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August 2021 e-Newsletter

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Quotes from Ta Nehisi Coates - Between the World and Me

- "They had worked two and three jobs, put children through high school and college, and become pillars of their community. I admired them, but I knew the whole time that I was merely encountering the survivors."
- "All I know is, the violence rose from the fear like smoke from a fire. "
- "I was made for the library, not the classroom. The classroom was the jail of other people's interests. The library was open, unending, free."
- "You are growing into consciousness, and my wish for you is that you feel no need to constrict yourself to make other people comfortable. None of that can change the math anyway. I never wanted you to be twice as good as them, so much as I have always wanted you to attack every day of your brief bright life in struggle. The people who must believe they are white can never be your measuring stick. I would not have you descend into your own dream. I would have you be a conscious citizen of this terrible and beautiful world.
- "I would not have you descend into your own dream. I would have you be a conscious citizen of this terrible and beautiful world."
- "But race is the child of racism, not the father."
- "One cannot, at once, claim to be superhuman and then plead mortal error. I propose to take our countrymen's claims of American exceptionalism seriously, which is to say I propose subjecting our Country to an exceptional moral standard."
- "Black people love their children with a kind of obsession. You are all we have, and you came to us endangered."

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Martin Drell, MD

- "I believed, and still do, that our bodies are our selves, that my soul is the voltage conducted through neurons and nerves, and that my spirit is my flesh."

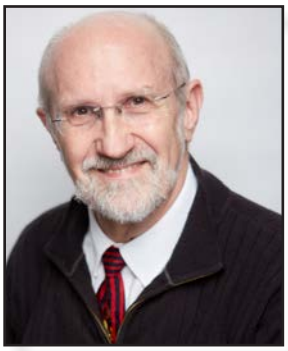
- "The question is not whether Lincoln truly meant "government of the people," but what our Country has, throughout its history, taken the political term "people" to actually mean."

- "I was a curious boy, but the schools were not concerned with curiosity. They were concerned with compliance. I loved a few of my teachers. But I cannot say that I truly believed any of them."

- "So you must wake up every morning knowing that no promise is unbreakable, least of all the promise of waking up at all. This is not despair. These are the preferences of the universe itself: verbs over nouns, actions over states, struggle over hope."

Editors Column - The History of Remembered History

Martin Drell, MD



Martin Drell, MD

"*Those who don't know history are destined to repeat it*." — Spanish philosopher George Santayana

For my column, I will continue in the spirit of my contributions to the last issues which have focused on racism. As a spectator of current events, a longstanding lover of history, and a member of the American Academy of Director's of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry (AADCAP—formerly the Professor's) workgroup on Racism and Health Disparities, I continue to read bestselling books on racism and to write book reviews and short biographies of past civil rights leaders. There is never a time when doing so that I don't end up repeatedly saying "I didn't know that" or "Isn't that interesting." Another very enjoyable thing is that when people hear about what I'm doing, we end up discussing what I've learned about the history of racism. Some even ask to see my articles. In some cases, people reciprocate by sharing articles that they come across in their readings.

My latest example of this came after my research on William Lloyd Garrison, perhaps the most famous White abolitionist. When I told a friend what I was working on, he mentioned that he had just read an article on Cassius Clay in the Wall Street Journal (Michael Medved, *Americans Should Know the Story of Abolitionist Cassius Clay*, W.S.J. 6/18/21). I asked if it was about Muhammad Ali, as I know that was the boxer's birth name. "No" said my friend, "It's about Cassius Clay the abolitionist."

