experience for a senior medical student was probably Temple's emergency room, particularly on Friday and Saturday nights, when the ER earned its sonically nickname, "The North Philadelphia Knife and Gun Club,". In the ER, I worked with interns and residents attempting to save the lives of men and women with gunshot and stab wounds to the neck, chest, gut — it was bloody, and the long hours passed in a blur.

On November 29th, 1967, Ricki gave birth to our second child, Lara Kelly, with dark as coal eyes and a little dark hair. Lara was born at Temple, also and our family, the family of the fourth year medical student, Horowitz, was now well known, among the obstetric residents, as Ricki had been a particularly difficult patient. My embarrassment the next few days after Lara's birth was exceeded, of course, by my joy that she was a very healthy baby. There was much excitement at 6024 N 12th Street, as well as at the homes of Lara's grandparents. And an infant, sped the year up even more, so suddenly it was June

1968, and I was graduating medical school, a physician, on my way to an internship at Abington Memorial Hospital.

Memories of family life from those years are vague, except for regular meals at our families' homes, seeing friends with small children, like the Wolf's and the Weiner's. I do remember more clearly, riding by bicycle with David in a child's seat behind me from 12th St to LaSalle College, on 20th St, where we would get off and David would play in the pole vaulting pit, while I ran a mile or two on the track.

I also remember The Creative Playthings sliding board we had in the living room and David's excitement as he climbed the three steps and slid down.

I began my internship at Abington Memorial Hospital in July of 1968 with a feeling of inauthenticity, posing as a doctor, a feeling common in recently graduated medical students. Inauthenticity, the sense that the medical degree and the social role that it conferred, did not fit together with my sense of my self and my competencies. One day a medical student, the next an MD, expected to take care of sick people, expected to reduce suffering and pain— the responsibilities and the skills were incoherent. Those first few weeks were terrifying and to make things more terrifying, my first rotation was in the emergency room. Fortunately, the ER staff and the hospital residents were good teachers and before too long, I was comfortable as a member of the team, straddling the chest of a middle-aged man, doing CPR, until the resident "called it" and declared the man dead. I think I felt the pleasure of participation more deeply than the remorse that we were unsuccessful.

Internship meant on-call spending every third night in the halls of the hospital and house staff residence, which was a lot of nights away from home and Ricki, David who was 2 1/2 and Lara who was only nine months old, which left Ricki alone with two small kids. She seemed to do all right with it, although this was the year that her asthma became more symptomatic and required me to give her injections of epinephrine to break an attack of wheezing and difficulty breathing.

I learned a fair amount of medicine that year and as I approached the second half of the internship, I was now thinking about family medicine for my career. Several of the general practitioners at the hospital had expressed interest in me as a partner, and general practice seemed rewarding, but first there was the military.

In the 1960s there existed the Bury Plan, which gave American medical school graduate choices; when to begin active duty, either after internship or after residency training, and choice of which service. Since the Vietnam War was still hot and since I didn't have any speciality aspirations at that time, I chose to go into the Navy in 1969.

I received a commission and orders to report to Camp LeJeune, North Carolina on July 1, 1969. And so, my year at Abington ended— a year of learning by doing and of the joy and despair of confronting life and death situations, sometimes successfully and sometimes not,

occasionally sleeping soundly, frequently being up all night, the sounds of monitors beating directly into my brain, listening for the sound of alarm and action, and during it all having the joy of the camaraderie of all of those who were in it with you. It was a good year.

In late June, I loaded my stuff into my 1961 Mercedes I90 SL Convertible and headed south to North Carolina. The plan was to go through basic training, a very modified basic training for medical officers (soft), and get a house in the Married Officers Quarters that Ricki and the kids could move into when most of our belongings arrived. So, during the seven weeks of basic training, I lived in a room in the Bachelor's Officers Quarters, and during the day, we ran, we did calisthenics, we climbed the net wall, which was supposed to prepare you for going over the side of a ship, and suffering mild forms of ridicule provided by our leathery Marine drill instructors. By August, we had our house and furniture established at MOQ 3113. Ricki, now near term with our third child, and David, Lara, and Sigmond, our dachshund, moved to Camp LeJeune.

The summer of 1969 was one of transition for our family— with the move to Camp LeJeune and the adjustment to life on a marine corp base in North Carolina, which was what we called a "culture shock," the arrival of Jennifer Shannon, adorable and blonde, and born in the Naval Hospital on base, and for the country with the landing on the moon and Neil Armstrong's "one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind." We watched along with everyone else on TV.

One of the requirements of being a general medical officer attached to the marine corp rather than an assignment to the naval hospital was to accompany your battalion on all exercises, be they, several days in the woods and sandy terrain of the training areas on base, and a five months cruise to the Caribbean or Mediterranean Sea. The purpose of the cruise was to perform amphibious assaults on remote beaches, as had been done on Normandy and winning the war in the Pacific against the Japanese. My battalion was assigned the Mediterranean cruise, to leave the Norfolk Virginia naval base in November 1969 and return in April 1970. The cruise was not voluntary but orders to cross the Atlantic aboard the USS Cambria during the months of the year where the North Atlantic would be rough, with 15-20 foot swells, was not a welcome prospect for a city kid prone to seasickness. The ship, a 1940s vintage troop carrier, was christened in my birth year, and my voyage was the last active trip the ship ever did.

So, with just a few months to adapt to life in the Navy, I embarked on November 14th, the crossing taking about two weeks, most of which I spent in my room and on my back, trying to hold down the little food I was able to eat. Several hours a day, when the sun was out and the weather warmer, I would make my way up to the top deck of the ship, called the Commodore's deck, which was always empty and never used; I would sit in the overstuffed and very comfortable Commodore's chair and watch the horizon. That was the best part of the day. Medically, there was nothing to do— a few hundred healthy young men were already screened by basic training. The only illness I saw was my case of seasickness.

The night before we were to land on the West coast of Spain, I couldn't sleep, too excited to see Europe and to realize some Hemingway-esc romantic fantasy of a young man's adventures in the old world. I was awake all night and on the bridge just past dawn when we first saw land. Later that day, we docked at the naval base at Rota, Spain. And it was there that I could get off the ship, stand on terra firma, and take my first wobbly steps in Europe. The next day, I took a short ride to Cadiz, the port town from which Columbus sailed to the new world in 1492. After being resupplied, we left Spain, cruised through the Strait of Gibraltar, saw the Rock on the left and the coast of Africa on the right, and went on into the Mediterranean. Our next stop was liberty (permission to leave the ship), in Marseille, France, the Medieval port town, old, dirty, mysterious, exciting. In Marseille, I had my first taste of Europe— the wine, the food, and the people— their sense of style, their attitude, and their foreignness. It was also old and so new, so different— I couldn't get enough.

As the medical officer, I had the opportunity to go on tours made available for the enlisted men. Every tour required two officers, usually me and the dental officer, Ed Secord, from Detroit. So I went to see some of the most beautiful places in Provence, Southern France. That day, in early December 1969, we went to Aix de Provence, home of Cezanne, with its beautiful boulevard; to Les Baux with its hills and cliffs and stone; to Arles, where Van Gogh lived in the late 1880s; and to Avignon and the palace of the Popes. I was weak in the knees from this crash course in European history and culture— it felt like being a student again. We left Marseille for Corsica, the French island and birthplace of Napoleon. It was in Corsica that we had our first exercises, which included an amphibious landing on the beach in many small landing crafts that were loaded with Marine infantry, whose mission it was to "take the beach," followed by vehicles and supplies, including the battalion aid station and its medical officer. Like everyone else, I went over the side of the USS Cambria and down the rope ladder and netting that ran down the ship's side and into the bobbing little landing craft.

Fortunately, we didn't spend much time circling around in the water, which surely would have left me seasick. Once the battalion aid station, which was basically a tent with a red cross, was set up by the corpsmen, I could look around. With my chief petty officer, we grabbed one of our field ambulances and drove into a nearby village to purchase French wine, bread, and cheese. So much for k-rations. After a week in the field in Corsica, we returned to the Cambria. We headed for Genoa, the ancient port city of Northern Italy and the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, for a few days of liberty. It was Christmas time, so a few junior officers left the ship to explore Genoa on a bitterly cold Christmas Eve. I remember most clearly the old stone steps rising steeply from the waterfront up the hills and cliffs into which the city was built and which had afforded Genoa a defensible position for hundreds of years. By dinnertime, we found an excellent restaurant where we enjoyed a delicious meal and a bottle of wine. As we sat waiting for our food, talking and drinking, an Italian man at the next table, sitting alone, sent us a bottle of red wine with his "Buon Natale." That was the first time I could recall the kindness of a stranger in a strange land.

From Genoa to Barcelona, where I spent New Year's Eve and New Year's Day walking the Ramblas and standing in front of Gaudí's unfinished cathedral, La Sagrada Família.

In mid-January, we landed on Sardinia, the island off the coast of Italy, where we participated in exercises in the rain and mud for a week. Because of the weather, my fellow medical officer, Fred Weicher, and I were concerned about the troops' health and took our concerns to Colonel Christ, the commanding officer of the second battalion. Imagine his response— cancel or modify "battle plans" because of rain??!! We were a bit naive. But by now, I was growing impatient, wanting the time to pass quickly as I looked ahead to Naples and to meet Ricki for two weeks' leave and travel in Italy.

On January 27th, 1970, we had our reunion at a four-star hotel in Naples, and it was a sweet embrace! We stayed in Naples for a few days, where we saw Vesuvius and Pompeii, the city destroyed in 79 CE, locked in time, the ruins unchanged from that moment. We were guided through the stone streets and into the elegant homes with the remnants of beautiful mosaics and frescoes, including the pornography concealed behind wooden enclosures on the walls. It seems that every elite-class home in Pompeii had a pornography collection. Perhaps in Roman times, such representations weren't considered pornography.

From Naples to Rome and a small hotel near the Via Veneto, the Ingliterra, we saw the usual 'must-see' sights. I remember most clearly the view of Rome from St. Peter's Basilica and the long climb up the many steps to the top of Michelangelo's cupola, the Sistine Chapel, of course, Michelangelo's Moses, and the Spanish steps with its adjacent Keats Shelley House, the home of English romantic poet John Keats, from 1820-1821. Keats had been one of my favorite poets since college, and the effect of his melancholy, as well as his tragic life and brilliant genius, was profound. So, to walk through the place where he spent the last year of his life and where he died at 25 of tuberculosis was a powerful experience for me, only 27 years old myself.

From Rome, Ricki and I took the train to Florence, where we stayed in a small hotel overlooking the Arno River and spent a week walking around the very manageable city from the Piazza della Signoria to the Duomo and Uffizi to the Accademia and Michelangelo's David — the David, and the experience of awe to behold this form carved from marble by a man, one of those rare once in a lifetime moments.

These were two of the best weeks of our lives together, but our time in Italy had to end, and we said our goodbyes, knowing it would be only two months before I returned home to my family. That was a hard time for Ricki, harder than I realized then, not understanding what it was like for her to be alone with three children, the youngest, only six months old, let alone ten hours from Philadelphia and family on a Marine corps base in North Carolina, while I was sailing around the Mediterranean.

Despite the beautiful two weeks in Italy, I believe Ricki never forgave me for being away those five months, and for many years thereafter, insisted that I had volunteered for that cruise. This was a source of resentment that never went away.

And just as a part of me was unaware, there was also the capacity to experience the pleasure of this adventure deeply. Perhaps this experience convinced me that young people should adventure— travel to see what's on the other side of the mountain and around the bend before they settle down.

So the Med Crews continued to Greece and exercises in Nafplion in early February. The battalion set up camp in a valley, and in the hills on either side of our tents, I could hear the bells of the mountain sheep. It was bitter cold in that field, a cold that contributed to the first tragic death on the cruise. Early one morning, I was called to examine a boy Marine who had been on sentry duty during the night. Somehow, he had managed to get a bottle of Ouzo, a very potent Greek liquor, and he had finished enough of it to send him into a deep sleep, during which he died of hypothermia. Intoxicated, his body could not conserve enough heat at his core to survive. And so I pronounced him dead, and his folks were notified.

