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I spent a few years after graduation trying out various lifestyles, all involving various degrees of rebelliousness generated in part by my nature and in part as a reaction to Vietnam. The rebelliousness mellowed in time, and the events of Watergate persuaded me that “the system” was not utterly corrupt. I thus geared my efforts more towards the mainstream, first as a city planner in the Yalie-infested New York City Planning Commission, and then into the real (?) world as a corporate lawyer.

I’ve spent the last twelve years or so practicing in Boston, where the Yale diploma is not the prevailing currency, but where it does command some vestigial name recognition. I moved to Boston from Buffalo in search of the perfect wife, whom I found in the person of Ivis Villar, a clinical psychologist from New York who happened to come to Boston for a one-year stint at Children’s Hospital, and who was gracious enough not to return to New York in order to be with me.

We were married in 1983 and have a pair of twin boys, Thomas and Alexander, born in 1988. They are full of life and energy, as little boys everywhere tend to be, and manage simultaneously to age us physically and rejuvenate us spiritually. They are the center of our lives.

My career involves representing a wide mix of businesses: start-ups and publicly held companies; high-tech dreamers and strait-laced banks; widely successful companies and teetering failures. Being a lawyer has been very rewarding, not so much because of the financial rewards (although I am not starving) as because of the mix of the intellectual challenges and the practical problems that need to be solved.

I seldom look back to Yale, and when I do it is with the same sense of unreality that affects my recollection of childhood fairy tales. When else did I live in a castle? Have all my needs attended to? Live only for ideas, ideals, and an occasional drunken bash? It was the best of times, never to be recaptured.