

Dear Push-Button,

How I miss you and wish – hope that some day my life will stabilise enough that I can live with a cat again. I'm in London, staying hither an' yon, working to change all the parameters for a future return here, if I should so choose. The difference between my first residency, with sculpture under my hand and teaching and lecturing around the margin, and my second, without promised reactor time and no sculpture under my hand and nothing but teaching and lecturing, was the difference between day and night and, as I told you one night when I was flat-sitting for your humans, and we were watching television together, I carry enough night within me already.

Christmas 1998 my young friend Vanessa Carver gave me a kin'a bean-baby-like stuffed doll of a cat. I named her Stuffie. That's about as close as I've gotten to a friendship in a while.

Button, it's three in the morning (fragments of an old Leonard Coen song from the '60's almost came to mind) and I finished a gruelling bunch of letters, emails, telephone calls and personal (internal) examinations and observations and it will be the same tomorrow, coupled with a dinner engagement of importance with people whose thoughts are not my own, so I need to turn in.

I've just been going through friends faster than neutrinos clear this solar-system and with my Hanford studio burned out and lost, I was feeling rather alone. You're a life-form, that has always been level with me and who I count as a friend, and I needed a friend to talk with. *tonight.*

I have an email address now: <acord@eudoramail.com> but I don't have a computer much less the knowledge to be able to use it. Worse, I've been giving it out like I could handle it, and get back to them, but I don't have a clue. Turns out I gave a lecture at some computer firm named Cap Gemini and afterwards everyone said I HAD to have one.

End of this month I'll be back in Seattle... sleeping under the Alaskan Way viaduct and the I-5 freeway over where Chinatown meets Beacon Hill... and in the homely *mess* shelters around Pioneer Square. I'll probably run into Tom Putnam from time to time and he might know where I'm at, but have your humans go easy on Tom's time as he already gave at the office.

In closing P. Button (and I am too tired to think) I'm enclosing some copies *of* printed material that I'll ask you to pass on to your humans. There is a measure to all things.

All best Push-button and hope I get to see you again

J.L. Acord