Athens followed Nafplion, the last week of February 1970, which meant classical Greece, the cradle of Western civilization. For one week every day, I walked through the Plaka, to the Acropolis, and up the Acropolis to the Parthenon to view the ruins of the temple of Athena. I also took a tram up an adjacent hill to see the temple on top of the Acropolis from a distance, surrounded and framed by what in 1970 was a uniquely blue sky. From this view, I took my best picture of the Parthenon. More on why that photo isn't in this book later.

While in Athens, I visited the National Museum of Archeology, which houses Greece's national collection of antiquities, including the Paraxiteles bronze of Poseidon and his trident. Standing before Poseidon, I noticed a couple: a young and attractive woman, looking like a co-ed, and a handsome, tall older man, professorial and serious, and, as I stared, familiar. In seconds, I realized he was the Jewish-American novelist Phillip Roth. I walked over to him, excused and introduced myself, and excitedly gave him the good news. I told him I had recently come from Italy, and while in Rome, I had stopped in a Roman bookstore where I had seen stacks and more stacks of the bestseller Il Lamento Portnoy, the Italian version of Roth's controversial American novel Portnoy's Complaint. Roth was pleased by the news, we chatted briefly, and he disappeared into the crowd with his blonde schicsa.

We left Piraeus, the port city near Athens where the ships were docked at the end of February, and went west on the Mediterranean to Malta, the island formerly an English colony. We set up camp on the island's west coast at Guantifea, with a rocky coast and beautiful sunsets— a large orange ball slowly dropping into the sea, backlighting the boulders in the water. From Malta, we continued west to Valencia, Spain, for a few days, and then we were ready for the return voyage to the Atlantic and then the crossing home.

Once out to sea on the Atlantic, things got a bit green again, but by this time, I could read while sitting out in the fresh air on the top deck, and I lost myself in Saul Bellow's The Adventures of Augie March.

Somewhere on the Atlantic, I was urgently called to go to the room of a young naval officer, part of the ship's crew. When I got to his room, I knocked and entered only to find that this

young man had hung himself. I cut him down and pronounced him dead. I had seen a fair amount of death so far. It was strange, it fit into the safety of this role. It was my job to deal with it. Afterward, I don't remember too clearly. There was a period of time wondering what had been so terrible in this kid's life that he had to end it. I later learned that his depression was the result of finding out that his relationship back home had ended via letter.

So, returning to Norfolk, Virginia, and to my wife and three children, an almost 28-year-old physician with a taste for adventure, for escape at sea, and the experience of a wanderer— there was a chasm there between the romantic and the responsible that I didn't see but let sink into the shadows.

I arrived at Camp Lejeune in April of 1970, joyful at reunion with my family, especially Jennifer, who was now almost eight months old, blonde, adorable, and delicious. Lara was now two and a half, constantly motoring, laughing, dark brown Goodman eyes sparking. And David, four years old, playful, curious, protective of his little sisters, and interested in playing with the boy next door.

That spring and summer, my regimental surgeon duties took up only mornings, allowing me to go to the gym daily to play basketball and work out. I was in the best shape I'd been in since high school and college, and afternoons that summer of 1970 were spent at the beach with Ricki and the kids; Camp Lejeune in the South East corner of North Carolina, and the base had miles of beautiful beach and warm Atlantic waters. This was a time to settle back into family life, reconnect with Ricki and the children and extended family, and begin figuring out what and where was next.

Though Ricki seemed very happy to have me home again, I did feel a tension between us, which, when it surfaced, appeared to be about the difficulty managing at Lejeune by herself with three young children while I was away. Looking back, her upset makes sense, and we certainly did not plan well for my five-month absence. It would have been better for her to have gone home to Philly for those months, where she would have had more support. I can understand Ricki's anger at her perception that I was having this wonderful Mediterranean adventure while she was at home taking care of three little ones, with all the stresses that that entails.

The life task of the second year of Lejeune was to figure things out— what I would do next and where I would do it. When I thought of specialty training, I had begun thinking of radiology, so I started looking at residencies across the country; I was still considering general practice and had had offers from general practitioners I had worked with during my internship at Abington Hospital. But another idea was emerging from experiences I was having at Lejeune. At the sick calls each morning at the Battalion Aid Station, I saw many apparently healthy young Marines, 18 and 19 years old, returning from Vietnam, coming with vague complaints— malaise, headache, stomachache, "Doc, I'm feeling nervous." I couldn't find anything physically wrong, and I was confused and frustrated, eventually thinking these were cases of malingering. At that time, I didn't know anything about PTSD and very little about psychosomatic presentations of psychological disorders. But I got interested and started going to the Naval Hospital, where there

was a department of psychiatry and weekly clinical case discussions. I began to appreciate that psychiatry might be a way to bring together my interests— literature and science. By the fall of 1970, I was looking at psychiatry residencies, traveling to California to interview at UCLA and UC San Diego. I thought we might move to a new part of the country, far from Philadelphia. I still had a sense of wanderlust.

On my trip to California, I stayed with a friend from medical school and his wife, went to the beach in Malibu, and swam in the Pacific for the first time. With the same expectations, I ran into the ocean as I had always done in the Atlantic at the Jersey shore and turned to shore to ride in on a wave. What a surprise! The powerful, almost violent Pacific tossed me in the air, turned me over, and smashed me into the sandy bottom. A warning about expectations?!

Back in Lejeune, we began to feel the pull of family and friends and to settle on returning to Philadelphia. My father was on the board of the Northwestern Community Mental Health Center, where he talked with Burt Fleming, the chief psychiatrist at the Northwestern Hospital. Burt told Dad that the best psychiatry residency in Philadelphia was at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital. He passed this advice on to me, so I applied there and was accepted. The question of where we were going and what I would do was settled.

As our second and final years in the military moved along, our time was relatively easy and family-focused. The most exciting event I remember was little Lara putting a bead up her nose that we could not get out. We had to take her to the emergency room at the base hospital to have the ENT doc remove it with the necessary instruments. She was excited!

And behind our house, MOQ3113, I had assembled what used to be called ‘Monkey Bars’ , an apparatus for little children to climb and swing and act like monkeys. One afternoon, while hanging and swinging, David lost his grip, fell to the ground with a thud, landing on his head, neck, and back. Seeing this happen, but not being able to break his fall or catch him, I was terrified, but he was fine.

In June 1971, the movers loaded our “Earthly belongings” into a van. We threw odds and ends and the kids into the yellow Country Squire, along with Siggie the Dachshund, and said goodbye to Camp Lejeune. We were heading North to our new home, 356 Williams Road in Wynnewood. A few weeks later, I began my residency in psychiatry at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital, in West Philadelphia.

That summer, we settled into 356 Williams Road, and I settled into my residency. The house was a comfortable stone-front four-bedroom with some charm, and it accepted our oak antiques from North Carolina nicely. I liked that place and began adding to it— my first armoire, probably walnut, where I kept my stereo equipment and record albums. There was always music in the house, some of the same music and musicians I listened to today— Bob Dylan, John Prine, Paul Simon, and Bonnie Rait. David, Lara, and Jennifer each had their own bedroom. David had his NFL sheets and pillowcases and his

Narberth Neutrons soccer uniform, Lara had her floral wallpaper and her riding helmet, and Jennifer had a sunny yellow room and her bags of clothing so that she could dress up in unique outfits. Grandpop George called her "the bag lady" and "Sarah Burnheart."

The neighbors were friendly, and the kids had playmates– particularly the Sweeney's from across the street. Siggy didn't mind the new house, but he did seem to mind children as he got older. He took to taking a bit of David's bottom when the energy and activity levels got too exciting and too close to him. And when he also took a chunk out of our next-door neighbor's child, it was time to say goodbye, so we prevailed somehow on Grandmom Esther and Grandpop George to give him a quieter home at 1450 Wistar Drive in Wyncote with them. He seemed to like the change.

And we saw plenty of Siggy, for the house on Wistar Drive was the center of family life, where we would gather on holidays, birthdays, and frequently Sundays, to eat and hang out together. The family included Bubba Goldie and Zayda Ben, Carole and Michael, Bubba Ida and Aunt Jencie, Uncle Jack and Aunt Evelyn, occasionally their children Larry and Annette, and infrequently Libby and Abe, their children Andy, Stephen, and David, who had moved to Long Island in the mid 60s. It was Wistar Drive where the next generation of cousins, David, Lara, Jennifer, Kimberly, and Carly, saw each other regularly, and it was also Wistar Drive where I saw my grandparents, and yet with all that time spent together, I regret, I learned very little about them, particularly their childhoods and families in Eastern Europe, their young adult years as immigrants in America, their years struggling to raise children and to provide. All the questions I have now but have no one to ask.

The other part of my life during those years from 1971 to 1974 were spent deeply immersed in my training in psychiatry. The first year of my residency was spent assigned to a locked unit of 24 adult inpatients, called N-3, hospitalized with serious mental illness, acute psychotic schizophrenia, the suicidally depressed, and the grandiose manics, people who were suffering great psychic pain, and who would be in the hospital for long periods of time. In that era, hospitalizations were long, particularly for the serious conditions we saw. It was frightening and challenging to connect with people whose sense of reality was warped, whose thoughts and perceptions (what they saw and heard), were creations of their disturbed minds. There were some who thought their minds were controlled by outside forces, like the FBI or CIA, and some who if not on a locked unit with contrast supervision, would have committed suicide.

And this was also the beginning of the age of neurobiology and psychopharmacology when psychiatry, as a branch of medicine, was turning its attention to the brain. The idea that serious mental illnesses were disorders of the brain, with genetic and neurochemical determinants, was emerging. As residents we focused on diagnosis and treatment that included medication and psychotherapy. I was being taught that good treatment should address the whole person, their biology, their psychology, and their relational world— their family of origin, nuclear family, and cultural community. This biopsychosocial model was new but made enormous sense to me. There was a great deal of resistance to this integration among some of my teachers at the

Institute, most of whom had been trained in psychoanalysis and who had an almost religious commitment to the “truth” of psychoanalysis and Freud. I felt this commitment closed some minds to new ideas which seemed to me not to serve our patients well. So there was conflict and tension between psychoanalysis and the psychotherapeutic value system and biological psychology, as well as the family systems perspective and family therapy. This was the state of ferment in psychiatry and the Institute, and it was an intellectually exciting time.

This debate and the emotions engulfed us as residents. Some of my fellow residents joined the establishment, starting their psychoanalytic training. I chose to stay an outsider, telling myself that was the more “pure” intellectually honest place to judge ideas and make my intellectual commitments. Of course, there are always defensive reasons and unconscious motivations concerning the safety I find in the outsider position. I resisted the idea of personal psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic training. I believe I was also resisting looking more deeply into my own psyche, although I did begin weekly psychotherapy.

But I was learning a great deal, and when I wasn’t on North 3, my unit, I attended seminars or read in the library. I must confess there were times when I would rather be alone reading in the library than be with the suffering of my patients or with other people. I believe this is true today, more than 50 years later.

My time in the library was well spent learning about the new biological models surrounding mental illness. One of those new ideas was “the catecholamine hypothesis”, a theory of the origin of depression as a brain chemistry imbalance– the idea that low levels of a neurotransmitter was associated with major depression. I went into this idea deeply and by the end of my first year of residency, I wrote a long paper, bringing together a great deal of literature describing my ideas about the relationships of these systems in regulating the mood. The paper was called "Affect, the Amygdala and the Pituitary-Adrenal Axis." It was awarded the Mathy Prize for the best paper by a resident at the institute in June of 1972.

The second year of training was less frightening, and more exhilarating, primarily due to the 6-month rotation on the adolescent treatment unit— a 24 bed locked unit physically identical to N3 but very different philosophically and therapeutically. The adolescent unit was directed by Loren Crabtree, a dynamic and creative clinician, a charismatic leader, a gifted storyteller, and user of language. Loren became my mentor and friend and helped me develop some skills working with adolescents as well as learning more about myself.

