

A Blessed and Charmed Personal Odyssey

The invitation to write this autobiography came a few days after the horrific events of 9/11/01. I put pen to paper soon thereafter (my usual first draft style), a difficult task owing to growing feelings of sadness, if not despair, and the gnawing fear that the tragedy may have brought an end to a unique and wondrous period in mankind's history – the open and free humanistic democracy of 20th century America – a time when persons of all backgrounds could retain not only their sense of invulnerability, but the freedom to become whatever they may have aspired to, that is, “ to actualize their potentials” as my old mentor, Kurt Goldstein, may have put it.

Once more we must brace ourselves to live life as my forefathers had for centuries past, to survive in the face of unrelenting hostility and degradation. Our vision of impregnability has forever been blinded by an adversary so pernicious that nothing, not even the extraordinary goodwill and opportunities of the past several decades, could prepare us sufficiently to withstand, that is, to keep us from recognizing that nothing will ever be the same. Both a tangible and a psychological barrier have been irrevocably breached; our continental shores have been penetrated and our psychic structures destabilized. Our sturdy bastions of physical safety and secure futures have been forever pierced. Our sense of material and psychological inviolability has naively been taken for granted, and our innocence has protected us from having to deal with an unblemished future that might come to an end. The assumption that all things will continue to be well has been revealed as a fantasy. We have not only been felled by an attack from beyond our shores, but our inner sense of optimism has been undermined from within. Worse yet, the World Trade Towers and Pentagon bombings may merely have been a dry run for something far more devastating, a monstrous assault on mankind and civilized history we can only begin to imagine by bin Laden and Saddam Hussein's acolytes.

I am not by nature a Cassandra whose prophecies should best be disregarded. As a person in his eighth decade, I can let myself be less troubled about our future than most. But the events of this past September have assuredly and will forever alter the lives of our children and grandchildren. Thus, on a personal note, three of my four good-natured and thoughtful children, Diane, Andy, and Adrie, (I consider all thousand or so of my past psychology students also to be children of mine), as well as six of my seven lovely and affectionate grandchildren, Lissy, Katie, Elizabeth, Matt, Annie, and William, reside in the metropolitan New York area; daughter Carrie and her children, Molly and Livia, reside near us in Florida. None has been harmed physically by the catastrophe, but all have been shaken psychologically.

Sympathetic as we all are to the economically wretched and inescapably anomic world of the perpetrators, their cruel and malicious effort to find scapegoats for perennial resentments and confused ambitions are especially frightening to me for they are reminiscent of similar barbarities that sought out and identified my Jewish ancestors as ostensibly justified objects for plunder and vilification. Those who trace their origins to the victims of anti-Semitic pogroms and Nazi annihilation know all too well the history of Jews as readily employed emblems of cosmic evil, contrivances of religious calumny and economic malevolence from the demonizing days of the ancient crusaders to the paranoid displacements of modern Arab dictatorships.

In no small part the awesome horror of 9/11 has led me to redouble my desire to reconnect with my ancestral heritage in this essay; it is reason also to acquaint my children and grandchildren to more than their father and grandfather's professional history, but also its ancient and valued family roots.

Family

What little I learned about my family's ancestry was told to me by my paternal grandfather, who resided in his 70s with my parents from the mid-1930s to the mid-1940s, when I was six until I was 14. A rabbi (R.) by training, Zayde, as I called him, was the youngest of nine sons of a Talmudic scholar and Yeshiva teacher, all of whose male children were educated and became rabbis at the Volozhyn (Lithuania) Yeshiva. Zayde's father, my great-grandfather (GGF) R. Elizier Isaac Millon (1812-1881) served in his early adulthood as a Rabbi in Bryansk, Russia, until he received an invitation to join in teaching at the Volozhyn Yeshiva in 1844; there he remained for almost 40 years through its periodic travails until his death. GGF was the son of Rachel Zalman (1780-1833) and R. Avrum Millon (Milan?) (1775-1827), the latter a rabbi for most of his life in the city of Pinsk, Russia; R. Avrum traced his family of origin to R. Judah ben Eliezer, who headed Yeshivas in both Padua and Milan, Italy in the 15th century. Rachel, a dutiful wife, was the daughter of R. Arie Leib Zalman (1752-1810), who was the first son of R. Elijah ben Judah Solomon Zalman (1720-1797), a distinguished Talmudic scholar known throughout the Pale of Russia as the Vilna Gaon.

Following his formal education, Zayde, R. Jacob Millon Bernstein (1864-1955) was assigned in 1886 to a synagogue as an assistant rabbi in Bialystok, Poland, where he married and had his first son, during whose birth his mother died. Shortly thereafter in 1889, Zayde was transferred to oversee a modest synagogue in the shtetl (small Jewish village) of

Sokoly, Poland, where he settled and married his second wife, Temma (after whom I was named Tevya). Repeated pogroms and Russian edicts in the early 1890s that forced Jews out of St Petersburg and Moscow led Zayde to contemplate leaving the Russian Pale of Jewish settlement to more hospitable environs. Hence, in 1895 he left for London, England where his eldest brother R. Judah Millon, had emigrated to take advantage of the receptivity of that city's mayor favoring educated Jewish emigrants. After a two year London period and a visit back to Poland with his family, Zayde left for the United States, returning every other year to Sokoly to again visit his growing family, inevitably followed shortly thereafter by a pregnancy and another child. Unable to establish a position at a temple in the United States, Zayde wandered from Boston to New York to Chicago as an itinerant leather merchant, returning to Poland in 1910 and again in 1912 to bring his then-eldest child back with him to the States. When his third son, my father's turn was scheduled in 1914, the First World War suddenly erupted, leaving my father, his mother and three younger sibs behind in Europe, until the mid-1920s.

His education effectively terminated, my father (Tata, as I called him in my childhood, Pop in later years) Abraham Millon (1900-1970), now the eldest male, assumed full responsibility to provide for his family. This he undertook as a tailor's assistant in my future maternal grandfather's modest, but successful clothing factory in Sokoly. Here, he met my mother who, among her other daughterly roles, surreptitiously provided my father of the factory workers' "lunch leftovers" to feed what would otherwise have been my father's rather impoverished family. Both of my parents emigrated to the States in the mid-1920s, marrying shortly thereafter in New York City, where they resided for the next 40+ years. I was born on 8/18/28; the number eight was considered in the mysticism and numerical acrobatics of the Gematria, a component of the medieval Jewish Cabbalah, as a lucky number; hence, I was seen to be a triply blessed child with a charmed future.