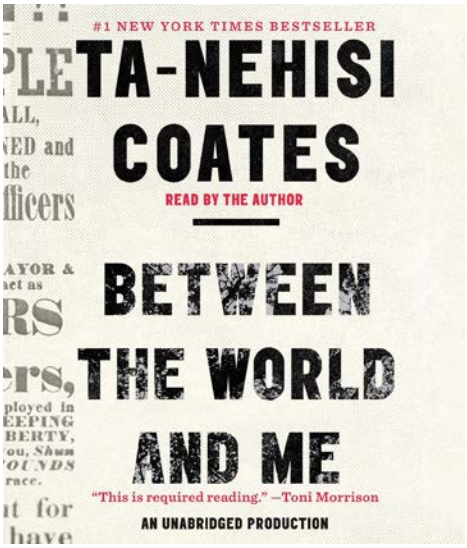
I had assumed that Cassius Clay was the name of the plantation owner of Muhammad Ali's ancestors when they were slaves. I was wrong! Ali's father, Cassius Marcellus Clay, Sr. was named in honor of Cassius Marcellus Clay (1810-1903) who was the son of a prominent Kentucky slave holding family who became an abolitionist, funded an abolitionist newspaper, survived assassination attempts for his views, was Abraham Lincoln's ambassador to Russia, and helped found Berea College that opened in 1855 to students of "all kinds," including Black people and women. I didn't know that! This led me to want to read more on Cassius Clay, the abolitionist. As often happens, the next article I read pointed out the peculiar fact that Clay continued to own slaves right up to the Civil War. This has left me puzzled and challenged to do more reading.

In a similar vein, I am always amazed at many people's abhorrence of history. I'm not sure why I am so amazed with this, as I absolutely abhorred history when I was younger based on my anxious focus on the present and the future and the dry teaching techniques used by my high school teachers that included an over-emphasis of what I thought to be non-essential facts and memorization. I gradually overcame my dislike and began to appreciate history more and more over time. I suspect that I might be a rarity and that most never overcome their youthful dislike based on the reality that when I mention early civil rights leaders, many people say they've never heard of them. For most of the Owls, I suspect their civil rights history begins with MLK in the 60's, as we all lived through these times. These lived experiences are not available to the generations that have succeeded us. I learned this lesson when I visited the Civil Rights Museum in Birmingham with my daughter Emily, who was born in 1983. As we went through the varied exhibits, she kept staring at me. When I asked her what that was about, she answered, "I just realized that you lived through this." I answered, "yes," to which she responded, "I thought this was before you were born." "Nope," I answered.

I suspect history for the present generation now coming to maturity will begin with their shared history of current events and the Black Lives Matter Movement. I hope, but am not overly optimistic, that a love of history will allow them to put their lived experiences in the context of past historical events that go back hundreds of years. I hope that my contributions to this Newsletter will allow such a contextualization to occur for the members of the Owls.

For those who prefer shorter books (176 pages) that are more personal, I might suggest Ta-Nehisi Coates second book: *Between the World and Me*. It won the 2015 non-fiction national book of the year, as well as many other awards.

The book is written as a letter to his son, Samori, about his thoughts about being Black in America. The format was inspired by James Baldwin's earlier book The Fire Next Time (1963) which involved a letter to Baldwin's nephew upon the hundredth anniversary of emancipation. The letter to Samori includes three parts: A description of Ta-Nehisi's experiences as a young man, the impact of the birth of Samori on Ta-Nehisi and his wish to instruct his son on how to protect himself and his body, and a visit with the mother of Ta-Nehisi's friend, Prince Carmen Jones, who was "mistakenly" killed by police. This latter part describes the life of Prince's mother, who was a sharecropper's daughter, who rose in social standing to the point of being able to provide her children with private schools and a comfortable lifestyle.



The book is an elegant and elaborate version of "The Talk" that Black parents feel they need to give their children on how to navigate the racist culture in the US, especially with regards to encounters with authority figures, such as the police. He focuses over and over on "the body," a concept he borrowed from feminist literature. He feels that Black people, like women, are seen as "objects" to be appropriated, exploited, and plundered. The intersectionality of being Black and a woman seems to present even more problems of objectification. He makes the point repeatedly that White supremacy damages Black bodies and that Black people need to always be "on guard" and "code shift"/ accommodate depending on the settings they are in.

The book is not a comfortable read, but certainly lets the reader know what the author strongly feels. He states that he is more optimistic for Black people who he feels have been victims of White supremacy and have culturally adapted. He is less optimistic about the ability of Whites to give up their White supremacy, as it is so much a part of the fabric of our society, which has been strategically, consciously, and consistently planned over the years. He feels it will be very difficult to dismantle the infrastructure of White supremacy. He reminds the reader that there are very few examples in history of people willing to give up such power and privilege, especially as it potentially means not only giving up power for oneself, but for one's family, including one's children and grandchildren. He feels that Black people will have a much easier time if and when change occurs, as they will not have to deal with the loss of power and privilege that Whites will undergo in what is perceived as a "zero sum game" in which if someone wins, then someone automatically must lose.