The adolescent unit was organized as a therapeutic community; each day began with a morning meeting in which the previous 24-hour events in the life of the community and its members— the 24 patients and the staff could be discussed, confronted, explored, validated, and processed. The basic idea was that the therapeutic community held a value system emphasizing communication, honesty, and personal responsibility. There was a code; no sex, drugs, or violence, physical or emotional— with the expectation that conflicts would and could be verbally articulated. Verbalization could more adaptively handle negative emotions that motivate self- or other-directed aggression. And though talking about feelings was difficult for teenagers who had

not seen that done in their families, it could be learned in a nurturing, safe, and trusting community. That was the idea, and putting it into action with the energy and motions of 24 dysregulated teenagers, some psychotic, some delinquent, some suicidal, some cutting, and mad for a very complicated and exciting social and therapeutic experiment. And, of course, we learned that love was not all you need. There was no other part of the hospital that was like the Unit— a therapeutic community where direct expression of honesty and self disclosure were valued. Revelation was prized, boundaries were sometimes blurred, and roles, hierarchies, and privilege obscured, because the clinical philosophy was, we were all humans rather than role defined, doctors, nurses, patients. After all, it was the early 70s. There was much thought— philosophical, political, and clinical, that was put into the unit's therapeutic philosophy— for staff to model and for adolescent patients to identify with and internalize. In particular, the use of language to express oneself rather than to act out feelings of aggression, sexuality, confusion, emptiness. We believed in a dynamic clinical model that also reflected the times, the late 60s and the early 70s, the age of Aquarius. When the mentally ill and something culture would be redeemed by love, openness, and personal freedom— "if it feels good, do it.". How naive.

Morning meetings were frequently tense, with conflict and emotion, and yet frequently something happened, some small change, a bit of learning and growth. There seemed to be the possibility of transformation in the social-therapeutic processes of the large and small groups as well as the idea of the traditional two-person therapeutic relationship.

Equally exciting was what I was learning about the family and the family system as a context for the development of the individual; a family is the social and emotional environment that all individuals grow up in. Every family that brought its adolescent for treatment on the Unit was expected to participate in a family diagnostic interview and in family therapy. At the Institute in 1972, this was unusual, and in the view of some heretical— remember, the Institution was a bastion of Freud and psychoanalysis, not only intolerant of innovation but also not open to new ideas. But those family diagnostics could be like Shakespearean theater. The family, including the patient, of course, the patient's attending psychiatrist, resident psychiatrist, primary nurse, social worker, school advisor, and Dr. Crabtree, who would lead and ask Mom and Dad what they thought brought their child to the hospital. There would be a beginning, and then the family's unique story, communication style, secrets, and structure would begin to be revealed. All this took place in a room with a one-way glass, with additional staff behind watching.

After the interview, which lasted an hour, the family would leave, and the staff would gather to exchange impressions, reactions, and ideas about what they had experienced and to integrate this process into a treatment plan, an approach to help the patient and family change. This experience was fascinating and, as conducted by Loren Crabtree, masterful, profoundly moving, and insightful. I learned a great deal about systems thinking during that time, that "the whole is greater than the sum of its parts" and that human behavior could be understood only in a relational context, a relational context that conferred meaning and intelligibility to an individual's behavior.

These ideas were brought to family systems thinking and psychiatry by Gregory Bateson, the English anthropologist and social scientist who had developed the double-bind theory of schizophrenia and whose ideas concerned human communication were the cornerstone of the field of family therapy. So I had a charismatic and brilliant mentor, Loren Crabtree, and a brilliant, eloquent hero, Bateson.

Life in psychiatry was exciting, but of course, life was also life and, therefore, loss, always joy and sorrow. That spring of 1973, my Aunt Jencie, my godmother, who had had heart disease for years, died. On a Sunday morning, I got a call at home. I can't remember from whom the call was from, but I was told that Jencie was in the ICU at Graduate Hospital. It was early, and I raced downtown. When I got there, the curtains were drawn around her bed, and as I entered, I first saw her physician standing by her bed crying. She had already passed, my godmother, this single woman I only knew to smile, to greet me with enthusiasm and delight, "My godson, my doctor," who went to Philadelphia Orchestra concerts regularly and read Tolstoy. She remained unmarried, perhaps because she, being a part of the Philadelphia Jewish Intelligentsia, a progressive Socialist, thought marriage was a bourgeois convention. I don't know. I know that she had a lover of many years, a man named Moishe [moi-sha] Spiegel, who translated Simon Dubnov's five-volume History of the Jews from Russian into English. The story I heard from my mother was that my grandfather, Sam Goodman, Jencie's older brother, made it clear that he expected Moishe to marry Jencie, or she would not be welcomed in the Goodman home, so Jencie moved into her own apartment.

Two months later on June 29, 1973, Bubba Ida Zellinger Goodman died in the emergency room at the Albert Einstein Medical Center, just a few blocks from our home on 12th Street. Ida, who emigrated from Shklov in Belarus early in the 20th century with her parents and five brothers, died shortly after her second husband, Morris Chaiken, and her sister-in-law, Jencie. She had a history of heart attacks, making her all the more fragile. They had attempted to resuscitate her, and we walked in moments after. I remember entering the examining room in the ER with Mom and Dad and moving to the side of the table where she lay. My mother wept silently, but my father let out a cry— he was always more emotional and expressive than she, even in the moment of confronting her deceased mother. I remember feeling a great sadness, but like my mother, tears were not flowing. After the funeral, we returned to Wistar Drive to sit Shiva; friends and family arrived from the cemetery, including, to my surprise and joy, my mother's brother, Uncle Henry— Henry, who had not seen the family for about ten years, since his mother's second marriage to Morris in 1964. But there he was, Henry and his wife Molly, and their two children, Debby and Saul, both in their 20s. There was tension in the air since Henry did not acknowledge his sisters, and I don't remember our saying much to each other either. I know that my father went over to Henry to welcome him and acknowledge his loss. He offered his hand to shake, but Henry turned away. Many years later, when I reconnected with Debbi and Saul, and they remembered how embarrassed they were with their father's unwillingness to forgive. The Goodmans could carry a grudge for a long, long time.

The Schism: Henry Goodman

After WWII ended, Henry came home in 1946 after serving for several years in Burma (now Myanmar), married Molly, and went to work for my father, George, his brother-in-law. Bringing family into the family business was the custom in those years, as a way of providing support and an opportunity to make a living. George and Henry were close. However, it didn't always work because personalities didn't fit, and the timing wasn't right. George was in the process of building a business; he was driven, ambitious, energized, and focused, a much bigger version of his father. Henry was transitioning from the war and separation from loved ones, was newly married, and was adjusting to and enjoying this new life. Their focuses were on different goals: George thought Henry could be a business partner, and he had ideas for their future. Henry had a new life partner, a wife, and he had his own plans for the future.

My telling is what I heard from George's perspective and his memories of events leading to the rupture: George driving to Henry and Molly's apartment early on a dark and snowy winter morning to pick up Henry for work, beeping the horn repeatedly, waiting, and having Henry open his bedroom window and call out that he'd be down as soon he was dressed. George sat in the cold car and stewed. Their schedules didn't seem to mesh, and according to George, neither did their work ethic.
Another story involved George sending Henry with Molly to New York to attend a convention for cigarette vending machine manufacturers, a new way to sell cigarettes at the time. According to George, Henry and Molly had a good time in New York City, but Henry spent little time at the convention and learned very little about vending machines.

George was furious and had always been a man with a temper– a short fuse. So George exploded and fired Henry. This was also typical of my father; he tried to mend fences after he did something because of his temper. He could always let go of grievances, “forgive and forget.” Henry was hurt and humiliated and was a grudge holder. He never spoke to my father again, nor did he speak to his sisters, my mother, and Aunt Libby, and very little to his mother. He seemed angry at the entire family although I never understood how he was thinking about these events. Twenty-five years later, Henry and Molly and their two children, Debbie and Saul, came to his mother’s (my grandmother Ida) shiva at George and Esther’s home. My father went to Henry to extend his hand in greeting and welcome. Henry turned his back.

In 1988, Henry was in the hospital, dying of lung cancer. Esther and Molly spoke on the phone, and Esther asked Molly to let Henry know that she wanted to see him. He said no.

3

My third and final year of training began in July of 1973, and it was an exciting and productive year. I was chosen to be the chief resident in adolescent psychiatry and was very involved in the day-to-day clinical activities of the Unit. I had a caseload of patients in the outpatient clinic, along with supervision with two very senior and skilled preceptors. I did group therapy with both adolescents and adults; I studied biological psychiatry and started a research project to explore the diagnosis and treatment of bipolar disorder in adolescents, which, at the time, the early 1970s, was thought not to occur any earlier than adulthood. I was treating patients, learning, studying, doing research, and writing— I was busy and very excited about it all.

In June 1974, I graduated from the residency and was recognized for my paper, "The Use of Lithium in the Treatment of Adolescent Manic-Depressive Disease." My post-training career began with an appointment as assistant director of the Adolescent Treatment Unit at the Institute, beginning July 1st, 1974. I was also appointed to the attending medical staff and given an office where I started my practice in general psychiatry. What a year! Ricki, David, Lara, Jennifer, Esther, and George all attended the graduation ceremonies at the College Of Physicians. And to top it all off, my paper was published in the Journal of Clinical Psychiatry, my first publication. I was feeling pretty good about how this life was going. I was 32, had a wife and three children, and my career in psychiatry was starting, already full of the demanding and rewarding work of the hospital. And surrounded by family and friends—it all looked good…

It all seemed complete— what more could I need or want or handle? The answer to that question changed everything, turned my life and other lives upside down. And the answer to that question cannot be found in the external events, circumstances, or characters of my story, but in the author, narrator, and protagonist. There was something missing in me, what I began to think of as a void, a deep essential emptiness, and the only way to describe the feeling, is in negative

terms— an absence of love, and the insecurity, anxiety, and sense of unacceptability that comes with that void. This was the emotional baggage that came from childhood.

Over the course of the next year, I realized that all of these professional accomplishments and changes did not satisfy something deep inside. I knew of the emptiness and anxiety surrounding it since I was a boy. I knew there was something missing that was hidden from the world, behind masks of adolescent bravado, humor, athletics, and pseudo-hip 'cool'. There is a picture of my boyhood friends and me, I'm in the center, but behind the others, I was always hiding, and yet, wanted to be seen, visible, but not exposed (refer to the photo on page 20). All of this got closer to the surface, partly because of my training and work in psychiatry, with the reckoning that comes from the uncovering of the psyche in others and the inevitable uncovering of the self. But, I was totally unprepared for what happened. I didn't see it coming.

I met Claudia Fondersmith in 1974 when I interviewed her for a position as a staff nurse on the adolescent treatment unit. She had long dark brown hair and big brown eyes. Have you noticed a pattern with the women I have found myself drawn to? At the time, we did team interviews and I was one of several staff members that met with this 24-year-old nurse from N3. She was applying for a position on the famed adolescent unit, the Institute's first speciality unit and one of the first adolescent units in the country.

So it was in this place and time of creative ferment, of high energy and excitement of the work of openness and exposure, and the possibilities of change and for growth, it was the "here and now" of the there and then that I found myself and though on one level I felt sure and confident in what I was doing, on another level, the tectonic plates of my psyche were moving.

I had been in therapy during my residency with a brilliant analyst, and I was conscious of some of my dynamics. I realized that part of my motivation in marrying Ricki, my high school sweetheart, was my insecurity, my fear of letting go, of what or who I was holding onto in order to try the new and the novel, to avoid the unknown and face life's basic uncertainty. Fear of the unknown and the necessity of change and growth was a fundamental feeling. I had succumbed to avoiding and had prematurely grabbed hold of the familiar and safe. Thus, an early marriage and an immature relationship which can work out if you and your partner can find a way to a genuine emotional intimacy. But we didn't and I couldn't. What was going on with me was this volatile mix of an absence of a deep connection, the feelings of emptiness that arise from the absence of true intimacy, and the fear of facing all of that, and doing something constructive about it. And to make our marriage even more vulnerable, Ricki had very similar issues, and she too, was not one to confront or acknowledge her feelings. I got back in therapy with Ed Taylor, a very experienced therapist and a lovely man and Ricki and I began couple's therapy with Ed, also. But it was too late.

The tectonic plates were shifting, the ground was moving, and much had changed. I was already falling in love with Claudia. I was talking to and connecting with her in a way I had never experienced before. Of course, being a psychiatrist and therapist, I've heard many, many people utter those same words amid romantic love, infatuation, the crazy disequilibrium of the

early stages of "I've found my soulmate" when people lose their judgment, and their sense, but here I am more than 50-some years later, it has been as true as ice, as fire. Meanwhile, during those years, in 1974-1976, David and Lara were going to Merion Elementary School. David was playing soccer, Lara was riding horses at Mr. T's barn, and Jennifer was dressing herself creatively in outfits unusual matchings and carrying around her bag of things— we called her "bag lady." Family life centered at our home at 356 Williams Road in Wynnewood and at Grandmom Esther and Grandpa George's home at 1450 Wister Drive in Wyncote, where the family would get together regularly for brunch, holidays, birthdays, and almost any reason. Life went on as if…the way life does, inexorably, irreversibly, bringing all of us to the same inevitable hard fact of life— death.

