

Dear José,

It is raining out, I have a paper to write which I don't want to write, I am looking at journal articles hoping something will pop into my head, in lieu of thinking, and --mostly--letting my mind wander to nicer things. One of which was, a moment ago, when would I ever get around to writing you so that we could re-introduce ourselves and sometimes see each other. (I never know what to do with a sentence like this: do you finish it off with a period, question mark, or what?) Since I started to think about that, about my "disposition" to write you, the times the thought has occurred and nothing happened, what possible "motivation" I should need in addition to this, and what chance things would probably mean I'd write, and was so displeased with this sort of thinking that here I am at the typewriter.

You know, I really like doing things instead of day-dreaming; I think if I can ever lick this indulgence I shall be really pulled together. One note of encouragement is that, now, I will snap out of it sometimes, as well as find a lingering distaste when I don't. Another way of saying this is that it is no longer a useful pretence that I simply don't want to do something, like study or work. I at least know what a big silly I am about putting down on paper anything I think, that my fears of being stupid are, if not sheer cowardice, bits of vanity that should be thrown out.

I remember how easily (it seemed to me) and how quickly you wrote; and, of course, to someone like myself it seems baffling that anyone doesn't have to go through that mish mash of doubts and guilts and hysterics. Baffling or not, I see it done all the time now, as Jeff (my husband) like you just sits down and writes. We have reached some sort of practical plan to keep me from tearing my hair, crying, or whatever, as he dispatches his work; namely, he stops. And waits until I finish one paper before he gets on to his next. This is not the best plan but it will have to do for a while.

I am now more at ease philosophically, I mean I have pretty much confidence in my ability, and at least like some of what I do. I don't like a good deal of what people here do, but most of the time I know what they are up to, and can overcome my aversion to their methods (again, most of the time, but not always) and do some work. I don't know where methods and temperament can be distinguished. Most of the people here are meticulous, slow, and it seems to me, singularly insensitive or naive or childish. It's hard to say just what it is--I find their jokes, what they will laugh at, alternatively alien or else very young, adolescent. I suppose that depends on how I see myself at the time, as inescapably one of them, or relatively detached. They are the people who speak disparagingly of insights which come too easy, of anything but "hard work", of articles and books which are cavalier, showy, which fail to define (or invent) all their terms.

I hope you will forgive the blast, but apart from Jeff there is ^{almost} no one acquainted with this world to whom I could say things like the above, and hope to be understood. I do think people can be divided into two kinds, those who plod and trust only those who plod along with them, and those who don't. And I think it doesn't much matter, in this latter group, what kind of philosophy (or anything else) you do, despite the gulf supposed to exist in the philosophic world.

Right now I am, as I have been since Berkeley days, a devoted Wittgensteinian. I say "devoted" because some of the mystique remains, although I am no longer so clear or confident that I understand Wittgenstein. At first, I was so struck and moved by the Investigations that there was simply no room for questions. I remain impressed, I just wish I knew more. And I'll talk to people who haven't read him--of course, I still think that if I like these people they too would be enamoured, converted, understand, and so on. I don't think this is really a philosophical matter, although it's related to how you do philosophy, or what you like; it's much more a question of friends. For I've never wanted

(perhaps, somewhat desparately) so much to have known and been close to a historical figure as I wanted to have known Wittgenstein. It's a bit wierd, for I thought of him as both a heroic and tragic figure and my would-be best friend. It may well be the last big "crush" I will have, if so, it was certainly interesting enough. It is difficult to separate and identify influences, but I think he gave me ways of describing what I felt about people and relations which were not previously available to me. And for this, I am extremely grateful. It is much more significant and differant from the sort of thing, say, I read and got in Proust, or other novelists. ^{With them} I either learned things about people or relaxed in seeing someone else drag out things I was reluctant to express. I hesitate to say more of what I got from W. for my enthousiasm seems to know no bounds at the moment, and I should probably escape into pure sentimentality.

With this confession, I shall stop. I hope you will write. I don't know when I shall ever get down to Bryn Mawr, if I don't in any near future, perhaps we will be in N.Y. at the same time. I hope so.

with much affection,

Judy
Polsky

(7-V-64.