

INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY  
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SCHOOL OF HISTORICAL STUDIES

Dear henchman of many years, of beaches glades and hills,

Thank you very much for your letter, amusing and interesting. I am glad you do like it and that you are settled in a nice apartment and that the people are nice (which I told you). If you can manage to regulate the Cal-wine shipments, you will be safe and have many guests. Don't ask them *for* dinner (believe my experience), but after or before it will be all right. Thanks also for the photos.<sup>1</sup> It was certainly worthwhile to invest your capital in that camera. Vera, who is not photogenic at all, comes out excellently in conversation with you (you should blow up her head and shoulders and send it to her; she has no good photo of herself). Your fish was truly impressive and Michael rightly complained of the arrogance and dirtiness of your smile (but I was glad to notice you wore my shirt).

Since you left me at Globin's [on Lake Tahoe] much water has been flowing even down the lazy Truckee. Once I was left alone at the *Stateline*, I won \$130 every evening. But then I sprained my back. I took a motor boat to the mouth of the Truckee, caught a 9 incher and a couple of small ones, but then the damned motor did not work; I pulled that blasted cord some thirty times until my back ached, but finally had to row that heavy iron boat back home. I still was all right that evening. But the next day I stopped to pick up a newspaper - and suddenly I saw all the stars of Empyreum as brightly as Dante did and was almost unable to straighten up again. It was rather bad for 10 days, when the Maenchens<sup>2</sup> were there; but Otto rightly predicted that I would not die of it - no, I shall die of my assistants, and I know what such a death will be like. But I was almost all right at Carmel and could go crawfishing and enjoyed the hospitality of your friends the Lehmanns<sup>3</sup> as I always do.

The Institute is pleasant; there are again lots of nice and/or interesting people. Harrison Thomson is one of them. I knew him quite well before, and he had your bottle (or rather two) of Schloss Vollradser with me and we had a very pleasant evening. What he tries to do is some paleogeographical problem: to find out the quasi-exact date when "national" hands began to develop - Spanish, English, German, French - and what their criteria are. He has a good point. As expected it all seems to begin by the end of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, even though there were regional peculiarities before that date.

One of the greater events you will be interested in<sup>4</sup> is the fact that the horses will survive no more than this weekend, at least in my stables. Prince Garage, those scoundrels, phoned me; I went, and they offered me a new 1956 Bel-Air for 2,000, and a 6,000 mile used one for 1,700 - plus my car. Bobby, who came the next day, said he would inquire in New York. There a Chevy dealer offered me a new Bel-Air for 1,600 plus my car. Then I tanked at South Garage.

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<sup>1</sup> Photos taken at Lake Tahoe while visiting Eka and his cousin Vera Peters there.

<sup>2</sup> Otto Maenchen, a long time friend, was a Professor at Berkeley; his wife, Anna a psychoanalyst, once a student of Freud's.

<sup>3</sup> Saying that Arthur Lehmann, fellow refugee and old friend of Eka's who lived with his sister in Carmel, was a friend of mine is a veiled allusion to my failed effort to promote the striking of a medal honoring Eka in 1955.

<sup>4</sup> Not true that I would be interested in what follows about his car; I taught Eka how to drive, and that was that, but he could talk endlessly about driving.

They offered me an 88 Olds with radio and all trimmings (no power steering, though, but the wheel works so easily that I can do without), which had the label 3,450 Dollars, for 2,300, and finally went down to 2,000. I drove the car; it is very agreeable and I do not need the Baby cushion because the hood is so low. In other words, they gave me 1,400 and for 2,000 I have a brand new Olds. Your hunter-friend Jack,<sup>5</sup> while disapproving of all the Chevy deals, thought that an Olds at that price was a good deal. So I bought it—only its “teuton” (two-tone) appearance has to be modified to make it light grey with the sun-deck roof. It will be probably the last car I buy in that life, and for the hearse I do not have to pay, especially if you transport my corpse to Salerno.<sup>6</sup>

There are other things to report. I am adding the Epilogue to the book, 10 typescript pages, on equivalents in Antiquity, something [Andreas] Alföldi<sup>7</sup> talked me into. The DO Feet-washing<sup>8</sup> is out, but I have not yet received my 50 offprints. I wanted an additional 100, or at least 50, offprints. The Harvard Press offered me 50 at \$415, 100 at \$540. Needless to say I refused to order them. I could get the whole volume at \$5 a piece (33 per cent). But this robbery should be publicized. It is scandalous.

The DO invitation you mentioned<sup>9</sup> will be kept in mind - but it is easier for you than for him. Also Bert Friend is dead and therewith my go-between. But I shall try.

Hindenhower<sup>10</sup> never went off. The photo girl is sick and sent it back. Gwen<sup>11</sup> was sad about it, but as usual very sweet. Unfortunately she left last week for Delaware – and therewith another member of the “family” (2<sup>nd</sup> cousin once removed) has disappeared. Harold [Cherniss] is all right. Ruth [Cherniss] has been operated on (gynaecol., I assume) but is also again all right. Dora [Panofsky] is completely restored.<sup>12</sup> And I am carrying on, but am not yet in a working mood

Love, and all my best wishes for your papers,

EKa. [Signed]

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<sup>5</sup> Jack Marcus, Institute handyman, with whom I once went hunting.

<sup>6</sup> As an adherent to the belief that Salerno was the locus of the oldest university, Eka opined that his corpse should be used for teaching purposes at the College of Medicine there.

<sup>7</sup> Alföldi’s recent appointment as Professor at the Institute had been championed by Eka.

<sup>8</sup> An oblique reference to “The Baptism of the Apostles,” *Dumbarton Oaks Papers*, IX-X (1956), 204-51, which features the ritual of Christ washing the feet of apostles.

<sup>9</sup> I had asked Eka to try to get a formal invitation to the annual meeting of Byzantinists at Dumbarton Oaks for Solomon Katz, chairman of the History department at the University of Washington.

<sup>10</sup> A satirical likening of Hindenburg and Eisenhower that Eka considered making into a Christmas card and distributing to friends.

<sup>11</sup> Gwendolyn Groves Robinson, Harold Cherniss’s assistant.