In February of 1975, Uncle Max suffered a head injury at Pennhurst. We were told he had fallen, though there was suspicion he had been hit. He was transferred to Temple University Hospital, where he never regained consciousness and died. It was strange visiting him there at Temple, where I had been a student just seven years before. Bubba cried sorrowfully as she had throughout his life; Zayda was as silent as he had always been.

Max's Story

Max was born April 16th 1915, the first born son of Benjamin and Goldie Horowitz.

It was said that he was brain-injured at birth. I heard two stories: that he was dropped or that forceps were poorly applied to his head during a difficult delivery. The telling of these two stories was always brief, something overheard in almost whispers, never directly from Goldie or Ben. Brain trauma, brain damage, was the reason given and accepted in the family for Max's "retardation," his developmental delays.

Schools in those years could not provide any education for Max, so he was kept at home with his mother. My father said that Goldie took him to many doctors, looking for help, but no medical treatments nor special education was available in the early 20th century.

As Max entered adolescence, he grew big and strong physically but remained a child intellectually and emotionally. After several moves and business failures, the family arrived at the corner of 20th and Dickinson streets in South Philadelphia, living behind their candy store where Ben and Goldie finally made ends meet. While George and Jack went to school, Max stayed at home, hung around the store, and, with his sweet, childlike personality, interacted with folks in the neighborhood. His likable presence led to the corner candy store being called "Max's Store."

But the teenagers in the neighborhood found the disabled and different Max an irresistible target, and they began to taunt and tease him cruelly. Max reacted angrily; his size and emotions made it difficult for Goldie to manage. As a teenager younger than his childlike brother, George felt protective. He later told me that at some point, witnessing Max being taunted by neighborhood kids, he picked up a lead pipe and chased the bullies away; "I was so angry I could have killed one of those kids."

I was never told what specifically led to the decision, but sometime around 1930, when Max was 15, he was institutionalized at Pennhurst State School and Hospital, which, when it opened in 1908, was called Eastern Pennsylvania Institute for the Feeble-Minded and Epileptic. Its

creation was based on the eugenic philosophy at the time and the belief in forced separation and sterilization of people who were mentally disabled.

Max remained at Pennhurst until his death, March 12th 1975.

For the first 20 years of Max's 40 years at Pennhurst, Goldie visited every other Sunday. My father would tell us of his mother with two shopping bags full of food and clothes, taking the trains to Pennhurst to feed him. And because many of the residences were no longer visited by family, Goldie brought enough food to feed others.

I remember as a child, going to Pennhurst, and standing in a field in front of a large brick building. A later memory is of being with Max at Valley Forge Park, close by Pennhurst, where the family had brought Max for a picnic one Sunday afternoon.

Years later, Buba Goldie and Uncle Jack were able to bring Max home for the weekend and the family would gather for Sunday dinner with Max present. What I remember of my interaction with Max then was of a tall, well built, man with blonde-graying hair who looked strikingly like my father and Uncle Jack, with a shirt pocket full of pencils and a pocket-sized notebook, who would mainly talk about the Phillies. He seemed like a gentle giant and a sweet man.

In 1968, an expose aired on local television station WCU described and revealed the conditions at Pennhurst and the decades of neglect and abuse. This reporting was in part initiated by the revelations of the families of residents of Pennhurst and the Philadelphia Association for Retarded Citizens led by its president, my father, George Horowitz. In 1974, a suit was brought in federal court claiming that conditions at Pennhurst violated the residents' Constitutional rights there. In 1977, the case was decided in favor of the plaintiffs and the residents, and the judge decided that Pennhurst should be closed. This was just two years after Max Horowitz had died after suffering a head injury leading to a subdural hematoma. Our family was told it was a fall. We suspected another resident or staff member injured him.

4

And then, just two months later, Zayda's chronic lung disease worsened. He had been in and out of the hospital frequently. Still, this time, he was transferred to Willowcrest, the rehabilitation section of the Albert Einstein Medical Center, and that was where I saw him alone for the last time, curled up in a fetal position, not responding to me very much, which was unusual—he seemed to always respond with a smile when we saw each other. He was in a bed next to the window and on his side facing the window when I walked in. My memory now is that in his face, he acknowledged my being there. There was very little energy and movement and life force coming from him. I knew when I said goodbye and kissed him, it might be the last time. He died that night after I saw him.

This Zayda, who I knew longer and in terms of shared experiences, so much better than Zayda Goodman was gone, with very little story and no song left behind. And so, really, I knew nothing of his origins, nothing of his experiences, nothing directly from him. I knew from my father that he was distant, unavailable, particularly to his sons when they were boys. He worked 7 days a week, 18-20 hours a day in his candy store with his family living behind the store as was common early in the 20th century. I know his marriage to Bubba Goldie was arranged, and was not a marriage of love, that he was emotionally cold and distant, and angry. Although the seeds of his anger were a mystery. Some of his anger was directed at religion, and it's God, and whether this was part of him from his own growing up or the result as my father suspected of the trauma of Max, his first born son, we didn't know. When I was a boy, when we visited Bubba and Zayda on most Sundays for Bubba's family banquet, the family visit was not over until Zayda showed his four grandchildren his false teeth by taking them out of his mouth, to our delight. And then, finally, by giving each of us a Hershey Bar and a dollar bill. And he smiled.

In the spring of 1976, Ricki and I, still in couples therapy, agreed to a trial separation, which we told our parents about on a Sunday afternoon, and our children— David was ten, Lara was eight, and Jennifer six— that same day. I moved out to a furnished apartment at 13th and Locust, which seemed to be for separated husbands and other lost souls; it was awful. Though we continued to work on our relationship, the work never really had a chance, and there was nothing 'trial' about the separation— I never went back, and after a few months, Ricki never spoke to me again. I was in love with Claudia and couldn't imagine living the rest of my life without her and without the end of that terrible emptiness. But in this life, nothing's for free. Particularly when you have children, I exchanged emptiness for the guilt that came from knowing I chose my own survival over the innocent happiness of my children, and for that, I have never forgiven myself. One must take responsibility for one's irresponsibility.

In the fall of that year, Claudia and I had moved in together at Montgomery Plaza on Montgomery Ave in Ardmore, just five minutes from the kids I saw for dinner during the week and attempted to have over the apartment every other weekend. But by then, Ricki's understandable anger at me was already making it difficult to maintain boundaries around the kids. And so, all the relationships suffered irreparable damage, leaving various scars. It says something about the resilience of my children that they each have turned out as good as they have, as happy as they have, as functional as they are.

By the end of the year, I felt the need to create a new social network that didn't depend on friends who knew me as half of Ricki and Harvey. Those old friends struggled with the loyalty binds that frequently follow separations and divorces. So Claudia and I decided to have a holiday party and to invite people from the hospital and adolescent unit, with whom we had begun to get close. As it turned out, many of these new folks were interested in the same music as I was— John Prine, Steve Goodman, David Bromberg, Doc Watson, all acoustic musicians, and American folk tradition. And many of those who came that night in December also played music, mostly guitar, and we sang together. So it was an evening of song and the connections that music and friendship bring.

Among the new friends were Sandy and Bob Schoenholtz, and their two year old, Maya. Sandy was a teacher at the Mill Creek School, the therapeutic high school that was the educational arm of the adolescent program. Sandy had just joined the faculty at Mill Creek in the summer of 1976, and she and I started talking one day in the hall of the Institute when she noticed me carrying a few record albums she recognized— Prine and Goodman— we quickly discovered common ground, got together as couples and developed a friendship that grew to feel like family, and that today, almost 50 years later, includes three generations and grandchildren.

By 1978, after apartment living for almost two years, Claudia and I decided to look for a house. We went to see a house in Villanova that was old, and had once been a groundskeeper's cottage on a Main Line country estate, going back to the turn of the 20th century. Claudia saw the potential of the house immediately, I was ambivalent and apprehensive, probably as much

about change as about the house. We decided to sleep on it, and the next morning, I woke up feeling that it was the right decision. Claudia woke up ambivalent and apprehensive. But my confidence moved us and we bought the house in Villanova at 2019 Montgomery Avenue, where we live today. We moved in in August 1978, tore out the old 1940s era kitchen, took out a wall, and made our country kitchen based on the idea that, new at the time, family and communal life centered around the kitchen. This was the space where people—family and friends— hung out while dinner was cooking, where folks talked, caught up with one another, shared some wine and cheese, reconnected, where kids would go to be near or check in with mom; in other words, the old idea of the hearth. This was our domestic design philosophy, so we made the kitchen the center of the home. And this became the kitchen/family room or 'great-room' as it exists today.

Claudia and I now had a home, but we weren't thinking about marriage quite yet. Until we took a vacation to Saint Martin in January of 1979. We were on the small plane, with folding chairs nailed to the fuselage to seat no more than 15 passengers. On our way between Saint Martin and Saint Thomas, we hit some turbulence which batted the small plane up and down. I looked at Claudia across the aisle and said "If we survive this trip, will you marry me?" she said yes, and we survived.

The day before the wedding we were in crisis. I was anxious, very anxious, about a second marriage, and the possibility, however irrational, that marriage would ruin a perfectly good relationship. And I guess it was also a fear of failure, and a fear that those parts of me that lead to a failed first marriage would undermine this second.

But perhaps the most profound source of dread and anguish was the awareness that any beginning was also an end and that a marriage to Claudia put a finality to the family that was David, Lara, and Jennifer, stirring up a new guilt I felt about abandoning my children. And so, as October 7 approached, I became more and more miserable and withdrawn until Saturday, the day before, we were not feeling connected and close. Claudia said we needed to talk, so we went to a field near our house, sat in the grass, and talked. Claudia said she couldn't marry feeling this distant and disconnected, though she loved me. And if we couldn't reconnect and get in touch with the feelings that led to our decision to marry, we would call the whole thing off. Once we began to talk, I could understand where the dread and distance were coming from. And as soon as we started talking about feeling disconnected, we began to reconnect with solace and relief. And so, on October 7, 1979, we were married.

The ceremony was nontraditional; created by us and our friends. We took advantage of Pennsylvania's quaker tradition that allows a marriage to be legal if

vows are exchanged in front of witnesses who sign the marriage certificate. We exchanged vows in front of family and friends, sang songs while Sandy and Bob played guitar and fiddle. It was very hippie.

That same year, my colleague and collaborator, Lauren Crabtree, left the Institute to go to the Horsham Clinic. His leaving was precipitous and full of conflict and controversy. I was left a kind of symbol of the "old way", a way of creativity but also of blurred boundaries and little structure. After Lauren left, I don't think I had a professional partner with whom I had that kind of excitement.

Part of Lauren's gift was that he was a spell-binding and comedic storyteller. During their early years, when I was his associate director, we would attend national meetings of the American Society of Adolescent Psychiatry (ASAP) to present our program to an audience of several hundred psychiatrists from all over the United States. I had no idea what we would present— I felt unprepared and apprehensive. After introductions, Lauren would start presenting, sketching the program's philosophy and comical comments, and to illustrate, he would tell stories, moving stories, and hilarious stories. And then there would be questions and discussion, and soon, two hours would pass. It was an enjoyable and easy way to present. A few years later, we were presenting our work with hospitalized adolescents with the diagnosis of 1979 Minimal Brain Dysfunction (MBD), what today would be called attention deficit and learning disabilities. The annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association (APA) was in Miami Beach that year, and our clinical research team of five all had a part in this more formal and academic presentation of methodology, results, and clinical applications in our findings. I had organized and chaired this panel; much had changed in those few years.

