

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Two, 1910—1920

G. Santayana.

To Josephine Preston Peabody Marks

[1910 or 1911] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs Marks

Do you believe in this “Poetry Society”? Poetry = solitude, Society = prose, witness my friend Mr. Reginald Robbins! I may still go to the dinner, if it comes during the holidays.

In that case, I shall hope to see you there.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To William Bayard Cutting Sr.

[January 1910] • [Cambridge, Massachusetts]

(MS: Unknown)

His intellectual life was, without question, the most intense, many-sided and sane that I have ever known in any young man, and his talk, when he was in college, brought out whatever corresponding vivacity there was in me in those days, before the routine of teaching had had time to dull it as much as it has now ... I always felt I got more from him than I had to give, not only in enthusiasm—which goes without saying—but also in a sort of multitudinousness and quickness of ideas.

[*Unsigned*]

To Charles Scribner's Sons

18 January 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Princeton)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Jan. 18, 1910

Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

My colleague Professor Schofield, who had more or less to do with my taking up the subject of my forth-coming lectures at Columbia, is going to edit a series of volumes on comparative literature and has asked me to let him have the MS. of these lectures for one of the series—I think it is to be the first. Under the circumstances I could not very well refuse, although I know the disadvantage of having different publishers for different books—it happens to me now, in a certain measure—and would gladly not enter into relations with any house but yours, which I have found invariably generous and obliging. But as Professor Schofield is to take all negotiations out of my hands, and promises me various advantages connected with publication in a series that will be kept continually before the public, I have agreed to let him have my new book. I am very sorry that you are not to be the publishers of the series, and that I cannot follow up your suggestion of adding this little book—it will be unpretentious—to those you have published of mine hitherto, so much to my satisfaction.

By the way, if there is ever a reprint of my Life of Reason or Interpretations of Poetry & Religion, I should like to send a list of corrections—merely of misprints. There are, I am sorry to [*across*] say, a good many; but I don't desire to make any *great* changes in the text. Yours very truly

GSantayana.

To Wendell T. Bush

23 February 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

Feb. 17. 1910

3 Prescott Hall
 COLONIAL CLUB
 CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr Bush

In thanking you for your kind letter of the other day, I have to make a confession and an apology. The pamphlet of Heinze is lost, and unread! I left it in the hotel at N.Y. and, although I have written for it, it has not been returned. Do you remember in what publication it appeared? Perhaps it is to be found in the library here, and I can then read and review it, as I promised.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To William Morton Payne

23 February 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

3 Prescott Hall
 Cambridge Mass
 Feb. 23, 1910

Dear Mr Payne

I have a half-written paper on "American Ethics" out of which I might make a lecture for your club. It would be academic, but intelligible. And April 13, a Wednesday, would be a possible date, as I suppose I could get to Madison that evening or the next morning in time for my first lecture there, which is to be on Thursday, April 14.—I will write to the Wisconsin

authorities to make quite sure, as I do not know whether my discourses are to be in the afternoon or evening. At what hour does your club meet? It would be well for me to know that, so as not to steer too close to the wind.

If my engagements in Madison are in the afternoon, I might be in Chicago again on Thursday evening, April 21, and could address your club on Friday the 22nd if you prefer this date to Wednesday the 13th.

It will be a real pleasure to see in Chicago more than streets and buildings, and to have a chance to exchange impressions with you and other members of the Century Club. It is a great compliment to me that you should wish me to address you.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

1 March 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

March 1, 1910

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Susie: Yesterday Josephine showed me a letter of yours in which you say you want me to give you news of "high life" in New York. My visit there this year, though longer than last, wasn't so interesting, as I hardly saw any new people. Mrs. Astor (who has got a divorce from her husband) was not there, being in London presumably looking for a new spouse. I came across Jack Astor, however, at the Opera, and he did not assassinate me. My six lectures took up a good deal of my time and energy, and the lunches and dinners I went to were rather conventional. At Mrs. Clarence Mackay's, however, the food was wonderful, and also the service. We were six people, four men and two ladies (no husband present) and we had a butler and four footmen, in red breeches and white silk stockings, pulled up very tight, to wait on us. Mrs. Mackay is a pronounced radical, weeps for the poor, and has a stamp with "Votes for Women" stuck on the back of her lavender and white note-paper. Her hair is disarranged and poetical, and she affects a lace mantle or shawl. I suspect she writes poetry.—The

Potters were in town, in a hired house, looking for a place in the country in which to settle down, with all their ancestral belongings. I saw them a good deal. Also Mrs Ralph Ellis (sister-in-law of Ward Thoron) who is very gay and jolly, and rather handsome. Her husband also is a nice person.—Moncure Robinson was kind and friendly, getting me a great many invitations, and having me to breakfast, as all his lunches and dinners were taken up. He also talked of a motor-trip in France this summer, but that is very problematical.—In April I am going to repeat my six lectures (they are all written out and all I have to do is to read them) at the University of Wisconsin in Madison; and on the way I am going to read another lecture in Chicago. Madison will be a great contrast to New York, as it is a small place of 30 000 inhabitants (although the capital of Wisconsin) with a co-educational college. I shall be there about ten days, and it will be dull unless I can occasionally escape the attentions of the academic circle. In Chicago I may see amusing things, as the people who are to have me in tow seem to be semi-Bohemian, semi-rich, and semi-literary.

As to next summer, I don't exactly know what plans to make. Mother, as you know, is relatively well; but she is weaker every month, and it is impossible to say when the end may come. I have engaged my passages to Europe and back—for June 8th and September 17th—as if nothing were to be the matter. Robert (who ~~had~~ has persuaded himself that mother could not live through the winter) will of course stay here, on the ground that she cannot live through the summer. It seems to me rather horrible to stay myself on that ground. Do you think I ought to? My presence might be of some use to Josephine, but also some trouble; and, if all went well, like last summer, it would be all trouble and no use. Robert in any case would manage everything, and I confess the impulse to go away is very strong in me, even when I consider that the end might come in my absence. Mother does not know the difference, and Robert and Josephine could have things in there own way without criticism from me. I feel like a fifth wheel to the c~~b~~ach, that might as well roll off by itself. Mother gets up for a few hours every day, and has her food regularly. She does not speak coherently, and is too weak to walk. She sleeps and dozes most of the time, or amuses herself with picture-books, papers, and dolls. Sometimes, she seems amused and satisfied, usually rather listless. It is a strange sort of half-existence, but fortunately painless and without regrets.—Love to Celedonio and the family.

Yours affec^{ly} George

To William Morton Payne

7 March 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Newberry)

3 Prescott Hall
 Cambridge Mass
 March 7. 1910

Dear Mr Payne

They write me from Madison that I shall be easily able to get there in time for my lecture of the 14th of April, by leaving Chicago between eight and nine on the same morning. It will therefore be possible for me to address your club on the 13th. At the same time, they say I must keep Friday the 22nd disengaged, as they have some function at Madison on that day which they wish me to take part in. As I wish to see a little of Chicago on this occasion, not being sure that another will soon arise, I am planning to arrive on Monday or Tuesday the 11th or 12th, which I find will be possible by skipping only one more of my regular lectures here. If for any reason you should prefer the 12th (Tuesday) to the 13th (Wednesday) evening, for your reunion, I could therefore be on hand just as well.

Yours very truly
 GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 March 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

March 16 1910

COLONIAL CLUB
 CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong

It is shameful that I should not have answered your two letters nor written to you all winter, but you would forgive me if you had “introspective” as well as “perceptual” cognition of my psychic substance. I have written out six lectures on Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe’s Faust, and read them at Columbia. In April I am to read them again at the University of Wisconsin. I am also going to read a paper at Chicago on “American Ethics”. And I am sailing on June 8th to be in Europe until September 17th. Will you be still in Paris in July? I suppose not; but in any case I hope to

see you, and Margaret, in England or elsewhere. In August I expect to be in Avila.

As to your analysis of the mind, I have nothing new to say. Your vocabulary and distinctions seem to me artificial; and consequently your expositions are extraordinarily hard to follow, and impossible to remember. When translated into my language, I dare say I should agree with them. Of course you admit the psychic nominally, because you call the "real being" of the brain psychic. But your psychic, I understand, is not conscious, and as far beneath and out of scale with our ordinary states of mind as any material mechanism could be; so that, your "psychic" being non-psychical, the question whether you deny the existence of anything psychical remains open. To be sure, you speak also of "content", "appearance", and "cognition"; but as you say these do not exist, I hardly see where the existence of anything mental is admitted by you.

It sometimes looks to me as if by existence you meant substance; in that case I should readily agree that appearances did not exist. They would, however, be appearances of substance, qualities rightly accruing to it in certain relations, as the appearances "crescent" or "Diana" are appearances, at different removes, of the substantial moon, and are rightly attached to it, are genuine manifestations of it, in particular sensuous or poetic media. These manifestations are notable historic and experimental facts; to say that, as sensuous and poetic manifestations, they do not exist seems to me a hopeless torturing of language. They are certainly not substances, but they exist as truly as your opinions and mine upon this subject exist: opinions which again are not substances, but mental phenomena the substance of which is something in our brains and in the mechanical world that plays upon our brains.

Am I right in gathering that you have now reduced the three things you used to speak of in perception to two, in as much as the psychic substance in us and the object outside (the thing-in-itself) are parts of the same field of existence? Is there anything, besides these existences, except the "content" or "appearance"—which does not "exist"?

Boutroux is here, giving us delightful talks, full of simplicity and finesse, but tending, I am afraid, to merely rhetorical and sentimental conclusions. He is the Parisian Palmer, or the Longfellow of philosophy.

Yours ever

G.S.

To William Morton Payne

6 April 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Newberry)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge Mass
April 6, 1910

Dear Mr Payne

Thank you for the two cards announcing the meeting at Mrs Blackstone's and the lunch with the "Cliff-Dwellers".

My friend Mr. C. M. Clark has promised to get me a room at the University Club: I shall therefore be there, instead of at a hotel, after Monday morning.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

15 April 1910 • Madison, Wisconsin

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

MAIN HALL UW

Madison, Wis.

April 15. 1910.

Your letter was awaiting me here when I arrived yesterday from Chicago. It is a pretty place, and very summerlike. All well here and at home.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

18 April 1910 • Madison, Wisconsin

(MS: Virginia)

April 18, 1910

UNIVERSITY CLUB

MADISON, WIS.

Dear Susie

This place is, as you supposed, very much like a small Boston. The only peculiarity of it is that it is situated between three small lakes, and built on several hills, so that it is picturesque at a distance, although the houses are of the usually American wooden, non-descript kind. The university has some good buildings, and lawns, but is of course only half-finished, and full of architectural incongruities—one building brick and Gothic, the next stone and classical, the next a wooden shed, or a concrete store-house. The professors are very presentable, their wives more provincial than themselves, for they marry too young, and then, by their studies and contact with the world, outgrow the class they belonged to in their youth, and to which their wives belong. The students seem to be good fellows, not essentially different from those at Harvard, except that the extremes of fashion and poverty are wanting here. My lectures are not such a success as they were in New York, because my ultra-modern, “superior-person” point of view, is not familiar here, as it is in that very cosmopolitan and ventilated place—New York. However, some of the professors who come to hear me are very appreciative. Tomorrow, I am going to meet a class of advanced students who have been studying one of my books! It makes me feel

strangely famous—although the sales of my books rather indicate that nobody reads them.

I am glad you think it is all right that I should go to Europe this summer as usual I certainly hope to get to Avila in August, and I shall be glad to find you all as I left you two years ago. With love to Celedonio and the family, and a great deal for yourself, Yours aff^w G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

12 June 1910 • At sea

(MS: Virginia)

Sunday
June 12, 1910
At Sea

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED

R.M.S. "LUSITANIA".

Dear Susie

Although I don't expect to land for thirty-six hours, I take this opportunity to write a line, which will let you know that I have reached this side of the Atlantic.

It has been a voyage remarkable for good weather and good food, and for a dreadful collection of passengers. The very nouveaux riches—the Chicago stock-brokers and dry-goods millionaires,—have "caught on" to these vessels, so that all the horrors of New America (it is not the America you knew) are here in full force.

I left mother pretty well, and had satisfactory news of her in New York, before I sailed. I stayed two days with the Potters at a house they have taken in Long Island for the summer. In the ship I have been reading Homer and Molière, and pacing the deck indefatigably. As we shall reach Fishguard, the new port of landing in Wales, late Monday afternoon, I have decided to go on in the ship to Liverpool, from whence I can reach London at a more seasonable hour on Tuesday—1 p.m, instead of 2 a.m. On Friday I am going to Oxford for two or three days, and then, probably, to Howard's and to Lord Russell's. Soon after July 1st I hope to reach Paris.

Memorias to Celedonio and all the family from
Your affectionate brother

George

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 July 1910 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Oxford, July 5, 1910

Dear Strong

I don't see why I can't manage to come to see you at Aix-les-Bains for a few days, before you leave it. I shall be on my way to Spain—although I hadn't thought at first of starting so soon. I could either return to Paris (with you, perhaps) or go on by Toulouse and Bayonne, if the route is not too slow and complicated. I expect to reach Paris on Friday or Saturday of this week, and when I have looked up the trains, I will write again, fixing a date. The 14th, I suppose, is not a day on which one should attempt to travel—although possibly the through trains would be empty and more comfortable because every body fears the crowd on such a jour de fête. In any case, I could come on the 15th or 16th—or on the 12th or 13th if you are leaving before the 20th.

It is very good of you to want me to come, and it would have been a disappointment not to see you at all. Aix-les-Bains is unknown to me, but I have no doubt it is attractive.

You might perhaps send me a line to the Hôtel du Quai Voltaire telling me what you think would be best as to trains and dates for my little journey.

I have returned to Oxford, without letting any one know of my presence, in a desperate effort to finish my Introduction to Spinoza, which I have been dawdling over for weeks, and which I want to give to Dent before I leave England.

Thank you very much for your invitation to visit you, and for giving me this prospect of seeing you—

Yours ever
G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

16 July 1910 [postmark] • Aix-les-Bains, France (MS postcard: Sanchez)

2203 BIS. AIX-LES-BAINS—LE GRAND CERCLE
Aix-les-Bains, July 16.

I expect to be here until the 21st when I go to Paris again for a few days, to help Strong look for a “home”. Here it is very warm, dull, & luxurious. S. takes the cure every morning. We sit in this “Cercle”.

[*Unsigned*]

To John Francis Stanley Russell

29 July 1910 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Unknown)

Avila, July 29 1910

Dear Russell,

The cuttings you enclose interest me only as justifying an old saying of Goethe's: Die Engländer haben keine Intelligenz.” All this sort of gossip is worthless, and this sort of controversy ridiculous. The Catholic Church

is intolerant on principle, and the expression of this intolerance is limited only by the influence she is able to exercise over the civil power. She would repress, and exterminate, all heresy and schism, if she were able. To talk about persecutions inspired by her as due to individual irritation or hot temper is pure nonsense; and if English Catholics indulge in it, it is because they must be ignoramuses, or cowards.

As to the sympathy you betray, however, with Ferrer, and the present instigators and perpetrators of murder (who are naturally the defenders of Ferrer) I am separated from you toto coelo. The attempted assassination of Maura (the noblest figure we now have in Spain) was the direct consequence of the instigation to such an attempt uttered by Pablo Iglesias in the Chamber, and published—without liability to prosecution for it—by all the papers. Just so the attempted murder of the King and Queen at their wedding had been instigated by Ferrer, and carried out by his young pupil Moraes. The insurrection in Barcelona was cruel itself; the repression of it was mild and much less than was legally warranted or (as I think) politically useful. It is the presence of cowards in the Government now, that encourages continued outrages and the disgraceful tone, in the revolutionary press in Spain and abroad, which makes it appear that the anarchists, who throw bombs, burn convents, and shoot at old gentlemen in railway stations, are the martyrs, and their victims the tyrants. It would be incredible, if madness and ignorance had not, since the world began, been the chief impulses that keep men talking in public. The tyrants in Spain are the anarchists and the revolutionary press; it is they that carry things with a high hand, and defend—and do—murder. But what is the use of talking about anything, however patent the fact may be, when what guides events, and people's opinions, is not justice or the facts in the case, but a certain party instinct, or sense for the direction in which they would wish things to move? Now, I am entirely able to feel that the whole society of Christendom (compared with that of Greece, or even with that of Islam) rests on a false and artificial basis; and I can share the hope of those anarchists, or other rebels, who dream of some future more naturalistic system of thought and life—say with free love, and without individual property.

But it is one thing to see the arbitrary and ultimately unstable character of a civilization (every civilization is essentially unstable) and another to set about destroying it by blind force. This latter system is hateful, because inspired only by hate: it has no ideal of a positive sort to inspire it, nor, if it had, could it attain that ideal merely by destroying what now exists. The want of intelligence is immense, that does not see that everything we have

that makes (or might make) life worth living is an incident to the irrational, traditional civilization in which we have been reared. All things are like language, which we must use, beautify, but not worship; and your anarchists are mere blundering dumb beasts, that sputter and howl, because they find the rules of grammar absurd and inconvenient. So they are, for people who are too stupid or too ill-bred to use them: but that does not make these people martyrs, or heralds of progress. It only makes them fit to be exhibited naked in cages, like other wild animals, and fed on raw meat through the bars.

I didn't mean to write a long letter, nor have I the least idea of modifying your opinion on these subjects. Only, I wanted to save you the trouble of sending me the chance thoughts of the provincial correspondents of the Daily News—Quakers or others.

Yours ever,

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 August 1910 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, Aug. 3, 1910

Dear Strong,

I have now been here almost a week, after an uneventful, pleasant journey, and have found my sister and her family much as usual. The weather is cool, and I am feeling perfectly well. From six to eight I take a long walk in the country, usually alone, and then refresh myself with iced lemonade,

of a special snowy sort they have here, which I depute to be the sherbet of Mohammed's paradise. All my vices—smoking, drinking, and gazing at painted matrons—have abandoned me here; I am very abstemious and venerable in my whole being; but frightfully lazy, and I am sure so much virtue is bad for the mind.

Spanish politics are in an interesting phase; and the daily papers form the chief stimulus to conversation and emotion that penetrates to this desert. My sympathies are all with the conservatives; although I confess that at moments the traditional Spanish and Catholic atmosphere becomes a little oppressive, and I begin to understand the impulse to throw bombs.

The points of our various conversations at Aix often run through my mind here, and I think we are not separated by any important disagreement as to the facts, even the difference between mind-stuff and matter not being, perhaps, absolute. I can't help thinking that you would admit what I insist upon, regarding the overt, synthetic, intellectual, actual nature of consciousness, if this word didn't suggest to you things which lie to the right or the left of what I mean by it—to the right, a metaphysical agent or substance, to the left a diffused, mechanical flux. What I can't stomach is your saying that the synthetic view of this flux—which I call consciousness, the flux being its ground and, in practical thought, its object—does not exist. It seems to me clear, as I repeatedly urged, that it is the one thing that exists indubitably, both its ideal object (essence) and its ground and object in practical intent (matter) not existing in the same clear, sense at all; essence being ideal form or possibility only, and matter potentiality, or potency; i.e. an existence inferred (and so critically secondary and merely functional, the ground for facts, if we want a ground) and, if it exists, obscure to us in its core.

I am looking forward with pleasure to being again in Paris, and enjoying the luxury of your apartment. I expect to get there on Sunday evening, the 21st. I will write two or three days earlier to the concierge announcing my arrival.

Please remember me to Margaret. I am sorry not to have seen her this summer; next year, as I shall probably not leave England, it may be possible to get a glimpse of her when she is passing through London to or from school. I hope you have both enjoyed your trip to America more than you expected.

Write me a line when you feel like it, and tell me what you hear of James's health.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 September 1910 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

21 rue de Surène
September 8, 1910.

Dear Strong

The day after tomorrow, Saturday the 10th, I expect to leave for Hamburg, after three weeks spent most comfortably in your apartment. Louis and his wife have looked after me excellently, and I think I have been a tenant of regular and resonable requirements. Every morning at nine I have had my chocolate (in bed) and read the newspaper and a book after, until it was time to dress and go out to breakfast. For this purpose I have been patronizing the Duval establishments a good deal, and altogether have been less extravagantly joyful than three weeks in Paris might suggest. Slade and Roberts, also a young man named Jones, have turned up on several occasions, besides my sister-in-law and her spinter friends (one a daughter of old Professor Bowen) of whom I believe I wrote you before. It has been a most pleasant period, and I am truly grateful for the part of my pleasure and convenience which you have supplied by your hospitality—vicarious as in a sense it has been.

Of James's death I have heard only what by chance I have seen in the French papers. It was no surprise, yet I have hardly had the time, or the

freedom of mind, to think his life and work over, and ~~some~~ ^{sum} it up to myself—not even the part he has played in my own growth and career. I owe him more than I perhaps realize: he was all kindness, but of the sort, curiously enough, that excludes sympathy. It ~~is~~ was a motherly sort of kindness for a humanity of his own fancy and creation. He never [*across*] knew me.—I hope to hear from you before long.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Arthur Davison Ficke

24 October 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Beinecke)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Oct. 24, 1910

Dear Ficke

Your new book has interested me very much and I must thank you, not only for sending it to me, but for the unusual pleasure I have found in reading it. The form you have chosen justifies itself in the result, for although I sometimes felt that the unrhymed passages might as well have been frankly in prose, the interest in the thought was almost always sufficient to carry me in pleasant unconsciousness over the details of the forms. If you can attain perfect transparency and fitness of expression, and you are near attaining it, there will be nothing more to ask for in that direction.

I have noticed two or three impurities of idiom (or what seemed such to me) of the sort that a reader of American writing can hardly fail to slip

into. What is it “to seek … fulfilment of the days that were my shame”? Or what is “infinite divertness”? And why should “day” be feminine? You will think this hypercritical; but, when I read poetry, I expect “integros accedere fontes”, else I am not satisfied.

As to your prophecy itself (which is of more moment) all is convincing except the end. To my unilluminated mind it seems impossible that mankind should all be free, in any full sense of this word. They cannot be free if they don’t exist; they can’t exist, if they don’t eat; and they can’t eat, if they don’t work. But to have to work, even if not to overwork, at definite tasks, hours, and places, is not freedom. It is compulsion, and living willy-nilly in a once-determined groove.

You will forgive these frank observations, in view of the proof they are of the keen interest your book has aroused in me. It is splendid to find a real subject treated in the work of a young poet—or of any poet.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William Roscoe Thayer

27 October 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

October 27, 1910.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr Thayer

You are very good to ask me to hear Mr Chapman’s play. It would have been a pleasure to do so, and to see you and him again. Unfortunately, I am to be out of town for Sunday, and cannot join you.

With many thanks and regrets

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien

18 November 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Texas)

Cambridge, Nov. 18, 1910

Mr Edward J O'Brien

Dear Sir:

It will be a pleasure & an honour to me if you include any of verses in your collection. The choice you have made surprises and rather pleases me: I don't know whether it would be of any interest to you to know that "Solipsism" was written in 1885, when I was twenty-one, and "Cathedrals by the Sea" in 1900.

Yours very truly

G. Santayana

To Abbott Lawrence Lowell

3 December 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Harvard)

December 3, 1910

COLONIAL CLUB

CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr Lowell

Thank you very much for the information about comparative marking, which I am sending to my assistants in Phil. B. It seems to me quite natural, however, that the marks in this course should be much higher than in a group which contains several courses taken almost exclusively by Freshmen. It is also to be noted that Phil. B. contains a decidedly select body of students, comes at 1.30 (an hour avoided by the self-indulgent) and is one in which ability and intelligence, even without very much work,

suffice to produce good results, so that B is more commonly attained than it might be by the same men in other courses, when these men are clever.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To [Sara or Grace] Norton

5 December 1910 [*postmark*] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Dear Miss Norton

Your kind invitation to meet Miss Irwin reached me on Sunday, when I went to my mother's, unfortunately too late for me to avail myself of it. It was very good of you to remember me, and I wish I might have had the pleasure of seeing you and Miss Irwin on that occasion.

With many thanks

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

3 Prescott Hall

Cambridge

Dec. 5.

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 December 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

Dec. 20, 1910

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong

This will probably reach you after New Year's Day, but not too late to wish you all felicity during the rest of the twelve-month. I am anxious to know where you are, and what you have been doing and feeling.

Here, there is no change.

With best wishes to you and Margaret,

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

23 December 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

December 23, 1910

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Susie

A happy New Year to you and Celedonio, and the rest of the family.

Here there is no change. Mrs. Pollard, the nurse mother had until a week ago, is probably coming back; the one we have now is not unsatisfactory, but was not meant to be permanent.

I have read the article (largely from "La Croix") which you inclosed for me in a recent letter. My impression is that Catholicism in France—as elsewhere—may well gain in intensity what it loses in extension. Ceasing to be a matter of course for everybody, it becomes, for those who adopt it expressly, a personal conviction and affection; also a matter of party, a thing to be defended and propagated with zeal. This, however, is only the compensation for a very real and permanent loss—the loss of a dominant and pervasive influence over society. In a word, the Church is tending to acquire everywhere the sort of relation to the State and to society which it has in non-Catholic countries; and you know very well that this position,

while it has its advantages in the way of fostering strictness and zeal among the faithful minority, is not at all the position which the Church claims, and would like to preserve.

My object in writing today is to tell you that I have just accepted an invitation to lecture for six weeks next Summer ^{at} of the University of California. This invitation comes, probably, in the very latest year when I could have accepted it, and the chance to see the Far West, and what lies between (although I don't care for it particularly) ought, I suppose, not to be missed. The lectures will be mere shortened versions of those I give here, and will involve no preparation, while the fee (\$500) will almost cover my expenses, and I shall save all I should have spent in going to Europe. I shall also be nearer Boston if there should be any need of my hastening back.

This cuts off the possibility of seeing you next Summer; but I had hardly expected to get to Avila in any case, so that nothing is lost in that direction; and after one other winter, you may see only too much of me.

[across] With love to all, Your affectionate brother George

To Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien

26 December 1910 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Texas)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Dec. 26, 1910

Dear Mr O'Brien

I am much touched by your thinking of sending me your paper on Jones's poetry, together with those of your friends, and particularly with the inscription you have prefixed to it. But why do you canonize Lionel Johnson? I remember him very well in his last days.

Poetry in words, like fiction in life, is something which has ceased to be natural to me, and if I read Jones's verses I doubt whether they would impress me very much. No doubt the faculty of dreams may be as precious as waking, and less wearisome than insomnia; but when one falls into prose, it is hard to rise again out of it. Another fiction which you amiably weave is the "quia multum amavit" which you apply to me. Any love while we have it seems great; but we must, in retrospect, reduce things to some proportion.

It is a pleasure for me to see that there is a school of the poetically minded round the corner, which we do not suspect the existence of here. The Stickney-Moody-Lodge School, well known to me, was turbid and turgid beyond endurance, in spite of flashes of gun-powder—for I will not call it lightning or genius. How interesting, if in Catholic circles, something simpler, tenderer, and more truly lived should arise in America!

Believe me, with best thanks and best wishes,

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Upton Beall Sinclair

[1911] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Indiana)

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Let me thank you for your book, and for remembering the interest which I have always taken in your work.

If the freedom of your descriptions in this book is attacked, you will be in the right in defending yourself; if the aesthetic value of them is denied, you can only wait and see if they do not find admirers. I will say frankly that I do not care for them myself. I prefer the Arabian Nights. Nor am I sure that the moral to be drawn from such a picture of strained and hideous situations would be always the one you would approve. They might seem an argument in favour of celibacy, or of convention.

Yours truly GSantayana

To Wendell T. Bush

2 January 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

Jan. 2, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Bush

Will you thank Mrs Bush for her card, and give her my best wishes for the New Year, which go also to yourself. In April I expect to be in New York and count upon seeing you in your new house.

My second paper on Russell is, I find, terribly long, but it seemed impossible to cut out anything without reducing the clearness or fairness of the points I wished to make. I hope you won't mind the malicious use I make of a phrase of yours; it was so good an example of the pragmatic manner that I couldn't forbear quoting it. However, I haven't given your name, so as not to seem to lay too much stress on a mere matter of language.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Bertrand Arthur William Russell

15 January 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: McMaster)

Jan. 15, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Mass.

Dear Russell

It is rather late to thank you for your "Philosophical Essays", but you may soon see unmistakable evidence of the great interest I have taken in them, as I am writing an elaborate review—in three articles—for the Whited Sepulchre—which is what we call the Columbia "Journal of Philosophy, etc". You will not expect me to agree with you in everything, but, whatever you may think of my ideas, I always feel that yours, and Moore's too, make for the sort of reconstruction in philosophy which I should welcome. It is a great bond to dislike the same things, and dislike is perhaps a deeper indication of our real nature than explicit affections, since the latter may be effects of circumstances, while dislike is a reaction against them.

I had hoped to go to Cambridge in June, but, now it is arranged that I shall go instead to California, where I have never been. I am both glad and sorry for this, but it seemed as well to see the Far West once in one's life, especially as I hope soon to turn my face resolutely in the opposite direction.

Thank you again very much for sending me the book.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

February 1911 • [Cambridge, Massachusetts]

(MS: Unknown)

Andrew J. Onderdonk, Jr

from his friend

The Author.

Falling untempered from the eternal blue,
The light of truth would scorch the eyes, & blind;
Wherefore these giant oaks their branches twined
And betwixt earth & heaven the lattice drew
Of their green labyrinth; Rare stars shone through
Low, warm, & mild. The infinite, confined,
Suffered the measure of the pensive mind,
And what the heart devised, it painted true.

Scant is that covert now in the merciless glare,
Stripped all those leafy arches, riven that dome.
Unhappy laggard he, whose rest is there!
Some yet untrodden forest be my home,
Where patient time and woven sun and air
And streams the mansion of the soul prepare.

February, 1911.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 February 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

Feb. 12, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB

CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong.

It is very nice to hear from you, and to get so life-like a glimpse of your state of mind. Thank you very much for repeating your generous offers; my plans about retirement continue unchanged; that is, I expect to leave (either resigning formally or getting an indefinite leave of absence) a year from next June, i.e. in June 1912. This summer I am sorry to say I sha'n't see you, because I am going to California to give some lectures at Berkeley; the proposal came just in time, for if they had waited another year, it would have been too late. As it is, it seemed too pat to be refused; it gives me a chance of seeing the West for nothing and making a sort of farewell tour of the country.

By the time I retire I hope to have \$2500 a year of my own; my unmarried sister (who is far better off) has offered to share her superfluities with me; so you see I shall be opulent according to my standards. Nevertheless I gladly accept your offers of a helping hand in spirit, and in fact also, if circumstances should require or justify it. You have eighteen months in which to make up your mind and experiment in places and houses; if you have settled down when I am free, I will come to make you a long visit, and we might (if your house was large enough) share it in a sense, if you would set aside a room for me where I might leave my books and other small belongings, and where I might come every year for a season. During my first winter—and you would probably be in Switzerland—I want to spend several months in Madrid, where I know I can be comfortable and amused at an old spinter friend's. Then I am longing to revisit Italy; and my plan of writing a critical history of philosophy may take me to Oxford, London, & Paris, in order to have a large library to work in. But this consultation of books would (as you may well imagine) not be systematic, so that the greater part of my composition could be done in the wilderness, and would probably be all the better, as to tone and perspective, for being done there.

I am glad to know that Margaret continues to be and to do well. If you try Oxford, why not try Cambridge also? It is damper and duller, but quieter and simpler.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Mr. Young

22 February 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge, Mass.
Feb. 22, 1911

Dear Mr Young,

It is a very long time since I got your letter and your copy of my “Three Poets”, and I have waited until today to return it, because I had in mind a Sonnet which I wanted to write for it. A Sonnet, though not the one I intended, is now written and duly inscribed in the book, and I hope you will excuse this late and middling performance in view of my good intentions.

Believe me, with sincerely regard,

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Mary Williams Winslow

1 March [1911] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

March 1.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs Winslow—

I shall be delighted to come next Tuesday, the 7th at half past seven. It is nice to know that you are well again, as your writing implies. As to your new son, I daresay he is a model of all a child should be, but for my part I am too prosaic and disillusioned to lavish any more unrequited affections upon objects unconscious of my regard. Besides, I am faithful to my Polly. It may be that in her young life she has sometimes forgotten me; but she has never refused to make eyes at me in my presence; while I am afraid I can expect nothing but stony indifference from her young brother, considering the disadvantage of his sex and age.

By the way, if you are having a regular dinner party on Tuesday, I should think it very, very nice of you to let me come some other day instead—I have absolutely no engagements—when I could really see you and make up for this long interval since our last talks.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cale Young Rice

9 March 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Bowling Green)

March 9, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Rice

The praises of your poetry have reached me from various quarters, but I have seen only very short quotations, and I never suspected that the

author was one who might, in France, have called me “cher maître”.

If you care to send me one of your books, I shall value it very highly.

Thank you very much for your letter. It is always a pleasure to be remembered by those to whom one has addressed one's thoughts, even if somewhat impersonally, for hour after hour, and the pleasure is all the greater when it is a poet that listened.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To the National Institute of Arts and Letters

10 March 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Academy)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge, Mass.
March 10. 1911

To the Secretary of the N. I. of A. & S.

Dear Sir:

I beg hereby to resign from the National Institute of Arts and Sciences. I find that I am not able to attend the meetings, or to take part otherwise in the affairs of the Institute; and the case will be even worse in a year or so, when I expect to go to live in Europe.

Yours truly

GSantayana

To [Sara or Grace] Norton

25 April [1911] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

3 Prescott Hall

April 25

Dear Miss Norton

You are very good to ask me again, and I am strangely unfortunate in again having an engagement for the evening of your dinner. I am to be on Saturday at Williams College, to read a paper before a literary club there. It would have been a real pleasure to have dined with you, and seen Mr. & Mrs. Gardiner Lane also.

Believe me, with grateful thanks,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 April 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

April 29, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong

Your letter, with the news about your new apartment in the avenue de l'Observatoire arrived in due season, and naturally interested me very much. I hope you will find the place satisfactory, and I feel sure that the choice of Paris as your head-quarters is wise, because really inevitable. If you had settled elsewhere you would have returned to Paris sooner or later; and having your house in Paris will not prevent you from escaping to Switzerland or England whenever you feel the need of a change of air or a quieter scene.

Your generous offer of guaranteeing my income for me when I retire is very friendly, and I appreciate it as it deserves; but it is not necessary, as I

could easily live on less than \$2500, if by any chance my income fell short of that; and, as I told you, my sister Josephine has already offered to add considerably (\$1000 more) to my annuity; and (although I do not expect to do so) I could avail myself of her aid, if it were necessary or even convenient, as she is sure never to spend what she has. So you must not regard yourself as pledged to anything in my case; but I welcome your suggestion, and thank you heartily for it; and if any thing should lead me into difficulties financially (we might all find ourselves poorer together, if my brother made some blunder in our investments) I should not hesitate to count on you to lend me a helping hand. But the way in which I really expect to avail myself of your generosity is by coming often to stay with you in Paris. That will be a pleasure in itself; we can continue our discussions; we can make little excursions together, as we did at Compiegne; and I can enjoy the stimulus and charm of Paris, itself which I have grown very fond of.—As to my retiring in 1912, it is quite determined upon: if my mother should be still living, I might not retire formally; but I should take leave of absence, and doubtless never return. The form my departure will take is not settled, but my departure is. Every body here knows it now, and they have taken it more reasonably and sympathetically than I had expected.

Of late I have been going about reading a paper on Shelley —full of youthful enthusiasm for the poet—to Bowdoin, and Columbia, and Bryn Mawr, and (next week) to Williams. I was in New York for a week at Easter, and saw some old friends, and also the philosophers at Columbia, but without making much progress in mutual understanding. As Dewey said, we are all facing different problems when we seem to be discussing the same point.

My journey to California has been slightly modified by the fact that I have to go by way of Madison, as they are going (mirabile dictu!) to give me an honorary degree of Litt.D. [This is a secret!] at there their Commencement, on June 21st; from there I shall have to hasten directly to San Francisco, without seeing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, as I had intended. In one way, this is a relief, as I dreaded the heat and the crowd of tourists; but I am sorry to miss the sight, which some people say is so marvellous. Possibly, I may return by that route, instead of by the Canadian Pacific. If you are in New York in September there is no reason why we should not meet; let me know, when the time comes, just when you sail, and I will try to get back a few days before, so as to see you off.

It will be perfectly convenient, as in any case I mean to spend the last weeks of the long vacation in the East.

I have given a card of introduction to you to a young Frenchman, René Bosc, who has been Hyde Fellow here this year. I couldn't give him your new address, as you did not mention the number of your house. I thought you might not mind seeing some one with whom you might talk philosophy in English. He says Bergson has turned Catholic and has a directeur! That is incredible; but he might easily have become a Christian Scientist or a Dancing Dervish.

[across] Yours ever GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

16 May 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

May 16, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Susie,

You have heard, of course, that there has been some change for the worse in mother's condition; for a week she has had a slight fever, and has not rested so quietly as usual, and eaten less. When awake, however, she seems much as she did a month ago; she laughs occasionally and does not seem to have any pain or discomfort. I suppose this is simply one more stage in her slow decline; but it is remarkably how slow this decline is, and how steadily her system runs on, even with its lessening vitality.

I write today because I have had a very important interview with the President of the College, in which we have agreed upon a new arrangement for my future work. I had finally been obliged to write to him saying that I meant to resign at the end of the next year, twelve months from now; and he made a great ado about it, saying that it would never do, and that he would let me have all the free time I wanted if I would stay. After various suggestions it has been arranged that in future I shall be in Cambridge only four months, the first half of each year, from October 1st to February 1st, and that besides I shall have leave of absence for the whole of the year 1912–13. I am to have half my present pay, that is, \$2000 a year, and half of that during the year I am away altogether. So that I shall be free for eighteen months after February 1st next, my holiday being thus advanced to half a year earlier than I expected. On the other hand, I am pledged to return for four months on October 1st 1913; but that is a long way off, and even if nothing intervenes to prevent it, there will be no need of repeating the experiment if I find it irksome. So that it seemed wiser and more accommodating to make this concession, rather than stick out for my original plan, especially as it makes my income larger and more assured.

I am leaving for California about June 15, and can be back as early as September 1st. Should circumstances demand, I could stay on here after February 1st, as I shall have my rooms for the whole season; but if it should not be necessary, I will sail then for Europe, and you may see me again before the winter is quite over.

I have not been to any dinners or other parties this winter, but I was in New York at Easter for a week, and have also visited Bowdoin, Bryn Mawr, and Williams Colleges, reading in each a paper on Shelley, the product of the Shelley Club I have had this year—a group of young men who came on Wednesday afternoons to have a cup of tea and read Shelley aloud. I am pretty tired of lecturing, but enjoy what reading I can do more than ever, and feel as if all the interesting things were still to be read and studied. I am writing a brand new system of philosophy to be called “Three realms of Being”—not the mineral vegetable and animal, but something far more metaphysical, namely Essence, Matter, and Consciousness. It will not be a long book, but very technical.

I continue to read La lectura dominical with pleasure, especially the Crónica. Spanish politics are extremely interesting, and I am pining for a season [*across*] at Madrid, to understand them better.

Love to all from your aff^e brother George

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 May 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

May 20, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong,

Since I last wrote, my plans for the future have been somewhat modified, owing to the pressure of circumstances, the President, and (perhaps) conscience; but I hope you will not disapprove of the new arrangement when you hear what it is. I am not to resign for the present, but am to come to Cambridge every year for four months, September to January; and I am to have leave of absence for the whole of 1912–13; so that my Vita Nuova will begin on February 1st next, after which I shall have twenty months in Europe, on half pay, but with the engagement to come back in 1913 for the first half-year. As my pay is reduced for next year to \$2000, my half pay (or quarter pay) for 1912—13 will be \$1000, while I *am* enjoying a full holiday. Mr. Lowell has been very complimentary and sympathetic in the whole affair; he likes to seem to keep me while saving half my salary, and he seems to be ready to make this kind of arrangement with a number of other persons. The philosophers, on the other hand, are not overjoyed: although they do not say so, I suspect they would not have been displeased to have me quit altogether. In my own mind, the difference is not very great; while I sincerely mean to come back in 1913, I doubt whether I shall do so in subsequent years; and on the other hand, I get off next year in February instead of in June, as I expected. Of course financially I am far better off, as I have \$2000, or \$1000 at least, more than I had counted on.

When we meet in September in New York, we will talk things over. My idea is to live in Europe, to have all my books and papers there, and to

come back to Harvard only as a visitor with the lightest possible baggage. So that our plans for living often together need not be in the least disturbed. If you have room in your new apartment, I will despatch to you there, next winter, all my philosophical and other decent books which you do not happen to have already in your library—I will show you a list of what I propose to send beforehand, so that we need not have useless duplicates on our hands. These duplicates I will give to Emerson Hall, or to the Harvard Union, or (if not suitable for that) despatch them to Avila, where I now have a miscellaneous collection, mostly my father's, more dusty than venerable.

In my last letter I think I didn't say anything in reply to the good news about your book. If the first chapters are firmly and finally set down, the rest will follow more easily and with less occasion for alternative methods of treatment, which are the torment of those who are trying to write down what they have long meditated on, and approached from different points of view on different occasions. I am looking forward to reading those chapters with great interest not merely to learn more clearly what your view is, but also to clarify my own, as I am trying to gather all the aspects in which "matter" is revealed to us, and all the legitimate inferences we can make as to its further probable attributes. I have written nothing *more* on my "Three Realms of Being" (this is the title I think I shall choose) but have threshed out many of the points in lectures and discussions, and feel that I am pretty clear, at least as to the limits of possible clearness.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Herbert Jacob Seligmann

23 May 1911 [postmark] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Morgan)

3 Prescott Hall

May 23.

Dear Mr. Seligmann

I notice you have n't yet handed in your thesis in Phil. 10, nor even a brief, which seems strange after your good work in the first half-year. If there is any difficulty that I might help to clear up, I wish you would speak to me about it. Perhaps you might dine with me this evening—dinner time is my freest time now-a-days.—If you will come here—just as you are—between 6 and 6.30, I should in any case be glad to see you.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Conrad Hensler Slade

1 June 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Unknown)

COLONIAL CLUB

CAMBRIDGE

June 1st 1911

Dear Conrad

I can't say I am very sorry, nor even very much surprised, that you are "still free". There was something a bit exotic about your proposed marriage, and your attachment was hardly violent enough to justify the step. Nevertheless, I am sorry there is to be no house to visit you in at Arles, and no little "nephews".

This summer, for a change, I am going to California! The University of California at Berkeley, has invited me to teach there for six weeks, and offered me \$500, which will almost cover my expenses. It seemed a good chance to see the Pacific, like Cortes, before I die, and probably the last chance I should have, so I have accepted. So I shall not be in Oxford, or anywhere else within reach this summer, for which I am sorry. On the other hand, I have made an arrangement with the College here, by which

in future I shall be here only for the first half of each year, from October 1st to the end of January. This arrangement begins at once, so that next February I shall turn up in Paris (or in Italy), and perhaps see you at once; or, in any case, before long, as I shall remain in Europe the whole of the following year, which is my “sabbatical”, not needing to return to Harvard until September, 1913, and then only for four months. Whether I shall ever return after that is very doubtful; but I thought it wiser to make this arrangement than to insist at once on resigning altogether, especially during the life-time of my mother.

My friend Strong has taken an apartment in the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and has kindly invited me to stay there whenever I am in Paris. In fact, I am to have a room in his house with a place in which to keep my books and other belongings—almost a home! This will make it pleasant and economical for me to be often in Paris, and I count on seeing you constantly, for whatever your temporary impatience with the Parisian scene may be, you (like Strong) will never find another place in which you can really settle.

The news about your neo-classical head is excellent. Send me a photo of it, if you have one.

Your idea of coming to Oxford when I am there must be carried out some day—possibly next Spring. May and the early part of June are the best months there, unless you like, as I do, the place without the inhabitants. In mid-summer, however, you have the tourists instead, which is worse.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

24 June 1911 • Pueblo, Colorado

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

ROYAL GORGE, COLO., FROM BELOW.

Pueblo, Colorado, June 24, 1911 — We are stopping here for two hours and waiting for a train to which our car will be attached. It has been very warm—like travelling in Spain in Summer, but I am feeling well. G. S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

1 July 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS: American)

July 1, 1911.

UNIVERSITY CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Kallen

You have not yet received my congratulations on your appointment—so opportune!—to Wisconsin. I hope and believe you will like the place. It has a great deal of character. As I have just been there for a second time, and talked with many people, from the President down, I think I can speak for it with some confidence. The great idea there is that of civic progress. They don't care how heterodox one's ideas may be; but they want one's heart to be set on the life and necessities of the community—especially the State of Wisconsin, for which they care a great deal specifically. Teaching must be adapted to the state of preparation and sentiment of the great well-washed that flock to the University. You may guide them in whatever direction you think best, but for their own sake, and starting from their actual condition; it must not be a haughty display of your own sentiments such as might wound and perplex them. It is not their faith that you must be considerate of, but their innocence and their desire to work together and improve themselves in the process. And you must be prepared to find the female element predominant in the academic department.

This last is shockingly true of my classes here. I have to put on my glasses to see whether I ought to say "Ladies—and Gentlemen". But I am comfortably settled, and by escaping daily to San Francisco for dinner, I think I shall be able to spend the time pleasantly enough. Geographically the country west of the Rockies is infinitely superior to the other half of the U.S. It is not natural to be vulgar here; and the characteristic type is not vulgar. It is very frank, gentle, free, and—if it had a little encouragement—might be sincere. The University itself is in a half-built condition—not due to the earth-quake but merely to an architectural revolution which it is suffering. The architect, Howard, was a school-fellow of mine in Boston, when Moses Merrill was consul; and without undue flattery I think I may say his plan is good. The Greek theatre is really satisfactory; the rest is well-meaning and may look pretty well when the whole scheme is carried out, if it ever is.

San Francisco is a,n, immensely extended place, and absurdly hilly. Walking about is painful and useless. It exhausts, and you do not arrive. But there are street cars every where, which you may take when you know the place a little; and the combination of sea mountains and parks is (generically) fine. Only the detail, the filling in, the impress of use, is are wanting. The new architecture in the burned area is very acceptable. There are Italian and French restaurants with fair food and bad music, and the Clubs I have seen, especially this one, are luxurious and comfortable. One has no sensation of being farther from Europe than in Boston. Perhaps it is impossible to be farther off, morally, than Boston is. The “wild” west is “wild” on purpose; that is, it is civilization on a holiday—one of the most civilized things possible. But barbarism trying to be “cultured”—that is the real horror.

Write me to the Carlton Hotel, Berkeley. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

2 August 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

UNIVERSITY GROUNDS BERKELEY CALIF

This is nicer than Josephine's back-park—and cooler.

San Francisco; Aug. 2. 1911

Josephine has just sent me your letter in which you say Boston must be one of the most beautiful cities "in the world".—My last lecture is to-day, and I have already moved to the city from Berkeley. All well.

[*Unsigned*]

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 August 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS: Rockefeller)

August 10 1911

UNIVERSITY CLUB }
SAN FRANCISCO } Address

Dear Strong:

I am very glad to hear from you; I was just wondering where to address you, and find out whether we should really meet in September. My departure from here cannot be until Aug. 27; and as I am going by Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, the Grand Canyon, and Boston, I am afraid it will be impossible for me to get to New York before the 7th of September. However, when my schedule of hours is made out I will write to you again: let me know also if, by chance, you are to be in Rochester just before you sail; for I could perhaps stop there, two or three days before I could reach New York, as I must go to Boston first.

The Summer School at Berkeley (now over) has not been very agreeable on the whole—the farce of it is too marked. But there have been pleasant moments, and San Francisco has a delighted climate (better than Berkeley) and the Bay is comparable to Naples or Constantinople. I also like the air of the people—except the academic set, which is worse than at Cambridge. The whole country from the Rockies west is fine and noble, and ought eventually to have a chastening influence on the inhabitants.

I am looking forward with delight and impatience to the 1st of February, when I shall turn my face towards Europe as towards a permanent abode. As to the details, I have no definite plans, and wish, among other things, to consult you. I shall probably make pretty straight for Madrid, and later, in the ^{late} Spring, return to Paris for a longer stay.

I am sending you my third Russell article, in case your own copy has not reached you in your [*across*] wanderings — Yours ever G.S.

To Porter Garnett

15 August 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS: Unknown)

August 15, 1911

UNIVERSITY CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Mr. Garnett.

It has been a great pleasure, after seeing and hearing "The Green Knight," to read the text at leisure, and the interesting introduction. As I told you, I am particularly pleased with the moral or "ritualistic" character of the whole, and now I appreciate better how many temptations you had to withstand in order to preserve it. In studying the text, which seemed to me very fine and well-sustained, I see that you have confined yourself to abstract or musical attitudes—the wood god simply invited, the Prince suffers, the Black Knight and Sathanas bluster and threaten, the Green Knight cheers, the King relieves. I mean that these attitudes are expressed without any indication of what circumstances may have produced them. They are abstract or absolute moods or sentiments. This may take away from the picturesqueness and fulness which your play might have had, if we had been told what cares Care stands for, say in the case of the Prince and the various prisoners, or what form the liberation from care takes in each case. But I quite understand that this universality is desirable in a rite to which each participant may bring his own interpretation, his own care, and his own hope of redemption. Or perhaps later Grove Plays, that may be modelled on the principles you have laid down and illustrated so impressively, may take up now one and now another instance in which care is relieved by nature and beauty; and that would open up an infinite vista of variations upon your general theme.

Another point that seems to me very important is your sincerity. The pagan motive in Christian form is just what the spirit of the time can be expressed in. I am struck in California by the deep and almost religious affection which people have for nature, and by the sensitiveness they show

to its influences; not merely poetically, but also athletically, because they like to live as nature lives. It is a relief from business and the genteel tradition. It is their spontaneous substitute for articulate art and articulate religion, and is perhaps the substance out of which these may some day be formed afresh. In conceiving a rite, carried on in the Bohemian Grove, that shall express this sense of "grace" coming from communion with nature, you seem to have hit on something wonderfully genuine and appealing and you ought to find a hearty response, and a general understanding of what you mean. Will you find it? It is not for me to say; but my impression is that it will be difficult, because rites and arts of this sort seem to require a nucleus of minstrels or hierophants that take them up as a sort of profession, and then diffuse them, by continual performances and settled forms of expression, to which the public gets accustomed. I am afraid our friends of the Bohemian Club are not quite ready to be the necessary chorus.

I was sorry to run away yesterday without saying goodbye, and thanking you for all your kindness, and for the absolutely unmatched opportunities you have given me of seeing what is best in Californian life. I shall never forget the Grove, and The Green Knight, and I hope I may have other chances of discussing it with you before I leave, which will not be for a fortnight yet. Thank you also for the beautiful book of the play.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 August 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS: Rockefeller)

August 20 1911

UNIVERSITY CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Strong:

I am afraid it is going to be impossible for me to get to Cleveland before you leave. I should change my plans and go directly there, were my ticket not already taken by another route; I am to go to Southern California and then via the Grand Canyon, which I am going to look at so that people

may not say I have come here and missed all the great sights. Landscape, however, especially sensational and merely strange landscape, leaves me personally pretty cold. I should like very much to hear the details of what you have been doing, how far your book has got, and how you have found your new apartment. By the way, what is the number? I lent a pupil who is in Paris some books which I am going to ask him to leave there, but I do not know the exact address.

I am busy copying out my discourse, to be read next Saturday, at Berkeley, on “the genteel tradition in American philosophy” in which I tell people some home truths, I hope agreeably. It will be printed, and you shall see it.

Remember me to Margaret, whom I am sorry not to get a glimpse of at once. I see you are going direct to Paris, so that she will find herself for a while in [*across*] her familiar French surroundings. I wonder if she ever misses them at St. Felix? Probably not. Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

22 August 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS: Rockefeller)

Aug. 22, 1911

UNIVERSITY CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Strong,

Your letter from New York reached me yesterday morning, and since then I have been thinking what it would be most sensible to do about the books, as well as about our general plans. As it turns out that I can't see you—I don't get to Chicago until the 5th—I will write you my notions, although if I heard more details about your situation, these would very likely be changed.

As you are not really settled at the boulevard Avenue de l'Observatoire, and besides there is hardly room for your books there, it is clearly not desirable that mine should be sent there to that place. I will send them instead to Madrid or to Avila (where my father's books are now, with some of my own) and if later we should ever find a place in which we

were sure philosophical inspiration filled the air, there would still be time to take such of them there as might be useful in our literary labours.

What I will do, then, is to go directly to Spain in February, probably by Gibraltar, and see how life and personal relations in Madrid suit me. If I feel that I can establish myself permanently with my friend Mercedes, I can unpack and arrange my books in my rooms at her house, and make that my legal residence. If I don't like Madrid, my books and useless baggage can remain at my sister's in Avila, until I have decided where I shall live. Possibly—would n't this be amusing?—I might take an apartment of my own in Paris, and it might very well be a large one—a sort of studio in some remote place—where if you liked you might deposit your books, and come and stay when you passed through Paris, if you were living ordinarily somewhere else. But on the whole I think I should rather make Madrid or Avila my head-quarters, which doesn't mean that I shouldn't spend most of my time in other places. It is very desirable, I think, to have a fixed centre once for all, on which to fall back when the interest and stimulus of travel begin to fail. It would also be a needed place in which to do steady work, such as one feels like doing, without any interruptions, when the iron is hot. My plan (and habit) is to wander about and gather impressions somewhat idly most of the time, and then to settle down in solitude to intensive labour. As my health is steady, and I am not very much influenced by climates, it would be possible for me to have this "home" almost anywhere, provided I could shut myself up and live, for the time, absolutely regularly, with a daily routine, and no "engagements".—I have been doing it in this club very successfully for the last week.

I am very sorry indeed that we seem destined not to meet for a good many months; until you return to Paris from Italy, and I go there—and to England—from Spain, that is, until April or May of next year.—It is possible, however, that (for reasons connected with my family), I may go to Italy myself in February, instead of to Spain. In that case we should meet earlier.

Bon voyage & au revoir,

G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

27 August 1911 • San Francisco, California

(MS: Columbia)

August 27 1911

UNIVERSITY CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Mrs. Bush

How good of you to want to show me your farm and the joys of rural Rochester! Unfortunately I am not able to stop there at all. I shall arrive too late to see my friend Strong, or to have time left for a visit to you, which would have given me so much pleasure. My lecture went off rather cheerlessly. They say Professor Reieber behind me on the platform was visibly distressed at my attempted witticisms Several persons afterwards put their heads together and said it had been all rhetoric, and that, if you stripped the rhetoric off, what you found was a plain Atheist. However, last night when I dined with D^r Lewis and his wife in their sort of bungalow, their little boy—of three or four—kissed me and hugged me, and said he loved me better than Puppa and Mumma. So Mephistopheles—was Mephistopheles an atheist?—has his consolations.

I am starting on Tuesday morning for the South, and meantime am going to Palo Alto—all I have courage for. The lecture and the receptions involved have left me rather limp.

Thank you very much for your kind invitation, and Mr. Bush also for his letter.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Henry James III

6 September 1911 • Chicago, Illinois

(MS: Houghton)

Sept. 6, 1911

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF CHICAGO

Dear Mr. James

Your letter has reached me here, after some delays, due ~~to~~ to my having been this Summer in California.

Although I am not now in the habit of keeping letters, I formerly did so, and I hope I may be able to find some of your father's, which I will send you when I return to Boston, in about a week. Of late he had not written to me except some occasional note or post-card; but when I was a student in Germany I remember receiving most interesting letters from him; he was my director, so to speak, while I held a travelling Scholarship; but that was only an occasion for him to say many memorable things of all sorts, as he always did when he put pen to paper. If I find any of these letters, as I believe I shall, among some old sheafs at my mother's, you shall have them at once. Your work in reading and arranging your father's correspondance must be full of pleasure and satisfaction for you, in spite of its sad side; for your father's letters were more like him than those of most people, and when brought together must give a very vivid impression of his kindness and of his genius.

Yours sincerely

G.Santayana

To Mr. Young

10 September 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

Sept. 10. 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Young:

I expect to go to Spain (where I haven't lived since I was a boy) in February next, to remain for more than a year, at least. After that I shall be better able to reply to your question, which I suppose is not pressing.

Yours sincerely

G.Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 September 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

Sept. 13, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong:

On my arrival here I found your letter, written a few days before sailing. I hope your voyage was good, and that Paris and your apartment seemed to smile upon you on your return. I shall be interested to hear what your impression is when you see your books actually marshalled around you upon the walls. I should think it might make some difference both in the pleasantness and in the stimulating power of the scene. The books I was going to have left at ~~you~~ your house for the moment are only two small volumes—Renouvier's *Manuel de philosophie ancienne*—but you have still not told me the address. However, there is no special hurry about it. If you should feel encouraged about retaining this apartment as head-quarters, and find there was still room for my books—they might occupy one and a half meters of shelves from floor to ceiling—you might let me know, sending me the list I submitted to you, so that I should not despatch to you duplicates of books already in your possession. My feeling is that Paris—whether this apartment is satisfactory or not—will turn out

to be the final centre of gravity for both of us, and that it will conduce very much to our comfort and convenience to have a permanent pied-à-terre there in some form. If you get disgusted with your present quarters, I might get a place of my own there later, as I suggested in my last letter.

At the request of the department here I have written to Bergson, asking him to come to Harvard for the year 1912–13, or for a part of it. I mentioned you, in case he should have forgotten who I was, and if he is at all tempted to accept this invitation, perhaps he would be glad to talk with you about our manners and customs.

In retrospect, my summer in California seems rather dismal; the people are too hopelessly commonplace and artificial. How I long for a little English simplicity, and a little English speech!

I am off the day after tomorrow to Long Island to stay with the Potters, and then I am to visit Fuller, who has opened his house near Boston for six weeks, before going to Paris, where he is to study Greek philosophy for one or two years—so he avers. I am not sure whether you know Fuller: possibly you wouldn't like him, because of his fashionable airs; but he is intelligent at bottom, and works hard in secret. He is also good company, and free from all the ordinary prejudices of these tribes.

My mother is in much the same condition in which I left her in June; my sister Josephine, who takes care of her, is the one who seems somewhat less strong, and it is no wonder, as she leads a very dull and yet a very anxious life. She has not learned the modern scientific way of leaving invalides in the hands of doctors and nurses, and living one's own life uninterruptedly in the world.

What an ugly place Cambridge is! I can't understand, sometimes, how I have endured it so placidly all these endless years.

Kind regards to Margaret.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Henry James III

5 October 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

October 5, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. James

On looking over what files of old letters I have left, I can find only this single note from your father. He wrote me several other letters at about this same period, phrases of which I can remember distinctly, but I don't know what has become of the originals. Before I leave for Europe in the middle of the coming winter, I shall have to turn over all my papers, and if any thing more of your father's turns up, you shall have it. I am very sorry that for the moment I can contribute so little to your collection, which is sure to be of extraordinary interest.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Sydney Allan Friede

14 October 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

Oct. 14, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Friede

I am glad to hear from you and to see that you actually found something to do at Collier's, even if it doesn't satisfy you for life.

Of course I should be glad to write as you suggest to the Harvard Club, except that as I am not a member and never go there (because I suffer from "too much Harvard" as it is) it might seem presumptuous to suppose that I had any influence with the committee on admission. However, if there is no one else about who can endorse your application more efficaciously than I, I shall be glad to do so.

I am sailing from New York late in January, and hope to see you there or perhaps in Paris where my address is c/o C. A. Strong, 9 avenue de l'Observatoire. My London address is Brown Shipley, and I shall proba-

bly haunt the new American Universities Club (at the Junior Oxford & Cambridge Club in Pall Mall) when I am there in February. Perhaps this is a club you might like to join; if so, let me know, and I will have an application-blank sent you.

Yours sincerely
G.Santayana

P.S. I liked the Californian [*across*] country, but the people I saw seemed cheap.

To Mary Potter Bush

20 October 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

October 20 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs. Bush—

Next week I am to read the Shelley paper again—in Montreal—and probably for the last time, so that it would be as well, perhaps, to publish it. But where? Meantime, I shall be very glad to send you the MS (if you don't mind its unrepresentable blots and scratches) as soon as I get back from my trip.

If you are coming to Cambridge with Mr. Bush in December, I hope you will keep a day for lunching with me—and let me know which

Yours sincerely
G.Santayana

P.S. My after-impressions of California and my trip are not so delightful that I shall regret overlaying them with others next winter and Spring. I want, as Mr. James Russell Lowell once said, “to forget I am a professor and feel I am something real”.

To Henry James III

7 November 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

Nov. 7, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. James:

Here are three more notes from your father which I have found in preparing to make a holocaust of my papers. I am afraid I shall find no others now, although others existed which I am sure I didn't intentionally destroy.

Thank you very much for the collection of your father's essays, all of which I had read before, but which it has been a pleasure to reread in this new form.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

7 November 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

Nov. 7, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Susie

In California, and again the other day in Montreal, I often wanted to write to you of the various things that I thought might interest you there or that suggested Spain and things un-American generally. But somehow the moment never came, as if some contrary impulse intervened. I felt as if you were not quite in sympathy with my present mood and plans, which mark a distinct and to me most welcome change in my life.

Mother remains about the same. She sleeps the greater part of the day as well as all night. When I see her—at about seven in the evening—she is almost always awake, or rather half-aware. Only on her “bright” days does she look up when I speak to her, or turn her eyes away from the doll or the scrap of paper that she holds in her hand. Sometimes she smiles a little, but never says anything intelligible. The decline in her physical strength, if it exists, is almost imperceptible. Josephine, I think, has become a little hardened to this situation, and is more willing than some months ago to leave mother’s room, and to interest herself in something else. The Nurse is a bustling talkative creature, perfectly odious to me, and I avoid her as I should the plague. Josephine also suffers from her aggressive airs, but on the whole puts up with her for fear of a change for the worse, or of change itself, which in such a matter is always agitating. In her material business as a nurse, the woman is satisfactory and faithful. She is paid exorbitantly, so that she tries to please, as far as her bad breeding and tactlessness allow. Robert seems to like her.

As the time for my departure approaches—I sail from N.Y. on January 27—I have considered what I could do to leave less to be done by others when the house is broken up, which I suppose will be before my return—if I return—in September 1912. My own things are almost all disposed of, or will be before I go: but this house is full of old truck that might as well be thrown away now as later. I have proposed to Josephine that she should let me do some clearing up; and with some hesitation she consented that I should look over Mother’s desk, full of old papers. In one day I did it, looking over every thing separately. In one envelope I found twenty four dollars in clean “bills”, but not the larger sum that was lost a few years ago. Many of the documents were interesting. I kept all letters from your uncles and aunts, and documents relating to your father and our grandfather, among the latter his U.S. (or rather Virginian) naturalization papers, his appointment as Consul, signed by Andrew Jackson, and a testimonial of affection from the townspeople of Winchester. These letters and papers—not bulky at all—I have left in Mother’s desk, for Robert to examine if he likes. My father’s letters, I have taken possession of myself and I have been reading them with almost unmixed pleasure. When I have finished—they are very numerous—I may write you something about the impressions and doubts they raise in my mind about the inner history of our family. In any case, I mean to take them to Avila, where the other half of the correspondence is, I suppose, in the large packages in my desk, which I have never opened. Your letters to mother I have, in agreement with Josephine, burnt

unread. We thought that would be what you would prefer to have us do, unless you wished to see them yourself: but I don't think you would care to. I read my own letters to Mother before burning them. They were very impersonal and I learned nothing from them that I didn't perfectly remember. The other chief contents of Mother's desk were thousands of paid bills and notices or coupons or yearly accounts. I found no letters at all from D^a Victorina or Mercedes or any (except very old ones) from other friends.

By the way, as I am going first to England and Paris, I shall stop in Avila—though only for a few days—before I go to Madrid. This will be in February. You can then tell me if you think Mercedes really wants me to go to her. [across] I can well imagine that, at close quarters, that project might please her less; and I might be freer in a hotel. But I want to spend some time in Madrid in any case.

Love to Celedonio and all the family from your affectionate brother
George

P.S. I am sending you an address I delivered in California which I think will interest you, at least in parts. It does not say all I think and feel, because I had to be careful not to give offence to my audience. I went as far as I thought safe and pleasantly satirical.

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 November 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

Nov. 16, 1911.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong:

Your letter from Glion (written after you had been there a fortnight and written your difficult chapter victoriously, under the influence of coffee, etc) reached me in due time and gave me great pleasure, as I saw by it that you were satisfactorily settled for the moment, and that every thing

seemed to promise well for the future for both of us. The three years for which you say you have taken the apartment in the Avenue de l'Observatoire are more than enough to give us an opportunity of testing it, and Paris, as a head-quarters; and they also justify any amount of unpacking and every attempt to make the place home-like and comfortable. I will therefore send those of my books which, you did not mark in my list (which came back at the same time as your last letter) to your apartment. They will probably arrive in February, when I shall myself pass through Paris on my way to Spain, since I have decided to go by way of England. But there will be no need of unpacking the boxes, which can remain in the cellar, until we join forces later in the Spring. I will also leave some luggage, and perhaps you might tell the concierge, if you write to him, that I am authorized to do so; although I suppose he would take my word for it in any case when I turned up bearing gifts, as it were.

I have written to Bergson, in the name of our department, inviting to come here for 1912–1913, but he says he can't. What do you think of his English lectures on the soul, and of the new simile of the despatch sent by wireless at the creation and caught at last by the nervous system of mankind? Did it, the despatch, tend to make the receiving apparatus, I wonder, or did it have to wait until this arose independently? I haven't read the thing in full, but it sounds very dualistic and Platonic, with the predispositions of matter left in the background but really forced to do all the work. But nothing succeeds like success, and Bergson is now at liberty to say any absurdity, however great, and to be listened to as to an oracle.

The Columbia people have formally invited me to become a professor there; I told them it was too late; that I was not quite divorced from Harvard, and that the divorce, such as it was, was not for the sake of a second marriage, great as the new lady's charms might be, but for the sake quiet and freedom. I am full of plans, like a young man. I feel as if I were going to begin a new career, that which I was really fitted for, and from which circumstances diverted me twenty five years ago. My sister Josephine and I have been looking over old papers; I have collected and reread all my father's letters to my mother and to me. They have given me a new and vivid impression of our whole family history, and I seem to see the crises and turning points of my own life in a dramatic way which I was unconscious of before. '83, '88, and '93 were the years in which I took the path of least resistance when, by, with, a little more courage on my part, or sympathy on the part of my family, I might have turned to less arid courses. However, I had a good time at Harvard from '89 to '93; and since

then I have written a great many books, such as they are. What consoles me is that I still may have time and inspiration to write two or three more, more nearly such as they should be.

I am reading a little about Indian and Mohammedan philosophy; but my lectures interrupt me and the two subjects interfere with one each other. At the same time, I am turning over the “Three Realms of Being”—that is what I mean now to call my systematic book—in my mind, and in my class, which is going on to my satisfaction. Not so the thread-bare and vapid course on “Aesthetics”.

Write again soon. Meantime may the gods grant you Health, [across] Wisdom, and Diligence! Yours ever G.S.

P.S. My mother’s condition remains unchanged.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

19 November 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: American)

Nov. 19, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Kallen

Although I have only a few minutes to spare this morning, I don’t want to leave your welcome letter unanswered any longer. On the whole, your tone is not that of a person who has found Paradise at last. I make allowances, however, for the pessimistic vocabulary natural to an idealist (in the good sense of the word) and I hope to see you soon, like the dyer’s hand, subdued to what it works in, and bright cardinal in colour. Mr. Van Hise was here the other day. I went to hear his lecture, and approved whole-heartedly, but had no chance to do more than shake hands with him.

As to me, the present is a blank like the Hinterland of Tripoli, with sniping going on desultorily, always in the same places. But the past and the future are both full of features. California, on the whole, disappointed me. The country is fine, the climate perfect; but the people are all—except the

Italian restaurant-keepers and the Chinese—from Newton Centre, Mass. It was no relief morally. My notion of the U.S. now I have traversed the whole, is that it is a smaller place than I thought. The potential features are all marked, as in a child's face, and there are no ideal surprises in store for us, as far as this country is concerned. It will be, for five hundred years, much the same thing, more congested. As to the future, I sail on January 24th, and am making in the first place for Madrid. In the late Spring I shall return to Paris to stay with Strong, and catch whatever winds of doctrine or revolution may be blowing in that most ventilated of atmospheres. Beyond that nothing determinate except freedom, which for the moment is a very distinct thing in my eyes.

When you write again, tell me something about Otto, who seems to be the rising star in those regions. And remember me to M^oGilvary and Sharp and also to Karl Young, if you see him. —You will all receive before long copies of my California address, which is delayed by the negligence of the people at Berkeley (an ill-managed place) in not sending me the copies I asked for.

