

250 Douglass Street  
San Francisco, California  
November 13, 1965

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

Your book has arrived, and I am much pleased to have it. I have read the first chapter and have some reasonable hope of finding the time in the next weeks to complete reading it. Of course, it is not unfamiliar to me, because, you remember, I once did read the Spanish version of it. Thank you very much for inscribing it for me and sending it.

I am tired. I'll admit it. But I am not now nearly so tired as I have been during the earlier weeks of this term. For one thing, I had a touch of a California variety of the flu about a month ago, and that got me behind (I made it to my classes during the week I had it, but I had to spend every hour I could in bed otherwise). And it really has taken until now for me to get used to the routine, the frantic routine, of my teaching week. The six hours of teaching on each Monday make Mondays rough days; and on Fridays I am of course tired out by the work of the whole week just past. On Saturdays I am properly worried about Mondays again! But I have by now marked and gotten behind me a great many student papers, and I have somehow simply gotten used to the rhythm of these weeks.

Naturally I enjoy some of my classes. I enjoy them ~~when~~ they go well. And they do most of the time, I think. Sometimes one goes quite badly, and I suffer when that happens. It is in any event greatly instructive to be teaching a group of students so remote in its outlook from any that I have been in contact with before. The majority of the students here hold part-time or even full-time jobs; there are no scholarships at S. F. S. C. at all, you see. Some of the students are, because of these circumstances, much more genuinely serious and responsible than they might otherwise be, I suspect. But most of them write carelessly, and they dismay me. Moreover, most of them are extremely left-of-center in their political thought, and in fact many seem ~~rather~~ to be nihilists of one and another variety. Even the I. W. W. has an active campus representation here. Sometimes I believe I had rather see a little of the old campus "rah-rah" spirit; there is none ~~XX~~ here.

I appreciated your providing me with Mrs. Rome's address. I wrote her off a little note and got back a prompt invitation to send my thesis to her. So I've done that. She works with computers all days long, and I am wondering if she will in fact understand my writing at all.

Yesterday I had a chance to see what some other people think of a part of my writing. I read the last two sections of Part I, the ones subtitled "Descartes" and "Cartesian~~X~~ Lucidity," to a small gathering of the student philosophy club here. I rather enjoyed reading the paper and finding out how some of its sentences sounded out loud. But I was

dismayed that in the question period afterwards the questions put to me suggested that no one here ever has taken Descartes seriously at all. And I don't think that anyone understood the particular things I had to say about him.

I think the thing for me to do about Christmas philosophy meetings is to attend the ones that will be held here in San Francisco. If nothing comes out of the meetings here and if nothing should even come through my registration with APA during the spring, why, then, I shall have to go to the midwestern meetings in early May. But may I ask you to keep your ears and eyes open there at Bryn Mawr and at the meetings in New York for openings for which you could recommend me? The sooner I can manage to get next year arranged for, the better of course. Yes, it would be desirable if there were a position here, but there is not and nothing indicates to me that there will be one. And since I must in any event go elsewhere, I have decided that I want to try to find a position that entails only nine hours of teaching per week. I find the twelve hours simply too many. My having twelve hours entails my having 132 students; and in two of my four courses, I am required to assign three papers to each student (three ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~too~~ ~~large~~ ~~papers~~, but still . . .!). Thus the amount of paper-marking I have to do is staggering. I have not once this fall, except for the time I've given over to your first chapter, found the time simply to sit down and read in a work of philosophy to see what might be here. This heavy load I have is, incidentally, not unusual in this college at all: everyone teaches twelve hours, and most classes have 30 to 40 students in them. I do find the time, of course, to see the students who want to talk with me; I can see why, however, some faculty members actively discourage students from coming in to see them.

It has been raining hard for two days. I am glad of it. Until this week it had not rained even once since my arrival here in mid-August.

Sincerely,

Julia

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