5

Claudia and I, of course, talked about having children together before we got married. She was clear that her identity as a woman included motherhood and that her life would never be complete without the experience of giving birth and nurturing her own babies. I was more ambivalent. Just as getting married felt like a betrayal of the family I had abandoned, having children with Claudia felt like a further rejection of my existing children. Such is the logic of guilt. At the same time, I loved Claudia and was loved by her in a way I had never known, and I understood that children would only add to the feelings we shared. I also knew that children bring deep fears nothing else can bring— children are the great vulnerability, always hostages to the fates. But the deal is, the joys are great, as are the risks; who can say anything about the odds where love is concerned? So honey, let's go for it!

We were in California in May 1980, and after an ASAP meeting in San Francisco, we drove south to Big Sur and Carmel, where we spent the night at a B&B. While we were there, Claudia noticed that she was late, which was very unusual for her. When we got home, she got a blood test done at work (she was working at the Albert Einstein Medical Center, where she was assistant head nurse of the delivery room), and she learned that we were pregnant. She called me at work to tell me the good news.

Claudia grew and grew more voluptuous with child. But after the initial excitement, I grew somewhat depressed and distant. After dinner with friends, during which I did an excellent job at being funny and apparently lighthearted, I returned home only to sink again into that "cold distance." Claudia got frustrated with me as we lay in bed, and finally, she lost it, smashing me with repeated blows with the feather pillow. I don't know why, but something was released; perhaps a flow of anger allowed a flow of energy. The anger led to passion, which led to intimacy, which led to deep connection, and soon we were all right.

On January 27th, 1981, Rebekah Lockie Horowitz was born at the Birth Center in Bryn Mawr, an alternative to hospital based obstetrical care. Edie Wannell, a nurse midwife, myself,

and our friend Debby Rosen, who was also a delivery room nurse, aided and supported Claudia. George and Hope arrived as Claudia began to deliver, and the Birth Center was set up like a home, with a bedroom/birthing room and a kitchen and dining room. The idea was to make the birth experience more natural, like a home delivery, a less sanitized and institutional experience where the mother is separated from supportive relationships. So, with our encouragement and our hands supporting, soothing, catching, and holding, Rebekah made her way into the world, separating herself partially from her mother when I cut the umbilical cord. She immediately reattached herself when she quickly began to nurse at her mother's breast.

After Becky arrived in the birthing room, we ate a meal together around the dining room table. It was pasta that Claudia had prepared a few days before our due date. Then we went home and were joined by Esther and George, Sandy, Bob, and Maya, who was six years old. There was a quiet in our house that winter and spring, the quiet of a house when a baby sleeps upstairs, and we move more carefully so as not to make unnecessary noise for fear of waking. Our conversations seemed almost a whisper. The quiet is also within, the peace and sense of completeness when you are three people, three generations, time and place more whole, as I remember.

Later, in 1981, we built an addition to our home, adding the family room to the kitchen. Our thinking about design was an extension of thinking about relationships and attachment. Rather than have the rooms of the first floor separate us, we wanted to have one open space.

The summer of 1981 began a family tradition borrowed from the professional custom of psychiatrists taking off every August to clear one's head and body with the cool, healthy air of the mountains. So that summer, Becky, Claudia, and I drove to Long Lake, outside of Naples, Maine, a spot introduced to us by our friends Ted and Debby Rosen, for a month in a lakeside home we had rented. We rented a house on the lake and were visited by the Fondersmith family and Schonholtz family. Becky was only six months old, so much of our time was spent around the house and on the small sand beach.

The Fondersmiths impressed me, when almost all of them, including Hope, but not George, went parasailing. I had never seen a 50 year old, mother of four, grandmother, parasail. My mother wouldn't have para-ed anything! Perhaps this wasn't really a Fondersmith family activity, but an Eaton family activity, for it was Alex Eaton, Hope's father, who was said to have been a risk taker, circus performer, who in his youth had been known to dive off bridges blindly. It was a good time, and I got some reading, exercise, and time with family and friends.

After a month away by the lake, with more physical activity, a more natural rhythm, better nutrition, no television, more reading and more writing, and more uninterrupted time together, we returned home, and I returned to the Institute, renewed and recharged. For the next 20 years, I took off a month in the summer. Life is good. My marriage is nurturing; my work is rewarding.

There is always a presence of the pain in my relationships with my children, David, who is 15; Lara, who is 13; and Jennifer, who is 11 years old. They have moved to West Chester. We talk on the phone occasionally; we see each other infrequently. And when we do, there is almost unbearable tension and distance, which keeps us apart. They remain hurt and angry at me, and I don't help them deal with their feelings. Looking back at those years, missing so much of their adolescence, and they too missing what I might have given them, remains among one of the greatest failures of my life.

Soon it was the end of the summer and back to work at the hospital. Professional life was busy with directing an adolescent program, conducting a busy private practice, and teaching in the residency program. It was the teaching which brings me to the Seminar. The Seminar, my weekly meeting with the second and third year residents began in 1975, and focused exclusively on readings and discussion in adolescent psychiatry. Gradually, over the years I expanded the curriculum from classic and traditional papers in adolescent psychiatry to readings in my own evolving interests, which had always been more eclectic than those of the residency program.

Returning to work— the early 1980s continued, exciting and rewarding. My days were filled with work helping hospitalized adolescents and their families. I was also concluding a research project at that time that had begun in the late 1970s studying what was then called minimal brain dysfunction, later renamed attention deficit hyperactivity disorder combined with learning differences. The paper described how ADHD was a risk factor in vulnerable teenagers for the development of behavior disorders and substance abuse. Teachers would confuse inattentiveness with a lack of intelligence. The kids who couldn't pay attention, end up acting out, and would be identified as behavior disorders; with a mix of family that is stressed and not functioning well, they may not know to bring their child to a psychiatrist and seek special education and would just be labeled as disruptive. The paper was published in The Annals of Adolescent Psychiatry.

Also, by the early 1980s, I had been elected president of the Philadelphia Society for Adolescent Psychiatry. As president, I was responsible for organizing our scientific program and the lectures that would follow our quarterly dinner meetings. Each meeting included a lecture given by an invited speaker on a subject of interest to a psychiatric group. I relished this job, for it gave me the opportunity to invite those whose work seemed most interesting to come to Philadelphia and speak to our group. By bringing in people from outside of Philadelphia, I believed I was facilitating the spread of new and exciting ideas, a kind of turning of the intellectual soil, which was, to my way of thinking, a bit arid. In those years there were funds available for lectures from both professional societies and residency training programs, particularly in major centers like the Institute, and so as a faculty member with a weekly seminar, and as the president of a 100 member professional society, I was fortunate to be able to bring to the Institute and to my seminar, some of the leading thinkers in the field at the time.

In 1983, John Bowlby accepted my invitation to come to Philadelphia while giving a series of lectures around the United States. Bowlby was a fascinating man, an Englishman born in 1910; he was trained in psychiatry, child psychiatry, and psychoanalysis in London during the time of Anna Fraud (Sigmund's daughter and disciple). During the time after WWII, Bowlby became interested in the traumatic effects on children of the disruption, dislocations, and losses of vital relationships, particularly the mother-child bond, caused by war. His work evolved into studies of the effects of hospitalizations on children at a time when parents were not allowed to visit their children in the hospital for fear of infection. Bowlby found and described the effects of separation and loss, the depression and anxieties in the children that resulted. This work leads eventually to his three-volume landmark Attachment and Loss, which gave rise to Attachment theory, one of the most important contributions to psychiatry and developmental psychology of the 20th century.

What was also exciting and inspiring to me about Bowlby was his intellectual independence, rigor, and vigor. The conventional psychoanalytic establishment attacked his ideas and his writings because they were thought to be anti-Freudian. According to psychoanalysis, the significant trauma of childhood was thought to be the sexual unavailability of the mother to her son during the edible complex. Bowlby said that life presented traumatic and interpersonal experiences central to development. And for this model, he was exiled by the British Psychoanalytic Society. Yet, he went on to produce his attachment theory, which gave rise to decades of research worldwide and would recast and reinvigorate the fields of psychiatry and developmental psychology. This outsider, anti-establishment stance endeared him to me, making Bowlby like Gregory Bateson.

His visit to Philadelphia that spring of 1983 and his staying at our home, led to a friendship. During his several nights stay with us, John and Becky, who was then two years old, became attached. John, a father and grandfather, was very comfortable and playful with children, entertaining Becky at the dinner table by making rabbit puppets with his napkin. Becky was so enthralled she waited for John while he was in the bathroom, sitting on the bottom step of the stairs leading to the third floor, facing the bathroom door, and announcing to all in earshot, "Doctor Bowbee is peeing!". From the visit in 1983, John and I became friends and correspondents, meeting again several times during the decade, about which more later.

In the years following Becky's birth, Buba Goldie's health was failing. On June 9th, 1983 at age 89 Buba Goldie, my last grandparent, matriarch of the family, and spectacular cook of East European Jewish delicacies, including world-famous gefilte fish, blintzes, and kasha and

bowties, tall, stout, and strong, died. She was buried in between her son Max, to whom she was so devoted, and her husband Ben, to whom she was physically closer in death than she seemed in life.

The Unhappy Marriage of Ben and Goldie Horowitz

Ben Horowitz was a man of very few words, very little affect, and certainly no stories of his life here in Philadelphia or in Russia, where he was born on December 10th, 1889. He emigrated to the United States in 1907, at age 17 with three older siblings and moved to Philadelphia with his brother Sam, found work as a tailor, and eventually, at the Stetson Hat factory, in Northern Liberties. The only artifact of his life that remains in my possession is a large pair of tailor's scissors.

Zayda Ben told us no stories of origins– his family and childhood in Russia– nor his life as a shtetl Jew. There is a picture, taken in Russia of his parents sitting, with a sister standing behind them. Their appearance, their dress is that of late 19th century shtetl jew of the Pale of Settlement. Chava, Ben's mother, looks terrified and terrifying, leaving me to imagine the effects of her mothering on a boy growing up. To my mind the picture of his mother makes Ben a little more understandable.

What I know was the little told to me by my father, and from hazy tales and rumors that were passed down through the family, from Goldie's sisters. One story was that Ben had fallen in love as a young man, had proposed, and had been rejected by a woman of mystery. It was said he was broken-hearted.

After a time, an engagement to Goldie Letwin, who had arrived from Russia with her family in 1912, was arranged and the family story was that this was not a betrothal based on love. Ben and Goldie were married March 15, 1914. Their engagement picture shows a nattily dressed Ben Horowitz "Beau Brummell" alongside an elegantly posed Goldie Letwin.

There followed the births of their three sons, Max in 1915, Samuel (George) in 1917, and Jacob (Jack) in 1919.

Ben left the Stetson Hat Factory, because the work was seasonal and it was difficult to provide for his family. It was also said that workers at the hat factory were exposed to toxic fumes causing him some respiratory problems. After Stetson, with help from the Letwin family, he opened and failed at a number of corner candy stores, until some time in the 1920s until he found an opportunity at the corner of 20th and Dickonson. With the family living behind the store, life stabilized for Ben and Goldie, financially. But with Ben working seven days a week and the stress of Max's developmental difficulties, there was little warmth to share. What more

can be said about Ben and Goldie? One tale told to me by a cousin, again from the sisters, that Goldie was known to have an affair and for years, who was a business associate and friend of Ben's. Was this gossip or history: I'm inclined to say it's history because Goldie was in a loveless marriage with a man who worked seven days a week, spoke little, and offered even less emotionally. And so she sought companionship and affection elsewhere.

What my father told me about his father, the memory that seemed to be most powerful and painful for George was that Ben did not take time away from the store when George was Bar Mitzfahed. He worked and an uncle of my father's stood in for Ben at the service. My father always said, "He never came, he wasn't there." He also said with gratitude "He always provided when I needed help. He paid for college during the Depression and he gave me money to get me started in business."

Near the end of her life, Goldie revealed to Claudia that she had had an abortion for a pregnancy that would have been her fourth child. The reason she gave for the procedure was that she didn't think she could handle another kid.

Growing up, I never saw my grandfather speak directly to my grandmother, except to ask her to bring him food at the Sunday afternoon meal. It is remarkable today as I look back that I didn't notice how cold and distant their life together was.