Yours sincerely G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

24 November 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

Nov. 24, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs. Bush

Thank you for the Shelley paper, which I was in no hurry for, and for your previous letter. I am delighted you are coming next week, and hope you will reserve Saturday, Dec. 2nd, for lunching with me. It happens, however, that both the Colonial Club and the Union are at present invaded by

workmen and perfectly unendurable so that I shall have to ask you to come to the Touraine (down stairs in the German Keller, if you don't mind, as that has more character). If you want to go to Cambridge anyway, that is not a bad place from which to start, and you could come to tea in my rooms afterwards.

I say Saturday, as on Friday I have a lecture in the early afternoon.

I am looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you again after California

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

1 December 1911 [postmark] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

Friday.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs. Bush

I will ask for you at the Hotel tomorrow at one. If you would prefer to lunch earlier or later pray telephone to me here when you get this. All hours are equally convenient for me.

Au revoir.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To William Rothenstein

6 December 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

3 Prescott Hall Dec. 6. 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Sir:

Will you dine with me on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday? I will come for you at the St Botolph Club at about half past six, and we will go to some

restaurant in town, as this place is in the hands of workmen at present. It will be a great pleasure to see you, after having known you indirectly for so many years.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To [Cambridge Historical Society]

7 December 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Kentucky)

December 7 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Mr. G.Santayana

regrets that he is not able to accept the kind invitation of the Cambridge Historical Society for December 21st

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

7 December 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Virginia)

Dec. 7, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Susie:

I am very sorry if you have been debanandote los sesos about what I could have meant by saying that I thought you were not in sympathy with my present mood. What I meant was (chiefly) that I am very sick of America and of professors and professoresses, and that I am pining for a sunny, quiet, remote, friendly, intellectual, obscure existence, with large

horizons and no empty noise in the foreground. What I have seen in California and Canada—apart from the geography of those regions—has left no impression on my mind whatever. They are intellectually emptier than the Sahara, where I understand the Arabs have some idea of God or of Fate. Where did you get the impression that anything in California could have affected my opinions or sentiments? When there, in my Italian restaurant, or in Montreal among the ultra-British Scotch-Canadians I saw, I felt almost out of America, so much so that I once said inadvertently to someone that in San Francisco that I soon had to go back to America. That is why, from those places, I felt like expressing myself; because when I am here in the midst of the dull round, a sort of instinct of courtesy makes me take it for granted, and I become almost unconscious of how much I hate it all: otherwise I couldn't have stood it for forty years!

As to your supposition that I am removing myself “farther from God”, apparently in some deliberate manner, I certainly have no consciousness of such a plan. My opinions in philosophy have not changed essentially for twenty years, although they may have settled and grown less plastic with time. In respect to the Church, I think I am in greater sympathy with it politically than I was previously, because the radical people I know are proving to be such Hottentots and so wholly ignorant of the art of living and of the art of thinking. The Church is an integral part of European civilization, as it has been for the last thousand years and more. The “Satanic” onslaught on it which you lament is a symptom of a general transformation, which will take hundreds of years to become definable in its results or ideals, and which is tending to destroy not the Church only but all institutions, including private property and national governments. The French Revolution was a first and violent shock of this earth-quake; others will follow from time to time, I suppose, until, long after we are dead, everything we know and care about has disappeared. Now, I sympathize with the self-preserving instinct of formed things more than with the destructive forces of nature, such as democratic envy, fury, and ignorance are. Therefore I sympathize with the Church more than with its enemies; but I think the latter must prevail more and more in the world in our time. I also think that after the deluge, life and order are bound to reassert themselves in some form—doubtless a wholly new one. I should not be hostile to that new order for not being Christian, as I am not hostile to ancient Greece. But we don't know what that new order may someday be, and meantime the revolution is destroying everything noble and beautiful which actually exists, or which can exist in our day. It is producing noth-

ing but vulgarity, shallowness, and a suicidal waywardness in the “emancipated souls”—like those of the Infanta Eulalia. These people are positively loathsome. They do not understand the creative and moral principle of anything, least of all of what they are themselves. They are silly traitors. Yet, without in the least knowing what they are about, they are ploughing up the ground in which the seeds of new things are to take root. For, as Hamlet says, “so runs the world away.”

I will write to Mercedes before long. Would it simplify matters if I was a “lodger” and not a “boarder” at her house, do you think? I should rather like being free to explore the cafés and restaurants, and not be tied down to hours, [across] especially at a place so far from the centre of the town. I could have my chocolate in bed, and go out for lunch and dinner, as I did very pleasantly in Paris Love to all

G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

12 December 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: American)

Dec. 12. 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Kallen

Thank you for your letter.—In looking over my goods and chattels, I find a doctor’s cap and gown which I don’t know what to do with. If you haven’t one and would like it, I should be very glad to have you take it off

my hands.—They are not very ceremonious at Wisconsin, but you might some day find it convenient. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Ellen, George, and Josephine Sturgis

25 December 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Houghton)

December 25, 1911.

Now in my bag, wheree'er I go,
Order will reign, tho' tempests blow,
Or porters fling it to and fro;
For thanks to Ellen, George, and Jo,
Shirts ties and collars, cased in leather,
In roughest hands or foulest weather,
Can never get mixed up together.

So in my thoughts your loves abide
Each quite distinct, all side by side;
No jolts of chance or rolling tide
Shall e'er confuse them, ^{nor} or divide.

G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

29 December 1911 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: American)

Dec. 29, 1911

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Kallen: I have just sent off the cap and gown (in an old bag, which you may throw away, as I was on the point of doing.) M'Gilvary has been here with the other contributors to the new-realistic Babel. He spoke as if you might remain next year at Wisconsin, which I hope may be the case. Discounting your high standard, I gather from what you yourself also say, that you are getting on nicely.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Francis Stanley Russell

2 January 1912 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Unknown)

COLONIAL CLUB

CAMBRIDGE

January 2, 1912

Dear Russell

Your letter of some months ago has somehow remained unanswered. Although I had several things to say in reply, and have been thinking about you especially, because in looking over my old papers I have come upon a lot of your letters and reread them all, being carried back to 1887 and the following years, when all that happened to you was so much a part of my life. I can see now how great an influence you had on me. It was an influence for good. It seems almost as if I had gathered the fruits of your courage and independance, while you have suffered the punishment which the world imposes always on those who refuse to conform to its ways. You may say you are content, but with your position and character you ought to have had a greater career. Isn't it, at bottom, because you have tried to combine liberty with democracy, in your personal as well as political alliances, and liberty and democracy are really incompatible? I will explain what I mean by word of mouth (it would take up too much paper) if you are in England. I expect to reach London on February 1st. Send me a line ^{c/o} Brown, Shipley & C^a 123, Pall Mall.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

17 January 1912 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Columbia)

Jan. 17, 1912

COLONIAL CLUB

CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs Bush

Your letter of the 4th has been stranded somewhere and has only just reached me, but I replied to Miss Boughton that I would make an effort to reach her studio on the 23rd, the only day I shall have in New York. I hope also to have the time to come and say good bye to you and Mr. Bush,

but I shall be in the prestidigitating hands of my friend Moncure Robinson, and I am not sure in what direction I may not be spirited away. However, I hope to reach West Sixty-four street after lunch, when a walk through the Park will probably be imperative. I will try to get to Miss Boughton in the morning.

I think your letter must have been in my box at the Colonial Club, which I don't often look at, as the same postman serves that place and my room, and usually brings everything to Prescott Hall. I hope you will excuse this long delay in answering.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 January 1912 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Rockefeller)

Sunday, Jan. 21, 1912

c/o Brown Shipley
& C^o 123 Pall Mall, SW.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong

Tomorrow I leave Cambridge, and sail from N. Y on the 24th in the "Olympic". In London I shall probably have something more to do than go to the tailor's as I have been commissioned by the College to try to get a man—Russell, James Ward, Stout, or Hobhouse,—to come to Harvard for next year—Höffding, whom we have asked first, hardly being expected to accept. Bergson, whom we wooed first of all, has jilted us for Columbia, who probably dazzled him with its Oriental opulence, and the new Solomon hailed the new Zion. I don't think this affair will delay me much, but it will doubtless involve a trip to Cambridge, which I am not sorry to make in term-time. It will remind me vividly of the delightful day's when I was at King's, and I shall even, possibly, see the Lent races.

Yesterday I sent off three cases of books (all I have retained) addressed to you at 9 avenue de l'Observatoire. They ought to arrive in Paris before me, and if you receive a notice to that effect be please send it at once either

to me or to your concierge, so that we may have all the documents in hand. I pre-paid the Express, but there may be some small incidental charges which (if you send the notice to the concierge) you might instruct him to pay for me. But very likely I shall arrive in time to attend to this myself.—The books need not be unpacked until I return from Spain.

Perry tells me you are [*across*] in Florence, and that he hopes to see you.— My affectionate greetings to Margaret. Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

29 January 1912 • At sea

(MS: Virginia)

ON BOARD R•M•S•“OLYMPIC”

Jan. 29 1912

Dear Susie

We expect to reach Plymouth tomorrow at about noon, after a voyage of just six days. The weather has been wintry, with winds, rain, snow, hail, and rather rough seas, and the ship has rolled merrily, like the old-fashioned craft; nevertheless, size helps, for the motion is slow and majes-

tic, and most of the passengers (I among them) have kept well and not missed a meal in the dining-room.

In New York, the one day I was there, I went out to lunch, tea, dinner, ^aplay, a musicale in a private house, and the ball given by the Whitelaw Reids to the Duke of Connaught and his family. I was in bed, however, by half past twelve, as we stayed only a short time at each place. I saw some agreeable people, and some striking costumes and jewels.

It is probable that I shall have to go to Cambridge on an official mission from Harvard, to see if I can get someone there to go to America for next winter, in the capacity of a temporary professor. I have not been in the English Cambridge for years, and shall not be sorry of this occasion for revisiting the place, where I still have some friends.

I will write again (or send a card) when my movements are decided upon.

Leaving my rooms and disposing of all my possessions was very fatiguing; but I am now quite myself again, though I shall be glad to sleep in a motionless bed, with fresh air, and walk on terra firma. Yours aff^{ly}

G. S.

[across] Memorias á toda la familia.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

6 February 1912 • Windsor, England

(MS: Virginia)

February 6, 1912

QUEEN'S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Susie

I have just got a telegram, like one you must have received also, saying that Mother died yesterday. Josephine had written on Jan. 24, saying the doctor had been to see her twice, and found her better; but I can't gather whether this means that she had been ill before that date, or whether the change for the worse came later. I am anxiously awaiting particulars,

although, so far as mother herself is concerned, I imagine there was little except a decline into more complete unconsciousness. But the external circumstances must have affected Josephine and Robert, and I very much wish to know how Josephine has borne up—or rather is bearing up—under the shock and the immense change in her own life. If she has gone to Robert's house, I am not at all confident that she will find it easier to fall into a new way of occupying her time. I have answered Robert by cable, asking whether Josephine will join me. The last day I saw Robert he said it would not be possible for him to leave Boston immediately after mother's death, but would require a good many weeks in which to arrange all the matters of business involved, and he seemed to think too that it was not advisable to cross the Atlantic in March—why, I don't know exactly, since the chances of bad weather are not so very much greater than in April or May. So that if poor Josephine is stranded and ill at ease, I think she might find a friend, or even mere acquaintances, to cross with, and I might meet her where ever she landed, and go with her to your house. If she decides to wait till Robert is ready, I should of course go to see her on the way, but I don't think it would be well for Robert and me to go to Spain together. I will either go to see you before they come, or put it off till Robert has left you. I have written to him today that I will not leave England until I hear more fully from him and Josephine.

I hope you will not harrow up your own feelings and make yourself ill over all the past and present horrors which this event brings to a head. We were certainly not unprepared for it; it was inevitable, and has been delayed longer than we could have hoped. Nothing remains but to heal the wound, especially in Josephine's case, as best we may.—I confess I do not see any solution that is altogether promising, as to how and where she is to live.

I suppose you will write to me, or have already written, and then we can put our heads together and see what can be done.

What a tremendous change this is! Mother was the absolutely dominating force in all our lives. Even her mere existence, in these last years, was a sort of centre around which we revolved, in thought if not in ^{our} actual movements. We shall be living henceforth in an essentially different world. I hope you and I may be nearer rather than farther from one another in consequence.

I know Celedonio and all the family will be full of kind and sympathetic sentiments towards us all on this occasion; by your letter of Jan. 10, which

Josephine has sent me, I know they are well, and send them my greetings. Your affectionate brother George

To Charles Augustus Strong

7 February 1912 • Windsor, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

February 7, 1912

QUEEN'S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for your letter of the 2nd from Val-Mont.

I heard yesterday by cable that my mother had died on Monday. My sister intends to come to Europe later, with my brother, but I shall naturally wish to see her, and until I know when they mean to sail, and whether to Gibraltar or to France, my plans must remain somewhat indefinite. If things go as I expect, I shall be in Paris about the 15th and in Avila and Madrid before the end of the month. But it is possible that I may not go to Spain at all for the present. I will wait and see what my other Sister, Susie, who is in Spain, has to propose.

I will write more at length some other day.

Yours ever

G.Santayana

To Bertrand Arthur William Russell

8 February 1912 • Windsor, England

(MS: McMaster)

Feb. 8. 1912

QUEEN'S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Russell

Many thanks for your message, which came this morning in a letter from your brother. I am going to spend Sunday with him at Telegraph House, but expect to go up to Cambridge on Monday or Tuesday of next week, and count on seeing you. Meantime I have a proposal to make, or rather to renew, to you on behalf of Harvard College. Would it be possible for you to go there next year, from October 1912 to June 1913, in the

capacity of professor of philosophy? Royce is to be taking a holiday, I shall be away, and Palmer will be there only for the first half of the academic year. Perry, Münsterberg, and two or three young psychologists will be alone on hand. What they have in mind is that you should give a course—three hours a week, of which one may be delegated to the assistant which would be provided for you, to read papers, etc.—in logic, and what we call a “seminary” or “seminar” in anything you liked. It would also be possible for you to give some more popular lectures if you liked, either at Harvard, or at the Lowell Institute in Boston. For the latter there are separate fees, and the salary of a professor is usually \$4000 (£800). We hope you will consider this proposal favourably, as there is no one whom the younger school of philosophers in America are more eager to learn of than of you. You would bring new standards of precision and independence of thought which would open their eyes, and probably have the greatest influence on the rising generation of professional philosophers in that country.

There is no particular urgency in receiving your answer, so that you needn’t write to me at all, but wait until I see you next week, unless your decision is absolutely clear and unalterable, in which case you might send me a line to Telegraph House. My permanent address is ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C° 123 Pall Mall. S.W.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S.

I didn’t mean to decline your kind offer to put me up, when I go to Cambridge, but as I am going in the middle of the week, I don’t know whether it would be equally convenient for you to do so.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 February 1912 • London, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Feb. 12, 1912

CAVENDISH HOTEL

81, JERMYN S^T.

S^T JAMES'S. S.W.

Dear Strong,

Your letters of Jan. 23 and Feb. 9 reach me today together. Thank you for both of them. I am glad to hear your book is actually done (I understand it is a sort of sketch, otherwise the book would be surprising short) and am looking forward with great interest to reading it. Indeed, I shall do so sympathetically, and what is more with a pre-disposition to change my mind on several points on which I used to hold out against you, as for instance that "appearances" do not "exist". In my language the essence which appears does not exist; what exists is the intuition of it (a fact with different properties, but often homonymous with the essence it views). Even this intuition, however, does not exist as a substance; it is an expression of substance, a phenomenon; and though you may reject this way of putting the matter, I think you will have to say practically the same thing when you come to define the relation between mind-stuff and mind.

As to the room you intend for me at the Avenue de l'Observatoire, I am sure it will be more than sufficient. If my books don't all hold in the placard, they needn't be unpacked, or some of them might perhaps find a place in the dining room, or in some passage. There are many corners in most houses where a book-case can be slipped in without intercepting the rightful uses of the place. One of my friends has book-shelves over the door of his bath-room!

It is not likely that I shall get to Florence this year, but it is likely that I sha'n't care to stay in Spain so long as I had intended. My brother and my sister Josephine have not yet written me of their plans—there has not been time—and when they do I shall see my way to rearranging my own.

I expect to be in Paris for a few days next week, staying as usual at the Quai Voltaire, and visiting Françoise and the apartment.

I go to Cambridge tomorrow to stay a day or two with Bertrand Russell.
Yours ever G.S.

To George Herbert Palmer

14 February 1912 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Wellesley)

Feb. 14, 1912

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall
London, S.W.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Professor Palmer

I have just had a long interview with Professor James Ward, following upon a letter in which I had made the proposal with which the department has charged me (Russell having refused). He says he cannot go for the whole year; his health is precarious, and he cannot afford it. He explained that the salary offered is about the same that he receives here, where in addition he has many fees and perquisites, such as dinner in hall for himself or his guests, when he wishes it. He evidently is a good deal influenced by this consideration. On the other hand, he is pleased at the idea of going to America again; and he says he could certainly do it for one term. {This, I understand, would not oblige him to give up his salary here, as it is usual for professors to lecture for two terms only out of the three.} I pointed out that one of their terms did not quite cover one of our half-years, so that he could hardly undertake to give any of our regular courses; but I added that occasional lectures were often given, and would be much valued, and that I would immediately write to you of his willingness to offer such a set of lectures, not a regular college course. Perhaps you will reply to him directly, as this is no longer the business I was entrusted with, and I have just written to Stout (our N° 3) making the original proposal to him.

Ward seems to me decidedly feeble: I hardly think he would have been a very efficient teacher, or a notable influence. I shouldn't go out of my way to entice him, even for such occasional lectures as Boutroux gave; and even if they were arranged, I shouldn't be surprised if at the last moment he found that his health or some other obstacle made the thing impossible.

I am here staying with Russell, and renewing my [*across*] acquaintances of fifteen years ago.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Isabella Stewart Gardner

20 February 1912 • London, England

(MS: Gardner)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
London

7 Bennet Street,
St. James's

Feb. 20
1912

Dear Mrs Gardner

It was very good—and like you—to remember me at the moment of my loss. I was then at Windsor with Howard Sturgis, a most sympathetic person, who had learned to esteem my mother from his father, always a most devoted friend of hers. As you probably know, my mother had lost all her mental faculties long before the end, so that our loss has been gradual and the final part of it almost a relief, though not on that account *less* momentous to us in its finality.

I didn't attempt to say good-bye to you before my departure partly because it is supposed to be only temporary and partly because it is not natural to say good bye to a person whose charm and influence is always with her friends, wherever they may find themselves. You have always been the bright spot in my Boston.

Your grateful friend
GSantayana

To George Herbert Palmer

23 February 1912 • London, England

(MS: Wellesley)

February 23, 1912

CARE OF
MESSRS. BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO.'S
TRAVELLERS' OFFICE,
123, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Dear Professor Palmer

I wrote to Stout ten days ago, and have received no answer. Today I have made inquiries as to the address, and find that the one I gave ought to have been sufficient. However, I have written again today; but I fear the reply will not reach me before I leave for Paris which I am obliged to do next Monday. There may therefore be some delay in this business, but as you see it was beyond my control to prevent it. I should like to ask Hobhouse (who I think would be a better man for Harvard than any of them except Russell) but of course I cannot, while the invitation to Stout is in the air.

At Cambridge I saw and talked with Moore, who is now a lecturer there. The countenance which such a position gives him seems to have improved him. He is thinner and less aggressive, and in some three-cornered talks I had with him and Russell, he agreed with me.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

To George Herbert Palmer

26 February 1912 • London, England

(MS: Wellesley)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London.
Feb. 26, 1912

Dear Professor Palmer

I am very sorry to see, by a cutting from a Boston paper which has been sent me, that Professor Royce has had a stroke of apoplexy. He had for many years disregarded himself, but I hope neither he nor the rest of us will be long the sufferers by it.

Today at last I have received the enclosed reply from Stout. You see my diplomacy, however slow, has availed to conceal from him the fact that he was not our first choice.

I telegraphed this morning to Stott Hobhouse, and have had my telegram returned saying he is gone away, and present address unknown. I shall make further inquiries this afternoon; but I am afraid our communication will have to be by letter. If he refuses, as I foresee he will, I will telegraph to you as soon as I know. I think of starting for Spain tomorrow, my departure having been delayed already longer than I had expected.

I will write again when I have further news, but I feel you might as well begin to bestir yourselves, and clutch at what people may be within reach for next year, and for the future generally. It is evident that the axe has fallen upon our department, and Harvard will have to rely on new sprouts. Get Lovejoy and get Fuller! Don't get any pale, conventional mediocrities!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

28 February [1912] • Paris, France

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

1896 PARIS (xvi^e).—L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE

Paris, Hotel du Quai Voltaire

Feb. 28. Your card reached me here this morning, where I arrived myself last night, one day late, after a rather rough crossing from Dover, weathered comfortably by help of pills.—Today I have seen the apartment where I am to live with Strong. It is quite nice, but needs brightening up. Strong himself is in Florence. Expect me Monday.

[*Unsigned*]

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 February 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, Feb. 29, 1912

Dear Strong:

Your letter, addressed to the Quai Voltaire, reached me when I arrived on Tuesday evening, after a somewhat rough crossing of the Channel which (thanks to homoeopathic pills) I weathered successfully. I have taken my ticket for Avila for Sunday the 3rd arriving there the following day.

Yesterday afternoon I went to see the apartment. It is very nice, and so is Françoise, with whom I had a heart to heart talk. She was busy making muslin skirts for Margaret's dressing-table. The salon, or library is a charming room, and in bright weather (it was dull yesterday) must be very cheerful. I like the white walls in the bedrooms, which will not look cold when the personal effects of the occupier, and his personal touch, ~~has~~ have been added. For my own room, I am sure it will be amply large enough both for my books (those I need, at least) and for a writing table, so that I shall not be necessarily established in the salon when I want to work, although often, no doubt, it will be pleasanter to sit or write there. The dining-room is the only part of the house that didn't altogether please me—I mean, not the room itself, but the colour and texture of the walls. But we can do a

great deal, in the way of pleasant touches here and there, and some gaiety, when we are living in the place.

Paris is very mild and delightful. I have been walking about without a coat in summer clothes, and Spring seems to be in the air. No doubt in Italy this is even more the case.

A book of Perry's (I think) is waiting for you on your table. I got a copy from him this morning myself; but courage fails me to read it. I shall leave it at the apartment, as in Spain I want to devote my time to things Spanish, (apart from my own, if they are not Spanish) and Perry's book has a flavour of academic American mustiness and awkwardness which is repellent. What a contrast to Russell's "Problems of Philosophy"! I will send you this little book as soon as I have finished it, in case you haven't come across it in Italy. It is delightfully clear, and sometimes very witty. The analysis, here and there, may not be satisfactory; logic is too linguistic, and Russell is a logician; but nevertheless, the tone of an enlightened person strikes you everywhere, whereas Perry's tone is the tone of the dwellers in the Cave. There is a Herean philosophie and a Sclaven philosophie—belonging „respectively„ to those whom philosophy delights and to those whom she feeds and troubles.

My three cases of books have arrived safely and are in the cellar, so I am told. I am leaving only one small trunk besides.

Remember me to the Berenson's if you still see them. What is the degree of their conjugal estrangement? Or has the trouble blown over? Russell, by the way, is rejuvenated by his grass-[*across*]widowerhood.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 March 1912 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, March 12, 1912

Dear Strong

I am not sure if I have answered your last letter, but in any case I want to write a line to say that I am going to Madrid (address: Serrano 7) on Saturday the 16th, and that I mean to stay there at least until Easter, probably a little longer, and then to stop here again at my sister's for a few days on my way to Paris, so that it won't be possible for me to get there much before the end of April. It occurs to me that perhaps Margaret would like to have a friend with her for a part or the whole of the time she is in Paris, and that it would make matters simpler if she knew my room was to be unoccupied. I certainly hope to get to Paris before she goes away, so as to have the pleasure of seeing her there, but it probably would be for two or three days only that our stay would coincide, and it would be a pity to have that interfere with other pleasant plans which she might make if she knew that my room was at her disposal. Tell her this, and make any arrangements you like, regarding my room as free during the month of April. You could let me know frankly how matters stood, and if the worst came to the worst I could perfectly well go to the Quai Voltaire for a few days, until the coast was clear.

My brother and my sister Josephine sail from N. Y on April 230, and expect to be in Paris for a week in May, on ~~there~~ their way here. This solves the problem which would have arisen if we had all three appeared in Spain at once, where our friends would hardly have [*across*] been able to lodge so many pilgrims. Remember ^{me} to the Berensons and to Loeser, if you see him.

Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

20 March 1912 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Virginia)

Serrano 7, Madrid.

March 20, 1912

Dear Susie

I was glad yesterday to hear from Celedonio; give him my love, as to the rest of the family.

The "urgent" letter from London was not urgent at all, but about a paper of mine on Shelley which there is some talk of printing; it was from Dent the publisher. I shall probably leave it until I can put it in a book with some other articles.

My impressions of Madrid, so far, are somewhat mixed. The town is smaller and most of it meaner than I expected; on the other hand there are some very pretty vistas, and there will soon be more. Contrary to what usually happens, the newest things here are the best. The people I see in the streets seem a pretty poor lot; I haven't yet met anybody by whom I could judge what the better sort are like. I have been to see Esperanza and her brother (here for a few days) who is a sort of mad philosopher and bibliophile: he has tried to give me some hints as to what to read, but he is too confused and undiscriminating to be helpful. His mind is a mere catalogue. Mercedes herself is very nice, and leaves me alone all the morning and until eight in the evening when we have supper. But she talks too much, and unless she is quieter after the novelty of my presence has worn off, I shall not be able to stand her permanently.—I found Hermenegilda and her family less in the dumps than I had expected; Manuela especially looks rather youthful and rosy, and Juan young for his age. I gave Manuela your things (except the boa, which I couldn't very well carry, but told her of). Juan is coming for me this evening, and I suppose we shall have to go to some café or show.

I gave Hermenegilda \$20 and Mercedes 60: Mercedes said (the next day) that this was much too much, but that she would keep it for me; I said if anything was left over she might devote it to her charities; and so the matter dropped for the present. If I am here five or six weeks, I don't think \$60 too much. Do you? Is it even enough? Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Herbert Palmer

22 March 1912 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Wellesley)

Address ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & Co, London.

Madrid, March 22, 1912

Dear Professor Palmer

Thank you very much for your letter which for the most part contains welcome news. I am glad Royce is comparatively well, and that Fite seems to be a success. Perhaps he is man we were looking for. And I am not sorry that Adams is to go West again. I have no doubt, with or without Bosanquet or Bakewell, you will manage to bridge over next year prosperously.

As to my own plans, everything has been thrown into the melting-pot by the death of my mother, which occurred soon after I left America. This has changed the spirit of my holiday somewhat, and may also seriously affect my movements in the future. I shall now have no natural centre or home in Boston, and I foresee that it will be harder and harder for me to turn my face in that direction. However, it is too soon at present to make any final decision; I wish to consult my brother, who is coming to Spain in the Spring, and to see how well I can work, and how content I can be, in my new surroundings, here or in Paris, where I am to spend a long season with my old friend Strong. When I have satisfied myself on these points, say towards the end of the summer, I will write to Mr. Lowell; meantime I can only say that you mustn't count on me; and I see by the tone of your letter that you do not.

Please give my best regards to the department, and believe me

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

29 March 1912 [postmark] • Madrid, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

MADRID IGLESIA DE SAN JERÓNIMO.

March 29. Mercedes has shown me a card from you saying R. & J. will arrive in Avila, at the earliest, on May 10. Have they changed there their plans? I should have thought May 20 the earliest.—

Thanks also for your letter to me. I will try to see all I can next week. Madrid is already more agreeable, and I am getting on splendidly.

Love to all the family, G. S.

To Mary Williams Winslow

2 April 1912 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

Madrid, April 2, 1912

Dear Mrs. Winslow: Does Mrs. Warren describe as "glimpses" the brief hours of rapt contemplation during which we gazed at each other across the tea-table, surrounded by Lady Lawrence, Miss Honor (not Beauty), Mrs. Osgood, and several semi-attached young women and emaciated young men? Es war ein Traum!

I have followed—somewhat slowly—the general plan I had for the rest of the winter and Spring. In England I visited my usual hosts, and went besides to Cambridge where I slept in a medieval dungeon, in the Clock Tower of Trinity College, being the guest of Bertie Russell: I sentimentally evoked memories of the past by walking on the towpath and watching the college Eights practice; I dined in Hall, saw Dickinson, and other old acquaintances, and altogether drenched myself in diluted emotions. It was terribly cold, particularly in bed.—In Paris I was only a few days, and did nothing worth mentioning, except to visit the apartment where I am to live next month, and after, with my friend Strong. It is very suitable, but I could imagine something more luxurious and Byzantine, if I put my

mind to it. Possibly, if I find Strong docile, I may add a few touches of frivolity to the solemn scene.—In Avila, while continuing to suffer from the cold, I found my sister and her family as usual, and stayed nearly a fortnight; whence, I came here, to begin life with my new mate, Mercedes. We get on beautifully, I eat a lot, (having had only one colic so far) walk a lot, and have even managed ^{to} do some real work, having had one or two spells of industry and absorption over my books and papers. I hope to get out a book of essays, including the Shelley, in the autumn. This is only by the way, not being one of the three post-professorial works which I have in petto. —My native town is, for the most part, rather mean and ugly, and the people of a low type; but the newer parts are pretty, almost distinguished; the nice people have a great deal of charm and naturalness, as well as feeling: the amusements really amuse, the Churches are churches, and the sun and sky are like the Platonic Ideal of these things. The weather, though variable, is often delightful, and the Park and promenades are fine. So that I am quite happy here, and should be glad to return next winter, if my sister Josephine were here and wanted me to keep her company. As you perhaps have heard, she and my brother Robert are sailing at the end of the month. I shall see them in Paris, when they pass through, in May, on their way to Spain.

The photograph of the little angel does not do him justice, but merely serves to remind me of how sleepy and metaphysical he looked when I saw him in his crib. As to Polly, she is not sufficiently in evidence, but here too my memory can supply the deficiencies of merely suggestive art. The figs, prunes, and ginger came in very well, and I observed no ill effects of indulging in them—with some moderation, to be sure. The voyage was not smooth nor very agreeable in other ways, but I wasn't positively sea-sick, and went to all my meals like a veteran.

It is one o'clock, and at any moment Mercedes, who is gadding all day, will knock at my door and cry Jorge! so that I may not have many more minutes to finish this sheet in. We dine at one and sup at eight—call it lunch and dinner, and it would be quite English. The food, however, is very Spanish, and excellent; only I eat too much. There is a restaurant, called “The Ideal Room” (in English) which almost deserves its name, and where I usually have tea; the waiters have silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles, and at about six there is a great gathering of ladies with daughters, young swells, and foreigners. The bull-fighting element, with its many camp-followers, is excluded by the prices (tea is 15 cents!) but is to be found next door, at another café, and opposite in great numbers. It is very

picturesque in appearance and even more so in language; the love of talk, and of a sort of constant play-acting in real life, is extraordinary here. It is as among the ancients, and explains the origin of Greek drama and eloquence—perhaps of all literature.—Mercedes must have found some particularly grievous wrong to right [*across text*] this morning; but my stomach wants to be given something to do, while my brain says basta!

Thank you and Fred very much for both your kind messages.

GS.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

8 April 1912 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Virginia)

Madrid, April 8, 1912

Dear Susie:

During Holy Week I tried to see the things you recommended, not always succeeding; but I got glimpses that were interesting of several functions. Mercedes got me a ticket, through the Duquesa de la Conquista, for the Lavatorio in the royal palace; but evidently they had been very lavish with them, for it proved impossible to get into the hall, and inside there were shrieks and fainting-fits. I saw the procession, however, in the gallery, very well; and I have of course seen the King and Queen, and other royalties, on many occasions. Yesterday I went (as you suggested) to San Francisco el Grande, and heard the music. It was a mass by Perosi, very nice in itself, but sung as I thought too furiously, and without taste. The

organist was the most obstreperous, and the singers seemed to catch the infection. But they had fine voices.—The singing in the body of the Church seems to have been given up.

The other day, when I was peacefully having tea outside the "Ideal Room" in the calle de Alcalá, I found before me, when I got up to leave, the spectre of a woman! It was Manuela, with a parcel wrapped in a newspaper under her arm, who suggested that we should go for a walk; and dragged me up and down the most solitary alleys of the Retiro, by the light of the full moon, before she thought it time to go home. Our conversation, however, was not sentimental. I have been a second time to see them and delivered your boa, which Mercedes did up scientifically in a very compact form. Juan comes sometimes in the evening and we go out to a café or small show. I think he wanted me to take him to the big bullfight yesterday, but I preferred to go alone; today I am going to the [*across*] primera de abono, to sit next to Mercedes' cousins, the Manfredi boys, whom I have not yet seen, Don't tell Celedonio that I have been to bullfights, if you think it would shock him. Yours affly G. S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I am thinking of staying here until the 22nd when I might go to you for a week.—Thank Celedonio for his card.

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 April 1912 [postmark] • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Serrano 7, Madrid, April 8.

Dear Strong; I was just thinking of writing when your card arrived this morning. How amusing that you should be thinking of building a villa at Fiesole! Can't you find an old one to do over? If you have seen Loeser, he can warn you of the expense and delays to which building is subject. I believe it is ten years since he began, and hasn't yet moved in.

Madrid is more pleasing on acquaintance, and I am getting on very well, having done some real work of late—essays on Modernism and on Bergson, to go with other papers into a volume which Dent is to publish

in London. I am thinking of going to Avila in a fortnight, and expect to arrive in Paris on the evening of April 30. Let me know if you are to be there, and if my room is free. Otherwise I can go, perfectly well, to the Quai Voltaire for a few days.

Yours ever
G.S.

Take as many of the copies of the California address as you like. I have two, which are all I need until it is republished. As to the book, you might open it and use your judgment, or send it to Paris. I don't want it here in any case.

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 April 1912 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, April 24, 1912

Dear Strong

My plan is to reach Paris at 10.30 p.m. on Tuesday the 30th. If anything happens to delay me I will telegraph, otherwise you may expect me then, and if you are to be away, please give orders to the concierge and to the bonne to be ready to receive me. I didn't gather from your last card whether you were going to England with Margaret or not.—In any case, I am sorry not to have a glimpse of her.

The six weeks I have just spent in Madrid have given me a very good impression of the place. It has the charms of an agreeable and affectionate woman who is not beautiful; my friend Mercedes made me feel at home at once; it was like living in the bosom of one's own family, with somewhat greater freedom to the good. I should be quite content to spend most of the remainder of my life there, if circumstances made it advisable. This is just the conviction, one way or another, which I wished to acquire in my experimental visit this winter: so that I am quite happy about the result, especially as it is favourable, and leaves this pleasant possibility open for me in the future.

Your decision to build at Fiesole is quite exciting. I hope you will not be disappointed in the architect or in the time he takes to finish the house. I shall be most interested in hearing about it, and seeing the plans if you have them. Florence and its neighbourhood are delightful, perhaps the most delightful place where a pensive stranger could pitch his tent; but just for that reason if you live there you will be swallowed up in the Anglo-American colony, formed by the other pensive strangers who have come to the same conclusion as yourself. The moral climate, in consequence, is not so delightful as the landscape. That is why I should hardly choose Florence to live in permanently; but you may not feel the force of this objection, and in any case, it is a place anyone [across] would be glad to visit often. Yours ever G.S.

To Abbott Lawrence Lowell

6 June 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Harvard)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°.

123 Pall Mall,
London.

Paris, June 6, 1912.

Dear Mr. Lowell:

Your letter about the proposed lectures at some French Universities reaches me when I was about to write to you in a wholly different sense. The death of my mother, which occurred shortly after I left America, has made a great change in my personal situation, leaving me without a home in Boston and with most of my close friends and relations living in Europe. It seems clearly to mark the moment when I should carry out the plan I have always had of giving up teaching, returning to live in Europe, and devoting myself to literary work. Each of these things is an object in itself sufficient to determine me, and the three conspire together. The plan which you kindly proposed and we agreed upon last winter, that I should continue to spend four months of each year at Harvard, certainly had many advantages; but it was a compromise. I hardly think we could have been faithful to it long. I should not have attained my object of a change

of life, and I should not have left the field open for you to choose my successor. In any case, under the changed circumstances, I could not bring myself to return to Cambridge. I therefore enclose a formal resignation of my professorship, and I hope you will not ask me to reconsider it. This is a step I have meditated on all my life, and always meant to take when it became possible; but I am sorry the time coincides so nearly with the beginning of your Presidency, when things at Harvard are taking a direction with which I am so heartily in sympathy, and when personally I had begun to receive marks of greater appreciation both from above and from below. But although fond of books and of young men, I was never altogether fit to be a professor, and in the department of philosophy you will now have a better chance to make a fresh start, and see if Harvard can secure the leadership of the next generation, as it had that of the last.

As to the lectureship in France, it is not proper that I should now be a candidate for it; but having some experience of the matter I should say that, unless the study of English here has made great strides since 1906, audiences really able to understand English lectures cannot be found except in Lyons, Bordeaux, and possibly Caen. There is danger that, for the listeners, the courses should degenerate into exercises in pronunciation or exercises of patience. The fee of 500 francs seems small. It would cover expenses for the fortnight, but it would offer no compensation for the work of preparation nor for the other energies which such an undertaking uses up. I found the provincial capitals usually delightful and the officials kind; but a second visit might be less stimulating, and I think a new and younger person might profit by it more, and might arouse more interest in the place he visited.

If there is anything connected with this or any other matter in which I can be of service, I hope you will call upon me. Believe me sincerely and gratefully yours

GSantayana

To George Edward Moore

10 June 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Cambridge)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, June 10, 1912

Dear Moore

This is to introduce Professor R. B. Perry of Harvard, whom you know of, and who is going to spend a day or two in Cambridge. I wish I could go with him!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 June 1912 • [Paris, France]

(MS: Rockefeller)

June 12 1912

Dear Strong

Your two cards arrived in due time, and also Perry, preceded by his telegram. He spent a day here which I think ought to have been pleasant, being his first glimpse of Paris.

He tells me you have actually bought Ottonelli's Field, and that the Sisters' land is probably to be yours also. I am glad you have thus secured what you went to Florence for the sake of, and that work on the villa (whichever and where-ever it is) may be started by the time you return.

I suppose, if you are obliged to go to Rome, that will hardly be this week.

I have been very busy doing nothing with my friends. Besides Perry and the ever-assiduous Slade, and Fuller, my young friends Reeves and Abreu have turned up, while Moncure Robinson, although I have only seen him for five minutes, has been showering me with petits-blues. The ladies, however, are quiescent.

Of course you will let us know when to expect you, and if you have time to send me a line about the villa-business and about your journeys, I should be much obliged and much interested.

My cold still lingers, although it seems better this morning, on account of the nasty weather which we have been having.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

19 June 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 av. de l'Observatoire
June 19. 1912

Dear Strong

Françoise and I were somewhat relieved to get your card, as we had been wondering if you hadn't fallen ill or something. What a curious person the Mother Superior must be, with her obsession about Free Masons! Or does that piously disguise a passion for land and a shrewd aversion to letting anything substantial go? I hope Ottonelli's Field and the newly planned house will prove satisfactory and give you as much pleasure and less anxiety both in prospect and in use. I shall be much interested in hearing of the details when you return

I have been leading a useless life, having done no writing and no serious reading except James's collected articles, which I have reread carefully. I think I see the first principle of objectivism or new realism somewhat more clearly. It starts with Berkeley—the object of knowledge is the idea in the mind (the sense-datum) and this is the “thing” of common sense and non-metaphysical physics. That is the foundation—a big blunder—and what James adds is only a confusion of that hybrid with a sort of adumbration of essence, for he says that the “Experience” as psychical and as physical is numerically as well as qualitatively one; which could only be true of it as an essence apart from existence. For as existence is distinguished precisely by presence in a non-dialectical context, and the physical context of the datum and the psychical context, James admits, are two, therefore I say the Existences are two also, although the essence realized in each may be the same. A black pearl between two other black gray.

pearls, and a black pearl between two white pearls may be one in essence but these are two black pearls in Existence, since there are two strings. Besides, it is not true that the physical table and the mental table even have the same essence, for the mental table has oblique angles and perhaps only two legs, and what the physical table is in itself is a problem for physics, only imperfectly solved as yet.

I have been seeing my usual friends, and besides have dined and gone to the Opera with Abreu's family, and have been to Versailles to lunch with Miss Elsie de Wolfe (formerly an actress) where I met Miss Anne Morgan, who gave me news of my family in Avila, where she had just been. So you see I have finally been seduced into gay society, but I mean not to be wedded to it.

I haven't been very well, as the cold and uneven weather made my bronchitis linger and grow worse; and now that it seems to have disappeared at last, I have had an ulcerated tooth again, the wicked root having been extracted this morning, and left me feeling like a ploughed field. I was so upset that I went to bed after lunch, and have now been revived by Françoise with some excellent tea, am dressed again, and feel much better—the soreness in the gums and the general lassitude having almost passed away.

It is raining heavily—a thunder-storm following on two days of sudden and extreme heat.

There are a lot of pamphlets and business communications awaiting you. Let us know when you wish us to stop forwarding the letters.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 July 1912 [postmark] • Paris, France

(MS postcard: Rockefeller)

PARIS.

LA FONTAINE DE MÉDICIS (JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG).

9 A^{ve} de l'Observatoire, July 24. Two business letters have arrived for you, one from the Banker's Trust C^o and one from the Crédit Lyonnais—"Service des accrédités". Shall I forward them to Rochester? All well in this hermitage. G.S.

To George Herbert Palmer

2 August 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Wellesley)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris.

Aug. 2, 1912

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I believe I have two kind letters of yours unanswered, one in which you advise me not to be "a floater"—is this a fish, or is the fish a flounder?—and the other in which you wish me joy on having got adrift. You also give me interesting news of the department, which Perry has confirmed, for he has been here. Perhaps definite knowledge that I am not going back may help you to act somewhat more boldly, and to get Lovejoy or some other satisfactory person, by offering him a permanent place and an adequate salary. Delay and economy will never do, if you don't want other American universities to pass you in the race for prestige.

Strong has left me—he is on his annual visit to the U.S.—and I am busy giving the finishing touches to a book of essays on contemporary matters

which is to appear shortly under the title: "Winds of Doctrine". The California address will be in it, and there will be other things that may not be too wrong-headed not to be entertaining. My literary plans for the future are quite definite. I hope to produce three more books, besides the above. One is a short system of philosophy called "Three Realms of Being" (the three being Essence, Matter, and Consciousness) which will contain the correction of the misunderstanding to which "The Life of Reason" gave occasion, when some people took it for a system of the universe (!), which even my new book will not dream of being, and not merely for what it is; an account of the phases through which the human imagination may have passed in reaching its present posture. My second book is to be more laborious, and may not appear for many years, if at all in my lifetime. It is to be a critical history of philosophy, or rather a critical essay on the history of philosophy, on the plan that there is a thread of normal opinion, not unbroken yet traceable, from the Hindus on, and that a great number of heresies have branched off at this or that point, of which it will be interesting to analyse the nature and the plausibility. My third book—or books, since the subject is extensible ad infinitum—is a set of "Dialogues in Limbo", of which three are written, in which criticism of modern ways and ideas is put into the mouth of Socrates and other ancient ghosts. This fancy is one in which I take great delight, and perhaps others may find such an exercise in self-criticism acceptable. With these projects (and some half-finished poetical plays left over from my younger days) I shall have enough to occupy my mind. For the rest, where I shall live, etc, it is a matter of less consequence. During some years I got on very well in America, and accomplished a good deal, though of very mixed quality, and tainted by the haste and want of solidity to which every thing invites one there; and I might have attempted to go on under the same conditions, except that the occasion for a change seemed to be marked, as it were, by Providence, and that the routine of lectures and the general tone of the place ~~was~~ were wearing me out and getting on my nerves more and more. It seems as if with advancing years one's nature asserts itself more markedly against one's circumstances; and I never felt so much a foreigner in New England as I did of late. In Avila, where my two sisters are now, I have almost a home, and I was very happy in Madrid last winter, living with an old (female) friend, who is all piety, patriotism, and affection running over for everybody. She and her servants made me very comfortable; but I stipulated for a study to myself and perfect freedom, and got both. I expect to return there this next winter, with my unmarried sister;

and that, with my other sister's house in Avila, will doubtless remain my places of refuge, when I need a refuge. For the present, however, I am still eager for travel and variety of scene. At the end of August I am going to England, and think of spending the October term at Cambridge in order chiefly to talk over the "Three Realms of Being" with Russell and Moore, whose views are near enough to mine to be stimulating to me, while the fact that they live in an atmosphere of controversy (which for myself I hate) renders them keenly alive to all sorts of objections and pitfalls which I need to be warned of, in my rather solitary and unchecked reasonings.

You are very good to offer me the hospitalities of Quincy Street, and if I am ever in Cambridge, Mass. again, I shall certainly make your house my first Mecca. You may not remember it, but it was your encouragement and advice that decided me to go on with philosophy, instead of architecture, which I had thought of first as a profession. Your personality, with that of my other Harvard teachers and colleagues, must naturally always loom large in my memory, and remain one of the chief influences and points of reference in my intellectual life. Of course, we were divided by many things; but those which united us were perhaps, on the whole, more fundamental and important. They would doubtless seem so to a remote observer, and to ourselves in the end.

Please remember me to Royce and Münsterberg when you see them, or show them [*across*] this letter, if you think it would interest them.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 August 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, Aug. 4, 1912

Dear Strong:

Everything here is unchanged: autumnal weather, dead leaves, rain, not very consecutive or successful spurts of work. However, I have finished the "Modernism" paper, and hope to get the "Bergson" done this week.

After a little revision of “Russell”, and the first essay, all will be over. Slade I see sometimes; and hardly anyone else.

Thank you for your letter from Southwold. What made our discussions sometimes “acrimonious” was, I think, that we were disputing on “physics”, which is a subject to be advanced only by experiment and observation. Every one may present these in the language he chooses, but he should not quarrel with anyone for using a different language, if he admits the same facts. The thing for you ^{to} do is to work out your book; the presentation you will give there of the subject will interest every body, as to its substance; but the form and grammar of your system is not, I think, something you ought to insist on having the rest of us adopt, especially if we happen to have a simpler and more incisive terminology to which we are wedded.

I may leave Paris earlier than I expected, if my book is finished soon, as I hope. But I may stay on, as I rather like the melancholy season, and have plenty of reading I should like to do. By the way, I have been reading the last volume of the Bible (the Epistles & Apocalypse) in your modern edition. I long for notes; but even half understood the stuff is extraordinary. What could be more remote from polite religion than this palpitating, *escheto* eschatological, revolutionary delusion? And what fisticuffs—controversial and perhaps physical—among these new-born saints!

Send me a line saying when you will reach England. If I am not at Cambridge already I will hasten there to see you and get a glimpse of Margaret, whom I haven’t seen for so long.

Nothing has arrived from Florence; only business letters and notices.

You remember that my English address is ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall. Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 September 1912 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Ave. de l'Observatoire,
Sept. 3, 1912

Dear Strong

I know this letter will not reach you for a long time but I have no address of yours in England, and hardly know how to reach you. My plans have been upset by another bad attack of bronchitis, coming just when I was giving the last touches to my book—at last in the publisher's hands—on which I had been working terribly hard (for me). The cough and other symptoms seem to be getting chronic, and I haven't the courage to go to England and face more rain and chilliness, especially in such a swamp as Cambridge. Instead, I have yielded to an irresistible impulse to go to Italy, and start tomorrow morning for Naples. I mean to stay in that neighbourhood, probably at Sorrento, until October, and then go to Sicily, returning the same way, so as to stop at Rome and Naples Florence in the early winter, when I count on seeing you. I am going to Bertolini's while in Naples, and if you send a line there it will reach me.

Here, Françoise has taken excellent care of me, and I have been very happy, especially when I felt the book was getting on. It certainly has cost me very great pains, and now we shall see what people say of it.

I am sending Margaret a line—which you have probably seen long before this—repeating the substance of the above, so that you should not be surprised so long at my silence and non-appearance at Cambridge.

During this Spring and Summer I have been fundamentally happier than ever before in my life, largely owing to the hospitable nest which you have provided for me. In health and in little things I have not been so lucky, and I feel rather tired; but a good sun-bath and being fancy-free will set me up, I am sure. Remember me [*across*] to the Cambridge philosophers, if you see them. I am very sorry that our own meeting should be postponed, but you will understand how it is, as you too have migratory instincts.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

5 September 1912 [postmark] • Milan, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

MILANO—DETTAGLIO DUOMO

Milan, Thursday.

I arrived last night less tired than I started, and feel pretty well today. I am at the Hôtel Métropole, in the Piazza del Duomo, and like the feeling of the town. I shall probably stay two days more, and then stop at Bologna on my way to Naples. I was [*across*] glad to have a glimpse of you and Ellen.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

9 September 1912 • Bologna, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

BOLOGNA—LE DUE TORRI

Bologna, 9th Sept. 1912

I came on here from Milan this morning, and go on to Rome tomorrow and to Naples the day after. After a day or two at Bertolini's, on the hills above the town, my idea is to go to Sorrento or Capri for a fortnight, and then to Palermo—which is my objective point. My cough is almost gone, but I have had rheumatism (in the back) instead. That also is better now.

[*Unsigned*]

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 September 1912 • Naples, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Sept. 12, 1912

BERTOLINI'S PALACE

NAPLES

Dear Strong

I am very glad to have your letter of Aug. 29th from Rochester, as now I can reach you on your arrival in England and explain my departure to these sunny climes (it happens to have been raining hard for twelve hours). You probably have not received a letter I sent to America lately, nor

Margaret one I sent her to Southwold, saying that my cough had come on again rather severely just when I was starting for England, and that as I was otherwise weary and not inclined to face wet and chilly weather, I decided to come here as soon as possible. I left Paris on the 4th of September, stayed a few days in Milan (where rheumatism attacked me as well) one night in Rome, and arrived here yesterday, feeling much better, and indeed practically well of both my ailments. My plan is to stay here a week, meantime looking for a nice place at Sorrento or Capri for a further rest; and then to go on a trip to Sicily. In November I count on seeing you in Florence.

My book is safe in Dent's hands in London. What a relief!

I am sorry not to join you in Cambridge; but I should not have been in the mood for discussion, and the idea of spending the autumn in that swamp no longer smiled on me.—That your villa is not yet begun is no surprise to me. The wonder will be when it is finished. However there is joy also in anticipation, and when we admire, in November or December, the preparations that may have been made for laying the foundations, we shall have the fun we had in Paris all over again, and who knows how many times more in the sequel.

Remember me to Russell if you see him, and to my other friends. I have recast the article on him for my book, following Boileau's maxim: ajouter quelques fois et souvent effacez. The more technical and futile parts have, I hope, disappeared.

Some other day I may answer the part of your letter about psychology: today I am hardly in the mood. You are quite right in saying that we disagree about the existence of unfelt feeling. I am not sure, however, that an unfelt feeling is a fact and not a word. I agree that there is something in an animal before he is aware of it—a very great deal, in fact. This is what I meant by the fact on which we agreed and the words about which we disagreed.

Remember me to Margaret, whom I am sorry not to see for the moment: perhaps it may be in Florence at Christmas instead. I don't yet know how long I shall stay in Italy—it will be as long as the spirit moves me to stay.

Yours ever

G.Santayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

24 September 1912 [postmark] • Cava dei Tirreni, Italy (MS postcard: Sanchez)

CAVA DEI TIRRENI—PREGIATO E MONTECASTELLO DALL' HÔTEL DE LONDRES
Cava dei Tirreni, Sept. 24.

Thank you for your card, which reached me at Bertolini's before I left this morning.—The weather has changed during the last few days, with much rain and wind. I made an attempt to go to Capri, but was getting sea-sick, so I stopped at Sorrento (this is the advantage of coasting) and waited for a day there; but as the weather got no better, I [*companion card unlocated*]

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 September 1912 • Monreale, Italy (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

MONREALE-DUOMO.
CREAZIONE DI EVA.
(MOSAICI SEC. XII.)

“L’Évolution Créatrice.”

Monreale, near Palermo, Sunday Sept. 29th, 1912.

SUL LATO ANTERIORE DELLA PRESENTE SI SCRIVE SOLTANTO L’INDIRIZZO.

After a somewhat uncomfortable journey from Naples, I have made myself comfortable here and expect to stay a week or so longer, before starting on the tour in quest of Greek ruins—to Girenti and Siracusa. I expect to reach Rome in a fortnight and shall be at the Hôtel de Milan, piazza Montecitorio. The architecture here is very Saracenic, and I don't care for it; but the people are less semitic than I had expected and might almost be Irish or Polish, as far as looks go. Manner apart, there is really no division into national types in Europe.—I send this card in an envelope for the sake of decency.— Yours ever
G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

30 September 1912 • Palermo, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

MONREALE.—ABSIDE DELLA CATTEDRALE: XII SECOLO.

Palermo, Sept. 30, 1912.

Yesterday I went on a trip (7 kilometers by electric tram and funiculaire; I walked back) to Monreale, to see the church in this photo, which is one of the most important architecturally in the world, as it shows a critical mixture of styles. The interior is all mosaics. I do not [*companion card unlocated*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

2 October 1912 • Palermo, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

CEFALÙ—PANORAMA

Palermo, Oct. 2, 1912.

After much rain, the weather today has been very fine, and I have taken the opportunity to make a trip to this town.—The sights of Palermo being pretty nearly exhausted, I mean to start tomorrow for Girgenti. I will send you a card from there.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

22 October 1912 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

ROMA—BASILICA DI S. MARIA MAGGIORE

Rome, Oct. 22. 1912. This morning I receive your letter of the 16th. Thank you very much for it.—For the present you may address me here directly.—

Why does Pepe's marriage not seem a real boda to his father? Is there anything uncanonical about it?—I am very well, and leading an easy life. I have finished reading the first proof of my whole new book. Love to all.

ROMA—BASILICA S. MARIA MAGGIORE
(FACCIATA POSTERIORE)

Oct. 22 (continued from the other card). What you say about Josephine's high spirits is delightful; only I have one fear.—I think she must be in love, or ready to fall in love. Perhaps she will surprise us all by marrying some young rascal in Madrid! Warn her against the whole sex in my name.—

I am going to write to her quite seriously soon.

[*Unsigned*]

To Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien

23 October 1912 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Texas)

ROMA—VILLA MEDICI

Rome, Oct. 23, 1912.

Sadness overwhelms me at the thought of a "Magazine of American and Foreign Verse", at a reduced rate for poets.—No: this is not the way to do it. Get a thousand miles away from all magazines and many thousand miles away from America, in your island off the West Coast of Ireland at least—and even then!

[across] Your disillusioned friend GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

8 November 1912 [postmark] • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

ROMA. PIAZZA S. PIETRO: UNA FONTANA.

Hôtel de Milan, Rome.

Nov. 8.—Your letter of the 2nd reaches me today. I supposed you understood that I was staying here for some time. Mrs. Berenson has asked me to go and stay with them (near Florence) and Strong is also there, besides

Loeser. But the trouble is now I have my old cough again—the weather having been vile. I am nursing myself [*across*] very carefully, & hope it will pass off.
G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 November 1912 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hôtel de Milan, Rome

Nov. 8, 1912

Dear Strong:

Mrs. Berenson has written and I have answered saying that if it is all the same to them we can arrange as to the moment of my visit when I appear in those parts in person. On re-reading your letter just now I notice that they are to go away in the middle of December; but no doubt I shall be in Florence long before that. The page-proof of my book, which I have been expecting daily for a fortnight, has not yet begun to arrive; I have written to ask what is the matter. If there should be a long delay for any reason, of course I could have the proofs sent to Florence just as well, even better, as it is nearer London. There is another circumstance, which I hope won't amount to anything, but with the tremendous rains of the other day and the sudden fall in temperature and high winds since, I have got my bothersome cough again. I am taking every precaution I know of not to let it cling to me as it did in Paris. If it should stick, however, or return (as it seems to do on the least provocation) my first thought will have to be how to get rid of it—for with it I am not fit for society, physically or morally. Would the hôtel Aurore be a good place in which to nurse bronchitis? Isn't Florence more cold and windy than Rome—and at this moment that is saying a good deal?—I suppose, if I was no better in Florence, the thing to do would be to go on to the Riviera, and try to get well there.

Yesterday I received Holt & C^o's "New Realism", and I have read Holt's contribution to it (the vile diction and tone of which set my teeth on edge) because, odious as he is personally, Holt has always seemed to me more able and clear-headed than the rest of his school. He is very hard on our nice little friend Drake —calls him an idiot, ignoramus, or some thing of that sort. However, we are almost all of us in that class, according to Holt, so that it is no wonder. This article actually makes me understand a little better how the realists can get on without any mind at all. Except the universal one which they assume but won't for worlds admit that they

assume. "Objects" are enlarged to include their external relations and effects—and it is part of the atmosphere of an object, in action and reaction with other objects, that various groups or apperceptions of its elements are formed about it. These are our perceptions of it—the cotton-wool, so to speak, in which they are it is wrapped, like planets in clouds.—That seems all very well: but I wonder how objects are individuated in such a world. Perhaps they [*across*] aren't individuated at all; and then the new realism would be as mystical as Bergson.—I will write again in a few days.

Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

11 November 1912 [postmark] • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

TIVOLI. VILLA ADRIANA. PAESAGGIO.

Rome, Nov. 11.

My cold is not at all bad and I hope to get rid of it entirely in a few days. The weather has become mild again, and helps. The American tide is rising rapidly, and my freedom is largely gone, as when I walk out I am hailed by one person or another. I am writing with the fountain-pen of one of them in a café where we have been for [*across*] hours.—My best wishes for the wedding

[*Unsigned*]

To Charles Augustus Strong

11 November 1912 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hôtel de Milan, Rome

Nov. 11, 1912

Dear Strong

The bronchitis is not very bad—not a racking cough at all, and not frequent, and in a few days I hope it may have disappeared. The beautiful

weather of the last two days has helped. Today it is cloudy, but not cold, and I shall be prudent.

Suppose you let me go first to the Berensons, say on Dec 1st, and then, if I am well, I can go to the Aurora, and if I am not well, we can both go to Portofino. It is very good and sweet of you to offer to go there with me. In your company, I should prefer it to even Monte Carlo, although if I were alone, unless absorbed in the Three Realms of Being (which I have been at work on) I am afraid I should find it dull after a day or two. And I should rather not go to a great many different places, but stay a long time in those I stop at, as I am doing here with great satisfaction. Before leaving Florence, by the way, if I am not pursued by the bronchial fiend, I must stay a few days in the city, to revisit the chief sites, and sights, and to see Loeser and his new spouse. But perhaps this could be done by descending from Fiesole for half a day now and then.

I am quite absorbed in the "New Realism"—dreadful as the style of it all is—and as soon as I have finished it, in two or three days, I will send it on to you, as you say you have no copy at hand. I am glad you liked Benda's book. When I began it, I thought he might be some excentric carping incompetent person; but on reading on, and especially on rereading, I saw how far that was from being the case.—I have changed one or two complimentary epithets, in my article (about Bergson's style) into epithets of a sour-sweet quality, in deference to Benda's criticism of the same, which opened my eyes. Russell's article on Bergson I have not seen. The new realists, by the way, are very hostile to Bergson, too, which surprises me a little. If his theory of perception is like theirs, they detest his metaphysics. And, if it were not for kindly illusions and pious feelings, they would have to attack James as well. They do attack Dewey, for believing too much in the separately psychical. And poor Royce's lordly sophistry is trailed in the dust. Schiller they ignore, you and me are also covered under a merciful silence, while Münsterberg schwebt over the whole scene like a huge grinning bat—the hideous and bloated Angel of Darkness.

Americans are beginning to turn up in large numbers, and I have come across several friends and acquaintances of late. Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

17 November 1912 [postmark] • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

TIVOLI. VILLA D' ESTE: TERRAZZA.

Rome. Sunday, Nov. 17.

In about a week I expect to go to Florence, where Mrs. Berenson says she will make me very comfortable—and I have no doubt of it, as their villa is most luxurious. Later, I shall go to the convent—Villa San Girolamo, Fiesole—where Strong is.—My cold is much better; in general I feel very well, and enjoy walking in the sun on the Pincio; but I still cough a little. The weather is pleasant at last.

[*Unsigned*]

To Elizabeth Stephens Fish Potter

30 November 1912 • Florence, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

%/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall.

Nov. 30, 1912

I TATTI

SETTIGNANO (FLORENCE)

Dear Mrs. Potter

It seems impossible that you shouldn't have had any notion all this time of my doings. I have felt as if you knew everything, and—especially in Rome, where I have just been for six weeks—you were so present to my thoughts that I almost fancied that we were all travelling together, and that Warwick was still one year old. But, by some psychological accident, the

moment for writing has never come till now, weeks after receiving your very nice letter. So I must go back to the beginning.

You have not heard, perhaps, that my mother died soon after I left America. It was not an unexpected loss, and in one sense, as you know, it had really occurred long before, as my mother had not been herself for some years. Nevertheless, her death makes a tremendous difference in all our lives, as she had always been the ruling influence over us. She had a very strong will and a most steadfast character, and her mere presence, even in the decline of her faculties, was the central fact and bond of union for us. Now, everything seems to be dissolved. My sister Josephine (who was with my mother in Brookline) bore the blow very well, on the whole. She is now in Avila with my sister Susie and her family, and by all accounts is quite happy there, and (for her) very active and sprightly. Although she has not made definite plans as yet, it looks as if she would probably remain in Spain permanently.

As for me, I was at Windsor, with my old friend and so-called cousin Howard Sturgis, when the news came. I went almost immediately to Avila, and spent two months afterwards, March and April, in Madrid, with our spinster friend Mercedes. It was a curious and very pleasant situation. The household consists of this lady, a sort of Spanish and Catholic "new woman", full of charitable and social enthusiasms, her maid and friend Eugenia (who sat at table with us) a housemaid, a cook, and the cook's son, a young man employed in some shop and at the same time studying music as a profession, so that every evening and all day Sunday we were entertained with his practice on the piano. I had two rooms to myself, and except for the occasional chilliness in the house—the soi-disant fires were not effectual—was very comfortable and happy. I did some work, saw the city, and talked Spanish by the hour with Mercedes, who is very intelligent and well-informed. Madrid is, save for a few new streets, a very ugly mean town, and the climate severe; nevertheless, it has a great charm and I should be happy living there, if my bronchitis (which recurs on the slightest provocation) allowed me to do so; but I am afraid it is not feasible, as I should have to be going away continually to warm myself at some health-resort. However, I am going there again in the Spring, when I expect to find my sister Josephine also at Mercedes' house.

I was in Paris, at my friends Strong's (9 avenue de l'Observatoire) during all the late Spring and the whole summer, with him until the middle of July, and afterwards alone. There, by making a great effort (for I wasn't very well) I finished my new book, and meant to go to England for a long

stay; but when the time came I was suffering so much from my bronchial cold and occasional rheumatism (I have had to give up wine, like Bob) that I went to Naples instead. It was the first of September, and I found Bertolini's hotel empty and very comfortable, the climate not a bit too warm, and just what I needed to rest and recover my good spirits. After a fortnight there, I made a trip in Sicily, seeing the regular sights. It rained a lot, and there were mosquitoes to make up for the absence of tourists, and perhaps I was not in a sufficiently admiring and enterprising mood, so that Sicily didn't enchant me so much as I had expected: however, I saw many memorably things, Girgenti especially, and satisfied my curiosity. When I go again, I shall know where to look and where to make my longer stops. Palermo is a pleasant place to live in, and Siracusa has a very great charm. I could hide there, if I had some work that I didn't wish to be disturbed in, very happily for months together. From Sicily I went straight to Rome, where I have been living contentedly, until the attraction of my friends in Florence prooved too great, and enticed me here. I am at the Berenson's for the moment, very splendidly entertained in body and in mind, for here everybody knows everything, and rather more than everything. Strong is at Fiesole, watching the building of his villa there, next door to the Villa Medici, where Lady Sybil Cutting lives; I see him every day. In a few days I expect to go to Florence and settle down, perhaps for several months, if I can find a suitable room, with a fire, so as to be able to read or write comfortably in the evening. My friend Loeser has a young wife, a great musician, a distant cousin of his from Stuttgart. I haven't yet seen them, in fact they have both been kept back by illness; but they are expected in Florence soon. Besides, I have other friends and acquaintances here, so that I expect to see much of my fellow-beings, after these last months of complete solitude. It will be very pleasant and stimulating, although really I am happier when alone.

I was forgetting to tell you what is perhaps the only important fact—that I have resigned my professorship altogether, and don't expect to go back to America at any fixed time. As you know, my situation at Harvard has never been to my liking altogether, and latterly much less so, because I began to be tired of teaching and too old for the society of young people, which is the only sort I found tolerable there. The arrangement I had made with Mr. Lowell for teaching during half of each year, I should have carried out had my mother lived; but it was never *meant*, in my own mind, to last for ever. Now, it seemed that the moment to make the change had come. My brother assures me that I shall have a little income that more

than supplies my wants; Boston, with no home there, with no place to dine in night after night but that odious Colonial Club, is too distressing a prospect. Here, on the other hand, everything is alluring. My books (the only earthly chattels I retain) are at the avenue de l'Observatoire; that is my headquarters for the present. Meantime I am looking about, and if some place or some circle makes itself indispensable to my happiness, there I will stay. Intellectually, I have quite enough on hand and in mind, to employ all my energies for years. I should be very sorry—it would really make me hesitate—if I thought I was not to see you and Bob often in future; but M^r Wilson will lower the tariff on clothes, your house will become an old story, and you will be in Paris, I am sure, in the very near future. If not, I promise myself to go to America on purpose to visit you, even if it should not be in September next. My sister Josephine, too, may wish to go back, and in that case I have agreed to accompany her, so [*across*] that it is just possible that I may be in New York during the Summer.—I will write again soon. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mary Williams Winslow

6 December 1912 • Florence, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, London.
Dec. 6. 1912

Dear Mrs. Winslow

Your kind letter reached me in Rome, where I have been for six weeks, after a trip to Sicily, and other , and I have kept it ever since to reread and answer, and to look at the two photographs, (of which I like one, Polly's)

but somehow the spirit has not been propitious until this morning. I am at the Berensons', very handsomely entertained, and enjoying the contrast from the solitude of the tourist in a crowd, to the conversation of the ultra-learned and all-judging aesthetes in a villa, and I shall enjoy the change back to solitude even more, perhaps, when it comes. Last night we even went to a dinner—at Lady Sybil Cutting's, widow of my friend Bayard Cutting—and it was very pleasant getting home and going to bed after it. Berenson is full of esprit, and there is a stream of distilled culture flowing over us continually in the form of soulful tourists and weary dilettanti who frequent this place; but I really enjoy best talking with my friend Strong about things-in-themselves when we go for a walk together or to a café in the town of Florence. He is here, at Fiesole, overseeing the building of a villa, which is to be his "home" (he thinks); and I am expecting the arrival of Loeser also, who is married, and about to become a father. These friends will probably induce me to stay in Florence for some time, if it doesn't prove too cold and bleak for me.

Here I might as well introduce a parenthesis about my health, for the doctor's especial benefit. My rheumatism has recurred at intervals—mine too has gone to the ribs, without deserting the knees, however—and I am glad Polly is going to associate me in idea with Bacchus, because in fact I have had to give up all association with that genial personage, and drink only mineral waters. But my chief trouble has been the bronchitis, of which I had an attack in Madrid in April, and another in Paris during the summer—a very cold rainy summer it was—which lasted so long that I gave up going to England for the autumn and went to Naples to sun myself instead. I got well at once; but in Rome last month the cough came on again, and although I am free from it now, I begin to feel that it is necessary to think of it as a chronic affair, and to choose my winter habitat accordingly. It will make Madrid or Avila impossible; and I don't mean to go back there until the middle or end of March. From here I shall go to the Riviera and to Andalusia, and then join my sisters and the excellent Mercedes for a season, before returning "home" to Paris. There, at Strong's, 9 avenue de l'Observatoire, I am delightfully established, with the books I have retained; we have a very nice apartment, a sunny large study, a dining-room and a nice room for each of us, including one—always empty—for Strong's daughter Margaret. Françoise the bonne, gives us such meals as we wish to have at home, and she is an excellent cook; but I try to entice Strong to the boulevard and its restaurants, so as to vary the scene a little, and be entertained by the cinematograph of real life, and some-

times by the other cinematograph also; and when I am alone (Strong left me in July to go to America, so that his daughter might visit her grandparents during her long vacation: she is at school in England) I take both lunch and dinner out, enjoying that daily episode, even if the scene is not more gorgeous or novel than an établissement Duval in the boulevard Saint Michel. The only trouble with the situation in Paris is that the avenue de l'Observatoire is far from central, and that even the bus and the underground are not very convenient, and to get a cab it is necessary to send Francoise out in the rain, or else to go wading oneself until one can be found at some street-corner. Otherwise, the apartment is ideal, and so long as Strong keeps it, it will be my head-quarters. If he gives it up, when his villa in Fiesole is finished, I shall doubtless take a small apartment for myself in some more central place. Paris is, I am convinced, the point of stable equilibrium for my pendulum.

