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Greetings and a hearty Bow Wow Wow, dear Gentleman Songsters, fellow final offspring of the All Male Yale! Back in those days they didn’t call it a Y chromosome for nothing. What can I tell ya? Twenty-five years in nothing flat, eh wot? Les faubourgs des viellesses here we are. I greet you from deepest suburbia where, in my L-and-B-oid armchair, I occupy my ringside seat at la comedie humaine. What have I been doing? An unparaphrasably fascinating life, but only to about one or two people, at most. A sketch (if you really want to know): I seem to recall something about medical school, but mostly what I “do” is mar- riagehood and parenthood, adrift on a sea of domestic desiderata, with plumbing crises, dental appointments, children’s milestones, and occasional going to work. (I once saw a woman on TV who, when asked what she “did,” slippingly replied, “I’m a daughter.” Most apt! I, therefore, am a spousefather, or some such.) For thrills I mostly (still?!) read (someone in publishing once asked me at a party, “Oh, do you read?”); get excited about ideas and other word-things (as opposed to politics, gardens, antiques, whatever); work on projects with kids and friends; race bicycles (a recent preposterous obsession taught to me by my son, occasioned by my arthritic football knee that cut short a brilliant jogging career). Increasingly I seem to be dealing with the onslaught of entropy of the house, body (bifocals at last!), and family (two big losses last year still have us a bit adrift). Workwise, I did pediatrics for awhile, but in a fit of midlife karmic something or other, and in an effort to further exploit my weaknesses, ten years ago I jumped to psychiatry (good grief! a second residency. What was I thinking?). Here, I have found “my true niche” (“true Nietzsche”?), sort of a return of the repressed English major, explicating, deconstructing, coauthoring, occasionally healing, other people’s epics, sagas, tragedies and melodramas. I am in charge (sort of) of an adolescent program, which enables me to immerse myself in my own level of developmental stuckness and keeps me away from oldies stations.

My wife Marcia, the light of my life, remains, after twenty-seven years (!?) the steady corrective to my excesses and tangents. She is, besides, a mild- mannered marketing director for a great metropolitan (Norwalk) maritime center (her fifteen minutes of fame thrust upon her last year when lawyers were given free admission, as a professional courtesy, to a shark exhibit). Darcey, my twenty-year-old daughter, is intelligent, beautiful, and dauntless. She is thinking of medical school (which could mean another four years of babysitting her obstreperous parrot) and is spending the summer as a White House intern, which is by far the best place to be if you’re thinking of being a doctor. My son, Jake, is eighteen, just graduated from high school: James Deanesque, gifted aesthete, connoisseur and cyclist. He is off to architecture school in the fall on his way to emulating his idol, Frank Lloyd Wright. I have been privileged these last fourteen years to have been adopted by a glorious mutt, Dancer, perhaps the most highly evolved creature I’ve ever personally known, the Dalai Lama of dogdom. I have also been lucky to have had the chance to work and play with a wonderful group of friends, also therapists, in New Haven, and thus get to hang out a bit in the Great Blue Aura as it changes and stays the same over the years. My good friends from Yale track, Mark Young ’68, Larry “Red Fox” Kreider, and Chuck “Mad Dog” Hobbs reune as much as possible. Still waiting for someone to break our Yale mile relay record. Boola Boola.

My feelings about the Yale years are mixed: the times were too tumultuous (as the anniversaries of the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy attest) and my own adolescent meshugaas too awful to make the memories unambivalent, but as the years pass, I feel more and more that I got what I imagined I came for: a stiff dose of classical (i.e., old canonical) liberal arts education that nurtured my congenital fascination with words, history, and ideas into a lifelong passion. So I’d like to use this poor forum, for what it’s worth, to thank old Eli and in particular some of my favorite teachers: Alice Miskimin, Bart Giamatti, Alvin Kernan, M.J.K. O’Loughlin, Kenley Dove, Cyrus Hamlin, Charles Garside, Richard Ellmann, Robert Brumbaugh, Willard Oxtoby, and (probably) others. Thanks.