#### JOEL P. FRIEDMAN

15 Horsehoe Court, Hillsborough, CA 94010

(415) 345-1321

You’ve worn me down, having sent me more “second reminders” and “last chance notices” than the Publisher’s Clearing House $10 Million Dollar Sweepstakes. Okay, I’ll try to think of something relevant to say about my last twenty-five years, lest you drop me from your mailing list.

Let’s see—wife, kids and job, I think you suggested that we start with the basics. I gratefully have all of the above. Sharon and I were married twenty-four years in September 1993. She’s the creative and imaginative part of our household-capabilities which she applies deftly to her interior design business (I have no color sense, and my spatial perception failed me on most of my high school aptitude tests). She is also our family community outreach representative, serving on numerous boards and providing real help to real people while I make golf courses safe for democracy. Our older son, Jeff, graduated from Vanderbilt this past May (1993) and is gainfully employed as an information technology consultant, “gainfully employed” being the operative phrase. I’m glad that we graduated in 1969 when there were lots of jobs out there (besides, of course, the southeast Asian defoliation industry). Jeff has become a southern gentleman, transplanting himself from laid-back California to the next eighteen months or so in Baton Rouge (“red stick” sounds so much better in French). Our younger son, Dave, is a college junior, in transition from University of California, Berkeley, to Cal Poly, Pomona. Berkeley in 1993 is still as bizarre as it was in the late sixties (that’s the good news) but suffers greatly from the California budget crisis and bumbles toward academic mediocrity. Dave is the family politico/entrepre- neur and will hopefully someday support his parents in the lifestyle to which we would like to become accustomed.

Moi—I’m still a management consultant, managing a strategy consulting practice for Andersen Consulting. I specialize in the financial services industries, although, having a short attention span, I dabble across a wide array of industries and functional disciplines. Thank goodness that my Yale liberal arts training prepared me to excel as a dilettante. I joined Andersen way back in 1971, after getting an M.B.A. at Stanford but before the investment banking industry inflated M.B.A. compensation to the ludicrous levels which I now pay my own new hires. Thinking that consulting would be fun until I decided what real job I wanted when I grew up, I now accept the fact that I have no plans whatsoever to grow up at all. Fortunately, consulting is still a helluva lot of fun. Moreover, now that I get to check the Age 45-54. box on all the electronic products registration forms that manufacturers ask' me to fill out. I’m finally learning that family and relaxation and music and golf and trashy novels have as much value as professional achievement. (Am I permitted to wax philosophic or at least muse a little? It seems to me that we paid too much attention to Kingman Brewster when he challenged us to become achievers. Let’s hear it for “Generation X” and the post-Yuppie values of a balanced lifestyle, flexibility, options, and lasting friendships.) One durable benefit of my time at Yale: I rediscovered classical piano as the antidote to “sophomore slump” and took lessons through the music department. I still play, largely to relieve stress, although the poor quality of my playing may induce stress in my wife and cat (named Amadeus, of course). My fantasy: to perform Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2 with the New York Philharmonic.

Regarding memories of Yale: I can no longer remember the words to “Bright College Years” (except, of course, the ending); I’m pissed off at the arrogance of the fundraising office; and I live much too far away to pay much attention to the football team. On the other hand, my son Dave and I went to see the Whiffenpoofs perform nearby a few months ago, and images of Gothic arches, ivy-covered walls, and freshmen wearing grungy neckties and rumpled sport coats to dinner at the Commons flashed before my eyes. I don’t plan to (or didn’t) attend the reunion—I travel constantly, but none of my clients are in New Haven—but hope to catch up with some once-close friends through the Class Book. For classmates who find your way to San Francisco, I’m always available to conduct guided tours of the wine country, or even to share a bottle at home.