As to work, I have done a lot, though as yet I have nothing to show for it, as even "DWinds of Doctrine" though in print, is not yet out. You shall have a copy as soon as it is published, which I hope will be in January or February. The Shelley paper is in it. It was a terrible piece of work getting it off, and took me all summer; the essay on Bergson is only a selection of reams that I had written about him, and the essay on modernism is also patch-work, and I am afraid it shows it; revising and rearranging old stuff is harder than composing afresh from the beginning; but on the other hand there is a loss if one doesn't use what was written under the direct inspiration of one's reading. In Rome, where I was absolutely free and happy, I did a good deal on both the "Three Realms of Being" and the "Dialogues", and even burst into poetry, something that hadn't happened to me for years: but both these undertakings are formidable and I cannot expect to finish either for two or three years. The system of philosophy, probably, will be ready first. Next year I hope to go to Cambridge to talk it over with Russell and Moore, with whom I agree and disagree just enough to make discussion profitable.

My sister Josephine seems to be getting on splendidly in Spain, but her plans for the future are still unformed. I suppose she will remain there.

My love to Fred and the young ones, and best wishes for you all for Christmas [*across*] and the New Year. Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

10 December 1912 • Florence, Italy

(MS postcard: American)

The Berensons'

VILLA I TATTI, SETTIGNANO, FLORENCE.

Florence, Dec. 10, 1912

Your letter—which I will answer at length before long—reached me while staying at the Berensons'; I am enjoying a season of talk after a long one of solitude. Strong is here, and I expect my old friend Loeser soon. As to my book, I have read all the proofs, but it is not yet out. The "Three Realms of Being" are making progress, but you mustn't expect them for another year at least. I have had recurring colds, which have bothered me a good deal. [across] Have been in Sicily, etc. and am not yet settled. G.S.

To Mary Williams Winslow

31 December 1912 • Florence, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Florence, Dec. 31. 1912

Dear Mrs Winslow

Thank you very much for the pretty calendar with its kind message. It has found me still here—though rather restive—retained by my friends, Strong and his daughter, Loeser and his wife, the Berensons, etc, but driven on by the bad weather—London couldn't be more wet and foggy—and by a certain dislike I have taken to the place and to the life of the aesthetical colony in it. Rome is far more to my taste—larger, nobler, more genuinely alive, and more appealing to wide reflection. In Florence it is rather the quaint, incidental, and hopelessly archaic that people feed their imagination upon. The landlord of my hotel complains that the stream of tourists has dwindled, and that people who came to spend the winter in Florence now go to Cairo instead. I can perfectly sympathize with this change of fashion, and though I am too lazy and fond of solitude to go to Egypt with the smart rabble, I am going for a while to the Riviera, to catch

a glimpse of the sun and sea, on my way to Andalusia and thence to Madrid.

My sister-in-law Ellen has written me a Christmas letter in which she speaks of you and says your children are splendidly healthy, which is all that can be required of them at their tender age; and I hope they will continue to look angelic and to behave accordingly. Nowadays, I daresay the angels play tennis and football, just as formerly they used to brandish flaming swords and to spear dragons. I have also heard from Mrs. Toy, your favourite Fuller, and the Schofields (this last on business, but with friendly and social frills) all of whom put together give me a vivid picture of Boston, with its old heart and its new subway vibrating merrily together. It doesn't seem to me much more remote than when I was there; and I am surprised to see how much life everywhere is now like life in America. Except Boylston Beal, I hardly know anybody who seems to stop to consider what it all comes to—and he is a trifle captious in his judgments. It is a sort of toboggan-slide; but I assure you it is far more comfortable and far more interesting to roll off as soon as possible into the soft snow by the way, shake oneself together, and look on. My friend Strong does the same thing and we sympathize entirely on every subject except mind-stuff (which I insist on calling by another name) but he doesn't get as much fun out of it as I do. He is far more charitable and hasn't an enormous sense of humour. And I am a little afraid, when his villa at Fiesole is built (a part of it was washed down by the rain the other day) he will find the moral atmosphere of the place less satisfactory than the Tuscan air. He will be roped into the Anglo-American aesthetic ring, and the sparring ladies will make him dizzy. On Christmas he actually had to go to Lady Sybil Cutting's fancy-dress party, dressed like a decadent Roman, with a ridiculous ~~false~~ false beard, a hired tunic with tinsel embroideries glued on, ~~and~~ pink stockings, and a ~~sroll~~ scroll in his hand (the plans for his villa, I suppose). Margaret went as an ancient Egyptian. He was ill the next day in consequence.

Isn't there any chance that you should come to Paris some summer? Fred didn't seem to be overwhelmed with patients in Nahant; you might let your house, and take an outing without any additional expense. If you ever can manage this, it would be such a pleasure for me to show you my Parisian haunts (none of them, I warn you, very extraordinary, or even in Montmartre). When I get back from Spain, which will be about the ~~first~~ middle of May, I expect to settle down in the avenue de l'Observatoire for a long stay—perhaps for ever! I feel now as if I ~~had~~ sufficiently explored the ground, and that my future wanderings will be merely trips.

My best wishes for you all for the new year.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

1 January 1913 • Florence, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

Florence, Jan. 1, 1913.

Dear Susie: It is a long time since I have written, or since I have had any news from you, except the silent witness of the photograph representing the bridal pair in all their glory. I ought to have thanked_{ed} you (or them) for it before. There has been no change as far as I am concerned, except that I have made the acquaintance of the new Mrs. Loeser, and that Margaret Strong is here with her father. I have been to lunch with several literary English people—all very constrained, and I have avoided a fancy-dress party at Lady Sybil Cutting's, to which Strong was obliged to go dressed as an ancient Roman in pink stockings!

Has Mercedes turned up, and has Josephine gone to Madrid yet? I am curious, to here hear how this comes about, and what impression Josephine receives from things there.

My plan now is to leave Florence on Saturday the 11th for Genoa, to stop there for two or three nights, and then go on to Monte Carlo (which I have never seen in the season) and to Nice, where I may stay some time if I find suitable quarters, and if the place lends itself to a certain amount of regular work, relieved but good walks and an amusing mise-en-scène. I choose Nice because it is the largest place in the Riviera, and I like towns better than the country. After this episode I mean to wend my way Spain-wards.

Ellen has written me a Christmas letter full of intentional satisfaction with everything. I wish I were sure that, in the midst of such a perfect state of things, she was really at all happy. She says they mean to come to Europe next summer en famille, with a friend of young Josephine's in addition. In that case I can see them all in Paris, and if Josephine (our sis-

ter, I mean) wants to go back to America, I suppose she will join them on their return voyage. However, if she preferred to go in mid-summer with me, I am perfectly ready to accompany her; only I should come back at once. My finances are in a good condition, as I have lived these eleven months, since I left Boston, on \$1500, saving \$1000, on the basis of what I allow myself, which is \$2500 a year. It is far from my purpose to save money, but I am not sorry to do so at first, as I am not quite settled, and when I am, there may be regular expenses—for an apartment—which I have not had to meet as yet. It is doubtful whether Strong will keep his apartment in Paris after his villa is finished, and it is doubtful whether, even if he keeps it, I should ever feel quite at home in it.

My best wishes for the New Year to you and Celedonio and all the family.
Your aff^e brother George

[across] P.S. My cold has not recurred, but I have had, now and then, a twitch of rheumatism. The weather here is cheerless.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

10 January 1913 • Florence, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

FIRENZE

UFFIZI E PALAZZO VECCHIO

Address:

Grand Hôtel, Nice,

France.

Florence, Jan. 10, 1913.

I am leaving today for Genoa, one day earlier than I expected. Strong went away yesterday, and I had finished saying good by to the others, so I am off.— Your letter and J.'s from Madrid reached me on the same day. I could easily arrange to meet her in Barcelona (if she doesn't prefer better company) if she will let me know when she is to be there. I could go to Seville later. Memorias.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

15 January 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

MONACO. — VUE SUR LA CONDAMINE ET MONTE-CARLO PRISE DU PALAIS DU PRINCE.
Monte Carlo. Jan 15, 1913

I have just taken a room here—lodgings not in a hotel—as I like Monaco very much better than Nice, a real little Italian port, and very cheerful. I move the day after tomorrow. Address: 4 A^{ve} de la Costa Monte Carlo. The arrow in the photo points to my window, marked.

[*Unsigned*]

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 January 1913 [postmark] • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Rockefeller)

MONACO.—

VUE SUR LA CONDAMINE ET MONTE-CARLO PRISE DU PALAIS DU PRINCE.
4 A^{ve} de la Costa, Monte Carlo. Jan. 15. I have just taken a room, lodgings not in a hotel, at the place marked in the photo, and the address is as above.—I find Nice rather nasty, but this place very attractive & the temperature perfect.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

16 January 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

NICE.—ENTRÉE DU PORT, VUE PRISE DU CHÂTEAU.

4 A^{ve} de la Costa, Monte Carlo, Monaco. Jan. 16, 1913.

Such extraordinary things about Spain are in the papers that I am quite puzzled to understand what is up. Could you send me some papers (to the address above), preferably two or three numbers of the Lectura

Dominical? I should be much obliged.—I am waiting to hear from Josephine when she ^{is} goes going to Barcelona.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

22 January 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

COTE D'AZUR

1505—MONACO—PALAIS DU PRINCE

Jan. 22. 1913

Thank you for the four papers and your card which arrived this morning. There is less clearness and force in the Crónica of Máxims than usual, and I don't yet understand just what has happened.—I am well & the weather splendid.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

6 February 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Sastre)

Feb. 6, 1913.

4 A^{ve} de la Costa, Monte Carlo.

I am sending you a very moral and “bien-pensant” French book, in which there is a good deal that is true and amusing, although it is no work of genius.—My life here has become very agreeable and regular, and I do a good deal of work. My idea now is to stay until Josephine goes to Barcelona, and to join her and Mercedes there. I may give up going to Andalucia this year.—The weather [across] here and my health couldn't be better.

[*Unsigned*]

To John Galen Howard

10 February 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Berkeley)

MONTÉ-CARLO.—EFFET DE MER.

Monaco, February 10, 1913

Thank you so much for “Grasmere”, which is truly “a fractual stirp of that high dedicant,” W. W.—The wetness (which you ‘render so vividly) frightens me, however, who have fled to the Riviera from the fog and mire of Florence to try to out-stirp a catarrh.—Without question, you have the afflatus and the courage of poetry: it is remarkable in these days. And I [*across*] like your rhyme better than your blank verse!

G.Santayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

20 February 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(TS: Princeton)

ROBERT S. STURGIS
27 STATE STREET

TELEPHONE 5515 MAIN

Boston, Feb. 20th, 1913.
Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:-

I have yours of the 19th inst. with check for \$21.78 in payment of royalties on my books to Feb. 1st.

As I am no longer in Cambridge, please note that my address is now c/o R. S. Sturgis, Atty., 27 State St., Boston.

Yours truly,

George Santayana

by Robert S. Sturgis/Atty

To Charles Augustus Strong

6 March 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS postcard: Rockefeller)

MONTE-CARLO. L'ENTRÉE DU CASINO.

Monte Carlo, March 6, 1913

How have you been all this time?—As for me, I have had touches of my cough (not persistent) and have done a little work (not much). I am starting for Madrid on Monday; my address there is Serrano 7.—I hope you got my book. The shape and size were a surprise to me—not altogether agreeable.—Best regards to Margaret. G.S.

To Mary Williams Winslow

6 March 1913 • Monte Carlo, Monaco

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°.

123 Pall Mall, London

Monte Carlo, March 6, 1913

Dear Mrs. Winslow

Before I give you any account of my rapid descent from Cambridge to Florence and from Florence to Monte Carlo, and the corresponding deterioration of my moral character, I must correct one or two false impressions that I seem to have conveyed in my last letter. One is about the number of Fred's patients, which I suggested was not enormous, so that perhaps an escapade to Paris might not be impossible. You seem to have thought this a reflection on Fred's success and—with a wife's logic—therefore false. Of course, I meant it as an evidence of how complete his succe[*torn page*] espe[*torn page*] now be entirely cured of all its ailments. If he ran away for two or three months, that might give Disease a chance to raise its head again, making possible a fresh victory of Medicine on his return, and perpetual health ever after, more conscious and therefore (according to Professor Palmer and D^r Cabot) more real than if its reign had not been interrupted. So that, even if my suggestion about the phenomenal paucity of patients was not true superficially, it might sho have been true, and it ought to have been true, and therefore, according to M^r Bradley (*vide* "Appearance and Reality" *passim*) it "really" is true. If you don't follow this argument, [*torn page*], who [*torn page*]

Talking of Professor Palmer and D^r Cabot, how insufficient the latter's eulogy of the former seems to a true lover of sweetness and half-light, like myself! I can only compare its insufficiency—now that my mind is filled only with such lewd images as the effete society of Monte Carlo can supply—to the insufficiency of the gauze covering the old bones of some tin-panny music-hall star. The gauze is too thin, and the old bones show through. D^r Cabot says that Professor Palmer was a great teacher: this is the gauze; and what you see through it is that he was a little mind, etc. etc. If I had thought I had any chance of being chosen to write a eulogy of Professor Palmer myself, I should have staid in America just to do it; but they would have thought I was out of sympathy with the subject, and D^r Cabot would have been still chosen instead of me. A great injustice! I am sure I could have dressed up the dear old purring thing to much greater advantage; no gauze, but solid homespun; a poke-bonnet made in Boxford, lace-mittens from Wellesley, ethical pantalets, and Hegelian goggles. Quite seriously, I should have shown what a valuable influence Professor Palmer had; I should have compared him to Browning. Browning was a middle-class mid-nineteenth-century Englishman who had discovered Italy and Passion; and he electrified all English-speaking spinsters and unsatisfied wives with that, oh, too exciting revelation of Life! Of course, neither he nor his readers ever got beyond the mere wish and programme to be Intense, Instinctive, and Rash, and to have a full, fresh, endless life. They never got—how could they?—to experience of life that can discriminate, or to the fine passion that chastens and disentangles the mind. But such was not their rôle; at least they broke through the ice of middle-class snobbery and stale Puritanism. They got out, or half out, of the genteel tradition. Now Professor Palmer was the Browning of the Grind. The Grind is a poor pale student with cold hands and feet who thinks it Duty to get A's and Paradise to be some day a professor. Happy man if he ever took Phil. 4.! Culture, almost Passion, opened before him as not-forbidden. Professor Palmer even joked sometimes; sometimes (oh strange, rapturous revelation, that such a thing should be wise and good!) he used a slang word. He seemed to have heard of everything—even of Vice and Unbelief—and not to be spotted. How amiable the World became, if one might only come someday to see it as he saw it! How full of mind, and reason, and helpfulness, and even of refined pleasures! Yes, how pleasant books became, and how pleasant even Duty! As Browning revealed the Renaissance to the forlorn female, so Professor Palmer revealed polite learning to the forlorn male. If his pupils had been well-

bred and well-educated to begin with, his teachings would indeed have been superfluous and even ridiculous; but his pupils seldom or never had those advantages, and he became their godfather in the religion good thoughts, their wet-nurse in the great democratic orphanage of *spiritual* America!—I submit that my eulogy of Professor Palmer is much warmer and more sincere than Dr Cabot's—and without any gauze.

I am sending you some lectures of Jean Richepin's delivered to young ladies—the audience being a sort of insurance against the author, who as you know began by being an indecent follower of Baudelaire and writing blasphemous poems and ultra-pessimistic stories; but now he is old and an academician, he gives violet-scented lectures to the *jeunes filles* of the Faubourg! I send you the volumes because I happen to have them, and because they are entertaining and inspired by the love of a certain idea of Greece—not the true one—but one which stands for something good of its kind, namely, the pleasures of an irresponsible, lyrical sensualism. Of course, you mustn't trust one word—not one word—he says about politics or philosophy; but he is a good sort of low-class enthusiast for poetry and liberty. The trouble is, with these low-class anti-clerical enthusiasts, that they can never feel what poetry and liberty, when they are worth anything, get there value from; I mean hard experience of the real world and a long moral discipline. If you have these things, which the Greeks acquired in the period before that which Richepin admires, you may afterwards, and on that basis, have a substance for your poetry, and know what to do with your freedom. But disinherited people, like Richepin, can never write poetry that is not mere mouthing or do anything with their liberty except drink absinthe.

I am off for Madrid next week, where I expect to be for a month or two before I return to Paris. Here I have been nursing my bronchitis—which is always knocking at the door—and resting from the too aesthetic and too anti-quarian (and too “disinherited”) society of Florence—of the Florence I saw, of course, for there is doubtless another. I hope by this time you have my book. With love to Fred and [across] the young ones, Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

12 March 1913 • Barcelona, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

BARCELONA—DETALLE DEL PUERTO BARCELONETA

Barcelona, March 12, 1913

On arriving here last night, I found a letter from J. saying she had been to see you and that Antonia had gone back with her to Madrid. I am surprised at so much activity, and I shall be glad to find Antonia, if she is still there when I arrive, which I expect will be on Saturday at 11 a.m.—My journey so far has been pleasant, and I am very well. I mean to go to Montserrat tomorrow for the day. Memorias.

Jorge

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

16 March 1913 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Cº, London

Madrid, March 1st, 1913.

Dear Fuller

Yesterday, when I arrived here, after many wanderings, I found your good letter of Feb. 21. Many congratulations for on your final appointment, consecration, and holy marriage with old mother Harvard. I suppose, after a year or two of your permanent instructorship and

preceptorship (whatever this may be) you will rise automatically, like the souls in the Paradiso, to higher and higher spheres till you are lost in the exceeding light of *the* absolute focus—by which I don't mean the Presidency of the College, for I am speaking of spiritual things. It is a very nice prospect for you: responsibility will keep you seriously at work, and you will have enough leisure—with the occasional leaves of absence which you can ask for—to write judiciously (don't write too much, like me)—and to travel, while at 'Tween Waters and at Cambridge, even in term-time, you will not lack pleasant occupations of varied sorts to refresh your mind and keep you human. Let me congratulate you very sincerely, and your mother also, to whom this must be a great satisfaction. It is a satisfaction to me as well, because I feel as if you and I were members of the same party, stood for more or less the same things, so that you will be taking my place, now that I have decamped,—and *you* will be *doing* under far more favourable conditions what I should like to have done. The times have improved, for one thing, and people, if not more enlightened positively than they were twenty years ago, are at least less hide-bound and parochial, and I sometimes think American goodwill may shortly be extended even to people with ideas! It will be a great pleasure if, in a few years, I come to visit you and find everything so much improved and humanized as I believe it will be. The material improvements will be interesting to see too—the subway, the Freshman college, the new Library, the new bridge, etc. etc. I will bring a set of ultra-sublime lectures to read to the ladies in the New Lecture Hall, at 4.30, and then you will waft me in your motor—for you will have a motor then—to 'Tween Waters, to imbibe a cocktail (with a dividend) and discuss the Epicurean gods—with imitations! and, so to speak, demonstrations in the life.

I have been so lazy about writing that I don't know how far back to go in my account of my doings—if doings *that*ey can be called. After my trip in Sicily I was in Rome, quite preternaturally happy, for six weeks: but as this happiness was earthly after all it could not be complete, and I had a bad attack of my bronchitis. The depression which this caused, and the urgent missives of Strong and the Berensons, who wanted me to go to Florence, finally got the better of an instinct which told me that Rome was the place in which to stay for the winter. I went to Florence, staid ten days at the Berenson's, moved to the town, and saw a lot of people, from Strong and his daughter, to rather grand people at Lady Sybil Cutting's, who holds a sort of little court at the Villa Medici in Fiesole, close to Strong's new house. It was not satisfactory on the *hole* whole: the climate of

Florence at that season—December—is beastly, and the expatriated anemic aesthetes and the Jews surprised to find that success is not happiness made a moral atmosphere not wholesome to breathe: so I fled to the comparative innocence and moral simplicity of Monte Carlo. I took a small room flooded with sunshine and overlooking the toy port of Monaco, and I established a routine of life, going always for the same walks and to the same restaurants, which enabled me to rest thoroughly, and to do some little work. The gilded hall of the Casino did not swallow me up: I went there only once, on the first day of my sojourn in the place, and never returned, as I found it crowded and dingy, full of uninteresting middle-aged people, not even fascinatingly ugly or obviously gnawed by all the vices. They were for the most part fat greasy Germans, millionaire sausage-makers in appearance and in smell. I went sometimes to the theatre, and saw several amusing ultra-Parisian things, to make up for the Teutonic real life about me. Above all, I delighted in the climate and in the old town of Monaco, to which I walked up every day, and where I sometimes read or wrote in the gardens. The only friend I came upon in all that time was Slade, who was living just beyond Nice, with a lady variously described as his wife, his bonne, his mistress, his model, his cook, and his mother. She might be any of these, as far as appearances went, and several at once, most probably: at any rate, she was very amiable, and the pair seemed quite happy.—The advancing season, and the fact that my unmarried Sister was to be alone here in Madrid for the rest of this month (the friend with whom we stay having been called away to Vigo) made me finally quit the Riviera and return to Madrid: and this is the end of my story for the present. I expect to be back in Paris, with Strong, by the middle of May. He tells me he has finally got everything in his system clear and straight, and I have made some progress also in mine—I mean, in my next book the “Three Realms of Being”—so that our discussions promise to have a new aliment, which they much needed. [across] Excuse this blot, and this briefness; but I am hardly settled here yet, and have many letters to answer. Yours ever

G.S.

To Jessie Belle Rittenhouse

16 March 1913 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Rollins)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o, London.

Madrid, March 16, 1913

Dear Miss Rittenhouse

You do me a great honour in wishing to include three of my sonnets in your collection, and naturally I can have no objection to your doing so, nor, I suppose, can Messrs. Duffield & C^o. They have literally nothing to lose, even if the whole book of sonnets were pirated, and something possibly to gain by such a delicate form of advertising as your collection will supply to the becalmed publications that you may quote from in it.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

16 March 1913 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o.

123 Pall Mall, London.

Madrid, March 16, 1913

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons,

New York

Dear Sirs:

It was by my suggestion that Messrs. Dent & Sons approached you on the subject of the American edition of "Winds of Doctrine", and I am much gratified that you should have found it possible to undertake it. In many ways, and considering only my own feelings, I should have preferred to have offered you this book in the first place—as well as my previous one on the "Three Philosophical Poets"—but in each case circumstances made it impossible, and I am very glad that now you can at least have charge of the new book in America.

I see that the sale of "The Life of Reason", though small, is continued, and I wonder if the first edition is not now nearly exhausted. There are many misprints and ugly phrases which I should like to correct, if ever a reprint were made: and I might even like to make some more substantial changes, if you thought a second revised edition more advisable, or not more objectionable, than a mere reprint with verbal emendations. If you could let me know your views on this point, at your convenience, I should be much obliged. My place of residence now-a-days is rather variable, but my permanent address is as above—^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o London.

Very truly yours

GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

7 April 1913 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: American)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o, London.

Madrid, April 7, 1913.

Dear Kallen

My book, which I hope has reached you, may have made some amends for my negligence in writing. I have been, and still am, somewhat unsettled; but, apart from England, I have now looked over all the places over which, in the future, I can hope to range, and taken note of what they afford for my purposes. The chief trouble is that so many regions attract me, and are most charming just at the same season; but on the whole my impression is confirmed that Paris is the most suitable place for my head-quarters. I shall be back there in May, and my wanderings after that are to be regarded merely as trips.

Holt sent me a copy of the "New Realism", which I read with great care and, I think, some profit. I am not yet quite sure that I understand the doctrine: is it intelligible? What I had written referring, somewhat casually, to this school in "Winds of Doctrine" seemed not to need correction, although I might have corrected it in proof after reading the "New Realism". The failure to recognize the spiritual distinctness of psychic life, its hypostatic existence and moral essence, seems simply wanton—a deliberate oversight and evasion, convenient in dashing off a tight little system that shall seem to be scientific and seem ^{not} to be idealistic but which, in its groundless postulate of "monism" is idealistic and not scientific in

fact. All the explanations I have been able to find of how the imagination—and all mental existence is imagination of some sort, “fancy” as Hobbes calls it—is accounted for by the new realism [*illegible*] consist merely in finding the physical basis of imagination in the outer world—the aerial, projection of the table seen in perspective, the cerebral or traditional remnant of the past, etc. But such a projection or such a remnant is one of a thousand others that lie in nature without ever reaching mental actuality; the addition of this, the kindling of consciousness, is a fresh fact which it is very unphilosophical to ignore now simply because the idealists and psychologizers have abused it by trying to make a universe out of its substance, when it has no substance. And this leads me to make a slight complaint against you for having said that I am an “epiphenomenalist”—I don’t complain of your calling me a “pragmatist” because I know that it is mere piety on your part. But the title of epiphenomenalist is better deserved, and I have only this objection to it: that it is based (like the new realism) on idealistic prejudices and presuppositions. An epiphenomenon must have some other phenomenon under it: but what underlies the mind, according to my view, is not a phenomenon but a substance—the body, or nature at large. To call this a phenomenon is to presuppose another thing in itself, which is chimerical. Therefore I am no epiphenomenalist, but a naturalist pure and simple, recognizing a material world, not a phenomenon but a substance, and a mental life struck off from it in its operation, like a spark from the flint and steel, having no other substance than that material world, but having a distinct existence of its own (as it is emitted continually out of bodily life as music is emitted from an instrument) and having a very different kind of being, since it is immaterial and moral and cognitive. This mental life may be called a phenomenon if you like, either in the platonic sense of being an instance of an essence (in which sense every fact, even substance, is a phenomenon) or in the modern sense of being an observable effect of latent forces; but it cannot be called an epiphenomenon, unless you use the word phenomenon in the one sense for substance and in the other sense for consciousness. Since these terms are so equivocal I should rather not use them at all; but I am willing to be called a dualist and a materialist (though the things might be called incompatible, if by dualism were meant a dualism as to substance); in fact I am pleased to be called so, because I am sick of having these terms considered equivalent to a reductio ad absurdum, which they cease to be when someone is declared to maintain them as truths.

Holt's essay seemed to me more enlightening than the rest, detestable as is his manner and his language—a mixture of the slang of the laboratory with that of the gutter. But his theory of streamers (as Strong calls it) i.e. that objects include all their effects and effluences, seems to show clearly what the new realists mean when they say they can account realistically for mental life and also shows, how completely, in fact, they fail to do so.

Have you read Benda's capital book on Bergson? It relieved me of all qualms about my essay, which I feared might seem too severe. When I read now some newspaper accounts of his visit to America (I have heard nothing of the substance of his lectures there) I begin to fear on the contrary that I have taken him too seriously. But the best way of discrediting a charlatan is perhaps not to call him one: witness the failure of Schopenhauer against Fichte and Hegel, with his "Wissenschafts leere" and his "Windbeuteleien", and the success of Mill against Sir W^m Hamilton, with his ponderous tome.

What you say about yourself at Madison is intelligible, but I think you overrate the superiority of the spirit you might find in other places. The whole world is very Western now, and clerical, industrial, or political preoccupations are dominant everywhere. One must tread the wine-press alone. I hope you will be patient and successful, and that the admirable civic qualities and incalculable future of those Western communities will appeal warmly to your imagination and make you accept the limitations of the times and the persons that you have fallen among. I like Wisconsin so much that I want you to like it.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 April 1913 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Serrano 7, Madrid

April 21, 1913

Dear Strong

Margaret, I suppose, is returning to Saint Felix's at about this time, and possibly you too may be preparing an escapade to Florence or Switzerland or Aix. However, I hope to find you at home when I arrive, about May 15th, and that you will be willing to let me read over what you have written since the publication of your articles.—I myself have been very lazy since I got here, only being able to copy some 50 pages of manuscript which I had written during the winter, and I hope, before I leave Madrid, to copy all the rest; but somehow I have no space, no large horizons or solitude, for original composition here. I am leading a family life, with five women in the house, and though that has many advantages, and is a grateful change in many ways from hotels and solitary lodgings, it is very bad for continuous thought.

It is very pleasant to know that you were pleased with "Winds of Doctrine", and especially that you liked the first paper. I feel rather inclined to read up the French nationalist and new-conservative writers—Maurras, etc—and to write something about them and the collapse of liberalism, in politics and philosophy. I am dissatisfied with the paragraph in my new book about patriotism—the subject was better treated in "The Life of Reason"—and should enjoy working out the other side of the question, namely, the need of specific, exclusive forms of life and of order among various groups of men. Living in Madrid, though not favourable to positive work, is very stimulating to the political imagination.

If you have decided to keep the apartment in Paris, I should certainly be very glad to fit up the petit salon; I think it better to do that than to follow the other plan you propose, and take your bedroom for a study. It would be less cheerful, opening the door between our bedrooms would leave no room in mine for the washstand, and especially the advantage of throwing open the two salons would be lost. Of course, when we were working we could close the doors, and each bear could growl in his particular den; but in our more social moments the apartment could be made very much more attractive by the space and the variety which the two rooms seen together would afford.

If you care, by any chance, to read "The New Realism" now, you will find it among the books which I have directed to myself at the apartment.—The weather here is now delightful and I am very well.

Yours ever G.Santayana

To Scofield Thayer

22 April 1913 • Madrid, Spain

(MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London.

Madrid, April 22, 1913

Dear M^r Thayer

It is an extraordinary tribute the Harvard Monthly has paid me in devoting a whole number to my new book, and it touches me deeply. It is a further satisfaction to find, on reading the several papers, that I have furnished the occasion rather than the subject of most of what you have written. There is a reassuring independence of view in most of them and a trick of wandering into personal by-paths and reminiscences of other reading which, if not altogether admirable in itself, at least saves me some blushes and the reader many yawns. What is most gratifying to me is to see that I have so many friends among the young wits at Harvard, that they read and talk over my books, and that some of them remember their

old teacher with affection. Of all the essays, I find that yours on Shelley comes nearest to the spirit and intent of what I had myself written on the subject; but it is of no importance that you should reproduce or even criticize my views at close quarters: it is more than enough that you find in me a starting-point and stimulus for your own thinking and writing. This is a service which very modest authors or teachers can sometimes do, when they happen to come opportunely into contact with younger spirits or to strike a chord to which the times respond. When the truth and absolute value of one's views are so doubtful as they naturally are in the case of a philosopher, it is a solid comfort to find proof that at least one's wind of doctrine is blows perceptibly and not unpleasantly in the world. Some people will doubtless tell you that this wind is too perfumed, and others that it is too sharp and blighting; but though it ill becomes me to say so, I am inwardly convinced that you will find it healthy. You may, and probably one or another of you will, disagree with each of my opinions; you may balk at "essence" (that most guileless of things!) or complain of the amateurishness of my technical philosophy. But meantime you will have found encouragement for what is are the great virtues of young thinkers—sincerity and unworldliness. May you never lose them, or imagine that there is anything in the world for the sake of which they should be given up!

It would give me great pleasure to see any of you who may come to Paris, where you will probably find me (especially during the [*across*] summer) at 9 Ave. de l'Observatoire. All good wishes to the Harvard Monthly from its grateful parent,

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

14 May 1913 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, May 14, 1913

Dear Strong

In order not to start at an inconvenient hour (in Spain people insist on seeing one off at the station) and not to travel at night, I have decided to take the slow trains and stop at Burgos and San Sebastian, as I did last year. In this way I sha'n't be able to reach Paris before Monday, and I am telegraphing you to that effect. You needn't expect me before 10 p.m. on that day, although if I can combine the trains so as to arrive earlier in the evening, I will.

Everything here is normal and pleasant, and I am enjoying finding both my sisters together, and both happy. I feel more and more confident that my sister Josephine (the unmarried one) will remain in Spain and not return to America, except possibly on a visit. I am glad of this for her sake, as life is far simpler and easier for her here, and also for my own, as it will tend to centralize the attractions which members of one's family always exercise, and to enable us to see each other more often. Talking of my family, my brother and his whole family are to be in Paris again this Summer, so that, for a week or so in July, I shall be distracted from our normal and philosophic existence.

My book (The "Three Realms") is making satisfactory progress. I am anxious to discuss several points in it with you, and also to hear what your new inventum mirabile is. *Au revoir*

Yours ever

G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

21 May 1913 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

9 Av^e de l'Observatoire, Paris

May 21, 1913

Dear Mrs. Bush

It is very pleasant to hear from you at such a comparatively short distance, and I hope I may be in Paris when you come. It is my friend M^r Strong who has built a villa at Fiesole which I suppose may be dignified with the name of "home" when he has once settled down in it. As for me, I don't expect to be there except for a short visit now and then. Florence, though it may shock you to hear it, doesn't please me particularly, the climate is bad and there are too many fugitive aesthetes and Jewish *antichità* people for me there. Being a man rather without a country myself, I like places that have a distinct national flavour, and people who are simple and honest. I have just been for two months in Madrid, and I was very happy, though not very comfortable in that my native town. Next winter I am thinking of going to Seville for a long stay, to see how I like it. This apartment, however, will remain my headquarters for the present. The plan of going back to Harvard in the autumn has been given up, and I am no longer a professor at all!

I hope your cure will be all that is promised, and that I may soon have the pleasure of seeing you and M^r Bush. At this moment I am at work on a review of Plotinus-Fuller for his journal.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

3 June 1913 • Paris, France

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

PARIS (6^e ARRT)

LE PALAIS DU LUXEMBOURG

Paris, June 3, 1913

All the letters and papers have arrived safely. Thank you very much for sending them.—Today Strong has left me and gone for a week to Florence to see his villa. The project of furnishing the study for me here is in suspense, as I see that my taste (and purse) don't agree very well with Strong's. I shall get on as I am for the present.—Love to all from Jorge

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

3 July 1913 [postmark] • Brussels, Belgium

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

BRUXELLES. HÔTEL DE VILLE

Brussels. July 3.

I have just arrived here to spend three days with Westenholz (el baroncito).—We were much alarmed by exaggerated reports of the fire at Avila, and I should like to know all about it. Perhaps you could send me a paper. Love to all from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 July 1913 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire

July 15, 1913

Dear Strong

This morning I went to the boulevard de Bercy and after some goings and comings and irritating two different officials, I arranged that the cases shall be called for on Thursday morning; but they refused to send more

than one man or to come upstairs for the cases, and Françoise has undertaken to find the two needful drudges in the quartier to take the boxes down in time for the emissary of the P.L.M. to pick them up from the trottoir —the only task not beneath his dignity. They also intrusted me to give the papers—which I have filled up as well as I could, signing your name (with my initials below)—to this same emissary. I have specified that the customs examination shall be at Florence, and I have set down the value of the whole at 5000 francs, after calculating that there must be at least 2000 books.

It has occurred to me that they might require the keys to the two trunks at the custom-house; I daresay you have thought of this and arranged it.

The rent was paid this morning, and the receipt is in your desk. I gave Françoise her wages, and she promises to have the books ready tomorrow, when I will pay up whatever may be still due. By the way the emballeur charged 27 francs for his labours, which seems a trifle high.

Torrents of rain drowned the national feast yesterday and it has rained at intervals today also. If it is dry when I go out presently (I am without an umbrella) I will go to the boulevard Raspail and see the candlesticks in question; but I don't think I shall have the courage to get them unless their beauty quite carries me away, because you might not like them after all, and you should be free to get anything you may see that pleases you in England or America, and if you should put the thing off until you are in Florence you might not ultimately regret it. However, if I see any irresistable candlesticks, I should not hesitate to get them, and if you didn't want them at Le Balze they could serve to adorn this apartment.

Onderdonk is passing through Paris next week, so that my work (on which I have started nobly) may be somewhat interrupted. Best regards to Margaret.
Yours ever G.S.

To Arthur Davison Ficke

18 July 1913 • Paris, France

(MS: Beinecke)

Address: c/o Brown Shipley & C° London

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
July 18, 1913

Dear Ficke

Your “Twelve Japanese Painters” and your article on “Winds of Doctrine” reached me long ago and both, in very different ways, gave me a great deal of pleasure. Perhaps you did yourself a little violence to praise or at least to condone everything in my book. It would have been right to blame anything that really seemed to you unreasonable; I am not sure that I shouldn’t have been even better pleased if you had blamed something, for then I should have felt that in most matters you had made observations and judgments similar to mine, and been confirmed in them myself by that. The warmth of your tone is very exhilarating—like liquor—but the ardours of bout-drinking friendship, even in philosophy, are short-lived. I am grateful to you for your evident wish that other people should appreciate me and see something good in what W^m James once called my “diabolisms”; but what does it matter what other people think? If we care too much about persuading them we may disturb their peaceful conventions to no good purpose, since they will never get anything straight, while we blunt the edge of truth in our own words.

Your Japanese book has done something for me that I have long been praying for—given me a hint of how Japanese painting should be understood. I have asked several other people—Denman Ross, Berenson—to guide me in a matter very foreign and mysterious to me, and they have never said anything human and philosophical enough for me to understand it. They have merely said: this line is good, this design is beautiful, and left it at that. In your poems I find at last the first ray of light. It is the glimpse of life at some instant, of some ungrounded bird-note of life caught as it vibrates, we ask not why or in what a world; it is some shimmer of passion expressed economically, keenly, with wonderful dexterity, and without any comment; and it is (perhaps this is your personal addition to what the Oriental felt) a responding sentimental passion or moral comment inspired in ourselves. Tints, lines, attitudes, stuffs all have a certain hypnotic power, a sensuous magic that entrals us if we gaze at them

intently. This I have always known, and it is the fault of our Renaissance, (from the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, and even today among the academic and conventional artists) not to have felt this sensuous quality enough, to have had no natural idolatry, but to have been interested in a pompous completeness and discursive literary reports—Zolas on canvas. What you teach me is that the Japanese are not merely sensuous but lyric, that it is the charm, mood, unrecoverable secret of some “witching hour” that they sing to us; and that as they feel this function to be sufficient for the painter, they are led naturally to that wonderful simplification and wonderful proficiency which they exhibit. Is this at all right, or like what you feel?

As English poems I also like your pieces; here and there, perhaps, you want to say things too elaborately [*across*] (unlike your Japs) and slip into prose; but often your touch is exquisite, like theirs. I keep your little book at hand, and swear by it.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 July 1913 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire
July 25 1913

Dear Strong

I am sorry for you a whole week at the Russell, where I once looked in and fled in horror. Still, it probably has some conveniences, and I trust you will be in the mood for shopping, and find the things you need. Here, I have bought nothing. The candlesticks in the boulevard Raspail (which I have seen only in the window, but I am sure they were the ones) is are perfectly harmless, and the two pairs would go well enough together on a

table crowded with flowers, salt-cellars, wine-glasses, centre-pieces, and silver cornucopias spilling all the fruits of Covent Garden and all the sweets of Rumpelmayer's; but as principal and solemn decoration I think they are not distinguished enough—they should be alike and a trifle ecclesiastical. Indeed, it occurs to me that four candles may not be enough for your dining room, unless you like the dim religious light for eating which you don't like for thinking.

We have been having wintry weather until yesterday and today, when something more seasonable has returned. My young friends Abreu and Onderdonk have turned up (separately) Abreu thin and languid after his residence in Cuba, and Onderdonk so fat that he can't open his eyes. Slade has come too, but I was out, and I haven't been yet to the Closerie des Lilas since you left, as I lunch at the Duval in the boulevard St. Michel and have coffee at one or other of the cafés opposite. For dinner I go half the time to Zucco's and the other days to different odd places. I am very well, and have finished the Plotinus-Fuller paper, and when Onderdonk goes away next week I shall solemnly reopen the Three Realms of Being.

The cases of books were spirited away at the appointed time and I should think they might be arriving by this time at Florence. I have heard nothing from the P.L.M. so I suppose the papers were filled out satisfactorily, and I have paid absolutely nothing. The charbonnier took the cases down alone, laid square on his poor back, and Françoise gave him ten francs for his labour, with which she said he seemed très-content; she had two more francs ready in case he made a wry face, but she kept them, and her economical eye twinkled.

I have moved the desk and sofa about, and I think the salon looks better than it ever did, spacious and summer-like [*across*] and comfortable enough.—My respects to your father and greetings also to Margaret. Yours ever G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I have forwarded two or three letters to Cooks, and two this morning to the Hotel Russell.

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 August 1913 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire

Aug. 8, 1913.

Dear Strong,

I have decided, rather on Bergsonian than on rational grounds, to hasten my departure for England and am leaving the day after tomorrow, Sunday, for London and Oxford. The idea of walking through Mesopotamia and to Wood Eaton and to Bagley Wood has acquired irresistible attractions, while the dung-dust that fills the Paris air, although the weather is delightfully cool, seems unpleasantly stifling even to the only living materialist. My idea is to take lodgings in Oxford until the October term begins, and then to move to Cambridge—although it is conceivable that merely a visit to Cambridge should be sufficient. Write (C/o Brown Shipley & C°) when you are in London, and where, and I will go up to see you.

My book has made some progress, but not so much as I had hoped. The material side of writing is rather fatiguing to me, and my thoughts have not been fixed exclusively and intensely enough on my work for it to become as exhilarating as it ought to be, and sometimes is. Onderdonk and his sister (who came from Vienna to join him) took up a good deal of time for a week, and then I seemed not to recover the abstracted mind very easily.

I have bought an arm chair—blue and grey striped velour, walnut frame, warranted genuine Directoire—which suits me very well for writing (although most people would find it too low). It doesn't jar with the other furniture, I think, but it can always be relegated to the petit-salon if you think it de trop.

Before I go I will pay up Françoise's wages to Aug. 15. We have got on very nicely together, as we did last year, and I have been very comfortable. I have had tea here every day, but lunch and dinner out. She says she is going for ten days to visit a sister in the country.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

11 August 1913 • London, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

LONDON BY NIGHT.

BIG BEN & S^T MARGARET'S CHURCH FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London, Aug. 11. 1913

I had a good crossing yesterday and fine cool weather today when I have been all day shopping. On Wednesday I expect to go to Oxford and settle down. I will send you my address when I have taken rooms there. Jorge

To Harriet Ann Boyd Hawes

[August 1913?] • Oxford, England

(MS: Smith)

16 Turl Street
Monday

Dear Mrs Hawes

I was so surprised by your present of this morning, and so dazed by the Greek hieroglyphics on the card, that you were flown by the time I got my wits together enough to go and thank you. It was very kind of you to remember me and to remind me so pleasantly of yourself and of Athens.

As they tell me you are not gone very far,—(I was in your quasi-hotel this afternoon, looking for a childless lodging-house, where I needn't have beef twice a day)—I hope I may still have a chance to thank you again in person.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

14 August 1913 • Oxford, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

DINING HALL, S^T. JOHNS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Aug. 14, 1913.

66 High Street
Oxford

I have taken rooms here and expect to stay for three weeks or more. After a day or two Oxford will be very nice, but for the moment it is rather crowded with University Extensionists—but their term is over. Love from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

Monday [September] 191[3] • London, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EUSTON HOTEL, 9. p.m.

LONDON, N.W. Monday, 191_

Dear Strong: I understand your ship is late and that you are not to arrive until 11 or 12 o'clock. I am very sorry as tomorrow I have to go back to Oxford on account of my nephew who is here and to whom I have promised to show the place—tomorrow being his only free day. If you should be here longer telegraph to 66 High St. Oxford and I will come up for the day to see you and Margaret. Otherwise I am afraid it must be au revoir in Paris in the Spring—it seems a very long time.

Let me know how you find Venice and the Villa.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

12 September 1913 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London

66 High Street, Oxford
Sept. 12. 1913.

Dear Fuller

Thank you very much for your letter, which puts me au courant of your affairs. I was on the point of writing to warn you that I too have written a review—or an article under cover of a review—of your book. It is not so flattering as I should have made it if I had not been afraid of seeming to indulge in “mutual admiration”. However, I don’t correct your Greek, which seems to me perfect, and what I object to is really a sort of complementary after-image of Royce’s “optimism” which I find in your treatment of Plotinus and of the question of evil generally. Of course, you will write something more about this period some day, and then things will surely take on a more imaginative and historical aspect. I had written a great deal more—about matter and so forth—but cut it out, as the article was already too long.

Since I came here a month ago I have been very industrious. The three realms of being have increased to four, and the work of composition and revision has advanced greatly. At intervals I have also worked at the Posthumous Dialogues, which are a source of infinite amusement to me, as I hope they may be of edification to others when I am no longer in need of amusement. I expect to go to Cambridge during the October term, and later to Spain for the winter.

I wonder if you would be an angel and take out of what was my desk in the Committee Room at Emerson Hall two large note books and some loose lecture notes (Phil. B) and send them to me to Paris, 9 Av. de l’Observatoire? I don’t want the type written [*across*] notes in Phil. 12 which are in boxes, but only the pencil notes and the Phil 12 and Phil 10 note books. There is no hurry about this—the later the better. Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

27 September 1913 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

Oxford, September 27, 1913

Dear Susie

My last news of you is from Josephine's letter of a fortnight ago or more, in which she said she had given up the idea of returning to America with Robert this year. Since then I have seen Robert and his family in London, for one day, and the next George came with me to Oxford, and stayed until the next morning. It was the first opportunity I had ever had of seeing him despacio. Of course, like all old people I did most of the talking and exhibited my own life and history in a way which was certainly news to him, although he may not have found it very interesting; but it is as well he should have some idea of his uncle, in case he hears me mentioned sometimes or is questioned about me. On my part I got a pleasant impression of his disposition. Of course one feels in every word and motion that he has not been bred at all, but simply allowed to grow up; and he is very ignorant (being a graduate of Harvard!) so much so that he can't take in what he sees or hears in a country with a history. But all that isn't his fault, but due to a slack environment and a complete want of training. What seems personal to him is that he is very young for his age. I should have thought him a Freshman rather than a Graduate. He wants to get married, apparently, and I am not sure that such a thing would suppress any great possibilities in him. But I am afraid the tendency to being common would be accentuated. However, looked at philosophically commonness is no misfortune: the great majority must and ought to be common. I don't imagine he will ever be fit to take charge of property, as his father has done so ably. If the necessity should come we should have to look for professional brokers to look after our money.

Howard Sturgis has been very ill and has had operations (four of them) performed on his lower intestine; he is nearly well, and has gone to a watering-place for a change. I haven't yet seen him, but hope to before long. Since I came here I have been writing a lot; the weather of late has been rather oppressively warm, but though I am less energetic in my walks in consequence, my mind seems to work on just as well. In some ten days I expect to move, going to London, Windsor, and then to Cambridge, perhaps for a long stay.

Love to all from your affectionate brother George

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

1 October 1913 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

Oxford, October 1, 1913.

Dear Susie

Your letter of the 27th which reached me yesterday evening, seems not to be a reply to mine, which I suppose arrived just after you sent off yours. I am very sorry to hear that your feet are worse; how do you manage about going twice a day upstairs? Or have you brought the dining-room down? I hope at least you do not find your impediment more painful.

Robert told me what had given him un disgusto in regard to George: I think I am not at liberty to repeat it, especially not in writing, but it was nothing morally wrong nor offensive to Robert personally or to any body else: it was a misadventure, involving the loss of some money (which George will pay out of his own funds) and only regrettable because it showed a certain weakness or "greenness" in the boy. It is the sort of mishap that almost every young man might go through when he first started out to see the world—do not think it had anything to do with women, it was not that—and which goes to make up "experience". Only, as I said in my letter, George is very young for his age, and it is really strange that he should have been so simple and careless as this incident showed he was. I too like him au fond; his temperament is engaging; but I dislike his breeding, his atmosphere, his accent, his clothes, and his ignorance.

I don't expect to stay in Paris when I leave England, but to go on directly to Spain, and of course my first stop will be with you. I hope you haven't driven out any of the boys in order to give me a room upstairs. I shall miss the old quarters, and for the time I shall be with you it was hardly worth while to make the change. However I am grateful for your kind intention; if I had my cough (of which there is no sign) I daresay a sunny room would help me to keep it from becoming worse. As to the time of my return, I have no definite idea—perhaps in December, or earlier, if my visit to Cambridge does not turn out as I hope. Here I have been working very steadily; my book, however, hasn't got all the benefit of it, as I have been writing other stuff—some half-poetical dialogues that I have long had in mind and one of which was actually written and

published long ago in a review. When this spurt of inspiration is over, however, I shall go back to the solid work, and I count on being stimulated especially by talking with Bertie Russell in Cambridge. I saw him at his brother's, but we didn't have more than one or two opportunities for quiet discussion. He is a logician and mathematician, strong where I am weakest, so that it is not always easy for us to understand each other on these abstruse points. However, we feel sympathy even in our diversity, and that is why I am anxious to put my view on some subjects (not on all) before him and to learn his more accurately. However, in the end every philosopher has to walk alone.

Oxford is beginning to take on its normal aspect, and I almost regret the idea of leaving as I like the place much better than its sister and rival, Cambridge; but I suppose the lodgings I have will soon be let, and I shall have to quit.

My visit at the Russells was pleasant enough. I hardly talked with him at all. He no longer tells me his private affairs—the expansiveness and receptiveness of youth are naturally lost in both of us. But his funny wife is all confidences, and we talk by the hour about her incorrigible husband and her own (very crude) novels and plays. She is a good sort and a great fool in one, but I have grown to like her. There were other people there—a schoolmaster, and a non-conformist popular preacher and his wife, and some Irish actresses! Very mixed, as the saying is; but poor Lady Russell has [*across*] to put up with what she can get, as she has a triple past. Love to all. Your affectionate brother

Jorge

[*across page two*] Don't let Josephine read this: she might refer to it to Robert or Ellen.

To Charles Augustus Strong

9 October 1913 • London, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Oct. 9, 1913.

TEL: 610 REGENT.

7, BENNETT STREET,
S^E JAMES' STREET, S.W.

Dear Strong

Your letter reaches me the very day that I have left Oxford. However, I didn't see anybody there who give have given me much information about the women's colleges, except old Higgs. I did ask him once about them, and he took me to see both Somerville and Lady Margaret's. The latter is decidedly the more attractive place—like a large country place—but he said it was clerical and High Church, whereas Somerville is neutral in such matters. Lady Margaret's looks like a pleasant retreat, and I should think friends might have a happy time there; but I agree with you, though without anything more definite than a vague feeling to go on, that Newnham is the more serious institution. I will ask any other people I may see and report their opinions if they seem to be of any importance. I go on Saturday to Windsor, I don't know for how long, but perhaps for a week or more. Then I mean to settle down in Cambridge for a long stay.

Bertrand Russell, in two long talks we had at his brother's, gave me some new light on his own position, but it is too complicated for a letter, and I am not sure I yet understand it fully. In Cambridge we shall be able to reach clearness, I hope, if not agreement.

I have been working very hard, but a large part of my energies have been deflected to the Dialogues in Limbo, of which five are now complete. The Four Realms {I have added a fourth [or rather second] realm, Truth} have also got on materially and I am in hopes of finishing the book this winter.

I am delighted that the villa and the servants are satisfactory. If the climate of Seville should prove bad I might possibly sail from G.'b to Genoa and drop on you in the Spring, but it is hardly probable.

[across]

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

24 October 1913 • Tintern, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

TINTERN ANBBEY. INTERIOR LOOKING E.
INLAND POSTAGE ONLY

Tintern, Monmouthshire.

Oct. 24. '13. I came here today in Russell's auto—150 miles in 6 hours from London—in very nice weather and I go back to Cambridge on Monday. Love to all from Jorge

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

28 October 1913 [postmark] • Cambridge, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

CAMBRIDGE, KING'S COLLEGE, THE BRIDGE.

[*companion card unlocated*]

but there is no "cathedral", only King's College Chapel, of which I send you an inside view in the other card. This represents the lawns behind. It is in this college that I spent the year 1896–7.—We were very lucky in our trip to Tintern, having good weather.

Love to all from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 October 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton R'd, Cambridge

October 28, 1913

Dear Strong:

I have made enquiries of every one who I thought might know anything about colleges for women; they all favour Newnham, as was perhaps to be expected in Cambridge. It seems that at Newnham there is a keener and not freer intellectual atmosphere than at the other girls' colleges; it is more closely identified with the university and more scholarly—more mannish and radical, too, I suspect. Lady Margaret seems to be a place from which the young ladies issue quite as nice as if they had never been to college. If you want Margaret to be truly learned and academic that seems not to be the right place: but I can well understand that it should be preferred just for the reasons for which Russell and the others here condemn or despise it. If it is merely a question of spending three or four years in a pleasant harmless and cultivated atmosphere, I imagine Lady Margaret might be ideal. But then, why go to college at all, while one might be drinking in sweetness and light—and more sun light—at Fiesole?

My trip to Tintern was blessed with good weather for two days; on the third it rained persistently, but we were already on our way back.

My first week in Cambridge has produced just nil in the way of work; but I am settling down today and hope to accomplish something during the rest of my stay here, which may extend until the end of November, when I am thinking of going to Avila, stopping for a few days in Paris. I suppose Françoise is at the apartment and able to take me in.

Let me here hear more of your first impressions of the villa and of your new home life.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton Road

Nov. 2. '13

Cambridge.

Dear Strong

In anticipation of your long letter about -ciousness I feel inclined to devote this Sabbath morn to answering it beforehand. By way of preface let me say that I am in a very sentimental hazy amber-coloured state of mind (if there are "states of mind") due to the wonderful golden autumn weather we are having here, and to a general poignant consciousness (or -ciousness) of youth and age, antiquity and futurity, borne in upon me by everything I see and dream about in this encyclopedic place. Don't be annoyed, then, if I am more lyrical than logical. I have actually written a sonnet, which I should send you as an excuse if it were not so bad.

The word consciousness does not seem to me ambiguous. It means what Descartes called *pensée*, the fact that somebody is awake and having experiences that, as they differ from death, deep sleep, and psychic non-existence, constitute self-existing and indubitable facts, and have moral importance. Where there is consciousness there is a shade and beginning of happiness or unhappiness; and there is also a shade or beginning of cognition. In cognition, however, I do distinguish two strains or poles, which you may call -sciousness and perception; the first being mere intuition of any quality or essence, mere feeling, and the second implying a substantiation of that ideal object into a material or dynamic object, situated in the environment, to be reckoned with in action, and to be treated as collateral and existing on the same plane as the body of the observer—this body being, of course, the first and most constant (though for an animal endowed with locomotion not always the most conspicuous or distinct) object of perception.

A phrase in your letter makes me suspect that all this may seem to you perverse; for you say: "I wonder if you ... mean that in being 'scious' ... of other things we are 'conscious' of an essence which is an attribute of our minds." This is full of divergences from my meaning. If to be "scious" is less than to be conscious of an essence, i.e. is simpler and more primitive, and yet is more, i.e. is a relation not to a disembodied ideal quality or essence but to a body, an influence, or a danger in the natural world, *then*, I should say that your "sciousness" was not a psychic thing at all,

but evidently only the response of one part of matter to another affecting it. This is what the New Realists seem to mean by perception, and I admit that it is the material basis of perception; but it is removed toto caelo from perception itself, and is not only not consciousness (as you admit) but not even a part or element of consciousness, as you imply. Consciousness is not a thing with parts, but with objects, not a thing with elements, but with grounds. The grounds and the objects may be as complex as you like: the consciousness is a fluid and intensive spiritual act, a cognitive and moral energy, and the relations of bodies in space may elicit or entertain it, but can never be its constituents. Apart from this, however, it is a total misunderstanding of my position to suggest that an "essence" "is an attribute of our minds" when we perceive some external thing. Of course our mind then as always must have an essence; its essence will be that it is spiritual, cognitive, synthetic, imponderable, inefficacious, etc. But apparently what you suppose is that the qualities intuited by the mind when the body reacts on some stimulus, are regarded by me as qualities of the mind, which would then be often green, warm, dangerous, noisy, stinking, and whirling, like a motor. Essences—the immediate data of consciousness—are either just essences, ideal objects, or they are attributed to the environing powers, by the sense of which animal consciousness is always oppressed. As I have admitted to you many times, this sense of an oppressive environment is very early, doubtless primordial, in animals (though perhaps not in vegetables nor in angels) so that an animal will very likely never intuite a pure essence or a merely ideal quality; he will always tend to regard it as the quality of some thing with other, less obvious, qualities too. That is all I can see in what you seem to think so miraculous, namely, cognition of anything but the immediate. Of course, you may say that apprehension or fear of the unknown is itself an immediate feeling; yes, all feeling is immediate feeling, since it is the immediate object of consciousness that we call by that name; but apprehension or fear of the unknown is not cognition of the immediate but of the occult; and that is what I am willing to admit is the original condition of animal consciousness. It is essentially alarm; and then the clearer data which it may distinguish are attributed to the alarming demon as its proper qualities. This alarming demon is has of course an essence, but since its essence is precisely to operate upon drowsy animals and compel them to wake up, it is what we call a thing.

I will ask Russell your question, and report his reply. In some talks I have had with him I have gathered that his elementary terms are not my essences, but only such of them as are simple, his realm of essence containing no such lovely things as stained glass windows or college blazers. It contains only atomic sense data or logical terms; and compounds are manufactured by attaching various collections of these Anaxagorean atoms to “pegs” (that is his own word) or atomic existences, subjects, or souls. Of these monads he professes utter ignorance; only they supply the necessary existential and adhesive substance on which the flying predicates are stuck, so long as they do stick. I hope to learn something more about these views shortly: they seem rather fantastic and very inadequate. In fact Russell on further acquaintance seems to me like a very keen thin rapier, almost a wire, that transfixes every thing in every direction, leaving almost all of it untouched.

Somerville College has just been enlarged: it looks not unlike Radcliffe. To my mind it would be no great harm if Margaret were not subjected to the most advanced of feminist influences, especially as she seems to prefer the eternal feminine to the merely modern; and Oxford has its advantages on other grounds also. However, I am just now under the spell of Cambridge, which I never felt so strongly before. Even the walks—the Grantchester Grind and the tow-path by the lower river—seem to me lovely, and there is a grandeur about the array of colleges here which Oxford cannot match.

You say nothing about the villa or your health. I infer that both are satisfactory.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton Road

Cambridge —

Nov. 3, '13.

Dear Strong:

I have just seen Russell and read him the sentence in your letter referring to him and asking how, if sense-data are the only objects of knowledge we can ever know anything else. His answer is: 1st We have an equally immediate apprehension of „some“ psychic and logical realities. 2nd We do not have acquaintance or certitude, in our knowledge of the external world, except about sense-data. 3rd The “other things” we may be said to “know” (a most vague term) are inferred by virtue of causality, continuity, and other principles the value of which is problematical: Russell does not pretend to “know” anything at all in that field.

If I may translate this answer, which I believe I agree with entirely, save for Russell’s excessive diffidence in physics, I should say: Essences alone are intuited so that error about them is impossible, since whatever quality the mind has before it is, in intuition, the only object we profess to know. But such pure and infallible intuition is an ultimate and practically unattainable clarification of the human mind. It would require the suspension of all practical reactions, interpretations, inferences, and presumptions; it would require a mind in no way confusing or overlapping its chosen object of attention. Therefore, in animal perception, we have faith or suspicion, fear of the unknown or vaguely apprehended, etc, rather than intuition of an essence we can clearly define and recognize. It is this animal faith that is the basis of our knowledge of things material and dynamic, as well as of divine or human minds and even of our own past and future in their independent subsistence. Such physical and psychological objects are credited and reputed to exist (inevitably in animal life) but they are not really “known” as essences are known, when immediately present; for discourse

even about essences requires some animal faith, to enable us to identify past and present meanings. Vale. G.S.

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

10 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Houghton)

45 Chesterton Road

Cambridge, Nov. 10, '13

Dear Fuller

This morning I have received the package of note-books, etc, which you were good enough to send me. As a thank-offering for your trouble I am despotching a book I have just read and found rather interesting "The Nineteen Nineties" by Holbrook Jackson. Perhaps, as you are so much younger, you will not be reminded of your own times, as I have been, by these reports, but it will do you no harm to be reminded of the preceding generation. I found the chapter on Francis Thompson particularly interesting.

Since I settled down here I have not done so much work as I had been doing at Oxford, because I have had more distractions, seeing people and reading odds and ends, as well as making one or two escapades to London and beyond.

Bertrand Russell, on the whole, is not a very trustworthy thinker; he has the fault common to the political radicals of being disproportionately annoyed at things only slightly wrong or weak in others, and of flaming up into quite temporary enthusiasms for one panacea after another. His theory of the natural world is Mill-ish and almost Humian; it is, in comparison with the reality of nature and even of experience, what the report of a battle might be in the mind of a telegraph wire through which a full ~~description~~ of it had been sent. There would be a perfectly adequate representation of everything in dots, dashes, and pauses, but no blood, no passions, no drama, no heroes, and no poor devils. On the other hand, Russell's lectures on logic (one or two of which he has shown me) are very clear and enlightening. You will see what a delightful and witty creature he is personally; I hope Harvard and Boston will not weary and depress him. That is the danger.

This place seems to me this year to have a new beauty. For one thing we have had a wonderful spell of golden autumn weather, with the most

beautiful afternoons, like landscapes by Poussin, and the lower River, with the trial eights and the fours has been gay and amusing in the way you know very well. I walk sometimes with Dickinson (fuller than ever of Chinese sweet-reasonableness) or with Lapsley, in whose rooms I sometimes meet the flowering undergraduate of the period—very smiling, as they didn't use to be, half stifled with little emphatic bursts of enthusiasm, and vaguely earnest about socialism, Ulster, land-reform, his next essay, or his next match. It is all a little flighty and girlish, and one has to let it blow past like a gust in a garden. I somehow feel more foreign in England than I did fifteen years ago or even ten years before that, when I was first here. It seems rather an unseizable life, without ideas or achievements clear and notable enough to appeal to the outsider. It is a chaos of half-measures and immediate aims; and even the philosophers are casual, personal, intense only in spots, and essentially heretical. All roads still lead to Rome and unless you place yourself there you will never be in the heart of the world or see it in the right perspective. To be a Protestant is to be cross-eyed. In America that doesn't matter, because there is nothing to look at there, but here, where every thing has depth and is historical, it makes priggish limping scholars, and funny squeaking one-eyed philosophers. To make amends, I see there is really a little poetry being written in England; it is amiable, sincere, tender, manly. Read the collection "Georgian Poetry, 1911–1912" published by the "Poetry Bookshop".

[across] My best regards to the survivors of the Department.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

10 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: American)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London

Cambridge. Nov. 10, '13

Dear Kallen

The moment has arrived at last for answering your good letter of I don't know how long ago, in which you still expressed yourself in a bitter-sweet way about the U. of W. and things in general. I trust your {second , third?} year is proving more soothing and congenial, for that is what I think you need, although I can well imagine that your ideal is rather to be rejected by the things that be and carried on to some great rebellion and upheaval of everything. I should sympathize heartily with such revolutionary yearnings if it was only a question of destroying the snug and limping conventions under which we live. But I dread what might be substituted for them. One of the fatalities of my life has always been that the people with whom I agree frighten me, and I frighten those with whom I naturally sympathize. No: that isn't it exactly, because I don't sympathize with the old fogeys as they now are, nor with any stale convention; but I love the sentiment and impulse out of which these now stale conventions once arose, far better than the impulse and sentiment out of which springs the rebellion against them. Life, yes, but not this life. My eye has just fallen, by chance, on an article by the Infanta Eulalia of Spain about her childhood. It is full of hatred of Spain of Catholicism and of virtue, and slips into positive lies: it is a horrible expression of impiety, in every sense of that word.

Well, the things the Infanta hates are, I agree, tyrannical conventions, and a straight-jacket for sanity—not to speak of the eroticism from which the lady evidently suffers. But imagine the treble horror of the tyrannical conventions which an inhuman impiety and low-mindedness, such as hers and that of her free-thinking circle is, would impose on mankind! I should rather have the Inquisition back again. I have also just finished a book, interesting to one of my generation, on the “Eighteen Nineties” by one Holbrook Jackson. It brings to a focus the rebellious, conceited, pessimistic aestheticism that was fashionable in my youth; I can see now that I was not unaffected by it, although the elements which these aesthetes added when, at the end, they were converted (most of them died Catholics) was always present in my background, and besides I was not clever enough to be nothing else. It is very interesting to compare with that spirit of the Eighteen Nineties with that of the ’Teens of the new century. It is a very different spirit—the Infanta Eulalia, thank Heaven, is an old woman now—and in Paris especially one feels it in every wind. It is unintellectual, virtuous, ~~atheletie~~, athletic, patriotic, cooperative; it accepts conventions with respect but without illusion, and it takes pains to find means to its ends, without giving to these ends a universal or exaggerated value. I like it. It is the spirit of an honest, modest, vigorous young artisan.

Here my chief conversation is with Bertrand Russell. He has a theory of nature, or rather of the knowledge of nature, which is rather Mill-ish and almost Humean; it is artificial and accurate, and is related to the reality like a literal translation in Bohn’s library to the original Homer or Aeschylus. But in logic I find him very clear and enlightening, and I hope to profit by his indications in my book. We are very far apart, however, farther than I had supposed, in outlook. He wants certainty, and the narrowest deepest possible foundations for thought; I want judicious opinions and a just balance in the imagination.—I am interrupted and will leave all else for another occasion.

I am off for Spain in a few weeks.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

18 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton Road

Cambridge.

Nov. 18 1913

Dear Strong

Your letter sounds as if you were not very well and as if little things about the Villa were annoying you. I hope this is a false impression, and that in any case you will not be made to suffer too much by Pinsent and Scott for being beautiful.

I have discovered that Scott is a connection of mine. His brother is married to Mildred Minturn, one of my cousins by adoption. She was here not long ago to spend the day with Bertie Russell (she is above convention) and I was bidden to lunch. Then we took a walk together until they flew over a ditch full of sticky mud, and I turned back to pursue the artificial paths of civilization. The ditch was too broad for my short legs (Mrs. Scott is six feet tall) and her conversation a bit too high. It is a pure lie to say there are intellectual women; they are merely neurasthenic, and may talk the language of science in a trance: but they never understand anything.

I hadn't understood that Françoise was otherwise occupied, ~~otherwise or~~
When did you think, or do you think now, that I meant to leave England? There seems to be some misunderstanding about that too. Actually, I expect to stay here until December 8th and then a few days in London and perhaps Windsor, getting to Paris about Dec. 15, and leaving two or three days later for Avila. This may coincide with Margaret's passage through Paris on her way to you. The best plan, perhaps, will be this: let me go to the Voltaire, and simply leave my superfluous luggage at the apartment, and get a book or two that I may want in Spain. I suppose Françoise still sleeps there, and if not I could get the key from her where she is at work. Please let me know how matters stand in this respect, for I don't quite understand.

Russell says there are some things that it is a fallacy even to mention! They can be only predicates. I understand numbers are among them. Poor [across] infallible arithmetic thus turns out to be guilty of original sin and to have committed a fallacy before it begins to speak. [across page one] Perhaps

the Pope is alone infallible after all. Russell is more English, atomistic, and nominalistic than I had supposed.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson

26 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Columbia)

45 Chesterton Road

Nov. 26. 1913.

Dear Dickinson

It has been a great pleasure to read your reflections on America. I think you say very true and profound things about that land, and about the contemporary world. There is nothing, I think, that can justly give offence. No doubt Americans would take what you tell them more seriously if your tone was more jocular. What you say about advertisements—both the aspect and the psychology of it—could easily be made amusing; and it would then be a welcome criticism, instead of a disagreeable and panic-stricken one. The reader in any case will smile, and it would improve your case if you could smile with him. It also occurs to me that a little redistribution of the parts might help to leave a stronger impression at the end. Of course there is and can be no art in America at present; and to speak of this at the end looks a little as if one's attention had been drawn away from the living facts and forces in the case into private musings.

