Dear Mr. Senate More,

I should have answered your letter long ago, but never felt relaxed enough to sit down and do so. Why, in the most frenzied season of the year I should suddenly feel this peace of mind, I don't know, but Christmas does cast its charm in spite of all commercialization, and I hope that you and your family have a very merry Christmas (whatever that is).

California isn't bad at all, and I'll probably stay there next year. The philosophy department is much too logically oriented. I think the logicians intimidate the rest of the department so much that they throw up their hands in defeat, and they have one professor, an Austrian, who teaches Wittgenstein and Hegel; he gave up the first day of class, and says that we shouldn't bother to study those two fools because we'll all get B's anyway. I haven't yet blocked out that statement in logical form, but do wonder whether or not it follows.

I gather that scholars of yore used to have a sense of humor about Hegel. Are Columbia professors...
aesthetics advised his class to look for a copy of a turn-of-the-century periodic which boasted an illustration in pink tissue paper, of the absolute regarding itself. Oh to be at Columbia now that I'm forced to read 'the Phenomenology of Mind'!

And I'm happy to hear from you that philosophy has not died in the East. I hope that the University of California does publish your book, and that if you come to Berkeley on its account you will come to our house for dinner; one of my three roommates is a very good cook, but then I suppose you settle all publishing details by mail.

Are you translating your philosophical (I know one shouldn't divide words in that manner) dictionary into English? I hope so; it's a fantastic work, and I, for one, would love to be able to understand it all. I have used it, just scraping through with minimal understanding on my knowledge of Italian.

Being home for little holidays makes me realize what a marvelous thing it is to be three thousand miles
away for the rest of the year, the
main advantage being that I have a
chance to become an individual and
do some growing up. It's painful
and exciting, this getting to know
one's self but exciting most of all.

Reading Hobbes, I am definitely excited about government,
national or world government in
particular, so I clean out and joined the
United World Federalists, also decided that
I might like to use some of my
fascinating spirit in the field of international
law, but then every generation feels that
they ought to get out and save the
world, and perhaps some convictions to make a valuable contribution
are rare; I hope I have the strength
and patience and intelligence to be one
of them, and I don't know, and
the clashing patterns that open and so
diffuse.

Berkeley's main charm is its wild
political groups. The communists are
out in the open along with the young
people's socialist alliance, and the
young republicans. Peace organizations
are all over, and the activity during
the Cuban crisis was unbelievable.
even my roommates went into San Francisco to pick up Kennedy's blockade. They were speakers pro and con all over the campus. But really this sort of activity never ceases, and there's always something in the air.

We got to stop and get back into writing my French team paper on Jean Genet—he must be quite a character, fascinating and terribly difficult to write about. Oh, and I forgot one thing; a young man in my Hegel course, a grad student, went to the University of Kansas and heard a lecture you gave there; he has, since then, read some of your books and utters most highly of you. We discussed all this over tea one day, and I just thought you might be interested. You may even turn up in his thesis, at least he is seriously considering you as a topic. At any rate, I hope he does you justice.

Sincerely,

Susan Fleming

2-VI-63.