

3/28/82 (Sun.)

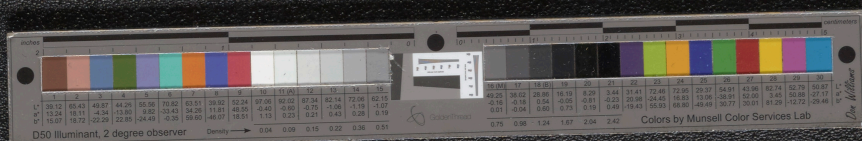
Dear Treetip,

Tiptree it is + ~~it~~ shall remain unless you protest on personal grounds. Artistically I want it — the inappropriater the better. It's a send-up Gothic.

Yes, I am better — honestly. Though every once in a while I go into a terrible sort of hysterical fit in which I am absolutely sure it will all happen again. On ~~Thurs.~~ ^{Fri. Thurs.} I went to a party + had a fine time + stood 3-4 hours. The next day my calf muscles HURT. ~~but~~ ^{Weeping.} constant awfulness. Sat. I was still crying + crying — then on ~~Sat.~~ Sat. nite I remembered: my first severe back pain four years ago to the day. Also, I feel so battered, so punished, ~~that~~ + every time I get pretentious (so to speak) and plan real social things, I get sick. I have in fact gotten sick enuf in the last four years, on + on + over + over that the illness feels like punishment. 3 parties in the last half-year ^{at} every one I was lame + couldn't stand up. So I got lame on Thursday — party here on Saturday. A rather horrible coincidence.

There is a lot of emotion I am going to have to feel over + over again, before I trust my body or life again. The psychiatrist standing in for mine said "Did you express all those feelings when you were sick?" + I said "Of course not. I didn't dare."

When I remembered about the date, the eeriness, the craziness went out of it.



How are you?

Anything happening?

Did the operation work?

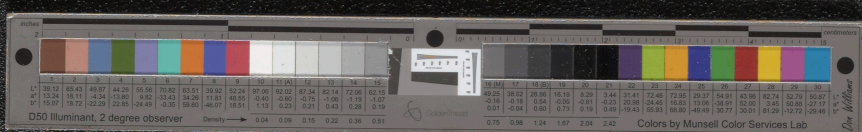
(I used my reading glasses on yr. P.C. + it was just fine.)

I've just finished story #5, the last story in my future history series. That's the one (called "On Being Depressed") that "Alice Tiptree" is in, also a friend of mine called Susan Koppelman — the story is made as a letter to her + mentions her husband + little boy, as I promised her. So of course it has to mention you, too. There's a few sentences after that to write, to finish off the frame of the book, + then it is DONE. In about a year, I think, or maybe 1½.

2 fascinating people here Satdy — one my 25-year-old friend, Teresa, the sf fan — and a 30-yr-old grad. student called Melody. They are both Martians — those incredibly brilliant-fast people who talk about everything under the sun and are wildly knowledgeable about technology, physics, ceremonial magic, information theory, etc. etc.

It's spring — cherry trees + daffodils + hyacinths + crabapple + forsythia + camellias all out in one huge, slow wave. Spring is SLOW MOTION here. Tomorrow school starts again; I have a grad. class, only one.

"Hi, I'm Debbie" sounds very interesting.



I have been buying clothes - very lucky to find quite a few things fit, now that I'm 150 lb. plump & bumptious. But the J.C. Penney sweater is too short in the arms. Which is exasperating. The blouses fit & sweaters don't.

The BRAINS there are in sf! You, with yr. knowledge of umpteen things, Chip stuffed to the gills w. theory, Tom Disch who perceives subtleties of gradation barely discernible to the human eye, etc.

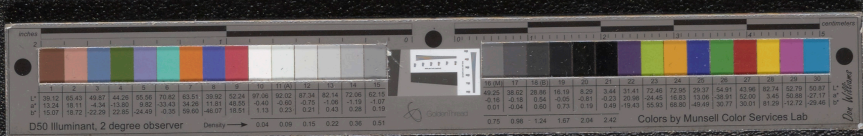
I actually feel good almost for whole days now, i.e. when I don't get sick. Sinusitis (Fever, etc.) since Christmas finally solved by irrigating my sinuses with an attachment for my Water Pik. Calves needing to be rebuilt. Etc.

The smartest thing I ever did was to get Cable. The revolution of the future — 4 cable channels, no ARTS, Sports, Men & Women (?), HBO & SHO (movies), ~~an~~ an Atlanta station that's strictly cable, & some other one. Seven or eight. The possibilities of this thing are enormous — among others, it eats movies, the way ^{early} radio ate material, only more so.

Whatever happened to Zacherly? Do you remember him? Horror movies on TV, years ago.

Do write & let me know how you are.

You are, you know, the master or mistress of the s.f. short story. I think yr. work is absolutely wonderful. Also do you remember my



proposed alteration of the last line of "Houston,
Houston, Do You Read?" It ~~haunted~~ haunted me
until I realized; I was absolutely WRONG.



Love + health,

Joanna

