

Hello. I'm going to start right off by doing some mailing comments. And part of the mailing comments this time, will be by a real live *letter of comment* from Chris Pasanen (one-time member of AWAPA, and someone to whom I still send copies of OBSESSIONS).

[Chris writes:] "What strange experiences you describe re. last year's Dead Cat presentation. 14-yr-olds who read SOLDIER OF FORTUNE magazine and seem to earnestly enjoy mulling over topics of killing and torture. I understand your explanation of the humor behind Dead Cat humor as you intend it. But we all keep pets of some sort, don't we? To insulate ourselves, to preserve fantasies of security and comfort and power and love. The same person who sneers at the cat-owner's baby-talk and pampering may go home and lose him/herself in book collections or electronics tinkering or gourmet cooking or TV. Perhaps the analogy's not quite airtight and parallel, but I think it's something to consider. Dead Cat humor doesn't deal with cats and what they are, but with the sacrosanct attitudes some people have about them (cats) and about themselves. You're poking fun at attitudes...the 14-yr old would-be soldiers of fortune want to poke at the cats themselves."

This letter excerpt was written in response to my comments to Diane

Martin in the last OBSESSIONS re her concern about Dead Cat humor.

KATE ROBINSON And now appropriately enough, a comment to the author of "News from the Home for Wayward Cats."

I think your idea is a good one re the possibility of our critiquing each other's work. That's actually the sort of thing I was more or less expecting when I joined AWAPA. I don't feel at all qualified to criticize poetry though, sorry. I mostly withhold comment on any poetry we get into JANUS for criticism by our newly formed writing committee. I don't think my hesitation about this sort of thing comes from not trusting my opinion as much as from not having formed any opinions at all since I've never felt very comfortable with the form. Actually, I've found that the poems that do mean something to me are ones I more or less read as prose or are read to me in

*This is OBSESSIONS 18, a production of Obsessive Press, number 55 in an erratic series. OBSESSIONS is published by Jeanne Gomoll for A Women's Apa at 2018 Jenifer St., Madison, WI 53704 (608-241-8445) All material © by Jeanne Gomoll, 1980.*

OBSESSIONS





such a way that I hear them as prose. That latter situation is most common, I think.

Re your comment to Mary about feeling that your anger is boiling beneath your conscious surface—exploding during dreams, etc.—I wonder if you aren't burying it instead of trying to use it to your advantage.

And then your comments to Mog about the dilemma feminists face (or revolutionaries of any type face) concerning how far they/we can go with living in and working with the system before we become coopted by it...I thought of a book I just finished reading, that you might find very interesting. Marilyn French's new novel *The Bleeding Heart*. French is the author of *A Women's Room* and much as I loved and raved about that book, I love and will rave even more about *The Bleeding Heart*.

*The Bleeding Heart* is for those of us who have gone through and have integrated a lot of basic feminist philosophy into our politics, but are still wrestling with the task of living lives that are ethical reflections of that philosophy and those politics. *The Bleeding Heart* is the story of a woman and her relationship with a man through the period of one year. Dolores is an American scholar doing research in England for her second book—one on the role of women in Renaissance England. She is in her 40's and has been married, divorced, has raised three children and has chosen celibacy for the past several years. She is, in short, an admirable autonomous and brilliant human being. The man she meets on a train from London is no beginner either. Having been through a rather disastrous marriage of his own and still feeling guilty for his insensitive role in that marriage, he is uncommonly inclined to listen to Dolores and ac-



cept her perceptions of him and their relationship as real.

But still, the Dolores/Victor story not at all a feminist fairy tale.

At one point in the novel, Dolores wonders "if love weren't just another of those things we tell ourselves is important, when in fact it is about as important as having a delicious meal every once in a while." [I liked that.]

Much as Marilyn French might wish that to be the case, however, I don't think we are meant to take that suggestion as anything more than a joke.

For in the novels *The Bleeding Heart* and *A Women's Room*, French has written best and most about women's relationships with men as a condition that, for some women, has to be dealt with, cannot be kicked, like a habit of over-eating.