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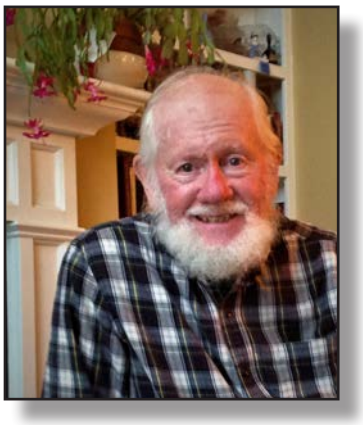
Owls Through the Ages as Logos, Symbols & Mascots: Part 1

John McCarthy, MD, DFAACAP



John McCarthy, MD,

One fine Autumn day when I was about 13 years old, my mother brought to our home in The Bronx a tiny North Eastern Screech Owl (1) which had fallen out of a tree and injured its wing in a park in Upstate, New York. My brothers and I were ecstatic and immediately launched into a "building a walk-in bird cage mode."

To the consternation of our cat, Aimee (2), we "nursed" this wounded owl back to health over the next 4-5 months. Until our unnamed owl could fly, we kept it safely down in our basement. Eventually, we brought our healed owl up to our living room to join a glaring Aimee for a family staged reading of "The Owl & the Pussycat" by Edward Lear.

We, of course, fell in love with our exotic pet with no name and planned to release it in the Summer but were devastated when it suddenly died. My love for owls has, however, lasted a lifetime.

When I retired from NYU/ Bellevue as Associate Clinical Professor of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry, and AACAP selected me as a Distinguished Lifetime Member I began writing articles for their quarterly Owl Newsletter. In 2017, one of our granddaughters coincidently attended Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania founded initially as a Quaker Institution in 1885. Their motto: "I delight the truth." I noted that they chose a generic owl as their mascot and logo, a symbol of wisdom with exceptionally sharp vision and graceful flight. I wondered what other organizations, institutes, and schools had "adopted" the owl as a logo, symbol, and or mascot (3). Here's some of what I discovered:

The fascination/obsession with owls goes back to antiquity. In America, I learned that many native American tribes revered or feared the power of owls. In the Northwest USA, some tribes were convinced that if they heard the hoot of the owl, it meant their death was imminent. In 1973, a movie, "I heard the Owl call my Name" based on a book by Margaret Craven underscored this fear. The symbolism of the owl, however, varies considerably. Members of Cherokee Nation usually respect the owl for its wisdom and quiet strength. The eerie hooting sounds and horn like feather tufts of the Great Horned Owl (5) and Screech owl (6) frightened many tribes who associated the owl with the underworld.

In the American Colonies, Yale University established in the early 1700s had an architect who chose to install owl figures on every building presumably as symbols of wisdom (6-8). Interestingly, Yale adopted the Bulldog NOT the owl as its symbol and mascot. Since then, however, many institutes and universities have selected an owl, generic or live as their symbol/mascot usually representing wisdom.

Temple University, Philadelphia, PA: Established in 1884. Their motto: "The owl of the night makes the eagle of the day." In 1977, Temple introduced "Victor T. Owl," a costumed mascot which morphed into "Hooter" in 1984. In 2010, it finally selected a live owl mascot named "Stella" (7&8).

Texas Women's University, Denton, created in 1901. Nicknamed Pioneers, they selected "Oakley", the Barn Owl as its mascot and logo (9&10).

Rice University, Houston, Texas opened in 1912 and selected a generic "Sammy the owl" (aka Hooter the Hoot) as their mascot and logo (11).

Brandeis University, Waltham, MA founded in 1948, named after Louis Dembitz Brandeis, first Jewish Supreme Court Justice (1916-1939), opted for "Ollie" the owl as their mascot and logo (named after Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr, fellow Supreme Court Justice and Brandeis' friend) (12 & 13).

Florida Atlantic University, dedicated by President Lyndon Johnson on October 25, 1964. They chose "Owlsey" the Burrowing Owl (a live owl) as its mascot and logo (14 & 15).

Western Governors University, Mill Creek, Utah (online) established in 1997 and opted for "Sage", the night owl as its mascot, logo, and promotor in 2011 (16). Her motto: "I'll take you under my wing "Some samples of her pitch to prospective students: 1. Wisdom: you too can be wise like us; 2. Community: I am family oriented, and this university enables you to build a better life for your crew. 3. Freedom: I love to pull all-nighters but this school is very flexible.