My father, sans a formal education, became the co-owner in the depression of a small clothing manufacturing business. However, owing to his intrinsic language and mathematical skills, he wrote "replies" to weekly Bintel Brief letters regularly published in the Jewish Daily Forward, a major Yiddish newspaper in America; he also served for a year or so as a civilian cryptographer during the Second World War, a "classified" activity I did not learn of until some years thereafter. The most significant memory of my youth (apart from the periodic loneliness of being an only child) was my father's all-consuming affection for me (the roots of my secure narcissism, I am sure), most charmingly

illustrated by the fact that he brought home a gift for me (toy, game, book) every working day from the time I was two until I turned 13. A warm, reflectively intelligent, and socially-concerned idealist, he was regarded highly as a supportive friend to the underprivileged, as well as an outspoken union activist, despite remaining a factory “boss” throughout his life.

My mother (Mama early, mom later), Molly Gorkowitz Millon (1902-1982) had a family background and temperament substantially different from my father’s. Hasidic in religious orientation, emotionally intense and expressive, musically gifted, physically zestful and courageous, she was sporadically sick from numerous ill-defined ailments, distinctly hypochondriacal, and would be “diagnosed” today as affectively bipolar. My lifelong relation with her was composed of a mixture of warmth and deep attachment, but also fraught with her erratic and unpredictable moods. Notably, she was among the first in the late 1930s to undergo both electroconvulsive and insulin coma “therapies” by the earliest promulgators of these techniques in the States.

Early School Years (1934-1945)

An early talker and late walker, my parents never failed to inform new visitors in my childhood that from nine to eighteen months, I would sit in my highchair “telling them” not only what they could do for me, but also how they should do it. All my talk for the next several years was in Yiddish, my only language until first grade when I entered a special class for Yiddish-speaking youngsters who were to be taught English, a language we all became quite adept within a matter of weeks, albeit most with an “accent” such as mine that did not fade for more than a decade or two. Notable in this first grade year was my Zayde’s effort to teach me mathematics, not just basic arithmetic, but both algebra and geometry, subjects that appeared to intrigue me greatly and served me well through my entire academic career.

In third grade I was invited to attend elementary school in a “gifted program” at Hunter College, a school located on the upper east side of Manhattan in New York City. Although I could “hold my own” quite well in mathematics and the “physical sciences”, I was clearly outclassed by my program peers in almost all the humanities and “social sciences”; it was not an especially gratifying period for a youngster who otherwise felt quite special. Moreover, the

daily trip to and from Hunter from our home in Brooklyn proved both tiring and expensive for my economically-straitened father, who would not let his eight year old son travel to the “city” on his own, having therefore to arrange taxicab rides to and from the Manhattan subway station he had to use himself to travel to work.

Somewhat advanced in my education, I returned to the fifth grade in Brooklyn, spending the better part of the year “buddying” with a fellow youngster by the name of Maurice Sendak; together we would draw on large charts and posters placed on the back blackboards of all the classrooms of the school. Here I proved second best again; talented as I was artistically, Maurice achieved the representations we sought (e.g., Washington crossing the Delaware, civil war battles such as in Gettysburg) more effectively than I. Nonetheless, fifth grade proved to be a great joy with a wonderfully sensitive homeroom teacher, Mr. Greenspan. Also notable that year were close friendships with Wally Robinson, the only African-American youngster in our neighborhood, nephew of the “super” of our apartment building, and Marvin Immelman, a quiet and intelligent boy who suffered a rather severe speech and hearing impairment. Both were persona non grata kids, poked fun at or completely shunned by both local peers and adults. It was not any humanistic impulse or deviance on my part that drew me to them; I simply found both interesting and thoughtful peers with whom I and Maurice shared wild and Harry Potter-like stories on the front steps of our homes, mystical tales of ancient and future fantasies. Much to my joy, both Tata and Zayde not only tolerated these friendships with Wally and Marvin, but went out of their way to encourage them. I then began an almost meteoric growth spurt in my tenth year; in sixth grade I grew from 5’3” to 6’2”, a progression that stirred my mother to take me to numerous “hormone” specialists. As usual, there was no reason to worry; I simply stopped my height advance the next year or two, remaining about 6’4” from twelve on. I towered over all other males at my Bar Mitzvah, much to the approval of my Tata and Zayde, both only 6 feet tall.

Junior high was another buoyant experience. In New York City’s RA (rapid advance) program, I thoroughly exulted in the company of fellow students of high motivation and ability, especially “Izzy” Mandelbaum, a life-long neighborhood friend who always was tops in our shared classes, from early Heder (Hebrew school) days to being ranked first in his graduating medical school class. Izzy was my very closest and dearest friend through early schooling years, a superego “nudge”, however, who spent many an afternoon seeking to dissuade me from my inclination to forgo serious study and drift instead into adolescent sports, art “doodles”, or music and song, not that he himself was ill-equipped to star

in these pursuits as well. But Izzy was committed from his earliest years “to be a doctor”, which he became, ultimately as professor and chief of cardiovascular surgery at Indiana University’s School of Medicine by his late-thirties (more of Izzy later).

Not unexpectedly, high school proved to be a period of identity diffusion, if not confusion, one lasting well into my college years. Two problematic matters stand out in this period. First, and despite numerous self-generated distractions from study, I remained a stellar math student, the only one in my high school senior class of 1300 students to have attained 100s in all New York State math Regents exams. Arrogantly, I assumed I would receive the math medal at graduation, but learned to my consternation that it was to be awarded elsewhere, to a fellow by the name of Ed Murray, who I was to meet up with some 30 years later when I joined the psychology faculty at the University of Miami; much to my pleasure, Ed became my best and most highly esteemed colleague during our twenty-plus years there together.

Returning to high school days, Dr. Freilich, chair of the math department, told me with acerbity, and in no uncertain terms that I had wasted my “questionable” talents, and in no way did I deserve the medal owing to being “both irresponsible and immature” because of my frivolous involvements with girls and extra-curricular activities, the latter stemming from my “preoccupation” with acting and singing in school plays and shows. In this second problematic aspect of my high school career I had joined my more light-hearted friends in a variety of high-spirited merriment, particularly the art of imitating the voice and style of the famous singers of the day; my forte was that of impersonating Bing Crosby, Perry Como and Danny Kaye. Another mime at the time was a chap named Vito Farinola, later known and somewhat famous as the singer Vic Damone, who was quite apt at imitating Frank Sinatra; here, again, I proved second best.

