

250 Douglass Street
San Francisco, California
February 7, 1966

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

I am flattened--the mail brought me three announcements to the effect that I am not getting a job. The Denver college that I mentioned to you has after all appointed someone in Seattle, Washington; the University of Akron found that my interests were after all not quite what they'd had in mind; and a third college that I've not the heart to name--a college I applied to last year and to which I reapplied this year--would want to talk with me seriously about my going there except that ~~nowhere~~ they have ~~now~~ after all decided to make no appointments in philosophy for next year.

I had, some while ago, written off the Denver college and the U. of Akron; I really expected little from the third place. But it has been a blow to hear today that all three are gone. I know that I have some ability, and I know, moreover, that I did ~~well~~ a reasonably good job of teaching many students during this past fall. But again it looks as though these things don't matter at all. Well, ignore these remarks. I am just tired. If need be, of course, I shall last until those May meetings; I shall ~~maybe~~ ^{maybe} enough (though just barely) to attend them, and from them something would likely develop.

I hoped you finished your selecting from among your writings (and your consequent rewriting) in time for your end-of-January deadline.

Sincerely,

Julia

And I hope you and your family are not buried under the snow.

15-II-66.