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In the early spring of our senior year, 1 left Yale on a stretcher. By the time we graduated, I was at home in bed. I went to my Army physical in a wheelchair. They didn’t want me, but law schools did, so I decided to take some time off. I got a cane and a job at the White House. By Christmas I had left for North Africa; then West, South and East Africa; then the Near, Middle and not very Far East, where I lost my bearings and decided to go to law school. California was wonderful but law school was work. I would have stayed on the West Coast, but I fell in love with a poet. She had to live in Boston, so back we went. I got a job as a criminal prosecutor. 1 got an eagle on my shoulder. I got pregnant. Then I got another job, this time in an old Boston firm on the make. When my son was born, the eagle flew away. Then my father decided to retire, but died suddenly before he could. My daughter was born a year later. When I was made a senior partner, I realized I wanted to do what every lawyer dreams of doing. Something else. Two years later and without a clue, I asked for a break. Eventually, and accidentally I took a course at art school. I withdrew from the law firm and spent four years in art school as a monastery. I was forced to leave in 1989. Since then I have enjoyed some modest, local success as a painter. I should move on to other art markets, but I seem to have misplaced my ambition.