

INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

March 20, 1957

Noble native son of the Pacific,

Thanks for your letter which I tucked away so carefully that I cannot find it. A few items, however, I do remember.

Bobby [Benson] phoned me - and since he is working on the *imperator electus*, I now call him the "Elect of Washington." I simply do not know why Bobby always challenges me to tease him. But the moment he steps into the room I find something to kid him. Well, he phoned me to tell me that he could not accept and that he may not even get a full professorship at Columbia on the basis of that call. Bad for him; but I told him that, had he been a senior Associate, he could have coined money on that basis. So I assume you'll get [Bill] Bowsky, who is all right. That to me he is a let-down with regard to his illustrious predecessors, this, I assume, you will understand. In my Preface I said something about my former assistants who "contributed by counsel, criticism, and advice, and by their lively interest which in turn kindled the flagging interest of the author" (including Margie, whose "lively interest" of course exceeded that of any other assistant), whereas Bill gets a special award for proof-reading etc. He is probably all right and actually wrote quite a nice paper on Clement V and Henry VII, which is about to go to the press (*Mediaevalia et Humanistica* or *Speculum*), and he will be not worse a teacher than all of us are.

Your *hereditas iacens* amused me. It has of course nothing to do with a recumbant Venus or a play boy lying on a couch ready to be raped by a Bishop of Chartres (although it would be lovely if this were the case), but it means simply the "inheritance *lying fallow*" exactly as in this country: the "estate" of a deceased person lies fallow until the court finds the heir - safe is locked, bank account is blocked, etc., etc. In this sense it is "lying" and is even personified: see the famous *lex mortuo* (D.46, 1,22), where the *hereditas iacens* is "personified" because it is for the time being *res nullius*: the inheritance (in USA language: the estate) is treated as a person, a thing all by itself, like a *municipium* etc., and the only strange thing is that the *hereditas* represents, as it were, a dead person, whereas all other personifications represent a quick person (cf. Gierke, *GenR.*, III,362). Sorry to desiccate your wetted flews. It leads nowhere.

Thanks for the Adam of Usk passage re *Rich. II*, 3,2,155ff. John Dover Wilson, in his edition of the play, mentions other places Shakespeare borrowed from. But in my brief discussion of *Rich. II* I am clearly not interested in the "sources" of the tragedy, though this might be a very interesting topic.

Checking Gierke, I found your letter. The other two passages (Inst. 2,14,3, with the marginal gloss and D.28,5,52) have something to do with the *haereditas jacens* (if a hereditary servus should be made the heir), but they do not affect the orbit of your interests, since the her. iacens itself is irrelevant to the things you are looking for. Forget about it.

For the first time in Princeton I was *iacens*, not in bed, but with a temperature of 103.5 - a bug I got in Baltimore from the [Ludwig] Edelsteins, no cold (a little sneezing for one day), but

high fever. After days I phoned for Cooky,<sup>1</sup> who gave me 3 shots into my beauty parlor, and 20 theomycenes, christomycenes, or pneumamycenes—whatever they were, they cured me, but left me so tired as though I had swallowed the whole Trinity. I could sleep 30 hours a day, and after the effort of having breakfast (normally the best hours of the day) I could just *iacere* and sleep. Maybe it all was escapism, because I am making the Index which is a hell of a work—not the names, of course, but the notions and summarizing titles. It is awfully complicated, and poor Bill, who does his best at collecting the names in the text (not footnotes) is full of compassion with me.<sup>2</sup> Well, I may survive that too.

Your chairman got an invitation from D.O. - but he was on the D.O. list anyhow, as Kitzinger told me who was there for a day or two. Is he coming? Is Mr. Giesey coming? I don't expect it. Whereas your "colleague" [John] McDiarmid will be here again next year; we just decided it last Friday, at 10:15 in the morning—not my time, as you know. But I could not complain, because Pan[ofsky] (this year's executive) bribed me with a bottle of Mussigny (a very good and expensive red Burgundy) to attend the meeting so contrary to my hours, and what could I do? Others who are coming next spring are [Friedrich] Baethgen (*MGH* President) and Otto Maenchen and a Benedictine monk from Heidelberg, Eizenhöfer, the one who discovered that in mv *QUINITY*<sup>3</sup> Mary was standing, not sitting. So we will have quite a nice gang here next year and I am looking forward to it. I shall have to start purchasing wines from Sherry's—one case a month to protect my finances of 1958.

The horses work wonderfully. I drove down to Baltimore and the danger is that you get into speeding 85 without noticing it—and you know I am not a speeder. I assure you it is a different feeling, which even I realize, especially the reserves you always have.

In a few days I hope to get the offprints of the *Deutsches Archiv* (the *Kaisersage* paper<sup>4</sup>) which is quite relevant to your problems. I apologize for having written it in German, but you will get the point.

Michael phoned some time ago. Lucy is clean every whit (whatever the whit may be) and Michael has applied for a stipend to Russia. My recommendation was so strong that he should get it—were it the Guggenheim, there would be no doubt. After all, he should get to Europe. It is too awful that he alone has never been abroad. Spike<sup>5</sup> and John Phelan sent me, each, a paper on the Philippines dedicated to me. Posterity will believe that I was one of the greatest Philippinologists of our age, just as they believe that I am one of the greatest musicologists on account of *Laudes [Regiae]* and Feet-washing.<sup>6</sup>

Harold and Ruthchen are all right. They are having (me cooking baby lobsters) a surprise party for Pan on Friday 29<sup>th</sup>, who has his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday, on March 30<sup>th</sup>. We have a new member of our school, starting though in 58, Millard Meiss, art historian—read his book on Florence and

---

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Cook, Eka's local physician.

<sup>2</sup> These remarks about the index add weight to my imprecations against the French publisher of the *King's Two Bodies*, under the heading "Gallimard fiascos" in the *Reminiscences*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Quinity of Winchester," *Art Bulletin*, XXIX (1947), 73-85.

<sup>4</sup> "Zu den Rechtsgrundlagen der Kaisersage," *Deutsches Archiv*, XIII (1957), 115-50.

<sup>5</sup> Schafer Williams, a former student of Eka's at Cal.

<sup>6</sup> *Laudes Regiae: A Study in Liturgical Acclamations and Medieval Ruler Worship*. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1946. "Feetwashing" = "The Baptism of the Apostles," *Dumbarton Oaks Papers*, IX-X (1956), 204-51.

Siena after the Black Death. He is at Harvard now and has accepted, so it is quite official: a *very* pleasant man, whom I have met briefly at the Pan's, and a brilliant scholar, between your and my age. [Andreas] Alföldi, who bought a charming little house on Mercer (next to the former [Hermann] Weyl House) and whose rather nice wife is here, has been tying in quite nicely, and our School meetings are (if you disregard the atrocious morning hour) really extremely pleasant, and [Andreas] Alföldi makes any number of sometimes quite funny puns.

That is all that occurs to me. No plans for the summer.

Love

EKa. [Signed]