

From: [REDACTED] >

To: Jeffrey Epstein <jeevacation@gmail.com>

Subject: Re:

Date: Thu, 01 Aug 2013 00:50:17 +0000

Jeffrey,

Thank you for always taking the time. I appreciate a harsh word or five. I do well with criticism. Though It was a little hyperbolic of your buddy to tell me he wouldn't hire me as a waitress. Please. Let's not get carried away. I learned to read in first grade so I would never have to do a job like that. And I'm not in NY to look for a "busy work" job. I don't need to leave LA for that. I can just work as a receptionist in a dentist's office.

I don't like to defend my seriousness. Or my intentions for working with an NGO I've been involved with most of my life. It's the only organization that has made any difference in that region and I will always support it. If one can help -- one measly week out of an entire year where one otherwise indulges oneself -- then one should. My mother and father are involved and right now, while I don't have money to donate, I can donate my time and I do. But I DO understand that if I were gung-ho about *any old* job at [REDACTED] I would be doing photocopies for Leon while he's in Greece. No question about it. And banging down his door instead of waiting for him to show me what's on offer. But there IS no job, and [REDACTED] is not a place where I can magically create a position. I'm either in Editorial or I'm in Sales. It's pretty simple. It's an antiquated business and it's not going to change any time soon. I'm not going to become more serious because I helped to put together a book here or there when I'm not on staff as an editor with the autonomy to commission several projects at once. I'm not a 23 year old assistant. Freelance publishing (god knows if that even exists) also isn't a real way to make money. If there's not enough money in showbiz there CERTAINLY isn't enough money in publishing. And part of our discussions have always been about my becoming "gainfully employed" not continuing down this dead-end path of freelancing. I know what that leads to. You're always running to catch up. The appeal of this phantom opportunity was that I could be creative and use my resources (my perspective, my instincts, my eye, my taste and my intelligence) to make beautiful, smart, non-rarified books that appealed to a broad, young book-buying audience within a full-time position.

I have publishing houses asking *me* to write novels, and while I've been shirking a response, I *know* that is what I really should be doing. I'm just beating around the bush trying to be an editor at [REDACTED], when someone should be MY editor.

I understand you connected Leon and me, hoping for something beautifully synergistic and I believe that Leon wants in some ways to help me, but I don't believe there is a position, and no, apart from being totally and utterly qualified, I have not demonstrated that I am PASSIONATE about doing the job, because, *entre nous*, I may not be. I'm passionate about *working* and the dream position at [REDACTED] would marry a lot of things I'm interested in and am good at, but it's not my life work. My life will be determined by what I write, good or bad, and I have to get into the mud to find out. But in the meantime, I want to maximize the time I do have to do what I can before I knuckle down. Which I do, **seriously**.

I looked at the writing program for fall at [REDACTED] and it's FANTASTIC. I've picked out a selection of 4 classes, all of which take place at night and some of which are online. It's a perfect syllabus with great professors and it starts at the end of August. It would be an ideal way to kickstart my novel. Now or never, to paraphrase Seneca. What do you think?

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