

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
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June 29th, 1990.
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Dear Joe,

Thanks for your letter dated June 15th and here on the 18th. Sorry I haven't been more prompt in replying, but the weather--- 102 degrees straight now for 9 days in a row--- has had me depressed and sleepy.

This is the first letter I have had from you since January 24th, and I am wondering what I have done to merit such treatment. If I have said anything, or written anything to annoy you, then I think I should be given a chance to apologise if the offense was given, or an explanation if no offense occurred. I know you have written and been in contact with other people. but that of course is none of my concern. But since you are a friend, then tell me--- what did I do ?

My zeal has NOT been good. On December 6th I had to have a cancer operation to remove a cluster of sarcomas from the top of my head. I was in the operating room for 5 hours in intensive care for a day, and in hospital for ten days.

At first they thought the malignancy has spread to my lungs and liver, but this proved to be not so.

Then on March 3rd, back in I went and had some extensive skin grafting done. The donor sites on my leg have more or less healed, but the top of my head looks a bloody mess. This time I spent 8 days in hospital waiting to see if the skin graft took. It did, but the top of my head will always be scarred.

Since I got out of the hospital December 16th, I have had a visiting nurse come around every day--- apart from the March period when I was in hospital again. I have spent time on a hospital floor than a bloody bed pan. It seems I am now on the mend. At first they were talking about chemo and radiation therapy, but decided this wasn't necessary. This, to me, means either I am cured or else they can do no more for me.

The operations have left me very very weak, dispirited and almost unable to eat.

I did tell someone but asked him not to say anything to you since I thought it might worry you unduly. But it would appear that, in no time flat, the entire bloody world knew about it. Crazy Murdock called me and wanted to know the insides and outs of a caecum but I told him nothing was wrong. I hate nosy people and that is what he was being. But everybody knew. I am sure the bloke I told my troubles to didn't say anything, but there we are. Word got out somehow or the other.

There has been some news. Taranenko, the Russian who got busted at Montreal Airport for trying to smuggle in steroids cleaned 594 but failed to jerk it---what do you want? Egg in your beer?

Namdjou is dead. He hopped it around three months ago, This news via Spassov, who told me he got the info from some Bulgarian mag he read.

The Womens worlds had some sensational lifting. A 165 pounder--- GAL---cleaned and