There are also two small points on which I think you would seem to Americans not to have quite understood them. No one there is interested in the miracles in the Gospel. Of course, I know what you mean—the religion of James, Mrs. Eddy, etc.—but if you said that they ought to be interested in the miracles, wouldn't you make your point even clearer, without asserting anything apparently contrary to fact? The element in the Gospel which Americans really care for is the teaching of “good-will” and “service”, with the necessary cheery self-abnegation and steadiness. It is what Matthew Arnold called the “method”, without the “secret”. The only thing to which they feel they ought to help others is material well-being; nevertheless there is a certain solemnity and tenderness in their sense that they ought to help, which is truly religious.—The other point is about

Mollycoddles. The term, so far as I know, is purely Rooseveltian; you put into it a rather different and more positive element—genius, independence, spirituality. These elements are absent from the American meaning of the word, which on the other hand implies that a man is a coward and a “quitter” (perhaps a more usual slang synonym), so that your assertion that Voltaire is a Mollycoddle is not plausible. Shelley is one on his feminine side, but not because he was revolutionary; and Socrates is one only if you regard him merely as a fretful sophist. Professors (according to Roosevelt) are Mollycoddles, not because they are rebels but because they are not. Think of the American professor—mediocre, seedy, hungry, and hen-pecked—and you have the Mollycoddle in all his purity. I also think (though this would doubtless not occur to your American readers) that there is a parasitic “red-blood”, namely, the muscular Evangelical Christian of the school-master type. I shouldn’t wonder if some German “idealists” and Jewish historians of art were also parasitic red-bloods, because they defend or promote ideal interests by the methods and in the spirit of “hustlers”. Were not the Crusaders, when they took Constantinople, and some of the Popes, parasitic red-bloods too?

Now that I am started upon my own hobbies, I can’t help adding that you ought not to be so dubious about the possibility of art and poetry in a peaceful world. The stress of war and suffering is not a needed element to stir the imagination or to give pungency to the representation of life. When life is turbulent, art has to make harmonies out of strife, but if life were placid, it would more easily make harmonies out of placidity. Think of all the distant poignant vistas, and all the profound renunciations, and all the exquisite charming fugitive moments that would fall to a soul living the life of reason in the midst of this world clearly understood. And think of all the amiable arts, both of the Greek and of the Dutch sort, that would be fostered by a well-ordered polity. No: the idea that horrors are required to give zest to life and interest to art is the idea of savages, men of no experience worth mentioning, and of merely servile, limited sensibilities. Don’t tolerate it.

Thank you very much for sending me the letters, which I was sorry to have forgotten to ask for again at the last moment.

Yours sincerely

G Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 November 1913 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton Road
Cambridge, Nov. 28, 1913

Dear Strong

Thank you for your letter (of the 24th) about the apartment. I am going to London on Dec. 8th and must stay until the 16th at least—so much is now settled. But it looks as if I might have rather an amusing time, and in that case I might stay on until after the 19th. In any case, I shall have my letters send to the apartment and leave a part of my luggage there on my arrival, whenever it is. If I find that Margaret is expected, it will be no inconvenience to drive back to the Quai Voltaire, and then I could have a glimpse of her the next day, which would be very pleasant. However, if you will let me know (C/o B. S. & C^o) whether it is really ^{for} the 19th that she will be in Paris, and there is no other reason why I should not profit by Françoise's attentions, I will do so gladly for two nights either just before or just after the 19th.

I am sorry the effects of your industry during the Summer are still annoying you. You ought to sprawl and loll as they do here in long low wicker chairs, instead of meditating on a piano-stool in front of your type-writing machine. No wonder your tummy aches, and perhaps other parts of your anatomy.

I have never in my life had such a delightful season as this in Cambridge in so far as the state of the soul is concerned. I am fermenting inside, and feeling drunk with the unutterable things. I don't know whether it is softening of the brain or of the heart, but something is melting. The clouds, the river, the fields, the colleges intoxicate me—as if they were not an old old story: I want to write verses or to fall in love, but alas!

I can't manage either. What is the matter? Do you suppose that there could have been a sentimentalist frozen in me all these years by America and Professordom, which it has taken two years of sunshine and pleasant influences to begin to thaw out? I had moments like these at Rome, but now they are almost continual.

I have neglected to answer your long philosophic letter, because to traverse all you say in detail would be too painful; at every step there are grating implications and an uncomfortable sense of misfit. We do not differ very much: why should we always revert to our divergences? You say at the very end that Russell should speak of "things as they appear" and not of "sense-data". It may interest you to know that by "sense-data" he means just that, i.e. what I call objects of animal perception. He does not mean sensible qualities, but existences of that quality. He denies altogether (I have now discovered) essences of my sort; they are "things which it is a fallacy even to mention", since they are predicates, can be predicates only, never subjects. And they are all absolutely simple. Such "essences" as numbers do not exist (even in the realm of essence) but are mere qualities of things in couples, etc. This seems to be rather like what you maintain. I should be willing to say (if that will help to an understanding) that for animals (and I have discovered also that Bertie is rather a fierce little mathematical ferret, and not a contemplative mind, nice and delightfully witty and keen as he is) there is no intuition of pure essence, but always of supposed qualitative things, i.e. only animal perception. I feel more vividly than before that all of you—realists, panpsychists and idealists, and even Bertie the apostle of logistic—are interested only in physics; you are all blooming existence-hunters, and like the pre-Socratics, exclusively concerned with the material principle. It remains for me only, the sole "materialist", to be something more as well. You will say this is arrogant or flippant, but I mean it absolutely. The sense of it is part of my new buoyancy. I think it is a real fact, and I want to make my book a proof and a monument of it.—I admit, then, that there is, in human experience, "logical coincidence" between intuition of an essence and perception of an alleged thing; essence comes in blows, not in visions. But alleged things, supposed existences directly intuited, may not exist in fact, as the mouse didn't in the case of the "psychical" lady. These dreamt-of things (and perception is, I say, just a dreaming, in itself) may not actually be those on which the bodily reaction ensues, they may be illusions. To show that some of them are not we need inference, argument, and above all art, mechanical practice. This faith in our intuition of nature, this chastened faith in per-

ception, is science and common-sense; it is a rational form of thought and belief. It is not mere perception, or the animal sense (perhaps an illusion) that each particular essence intuited is a real thing. You must distinguish the sense of an existing object from the existence of an object such as is perceived. Otherwise your realism is sensualistic idealism under another name—as Bertie Russell's system is. He hardly differs, in the end, from John Stuart Mill.

I have been reading a beastly novel by Sudermann—Das hohe Lied—which has Münsterberg's sort of amplitude and competence, but is gross, heavy, vulgar, pedantic, and sentimental. It was [*across*] rather pleasant, however, to find oneself reading German again—charming, expressive, grotesque language!

Yours ever
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

19 December 1913 • London, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

3 Ryder Street St. James's
December 19, 1913

Dear Strong

Thanks for your card. I am crossing to Paris tomorrow and have written to Françoise saying that if Margaret has already left when I arrive I will stay for three nights. I hope to reach Avila on Christmas Eve.

London is very gay, but I shall not regret finding myself again in a quiet place like Avila, and may stay there several weeks if the cold does not drive me South.

Address c/o Brown Shipley & Co.

Best wishes to you and Margaret for Christmas and the new year—

Yours ever

G.S.

To Polly Winslow

[Late 1913] • [Ávila, Spain]

(MS: Houghton)

[...] For to do great things with pea-green half-moons on a zebra skin, it is perhaps necessary not to know too much as yet about that dreadful thing which grown-up people call the world. The world is a very imperious, absorbing, jealous master: and the Kingdom of Post-Impressionist art is not of this world.

Dear me, Polly, I have written you a very long letter; but as you have now reached a literary age, you won't mind how long it takes you to read it. The worst of it is I haven't said any of the things that I meant to say, such as to thank you for writing, and to thank your Mamma for the photos, and say the one of little Fred with you standing behind is the one that reminds me most of him in his crib, when he looked so much like the little Child in a crib which we see every where (at least in this Christian country) on Christmas Day. The others of him, and all yours, don't seem to me good enough to be memories, and of course they are not very important as absolute forms in absolute colours which is the only "art" Mr. Roger Frye now allows me to like.

I am very very cold in this southern climate, and am going farther south still (very illogically) to see if that will mend matters. I am going to a romantic thriftless old city called Seville, to see if (having past fifty) I can still write poetry and fall in love. You don't think that is very likely, I know, and can almost see you laughing at me. The fact is I don't think it very likely myself; but it is sometimes amusing to expose oneself to the dangers from which one is perfectly safe.

If I find any Post Impressionist pictures in Seville I will send you one to see if you can be converted too. From your affectionate

Spanish Uncle.

To Miguel de Unamuno

28 December 1913 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Salamanca)

Avila, 28 de Diciembre, 1913

S^r Don Miguel de Unamuno

Muy Señor mio: Acaba de llegar á mis manos el tomo de su obra “El sentimiento trágico de la vida” que ha tenido V. la amabilidad de dedicarme. Estimo en lo que vale este obsequio inesperado, y me apresuro á darle las mas expresivas gracias. Basta con ojear el primer capítulo para cerciorarse de que brilla en esta obra cómo siempre su conocido ingenio, y anticipo el mas exquisito gusto en saborearla, admirando detenidamente, los variados horizontes que descubre y la espontaneidad de pensamiento que la distingue.

Hace dos años que dejé la Cátedra que ocupaba en América para renovar, despues de largo intervalo, los Wanderjahre estudiantiles. Siendo español y encontrandome en este momento en ciudad tan puramente castellana como Avila, no he querido escribir á V. sinó en la lengua materna, aunque sea con la torpeza propia de quien se sirve habitualmente de otro idioma.

Me es muy grata esta ocasión de enviarle un saludo respetuoso y de profesarme su atento y seguro servidor q.b.s.m

Jorge Ruiz de Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

6 January 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel "La Peninsular",
Seville, Jan. 6, 1914

Dear Strong

Reeves has sent me the enclosed clippings (among others) which amused me and I hope may amuse you.

I continue here in a beatific state, and working steadily, though not many hours a day, as there is too much to amuse me in the town.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

20 January 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

SEVILLA—TORRE DEL ORO Y CATEDRAL, VISTAS DESDE TRIANA

Hotel la Peninsular

Sevilla. Jan. 20, 1914.

You may safely send anything here that may come for me, as I sha'n't move for the present. My room is very satisfactory, and I can put up with

the food. The weather has been as bad as possible, nevertheless, my cough is better, and I am working well. Jorge

To Oliver Wendell Holmes

21 January 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London

Seville, Jan. 21, 1914.

Dear Mr. Holmes

I need hardly say that it is a great satisfaction to me to have your letter and to see that my book pleased you enough to make you write it. I think there is a sort of background of agreement among all men, especially those of the same generation, although publicists often obscure rather than represent it, being taken up with party controversies or special causes. I am not a great philosopher, but in my separation from the world of action, and now even from the academic world (for I have retired from teaching) I feel that I can distinguish the normal and inevitable lines of human opinion from the modish flourishes that overlay it. This is my solid standing-ground outside and around special systems, of which you speak with an insight which goes to my heart. In "Winds of Doctrine" this fund of human orthodoxy is assumed rather than formulated: but I am trying to give it a more explicit expression in a book on which I am now at work. I daresay you, and most judicious people, would have much to quarrel with and to correct in this systematization of common sense which I am attempting: but after all my training has been that of a technical philosopher, and I feel I owe it to my Fachgenossen to put my conclusions into their language, and not retain the unfair advantage of seeming reasonable by not admitting clearly the implications of my suave opinions.

I am now a wanderer, almost without impedimenta of any sort, and fortune may take me any day to Washington or to Boston, where it would be a great pleasure to see you again. My centre is supposed to be in Paris, at N^o 9, avenue de l'Observatoire, where the few books are that I have not wished to part with. I am there regularly in the Spring and early summer—in case by any chance you should find yourself there.

It was really very kind of you to write and to give me the encouragement of so much sympathy from so welcome a quarter.

Yours sincerely

G.Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 January 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Seville, Jan. 21, 1914.

Dear Strong

Thank you for your new letter. I hope Val-Mont will suit you as well as ever, and that any effects of last summer's strain and this winter's cold will wholly disappear.

It is hard to say everything at once, especially in letters. I heartily agree with you (as against Russell's new position) that the object of "sense-perception" (meaning more than consciousness or intuition of any thing) is a vaguely defined real object, recognized practically and emotionally, and reached logically, as you say, by the intention of the mind—by what old philosophers called the intellect as distinguished from sense. Russell has relapsed into English Empiricism: the only point „(besides the independent existence of the subject)„ he seems to adhere to against them is the connection of sense-data with a mind; for I understand that the new construction out of sense-data is not a subjective construction in Hume's or Mill's-fashion out of actual perceptions, but a mechanical or logical construction out of objective entities or qualities „such as those„ given in sense and defined exhaustively by their given qualities. This is a hopeless air-castle, and since I discovered that Russell is engaged in building it my interest in his philosophy has collapsed (prefiguring the collapse of the system itself). Of course, his critical and logical acumen remains matchless; but he has no judgment, no good sense, no familiar affection for the reality of nature.

"The sense of something an oppressive environment" and the intellectual recognition of an operative object are of course mental expressions of

the bodily response to the actual environment. They are therefore the beginning of that discovery of an environment which art and science proceed to. You seemed to me sometimes, like the Pragmatists, to recognize the physical response only, and to call it cognition; but if you admit the cognitive act of the mind as well, which expresses that response, I take back that accusation. What remains perhaps between us is my persuasion that "animal perception" is a complication or peculiarity of active, practical consciousness rather than the natural beginning, minimal form, of it: and the aesthetic object or essence is known with a knowledge much less obnoxious to criticism. But I am mixing things up. [across] I expect to stay in Seville for a long time, if I continue to work as at present. Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

28 January 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Virginia)

La Peninsular—Sevilla
Jan. 28, 1914.

Dear Susie

By this time I feel quite settled and happy here. My cough has disappeared with the cold and rainy weather, and I have come to find the hotel quite tolerable. The food is good enough if one makes a judicious selection of dishes, and I rather like monotony in food, e.g. I have an omelette and fried fish and a bit of guisado or rice and two or three oranges for lunch every day, and no wine. It seems to agree with me; and if I went to a better hotel I fear I should find many worse things—tourists, for instance. This is a small place, with some old German women and business men living permanently and a very moderate tide of Spanish people coming and going. Not a single English or American person yet! Then my room is quite delightful, with so much sun that I already have to close the blinds not to be dazzled. I am in the principal, looking out on the main square, and almost in it, as I hear and see everything that is going on. I get up and have my chocolate at 9, and dress at 12. After lunch I go to a café—always the same one, and the same table, if possible, where the waiters are now my friends and bring me the illustrated papers—and then, with a note-book in my pocket, in case of inspiration, I start on my walk, through the Delicias into the country. On the way I watch the steamers loading and unloading, and if it is warm I sit in the gardens for a while. Tea I take on

my return to the city, this at quite a different and more fashionable coffee-house, where there are ladies and foreigners. Then I usually come to my room again, and read or write until dinner, which I have about 7.30. There is a good electric light over my table, by which I am writing now. In the evening, I return to my first café, in the Sierpes, overhear and sometimes join in conversation with some of the habitués, and then go to the theatre. I have seen a lot of things, good, bad, and indifferent, with and without local colour; but half the amusement is in seeing the people. I affect the días de moda—tonight it will be at the cine in the teatro de San Fernando, the largest and best in Seville. In this way I see the beauty and fashion of the place, better than in their carriages and autos in the Delicias. Seville is a true and homogeneous capital city, like ancient towns, with its aristocracy just as native as its lower classes. I find it very simpático. Tomorrow we shall have the novelty of the arrival of the court. I suppose they will drive by my window in the morning—there is hardly another possible route—and I shall have other opportunities of seeing them during their sojourn, which I understand is to be for less than a fortnight.

As you see, I dawdle and amuse myself a good deal, but at the same time I manage to work every day for two or three hours; and this is enough to keep my mind engaged and give me the resource of a settled occupation in the background, to which I can always return. I am in no hurry about my book, but if all goes on as it is going now, I might actually finish the first draught here. In Paris, later, I should still have much revising and curtailing to do: writing in so desultory a fashion, I repeat myself a great deal, and this has to be remedied afterwards.

If I continue as well pleased as I am now, and the heat, flies, and mosquitoes don't become intolerable—I have already killed three mosquitoes in my room, but there are arrangements for a mosquito netting over the bed—I may stay until after the Feria and bull-fights in April. I don't expect to stop at all in Madrid, but to make straight for Avila and Paris.

Love to Celedonio and the rest of the family from your affectionate brother
Jorge

To [Mary Williams Winslow]

[February 1914] • [Seville, Spain]

(MS: Houghton)

[...] three theatres here with several pieces in one night: you take a ticket for each piece separately, which costs one franc, and lasts one hour. There is also a cine installed in the Opera House, which on the fashionable nights—Mondays and Thursdays—is crowded with very nice-looking people. The Sevillians are quite charming, in all ranks of life, and handsomer than other Spanish people—a singularly ugly race. To be sure, they would seem more beauteous if they were better washed; the idea of self-scrubbing has only just percolated into the upper strata of society. There is a magnificent shop with plate-glass windows full of bathroom things opposite the Cathedral: it attracts great admiration from the public returning from the Delicias; they stand in wondering family groups before it, as if it contained an exhibition of marbles for the drawing-room and the cemetery—indeed, it looks very much like that sort of thing. I too stop and marvel; on my right the Cathedral—the retreat of art and religion—on my left, the conquering advance of plumbing.

Unless the heat drives me away, I mean to stay here until after the Fair and the bullfights in April, so that I shall have a chance of telling you more about my discoveries and inventions in Seville. When I first arrived I had a touch of my old enemy, the bronchial cough; but I manage to drive it off. It was fearfully cold in the house in Avila and Madrid, also here when I came; but now the sun has come out strong, and the dogs and the cabmen already seek the shade.

Tell Polly I am too old to be worth loving a great deal, because I shall be dead by the time she is old enough to be engaged!

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

3 February 1914 [postmark] • Seville, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

SEVILLA—PLAZA DE SAN FERNANDO Y HÔTEL DE INGLATERRA

Sevilla, 3 de febrero.

Acabo de recibir el kilométrico certificado, con sobre de tu letra. Muchas gracias. Sigo sin novedad. Muchos recuerdos á toda la familia, de Jorge

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

7 February 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Cº, London

Seville, February 7, 1914

Dear Fuller

Your good letter, written the day after Christmas, has been stranded for three weeks at the first hotel I went to here, when I was with my sister. Yesterday I went to see if they had nothing for me, and I found five letters, yours among them, naturally to my great joy.

They will persecute you, like all the Apostles of sweetness and light, and especially of liberty, that thing unknown to America; it was foretold of the Lord. I trust, however, that you will be victorious in the end and become one of the patriarchs of the orthodox church—I mean of the life of reason. I note with pleasure that you are to be in Paris in the Summer. You will find me there, and you will tell me, I hope, all about these physical and moral transformations which Harvard is undergoing. What I hear from time to time confirms me in the feeling that I quitted most opportunely. The wonder is that I endured and was endured so long. The only Harvard that in any measure held my affections and with which I could have almost identified myself was that of the “nineties” or rather, of 1890–1895; but the awful cloud of Eliot then overhung it, and made life impossible. Before and after that, Harvard was only an accident and a temporary necessity in my life; and especially since I became a professor I did nothing but save

money so as to get out of it quam celerrime. It took a great many years, partly for other reasons, and I wrote a great many bad books in the interval; otherwise it seems a stretch of desert. However, I have still senses and life enough left to see, and perhaps to do, something; and I am perfectly happy. "Of course he is", said an Italian scholar of peasant origin at the Berensons, when this confessed beatitude of mine was reported to him, "Of course, he has such a strong digestion!"

As to the proposed course in Monsterberggery, Howard and Rand, with their perverted classical minds, must have misinterpreted the great idealist—that fountain of alles Reines. What our Self-Intoxicated colleague must have meant is what was crudely expressed by one of the wits of the class of 1891 (it had several) when he said that the three curses of Harvard College were Examinations, Masturbation, and Mud in the Yard. But let me not mention the foul disease without at once applying the spiritual remedy. Let nature and idealism come to their own. Let barmaids reappear in the land. Let Jimmy's become Jemima's and Rammy's become Ruth's. Let the ban against youth and beauty in bedmakers be removed. Let the dangers of monasticism disappear from the Freshman Dormitories. Let the foul vision of negro waiters at Memorial Hall yield to an army of Gretchens, plump and blonde. And let a further "improvement"—Sub-Freshman Dormitories—be supplied for the foundlings. The life of the student at Harvard has not hitherto been complete.

Russell knows America and goes there with his eyes open: I imagine he would be grateful to be left alone as much as possible. His philosophy seems to have taken a new turn—to construct the universe out of sense-data. If this be realism, it is marvellously like empirical idealism. It has the same minimizing and "nothing but" quality; it is a substitution of means for ends and of an analysis of knowledge for the object of it. Since I discovered this I have largely lost my interest in Russell as a thinker: but he is a very amusing person. There is a strange mixture in him, as in his brother, of great ability and great disability; prodigious capacity and brilliancy here—astonishing unconsciousness and want of perception there. They are like creatures of a species somewhat different from man.

I spent a delightful autumn at Cambridge, staying on until the end of term. Besides Russell, I saw Lapsley often, and he was very friendly and sympathetic, lending me books, and asking me to feasts, both in Hall and in his rooms, where I saw some of the undergraduates of the period. The weather was extraordinary—a continual delight. I came to Spain for Christmas, when the cold set in; and very cold and uncomfortable it was

(in the house) in Avila, and Madrid, and even here in Seville, when we first arrived. My sister and her friend left me ^{after} about a week, and I have established myself in a more modest hotel, where no tourists go, and where I can work very nicely in the morning, and sometimes for a while in the late afternoon. My book is getting on well: I have hopes of finishing the first draft here, and in that case I might have it ready for the press in the autumn. The rest of my day I spend in the most delightful saunterings and musings. I take a small note-book in my pocket, in case some pearl of thought needs to be strung as I walk the streets, or sit in the Delicias—truly delicious gardens, or even in the masculine atmosphere of the cafés. Spring has set in full, here, and everything is as human, simple, engaging, and warm as if one were living in antiquity. O blessed Meditarrean, where man is man! Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

19 February 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel "La Peninsular"

Seville, Feb. 19, 1914.

Dear Strong—

As you say the last clippings I sent you about Bergson amused you, here are some others I have just received from Reeves, which touch "the limit". Fancy poor shivering Bergson a type for the "Vie Parisienne"! I don't know whether you have ever read that journal: in other days I used to do so, and, especially in the longer articles, there is was often a certain subtlety and poetry mixed with the licentiousness, not altogether unworthy of Alfred de Musset, Byron, or Beaudelaire.

I am glad of Margaret's decision, as it will be satisfactory to you, and I don't doubt to her also in the long run.

I too wish I could be in Rome with you—not because I am not perfectly happy here, but because we might study Italian and clear up our last divergences together. Next year I hope to spend the winter in Italy—possibly with an excursion to Greece—and much of it, I trust, in your company.

My book makes great progress, and it is not impossible I may finish it here—all but the revision.

I live day and night with open windows and blinds half drawn—to keep out the excessive sunlight, and the violets and crocuses are already in bloom, and everything promises a Spring of an overpowering intensity. When it rains here, too, it is in a torrential fashion, as if Zeus were really venting his wrath.

Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

22 February 1914 [postmark] • Seville, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

SEVILLA FÁBRICA DE TABACOS

Hotel la Peninsular.

Sevilla.

Thursday

Yesterday I got your letter inclosing a long one from Strong (who had run off to Paris with Margaret) and a letter from Robert, who has had a bad cold and says he will soon answer your various letters. From Josephine I also have a card, saying they have given up Gibraltar. It is as well. Jorge

To Horace Meyer Kallen

29 March 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: American)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London

Seville, March 29, 1914.

Dear Kallen

They say it is the part of a bad correspondent to reply at once and not leave one with the easy conscience of w him who has written last; but your letter comes just when I have had my consciousness of things American revived by Holt's book and a long article I have written about it, and which I suppose you will see before very long. Do I gather from your letter that you have lost your father? If so, that marks a solemn stage in your life, you become a senior, youth and the indefinite future of youth are over. Of course I know you have been independent, or rather burdened, for a long time; nevertheless these breaks in family existence seem to mark the stages in one's own, and to be the black lines that cut the continuous spectrum of daily life into soberer and soberer colours. For the rest, I infer that your affairs are taking a normal course, and that you are remaining at Wisconsin for the present.

By the way, I gladly accept the invitation to spend a month there which you convey to me, if the time may be left indefinite. I appreciate being asked, and it would be a real pleasure to see that vital circle again; only as yet I have nothing suitable to bring as a thank-offering. I have been working on my next book—the System—and in one sense, it is almost finished; there is more than enough MS. but it is not well ordered, consistent, nor

all of one period. It will require much recasting, and prolonged troublesome revision. In fact, I think sometimes that I will let it lie (after it has come into a shape in which it could be printed) and publish chapters, perhaps, in the form of articles first, so as to make it, when it does appear, as mature and definitive as it can be made. In that case I should turn sooner to my next task (and here is where Wisconsin can come in) namely the "Essays on the History of Philosophy". Some of these, written in the form of lectures, would be just the thing for an academic audience. Possibly, by the autumn of 18915 I could have half a dozen of them ready and could undertake a lecture tour in lecture-loving America.

I came to this attractive town of Seville in January, after a delightful term spent at Cambridge—where I found that Russell has relapsed into a most British state of intellect—nominalism, atomism, practically empirical idealism, with minima sensibilia for metaphysical elements.—Seville is like a provincial Rome, with three personalities in one carcass, one Moorish, one Spanish, and one modern. The people are very attractive, and the one park is a paradise; I lead a regular solitary life, working without any pressure four or five hours a day, and enjoying a sauntering, lazy existence for the rest of the time, among the most genial and least exacting of scenes and habits. I have made a few casual acquaintances—enough to exchange a few amenities with—and I read the newspapers to keep up with the times; but I find solitude the best company, especially where there are so many hints of beauty and nobleness about one. In May I expect to be in Paris again with Strong, then in England, and next winter in Italy once more, possibly with a trip to Greece, to see the victorious Hellenes pluming themselves with satisfaction.

When your family cares are less pressing and the routine of academic life has become semi-conscious, I hope you will write something for us. Who, for instance, will undertake a study of James's complete writings and opinions? If life were endless I should be tempted to attempt it myself, [*across*] but there are other things I like better, where selection is inevitable. Yours always

G. Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 April 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Seville, April 5, 1914

Dear Strong

Your letter came just when I was about to write to ask you when you expected to return to Paris, as I wanted to arrive at about the same time, so as not to prolong the very long time since we were last together. The fifteenth of May is a very convenient time for me to join you there. I expect to stay here until the end of this month, unless the heat and mosquitoes should drive me off sooner; and then I could spend a fortnight with my sisters in Avila, after which I could go straight to the Avenue de l'Observatoire. We may agree on the fifteenth of May, then, if nothing unexpected happens. If you must go to Aix you could do so just before—Aix is a hot place—or in June, if two consecutive months in Paris make you restless.

You are very generous to wish to return to the absolute financial monarchy which you have practically always exercised at the apartment, and I am glad of it, as a sign that the villa hasn't yet ruined you, and that the fall in American stocks has left you calm like a Stoic. It hasn't affected me either in practice, and I am still saving money; but on paper it has swallowed up 12% of my capital, so that I feel poor, although I have just as much to spend as before.—We will talk this over when we meet. If you prefer to run the expenses of the house, I might perhaps use what I expected to contribute in getting the much discussed rugs that may be needed.

Seville has proved an ideal refuge for me, and now that warm weather has come, it is even more luxuriously pleasant, but with Holy Week and the Fair upon us, (today is Palm Sunday) I must say farewell to work for the present. My book is not finished, though well in sight of completion; ~~and~~ I have written a long review of Holt's book—so long that the passages I have had to cut out before sending it to Woodbridge will furnish material for one or two other articles. This of course has interrupted the Book; but I think it will prove good for it in sharpening my eyes to the very points which you have been so long intent upon.

Have you read Samuel Butler? I see references to him here and there that seem to point to something good. Yours ever G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

6 April 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

SEVILLA—ALCAZAR—PAVILLON DE CARLOS V.

La Peninsular

Sevilla, Ma April. 6, '14.

Today I receive a letter from Robert, of March 23, in which he says: "I am feeling much better ... and I think when we get really Spring weather, I will (he means "shall") feel as well as ever again". Here it is full Summer, but not oppressive, and I am having a good time, in a new straw hat.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

20 April 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS postcard: Sastre Martín)

SEVILLA—ALCAZAR. FACHADA PRINCIPAL

La Peninsular. Sevilla.

April 20, 1914. La Feria here is the gayest sight I ever saw, although we are wearing winter clothes and carrying umbrellas, and there is some disappointment about the bull-fights—yet I have liked the three we have had so far very well. I am thinking of staying here at least till May 1st. Memorias á toda la familia. Jorge.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

25 April 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

SEVILLA—CATEDRAL—PUERTA DE LA CAMPANILLA

La Peninsular. Sevilla

April 25. 1914.

I am sorry about your cough; I know how fatiguing that is. Have you tried passing salt water through the nose into the mouth? I find it a great relief; but it must be kept up for weeks.—Here the weather has become warm and sunny again, and I have returned to my normal life. Jorge.

To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge

2 May 1914 • Seville, Spain

(MS: Columbia)

Address: c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.

Seville, May 2, 1914.

Dear M^r Woodbridge

From this retreat, where I have been spending several months as nearly as possible in the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights, I send you this long article on Holt's new book. Of course, you have already arranged for a review by some more expert hand; but perhaps, if the general subject is still in the order of the day, my reflections will serve to fill a number of your Journal in the dull Summer season.

If you care to publish the paper but find it too long for a single number, you might divide it at p. 19 of the MS. into two articles.

By the middle of this month I expect to be in Paris with Strong, who is the only philosopher with whom I now much discuss these questions, and we very nearly agree!

Believe me, with my best wishes and regards, Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

6 May 1914 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Novaliches 6, Avila

May 6, 1914.

Dear Strong

I have just arrived here from Seville and I should like very much to know if you are, or are to be at once, in Paris. I am ready to start almost at any time, but if you were delayed yourself for any reason, I might stay on a few days longer, and make the journey by stages, reaching Paris say on Monday evening, May 18th. Let me know if this is all right. If I don't hear from you, I will send word to Françoise a day or two before my arrival.

Seville has been delightful and I am almost as sentimental about it as I was about Cambridge in the autumn. I have written a long review of Holt's book which I have sent to Woodbridge and which I should think would make two articles in his Journal. My book is not finished but I have some hopes of completing it in the Summer, at least in a form which would be printable if I had no opportunity or power to make a further revision later.

Please write a line addressing me here directly where I shall remain until the 15th unless something should carry me sooner to a better world.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 May 1914 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, May 12, 1914.

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for your telegram. If everything depended on me alone, I should start tomorrow and reach Paris on the same day as you; but my sister Susan wants me to stay a bit longer, and my sister Josephine talks of coming with me (accompanied by our step-niece) as far as San Sebastian, and that could not be until Friday. In any case I expect to arrive on Monday evening at 9.30; if not, I will telegraph. I shall have dined in

the train, so that Françoise needn't think of providing anything for my supper.

We had a snow storm here the day before yesterday, and the weather remains rather chilly for the season, but the country is unusually green, flowery, and smiling.

A bientôt.

G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

9 June 1914 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

9 A^{ve} de l'Observatoire
Paris, June 9, 1914

Dear M^{rs} Bush

Your note touches me deeply. I had no idea that you had been so ill, much less that you could take more than the most casual interest in what concerns me. There is no reason why we shouldn't often meet again, in New York or here. As to happiness I find that it is of two kinds, one the kind we dream of when we are young and vague in our desires, and the other the kind we find possible and suitable to our capacities when we begin to be old and wise. I venture to say that I have attained this second kind of happiness more nearly than most people, and I shouldn't now exchange it for the other more ideal sort even if it were possible. The secret of it, in my case, lies in the very old but forgotten maxim of not possessing things nor being possessed by them, more than is absolutely inevitable. On that principle, I have made my peace with things, and find my life very acceptable.

Thank you very much for writing as you do and still more for not thinking my resigned philosophy and my selfish existence a blot on the landscape, as I sometimes suspect that most people do. Is it because they see more than we can see, or because they shut ~~there~~ their eyes to everything?

With best wishes for Nauheim and the rest,

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

22 June 1914 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

Address: c/o Brown Shipley & C°.

123 Pall Mall, London.

Paris, June 22, 1914

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons
New York.

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago, in answer to some inquiries of mine about a possible new edition of my "Life of Reason" you wrote that while you could not undertake to make any substantial revision of the work, you would be glad to make any small necessary corrections in any future reprint.

I do not know whether any reprints are yet required, although many years have gone by in which a small but steady sale of the volumes has continued. In any case, I send you the inclosed list of such errata as I have discovered, all very slight, which I hope you will take any opportunity that presents itself to have corrected in the plates.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

25 June 1914 [postmark] • Paris, France

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

PARIS.—LA PLACE VENDÔME ET LA COLONNE.

June 25.

This morning I received the billete kilométrico for Robert, and will give it to him when he turns up. I haven't yet had word of his arrival.—We are having the first summer day of the season.—Strong leaves on Sunday morning for Aix-les-Bains. Love to all

from

Jorge

To Mary Potter Bush

4 July 1914 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°. London

Paris, July 4, 1914

Dear M^{rs} Bush

Of course, your letter opens up a great subject, but I think the difficulties of it would be cleared up, though not removed, by separating what is due to nature in the aspirations of young people from what is verbal, and due to religious training. To live long, and to have something worth doing to accomplish, is a natural demand; yet the same instinct that makes it is modified by finding satisfaction; and I think this instinct would of itself be perfectly capable, in old age, of accepting death gladly, and of being ideally interested in the larger, but equally definite and terminable, career of the race after them. If we asked the animals I am sure they would say this; and the mathematical dream of living on and on through an infinite number of changes—which would ultimately involve the destruction of all their definite and chosen activities—would seem to them a horrible nightmare; an ideal very disloyal to that of their specific nature. But meantime, of course, they would like a chance to hunt and play after their instinctive fashion; and the way to keep them from discouragement would be to stimulate their natural instincts and to educate them, while giving them as far as possible a chance to be fully exercised. Don't your young women really desire being loved, pleasantly busy, and well-dressed, rather than absolutely immortal?

I know very well there is something sad in any reality accomplished—heaven would have a certain melancholy about it, as the mind of God surely must have—but there is nothing uninviting in reality untasted and dawning auspiciously upon us. As you say, *their* there are obstacles in bad health and other abnormalities: but these would not be overcome by [*across*] any teaching. They could only be silenced or made to whine in a different key.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 July 1914 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 A^{ve} de l'Observatoire

Sunday, July 5, 1914

Dear Strong.

Here too we have had a pleasant change from the great heat of the previous days, and are luxuriating in cool breezes, grey skies, and threatening rains—Fuller remains for another week, but I can get no satisfaction out of him; whatever we talk of, he seems to be always thinking of something else. My brother stayed for six days—three of which I spent in his company. He says I am somewhat improved in character, and more like other people; also that when he visited Venice he saw, at the Lido, bathing-suits that he had never seen before. He is full of the milk of human kindness, and cannot take his eyes off the love-making he sometimes sees in the streets of Paris.—I am expecting Reeves any day, and Onderdonk on the 18th.

Two families have come to look at the apartment, the second today. Françoise says the Moseses too are leaving, having taken their lease for a year only, so that when any one inquires for the apartment to let, the concierge replies that there are two—the third floor for 4600 francs and the fifth floor for 4000. That doesn't sound very encouraging.

The boxes of books are screwed down: otherwise we have made as yet no further preparations for the final departure.

I have not done any work to speak of, save reading a German Protestant work on Duns Scotus. I think all the points made now-adays in the controversies about perception were clearly stated by the Scholastics; [*across*] whence their reputation for trifling and pedantry and unintelligible hair-splitting.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 July 1914 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, July 12, 1914

Dear Strong

I am very sorry to hear of your loss; it would have been a satisfaction to your mother to have seen you and Margaret again. On the other hand you are all spared the parting, which under the circumstances would have been painful on both sides—

I am curiously incapable of making up my mind about going to England with you or not. Besides my own vacillations, there is now the chance of combining my movements with those of Von Westenholz who writes that he may go to London either this month or in October. Before your return, however, I expect to have a fresh and more definite message from him.

My friends have been turning up in full numbers, and I have been doing no consecutive work. The six boxes for my books have been ordered, and when you arrive I shall be ready to move at short notice, if a tenant should appear.

Onderdonk writes that he will be glad to relieve me of the chair, and Abreu says he likes the lamp, so that I mean to give it to him. That will relieve me of most of my remaining impedimenta.

Excuse this paper and trembling hand-writing. I am writing with my elbow in the air, at the Café Mabien, my note paper having given out just when these tiresome fêtes are beginning.

I hope your cure is purging your system of all impurities and your mind of all worries.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 July 1914 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 A^{ve} de l'Observatoire

July 17, 1914

Dear Strong,

I am glad you are to arrive on Thursday and to have two full days in which to rest here before your fresh journey. I say “yours” because it looks now as if after all I shouldn’t go with you. Westenholz hasn’t yet written again, but all the chances are against his screwing up his courage to the point of really embarking for England at short notice; and if he is to put it off until October or altogether, it would be better for me to stay on here as long as possible. Boylston Beal—a very old friend—is to arrive on the day you leave; and my brother writes that he isn’t very well, being sleepless and nervous at night, finding it hard to breathe at times, and that he would like to find me within call when he returns from Spain. All this makes me rather incline to stay here, or if I go to England to return at once and wait here for the season when it will be pleasant to go to Italy. Of course, you mustn’t put off having the furniture and linen packed and sent off whenever it ought to go (if the furniture is going): I can easily move to the Quai Voltaire at a day’s notice. If things remain as they are and the apartment is open, I think you ought to let me pay Françoise’ wages and the small incidental expenses while I am here alone. By the way, the Fénelon Society next door is building three new storeys to its house, so that now the painting is done, the filth and noise will be upon us worse than ever.

Boylston Beal writes that he saw Bertie Russell in Boston, who seemed shy, and adds: “He is quite the plainest man I have ever seen” [I think Bertie looks like a genius] “but had a success with the high-brows. However, I doubt whether he enjoyed himself”.

Thank you for the cutting about the other Russells. These letters are written with an eye to the public trial, and the tone of all of them is put on for effect. They are really flinging things at each other’s heads; and this is another reason why I want to keep out of the way at present, because if I went to England it would be hard for me to keep out of the fray.

If I don’t hear to the contrary I will ask Françoise to have dinner ready for us on Thursday at half past seven.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Bertrand Arthur William Russell

27 July [1914] • London, England

(MS: McMaster)

London, July 27,

Dear Russell

Thank you very much for your note. We are thinking of going to Cambridge tomorrow afternoon, and Strong had already arranged to stay at the University Arms so that we won't trouble you to get us rooms in College, but we shall be delighted to dine with you on Wednesday, if that is a convenient day for you. Mrs. Toy and other friends of mine have written about having had great pleasure in seeing you in America. One sagacious person observes that you were (in Boston) "a great success among the high-brows" and adds "However, I doubt if he enjoyed himself."

We are at the Euston Hotel which Strong chooses as a stepping-stone to higher things.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

2 August 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Virginia)

LION HOTEL,
CAMBRIDGE.August 2nd 1914

Dear Susie

I am much upset at the thought of this war breaking out suddenly all about us: I am not even sure that I shall go back to Paris next Sunday, as I intended. The Germans may be there in a fortnight, and I suppose it might be as well for me not to attempt to repulse them by force of philosophy, but to retire in time—perhaps Spain-wards, or to Italy, if Italy is neutral, as they say she is to be. Or I may remain in England until we can judge what is going to happen, and which way it is safe and possible to

turn. What is Robert going to do about his return voyage? Half the steamships seem to be held up: only the British and American lines to New York are still sailing as announced, and they will doubtless be overcrowded. It is possible, however, that the war may be short, and that in six weeks we shall have returned—with bruised heads and bruised hearts—to our ordinary routine. How involuntary and uncanny it all is, as if the most responsible men were acting in a dream, giving bad reasons for doing what they are driven to do by a blind necessity.

I am going to Howard's at Windsor on Tuesday, and will send you word from there when I decide what to do. Strong sailed for America yesterday. Bertrand Russell is here and we talk much of politics and philosophy. Love to all from Jorge

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

3 August 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Virginia)

LION HOTEL,
CAMBRIDGE.

Aug. July 3rd 1914

Dear Susie

Will you send the enclosed to Robert, or give it to him if he is still with you?

From the papers this morning I see that a return to Paris is out of the question for the moment. Indeed, it was lucky that I came to England when I did; only I left in Paris some clothes and other things—including my new letter of credit—which I should have brought with me if I had anticipated staying here into the winter. In fact, I shall probably not do so, but when we see which way things are going, and whether England is to remain neutral or not, I may go by sea to Gibraltar or to Italy. For the moment I have written to my old landlady in Oxford asking if she has rooms. I could spend the rest of the summer there with comfort, and should be able to accomplish a good deal in the way of reading and writing.

The strain and excitement of these events is terrible. I don't know what to expect nor even what to hope for. It is all a dark riddle, and the consequences will be hateful, whatever they are.

Yours aff^d
Jorge

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

5 August 1914 • Windsor, England

(MS: Virginia)

August 5, 1914

QUEEN'S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Susie

I don't know whether you are getting the letters I am writing you: this is the third during the last few days. There is nothing new to say, but the stress of excitement somehow impels me to write; and if by chance one letter goes astray, you may get another. None from you or Robert or Josephine has reached me for some time, but I am hoping to have one soon.

Howard and his household are as usual. He is less overcome by the war—of which he of course “disapproves” sadly—than I had expected: in fact everyone everywhere seems to take this prodigious outbreak very seriously and calmly, with a reasonable sense of how human and how inevitable unreason is. It reminds me of the mock phrase in Don Quixote: la razón de la sinrazón etc: only this is sober earnest. My sympathies are naturally with France and England, and with the blameless unfortunate Belgians; yet I feel no anger against the Germans. They are carrying out a brave and heroic determination to be the masters of Europe and to rule by force of arms, industry, and character. It is not very different from the principle that has animated strong aggressive nations in all ages; only it is more deliberate and conscious—a little rude and conceited as well. Per-haps_x the sense of power and of “duty” has turned their heads a little, and they may be rushing to their destruction—or rather to their discomfiture, because no great nationality can be destroyed until it dissolves inwardly. It is hard to say whether what is guiding them is infatuation or consciousness of their destiny. If they win, with all Europe against them, it will be because they deserved to win, being morally the stronger.—I am going on Friday to Oxford, and shall probably remain there [*across*] indefinitely, until we see how things are going.

Love to all from your affectionate brother Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 August 1914 • Windsor, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

c/o B. S. & C^o
123 Pall Mall S.W.

August 5, 1914
QUEEN'S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Strong

What are we going to do? In vain Aristippus dwelt in foreign republics, to escape the cares of citizenship. They held him up and trounced him just the same when there was a row. How are you going to get back, and what of your father's trip through France? As for me, I am stranded here, and mean to go to Oxford and stay there until the war is over, if I can find rooms. M^{rs} Bowler, at 66 the High, can take me only for a few days. The worst of it is that I left every thing at the apartment unpacked, my winter clothes and my new letter of credit: however, I have £50 left which will do until my brother can send me more from America, if he is able to get there. I haven't had word from him for some time. I suppose you will write to Françoise and give her directions; I am sending her a line merely to tell her not to expect me for the present.

At first this terrible situation in Europe made me quite sick and speechless, as if I had lost some dear friend; but now that the battle is well engaged my sporting blood is up, and I feel a pleasing horror at it all, and one seems to be living a greater life amid such fearful events and constant excitement. What is one to expect, and what is one to hope for? I hardly know; but it looks as if perhaps the Germans, in their sincerity and courage, had lost their heads, and become infatuated by the sense of duty and power. And I can't help wishing the French well, and the poor blameless Belgians! It is fortunate that the Italians are out of it; but I see Captain Mahan thinks they will have to intervene, and [across] against their allies! God be with us all!

Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

9 August 1914 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

66 High Street, Oxford
Aug. 9, 1914.

Dear Strong

It is useless to talk about the war, the subject is too vast, too absorbing, too imperfectly comprehensible. And yet we talk glibly about the universe, nous autres philosophers!

It seems that the line to Paris via Boulogne is still running, and if in the next two weeks events are favourable to the allies, and the way remains open, I may go back to Paris after all, to gather my things together, pack my books, and migrate Southward—very likely to Spain rather than to Italy, because the emotions of the moment make me feel the need of being near my own, and it is in Avila, with my sister, that I have the oldest and tenderest ties of my old and untender being.

I send you a note of Françoise's. I have replied, but without sending her her wages, due on the 15th, partly because it isn't very safe and partly because—having left my new letter of credit in Paris—I fear to be short of cash. I have £45 left.

[across] My kindest regards to Margaret. Yours ever

G.S.

To Mary Williams Winslow

16 August 1914 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London

Oxford, August 16, 1914.

Dear M^{rs} Winslow

The shock of wars seems to have been necessary to knock me out of my comatose state of mind and unconsciousness of the lapse of weeks and months since I received your last kind letter. I am now very restless, hardly knowing which way to turn, what to wish or to hope for or what to expect. My plans are upset and my sympathies lacerated. Happy the man with a country, and faith that it is of course always in the right, and will of course be victorious! To me, it seems a dreadful indignity to have a soul controlled by geography. If you are born east of this frontier—one religion, one language, one history, one dominating passion; if you are born ~~on that side~~ west of it—another religion, another language, another history, and a deep desire to knock the other man, and not yourself, on the head! You may say it is the difference in people's racial soul that originally made that frontier, so that after all you are born on the side to which you belong. But that only turns the comedy into a tragedy; for why should ~~the~~ my soul be racial at all, and why should mewing be a delight to it and barking an abomination? I try—in vain, I am afraid—to discount and transcend this sort of fatality and to consider fairly what is at stake and what would be the moral value of victory for the dogs or for the cats. I say to myself (not from the heart, perhaps) that France, though amiable, is played out and rotten (a sort of Anatole France, in fact); that the British Empire is a pious sham, and must soon go in any event; that Austria and Germany represent clericalism and discipline, and that if Christendom is capable of a new lease of life at all, it could only be by their victory and sobering influence; and that perhaps it is better that men should recognize sour duties than no duties at all. When I try to take that line I immediately feel the conviction rise that Christendom and clerical duty and discipline are pious shams and hopelessly played out too; and that those who work for them politically are

inwardly more rotent than the avowed anarchists. In fine, I don't at all know how we can discover whether it would be better for the world that we should be all overawed by Germany and turned into pompous prigs, or that we should be allowed to go to the dogs in our own natural ways.

I have come to Oxford in the fond hope of finding peace—but this war is too atmospheric, it pervades every retreat. By the merest chance the cataclysm found me in England; I had come from Paris to do some shopping, and see a few friends, intending to return in a fortnight: but now I don't know at all when I shall get back, or whether I shall go to Italy for the winter, as I had intended. No place seems to beckon, and all to repel. During the last year I have had two happy perfect seasons—three months at Cambridge in the autumn and four months at Seville in the winter and Spring. Both places, in their different ways, afforded solitude and stimulation, and I could read and write and walk and feel alive and fit for great illuminations. I seemed there to be growing mellow, very mellow—"extra ripe", as the man said to recommend his bananas; but since I left Seville, and began to feel the friction of more or less unsympathetic friends, I seem again the poor, uncultivated, shallow caged-squirrel-soul that the world makes us. My book has advanced—especially in my own mind, it has got more firmly knit together—but it is not finished, and the last smelting and recasting is yet to be done. Perhaps in Rome—if I get there this winter—the hills and the gods will favour the work!

You must be at Nahant now, Fred playing tennis like a champion and you and Polly teaching the baby to know such things as he ought to know at his age—leaving him to find out the others for himself. I suppose the old rocks and the old fossils of Nahant surround you as usual, and everyone is concerned deeply to do as many uninteresting things as possible in the most competent way. Dear old Boston, what an unlovely place it is! Don't you ever miss Buffalo, and wish to transplant Fred and the children there?

Your friend Apthorp Fuller was in Paris not long ago and gave me the most dismal account of Harvard College and its philosophy. {By the way, I hear Münsterberg upbraids England for betraying the cause of Teutonic Kultur. But might not this be acquired by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and even Russians, seeing that its purest present champions may combine it with descent from other heroes than Siegfried? Isn't Boston flooded with German music and German philosophy, without needing to be policed by German officials?} My poor brother is in Spain, uncertain how to get back to State Street and Duty and to Bay State Road and Happiness. All because a Servian student shot the Archduke [*across*] Franz Ferdinand!

And people still say that Reason governs the world! Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

24 August 1914 • London, England

(MS: Virginia)

London, Aug. 24, 1914

Dear Susie

This afternoon I receive at the same moment two numbers of the ABC, which you send me, and word from the bankers that Robert is sailing on Wednesday from Cadiz in the "Infanta Isabel". I am glad he has taken this determination, for I think it is the simplest and safest way for him to get home. He will also get there sooner than if he had come north in order to embark.

The Spanish papers, although of course they are belated, contain a more impartial view than the papers I see here, which even when they quote German reports, emphasize only what is obviously exaggerated or false in them, so as to make them seem absurd. The interview with a German officer of the general staff, for instance, in the ABC of the 15th instant, is very illuminating. It shows how competent the Germans are, even when their vision is dense and their sentiment narrow. He gives out the exact plan which is being carried out, and I almost think he foresees what must be the result, at least of the campaign in Belgium. This sort of thing gives me more perspective, and helps me to prepare for the disappointments which are in store for us here—I say "us", because it is impossible not to share the sentiment of people about one, when it is strong and steady and one has no contrary passion of one's own. My natural sympa-

ties are anti-German, but I can't help admiring the sureness and the immense patient effort which characterizes their action. If they overpower "us", I am not sure that the world will be ultimately the worse for it. I say this, I confess, partly to console myself for the news of the German victory—I don't know yet how complete—which has been given out this afternoon. We are told ~~the~~ that "Namur has fallen"—but we are not told if that is all, and I fear there is a lot more to tell. Perhaps the Avenue de l'Observatoire may be bombarded, and Strong be relieved of the trouble of deciding what to do with [across] his furniture, and I with my books! It would be rather amusing, and as far as that is concerned, I [*across page one*] shouldn't weep over it. But how much anguish everywhere, and all for what? Yours aff^d Jorge

To Upton Beall Sinclair

27 August 1914 • London, England

(MS: Indiana)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, S.W.
London, Aug. 27, 1914

Dear Sir

Your project is an admirable one, and I should be proud to think that some chance word of mine should ever come to figure in such a new gospel. The war has separated me from my books, and I have to rely on a most inaccurate memory, but I think in vol. 2 of "The Life of Reason", which is entitled "Reason in Society", and particularly in the chapters on Government & War and on Democracy, some epigrams and sentences might be found that touch upon the ideal of a just society. If you are not in haste, I might in a few weeks (when I expect to be near a friend who—rare phenomenon!—has my books in his library) look\$ these Chapters over, and possibly submit a few extracts to your inspection. Otherwise it would be better, if you think the matter worth pursuing at all, to ask some person with a sense for such things, to read the Chapters I have indicated—they are not long—and see if he finds anything quotable in them. It is always safer not to let a parent judge of the relative beauty of his children, for he may prefer his ugly ducklings, as most truly resembling himself.

Believe me, with best wishes for your enterprise,
Yours truly,

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

1 October 1914 • Oxford, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

OXFORD, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, FRONT. (FOUNDED A.D. 1340).

Oct. 1, 1914. Thank you for several A.B.C.'s and one "Universo". I found several things I had not heard of and much general edification.—Very soon I will write at length to Josephine, whose letter I have received.—I am leaving Oxford in a week for Cambridge, as term will have begun. I have some hopes of getting rooms in a college.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

11 October 1914 • London, England

(MS: Virginia)

London, Sunday, Oct. 11, '14.

Dear Susie

Your letter of the 3rd reached me yesterday, taking a week. Thank you for the notice about the direct line from Falmouth to Bilbao. For the moment I think I will stay here; I go to Cambridge tomorrow, and if I don't find suitable quarters there I can always return to Oxford or retire to Bournemouth or Torquay, to what they call the English Riviera, which they say is balmy and comparatively cloudless. As a matter of fact, since I have been in England, we have had hardly any rain. It would be very nice to get back to Spain—as you say, Italy had better be left out of the reckoning for the present—but if possible I should like to go via Paris, and I can easily wait until Christmas and see what the facilities for travel are at that time.

When I said in my last long letter that England would be "strong at the finish" I didn't quite mean that I feel sure her side will be victorious:

Germany is materially and morally prodigiously strong. So far, while she has not taken Paris nor maintained her invasion of Russia from East Prussia, she has had the upper hand, both on land and sea, and now with the possession of Antwerp she may attempt the long premeditated attack on the English fleet and coasts by sea and air. If the Russian advance in Southern Poland should collapse, and the British fleet should be crippled (not impossible contingencies) Germany might become unconquerable, and the war might have to end in some arrangement not unfavourable to her, because she would be free to prepare even more thoroughly for the next war against weakened opponents.

I shall be glad to see the Corzeo Español when it arrives. It is quite intelligible that the Catholic party should hail the decline of Masonic France, heretical England and schismatic Russia. A new Holy German Empire, even if the Emperor was nominally a Protestant and had to be tolerant to his 200,000,000 Moslem protégés, would give the Church a great backing. Politically and morally she would be countenanced and respected everywhere as she has not been since the Reformation. In other ways, too, a universal German ascendancy would not be without its splendours, and I am by no means sure that this development of things is not as desirable as any other. Things cannot remain as they are, and the Americanization of the Universe would be even a worse fate. But my heart, I confess, is with the French, English, and also with the Russians, because they all three, in various ways, make for individual freedom, and for the security and delightfulness of life. They are the peoples who wish to be left alone, because they know how to make themselves comfortable and happy. The German system is one of strain and of artificial aims: it is a sort of orderly night-mare. For this reason I can't help thinking that the Mediterranean countries would obey their true instinct in sympathizing with the allies, as the liberal and paganized parties in them actually do. And that need not involve any disloyalty to Christianity. The German spirit is very anti-Christian at bottom, although in its demand for order and discipline it may find an alliance with Christianity useful for the moment. The German spirit, however, is that of "Absolute Will", as their philosopher call it. It is unregenerate. It trusts, like the heathen Northmen, in strength, will, and inward instinct or illumination. It has no consciousness of sin, or of the vanity of the world or the passions. The Cross never had, and never can have, any meaning for it. In its heart it never believed in another world, but always looked forward to a sort of heroic suicide or twilight of the gods": for the very people who are now planning a great German era for

the whole world are perfectly conscious that that era, too, must pass away in time. It will be merely a beau geste, lasting a thousand years ending in the tragic and romantic extinction of the race and its glorious "Kultur". This is a heathen ideal, not a Christian nor ^{even} a pagan one, as the Greeks and Latins conceived paganism, which meant a modest and permanent alliance with the gods of nature, and a life as pleasant and intellectual as possible.

I have sent you several books and will send you one or two more, concerning the crisis; if you don't care to read them, please lay them aside anywhere and I will relieve you of them when I come and can rearrange my belongings.

Love to Celedonio, Josephine, and all the family,

Your affectionate brother

Jorge

To Scofield Thayer

23 October 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Beinecke)

45 Chesterton Road

Cambridge, Oct. 23, '14

Dear Thayer

You are very good to remember my aspirations in the matter of lodgings and my interest in Rupert Brooke's verses. I send these back because you may possibly have a scrap book or some other pleasing method of collecting odds and ends from which once dangled some vague tentacle of feeling. I should myself like to preserve a thousand things, but if I do I find that on reviewing them the golden cobwebs that once enmeshed them have totally vanished and I can find nothing but the little crumpled dead fly.

For the moment I find myself quiet, comfortable, and happy here, in the lodgings I occupied last year. They are without the seemliness of a man-

servant, but the good women look after me in a methodical unobtrusive way with which I am quite satisfied.

Cambridge is sad and more than half-deserted, but if the spirit moves you to visit it during this term you will undoubtedly find me here, and very glad to see you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I have heard nothing of Onderdonk. Have you? Please remember me to Langstaff.

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 October 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton Road, Cambridge
October 29 1914

Dear Strong

I was delighted yesterday to get your letter of the 16th and to hear that you were on the point of sailing at last. You are probably now in Italy and if you and Margaret are not fascinated by Naples and Rome at this season and compelled to linger a little on your journey, you may well be at home before this reaches you—the mails are now so horribly slow.

My existence here is that of a mere thermometer registering the war-news and boiling and freezing by turns, though my not very mercurial blood resents such oscillations and aches for the sluggish temperatures of peace. I see Russell (would you like his new book, which he has had published in America? I will gladly send you my copy if you are without one,) and Lapley and sometimes dine with them at Trinity; but Cambridge as a whole is sad and empty, the few undergraduates being either clad in Khaki and unrecognizable or seedy and “feeling a skunk”, as Russell expresses it. No eights on the River, and companies of singing recruits tramping along the towpath instead. However, I seem to be happier and more settled here

than elsewhere since the storm burst, and for the present I expect to remain. My quarters are comfortable, my fire bright, there is hot water in the bathroom, and my food is palatable enough. I am reading a lot, and even trying to write—but with little power of prosecuting any given subject.

Thank you for your suggestion that I should join you and Margaret at once—I hope it may be before long, but I should prefer to pass through Paris, if that were not too difficult a journey, on account of the things I left scattered there which I should like partly to gather up and partly to pack, so that they may be easily removed when (if ever) the apartment is sublet. Perhaps, too, it would be better that I should go this year to Spain, as the war may swoop down on you in Italy at any time, and it is anyhow in to Spain that I meant to go in the summer. Thank you also for your previous offer of aid, but my straits were merely momentary: I got a fresh letter of credit at once and am now in a normal situation, except that my brother recommends economy. My income still, however, more than suffices for my ordinary expenses, without requiring any change in my way of living; and doubtless from this time on it will recover its ordinary slim but comfortable volume.

The war is the only thing in my thoughts—painfully persistent, like a nightmare. I don't want to enter on that; but I will report briefly what Russell says about it, as I feel somehow that his background and intelligence give his views some weight. He is quite confident of the issue because English ministers have a sense for facts and have never yet voluntarily entered upon a war in which they were going to be unsuccessful. The people, he adds, will be able and willing to carry on the war for twenty years if necessary; and he says that perhaps in time there may be a deadlock on the line of the Rhine in the west and the Oder in the east, beyond which the Allies may not be able to penetrate; but that would suffice to bring Germany to terms.

I congratulate you on finding yourself again at Fiesole and with Margaret to brighten the scene. I hope the planting and the other improvements have progressed satisfactorily, and that mind and body will do their duty by you during this season. Unquestionably, I ought to break away and join you. Think what down-hill walks, what cups of coffee in Florence (not Gambrinno sandwiches for me!) and what circular discussions we might have together! But the rub is to choose the moment for starting—and the route. Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

1 November 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

OXFORD, WORCESTER COLLEGE QUADRANGLE. (FOUNDED A.D. 1714).

Cambridge,

Nov. 1, 1914.

Thanks for two more ABC's. Could you send me a "Lectura Dominical"? I am curious to see how they feel, especially about the Young Turks, who are not only Moslems but Free Masons!—I have got my abandoned letter of credit from Paris and expect my manuscript, thanks to a friend there.—Love to all from Jorge

To Wendell T. Bush

8 November 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Columbia)

45 Chesterton Road, Cambridge

Nov. 8, 1914

Dear M^r Bush

If we are without the peace of mind which ought (though it does not) to surround philosophizing, we certainly have materials enough before us to make us wise, if we are able to reflect on what we see occurring. From what I hear, I judge that you are hardly freer, in America, from the war of words, and the constant hissing of hatred and recrimination. Otherwise, I might wish myself there. However, I am trying to deny the Will and harden myself for the worst.

I am at work (or at play) upon a longish Essay on German Ambition and German Philosophy, a propos of which I am rereading Fichte: it is very fine and grand, and at the same time curiously childish. It seems as if Life, to him, meant Inexperience. I may send you, in a few days, a section or two of this essay, which are not too political. I also hope to receive from Paris, before long, the MS of my Four Realms of Being, and there is a chapter on "The meanings of "Is"" which I should rather like to have you publish in advance of the work, so that I may profit by any criticisms which may be made upon it. I have questioned Russell here—a great

authority on such a point—but I find that he has little more light to shed upon it than the blinking amateur.

I neglected to ask for any copies of my Holt article when sending back the proof. May I have three or four, when it appears? Best regards to M^{rs} Bush.
Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

13 November 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: American)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°, London

Cambridge, Nov. 13 '14

Dear Kallen

My unpaid debt—not counting more distant obligations—to you now amounts, I think, to two letters and a book. For the moment you can be paid with little more than thanks, as the war has suspended my activities almost entirely. It has hung upon me very heavily; now that I am becoming accustomed to the pressure I am beginning to write again—but about the war, or around it. You may see some bits of the result before long.

I have read your book with interest, in some places with difficulty, in others with chucklings, in still others with lofty satisfaction. You give a clarified idea of James—as it is natural that a disciple should; you make him Christ instead of Jesus. I shouldn't dispute for a moment that your view of his doctrine and tendency is correct; you seize the ultimate, the latest, the most radical, and interesting phase of his thought; but I can't help feeling that the James I knew in the flesh was something quite different on the whole—more puzzled, more inconsistent, more infected with überwundenen Standpunkten. I shouldn't say (though you and he perhaps would) that in reality he was richer. A junkshop isn't richer than a palace; and what is consistent with one principle, and all in one style, makes to my mind the only true richness of that sort of thing: more, would be matter out of place. If James had been what you give us of him, and no more, I should have understood and liked him better—better as a thinker and even

as a man, because his incalculableness and jumpiness sometimes made me uncomfortable. Now, in your clarified and consistent James you suggest a great philosophic system; like him, however, you only suggest it. At moments, in reading the latter parts of your book, I was carried into the seventh heaven of a world in which imagination should be all in all. Even will or activity (so much and so blindly invoked in similar doctrines) would be made volatile and sensible in the form of a rush of images and feelings: and the least tendency to hypostasize or slip in any background to anything should be perpetually "called down" and reduced to the images and the feelings which that tendency was "known as". This system, but for the monarchical Will and the a priori grammar of thought, would be a perfect idealism of the romantic type: this romanticism being, to my mind, the uncriticized assumption in the whole; for you are hardly (are you) satisfied with the image and feeling of change and life: you believe candidly in a real mutation. But, for the imagination, your system of nothing but imagination is very exciting and liberating. If it is as imagination that all things come, why should we not say so, and touch the bottom in our drifting fate? Of course, for my word imagination you use the word "experience" about which gather, I am convinced, the most serious and perpetual ambiguities; and you seem less subjective but in fact are only less clear. You are not clear, at least to me: to achieve clearness I have to rethink and restate your position, turning "experience" into absolute imagination. When you mention "the world of experience" the unwary reader relapses into vulgar hypostasis, and thinks of nature; but he ought to remember that nature "means" (in your system) the idea of nature somewhere given in imagination, so that "the world of experience" has no other structure than the stream of experience itself. Am I wrong?

As to Bergson, your account shows intense and laborious thinking on your part; but it doesn't seem to me to be either a clearer exposition nor an independent criticism: it is a sort of fermentation of his materials and—if you will forgive me for saying all I think—turbid. To be sure, the vintage is bad, and no treading of the winepress could make good wine of it. That there is a great and profound difference between him and James is certain; but it would be hard to demonstrate it fully and bring it out in its ulterior implications, without making havoc in Bergson's system: and when a man is alive it seems unnecessary to tell him what he thinks when he says he thinks something quite different. But when he is safely dead—you will doubtless long survive him—you might go on with this rechristening of his changelings. You already venture to show how Plotinian and Spinozistic

and (upside down) Platonic he is; but he is also Fichtean and Schellingite, and Schopenhauerian and Berkeleyan; in fact, he is an immediatist and a temporalist (which is a contradiction) an evolutionist who wants to give a mystical ground and (what is worse) a mystical texture to evolution. He is a meliorist and an absolutist!

Some days ago I replied to Jastrow still admitting the proposal to go to you next year. But, as I hope I made him understand, I regard this as a pleasant dream, hardly to be realized. If it was a question of reaching you by wireless, and not needing to reach Harvard as well, it would be different; but to return to Harvard now is a terrible obstacle to my resolution. Possibly, some years hence when all is quite different . . .

Yours sincerely G.S.

To Wendell T. Bush

18 November 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Columbia)

Address {^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C°
 123 Pall Mall, London.

Cambridge. Nov. 18, 1914

Dear M^r Bush

Here are two articles. The one on German ambition is part of a longer essay on which I am at work; I have sent another portion (even less philosophical) to the new weekly paper "The New Republic", and I shall soon have other portions ready. But I fully realize that something so political and untechnical may not seem suitable for your journal, and might call for the unphilosophic passions and just protests from those whose learning has nothing to do with what goes on in the world. Don't hesitate to return the

M.S. if you don't want it: the other article (a chapter out of my big new book) will fill some gap in your columns well enough.

Thank you for the copies of my Holt article, which have just come to hand.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 December 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

45 Chesterton Road

Cambridge Dec. 1, 1914

Dear Strong

It was a great pleasure to hear from you again after so long; I am sorry the cause was that insidious abdomen of yours. Let us hope domestic quiet and domestic cooking will set everything right again.

No, on the whole, I can't bring myself to undertake any long journey at present: I have grown a certain protective cuticle here, against the hideous influences of the hour, and it would be torn again by any serious déplacement. I may go to Brighton or even to Penzance, in search of sunshine and warmth, if Cambridge becomes too windy, bleak, and rainy: so far I am well and happy, and with a day in London now and then to see a crowd (I find I need that as a sop to the gregarious instinct) I get on very well. Reeves has sent me my MS and my letter of credit, so that I can eat and work for an indefinite time; and I do work a little; you may see some proof of it before long in the Columbia Journal (which I suppose you receive as usual, otherwise I should send you my Holt article, of which I have some extra copies). The war moves slowly, painfully, but is not agonizingly dangerous to the cause for which you and I can't help caring—at least, not for the moment. The English are wonderful in their calm confidence and open-minded courage in receiving punishment; if I had half the stakes I should be terrified, for the danger is great and even if the chances are favourable danger, to me, is more intolerable than loss. Let us hope the sky

will gradually clear and that the end will come before we expect it: there seem to be some hints of such a possibility of late.

Have you heard of an Italian suicidal philosopher and poet named Michelstaetter? An acquaintance of mine here is quite enthusiastic about him, and the youth seems to have had a transcendental soul: but I haven't yet got hold of his works.—Durant Drake has offered to send me a more [*across*] work of his: I have given him your address, as he is your pupil. If a book arrives, do open it and regard it [*across page one*] as your own. Yours ever G.S.

To Mary Williams Winslow

11 December 1914 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Houghton)

Cambridge, Dec. 11, 1914

Dear M^{rs} Winslow

It shocks me to see that Christmas is upon us and no answer yet sent to your last good letter. The War has destroyed my moral. At first it really quite upset me—more than I thought anything could—besides interfering somewhat with my material movements. I was caught in England, and here I remain, partly because all travelling is difficult and partly because this is the place where under the circumstances my feelings are least acerbated by daily contacts with hideous unreason. Of course the newspapers and the political speeches are full of cant, even here; but the living people, especially the young officers, are pure of all malice and intentional passion—really wonderful in their disillusioned courage and humble gallantry. No manufactured hatred here, no politics and philosophy per order. Germany was never more studied or better understood; and if the natural antagonism crops up here and there, it is less unjust than was the former sublime unconsciousness that there was a Germany at all. And Germany deserves to be opposed, because she pushes: she would deserve to be hated if anything could deserve that, because she cultivates hate. But whatever the military result will be, there is nothing to fear from German Kultur. Even if you and I and Polly and little Fred and Big Fred were con-

quered and annexed by the Fatherland, it would make no difference, because we should conquer it. Every German in three weeks would be as much like us as he could make himself: and as to the Germans remaining (poor things!) in the Fatherland itself, as soon as they heard of my philosophy they would be so ashamed of ever having been Germans that I think they would all pretend—like so many of them I have found about—to be Swedes and Swiss, and not Germans at all. Germans elsewhere are as harmless as a snow storm in the tropics; they may do good but they will never remain snow flakes in doing it. Perhaps in America you are not quite so obsessed as we are here by this War: but I shouldn't be able to shake off the consciousness merely because others were less preoccupied; on the contrary, it would become a worse thing—like a private sorrow. Here one can work it off, because everyone is thinking of nothing else. I have read and am reading all the German books I can find that throw light on their attitude, and I have begun to write about it—not particularly because I want to, but because it is impossible to think seriously or consecutively on any other subject. And the whole world puts on a new face in view of this extraordinary present reality. The wars in Herodotus (I have been reading that) and all he says about those forgotten nations and tribes take on a strange naturalness and vivacity; of course, that was what they had to be doing. It is only the silly superficial chatter of busy people, perfectly unconscious that they live over an active volcano, that becomes remote and inconceivable.

