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Dear José,

It was so good to hear from you. When the whole Times thing began, I went to the Caribbean, where it rained incessantly, and so I didn't get your letter until now. How are you? What kind of movie making? I know absolutely nothing about it, and I would like very much to know what sort of energetic filming you are doing. I wonder how it will go at the Times. If I am fired in any very public way, it will be embarrassing, I think. On the other hand, if the reviews are terrible day after day, that will be embarrassing too. On the third hand, if I turn out to be at all good at it, well that will be all right. I really was planning to take my exams this year. At least, I think I was. That is probably why the whole thing came up. I don't suppose it was in the scheme of things that I should take them just yet.

Are you ever in New York? Is it at all possible to see you? I would really love to see you, and talk about movies or anything at all. (I took a Berlitz crash course in Spanish a few months ago, hoping the New Yorker would send me to South America, since no one else at the magazine seems to be doing anything about it. The course was ten hours a day for two weeks, really maniacal. For a few days afterward, though, I thought I could understand and talk a little. Now it's all gone.) I live at 125 East 78th Street, telephone RE 7-9767. It is not in the phone book, because there is another Renata Adler, who does not realize that we are not the same person (in fact, the difference between us has narrowed over the years: she used to spell her name Renate.) Anyway, this is all very boring, but at one time I thought I could solve all phone and mail mixups between the two of us by dropping out of the phone book. A mistake. It is a chronic identity crisis.

I do hope to see you. Thanks, really, for the letter. And hello again.

love,
Renata

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