I hope to write more about owls as mascots, symbols, and logos in future issues of "The Owl" Newsletter if there's enough interest.

Fig 1.

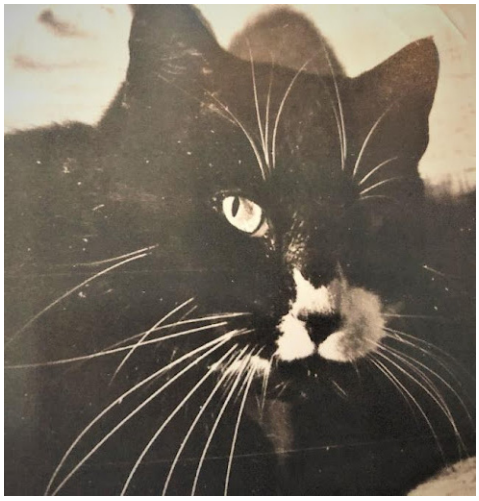


Fig 2.

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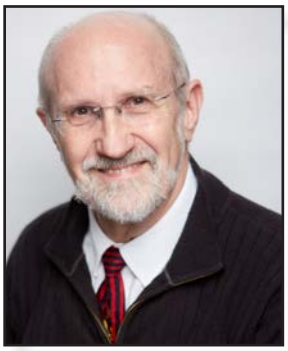
Fig 16.



Martin Drell, MD

"A man who is a fool in his youth is a fool when he is old."

"You can go to college and still be a donkey." — Lillian Kadison, my maternal grandmother, at numerous points during my college years.

Thomas Cole, who is the Director of the McGovern Center for Humanities and Ethics at the University of Texas Health Science Center in Houston, comments in his book *Old Man Country* that both his father, who committed suicide when Cole was very young, and his stepfather (a military type), who his mother subsequently married, were unable to care for him in the ways he wished. He states that this has led him to a lifelong search for alternative guides while he pursued philosophy, science, medicine, and religion. This book represents his latest attempt to discover what it means to grow old. He laments that such searches by men in our culture are usually journeys that must be done alone. Our culture's definition of masculinity seems to demand such. Think of the prototypical John Wayne character who arrives in a town on his trusted horse after a troubled and checkered past and is immediately confronted by a bad situation that inevitably involves an unattached, beautiful, strong, and decent woman. He invariably does "what needs to be done" that others have been reluctant or afraid to do. He usually succeeds in doing so through the use of violence that he ambivalently is forced to use. Having dispatched the bad guys and righted the wrongs, he rides off into the sunset often without the woman whom he appears to love. One assumes he is off to another troubled town on his faithful steed and will repeat his "manly" and overdetermined quest. Western jokes have it that he prefers his horse!
Cole considers this clearly a high price paid for male privilege and autonomy. He asks if there might be other paths for people on their journeys towards and through old age, which he divides into being young old, old old, and the oldest old (after age eighty years). Note that I have explored similar themes in a previous column on the 9th Stage of Erik Erikson which was written after his death by his wife and co-author Joan Erikson.
Cole interviewed ten well known and successful men in the 80's and 90's who are now members of the "oldest old." These men would be the age of his father and stepfather had they lived. Perhaps they can be the guides that his father and stepfather were incapable of being.

He asked all these four men basic questions:

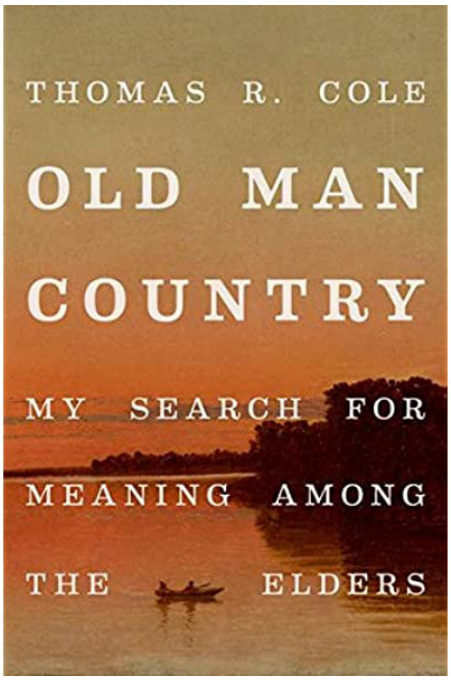
1. Are you still a man?
2. Do you still matter?
3. What is the meaning of life?
4. Are you still loved?

