

22 ALEXANDER STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.
June 3, 1961

Dear young saint,

I am not quite sure to what extent the "desanctification" (which is much worse than "defloration") of our beloved St. Philomena [[newspaper clipping](#)] will affect your chances to get another Fulbright to study her pre-canonizational influences on the funerary ceremonial of the French Kings. However, if the present trend should last it will be difficult to maintain that the Unity in Trinity is "historically ascertained," or for that matter even the godhead of the HOLY SPIRIT, not to mention others concerned, from Jehovah downward. Poor Philomena! But our Holy See will have a much harder time with removing St. George from the Holy Roster, because in that case England will be the last to preserve the last Saint, since he happens to have been successfully her Patron Saint. What a new crisis! Cuba shrinks as compared to that. And I am not quite sure whether I would exchange you and Michael for a tractor.

All this is unkind as an answer to your letter and to the ORIENS AUGUSTI coin, handsome as it is, which you excavated (Philomena knows how and where) and gave me for the day which I always try to forget and you remember. I spent the evening with Michael [Cherniavsky] and [Otto] Neugebauer dining at the "Occidental" in Washington, and although we had a good time none was unkind enough to remind me of my rapid aging. Only you are the one who is waiting for my 70th birthday in order to get into activity.¹ Bless your soul, however, whoever may be competent to do that, after all our disappointments. Thank you very much, and that you enjoyed my "sterling hospitality" is more than I could have expected, since now even a "sterling saint" does not count.

Margie [Ševčenko]'s picture looked like "Hitchcock pinxit"—a gruesome murder in the bathtub, in fact so horrible that I sent it to Margie and asked her to destroy it. She, however, wrote that she looked that way having her 5th cold during this winter (which ended only yesterday with a temperature of 95) and

¹ Allusion to my promoting a *Festschrift* for his 60th birthday, which he quashed.

feeling lousy.

I have been a "Congressman" ever since I saw you and you were the first to get me out of bed at 6.30 and opened the string of Congresses. Chapel Hill, the Mediaeval Academy, was rather frightening at first, because when asking a waiter shortly after my arrival where the BAR was, he gazed at me as though I were a monster, and said: "Sir, this is a dry County." But the Academy had some booze, not too good the second day nor enough, but I barely survived. Nevertheless, your and my friend [Léopold] Delaissé read a very good paper and Gert Ladner (who wears his hat like you) an excellent one and he got on top of it the Haskins Medal. Philadelphia was quite pleasant because a scientist read a paper on "How the Liver combusts Alcohol," a subject I was interested in. Strayer and Palmer read excellent papers, and so did, sorry to say, our Berkeley friend [Carl] Bridenbaugh. [Denis] Brogan was not half as good as the others, though he was quite funny (cheapishly funny though) in the discussion. He is, after all, a windbag who perpetually plays the tone of his Scottish bagpipe. Dumbarton Oaks was not good, though there were individual good papers (Wolfson, Neugebauer, Temkin—superb Van Nice, but he was given only 20 minutes). Michael, Neugebauer and myself drove home on Saturday night, and coming home after having brought Neugebauer to his bungalow, I found Michael weeping at my door: he had missed the last train and had to stay overnight. After those three weeks of Congresses I was exhausted and it took me a week to recover.

I hope you are already in California and have switched from footnotes to trout. I shall be gone on June 29, with the Liberté and 20 pounds overweight on arrival, which I shall lose on the Greek "cuisine." Have a nice vacation and not too bad a Summer Session. Mail gets [to] me via Betty Horton.

Love,
Eka.