I was tempted in high school, albeit briefly, to consider a theatrical or singing career, but was told firmly by parents (and Izzy) that efforts such as these invariably failed; more importantly, that these vocations were not befitting “a nice Jewish boy”. Other career fantasies of the time were likewise derided; to seek a future as a “serious artist” was quickly dismissed by parents, as well as by relatives whose similar aspirations proved to be sorrowful decisions. Similarly, the more respectable thought of becoming a mathematics teacher was discounted as a vocation with limited financial possibilities. However, along similar lines, and owing to the growing successes of the Lasser brothers (J.K.

and S.J.), distant family relatives who served then as my father's accountants, they were put forward as career models well-worth emulating.

College And Graduate School Years

And so I entered the City College of New York (CCNY) in the spring of 1945 as an accounting major, a career to which I took an instant dislike in the first weeks of the first course. Dropping that vocational goal was followed by a carnival of miscellaneous majors, each proving ephemeral. Drawn into the socialistic but anti-communist ideals then rampant in cafeteria talk at CCNY, I was intrigued and enticed to explore the field of economics, majoring seriously but briefly in what was called "mathematical financial management", a precursor to what is referred today as econometrics. I then wandered into both philosophy and physics majors. By chance and curiosity, I scored impressively on exams in my introductory psychology course. The instructor, Dr. Max Smith, sought then to seduce me into pursuing this subject further by enticing me to hear a series of lectures by a professor Gardner Murphy. The lectures proved quite compelling and the seduction into psychology was successful, at least for a few years.

My CCNY period was an increasingly joyous and exhilarating one personally, socially and intellectually. I met my lovely wife Renee when she entered CCNY as a freshman in 1948; we have been together for almost 54 years as of this writing. Friendships were established with Phil Teitelbaum, Shel Taylor, Bob Lifton, Elliot Valenstein, Zanwil Sperber, Wally Mandell, and Herb Spohn, as we competed for the few As given in courses by stellar teachers such as Murphy, Joe Barmack, John Peatman, Dan Lehrman, Herb Birch, and Kenneth Clark. At the same time, I was able to serve as art editor of the college newspaper, associate editor of its yearbook, and vice-president of the student council, reveling in the awesome academic schedule I sought to maintain while transported into a bevy of weekend activities of serious social import in New York's young person's intelligentsia.

Toward graduation I accepted a research assistantship with I. E. Farber in the graduate clinical psych program at the State University of Iowa. However, I found it too difficult to tear myself from my many involvements in greater New York, deciding to forgo the questionable lures of the Midwest and to stay on at CCNY in its Masters psychology program. Fortunately, I was offered an unusual assistantship arranged in both the psychology and

sociology/anthropology departments, serving as a part-time experimental lab assistant for Dan Lehrman, a chauffeur and “bodyguard” for Professor Kurt Goldstein, and a grader and occasional lecturer in sociology/anthropology for Dr. Stan Chapman. Among the many highlights of my master’s year was time spent with Gardner Murphy and Larry K. Frank, then a leader in New York’s Ethical Culture Society, perhaps best known for having coined the term “projective methods”. For several months I joined both Murphy and Frank in Sunday morning gatherings at Margaret Mead’s home in the Village. Notable also was my experience over several months as an analysand in Professor Ernst Kris’ “creatively gifted” research study. Likewise I learned more in our drive following class to Professor Goldstein’s home on the upper east side of New York, where I was introduced and had several evening talks with another New York “idol” of mine, Goldstein’s good friend and neighbor, Professor Meyer Schapiro, an eminent art historian.

In the spring before completing my masters I received an acceptance to attend Harvard’s then relatively new Social Relations program, no doubt owing to my unusual mix of psych/soc/anthro coursework. The Viking Fund Fellowship I was then awarded meant I would work as an assistant to Gordon Allport, a good friend of my mentor Gardner Murphy. I was taken aback, however, by the fellowship requirement that I engage in research for the better part of several summers in Africa, a prospect I did not relish at all. After a few weeks of reflection, as well as a disabling and extended bout of mononucleosis, I decided to withdraw from the fellowship offer and stay on in New York, perhaps to explore courses at the New School and to give my moribund artistic aspirations an opportunity to be stirred and flourish or, at least, to be tested in reality while living in Greenwich Village.

Reality took another course, however. In late June 1950 the United States entered into a war with North Korea. I soon learned that men in I-A draft status would be called into service unless they were bona fide full-time students. I was disposed to “take my chances”, but my parents and bride-to-be implored me to regain my graduate school standing. But where? City College did not have a doctoral program at that time. I called Allport in Cambridge a week or so after Independence Day. Kind as he was, the fellowship had been awarded elsewhere, but he would do his best if I would reapply for admission -- the following year. I contacted both Murphy and Joe Barmack, who served as acting chair of psychology at CCNY summer sessions, and “pleaded” for their assistance. Several frantic weeks passed following applications and letters in late July and early August to a number of psychology and philosophy programs at northeastern universities. Only the University of Connecticut (UConn) program in personality/social was fully

responsive, offering both acceptance and a much-needed assistantship, given that I would have to live away from my New York home. Whether it was Murphy's good word or my first cousin, Sylvia (Tookie) Bernstein, then an assistant to the dean of the UConn graduate school, that was instrumental in gaining this late support, I never was able to determine. My family, however, breathed a sigh of relief as I went on to UConn that early September.

My reception and history at UConn was a mixed blessing. A number of new and able graduate students in the personality/social program had been told that assistantships were unavailable to them. I came upon the scene the week before classes with the prize they all had aspired to. I did not receive a cheerful welcome, especially from one student who very much sought to gain admission to Harvard's Social Relations program and learned that I had "stupidly" turned down such an offer. Problematic matters were further intensified when they learned that I carried a less than full load so I could audit courses in philosophy at Yale (Professors Carl "Pete" Hempel and Henry Margenau seminars) where I had also been accepted, but without financial support. The special arrangements that the UConn faculty permitted me only added to my troubled relationship with my personality/social/and clinical peers, although I did become a member of a comfortable network of experimental and developmental students. Fortunately, in the following two years, my good CCNY friend, Shel Taylor, entered UConn's personality/social program, Renee and I got married, and I turned my full academic effort to a dissertation on the "authoritarian personality", a subject with which I had been deeply intrigued owing to my immersion in issues of social morality, especially the role of national character in the origins of the Nazi holocaust. My New York years with Larry Frank discussing "society as the patient" became the undergirding theme of my doctoral research.