He shares their answers with the reader. They are as varied as the men that are being asked. I was impressed by the honesty of the answers on topics that one seldom reads about. Poignant examples dealt with how each man has handled sexuality, sex, impotency, and intimacy. Related examples deal with the importance of significant others and the impact of their deaths of these others and when they occurred. He then sensitively explains the impact of these answers of the men on himself, therefore, allowing the reader to learn more about Dr. Cole, his life, and what his personal answers to these questions might be.

I was intrigued by his choices of people to talk to, as one of them (George Valliant) was a supervisor of mine during my residency in general psychiatry, while another was the Rabbi at my temple that I infrequently attended in Houston during my first academic position at Baylor College of Medicine. Several of the rest lived in Houston like Denton Cooley, MD and Red

Duke, MD, while the rest are famous in their own ways like Paul Volcher, the former Head of the Federal Reserve under Reagan (who I was thrilled to see walking down the street in New York City during a distant visit there), Ram Dass, and Hugh Downs.

In keeping up with the theme, I knew of all of these men, but not much other than their achievements. Part of our culture, and my own culture growing up, seems to dissuade more extended explorations. As I read, I realized that my paternal grandfather died when my father was eight years old. My father never talked about him except for one often repeated story about how he was shorter than his wife and had to stand on a box during his wedding photo. The family therapist part of me revels in the symbolic meaning of this story and its impact on my father. My family training pushed me to learn more about my father's life. This coalesced during a trip back home for a family reunion where I happened to come upon a grandkids' book that consisted of simple historical questions that grandpa (my dad) had answered. The third question asked if my father had a pet while growing up. I was unaware that he had a dog. I was startled and wondered what else I didn't know. On the spot, I vowed to interview both of my parents. Resistance made it so that it took several years to do the interviews. I am happy that I eventually talked to them, as I found out many things I never knew, which have been helpful in trying to figure things out about myself. I wonder how many other sons don't know much about the history of their fathers, much less their grandfather's.



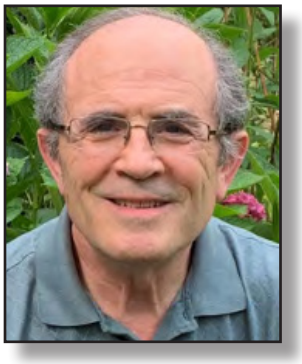
Cole, in *Old Man Country*, asks the questions that seldom get asked, much less answered. After all, men in our culture don't really talk about such unmanly issues. Does John Wayne ever cry in his movies? Cole supplements the questions with key points in the literature in the field of gerontology, which became an official field of inquiry after G. Stanley Hall's 1922 book on senescence. Hall was a multi-talented man who also helped create the concept of the adolescence and helped introduce psychoanalysis to America by inviting Freud, Jung, Brill, Jones, and Ferenczi to lecture at the Clark Institute where he was President. Cole also highlights the pioneering work of Robert N. Butler, a Pulitzer Prize winner who, in the 1960's, coined the terms "ageism" and "longevity revolution" and framed many of the issues explored in the book.

Cole is successful in highlighting these issues and achieving his goal of trying to better define the purpose and place for old age in men in our culture's definition of the life cycle. He hopes that a more useable concept can be created in our current, rather unforgiving, and counter phobic culture in which there seems "no place for old men." I recommend this book to the Owls.

Postscript: The Owl News is a place for all of us to share parts of their lives. I encourage submissions of all sorts, including commentaries and books, movie, and TV reviews that you might recommend. Being in an "at risk" Covid category certainly affords many of us the time to read and binge view entertainment in the comfort of our quarantined areas. It is the goal of the Owl News to create a nurturing culture for ourselves.

Of Vaccines and Lost Wallets

Peter R. Cohen, MD



Peter R. Cohen, MD

Back in March 2021, my wallet went missing just before my wife Sue and I headed off for our second Pfizer vaccination. We were resolute about making the appointment on time. It had taken weeks to secure this slot. Our state's system for registering seniors resembled a slipshod lottery. We couldn't get on the waiting list at our nearby pharmacy, while our long-time friend who lived 5 miles away walked right in. Finally, the state opened a mass vaccine site in the Tweety Bird Parking Lot at the Six Flags Amusement Park. An hour away.

