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The most important event in my life occurred on November 15, 1986, the date on which Joyce Root and I were married. I was thirty-nine at the time, and Joyce a year older. Neither of us had been married previously, and both had figured that we were destined to go through life single. Thankfully, that has not been our fate.

Joyce is a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst in private practice. Not a day has gone by since our wedding when I have not looked forward to learning about her work. More important is the fact that our love grows every day. This is a happy marriage.

On August 13, 1992, Joyce was diagnosed with cancer of the breast. The whole experience—the surgery, the chemotherapy, the physical pain, and perhaps above all the overwhelming fear—has been hideous beyond description. It now appears, however, that Joyce has a good chance of surviving this cataclysm. Her courage has been remarkable, to say the least. She actually continued to practice medicine during her course of chemotherapy.

From a professional standpoint, my career has progressed more successfully than I had any right to expect. I hold a tenured full professorship at the Harvard Business School, where 1 have significant administrative responsibilities, teach a lot of wonderful students, and conduct research on the history of marketing.

I have enormous respect for my colleagues and for the School as an institution. I feel we have the ability to listen to the truth and the strength to change when change is called for.

Among my greatest regrets is that I have not had the time to keep up with my friends from our class. I am only in touch with a few.

I enjoy all those contacts a great deal, but I would like to say a special word about Reed Hundt. Reed really has helped me grow (we have coauthored two articles); and he has taught me much about how the world works. He shares his many insights with an openhearted generosity and a wit matched by few people I know.

Life goes by too quickly.