

22 ALEXANDER STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.
Jan. 16th, 1960

Dear Brother in Funerals and in Fishing,

I just returned from St. Johns where the weather was better than ever before, 85-92°, and mostly sunshine except for a few brief showers of maximum ten minutes. So I am tanned and could swim 5 or 6 times daily and was, quite against my custom, in the company of my private harem—niece [Beate Salz] from the Univ. of Puerto Rico and little Eva Peters, whom you met on Lake Tahoe.¹ I did not leave them high and dry because within 12 days we had emptied 2 cases of wine and had run a bill of 104 drinks at the bar, since they are so very inexpensive (a bottle of Rum 90¢ or less). And there were other very nice people at that place which has probably the best, if simple, Caribbean food.

On my return I found your long letter and your Christmas greetings. "Law" seems to be a very interesting novel and I wished I had had it, as you suggested, on my vacation. All the books I had were too ponderous—the old mistake one makes by taking real books instead of mysteries to a bathing retreat.

I was especially pleased to hear that you are brooding over your proofs and are blushing at what you have written in your intellectual childhood. Oh yes, one sometimes sweats blood and tears at what one has done once one sees it all in print, and only inveterate narcissists would be free of those feelings. At any rate, it is good that the book has reached the galley stage, because it implies that sooner or later, after much drudgery and boredom, the Infant Ralph will have left the uterus of Mme. Droz. And how proud a father you will be.

Your other news of Illinois brand were interesting too, and Michael who phoned me gave some additional commentaries. There is, however, another and probably far better University seriously interested in your services, because that is what they wrote to me asking me and another friend of yours to report to them about you. I shall not mention the place because otherwise you might interfere and arrive at an abortion of the unborn baby. But I shall write to them on Monday, and others, I trust, will do the same. Let us hope that something comes out of it. At any rate, *your* end of the line is unimportant at the present state of affairs.

I have almost finished the *Oriens Augusti* paper, though have not yet tackled its last section on the *roi soleil* with your nice final apotheosis: the Napoleon Oriens. But I have to prepare two papers to be read and have to think of those.

You must have had a quite nice time in Chicago with all the boys present. I am glad also that Michael delivered the Vollradser promptly. It was not an easy task, but I hope you and Nora will enjoy it.

All my best wishes to the Gieseys for 1960.

Love
EKa. [Signed]

¹ If memory serves, Eka's belief that I met Eva Peters in Lake Tahoe is mistaken—it was her mother, Vera, whom I met there in 1958. I got to know Eva (Eva Peters Hunting) only in the 1990s.