

9 March 1983

Dear James,

How are you? I've heard unsettling news that you've had a heart attack + am hoping it's not so — so many legends have accreted around your mysterious person that I am hopeful that this report, too, will prove legendary.

And now I will write to you as if it were a legend.

Personal news: My hair is a trifle longer + very pretty because I sleep on it wet to set it and it fluffs up quite nicely. I am wearing fashionable bow blouses with pleated pants. I am S L O W L Y getting fatter + fatter. Up to 160 lb. (but at least 5 lb. of that is water retention). I wear ROUGE + LIPSTICK (!) and hoop earrings.

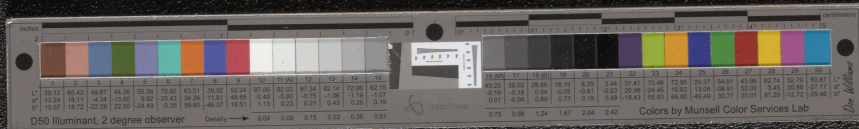
I am a vision of dazzling beauty.

Professional news: Within the next 6 mos. I will have four (4) books out!

1. Univ. of Texas Press, "How to Suppress Women's Writing"

2. Arkham House hard cover, "The Zamzibar Cat" (a collection of my short stories, which Pocket Books will re-issue in a year in paperback).

3. Pocket Books' Alyx stories.



4. St. Martin's Press has accepted my new novel, which they are calling "The Lesson for Today" (tentative).

So I am in fine fettle professionally.

Also my feet are better.

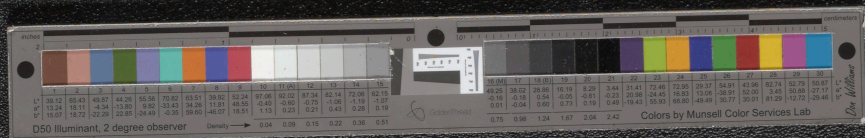
Dear Triptip — DON'T be sick! You will make me very unhappy if you are. You will, in fact, make a lot of us unhappy.

Strange news: Ten days ago I cut fruit (specifically apples) out of my diet — and within a few days was ill, nauseated, heartburn-ish, diarrhetic, etc. (Since there was no fruit I was doubling my unrefined starches.)

Put 3 apples a day back in + I'm fine. So I'm hooked on Red Delicious — well, they're cheap! And around here they're good — not mealy as when they travel.

Mon petit chou (why the French like to call each other cabbages is beyond me), my old Brussels sprout, you are a joy + inspiration to all of us + moi, I love you dearly. That is why, even with end-of-term staring me in the face (grading? ugh!) I take time to write to:

Another bit of news: a friend of mine in Penna. has stumbled over (did I tell you?) something called "media writing," specifically Star Trek fan fiction. Within this huge category is a group of a



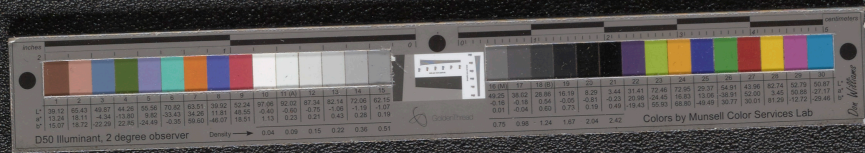
● few dozen writers (and 500-1500 readers) who write and read something called "K/S." These are stories, novels, and poems set (usually) in the Star Trek universe + their premise is that Spock + Kirk are lovers.

● I heard this + turned bright red + shrieked. About 8 women who have ~~sed~~ read this have had the same reaction — they love it. I am an addict now — I own 25 zines (my friend has 125, almost all) and am on my 2d K/S story. I love doing it. (At this moment I'm a little overdosed on anti-depressant + have completely lost sexual feeling — I don't react to the stories at all. But I don't react only under these conditions.)

● If you are interested, James, I can xerox copy a few of the better stories and send them you-wards; maybe they will amuse you. Let me know. There are 2-3 really good writers and lots + lots of Godawful poems — and a couple of quite good novels. Most of it is much more literate than I expected. There are also illustrations by 2 good artist (+ scores of utterly horrible ones), one of whom ^{does} ~~is~~ a very erotic drawings, sort of Aubrey Beardsley stuff. Good.

● Anyhow, something will come of this, tho' I don't yet know what.

I am taking just under 60 mg. of Nardil a



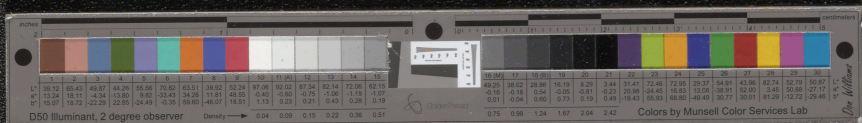
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day. At 60 mg. I start to faint, see migraine-ish patterns in my field of vision, + lose all erotic feeling. At about 52 I'm O.K. At 45 mg. I start feeling lousy in the mornings. I think I may start taking 60 mg. every other day - the threshold is too fine a line for my rather crude pill-slicing methods. Anyhow, next quarter I have only one class, so life will be easy, and I can take down the other anti-depressant I'm taking - 150 mg. Ludiomil. I imagine: a wetter mouth, maybe no need to irrigate my sinuses, a lowered appetite, + maybe even a stable weight. (I am outgrowing my clothes!) AND SEX.

Hm. I have -- ahem. Well, to put it bluntly, I have acquired ~~two~~ 2 lovers, one male younger, + one female my age who is very pretty + obese. She feels marvelous in bed + is a skilled lover. (He isn't.) All of this is much ~~more~~ ^{less} spectacular than it sounds, by the way. I want to learn how to come with a partner - but there's the Nardil (no sexual feeling) and the Ludiomil (delays orgasm) so until I can get rid of some of these pills, it's pretty much a lost cause. Getting aroused feels good + I miss it, damn it.

C'est ça.

That's the rundown on Russ. St. Martin's is paying



~~\$3000~~ \$4000.

Oh yes! Ms wants a story from me. My agent is sending them part of the new book.

Also, mon vieux romancier, I am veryvery menopausal — periods bewilderingly irregular + anything from Niagara Falls to light staining for a couple of days. I am always pre-menstrual, damn it. My sex life suffers.

54 legal-size pages of K/S and more to come.

Listen, Trapmonk, ~~get~~ dictate a post-card (or write me one) + I will send you at least 5 good + lovely stories to cheer your declining years, etc. OK?

Love,

Joanna

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