6

Let's return to 1983 when Claudia, Becky, and I made our first trip to the Adirondacks, having discovered Bartlet's Carry on Upper Saranac Lake. Bartlet's Carry was the site of an old canoe carry between Upper Saranac and Middle Saranac Lakes, and in the 1920s, had been purchased by a group of wealthy men, including Congressman Merritt, who built 6 or 7 modest summer lodges around the inlet. By the 1980s, the homes had been bought by a young couple named Yardley, and we rented a house from them. The house was wood, Adirondack style, warm and lovely; the inlet was calm and had a small beach. We had a canoe and access to paddle out to Upper Saranac Lake, one of the quieter and more beautiful lakes in that area, west of the High Peaks region. The village of Saranac Lake was quaint and funky– we loved it. But we didn't love it at first.

We arrived at the lake on July 1st, near dusk. Elated as we first saw what we had almost blindly stumbled into: the house, the lake, the forest surrounding, and the sounds and sights of magnificent nature. We excitedly jumped out of our car, only to be assaulted by squadrons of mosquitos and other biting insects. We ran to the house with what we needed for the first night. The next day was sunny and warm, so after breakfast, we went down to the beach and lake, only to discover the scourge of early summer in the Adirondacks, the black fly, aggressive and indomitable. A biting, flying ace that cannot be waived off nor intimidated by the fury of maddened humans. On the beach, Claudia and I had to serve as lookouts to keep the blackfly from reducing Becky to welts, and when I went out for walks, I had to cover myself, including a hat, for even my thick hair wasn't sufficient protection. What we learned, fortunately, was that the black fly disappears as the temperature rises, and by about July 4th, it is gone. So, by the end of our first week, peace had returned to Bartlet's Carry. In the following years, we didn't arrive nearly as early.

After several years with Becky, during which time with David, Lara, and Jen was sparse— when we did get together, I would pick them up at a Wawa in between their home in West Chester and my home in Villanova, which felt like a drop-off, a clandestine drug operation— so it was easy to see that Becky would grow up an only child unless Claudia and I had another. Claudia became pregnant in 1984 and was about seven months pregnant when we returned to Barlet's Carry. That summer was the last vacation when Becky would have us to herself during childhood. But it wasn't just the three of us, for we had visitors. The Fondersmiths joined us for a week, and Sandy, Bob, Maya, and Noah, their one year old, came for a week. These visits added the energy and stimulation of company– more people, food and the smell of food, music, hikes, conversation, drawing, and fun.

On October 6th, 1984, Moira Goldie Horowitz was born at the Birth Center, her middle name honoring Buba Goldie, my paternal grandmother, and Edith Gold Fondersmith, Claudia's paternal grandmother. It was Yom Kippur, and we called Mom to say we wouldn't be able to break the fast with them because it seemed like Claudia was in labor. Mom responded, "Are you sure?".

A week or two after Moira arrived, we had a birth celebration out on the hill in which we ritualistically welcomed Moira into the family, and retroactively welcomed Becky who was already quite the center of the family. My clearest memory of that sunny October afternoon was reading Yeate' "Prayer for a Daughter" for all my daughters, even those not attending, and for all of the parents present.

> "Once more the storm is howling, and half hid
> Under her cradle hood and coverlid
> My child sleeps on"

And once again, there was the sweet silence and smell of a baby sleeping in her crib, late afternoon sunlight streaming through the window, around the partially drawn shades.

Also in 1984, as president of the Philadelphia Society of Adolescent Psychiatry, I had decided to establish a Gregory Bateson lecture. I wrote to Heinz von Foerster. Heinz had been a friend and colleague of Bateson's in the cybernetic community and was one of the few remaining founders of the American Cybernetics Society. He replied with

---

In the summer of 1986, the family had an adventure. In her senior year of high school, Lara decided that her passion and dream was equestrian, three-day eventing. She and I talked about it, conversations which were really the resumption of our distant and disrupted relationship during her high school years. So we talked and agreed that she would take a year between high school and college and live in England, where she would live and train at the home and horse farm of Mrs. Whetstone. From this intense year riding in England, she hoped to discover how far she might go in the equestrian world– the Olympics. Lara had been riding since she was two or three

years old, and she had been competing through childhood, earning a collection of ribbons and trophies, so this “reverse British invasion” seemed, at the time, like a good idea for an energetic, fearless, and talented young woman. I admired all those qualities in her and wanted to support her, so off she went.

And off we went, spurred to follow Lara to England, an excuse for Claudia and I to rent a house and take our annual summer vacation with Becky and Moira in the Kent countryside, southeast of London, an area known for gardens and castles and pastoral beauty. Moreover, Jennifer, who was then almost 16, would join us for a couple of weeks, accompanied by a friend and Grandmom Esther and Grandpop George. So, many of the Horowitz’s arrived in Kent to see Lara and the sights. The first week was quiet, with the four of us taking walks down country roads and across fields. When the rest of the family arrived, we began sightseeing in earnest, taking day trips to Leeds Castle, the home of Anne Boleyn and family, and where Henry VIII wooed young Anne; to Sissinghurst’s Castle and gorgeous informal gardens of Vita Sackville-west where the tall plants in the rear of the beds provided their color against a backdrop of old weathered brick.

We drove to Tonbridge, where Lara was staying at Mrs. Whetstone’s home and riding center, and watched Lara and Pomphrey train. Pomphrey was a young Irish Gelding that I had bought for Lara and a spirited horse was he. I believe Lara was the only one he would allow to ride him.

On the way back from Tonbridge one afternoon, we stopped at a pub for lunch and drinks. We ordered a punch or cider for the kids, only to learn that there was a bit of alcohol in the drink. After a couple of these, little Moira was loopy and hilarious, sitting on the table while the rest of us, also a wee bit loopy, laughed at the sight of a 21-month-old intoxicated toddler.

Claudia and I were pleased and relieved as it turned out that there were no “family dramas" at this time, the first time with Lara and Jennifer together with Becky and Moira. As I remember, Becky seemed to experience the tension most viscerally, trying as hard as a five-year-old could to win her two big half-sisters’ attention and acceptance. Unfortunately, Jennifer and Lara, neither of whom were particularly interested in children at that age, seemed to pay more attention to adorable little Moira. Becky’s feelings at the time are captured in this photograph. Ahh, families, the closer the bonds, the greater the pains. I certainly know as well as anyone.

Near the end of the English countryside idle, Esther and George left in their rental car for London, planning to continue on the rest of their vacation in Scandinavia. A few hours after they departed, I received a phone call from a hospital near London; my parents had had a car accident.

I drove to the hospital, which looked like a WWII English movie. George was in a bed in a surgical ward, one big room with beds lined up on each side of a large center aisle. He was very emotional, upset that he had ruined our vacation. It seems that as he was exiting the M1 motorway, he hit a high curb and rolled the car on its side. As the vehicle rolled, he reflexively stuck his hand out of the window, likely thinking to “break his fall,” and sustained a serious hand injury with some nerve damage. The townspeople found the car turned on its side with Esther hanging, held in her seat by the seat belt. These helpful English folk turned the car from its side back on its wheels. The surgeon told us that surgery was required; the sooner, the better. So George had the surgery in this charming but seemingly less-than-modern English hospital, had his rights prepared, and cut short his vacation. He and Mom flew home to Philadelphia.

The previous May, John Bowlby and his wife Ursila had dinner with Claudia and me in Washington, DC. The occasion for our being in Washington was the annual meeting of ASAP, at which John was to be given an award for his attachment theory writings, an award which I was given the honor to present. So at dinner, I told John of our planned trip to England that summer and he told me he was working on a biography of Charles Darwin. When I learned he had not visited Down House, where Charles and Emma and their many children lived from 1840 on and where in his library, Charles wrote the "Origin of Species." so we agreed to meet in the village of Downe, in Kent, one sunny summer day. After finding one another, John and Urilsua, Claudia and I, in the town and buying some lunch to take with us, we drove to Down House, and there we saw the great naturalists' study, laboratory, and library, as well as the domestic spaces. John and I walked Darwin's Sandwalk, a path he laid out that gave him a mile of exercise and reflection. Without having ever been there before, John could tell me stories of particular trees, benches, and views that were part of Darwin lore. The visit to Down House, home of Darwin, with the Bowlby's was one of the highlights of that trip to England.

Another memorable day was our visit to the Keats’ Museum in Hampstead, where John Keats, at 23, lived alone from the winter of 1818 to May 1820 and where he wrote the great odes, including the “Ode to a Nightingale.” It is strange how setting environments– a desk chair, the very space where something transcendent happened– carries so strong an emotional reaction, a sympathetic response. It felt like Keats was there and not dead at 25, this tragic, melancholy genius of the romantic poets. And stranger still left me with a feeling of serenity.

In January of 1987, Dad turned 70 so Carole and Michael, joined Claudia and I in throwing a party for family and friends, at Evviva, a restaurant in Narberth. David had turned 21 11 days earlier, so there was his birthday to celebrate too. It was a joy getting the extended family together, along with Esther and George’s old friends, like the Cohen’s, the Cogan’s, the Segal’s, and more importantly, to me, was having David, Jenniffer, and Lara join Becky and Moira in a family celebration. But, as it had been for years, the joining was superficial, covering the fault

line between those two families and those two parts of my life. It never seemed like we would be one family or one life, both for me or for the kids. Joyful moments always had their shadows.

It was about this time that I met Heinz von Foerster, the most unforgettable person I ever met. Heinz was probably the last of the living members of the Macy Conferences. The Macy Conference, begun in the early 1940s, interrupted by WWII, and resumed in 1946, were the gatherings, discussions, and arguments that gave rise to the notions of circular causality, dynamic self-regulating systems, and cybernetics. These ideas contributed to the development of the cognitive sciences and significantly impacted models of biological and social sciences. I was very anxious to meet and talk with Heinz because of my interest with Gregory Bateson, a founding member of the Macy circle. Heinz had also been a Macy member and a personal friend of Bateson's from the late 1940s until Bateson died in 1980. So here was an opportunity to meet with the man who knew the man, and although Heinz was a physicist/mathematician/biologist, his influence was spreading into the social sciences. So I wrote to him at his home in retirement in Pescadero, California, and he responded that, coincidentally, he would be in Philadelphia at a meeting of The American Society of Cybernetics– why didn't I attend the conference and meet with him there? So we met at the Barclay Hotel on Rittenhouse Square, my first encounter with Heinz, who was then in his 70s, not too much taller than me, mostly bald with wisps of white hair round his ears, twinkling blue eyes, ready laugh and thick Viennese accent– the kind of man with whom you feel quickly comfortable.

That was also my first encounter with the cybernetics community; the conference was an awakening, for this was a gathering of neuroscientists, social scientists, scholars, clinicians, theorists, and therapists, all excited about the essential ideas derived from cybernetics– realities are invented, not discovered, by observing systems including we human beings who use language to describe our observing. As Humberto Maturana, the Chilean neuroscientist, put it, "Everything that is said, is said by an observer," The intellectual atmosphere at the conference in the fall of 1984 was exhilarating. There were few boundaries between ideas, disciplines, and people. All were accessible; all were conversations. It was remarkable.

Anyway, Heinz and I met briefly, but as he was the center of this organization, intellectually and spiritually, there were many claims on his time. So I told him I would write him about an idea for an annual Bateson lecture. He responded with a postcard that said in large red printed letters "YES," which was, I was to learn, an example and a short, simple summary of Heinz's philosophy of life– his response was engagement, a passionate, red "YES," to opportunity. The first Bateson lecture, established in honor of Gregory Bateson five years after his death by the Philadelphia Society for Adolescent Psychiatry, with the involvement of Lois Bateson, Gregory's widow, and Mary Catherine Bateson, Gregory's daughter, was given by Heinz in October 1985.

My connections with the cybernetics community had grown since that first 1984 meeting, stimulated by friendship with Heinz, my weekly seminar at the Institute, where I was able to have residents read some of the seminal papers written by Heinz, Bateson, and Maturana, and the regular conversations, frequently over dinner, with Frank Galuszka and Bob Schonholtz who were equally intoxicated by the radical ideas of constructivism, embodiment, and emergence. We learned of an international meeting in St. Gallen, Switzerland. I decided to organize a workshop for the conference, and in March of 1987, Bob, Frank, and I flew to Zurich and took a train to St. Gallen. The workshop, titled "On Metaphor" was based on Gregory's idea that mental processes, particularly creative processes, operated on metaphorical knowledge and logic rather than Aristotelian logic. Frank presented a paper, "Metaphor, Art and Inspiration," Bob's "The Use of Metaphor in Art Therapy ", and Loren Crabtree's "Metaphor and Psychotherapy," the workshop was well received.