And this is the aspect of the novel that your comment reminded me of, Kate: Dolores comes head on with the problem, again and again, that to desert her politics—her understanding of the cultural habits which tend to destroy women in their relationships with men—is to participate in her own destruction. But still, as Dolores finds with Victor, her body keeps betraying her and she can't walk away from the conflict. She refers to herself as a "bleeding heart" — "...like people who bruise if you even touch them, you know? Their skin turns purple if you just press your thumb on their inner arm. Well, I have a soul like that, it's raw. The only thing that can help it is getting angry, but who am I going to get angry at?...There's nothing I can do with my anger, you know? It just sits around steaming."

It's a good book. If you were impressed by *A Women's Room*, you will be bowled over by *The Bleeding Heart*.

Well some people are weird about spiders, others about cockroaches. Myself, I can't

woman on the bus with your friend who thought lesbianism was "right nice." I've gotten two apa-zine titles now from *Moby Dick* and know exactly what you mean (thought it has nothing whatever to do with Melville) about those "exquisite moments"—I tend to use Joyce's word for them: "epiphanies." I think that the secret is not so much the filtering as is the unplanned nature, the unexpectedness of such moments.

From what you say, it sounds as if you must be in Australia, even now as I write you. I thought it was interesting about what you said about women writers and their sympathy with the Australian landscape. Could you suggest a few authors? Offhand I can't think of any, and my main reference to Australia seems to be the spate of really good Australian films that have come out recently. Well *Walkabout* can't really be called a recent film, but it sure has a lot of similarities in theme to *The Last Wave* and *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. All three fillms seem to stress the "un-'civilized'" nature of that continent (as you call it)—the sense that the land is latently conscious and is going to have its revenge on human trespassers. I've loved all of them, and have been meaning to do some reading on Australian culture and try to follow up that perception of Australians toward the land. Does that jive with what you know of the place at all? And really, please, suggest some of those women writers from Australia for us.

Your statement about English and Australian women having less to lose and everything to gain by turning backs on the status quo works in really well with an idea I've been working with lately—that is, your connection of that point of view to women SF writers. And we are planning on doing a whole issue of *Janus* on the theme of post-holocaust as it appears in SF by women. There are a whole lot of examples. We want to do some short interviews with women authors (some by mail) and weave them together in symposium-fashion as a complimentary feature in

that issue—allowing the authors their say to this perceived pattern—and of course, some book reviews and articles about the phenomenon in SF literature.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★  
★ Anyone in the apa who is interested ★  
★ in pursuing this idea with us, and ★  
★ has some ideas of books that could ★  
★ be reviewed, or an article relating ★  
★ to the subject, PLEASE contact ★  
★ *JANUS*: PO BOX 1624, Madison, WI ★  
★ 53701. Deadline will be sometime ★  
★ late September probably. Write for ★  
★ details. ★  
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

[Isn't my new selectric element neat?]  
Anyway, I think it's a really intriguing idea. I want to write an article connecting it with the tendency of art in any culture to go through a period of renaissance and life when the culture is in a decadent stage. At the time it is often said that art has destroyed itself, that nothing of any value is being created (the novel is dead, etc.), when in reality, the period will be looked back upon as being one of the most intensely productive and creative of the culture. Ironically, the art is involved, often, with much prophesy of doom and destruction, apocalyptic premonitions which perhaps come to pass but don't result in the "rebirth" that was expected. The rebirth was happening while noone was looking. In a small way, the '70's can be seen in this way. That decade is called the "me" decade and derided as being marked by little of real importance. But think of all the incredible changes that happened then, especially with regard to women's lifestyles and family patterns.

Well I don't want to write my article here and now, so I'll leave off that for now. But again, if anyone likes the thematic focus for that issue of *Janus*, and has some ideas, please contact us.

AMY BRUCE Sorry you didn't make it to WisCon. You probably would have been able to get in the con hotel after all since they were filled up only Friday night. Ah well, maybe next time.

