

pains you to think that, after all your teaching, I have become, after all is said and done, an ordinary "doc" who worries about babies' earaches and old men's peptic ulcers. From time to time I escape to a more philosophical plane; just now I am preparing, in spare moments, an essay on "Medicine & Scientific Thought," to be given as a talk to a Society of which I am a member, sometime in April. It is a good thing that this Society serves liquor and cigars to its members — all male except for me — or else I'd never have the courage to speak!

I went to England for the month of August & toxic pathology at a London Hospital, and spent my vacation month (Sept.) in Greece, Rome, & Paris. To be a young woman alone on such a jaunt with limited

December 23, 1961

Dear Professor Ferrater Mora,

The only redeeming feature of all the Christmas - New Year nonsense is that it affords one a ceremonious pause in the usual rush of activity, and therefore sanctions such ordinarily postponed pastimes as writing letters. Now this is certainly not a real letter — just a sort of hurried note (symptomatic of the rather manic pace of my life); and it purports to say "hello" and convey the fact — or rather the feeling — that I think of you often. I enjoyed the paper which you sent me last Spring and passed it around to some of my friends who are graduate students in philosophy or history of ideas and therefore better equipped at present than I to have something intelligent to say about it! (It probably

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financial resources is an amusing experience!
I found it hard to settle down to the
grey eminences (literally!) of Boston
medicine after basking in the Aegean sun!
(And bathing at 6 AM in the sacred spring
at Delphi, and sleeping overnight in
the temple of Aesculapius - but, alas, with
no divine dream to grace my "incubation"
period!)

Now I am in a time of profound uncertain-
ty, since I must start an internship in
July and have made applications to many
places in N.Y. + Boston. No final word is
given till March. Simultaneously, my single
status is being threatened from more than
one direction, which is confusing. All in all, my
youth (gay or otherwise) seems to be almost
over.

My love and best wishes for a happy 1962
to your wife and Jaime, who must be a man
by now! With affection, Martha Bridge

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