My landlady here makes me quite comfortable, but I am nevertheless somewhat restless. I am going to Brighton for the holidays, for a little change of scene and air, but expect to return here, where Bertrand Russell and other friends keep me from feeling too solitary. I ought now, according to a long layed plan, to be in Rome or at Fiesole, where my friend Strong is already inhabiting his villa, and was expecting me for a long visit. My instinct, however, since the war, is rather to go to Spain. But I fear the cold and the pro-Germans, and I don't want to be disgusted with my own country. So here I shall stay for the present, until the sky clears a little and we see what is going to happen.

My love to Polly and little Fred (if they are not pro-Germans) and best wishes for you all for many new years.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

P.S. The photographs you speak of of the children never arrived. The War again!

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

14 December 1914 • Brighton, England

(MS: Virginia)

Dec. 14, 1914

OLD SHIP HOTEL,
BRIGHTON.

Dear Susie

I wrote to Josephine, in answer to your joint letter, two days ago from Cambridge. I was surprised and sorry to realize how long I had been silent, but I hope you have put it down to carelessness (which it was) and not to ill health or any other accident, as I have been perfectly well. You, on the other hand, seem to have been more or less ill; what Josephine said was not clear to me, and your writing in pencil suggested that you might be in bed. I trust, whatever it has been, that you are picking up and feeling stronger.

I came here today in just three hours from Cambridge, stopping in London to get some money at the banker's. It was a rapid journey—

Cambridge 12, noon,

London, King's Cross Station, 1.15

“ Victoria “ 1.55

Brighton, 3 o'clock.

I kept my taxi waiting ten minutes at Brown Shipley & C^o while I did my financial errand; but the close connection left me without any lunch. However, I had beef sandwiches with my tea at four, and feel particularly well—I have just dined!—so that going lunch-less is perhaps good for the health. One is apt to overeat in England, on account of the damp climate.

My impression of this place—my room, the hotel, and the general aspect of Brighton, which I had never seen in winter—is rather agreeable and I may remain here a month or so. It is a great change from the scholastic and dowdy atmosphere of Cambridge. It is a haunt of pleasure seekers, and there is a sprinkling of convalescent officers with the devoted females of their family dancing attendants attendance. The “Parade” or street

along the beach is four miles long—splendid for an uninterrupted walk; and the theatrical and other gay people make it amusing. In spite of the drizzle this afternoon, it reminded me of Nice! The war seems to affect the place only at night, when all bright lighting is forbidden, and the darkness (similar to that in which London is plunged) is rather impressive, and makes the surge of the breakers on the beach very much more impressive. On a clear night it must be very poetical. This compulsory darkness is supposed to be a precaution against Zeppelins or against a sudden landing of a German army: but I can't think there is much danger of either here, as Brighton is no port, but a long shallow beach, where landing would be impossible and where Zeppelins would hardly waste their bombs: nor is it on the way to London from Germany or Belgium. Anyhow, every one here is perfectly cheerful and happy to take their chances. At the Station I saw some wounded Indians, just arrived from France, going to a camp for convalescents not far from here. They were rather fine-looking, with the true Oriental impassibility. The entrance of Turkey into the war has added very much to its geographical picturesqueness. I think it may also facilitate the issue, as Turkey may be made to pay the price, and satisfy the allies, in case Germany and Austria are not defeated decisively enough to \wedge be \wedge interfered with themselves.

I enclose the stamps (some of which Pepe may not have) which came from Paris with the manuscript of my book, which is now in my possession, as well as the letter of credit I left in Paris. Strong writes from Fiesole that now he is reconsidering the question of the apartment in the Avenue de l'Observatoire and my not give it up after all, as next Spring it will be impossible for him and Margaret to go to Germany as he had planned. So that my books and clothes (which remain in Paris) can probably remain undisturbed [*across*] indefinitely! Strong wants me to go to Fiesole now, but I think I shall stay in England for the present.

[*across page five*] Love to Celedonio and all the family from your affectionate brother Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 January 1915 • Brighton, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Jan. 16, 1915

OLD SHIP HOTEL,
BRIGHTON.

Dear Strong

I was very sorry to hear that you have had to go back to Val-Mont and leave Margaret and the villa so soon. I suppose a well-tried cure is the safest offensive defence under the circumstances.

I have stayed on here from mere inertia, being tolerably comfortable and having a spell of article-writing. I have asked "The New Republic" to send you a copy of my inculpation of Goethe as an accessory before the fact. There are other articles on Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer—partly written, partly in petto—but they are too technical for the general public. I mean to send them to the Whited Sepulchre, where one, of a general introductory sort, is already in print. Also one chapter of the Four Realms of Being. You see I too am not idle.

Lapsley lent me a history of Germany—two large volumes—which I have been reading, to reinforce my consciousness of what Kultur and German destiny are. Also, I have read both parts of Sinister Street and liked it.

In a week or so I mean to return to Cambridge and probably stay for the whole winter term. Then, if the coast is clear, I hope to go to Paris at last, and to stay there (circumstances permitting, Deo Germanorum volente, until you arrive, when of course I will leave the apartment free for you and Margaret, but will stay on for a while so as to see you. Later my idea is to go to Spain. Of course the war may upset all this—and I suppose you too will be guided in your movements by the facility or danger of travel.

Beastly weather for the most part, but with lovely atmospheric effects in the intervals. Yours ever G.S.

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

23 February 1915 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Houghton)

45 Chesterton Road, Cambridge

Feb. 23, 1915

Dear Onderdonk

Here is a squib that may amuse you. I don't know whether it ought to be published; if so, it must of course be anonymously. My friend Moncure Robinson, who was here, (I mean in London) lately, took away another skit of mine, which I believe he was to put into the Sun, of which he is some sort of underling. After you have read this, if you have no further use for it, you might send it to Robinson. I am not sure of his present address: he used to live in at Sherry's; but you could easily look him up in the telephone book. If you cared to make his acquaintance, this would be a good opportunity: tell him I sent you. He is a very kind good fellow, of the international American rich set, and very volatile for so big a creature.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Scofield Thayer

24 February 1915 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Beinecke)

45 Chesterton Road
Cambridge

Feb. 24, 1915

Dear Thayer

I see you make at once for the philosophic marrow in one's bones. It doesn't seem to me necessary to take refuge in the somewhat obscurantistical doctrine that philosophy cannot pursue truth, but only orthodoxy. The self-evidence of the principle of contradiction is merely logical: if a thing is one thing (or essence as I should say) it cannot be another. But in nature, as distinct from the essences illustrated there, the principle of contradiction has no certain application. Change and motion, for instance, are opposed to it, and elude expression in thought. We need not assume that the world is rational when we see (just now, alas, better than ever) that it is not.

They have made me a member of the Heretics (a way of becoming morganatically orthodox, so to speak) and I hope to drink in your Aesthetica when you pour them out upon us.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

28 March 1915 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Virginia)

Cambridge, March 28, 1915

Dear Susie

I addressed my last letter to Josephine, in answer to a joint one from you and her. Nothing has occurred since. I have been once or twice to London for the day and otherwise have continued my regular life here, writing a great deal of which only a small part, however, is ready or fit for

the printer. Of course, reading the papers and thinking about the war takes up a large part of one's time and energy. Until it is over I can't expect to resume my ordinary manner of life. Nor is it much use to make plans. The path of least resistance is for me to stay in England—here, in London, or at Oxford, which are my old haunts. The spring—delayed by cold weather during the last week—will soon be on us—crocuses and cherry trees are already in bloom—and I foresee that I shall get restless and want to be in London. I have been looking for a nice place there in which to settle down for the Summer, but haven't yet found anything ideal. There are bachelor flats—sitting-room, bedroom and bath-room, with attendance and meals if one wishes them; but those in Saint James's (which is the region I like best) are too dear for me, and those that are more reasonable are in Bloomsbury (near the British Museum) a district I have never liked. But I daresay I shall end by taking a little flat there, and try to live down my prejudice. One advantage is that Soho is at hand, where there are many French and Italian restaurants where I can imagine that I am in Paris or Rome.

Something Josephine said in her letter made me suspect that she is thinking of America again for the autumn. Unless the war is over (which is hardly likely) we might have some difficulty in coming through France, and might be torpedoed (although so far no good liner has suffered, partly because they are too fast to be caught and partly because the Germans don't want to exasperate the U.S. by giving the tourists a salt bath) while if we sailed from Gibraltar, the ship would probably be inferior and we might both be very ill, which would be unpleasant. So that unless she feels a very strong pull towards Yankeeland I should suggest waiting until the dove of peace appears with the olive branch. On my own account, I have no intention of going to America for the present. Perhaps I may never screw up my courage to do such a thing again; yet as there are people I should like to see, especially the Potters, I shouldn't regret the spur which Josephine's desire to return might put upon me, to make me do it.

I went to dinner with the Carlino Perkins's the other night—my first dinner-party for years—and didn't like it at all. Old frowsy people with nothing but conventional chit-chat and thread-bare sentiments about the war. Bessie Ward herself is animated and doesn't look very old, but she talks of one thing and thinks of another—a horrid trick—and is always changing the subject and being facetious, which also is a bit tiresome. However, I should have forgiven it all if they had had champagne, but they didn't. Lent, the seriousness of the times, and what they now call in America the "high-brows", i.e. plain living and confused thinking.

I have been remarkably well, not having had any return of my bronchial cough, even when not long ago I caught a slight cold in the head. This is very lucky, as the weather has been rather treacherous and uneven this winter, with cold snaps of late. Twice we have had slight snowstorms, everything melting away the next day. There is no doubt that the English climate and way of life suit me admirably. Perhaps, when I settle down, it will be here after all, although I no longer feel the same positive pleasure in being in England which I felt twenty years ago. The positive pleasure now is to be in the South—Rome, Seville, the Riviera, the bay of Naples. But England makes a good “home.”—Love to all and a great deal for yourself from

Jorge

To Scofield Thayer

31 March 1915 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Beinecke)

45 Chesterton Road
Cambridge

March 31, 1915

Dear Thayer

It was very good of you to send me Webb's book. I have waited to thank you until I had read it, so as to be able to see first what I had to thank you for. My impression is that the style is charming and that very great skill is displayed in making transitions and in putting the chief points fairly and clearly. Any more trenchant or imaginative history would have been less impartial and would have raised objections in the quarters not treated sympathetically. Webb hardly betrays himself, except perhaps in making a little too much of the Trinity.

I am beginning to be attacked by “Spring fever” and am getting restless. You may see me in Oxford before long, if I don't find tempting quarters in London.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 April 1915 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
London

Cambridge, April 4, 1915

Dear Strong

It is ages since I got your last letter, but as we both seem to be caught by the war, like flies in fly-paper, there seemed to be no probable change to report in the situation. I hope you and Margaret are enjoying the Spring in your new garden, and that the Germans won't come to bombard Florence from your terrace. As for me, I have been doing nothing in particular except read, write, and walk, without much idea of getting anywhere by any of the three operations. The war is a daily, and now monotonous, obsession. Sometimes I feel angry with all concerned and think—"It serves you right; do go on shelling and torpedoing one another, until there is nobody left! Good riddance!" The military I see here—Cambridge is full of troops—rather stir my feelings of martial sympathy, and I wish them immense victories, without in the least believing that they will achieve them. But then I read some interview by that ponderous ass Lord Haldane, and I think a country that can have such a humbug for Lord Chancellor ought to be torpedoed as a whole, and sunk like Atlantis in the Channel. As you may imagine, my sentiments about the Germans are even more ferocious; but as I naturally hate the Germans and love the English, the case for Germany is what I try to represent to myself by day and by night.—I suppose you have seen my pro-German (if subtly insidious) article in the Whited Sepulchre, else I should send you a copy.

I have given up all thoughts of leaving England for the present, and rather expect to take some small flat in London for the summer, so as to satisfy my taste for crowds, for sitting in the park, and for eating in Italian restaurants. Let me know if you are really venturing to cross France—and the Channel!—in spite of the War-Lord-War-Zone. Must you go to America this Summer? After your prolonged stay there last year I should think you might skip it; why not go to Switzerland, to some German-speaking place,

in lieu of the visit to Germany which you had planned before the Catastrophe? There may be a *ressurre* resurrection of South Germanism after the war, and Berne or Zürick may become the centres of Cultur (as Nietzsche spells it), superseding Kultur. So that Margaret might lose nothing by getting her impression of things German from that quarter. However, I hope, for my sake, that you will turn up here.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Josephine Borrás Sturgis

12 April 1915 [postmark] • Cambridge, England (MS postcard: Sanchez)

QUEENS' COLLEGE, RIVER FRONT, CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge. April 12

Thank you for the two numbers of A.B.C. which I received yesterday. I was glad to get a whiff of Spain. Please send me another number occasionally, or the Lectura Dominicinal.

[across] Love to all from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 April 1915 • Cambridge, England (MS: Rockefeller)

Cambridge, April 21, 1915

Dear Strong

Some days ago I got your nice letter of the 8th. Apparently you hadn't yet received one of mine, written not long before. Possibly the censor purloined it, as it contained violent abuse of Lord Haldane. I regard that as abuse of the Germans, but the censor might not have understood. At any rate, I believe I said in it that I have rather given up the idea of leaving England for the present. I mean to go to London for a while, and if the war

goes on, perhaps to return here. The idea of travelling now, and feeling the change, rather repels me. However, I may change again at any time.

If you decide to keep the apartment in Paris of course it will be a great convenience to me, and my books shall remain there. It will be very nice if next year we can renew our peaceful ways there in peace. But who knows what may be going on then?

[A page is blacked out here, probably by the censor.] I am getting very weary of this inconclusive warfare, and begin to fear an inconclusive peace. Horrible, if they all begin at once preparing for the next war.

I am glad to know your health is so much better. But need you go to America this Summer? That \mathfrak{h} won't be good for you. As for me, I have been wonderfully well all winter, but morally restless and distressed, and I feel older. You [across] may perhaps say that it was time I did.

Yours ever G.S.

To Celedonio Sastre Serrano

1 May 1915 [postmark] • Cambridge, England (MS postcard: Sanchez)

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge

1^{ro} de Mayo.

He tenido mucho gusto en recibir tu tarjeta del 22 de Abril, que llegó el 27. Estoy en vísperas de trasladarme á Oxford. Recuerdos á todos. Jorge

To Bertrand Arthur William Russell

5 May 1915 [postmark] • Oxford, England (MS postcard: McMaster)

IFFLEY MILL.

Oxford, May 5th

I read this about "war-babies" in a Spanish newspaper: "Kitchener, in creating an army, has created love. This is a great change in a country where only marriage was known before."

G.Santayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

9 May 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

OXFORD, HERTFORD COLLEGE BRIDGE.

Oxford, May 9th 1915

Thank you for the ABC of the 2nd and the Lectura Dominical of the 1st.—Oxford is very lovely at this season, but one's mind is not in a state to enjoy the scene. The plot thickens, and life is becoming a nightmare. Jorge

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

25 May 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

OXFORD, MERTON COLLEGE. (FOUNDED A.D. 1264).

66 High Street

Oxford,

May 25, 1915

Thank you for your letter of the 20th and ABC's of the 19th & 20th This year has seemed a long one and I am afraid we shall have a long drawn agony for another year at least.—I am having a nice time here, seeing more people than at Cambridge. [across] Love to all. Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 May 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

66 High Street Oxford
May 26, 1915

Dear Strong:

Since the intervention of Italy became imminent I have often wondered if it would affect your plans, or whether the dangers of the Atlantic would not keep you this year from going to America. If you received my recent

letter, you know that for the present I am not thinking of leaving England. In Oxford I am having a much more amusing time than in Cambridge. The place is also incomparably more beautiful and attractive. I dined the other day with Webb (author of a charming little history of philosophy) at Magdalen, and sat next to the President, a perfectly affable and delightful person, more like a sort of ambassador than like a Don. Several of my old pupils are here, and I am seeing a good deal of them and of their friends, so that I am for the moment quite happy in my old element of extreme youth. This evening I am to talk to a club of theirs, and on Sunday I read a paper to the Philosophical Society, in Schiller's rooms. All this, with the splendid summer weather, does something to relieve one of the asphyxiating gases of the war.

By the way, at the risk of having this letter stopped by the censor, I should like to ask you what you think, and what you hear, of the wisdom of Italy in intervening, when to the uninitiated observer the situation of Germany seems so dominant and unshakable. Are the Italians fools? Are they so conceited that they think they will turn the tables? Or are they in possession of secret information that gives them an assurance of success? Even in this case, I can't help shuddering at the terrible losses, the lives, the wounds, the ruin that nothing adequate that I can see will make up for. Of course, in general I am very glad that Italy has come in, since it not only adds to the forces arrayed against Germany, but proves that persons who must be well-informed are sure that she can be defeated. But if I were an Italian, I should be terribly distressed—perhaps because I am naturally a coward.

I understand Florence is to be the residence of the Court during the war. In that case you will have a lively scene before you—and more Red Cross work for Margaret than ever. The heat, if you avoid the sun, may be rather pleasant.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Wendell T. Bush

13 June 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London.

Oxford, June 13, 1915

Dear M^r Bush

Your last letter has remained too long without an answer. Here at last is a version of what was to have been my first lecture on Philosophical Heresies. Of course, you may print it in the Journal if you like, but I have undertaken so many subjects at once that I don't know when the succeeding lectures will be written, if they ever are.

All idea of going to America this year is given up, of course: I am even in doubt about leaving England at all. Restless and troubled as one's life is here, I feel it might be worse elsewhere; and since I came from Cambridge to Oxford I have had the distractions of society in a much greater degree. I have even addressed an undergraduate club, and read the first part of this paper to the Ox. Phil. Soc. And I write away madly, although not to any good purpose.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

19 June 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont Street

Oxford, June 19, 1915

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for your interesting letter of the 6th (only just received and delayed, I suppose, by the censor). It is indeed good news that you are feeling so fit and hoping to have your book finished this summer. It will be particularly interesting and useful for me to see your clarified and decisive statement of your case for a psychic substance before my own description of the Realm of Matter is complete. I have been writing a

great deal, but not on the big book; only articles and confused stuff about the Germans.

After I wrote to you I read Salaandra's great speech in justification of his policy, and gathered from it an answer to my questions. It is the same that you suggest, namely that Italy feared to be choked in her ambitions and in her independence by a dominant German coalition. And the fear, I think, was well justified. Let us hope that, in the end, we may all escape the danger of being crushed by the German juggernaut, political and moral. Sometimes, when things look very dark, I try to console myself with the thought that if we were subdued, we still should vanquish the victor and make him thoroughly ashamed of being German. In the days when I still wrote verses I tried to describe what happened to barbarians when they conquered Spain: "The Semite became noble unawares"; and perhaps the German might become a gentleman in the same way.

I have been driven into new lodgings in Oxford, which are more spacious and genteel, and I may stay until the Summer begins to wane, when I hope (submarines consenting) to cross the Channel. I should like and yet should not like to go to Spain—vorrei e non vorrei, as Zerlina says to Don Giovanni —because I want to get away from the war, but fear to fall into embittered controversies about it, my sister (and her people I suppose) being pro-German because clerical. What you suggest about joining you on your return to Fiesole sounds most attractive: I should prefer that to a pro-German, even if neutral, atmosphere, apart from the pleasure of being with you and in your villa, and in delightful Italy. Even if I should decide to go to Spain first, I should like immensely to go to you later in the autumn. Perhaps I may wait for you in England, and we could make the whole journey south together.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

29 June 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

22 Beaumont Street
Oxford, June 29, 1915

Dear Susie

This evening I receive your letter of the 22nd which I have read with some surprise. If I had known how you felt about the war I should never have written my previous letter or sent you those clippings. It is useless to irritate any one with things contrary to their settled convictions, especially when it makes no difference whether, in a matter so far beyond one's personal control, one's opinions happen to be right or wrong. I knew you were inclined to be pro-German, but supposed you might be agreeably interested in other views, especially those which prevail in the U.S. But in view of the intensity of your sympathies, I am very sorry to have expressed mine in so far as they are opposed to yours, which they are by no means in all respects. Of course I too am too old, and my feelings spring from too many deep and remote sources in the past, for me to change, or to be influenced by newspaper arguments. When I read them I form perhaps a new opinion of the newspaper but samp seldom a new opinion on the subject discussed. We must put up with other people's irrationalities, and with our own, which are far more troublesome.

As I wrote to Josephine the other day, I have moved to new and better lodgings. You mustn't count on seeing me in September; I may go to Fiesole with Strong instead, or even remain here. Much depends on the course of the war and on my feeling whether, by staying quiet, I could push forward my various literary "jobs".—Love to all from Jorge

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

4 August 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

22 Beaumont Street
Oxford, Aug. 4, 1915

Dear Fuller

Are you sure that I haven't written to you for so long? I think I remember penning an epistle from Cambridge, but it may have been longer ago

than I think, or it may have been stopped by the Censor. However I will tell you today the little I have to tell.

First, as to your letter. Without knowing the new people in the philosophical department at Harvard it is hard for me to judge whether you would be happy with them or they with you. I have preached to you by example; but example is really no maxim, since cases are different, and trying as I can well see that you might find professing for life, it would have the advantage of justifying your existence before M^{rs} Minerva Grundy, and of keeping you in contact with old habits and old amenities—for there are amenities at Harvard, at least while you are there. But I can't take the teaching of philosophy seriously in itself, either as a means of being a philosopher ~~oneself~~ or of teaching the young anything solid: they merely flirt with that for a year or two instead of flirting with something else. Philosophy is not a science; it might be a life or a means of artistic expression, but it is not likely to be either at an American college. So that, substantially, I shouldn't feel that you were missing anything if you abandoned the whole thing. You could still read and think and write, if you had anything to say; and you could still live with you, ^{and} friends and be an ornament to Sherborn. When the war is over I may go on a visit to America, and then I will knock at your gate, and we can talk all this over at leisure.

Is your "primer" to be a work of art—the first chapter on "What is philosophy" rather suggests that—or is it to be a hand-book for cramming on the day before an examination? In the latter case, I should n't introduce any views of my own, for they will be learned by heart and deposited on the examination paper like a chemical precipitate of your best thoughts. I should begin with Thales and water which is refreshing, wholesome, and unforgettable.

I too am writing a book—or rather three books, but the Realms of Being are in abeyance until the noise of explosives subsides—and bits of it are appearing in The New Republic; also other articles, for somehow the war, in making me very unhappy, has made me very prolific in a miscellaneous way. I have even attempted to write verses again, but in this I have failed. However, I spend my whole time over books and papers, hardly seeing anyone or opening my lips for weeks and weeks. I don't suffer from solitude, but I have suffered a good deal—less lately—from the war. You may say, "why less lately, when things have been going from bad to worse?" Because I am weary of it all, my feelings blunted, and my mind resigned. The cries of this camp or that are folly: what does it mean to fight for "our

very existence", or what to "crush militarism?" That is all rot. Germany will annex more or less land; England will be safe enough at home with conscription and a lesson in the futility of liberalism and the shocking incompetence of politicians. Every body will be poorer—not a bad thing altogether—and we shall be able to travel about untorpedoed until the next scrimmage. Voilà.

I send you, with comments, part of a letter I received today.

Yours ever G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen
11 August 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: YIVO)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London.

Oxford, June 13, 1915

Dear Kallen

Your address on Nationality, for which I am much obliged, seems to put its finger on the right spot. Nationality seems to be behind the restlessness, ambition, and obduracy that brought the war about, behind the endurance and zeal of the combatants, and also before their eyes (in every camp) in so far as they see anything at all before them to aim at. But in a popular address you naturally couldn't broach the questions that arise in the analytic mind on such a subject. If ninetenths of a man's individuality is his nationality, nationality must cover a good deal that is common to all men, and much that is common to very few. And I hardly see how nationality, in this moral and inward sense, is to find political expression. Such national movements as the Italian, Balkan, or Irish are movements to establish what you call nationhood; so is Zionism, I suppose. Yet you hardly look to seeing the various nationalities in the U.S. establish special governments; I am not sure (I am so ignorant) whether the Pale is a dis-

trict so preponderantly Jewish that a Jewish local government could be hoped for there. In these cases Nationality would have to be a voluntary and hazy thing: the degree to which anyone possessed it, the intensity and scope of his nationalism would be impossible to fix. And surely ~~their~~ there is an American nationality as definite and potent as any other, and on the same plane as the Irish, German, Jewish, etc. Every hyphenated American will therefore have two nationalities: and I don't understand exactly what you think should be the relation between them. In other words, aren't you hesitating between the idea of a universal government with all nationalities free under it, and the idea of one nationality one government? It is the difficulty of realizing either of these ideals that seems to me to make nationality a problem rather than a solution.

There is no change in my life since I last described it to you.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

14 August 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont Street

Oxford. Aug 14, 1915

Dear Strong

Your new plan for the autumn suits me just as well as the old, and we shall doubtless be able to arrange spending it together in one place or another, according to the political situation. For my own part I shouldn't at all mind staying in Oxford (where I have never had such nice rooms before) until Christmas, or until the war is over; but of course, if the path is clear, I should prefer to go to Italy, or to Paris, if you think that is better under the circumstances. I don't think I should want to stay in Paris all winter; but if you wanted to be near Margaret I could go to Spain or to the Riviera, and join you later at Fiesole, when you went home. However, I

understand that our plans must be revised from time to time according to events. The Germans may yet get to Paris, in which case the best place for us all would be England, where one can be comfortable and safe all the year round.

Let me know when you expect to arrive in London and I will go to meet you there. An old acquaintance, E. P. Warren (a Bostonian Oxford man) has asked me to go to spend the week Sept. 3–10 at his house in Lewes, near Brighton. A week seems a long time, and I may shorten the visit, but in any case I shall be about London, and on the move, during the first part of September. Then I expect to return here, where I shall stay until we find we can realize some other pilgrimage.

I am glad your book is in such good shape and am anxious to hear your new exposition of the questions at issue.

Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

27 August 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont Street
Oxford, Aug 27, 1915

Dear Strong

It is very nice to think of you in Paris, that seems so near, and to expect you in London in a fortnight. If you are to arrive on Wednesday the 8th I will make a point of being there to receive you; it will be a great pleasure and at the same time your arrival will give me a good excuse for shortening a visit which I am expected to make at Lewes from the 3rd to the 10th. As E. P. Warren, my host, is a comparatively slight though old acquaintance of mine, I feel that a whole week may be too long: I will therefore ask him not to expect me to stay after Tuesday the 7th, so as to be in London when you are due. If you are coming earlier or later, please let me know, and if I am not in town at the moment, I will come to greet you and Margaret as soon as possible. Moncure Robinson is expecting me at Stamford, in Rutlandshire, for Sunday the 12th. After that, I shall be quite free, with my headquarters still in Oxford, in these nice lodgings.

As to hotels in London I have never found anything I liked. When I don't take a flat (which involves having one's meals out) I now go to the Grand Hotel in Trafalgar Square, which is clean, well-furnished, and not very large but of course commonplace, not to say vulgar. The Bushes were in a quiet hotel close to the National Gallery, in a cul-de-sac: it seemed attractive; when I go to London on Monday I will look up the street and name, and send you word, if my second impression of the place is as favourable as the first.

I suppose you know the dingy old Bostonian Burlington Hotel in Cork Street, behind the Burlington Arcade. Brown's, in Dover and Albemarle Streets, is a little smarter. These two are convenient for shopping. The Hyde Park Hotel, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, is a high thing overlooking the Park and might be pleasant at this season. I have never seen the inside of it.

Address ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o as I am not sure where I shall be myself.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 September 1915 • London, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

3 Ryder Street S.W.
September 1st 1915

Dear Strong

Here is the card of the Bushe's little hotel in Suffolk Street, close to the foot of the Haymarket. It seems a quiet place, but perhaps the neighbourhood is not what you would like.

September 16th will be a date on which I can easily be in London. Let me know if your plan should change

Yours ever

G.S.

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

14 September 1915 • North Luffenham, England (MS postcard: Sanchez)

THE HALL N. LUFFENHAM.

Sept. 14, 1915

I have been away from Oxford for a fortnight, at Lewes and here with Moncure Robinson. Was in London on the night of the raid, but wasn't hit. A lively time for ten minutes. I return to Oxford tomorrow. G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 September 1915 • Oxford, England (MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Sept. 15, 1915

Dear Strong

I hope you have had a pleasant journey and will find Garlant's comfortable. M^{rs} Russell (with whom and M^{rs} Berenson I lunched on Monday to meet Henry James —great occasion!) also recommends the place. If you will kindly telegraph to me here, I will come on Friday at 12.30 and stay until the evening, when you can tell me your plans and we can make arrangements for being together in the immediate future. I returned to Oxford the day before yesterday after a fortnight's absence, as *here* I am more comfortable, *safer*, and more disposed to work than in town. I was in London on the night of the raid, the 8th, and it was a great sensation, but not one to be courted without necessity. I will tell you my experiences when we meet. I should think, when sleep is so likely to be disturbed, you wouldn't care to stay long in London. Why not come here? You could always go to town for the day when it was necessary. There are good trains at 10.3 and 10.40 from Oxford, and *(returning)* at 4.55, 6.15 and 7.30, the last with a restaurant-car in which one can get a very decent dinner and while away the journey with no loss of time. This is what I usually do when I go to London, and I find that arrangement pleasanter, simpler, and cheaper than going for the night with luggage, cabs, etc. Also, one sleeps here with less fear of hell *let loose* in the heavens.

I shall therefore expect a telegram on Friday morning, and come for the day, unless you have some new plan.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

26 September 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

22 Beaumont Street, Oxford
Sept. 26, 1915

Dear Susie

Strong and his daughter Margaret arrived in England ten days ago. I went to London to see them and afterwards they came on here and established themselves in my old lodgings in the High, where Strong still is, while Margaret is visiting various friends in or near London. She is to go to Newnham, ^{one of} the girl's colleges at Cambridge, although her father for a while seemed to be afraid that bombs and even licentious soldiery might burst upon her there, and endanger her life or at least her honour. His mind now seems to be reassured—although the danger from bombs is real, though of course the chances of being actually hit ^{is} are infinitesimal. I now come to the point, and my reason for writing all this, which in itself can hardly interest you. Strong, while his daughter is in England, wants to remain here too, so as not to be separated from her by some possible interruption of travel between England and the Continent. Hence, as he will not return to Paris or Fiesole for the present, there is no incentive for me to go to either place. This, added to the difficulties of travel on account of passports and other formalities, points to the advisability of my remaining where I am—possibly until the end of the war. I am very well, and (but for the war) perfectly happy: I see interesting people, work enough, and live economically. The only reason for moving would be the desire to see you and all the others at Avila again: but on the other hand I don't think if I went to Spain under the present circumstances my stay there would ^{be} long or altogether pleasant. Peace and neutrality there do not extend to the mind, while here, on account of the very excitements and griefs of the war, there is a sort of common understanding and even zest in the air which is not unpleasing; at least one knows what to expect in people, and can live without friction. My idea is to stay in Oxford

till December and then to go to some watering place like Brighton, Bath, or Bournemouth, to spend the darker and colder months, returning here again in the Spring, when Oxford is at its best, materially and socially.

I am going tomorrow once more to Moncure Robinson's for three days. Lord Russell has returned from Rhodesia (where he went to inspect a gold mine of which he is chairman) and I shall probably go on a visit to him before long. They say he is about to marry (being just divorced for the second time) the Countess von Arnim, a novelist, English but formerly married to a German, and a lady with grown up daughters (a thing of evil omen, for any day Russell may elope with one of them). At least this third spouse is a person of more character and education than her predecessors, but I have no expectation that the marriage will be happy or lasting.

Another person I have lately seen (for the first time) is Henry James. He is seventy three, and not very well in health; but he was entertaining, and greeted me in particular very effusively and even affectionately, giving me the delicious sensation of being a young man whom one's respectable and distinguished elders wish to pat on the head. If he had done so materially as well as metaphorically he would have found as little hair there as on his own.

You see I have been very gay of late: and I could tell of other curious people I have been seeing. Now that I am frankly and unmistakably an old gentleman, I find my place in the social world more congenial than formerly, especially in England where people exact nothing and do not pester one with forced conversation, as in the U.S. Both kindness and malice seem to fall more gracefully and ripely from an old tree than from a stripling; besides as people are no longer interested in one's person they take one for what one says: and that is a boon.

Love to all from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

9 October 1915 • Bournemouth, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Saturday

October 9, 1915

GRAND HOTEL,

BOURNEMOUTH.

Dear Strong

I am settled here rather comfortably, and expect to stay for a fortnight, when I trust my cough will be quite gone, as it is already much better.

Bournemouth is something like Cannes or Aix—a sort of garden city, much prettier than Brighton, but not so large, Brighton being relatively more like Nice. Most people here are lame ducks, but there is a good sprinkling of unwounded officers and people apparently well—mostly old women. The weather, so far, excellent and very mild. The promenade in the morning is on the pier, where there is a band; there are concerts (sometimes excellent) at an ugly green house called a winter garden, and there is one street with gay shops and a good deal of passing. Otherwise one is confined to communing with the sad sea waves or with the pines, or with oneself in one of the charming public gardens which are nestled among the slopes of the cliffs.

This hotel is second class; the Royal Bath Hotel, where I spent my first night is better, but not for my purposes. But I sometimes go to have tea in their lounge where there is decent music and smarter people.

I hope Margaret is satisfactorily settled and that you find London congenial.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

13 October 1915 [postmark] • Bournemouth, England (MS postcards: Sanchez)

PIER AND SANDS FROM EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH

Bournemouth

Oct. 13

Thank you for your letter of the 9th which has just reached me here, where I came from Oxford a few days ago to get rid of a touch of cough which I

had caught, and which it was desirable to shake off quickly, lest it should cling to me all winter.

INVALIDS WALK, BOURNEMOUTH.

2.

I am already almost right, and expect to return to Oxford in a fortnight.—Strong has recovered his courage, deposited Margaret at Newnham, and gone himself to live in the very heart of London!—The Isle of Wight is visible from here; but I prefer large towns, where there are people and movement.

[*Unsigned*]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

17 October [1915] • Bournemouth, England

(MS postcard: Sanchez)

DURLEY CHINE, BOURNEMOUTH.

Bournemouth Oct. 17,

Strong, scared again by the actual sound of bombs, has left London and joined me here. We expect to return to Oxford in a week. My cough is almost gone and I am enjoying the beautiful weather and walks along the sea. As to the war, I am getting more callous and weary of it every day. Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

[October or November 1915] • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Beaumont Street
Oxford. Friday evening

Dear Strong

A word to say the restaurant-car was a perfect oven and crowded this evening. If tomorrow is an equally warm day I should urge *you* to come if possible by the earlier train, 4.55–6.5, or else 6.15–7.32, when you could still dine here.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Mary Williams Winslow

4 November 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London

Oxford, Nov. 4. 1915

Dear M^{rs} Winslow

The children, and what you allow me incidentally to spy of you and your engaging husband, appear to less advantage in their photographs than in my memory. I especially resent seeing little Fred in goggles instead of a nimbus. However, disillusionments rain upon us, in these days from every side, and you know my philosophy has always been that disillusion is the only safe foundation for happiness. I am therefore waiting sadly for the end of the war; I wish I could go to sleep and wake up at the peace—whatever it may be, so that I might begin at once to readjust myself to fate. Now we don't know what our fate is—although I have a shrewd suspicion—and the horror of life and the horror of death oppress us together. Extreme situations they say bring out one's true character; and I am sorry to observe that these overwhelming events make me more selfish than ever. I find myself arguing with myself against my few remaining affections—not that for you and yours, which brings no remorse with it, but my affection for England, for instance, or for the life of reason. I say to myself: "Why do you care for that hopelessly dissolving and unrealizable thing? Why don't you love the dear good Germans—such well-equipped animals—instead? Why don't you reconcile yourself fundamentally to everything in this world being unjust, irrational, and ugly? You might then sleep peacefully, and not tremble every morning when you unfold your newspaper." But it won't do: I have suppressed the newspaper, as I gather quite enough from posters and conversation and the extras which I can't always resist buying in the evening; but I can't suppress the unrest. And what every fresh person tells you who returns from the front is so horrifying—I meet them everywhere—that one is not allowed to forget the troubles of others in one's own comfortable and stupid routine of life. Some times, when I have written and sent off some article or had a drink (which is not more frequently) I have a moment of peace. Otherwise all is war, war in the world, in the

mind, in the heart, in the family—because my sister, who is the nearest person to me now, is a rabid and relentless pro-German. Of course I don't write to her about the matter, and she probably doesn't suppose that her way of feeling makes me unhappy, but if I said what I think it would be this: "You imagine that my sympathetic way of tolerating absurdity and fiction in religion will extend to perversity and fiction in politics: but not at all. If one were not governed in religion by emotion and imagination one could have no religion at all—for imagination and emotion are the substance of it. It is to be tolerated and even respected nevertheless, because men have no adequate knowledge and no trained courage in respect to their destiny: they therefore have to make believe something or other, and that is their necessary religion. But politics is a matter of fact, of history, of morals: perversity in that is intolerable. See how people have to die because of it." But if I said this to my sister she would think it wicked nonsense and be as much distressed about it as I am at the wicked nonsense which she luxuriates in about Germany and England.

About my movements there is little to say. I have found nice lodgings here, I take long walks, often lunching on bread and cheese and a glass of "bitter" at some country inn. Strong is here, also other old and new friends. I don't do much work, although I am supposed to be writing three separate books. Perhaps you have seen my articles in the "New Republic". [across] They are my chief sign of life at present. I have also written a sonnet—such a bad, awkward sonnet—[across last page] for M^s Wharton's war book. —Thank you so much for writing. Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

13 November 1915 • Oxford, England

(MS: University Club)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London.

Oxford, Nov. 13, 1915

Dear Lawrence

M^{rs} Potter writes me that you have lost your mother, and I know what a great sorrow that must be for you. For almost anybody the death of a mother cuts deeper than any other bereavement, it strikes more at the roots of one's life and seems to require a new beginning and almost a new character in oneself. One becomes a senior, a person of the older generation, whose past is buried out of sight of the world, and has become strange and mysterious to other people, and almost to oneself. But in your case there must be something more, because you all lived in such complete sympathy, like contemporaries, and all kept young together. Your mother was one of the most perfect and ideal mothers I have ever seen, absorbed in her children and living their lives without sentimentality and without interfering with their liberty. She deserved what she obtained, which is so rare, that you all remained about her after you were grown up, not from necessity, but by instinct and through affection. I am sure you must have made her as happy as she made you.

More than once since I left America I have been on the point of writing, but put it off, perhaps expecting that you would turn up some day in Paris, where I have had my headquarter's, at my friend Strong's (once a professor at Columbia) at 9 Avenue de l'Observatoire. I have asked about you when I have come across any of our common friends, like Moncure Robinson—but never heard of any change in your way of living. Now perhaps you will get married at last, as we have all expected you to do these many years. No doubt for the present you are not thinking of that. If you feel lost and troubled by the foolish noise and flurry that you probably see about you, in that extraordinarily loud New York, it occurs to me that you might find something to do that would at once be worthy of your sorrow and help you to forget it if you came to France and did some work for the wounded. M^r Harjes (of Morgan Harjes) has an American ambulance in which some of my young friends have been employed; and if you had your own motor perhaps you might join some purely French ambulance

corps, if you preferred that. I believe my friend Pierre Abreu has done so. Those who have helped in France all seem to be very much deepened and steadied by it, as are the French themselves by this war. I am not one of those who say that anything so fearful is good for people, better than what they might have seen and felt in times of peace: but it certainly contains compensations for all the hardening and suffering which it brings—that people live in the presence of the terrible realities of this world, instead of nursing their comfortable illusions.

The war has made me very unhappy, and incidentally has upset all my plans. I have found nice lodgings in Oxford (where I have always liked to live) and am waiting for the storm to blow over. I may go to America for two months next year, if the war lasts; but I am longing, when peace returns, to go back to Paris, Spain, and Italy. Now the journey is troublesome, and I don't want to be nearer the horrors of war (since I am useless) than I can help. Here we feel much bitterness and disappointment at the course things are taking, but the young people are splendid, and material life goes on much as usual.—How nice it would be if you should come here for a few days! You probably have no idea of how much affection—at least for me!—I have always felt for you, and what an unmixed pleasure it is to remember you, as I do very often.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

P.S. Excuse this scrawl in pencil. I am writing at a country inn, one of those to which I now walk out to lunch whenever the weather is fair—to lunch on bread and cheese and a glass of beer, which is all these places afford. But the skies and fields are very beautiful, and I like the solitude.

To the editor of *The New Republic*

5 January [1916] • Oxford, England

(MS: Unknown)

Sir: Protests against your “pro-Germanism” have already had this good effect, that they have made you speak out. May I add another protest, in the hope that it may provoke you to still greater clearness? I think greater clearness on your part is desirable. I have no objection to a German being a German, or a pro-German a pro-German. I read a violently Germanophile Spanish paper regularly and with pleasure. I know that honest men are passionate and that passion is blind. In a “clearing-house of opinion” I expect various principles, prejudices, and sympathies to find expression, and I am grateful that my own notions should be courteously admitted there, unshorn and unvarnished. My protest is directed exclusively against your editorial ambiguity. From the beginning the undercurrent of your writing has not been in keeping with your overt opinions. It has been impossible not to feel that if public opinion did not embarrass you you would be far more pro-German than you are. Many an article has begun with an insinuating friendliness towards the Allies that has had a pro-German sting in its tail. If you are really in favor of an inconclusive peace which requires some speedy check to German successes, why do you celebrate the last triumph of German diplomacy and the entry of Bulgaria into the war—somewhat sugarizing the pill in another column? And why do you entitle this partisan article “The Debt of Bulgaria to the Allies?” The result can only be that the non-reader should suppose that the article was anti-German, and the confused reader, perhaps, that it was somehow impartial.

Your recent explanations do not clear the air. You say you desire an inconclusive peace that shall teach Germany that aggression does not pay. A peace that did this would not be inconclusive; it would be “the destruction of Prussian militarism.” Militarism does not consist in having an army, but in the systematic abuse of an army and a people for the settled purpose of aggression; so that, for instance, it can be put forth as a marvel of forbearance (and of preparation) that after three successful wars fought in rapid succession, forty-three years should have been allowed to elapse before delivering the next blow. To renounce this hereditary policy would be for official Germany to be “crushed”; for the official politics, philosophy, patriotism and glory of the last hundred years to be entirely renounced and transformed. As to the remoter past and the future of the

German people left to its unforced genius and idyllic emotions, no one who has lived among them can have anything but good-will.

What terms of peace have you in mind that would suffice to teach Germany that aggression does not pay, while not inflicting any wound, such as the loss of properly German territory, which would rankle and call for revenge? Could these be less than an indemnity to Belgium, the loss of all the German colonies, the cession of Posen to a reconstituted Poland, and of Metz and the French-speaking districts in the Vosges to France, while the rest of Alsace became a sovereign state within the German Empire? To secure some such terms, if they could ever be secured—terms which would only just save the world from being dominated by terror—a fearful up-hill task, a campaign of months and perhaps years, confronts the Allies, for whose efforts and wrongs your heart does not seem to feel the least sympathy, although they are fighting for what you profess to desire, and for your benefit as well as for their own.

As to an inconclusive peace, which I take to mean the restoration of the status quo ante bellum but with Turkey and the Balkans henceforth under German influence, that would not teach Germany that aggression does not pay, but only, as the Kaiser has said, that everything is not to be attained at one bound, and that something must be left for future generations to conquer.

George Santayana.

Oxford, January 5th.

To Wendell T. Bush

28 January 1916 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London.

Cambridge, Jan. 28, 1916

Dear M^r Bush

As you may judge by the enclosed article, Holt's book arrived in due time. I read it with greater pleasure than his older one (written ten years ago, I believe, although not published till lately) and his style, too, is less uncouth, although still crabbed and common; common beyond words are his illustrations, they make one writhe. But my feeling is that Holt is a man of force and ability: I wish he were geniessbar.

A propos of Holt I have been reading Freud; also common, and I can't help thinking fantastic, but certainly very penetrating and unforgettable.

I have come to Cambridge for a week to see some friends, but return at once to Oxford, where I hope to finish my book on Egotism in German philosophy before the Summer.—Thank you very much for complying with my shameless request for Holt.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

11 March 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co London

Oxford, March 11, 1916

Dear M^{rs} Bush

Although the battle of Verdun is still going on, I think the worst consequences which we feared at first are less threatening, whatever the issue may be. The French have defended themselves so efficaciously that even if they retire, it will probably not be without having inflicted paralysing losses on the enemy. It is all very horrible and very perilous; but I feel on the whole less depressed and oppressed than hitherto. It is partly a sense of Spring in the air—I mean metaphorically, for it is snowing at the moment—and partly that one's capacity for anxiety has its limits. When one thinks that the greater part of mankind have always had war at their gates, and no certainty of food for the morrow, and yet have survived and been merry on every possible pretext, one understands how it is possible to get used to anything even to this war.

As to The New Republic, I have long been displeased with it, and am not going to contribute to it any longer. They seem to be a set of disinherited Bohemians, clever and amiable enough, but without any solid affections or any solid instruction. I like some of them personally, and for that reason consented to write for them sometimes, but I don't like their friends nor their principles. And I imagine they have not force enough to count for very much, even on the wrong side.

You needn't fear that I am stranded or in trouble of any material sort. I have a (Spanish) passport and might go to Spain or Italy if I chose but I prefer to wait until things are comparatively normal again—they will never be quite the same—and meantime I am quite comfortable here, leading a self-indulgent life, seeing some people (Strong daily) and finishing my book on Egotism in German philosophy. Within two or three weeks I hope to take it to the publishers, and go for a holiday to some watering place to throw, as they say in Spain, a gray hair to the winds.—It was very nice of you to write a propos of my letter in The New Republic, and I am pleased to see that the animus of it was felt. I sometimes am quite in doubt whether my writing is feeble and too smooth, or rash and too violent. If I conveyed

the feeling that I think the mincing attitude of that paper captious and discreditable I accomplished my purpose.

Since you wrote the attitude of M^r Wilson has been defined still better. What is going to come of it all?

Yours always sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 April 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont Street

Oxford, April 28, 1916

Dear Strong

I am glad to have news of you, as I was beginning to wonder if you really had got to Banff or were hiding elsewhere. Perils and dangers are so evenly spread nowadays that I hardly think Margaret will be more exposed at Cambridge than the rest of us elsewhere. As everything indicates that the Germans (having again lost a good many submarines) will comply with M^r Wilson's demands, or as many as he may ultimately insist upon, you will at least be able to sail safely in the "New Amsterdam" in June, and can live safely for a while, if not deliciously, in America. It is extraordinary how soon and how humorously we become accustomed to danger. The young Irishman Esmonde, whom you may remember here, came up to me this afternoon at the George, and we had tea together. He was just fresh from Dublin, where his luggage had remained in the hands of the insurgents (great friends of his) and where he has, according to his accounts, perhaps mendacious, been walking the streets in perfect safety, although every corner house was in the hands of the Sinn Feiners: but only the stupid English were to be feared, as if you didn't keep to the middle of the road they might think you were a rebel sneaking round the corner. He described with great gusto a street strewn with the fat bodies of

elderly English volunteers who had blandly marched up ~~a~~ the street, the end of which was occupied by the rebels, and how Liberty Hall had been bombarded long after it had been evacuated, and how a gunboat had come up the Liffey and proudly demolished one empty mill. If he can recover his luggage he is hoping to go and join the Serbian army. Isn't that a curious state of mind to be in?

My excursion to London was not a great success, except that I left the MS with Dent, who agreed to print it in the same form as the Winds of Doctrine but at the same time complained of the difficulty of finding paper and printer's devils. I have since written to him suggesting that if these difficulties are insuperable he might send the book to America to be printed by Scribner, and keep only the English edition himself. In London I took rooms near the South Kensington Museum but regretting not having gone to Ryder Street as usual. The weather was unsettled, and I came back to Oxford before the week was up. I had a real holiday, however, a little later, going to Aston Tirrold, a few miles south of Didcot, where I found not only the four young men who had invited me, but the mother of one of them, M^{rs} Warren, a sister of Morrell, Lady Ottoline's husband, and a sister-in-law of the President of Magdalen. The cottage turned out to be her house, and I her guest, which was not what I expected: but nevertheless I had a very nice informal time of it,—long walks, good talks, and even a little cooking in the kitchen. The bathroom was the passage, with two bains de siège set down in it side by side, and the W.C. was supplied with a pale-full of ashes to take the place of water. Everything else was equally primitive, except the art of one of the youths, who is a cubist painter, and looks like an abbé très-mondain de l'encien régime. His mother is actually French, his father ~~was~~ an American. M^{rs} Warren told me her whole family history and I told her mine; she said she had taken to housework because, with her elder son at the front, a captain not yet twenty, she could fix her mind on nothing except manual work. In short, I have become more entangled than ever with the Morrell tribe, and yesterday I had to go to see M^{rs} Warren's daughter, who is an actress, do Olivia in Twelfth Night at the New Theatre in George Street, and afterwards had to go to tea in the garden of grandmother Morrell's house in Saint Giles—a very pretty garden, extending to the back of Keble. M^{rs} Morrell was no less aggressively amiable than the ladies from whom you and I have so often fled. I am to be asked to dinner; in fine, I am caught and I don't know if my reputation of being a recluse will save me, or whether before long living in Oxford will be made impossible for me.

This mention of tea in a garden will show you how completely the weather has changed. The trees are green, the sun bright, my winter clothes put away, and the need of a straw hat is pressing. This sudden warmth has made me a little restless and lazy at the same time; I don't feel like working, even in the evening: nevertheless I have the Realms of Being spread out on the table, and am intending to copy some of the older versions, so as to incorporate the parts of them I do not reject into the revised text. I have also had one or two ideas on minor points. Godstow is delightful, and I have lunched there twice out of doors, notebook and pencil in hand, trying luminously to refute final causes.

Bridges left a card here while I was away, and I must try tomorrow, if the sun is not too hot, to climb to Chilswell, and have a laureate tea.

Do write again and tell me—the subject is not taboo with me—whether science has probed your malady to the core and whether you have less disturbed nights. Yours ever

G.S.

To Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck Morrell

6 May [1916?] • Oxford, England

(MS: Texas)

22 Beaumont Street

May 6th

Dear Lady Ottoline

How stupid of me to take for granted that you meant this week and not to notice the day of the month, which you mentioned. I am very sorry to have given you the trouble of writing again.

As to next week, so large and distinguished a party positively terrifies me. Let me drop in some day for a cup of tea simply with you. I should enjoy that so much more. It is flattering to think that you haven't yet perceived it, or at least are giving me the benefit of the doubt, but the fact is I am a dreadful boor and unfit for general human society—especially in these days when people are so deeply divided in feeling—

Please don't think that I don't appreciate your kindness in asking me, the fact is I feel it all the more in having to say no.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Roy Wood Sellars

20 May 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Michigan)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o London

Oxford, May 20, 1916

Dear M^r Sellars

Let me thank you very much for the anonymous gift of your "Critical Realism" (which I suppose comes from you) and even more for the fact

that you have written the book, thereby doing a great service to the cause of good sense and fair dealing among professional philosophers. In sending me your work, you probably foresaw that I should be in the heartiest sympathy with its spirit and its conclusions. Even where I might use different words—sometimes perhaps indicating a divergence from your analysis—I am rather glad to see you take the line you do, because it brings you nearer than I am to the prevalent ways of thought in academic America, so that you will make your influence felt there more readily and efficaciously. You are also more laborious and patient of detail, which is another reason why you should impress the solemn and the learned doctors of the age, and persuade them to take you seriously. If you were quite out of the wood, you would not be able to lead any of those who are wholly lost there towards the issue which you have found.

I trust it may not be many years before your second volume comes out, so that we may have a complete picture of your philosophy. Perhaps by that time I too may have put in an oar; let us hope that between us, if we don't win the race for a realism that makes room for the imagination, we shall at least not upset the boat.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

23 May 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

May 23, 1916

Dear Strong

I hope your cure has progressed more rapidly after the first mistakes in treatment were corrected; and if the weather we have been having here has extended to Scotland you can't complain any longer of cold or dampness. It has been so hot, that I have had no energy for walks, except round Christ Church meadow. Only for a few days, earlier in the month, did I feel inclined to long excursions: but they were delightful.

However, I have been entertained and kept busy by a rapid and unexpected flow of proofs; even the second or page-proofs have begun to arrive. The book turns out to be very short, not 200 pages: and on the whole reading it in print makes a satisfactory impression. I think it is readable and moderate in tone, and yet more penetrating and damning than anything the idealists expected to hear about themselves. I wonder how they will take it.

I am going to spend next Sunday in at Chilswell with the Bridges'. On Monday I dined with Stewart at Christ Church and tomorrow I dine with my undergraduates at Magdalen—the host being a wounded man with a soul who has returned from the front for this term. Russell (the elder) has also written asking me to come and make his new wife's acquaintance: but the date is not fixed yet. I hope it may be Sunday the 14th of June: in that case I hope to see you in London during the previous week; but in any case I will go up to see you when you return from the North.

I should think there was now no danger, either in going to America or to France, so that you can take your choice. Of course, if you went to Paris, I should feel envious and almost tempted; but on the whole I would rather put off that pleasure until it can be enjoyed with a free mind.

I have received and read of book by Sellars of Michigan (do you know him?) called "Critical Realism". You are mentioned and slightly attacked in it. Would you care to see the book? It is not wholly unreadable.

Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong
[26 May 1916] • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont Street
Saturday

Dear Strong

It happened to be very convenient to do your errand yesterday, as I was thinking of going to London one of these days to get some money for myself, and yesterday the weather was lovely, and I enjoyed the trip very much.

There was no need of sending the French notes, as your solvency and honesty may be taken for granted (in spite of your doubts about hell fire) and the money will simply lie in my pocket book—dying of laughter, as they say in Spain—until they are returned to you.

I am to go to Telegraph House on the 10th so that I would rather put off going up to London until Thursday or Friday of the week after next. Why couldn't you come to Oxford for Sunday the 3rd? I daresay either M^{rs} Bowler or M^{rs} Onion would put you up. And you could come to hear Clutton-Brock discourse to the philosophical society on "The Devil".

I am sorry you are not better. Oxford is now a paradise: perhaps you would find it medicinal.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 June 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

June 2, 1916

Dear Strong

I was beginning to wonder how you were getting on, and am sorry to hear you are no better. If you don't come to Oxford next week, I will go up on Thursday for two nights, so as to see you before Saturday the 10th when I go to Telegraph House.

My last week-end at the poet laureate's was pleasant although I was a little surprised at the commonness of the people who seem to frequent his distinguished society. From one or two semi-apologetic words M^{rs} Bridges dropped, I gather that they were not unconscious of that fact. However, I got my identity book signed, and am now ready to face the police in any forbidden area.

I hope you will come to Oxford, which is charming at this season, but if you are going to Val-Mont I hardly see what you would gain by consulting Sir W^m Osler once more.

There seems to be a lull in despatching my proofs, and I am reading Pascal's Pensées—they are very wrong-headed—and M^{ac} Dougal's stupid book on mind and body.

M^cDougal loquitur:

It would give me a pain
To have merely a brain:
I get all my stamina
From having an anima

G. S. respondet:

Though that might be less trying
When it comes to dying,
When it comes to thinking
Your anima's stinking.

The fact is he hasn't the least idea what mind, spirit, or intelligence is. He looks for it in the wrong place, with the wrong categories, in a sort of psycho-physical materialistic way. It is as if a man trying to conceive beauty looked for it among the kinds of precious metals.

If you come, let me know beforehand.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
22 June 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
June 22, 1916

Dear Susie

You shall certainly have my book as soon as it is out, which I hope will be soon, as the proofs are all corrected. It is a very small book, and I hope very clear. Meantime I am sending you another, on somewhat the same subject, written by the Countess von Arnim, now married to my much married friend Lord Russell. She has lived for eighteen years in Germany with her first husband, and her view of German egotism is more amusing than mine. Of course, it is a caricature: but my colleague at Harvard, Professor Münsterberg, could furnish episodes not less extravagant drawn from real life. For instance, once when I happened to be crossing the Atlantic in his company (much against my choice) he said to me with a great air of importance: "People don't know it, but it is surprising how many people are sailing in this ship simply because I am here. For instance there is a young lady I have been successfully hypnotizing, to cure her of the obsession that she is—quite miraculously—to have a child" etc. etc. I shouldn't wonder if to other people he said that I had taken the ship on his account too, though I suppose not quite for the same reason.

I was at the Russell's lately for three days, and made the new bride's acquaintance. She must have been pretty, and is still slight, and of course much cleverer than any of her predecessors—except in venturing on this marriage which I hardly think will last more than a year or two longer—like the war.

I expect to go to London again for a few days in a week or two.

Strong has left England "Overjoyed to be again in France" he wrote me on a post card from Havre. By this time I dare say he is in Switzerland taking his cure.

I am delighted to see that Celedonio is himself again. Thank him for his message. With love to [*across*] you all from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 July 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St., Oxford

July 1, 1916

Dear Strong

I had been waiting for a word from you, saying that you were safely in your chosen haven: not that I was particularly anxious, for after getting your card from Havre I felt that the worst was over. I hope now your recovery will be steady and rapid.

Shall I begin to send you your book?

Mine, for financial reasons, is not to appear until October.

I have been to Telegraph House and made the new Lady Russell's acquaintance. She is small and still rather pretty, and not at all fat: what she tells now and then about Germany is amusing, and very like her books: but she has no fond, no heart, and I hardly think the union (and hence my acquaintance with her) will be very long-lived.

I was in London one day this week to say goodbye to Boylston Beal, who is going back to America. His office is in the basement of the deserted German embassy! Fancy us having tea in the very nest of the Prussian eagle!

I hope you will persuade your conscience that it is not your duty to go to America this summer. Now that you are in the right place, and Margaret happy, you ought not to expose yourselves to new perils to life and good digestion. You are well situated for the summer, and in the autumn you can conveniently and quietly return home to Fiesole.

I only wish there was some chance of my joining you there, but it will have to be put off, I am afraid, for at least another season.

Oxford is breaking up for the vac. but materially is at its best.

Yours ever

GSantayana

Love to Margaret.

To Horace Meyer Kallen
25 August 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: American)

Oxford, Aug. 25, 1916

Dear Kallen

This is to introduce my young compatriot, M^r José Alemany, with whom I think you will find several points of contact, political and religious, and who would much appreciate any hints you could kindly give him about a possible career in America.

All is much the same with me. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
27 August 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Aug. 27, 1916

Dear Strong

I am somewhat disturbed at not getting any news of you, since Margaret wrote sometime ago, but I suppose it only means that you have nothing in particular to tell and that your cure is going on normally. As to your book, if you are working on some other part of it, perhaps you wish me not to begin to send it until you are again at Fiesole.

I have not had a very pleasant summer, largely because the weather has been sultry and oppressive, discouraging me from taking those long walks which keep me fit and in good spirits. Then when I went to the Russells, I found the moral atmosphere already heavily charged with matrimonial thunder, and the lady so largely took me into her confidence, when by rights I am his friend, that my position became a delicate and almost a false one. Furthermore, the days I have spent in London have not brought any special relief or amusement, the people I have seen, and the few friends I have come across, proving more depressing than amusing. The result is that I have done very little work, and have spent my evenings reading Montaigne, Venetian history, Gil Blas, and Macdougal's "Body and Mind"—this last in part only, as I find it utter rot. I have scribbled a little

in various stray directions, but The Realms are not conquered, except potentially—for on many a point, in walking or musing, I think I have seen new rays of light. I mean to buckle down to serious work as soon as it is cool enough for hard exercise and an evening fire.

Do let me know how you are, or ask Margaret to write me another nice letter.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck Morrell

Friday [Autumn 1916?] • Oxford, England

(MS: Texas)

22 Beaumont Street
Friday

Dear Lady Ottoline

I am very sorry that the unsettled weather and my somewhat shaky condition hardly allow me to come this afternoon. It was very kind of you to suggest it.

Pastor wouldn't have been able to go today in any case, as he has something apparently very important on hand—I don't know what—but he seems preoccupied and asks me to thank you in his name.

I hope you received my discourse, and that you won't feel obliged to read it—at least not all. What would reading be but for skipping!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck Morrell

Saturday [Autumn 1916?] • Oxford, England

(MS: Texas)

22 Beaumont Street

Saturday

Dear Lady Ottoline

I am so sorry that I can't accompany our young ladies tomorrow—I have an engagement with a friend here—it would have been such a pleasure to see you again and continue my too short visit of the other day. With many thanks for your kind note

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck Morrell

Sunday [Autumn 1916?] • Oxford, England

(MS: Texas)

22 Beaumont Street

Sunday

Dear Lady Ottoline,

If you have an instinctive antipathy to German philosophy, you ought to find my new book agreeable. However, I don't expect you to read it all, and you must feel quite free to give it away or lend it to anyone who you think is ripe for sound doctrine, and not an incorrigible admirer of Lord Haldane.

I should have been to see you long ago if I hadn't been far from well; in fact I am so seedy that at M^{rs} Morrell's suggestion I am off tomorrow to Harrogate. If I return from there as light as a bird, I shall soon fly to Garsington.

I haven't got so far as to read book about Dostoevsky, having scarcely read one of his own—only "Crime and Punishment": but I liked the spirit of it, though the letter didn't seem to me very beautiful.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 October 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

October 3, 1916

Dear Strong

Before leaving Harrogate yesterday I received Margaret's card of Sept. 22 saying you were getting on fairly well, and had composed an essay on architecture. I am curious to see it: I think your observations are sure to be well-grounded, although perhaps not buttressed by enough elasticity and complexity of view: I think in art, even more than in philosophy, all views are in danger of being too "abstract", too partial, giving an occasional and partial aspect of things for their whole essence. However, I will reserve my comments for after the act.

How distressing it is that you should be laid up in this way by a mysterious weakness, without any immediate prospect of relief! As I wrote to Margaret the other day, I have little faith in the diagnosis of doctors, or in their prescriptions. At Harrogate—a dreadfully dull place—I had a vivid sense of the fact that the practice of medicine is a ritual and not a science. My doctor, or rather M^{rs} Morrell's, to whom she sent me, was a sort of fashionable clergyman who had missed his vocation—impudent, too. In the treatment he prescribed he was evidently guessing; and when I represented that sulphur-water was nasty, and seemed to swell me without doing any good, he replied that it was absolutely the right thing for my "membrritis", or *diesase* disease of the white membrane; and five minutes later he ordered me to take Kissingen water instead! Your doctors are undoubtedly better, but your trouble is also worse than mine has yet become, so that I do not envy you their ministrations.

I hear that the difficulties about passports are worse than ever, and that there is no chance of getting through to Switzerland at present. I wish I could reach you by wireless, and explain to you my latest discovery, that the three vices of European philosophy are egotism, humanism, and

worldliness. However, the chief thing now is that you [*across*] should get well soon, and be able to go to Fiesole.

Lvoe to Margaret. Yours ever GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 October 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford,
October 4, 1916

Dear Strong

It is indeed a great pleasure to have your letter and to see that, even if you are laid up in bed, your wits are lively and your mood truly philosophical. You say nothing about suffering pain: I hope at least that discomfort which made you so restless at night has ceased in this new phase of your illness.

I am delighted with what you say of my book. I think myself that it is fitted to do good work among the students of this generation, provided it is not overlooked altogether, or treated as a slight affair without authority. It has only the authority of truth, which beats no drums, and which only those who, like you, have found the truth for themselves, can discern.

I find that, in spite of the wet and stormy weather we are having, my rheumatism is decidedly better, but in general the “cure” has left me rather weak and seedy, and I may go off for a different sort of trip before long—to Brighton, perhaps.

Would you like any books to help you pass away the time? At Harrogate I read *Pickwick* and found it delightful.

I hope soon again to have news, and good news, from you.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 November 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Nov. 2, 1916

Dear Strong

I have been hoping to hear from you or from Margaret for a long time. Her card of Oct. 6 is the last I have received. I trust the improvement that had then set in has continued, and that you are on the way to a complete recovery.

There is no change here; I have been very lazy, and have done little but read novels, especially Dickens. By skipping the sentimental passages, when they are too cloying, I manage to enjoy him very much. What glorious farce, and what charming virility in all this *etc* coaching, loving, fighting, and drinking!

Please send me word (if you haven't already done so) of your progress and of your plans.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To John Jay Chapman

21 December 1916 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Dec. 21. 1916

Dear Chapman

I am proud to think that my little book has attracted your attention and that you think all those distinguished Frenchmen may be interested in it. At the same time as your letter I get a note from Boutroux thanking me for the volume. I have replied, setting him right: but at the same time I haven't been able to resist asking him (most "egotistically") whether he could suggest the name of any young student (one of his Fondation, per-

haps) who might be willing and able to translate it into French! I have often had a vague regret that fortune hadn't enabled me to write in French instead of in English; and in regard to this particular book I have a strong desire that those who read French (including most educated people in my native country) but not English might sometimes read something of mine: the war lends it in this case a more human interest. If this idea is ever realized, you shall have a French copy as a thank-offering for your sympathetic interest.

How unequal are our forms of devotion and our sacrifices, even in the same cause! Here, surrounded by men in kakhi, I am filled with shame at the attenuated, impersonal, and futile nature of my cooperation. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

23 December [1916] • Oxford, England

(MS: Bodleian)

22 Beaumont Street

Dec. 23.

Dear Bridges

Your address is full of "wisdom" and I have read it with great pleasure keeping in mind what you said about not agreeing with me about "reason". I see that you use it here as a synonym of "intelligence": perhaps I tend to think of something else, when I use the word; but I don't discover any material divergence between us as to the good, which is the root of all important differences between people. As to the machinery of reasoning instinct, etc. we are all in the dark, and our philosophies move in the region of rhetorical symbols. When we speak of reason governing an animal or governing the world, do we mean simply that the good is being realized somehow, or that abstract terms and discourse is are running meantime through somebody's head, or do we mean something further? It seems to me all a chaos of conventional phrases and verbal psychology, by which we describe variously the same undisputed facts.

I hope you are all having a pleasant Christmas at Chilswell
Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 January 1917 • Megairssey, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Address: c/o Brown Shipley & C°

Polstreath,
Megairssey, Cornwall.
Jan. 13, 1917

Dear Strong

Since I wrote to Margaret, I have started on a little trip, to avoid the dull winter weather of Oxford, and have been in Bath, Bristol, Wells, and Exeter, seeing Cathedrals and other sights, and making the best of the wind and rain which have prevailed in a rather persistent fashion. Here I am staying with two of my young friends from Magdalen, one a wounded man and the other an American; it is a pretty, well-furnished villa on a hill by the sea, in which one maid-servant has remained to look after us; and we lead a quiet and somewhat Spartan life. However, in a few days I shall resume my pampered existence at Torquay, where I shall be for a day or two at a hotel, to see if the place tempts me to stay longer, in which case I should take lodgings.

I am reading Beaumont and Fletcher, who seem to resemble the Spanish dramatist of the time more than Shakespeare does—which is not to say that they are better but rather that they are more European and less simply or absolutely human. I am also going on with Dickens, having still two or three novels of his to read.

I wish I could talk with you about the war and the glimmerings of peace: apart from Boylston Beal (who is again at the American embassy in London) I am still pursued by the fatality of having only radical or pro-German friends, and it tries my patience sorely. Why will clever people be so frivolous, captious, and pert-minded? Hooker said “nothing is so mala-

pert as a splenetic religion”, but nothing makes me so splenetic as a malapert judgment in politics. After all, religion is congenitally the sphere of fancy and passion: but people ought to be serious in their views of this world. Don’t you think the Allies have made most happy replies to the German and the American notes?—I hope to have good news from you soon, and [*across*] that you may be able to return to Fiesole for the Spring.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

8 February 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Bodleian)

6 Park Street, Torquay
Feb. 8, 1917

Dear Bridges

I am distressed to read in the morning paper that your house is burnt down. What a loss to you and to us all! I suppose it will be some time before it is rebuilt, and meantime perhaps you will not be at Oxford. Please tell M^s Bridges and your daughter how sorry I am. I hope they haven’t lost all their things, and you your books; although, if what you really need is saved, this is a heroic and divine method of getting rid of all the rest.

I came to Torquay some weeks ago, looking for warmth and sunshine, but need hardly say I haven’t found them yet. However, I know the season is exceptionally severe everywhere, and am willing to stay the bad weather out, and see it Torquay will redeem its reputation.

Thank you for your letter, which reached me in due course.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 February 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

6 Park Street, Torquay

Feb. 26, 1917

Dear Strong

I don't know why so many days should have elapsed before I thank you for your letter of Jan. 30. It was a great pleasure to see your handwriting again, and to know by your own hand that you were no worse materially and in tolerably good spirits.

As for me, you see I am still in Torquay. The weather, after being dry and cold for a month, has become (what one would expect it to be) mild and moist, and there have been spells of sunshine that have given me a foretaste of what the place might be at its best. I think of staying a few weeks more, until the winter is decidedly over, and I can return to Oxford with some assurance of finding it agreeable.

