[c. April 1972]

James Tiptree Jr.
Box 315
McLean, VA
22101

Dear Joanna Russ:

Liked your GENRE piece in the Bulletin so much it finally nudged me out of my shell, I've long been a crypto-admirer of your work but have denied myself the pleasure of saying so. Consider this a simple fan-ism requiring no response: I have a bad habit of writing mash notes when writing moves me and the last thing I want is to take up the recipient's writing time!

Funny thing---when a work is so universally (& justly) admired as your CHAOS DIED, one feels, Oh, X doesn't need any more ego-boo, my god, everybody's genuflecting. And then you later discover that X is getting lots of brickbats and jealous darts along with the acclaim, and has many bad days when the mail-box yields nothing but woe and abrasion, and often wonders why the hell keep on struggling drearily to make something right...and maybe an extra cheer from the back benches isn't out of order after all.

When one is young one cruelly measures oneself against the landmarks of the great, delighted to pounce on flaws, and accepting as a right the fact that their work has furnished a great part of the inside of ones own head...And then one day the great X dies and it's revealed he or she led a life of great bleakness and almost zero feedback...and the tiny grain of support one could have furnished is forever withheld...This verges on bathos and the illusion of universal omnipotence, but it happened to me a couple of times...and probably accounts for the mash-notes.

So---just to let you know there's one more highly appreciative and eager-for-more admirer out here...

All best,

James Tiptree Jr.

[c. April 1972]

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Box 215
McLean, VA
22101

Dear Joanna Russ:

Liked your GENRE piece in the Bulletin so much it finally nudged me out of my shell. I've long been a crypto-admirer of your work but have denied myself the pleasure of saying so. Consider this a simple fan-note requiring no response: I have a bad habit of writing mash notes when writing moves me and the last thing I want is to take up the recipient's writing time!

Funny thing---when a work is so universally admired (& justly) as your WHEN DIED, one feels, Oh, X doesn't need any more ego-boo, my god, everybody's resurrecting. And then you later discover that X is getting lots of brickbats and jealous darts along with the acclaim, and has many bad days when the mail-box yields nothing but woe and abrasion, and often wonders why the hell keep on struggling drearily to make something right...and maybe an extra cheer from the back benches isn't out of order after all.

When one is young one cruelly measures oneself against the landmarks of the great, delighted to pounce on flaws, and accepting as a right the fact that their work has furnished a great part of the inside of ones own head...And then one day the great X dies and it's revealed he or she led a life of great blackness and almost zero feedback...and the tiny grain of support one could have furnished is forever withheld...This verges on tactless and the illusion of universal omnipotence, but it happened to me a couple of times...and probably accounts for the mash-notes.

So---just to let you know there's one more highly appreciative and eager-for-more admirer out here...

Yr. Obt.

James Tiptree Jr.