Dear Mr. Ferrater,

The first is: do you know of any work (for paper or whatever) on Aristotle's ethics or politics that emphasizes and elaborates the kinship of Aristotelian thought to the Platonic? It seems to me that several years ago a considerable stir was made by a book published by an Englishwoman on such a theme. But I may be quite wrong. Of course, I have in mind aristocratic ideals in both Plato and Aristotle. A student asked me for some aid in getting started on a paper he'd like to write about their kinship, and I found it difficult to do anything but refer him to some of the general commentaries on Aristotle. Incidentally, leaving aside ethics and politics, is there any book or essay that you know of that makes much of their kinship generally? That challenges the Plato-versus-Aristotle notion, in other words? I have just read your Aristotle article through and find that you yourself stress the areas between the two—-as I think is quite proper. But the student who spoke to me has a legitimate objective, it seems to me. He is the interesting person with whom I stood, Sidney Rome, as I recollect. But the student who spoke to me has a legitimate objective, it seems to me.

Second question: do you have a list of addresses for all the members of the American Philosophical Association? I don't because I'm not yet a member. If you do, could you look up the address of Beatrice Rome (Mrs. Sidney Rome, as I recollect)? She is the interesting person with whom I talked in Boston last year, the one who has written the big new book on Malebranche, and the one who, with her husband, runs the Systems Development Corporation somewhere out here in California. I had her address, but I lost it. She invited me to send her a copy of my thesis to read, and I should like to do that if she still would like to have it.

Third question: has the new edition of your Diccionario been published? If not, when is it due to come out? I'd like this College to order it. I could refer many a student to it, in defense of the local unity. Now for your questions to me. I have met classes for a week, and I am inwardly giving myself a C+ (maybe a B-) for the first week's work. It was not wonderful, but I could have done much worse. The first meetings were extremely stiff; of course they are bound to be. But, they seemed a little less so to me today. I have an enormous number of students—-I have four classes, and each class has between 30 and 40 students in it. Average 35.

I am fascinated by the interesting faces in the classes. Men, white-students; Negro students—some of them look so alert and reflective. I keep thinking that perhaps if I try but still I can't get a good idea on the grin. How am I faring? Well, reasonably well. My apartment continues to be a perfect one for me: it's altogether quiet, it's near all kinds of stores, it's near the trolley I take to the College, and it's in a quiet but still rather cosmopolitan neighborhood. I'll never get tired of the lovely views of the city. I have from my windows. As for people, I don't know what to tell you. I wish you had called up and only then asked me what.
Like the Department Secretary (a young woman), but so what? I despise my office-mate, a brash, very boastful young man. He started off a Calvinist (went to a Calvinist college here on the West Coast), and in my opinion he still is possessed of the Calvinist spirit. He despises the students himself (he has informed me that he lectures to them assuming that they have the intelligence of "bright nine-year-olds"); and he apparently gives them no freedom in the writing of their papers and so on. He preaches to me; he preaches to the students; I suspect he preaches to his wife. Anyway, I can't stand him. Having decided that, I am trying to avoid him as much as possible. I think that I can manage to avoid him most of the time. Other people in the Department generally strike me as pleasant and bright. I suspect that the College itself, really, doesn't amount to anything, but it is apparent that within the College the Philosophy Department is about the best. I think the logician has views about logic and affairs of the world that are remote from mine; but he is an exceedingly nice young man and I am fond of him. A young fellow in an office next door to me teaches the history of philosophy here and my couple of talks with him have been interesting; he is very quiet-spoken and, I think, full of fire inside. The Acting Department Chairman I like extremely. He is the person in whose home I stayed for the first three or four days. I was in San Francisco, and he seems thoroughly civilized to me—I know nothing of his philosophical views (except that he calls himself a "sort of analyst"), but he is most agreeable, relaxed, and so on. Of course, maybe I'll see another side of him later; but I do like him now.

I like the Dean of Humanities, another person in philosophy; or at least I should say that I don't dislike him. But he is the "Coordinator" of the Humanities 30 course I teach (a required course with the Iliad, some Plato, and some from the Bible in it), and I have begun to realize that most of the people who do teach the course are out of their minds (they are mostly in the "Humanities" Department). I am supposed to go every two weeks, to a meeting with all these people and, I fear, talk over our "teaching experiences" or something as insane. The young man in the history of philosophy has told me that he didn't go last year when he was teaching Humanities too; he couldn't abide the idea of getting involved in argument with people of a teachers-college mentality and aggressiveness. I may follow his example, although I don't want to alienate the Dean. I'll see.

Well, all this sounds as though I see lots of people all the time. Actually, I don't. And though my work is so heavy that I don't know how I could see many people much, I admit that I am lonely. Yet perhaps as the Department invites outside speakers in (they have the speakers for a meeting with undergraduate majors, and then the Department members and the speaker go off for dinner at some good San Francisco restaurant), I shall have more contact with people. Maybe I'll even have more than I want. I suppose it's hard to find oneself satisfied with one's social arrangements.

Incidentally, I still have confused dreams about taking a Ph.D. I don't yet—it seems that this is so—really understand. I've taken one. It was too long a process, wasn't it? And yet I couldn't have written the thesis I did write earlier. And I'm glad I wrote it. Incidentally, a graduate student here mentioned that the students here last spring were told of my coming, and were told that I had been invited to come primarily on the basis of what I had been able to learn of the quality of my writing. So you see?

Who has published Being and Death? I'd like a copy. Write to me soon. I miss you.

[Signature]