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Dear Renata,

Thank you again for your message on (or is it in?) my answering machine. I was very pleased to hear that Alistair Reed had an inkling of my name; let me hope that it is not a case of mistaken identity.

From what you told me today, I understand that my typescript and translation of one chapter will soon be in the hands of one of Knopf's editors. In my blissful ignorance of what an American editor does, or can do (Spanish editors, of course, do nothing), I cherish the illusion that he will do something ending in the eventual publication, in English, of my novel. I would jump with joy if Knopf took it (I realize that the last sentence is a jawbreaker).

I will send you copies of my Wittgenstein article (with apologies for its many awkward constructions), of an article on universals and fictions (with apologies for its form), and of an article on the idea of practice (with apologies for its contents). I will also send you a copy of my book of short stories with the sole purpose that you can verify its existence.

Thank you also for asking me what am I doing now. In fact, I am doing very little. I realize that I have to write three lectures, none of which has any great interest for me, not to say for the prospective hearers. I wish I had inspiration for a second novel, and for a book on something like "Doing, Playing, Creating." May I ask you what are you doing now? Will I soon add another book of yours to the three ones I have, and most sincerely admire?

What I told you about this house at Villanova being permanently open to you as a guest is a truth of fact (as well as a truth of reason). You just call, and say when you wish to come. Priscilla joins me in the wish for your visit.

Love,

J. M. Ferrater