

SS Cristoforo Colombo
Aug. 4, 1955

Dear colleague, neighbour, driver & what not,

It was a great surprise to find in my bag the handsome Guide Bleu of Greece. What an educated place Princeton is, after all. I am glad you it picked it up and am even more glad to have it. Thank you very much—how thoughtful you always are. “Slides”, of course, is your weakness as it is mine. This time the place of the slide was taken by my cigarette case. I hope you found it together with the letter which (I hope) you mailed and the Sherry catalogue which (I hope) you neglected, since I forgot to give you the check. Nevertheless, I owe you some money and we’ll have to straighten our account.

Now, I hope you have found the cigarette case. I am missing it terribly and am listing like an old ship without the weight on my backbord side. Do leave it with Mrs. Gable—or with Harold [Cherniss] since it would be too complicated it send it to Greece. Funny, I am not quite my own self without it.

The boat is quite pleasant, though far below the level of the N. Amsterdam. The cuisine is good Italian food, though not the superior kind of some Roman and Florentine restaurants. The “Lido”-deck, however, with the swimming pool is excellent—one idles away unnumerable hours and the brains get sun-drained. I am almost unable to read, a Veronica Wedgwood is not a thriller either—good, yes, but lacking “drama” so far as I can see, though I may be wrong.

My cabin, though very small, is less uncomfortable than I thought. I found in it 3 bottles of Paul Masson Champagne from the man whose Hillmann-Minx [?] I am transporting. Sorry you and Strong¹ can’t help emptying them. The MS is still in my brief case: I cannot make up my mind about Apolline, Apollinian, Apollonian, Apollonic—and so it will never go to the press.²

It will be very difficult for me to imagine my return to Princeton without finding you. Margy will make up for some things, though certainly not for all. I trust, e.g., that she is not a good electrician. After two years, one gets terribly used to one another, and I shall be missing you and your neighborhood.³

¹ Edward Strong, Professor of Philosophy at Berkeley, who was on the Nieuw Amsterdam with Eka and me in September 1953, when we returned to the States.

² “On Transformations of Apolline Ethics,” in *CHARITES: Studien zur Altertums-wissenschaft* [Festschrift Ernst Langlotz], ed. Konrad Schauenburg (Bonn, 1957), 265-74.

³ I.e., “neighborliness”: the gate at the end of Eka’s back yard opened upon the dead end of Edwards Place, close to the house in which I had an apartment.

Norman Cantor is no “replacement” either.⁴

Well, Ralph, get a rest before you start your new job, and fare well in the new girlish surroundings.⁵ Probably you will like it very much. Do go and see Bert Friend and give him my best. And retrieve the MS from [Erich] Kahler.

As ever

EKa [Signed]

⁴ When I left Princeton I arranged for Norman, who was returning from his year in Oxford, to take over my apartment on Edwards Place, just outside Eka’s back yard.

⁵ Vassar College, where I was going to teach, was an all-girls school in those days.