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The greatest surprise twenty-five years later is the importance of spouse, children, and home, when the perspective then was career, career, and career. I married Susan Hirschhorn (Connecticut College, 1971; Columbia, M.B.A. 1974). My son Alexander was bom in 1982 and Jonathan in 1985. For the past ten years we have spent usually happy family weekends, the summer, and holidays in Litchfield County, Connecticut, in a two hundred-year-old house we have paid others to fix piece by piece. For fifteen years we have lived and worked during the week in Manhattan and enjoyed the contrasts of the big city and the “country.”

Our Yale years have entered and reentered my life. Professionally, my Yale mentor. Bill Lilley, became my client in his CBS years; I was able for a short time to help George Chopivsky in the early days of his own business; and William Russell-Shapiro has, in his latest venture, asked me to help with publishing advice. I was even asked to recruit John Hersey to sign leatherbound copies of one of his books for Easton Press, a step removed from his years at Pierson College and mine. My Yale experience, with its elements of history, politics, and the business board at the Yale Daily News, has been part of my subsequent activities in politics, a bit of writing, and the business of being a literary agent. And my modest experience in Yale governance and student governance has come in handy in institutional encounters with the Vatican Library, Mayo Clinic, and the Library of Congress.

After graduation I gave up a fellowship to Cambridge to join Pat Moyni- han’s staff in Nixon’s White House and found myself coordinating White House communication with the Yale student-faculty group during the Bobby Seale trial. Even though the federal troops did not shoot up the campus, the experience helped me decide to cut short my White House time after Kent State and the Cambodia “incursion.” Meanwhile, twenty-five years later, I have sold a few of Pat Moynihan’s books and represent the publishing life of Richard Nixon.

Another surprise is the gratification of nonprofit work. After ten years’effort for the ArtsConnection, a New York City based organization that is one of the finest arts-in-education groups in the country, I enjoyed the opening of a fully renovated High School of Performing Arts (home of the movie Fame). In August 1993, after about eight years on the Board, the Roger Tory Peterson Institute for Natural History will open its Robert Stern-designed building in Jamestown, New York, and the Institute will take another step toward its national mission as a nature-in-education organization. To the arts and nature, I am adding science through a nonprofit organization created by the inventor, Dean Kamen. I have also watched proudly as my wife, a professional fund-raiser, helped Evelyn Lauder raise $16 million for a breast cancer center at Memorial Sloan-Kettering.

There are regrets. My political interests have been largely dormant, at least in part due to lack of motivation. My plans to enjoy archaeology have been limited to a string of great trips. My writing plans have been largely limited to memos. And my interest in playing the piano somehow stayed behind in New Haven.

Ours was a great time of change at Yale; living and working at the process helped me to adapt and develop a certain patience. Our Yale years started me on a continuing curve of cynical optimism. My Harvard law years convinced me more than ever of how great an undergraduate institution Yale was (and, I hope, still is). To paraphrase JFK, I have a Yale education, but a Harvard degree.

With the passage of time, I feel more strongly than ever the intersection of events and people from yesterday and today, and the need to mix the events and people on my path. Hopefully, that path will cross more often with yours, and for those in need of a literary agent, please call.