

The College Inn
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
U. S. A.
June 24, 1961

Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

I may have done you a bad turn, mailing all your cancelled checks to you. They weighed a lot and contributed a good bit to that impressive amount of postage that had to be used. It was only after I had sent them on that it crossed my mind that perhaps you are not so eager to see such things as I always am--I am always right at the bottom of my bank balance of course. That is not necessarily your situation. Well, anyway, as penance I send you now two more interesting-looking things that came the day after I had mailed the big package (and the other package full of the reprints, by the way). Doubtless other important things will have put in an appearance by the thirteenth of July. Many unimportant things have put in their appearance and they are making a big stack in your office; you will have a gay time rifling through them in the fall!

My accomplishments so far have been to go to New York for three days to discuss matters of style with a friend of mine there, to prepare someone else's apartment for my living in it--always an absurdly complicated affair, to eat a great deal of Turkish food prepared by an apartment-mate just now taken off to Illinois for her summer, to rest, and to figure out what it is I've got to do next. What I've got to do next seems to be to write. And perhaps pick some of the College raspberries which have just started to ripen. The picking may help the writing along, I'm inclined to think. I do expect to have something to show you in late August; how much I don't know.

The campus is not so deserted as you might suppose; oh, it's quiet and green and all that. But graduate students have crept back for summer work, and one crosses their paths. That is fine, of course. None of us gives a hoot for anyone's work but her own. I have never before in my life felt less envious of anybody for anything.

Why do you suppose "ontology" was coined? A declension of spirit in philosophy?

Please remember me to your wife.

Sincerely,

J. L. -

(2-VII-61

By the way, no one has shown up to borrow a book. But maybe they can't find me.