We learned a valuable lesson during the first injection. It was no in-and-out process. We'd circled the lot in our car, following the Maryland driver ahead of us. Imagine a slow-motion conga line without the music. After an hour, we drove into a tent so huge it could have held a three ring circus. Two cheery volunteers, who long ago must have been teammates on their high school pep squad, greeted us with needles in hand. Once we braked the car, rolled down the windows, turned off the engine to prevent a carbon monoxide disaster, and pulled up our shirt sleeves—ping!—they'd pushed down the plungers.

Raised by my father to honor the Boy Scout Motto, I had prepared for this final multi-hour road trip to the second shot by collecting eleven personal items in a bowl on the kitchen counter. There would be no rushing about the next morning. Here's a photo to document my preparation:

Note the keys, wallet, masks, sunglasses, hearing aids, hand and knee braces, a charged cellphone, earbud case, and book. Or at least, that's what I saw in my mind's eye.

But something in my real field of vision went missing upon awaking at 7 AM.

No wallet.

Vowing not to panic, I practiced the instructions my wife has drilled in me during these predicaments. She's a child development expert and former preschool principal. She can still set right the goofiest of three year olds and their parents.

"Retrace your steps from the day before."

As her star pupil, I followed that path from bedside to bathroom to kitchen, garden, computer room, TV room and couch. And last but not least but definitely the worst, three garbage and recycling bins waiting to be emptied by the curb.

This reconnaissance mission had to be carried out quickly and surreptitiously. I didn't want Sue joining the search party and dampening her upbeat mood—this second shot would bring her two weeks closer to giving each of our grandchildren a big hug.

Over 40 years, she's endured my tendency to misplace stuff (briefcases, phones—and wallets). If I confessed to my screw-up, a storm promised to follow. If you don't know Sue, she was raised from birth in a rough-tough section of The Bronx. Defending oneself with curses or fists was a culturally acceptable mode of maintaining boundaries. But thanks to her parent's guidance, she's never resorted to bare knuckle brawls or brandishing a standard issue weapon. Her responses are direct, hard to wriggle out of, tinged with vague threats of retribution and always capped by a lyric from songwriter Paul Simon. "I would not be convicted by a jury of my peers." (See the song "Still Crazy After All These Years.")

In contrast, I grew up in a rural county east of Cleveland, where a kid practiced the Midwestern method for resolving conflict and disappointments. This involved either avoiding detection by hiding in the woods, or when cornered, overwhelming an opponent with candy-coated niceties. Like, "Gosh, I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but..." or "You don't have to be so mean, do you?" My dad's was a doozy: "Sorry, but I've been preoccupied by some very deep thoughts."

So I perused our home alone and in vain. I began to resent that rectangular-shaped leather receptacle, as if it got a kick out of holding my first round vaccination certification card captive. Flash forward to my Six Flags screener: "Dr. Cohen, it's beyond our control to grant you a second stab at life when you're unable to provide proof of the first one. Kindly peek in your rear view mirror. One thousand people wait in their vehicles behind you. You and your partner must make a new appointment."

A rising panic made me fess up to my beloved and absorb my verbal punishment (faithfully concluded with Mr. Rhymin' Simon's snappy line).

As she fumed, I pleaded with her to not join me in my upending of the house and grounds again. Of course, she refused. While maintaining a sufficient auditory length from her wrath—it would be rude to turn down my hearing aids—I rechecked every landmark. Lucky for me, I didn't need to upend the malodorous garbage can. The cowhide-covered billfold gave up playing hide-and-go-seek and peeked out from the bottom of the blue recycling bin.

*

I wondered how I missed the wallet the first time around. Then I recalled a behavioral principle I learned 40 years ago during my psychiatric training: Anxious rushing-about rarely guarantees thoroughness.

More importantly, how did I lose the damned thing in the first place?

Call it hubris, a dogged belief I could save time by doing more than one task at a time. During the act of assembling those 11 indispensable necessities for "Vaccination Day," I spotted a pile of boxes that begged to be recycled. I dumped them with wallet-in-hand into the bin. Proud of my time-efficiency I thought, "Hey ma, I'm multitasking!"