Completing the dissertation in October '53, I prepared myself to enter the Army later that fall, a non-appealing prospect as far as I, an ambivalent pacifist, was concerned. The Korean War had been brought to an end, however. Rather shockingly, when the day came for me to be inducted, I was "rejected" at the final health examination, assigned a 4-F status owing to a physical problem that previously had been an insufficient cause for non-acceptance to the service. Disoriented momentarily, but frankly elated, I walked out the door of the induction center, feeling charmed again, to see Renee waiting to bid me goodbye near the bus that was to leave for Fort Dix; not speaking a word, lest I suddenly be called back, we took the subway, saying nary a word, to my parent's home, where the night before we had held a "celebratory" farewell party.

Unhesitatingly, I sought to start life anew that fall; realistic in my expectations, I nevertheless was able to find a few part-time opportunities that New York friends brought to my attention. Without flattering my credentials, I began what I knew would be the arduous task of searching for any academic position. The most memorable event of this six-month search was a telegram from Professor M.O. Wilson, psychology chair at the University of Oklahoma; he asked if my wife and I, native New Yorkers, would consider accepting a position at Oklahoma. Would I? Of course! Wilson's telegram was the very first job offer to come my way. I wrote back immediately with an enthusiastic letter indicating not only my willingness to accept his offer, but my joy at the prospect of collaborating with Professor Muzaffer Sherif of Oklahoma's faculty, whose autokinetic work I had drawn on extensively in my dissertation. Renee and I then waited for a reply; a week or two passed, we waited, and waited, and waited, finally giving up as other opportunities began to appear. Some seven or eight years later my then three children came running up the stairs from the basement of our home with a request to tear off the unmarked stamp on a letter they found. And there it was, embarrassing and somewhat chagrined, an unmailed letter addressed to Professor M. O. Wilson. Somehow, Renee and I both overlooked sending the missive to Oklahoma. How different the turn of life's events would have been had we not forgot (unconsciously desired?) to post the letter properly.

Pennsylvania Years (1954-1970)

Opportunities arose in April '54 to consider similar positions at both Swarthmore and Lehigh. The salaries, however, for these assistant professorial jobs differed substantially; my penchant was to accept Swarthmore, but I had no realistic choice but to select Lehigh at the then princely sum of \$4200, some \$900 more than Swarthmore offered for the academic year. It turned out that the position at Lehigh was one for which I was especially well suited. The department had lost two members that spring, a retiring social psychologist and a suddenly resigned clinical/personality psychologist. Given my not inconsiderable background in both subjects, I seemed to fit their teaching needs quite well, although I had a devil of a time preparing six new courses in my first academic year.

Teaching became my professional *raison d'être*, one which I loved from the start and one I continue to cherish to this waning day of my academic career. Owing to my enthusiasm for the teaching role, a benign power to provoke and

enlighten, I explored numerous course options over the years; most notable was an opportunity that came my way to instruct a course entitled "Creative Concepts", one open only to students in the top 2% of the university's junior and senior classes, and taught by only four professors for a year or two. I was able, as stated by the Arts and Science Dean, to "teach anything", and so I did, wandering through themes such as cosmogony, evolution, consciousness, the future of mankind, etc., subjects that were both challenging and exhilarating to me owing in no small measure to the gifted academic students I taught from diverse fields such as engineering physics, econometrics, molecular biology, and so on.

Despite internecine departmental politics, particularly the then intense schism between clinicians and experimentalists, as well as my outspoken "radical" anti-Vietnam polemics, I managed to survive at Lehigh owing to a respectable publishing record, a not-to-be-dismissed position on campus as a teacher of note, and an unusual stature as a mental health leader in both the community and the state. Let me turn to this latter role in public health.

In many regards my Pennsylvania years were characterized most significantly by activities that would appear secondary to my position as a university professor. It was in my first year at Lehigh that I was required to teach abnormal psychology, a course that entailed bringing students to the local Allentown State Hospital (ASH), enabling them thereby to observe "live" case presentations. It was early in October '54 that we made our first visit to ASH; it consisted of a hospital tour, a not untypical initial segment of such courses. The experience proved appalling, disheartening, terrifying, unnerving. Of my thirty-plus students in the class, half withdrew from the tour after walking through the first or second building; three or four more were revolted and nauseated following a brief stay at the hospital cafeteria. I, myself, despite considerable prior acquaintance with a number of state hospitals, was sickened at the conclusion of the visit.

Coincidentally, an electoral campaign was in progress that fall. The Democratic candidate, a young man by the name of George Leader, had commented to the press about the failure of previous Republican administrations to care adequately for Pennsylvania's citizens, especially the mentally ill. Little did he know! I took it upon myself following our wrenching experience at ASH to write him a five page single spaced letter beseeching him to visit the revolting ASH, to see for himself tangibly how horrifying and cruel the conditions were at this institution. To my surprise and pleasure, his campaign manager, a former state senator by the name of Harry Shapiro, phoned me the week following

my letter to invite me to come to the hospital in a few days to meet Mr. Leader and, at his side, to join him on a tour of the institution. And so, at the appointed time and day, along with more than a hundred reporters and photographers from throughout the state, I met Mr. Leader, and we walked through the harrowing dungeons of ASH, a place many would term “a snake pit” and a “cuckoo’s nest”. The public uproar was overwhelming. Leader was elected, the first Democratic governor in over thirty years. Shortly after his inauguration in January, I was invited by Shapiro to become a member of the ASH newly appointed Board of Trustees. The fact that I was the only member of the new board with a mental health credential (most were physicians, ministers, rabbis, liberal businessmen), I was chosen president of the board (age 26), a post I retained for more than a decade. During this period the hospital, which housed 2,100 patients in 1955, had been rated as 22nd of the 22 state hospitals in Pennsylvania on a series of health service criteria; at the same time, Pennsylvania had been ranked 47th of the 48 states in the US on these same criteria (second from the bottom only to Mississippi). In the ensuing decade, ASH progressed to rank first in the state, while Pennsylvania advanced to third in the nation. During the fifteen years of my involvement with the hospital, given its vastly enhanced staff and improved facilities, we built superb clinical services and genuine research programs, designed, for example, to evaluate experimental pharmacological agents, as well as to establish then-novel outreach community mental health centers.

