

8/10/59

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

I do hope that you received my letter from Paris to Santa Teresa 7, Barcelona, but I now remember that I forgot to address it in care of your brother in law, so I cannot be sure that it arrived. It was, moreover, written by hand, so that I cannot even be sure that it was legible. At any rate, here is another.

After leaving Paris, I drove with friends to Spain, but it was hot, and we went straight to Mallorca. The whole island was in an uproar, because the Prince and princess of Liege are spending their honeymoon just outside of Formentor. Every time a motorboat containing two or more passengers cruised along the shore, all swimmers were sure they had seen Albert and Paola. No matter how great the distance between the boat and its observers, everyone was able to discuss in detail the beauty of the bride and the boatsmanship of her husband. So passed a week, in the course of which we saw Dominguin, since gored, effortlessly dispatch a timid little bull. Three German ladies fainted, and were carried off. I bought a poster, which turned out to be a leftover from a novillada in 1957.

With unphilosophic, and, I had thought, uncharacteristic, bloodthirstiness, I went to another bullfight while I was waiting for a train in Valencia. This one seemed to me marvellous, and the crowd was tremendously enthusiastic. (I am not sure that this means anything, since I have not seen many bullfights, in fact, only two.) I was so impressed by the whole spectacle, that I began to read about it. Having reread The Sun Also Rises, I bought a wineskin, and by the end of my days in Spain, I lacked only a camera to complete the picture of

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consummate tourism. Home now, I am a little ashamed of it all, and I have packed away my poster and my wineskin.

Because my Belgian brother flew home early in August, I sailed home from Gibraltar much earlier than I had intended. The ship, was the Cristoforo Colombo, and several sharks and whales, knowing ours to be the sister ship of the Andrea Doria, followed us across the Atlantic. We did, however, arrive in New York, to the vast disappointment of the fishes and of passengers in search of adventure, and now I have said hello to my brother, and I wonder what to do for the rest of the summer.

I have been notified by the dean of the Radcliffe graduate school that there is very little chance for me to find an apartment or a room in Cambridge, so that I may either have to spend the winter sleeping in Harvard Square or have to enroll in Bryn Mawr again next year. I must go to Boston and see exactly what the possibilities are.

I would summarize for you the contents of my letter --- which may never have arrived --- to Barcelona, but I do not remember anything about it, and I am afraid that it could not have been very interesting. Just in case, I would like to thank you just once more for two delightful evenings in Paris. Please give my best to Mrs. Ferrater Mora and to Jaime.

Sincerely,

*Renata*

17-VIII-59