

May 3, 1956

Dear Herbert Marcuse:

Thank you very much for your kind letter. You have no idea how your encouraging words help me proceed with my work. As you no doubt know, my entry into the "intellectual world" was thru very unorthodox ways and you are the first not to make me feel like a fish out of water. I will now even settle down to write the chapter on Hegel and have it with me by the time you get to New York the end of May.

I'm hurrying this note because I do not want you to "escape" to Europe before I have had a few hours undisturbed conference on the book. Therefore please write me immediately the exact days you will be in New York and where I can reach you and I will be there with Russian bells or maybe the Old Man Hegel will accept me and let me enter accompanied by the more melodic German music.

If the worst comes to the worst and Beacon Press refuses, please bring with you the original outline and I will begin a new campaign either with Oxford University Press or Praeger. Norman Mailer suggested the Grove press; do you know anything of that. If this book doesn't get out of my system by the end of this summer and unto the press I'm liable to burst from all these decades of pregnancy. How long will you remain overseas? It has hurt me to see what they have done to poor Marx's grave instead of that simple stone that marked his grave to which I did not feel out of place to bring a single red rose in 1948. I could go with you over every hill in Hempstead Heath too and show you just where he played with his children every Sunday and when they recited Shakespeare to each other. Oh, you don't think I was there!

Yours,

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