In my personal efforts to explore the lives of patients more insightfully and compassionately than was otherwise available to me, I frequently ventured incognito through the hospital, at times clothed in typical hospital garb overnight or for entire weekend periods, conversing at length with patients housed in a variety of acute and chronic wards. Let me digress for a moment and recount a brief episode of what proved to be my final overnight stay at the hospital. Early that Sunday morning I bolted up in my cot, one of over 30 lined up in the ward. I broke out in a cold sweat, and began to obsess over whether I was, in reality, a psych professor and a hospital board member. Was I not just another deranged patient, a paranoid who cleverly deluded others and himself? Had I fashioned a self-entrapping disguise akin to those about me who asserted they were Christ or the Pope, but were no more “mad as a hatter” as was I? Unable to shake the confusion and fear that overtook me, I got to a phone quickly, called my staff co-conspirator, Dr. Shettel, who came to my rescue in what seemed like an interminable 10 minutes, and quieted down my sudden and inexplicable delusional thought.

I learned much in these hospital wanderings; they served me well as I began to contemplate writing about the shortcomings of our mental health profession, its diagnostic concepts, its scientific base, its therapeutic approaches. These visits became, in effect, the motivation and substantive foundation of my first major book, a work entitled *Modern Psychopathology* (MP), an advanced text that initiated my serious career as a so-called “thinker” in the field, a career that ultimately led to the development of new diagnostic tools (e.g., MCMI), theoretical models (e.g., evolutionary psychology), and therapeutic approaches (e.g., psychosynergy). But I am getting ahead of my story here.

I wrote in the preface of MP (Millon, 1969) that, the book began, quite simply, as an exercise in self-education, an attempt on my part to gather and to render the disparate facts and theories of psychopathology into a coherent and orderly framework; such a venture, it was hoped, would enable me to pursue my future research, teaching and clinical responsibilities more effectively. Little did I know that the tasks of authorship would force me to think more presumptuously than I cared – even worse, to feel a measure of pride and vanity in these presumptions. Faced repeatedly with the obscurities, contradictions and confusions that beset the field, I found myself formulating novel “clarifications” and “solutions” to old and perplexing problems. In short, an act of modest self-education became an act of intellectual audacity. I stated further, and most presumptuously, that the time has come for the development of a new and coherent theoretical framework, one that interwove both psychological and biological factors, and from which the principal clinical syndromes could be derived and coordinated. Instead of rephrasing traditional psychiatric categories in the language of modern theories, as several able psychopathologists had done, I sought to devise a new classification schema, one constructed from its inception by coalescing what I considered to be the basic principles of personality development and functioning. MP set forth what I then termed a “biosocial theory of maladaptive learning and functioning”.

A word should be said about a wonderful group of affectionate and enduring friends from our Pennsylvania days, many of whom are still with us, now well into their seventies and eighties, and whom we still strive to visit or be visited by at least once a year, namely: Flo and Jack G., Norma and Herb F., Addi and Howard A., Rose and Tommy W., Viv and Len R., Edie and Josh E., Myra and Jerry F., Dorothy and Ferdi L., Naomi and Sam G., Renee and Eli S., Shirley and Mike L., Sylvia and Joe D., Ruth and Victor V., Carol and Marshall A., Bunny and Dick D., and Thelma and

Adi G. However, despite the warmth and our attachment to these cherished friends, no sooner had the MP text appeared than I found myself approached by several universities to consider leaving Lehigh and joining their faculties.

Chicago Years (1969-1977)

The opportunity that attracted me most was a chief psychologist's position at the Neuropsychiatric Institute (NPI) of the University of Illinois Medical Center in Chicago. The head of psychiatry, Melvin Sabshin, struck me as a genuine "mensch"; though only three or four years my senior, he felt like a good "father-figure", a kindly, socially liberal, and highly intelligent person of genuine equalitarian spirits, one in whom the MD/PhD distinction would be of no significance. Happily, my initial impressions proved correct; Mel and his chosen staff – psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, sociologists, anthropologists, neurophysiologists, statisticians – composed a highly congenial team of mental health clinicians, scholars and researchers. My tenure at NPI, while Mel "ran the shop", was a joy, a highly productive and collaborative period. Unfortunately, when Mel left to head the American Psychiatric Association in Washington in late 1974, life at NPI became tense and divisive; the new chair set forth the preeminent "rights" of biological psychiatry, one that was to rule over all other professional disciplines and activities. To counter the hegemony of biological psychiatry, I pressed forward a proposal that Mel and I had begun to develop for a novel Doctorate in Mental Health degree to be implemented in a separate School of Mental Health Sciences at the University's vast Medical Center campus. Achieving only modest support for this innovative venture, I then vigorously sought, with the initial approval of the University's executive dean, to sever psychology's subservient tie to psychiatry at NPI. This latter venture ultimately also failed, and rather miserably, leaving me no alternative but to explore other academic options.

Relationships in the sophisticated psychological environment of Chicago were nonetheless exceptionally rewarding, notably opportunities to share (and disagree) over analytic ideas with Heinz Kohut, Mert Gill, and George Pollack at the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis, wonderful substantive discussions with Len Eron and I.E. Farber of the Circle Campus faculty of the University of Illinois (UI), as well as seminars taught with doctoral clinical students at both UI and the University of Chicago. Memorable also was reuniting with my old childhood schoolmate, Izzy Mandelbaum. He visited from Indiana two or three times in each of 1971, 1972, and 1973; we would get together at what was

popularly known in Chicago as Greek Town, having lunch or dinner in one of its superb ethnic restaurants. When I did not hear from him for several months after our last visit, I became concerned, called his University Surgery division in Indianapolis, only to learn to my terrible shock and grief that Izzy failed to survive a sudden and massive coronary while performing an operation some months previously.

Two accomplishments of note distinguished my professional activities in the early and mid-periods of my tenure at NPI: first, the central role that Mel and I played in establishing a “forward-seeking”, contextually-oriented and empirically-grounded DSM-III (American Psychiatric Association, 1980) and, second, the opportunity I had to develop with younger colleagues a series of “modern” psychodiagnostic tools. I'd like to comment on each of these in turn.

I wrote in a review of the DSM-III venture (Millon, 1983) that the implicit charge to the American Psychiatric Association's Task Force on Nomenclature and Statistics in May 1974 was the expectancy that it would revamp the DSM-II (American Psychiatric Association, 1968) in a manner consonant with then current empirical knowledge, theory, and practice. Also implicit was the assumption that the product would be viewed by allied mental health professions as having been cognizant of their diverse interests and orientations.

