

Sunday December the 19th  
Dallas

Dear Sylvia:

Hope this belated note finds you well etc. We're okay.

There was an AP wirephoto in the Dallas News the other day of a street scene of the Upper East Side after the snowfall. Carol Anne and I both said or remarked on how much we'd like to be there for it. And all the rest.

The only surprising thing I could find in the elections was that the Republicans didn't lose more heavily. Reagan really wasn't given too much more than the traditional mid-term slap on the wrist. I have to ascribe much of the stupidity of present-day American politics to television, in that it facilitates the Big Lie, especially when espoused by a media-created celebrity such as Reagan.

The New York Review of Books had a good piece by Peter Peterson the other day on Social Security; he pointed out that the system has evolved into a giant welfare scheme for the middle and upper middle classes. That of course is the reason why it is so difficult to touch it, politically speaking. Had Reagan had the general welfare of this country even a little bit a heart, he could have used his landslide election of 1980 to lay the groundwork for the reform which must come, one way or the other. But instead he has blamed all the country's ills on the Democrats and the Welfare Cheater, while continuing to draw his \$22,000 pension check from the State of California.

I can understand or intellectually comprehend the blind and evil greed of Reagan and his friends; what I can't seem to get through my thick skull is why the American people continue to think so highly of him.

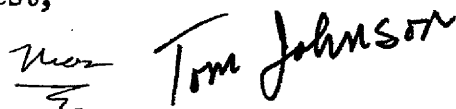
My son, Eric, came home from Stanford for Christmas yesterday. He asked after you and Ted, and still wants to live in Manhattan. He may do it, too. Carol Anne and I will try to get back up there for a week or so next summer, hopefully having in tow not only Eric but also my daughter, Susannah, who is a sophomore in high school. More on this if and as it might develop.

My computer programming project is coming along nicely; I intend to keep writing on the side but frankly have been too busy of late to do anything.

Mary Ferrell always says hello; she's fine, as is Mr Ferrell. Marina was over to her house the other night but I'm not sure what it was all about. Penn Jones hasn't been seen for a while; my understanding is that he's still living with the Swedish Beauty out on the little farm. You probably know that Mary F went to London a couple of months ago and was given Silver Cloud treatment by M Eddows.

Well, I'll chop this off for now and put together a more cohesive accounting soon. Do say hello and take care of yourself. CA and I hope to see you soon.

Best,

 Tom Johnson