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Dear Geddes,

Thank you for your letter. Yes, of course, I am more than willing to make it clear --perfectly clear, in Richard Nixon's terms-- to the Ingersoll Lectureship organizers that you are, as I sincerely believe, a very distinguished name to add to the very distinguished list of Ingersoll lecturers. I very much hope that you will become one.

Also, yes, I am writing fiction --perhaps I should say "fiction proper," to distinguish it from philosophy, which is only "fiction of sorts." I am now on (or is it in?) my fourth novel (in Spanish) and have plans --as well as a detailed plot-- for a fifth one. I must remind you, in case you forgot, that you anticipated me in your ultrawitty *From a Christian Ghetto*. I wonder why you did not write (or publish) more fiction --aside, again, from discoursing on such things as history of religion(s) and irresistible grace. I admit that the latter theme may have been included in a number of television serials, but the theological ignorance of the script writers is much too obvious.

The idea of a degree *iure dignitatis* I find most suitable. I am a proud possessor of seven *honoris causa* degrees (fifty three less than Bob Hope), and I wish it were perfectly clear that none of them is related to entertainment or money. This may be obvious to Europeans but not so (or not so much) to fellow Americans.

I also hope to meet you soon. Greetings to you both from us both

Herrera