The basic conceptual schema and the distinctive innovative features of the DSM-III were set well in place by the end of the first full year of deliberation, for example, the use of “operational” criteria, the contextually-oriented multiaxial format that also separated clinical (Axis I) from personality (Axis II) disorders, the systematic and comprehensive description of disorders, and the plan to implement extensive and formal field trials. What proved especially gratifying, as well as fruitful in achieving a strongly shared consensus, was the open and equalitarian spirit that prevailed in the Task Force's early deliberations. Not that there was a paucity of vigorous disagreement or that impassioned polemics were invariably resolved, but these divergences and spirited controversies did not result in group discord, traditional academic schisms, or professional power struggles; for example, the psychologists on the Task force not only had full voting rights – when votes were necessary – but also provided more than their share of ideas, disputations, and formal content drafts. Owing to my prior writings, my primary assignment was to construct complete and detailed texts for each of the personality disorders.

The Task Force agreed to take an explicitly nondoctrinaire approach, evident not only by avoiding the introduction of particular theoretical biases concerning the nature and etiology of mental disorders but also by actively expunging

them wherever they were found in the DSM-II, actions which evoked the ire of several deeply mortified professional organizations, such as the American Psychoanalytic Association. The Task Force was equally committed to the goal of syndromal inclusiveness. The intent here was to embrace as many conditions as were commonly seen by practicing clinicians, thereby maximizing the opportunity of future investigators to evaluate the character of each condition as a valid syndromic entity.

Lest the reader think otherwise, let me assure my psychology colleagues that I was no apologist for the DSM-III's (or the DSM-IV's; American Psychiatric Association, 1994) shortcomings; nor did I have especially fond illusions about the altruistic or power and economic interests of the psychiatric profession. I continue to maintain a long agenda of unfinished work concerning how best to advance future diagnostic enterprises (e.g., Millon, 1991b, 2002), specifically to further promote the rigorous empiricism (e.g., diagnostic criteria) and contextual orientations (e.g., multiaxial schema) that characterize modern psychological thought.

The second seminal activity of my Chicago years was the work I undertook to strengthen both the theoretical and psychometric grounding of psychological assessment (see Millon, 1997). As I noted elsewhere, a year or two after the publication of MP, I began with some regularity to receive letters and phone calls from graduate students who had read the book and thought it provided ideas that could aid them in formulating their dissertations. Most inquired about the availability of an "operational" measure they could use to assess or diagnose the pathologies of personality that were generated by the text's theoretical model. Regrettably, no such tool was available. Nevertheless, they were encouraged to pursue whatever lines of interest they may have had in the subject. Some were sufficiently motivated to state that they would attempt to develop their own "Millon" instrument as part of their dissertation enterprise.

As the number of these potential "Millon" diagnostic progenies grew into the teens, my concern grew proportionately regarding both the diversity and the adequacy of these representations of the theory. To establish a measure instrumental uniformity for future investigators, as well as to assure at least a modicum of psychometric quality among tools that ostensibly reflected the theory's constructs, I was prompted (perhaps "driven" is a more accurate word) to consider undertaking the test construction task myself. As that time, in early 1971, I was directing a research supervision group composed of psychologists and psychiatrists-in-training during their internship and

residency periods. All of them had read MP and found the proposal of working together to develop instruments to identify and quantify the text's personality constructs to be both worthy and challenging.

The initial task was that of exploring alternate assessment instruments for gathering relevant clinical and personologic data. About 11 or 12 persons were involved in that early phase. Some were asked to analyze the possibilities of identifying new indexes from well-established projective tests, such as the Rorschach and the Thematic Apperception Test; others were to investigate whether we could compose relevant scales from existing objective inventories, such as the Sixteen Personality Factor Questionnaire (16PF) and the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI). Another group examined the potential inherent in developing a new and original structured interview. After 4 or 5 months of weekly discussions, the group concluded that an entirely new instrument would be required if we were to represent the full scope of the theory, especially its diverse and then-novel "pathological" personality patterns (this work, it may be recalled, preceded by several years that undertaken by me and others on the DSM-III Task Force).

Naively, it was assumed that the construction task could be completed in about 18 months, a time period that would allow several members of the research group to participate on a continuing basis. Despite the fact that we "postponed" developing a possible Personality Interview Schedule after a brief initial period, the "more limited" task of building an adult clinical inventory took 7 years to complete.

We did see our way, however, also to construct an adolescent-oriented inventory, the MAPI (and later its revision, the MACI), as well as a medically-oriented tool, the MBHI (and later its replacement, the MBMD). Especially gratifying in these early years was working with a group of young clinical research associates, most notably Robert B. Meagher, Jr., Catherine J. Green, and my daughter Diane B. Millon. More recent test development colleagues of similar talent and congeniality include Roger D. Davis, Larry Weiss, Sarah E. Meagher, Seth D. Grossman and, not to be overlooked, my daughter Carrie N. Millon.

Despite an extensive Chicago friendship network, and the exceptional cultural qualities of Chicago (its stunning Art Institute and superb Symphony Orchestra), both Renee and I had serious illnesses in late '76 (she, colon cancer, and I, one of the first of the 5-vessel CABG surgeries), and decided that it would be best to "stop making every second count", and to seek a physically warmer and psychologically more nurturant environment for our later years. Several opportunities arose, especially one beckoning us to join Stanford's distinguished psychiatry and psychology

departments, but we chose simply to move straight south to the Miami area of Florida, not the least owing to the presence there of our equally beckoning elderly parents. The rapid-talking and energetically ambitious atmospherics at Stanford were intimidating, more than I felt I could comfortably deal with owing in part to a post-surgical realization that I no longer could cognitively process simple algebraic equations in my mind, as I had been able to do since childhood. Certain abstract capacities simply appeared to have evaporated, a fact later found to be a rather common sequela of surgical procedures requiring extended periods on the heart-lung machine.

Miami And Boston Years (1977-2006)

I thought initially of the post I accepted as Clinical Psych Director at the University of Miami as a “retirement position”, a place where I would slow my usual hectic pace of professional activity. How wrong I was, but how vigorous and happy I became over the following two or three years as my health and normal optimistic outlook came once more to the fore.

