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Surveying the past two decades through the lens of the present inevitably risks distortion, exaggeration, and putting critical accents in all the wrong places. Nevertheless, some things are clear. Twenty-odd years have done little to change the self-absorbed, brittle undergraduate who transferred to Yale in 1966. There’s still much humility to be learned and patience to be practiced. I should be grateful for the many blessings which have made these years enviable by any standard: good health, interesting work, the opportunity to live and travel abroad, and the means to enjoy the benefits of all of these. What clouds have cast a shadow over my life were not unique, however dark it may at times have seemed.

It’s hard to remember how I used to see things when I didn’t see them as clearly or completely. As a Yale undergraduate, with more future than past to contend with, I had assumed that the very passage of time would bring with it peace and contentment. To my middle-aged regret, I find I am still seeking comfort and confidence in who I am and acceptance of who I’m not. It was at Yale that I first appreciated the many vagaries which would confound the humblest of ambitions. Now, a quarter of a century later, these same vagaries seem far less threatening though no less real.

In brief: Harvard M.A. 1972 (Chinese history); Harvard J.D. 1974; currently, International Counsel, Tambrands, Inc.