

* Perhaps you really are as lunar as you appear to be - goodness!

card 2 Aug

7 June 1979

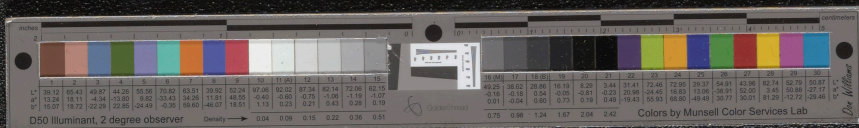
Dear Troopship / Trapdoor,

Of course I think you're an animal.

A placental mammal.

(At least I hope so!)*

If I've been vexed recently, it's because I sometimes feel you won't let me be weak and knetchy when I am weak. As sometimes I am, in some areas, at some times. I'm not going to collapse wholesale, honest. It's O.K. But we strong women types get an awful lot of "How dare you get sick/be weak?" Which doesn't make life any easier. I want to scream and wail when the mood takes me and receive, in return, a sympathetic grunk from time to time. There's no answer to "The world is falling to pieces and my body hurts and it's all hopeless" except a kiss on the cheek and a hug. I've been very, very lonely in most of my life, with an impossibly awful family and nobody (all adolescence) I could turn to. Then I had to go + be a Lesbian, which spared me some problems but was very isolating. Anyway, I'm now at a place where I can afford to be less so - but I tend to panic totally when ~~my~~ anything goes wrong. Which is also from my truly crazy mother,



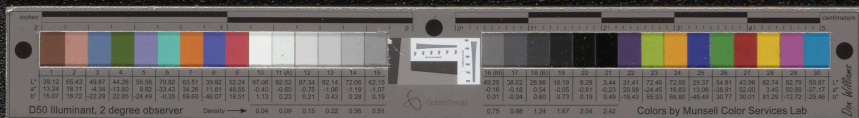
* two, actually. I like them both.

who taught me that the world was an awful, perilous, horrible place, and if I ever strayed from her side, I would die. Why she thought so, and why she felt it so necessary to tie me to her, I suppose I'll never know.

She just called — my father has had a stroke and is in the hospital: paralyzed ~~and~~ on one side and aphasic. I tried to talk to him on the phone and couldn't hear him but tried to say a few things anyway.

The saddest thing about all this is that I feel, along with some grief, that I'm losing very little I didn't lose years ago and that what I mainly feel is that I don't want to be sucked ^{back} into my mother's world of guilt and control by guilt. That I ought to be fearful and guilty and ^{feel} terrible. Luckily it doesn't seem to be working: it's been, in fact, a splendid day — clear, 70°, sunny, and I went and bought some dishes, introduced myself to the owner of the local gay bookstore (who suggested an autograph party), and bought a book of cartoons from Christopher Street (one of which is enclosed)*. Nice new light plastic dishes (white) with little rims, all design-y and creamy modern.

One subtitle from one of the cartoons, angry man to marriage counselor: "Arthur and



I have simultaneous orgasms, all right — in different cities." Some of it is really funny. The snooty, complacent 11-year-old being told by her mother + dad, "But suppose Jill Johnston doesn't like younger women?"

(Of course I ought to feel terrible. Not because my ~~mother~~ father's possibly dying, but because my mother feels terrible. What right have I to feel happy when she feels terrible?)

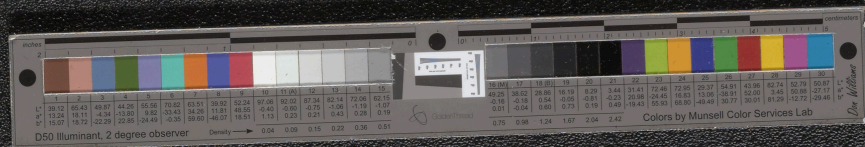
I have hemorrhoids, by the way.

From (maybe) lying down for months on end.

But the grades for one class are in!

The others await a phone call from the T.A. who's doing the exams (mostly a matter of math). Then I flee in the opposite direction toute de suite. And get down to the serious business of doing nothing.

It's 8:30^{pm} and the sunlight is turning ruddy. At 8 it's still broad day, indistinguishable from noon. By now the sun is a big orange — it will take 20 min. to set and then twilight will last until almost 10 pm. Only about 10:30 pm is it really dark. It gets very strange + Northern + lovely about this time. Clear sky, bricky light, ~~evening~~ the light getting less + less although the



sun's still up — I've never seen that happen at lower latitudes.

The sun sets at 4 P.M. Christmas.

Now it's fully light in the mornings (+ sunny) by 6:30, which is as early as I ever opened eye.

It's a very close-horizon, intimate landscape, which on days ~~at~~ like this is very nice.

So we have less than 8 hours' night-time. The vampires must hate it.

I hope your insulted nerves have lost their umbrage and are treating you O.K.

Do you like the cartoons?

Be well. Anyhow, be better. I didn't want to mention a delicate subject, but rumor hath it that the mighty Triptrung mind is in action again, making up fiction and such. Long may it!

If you're like other writers, you are perfectly unbearable when you're not writing. I know I am. I HOPE my new desk will be together Saturday — standing-up typing!!!!

Love,
Joanna

