

22 ALEXANDER STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.
Nov. 17, 1958

Dear A and P beach-comber,

Thanks for your letter. More than unlikely that I should join your extravaganzas and go to Washington after Christmas. But I hope to see you here, and since I (as distinguished from you) am not sentimental and have been even blamed by our friend Margie [Ševčenko] for lacking nostalgia, I would suggest that you come On Dec. 23 and drink your Volradser with me on that day. About the 27th I intended to fly south—a little earlier, because I shall have to be back in time: [Friedrich] Baethgen is coming and I am executive this year anyhow.

Your Ten Commandments Soap, lying in the living room under the little mirror near the windows, attracts the attention of every visitor. Could you let me have the address of the manufacturer (if this word be correct considering his divine inspiration) or else order for me five boxes and let *me* pay for them? In my carton I have three pictures of nuns: one, the nuns with guns; two, nuns hula-hooping; three, nuns bowling. They are getting rather extrovert these days, probably caused by claustrophobia. The new pope who smokes cigarettes, is rather promising. Lorillard will take a photo showing him smoking Kents and persuade him to say: "Kent vobiscum." Others regret that he did not take the name Formosus II or Quemoy I, but it is common to say that the Vatican is being modernized rapidly, because they have installed the 23rd John.

Everything is normal, the weather fair and warm, at the Institute nice people. I am just finishing a stray paper on legal maxims and Renaissance theories of art. Not as exciting as Fleta. But I am getting old. A couple of weeks age,

I was in New York because [Stefan] Kuttner read a paper on Gratian in the Mediaeval Club (where once I too performed) of which [Gert] Ladner is this year's president. On that occasion I was at a pre-paper cocktail party at the Bensons, made the acquaintance of Emily Benson¹ (whom I brought a bottle of Quetsch), and met among others also the Sevs,² he looking very distinguished with his blueish-gray hair like the *chargé d'affaires* of a Balkan embassy, she a little thin, but perhaps only tired by the life in New York where there is lots of Visititis. Michael [Cherniavsky] has been invisible for some time—but he had to move (among other things) and he wrote a nice little paper on Czar, Basileus, and Chan for the *Journal of the History of Ideas*. His book seems to be finished, more or less.

Have you had any news from the UC Press? The elections in California were impressive. Now Nixon has no home state vote for him, and he is disliked anyhow and his reception at Buckingham Palace will not make him more popular.

No other news, so far. Give my best to Norah and have a good Thanksgiving vacation.

Love
EKa. [Signed]

¹ The infant daughter of Bobby and Joan Benson.

² Ihor and Margie Ševčenko.

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