This is amazing: all of us chiming in



stand wasps/hornets. The way they fly around kind of jerkily, wobbling up and down and then zooming in for who knows what reason. Every time one gets into the house, blind fear clutches at my heart and I run into the other room and have to take big gulps of air before I can get the courage up to go in and kill it. And then, usually it's hiding. But sooner or later its buzz gives it away. You might be interested in my method of assassination since I'd assume that it would have a similar effect on spiders. For a while I tried telephone books too, but wasps are really scary when angered, and there's always the possibility that the first swat may miss the mark... And then I got some insect killer spray. But I don't seem to be able to stop spraying until it is dead, dead, dead, and by that time I've probably gulped far too much of whatever insidious chemical they use into my own lungs, and so I switched to something quicker and deadlier: right!—SPRAY STARCH. One spurtz and do you know what happens to a wasp's wings? Instant gum. They fall to the floor and one simply steps on them. And no problem with apartment pollution.

MOG DECARNIN I join you in your enthusiastic recommendation of "Honkytonk Sue" —she's wonderful! I've seen the first two comics, and I liked the first the best (especially where she meets "Mr. Right" — one guy who thousands of women all over the world sit waiting for year after year: "Somebody's got to do it," he explains.), though the second one where Sue faces down the oil cartel owner and forces him to apologize to the angry mob at the gas station line (after she beats him up, that is, while someone from the mob yells, "Hit him lower, Sue! Hit him lower!") And the BEM episode in that comic was pretty good too. Not to mention the Disco that Sue visits and wonders when they're going to stop playing elevator Muzak and let the band start to play... Well I'll stop giving away punch lines now and list the address again, in case any of the

people here didn't take your advice last time:

HONKYTONK SUE  
707 W. MacKenzie  
Phoenix, AZ 85013  
#1 \$2 (incl. postage)  
#2 \$2.25

Of course if we print anyone's writing in this nebulous AWAPA memory book, we would have to get their permission. But choices should first be made on the basis of what is well-written and what is representative (given whatever perspective the editor chooses). After the selection is made, we can cross the bridge of trying to get permission. If we can't, well that's that. But no sense in dealing in potential problems at this point.

Speaking of which, let me quote you from your last zine: "I...volunteer to do the [AWA book]" Congratulations. Go to it. (page 3 if you must check)

I agree with Diane about the Women's Apa not really dealing with the abortion issue in the form of argument. The basic argument that one hears in the media all the time did not come up as the major source of disagreement; that is, that a fetus is "life" or not life, etc. Rather than seeing this as "pussy-footing" I see this as remarkably sane and different, though maybe understandable for a women's group zine.

And yes, that's exactly the focus of the Dead Cat Show—the cat people, not feline corpses.

JOAN GORDON Welcome! Usually when people do these lists of favorite things, it's a way of becoming acquainted with them. With you, it felt like reflection. Strange. If anyone asked me my favorite musician, I would say Vaughn Williams, and certainly *Catch-22* has always been one of my top 5 books. ...Not to mention artichokes. Anyway, these among other shared likes, clued me into the probability that I'd probably like you, and the rest of your zine confirmed that. I enjoyed your listing of amusing incongruities in people and the story of the Southern



to Avedon's question or comment or whatever it was, about men getting grossed out about menstrual blood and all sharing the same experience that it just doesn't happen all that much. —Maybe a myth perpetuated by men to make them individually look oh-so-enlightened and wonderful?

Re your query about whether Anderson made headway on campuses: Well on the U of Wisconsin campus here in Madison, he took about 90% of the relatively high campus turn-out. He took all of Madison, in fact, though not by such a high percentage. It was impressive though, about 60-70%, I think. Made me feel hopeful for a few moments.

AVEDON CAROL I agree with you that the dangerous stuff is not the porn, but the mainstream stuff, the sitcoms, commercials, textbooks, etc. —which all makes censorship a more impossible solution to the problem. "We" don't have the power to censor and still avoid censorship ourselves.

Most of page 2 was blanked out, bad repro. At the top of the page I vaguely made out the start of your comment to Mog where it seemed that you were asking her to "Oh, please, please, attack June." Bizarre image.

D POTTER What is all this coherency? Are you on something? Or maybe it's me getting used to your idiom or whatever.

Yes, please come to Autoclave. Does this constitute talking you into it? If not, let me know what more is necessary.

What a perfect verb, mushgoo. Yes that's exactly it.