St. Gallen was a university town, the site of a medieval university with a look of cobblestoned streets, stone architecture, and houses in the Swiss style. It being March in the mountains, it was still chilly with snow. But the moment was warm and enchanted. We three found an excellent restaurant, which we returned to several times. The beer was fantastic, and we discovered the chocolatiers as we wandered the streets. We bought chocolate alligators for the kids at home. With the alligators, we created a story to tell the children about how these magical chocolate alligators had come from the moat around the Schlossle Castle, where Count Schlossle lived. We sent postcards home to heighten the anticipation, and when we arrived home and told the kids the story of the castle, the count, and the alligators. They were enchanted.

Soon after our return from Switzerland, it was spring and Passover. Sandy and Bob, Claudia and I, decided to create our own secular, humanistic seder that would include poetry and music within the structure of the Exodus story. We focused on the many forms of freedom– political, psychological, spiritual– and talked about the historical enslavement of the Israelites in Egypt, and the power of the Exodus story, and the tradition of the seder as a home and family based ritual. We also talked about the seder as an expression of the Pagan spring rituals of renewal. We sang “Redemption Song”, “Pack up Your Sorrows”, and “Yellow Submarine”. It was one of the most joyful and meaningful seders I had ever been to. And we continued to celebrate Passover this way for many years.

That June, Jennifer graduated high school in West Chester, and David graduated from Boston University. Being that I wasn’t invited, I didn’t go to Jennifer’s graduation, but Mom, Dad, and I went up to Boston to attend David’s. The evening before the commencement, we heard Elie Wiesel give a lecture, the exact content of which I don’t remember

more than 30 years later, but I do recall being entranced by his narrative of his Holocaust experience and being moved by his life as a witness to man's inhumanity to man. When I returned home, I read "Night".

That weekend, we also visited the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library. I looked for the book that contained the signatures of the Susquehanna students who had contributed to the library in the spring of 1964, months after the president's assassination. The young, charismatic president took the nation's college students, and we were devastated by his murder, so Jackie Kennedy asked that we college students across the country help build his library by raising money. I was the student chairman for the project as Susquehanna, and like every other school, we sent a bound book of student signatures to be placed in the library when it was completed. Though I was in the library we helped to build, I couldn't find that book in 1987. Oh well, no great loss.

In August, Claudia and I, Becky and Moira, returned to Upper Saranac Lake and to a house, Pine Point Camp, that we rented for the month from the Ruth Thompson family, who were staying next door at Sunset Camp. Dr. Thompson had bought the lakeside property in the 1950s from the original owners, the Bucknells, the same family that endowed Bucknell University. So these buildings, the two houses, and a boat house, were all that survived from the original Adirondack Camp, built early in the 19th century and consisting of more than six structures.

We had a glorious month. Upper Saranac Lake is long and narrow, with few houses, so its shoreline is pine trees and boulders. The lake was formed along with the Adirondack Mountains when the glaciers from the last Ice Age retreated. So the lake and shores are quiet, with few homes, few people, no motorboats– we paddled our canoe, we walked the dirt road and trails collecting blueberries, we swam, the girls played, I read, and Claudia did projects. And we had visitors, one week with the Fondersmiths and one week with the Schonholtz family. These visits were happy parts of the summer, with time for cousins and friends to play together, for Claudia and I to hang out, and for all to share dinner, music in the evening, and good conversation surrounded by the natural beauty of the lakes and forests. Those were great times, that summer, and the many that followed, when we returned to Upper Saranac Lake for a month each summer.

One of the most unforgettably terrifying experiences of those mostly tranquil summers was the time that my Claudia decided to go for a walk alone to get some solitude. So off she went down the dirt road, saying she might go off into the woods for a bit more "nature" but wouldn't

go far or be gone long. After a couple of hours, I noticed an uneasy feeling that grew more intense as the sun began moving towards the horizon. But it was only about 4 o'clock, and several more hours of daylight were left. I gathered Becky and Moira, and we set off for a walk, thinking we'd meet up with Claudia on the road. We walked, no Claudia, and I was beginning to worry, maybe beyond worry as we returned to the house. No one was in the house next to us, and I was alone with the girls, so I couldn't leave them alone to go out looking for Claudia.

Another walk down the road, this time with me calling out loudly, "Claudia! Claudia!" figuring my voice would carry, and if she were nearby in the woods, my voice would orient her. There was no response, and as it was nearing sunset, we returned to the camp. I was thinking about calling the park rangers and organizing a search party.

It was dusk when she appeared. The relief was so physical my heart slowed, the tightness of my muscles relaxed, my thinking slowed, and I became more rational. What would I do, how would I cope with a real emergency? Claudia had told me she had gotten turned around, disoriented, lost, and then found the setting sun, which she knew was west and in the direction of the lake. So she walked toward the sun and the lake and soon came to the road parallel to the shoreline– it came back to Pine Point Camp. Looking back, I have to admit that was one of my traumatic experiences with my beloved.

In May of 1989, Claudia and I flew to San Francisco for the annual meeting of ASAP, at which I was going to chair a panel entitled "Identity Revisited" which would take a revisionist look at female identity formation. As always, the friends at ASAP plus San Francisco made for a good time. From San Francisco we drove south on US-1 to Pescadero, where we visited with Heinz and Mai Von Foerster, in their home on top of Rattlesnake Hill. The home, designed and built by Heinz and his youngest son Andy, was simple– small but filled with thought, care. efficiency, and economy, and completed in about 1977, a year after Heinz' retirement from the University of Illinois. We had lunch and conversation, and Heinz and Mai talked about surviving World War II while living in Berlin, returning to Vienna after the war, and immigrating to the United States in 1947. When it was time to leave, we gave them, as a token of our appreciation, one of Claudia's cyclone raku vessels, and then we drove off to Yosemite.

Yosemite was awe-inspiring, Half Dome with the moon, El Capitan, where we spent hours watching rock climbers on the sheer side of the mountain– it took a while for my eyes to distinguish the "ants" movement on the sheer rock surface. I was mesmerized by the climbers. After a few days at Yosemite, we left for Napa Valley- the BnB, restaurant, and winery thing- and then returned to San Francisco and home.

When I returned to the Institute, I learned from Jim Hoyme, the medical director, that a decision had been made to end the adolescent substance abuse program that I had been directing for many years, disbanding it and its multidisciplinary team. Henceforth, adolescents with

addiction would be treated with adults, a decision I disagreed with. So, in June, our team gathered to acknowledge the end of our work together and our "powerlessness" to resist the economic and administrative forces that were taking over psychiatry and psychiatric hospitals. We said goodbye to our work as a team, celebrated our excellent work with some of the most difficult-to-treat adolescents, and moved on.

By August, having begun to adjust to this significant change, Claudia, the girls, and I took off for Upper Saranac Lake and our month in the Adirondacks. On August 2nd, we called Mom to wish her a happy 70th birthday, and she wished me a happy 47th. She said she was celebrating by going to a Phillies game with Dad, Carole, and David, along with a "sacred cache" of corn beef sandwiches– a most fitting way to celebrate her 70th! And then, around dusk on August 2nd, the electricity went out at Pine Point Camp, and we read by flashlight. I hoped this wasn't an omen– I was in that frame of mind partly because I had been reading Joseph Campbell's work on mythology and Gregory Bateson's take on the "Rhyme of Ancient Mariner."

That fall, as the World Series was starting and game 1 was to be played in San Francisco's Candlestick Park, an earthquake tore open northern California, breaking apart the road over the Golden Gate Bridge and shaking the stadium. The quake's epicenter was only a mile from Pescadero, and the von Foerster's home shook violently. I called to see if Heinz and Mai were okay, but the phones were out until I finally got through the next day. In his usual ebullient spirits, Heinz told me they were fine– intact– but much on shelves, dishes, and the like were in pieces– except for Claudia's raku vessel, which did not fall or break. All was well on Rattlesnake Hill.

In the spring of 1990, David graduated from Villanova Law School. Even though the proceedings were inside, he was the only future lawyer to march in with sunglasses on during the procession. David remained true to his character, unconventional and anti-establishment. I hoped at the time that he would be able to put that part of him to good use. Later that month, we celebrated with the family, poolside, at the house.

And just a month later, Claudia and I celebrated her 40th birthday with dinner at Le Bec Fin with Sandy and Bob, and with Claudia in a walking cast to stabilize her severely sprained ankle, an injury suffered when she took a misstep coming down the stairs in the dark of the middle of the night.

That summer of 1990, I was particularly "burned out" by the year's work and looked forward to the recharging that would take place when we got to Upper Saranac. And once sitting by, swimming in, and looking out at the lake, the energies were replenished, and my body and mind were alive.

The girls played, we all walked down the old dirt road and across fields, we swam and canoed some, and I remember reading, among others, "Composing a Life" by Kathy Bateson. The book was her take on the ways available for women to weave together a life of meaningful work with a life of personal relationships and attachments. This led me to reflect on my daughters and where they each were at with their weavings.

In 1990, Lara was nearing 23, and she had two distinct and powerful ways of being, to which I had two strong responses. One side of her was independent, passionate, and committed to her own vision of herself and her world. I admired and loved this side of her, which was a dominant part of her personality and what I most commonly saw– this was the Lara I usually interacted with. But there was another side– at times moody, sullen, wanting expectedly, and I remember it was difficult to be empathic. But I knew my responsibility was to support and love her with her complexity and humanness and help her find her most authentic voice.

Jennifer was nearing 21, she had dropped out of Rollins College after her sophomore year in 1989, and had spent a year in Key West with her then boyfriend, but was returning to the Philadelphia area to figure out what and perhaps who was next. I was hopeful that the year off had been a time of "real" life experiences– working, supporting herself, true independence from parents. She was deciding about going back and finishing college and where to do that, and ultimately decided to return to Florida and go to the University of Jacksonville where she got her degree in environmental studies in 1933. Those years had a few bumps but I admired her resilience and energy and determination and I loved the woman she was becoming.

Becky was nine that summer and like many firstborns, she was in a hurry to take her place at the table. She was straining to be a pre-teen, yet she still had one foot in the girl child's world of imagination and doll play, especially when she and Moira were alone, and Becky was the "Mom" in charge– she was an excellent big sister.

And Moira was changing from a preschooler to a school-age kid. Her language and thinking startled me at times, as did her physical coordination and strength, doing cartwheels as a primary means of locomotion.

And each of them, all four of them, were adorable.

That summer the Fondersmiths made their annual pilgrimage to Upper Saranac Lake, joining us for a week. Lisa, Claudia's younger sister, brought her fiance, young, tall, dark-haired, handsome Bill Hugo, and Bill brought his guitar. After dinner, we spent evenings singing along with Bill, and for me, it was the beginning of a friendship as well as "brothers-in-law", sharing music and wine and, years later, time together at Bethany Beach.

In May of 1991, Claudia and I went to New Orleans, where Lisa and Bill were living. And where I was going to be installed as president of ASAP. During the day, I attended the lectures and symposia I had organized as program chairman, and at night, we sampled what New Orleans is known for: good food and music. Lisa and Bill took us out dancing, and we learned a very basic two-step; we had great fun. The conference's theme was the "Relational Matrix: Context for Development and Change," and reflected my interest in John Bowlby's attachment theory. It was a bittersweet conference, for I'm sure he would have been there if John was alive. As it was, the proceedings were in his honor.

We flew from New Orleans back to Philadelphia with Lisa and Bill, for they were going to stay with us for the ten days leading to their wedding, which Claudia and I were going to host at our home– ceremony on the hill, just as we had done 12 years earlier. However, there was more conventional food and dancing on the deck around the pool. We had a great time– and as the afternoon became evening and guests left, we settled into the family room where Bill and his college friends, seemingly all musicians of one kind or another, started to play and sing. What a lovely evening, too.

And the good times continued. A week later we celebrated Esther and George's 50th wedding anniversary. Carole and Michael, Claudia and I invited about 100 family and friends to join us at Evviva for drinks, dinner, reminiscences, and laughter. After dinner, I narrated a slideshow put together from many photographs of Esther and George, from childhood to their 70s. The narration was done for memories and laughs. And among the biggest laughs we got was from my favorite picture of my parents.