Did you happen to see in the Times that Robert Bridges' house had burnt down? Not a Zepp, but a neglected bedroom fire.

The added horrors which we are supposed to be threatened with haven't yet made themselves felt in any tangible way; there is plenty of food (at least where I go to get it) and it is not appreciably dearer. I dare say the poor feel the rise in prices, wages being slower to rise. On the other hand, I suppose there is no unemployment in these times.

The matter of the intervention of the U. S. is too great and complicated to enter into in a letter: I wish we could talk it over. At least there is some satisfaction in an overt expression of estrangement between America and the German proceedings. If it comes to war—and I hardly see how it can fail to, sooner or later—the moral situation will be even more satisfactory, much as we may regret the personal and material losses involved.

I did like Drake's book on religion, especially the Chapters on the historical Jesus and on the problem of evil. His general attitude is frankly accommodating and conventional: but of course there is always something good in the attitude of the most benighted believer: and if we haven't the wit or the courage to disentangle that good, we have to be content with patting the pious rogue on the back and saying he is quite right in his way.

Yours ever G. Santayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

27 February 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Princeton)

6 Park Street, Torquay,
Feb. 27, 1917

Dear Sirs:

Will you please send a copy of my "Sense of Beauty" and of "Reason in Art" and of "Egotism in German Philosophy" to M^r Joseph Robinson, Librarian, Carson and Newman College, Jefferson City, Tennessee—and charge the three books to my account.

Some of my friends in London tell me that it is impossible to get any copies of my old "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion". Is this an accident due to difficulties of carriage, or is the book out of print? My own copy, from which I have been separated since the beginning of the war, had many sad misprints in it, which I believe I long ago asked you to correct ^{them} when there should be an opportunity. I mention this, for fear that any reprint should appear uncorrected. I believe, however, that you expected to have the corrections made at that now distant time. You might perhaps send me a copy, if you have one, ^{c/o} of Brown Shipley & C^o, 123 Pall Mall, London, and I will reread it and make sure that all is well, in case at any future time a new issue should be contemplated.

Yours ~~every~~ truly

GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

15 March 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: American)

Address ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.

6 Park Street, Torquay
March 15, 1917.

Dear Kallen

"Creative Intelligence"—for which I am truly obliged to you—has come very agreeably to distract my thoughts from the events of the time and the persistence of bad weather, in this place to which one comes to bask and to cheat winter of its terrors. I have read the whole book, except some

pages of Stuart's and Tufts' for which life—my remaining life, at least—is not long enough, and my general impression is that pragmatism has become less paradoxical. I won't say you have abandoned any of its tenets or essentially modified them—my memory and understanding of the writings of the school are not adequate to justify such an assertion. But I somehow feel less violence done to my spontaneous assumptions and less clearness in the specific doctrines put forward. I wish you would tell us what a “situation” is and what “experience” is, prior to consciousness;—if I dared to translate these terms into my materialistic language I should be able to follow the argument with less feeling of insecurity. Nevertheless, I think I understand pretty well what “Creative Intelligence” professes to be. It is—the title, I mean—an emendation of Bergson: intelligence is no forced desiccation of life in the presence of matter, but the power which living matter has of modifying its career by foreseeing its probable issue, and preventing it from being realized. This, rather than of being attracted by a good foreseen. Dewey (whose paper I have in mind here) doesn't maintain the miraculous power of an idea to realize dynamically what it presents pictorially: he seems to me to be on the point of saying what the mechanism of foresight and of the execution of plans is, but he doesn't go into the subject—none of you do. At any rate, you agree that the creative foresight is not, at bottom, a design or a clear plan: is it more, I wonder, than the sense of abundant but suspended powers, with a vague inclination and premonition in one direction? Isn't it after all Evolution that is creative, and intelligence merely a name—not without ambiguity—for a complex case of it?—But I mustn't go into this further, or I should never end.

Everything you say in your paper seems to me true; and as you know very well, it is very much in the line of my own reflections. Of course, there are some things I should have put differently: neither play, migration into the ideal, nor exertion of influence is intelligence: intelligence is the power of seeing things in the past, present, and future as they have been, are, and will be. But that is quarrelling about a word; and I agree that the three characteristics you describe belong to the functions of art, religion, and philosophy, considered in their organs, if not in their ideal messages. As I read your paper, I felt as if it were spoken, rather than written; and I wish it had been spoken, before some knot of kindred minds who might have enjoyed your lists and improvisations, and felt beneath them the steady glow of an enthusiasm for truth and defiance of prejudice which they would all wish to share. Written down, and printed in a book propa-

gating a particular school of thought, I am not sure that it may not bewilder and offend some of your readers: there is a certain heat and recklessness about your manner which, especially in matters of religion, will make others fume too; and the smoke in *h*end may be greater than the light and may overpower it. I say this more in contrition than in criticism, since I am painfully conscious of having written a great deal too precipitately and egotistically, in the Life of Reason, for instance, to the evident prejudice of whatever sober truth or genuine humanity my views may have possessed at bottom. And if you are a little inclined to the same sort of eloquent self-indulgence, perhaps I am in part to blame for it: because you have heard and read me with such friendly perseverance that something of my faults, as well as my virtues, may have stuck to you. For the clearness of the deliverance, too, this way of writing with a loose rein, is unfortunate: there are too many things said or hinted by the way, too little economy of means, too little concentration in the argument. Herod and Blue Beard would have made excellent writers of philosophy: they would have killed all other people's children and most of their own.

Of course there is something else altogether on our minds which it seems hypocrisy to pass over in silence, but which it is impossible to speak of as one would—as if we were suffering from some great bereavement. I am simply waiting: I read in a French book the other day that it is better to wait than to hope. I think so, but I am afraid, in spite of your better opinion of me, I am no pragmatist.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 March 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

6 Park Street, Torquay.

March 17, 1917

Dear Strong

It is delightful to have the good news about your health confirmed by your own hand, and to call up again hopeful vistas of daily walks in Paris and down the hill from Fiesole to Florence, and to think of all the cups of coffee, and all the discussions of "feeling" and "essence" that peace is to bring with it. Let us hope both your condition and that of Europe will continue to mend and become normal again in not too remote a future. One comfort for our personal ailments is that those of society, unlike ours, can be followed by something better than recovery, and the news of so many sorts that has crowded the last few days makes me feel that perhaps we shall really see in our old age a better world than we knew in our youth.

As you seem to be interested in Bridge's troubles I send you the card I have received from him, which explains itself.

I suppose Drake has written to you about collaborating in a book on true realism, to be a counterblast to the "New" realism and to "Creative β Intelligence". I have been reading this last, sent to me by Kallen, and find it rather anodine. The pragmatist have evidently been cowed by the criticisms they have provoked, and are making a "retreat according to plan" into the common stronghold of the Heraclitean flux, without paradoxes. Do you feel inclined to support Drake's venture? I have agreed to write something for their volume, if they will tell me what they want and are willing to wait for it. It occurred to me that one or two of your chapters might serve, if you were willing to publish them in advance. I should be glad to undertake the [*across*] copying and proof-reading, if that was any help.

Love to Margaret. Yours ever G. Santayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

19 March 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Bodleian)

3 Park Street, Torquay,
March 19, 1917

Dear Bridges

There is a Spanish proverb (I daresay not Spanish originally) that says: Bien vienes mal, si vienes solo, and I am afraid your second misfortune is worse than the first. However, if your son is doing well, even if his wound leaves sad traces, it will be some comfort to you and M^{rs} Bridges to know that the worst is over and to be relieved of the strain of anxiety, which must have been hard to bear during all these months.

I think I shall stay here until after Easter, and then on my return to Oxford I will make enquiries at Merton Lane or at Corpus, in the hope of finding you still there. I shall also make a pilgrimage to Chilswell to view the ruins, which I am glad to know are not total.

Events are so thick and so overwhelming of late, that I live in a sort of continual suspense, waiting for the next morning's paper. Ought we, who are mere spectators, to be glad or sorry that we live at such a time? I think on the whole I am glad, although I could wish to be younger, so as to have borne some part in the struggle, and to have lived to see its fruits which I rather think will be good. The 1880's and 1890's, which were the years in which I began to look upon the world intelligently, left an impression on my mind which I should like to feel had been wholly erased by experience of a better age.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mrs. William Warren

24 March 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Unknown)

6 Park Street, Torquay,
March 24, 1917

Dear M^{rs} Warren

You see the reason why I haven't turned up is that I am still here, trying to outdo this strange winter in staying-power, and hoping for a little balmy weather before I return to Oxford for the summer. I have kept pretty well, but have been idle and given over to reading novels and newspapers.

What you tell me about your change—perhaps after all not such a great change—in religious allegiance interests me very much. There are so many points of view from which such a step can be regarded that it is hard, if one wishes to be quite sincere and not merely polite, to say absolutely, "I congratulate you", or "I am sorry". I congratulate you, because I can see that you will have a new resource, a clearer and steadier hold on a supernatural life to explain the mysteries and fill in the dreadful blanks which this worldly life has for all of us. The Catholic Church has an immense heritage from all the ages, no part of which it is ashamed of or thinks obsolete; and you will find there many a belief and devout practice that is immensely congenial to the human heart. Of course, you know I am myself a sceptic, and if one's object were to discover and embrace the truth, no religion seems to me much to the purpose, all of them being products of the human imagination. But in a moral and allegorical sense, one religion may still be said to be "truer" than another, if it brings us into greater harmony with the conditions of our life, and develops better our spiritual capacities: and from this point of view it is certain you are making a very wise exchange.

The chief draw-back which my experience has shown me to attach to fervent belief in the Catholic Church is the conflict and division which it sometimes produces in states and in families. In England at the present

time, and in your particular case, I think a little prudence can obviate that danger. Your mother has led the way, you say your husband is sympathetic, and your children are grown up, healthy and handsome, and have already plunged for themselves into the thick of life, so that your direct responsibility for them is over, and I daresay their chief feeling in the matter is satisfaction that you have found a faith that can make you happier. If they were small, the situation would be more delicate and painful; as it is, I don't see why you should be less united than before—perhaps rather more so, in that your faith will give you a new form of tenderness and solicitude for them (also of understanding) to take the place of the more childlike dependence which they have outgrown.

I hope the months of anxiety for your boys will not be many more, and that the very good news from them which you give me will continue to come until the war is over.

When I go to town—even if only for the day—I will send you a line beforehand so as not to miss you.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 March 1917 • Torquay, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

6 Park Street, Torquay.

March 26, 1917

Dear Strong

Lady Sybil had written about the new poem (composed in 1887!) which she wishes to reprint, and I have answered her directly, so that you are relieved of all responsibility in this weighty matter.

Have I confessed that I have surreptitiously read the MS which you left in my hands? If this was a breach of confidence, I hope you will forgive me. I liked what I read very much, and have profited by your clear exposition of the elements involved, and I think one or two chapters might very well be published in advance. The MS is at Oxford, where I expect to return in a fortnight. If you like, I will reread the whole and make what suggestions I can about possible extracts for Drake's book.

In speaking of "dualism" I suspect they mean that between the organ of perception and the object (whatever this object may be) and I suppose we are all dualists in that respect. As to discriminating the essence sensuously

given from the entire essence embodied in the external object—of which object the given essence is predicated, and predicated correctly, in so far as knowledge is true—I am afraid only you and I are in the secret. Being a discrimination, this might be called a further “dualism”; but as you say, there being only one intended object, described and known, signified, more or less adequately or symbolically by the given essence, there is a “monism” in that respect. These dark and pedantic terms have always been odious to me: unity and variety are relative and omnipresent, as Plato showed long ago in the Parmenides.

As to my own contribution to Drake’s venture, I find that no part of my book will do, but I have promised to write a special article, if they are willing to wait for it, and to suggest the particular point ~~in~~ they would like me to discuss, and the vocabulary they are adopting.

What strange events! I wish I felt confidence in the power of the new Russian republic to hold Hindenburg if he attacks them “for all he is worth”. But I am pleased with what seems to be happening in America. That too is unexpected, or was so until lately.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 April 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

April 17, 1917

Dear Strong

I am very glad that you have decided to let me attempt to make a selection from your book for Drake's volume. I returned here yesterday, and have already begun to reread your manuscript, and am confirmed in my impression that a very effectual presentation of our point of view can be easily gathered from it. Most of the preface ought to be included, I think, as it is particularly clear and concise. As soon as I have made the selection and it is copied, I will send it to you. It may be necessary to get special permission from the censor's office: but I anticipate no great difficulty in that—especially now that you a belligerant!

As to the degree of assent which I personally can give to your doctrine, I don't think there is any change since our last oral discussion. I am willing to concede the use of the terms "psyche" and "psychical" for non-mental and unconscious processes in the self: but I don't think what makes them psychical is the peculiar substance they are made of, or its "luminosity" (which I don't understand in the absence of consciousness) but an arrangement, which makes those portions of matter fit organs for the functions of life—nutrition, reproduction, ~~sensation~~, material sensitiveness, self-defence, and consciousness as well. Matter, I should say, becomes psychic, as it becomes organic, when it attains a certain complexity and equilibrium in its structure and movement. With this reservation, I should agree with your account of the relation of the psychic to the given essence (which needn't be the essence of the psychic organ) and to consciousness and its unity.

Why should you make it a condition of contributing to Drake's volume that I should contribute also? I wish to contribute, but I am not sure that we shall agree upon a subject and a doctrine that would recommend itself to me sufficiently, or that they will be willing to put off publication till my paper reaches them. Besides, I think you would be a far more influential and respected exponent of the things we hold in common than I should, because you are on the whole nearer to the views seething in America at

the present time, and have given closer attention to the problems and controversies involved. I am happy to be back in Oxford. Vale!

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 April 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

April 29, 1917

Dear Strong

I have selected passages out of the preface and the first two chapters of your book and arranged them in what seems to me a very lucid essay, which I suggest might be called an Analysis of Perception, and which is about the right length for a contribution to Drake's book. I have obtained the censor's permission, and it will be despatched tomorrow, although perhaps it may take longer than this letter to reach you. There are some imperfections in the typewritten copy due to haste, on my part or on that of the typewriter; but they are not serious. I don't know whether you will be wholly pleased at the omissions you may detect: in one or two places there is an indirect reference (which I couldn't leave out without changing your text, which of course I didn't feel at liberty to do) to passages or developments of the argument which do not appear: if you think it matters, you can easily make all well by suppressing a few more words. Where it was absolutely necessary to modify the text I have done so in pencil, so that you can revise the revision without needing to have the page re-typed.

I have just read the whole thing over, to correct typewriter's errors: and my impression is that it is admirable: sober, simple, good-tempered, solid, clear, and unanswerable. Without merititious ornaments, it gives one more pleasure than a more simpering work would give—Aristotle gives more pleasure than Cicero—at least to me. So that when you ask, Is it as good as Russell, I say, it is not so brilliant, but it is more delightful—not to mention the obvious fact that it is more correct. Not merely because I agree with it; I don't agree with it all; but because, in spirit, it is science, and Russell's is private speculation.

The first part of the French translation of Egotism has arrived, and I have had a sad disappointment. No charm of style whatever, no lightness,

no smile! The man is interested only in abusing the Germans, and where I try to give the devil his due and retire like Hindenburg according to plan, pour mieux sauter, my good translator misunderstands the text, so as to turn my concessions into a solid blind phalanx of attack. In places he is exact, if not happy: and his knowledge of English is sufficient: what he misses is, I now see, rather subtly and inadequately expressed. [across] I hope he won't object to my objections, and that we sha'n't quarrell.—Oxford is filling up, and I am almost gay! Yours ever

G.Santayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

9 May 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
May 9, 1917

Dear Smith

A collection of extracts: how wonderful! Loeser once had a statuette of Locke, which he meant to give to W^m James. When James heard of it, he exclaimed: "A statuette, that is fame indeed! Anybody can have a statue, but a statuette is true immortality." So I say: any one can fill a shelf with his complete works; but a book of elegant extracts is for the few only, the few who, like Browning and me, have written wisely but too much.

To be quite frank, I had—vaguely—thought of paying myself this compliment some day, when the ontology was finished, and I might find an egotistical pleasure in my old age in turning over the good things I had once been capable of saying. But by all odds, it is better that you should

do it, if you are inexplicably so inclined. It is an overwhelming compliment to me, and a great service at the same time, because I think not only my style but my ideas will gain by being loosened from the academic and professorial mortar in which they have been set, because of the trade of system-building. I shall probably be much enlightened myself by beholding my naked little collection of ideas.

As to the copyright it belongs to Scribner for the early volumes, to the Harvard University Press for the Three Philosophical Poets and to Dent for the last two books. I foresee no difficulty in making an arrangement with them, and will undertake the inquiry, if you wish me to do so.

I shall be most curious to see your selections, and to know on what plan, if on any, you mean to arrange them.

I can go to London at any time, for the day or for longer.

Scribner says that there are copies of the Interpretations of Poetry and Religion in plenty in his possession: your London booksellers must have very little initiative if they think it is out of print.

Egotism in German Philosophy is being translated into French—not by a man of very great wit, but by a worthy wounded officer interested in philosophy and solemnly convinced of the diabolical character of the German mind. I am revising his work, and so far we have not quarrelled. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith
15 May 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
May 15, 1917.

Dear Smith

All my books—and most of my clothes—have lain neglected in Paris since the beginning of the war: I have only one or two copies—quite fresh—of my last book, and one of Poetry and Religion, just sent me by Scribner. Even in Paris I have, I think, only one copy of most of my volumes. And such things are as proof sheets are eschewed by me the moment the corrected text appears. So that I can't provide the corpus vile you require for your anatomical labours. Are pencil marks—which could be easily erased—incompatible with Chinese veneration for the printed page? If not, wouldn't it be quite simple to have the sentences you choose and mark, type-written on small loose sheets or cards, which could be afterwards conveniently shuffled as much as we desired? And perhaps, being all of the same size and shape, they could go to the printer, when definitely arranged, without requiring to be recopied.

I don't think we need quarrel or have any conflict of generosity about the proceeds of the proposed selections. If your publisher bears all your expenses—as he surely will—I imagine you would be content; and so should I. As to the copyright, since it doesn't belong to me in the case of the original, it can't (I should think) belong to me for the reproduction. Mustn't we simply ask the different publishers concerned to allow us to reprint passages in this particular case, while they retain their rights unimpaired in respect to further reproductions? As I said, I will make enquiries about this of the three publishers possibly concerned (I don't know from how many volumes your extracts will be taken) if you wish me to do so.

As to arrangement, I am glad you don't intend that it should be chronological. I don't evolve: we all have to grow up and to grow old, but what bears evident marks of immaturity or decay in our faculties ought charitably to be disregarded: the rest will have no other essential variety than that which is due to varying subjects and moods. The order should be the order of the subject-matter, or at the least (if the subject-matter is vague) of types of expression; it shouldn't on any account follow the dates at which the fragments happen to have p been penned or rather published—because many things written now may have been first conceived thirty years ago,

as old scraps of paper sometimes prove to me in the most startling fashion. I sometimes think we all die at twenty-five and after that are nothing but walking corpses, with gramophones inside.—It is a comforting thought when one reads the “roll of honour”.

I rather expect to go to London for a week or so in July. Will you still be there? If not, and there is any point to talk over, I will gladly go up at any time for the day. I like Oxford better for an occasional change of scene and breath of the city.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Raymond Bell Mortimer

11 June 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Princeton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

June 11, 1917

Dear Mortimer

It was a pleasure to have your letter, especially as I like to attribute a certain dejection which you betray about the war to passing influences, because the situation is improved at bottom: but perhaps in your case there was always a certain exasperation or revolt at the intrusion of politics and war into the delicious sensations of life. If you sincerely wish I was with you—and I believe your wish is sincere—imagine how much more I ought to desire it; but politics and war at present have an opposite effect on me from what I fancy they have on you: they make other things seem indifferent, or rather impossible to enjoy, except with a sort of bad conscience and background of anxiety which would spoil the pleasure. But when the war is over, if I am still active, we must arrange a journey together, or a prolonged stay at some delightful place. You shall choose the time and place, because strangely enough, considering our respective ages, I am the freer and more irresponsible person, not having a future to think of.

I spent yesterday—a very warm Sunday—reading “L’immoraliste” which had arrived in the morning, and finished it before going to bed. The texture of it is pleasant: but when it comes to the thought conveyed, I feel

there is a Nietzschean confusion in it between freedom and anarchy. Anarchy is not more freedom; it lies in the other direction, it is a failure of instinct. What happens to Michel at the farm illustrates this perfectly: he couldn't be both a landlord and a poacher on his own land. So there is no reason why, in order to satisfy a caprice for Arab society, he should have dragged his dying wife about till he killed her. We can't have everything at once; but why should we want everything at once, or want everything at all? That is mere weakness, not independence—it is want of taste, not courage in asserting one's taste. Apart from that, I like the expression of impatience with conventional society, the impulse to merge with the people, to see the naturalness of being disreputable, and especially the love of youth: the very light and volatile nature of this last passion is capitally expressed. What a lot of sudden fancies, ending in smoke! The thing never becomes a grande passion—as it might—the hero being apparently incapable of one, or the French public not being inclined to admit that sort of thing: but the surface-play of the impulse is well given.

[across] Thank you for sending me the book, which I am very glad to have read. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 June 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
June 29, 1917

Dear Strong,

How are you getting on? I was very glad to know that you found the compilation I had made from your book satisfactory, and I suppose it has long since started on its way to Drake. My own contribution has been delayed, but I hope to send it off next week. The fact is I have written two papers, the one growing out of the other, and it is the second that I have

now finished and that is being type-written. The first is almost done too, and I mean to send it to Drake also, in case he finds it more suitable, either in quality, or because it may cover ground not preempted by the other contributors. The finished paper is on "Literal and Symbolic Knowledge". The unfinished one on "Three Proofs of Realism".

What has chiefly occupied me of late (besides the inevitable obsession of the war) has been the French translation of Egotism, which I have had to revise, and in some passages actually to retranslate for the good Lerolle, who got lost in the intricacies of my style and of German philosophy. It is all over now, and in the press: it may come out in July, or may be postponed for business reasons for two or three months. The great event, however, is that Boutroux is decorating it with a preface, in which he calls me sage antique and a great many other pretty names; and he swallows my view of German philosophy, hardly making a wry face at all. The preface has appeared as an article in the Journal des Débats, and I would send you a copy, except that the tiresome censor doesn't allow clippings to be sent to neutral countries. You shall get the book from Paris when it appears.

I am feeling well, and although I walk much less than formerly (I don't know why) I am thinner. Perhaps it is the diet of no bread and no sweets! However, I have the most delicious combinations of rice-with-everything, and I believe that is supposed to be just as fattening.

I was in London for a week in May, but did and saw nothing to speak of. Lovely weather, sunshine uninterrupted for weeks—now rain at last again—

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

30 June 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
June 30 1917

Dear Smith

How diligent of you to have finished so soon! I wasn't at all prepared, and haven't yet written to the publishers whose consent I suppose is necessary not to make your volume a legal tort. The only trouble I anticipate

is from Scribner, who is rather jealous of his proprietary rights: could you propitiate him by putting the American edition, or sale, in his hands? If you will arrange this with the publisher you have in mind (who is it?) or let me do so, I will write at once to New York about it.

Your titles and arrangement seem most complete and systematic, and I wish, after this, I might be an Inquisitor and burn all my other volumes. Four hundred pages are certainly as much as anyone in this world has a right to have written. I am curious to see the selection you have made and no doubt can suggest some omissions if they are required. For instance, do you think people will care to hear what I have to say about love? That is not, as we said at Harvard, my “department”.

I have been busy revising my French translator’s version of “Egotism”, which is now finished. Boutroux is decorating it with a kindly and complimentary preface. I never had (until you undertook to distill my essence) such an honour done me in my life.

For the moment I am putting off going to town, as I wish to finish a paper which I have promised for an American book, written by a lot of professors in collaboration, which is to give the coup de grace to all philosophic errors. When this is done (it may take three or four weeks) I hope to find you still in London.

Please let me know what I may say to Scribner, and believe me most gratefully yours.

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons

5 July 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Princeton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
July 5. 1917

Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen,

My friend M^r Logan Pearsall Smith, whose name at least you probably know,—he is brother-in-law to M^r Bertrand Russell and to M^r Bernhard

Berenson,—has had the amiable idea of making a selection of short passages, or pensées, drawn from my various books, and of publishing them in a small volume.

As I have written much too much, I can't help welcoming this project, mixed as an author's feelings might ordinarily be at such an invidious treatment of his progeny.

I write to ask you if you have any objection to this project. I have not yet seen the proposed collection, but I have no doubt that it will be made with M^r Pearsall Smith's good taste and competence in literary matters. His prospective publisher in London is to be Constable, and I understand that they are correspondents of yours, and well-disposed to make whatever arrangements you may think suitable.

It may interest you to know—if you have not heard of it—that the French translation of my Egotism in German Philosophy, which is now finished, is to have a preface by M. Boutroux, which besides being very complimentary in its tone will, by its mere signature, do a great deal to attract attention to the book.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith
8 July 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
July 8, 1917

Dear Smith

I have written to Scribner and to the Harvard University Press, also to Dent, whose reply I enclose. You see the result of concealing from him that you had chosen his enemy for a publisher. He smells a rat, and wants the cheese himself. I suppose you could easily leave out the passages from Dent's books, if he is obdurate; that would be a way of reducing the selections, and limiting them to the books that are relegated to the higher shelf.

You would not entertain the idea, I suppose, of letting Dent publish the thing. You are perhaps pledged to Constable. Of course Dent is crafty: but the outside of his books, in my experience, has not been unsatisfactory,

and I have nothing serious to complain of in money-matters; so that to me the choice of publisher would be indifferent.

Yesterday I despatched a philosophical essay to America; but I am finishing another, which I had half done, to send after it, in case either of them ^{the first} is lost at sea.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Max Forrester Eastman

18 July 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Indiana)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
July 18, 1917

Dear M^r Eastman

It is a pleasure to know that you still remember me and to see, by the two numbers of "Masses" which arrived this morning, what interests occupy your thoughts and those of your friends. It would be an ill return on my part if I deceived you about my feelings. Let me say frankly, therefore, that you must not send me your review; it would be wasted on me, if you wish to do missionary work, and it would not increase the sympathy which I naturally feel for any effort to free human life from unnecessary trammels, and to let youth have its say.

Theoretically I admit the right of every individual to make what experiments he will, and nothing seems to me sacred merely because it exists and is habitual. In that sense, I am as radical a revolutionist as any of you: but the question is, in any particular case: Is this possible; and if it is possible is it worth while? Human life is not a product of reason but of natural, biological forces: we have to accept and use the organisms that grow up, including our bodies and their various propensities; and we deceive ourselves if we imagine that our criticisms and rebellions are anything but the expression of partial natural movements within us, quite coordinate with those we oppose, and not one whit more authoritative.

The question is simply what values our animal or social habit will create in comparison with another. And here my judgment probably differs entirely from yours. I am not sure whether The Masses represents one of the classes—the most numerous—or rather a few independent and excep-

tional individuals. In either case it would not represent the principal values which life in our time can possess. Consciousness must not quarrel with its instruments: and as its instruments in other ages have been religious or family institutions, so today they are nations and corporations and scientific bodies—and the press too, no doubt: and if you cultivate ill-will and bitterness—as you do—towards the best things which are possible for us in these times—galantry, disillusion, courage to face the real world and heartiness in enjoying what is to be enjoyed in it—you are wasting your only true opportunities. You are also closing your heart to the only sweet and voluminous human sympathies which you could have shared: you are spoiling life for others and for yourselves in the very ignorant and very factious pursuit of some inopportune ideal. Not that I blame anybody for having the passions he has: only, if these passions are narrow and hopeless, I am very sorry for him. I know as well as anyone what it is to tread the wine-press alone; but why should a man who suffers from injustice be himself unjust? If you are incapable of loving what other people love, why should you hate it [*across*] and hate them? It is an illusory revenge, by which nobody can gain anything. Yours very truly GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 July 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
July 21, 1917

Dear Strong

Our last letters seem to have crossed. I am glad that your recovery continues, even if slowly: let us hope that you will be able to move to Fiesole in the autumn and to enjoy the air and the sunshine in your own garden, which I daresay you will find wonderfully improved.

My first paper for Drake's book went off long ago, but the second is not yet finished, not so much because it offers any insurmountable difficulties

as because I have been feeling stale and disinclined to forced labour. A few cool and cloudy days—the summer here has been as un-English as the winter was—would probably enable me to complete it, as I have more than enough pages already written and copied: it is only the selection and shaping of the whole that is lacking. I think this (the three proofs) is a more mature version of our theory than the other (Literal and symbolic knowledge) but has fewer good things in it; and perhaps might make less impression on the hasty reader I have written to Drake, joining you in deprecating any tampering with the darling word Essence. I daresay “ideal object” or “inert idea” (Berkeley’s phrase) might convey the meaning even more readily to other people: but I feel that in the end it is better to impose a fresh term for a fresh concept: and the other meanings of “essence” are too remote and irrelevant to cause any permanent confusion.

I dined at Corpus the other day with Bridges who has come back to Oxford to look after the rebuilding of his house. It is to have concrete walls, this time, covered with wood for the sake of a pleasing rusticity. Schiller was there, with his usual twaddle. The only other people I have seen lately are M^s Morrell and her daughter M^s Warren. I don’t know whether I told you that Peter Warren, her son, who was reported missing and given up for dead, is safe and unwounded and a prisoner at Scharmstedt in Hanover. He was brought down behind the German lines, his observer killed, his machine smashed, and even a bullet through his top-boot, but unscratched.

I have been reading a book about the Koran (or Qurán, as the old pedant calls it) and also Le Vicomte de Bragelonne. That I should have taken refuge in the latter will show you my lax state of mind: but I have liked it and I think I should like now to read Saint Simon.

Who is in charge of the apartment in Paris? Any body? I ask because if it were possible I should rather like to get my trunk—a small leather one—sent on to me before the winter. My great coats and other heavy garments are in it which I feel rather disinclined to replace and then find reduplicated. I suppose it could be sent to me to London, care of Brown Shipley & C^o and I ^{could} go to see it through the customhouse there. Is Françoise definitely dotty?

I have some thoughts of going to London for a few days soon, and later perhaps to Harrogate again. I didn’t like it very much last year, but I wasn’t very well, and now it seems to me as if the fresher air of that place would be a pleasant change from the closeness of Oxford.

What does Margaret do to amuse herself or make herself useful—not incompatible pursuits—now that she is twenty and doesn't have to think any more about growing up properly? Please give her my love.

Have the doctors made out clearly what was the origin of your illness? The connection between indigestion and partial paralysis ought to give them a clue, I should think. Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 July 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

July 25, 1917

Dear Strong

I send on the enclosed letter. In a note to me Drake warmly praises your paper; but I suspect he is a little put out by your new position, which he calls "strategic". How like a professional disputant that is! For my own part nothing is strategic, everything is intuitive. The reform of language only expresses a more accurate and closer perception of the facts.

I think Drake is right in feeling that our position is a form of the "representative theory" and of "dualism". Why mind that?

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 August 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Aug. 20, 1917

Dear Strong

Do you think it is possible or worth while to bring Drake & C° into perfect agreement with our language and views? Drake's article seemed to me hopeless in every way, and although perhaps his chapter, written after reading yours, may be more distinct and (I hope!) better written, my general feeling is that we shall have to be content with doing what we can, each for himself, without trying to be our brothers' keepers.

I have now received and read Rogers' paper. There are points in it which I agree with, but much is perversely expressed and the whole blind. Have any of these men, except perhaps Lovejoy, any speculative insight to keep the details of their arguments in place and to give the whole a sense of direction? As to Lovejoy, a letter of his Drake has sent me sug-

gests that he may back out altogether; and if he writes, it will be of course without making any concessions to our discoveries.

You are far more competent than I to trace the exact meaning and antecedents of the phrases used by American philosophers: I therefore am willing to believe you are right about “dualism” and “the representative theory”. Yet, left to my insulated intelligence, I should have thought that even essence and object were two (if that is dualism) since error is possible, and the predicates assigned to the object (i.e. the given essence) may not be those it actually has (i.e. the essence of the object). Do our collaborators hold that no part of the essence of the object can ever be directly present in the “idea” of it? That would be a dogmatic and untenable assertion that substance is necessarily unknowable. I have dealt with it in my paper, which Drake says he agrees with: Drake at least, then, cannot mean by dualism or representation that the two terms are wholly irrelevant, and that no true representation is possible.

I haven’t yet sent off my second paper, having been drawn into yet another side-issue—about the meanings of “existence”. As it is all work that will be useful for my book, and the paper I have already sent will do for the joint-volume, I am not worried, or hurried particularly by these complications.

I have written to Françoise about my trunk. We shall see what happens.

Are you still troubled by indigestion and do you have disturbed nights? And are you able to go about in a Bath chair? I see here how much the wounded who do so seem to be enlivened by the air and the sights of public places.

I am expecting to go on a little motor-trip soon with Moncure Robinson. I was in London last Friday, and it seemed very nice.

Yours ever GSantayana

[across] Love to Margaret.

To Charles Augustus Strong

14 September 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Sept. 14, 1917

Dear Strong

Here is Lovejoy's letter, which I am sorry I didn't send you sooner. Its complete insignificance made me forget that I was asked to forward it to you. Drake has since written again, repeating that Lovejoy and others are obdurate in their affection for "representation", and "dualism", Mackintosh (who is he?) being alone, apparently, on our side. In various journeys I have just made—to Bath, London, and Chichester—I have mislaid this letter of Drake's: but I think I have given you the substance of it.

No comments on your paper or on mine have yet reached me, but I believe they are to pass through my hands on their way to you.

I have sent brief compliments and criticisms to Rogers and Pratt, but without going into detailed controversy. I feel it isn't worth while: but of course if you think it is, and can convince them, so much the better.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 September 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont Street, Oxford

Sept. 21, 1917

Dear Strong

The notes on your paper (which ^{but} for the Censor, I hope you ^{would} have already received) seem to me rather discouraging. Some of our prospective collaborators are evidently nominalists of the dull-thing-eating school; but Lovejoy is intelligent, and I imagine his opposition to "essence" is more a matter of bad temper and egotism (the doctrine is not his own!) than of incapacity to distinguish; he speaks of universals and of principles of individuation; and a person who is so scholastic as that is sure to be saved, or at least savable. Essence has made such a row that it almost seems as if I ought to plunge in with my whole exposition of the subject—a large part of my opus magnum. But, apart from the fact that the manuscript is not finished, there are two reasons for holding it back on this occasion: one, that it is impossible, and would seem presumptuous, to press a complete new ontology on a set of more or less mature—I mean aged—colleagues, and the other, that it is not necessary for the immediate subject of realism to distinguish essence very particularly. In my paper on Literal and Symbolic knowledge, for instance, although I use the word essence, I didn't feel it necessary to explain or defend the concept in order to make my argument persuasive. Of course, fundamental clearness and soundness will not be achieved without it: but this volume is one of local and momentary importance only; it is merely controversial and instrumental. Both your theory and mine are to be set forth elsewhere in their true context and proportions.

There are some points made in those notes with which I am in agreement. "Essence has nothing to do with existence": "semi-existence" is not an ultimately acceptable phrase. As I told you long ago, I like the frankness and descriptiveness of that phrase: one sees what you mean, and that you are reporting the facts honestly; but these are literary merits, not implying necessarily ^a correct or ultimate analysis. Essences have not semi-existence when they are given: they, even then, have no existence at all: but the intuition of them exists, and with the intuition (since the animal mind expresses a reaction, a presumption, and therefore projects its data, and takes them for things) there is probably a belief in the existence of an

object having the given essence. This object, or essence hypostasized, has an alleged or imputed existence: whether it exists or not is a matter of fact to be decided by further investigation. But what is obvious, patent, indubitable, and really given is not an existence at all: it is an essence; a homeless, dateless, qualitative, self-identical, self-sufficing theme or motif, a universal, in that there is no knowing how often or where it may not recur, how many things it may be predicable of or how many minds may be acquainted with it in the course of infinite time. Examples of essences are: nausea, jealousy, a particular shade of violet, any poem or musical composition, any noise, the multiplication-table, the straight line. These may, with literary propriety, be said to exist or, "as it were, exist", whenever, and for as long as, they are felt, conceived, or embodied in material things: but in truth it is not they that exist, but the feeling, thought, or thing which in one case intuits, and in the other case embodies them. In the first case they are given, in the latter they are predicable: in neither case do they, in themselves, acquire any hypostatic or real existence.

As to the definition of existence, that is a large question, involving the definition of matter (or psychic substance) and of consciousness.

I approve (as you know) of the use of "object" for whatever is or becomes "correlative to an organism that perceives or desires".

"Object" is an egotistical and adventitious name given to things, and also to essences. It is proper to them only on occasion of their being noticed by us. Things become objects when somebody thinks of them; they are never objects in themselves. This is the equivocation on which idealism (in the Aesthetik of Kant's Critique, for instance) is founded, since it is quite true that objects, "as such", are relatively to "subjects", as such, which in turn are relative to objects "as such": etc, etc. so that, if you imagine that things, essences, because sometimes called objects, are objects intrinsically, you are able to turn the universe into an "egocentric" whirlpool and maze of relations in which all the terms are abstractions from the relations, and nothing exists except thinking, and that doesn't.

What is true of "object" is equally true of "datum": and I fear our friends in America are not sure, when they say "datum", whether they mean that which is, by chance, given, or that whose whole being and existence is to be given. If they mean the latter, the retort would be that there is no such thing. Things and essences, whose being is not to be given, become data.

I am still working, in a desultory fashion, on my second realistic paper, with the excursus on "existence" which has grown out of it: but my mind is rather attracted to other subjects, nearer to the war, on which I am also

writing more or less. I have been to Bath, to London, and to Chichester, to stay with the Russells. "Elizabeth" has returned from her Californian garden, and is having a second honeymoon with her wicked Earl. "Bertie" lives with them now in London but he was not at their place in the country when I was there.

I have seen the first American soldiers in Oxford from an aviation camp not far off. Their uniforms seemed tight (they wear stiff white collars) and their smiles excessive, but [*across*] otherwise they seemed very fit.

Yours ever
GSantayana

[*across page one*] P.S. I am writing to Drake, repeating (with the necessary changes of tone) what I say in this letter.

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 September 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St Oxford
Sept. 29, 1917

Dear Strong

I am sorry there has been such a long delay in sending you the comments on your paper, but I first despatched them on the 20th thinking that they would pass the censor as they were; but he sent them back, and I had to write to the chief postal censor for a permit, which didn't arrive until this morning, when I despatched the notes a second time, I hope more successfully.

I took a three-hours' walk this afternoon, over hills and fields (to the foot of Boar's Hill and back) in the most lovely warm sun. I have been lazy of late and this return to old habits was most enjoyable, and I feel first rate after my experiment. I have no rheumatism, but have often felt slack and a little tired when I prolonged my exercise.

My so-called second paper has given birth to various excursions on "existence", "consciousness", etc, and I have run up against points which have puzzled me and made me vacillate in my views. What you call "semi-existence", and I was inclined to accept or to call "specious existence" has given me special trouble. My conclusion now is that it is a mistake to speak of the essence as existing at all. What exists substantially is the organic or mind-stuff process; what exists actually and historically is the passing per-

ception or intuition—a fact, a cognition, something spiritual, having a date and duration, but no substantial or efficacious existence; while the essence (though it would be pedantic not to say that it existed, while it is given or embodied) exists only by a current figure of speech, the true existence not belonging to it, but to the mind that perceives or to the thing that embodies it. Do you agree with this? I should be glad to know.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Oct. 3, 1917

Dear Strong

I send on this strangely wrong-headed letter, addressed to you and me; your “psychic state” now seems to be giving as much trouble as my “essence”. I confess I agree with Drake about “representation” being a natural and harmless word to use for the relation say between a good digestion and the comfortable feeling that betrays it to consciousness. And I think your use of “psyche” and “psychic-state” for unconscious organic processes, though historically defensible and pleasing to my own ear, is too much of a paradox for the moderns. The psychic for them is the realm of consciousness and immediate data, not of substantial processes in the self which find expression in data and in consciousness.

I have answered Drake briefly, but it is for you to try to dispel the horrible confusion which he seems to have fallen into, if you think such an effort on your part is worth the trouble.

Yours ever

G. Santayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

9 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Oct. 9, 1917

Dear Smith

I have been looking over the product of your friendly labours, and have read some of the sections entire. My feelings are mixed. Now I am overcome by the feelings *ecstasy*, of a doting parent, now by a sense of how ridiculously dead, old-fashioned, and thin all this argumentation and “viewiness” of my early days was or has become. I suppose both judgments are exaggerated, and that what I like is not much better than what I hate, and the wayward psychology not much worse than the epigrams. Perhaps on calmer consideration I shall reconcile myself to these inequalities. As to your selections, my impression is that they are too long, and that a great deal of dead wood could be plucked out of them. If you are not in a hurry, perhaps you will let me indicate in some way (say with a blue pencil) the parts that seem to me unnecessary. On the other hand, I had expected more single sentences and detached paragraphs: my impression is that what I have to say is better conveyed in these occasionally epigrams than in any of my attempts at argument or system. I am glad you have not made a collection merely of *pensées*, because that is cloying and distracting: but perhaps short passages interspersed among the longer ones, when on the same subject, might relieve and give point to the whole. If you didn’t mind waiting six months or a year (so that without self-indigestion I could myself read over all my works) I might send you a small collection of these loose stones, to put into your edifice if you thought they would improve it.

If these suggestions, especially the second, don’t appeal to you, there is nothing said: I am only telling you frankly what my impressions are. The only thing I should like to insist on is the omission here and there of arguments or opinions of which I no longer approve—and there is a whole family of them. I was hardly aware before how much my philosophy has changed since “The Life of Reason”. That book now seems to me hopelessly lost in the subjective, not that the subjective is not worth expressing, but that it should never be confused with the natural or historical facts.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

10 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Oct. 10, 1917

Dear Susie

Some time has passed since I have written to you or Josephine and you may like to hear that I am sin novedad. My lodgings here and the routine of my life in Oxford suit me pretty well, and when I go away it is always to return with a sense of relief and freedom. Of course, it is well for me to have a little change occasionally, and see people. I went some time ago to Bath to meet my old friend Moncure Robinson, who is now a confirmed old bachelor of forty-two with luxurious habits. He took me in his motor-car to London where he has a house, and I spent one night there before going on to Lord Russell's, whose wife N^o 3 has now come back to him, so that she is as good as if she were N^o 4. They were having a middle-aged second honey-moon—embarrassing and not very agreeable sight for the by-stander. The lady, however, is very nice to me, pretends to read my books, etc. I made attempts some time ago to send you one of her novels, but I suppose the censor intercepted it. I ought to have had it sent by the publisher; in that case they let books through, I believe, but I am not sure that you would really be amused by her not very amiable recollections of her life in Germany.

In London I have seen Elsie Beal and her very plain daughter Betty, who is eighteen. They came with the idea of spending the winter in England, as Boylston is at the American embassy here: but Elsie is not amusing herself, and they are going back. Elsie is rather a wreck, looks like a Wigglesworth, and isn't clever or kind enough to make up for her lost looks and manners, which last were never natural. The daughter is unaffected and robust, but deplorably ugly, except for a nice complexion.

My chief preoccupation now is a book to which Strong and I are contributing: it is to be published in America, and there is a lot of sending manuscript and comments—we are trying to agree, at least in our vocabulary—to and fro, which often involves delays due to the necessity of getting permits from the censor, and the slowness of communications. We haven't yet lost anything at sea, however, which I suppose is rather good luck under the circumstances. Strong writes from Switzerland: "Margaret has been in Zurich for a month, riding, going to the opera, & dancing the tango

(with an Argentinian dancing-master named Fernandez!!!). She comes back on Sunday to lead a sober and I hope literary life at this institution. I am flourishing generally but disabled still as to my feet—half dead from the knees down. But the future is not unhopeful."

Oxford, which has been full of cadets for a year, now has a new species—the American Aviation Corps, with their strange appearance—yet so familiar to me that I sometimes fancy I am at Harvard going to a foot ball game. One has brought a letter to me, but I found [*across*] him rather dreadful.—I receive the Lectura Dominical regularly (on Saturdays). Love to all from Jorge Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Oct. 21, 1917.

Dear Strong

A copy of Drake's paper reached me yesterday morning. I presume you have received one two, otherwise I can send you this one. It is poor stuff, both in form and in substance, and if our book is to open with it, it will be stamped from the first page with indecision and mediocrity. He says nothing that you have not said infinitely better, and introduces the "ideas" of British psychology—a swarm of conscious will-o-the-wisps, of which it is impossible to say whether they are known by anything else, or know themselves, or know other things, or simply abolish all knowledge. He misunderstands what you mean by the psyche and a psychic state: but in this I don't think you are wholly blameless, because you used to believe that psychic states were conscious (I suppose of their own "content") and in keeping the name, which in modern psychology rather suggests the conscious as distinct from the substantial, you obscure the fact that the psyche is now, in your doctrine, an organic substance, and the psychic state not a datum, as Drake supposes. Doubtless you have already set them right on

these points, but it must be annoying to see such inertia in minds that are well-disposed, and on some subjects so sensible. Drake on religion was capital and in psychology his spirit is still good, although his wit is dull. I am venting my irritation upon you, but to Drake himself I have written with all the courtesy and moderation that I could muster. As I hardly share your hopes of converting the whole sect, it really doesn't matter to me what they say: but of course the worse it is the less inclined I should be to make concessions to their vocabulary; on the contrary, it would become more urgent to stand altogether on one's own ground and let it be obvious that our association is merely circumstantial, as if we were contributing a the same review.

I have not yet received any comments on my first paper, and the ~~excuses~~ excursions to my second one are becoming so voluminous—existence, essence, consciousness being set forth according to my lights—that I doubt whether I shall dare to send them the whole when it is finished. But it will have been very useful to me in articulating my views for the Realms of Being.

Françoise has not answered my letter.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Oct. 26, 1917

Dear Strong

Yesterday I received—and sent on—your reply to the criticisms on your paper. I have never read anything of yours that I liked so much, it seems as if your long illness had led you to concentrate and clarify your thoughts more than ever. It was particularly welcome to me to find what you say about essence so entirely what I think, because I will confess that until now I had some suspicions that your conception of essence tended in places to become too psychological, something like “image”.

My enthusiasm for your exposition is so great that I feel a fresh desire to come to an agreement with you on the chief point on which we still differ, namely, the difference between a “psychic state” and the “brain-state”; in other words, whether things-in-themselves (or substance, as I should

prefer to call it) is are material or psychic. I am not sure that we need disagree even on this point. The essence of a green-feeling, according to you, is not (or need not be?) the essence of green. Yet, in order to bring the essence of green before us, it must have, if I understand you, some affinity or intelligible relation to green. Does this affinity require any similarity? How is a green-feeling akin to the essence of green? Not (I understand) by intuiting green, for a green-feeling is not aware of anything. Is it that green, or something like green, can be truly predicated of it? But can a green-feeling be looked at? Can it look green?—and I don't see how else anything could have green for its attribute. If you were willing to say that what made a green-feeling an intelligible ground for the intuition of the essence "green", was its natural, normal, habitual sufficiency (as the world and life are constituted) to make green appear, just as this is what makes a green-tree, or the spring-time, have an affinity to the essence "green"—then I should not feel any but a verbal reluctance to accept your doctrine. The ear has a natural affinity to sound, the eye to colour; and so (more minutely and intimately) the brain-state that immediately evokes any essence must have to that essence: but not by having that essence, or any similar essence, but by the laws of evolution and superfoetation—as marriage "evokes" children. If so much were granted, I should gladly call the central sensitive formative governing elements in the body the psyche, and the particular states of the psyche the "sensations", "passions", or "affections" productive of our sensible, passionate, or emotional data: it is an ancient and perhaps inevitable practice to call these things by the same name, as anger, according to Aristotle, means dialectically a desire for revenge, but physically a boiling of the humours. In other words, the ground of a given emotion is called by the name of that emotion, especially when its own essence is not at all known. Mind-stuff, or even feeling, would on this principle be a good or at least inevitable name for substance, so long as we know nothing about substance except that it is the organ of mind and feeling.

However, we now do know something more about substance—especially its distribution and methodical, measurable transformations. Would you be willing to predicate of mind-stuff, not merely its affinity with mind, but the laws of physics? If so, it would not differ from what I call matter, which I don't imagine to be exhaustively described by physical chemistry, nor even described from within at all: its external relations position, motions, fertilities are known to us, not its intrinsic nature: and as of these fertilities that in respect to mind is one of the most remarkable, and to us

the important one, we might call it mind-stuff par excellence, although it is the stuff of everything else also.

This is all old: we have discussed it often: yet I feel the impulse to put it to you again with a sort of new hope, because I think we ought not to allow words or old associations to blind us to what is, perhaps, a substantial agreement, even in this matter.

I shall be curious to see what they make in America of your rebuttal: it wouldn't surprise me if some were converted: but Drake is so entangled in the notion of "mental facts" or small living ideas breeding one another in the mind like mosquitoes, that I am afraid he will never come round. If they put our two contributions by themselves at the end, in a water-tight compartment, or in the quarter-deck, the ship will either sink or rise by the stern—I don't know which, but certainly she won't go on an even keel. However, I should be glad of the honourable isolation: and I should deprecate the use of "essence" by them, because they will twist it horribly and the whole doctrine, which is open enough to misunderstanding at best, will be hopelessly befogged. What do you think of Drake on O, O^p, O^{p^l}, etc, etc.? He wants to call essence O, i.e. object! O?no!

I am afraid the censor may think this a code, so I will stop.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Roy Wood Sellars

30 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Michigan)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
October 30, 1917.

Dear M^r Sellars

It was a great pleasure to receive your essay, which I have just finished reading. After your book on "Critical Realism" I was prepared for a general agreement as to your results, in the wide sense in which they are naturalistic and admit a subjective sphere as well as a physical one. In analysis and in language, however, I find now that we differ more than I had believed. Indeed, I am afraid I have no right to figure as the critical realist for whom you speak: and perhaps, if my paper (and Strong's) are included in the book at all they ought to be relegated to an appendix, with a note (which Strong might compose) explaining that our point of view differs in

some important respects from that of the other contributors. In fact, it differs so much, and so pervasively, that it would be useless for me to send any specific comments on particular passages. You know what these differences are as well as I do. If I may make one suggestion, however, which does not concern my own views directly, it is that you should revise somewhat, or omit, your comments on Plato and Aristotle, and soften the tone of those you make on Kant. As they stand I am afraid they will arouse hostility and controversy, rather than help to clarify or to recommend the views you are advocating. Personally, I also feel some doubts about the advisability of making so much of abstracted philosophical disciplines—psychology, epistemology, ontology, metaphysics, etc. What a man thinks he thinks, and if it is true of its object, I can't think ^{believe}, it makes much difference which 'ology we put it under. I am also—but this I know is wicked of me—sceptical about the "increased prestige of science" or the advance of everything in recent times. There are changes which doubtless involve improvements in some respects—even the war does that—but that the balance of recent change is for the good in philosophy does not seem to me plausible. For one thing there are no great men: and I wonder if a philosophy is substantially improved when its personal accent and symbolism are flattened out into scholastic technique.

Strong (who I suppose has a separate copy of your essay: else I can send him mine) will doubtless send you detailed observations, to which you may regard me as subscribing beforehand.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

30 October 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
October 30, 1917.

Dear Strong

I saw Sir W^m Osler yesterday, and had a cup of tea with Lady Osler as well. They have lost their only son in the war. He gave me the notes which

I enclose, and seemed very glad to have such comparatively good\$ news of you.

As your reply to the criticisms of Drake, etc, was in the form of a letter I tried sending it on without a permit from the censor, and it apparently has gone through, as otherwise it would have come back to me. I took the precaution of registering it, to make doubly sure that it should return if the censor stopped it.

Today I receive Sellars' paper. It is dreadful, at least in form and quality, for I have read only a quarter of it so far. I feel almost ashamed of the company we have got into. What logic, what style, what text-book knowledge of the history of philosophy, crammed up to pass a Ph.D. examination! Sellars on Plato and Aristotle is enough to make one despair. Let us by all means have a compartment to ourselves, if we must travel in the same train; and you may denounce "representativism" (representationism?) for me as much as you will. Lovejoy, if he contributes, will raise the quality of the book, even if he doesn't correct its errors.

We are having a nice autumn here, and I have begun again to go to lunch often in the country, taking the train to help me out. I carry a note book, and write copiously by the inn fire. It is much more congenial to me than the summer sun.

Have you received the French translation of my book?

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Wendell T. Bush

17 November 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Nov. 17, 1917.

Dear M^r Bush

I was about to answer your first letter when the second arrives. You overwhelm me by your kind interest in my various odd compositions. Apparently M^r Young of Minneapolis is dead and his library sold—or is he ruined?—since my books inscribed for his collection have found their way

to the second-hand dealers. You may have heard of him: he had the hobby of sending people their own books to write dedications in; and he spared nobody. Of course, if you think people will be interested in these dedications you are free to publish as much of them as you like. {In the "Apollo in Love", by the way, 4th stanza, 4th line, something has dropped out: probably "In thy form" should be "In thy one form".} All my books and papers are in Strong's apartment in Paris, and the bonne in charge has gone mad and will not answer our letters. I am therefore ignominiously precluded from consulting any manuscript or promising you the "Plato in Syracuse" or "Philosophers at Court" as I afterwards called it: it is more than a dialogue: it is a tragedy in five acts, and I still hope some day to revise it and publish it. But you might have some scenes, if I could get at them, for your publication. However, I have something more recent, in prose, which perhaps you might accept, either for your reformed Journal or for the poetical one (I suppose they are not the same): it is a set of rambling pieces which I call "Soliloquies in England" of which there are two or three ready, and any number in petto. I will send you the first when it is ready copied, and I can get the censor's leave.

If the Journal is going in for belles lettres, won't it need a new title? The present one has always seemed to me rather forbidding.

"Egotism" has been translated into French, and M. Boutroux has been kind enough to honour the book with a nice preface. I have hopes that the French version will have a larger influence than the original—somewhat stifled, I fear, by the Hegelian reviews, aspersions, which have appeared in English and American reviews. Only M^r Dewey's has seemed to me at all just—too complimentary, perhaps—but I have seen only a few, by chance.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

25 November 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Princeton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Nov. 25, 1917

M^{essrs} Charles Scribner's Sons

New York

Dear Sirs:

M. Lerolle, who has translated my “Egotism in German Philosophy” is so much encouraged by the way his work has been received that he wishes to translate some of my essays contained in “Interpretations of Poetry & Religion”. As you kindly said in the case of the other book, that you left such matters in my hands, I suppose you would have no objection to this new project: but I should be much obliged for a formal expression of your consent.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

25 November 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Nov. 25, 1917

Dear Smith

Having now read over all your selections, and meditated at length on the subject, I should like to propose this: that you let me rearrange and supplement (as well as curtail) these passages, with a view to making an orderly composition out of them, not as I had at first understood the project—a book of extracts—but a synthesis of all my books and ideas. It might be called “Vicissitudes of Human Belief”, or “Experiments in Faith and Criticism”, or “Episodes” in the same, or “Human Experiments” simply—all these being intended for paraphrases of the “Life of Reason”—a title which is apparently obscure and unfortunate, as no one seems to have understood exactly what I meant by it. We might begin by a chapter on “Human Endowment”, containing the passages from the beginning of Interpretations of Poetry & Religion, about the senses and imagination;

and then one on “Stages of moral reflection”, with the “pre-rational”, rational, and “post-rational” passages; then the aesthetic analyses; finally the passages on government and religion, and criticism of particular poets or philosophers. This is not thought out in detail, and I have not yet dared to disturb your leaves in their respective envelopes, or to add anything: but I feel that a sort of cumulative and unitary effect—a picture of human ideas at work—might be produced. If you approve, I will (when I have finished a short but troublesome business I am now occupied in) devote my abundant leisure to this mosaic.

It was very nice to see you and your sisters the other day—and I have received M^{rs} Stephen’s paper on Bergson, which I will thank her for when I can do so intelligently, as I have not yet found time to read and digest it as it deserves.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William Roscoe Thayer

26 November 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Nov. 26, 1917

Dear Thayer

Your letter has encouraged me a good deal, both in respect to my book and to the war. The ill-grace with which the professors of philosophy have received my little exposition (or exposure) shows how much it was needed: the German educational-commercial-military trust was really undermining everything, and largely, perhaps, unconsciously in so far as most of its agents were concerned. On the surface, the situation is now very bad, and we seem to be threatened with its universal domination: but I think there has been too great an upheaval and awakening—probably in Germany as well—for the plot to succeed now: they will get the shadow of victory at best, and not the reality. Russian cooperation, which they have secured for the moment, might itself be their undoing. I don’t know how you feel; perhaps you are imaginatively more a conservative than I, but the Russian international socialism we are threatened with does not

frighten me at all. Like Solon, I know that religions and nations and the most charming aristocracies are mortal; and I don't dislike the joys of working people and their tap-room philosophies. It is not really very different from the plebs of the Middle Ages, and has possibilities. But we must begin by renouncing everything, and being patient for five hundred years. That the nineteenth century should die without leaving an heir doesn't seem to me a real calamity.

All this is on the hypothesis that things are not patched up, and that there is a great catastrophe. I don't know what is really probable.

I hear the Germans are not dismayed at the odium they have aroused, because as soon as the war is over they will "die Liebens würdigkeit rationell betreiben."

It is very pleasant to hear from my friends at Harvard where things probably have moved fast and will move faster: but the past and its good side are secure. I am full of projects and actually carry some of them out: and I lead a life of essential solitude with a little incidental society which suits me very well. The war has intercepted all my plans—even the literary ones, as I can't fix my thoughts on remote things steadily—but it has stirred me up, and perhaps my thoughts may become truer in consequence.—Thank you many times for your letter.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

27 November 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Nov. 27, 1917

Dear Smith

When you spoke the other day of sending me your copies of my books, it didn't occur to me that you meant the mutilated corpses from which you have extracted the Eve-like ribs, or choice morsels. If I had thought that, I should have accepted your offer with alacrity, as then I need only go on,

and extract the necessary bit of back-bone as well, without doing more murder. I had vaguely thought of merely marking and copying the (very short) fragments I expect to add: but by continuing your method I can save time and labour, and the result will have a more uniform aspect.

If then you will send me the books, I shall be much obliged.

How curious that Berenson should be a captain in the U.S. Army. We are living in an age of wonderful changes, and this one is typical.

Do you think Lenin is going to set fire to all the world, and reduce us to brothers in ashes? I am resigned, almost willing.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Bertrand Arthur William Russell

[December 1917] • Oxford, England

(MS: Unknown)

The situation is certainly bad from a military point of view, or for those who are angry because the war interferes with their private or political machinations. It may last a long time yet; or else be renewed after a mock peace. But, looking at it all calmly, like a philosopher, I find nothing to be pessimistic about. When I go to Sandford to lunch, which is often, it does my heart good to see so many freshly ploughed fields: England is becoming a cultivated country, instead of being a land of moors and fens, like barbarous North Germany. That alone seems to me more than a compensation for all losses: it is setting the foundations right. As for Russia, I rather like Lenin, (not that fatuous Karcensky!); he has an ideal he is willing to fight for, and it is a profoundly anti-German ideal. If he remains in power, he may yet have to fight the Germans, and it will be with very poisonous gas indeed. Besides, I think their plans at Berlin have profoundly miscarried, and that the Prussian educational-industrial-military domination we were threatened with is undermined at home. Military victory would not

now do, because the more peoples they rope in, the more explosives they will be exploding under their own establishment.

As for deaths and loss of capital, I don't much care. The young men killed would grow older if they lived, and then they would be good for nothing; and after being good for nothing for a number of years they would die of catarrh or a bad kidney or the halter or old age—and would that be less horrible? I am willing, almost glad, that the world should be poorer: I only wish the population too could become more sparse; and I am perfectly willing to live on a bread-ticket and a lodging-ticket and be known only by a number instead of a baptismal name, provided all this made an end of living on lies, and really cleared the political air. But I am afraid the catastrophe won't be great enough for that, and that some false arrangement will be patched up—in spite of Lenin—so that we shall be very much as we were before. People are not intelligent. It is very unreasonable to expect them to be so, and that is a fate my philosophy reconciled me to long ago. How else could I have lived for forty years in America?

All this won't interest you, but since it is written I will let it go.

[*Unsigned*]

To Arthur Davison Ficke

4 December 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Beinecke)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Dec. 4, 1917

Dear Ficke

It is a pleasure to hear from you and to see that you are at close quarters, as well as at head quarters, with the army. You will doubtless be useful, and the experience will transform (I should think) your sense for human life and give all you write hereafter an added value. I myself am too old to improve very much: yet I think whatever I may find it possible to undertake in the future will be bronze instead of lead, or of gingerbread,—whatever you think has been my rather cheap material hitherto.

The war happened to find me in England—I had come from Paris for a fortnight with a return ticket, which I still posses—and I have been waiting ever since to have it end. Probably I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you in Paris: you will be gone when I arrive; but if for any reason you should remain—perhaps the return of the American army and disposal of its effects—and law-suits—may detain you, it would be a great pleasure to see you there. I live at N° 9, avenue de l'Observatoire—an extension, as you know, of the Luxembourg gardens. But the address you have—Brown, Shipley—is always safe.

Oxford suits me very well. Its charm has so much of romantic Christian antiquity about it, so much of lovely nature, and so much of perennial youth (for instead of undergraduates we are flooded with cadets) that I am always happy to return to it, although I don't much care for the Oxonians. What I want, and find, is a congenial setting for solitude. And I am working pretty hard.

With many thanks for your letter Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

4 December 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

December 4, 1917

Dear Smith

The ten volumes have arrived and I have set to work with such ardour that I have already finished the first volume of the L. of R. and half of the S. of B. The latter is written in a very genteel style—only a few lapses into the jargon of American philosophy. But the L. of R. is really scandalous in its confusion, both in language and in thought. I feel strongly that, Deo volente, I must rewrite this whole book: it could easily be purified, shortened, strengthened, and filled out logically. I find two good things in it, which make it worth while to attempt a revision, one is the general idea—the doctrine as well as the subject—and the other a certain warmth and boldness in the description and interpretation of particular points and episodes. This last, of course, is what we are after for the present, and you

have already selected the best passages: but there are some others that I think might be put in—I have made a great collection, subject to further selection—while in those you have taken there is a great deal of alloy—mere argumentation or psychological twaddle—that I want to cut out.

As the worst passages in the L. of R. will be just those left when our excisions are all made, I should like to keep the mutilated volumes as a perpetual thorn in my conscience, and a stimulus to this necessary revision, if the book is to ^{be} rescued from the flames. As these books seem to have been the copies you possessed, may I have the pleasure of sending you a complete set—with the American binding to the S. of B, not this dreadful vegetative-aesthetical cover? I mention this before having the books sent to you, in case you have other copies or for some other reason don't wish to be burdened with a fresh set. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I reopen this note to thank you for the lists and the extra pages of the books which have come by this morning's post.

If my harvest, when piled up, makes to vast a hay-stack, I will send it back to you with a hope that you may take it in hand again, and choose out of what I have chosen the sections that seem to you most interesting. You might, for instance, take out the aesthetic and religious sections, and leave out all the technical philosophy.

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 December 1917 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Dec. 10, 1917

Dear Strong

What a splendid compensation it would be for your long illness, if when you rose from it your book was in the press! I am truly delighted to hear that your work is going so fast and so surely, and hope you will keep it up.

The matter of Drake's book is of little consequence in comparison. Of course your present article must be withdrawn, since it is an integral part of your book. If you feel like writing them another, so much the better for

them, but I shouldn't allow that to interfere with your chief task. As for me, I am writing to Drake that, as far as my own feeling goes, your possible withdrawal makes no difference: I have never believed that uniformity was important. But if, with you out of it, they think the driving power of the volume would be increased by unity of doctrine and vocabulary, then indeed I must withdraw too; because, apart from mere words, I am not prepared to change anything.

I hope you received the 4th Chapter of your manuscript; also my second paper for Drake, called "Three Proofs of Realism". The first paper, entitled "Literal and Symbolic Knowledge" I have no spare copy of: and there is nothing in it (now especially) that it matters to you to see beforehand. The comments they sent me on it are perfectly futile.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

[1918] • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Dear Smith

I shall be delighted to come to lunch with you and M^{rs} Berenson, and as you give me a choice of days, I will say on Monday, which is a little more convenient for me.

The poet laureate has just been here for a moment, as friendly, learned, and incoherent as ever.

Thank you so much for writing and making your invitation definite. I know the little expedition will cheer me up.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Wendell T. Bush

9 January 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Jan. 9, 1918

Dear M^r Bush

Thank you very much for your interest and your offer to interest M^{lle} Guède also in the recovery of my manuscripts from the faithful but clenched hand of poor Françoise. The fact is Strong apparently doesn't know exactly what has happened, and I certainly do not; and as he is busy with other thoughts, and I also, I think it is better to let the thing slide, perhaps until Miss Strong goes to Paris, which I suppose she will sooner or later. I got a friend (before Françoise was so dotty) to send me the ms. of the Four Realms, which is what I am supposed to be at work on. The rest is quiescent spiritually and might as well be so materially a\$also for the present.

I have been preoccupied during the last month or two with another task—I won't bother you to describe it—and have not opened the soliloquies: but when I can I will send you the two or three that are almost ready and you can do as you think best about publishing them. I should have sent them to the New Republic if I hadn't become disgusted with their ambiguous attitude about the war.

You doubtless have heard of a joint pronouncement on Realism in which Strong and I were to have a share—the volume being edited by Drake of Vassar. I have actually sent them two papers, for them to choose the one they like best, and asked them to transmit the other to you, for your Journal. It may be too long for one article, but it is d\$vided into parts, and could be published serially.

Wish best wishes to you and M^{rs} Bush

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 February 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford.

Feb. 24, 1918

Dear Strong

Your letter of the 13th has just arrived: I am glad to hear all these details about Margaret's varied friends. She evidently sees some amusing people and her good sense can be relied upon to make the necessary discriminations. As to the doubt about your remove to Fiesole, I am sorry: but I understand life in Italy for the moment has a melancholy if not a dangerous side, and if you are not too impatient of your long confinement perhaps it will be as well if you decide to remain.

Your article on free will arrived in due course; naturally I agree: but I am not satisfied with the degree of distinctness which your theory—or your expression of it—has attained. Of course our acts, deliberations, and passions, taken in their concrete biological context, are efficacious effected causes: I mean that the process of nature runs through them. But the questions that people will wish to have answered regard 1st the relation of consciousness taken historically to the other elements in these concrete processes, 2nd the relation of intention and desire takens morally to the direction of those total processes, and 3rd the determination or indetermination of the same. On this last point your answer is definite: but what is your attitude about the other two?

I have heard nothing from Macmillan about your book, so I presume they have accepted or are still considering it. Do you want me to burn your MS. immediately? It is not in the least in my way, so long as I don't travel, and keep these rooms, and it seemed to me needlessly precipitate to burn it before the other version is in print. However, it shall be as you wish.

Did I tell you that I gave a lecture last month in London before the so-called "British Academy" on "Philosophical Opinion in America"? You shall have a copy when it is printed.

[across] Yours ever GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 February 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Feb. 26. 1918

Dear Strong

My last letter was not posted when I received a number of the Petit Temps and your reply to my notes. Thank you for both. Bergson's speech begins characteristically, with a sort of cringing falsetto; but it grows firmer, and has one very French and very delightful passage about "le mari complaisant." Doumic seems not to be taken in by Bergson, but with a wink pays him the inevitable compliments.

Your dislike of essences seems to me very curious: I can't attribute it to anything but a sort of traditional dread of Platonism as if it were Popery. My essences are akin to Platonic ideas, certainly: but when you say that you don't understand the principle by which they are selected, you assimilate them to Platonic ideas just in the respect in which they are opposed to them. Essences are not selected in their own being: to select is evidently to leave something out: but what is left out must differ in character from what is chosen: therefore, it too has a character, or is an essence.

Platonic Ideas were selected ab extra by an inversion: natural types and moral ideals were projected into powers: and these essences, having alleged power over the world, were the Ideas. But that is physics or metaphysics or cosmology: essences are absolutely infinite and packed close, like points in space. A selection among them is a matter of partial survey, not of exclusive being in what is selected. Exclusive being would be existence: but among essences no one has any inherent emphasis not found in others.

On the other hand no essence is self-contradictory. A round square is not an essence—at least not in the sphere of geometry. If you say the phrase has a certain import and character—it is a typical self-contradiction—that proves that it "round square" is the essence of a sort of accident in human discourse, viz. the use of words with divergent meanings as if they were compatible, until the connotations are felt to clash and the effort collapses. There is no self-contradiction in this experience of contradiction in terms or in of diversity of essences; which is what the attempt to intuit a round square amounts to.

