##### PAUL F. MALAMUD

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After leaving Yale, I moved to New York where I worked, variously, as a typist at The New Yorker magazine, a research assistant on PBS’s “Dick Cavett Show,” and in various other nonexecutive, nonestablishmentarian positions while feverishly writing poetry and attempting to finish a dissertation in the English department of Columbia University. I got my Ph.D., but ended up going into the foreign service rather than a university. In 1980 I served, briefly, in India, where I came down with enough tropical diseases to necessitate a premature departure. Since then I’ve been working as a writer with the U.S. Information Agency in Washington, D.C., penning paeans to democracy for foreign audiences while drinking clean water. Having won the cold war, I’m not sure what I’m going to do for an encore, but still enjoy trying to be creative. I have two talented nephews who may break the mold and become scientists. I was very lucky at Yale—and I’ve never regretted for a minute my English/French major. Long live the humanities. And the time at the Dramat was wonderful. Thank you, teachers and friends.