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Yale was very good to me. Our randomly chosen, geographically diverse, freshman roommate group remained together the entire four years and were the closest thing I’ll ever have to brothers. Senior year I lived in Indian Neck with Nina. We married the summer after graduation. I went to the University of California, Los Angeles, for medical school, pediatric internship, and adult and child psychiatry training. In 1974 we had Ariane. Nina died suddenly, unexpectedly, from an infection from having her teeth cleaned, while pregnant in 1978. I wrote in Parents magazine about our sorrow and my “Conversations with Ariane.” Nina and I had nearly ten great years together, with lots of travel, life on the beach in Los Angeles when it was safe, and many friends. After Nina’s death, Ariane and I moved to North San Diego County. In 1980 I married Julie. She had three sons, and together we had another daughter, Carolyn, now twelve. We raised these five children in this blended family, again with lots of fun travel, sports, and memories. Stepfamilies are almost never easy. We had some great highs and terrible lows. Recently Julie and I separated.

I have worked mostly as a child and adolescent psychiatrist. I am medical director of a residential treatment center for teenagers. I like working with the kids, but nowadays most of what one does is argue with “managed care companies” to justify a meager payment for whatever time is left over to treat the children. A few years ago I was elected a Fellow by the American Psychiatric Association. I have been an examiner for the adult and child psychiatry board examinations. I have done some writing and lots of speaking. Right now the topic most in demand is a special interest of mine which is really no joke: Nerds. These are kids with mild but pervasive developmental disorders which are only funny on TV. In “real life” being a nerd can mean misery and lead to attempts at revenge (of the nerds) or depression.

Life’s been very full, and I have a feeling it will stay that way