CHERYL CLINE Good reviews. The Martin one makes me want to read it.  
(By the way that is exactly the kind of review that we like to see at MRB and if any of those books came out recently in pa-

perback, you could xerox them off and we could put them in your file for book credit...) [Cheryl is a new MRB —Madison Review of Books—reviewer.]

I have heard similar things about sexism not applying to Cheyenne culture, but from a male Cheyenne, and so I took it with a grain of salt, as I would any man saying he was raised in a sexist-less culture. But maybe at least the original Cheyenne culture—before white intervention—was similar to the Sioux.

By the way, I like the rubber stamps very much. How about listing some titles of catalogs and how to get them?



*That's me. It's a feat I am absurdly proud of: the first time I've ever been able to draw a recognizable self-portrait of myself. (Avedon—None of the drawings that were printed in a way that may have seemed to be self-portraits were ever really meant as anything more than emotional communication of something or other. I agree I never got it ...till now. Finally.)*



ANNE LAURIE LOGAN Hope the Feministcon turns out to be fun.

I liked your comments to Janet about the paradoxes entailed in solutions in the arena of child-responsibility. Good zine all together, but I seem to be running out of response energy.

JANET BELLWETHER I enjoyed the con report. Thank you. Why weren't there any specifically feminist programs at Norwescon do you think? I think I'm being facetious.

I told someone about that story about the dolphins blocking the tuna boat from leaving the Japanese harbor and they don't believe me. Can you help me out and cite a source?

ANDREA ANTONOFF I don't understand why helping to do the dishes after sharing a meal should seem like such a bizarre custom. The only thing that bugs me about it, is that it is nearly always the women in any group who are expected to offer that help. The comparison to doing the laundry isn't analogous. Rather, I'd compare the courtesy to going on a long automobile trip with a friend in their car and offering to help clean up the car at the end of the trip. Or when crashing with a friend, offering to do some household chores in return. There is this person or persons after all who has gone to a lot of trouble to prepare a meal for their guest(s), and I think it's a really nice gesture to let the host rest up after a dinner party after one has left rather than having to do a whole lot of dishes besides the normal after-party clean-up. When I give a dinner, I know I certainly appreciate the offer. As I say though, the custom gets a bit onerous when it is only the women who offer willingly and very often those same women have already contributed to the dinner either by bringing some cooked dish along or helping the host prepare the meal (setting the table, cutting veggies, etc.) beforehand. I get particularly angry at home when my father will get angry at my sister

or I for failing to leap to my mother's assistance immediately after dinner, but would never think of interrupting his post-dinner relaxation period himself. At that point it becomes a matter of standing up to him and trying to push him into doing some helping at the risk of letting my mother end up doing everything (besides cooking all afternoon) herself.

But, that inequality is no reason to chuck out a reasonable courtesy. Leaving the dishes for later practically insures that the probably female person who prepared the meal will also be stuck with the dishes.

KAREN PEARLSTON With regard to your opinion that *Ms.* is "de-emphasizing collective efforts" what do you think of the recent move on the part of that magazine to make itself into a non-profit organization and plow profits into worthwhile women's organizations and research? I distrust your distrust of the *Ms.* star system. It seems vaguely akin to seeing Europe by avoiding all the "tourist traps" and ending up not seeing anything of the gorgeous, remarkable cultural history there is. I mean, the "stars" are sometimes notorious/famous for a reason, and we aren't all so up on current events (especially women's current events) that all we need to read about are women whose work is visible only on a very limited scale. There is a place for *Ms.* and the kind of information it gets out, and from what I know about the things it is funding, it's a real asset for women and not something to turn our backs on simply on the basis of rather flimsey conspiratorial evidence as *Redstocking* offers. Circumstantial I should say. I think the evidence of what it is doing rather than the suspicion of what the controlling influence of a funding organization did is far more important. ...But I doubt that we will have to worry about turning down a *Ms.* grant.

A friend who co-edits *Bread and Roses* is trying to organize an apa-like trade system based on the information I gave her on AWAPA. She wants to link all the women's small press zines.

A friend and I just did a cartoon/poster filled with all sorts of caricatures of "campus types." I thought I'd made an original funny by labling one of them a "Groucho Marxist." Oh well. [More on the poster later.]

