



These notes are being penned during the week after Christmas while I'm halfway between a visit to my housemate, Peter's, family in Connecticut and a New Year's visit to my friend, Anne Steel, in Pittsburgh. Geographically the site of this page's writing is Stu Shiffman's apartment in New York City. Sue Rae Rosenfeld offered to run off my mailing on her ditto machine, but the idea of spending several of the few hours I had in the city typing, rather than going to the Metropolitan Art Museum (which is where I strolled out and traveled to via subway only moments after outlining this stuff), did not seem a rational thing to do.

Visiting Connecticut was fun: I enjoyed meeting Peter's family and they seemed to like me. Only now they're mad at Peter for not marrying me, assuming, I guess, that he must be the one who like a typical male protective of his freedom, is responsible for our life of sin. Ho ho. But it was fun. We went to see/hear *La Traviata*, the movie, and were enthralled. We rode about in Peter's father's cadillac with all the extras (like you turn on the radio and the antenna raises out of the roof, or you turn on a turn blinker and a floodlight beams out of the appropriate side of the car, or you push a button and find out the inside or outside air temperature, or you look at a display and can find out the fuel efficiency with which you're driving, or...well, it was fun.). New York was fun too: every corner looking like the central downtown of any other American city, only there were hundreds and hundreds of them... The art museums were wonderful; I could have stayed there for weeks and not seen enough. The subways were scary and I even saw one woman mugged--her purse stolen--and I don't think I could take the tension of living there for very long, but it was great seeing it and being there for a while. Anne and I had a good time, talking almost non-stop the whole time I was there, catching up, site-seeing, going to movies, eating out, and talking some more. But it was good to get home again.

Back to my typewriter and a last-ditch attempt to save my AWA-mailing, and not sure that it's going to get to East Lansing soon enough to do so.

I do intend to read the back issues of AWA. It's going to be difficult though, because my first priority for the next couple months is going to be to do some drawings for Lizzy Lynn's children's book, *THE SILVER HORSE*. Bluejay Press is going to be publishing it and I'm going to illustrate it. 10 drawings in rough need to be done by the end of February (for WisCon, at which Lizzy will be a GoH), and then the finals done within the next month. Also, I've built up an ENORMOUS backlog of work at the DNR, being away this last week and a half. It was huge before I left, but it scares me now. Lots of overtime, no doubt, for this next month or two. And then there's WisCon, for which I'll be doing some things; I can't avoid it during the last weeks before the con with Peter being the ConChair and living in the same house. We've got some projects lined up for the house, among them to strip and refinish the kitchen woodwork. It's going to be a frantic Spring.

Anyway, this may be goodbye. If AnneLaurie publishes this with the next AWA zine and accepts it as the postmailing I owe, well, I may still hang in there with you all. If not, and she publishes this as a sort of epilogue to my membership in March, it is goodbye, at least for a while, until I decide whether or not to try again and add my name to the wait list...

Still, I'm going to really miss all of you. Best of luck and may AWA live forever!

Love,

*Jeanne*