I mentioned earlier my delight with reuniting at UM with my high school math competitor, Ed Murray, but satisfaction was also found elsewhere at the university. Early in my tenure, Neil Schneiderman, a physiological psychologist, joined me in establishing a doctoral clinical health psychology program in the department, one of the first two or three in the nation. Other colleagues of note were Clyde Hendrick and Paul Blaney, both of whom came to the UM faculty the same year as I did. Numerous graduate and post doc students of extraordinary academic and clinical talent became a pleasure to mentor; among those not already mentioned in this essay are George Everly, Steve Strack, Mike Antoni, Sally Kolitz-Russell, Neil Bockian and Robert Tringone. Tempted as I was in the early 1980s to consider leaving UM for chief of psychology appointments at Langley Porter Institute of the UCSF and at the Connecticut CMHC of Yale University, I concluded that it would be wisest to stay put at UM. A part-time visiting professorship, however, was extended to me by the Psychiatry Department of Massachusetts’s General Hospital of Harvard Medical School, one I later transferred to its affiliated McLean Hospital. Here I saw an opportunity again to play a part in influencing the course of psychiatric thinking; I carried this teaching role for more than a decade.

At Boston's Mass General, I teamed up with Gerry Klerman, who previously had overseen NIMH during the Carter presidency. He returned to Harvard in '81 for a few years before moving on to Cornell Med, his alma mater, in New York City. Unknown to me initially, it turned out that Gerry was a distant relative of mine; our mothers were cousins, both bipolar and neurotic depressives from nearby Poland shtetls (Lomza and Sokoly). After Gerry and I completed a book in the mid-1980s (Millon and Klerman, 1986) I continued at Harvard's McLean Hospital, lecturing and advising psychiatric residents, as well as participating in later years with John Gunderson's DSM-IV-related New England Personality Disorder group, a professional seminar setting as stimulating and congenial as one could find composed of informed and innovative participants from several of Harvard's affiliated hospitals, as well as from Tufts, Yale, and Brown universities.

Despite an initial measure of self-enforced isolation and academic hesitation owing to what I saw as my brain's oxygen-depleted and lessened capacities, I was encouraged by several colleagues and by Herb Reich, psychology editor at John Wiley and Sons, to undertake a book that focused solely on the personality disorders (Millon, 1981). In justifying the volume, I wrote in its preface that the recently published DSM-III, on whose Task Force I had been an active member, was far more comprehensive descriptively than its predecessors, but was not designed to provide detailed clinical presentations nor the competing theories and etiologies of the syndromes it encompassed. The lack of such materials was especially problematic to those seeking information on the personality disorders. As I saw it, these syndromes had suddenly "come of age", transformed from a class of impairments possessing only incidental relevance to the diagnostic enterprise into one that was central, if not crucial, to the new DSM-III multi-axial format. Although clinicians and researchers could find a substantial literature on most syndromes in psychological and psychiatric texts and journals, such was not the case, even to a modest degree, for the personality disorders. And now that these syndromes were advanced to the status of major clinical conditions, the need to develop a literature to fill the void was all the more acute. The book set out to bring together the sparse, widely scattered, and highly doctrinaire clinical literature on all of the personality disorders, seeking in a single sourcebook to both coordinate and evaluate what had been written on the subject. To maximize scholarly and practical utility, it contained contrasting historical and theoretical viewpoints, serving thereby as a reference guide of alternate conceptions of these disorders. To enhance its value as a textbook, a full and separate chapter was devoted to each condition. Of particular interest were sections in each chapter that quoted the important historical forerunners of contemporary ideas. In addition to

providing comprehensive reviews of each of the new personality syndromes – avoidant, narcissistic, borderline, and schizotypal – many “mixed” personality types were also extensively illustrated. Of special utility to clinicians were detailed discussions of frequent Axis I and Axis II comorbidities, that is, clinical and personality syndromes that coexisted with great regularity. And to compensate for the lack of etiologic hypotheses in the DSM-III, significant portions of each chapter were devoted to describing the syndrome’s most plausible developmental origins and dynamics.

The success of the first edition of Disorders was immediate and substantial (21 printings); it led another publisher, Seymour Weingarten of Guilford Press, to ask if I would like to edit a handbook of personality disorders. I demurred, saying that there simply were not enough scholars around, nor were there sufficient solid scientific data available to justify such a volume. Instead, I proposed that he underwrite a new journal that might lead ultimately to a body of literature to serve as a foundation for the handbook. Seymour assented, and Gerry Klerman and I recommended that he ask a young psychiatrist then at Cornell Medical School, Allen Frances, to join with me to co-edit what we then entitled *The Journal of Personality Disorders*, a clinically and scientifically successful periodical with both an impressive subscription list and an editorial board composed of most of the major players in the field. Allen and I remained as co-editors for over a full decade, turning responsibility for running the journal over to John Livesley, then psychiatry head at the University of British Columbia.

Throughout the ‘80s and ‘90s I characteristically refused to conform to popular taste and to seek opportunities for “creative” expression. Thus, I continued to write and develop both my idiosyncratic theoretical model (Millon, 1990) and its correlated assessment tools (Millon, 1997; Strack, 1999). Further, I worked on the second edition of my Disorders book (Millon, with Davis, 1996), which proved to be a substantially expanded version of the first, approximately twice its length. In its preface I wrote that, given the many advances in conceptual and empirical research of the previous two decades, the time had come for a far-reaching theoretical model that would interweave not only psychological and biological factors, but also coordinate that knowledge to more fundamental and adjacent fields of scientific endeavor. Toward that end I sought to devise a classification schema that coalesced several principles drawn from evolutionary theory. Thus, in addition to reviewing historically diverse conceptions of classification, I set out to provide a rationale and logic for an “evolutionary approach” to pathological styles of behavior. Not only did the schema connect personality and clinical pathology to other realms of scientific thinking, but

it also sought to demonstrate the developmental continuity of pathological functioning throughout the life span, as well as the interconnections that existed among ostensibly unrelated syndromes. To make this developmental continuity explicit, an organizational sequence was constructed to show that more severe stages of disorder are problematic extensions of less serious personality impairments (e.g., schizotypal viewed as a more severe variant of basic schizoid and avoidant patterns).

