

[View this email in your browser](#)



Redwoods, Arcata Community Forest, December 2024

**Hi**

**This note is basically me saying hello and is not necessarily a newsletter or a holiday letter. But, since it is the holidays still- I hope it is a good season for you, in which you get to spend time with those you love. I'm here at my folks' place in Eastern Washington, and glad to have this time with them.**

If you're keeping track (and I know you are not!) I told you last back in March 2024 that I would put these out quarterly, on the solstices and equinoxes. And I didn't forget about that, but I wasn't able to make it happen... It's hard when you seek to make art out of your life, and your life is about grief and loss and the efforts to move forward.

So I'm no longer making that commitment! I will write sometimes, and I will call them "dispatches." Dispatches from "the Tribe of After."

Below is more of what I want to share with you at this time.

---



In early November, as the events of the world were less than inspiring, I had a surprise occurrence:

My "long lost lover" a woman who I call "Samantha," reached out to me after 19 years of us being out of contact (which is really most of 28 years, as we were only in touch briefly around 2004.)

You see "Samantha" is one of the two women I danced with in a review show in Japan when I was 23 years old in 1997 - way before smart phones, emails and social media were in our lives. This contract was made up of two Brits and myself. And then I fell in love with Samantha (one of the two Brits.) She was my first female love, and is really the clinch pin for me later concluding I was gay, and probably for then going to film school too, as I wanted to tell our story.

As you might imagine, It was quite the conversation to tell her; I've made two films and written a feature screenplay about us... and you are "Samantha" and I am "Natasha" and I can share them with you - but please don't disappear on me again for another 19 years if I do...!

And here's another thing:

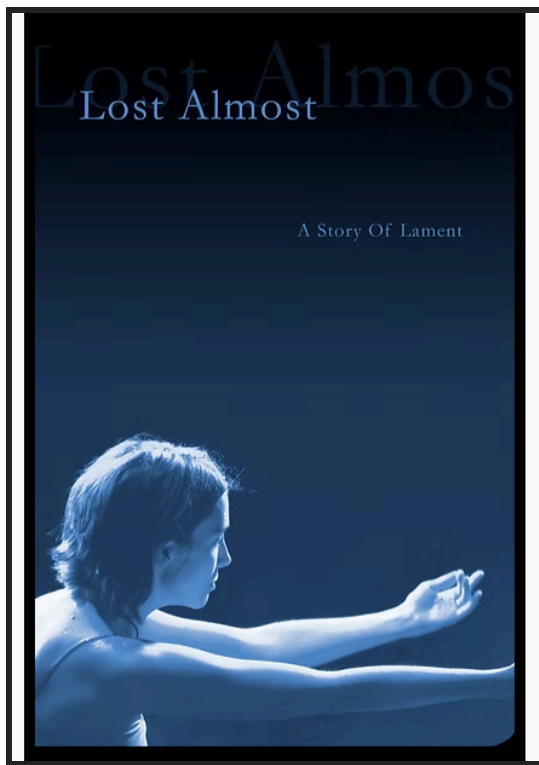
Shortly after our reconnection, I proposed showing and sharing these works concurrently at both [The Summit Gallery](#) in Arcata, and at the annual [Zero 2 Fierce](#) festival in March. Both Trey (of The Summit) and Jackie (of Zero 2 Fierce) came back with yeses. So that is happening!



If you live local, I will be sending out a “save the date” correspondence in mid January. Zero 2 Fierce is a 10-day festival going into its 8th year which spans across International Women’s Day and features works “inspired, created and produced by women”. The Summit is a new space in Arcata that is a Digital Art and Media Gallery and also a Women’s Sports Lounge that was founded by my former colleague and friend, Trey Cartier.

I will have a night of screenings at 02F festival in March, titled “**The Muse**” showing both the films I made about “Samantha” and that time in Japan: my 2005 film, *Lost Almost*, as well as the premiere (!) of my graduate thesis film, *Natasha & Sam*. Concurrently these media pieces will be on display in the digital gallery at The Summit in March, along with other relics, such as the feature script, look book, and photographs of that time in Japan in the mid 90s.