There's the rub. I contend that multitaskers are genetically predisposed with this talent. Unitaskers aspire to multi-task, yet they try and flop a lot, whereupon misfortune ensues.

There is, however, a payoff for us lesser beings. Retirement. Relieved of our work, we can try giving simple multi-tasking a go. Like hiking the backwoods, while listening to music and munching on trail mix. What elation until we trip on a rock, smack our heads on a low hanging branch, or wander onto the territory of an aggressive forest creature.

*

So, Sue and I finally took to the road with time and my wallet united in purpose. I still knew she had not yet completed her review of my foibles.

"You're retired and still taking on too much."

"Your point?"

"What's this compulsion to do everything? Is this the little man syndrome of trying to compensate with an oversized ego?"
I decided not to argue about the accuracy of her psychodynamic formulation. I was a sufficiently liberated card-carrying feminist, humble enough to stay open to my wife's critique. Then I experienced something close to a miracle: a rare moment of "aha"!
I said, "I need to leave a legacy."
She said, "You already have."
Sue's right. A legacy takes years to build. And the people at my funeral should recall it without my prompting. Like how, most of the time, I managed to keep between the lines on the road without drifting onto the berm.

More pressing than one's legacy are the tasks Erikson suggested we needed to complete during the final stage of our psychosocial development (ego integrity vs. despair). After getting a second vaccination, it was time to admit that, despite cherishing a lifelong dream of being so adept I was the Fred Astaire of multi-tasking, my biological infrastructure still refused to cooperate.

There are vastly higher priorities to tend to, especially watching over our family. We still need to impart our wisdom to the next generation, in the hope that they will create better strategies to improve this world, despite the bullies, the hard-hearted, and the nihilists who, by nature, hog too much space on the stage.

*

I jumped too fast at Sue's question, "What's this need to do everything?"
I could have said, "I'm supposed to 'repair the world.'" There's a Hebrew phrase for this religious obligation: "Tikkun Olam." A very admirable sentiment to aspire to when time is slowly running out in one's 70's with plenty of work left undone. But one can irrationally carry this lofty concept a bin too far (pun intended). It's one thing having a need to beat Covid and protect one's family and community and another thing frantically engaging in a spur-of-the-moment salvaging of cardboard. In hindsight, I should have waited one more week to recycle and saved the wallet.

*

Nearing Six Flags, Sue said, "If you don't want to lose something worse, list the things you're doing and want to do. Then for god's sake, give up a few of them."

Her words reminded me of a three lines from Bob Dylan :

"Life is sad, life is a bust,
All you can do is do what you must
You do what you must do and you do it well"

("Buckets of Rain")

Agreed. But the question of what to give up is easy to ask but harder to answer.

Here's my to-do list:

WITH OR FOR OTHERS	FLYING SOLO
Traveling	Writing the Novel & Stories
Repairing Sue's Online Books	Gardening
Hanging out with the Grandkids	Torah Study
AACAP Advocacy	Practicing Guitar
Co-leading a Senior Group	Studying French
Chairing the Synagogue's MH Committee	NYTimes Crosswords
Volunteering at a COVID Clinic	Reading
Teaching Interviewing Skills to Med Students	
Completing the Family Genealogy	

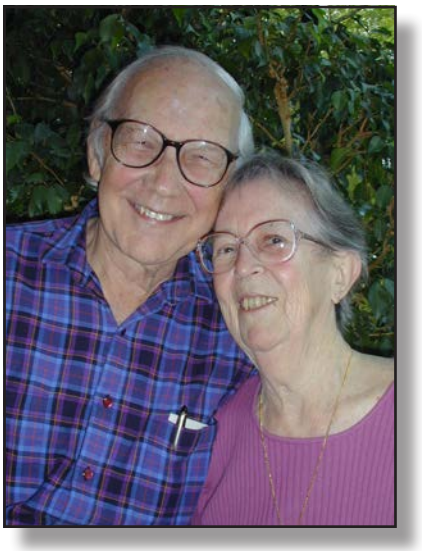
Paring this list down is a challenge, whether one is a uni- or multitasker.

Sometimes a wallet ain't just a wallet. It can symbolize the intricate receptacle we inhabit, representing what we've accumulated over a lifetime. It can also be a nudge in the back pocket, a reminder to be grateful for how our brains and body still manage to function. Because someday it might contain more accurate information than what remains in our gray cells.

