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When I first encountered this literary form, maybe a year after graduating, I thought the writers who emphasized family were probably covering for a lack of accomplishment; and if I had ever found one who reported holding the same job without promotion for seventeen straight years, I would have known for sure. Wonderfully, however, these turn out to be the hallmarks of a half-life more successful and creative and happy than anything I could have conceived in the fall of 1969, and certainly than what I would have prescribed for myself back then. After a textbook seven-year start—England; law school in the company of our current President and First Lady among many others; a judicial clerkship; and a year of standard business litigation at high hourly rates—the sky opened, and a job offer fell on me to be the second lawyer in the fledgling West Coast office of the Environmental Defense Fund, job description unavailable but law degree somehow required. I had just enough presence of mind to take it, despite much sage advice from coEeagues, and I’ve been there ever since. Along the way I’ve been able to make some genuinely confounding arguments, write an ingeniously troublesome law or two, and discover that the business of social change takes thirty seconds of inspiration and then a decade or more of all-out application to get something to happen. It puts a premium on choosing the right issue at the beginning. I’ve been lucky twice. In all this uncharted territory (there’s still no useful job description, seventeen years and four times as many staff members later), family life has come late. After divorce in my twenties, I remarried only six years ago to Sukey Lilienthal, and our children (both adopted, with us in the delivery room both times) are now two-and-three-quarters (Nathan) and six months (Celeste), so only now are we learning what those reunion writers of long ago were talking about, and although we’re starting late, we are totally and shamelessly enjoying every part of it. Perhaps the best report I can give is that in the quarter-century to come, I will be discovering what most of my classmates already know. For these various pleasures Yale gets fuE credit for subhminal education—not for what I thought I’d learned by the time I left (and left again after law school), but for what I’d been prepared to appreciate, once it somehow showed itself to me despite my iEusions, Yale, and the example of friends, many of whom Yale offered or suggested. No matter how Apollonian the text, romance has turned out to be the answer so far.