My work had progressed through the years from what I originally labeled a “biosocial framework” to an “evolutionary model”. Despite their changed terminology and conceptual base, these two schemas were both consistent and consonant. The former derived its constructs largely from learning theory and served to undergird developmental ontogenesis, whereas the latter’s constructs derived from evolutionary theory and served to explicate the phylogenesis of human adaptive styles. Readers inclined to pursue these more speculative, but perhaps scientifically more fruitful, ventures were advised to read another of my books, *Toward a New Personology: An Evolutionary Model* (1990), a treatise that reviewers generally lauded, though one or two scoffed at my ideas as “too sociobiologic”, or found them to be forbiddingly opaque. To show that I was not speaking metaphorically, I drafted a series of formal analyses for constructing classification systems in fields such as normal personality (1991a, 1994) and psychopathology (1991b, 1996).

The profession’s acceptance of my upgraded assessment tools, especially the MCMI-III (Millon, Millon, & Davis, 1994), has been exceptionally gratifying; it ranks now second only to the MMPI and the Rorschach as the most frequently employed of the psychodiagnostic tools in this country, mirroring the “objective” psychometric features of the former, and interpreted in line with the “projective” clinical richness of the latter. Similarly, the MACI (Millon, Millon, & Davis, 1993) has become the most frequently used adolescent inventory throughout the clinical world. And the recently completed MBMD (Millon, Antoni, Millon, Meagher, & Grossman, 2000) has already surpassed the earlier MBHI (Millon, Green, & Meagher, 1982) as the comprehensive instrument of choice for medical patients in whom psychological factors are likely to be of clinical significance. Comparable levels of acceptance have been extended to a normal personality inventory, the MIPS (Millon, Weiss, Millon, & Davis, 1994), and a clinician’s checklist of pathological attributes (Tringone, 1997). It was in the mid-1990s that I began to hear references to “Millon”, not as a person, but as a brand name, like Kleenex or Chevrolet. A confused and preternatural feeling overtook me. My

substantive reality had been replaced (deposed?); I had become a dehumanized (deified?) object; shades of “the Rorschach”.

Along with current colleagues and students, I have continued to author or edit numerous articles, chapters and books that have gained respectable, if not laudatory reviews, notably volumes such as the graduate and professional tome, the Oxford Textbook of Psychopathology (Millon, Blaney, and Davis, 1999), an advanced undergraduate text, Personality Disorders in Modern Life (Millon, Davis, Millon, Escovar, & Meagher, 2000), a collection of my selected papers, entitled Personality and Psychopathology (Millon, 1996), and a comprehensive statement of my views concerning treatment, called Personality-Guided Therapy (Millon, 1999). Under the aegis of the APA, I have recently enjoyed and learned much while authoring a wideranging history of the mental health field, entitled Masters of the Mind (Millon, Grossman, & Meagher, 2002), as well as editing a new APA series of 21 books to be authored by different psychologists and psychiatrists, tentatively under the general title, Personality-Guided Psychology.

As mentioned earlier, teaching has always been a joy for me, occasions to improvise extemporaneously, to stir an audience’s empathic sensibilities, if not to “melt their minds”, so to speak. I have been asked and have been delighted to speak in any number of settings beyond my university home base on diverse theoretical, diagnostic, and therapeutic subjects, but always anchored to the key role I have continued to see for personality and its disorders. By now, I have given somewhat over 750 such addresses at APA and at most state and regional psychological associations through the years. A member of several “professional circuits” and “speaker stables”, such as IRE, STS, and the Cape Cod Seminar group, I have enjoyed many occasions to vacation travel with my family, visiting friends across the nation. A recent innovation has been National Computer Systems’ inspired “Millon Conferences”; these comprise extended workshops by some 15 speakers each year on a variety of “Millon” topics, held at annually changing cities around the country.

Over a decade ago I had the pleasure with working with a Danish group of psychologists and psychiatrists, particularly Niels Strandbygaard and Erik Simonsen, to establish the International Society for the Study of Personality Disorders, whose first biennial conference was held in Copenhagen in 1988, a meeting attended by over 400 participants from 22 nations. It has subsequently met with equally numerous and enthusiastic participants in cities such as Oslo, Cambridge, Milan, Vancouver, and Geneva; its seventh conference was set for New York in early October 2001, but

was canceled owing to the tragedy of 9/11. My 1970s entrée into the European community owes much to Professor Strandbygaard, whom I fondly refer to as a great Dane; he not only translated my work for much of Scandinavia, but led the first "Millon Study Group" for several years in the 1980s. I've cheered from the sidelines as Niels' European study group model expanded to the United States, where more than 40 similar clinical associations have been established, assembling for a one or two year period in a number of States, such as Indiana, Minnesota, New Jersey, California, Florida, and elsewhere, as well as in Canada.

Reception to my writings have brought me numerous international invitations to settings where I have been impressed by mental health clinicians and scholars of exceptional talents, notably in diverse countries such as Norway, England, Japan, Germany, Canada, Spain, the Netherlands, Ireland, Italy, Sweden, Argentina, Belgium, Israel, and beyond. There are more esteemed and cherished colleagues around the world who have been generous and hospitable than I can name in a brief essay such as this.

Recent years have enabled me to semi-retire to what is called the Institute for Advanced Studies in Personology and Psychopathology in Florida; here I have been able to reflect, write, and carry out research together with local graduate students and international post doc colleagues. The Institute's diverse activities are ably and comfortably managed by its executive director, Donna Meagher. Here also I have been able to tie together the threads of my professional work these past years. Thus, my recent writings have stressed the need for mental health disciplines to rise from their stasis of spirit, and begin to coordinate (synergize is the term I like) their professional roles and functions. As elaborated in recent talks and papers, such as those published in this journal (Millon, 1999b, 2002), I assert that heretofore unconnected components of our field's classical activities should be synthesized, specifically as follows: (1) that our guiding principles be grounded in the universal laws of nature, notably those of evolution; (2) that our personologic theories and pathological concepts be formulated as one of nature's many expressions (e.g., physics, biology) of these universal laws; (3) that our profession's formal classification system and nosology be derived logically from these personologic theories; (4) that our assessment instruments be sufficiently sensitive quantitatively to test these theories empirically, and to serve clinically to identify/measure our personological dimensions and diagnostic categories; and (5) that our therapies be focused on target areas that are accurately and relevantly appraised by

coordinated assessment tools, and be themselves fully integrated and composed of synergistically combined modalities.

In closing this brief, but inclusive memoir, I should like to raise my Sabbath wine glass to all my children, both biological and psychological, in the wish that their futures be as blessed and charmed as mine has been, one free and untroubled, joyful and productive, as it can be in a socially caring and humanistic world.