

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 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 to take 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 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 6AM 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 uncertainty, 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,

[Signatura]