

Our New Year begins in the Big City...

My definitive move to the East Coast took place the day before Thanksgiving, and I've been re-learning to be a New Yorker. It's truly a bizarre turn of events that, having lived and raised our children in Southern California for the past thirty years, we are now all four of us in Manhattan! Elizabeth, of course, has been here the longest, graduating from NYU in 2005 and playing the role of starving actor since then. Her day job at IAG Research has just become full-time, which will include - wait for it - health benefits! Jan's been the Ombudsman at Alliance Bernstein for two and a half years now, her job remains challenging and the travel exhausting (two more trips to the Far East and London this year). But it's also immensely gratifying, and Jan is much admired and appreciated for her contributions to the company.

Dan and I were "The Two Bachelors" in our Costa Mesa home for most of the past year, but he decided in June to move to New York to complete his degree, since all the rest of the family were going to be there. He stayed for a while with Jan in the W. 72nd St. apartment, and in December moved to his own place on the lower East side; he'll soon be starting classes at Brooklyn College.

And, finally, me. In July I retired after almost thirty years as a Professor at the University of California. August was spent preparing our Costa Mesa home to be rented - thirty years of our stuff, together with more stuff we had accumulated from my parents and my Aunt Giselle, from Jan's Aunt Elaine and our friend Shannon, all had to be moved, stored or disposed of. After two garage sales and many trips to local libraries, schools and charities, it was done. Our plan was for me to move to New York as soon as our house was rented, but my chairman asked me to stay and teach my immunology course one more time in the fall. So in the middle of September our tenants moved in and I became a homeless person, forced to move between our friends Glenn and Wayne's vacant bungalow in Corona del Mar, and George and Susan Chandys' spare room in Laguna Beach. *Poor me!*

The students' final exam was scheduled for the Monday before Thanksgiving, and Wednesday morning I arrived in New York with the meager remnants of my belongings. Apart from acquiring the requisite nasty cold, I've been enjoying myself immensely, and will be taking my time establishing the scientific contacts I'll need to continue my research. We had a wonderful Thanksgiving with three generations of Gutmann cousins in New Jersey, we've been organizing reunions with old family friends and getting re-acquainted with the attractions, sights and sounds of the City. For the first time in our adult lives we are without a car. (A few years ago there were three of us in our Costa Mesa house and five cars parked out front!) On New Year's Eve we went by subway and bus to the 92nd Street "Y" to hear a spectacular guitar recital by the Romeros, then came home and watched Garrison Kiellor's show from Nashville while we polished off a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot* and some *foie gras* remaining from our Christmas dinner. At midnight we could hear - and feel - the fireworks going off over Times Square. Life is good, and I definitely feel at home!

We all offer you our warmest wishes for a Happy New Year, and hope to see many of you, especially those California friends we've left behind, in our new Manhattan home.

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