

FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY
FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

November 16, 1966

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

I was most pleased to learn that you'll try the trick of translating from the Spanish version of the chapter on idealism. And I think we shall indeed entitle the talk as "Idealism Revisited." Why not? A fine idea. Because that's what it will be.

So we shall expect ^{you} ~~on~~ ^{in the afternoon - it} the sixth of December, a Tuesday. Incidentally, perhaps I shall not after all plan a party here at my house before we go out to dinner, the reason being simply that we might all end up having to have dinner in a great hurry indeed; and that would be no pleasure. So if we drink, I think we'll be drinking at dinner itself; and each man may do as he pleases about that. I do want you to see where I live, though. So when you have arrived and checked in at the motel, please telephone me. I'll come to get you. I live no more than five minutes away from where you'll be staying.

368-0040
↑

And where is that? The Fairfield Motor Inn, of 417 Post Road. I enclose a map, and I have marked the location of that motor inn. It is a big one with a great sign; it is up on a little hill. The Post Road itself is the main street of Fairfield. If you come on the Connecticut Turnpike (very quick, they say), you can get off at almost any Fairfield exit and find your way to the Post Road and thence to the motor inn. If you come on the Merritt Parkway, you'll want off at Exit No. 44, the Black Rock Turnpike exit. I have circled its location on the map. You'll then have to find your way into the heart of Fairfield. But I've no doubt you can do it. Of course, should you get lost and disgusted, just call me from some gasoline station and I shall come to rescue you. I'll be home that afternoon awaiting your call--whether from the motor inn or a gasoline station.

(Wilbur Troutman)

I am extremely tired these days: I've spent terrible amounts of time marking essays and examinations and so forth. And I've been seeing students for several hours each day about the kind of writing (and thinking) they do. Some of the students here are quite good, though; two or three of them perhaps even equal the fine ones I thought so well of in California. Troutman has written, by the way, that he'll be making application to Bryn Mawr. Being prudent, he will, I think, make application ^{to} some other places as well, but not to a very great number.

The trouble with the students here is that few of them have written very much, and when they have written papers they've received little or no criticism of them. So they have, many of them, written most unintelligibly without suspecting that they do. I found the editor of the literary magazine here really one of the most spectacular offenders; he is a nice young fellow, he is working hard trying to begin to write effectively, but he is of course suffering through having found out that he couldn't write English. Most humiliating for him. Of course, he and others will live through mere humiliation.

Again, I--and all here--look forward to seeing you here. Your audience won't be a huge one, which is just the way I want it.

Sincerely, J. L. -