SUE-RAE ROSENFELD Criticizing your spelling would make me somewhat of a black kettle, but I must say, you make me feel that my tendency toward typos and spelling errors isn't really that bad.

Sounds like you had a rough time of it the beginning of this year. I'm glad you have such good friends around to support you through such times.

ADRIENNE FEIN I really do like the god-of-the-month-club flyer. I got another copy a few weeks back —from Arthur Hlavaty, I think—and it got Richard Bruning and I thinking that the idea really needs a nice packaging job, you know, with an order blank, little stamps to specify the choice of gods, enticing brochure, etc.

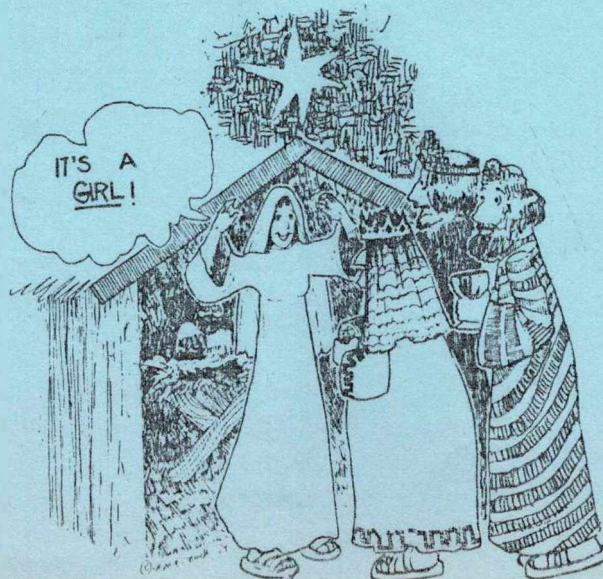
PAT MUELLER Nice layout! And nice essay, though I wouldn't compare life and love to a checking account vs. a savings account myself. But I have a neurosis to balancing my checkbook. Well...maybe, it does work out. \*sigh\*

JOYCE SCRIVNER The last *Bitten to the Quick* was most aptly titled and a very moving description of your feelings.

I think that you need to spend some time by yourself and decide what you (not anyone else) needs from people around you, what basic prerequisites you have in any love relationship, and then very carefully look at how things are going for you. If your relationship with Denny does not come up to the standards you decide are essential and you still feel like you want to hang on, you should keep in mind a mental scale: on one side is the pain you have to accept in that relationship given the givens, and on the other side is the benefits, the good feelings you still get out of it. Be sure you are honest with yourself and when you can see that the pain outweighs the joy, you have to get out. It may seem hard at first, but you will be glad in the long run.

Again, I think it's most important that you give up the idea that your only choices are to change your needs or to remain unhappy. To stay whole, to regain yourself, you have got to get acquainted with your own needs and act accordingly. It won't hurt nearly as much as trying to deny them does.

This is basically the criteria I use when evaluating a relationship that seems to be going sour. I'm not talking theoretically... Good luck.





If you recall from last time (in OBSESSIONS 17), I mentioned that in honor of my new Correcting Selectric II, I sent out birth announcements to friends as a sort of excuse for a party—a christening party, I guess. The card was one of those prosaic little Hallmark cards with a cute, chubby pink baby on top with the words "She's a GIRL all right..." Inside Hallmark quips "...She had NOTHING to wear!" Well, I covered up that punch line and pasted in my own: "She has a PERIOD!" Then in the other information lines below I explained that she had been delivered "May 5 by UPS."

Well I got several amusing responses as a result, and I thought I'd share them with you. Right away, the night of the party, my brother Rick called me from San Francisco and asked after the health of his new niece.

Then, one of the party-goers, Jody Les — a friend from work — brought along a folded and pinned diaper with the note: "There's bound to be a time when Selectrics produce some poop. This diaper will save you a lot of clean up time, especially if you can anticipate when to put it on. Don't worry about how to do it. It comes naturally to all parents, at least so I've been told."

Several days later, I got a congratulatory card from Chris Pasanen who upon reading a copy of OBSESSIONS that I sent her, felt compelled to do things right...

That should be up in the next column somewhere.

