

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

Heaven knows whether this will reach you via your Bryn Mawr address. Where are you, I wonder? John and I have just returned to Peru after six weeks in the States. I had hoped to see you in Bryn Mawr but Renata told me that you're on leave of absence and that she didn't know where you were. My loss.

What a ghastly life this Mining camps racket is, but thank God we have only ten months more to go on this contract, and perhaps we will be able to find something in a more civilized area next year. Peru remains a fascinating but rather incomprehensible place to me. We see, of course, a rather specialized, but nonetheless important, facet of it from our vantage point of Sierra high Cerro de Pasco –Exploitation of natural resources and agriculture and their relation to the Indian problem stand out very clearly here – so clearly in fact that we often feel that were sitting, on dynamite. I like the Indians though even if I don't know what makes them function and feel that the only hope for Peru is to make responsible and educated citizens of them. I suppose that's a pretty obvious thought and yet it seems to be a pretty occult one around here. Perhaps because it is no mean task.

By –the- way, no more [defective?] stories of which I hope you'll be glad to hear. Have been doing quite a bit of reading and even translated a book this summer by a Peruvian psychiatrist, Carlos A. Seguí. Knowing nothing about the field, I don't know whether the book is worth much, but it did keep me busy doing something I believe in for a while. It was, however, for sure, an extremely badly written piece and made me think I should take courage and try to add something to the great bath of words that we seem to be experiencing in our 20th century.

All best wishes for a fine Xmas and New Year. I would love to hear from you if you ever have the time or inclination to write an old admirer.

As ever,

[Signatura]