

THE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY  
Oct. 14, 1958

Dear Royal Undertaker,

Your place should not be in Seattle at the present moment but in Rome to see whether everything is done properly and ritually, and I'm sure your feelings are, maybe for additional different reasons, the same: Rome being more adequate to you than Seattle.

Thank you very much for the TEN COMMANDMENTS soap. I really enjoyed it and am glad to have it. My neighbor across the street, Mr. Eisenhart, saw it and suggested I send a box to the new Pope after his election and, if possible, with two cakes bearing the inscription: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." His mystical name according to the prophecy of Malachias will be *Pastor et Nauta*, which will allow you some guessing.

I hope you are scrambling along and improvising not too many of your classes. Have you heard anything from Berkeley? Norman Cantor's book is out, containing among good things a weird iconographical chapter. I hope you have read his review of the "Two Bodies" in the *AHR*, finding that I "superfluously devoted" a chapter to Shakespeare (I assume Shakespeare himself appears superfluous to him) and that I was not very "original." You will be amused by his pontificalisms, although I bet he is not able to verify a single mediaeval legal quotation. All that much to the contrary of Brian Tierney, in the last copy of "Thought", who was less "disappointed" than Norman. But I told you he despises me almost as much as [he does] Austin Poole, the best company I could imagine. I actually saw him quite often although he had several strokes and is in combination with Diabetes deadly sick, but bears up like a hero and goes to every cocktail party in Oxford.

The Institute is full of nice people, and other nice ones are dribbling in, very international, Basel and Buenos Aires (to pick only at random the "B"s). I am doing a few odds and ends, not very important, but am working more slowly than in former days. Perhaps because there are a few things I "have" to do, which, as you know, always slows me down and deprives me of my hedonism. The weather was pleasant, even rather warm; but last night, when Neugebauer dined with me, I made the first time fire in the fireplace. So now I know that winter is around the corner,

Michael was here some time ago, and Bobby [Benson] phoned styling himself (on account of his daughter Emily) *pateraemilias*. Also Barney [Rosenthal] dropped in and ate with me a capon of 5 and a half pounds plus half a pound of stuffing, plus Crêpes Suzette, Salad, Cheese (we get Greek Feta cheese here) so that I am convinced he is in good health.

I am not yet quite sure about Washington AHA, because I want to go around that time to the Virgin Islands. I have to be back when Baethgen comes.

Love  
EKa. [Signed]