

16 October 1983

Dear Tree,

I sent you a whole long letter, which got sent back with "wrong address" on it. It was addressed to Tiptree c/o Sheldon, and I couldn't find a thing wrong with it. But it took so long to come back that I didn't want to send it to you again, and I wondered if you were ill or had moved or whatever, and meant to write or call, but didn't until today. It's Sunday, which is the day I do all my bills, correspondence, personal and business, &c. Everything. It's a gloomy, foggy sort of Sunday.

I'm well (except for a stomach ache at the moment, too much cauliflower). I am busy, i.e. did 23 student stories last week and now have done 15 and have about 10 to go for my second fiction class. Both are beginning fiction and a bore.

Do send the Z.C. here to be autographed.

The first 23 student stories were O.K. But the second 20 are proving a definite DRAG.

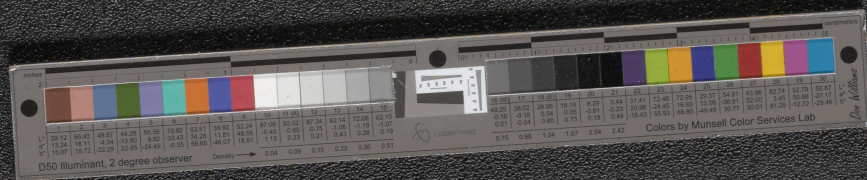
I've been writing Strange Things, mostly K/S. Part of Star Trek fandom (which produces short stories, novellas, novels, and poems about Star Trek) writes these poems, stories, &c. about a world in which the premise is that Kirk and Spock are lovers-- or become so in the course of the story. I've written four, 2 really large, 38,000 and about 20,000 words, Suddenly they're not interesting, so I suppose whatever purpose they served, they've served it. I'd like to get on to something else, but feel that well-in-between-creations, you know, fingernail biting, restlessly puttering about, sort of feeling.

Notice My New Typewriter! It corrects itself, and if you want to put up with it not writing until you stop, you can justify the right-hand margin. Or center things. &c.

Not only a new typewriter, but new clothes; I am getting FAT from the anti-depressants and have gone up two sizes in a year. It gives no sign of stopping. So I buy the cheapest tall sizes I can in Sears and Penney's, hoping that if I go over 22, that I'll have lots of money, because that's where the catalogue stores end their very largest tall sizes. As it is I am stocking up on pants for \$12 on sale and blouses about \$15 AND some at \$8. How else could I afford a whole new wardrobe?

Once I start writing, clothes will go by the board.

By the way, my Old, this winter I am going to be teaching an honors seminar in science fiction and I find that your first two collections may not be in print. May I xerox copy some of your stories? Viz. "The Girl Who Was Plugged In," "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" "The Psychologist Who Wouldn't &c." --actually I'm not sure what I'll be able to get. Can I fill in either the 1st or 2d volume, whichever is missing?



Are you well? How is my purple octopus?

I heard vaguely that you were ill again and worried.

About me, I am OK (except that my arches hurt) and have lots of books coming out this year: Adventures of Alyx, The Zanzibar Cat, a novel from St. Martin's Press this winter called ~~XXX~~ EXTRA (ORDINARY) PEOPLE. The Crossing Press upstate N.Y. wants to do a book of my feminist essays. I'm being considered for promotion later this fall--promotion to Full Professor--so you may have a friend who's a Ful, as we call it (Yiddish pronunciation!) LIFE came here with a researcher and photographer; they're doing a feature on women s.f. writers, 8 including me. I spent hours, twice, at 7 A.M. in a local park in the rain and cold, freezing to death and getting wet while the photographer ran about with a fog machine to make the park look surrealistic. They photographed Ursula LeGuin on Mt. St. Helens and Vonda on the seashore and Octavia Butler in the desert. It will all be (probably) out in the last week in December or first week in January 84.

Reviews of the Z.C. have been favorable. Pocket Books will republish in paper in about a year.

Personally I am well, with a lover who is warm and sweet and very sexy and classes going well and things in general O.K. except for my new anti-depressants (which still need 10 days in which to act) and my new shoes (which will arrive in about the same time).

What are you doing?

I'm not writing at present, but am going to women's events and making love a lot (more than usual) and doing some rudimentary cooking--like oatmeal--and trying to avoid croissants and other buttery things.

It's much nicer writing to you than doing student papers!

Will you let me xerox copy stories of yours in the anthology I can't get? These honor seminar folks mustn't be ignorant of Tiptree; that would be shameful.

Do write me & let me know how you are.

Live long & prosper, T'alice,

Joanna

