Alison,

I too love Greyhounds, along with some of the other Sighthounds like: Borzoi (Russian Wolfhounds), Whippets (small versions of Greyhounds), Sulkies, and, of course, Scottish Deerhounds. I think Irish Wolfhounds have been bred too much for big size and that makes them unsound, and Afghan hounds have been bread for the long coat too much to have many brains left. All the Sighthounds, or Gazehounds, hunt by sight and speed where the other hounds hunt by scent and perseverance and stamina. Sighthounds are a special group of dogs and the seven I mentioned are the *classic* group. There are a few other breeds that are placed in Sighthounds in some countries but some are recent or cross breeds and I don't really count them.

My Scottish Deerhound Gefion was the best friend I have ever had. We were together for 8 years and I had her when I stopped in D.C. on my way to stone-carving in Vermont. I don't think you, your mother or Caroline met her while I was there but while I stayed in D.C. I ran her twice a day in Rock Creek Park. Philip Schuyler immortalized her in his New York article that profiled me some twenty years ago.

I have often thought about getting another Deerhound. They are basically a slightly bigger version of a Greyhound with a longish coat. My present lifestyle doesn't really admit to raising a Deerhound in the city with their need to run to grow and stretch their legs. When I got Gefion I was living rurally and she had all the room in the world to run. She was fully grown and perfectly trained when we became nomadic and started living on the front seat of my pick-up truck, and drove across the Unitized States.

Anyway I thought you might like the story of my love of Sighthounds and Gefion.

So the news from me is good as I have a great idea for a new sculpture. I have all the preliminary drawings done that I think I will need and a paper-pattern for the somewhat tricky base made. Now all I have to do is raise the money to buy the materials to make the darn thing. 36 " tall, by 26 " wide and about 5 inches deep, it will be made out of mild steel with a gun-metal blued finish.

The steel shouldn't cost too much and I am getting an all-time record honorarium for giving a lecture at a university back East: $1,200. That will cover everything to make the sculpture I think. Unfortunately I don't give the talk until after the first of the year and I am pretty much eager to start on it now. Oh well, it will come to pass and I am happy about that.

I have been trying without success to send you scans of some of the drawing but I must be doing something wrong because… it's not working. What I need is one of my friend's children to come over and show me how. This generation coming up is just naturally

computer savvy. Wait until your grand-daughter is 12 and you will have all the expert computer help you will ever need.

A word about my being on Facebook. Two friends had been badgering me to establish a Facebook account so finally I did… without knowing anything about it. Somehow, unbeknownst to me, I managed to send my Facebook *announcement* to everyone under the sun and they all received everyone else's address too. That certainly had not been my intention and I apologies if it has made anyone's life more complicated.

Being on Facebook with no idea how to navigate it has certainly made MY life more complicated and I am struggling to do something constructive with it. The other day I met up with 22 year-old Vanessa Carver, Don's youngest daughter, and she helped me move some photos into my account. I hope I remember how to do it as I would like to add some more.

On the plus side this will get me in touch with a lot of old friends with whom I have been out of touch with. And that is good. I just hope the weirdness of all this isn't as much a bother to you as it seems to me.

That's about all the news from me. It will feel great to have a sculpture going again. Haven't made one in years. This time of year is nice in Seattle. A break from all the winter rain with nice warm days in the 70s and 80s.

Love,

You're Godbrother,

Jim