



Used to _____'s world
and a _____ was in
the home...

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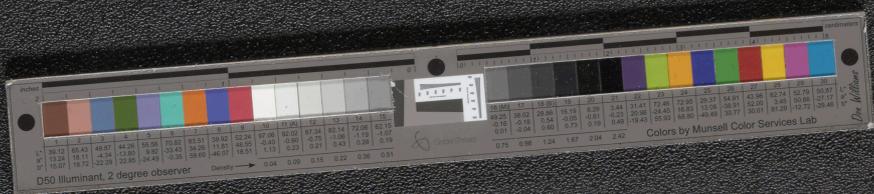
Dear Tipple,

Yes, m'love, I know that you and I aren't psychotic--I don't think we're neurotics either, whatever that means. What we are is good old-fashioned depressives, what the Elizabethans would have called "melancholy" and the nineteenth century, "sensitive." In short, our serotonin level is too low, and therefore we (or I, anyway) am perpetually miserable without some chemical assist.

Yes, a quiet, sheltered, nurturing environment sounds wonderful--but where is one to find it? To me it's terribly important to have a woman to embrace and make love with--that suits me right down to the ground--and the only marriage I could stand would be one of convenience like Vita Sackville-West--a Platonic marriage, at any rate.

Nowadays, for (relatively) penniless Jews with only academic skills to sell, it's impossible to live out of the contradictions and troubles of the age--all of them important to me: gay liberation, feminism (so essential), i.e. in the fast lane.

Now look here, old Top, ECT was NOT a symbolic anything--I was anesthetized and given muscle-relaxants (thank goodness!) each time. What it did was make me feel very, very happy--which I needed badly at the time. It worked. For months. By the time I had to rely on the pills (because the ECT wore off) I was feeling pretty good. I still am.
They can kiss that shit goodbye.



though not quite up to par.

My new partner, Tracy, says I'm spoiled, having felt so good for so long. I don't believe it. Now my dr. is trying lithium as an adjunct therapy--in about five days or so, I'll know if it works. Believe me, long long ago I realized that it's nothing from the outside that depresses me but rather that I was always depressed, only sometimes badly enough to cry and sometimes not. That was it.

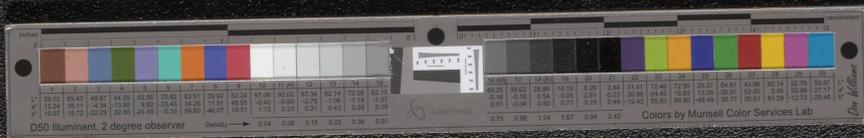
Someone in some book (Wina Sturgeon) says that people who've had ECT "lose their edge." My God, woman, I've got edge to burn! I could lose several more installments and be fine, & still have plenty left....

By the way, this paper comes from an acquaintance in San Francisco who has sent me a tablet of it. I like it, rather.

Listen, my love, I can do it without the pain. I can do very well sans pain, anyway. Foof to that idea that one must Soffer for Art. I intend to do no such thing. By the way, Carolyn is intensely angry at me for breaking with her and writes furious unsigned letters about feeding my body to the fishes and other acts. Four so far. The last one was a post card so I guess she's cooling off. The whole business is vulgar and silly; I would never give an ex-lover such reason to hold me in contempt.

Someone's coming in two hours to estimate the cost of an extra room on the back of my house. My mother says she can give me about \$10,000 for it--it shouldnt be much more. Very exciting. I want a place to do laundry and exercises without climbing stairs--which adds up, every day.

LATER: Melody turned up & got her check; I got to the bank; the construction co. is coming at 5:30 and not 4--there's an e-mergency out there somewhere.





Used to be it was a man's world
and a woman's place was in
the home...

Melody (who knows how to be poor) just got a 1968 VW bug that was abandoned in her neighborhood. Lousy seats and a rusty body, but a fine engine, good brakes, &c. Its innards are OK, while its bonnet and one fender are eaten away by rust. For \$60 (towing fee) it was hers. Now she needs to visit junk shops and get a few pieces from old VWs--this one's a classic year (she says) and the engine is first-rate. Also gives 36 mpg--I envy her!

With my errands & chores almost over,
all I have to do is party party and Write.
Oh, yummy.

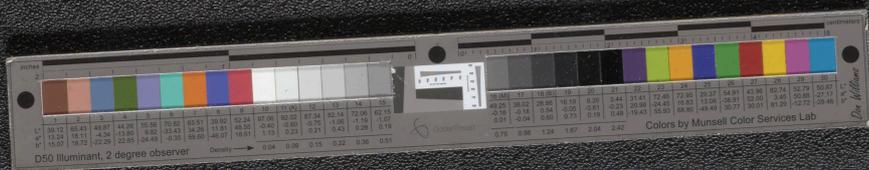
By the way, some fellow from the corners of academia known as Elliott has edited a book called Kindred Spirits--an anthology of gay s.f.--very bad. He left out Sturgeon's "The World Well Lost" and your crazy wanderer story. Did find a Thomas Swann story that's lovely, but also included some really hetero stories by loathesome folks like Silverberg. Mind you, Silverberg isn't loathesome at all most of the time, but his knowledge of gayness is nada.

Anyway, can you suggest any to Camille Decarnin? Who's been asked to do an anthology by the same publisher. She's timid & backing off on the grounds that she knows not the field. Well, who does?

I'm going to write her and push her to do it. She's the perfect person. If you can think of any of yours that could be qualified

as Lesbian (How about "Houston, Hous-

They can kiss that shit goodbye.



ton, Do You Read"?) would you let me know?

The fellow who will estimate the cost of my extra room should've been here long ago--he called and said he'd be late. Melody thought she was to come at 2 PM and did; now he's fucking up for the third time--not productive of confidence, alas.

Let me know how you are--I'm pretty well--waiting to feel weller, as it were. But how are you?

Much love,

Joanna