But it can also symbolize a kinder set of questions:

"Why push your luck to do one thing more, when you risk losing more than your wallet? What if you spent more hours each day enjoying each moment and settling for what you did? How about figuring out what really counts before time runs out?"

Stu Copans, MD, 2021



David Freeman, MD, and wife Constance

To Share or Not To Share

To share or not to share: that is the question. *
Whether it is more noble to suffer
the slings and arrows of outraged poets,
to take up arms, pen in hand, to defy poetic conventions.
or to keep them to myself and go down in obscurity.

'Tis time to sleep, perchance to dream,
a source of insights for my pen.
But what should I do,
publish to an appreciative audience
and suffer the scorn of critics
or perish, unknown to a wider world?

David Freeman, MD

**With apologies to Shakespeare: Hamlet, Act III, Scene 1*
Oy vay !

May, 2017

Encounter

one of them can appear
atop the next small rise
our paths destined to cross

that tense grip
comes from deep inside
maybe DNA, I say
at least first grade
Vinnie Folio, little chimp
walked right up on the street
suckerpunched me

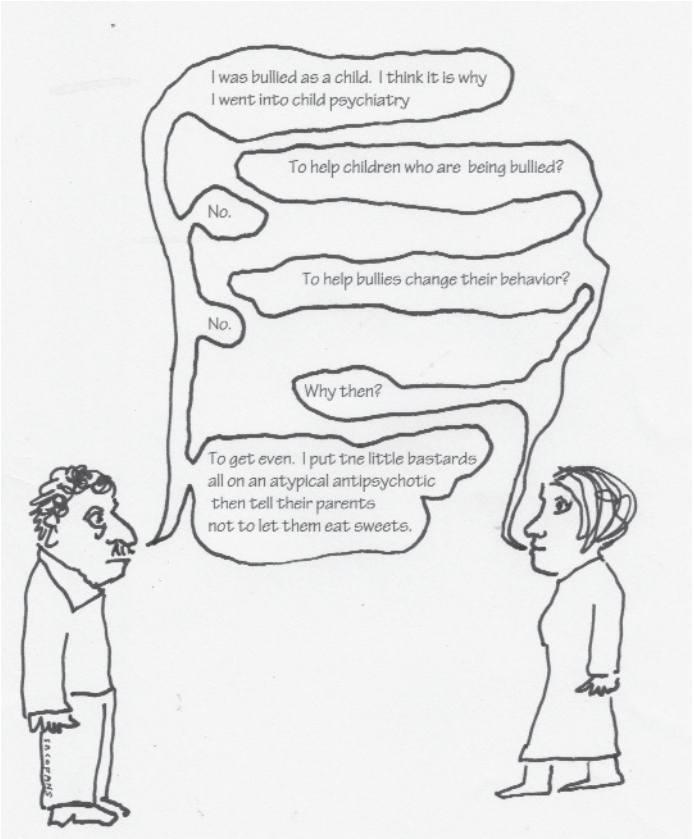
even earlier, pre-K
Karen, playing together was fun
until she'd kick me and laugh

who knows? maybe a neighbor
the neighbor with the Trump signs
who says what to him?
or his kids? they could be anybody
or maybe a stranger
especially if they seem strange
but everybody, they're all Rorschachs
expressing whatever I want to project

I should enjoy psychological testing
and take a deep breath

Chuck Joy, MD

Chuck Joy, MD



Stu Copans, MD, 2021

Screenshot from August Virtual Life Member's Mentorship event

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The Owls continue to demonstrate their long-term commitment to AACAP and to supporting the next generation of child and adolescent psychiatrists. Owls make a difference in the lives of other AACAP members as mentors, advisors, and friends. AACAP is thankful to the following Life Members for their generous donations.

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Every effort was made to list names correctly. If you find an error, please accept our apologies and contact the Development Department at development@aacap.org or 202.966.7300.

April 2021 - August 2021

Visit www.aacap.org/AnnualMeeting-2021
for the latest information!

VIRTUAL

AACAP 2021

68TH ANNUAL MEETING

OCT 18–30

Save the Dates

Member Registration Open: **August 3, 2021**
General Registration Opens: **August 10, 2021**
Early Bird Deadline: **September 15, 2021**

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