

24 January 1967

Dear Shirley,

My arm is better but I need ten arms to keep up with the workload. Now we have not only the filthy smear in the form of the Capital record but also the even worse defamation of all of us in the article by that swine Lewis that appeared in the magazine section of the World Journal Tribune 1/22/67, which I am sure you will have seen by now.

I saw Penn, as you know, at Los Angeles and was very touched by his generous remarks about me in his issue of 1/19/67. He is such a dear and modest person, so ready to give credit to others--as you are, too, Shirley, which comes through even in the perverted rotten Lewis article.

I thank you both most sincerely.

The Griseomb article is very interesting, very much along the lines of Salandria's thinking. I am laboring over my ms. which still has three complete overhauls to face, one by the copy editor, then in galley, then in page proof. Because it is very long (almost 700 pages in type-script) and because the situation is fluid, requiring up-dating as various developments take place, the workload on it is just overwhelming.

What do you think about this campaign of vilification and name-calling? It strikes me that we must be getting close to the bone or they would not bother. And how do you like Epstein's ~~mad~~ aside and rotten remarks about Penn and about me? Considering all the (free) labor he and Viking Press got from me, even letting me pay for the press clipping service so that we would know what was written about Epstein's book, one can only say that he is a real gentleman-and-scholar---translation: moral bleb and ass-licking pimp for the practitioners of "political truth."

Yes, I join you in disgust for Manchester, but I don't think the Ks come off very well either and I hope my saying so will not offend you. Here's a piece of distressing (for me) news: The Mother is in town, she phoned last night and offers me an audience tonight. I don't know how I can get out of it. With everything else that is going on, this is likely to act as a last straw. If you hear a great explosion to the East you will know that I blew up, like a pressure cooker.

Very much love to you and Penn,

Sylvia

*Copy furnished
Ann Jones 1/24/67*