

1821 15th Avenue.
San Francisco.
January 19,
1940.

Time Magazine,
New York.

Gentlemen:

As always, when referring to my work, Time (which is always bragging about how accurate it is) misreports everything, making a lively story and raising hell with the truth.

The story of The Great American Goof is simple and sound, provided it isn't exposed to an idiot.

I'll ^{take up} ~~expose~~ a few points that confused Time:

1. When the Workers strike, the Dummy (World-Order) calls out a woman for each of them and soon the Workers are back at work.

Somebody hanging around the New York offices of Time ought to be able to figure out what that means and explain it ~~what it all~~ to everybody else.

2. One of the characters in the story is named: "A Student of Karl Marx, an opium addict." Time says he is a dope-fiend. He is no more a dope-fiend than a Presbyterian minister is. Religion is supposed to be the opium of the people, according to somebody or other. Put two and two together and you've got the answer.

3. Drinkers are the most truly religious people in the world, and I haven't got time to go into detail.

4. Some critics implied that the entertainment was goofy; some that it was good; ~~but~~ none that it was just goo. Goofy, good, goo. Catch on?

I got a big kick out of the parody of the way I write by Wolcott Gibbs of The New Yorker. He shows a lot of talent and ought to take up writing seriously.

Yours truly:

William Saroyan