As to the triviality of unimagined (not “pre-imaged”) lascivious pictures, how could you feel this contempt for them, or distinguish them from Fra Angelicos, if they had no essence and one which is so real that it provokes your strongest epithets? I never said essences were more real than existences: they are more fundamental, but far less urgent: their values (when they have them) being relative, like the evil of lasciviousness.

As to your explanations of your own doctrine, I have studied them carefully, but am not sure that I always understand what you mean. There is some initial diversity in our categories. You expect me to agree, for instance, that matter is somehow psychical besides being hard and extended. Now, I am not going to limit the properties of matter: but the sense in which all matter (because directly or indirectly an organ of mind) may be called psychical or animate is not, to my mind, that it has another kind of substantial dimension besides hardness, motion, etc. but that it assumes a certain function in relation to existential modes and actual thoughts that supervene. Your insistence on a prior existence of the psychical seems to me obscure and groundless; obscure, because you seem to hedge when it comes to Aaaxagoras, who didn’t mean that “rapidly vibrating molecules” (not molecules intrinsically fiery) must have existed in the cold stone, but that no new quality could appear in compounds at all: and I hardly believe you would seriously maintain that. But if new relations, modes, appearances, species, and systems may evolve out of old elements, why not consciousness with all its actual psychic dimensions?

I suspect that I should agree with your theory of the origin of consciousness. This appears when cognition arises, that is, when a psychic change is used as a sign of something ulterior. “Used as a sign”, however, is ambiguous: for the organic change is “used” by the body to lead to some adjustment to the outer object, while the essence appearing to consciousness is “used” by the intellect to reveal that object and to describe it. The first sort of sign is a passive omen, the second a transitive symbol.—But I may understand all this better when your book appears.

Yours ever

G Santayana

To Mary Potter Bush

2 March 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

March 2, 1918

Dear M^{rs} Bush

Your box à surprises was a surprise indeed and I am very grateful for the kind inspiration and ingenious contrivance of it all. I must invent a tea-party so as to be able to enjoy and display my treasures as they deserve. As a daily practice, I have my tea in shops, so as to see faces and hear bad music and come as near as is possible in England to sitting in a boulevard. I have got used to the worst of tea and no sugar, so that when your feast is spread I shall enjoy it as a true rarity.

When I saw you last in London the war was in its beginnings, and it has rolled on since through such a series of great catastrophes that the wonder is that the feeling of it has changed so little. I have never inwardly believed—though at moments I have been almost over-persuaded—that the issue would be very exhilarating or picturesque; and it still looks more like a confused disaster than like a clear achievement, even from the German point of view. It is a strange paradox, but the more they succeed, the more they seem to be undermined and to surrender their ideal. The truth is the world is not governed by men, but by God or by subterranean forces that are hardly represented in our consciousness, and not at all in our wills.

I suppose in America you are all working with characteristic devotion. Here there is a wonderful cheerfulness, in spite of every disappointment and every little and great anxiety: war seems to be one of those diseases that human nature was made to bear without losing heart. I wonder at this coolness. Believe me, with the best of [across] thanks, Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Wendell T. Bush

26 March 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

March 26 1918

Dear M^r Bush

I owe you belated thanks for More's book on Platonism. I began writing a sort of review of it, but got stuck, seeing that I was divided between a certain sympathy with his old-fogey attitudes (Plato was an old fogey in many ways) and a certain irritation at his perversions of ancient and pagan views, which are utterly foreign to him in spirit. However, I read the book with pleasure and am much obliged to you for sending it.

Do I gather that you are not going to send me the proof of my article on Literal and Symbolic Knowledge? As it is very long and you will doubtless publish it by installments, may I ask to have a chance of changing some things in the latter part? In order to save time, I will reread the article (of which I still hold the MS) and send you my proposed changes in a letter. This will also obviate delays in asking the censor for his permit, which I always get in time, but which I am tired of asking for in respect to Strong's contributions and my own to the book on Realism.

I will send you before long three or four "Soliloquies in England"; they are far too light and poetical (I should think) for your journal, or for any other: but if you don't get them published I sha'n't mind; when there are more of them they might make a little book.

You will also receive shortly my lecture on "Philosophical Opinion in America" which is now in the press.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. It is all right about giving me a temporal or rather spatial locus in Oxford: I am there, and the false implications that may be drawn from the fact cannot alter that fact.

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 March 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

March 26, 1918

Dear Strong

How prodigiously productive you are in these days! On account of the delay in getting the necessary permit from the Postal Censor, I haven't sent your new contribution to Drake until today: just when I get your letter of the 17th. Your new paper treads less on the heels of the other contributors, and is clear and persuasive in it's doctrine; but I have been troubled here and there by the phraseology. "Real" and "ideal" I gather mean "self-existent or substantial" and "dependent on consciousness". Is this right? And what do you mean by saying that "a round square is more concrete than virtue"? The chief divergence of which I am conscious, however, in reading your paper concerns the literalness which you seem to attribute to correct knowledge. You say repeatedly that the essence given is, in correct knowledge, the essence embodied in the object. But is this so? The essence given is not the essence affirmed. And I demur to your notion of a percept being incorrect in itself. The percept of a marble bust is not incorrect for being snow-white and truncated at the nipples: it would convey incorrect knowledge if it led me to assert this given essence of the original: but I should be an idiot to do so. For this reason signs, even when they are independent objects in themselves, like the bust, do not obstruct knowledge of their objects, if we are intelligent. I don't fail to know the original because the given copy exists, any more than I fail to know the object because the psychic state exists: I should fail to know the original only if I asserted the essence of the copy, or of the psychic state, and not the essence it suggests, to be the essence of that original. In a word, the datum has to be interpreted, not merely projected and asserted, in order to yield true knowledge. If the given essence exists by chance (that is, if the symbol is a material object, say a word) that does not prevent me from assigning another essence to the object, and so passing to it from the datum, even when the datum and the object have very different essences.—I talk of this in my first paper on "Literal and Symbolic Knowledge" which is now to appear in the Columbia Journal, Drake & C^o having preferred the Three Proofs

No going to Paris this summer for any of us, I fear!

Yours ever GSantayana

To Mary Williams Winslow

6 April 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

April 6. 1918

Dear M^{rs} Winslow

So poor dear Julia Robbins is no more! Although I was never (whatever she may have hinted) positively in love with her, I used to write her long literary letters in my callow days, when she was still a heathen—of the old Boston type. Of late she still preserved a place for me in her gallery of “geniuses I have known”, in the same line, but magno intervallo, with Cardinal Merry del Val and the young consumptive at Davos that she on the whole decided it was her duty to give up, on account of the disparity in their ages and his tragic state of health: although I always thought these two reasons balanced and cancelled one another, and that perhaps there were other obstacles. In fine, Julia and I were very good friends, and she never despaired of my salvation, and no doubt prayed for my re-conversion—when it was partly my unconscious influence that converted her, or prepared her to be converted. She and her sister were desperately brave: everything of theirs had to be felt and believed to be most superior and most beautiful: and when the bluff had to be dropped in one direction, it was put up all the more desperately in another. The Church was her last refuge, and I can’t help thinking a very suitable one, although the strain would have been less if she had had a more reasonable family and set of acquaintances.—I am really made sad and pensive by this news, which I had not heard—not that I am “sorry”, because at this date it is not an event to be particularly set down as unfortunate—but because her whole life and being were so pathetic, so hopelessly hopefully desirous of every thing that was not.

As to myself, there is no change to speak of: I have been rather busy writing—in my lazy way—although as yet there is nothing in print to vouch for it. I gave a lecture in London this winter, facing an English audience for the first time: it was, at bottom, quite like the same type of audience in America. I am going to give another at the Cambridge summer session in August. Meantime besides my big book I am preparing another little one on the war, or rather on the psychological question, how governments and religions manage to dominate mankind, in spite or (as I shall show) because of their irrationality. I am thinking of calling it “Dominations and

Powers". In view of it I have been reading all sorts of things to fill the lacunae in my knowledge of which I am made aware as I write. For one thing, I am reading the Bible from cover to cover—something I had never done before—and Josephus as a commentary. I am well, and, in spite of everything, very happy in my thoughts and in my country rambles. I am now in love with a new walk and tea-garden—in the direction of Nuneham and the Harcourt's park, which I often traverse, taking a local train back, filled with munition-workers.

As to the war, I have grown a protective cuticle, and suffer less from it than during the first two years. I then expected a German victory; during the third year I began to have hopes that the Allies might get together, and even that the Russian revolution might help. Now that the opposite has happened—at least for the time being—and things look pretty black, I have fallen back on a sort of grey leaden sea of philosophy, where I find all human purposes and ambitions, all likes and dislikes, benevolently neutralized by the hidden forces that at once create and defeat them. My feeling is that, however things shape themselves in the immediate future, the world is going to take a new direction in which the "aims"—oh, vanity!—of both parties will be submerged. Something in me tells me that the Russian Bolsheviks are right—not in their conduct, which has been scandalous and silly—but in their sense for values, in their equal hostility to every government founded on property and privilege. At any rate, though I take up the paper every morning with a beating heart, I lay it down with a sort of inward smile, as if someone said to me (the Lord, as they have it in the Bible) "Never mind".

I can't believe that you in America are really in this fray: it seems a drama in a different language. But I believe in American energy and power of cooperation. What is lamentably wanting all round is Intelligence! What little men, what helpless minds!

Thank you for breaking this [*across*] long silence and giving me news of your domestic hearth

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Raymond Bell Mortimer

10 April 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Princeton)

22 Beaumont St Oxford

April 10, 1918

Dear Mortimer

Benda's book, which I have just finished, has many good things in it which are so detached and minute that one rather forgets them when one has finished. It is the sort of view I take, but I don't know why I am not entirely pleased with it in his presentation. Is it perhaps that his manner is petty, and there is no Homeric breadth and security behind? It seemed to me too that he was unfair to Romain Rolland whose weakness for the Germans seems to me amiable.

Will you be offended if I say that your weakness for the Church seems to me amiable in the same manner? Shall I like you the less for being a Catholic? I shall like you much more, and feel that I have a new avenue of approach to your feelings, and a sort of double insurance (besides instinctive sympathy) against misunderstanding you. The question is rather whether you will like me as well, or rather, whether you will feel as comfortable in my company as you did before you gave me this mortgage, so to speak, on your reactions. I shall insist on your being quite orthodox: if you hedge at anything I shall laugh at you, and put you down for an amateur. Amateur Christianity is what you ought to escape by the step you are taking: you ought to live hereafter in the settled belief that the world of the Catholic imagination (a very articulate and realistic world) sur-

rounds us in deadly and sober fact. It is a hard belief to keep vivid and consistent in this age, and for the matter of that in any age: but it is not impossible, and I will go further and say that it is not impossible that that belief should be true; I mean, not inwardly or logically impossible. It is plainly contrary to fact, as it seems to me: but fact or truth, when it lies beyond the most immediate material realm, naturally interests most men very little: and nature has not given them either the wish or the power to discern it. By choice, when we can, we live histrionically, intent on the eloquent embroideries we make upon things and people; it is a sort of dream or play which we wrap our actual life in. And the Catholic Hypnosis is a very nice one, fitting the facts in a very acceptable wise way when one has decided that the facts themselves are not [*across*] decent, and can't be allowed to go about naked. I like civilized artifices of this sort. [*across page one*] Thank you so much for the Benda. I assume you mean me to keep it, but if not say so, as I have finished with it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 May 1918 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

P.S.
I return to
Oxford tomorrow.

20 Trinity Street, Cambridge
May 8, 1918

Dear Strong

That your so-called little operation has taken place, that it involved a change of venue, and also your being placed in a sort of mild rack, is all a surprise to me. I hope it is for the best, and have in the abstract a great confidence in the doctors; yet your account of things makes me a little uneasy. Do write again at once and let me know how you are getting on. That Margaret was able to drive you (in a motor I suppose) to Lausanne is the one cheerful aspect of the matter: for since the operation was "suc-

cessful" you will presumably not be the worse after it than before; and will at any rate be able to drive about, which will be a great relief, I should think, after such a long seclusion.

I am not conscious of any new or late divergence in our ways of seeing things in regard to perception: what I spoke of was an old difference, and largely one of emphasis and use of terms. You forget, perhaps, that I have not seen your book, in which you doubtless express yourself more fully than in your last paper for Drake & C^o; and I can well believe that what you say about "the object being only an excerpt from the real thing" may coincide with what I call knowledge through symbols. As to the notion that a percept may be incorrect in itself, don't you say this of the percept of a bent stick half in the water? Don't you make an explicit point of the error being here one of perception and not of judgment or belief? And isn't this one of your capital proofs of the diversity between the datum and the object? Of course, I don't disagree with you in as to these facts at all: the question is rather at what level the correctness and ^{or} incorrectness begins to be added to the innocent apprehension of an essence in our immediate experience, different from the essence of the object for which it stands in our immediate experience. The mere difference—the symbolic character of the datum—does not seem to involve error: yet if the symbol is explicitly asserted to be literal knowledge it becomes one. Compare religion.

I haven't yet read Russell's new book, being at the moment deep in the Bible, Josephus, and Goethes Italienische Reise — He has only just gone to prison [*across*] and in the first division, which means comfort.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith
24 May 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
May 24, 1918

Dear Smith

Trivia is hardly a book to be read consecutively and only once: nevertheless I have done so, and I need hardly say with the greatest pleasure. It is not only the style and tone, so familiar and at the same time so exquisite, that delights me, for you know I can't very well separate style from thought: it seems to me that the form in which a thought is cast is a part of its quality, and that the quality of the idea itself is only a deeper sort of form or style of expression: it too, like verbal form, expresses a reaction of the mind and its habits upon objects, rather the objects themselves; for ideas are not objects at all, but only views of objects. In your manner, therefore, I find and relish your way of thinking. Where did you get your humility? I thought that was an extinct virtue. And I very much like your love of pleasure, and your humour and malice: it is so delightful to live in a world that is full of pictures, and incidental divertissements, and amiable absurdities. Why shouldn't things be largely absurd, futile, and transitory? They are so, and we are so, and they and we go very well together. But I am afraid you don't quite think so, are not quite reconciled to yourself and the world as you find them, and feel that it is ignominious to grow old and slant your umbrella against the wind. Now, if what is our inevitable fate is ignominious, I understand what Bridges says of Trivia, that it is the most immoral book ever written, although every word of it can be read aloud. But I don't think so: it is not immoral at all unless you take it to be complete and ultimate, which of course is the last thing you would think of pretending. Your point is to be incomplete, fugitive, incidental. Yet the devil of it that, if in being that you don't suggest or keep in reserve a firm background, a religion or philosophy that enables you to face and to judge all these small delights, and say to them ἔχω οὐκ ἔχομαι, then the thing becomes ultimate and complete for you against your will. That is the danger and the trouble with Trivia: you must have a philosophy, even in fooling, or the fooling will be spoiled and made bitter by having to take the place of the philosophy that is wanting: and the sweet treble will crack. What I wish you would do is to write another Trivia, or two more (since Trivia had three faces) and make you all bow to Luna and Hecate also,

after having shown us Diana tripping across the flickering glades. Humility is not weak, it is just. Heraclitus said that justice presided over the flux, because such things didn't deserve to last for ever.

You see I take Trivia very [*across*] seriously, and I hope you will think it a compliment, and not mere ponderosity on my part. Yours G. S.

To Logan Pearsall Smith
29 May 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
May 29, 1918

Dear Smith

Please tell M^s Berenson that I had been looking forward with pleasure to seeing her, but I can't very well go to London this week, so that I hope you will let me know when she is again in town, as usually I am quite free, and always glad to come to see and hear what is going on in your hospitable circle, which to me represents the centre of the intellectual world. Oxford, very decidedly, does not. It is a sort of celestial epicycle—an eccentric and back-handed convolution suspected by some to have no real existence, except in the mind of the ancients. Physically, however, Oxford is really heavenly in these days: I have had today a most delightful day, walking in the morning: through Nuneham Park (where an ostrich made faces at me, and threatened hostilities) to lunch (very well) at the Harcourt Arms, and walk back to Littlemore through fields covered with flowers and made companionable by cuckoos, peewits, and larks. I wonder if the iteration of the cuckoo's note ever really made husbands uncomfortable. I think it well might, because repetition can persuade us of anything.

You are quite right in your defense of Trivia and her right to be as light and charming and irresponsible as she will. It was only here and there that I felt as if a touch of something else was needed for complete felicity; where the cadence, as it were, seemed incomplete. When we have a talk, I also want to protest against a technical heresy which my inquisitorial flair has detected in one place; it touches the separate existence of mind and body, which Aristotle and I do not admit in this world any more than in the other. However, that has nothing to do with what you wanted your pretty Trivia to be: only these darlings do turn out to have unsuspected depths in their natures sometimes, and to do tragic things much to the surprise of their fond parents.

Thank you very much for writing.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

11 July 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Bodleian)

22 Beaumont Street

July 11, 1918

Dear Bridges

Many thanks for your kindness in enquiring after me this morning. I have not been positively ill, but struggling with the symptoms of my old bronchitis, and feeling generally slack.

Obeying your prohibition I haven't written to thank you for "The Necessity of Poetry" or to tell you how much I liked the goings on in the Marketplace of the Subconscious. That is more to my taste than "Concepts", and I think you pay our friend Campion too great a compliment in calling him to witness in the matter. These "concepts" are mythological symbols. We don't at all know what it is that develops a thought or a passion in us. It is not literally a concept, because that means only a static essence, one of the forms which our thought (if it were conscious) might fall into at one moment. The motif is more like a dramatic personage, or consecutive dream. That is why I like your Marketplace and its hubbub: that is frankly mythological and far more adequate.

If the weather and the state of my inner man permit, I will come to Chilswell on Sunday afternoon in the hope of seeing you.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

11 July 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Columbia)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

July 11, 1918

Dear Kallen

It has been a real pleasure to read your two books, coming in such quick succession, that they give one a dazzling sense of your moral and intellectual energy—truly admirable when one considers the perfection of these compositions and at the same time the thousand distractions and harassing cares that must traverse your mind and eat up your time while you execute these works. But I don't want to write compliments: they are not needed when one feels that one has done oneself justice, and they are distasteful when one feels one has not. I should like to discuss both books at length; but what can one say in a letter? As to Job , your Euripidean hypothesis belongs to that "higher criticism" which seems to me more valuable as a means of analysis—to give one fresh apperceptions of the extant work—than as a historical guess: something of the sort may be true; I am not convinced beyond that point. When it comes to your interpretation of the thought of the author, I am divided between an enthusiastic desire to agree with you (it would be so splendid to think that Job reached the same notion of God as Spinoza!) and some doubts as to the probability of so much enlightenment, and as to the compatibility of it with the text. I have long wished for light on this point: why is Job so brief at the end? Why is he suddenly silenced, when nothing new (that I can discover) has been said? Has something been suppressed here? On the other hand, as Job is evidently justified by God, and restored to prosperity, he cannot

have said anything incompatible with God rewarding the just. That is where, as it seems to me, you are in danger of outrunning the thought of the poem: the logic of religion is so very slow in working itself out! I ought not to pit my own ignorant impression against your learning, your special fitness to judge, and your long meditation on the subject; yet if I could trust my instinct I should say the solution reached was this: Job's friends say the thing that is not right because they suppose Job's trial to be final misfortune: Job is right in knowing that his avenger liveth; God will reward him in the end. If the tables were never to be turned, Job's friends would have been right; but as Job had not sinned, and as God is just, his vindication was bound to come, and ought to have been confidently prophesied to Job, if his friends had been true friends and true prophets. Now, you will say, of course, that it is not just in God to send even temporary misfortune to the blameless. No: but isn't it still the feeling of all believers in the Hebraic tradition that the end justifies and obliterates the process? Doesn't everybody assume that if we all get to heaven some day, we shall be so overjoyed, and our mouths so stuffed with sweets, that we shall be wholly incapable of asking why we were called upon to endure all those unnecessary torments and indignities on earth? That, I imagine, is the degree of moral philosophy attained in Job, or ever attained in theism. Your view of the moral neutrality of God is truer, of course, and infinitely nobler: but it is atheism, as the religious tradition we are attached to feels, and is justified in feeling, because its God must be its God.

As to your book on Peace I have a somewhat similar feeling. You ought to be right: you are right ideally: but nothing of the sort is likely to come about. You demand a universal government; but for that you require a central organ, to assume the function. "Nil natum est in corpore ut uti possemus, sed quod natum est, id procreat usum". So that you ought to hope rather for your second best issue—the triumph of Prussia because there is your ready made organ, if it can only get the inert mass to begin circling about it. A parliament of Chinese, Hindus, and Russians, (not to include [*across*] the Sudanese) will never govern anything, much less the world. But I can't verderben more Papier.

Yours sincerely G. Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 July 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

July 13, 1918

Dear Strong

Schiller has been able to supply me with the numbers of the Journal in question and here are your references:

vol IX N° 21, Oct. 10, 1912 p. 566

My attention was first drawn to the fact of lateness by an article of Professor Montague's, this Journal, vol. I, p. 296.

vol IX. N° 22, Oct 24, 1912 p 598.

The sources to which I am indebted for this conception are Professor James's article on "The function of cognition" in Mind, for 1885, pages 27-44, reprinted in his posthumous "Essays in Radical Empiricism," and Professor Miller's article on "The Confusion of Function and Content in Mental Analysis" in Psychological Review for 1895.

I am very glad to hear that you are on your feet, even if not yet as swift-footed as Achilles. This looks as if in the autumn you might be able to get back to Fiesole at last, if nothing of a military nature happens to prevent it.

I have just read Drake's new paper for the book, and like it much better than his first one. The notion of essence, as you use it, has evidently had some effect on him—

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

18 July 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Bodleian)

22 Beaumont Street

July 18, 1918

Dear Bridges

Your objection to the word “consciousness” and even “conscious” which latter at least I use mente conscientia recti, makes it hard to explain that I don’t assert that a thought cannot be thought about. The essence thought of once may of course be thought of again, and the fact that it has been thought of before may be thought of later. But attention itself doesn’t offer an objective to contemplation. If people chose to deny that attention existed or was diverted from one object to another, the only experimental evidence we could offer would be indirect. We might point out the way in which the eyes are turned or the brow knit; or we might point out that objects sometimes come into view at intervals and with such a variable intensity as can hardly be attributed to their own nature. But these arguments could be eluded by saying that neither of these facts is what we mean by attention. Attention is interpolated by us into our view of those facts in what we conceive to be their natural relations and their way of hanging together: but attention is not to be found among the observable facts themselves. This is all I meant to assert.

I agree that “instinct” is more “intelligible” than thought, if we mean more pervasive, fundamental, and “natural”; because nature is, or should be, the standard of naturalness. But philosophers _λ(Bergson included) do

not understand anything inwardly, they do not plunge downwards towards the depths. Their art is merely to reform or extend discourse on its own level: and those who are not judicious add that this level is the deepest or the only one that exists.

I hope we may soon have a chance of talking about all this.

Yours GSantayana

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

10 September 1918 • Sunninghill, England

(MS: Houghton)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Sunninghill, Berk
Sept. 10, 1918

Dear Fuller

It is a real pleasure to hear from you. I knew that you were in France officiating in some useful capacity, but had no definite address. Some six months ago I sent a pamphlet to you at Sherborn but I daresay it never reached you. The Harvard world seems far away and not very enticing: Heraclitus was right, I think, in believing that Dike presides over the lapse of things, and that when they pass away, it is high time they should do so. If you go round the world after the war, I hope it will not be at a hurried or an even pace, and that you will spend three quarters of the time of your journey in the places which after all are most interesting and where there is most (for us, at least) to discover—in western Europe. Then I shall hope to come across your path and perhaps even to make some excursion in your good company: this long confinement in England; though pleasant in itself, is beginning to grow oppressive, and I often think with envy of those in Paris or beyond. At the same time, I hate to face suspicious officials, and any unusual difficulties and complications in the machinery of travel; so I have remained in my Oxford headquarters now for three years, and expect not to abandon them until the war ends.

For the moment I am spending a few days with Moncure Robinson and his sister M^{rs} Chetwynd and her nice family; and expect to go to London to see the new Russian ballets. Do you remember our first night at the

Châtelet and the sensation caused by L'Après midi d'un Faune? I haven't seen that sort of thing since those distant days. The routine of my life has been broken only by some invitations to give lectures about things connected with philosophy or the U.S. I accept, and the obligation compels me to put pen to paper and give shape to floating memories and ideas.

My good friend Strong has had a bad time—laid up with a paralysis of the legs—and is still hardly able to walk. The attack fortunately came on when he was at Val Mont above the lake of Geneva, a place he likes and where the doctors inspire him with confidence. He hopes soon to return to Fiesole: meantime I have been separated from him and have missed him, for in his quiet dull way he is the best of friends and the soundest of philosophers—good ballast for my cockleshell. We are both contributing to a volume that Durant Drake is getting together in defence of the Old Realism: it is to be a sort of competitor with the New Realism and the pragmatists' Creative Intelligence. I am also deep in a book to be called *Dominations & Powers*,—a sort of psychology of politics and attempt to explain how it happens that governments and religions, with so little to recommend them, secure such a measure of popular allegiance. Of course, behind all this, is the shadow of the Realms of Being, still (I am sorry to say) rather nebulous, although the cloud of manuscript is already ponderous and charged with some electricity in the potential state. I don't know if any lightning or thunder will ever reach mortals from it.

I hope the translation of your Plotinus into French will materialize. There seems to be a wave of interest in him—and that is better than toying with Bergsonism. I suppose the motive is the same—a desire to escape from reality: but Plotinus is willing to migrate into the supernatural, whereas the enemies of the intellect only desire to feel their own pulse. They are valetudinarians scared at the sight of the doctor and taking comfort in keeping their eyes shut tight. Neo-Catholics and Neo Platonists at least have a world of fancy on which to exercise their faculties and train their hearts.

Only the day before yesterday, at Oxford, I had an unexpected visit from Edgar Wells and Bronson Cutting. They were hardly recognizable, and seemed to me to belong to a foreign world. On the other hand Berenson, whom I have also seen lately, brought his usual stream of light and energy from the outer world; his vigour and many-sidedness make me entirely forgive his mendacity, which is too abundant seriously to deceive. Keep the inner fires burning; it will be such happiness for me to feel [*across*] their genial warmth when we next meet.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Mary Whitall Smith Berenson

[September or October 1918] • Oxford, England

(MS: I Tatti)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Saturday

Dear M^{rs} Berenson

After a journey with nine persons in one compartment designed for four, I decided to wait a day in London, and arrived here last night without further inconvenience. This morning I receive my forgotten shaving-brush (why does one leave things behind so persistently, I wonder?) and B. B.'s book, which I will write to whom him about when I have read it. Thank you both for sending these unlike but equally welcome things. As a very inadequate return, I am sending my latest article. Please observe that I am not responsible for the spelling.

It was a real pleasure to see you and to find you relatively so well. I shall retain the pleasantest memories of my little visit to Littlehampton.

Last night a mouse got into my bed, in which I have an ascetic preference for remaining alone, and it crossed my mind that perhaps the time was coming for a change of quarters: but I am somehow so anchored here, that it will take at least a second attack on the part of this rodent to part my cables.

In London I saw the Russian ballet again in "The good-humoured ladies" and liked it very much. Oh for a sight of Venice, even without such costumes!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Unidentified Recipient

19 October 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Loyola)

22 Beaumont St Oxford
Oct. 19. 1918

Dear Sir

The paper I read yesterday is to be published, I believe, in a new Journal of English-Speaking Peoples, and I hardly think extracts from it ought to be published previously.

In the confusion at the end of the lecture, and the hurry to catch a train, I did not find time to send you an immediate verbal answer; I hope this delay will not put you to any inconvenience. Yours etc

GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

[1918] • Oxford, England

(MS: Bodleian)

22 Beaumont Street
Sunday

Dear Bridges

Your good impressions of the French translation of my book comfort and relieve me a good deal, because the sense that, do what I might, I couldn't get the translators to understand certain passages has weighed upon me, and kept me from enjoying with a free mind the greater part of their work, which is indeed excellent. I shouldn't at all wonder if the translation had a better fortune in the world than the original. At any rate it will not fall so much into the hands of the surviving academic idealists, whose philosophic home is in Germany.

Of course, you mustn't be bothered with Pearsall Smith's selections: you have already made a contribution (which I will see is included) about the symptoms and the disease: if anything else occurs to you and you will let us know it shall be incorporated also: but only if it happens to come to mind. I tremble myself at the prospect of having to read over my opera omnia quae exstant (for the verses and the innumerable philosophic articles may be regarded as lost for good) in order to rescue my favourite bons mots. I think Pearsall Smith has made his selections too long: he consents that I should shorten them and add a sprinkling of loose sentences and maxims of my own choosing; and he kindly says he has had his fun, and will let me have my way and take my time with the matter. I am busy at the moment with something else, but will begin the process of cutting down what has been chosen already, leaving the additions until later. If such a book is to appear at all, it ought not to contain dead wood.

I am sorry not to have been of the party on Thursday: I am going to M^{rs} Morrell's today, when M^{rs} Warren will be there.

I have copied what you say of the French translation and sent it to the author of it: he will be better pleased than by any compliment from me, which might be merely perfunctory.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

6 December 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Dec. 6, 1918

Dear Strong

This business paper is in honour of your "Origin of Consciousness", long awaited, to the careful reading of which I have devoted the last four days. I must congratulate you on having brought it successfully to birth, looking so fine and lusty: also on its style, which both by the qualities it has and those it does not have, will help to bring home to the reader the solidity of the arguments. It is relieved just enough here and there by something

pungent, like mustard with roast beef; but on the whole it is unaffectedly dedicated to enforcing scientific truth.

You have done two things: given a correct account of external perception and vehicular knowledge, and proposed a new conception of substance, a new metaphysics. The first is a real service and the second a distinguished accomplishment.

For my part, I have learned where I misunderstood some points in your system. For instance, by unfelt feelings you mean (or am I still at Sea?) full honest scintillating feelings in the ordinary psychological sense of the word feelings: they possess attentive vividness. They feel: in denying that they are felt you merely intend to deny that they are felt by another feeling, like objects of transitive knowledge: that is you merely deny the monstrous Roycean doctrine that minds can't exist unless known and posited by a larger mind. But this is an outrageous contention, which to be hated needs but to be heard. Did you ever suppose that in balking at your "unfelt feelings" I was maintaining that feelings could not be self-subsistent? Of course, what I balked at was the notion that the essence of a feeling could exist without that feeling actually lending it attentive vividness. By "unconscious feelings" I supposed you meant feelings (so called) that did not contain attentive vividness. As it is, I see that your psychism is such in the ordinary modern sense of the psychical, that it is empirical idealism or psychologism, chopped up fine, and that I was on the wrong tack in accepting your "psyche" for my own purposes as if it could stand for the pre-Socratic non-vivid and non-attentive substrate of life and mind. I shall now not use the word psyche at all systematically, but say "organic life" or something modern of that sort.

The chief novelty (to me) in your book is the defence of the point and instant as the seat of feeling. It is a very fine conception, this of luminous point-instants in infinite multitudes composing the substance of the universe! Brahma multiplied by infinity! Psychic intensity constituting existence, even in atoms! You should institute a comparison and contrast between your hypothesis and that of Leibniz: your feelings are his monads in a real space and time.

You may not care to discuss the points on which we differ. I will only say in general that I never realized before how much you belong to the party of the left, and how hostile you are to the ways and thoughts of the right. Not that you are wrong in what you see and mean, on your own side of the fence; but that you have little sympathetic understanding of the ways of the other party. E.g. you are not fair to Descartes. Certainly one's per-

sonal life is not a more certainly objective or independent fact than a material fact given in perception; but for a musing philosopher it is a less doubtful, less dubitable fact. He can say, with sincere assent, "life is a dream"; he can't say, with the same degree of moral plausibility, "my memory and discourse have never existed". Besides, Descartes really agreed with you, that attentive vividness is the essence of mind, which has no other substance than just this actuality.

You are also unfair to the word intuition. You limit it to Bergson's abuse of it for an alleged intuition of matters of fact, which can be objects only of a transitive vehicular knowledge. But the proper object of intuition is essence. And I can't help feeling that you are prejudiced against intuition even in its proper field: you deny that awareness of essence is knowledge at all—mathematics would then not be knowledge—and perhaps even that it is consciousness?! For you seem to use this word for consciousness-of-other-existences, transitive cognition: and the subject of your book is not the origin of what I should call consciousness (if I didn't abjure the word, as I fear I must) but the origin of transitive knowledge: and your first assumption (as I should express it) is that transitive knowledge could only be evolved out of previous intuition, and that intuition must be the primary and universal substance of the world.—But I mustn't go on, or I shall revert to old and tiresome points of controversy.

How is Fiesole? I am hesitating whether to attempt to leave England before the formal peace. I suppose I could get to Spain, but how about Italy? And should I find the apartment in Paris open, at least so as to get my things out?

Yours ever G.Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 December 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

Dec. 20, 1918

Dear Strong

It is a strange thing, but now that travelling has become safe again, if not yet very easy, my impatience to leave England has diminished, and I feel I shall have some difficulty in pulling up my anchor. However, it shall be done before very long—certainly by the Spring. I have several pieces of work almost finished, and I don't want to start while they are still pending, especially as two of them would involve carrying rather bulky papers. I shall be happier if I take wing with only the MS of the "Four Realms" and "Dominations and Powers" in my bag. All this will make you understand that Margaret's friends at the apartment or at the villa—unless they stay for ever—will not in the least interfere with my incursions. I think if I am allowed to stay in Paris for a week or a fortnight—I understand the authorities are rather disobliging about permis de séjour—I should rather find the apartment empty, even if I am not living there, because I could then be freer to look over my old clothes and papers, and make a new distribution of what I wished to take or to leave. However, this is a matter of small importance one way or the other, and the main point is to get to Fiesole somehow, if I can manage it. My sisters say I must go to Avila first; but Avila is habitable in mid-Summer, and I should like to get to see you first, if I can get a passport for Italy. But it is hardly likely to be before March or April.

What a year this has been for wonderful events! I have often wished we might have been able to talk them over as they occurred, although for my own part I am hardly able to take them in, and all my attention seems to be absorbed by the passing moment, or the immediate future. The past will loom up, I suppose, when it begins to recede into the distance. Just now I am wondering what M^r Wilson is up to: I rather think he is more to be trusted than the tendency of his political catchwords would suggest. He once told the Philosophical Association at Princeton (were you at that meeting too?) that in that college they had a radical purpose but not a radical manner in philosophizing: but it seems—and is to be hoped—that in politics he has not a radical purpose but only a radical manner. And I wonder what he has by way of manners! From what I hear—the papers

can't tell us what is most interesting—M^{rs} Wilson, not being able to make a fool of herself, because she is one already, is making a fool of her husband. My own feeling is, however, that he will yield to the experience and also to the fascinations of the European statesmen he is encountering, and that he won't do any mischief.

Oxford seems to me more beautiful every day. I walked three times round Christ Church meadows this afternoon, under the most romantic of wintry skies and the softest of ~~w~~breezes, in a sort of trance; and I should certainly come to live and die in Oxford, if it weren't [*across*] for the Oxonians. Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

22 December 1918 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Dec. 22, 1918

Dear Strong

Since you seem inclined to metaphysical discussion, I will answer the points in your letter as well as I can, although we shall probably come up against the same impasse as usual. Your book, while it has cleared up some troublesome misunderstandings, has convinced me that we do not agree in fundamentals as much as I had hoped when reading your Drake papers. We agree about perception and its elements, but we don't agree about the nature of mind. Feeling of the most elementary kind seems to me as obviously an expression of the life and the plight of an animal as we agree that perception is: but you make feeling substantial. That seems to me possible only by denying substance, as the idealists do, and making all things surfaces or intuited essences. Your effort to have a feeling that is not an intuition of essence, but the existent object of a possible eventual perception or introspection seems to me radically incoherent. Feeling must be the intuition of an essence—call it an “element of quality” if you like, that is just what an essence is. And it is impossible for a spiritual fact, which a feeling is quite as much as a thought, to be the object, in the sense of an obstacle

or irritant which we come up against and instinctively clothe with such essences as are given in consequence of that shock. This sort of materialization of the psychical offends me altogether: I shall never desert the Aristotelian insight that sensibility is the act of a natural living being, an entelechy and not a substance. It is not only the artificiality of supposing that inorganic matter feels or is feeling that I recoil from: I quite agree that speculation may rightly be paradoxical on occasion, and that perhaps there is much more diffused feeling in the universe than our human egotism is inclined to allow, although on the other hand I should expect what exists elsewhere to be less like our feeling than we conceive it to be, when we consent to admit it at all. What I chiefly recoil from is the denaturalization of the psychical itself which seems to me involved in panpsychism: its meaning and essence vanish if you cease to regard it as expressive and supervening. Your old objection that if it didn't preexist it never could arise seems to me stupid. Could the flame of a match never arise if it didn't preexist, or the meaning of a sentence unless each letter and sound had a meaning from all eternity? But the psychical is that sort of ulterior thing, which by its essence could only be a resultant if it existed at all. To say that it cannot have arisen because it is different from its basis is equivalent to saying that it is an impossible thing altogether: because its essence is to be a supervening fact that a situation involves, according to the order of nature. This doesn't have to be accepted as an inexplicable coincidence, except in the sense in which all facts and all laws are inexplicable. It is the most natural and plausible thing in the world, as much so as the law of gravity or the generation of children.

And now I must make a criticism which I deliberately left out in my last letter, because I didn't wish to make verbal objections; knowing how legitimately one sometime has to do violence to language in the effort to express a new thought. But your phrase "attentive vividness" is a solecism. Vividness can't be attentive, it can only be attended to: and attention properly can't be vivid, but can only bring vividness to some datum. In other words, this phrase only betrays the contradiction which you are labouring to avoid.

When you say that intuition of essence involves an opposition between that which intuits and that which is intuited, of course I agree, since that is just what I have been urging above: it involves such an underlying opposition in rerum natura and expresses it. But it does not contain any given opposition: it need not be more than the deadeast of feelings in its deliver-

ance or afford more than an element of quality. This given essence is, as you say, not the essence of the event, but only of the datum, which is probably not yet the image of an event: at least this event is much more complex, and is dated and located, which the given essence of course is not: nevertheless the core of this natural event is the fact that just such an element of quality is then given: so that the intuited essence figures in that of the natural event, though not vice versa.

As to your belonging to the party of the left, what I mean is based on a lot of small indications, such as dislike of words like intuition and eternal, restriction of essence—or tendency to restrict essence—to essence given in perception, dedication to William James, confidence in causation and evolution as conceived by the scientific popularizers, a certain disinclination to feel the mind as discourse and as dream, de se recœuillir. In a word, you hardly give the mystical its due. But of course your business is to formulate things scientifically and expose the fallacies and omissions. of the dreamers: so that this bias is a condition of doing good work.

Yours ever

GSantayana

P.S.

Let me add that as to the possibility of a feeling that nobody feels there are two questions: Is there ever, in the actual world, a feeling not generated by an organic process? To this I reply No: for the same reason that you would assign in the case of intuitions of essence; and I maintain that feeling is such an intuition, otherwise it would not be psychical at all. The other question is: Does the nature of feeling, taken absolutely, involve the given contrast between subject and object, in other words, is it the perception of an existent object? To this I say No: the first feeling which a chick has in the egg may be just the feeling of strain, pain, life, or pure being. Nevertheless I shouldn't wonder if the essence "Hullo there"—which is a sort of perception—were given before any of those static terms which the word essence perhaps suggests by preference. In other words the categories of transitive knowledge may actually present themselves first to the mind, before any distinct sense-data. The a priori people would then be right psychologically and autobiographically, though wrong logically. Feeling would then begin with perception, not lead to it! But I admit idealism to be possible about feeling: without internal contradiction a little feeling might exist in vacuo, like a cherub [*across*] without a stomach, but just eyes and wings. I should say it was you who ought to maintain that a point-instant intuited itself.

To James Bissett Pratt

2 January 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Williams)

22 Beaumont St, Oxford, Jan. 2. 1919.

Dear M^r Pratt

Let me give you my best thanks for your article on Spaulding's book. As I haven't seen the latter, I am not able to corroborate your judgment on it, nor to disagree with it, but there are some incidental points in the review that have an interest of their own.

I entirely agree with you that mental life—which you call consciousness—exists and that it is a "container" of the various mental activities or moments that make it up, as an inventory is the container of the items enumerated, or as a year is the container of its 365 days. But I should refuse altogether to regard that as an argument for saying that the objects given in dreams or illusions exist: they are the themes of that portion of our mental life, but no part of our mental life itself. The themes of discourse are not contained in discourse, but referred to in it: and the undoubted existence of the discourse does not lend, or tend to lend, existence to what is discoursed about. In my opinion all mental life is of the nature of discourse: so that the data or objects never exist simply because they are given to an existing mind: if they exist, it is because, over and above their presence to attention or intention, they have a place of their own, on their own level, in space and time, or at least in time and in association with an event in space.

As to the description of existence which you report, would it be impossible that, for instance, a spirit not in our temporal series, like God, should exist? Existence seems to carry with it a certain inherent stress which makes it a centre for time, space, change, and external relations. These are certainly marks of existence; but I am not sure that they exhaust its essence.

I haven't heard for a long time of any progress made towards the publication of our united efforts. Meantime Strong's book has appeared, after a gestation of fifteen years! What do people say of it?

Believe me, with best wishes,
Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 January 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

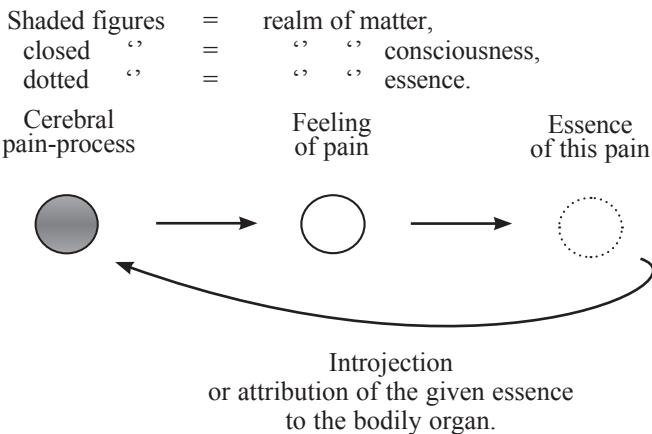
22 Beaumont St. Oxford
Jan. 12, 1919

Dear Strong

It is quite true that in my comments on your book I haven't come to close quarters with your arguments. I think your metaphysical system, as sketched in your last chapter, is very attractive, and that if I could grasp it, I should have no difficulty in embracing it as at least one of the possible accounts of substance, or perhaps as a part of the true account of it—for I suppose if "attentive vividness" were widely diffused in matter, your axiom that it could not arise by evolution would be less plausible. But the difficulty I find is not in believing but in conceiving your position, and I hark back to other conceptions because I can't frame those you propose. You see that I can't comprehend "attentive vividness", nor "feeling", nor "introspection", and I am not sure that "sensation" is intelligible to me, because while you say it ought to be distinguished from the object (the sensibile?) you also say that you can see a sensation move. This drives me to distraction, and my only resource is to unknit my brow and try to see the thing for myself in my own terms. Sometimes I think I have caught your meaning: e.g. I flattered myself that "attentive vividness" was simply a new name for awareness, and therefore I went on to say that it must be intuition of an essence—since awareness of nothing would not be awareness, I suppose. But now you tell me this is wrong, that "attentive vividness" is an entirely different thing, and I confess I am simply lost again. I have reread your last chapter and carefully studied your letter, but I don't feel able to make any pertinent comments at present, because I am too much in doubt about your meaning.

Here is another point, however, where it may not be useless to make some answer to what you say in your letter. You say that if consciousness is not a datum (which is agreed) we can never be sure that it is necessary to the existence of a feeling. Would you extend this to thought or discourse or any elaborate episode of experience? Would a love-affair, for instance, if not a datum, might exist without anyone being conscious of it? There is a sense in which every essence ever referred to is a “datum”—not a sense-datum of course, but a notion present and understood. When you use the word consciousness, you understand something by it: in this sense consciousness is then a “datum” to you. I think the notion of consciousness (as I suggested in my British Academy lecture) is reached by reflexion or “introjection”. We remember various scenes or essences (series of data) which are not arranged in, or capable of being included in, the physical world, and we say they are our thoughts on sensations; and this includes the element of awareness, not as a part of the sense-data, but as a causa existendi and cognoscendi of the whole non-physical aspect and perspective in things. Can perspectives be data? They are the ways in which various views differ from their common object. So consciousness might be said to be the principle of difference between all data and all their objects. The moment we realize that a datum is a datum—that it is given to us or to anybody—we realize consciousness. I should agree that no reason exists why essences given should not also be embodied in facts when not given—unless we mean essences-in-so-far-as-they-are-given, i.e. ideas. This is a notion belonging to reflexion, and an idea, as such, is never given; only the essence is. Yet it is certainly true that an idea exists only when we are conscious of an essence, so that consciousness enters into the definition of an idea. I should say the same of a feeling. Of course both the essence of this feeling (in its own realm), and the possible object it may be used to symbolize and reveal (like the tooth or the brain) are independent of consciousness. But that there is a third thing, psychic yet given (?) given but not implying consciousness, I can't understand. {I see that I may have blundered here, and that perhaps you would not say that the mind-stuff in introspection is given, since what is given is certainly the vague general quality, and not the infinitely diffused mind-stuff, which is only the object behind the essence. Is this right?}

I am particularly puzzled by your assertion that we may cognize a brain-event by means of itself, or of the next similar pulsation. I think of it in this way:



Now, I should think the machinery requisite to produce introduction would be very extensive, bringing in many organs, motions, and instincts; so that it would not be the cerebral pain-process merely but the whole man, that would cognize the pain-process by means of the pain.

You encourage me to attempt to get to see you before long, and it certainly would be a great pleasure. Perhaps in March I may come, and when you leave for America, wend my own way slowly to Spain. But I want to finish the tasks I told you of, and I am so well and happy here for the moment that I foresee some difficulty in bringing myself to weigh anchor and spread the adventurous sail.

What is the name of the concierge at the Paris apartment? They say Paris is so full, that it would certainly be an inducement if I could put up at the avenue de l'Observatoire for a few days, say at the end of February.

My brother in Boston has lost his wife, who was the youngest (except my youthful self) of our generation. Their boy is still in France, and writes very interesting accounts of his experiences as a soldier. My brother is naturally much affected and writes despondently about his own approaching end: but I believe there is no ground for this foreboding. Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 February 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St Oxford

Feb. 25, 1919

Dear Strong

March is almost upon us, when I had thought of leaving England, but I am beginning to see that it is not advisable. I am very sorry not to see you and Margaret and the villa this Spring, but it will be, if all goes well, in the autumn instead, when I presume you will return from America. My reasons for not attempting to move at present are the same that have kept me here so long—that I am well and happy, that there is no imperative reason for going away, that I haven't finished the two books that I want to be clear of before I begin fresh wanderings, that travel is still made uncomfortable and annoying by bad connections and government exigences, that the season will be more favourable later, and that I don't want to go to Spain for long, as the household of my sister in Avila is enlarged, and a prolonged visit there would not be the congenial thing it was formerly. My notion now is to go there for a week or two in September, then to Madrid and Teledo, and thence to Italy for the winter. As to leaving Oxford for Paris, that I can do at any time during the summer when peace has been made and the way is clear. It makes no difference about the apartment being occupied or not, as I could then (by writing beforehand) easily get a room at the Quai Voltaire or at the Foyot, where I should be comfortable for the few days that I should stay in any case.

You don't say anything more about your health, and don't tell me by what route you are going to the United States. Are you sailing from the Mediterranean or from the north? If you were coming as far as Paris, it would be a great inducement for me to hasten my departure and catch a glimpse of you there.

I await your explanations of the nature of the psychical with interest. This week I have written out for the first time that part of my account of the "realm of consciousness" which we once discussed at the George about the existence of the past and the future. I wonder if you remember it. I am quite excited over it at this moment—but it is [*across*] an interruption to the other work immediately in hand.

Oxford is flooded and very Dutch in appearance. The satisfaction [*across page one*] due to the result of the war seems to be rather dampened too by

the Wilsonian peace and the revolutions that threaten us. However, America is
booming! Yours ever

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

9 March 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont Street
Oxford, March 9, '19

Dear Smith

Your letter makes me rather ashamed of myself not only in the matter of the Selections—of which more anon—but for not having written or seen you for so long. The fact is I have spent the winter in a mentally comatose condition, doing very little but read the papers and a few odd books, and pottering away now and then at some one of my many half-written things. Inertia has also invaded me in respect to travel, and I have put off all attempts to get to Italy this Spring. I mean to go to Spain first—in the summer or autumn—and then to Fiesole, when Strong returns from America, where he is going for the Summer. What has contributed to my uselessness has been an illusion about my lectures on America: I thought they were practically ready to be sown together into a volume; but in filling out the paper on James and Royce I got into a terrible mess; and that one lecture has now expanded into four chapters. I believe I am out of the wood in this matter now: and as soon as it is done and sent to the publishers I am going to return to the Selections; you shall have them back, I assure you, before I leave England. It is of course not for lack of time or any material difficulty that I have neglected this matter. The reason is that I get sick of my old paragraphs, and of thinking of style apart from substance, and simply can't keep my mind applied to the task. But when I am fresh I have great hopes that we may make a good book out of it, one fit to take the place of all I have written until lately.

As to Constable, I have very favourable impressions and I should like to have them publish the American book and also the *Dominations and Powers*; I have no engagement with Dent, but also no quarrel with him, and my idea has been to send him these two books to be issued in the same form as *Winds of Doctrine and Egotism*—a form which I like. *Dominations and Powers* in particular is a sort of sequel to those other books, before

during and after the war, as it were, and I see no great advantage in changing publishers in the midst of the series. Do you think it would be better?

My own unhappiness about the war disappeared on July 18, 1918, and indeed in a certain sense had disappeared earlier, because although I thought the Germans might win a nominal victory, the Russian revolution seemed to me to have sealed the fate of the German system and its essential ambitions; I felt we had passed into another theme in the symphony, and that Hegel and Bismarck were in the same category as Torquemada and Philip II. But in July, 1918, we saw that the German machine was already cracking, even in a military sense; and since then it has been all a matter of more or less delay, suffering, confusion, and muddle, but not a question of a new illustration of Dominations and Powers in the person of Deutschtum über Alles. That is what I had feared during the first two years of the war, and what made me very miserable: not that I couldn't reconcile myself to a German Age—I could stand a Chinese, an American, or a Bolshevik Age perfectly—but that I was sorry for France and England, and very sorry at the thought that the Latin tradition might be cut off, or disfigured into a Teutonic classicism. Of course, as you say, we have no peace in prospect: but peace is in the grave. Existence is fundamentally in flux—that is a conviction and expectation to start with; and we are merely resuming the movement, perfectly sensible before the war, which is bringing about the dissolution of the age of luxury and respectability in which you and I were born. Let it dissolve! Of course much horror and injustice will be involved in the process—but much would have been involved also in maintaining the old order. I am not afraid of the people. It is their leaders that are odious, but they will either succumb and be discredited, or they will become fashionable tyrants and patrons of the arts like all the bosses that have preceded them. At least, that is my prophecy.

I hope your pleasant convalescence will continue and that I may before long come to you, laden with the revised Selections.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

16 March 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

March 16, '19

Dear Smith

What you say about the selections exactly expresses my own feeling. I have already rearranged the passages with a view to an architectural effect which a few titles, like mouldings, can help to bring out. I have looked up the pages you suggest for the first "essay"—if you think we can call the book "Little Essays"—and I think it will do, only the references to Spinoza must be cut out, and perhaps a sentence or two supplied from other sources. I mean to use the single sentences and epigrams which I have collected only in case they can be used in this way to give point to or to sum up longer passages. As you see, I take a great interest in this affair, in spite of my apparent apathy, and have hopes of making it a success. The arrangement is already far advanced; also the finding of titles.

There are two other reasons why a synthetic view of my books in this form is desirable: that I have written too much and repeated myself in a way which only the bad habit of daily lecturing can explain, if not excuse; and that there is a real vacillation or incoherence in my expressions, because I take alternately and without warning now the transcendental and now the naturalistic point of view; i.e. I sometimes describe the perspectives of the senses and imagination, and sometimes the natural sequence or relations of facts. Of course both things are worth describing, and there is no inconsistency in the differences which exist between the two views; but it is a grave defect not to have made it clear how this difference arises, and why it is inevitable and indeed makes the chief interest in the drama of thought.

I am thinking over the question of Dent vs. Constable, but have not decided.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 April 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

22 Beaumont St. Oxford

April 2, 1919

Dear Strong

Your philosophical letter shall be answered another day. I write now only to say that I am giving up my rooms here (where I have been for four years!) on April 24th and expect to go then for a few days to London. Please let me know when you are to be in Paris, and for how long. I hope very much to be able to join you—I don't mean at the apartment; if you and Margaret are there there won't be much space, and I could come for meals, etc., and sleep out—but I am not absolutely sure that it will be possible. Several things are in the air. The Y.M.C.A., although I am not young or a Christian, has asked me to go on a lecture tour at the front—either explaining America to the British troops or England to the Americans. I should give the same lecture everywhere, only one, so that I should learn it practically by heart and not have to read it. There are difficulties and anomalies involved, because the lecture ought to be illustrated with moving pictures or at least lantern-slides, and you can imagine my difficulties. On the other hand the idea of seeing the armies of occupation is rather tempting. There is to be a meeting in London at which I can decide, when I see the people concerned, whether it is a feasible thing for me to accept.

Apart from that, they say there are difficulties in getting passports; I suppose in time I ~~could~~ get mine for Spain; but how long would they let me stop in Paris? I should like to spend most of the summer there, if it were possible. Why not, after the peace?

I have suspended work on the American book and taken up the Selections, in hopes of despatching them and leaving them in the hands of Logan Pearsall Smith when I go to the continent.

The "Soliloquies in England" six or seven of them, are going to appear in the Athenaeum, which begins a new life this week under new editors. They are friends of Lady Ottoline's. I have been twice at Garsington lately, and seen Berty Russell there. He cleared up for me the point about "data". He doesn't mean given essences, but facts or features in facts ultimately discoverable. So that curiously enough, his data are eventual data only and never given. They are things cut up fine. Yours ever

GSantayana

[across] P.S. Shall I send a box of books to the apartment, or had I better store them here, in view of bringing the others over which are in Paris? Is it likely that you will keep the apartment another year or two?

To Logan Pearsall Smith
6 April 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

22 Beaumont St Oxford
April 6, 1919

Dear Smith

Both you and M^r Kyllmann are very good. Of course, a new and more manageable edition of the Life of Reason has been the dream of my life, but it must be a revised edition. I don't mean that I think it worth while to rewrite the book: if I attempted it, I should spoil whatever may be good and fresh about it. But there are many small corrections, in style, vocabulary, and arrangement, without which I should be ashamed to reissue the book: and here and there I should like to omit or to add a few sentences. Most of these changes are already indicated in the margin of my copies; but one of these is in Paris, and not at hand for the moment. I have also composed a preface to the second edition — so you see the idea is an old one with me, and falls in with my deliberate plans. If I can spend the summer in Paris (as I hope) I could send a copy with the proposed corrections to Constable before the autumn.

I have looked up the passages you suggest and put them together with the one from the essay on Spinoza, to constitute the second selection in the first part. This first part is finished and I am sending it to you in advance, so that you may look it over and tell me what you think. My notion is to have three or four parts besides this, one on religion, one on poetry & fine art, and one (if it doesn't make the book too long) on poets and philosophers. You understand that I don't mean to take over the responsibility for

the selection—except for omissions—but that what I have put in that was not in your original collection is only submitted as a suggestion. You will probably in any case have to leave out some of these little essays.

I am giving up my rooms here and going to London for a few days on April 24th but my plans are in the air, as there is some possibility of my going to France to give lectures—one lecture repeated—to the troops. Strong expects to be in Paris, on his way to America, next month, and if possible I want to join him there. But I may decide to remain in England most of the summer. Do you know of lodgings that in that case might suit me? I have engaged a room for a few days at a hotel, simply to have where to lay my head while things are decided.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

My permanent address is,
c/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall. S.W.1

To Unidentified Recipient

9 April 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Virginia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Oxford, April 9. 1919

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for your letter. At present I am afraid I have nothing to offer you, as such publications as I have in view are already arranged with other publishers, but I will keep your kind offer in mind for the future

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

21 April 1919 • Oxford, England

(MS: Congress)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Oxford, April 21, 19

Dear Smith

Before the 28th it is impracticable for me to go to Big Chilling, as I am to be at a meeting in London on the 25th after which my plans will be formed and I shall have to look for rooms for a longer or shorter period, as it may chance. But if you are going back to the country later and still want me to come I shall be delighted to do so. Meantime I am sending you gradually the remaining parts of the Selections, as I get them ready. An index such as you suggest seems to me better than any reference at the beginning of each fragment, as I should like to maintain as far as possible the illusion that each little essay is complete in itself. If you are willing to undertake the job, I think it will be easy before the whole is reprinted, as the page number and the style of print show where each passage has been drawn from. I should be glad to do it myself if you don't mind some further delay, but I don't like to undertake any more odds and ends for the moment, as I am rather distracted as it is by the multitude of things to be finished. I have been making a holocaust of old dusty papers, and binding the few saved from the fire into sheafs: it is appalling to see how many projects I have had, and how many times I have said the same thing, as if I had never thought of it before.

Thank you very much for the address in Derby Street, but I am afraid it is too fashionable a place for me and will have been picked up before I have a chance to see it. I shouldn't mind its being a little dear (as I suppose it must be) but what I really fear is the contempt of the servants when they become aware of my habits and my wardrobe! It really makes one [*across*] uncomfortable to be off the key, as it were.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

30 April 1919 • Windsor, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Windsor April 30, '19

Dear Strong

The affair of my Y.M.C.A. lectures has advanced to a stage when it seems likely that it may be realized. It is proposed to give the addresses only to the U.S. troops in the region of Coblenz, and my turn is to come from June 9 to July 5. I shall be taken to Paris about the 6th of June: but if you are to be there, and can find room for me in the apartment, I will try to arrange to go a few days earlier, so as to see you before starting for Germany. In any case, after July 5th I could return and remain until you and Margaret left for America. The Y.M.C.A. people seemed sensible and not at all mystically inclined: rather imperialistic and with a sort of missionary spirit, but all quite political, so that I don't feel any incongruity in working with them. I have got my passport and filled out the "Demande de Visa" and the Y.M.C.A. officials promise to take all the steps necessary. I am asking, for the moment for permission to resume permanent residence in Paris; my proposed journeys later to Spain and Italy will then figure only as trips, from which I shall return to Paris as to my head-quarters. If they refuse to admit this arrangement, I shall be forced to ask for an exeat to Spain; and then manage to return to Paris or go straight to Italy from there. It is a great lapse from our old liberty. And how foolish! What conspiracies are you or I forging?

I have left Oxford for good and am looking for a quiet place in which to spend the month of May near London, while all these matters are being settled.
Yours ever G.Santayana.

[across] I have sent a box of books to Paris, and warned both Françoise and Germond that it is coming.

To Charles Augustus Strong

11 May 1919 • Richmond, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

May 11, 1919

Dear Strong

Since I wrote last I have left Oxford, been four days in London, a week at Windsor with my old friend Howard Sturgis, and another week at the Richmond Hill Hotel at Richmond (well-known to you, I believe) from which I write. I have a rather nice room at the Wick House across the road, and go to the hotel proper only for my meals. The place suits me pretty well and I expect to remain here until June 2nd when I go again to London, in preparation for the crossing to Paris, which, according to plan, would be on the 5th or 6th of June. But the whole plan is in the air: they have written saying that there is some difficulty in getting permission for any but British subjects to give the Y.M.C.A. lectures in question, that they will do their best to obtain it in my case, etc, but I don't know their ways well enough to be sure whether this is an excuse for getting rid of me, or a mere hitch, or a real and final obstacle. Meantime, I am writing my lecture so as to be ready in any case, and I shall really be much relieved if the thing falls through, and as I don't foresee much pleasure in it, nor very agreeable society; whereas if it is given up, I might be with you in Paris uninterruptedly for a much longer time—that is, if the French authorities give me leave to stay. I have made out my demande de visa not only for the Y.M.C.A. business (which I thought definitely settled) but also for remaining in Paris indefinitely—saying nothing for the present about going to Spain or Italy later. I have followed your suggestion in saying that we "shared" the apartment—although I wasn't sure of the French way of expressing just that, and merely said I had had a room in your apartment since 1912, and had no other domicile. I shall follow up these démarches when the Y.M.C.A. question is settled and I go to interview the French visa office in person.

One of my books—the Selections—is finished and in the publisher's hands! I have some hopes of also despatching the book on James Royce etc. during the three weeks I shall have here. In that case, I should feel as light as a bird for taking flight across the Channel.

Please let me know when, [across] exactly, you expect to reach Paris, and when you will be able to put me up. I am afraid I shall be crowding Margaret into a corner, but I accept your invitation none the less, [across page one] because I think it would be really nicer for us all, especially for me, and perhaps better for the purpose of my permis de séjour. Yours ever GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

22 May 1919 • Richmond, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Richmond Hill Hotel

May 22, 1919

Dear Strong

I learn this morning that I am definitely released from the proposed lectures at Coblenz, which is partly a disappointment (it would have been such a curious experience) but chiefly a great relief. Now we can arrange matters quite at our convenience. A friend who is in the Naval intelligence department tells me that after June 1st all regulations will be much relaxed; and if it is true that they are to have anticipated peace celebrations in Paris on June 6th (so that M^r Wilson may see them) I suppose after that the pressure for rooms and for everything in Paris will begin to decrease. In any case I will wait until you are there and can either receive me in the apartment or give me hopes of getting a room at some hotel not far away. Anything, no matter if not respectable, say in the Boulevard Saint Michel, would do perfectly for the time being.

Meantime I will stay here, where I am comfortable, and devote myself to finishing the book about America, to which my rejected lecture, in a duly concentrated and distilled form, can be added as a last chapter under the title "Cooperative Liberty".

I was in London yesterday and never saw the Park look better or more animated by riders, ladies' costumes, and flowers as it did at noon in the summer sunshine. Richmond too is delightful just now, as we have been having uninterrupted warm and bright weather.

I will engage a room in London for the days following June 16th so as to be ready to start from there for Paris during that week, if you are ready for me.

I trust your new apparatus will be a success.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

13 June 1919 • Richmond, England

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Dear Fuller

It is I who ought to apologize for never acknowledging your Christmas present of that martial-academic effigy of yourself; but as you accompanied it with the promise of a letter, I put off writing till I received it—which is today. Your plans and your apprehensions are intelligible to me: but perhaps you are too near to the incidents of the moment to judge of their relative significance, and my own feeling is that while a transformation of society is inevitable, and we are at the end of the liberal parliamentary capitalist age, the revolution will be abortive from the point of view of those who desire it. There have been industrial revolts before; plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

I left my lodgings in Oxford at the beginning of this term, expecting to go to Paris to join Strong at the apartment where you have visited us; but he has been putting off his journey, and I don't want to arrive until he is there and quite settled, as it is not for me to deal with several delicate matters of that ménage which will have to be decided. My passport is ready, and even the visa asked for and promised: and any day I expect to hear that I am awaited in Paris, and if nothing prevents I shall then go over—whether to make that my head-quarters for good, or to bring my things to England and establish myself here, I can't yet tell. Fortunately I travel lightly, and it makes little difference to me or to my work where I happen to be. But it is harder for me to move, for the very reason that I am comfortable anywhere—here at Richmond now, for instance—and I foresee that after my present spell of travel I shall drop four anchors in some port—probably Oxford—and lie there honourably like those dismantled frigates—the Victory of Nelson, etc—which one sees in the calm waters of certain

arsenals. But I hope my movements will not cause me to miss you. I shall be in London next week, June 16–23, after that, perhaps here again, at any rate not far away, and a line sent to Brown Shipley will soon reach me.

I am sorry to hear this news about your brother. But here is a vocation for you to play the wonderful distinguished uncle and [across] start your four young nephews in the way they should go.—I will write again when my movements are decided on.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

Tuesday [17 June 1919] • [Southampton, England?]

(MS: Rockefeller)

Tuesday
CARE OF
MESSRS. BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO.,
123, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.

Dear Strong

Very glad to receive your letter, and see that the coast is clear. Difficulties are inconceivable (e.g. after promising me a visa the French consulate has lost my demande and I have had to make a new one). Besides I am not allowed to go by Boulogne but only by Le Havre. However I hope to get off on Friday night and reach Paris on Saturday.—I am looking forward to seeing you, and to being again in Paris. Sed quantum mutatus ab illo Paris!

Yours ever G. Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

[17 June 1919] • [Southampton, England?]

(MS: Rockefeller)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Dear Strong

Since I wrote this morning, more difficulties! I have spent the whole day at the French pass-port office, sent from one man, softened and informed of my case, to another who knew nothing about it, and once or twice (if I hadn't protested) back to the man from whom I had been sent forward. I now understand why the war lasted five years, and the Conference six months. One person makes the inquiries, and begins to understand; then another person, with a sense of his own importance but no information, makes the decision.

The upshot is that the top man will not let me go to Paris at all (Qu'est-ce que vous allez faire à Paris?) unless I obtain a note from the Concierge, or other responsible person, visé by the commissaire of the quartier, to the effect that I really resided at the Avenue de l'Observatoire before the war. It will be necessary to give dates; I am not absolutely sure myself just when I first arrived and made that my headquarters, but it was perhaps in Jan. or Feb. 1912. We left, as you know, in July 1914.

If you and the Concierge can send me such a document, I may possibly be able to start next week; but I am not sure that I may not be sent to somebody else, who will make different conditions. If I were not really desirous of seeing you, and reverting to the old life, I should chuck the whole thing, and go back to Oxford—for life.

I know that my irritation of today—it is very hot and I am very tired—will not last for ever, but you will understand my feelings and their transitory causes—

Yours ever

GSantayana.

I am going back to Richmond to [*across*] wait for the issue.

To Charles Augustus Strong

18 June 1919 • [Richmond, England]

(MS: Rockefeller)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall. S.W.1

June 18, 1919.

Dear Strong

Consulting my pillow last night, after the experiences of the day, I think I see things in a better perspective. I didn't mention that I have had a hypothetical invitation to give a course or half-course next winter at Columbia, in case, that is, of Dewey's absence. If it should be impossible for me to get to Paris, we might still meet in America! What a strange thing that would be!

Of course, the idea of the voyages and of the social obligations of a lecturer appals me: on the other hand, there would be much stimulation, to make up for the waste of time, I should see many old friends, and perhaps I might do some good.

What do you think?

If I get to Paris, I foresee another struggle to get a permis de séjour, and what is worse, a possible difficulty in getting back to England eventually.

I have made inquiries on this point, and received an official intimation that my passport should be endorsed to return to England. But as that is inconsistent with the contention that I live with you in Paris, I shall have to run the risk of new difficulties if I wanted to get back here.

And if I fled to Spain, I might never be able to get out again. That would be worse than the other eventualities. The war, as far as the traveller is concerned, is certainly not over, and the most sensible thing for a person in my position is perhaps to continue to lie low.

I send you these incoherent lucubrations, in order that you may see what is running through my mind. If you can send me the endorsed certificate that I wrote about yesterday, of course I will try again to get the visa and to join you now; but half the pleasure of that prospect is spoiled by this sense of having lost all liberty of movement. Yours ever

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

20 June 1919 • Richmond, England

(MS: Congress)

Richmond Hill Hotel

June 20—19

Dear Smith

You see, I am still where you last saw me—or rather, very nearly in the same place, because after going away to town in the hope of getting my passport properly endorsed, I have returned to a still better room on the top floor of Wick House, with a really magnificent view on two sides and the feeling of being in a castle tower overlooking some smiling cha_mpaign. It is quite delightful as a retreat for working: only marred by the necessity of descending to the dining room two or three times a day.

The reason for my return here, as you may conjecture, is the obduracy of the French authorities who will not give a visa for one's beaux yeux, but require all sorts of proofs of business activities, services during the war, living to earn, wife to rescue from starvation or dishonour, or some other work of moral or national importance. It is still possible that I may get away next week, if Cerberus is satisfied with a sop (which he has asked for and promised to be appeased by—but what are promises to Cerberus?) in the form of an affidavit that I really lived in Paris before the war. I wonder how Berenson manages to travel so like a lord or an Irish emissary: is it his business or his fame that propitiates people, or his American nationality?

