Dear Mr. Ferrater Mora,

I really do want to have a close look at your paper, and I look forward to its being published in your book. I shall be writing some more things about Descartes's cogito, of course, and what you said as you talked about the "too much" that idealism often claims certainly bears on that.

Several of those nice freshmen whom you met after your paper have told me how pleased they were to hear the paper and to be introduced to you afterwards. I suspect that I'll be told something similar by two or three of the upperclassmen as well, but I have not yet met them in class again and so have not encountered them at all since you were here. Grassl himself dropped by my office yesterday to remark on how good your paper was and on how pleasant an occasion he found your being here to be. He is really not a bad man, that seems true. But he is a bit crude, as you noted, and I'll admit that I've never heard him say anything philosophically interesting.

You were most generous to come here and, through your paper, to let the people here know some of the things you have been thinking. And I was so glad to have a chance to talk with you a little while alone later in the evening. I feel much refreshed through some of the things that you said to me.

Today is a Holyday and Holiday. That's what the University catalogue says. I've no idea what Holyday it is, but I am profiting most directly from its being a holiday. I spent the morning after I got up late reading the first half or so of an essay Jaspers once wrote on Descartes. Now I have had lunch, and I am going to plunge into the marking of sixty-four five-page typewritten essays that I have collected from all my introductory students.

I hope your journey back was not so tiring as was the one up here. Many, many thanks for coming. Of course I look forward to seeing you after Christmas at those Philadelphia meetings.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

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