My Favorite Picture of My Parents

My favorite picture of my parents was taken in the summer of 1939 before they were married. The setting is Blackwood, New Jersey, where my father and his friends would rent a place by the lake each summer. My parents are standing in shorts, Esther with a blouse and George barechested, in the bloom of their youth. What I like about the picture is that it is candid and very revealing of who they were then and who they remained in my mind throughout their lives. George is captured calling out, shouting at someone off camera, his attention cast toward the distance and others, wondering what's happening. We see him as he was: energetic, extroverted, social and engaged, noisy, reaching across distances, directing. Esther is quiet, leaning into his protective cover, a shy introvert, holding back yet enjoying the company of a familiar few. How characteristic, how predictive of my parents. They were very much a pair of opposites, a complementarity that seemed to work, for they became a marriage of profound differences. He more noise and tumult, she more quiet and mild. He "let's go," she "let's stay home." And yet, the two loved the Phillies and Breyers ice cream, TV, and old friends.

7

By the end of 1991, my children were here and there. David was looking for a job in Washington DC, which he found in the office of Senator Harris Wofford, Democrat of Pennsylvania: Lara was loving her work in the production end of the movie business: Jennifer was back in school at Jacksonville University in Florida and getting over a relationship of several years that had ended: Becky had begun her journey through puberty and middle school years: Moira was full of good energy, gymnastics, and still paid rapt attention to bedtime stories that I told her about her kitty-cat and princesses who walked alone in the forest at night. Claudia– remarkable, energetic Claudia, was immersed in children, pottery, volunteering at Trevor's place (a no man's haven), Spanish, flute, and friends!!

I had taken a new job as medical director of a day treatment center for adolescents in Bryn Mawr and had become president of ASAP, which involved some travel and presentations. My new job was not part of the Institute, so I had to resign from my administrative position with the adolescent program, ending 20 years at Pennsylvania Hospital. However, I continued my private practice at 49th Street and maintained my office in the beautiful old Center Building. But within a couple more years, that too would change, and the Institute, which had begun in the 1840s, closed. In 1993, I changed jobs again, taking a position as medical director at West Meade Center, a residential program for adolescents in Bucks County that I would have a large hand in developing for a for-profit healthcare corporation. Because psychiatrists were involved on the corporate board and investors, I hoped the program would be a model showing that quality clinical care could be provided in a for-profit setting– that profit and high quality might live together.

The program opened in September 1993 with a one-day conference for area mental health professionals, educators, business types, and guests, including Esther and George. I invited my friend and colleague Vivian Rakoff, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Toronto, to be

our keynote speaker but he missed his plane and I was in a spot with no speaker to mark the opening of this new treatment center. There really was only one last-minute solution, and that was me. I found a quiet place, tried to compose myself, manage my panic, and wait for an idea to arise, which happened when I realized I could use this experience– the unexpected hurdle, the random challenge– as the theme for a very extemporaneous talk. I was in an altered state to handle performance anxiety, and then it was over, and all are congratulatory. The anticipation is painful, but when it's over, the relief is sweet.

In November 1993, the American Society for Cybernetics held its annual meeting in Philadelphia. Frank, Bob, and I were on the planning committee, and we had a good time organizing the four-day event, particularly the theme, plenary lectures, and panels and workshops. The theme of the conference "Cybernetics and the Art of Learning".

The conference was a Woodstock of ideas, energy, and personalities. For me, what I remember most clearly 30 years later was introducing Heinz as he was to give the keynote address. Retelling the story of Heinz and the "YES" postcard, I described Heinz with his energy, his tendency to action, his willingness to engage and take responsibility, to model in language and his belief, "if you want to see, learn how to act,". It was a joy to introduce him, the entire meeting was fun, and one moment was captured in the photograph of Frank, Bob, Heinz, and me.

In the winter of 1994, Claudia and I took Becky and Moira to Puerto Vallarta, an old picturesque village on the Pacific coast of Mexico. The Schoenholtz family joined us for the week around the pool, at the beach, and wandering the streets. One evening we found a restaurant for some dinner and were shown to a table large enough for eight on the second floor. As was the custom, we were offered good Mexican tequila before, during, and after our very delicious meal. When it was time to leave, the coordination of left and right limbs being somewhat impaired we encountered some difficulty descending a steep set of steps to the first floor and the exit to the street. The kids were very entertained to see their parents intoxicated.

That March, Claudia and I went down to the North Star Bar, which was Lara's neighborhood hangout, to see Vinx. At intermission, Lara came over and said "I'm telling you guys this because I love you" and Claudia began to cry because it was the first time she had ever said that to her. She then told us she had a girlfriend.

Also that winter, Claudia, Becky, Sandy, and I took a ride up to Woodstock, New York to meet Johtje Vos [yo-she vas]. Becky was preparing for her bat mitzvah in March and she had decided to do her research and paper on the Righteous Gentiles, Christians who had risked their lives and the lives of their families to save Jews during the Holocaust. Johtje Vos was such a person, honored at Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Museum in Israel, for her actions in her homeland, the Netherlands. She and her husband had been living in upstate New York since the late 1940s where she was a neighbor of Meg and Toby Carey, friends of ours from Camp Treetops. They introduced us to Johtje, Becky described her project, and Johtje generously invited us to her home for a day so Becky could interview her on video tape. So began a day with a remarkable woman, who denied her uniqueness, refused to think of herself as exceptional or heroic, but told us stories of extraordinary courage. As I listened, I doubted I would be capable of such acts.

The bat mitzvah ritual itself was memorable, powerful, an experience for all who gathered with us that was emotional and unique. I constructed the framework based on the traditional structure of religious ritual and coming of age ceremonies. It was a gathering, the transition to a sacred space, awakening with the use of candlelight, music, and poetry, the coming of age portion itself which we called “awakenings” that included a beautiful poem written by Cluaida, the community singing Jackson Brown’s “For a Dancer” (with some changes in the lyrics), and Becky's presentation of the project “The Righteous Gentiles of the Holocaust” accompanied by her video interview of Jotje Vas. This was followed by a segment called Kaddish in which our parents brought each of their families, our ancestors, into the narrative by telling their family origin stories. We ended with a secular benediction.

Two elements helped create the context for an awakening. Frank Galuszka and Diane Pieri, who were married at the time, did the art for our coming-of-age ritual book, along with Granddad George Fondersmith, who did a drawing of a girl entering a maze for the cover. The music all of which was contemporary-folk-ish and performed by a band of local musicians and friends with singing by the Horowitz/Schoenholtz/Fondersmith-Hugo Family Singers. That was fun. And then we had a lunch at Evviva.

That summer, Claudia was at Camp Treetops with Becky and Moira and I was staying at camp for my month of summer vacation. George was to be honored at a national convention of Brith Shalom, a man of the year type thing, being held at one of the old Jewish resorts in the Catskills. I drove down from the Adirondacks to attend with other family, Uncle Jack, David, Carole, and Kimberly were there. And of course, Mom, who wasn't looking well. After the ceremonies and a meal, I asked her how she was feeling and she described a pain she was having in her back as well as feeling fatigued. I told George and suggested he take her for evaluation when they got home. I returned to Tree Tops, with no premonition. That Monday or Tuesday I got a call that Mom had a lung mass. I returned to Philly and got her an appointment at Penn's Cancer Center. Initially, we were told that the cancer was operable and after conferencing with the medical team, surgery was recommended and would be scheduled. Mom was hesitant at first, frightened by the prospect of surgery, yet over the next few days more accepting and stoic. However, when we attended the follow-up meeting with the surgical team, we learned that the cancer was inoperable, that the mass was too large and too close to her heart. Radiation was recommended and Mom began treatments at Abington Hospital, where I had interned 25 years earlier. She turned 75 that August 2nd, 1994.

During that same summer, I had a strange experience. Frank and I were to fly to San Francisco, meet Bob, who was already in California, at the airport, and go visit Heinz and Mai von Foester in Pescadera. We arrived at the Philly Airport to learn that our flight was delayed, as were all east-west transcontinental flights due to severe lightning and thunderstorms across the midwest. And on top of that, we were told that our plane, sitting at the terminal, was having "mechanical problems". An ominous feeling overtook me as it did Frank. Somehow, the trip seemed "cursed", filled with foreboding and danger. We decided to cancel rather than wait for rescheduling of that flight for that night or the next morning. I called Sandy to find out how to get in touch with Bob, only to learn that Bob had just called to say that his sister Debby had committed suicide. And he was out there alone. Sometimes life is strange.

In September, a second journey to Pescadero, and this one went as Heinz would say "fantastic!". Heinz took Bob, Frank, and I around Rattlesnake Hill, carefully describing the design that he and his son Andy realized in this very simple modest home. And there were mementos, papers, artwork, books including a fine collection of erotica and many many stories. Heinz told stories of his friend Paul Wittgenstein, the one armed pianist who stood up at the opera to chastise the audience; the uncle who was captured by the Russians while fighting for Austria during WWI and who escaped and then walked across China on his way East and eventually home to Vienna. And of course we talked and talked. Some of our talking was over meals, and one of those meals was at Duarte's, a Portuguese family run restaurant in Pescadero. And when we entered the restaurant, everybody there, chef, waitresses, owners, all knew and welcomed Heinz. The only down-side to our trip was Mai's health, which wasn't good at that time due to severe arthritis which kept her in bed.

The rest of 1994 focused on Mom. Once treatment started, she was weak from the radiation, and when we visited, I would often find her sitting in the same place on a corner of the sofa, in front of the TV, with her head resting on her arm on a small serving table. Sometimes, she's asleep, sometimes she cries, and slowly, she gets stronger. George tries, in his way, to support and encourage; his way is occasionally impatient and intense with worry. By late fall, she felt well enough to join us on a Sunday afternoon for a movie, "Quiz Show," which Lara had worked on, and after the movie, we went to Tira Misu, a Roman-Jewish restaurant on 4th Street near South. We had a very warm, lovely time that day.

In December, Mom had a stroke. A metastasis from her lung cancer had blocked a cerebral artery in an area of her brain, causing speech loss and some weakness. She was admitted to Abington. We noticed as she recovered that because of the damage to speech centers, she confused words and had difficulty with names, calling Stephen "David" until Stephen started wearing a sign with his name. She was also a bit disinhibited. More spontaneous and comical, she salted her language with an occasional curse word, something I had never heard from her before. We had never seen this part of her.

Gradually, she seemed to be improving, and in January, she was transferred to the rehab floor to work on her strength and walking in anticipation of returning home. By the end of the month, she had developed hospital-borne pneumonia, got very ill, and fell into a coma. On Wednesday she suddenly came out of her coma and sat up in bed as though she had been napping, and we were all amazed and hopeful. But by Thursday, she lapsed again into a coma and died on Friday, around dinnertime. Stephen was there with her; Libby, Carole, and Dad were in the hospital cafeteria getting some dinner; Claudia and I had run over from the hospital to Sandy and Bob's for dinner with Frank, who was in from California. We got the news while we were there; we hugged friends who felt as close as family and returned to the hospital room to say goodbye to Mom, already so lifeless, with wisps of hair, mouth fixed and open. At that moment, I felt a heavy heart, not a broken heart. The sadness at my mother's death was complex, and those complex feelings have stayed with me for 30 years now. I naturally felt sadness at the loss of my mother and the great change in our lives. And yet, I was aware of the emotional distance between my mother and I and what a mystery she was to me. My mother and I never felt close, never had a relationship in which affection was demonstrated or love was expressed. And so I felt sad for both of us for the emptiness that accompanies these absences of secure attachment. From my perspective it seemed to me Mom had lived most of her life without knowing how to give or get much love. I have no idea if she felt the same way.

Dad seemed lost, of course, for the first few months after Esther's, his wife of 53 years, death. Never one to sit still, feel sorry for himself, or mope, he still was unsure about how to go on. We spent more time together, we had dinners and talked but he had never been particularly reflective or introspective, at least with me. He did say again and again how hurt he was that in the months from her diagnosis to her death, he and Mom had not shared what the years together had meant to each of them. She was unable, as he told it, to sum up their marriage in a positive

way and to acknowledge their enduring bonds and good times. He was like Tevye the milkman in Fiddler on the Roof who wakes up from a dream to ask his wife of many years “do you love me?” and after reassurances about loyalty and responsibility and childbearing and childcare, he asks her again “but do you love me?”. I believe the essential question for George as it was for me was “do you love me?”