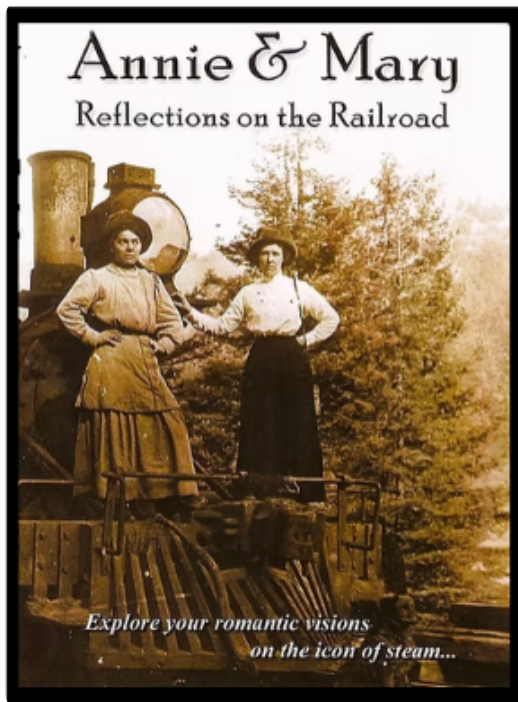
More soon on all of this!



And otherwise, I've been working to put up more of my repertoire of films and videos to my [YouTube channel](#) and in recent weeks I have added the full versions of my 2004 documentary: *Annie & Mary; Reflections on the Railroad* (my first film ever made!) And also my Australian film school short, *Three Parts*.

And more are coming soon, including *Whole Pieces* and *Natasha & Sam* (following its premiere this March!)

And, I've even been re-doing my website ([www.TawnyFoscett.com](http://www.TawnyFoscett.com)) See, I'm surfacing. :-)



---

## Politics and Community:



Portrait of (my cat) Rio



Heather Cox Richardson

I've got a warrior-self forming in me too. I mean, after all I *am* a childless (and partnerless) cat lady. And I am getting *so ready* to (peacefully) fight for what I believe in. And this walking-wounded warrior woman is way less crippled with grief than I used to be- so watch out world! Here I come.

And is anyone else out there listening (or reading) the great Heather Cox Richardson's daily news synthesis: [Letters from an American](#)? It is free and can be read or listened to via her Facebook or via Substack.

She is a great writer who makes her points in regular language, but also sites all her sources, and, to make her even more appealing, this college professor also happens to reside in her own rural (Maine) town and is married to a lobster fisherman. She is the real deal; super smart, super good at sharing information and history, and no pretense or ego.

### Community:

My favorite thing, of various new weekly and monthly engagements (that I've been learning I need as I continue to heal and find my way back to "the land of the living,") has been Taiko Drumming classes. If you live locally, these are happening into the spring on Saturdays from 3:30-5pm: [Humboldt Taiko](#)

I'd love to hear who is inspiring you of late and hope you are finding ways to be in community and with and for that which matters to you.

---

### Loss and Love:

This (dispatch) is called Surfacing, because I feel that I am. I don't think I have completely transformed yet. It's in process.

There is a big part of yourself that dies when your person dies...

A moderator in my grief group once said early on in my healing journey that "there is another shore." And it does feel as if I've been at sea, surviving, and now I can see this other shore, maybe I am almost there.

Also I deeply feel a mandate (and you could call it survivor's guilt I guess) to live my life, in a way that makes Bunny proud, because she was only gifted 44 years.

I've been working to be able to show up for those I love, understanding how briefly we are all here, on this planet.

**Kori Neessen,  
Moab, 2024**



And I want to share with you a picture of my dear friend's brother. He died just over 3 months ago. Kori was a '77 baby, like Bunny. He also died of cancer. He had 1 year and 3 months of life after he was diagnosed.

Everyone who knows my friend Jane, knows her brother Kori (along with her husband) to be one of the two most important people in her life. To add to the heartache, she'd already known her share of deep grief.

And she was also one of the people who took care of me and helped me heal, especially in those raw first months after my loss of Bunny...

We show up for each other. So many people did this for me, and I am so grateful. I'm grateful for all of you.

Ok, I seem to have just written an epic letter. So it is time to end it.  
Sending love and best wishes to you all,  
-Tawny