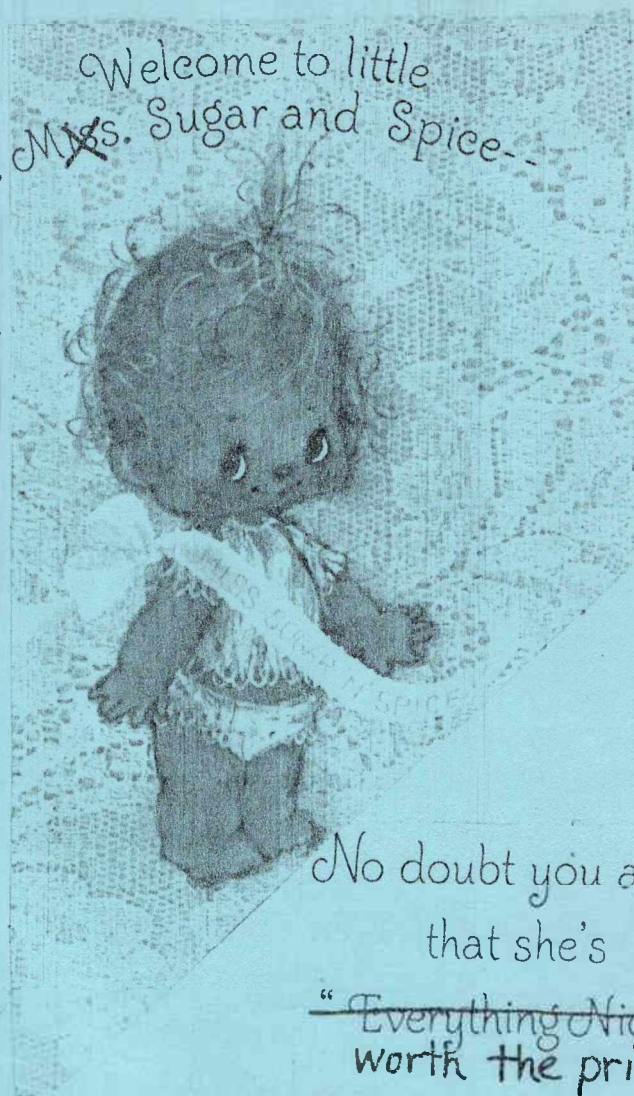
But the best so far was from Greg Rihn — he of the beanie cartoons of *Janus*. Greg sent me an article. And since I can't see it going into *Janus*, I'm going to inflict it on you all...

#### PARTHENOGENESIS IN UPS TRUCKS AND WOMEN

by Greg Rihn

Recently, I recieved a small envelope addressed in Jeanne Gomoll's distinctive hand. An invitation to another one of Jeanne's always-pleasant par-

ties, I assumed. So it was, but one with deep and far reaching implications regarding human sexuality.



No doubt you agree  
that she's  
"~~Everything Nice!~~"  
worth the price!  
CONGRATULATIONS  
TO ALL OF YOU!

I was somewhat startled to find the invitation took the form of a conventional birth announcement, stating on the cover, "It's a GIRL, all right..." and continuing on the inside; "...she has a PERIOD!" What sort of child has a period? Well, the missive went on to set out that the "child" was an IBM typewriter; that it had been delivered by a UPS truck; and was signed by Jeanne Gomoll, "single parent."

I was intrigued by the fact that Jeanne had somehow managed to beget a typewriter, and apparently by "virgin birth." Since the typewriter, like all machines, was



female (machines reproducing asexual-ly), I thought it likely that some sort of genetic engineering was going on, and began to read more deeply.

The invitation states that the machine was "delivered by" a UPS truck, also a female machine. This could be interpreted in a number of ways, including that the truck acted as midwife to the birth.

However, having observed Jeanne during the normal gestation period, and not having noted that she showed any signs of pregnancy, especially with a 25+ pound rectangular object, I conclude that the UPS van must have actually been delivered of the child in question, acting as a surrogate womb for Jeanne. I imagine the truck's handler was present at the delivery and acted as midwife.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wouldn't it have been even more confusing to Greg if he had known that I didn't happen to be home when the UPS truck arrived and the IBM had to be delivered to my neighbor during my absence?

