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As this is being both written and read at two different chronological loci, I’ll write this from inside my Temporal Elongation Mercator Projection Universal Simporter FUGIT both now (May 1993), and a year from now (May 1994). (Perhaps it’s a year late, but isn’t that what College Deans are for?)

My portable data input device sits on the dining room table, surrounded by the refugees from the kitchen remodeling and refmishing project that has yet to be much of anything. This is the result of the relatively recent relocation to and a refinancing of our present residence in a semiremote suburb of San Francisco, the region I left for New Haven nearly twenty-nine years ago now (May 1994)-

History is about to repeat itself. Now (May 1993), my elder daughter is tying up the final threads of her high school education and thinking about what threads she will need to take to New Haven with her for next fall. It is made somewhat more difficult by the fact that the Macy’s card I got in 1967 is no longer worth much in New Haven. It is made somewhat easier by the hospitality extended to her by Silliman Dean Hugh Flick and three freshwomen this (May 1993) spring when difficult choices had to be made.

We’re back in California again, again. We are a family—Pat keeps the books and the calendar, the PTA and the garden club, and the dog and the roofer, painter, decorator, plumber, electrician, gardener, and carpenter organized. (Many of the above bear an amazing family resemblance to her, a few to me.) She’s been doing an outstanding job for twenty-three years now (May 1994), from Cambridge (Massachusetts), to Palo Alto (California), to Houston (Texas), to Washington (D.C.), to Moraga (California).

Heather, our older daughter, organizes junior proms, senior balls, and class treasuries; interscholastic debate teams; expeditions to Berkeley (California), San Francisco and raves; her closet, and occasionally her desk and floor. Michelle, our younger daughter, is from the same mold—with award-winning notebook and desk organization. On the side, she devours books, math tests, biology projects, English essays, German skits, and swimming pools with equal gusto.

My desk is a mess—Yale, Harvard, and Stanford educations combined have not helped me dispose of paper as fast as it arrives. Perhaps if I spent more time at it? But life’s too short. It’s more interesting to tackle the challenges of converting new ideas into the new products that build a business—working with engineers, bio-tech researchers, marketing, sales and finance; reading science (bio- and -fiction), business and physics (and an occasional Steven King or le Carre); and trying to read the customer’s mind. Moving from academe (grad student, postdoc, medical school assistant professor) to the bio-tech industry (bench scientist, manager, now [May 1993] R&D Director, now [May 1994] ask me) has reinforced the value of the liberal arts education a chemistry major received at Yale in the late ’60s. Now (May 1993 and 1994), if only we could develop a liberal science curriculum for the future marketing, advertising, and finance people I’ll be working with for another twenty-plus years...

Life: As measured by the column inch, my family is at the center of my life. There have been some losses—my sister years before her time, my father before he could introduce his granddaughters to the pleasures of Sierra backpacking, my mother-in-law-to-be after I had met her only once. Work: job changes haven’t always been at the time of my choosing, but have always worked out to the better in the end. Health: It’s amazing what progress has been made, and it’s rewarding to know my work is contributing to it in some small way. Dreams: Two happy, well-adjusted girls will become independent, productive Yale alumnae (though in a nightmare, Michelle threatens to defect to the H school).