

(a tad later than) December, 2018

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Holy dooley, 2018!

G'day mates, rellies and yous visiting stickybeaks minding my bizzo! Crikey, what a chockers year of adventure! I'm gobsmacked that it's had the gong. I practically spit the dummy that I wasn't within a cooee of composing the annual update by the year's bag-clagging, but reckoned that she'd be apples if I waited until the heckers holidays were over, since my noggin was cactus in December. But I've managed to pull out my lappy, take a squizz at the months past, and knock out my ridgy-didge Holiday Letter with all the good oil on 2018. Hopefully the postie got it to you like bingo. So take a load off, fill the billy or pop a tinnie, and I'll give you the dinkum John Dory. No, I've not gone troppo, nor are there loose kangaroos in my top paddock; I merely picked up some strine in Oz, to be elaborated upon in the Travel Section.

Speaking of New York times, it was defo a bloody rough year to make a quid. I was flat out like a lizard drinking from sparrow's fart to evo during audition season, and, not to big-note myself, but I hit heaps of big notes, yet wasn't rewarded with big notes for doing so. I gave some bonzer auditions and thought I was in a great posy to line up loads of ripper gigs and be a tall poppy from big smoke to beyond the black stump, but ended up stuffed and stonkered with only an arm-long list of callbacks to show for all my hard yakka. Showbiz can really rot your socks sometimes. But heck, what you lose on the swings, you make up on the roundabouts, and in better news, I booked speaking roles on "Pose" (alas, Nurse Mackinaw's corker of a scene carked it on the cutting room floor) and FBI (Surgeon at the top of "Prey" episode; she'll return in 2019), my two TV auditions of the year. The usual industrial work, business theater, and readings kept me in the swim.

Speaking of freestyling, rather than be a bludger when theater work was scarce as hen's teeth, I turned my energies to our country cottage. Yes! We've been having a Captain Cook around quieter areas in the bush near NYC, getting the drum on NW CT and imagining a weekend (or more) place in the area, fossicking through real estate listings and eventually bidding on a spiffy 1770's place in Warren, only to have to slam on the anchors when what should have been bog standard dealings turned shonky. Devo, and cross as frogs in socks, we decided to rent for a year, since nothing else on the market was quite our bowl of rice. We moved George's apartment to a cottage on Route 7, bordering West Cornwall and Sharon, and our landlord is the delightful Tom Jones of musical theater fame (*Fantasticks*, *110 in the Shade*, etc, etc, etc!). Rather than chuck a summer-long sickie, George took a three-month sabbatical (he's now back, with Google's Poly team, working on augmented reality) to begin putting together his second book on software architecture, and I nested inside and played outside, swimming, biking, running, hiking, gardening, grilling, and installing a hammock (poison ivy twice!) when I wasn't working. We visited Karyn Joaquin and Scott Clemons (and their twins, Cecily and Gavin), college Katzenjammer cobbers with a place a few clicks away, and took advantage of local gems beyond the great outdoors: Music Mountain, Sharon Playhouse, Tanglewood (with T Cat Ford!), local music (with Kathi and Ron Peck!) Lime Rock Racetrack, Falls Village Car Show, Goshen County Fair, antiquing, estate sales and auctions. I even donned my cozzie, runners, and sunnies to rejoin the triathlon world at the local Sharon sprint (hardware!) and did the Westchester Olympic (I flatted, just like the last time I did it, grrr).

As if all that weren't excitement enough, we landed with our bums in the 2018 travel butter, and have heaps of pickies to show for it. Pittsburgh was the snowy site of a conference George co-organized, allowing us to restomp the grounds and pals of his PhD at Carnegie Mellon, and I had a lovely arvo with my Partridge cousins. We returned to Puerto Rico for a winter getaway, staying in a treehouse in El Yunque, an apartment in Ponce, and a guesthouse on Vieques. The destruction from Hurricane Maria was evident everywhere, and tourism was struggling; we had beaches and lodging to ourselves and heard many a tale of survival. George flew to Cincinnati, Mountain View and Plano for family and work, and I hit Greenwich and Princeton for GHS and Katzenjammer reunions, plus the *She Roars!* women's conference at Princeton. We both drove to Provincetown in September for the wedding of John Vernon and Rob Raimo, then swung through Providence on the way home to stay with Sarah Sharpe in her new house and visit with Tanya Anderson, Scott Martin, Annie Scurria, Barry Press, Brian McEleney, and Stephen Berenson—all over the course of 24 hours. We

missed other dear-to-us folks there, but our travel days were limited and the planning was last-minute. In October, we lobbed in on Ben Moeling and Sandra Huang in Tunis to rock the casbah and tour Carthage, the medina, and Sidi Bou Said in between tasty nips and nibblies. This was on the way to an Israeli conference in Tel Aviv where George was keynoting in November; we stayed on a beaut of a beach in Hertzliya and explored Tel Aviv and Jerusalem (I also got to Haifa). We'd have lingered longer, but had to show our faces in the USA before George's next speaking engagement, at the YOW! Conference in Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne, Australia! My first (George's second) journey Down Under was fazzo! Highlights from the two weeks: Blue Mountains, Sydney Harbour Bridge and Opera House, ferries to Taronga Zoo and Manly, cliffwalking from Bondi to Coogee, museums, gardens, critters (we pet a koala and kangaroos and admired platypuses and fairy penguins), swimming off Straddie, hiking up hills and running along rivers, sampling new treats from brekkie to dinnies with a few ten-ounce sandwiches, and the wonderful Aussies everywhere and assorted shrewdies speaking at the conference. It's London to a brick we'll make it back for more. Post-jetlag (brutal) but pre-Chrissy, we rocked up in Cincinnati (with Uncle George's new VR system!) to see George's oldies, brothers, and kiddiewink kin. We had snags on the barbie, coldies by the bush telly, and I generally bogged in, wrapping my laughing gear around assorted holiday tucker.

Speaking of my pucker, sending pashes to all you blokes and Sheilas--here's hoping you're stoked for a rip-snorter of a year. If you anticipate being in the NYC/CT area, give us a pingaroonie and we'll pick up a slab and get our wobbly boots on. In the meantime, don't let the pollies or the pikers get you down, beware the furphy surrounding the dog's breakfast in DC, and make a bird of following your dreams. Enough yabber--before I get into full mush mode, I'll be on my merries. See you at the rub-a-dub-dub, see you on Facey, see you in the soup or wherever our great walkabouts cross paths. Until then, hoo-roo and chip-chip!

(Glossary @ www.SandyYork.com/Holiday-Letter)

Peace, Love, Joy and Lots of Chockie,

Sandy

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