Anyway...while I'm on jokes, have you heard of Fanny Tribble? She's the artist/author of a joke book called HEAVY PERIODS. It's a feminist/Lesbian collection of humor, though not always (as in the case of this one) obviously of that orientation. I really like it, but doubt it's widely available. A fan from England sent it to me along with a trade-zine for JANUS. If you are interested though, write to: Peak Print Litho, Hadfield, Glossop (Publisher: Grass Roots, distributed by Scottish and Northern Books Distribution Co-op, Birchcliffe Centre, Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire, G.B.)



The fact that the child is a machine leads me to believe that part of the original germ plasm must have come from a machine also; most likely the mother truck. Therefore, someone out there has the sophisticated ability to transplant human germ plasm in to the ovum of a truck, the resultant cross being a somewhat more human machine with a limited ability to communicate and express itself.

The possibilities are limitless: by selective breeding, we might be able to produce ever more intelligent and self-aware machines; by adding male germ plasm, we might get MALE machines, capable of reproducing the breed . . . Hmm, come to think of it, this typer isn't bad looking, and I sure could use a minicomputer—I wonder if she's engaged?

—Greg Rihn



And now a page to talk about recent events.

Richard Bruning (the artist who I collaborated with to do "Bizarre Apartment Life" in the last issue of *Janus*) and I are still collaborating. We finished, in fact, a commissioned piece for *Wheat and Chaff*, a publication of the U of Wisconsin, a sort of directory of services available for incoming students. It's got a fairly enormous circulation. The thing that we did for the directory was a full-page cartoon called, "A Guide to Campus Life," in which we parodied the sort of map that comes in most class timetables with all the buildings outlined and numbered and identified in a key below. Only instead of buildings we did caricatures of people, or campus "types." It turned out very well, and very funny, and having in mind a further use for the cartoon, we carefully kept out any in-jokes that would apply only to Madison. What we want to do with this thing is to try to market it at the bookstores here in town, and possibly even try to sell them to bookstores in other cities, in other campuses. It may turn out to be a lucrative project for us. So we're feeling pretty good about that.

One of our other collaborative efforts, (with Sharon Van Sluys) has not worked out as well, however. For a couple months we had been talking about and doing preliminary work for a book of art by upcoming new fantasy artists. I mentioned that plan in the last *Obsessions*. Well the more we got into it, the more we realized how little we knew about the business of publishing (and how hesitant we were about committing so much time if it turned out that we would end up publishing ourselves), and the business of distribution. What made us especially nervous was that with all these uncertainties, we were risking not only our own time and energy, but the time and work of quite a few other people, the artists who had begun to respond to our inquiries. So, we decided to bail out and postpone the project until we have a definite publisher/distributor at hand or until we are a lot more sure

of the process if it turns out the most efficient route is to publish ourselves. I feel bad that it had to end this way, but also relieved that we were honest enough with one another about our doubts and that it all got brought out into the open early enough. None of us is bitter toward the others or blames anyone, and in fact we probably trust one another a great deal more, and will be able to work with one another easily in the future.

Richard and I are still doing "Bizarre Apartment Life"—hopefully the second episode will be in *Janus* 17, though we would like to find a paying and slightly more frequent outlet for the strip eventually.

Work at the Department of Natural Resources has been going along very well. I've gotten involved in designing the display for the Department at this summer's State Fair and am doing a large display in the lobby of our new building for Park Planning. I've done some illustrations for a map on commercial and sport fishing on the Great Lakes and found out more than I ever wanted to know about lures and nets. And I'm having fun there.

And *Janus* is doing fine too. We're right on schedule (typing the galleys) and I expect that next week the 17th issue will be laid out. I'm hoping that it will be printed in time to take some issues along with me to Autoclave where I'm going to be GoH with Dan Steffan.

I have been feeling very accomplished in general about deadlines and projects completed. (I've even managed to entirely clean out my correspondence file!) Probably one of the main reasons is that I'm slowly ending what I thought was going to be a much more enduring relationship than it has turned out to be. This is the best way I know to cut down on unnecessary dwelling. This time, I'm decided: It's going to end cleanly and with a minimum of pain. I'm even fairly "together" about this. This time. I must be growing up. Well I'd better: I turn 30 next year.

All now. See you in September and Boston!

love, *Jeane*