I should be sorry not to see Strong, who has been philosophically rather lonely as well as laid up physically for the last year: otherwise I should be really glad to give up all thought of travel and return to peace and happiness at Oxford.

You are very generous in wishing me to have all the profit of the Little Essays, if profit there is to be: let us not have a quarrel of disinterestedness about it. But it would really be simpler for me if you took half the royalties, let us say, to invest in the beautiful book which should serve as a memento of your labours. I am not a connoisseur in books; but it occurs to me that the right thing would be a copy of the great Essays of Bacon or Montaigne, with an inscription witnessing that seeing thou hast been faithful over little essays, thou shalt be made master of over great essays. If I return to Oxford, I will ask Blackwell if he has an attractive edition of either of these, and send it to you so inscribed.

Thank you very much for wanting me to come to Big Chilling. Of course I should like to, but can make no plans at present. [*across*] Thank you, too, for M^{rs} Berenson's card, from which I am happy to infer that she is quite well again. Yours G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 June [1919] • Richmond, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

Richmond Hill Hotel

June 24.

Dear Strong

My best thanks for your two letters and card, including the certificate, and the note from Madame de Fontenay for which I am truly obliged to her; it will have a decisive effect, I am sure. It was also very kind of Margaret to see to the certificate and I have no doubt her good graces helped to obviate any difficulties which might otherwise have arisen.

I went to the consulate this afternoon, but was able to arrive only an hour before the time the passport office is closed, and the queue was such in both quality and quantity that I thought it better to decamp. M. Dallas (I think that is his name) is irascible; and more irascible doubtless after five or six hours of haggling than when fresh from sleep and other forms of refreshment: so that I will try him early tomorrow morning, when I too shall have the whole day before me to get tickets, etc, if I get the visa, as I rather expect I shall.

When I have interviewed Cook's people about passage and boats I will write again or telegraph the exact date and hour of my probable arrival. I don't know whether the celebration of peace will increase or decrease the pressure of travel. One of the Southampton-Havre boats is being overhauled, and a smaller one has been put in its place; so that to avoid the bad boat one is confined to alternate days: I think it is Thurs, Saturday & Monday that the good boat runs.

I am glad Françoise is compos mentis et rei culinariae.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Monica Waterhouse Bridges

25 June 1919 • Richmond, England

(MS: Bodleian)

Richmond Hill Hotel
June 25, 1919

Dear M^{rs} Bridges

This is to say goodbye, as I am off at last for Paris tomorrow. I have had some trouble in getting leave to go, and expect much more in getting leave to stay; but in any case I shall see my friend Strong (with whom I am supposed to live) and recover my lost goods and chattels, so that when I return to England it will be with all my earthly possessions and literary odds and ends in my luggage, and the firm purpose of never leaving this hospitable and habitable island again. I assure you I shall cast many a look in the direction of Oxford and of Chilswell and I doubt very much if it will be possible for me now to be as happy anywhere else as I have been there.

During the wonderful Summer weather that we have been having, I have been at Windsor and in London, as well as here, but restless and idle, on account of the delays and uncertainty now involved in travelling abroad—a thing which was so simple formerly. What a dreadful thing officialdom is! One man looks up some matter, and when he has begun to understand it, he sends you to the man above him, who knows nothing about it and blindly asks you a different set of questions: and when mollified in turn, he sends you to the man above him—a person so important that he can't trust anybody else's judgment, but must decide for himself without any information, since after all the responsibility rests with him.

I hear that Oxford has restored all its old ways and aspects down to the last button. Quite right! Perhaps the war has changed the world less than we thought it would. There have been great wars before: let us hope we

may have a long [*across*] peace. My address, if you ever feel like sending me a line, is c/o Brown Shipley & C°. 123 Pall Mall.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Wendell T. Bush

5 July 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Unknown)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire,
Paris, July 5, 1919.

Dear Mr. Bush:

After some delays and difficulties due to the reluctance of the French authorities to let anyone invade their territory, I finally got here a week ago, and have been settling down in the midst of all my recovered possessions, with the satisfaction which you may conceive. Strong and his daughter are not to be here more than a month more, but I expect to remain indefinitely, and the sense that I have three books under way, and a clear time for working on them, with enough incidental amusement to prevent me from getting stale, makes me certain that I cannot accept your suggestion of going to New York for the present. It tempts me in many ways, but I feel that I had better clear away some at least of my present undertakings before attempting anything else. Two of my three aforesaid books are within a measurable distance of completion. When they are done—perhaps in a year or two—if you should have another opportunity of fitting me somewhere into your programme at Columbia I should be very much pleased to come and to carry out a project that several times has opened up, and never—except for those six lectures on philosophical poets—been realized as I could have wished.

You said something about an old skit of mine on Plato in Sicily, which you called a dialogue. It is really a play in verse, and too long and otherwise unsuitable for your Journal. It is finished, however, and when I have time to read it over and get a new impression of what it amounts to, I may possibly publish it in the form of a little book by itself. But I have some dialogues too—I call them Dialogues in Limbo, because they bring in ancient worthies as speakers. If on examination I think it at all possible, I will send you one as a sample.

Thank you once more for your wish to include me for a time among your colleagues: I am truly sorry that the circumstances deprive me for the present of that honour and pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
G. Santayana.

To Logan Pearsall Smith

5 July 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Congress)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, July 5. 1919

Dear Smith

Just a line to say that finally—through diplomatic pressure—I have been able to get here, and once in Paris find that there are no obstacles placed in the way of staying on indefinitely. For some months, at any rate, I shall remain here. My friend Strong, poor man, is rather a cripple and hobbles about with difficulty, bent over like a decrepit old man. His daughter Margaret, on the contrary, is blooming and gay, and very much adds to the pleasure of existence here. However, they are off to America in a month, and I shall have solitude and leisure for work, without any such feeling of restlessness as pursued me of late in England.

When the proofs of the Little Essays begin to come you might have them sent to me here: although perhaps it would be less confusing, and safer in the long run, if you would give Constable only my London address—c/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.—by which only a few hours would be lost, and which is good no matter where I may be.

I am sorry not to have the chance to return this summer to Big Chilling. Please give M^{rs} Berenson my best regards, and tell her how much I appreciated her card, and her appreciation of Spain.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 August 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire
Aug. 21, 1919

Dear Strong

Besides the enclosed I have only forwarded one set of letters in a single envelope and one letter for Margaret by itself. The Whited Sepulchre has brought two criticisms of your book, which you have doubtless seen in New York, one by Drake. I have paid your tax bills, 535.97 francs in all, but the bill for the electric light has not yet come in. When it does, I will pay it and let you know, and you can send me a cheque for the whole if you like, as I am in no hurry and it would save me going twice to the bank.

It seems to be the presence of a cheque that puts off Françoise from taking her money. I suggested to her very plainly that she should take the bank-notes and leave the cheque alone, but although she said "Nous verrons" she has not taken anything yet. I will try her again when I see a good opening. She is giving me my lunch, as she seemed to prefer that arrangement, but I see little of her and don't know what she does or eats during the rest of the day. Everything is very well looked after and I am most comfortable and working steadily in spite of the warm weather, so that for my part I should be glad to have this arrangement continue indefinitely. But Françoise must need more money than what I give her for the dépense—which is very moderate—and I think, unless you object, that I ought to pay her at least her old wages of 75 francs a month from September 1. She says she has no idea what she wants to do eventually.

Reeves finally found me in one day, but things have ended there; on the other hand Slade and I had a very pleasant dinner one day at La Pérouse, looking out on the river and the statue of Henri IV. I have not yet seen his Gabrielle or his paintings. Moncure Robinson is here, as large as life, and I have declined an invitation (from Lapsley) to go to M^{rs} Wharton's in the country where he and Percy Lubbock are staying.

I hope soon to hear from you and to know what sort of voyage and landing you have had. With love to Margaret
 [across] Yours ever GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

7 September 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire
Sept. 7, 1919

Dear Strong

I am much pleased to have your letter and to know that all has gone well so far and that the doctors hold out agreeable prospects. You say nothing of your plans for returning, and I daresay they will not be finally settled until your treatment has been decided upon, or even until it is over.

Here there is no change. I am now at work on the book about American philosophers, and hope to finish it before your return, or my departure for other climes, where I should never enjoy the absolute freedom and quiet that I am enjoying here.

Françoise is just as usual. I told her you had had a good voyage and that you were in hopes of a complete recovery, and she only made a monkey face and said absolutely nothing. She continues to give me an excellent lunch every day, and hands in the book from time to time with the items of the dépense clearly set down and correctly added. The expense is very moderate—six or seven francs a day—and she refuses to take any other money. All you left is still in the drawer.

The concerts in the Tuileries gardens, to which I have been going almost every evening on my way back from dinner, end today, and I expect to get back earlier in future and do a little pleasant reading before going to bed. I haven't yet bought any more books to speak of, but I have plans, and lots of spare money. Would you object if I got a second-hand carpet for the salon? Moncure Robinson is expecting to break up his Paris establishment and says he has one that would go well there, but I haven't yet seen it. It is perfectly comfortable here as it is now, but I am thinking of colder weather to come.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Joseph Malaby Dent

14 September 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: North Carolina)

9, Av. de l'Observatoire Paris.

Sept. 14, 1919

Dear M^r Dent

I wonder what you wrote to this poor M^r Zampa that he is in such trouble. I am writing to him directly, saying I knew nothing of the matter, and that I have the greatest confidence (which I have, having seen a printed paraphrase by his colleague Muri, of some passages, very well done) in his ability to make a faithful rendering, but that nevertheless I should be glad to see the manuscript or the proofs before the book actually comes out.

They are very trustworthy people intellectually, although they may not be punctual or very accurate in matters of business.

I have no plans as yet about the articles in the Athenaeum. There are not enough for a book, nor are they all connected enough to fall into a book readily. But we shall see later.

I have been back in Paris since June and expect to remain for the present.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

18 September 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Bodleian)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris

Sept. 18, 1919

Dear Bridges

Your letters make me a little homesick for Oxford, although I am having a very nice time (in my own way) here among all my books and papers, and under the stimulus of such delightful scenes as meet one wherever one goes in this place—more normal, more Roman and human, than what is man-made at Oxford,—because the fields and trees and skies, and that mesh of little streams, are another matter. I am confirmed in the intention to return to Oxford for good—but it will not be for the present, because I don't want to go until I am ready to shift my head-quarters, which is not yet the case.

I won't attempt to answer your letter seriatim, although each of the things you tell me prompts me to say something, but I can't let Plotinus lie under the imputation you throw on him of not being a "good philosopher". If you mean that his system of the universe is not a map of it, is not scientifically correct or in scale, of course I agree. But it seems to me a very great system, very "good philosophy", and I am glad that the mystics in Oxford are taking him up, rather than pretending to find comfort in Hegel or in the meretricious psychology of Bergson. The doctrines of Plotinus are flights in the same direction as the doctrines of Christianity: they are not hypotheses intended to explain facts, but expressions invented for sentiment and aspiration. The world, he feels, is full of the suggestion of beauty and goodness, but of the suggestion only. In fact, it betrays and obliterates everything it tries to express, like an inscription in invisible ink that should become luminous only for a moment. And his question is: What does the world say, what does life mean, what is there beyond, $\epsilon\kappa\epsilon\bar{\iota}$, that might lend significance and a worthy origin and end to this wonderful apparition and to our passionate love and passionate dissatisfaction in its presence? His system is an elaborate answer to this question. It is not a hypothesis but an intuition, and such rightness as it has is merely fidelity and fineness in rendering moral experience. Of course all those things he describes do not exist; of course he is not describing this world, he is describing the other world, that is, deciphering the good, just beyond it or above it, which each actual thing suggests. Even this rendering of moral aspiration is arbi-

trary, because nature really does not aspire to anything, and each living thing aspires to something different, in divergent ways. But this arbitrary aspiration, which Plotinus reads into the world, sincerely expresses his own aspiration and that of his age. That is why I say he is decidedly a “good philosopher”. It is the Byzantine architecture of the mind, just as good or better than the Gothic. It seems to me better than Christian theology in this respect, that it isn’t mixed up with history, it isn’t half Jewish, half worldly. It is the Greek side of Christian theology isolated and made pure; and that is the side of it which seems to me truly spiritual, truly sacrificial and penitentially joyful. That it is terribly superstitious and turns all physics into magic is an integral part of its poetic and expressive virtue. Every passion, every force, must be a devil or an angel, because it is agreed to begin with we are looking for the spirit in things.

I didn’t mean to go on in this way, especially as really I know Plotinus very little; but I feel a great power in him, a sublime illusion, as if some plant or some pensive animal had laboriously spun the moral dialectic of its own experience round itself, and called it the universe. I have actually seen, and read, that first volume of the translation to be published by the “Medici press”; of course, except in the extracts at the end, it doesn’t come to the core of the matter, which is in the Vth and VIth Enneads. The translator has eccentric notions of what the vocabulary of philosophy should be: he doesn’t stick to the traditional renderings and leave it to the reader to put new life into them, which after all is the safest course. He tries various paraphrases of his own, which of course bias and distort the meaning, even if they have a certain value of their own as interpretations.

Do you ever see the Athenaeum? I have kept on writing for it, although to be quite frank I don’t like the review as a whole, and don’t read it; but there is no other that I know of that would publish my effusions, and it is a great relief to have them in print. What is once out is done for, and one doesn’t have to think of it any more.

Are you going to America? If your society for the purification of the language is going to cleanse those Augean stables, I don’t envy it its labours. Why shouldn’t the English language of a hundred years hence be as different from ours as ours is from Shakespeare’s? I know you say he pronounced as we do: but we don’t write like him. The Americans have a great love of language for its own sake, and will develope new effects, if not new beauties. As one of them used to say whenever anything was censured: Let them have their fun!
Yours ever

GSantayana

To Joseph Malaby Dent

19 September 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: North Carolina)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
Sept. 19, 1919

Dear M^r Dent

Don't trouble to look up your letter to Zampa, as I think he will be satisfied with what I have said to him, and that we shall be able to report progress. When I receive the manuscript or proofs I will let you know what my impressions are, but of course it is too late to do more than, if necessary, offer suggestions in matters of detail.

I don't expect to return to England for the present as my headquarters are here, as they were before the war, and if I move during the winter it will be in the direction of Spain or Italy. If young Rees is here in Paris (I don't quite understand whether you mean that he is here or at Oxford) won't you ask him to come and see me, or to send me his address, as I should be glad to talk over possible publications—I have a good deal of old as well as new stuff on hand—and also to hear a little English that is not American.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

To Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien

29 September 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Texas)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
Sept 29. 1919

Dear M^r O'Brien

Whether these "Soliloquies" will make a book or not I hardly know; although I am no longer in England I am still full of English impressions, gathered insensibly in the din of war, and am still writing on in the same vein; probably there will be enough for a small volume in the end. But I am afraid I had better stick to my old publishers—I have too many of them as it is—and that for the American edition Scribner should be given the first choice.

One of the effects of advancing years is that the centre of vision goes farther and farther back. I remember seeing you at the moment when my Guardian Angel persuaded me to leave Harvard at last; but although I suspect that I have seen you or heard of you since, perhaps at Oxford, I am not quite sure of it. Also I feel a dreamful sense of having heard that you were in some religious order, or a priest. Is this the case? I mention it, in case I am not addressing you in the correct form, as an anticipated apology.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

9 October 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire
Oct. 9, 1919

Dear Strong

I have been hoping to hear from you again, but I suppose you are waiting to write until the date of your sailing is fixed. Probably I shall hear something in a few days, but I wish to report at once a domestic revolution which has occurred here. Françoise is gone on strike! A week or so ago, when everything had been going on as usual, one day she gave me only potatoes and spinach for lunch, and explained that she had not gone to the butcher's because the day before she had had a fall in the street. As

she seemed not to be lame, but only a little scared, I thought no more about it. But the next morning, when I rang for my first breakfast, there was no answer, and I found she was not in the apartment. As soon as I could dress, I went down and got M^{me} Germont to go up with me to Françoise's room, to see what was the matter. She seemed to be in bed, but didn't open the door, and refused all offers of food, doctor, etc. The next day, she still kept close and refused assistance, but on the third, I found her in the kitchen, and she said she was better, and gave me my tea as usual on the tray (I had taken care to get myself some petits pains the day before). We had a talk, of which I didn't understand everything, but she seemed disinclined to go to market or cook my lunch, so that I went out for it. This went on for a day or two more, but gradually she left off answering the bell, or being on hand, or even making my bed. During the last few days she has avoided me systematically. I believe she comes in when she knows I am out, but she not only does nothing for me, but doesn't reply when I go up to her room to try to get some explanation of her intentions. Yesterday, in despair, I left a note under her door, asking her for the second key to the kitchen door, so that "on" (i.e. M^{me} Germont, whom I didn't mention) might come in to do my room, and also for the key to the cellar, as they are going to put in some wood for me. (The cellar has not been occupied). This afternoon, on coming back from lunch, I have found these keys on the kitchen table, and another pair of keys (apparently her own) left in the inside of the lock on the kitchen door. I don't know whether this means that she is not coming in any more, even in my absence; but I notice she has left her aprons, little knives, chairs, etc; so I suppose she doesn't mean to quit altogether. For myself, I am just as well off; almost better, because I like the feeling of being alone, and don't at all mind going out to lunch, especially now that the quartier has revived with the opening of the lycées and the university, and the Boule Miche is very gay with young people of all nations. But I don't know at all what Françoise is doing with herself. She refused her wages for the first month after your departure, which I offered her; and she hasn't touched the money you left. M. Lacroix was here one morning recently, and had some talk with her, but I don't know to what effect.

I hope you will tell me what you wish me to do; and if you wish any arrangements to be made in view of your arrival. It is possible, if you don't return soon, that I may go away to Nice, where Slade is going in a few days, and thinks he could get me a nice room. I have finished the last chapter of my James-Royce book, and hope to send the M.S. off to London

before long. This will make me feel readier to make a move, if the weather (which is charming just now) should become less balmy.

I have seen one or two friends, and bought a few second hand books, but not enough to change the general aspect of the shelves. I have also written a new set of Soliloquies in England, which are appearing in the Athenaeum.

Of course, your silence makes me wonder if you have been under treatment, although I suppose that would not physically keep you from putting pen to paper. But you might want to wait until you could announce a happy issue of [across] the operation, and that is what I am hoping to hear of soon. Yours ever GSantayana

To Mrs. Charles Fairchild

12 October 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris,
Oct. 12. 1919

Dear M^{rs} Fairchild

I am very sorry and very much ashamed to have let the days slip by until you were actually gone—I have no idea of time or the date of anything at present. It was a real pleasure to have seen you and your daughter again, and so unchanged after ten years. The fact is we are eternal beings, characters, and events are only like looking-glasses, moving about, in which first one aspect of us and then another happens to be reflected.

I suppose that is why characters in fiction and poetry, of which we often have only a few words or a single appearance, sometimes seem so complete and so thoroughly individual.

I saw Moncure Robinson yesterday and he said M^{rs} Blair's health continued much the same, and that the operation had not yet taken place. I am very sorry Blair and the rest of you are having so long a period of anxiety.

Thank you very much for sending me a farewell greeting. I hope it may not be long before our paths cross again. I am always on the point of going

to America, but am beginning to doubt whether the day will ever come; I find it harder and harder to pull up my anchor.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

16 October 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Congress)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire Paris

Oct. 16, 1919

Dear Smith

I was beginning to wonder if the revolution had stopped the publication of anything so aristocratic as our works, separate or joint; and I am relieved to hear that the printing is about to begin. The proofs had better be sent, as you propose, care of Brown Shipley & C^o because although I have no immediate plans it isn't unlikely that I may leave Paris before many weeks, in search of warmer climates. I am here quite alone, under conditions ideally favourable for work; but although I do something, it is less than I could wish, and my book about America & James & Royce is not yet finished—i.e. the revision of it is not—although I flatter myself that I have been improving it very much in substance and form by the additions I have been making to it.

Do you think it is advisable that when it is done, say in two months, I should send it to Constable? Would they like to have two books of mine on hand at once? Dent is willing and anxious to have it, and in some ways I am inclined to send it to him. If the Little Essays had appeared, I should be better able to judge which aspect pleased me better for the proposed book. As to business matters, you know I don't connect them at all with writing, and of course the 15% royalty M^r Kyllman suggests is most satisfactory. I am used to 10% only: but in this case I hope you will take half, as you have had more than half the work.

It is all right about the passage you are quoting about fossil words (isn't it) which I had rejected on the double ground that it is false and that it is rhetorical. If you like it, naturally I [*illegible*] can only be all the more

pleased; and probably your judgment will be that of the judicious reader: an author has too private a perspective in such matters. Besides, it is an advantage that the passage you quote should be one not included in the Little Essays: it suggests in the most flattering manner that there are still good morsels left in the pot.

As you say, England is the best of countries to live in, and I fully mean, if life lasts, to settle there for a serene old age; but when I go back it will be with all my belongings and with the intention of never leaving the tight little island again; so that I may put off my return for a year or more, in order to look about here once more, and go to Spain and Italy again.

I hope your Anthology will arrive soon. Yours ever
GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

6 November 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

Permanent address: c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris.

Nov. 6. 1919

Messrs. Constable & Company

London

Gentlemen,

I have received your letter of the 31st of October, inclosing the contract for "Little Essays". It is perfectly satisfactory and I will sign and return it in a day or two: for the moment there is no one here to witness my signature.

My movements and to some extent my leisure for work at this moment depend on a friend with whom I live here, who is partly paralysed, and whom I may be accompanying to Italy in a few days. For this reason I can't promise to send you the MS of my other book "Two American Philosophers" at any precise date; but it is nearly ready, and if I can remain here, you shall have it certainly in a fortnight. Or I may send you all but one chapter, before I leave, and let that follow later. When you see this book you may think that it had better be published in the United States, where the chief sale will probably be. If so, I hope you will not hes-

itate to say so frankly. I have no doubt Scribner would undertake it: but on account of proof-reading and for other less material—I mean, mechanical—reasons, I should prefer that you should publish it, if you think it advisable.

Yours faithfully GSantayana

To Wendell T. Bush

23 November 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

9 A^y de l'Observatoire Paris
Nov. 23, 1919

Dear M^r Bush—

Your letter reaches me just when Strong, who has just returned from America, and I are starting for Fiesole, where he will remain until the Summer. As for me, I shall probably travel a little in Italy, if political circumstances are favourable, and later go to Spain; in the Summer I hope to be here again with Strong. I don't expect to return to England for the present. I am a little afraid we are playing hide and seek; but if you are in Paris at this moment, you will give me great pleasure by letting me know when I can see you before Thursday, when we start for Italy. We are without a servant, so that we go out to all meals, and Strong is not able to walk without assistance, so that I am not free to make ordinary engagements; but we are almost all the afternoon, weather permitting, in front of the Café de la Régence, opposite the Théâtre Français: if you are passing, do look for us: or tell me where (not for a meal) we might meet, and you might tell me something more about philosophy and life at Columbia.

You do not mention M^{rs} Bush, so that I infer I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her also.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

24 November 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Virginia)

9 A^y de l'Observatoire Paris

Nov. 24, 1919

Dear Susie

Your letter of the 19th reaches me just when I was about to write announcing that I was going to Italy with Strong who has just returned—after a voyage of 18 days!—without Margaret, who remains in New York until December, and is expected at Fiesole about New Year's. Poor Strong has had an operation to remove a tumor in his spinal column: the surgeons however found that it could not be removed (who knows if it was there?) and only cut away more of the bone in order to relieve the pressure, and they hold out hopes that in a year Strong may be walking erect. For the present, however, he is a little more bent than before, and much weaker, so that he can't walk alone at all. It was consequently indispensable that I should go with him, and we start on Thursday, hoping to arrive on Friday evening at the villa. I will write to you from there as soon as we arrive, and tell you my first impressions of the place. I shall doubtless stay until Margaret returns; then I may go to Rome (if the difficulties are not too great) and eventually work my way round to Spain, whence I can return directly here for the summer.

Françoise, the bonne à tout faire (she was not the concierge) took a bad turn a month or more ago, and began to refuse to do anything for me (saying she was ill, that the market people charged her too much, that she had not enough work in the apartment, and other inconsistent pretexts), finally she left even my bed unmade, and didn't put in an appearance at all, her room being upstairs in the seventh floor. After making my own bed and breakfast for a few days, and writing her several notes which she did not answer, I was obliged to ask her for her keys to the back stairs, so that the concierge's wife might come in and attend to me. These Françoise did give up, and after that I at least had the bedmaking and dusting attended to by the concierge's wife; but I have been less comfortable, having to go out to all meals in the cold, wet, and heavy snow that we have been having. Then came telegrams from Strong asking me to meet him at Havre, which of course I hastened to do; but his ship put in at Halifax for coal (not having been able to get enough in New York on account of strikes) and had to wait 10 days there before the requisite quantity was

obtained. In brief, I went twice to Havre and back and spent a lot of days there: but at least I was able to finish the book I was at work upon, and the manuscript will be sent to London tomorrow; so that I leave Paris with a comparatively light heart. —My warmest congratulations to Rafael and Adela on the birth of their child: I hope all the [*across*] other vicissitudes in the health of the family may have ended no less happily— With love to all, your affectionate brother Jorge

[*across page one*] The address in Italy is—Villa Le Balze, Fiesole, Firenze or Florencia.

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

25 November 1919 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

Address: c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, Nov. 25, 1919

Messrs. Constable & Company
London

Gentlemen

Let me thank you for the memorandum of the agreement about the “Little Essays”, which has duly arrived.

I am sending you today the manuscript of “Two American Philosophers”. It is complete, but I am afraid presents rather a confused and untidy appearance. In the haste of my departure—I leave tomorrow for Italy—I have not had time to rewrite some pages, as I should have wished, and have left them as they stood, when they did not seem too illegible.

I shall be for some time at Villa Le Balze, Fiesole, Florence, and anything about which there might be haste could be addressed to me directly there for the present. The address at the top is my permanent one.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

7 December 1919 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Fiesole, Dec. 7. 1919

Gentlemen

It is not impossible that my "Soliloquies in England" may eventually make up a book: although I left that country six months ago, one or two more are simmering in my mind that I want to put on paper before I regard the series as complete. Then we shall see what sort of a volume they could make up, and, if one materializes, it would of course be my hope that you would take charge of the American edition. Constable & C° have one book of mine "Little Essays" in the press and another "Two American Philosophers" under consideration. I believe they have written, or mean to write, to you about them.

Yours very truly GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

15 December 1919 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Le Balze, Fiesole, Florence
Dec. 15, 1919

M^{essrs} Constable & Company
London

Gentlemen—

I am naturally very much pleased that you should be ready to publish my American book, and the terms are entirely satisfactory. If you will make such arrangements as you think best with Scribner for the American edition, I should be glad, as I have always had excellent relations with them.

As to the title, I was myself in some doubt, not being able to think of anything that would not overemphasize or overlook some part of what the book contains. I enclose a new title page, in which I have simply inverted the title and subtitle, as I had originally planned them—the title page I sent you being itself a second thought. Perhaps it will be better, in this instance,

to tempt a larger public by not warning them that they will find some philosophical discussion in the book: they may like to be carried beyond their depth a little.

I shall be glad to see the proofs of the "Little Essays" when they come through.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

5 January 1920 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Le Balze, Fiesole, Florence
Jan. 5. 1920

M^{essrs} Constable & Company
London.

Gentlemen—

I am sending back the proofs of "Little Essays", in which I have made some corrections, including those suggested to me by M^r. Pearsall Smith. The post, here at least, is slow and uncertain, and perhaps it will not be necessary to send me a second proof, if you can charge somebody to read for me the proof of the corrections I have made, most of which are slight and obvious. In one or two places I found repetitions or plain incongruities which obliged me to make some changes in the language.

Reading the proof has encouraged me very much about the general success of the attempt to make such a book. I think many of the pieces really seem little essays, not betraying the fact that they are extracts; and the whole seems to march tolerably in step and to leave a clear general impression of a moral philosophy.

I expect to leave Fiesole in about a fortnight. Perhaps it will be safer to address me for the moment c/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

10 January 1920 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Le Balze, Fiesole, Jan. 10, 1920

Dear Fuller

It is never too late for good wishes or for letters from you, and it has been a real pleasure to get this missive of yours, which has arrived together with renewed sunshine—I am writing in an open loggia, quite warm, and squinting at the paper on which Apollo is pouring all his rays and dazzling me even in reflexion—and at the moment when I am planning to start for Rome, and spend three months there in solitude and enchantment. I staid at the Avenue de l'Observatoire until the end of November, when Strong came back alone from America—his daughter Margaret remained in New York, to get a taste of winter gaieties with her rich relations. She is returning here in a day or two; and Strong will no longer miss me if I run away. He is not able, poor man, to do more than crawl about unsteadily with the help of a stick, and as he doesn't like driving, he becomes at times rather depressed with sitting in the stuffy library, reading the literary supplement to the Times. When the sun is out, he feels more cheerful, and in fact is perfectly well as to his inner man, eats, sleeps, and looks like a young man, and is deeply interested in his improvements in this villa, which is getting to be rather grand on a small scale, since it is condemned to cling to a ledge, like those of the Purgatorio, on the steep side of the hills of Fiesole. When Rome becomes too hot, I expect to return to Paris, and to leave Spain for next winter. I miss England, but don't mean to go back there until I go for good, taking my goods and chattels from Paris, and settling down, probably in Oxford, for the rest of my days.

You hint—and we all feel it—that the disturbance of the war and the deterioration of man which it has brought to light have lost little of their horror by the advent of a nominal peace: nevertheless personally I am reconciled to the end of the world—the Christian genteel world—and not afraid of futurity, even if it should take the form of Bolshevism. Heaven and hell are relative and essentially prospective: by the time we get to either we begin to see that each of them has its other side. I think to be born under Bolshevism would not be worse than to be born in Boston: it would have its virtues, although not always those which we may personally be most inclined to practise. Your picture of Harvard and its back-

stairs philosophy is indeed horrible: but it was not very satisfying even in the consulate of James & Royce, when we were younger. In England philosophy seems to be tolerably unprejudiced and varied at present. There is no commanding intellect, but for that very reason, perhaps, there is a sense of movement and of opening vistas which I think rather encouraging. I am so much absorbed, however, in thinking out my own ideas that, being too old to take up with new things, I am not at all troubled by the shifts of persons and notions in the academic world: and as for Harvard philosophy, it seems not to exist. Does it? Here I have been reading various books that Strong has in his library, for he buys books; one is by Broad of Trinity, Cambridge, groping but right-minded; and of course I read what Bertie Russell writes, although, as you know, I think he has relapsed into the British original sin of empiricism, and all his intelligence and keenness will not help him out of the consequent impotence and artificiality.

I am glad you are leaving Harvard; you are old and ballasted enough by this time not to be upset by the silliness of M^{rs} Grundy: devote yourself to your garden and books and horses, come to see us often in Europe, and write what the spirit moves you to write, not in self-defence or in protest against anybody, but for the love of picturing what there is to picture. You will "do" infinitely more "good" by assuming such an attitude and performing such a function than by joining any tug-of-war team that may want you to pull hard on one side—no matter on which—because it is theirs—or yours.

Here, good living and the presence of other persons have rather kept me from doing anything but reading; but I have had the proof of my "Little Essays" (selections from my books made by Logan Pearsall Smith) and written one or two "Soliloquies". These may make another incidental book before long. My book on James & Royce,—to be called "Character and Opinion in the United States", for it spreads out a great deal over things American in general,—is in the press. You will see these three books, I expect, within a year. Strong has persuaded me to work at once, with all the energy I have, on the "Realms of Being", and I am resolved to do so, for fear that I may die (although I am in perfect health at present) before it is finished. There may therefore be a pause in my apparent fertility after these little triplets are born— Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 January 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Minerva, Rome
Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1920

Dear Strong

My journey was without accident, and the train even made up one half of the thirty or forty minutes that it was behindhand in leaving Florence; but it was very crowded, and I was lucky in getting a seat and finding room—partly in the passage—for my sundry bags. Here I am established on the fourth floor, in a small room, for which they charge only 8 lire, plus 4 lire for calefaction; but I have a fine view of the dome of the Pantheon from my bed, and a very comfortable chair and table, with an electric lamp, and plenty of steam-heat, in fact, too much. I went yesterday to get my permesso di sogiorno, about which there was no difficulty; and then walked about the Palatine Capitoline, visited the cafés, dined at the San Carlo, and lunched at a little Neapolitan restaurant that I remembered near the Fontana di Trevi. Today, in bright sunshine I have been to Saint Peter's and to the Pincio, where I found people sitting in chairs as in Summer; but there was no music and I was without a coat, so that I didn't stop. These details will serve to convince you that I am properly settled and enjoying myself in the way you and I affect. I haven't yet looked up Zampa nor done any serious work; but that may follow later, when I get my stride.

It may be days before you get this, as one sciopero seems to follow another, to prevent us from relapsing into a feeling of ease and safety. I am glad I got here just in time; had I staid on, heaven knows when it would have seemed possible and safe to travel. The attitude of people in Rome seems cheerful enough; apparently they do not apprehend serious conse-

quences. The papers I read are also rather optimistic, but I am not sure how much they are to be trusted

My love to Margaret, and appropriate salutations to all my other friends. I am particularly sorry to have altogether missed seeing Loeser.

When you write let me know how the grand staircase is looking, what you have decided about further building, and whether you ~~ent~~ continue to gain strength and straightness in your lower members. Your trouble might be likened to another sciopero, one proclaimed in your spinal column. How much what is going on resembles the secession of the plebs which we used to read of in early Roman history! And have we any better philosophy to meet the case than that of Menenius Agrippa?

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 February 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Minerva, Feb. 2. 1920

Dear Strong

A great many letters forwarded by you—for which many thanks—have reached me here—I should think more than half a dozen; and I don't believe any have been lost. Of course, there have been great delays, and perhaps Macmillan's answers have not yet been sent, or have been stranded and may be started again on their journey ^{now}, that the scioperi are over.

As to alterations in the villa, you know my instinct is to say Don't! But if you don't find the end room (which I understand is to be square in the

first instance, consisting merely of the book-room and toilet-room thrown in together) promising as a study for your own habitation and comfort, and if then you decide to take a piece of the library, I think you should go further, and throw in the corridor into the end room, making it really large and square; for otherwise you would find yourself with three rooms like the dining room—which would be monotonous, dull, and not festive, as I think any alterations in the villa ought to tend to make it. On the other hand, I rather think that the library, cut down, might be better as a study, and even as a sitting-room, than it is now. You could have your desk against the new wall, near the window, with the light over your left shoulder, and a feeling of not being too far from the centre of the room and the fire-place. It would be the same arrangement that you now have in Paris, and which I, at least, have found excellent for work. If this notion pleases you, however, I repeat that you should make the end room an altogether different, much larger, and much more festive appartment: as it might be if it took up the whole end of the house, and led out to the cortile as to its own private balcony or garden. If this is ruled out, because it involves too much reconstruction or sacrifices the vista down the passage, I should decidedly not cut down the library, but make the best of the new square little room at the end: and I think it might be a very pleasant study, if warm in colour and full of books.

I am very happy here, and all goes well, including work. I [*across*] have actually made Zampa's acquaintance and see him often. He is a good soul, like a German school-master, and not a priest. Love to Margaret. Yours ever

G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

8 February 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Minerva, Rome, Feb. 8, '20

Dear M^{rs} Bush

Your kind letter reaches me here, in a hotel which you may know, as it is rather of the sort that you and M^r Bush affect—comfortable enough, and in the oldest quarter of the town. I look as I write on the broad brown dome of the Pantheon, and the noise of the electric cars, thundering lorries, and other signs of the times, do not seriously disturb me in my garret. I left Strong at Fiesole some weeks ago, his daughter Margaret having

arrived, and the life there, after a month or two, making me a little restless and eager for the freedom of movement and the solitude to which I have grown accustomed. We had roses at Christmas (as your Mother has recorded it) and warm shining fully half the time; on those days we could bask in the open loggias, and I could walk coatless about the surrounding hills with the greatest sense of exhilaration. Strong is very well except for his legs, and bears up very cheerfully under the confinement and monotony which that impediment involves, especially as he is not fond of driving or motoring, in which he might otherwise indulge ad libitam

As to the state of the world, moral and political, I live so much out of it that perhaps I don't feel, as much as you and Kallen do, the tragedy of the times. The war did distress me, especially for two reasons: that I thought the Germans would win, and that I suffered at the thought of so much suffering, waste, insecurity, and perversity let loose again among peoples whom we had grown to think of as friendly and harmless. The fiasco of the peace, the revolution in Russia, the failure of the league of nations, and the state of international finance are not things that distress me very much; and while I don't desire a universal Bolshevik régime, I do not fear it, if it is destined to come. Of course it will never come because people love or desire it (as I perfectly understand that some people should) but only if, as has perhaps happened in Russia, the average man finds his interests and comfort rather in affiliating himself to that order rather than in maintaining some other organization in opposition to it. I wrote to Kallen some time ago about what I conceive to be the philosophy of new institutions: they cannot be established merely because some one wants them, or can show with considerable eloquence that they might be admirable; Plato's Republic, and many another, would have long been a fact, if that were enough. Organs have to be found, interests have to be enlisted, before any institution can establish itself: and these organs and interests must pre-exist, or must arise of themselves. They cannot be spirited into existence, or voted to exist. The league of nations has been voted to exist, and therefore does not do so; and I don't regret, as much as you seem to regret, the obstinacy of the American Senate, because their vote would only have added one more to the nugatory votes that create nothing: I am not sure that their obstinacy, in a stupid way does not express their sense for reality, their experience of what is actually at work in the world. The question is: Can you enlist the interests and efforts of actual people, and actual organs of action, in your new undertaking? If not, the system will fall to

pieces at the first touch: it will be still-born. I saw the other day an Italian version of a play by Benavente, “Los Intereses Creados”, which reminded me of Kallen, and of our correspondence. It is an admirably wise fable, although indifferent as a stage-play. It represents two adventure~~s~~—one well-intentioned and the other disillusioned and knavish,—who make their way in the world without apparent resources, and by deceiving every body, because they manage to enlist the interests of their dupes in maintaining the illusion. That is the secret, I think, of all reforms and revolutions: nobody, or hardly anybody, would want them, or could lend himself to them, if he were not caught unawares; but little by little he falls in with the new methods or new hopes—because some one of his old habits or interests has led him into them—until he finds it easier to surrender, or seem to surrender, all that is incompatible with the new order, rather than go back on the plans, or break up the new interests, which this order has created for him. The league of nations, communism, pacifism, etc, must ~~not~~ know how to enlist and create private, natural interests on their side (as Christianity or Protestantism did, for instance) or they cannot subsist for one moment.

Here is a treatise, rather than a letter: but you must forgive me, since you have led me on by your stimulating letter.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

21 February 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Bodleian)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Feb. 21, 1920

Dear Bridges

I wrote you a long letter yesterday about your sonnet on Democritus and about Roman façades; but on reading it over I hated it all, and felt you would hate it, so I tore it up. This morning, with a cooler head, I will only say that the publisher of the Little Essays is Constable; but who is Squire? You have been very good to take so much interest and so much trouble about this book: I believe it is tolerable, considering the difficulties. P. S. made for passages that sounded well to his ear, and were about Life with a capital L; while I pulled instinctively in the direction of a compendium of doctrine. The result is a compromise; it contains some weak parts, dallying with conventional surfaces; but I believe I have succeeded in at least suggesting a moral philosophy. But the whole thing belongs to the past, and I really don't care very much whether people like it or not. Some people, of course, will say they adore it, and it may conceivably appear, with gilt edges, on American parlour tables, a gift from an emancipated aunt; but I am more interested, and more hopeful, about the fate of my new books. Constable will soon bring out the one about America, and I am now trying to round out the Soliloquies in England and make a book of them with a connected argument. It is great sport. I have always liked composition, in the sense of drawing and designing; and these Soliloquies ought to make a beautiful interlaced design in two colours—one the atmospheric-geological-descriptive and the other Platonizing-moral-satirical. It is a marvel to me how much I love England, and how much at home I feel there, in spite of being profoundly foreign and not respecting England very much, as even her enemies often do. My sentiment is the reverse of yours about Rome; you despise and fear the sneaking Roman, with his rhetorical pretenses; while I despise and love the inarticulate Englishman, with his dull manly delusions. Will the labour party acquire English traditions, or will they destroy them?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 March 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Minerva Rome

March 5 1920

Dear Strong

I hardly know what to say in reply to your request for my opinion in respect to M^{rs} Berenson's proposal. My spontaneous feeling is decided enough, but I am aware that I have a prejudice against the set to which M^{rs} Russell belongs and against her ideas: whether I like them, however, is not the question, but whether it would not be a good thing for Margaret to see London society even at that angle, and whether she would dislike it or find it amusing. After all, it would be temporary, and she could always run away if she got tired of it. As to positive facts about M^{rs} Russell, that you don't know, I doubt if I am in possession of any. The Sidney Webbs were staying there last summer; they know Ponsonby the radical M.P. and in general I think move in the emancipated literary revolutionary circle; but London is not exclusive, there is a good deal of circulation from set to set, and every body knows the public characters, even if a little shady; and probably Margaret would soon find her own level and affinities, if once she got a start. On the whole, then, I should think the proposal worth accepting, especially if Margaret herself takes kindly to it.

Summer is in full blast here, at least in the middle of the day, and I go almost every afternoon to sit on some bench in the Villa Borghese. Last night I went to the Russian Ballet. I am reading the proof of my American book. Otherwise there is no change. I hardly know when I shall leave: don't consider me at all in arranging about dates and guests; if your villa was full when I pass again through Florence, I could perfectly well go to a hotel, or to the Berensons, if I wanted to stay more than a day or two,

which is not likely. There is a possibility that I may have to go to Spain after all this Spring; my brother in Boston has been ailing, and my sister Josephine has some idea of going there to keep him company. If so, I should have to go with her as far as the ship, as [*across*] she is not used to travelling alone.

Yours ever GSantayana

To James Bissett Pratt

12 March 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Williams)

Permanent address: c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.

Rome, March 12, 1920

Dear M^r Pratt

It is now almost a year since I left England; Oxford was then just recovering its old aspect, and I am told has been extraordinarily full, as many new sorts of students are now admitted. When I was there, prices for food and in shops were high, but rents had not risen. I managed to live on much the same amount in dollars as before the war, but I hardly know what the scale would be at present, especially for such an arrangement as would be involved for a whole family. A single man could live comfortably on five dollars a day (all expenses, even small purchases, included). The greatest difficulty I foresee in your case is to find lodgings at all; my landlady, Miss Turner, at 22 Beaumont Street, now wants nothing but undergraduates again; she might, however, know of some fair lodgings in that neighbourhood. Perhaps I should add that five years without any painting, renovating, or refurnishing has made Oxford look shabbier than ever, and I fear you and M^{rs} Pratt might not like the look of such "apartments" as would be

offered you; and I suppose you know the quality—the inexorable quality—of English cooking. On the whole, I shoud not encourage you to go to Oxford, unless you can go experimentally, with the idea of spending only a few days, unless you find something that attracts you for a long stay. I expect to return there myself eventually, and perhaps settle down there: but I foresee that I may be driven into some adjoining hamlet—there are very pretty ones all about—or to taking a cottage of my own—

Italy, on the other hand, with the present rate of exchange, is a cheap place to live in, and very comfortable, in spite of the nominally high prices. I staid for some time with Strong at Fiesole; he is well as a whole, but his impediment in walking is not removed. He writes me that the trial page of the book is satisfactory, and I suppose the proofs will be soon arriving.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

31 March 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Hotel Minerva, Rome,
March 31, 1920

M^{ESSRS} Constable & Company
London

Gentlemen,

I am sending you the last pages of the second proof of my “Character & Opinion in the U.S.” (in which there is nothing to correct) but I have not received as yet pp. 161–192 in of the second proof. I don’t know whether it was the first proof returned by me or the second sent by you that has miscarried: in case it was the first, I enclose a list of the corrections I had made in these pages, so that you may send me the second proof without much delay.

Your proof-reader if very accurate and all the changes I have made have been corrections in my own composition, not in the printing.

I also enclose a list of persons to whom I should like this book—and in some cases also the “Little Essays”—to be sent with my compliments. I do not include people in America, because I have found that if I send them

the English edition, they have to pay duty on it: and it seems a strange present for which you impose a tax on the person who receives it. It therefore seems better to wait until Scribner has his copies bound, and can send them to my American friends from New York.

If either of the books, or both, appear during the next month or two, I should be much obliged if you would send me only one copy for the moment; the others which I suppose fall to my share, I would rather have you send to me later, when I have returned to Paris, where my books are.

I expect to remain in Rome until about the first of May, and anything addressed to me here, to the Hotel Minerva, will reach me directly until that date

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

Character & Opinion. Corrections made in 1st Proof, p.p. 161–192

Page 162, line 6–7, line 8,	for after	“to be thought” read “but” insert	regarded as as	
p. 166, l. 21 l. 22,	for “	“is what” read “precious”	in turn requisite	
p. 177, l. 9–10 l. 12 l. 17	“ “ “	“actual society” “materialists” “the”	“ “ “	civilized life crude realists one
p. 178, line 1,	“	“idealism”	“	insight
p. 179, next to the last line,	“	“insulate _A d”	“	axiomatic
p. 182, l. 1. l. 3	“ “	“but” “But”	“ “	only Yet
p. 187, 4 th line from the bottom “ 3 rd “	after for omit	“and” “the present” “also”	insert read	now another great
p. 189, line 4,	for	—	“	,

Please send a copy of "Character & Opinion in the United States", with the compliments of the Author, to the following persons:

Lord Milner (I don't know his present address, which you can easily find)
Robert Bridges, Esq. Chilswell, Oxford.
E. P. Warren, Esq. Corpus Christi College, Oxford
Professor Stewart, Christ Church, Oxford
Professor Gollancz, King's College, Strand, London, W.C.
L. Pearsall Smith, Esq. 11 St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea, London, S.W.
G. T. Lapsley, Esq. Trinity College, Cambridge
M^{rs} Warren, 20 Bedford Square, London, W.C.
Doña Susana Sturgis de Sastre, Novaliches 6, Avila, Spain

Also copies of both "Character & Opinion in the United States" and "Little Essays" to the following:

Earl Russell, 57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.
Hon. Bertrand Russell, [same address].
The Countess Russell, 2 Whitehall Court, " S.W.
Lady Ottoline Morrell, Garsington, Oxford
Captain Roger Wright, White's Club, London. W.
Howard Sturgis, Esq. Queen's Acre, Windsor
C. A. Strong, Esq. 9 A^v de l'Observatoire, Paris.
Monsieur Pierre Abreu, 68, rue de Bellechasse, Paris.
Monsieur Guillaume Lerolle, 20, Avenue Duquesne, Paris.
Monsieur Emile Boutroux, 5, Rond-Point Bugeaud, Paris.
Lady Sybil Scott, Villa Medici, Fiesole, Florence.
D^r Luciano Zampa, Petroia, Gubbio, Italy.

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

23 April 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Minerva, Rome

April 23, 1920

Dear Strong

I am very glad to hear at last that you are thinking of coming to Rome, but it is a pity it couldn't have been earlier, as now the weather is less steady—now "muggy" and now hot—and the hotels are horribly full. I know this, as I have been going all over the place looking for three beds for three ladies—our old family friend Mercedes from Madrid with two young friends—who had expected to arrive on April 30th. But everywhere it is the same story: "We are all full, we can promise nothing. Perhaps, if the ladies will present themselves ..." etc The worst of it is that in May vast caravans of pilgrims are expected, and people talk of putting six beds in a room. This, however, probably will not affect the fashionable hotels in the region of the Pincian Gate. If you were willing to go there, I have no doubt that a room could be found; also probably in this hotel or this neighbourhood for a single night or two. If you wanted to go elsewhere, I should be very glad to move there with you. Possibly, by giving up my little room here, I might be able to find a place for my three ladies—there are connecting rooms on both sides—if they actually turn up next week. The delays in the mails and telegraph—a telegram from Madrid reached me yesterday after five days—complicate everything: and I am not sure when this letter or the return telegram I am sending will reach you.

You are well, I suppose, since you are ready for a journey and an outing. I have been working a good deal lately, but in somewhat scattered directions, and the book has not made much progress.

Yours ever GSantayana

Love to Margaret.

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 April 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Minerva Rome
Wed. April 28 1920

Dear Strong

At the Hôtel de Russie they say they have absolutely nothing until after the end of May; there seemed to be no chance of a clearing in their dark frowns. They are tired of inquiries. Nevertheless, I have found something. At the Hôtel Excelsior (said to be at present the best in Rome) they said that, although not absolutely pledging themselves, they thought they could arrange to give you two rooms for three persons (three single rooms would be more difficult) on Monday, May 3rd, but would you please telegraph on Saturday confirming your intention. They took note of your name and address. The price of the rooms would be in all about 100 lire a day. I think, if you and Margaret and Miss Patten really want to come, you had better take this chance. In the more modest hotels they are absolutely vague and unaccommodating, being sure that they can get the house full every night. I have come across the most pathetic married couples on their honey-moon, praying for a room for the night, and evidently travel-worn and sick with wandering from one hotel to another. Your father had better also, I think, attempt nothing except at the very best hotels, which are too dear for the crowds of pilgrims.

I am still uncertain whether Mercedes and her two young ladies are going to turn up or not. I shall try to have three beds for them somewhere on their arrival, and let them see for themselves afterwards where they wish to go.

Zampa also has written to me that he is returning, dressed in ecclesiastical robes, but hasn't turned up yet.

Two young English friends of mine been here; they took me to a very nice little old trattoria; perhaps you know it, Ranieri's, via Monte dei Fiori.

[across] Good luck with the sponge-stone!

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Mary Williams Winslow

3 May 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Rome, May 3, 1920

Dear M^{rs} Winslow

At last this straw has broken the camel's back of my laziness—it is not the right word, but my auto-psychology breaks down in trying to say what it is—and I am writing you a letter, a very long letter possibly, in answer to one or two letters, messages, photos of the children, and I don't know what other marks of kindness and remembrance that ought long ago to have been gratefully acknowledged. And I can't say that nothing has happened or that I have nothing to tell: only it is all such a medley of small matters, involving one another, and resting on some momentary sight or sound (which I can't transmit to you) or on the morning paper (which is not worth transmitting); and the result is that one doesn't know where to begin, or how to pick up a conversation interrupted almost ten years ago!

Yes, I will write to Boylston Beal: but here is another unsolved problem of auto-psychology: I like B. A. B. and agree with him profoundly and love him as the best and finest of souls born at the wrong time (and married to the wrong woman); and yet some obstacle has kept me for years from frequenting his society very much, or writing him anything but telegraphic notes. It's more than Elsie: it is, I think, a sense that (at least in the modern world) friendship is an apanage of youth, and that it takes us back to youth or else limps: and as to get back to youth is not easy, except occasionally in a country walk or by dint of cocktails (what can life be in America now without them?) one prefers to rest in the profound consciousness that the friendship is there, as the potential youth is also, and not to try to dig it up prematurely, lest like Lazarus after three days it should prove a little hard to unbandage—and should have a musty smell! I say prematurely: because, my dear M^{rs} Winslow, there is a time coming, or a day beyond all time, when everything will return to us without being dug up: or to put my mysticism differently; when we shall cease to be irrationally concentrated and absorbed in the passing moment, and shall spread ourselves out, justly and veraciously, over the whole of our lives. I am old enough to be almost doing that already; and it is wonderful how

much I live in things long past. I can't understand now what I remember so well repeating over and over when I was a boy—that line of Shelley's which says “There is regret, almost remorse, for time long past.” He must have been very young when he wrote it, as I was when I liked it: because there is (as I now find) no remorse for time long past, even for what may have mortified us or made us ashamed of ourselves when it was happening: there is a pleasant panoramic sense of what it all was, and how it all had to be. Why, if we are not vain or snobbish, need we desire that it should have been different? The better things we missed may yet be enjoyed or attained by someone else somewhere; why isn't that just as good? And there is no regret, either, in the sense of wishing the past to return, of missing it: it is quite real enough as it is, there at its own date and place; we may like to remember it, in so far as the same potentialities are in us still, and we may be glad that it should have existed; but how unnecessary and how impossible it would be to begin it all over again! I have been thinking at times of the Boston Latin School, and of my undergraduate days: poor, thin, crude, all of it; and yet very pleasant and sunny in its triviality and vulgarity. When Bolshevism triumphs all life everywhere will be exactly like that. It will still be human.

{Interruption for lunch. This is a long affair, as it involves in the first place dressing (which I put off as long as possible in the morning, having had a first breakfast (and washed in privacy); and crossing the Piazza della Minerva (I chose the Hotel Minerva, remembering I came from Boston); and buying the Messagero, (which I like, all Italian papers contains little, and that little venomous); and walking to the restaurant di San Carlo, to my usual corner; and having my usual food (and drink); and going to a café for coffee; and returning here, carefully keeping to the narrow margin of shade along one side of the narrow bits of street (without side-walks) through which I thread my way in this season, already pretty hot; and looking at the Pantheon, with its shaggy old walls, as I skirt the back of it; and reestablishing myself in the comparative coolness and silence, and agreeable light of my attic, after removing such garments—beginning with hat, boots, coat, and trousers—as one wears ύόμως and not φύσει (Fred, if he remembers any Greek, will explain that this is Democritus) and as unnecessarily remind a philosopher of the sad fact that he has a body. My spirit thus fed, refreshed, and liberated, I resume my epistle.}

Strong and his daughter Margaret, with a school friend of hers who is a doctor of medicine, are arriving this evening; so that my solitary stay in Rome is practically at an end; and in fact, it would have come to an end

soon in any case, as the warm weather will presently drive us all northwards. I may stop at Perugia and Assisi and possibly at Gubbio, as I have an Italian friend, the translator of my Egotism, who is a native of those regions and who has kindly volunteered (I pay for all the drinks) to show me the beauties of the country. During the summer I shall doubtless be in Paris again: and I must go to Spain sooner or later, before returning to Oxford, where ultimately I expect to establish myself for the rest of my days. My various literary labours progress slowly: the spirit bloweth where (and when) it listeth, and I feel tolerably confident that I shall carry out most of my plans in this direction, if fate doesn't snap the thread unexpectedly. So far, fate has been very gentle with me, and I was never better, nor happier, nor (in my own estimation) younger.

Robert writes now-a-days at considerable length, often mentioning you (I think you have been a real comfort to him in his loneliness and insecurity about his health) and of course telling me of the approaching wedding. I don't know how far his ailments are constitutional and serious, not having heard of any definite trouble except a chronic cold which, in some measure, he has always suffered from. If he is well enough, I wish you and Fred would advise him to come to Spain either this Summer or next: the winter would in some ways be even better; he could go to Malaga or Alicante or Seville to sun himself; but I suppose he would prefer to remain, if Josephine and Arthur are going to live with him. But otherwise, it would be a satis[faction] to our sisters and to me to see him, and also a pleasure to him, I think, as he is very full of kindly interest in our whole Spanish connection. Strong's father, who is 85 years of age, and recently married again, has just arrived in Naples, and is going on a jaunt all over the Continent; there is an example to Robert: not, I beg of you, in the matter of marrying again. I was a little afraid that might happen; but Robert's preoccupation about his health seems to have banished that amorous possibility from his mind.

I think of you often and of course I see you all, including the children, as you were ten years ago: and they—though probably not you—must have changed a good deal in the interval. Polly always had a vigorous mind, in a vigorous body, and if I may judge by her photograph, she has lived up well to that ideal: young Fred, who was nothing but a cherub, is more of an enigma to me; and if I ever see him again, I am prepared to behold a gigantic undergraduate in a blazer, and perhaps glasses, whose acquaintance I should have to make afresh, although I should doubtless make it easily. Of course, he is no gigantic undergraduate yet: he may never be

more gigantic than his father; but as I hear nothing of any immediate plan on your part to revisit the old world, I give the picture a certain perspective, so as to be prepared for all eventualities. It is not likely that I shall turn up in Boston soon; but for the war, you should have seen me darkening your door long ago; but that terrible interruption to everything has rather cast me up on the shore, like an old hulk, and I don't feel very fit for the sea. I mean this materially in a measure; I dread the voyages, the forced existence they imply; but much more the sea of streets and cars and telephones and people and engagements into which I should be plunged. I should have to live *vόμῳ* and not *φύσει* with a vengeance: and I have become terribly naturalistic and unconventional in my old age. Europe is so simple, so easy, so free in comparison: one is half way back to antiquity. Oh, if one could only get back all the way!

Well, here is a letter of a sort at last! However empty otherwise, it carries a great deal of affection from your old friend

GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal
3 May 1920 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Hotel Minerva Rome, May 3, '20

Dear Boylston

M^{rs} Winslow has written to me expressly to tell me that you have lost your mother, so that I might not, through ignorance, seem to forget you at such a moment. Of course, at our age, and at that which your mother must have reached, these separations and endings of chapters and of books are familiar and expected: but ends are ends and solemn nevertheless. When one looks back even on a happy life, what a terrible dissatisfaction

and emptiness one feels! It is not that we have a clear notion of any different course that we should have preferred our own life to have taken, or that of any one else we care for; it is rather the essential finitude, and limitations, and subjection to accidents, that are sad. Your mother, besides all her virtues as a mother and as a woman, virtues which in a sense we should have expected in her, had something in relation to you which is exceptional, at least exceptional in America: she was the persuasive voice of a long tradition, she made it amiable; one felt that in her it was right and beautiful; and I have no doubt that it was her influence that, in spite of all your tastes that might have enticed you to break away, kept you true to your lares and penates. Of course it ought to be so everywhere and always; but I think in America, even in Boston, we usually see something different: either an unamiable tradition, such as Herbert Lyman, for instance, is the victim of, which simply harnesses and dries up human nature; or else, more often, no tradition at all, and simply a plate at table and a small allowance and off you go. But your mother's feelings and influence were like old lace and old silver and old holy days and pleasant usages; they typified and encouraged a feeling for the sanctities of life more than they confined this feeling. I think I can see how you came to appreciate and love other traditions—the English ones especially—in sympathy, rather than in opposition to your own; because what you had at home, although it was something local in comparatively narrow, was the right sort of tradition: it had love of fineness in it, rather than tyrannical prejudice. It was an extensible loyalty; and you extended it. I wonder how much of what you would like to incorporate into the life of the better sort of Americans will really pass into it. I think there will be great things in America hereafter: but I doubt whether they will continue what your Mother represented, or what you and I should like best.

I have been in Rome for three months, quite alone for the most part. It makes little difference in my life now where I happen to be; I have a regular routine, and I do enough reading and writing to string my days together on a consistent thread. You will soon get, I hope, two books of mine: one new, on America: the other, Logan Pearsall Smith's selections from my books, so rearranged by me, however, that I think they amount to a fresh production, and may produce a clearer total impression than anything I have written before. Before very long, too, I hope to make a book out of the Soliloquies in England. This, with the more substantial work I have in the background (*The Realms of Being*) is, as you may imagine, quite enough to keep my mind employed.

I shall probably be in Paris all summer, and next winter in Spain. After that, my expectation is to return to England and settle down, doubtless at Oxford, for the rest of my days.

Of course, you will often be in London; and we must find occasions, more peaceful and normal than during the war, to look before and after and pine (a little) for what is not. I am sorry not to have seen you oftener during these last years. It has been my fault; but the war, even to discuss it, filled me with a kind of terror. It went so badly, it ended so late, so imperfectly, leaving such a confused prospect, that one hardly seems to feel the immensity of the victory which, after all, it brought: never did I expect such a transformation of central Europe; but it is not for the better, perhaps; and we know what we have escaped, but not what we are in for.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

23 May 1920 • Florence, Italy (MS: Temple)

Florence, May 23, 1920

M^{essrs} Constable & Company
London

Gentlemen

I suppose that you are aware that the Italian post-office has suspended the delivery of all printed matter for some time past, so that of the third proof of "Character & Opinion in the United States" I have received only two instalments, which I returned. The others, if you sent them, are doubtless sleeping in the frontier post-office. I am now on my way to Paris, where I hope to arrive in a week or two—even personal movements being rather dependent now-a-days on strikes and other accidents—and if you

have not proceeded with the issue of the book and wish me still to see a final proof, you might send it to me at

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris,

where I expect to be during the summer. But the third proof that I saw seemed to require no correction, and I almost hope you have not waited for the return of it, as I think the second proof was almost fit to go to the press as it stood.

Of course, my permanent address, c/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall, S.W. is always good, and it would not involve much delay to continue to address me there. I only tell you where I shall actually be living in case you wish to communicate with me in haste on any subject.

Yours faithfully GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

7 June 1920 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

9 A^y de l'Observatoire, Paris

June 7, 1920

Dear Boylston

Your letter was awaiting me here, where I have just returned from Italy, and where I expect to spend the summer. It makes me feel, in one way, how much I am cut off from what used to be our common circle; you tell me things, and imply others, that I had no notion of. That I mentioned Herbert in writing to you was a pure accident as I had heard nothing of his breaking down or disappearing from the world—I suppose at Pawtucket or whatever the name of the place is where his wife's family spent the summer—nor did I know that Elsie's mother was dead. I am very sorry to hear it; especially about Herbert, since that is the less inevitable misfortune. I have always felt that he was a sacrifice offered on the altar of Bostonian superstition about work—a sort of Isaac that Abraham was ordered to slay, and no opportune angel or sheep came in at the last moment to save him. If he had had a little more courage, he might have become one of those disaffected and homeless Americans of whom I see so much in these parts: and perhaps that, too, would not have been satisfactory. What a curious tragedy Puritanism is!

When you come to Europe again I hope you will not stay in England, as I hardly expect to return there for a year or more; when it gets too cold

here (we can get no coal and very little wood) I shall probably go to Spain (where I haven't been since before the war) or to Italy, where I had a very pleasant and not wholly idle winter this year. The routine of life for me is everywhere much the same, but I like to drink in congenial sights and sounds, and to haunt congenial places; and Rome is a most congenial place to me in every way.

Do write again whenever [*across*] your plans make it at all possible that our paths should cross. Yours ever GSantayana

To Scofield Thayer

2 July 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C° 123 Pall Mall, London

Paris, July 2, 1920

Dear Thayer

In Italy, two or three months ago, I received a copy of *The Dial* together with a letter, which in the confusion of travel I am afraid I did not answer. Now I receive two separate copies of the June number, with your new letter of June 17. It is now nearly ten years since I have been in America, and I can't think even of one name with which to begin the list which you ask me to make out, of persons who might be interested in *The Dial*, and whom you do not know much better than I do. Your idea of bringing the old and the new together is interesting: but if you find that the public prefer their meat apart from their vegetables, why should you earnestly desire to serve them both up on the same plate? I think the vicissitudes of art at present, and of the faint though eager echoes that spread over America, like wireless vibrations, are not of much importance. It is all too youlu: something will gather head of itself some day when people least expect it.

Oppffner has ideas, but he does not economize his means; he makes blotches. I should not have recognized Copeland, Fuller, or Coolidge at all, and hardly the others: but they may have changed since my day.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

9 July 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire Paris
July 9, 1920

M^{essrs} Constable and Company
London.

Gentlemen

Is it true that a new edition of The Life of Reason, in a single volume, is already announced? M^r Pearsall Smith had spoken to me of such a project, but I shd had heard nothing definite. If you contemplate such a reprint, I am anxious to make a number of corrections in the text, most of them verbal, and to add a preface and an occasional note. Please let me know how the matter stands.

When are the Little Essays and Character & Opinion in the U.S. to appear? I have been hoping for a long time to see at least the first of them.

Will you please add the following to the list of addresses to which both these books are to be sent, with the author's compliments:

M^{rs} Miller, Bennington House,
Newstead Grove,
Nottingham.

Faithfully yours
GSantayana

To Charles Scribner's Sons

12 July 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o, 123 Pall Mall,
London, S.W.

Paris, July 12, 1920

Gentlemen,

I understand—and it is a satisfaction to me that it should be so—that Constable & Company have made an arrangement with you by which you are to publish the American edition of my two new books. As I find that if I ask that books should be sent from England to my friends in the United States, they have to pay duty on the present they receive, I am inclosing a short list of addresses to which I should be much obliged if you would send copies, as soon as they are ready, charging them to my account.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Please send a copy of "Little Essays" and one of "Character & Opinion in the United States" to the following addresses, with the compliments of the author, to whom they are to be charged

G. Santayana

Prof. & M^{rs}. W. T. Bush

1 West 64th Street, New York City.

M^r & M^{rs} R. B. Potter, Antietam Farm,
Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y.

B. A. Beal, Esq.

108 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.

R. S. Sturgis, Esq.

133 Bay State Road, " "
D^r & M^{rs} Frederick Winslow,
275 Clarendon St. " "
B. A. G. Fuller, Esq. Sherborn, Mass.
Robbins Library, Emerson Hall,
Cambridge, Mass.
Delphic Club,
7 Linden Street, " "

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

16 July 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris.
July 16, 1920

M^{essrs} Constable & Company
London

Gentlemen

A copy of my Little Essays arrived for my friend M^r Strong (with whom I live here) but the one you sent addressed to me care of Brown Shipley & C^o has not yet reached me. I am writing to them to make inquiries.

The other copies which you were sending to me here directly, when you wrote on July 12th have also not yet arrived.

The aspect of the book seems to me satisfactory, and if the vividness of the blue binding surprised me a little at first, I think it is perhaps as well that there should be something distinctive about it. I suppose the that Character & Opinion in the U.S. will be similar in appearance.

As to the idea of reprinting the Life of Reason, I quite understand that it is inopportune, and I only mentioned it because an officious and inaccurate friend assured me he had seen it announced in the papers.

Will you please ~~has~~ have a copy of Little Essays sent to M^{rs} C. H. Toy c/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall; and charge it to my account?

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

21 July 1920 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

9 A^v de l'Observatoire, Paris.

July 21, 1920

M^{essrs} Constable & Company
London

Thank you for the six copies of my Little Essays which have now arrived safely. The delay has been of no consequence, as my curiosity to see the book had been satisfied, and I was only afraid that the copies intended for me might have gone astray.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To John Middleton Murry

4 August 1920 • Paris, France

(MS: Macksey)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris

Aug. 4, 1920

Dear M^r Murry

I have a new set of "Soliloquies in England" written abroad but founded on notes and impressions that belong to those four years of war which I spent at Oxford. I am sending you two and will send more soon if you want them.

My idea is, before very long, to arrange and fill them out a little so as to make a book of them.

I see The Athenaeum regularly, as my friend with whom I live here takes it in, & I have seen a nice review ^{of} my "Little Essays" in the last number. I am a little curious to know who wrote it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

29 August 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Unknown)

Address c/o Brown Shipley & Co.
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Paris, Aug. 29, 1920

Dear Bridges,

Logan Pearsall Smith has just sent me a copy of your paper in the London Mercury about the Little Essays. I don't subscribe to the press-cutting agencies, so that I remain for the most part in blessed ignorance of what people say or don't say about my books, and in rare cases, like the present one, where I should have been truly sorry to miss the evidence of understanding and friendship which a review contains, it usually reaches me sooner or later in some round-about way. I hope the delay in the expression of my appreciation of your so warm, so sympathetic, and in itself so pleasant paper has not made you think for a moment that I could be indifferent to it. The mere fact of your taking the trouble to write it at all is a great honour to me, and of course the publisher has already seized on your flattering phrases to put into his advertisements: but what in my own mind is most precious and interesting in your criticism is precisely the indication of your own views where they diverge from mine: I hadn't understood so clearly before exactly why you seemed to regard some of my opinions about poetry and about Christianity with a certain kindly wonder, as if they were strange and eccentric or at least amusing paradoxes. But now I think I see better, both what your view is and what you suppose mine to be, and consequently why you find a certain perversity in me at those points.

I won't say that the differences between us are wholly verbal, because I suspect there is some (perfectly legitimate) diversity of temperament and allegiance behind them: but I think they are, so to speak, semi-verbal. I mean that such words as materialism or Christianity or religion or poetry, besides being used for many different definable objects, carry an opprobrious or eulogistic connotation which often drowns and hides all their other meanings. For instance, if Christianity is used eulogistically, to mean whatever is best or truest in the belief and sentiment of people calling themselves Christians, I should agree with you that London in the nineteenth century, or that the social ethics of the future, may be more Christian than Rome in the fifteenth or any other century: because I should be inclined

to admit that what is best and truest in Christianity is that tender humanity which it borrowed from late Judaeism and which, touched with poetry and disenchantment, shines so beautifully in the maxims of our Lord: but I submit that if that had been the sole or the chief inspiration of the Gospel, there never would have been anything called Christianity in the world. In other words, the feeling you or I may have as to what is best and truest in this religion, does not determine its actual essence, or what distinguishes it from other religions or from the absence of religion altogether. To get at this essence or anything approaching it, we must add to that Jewish philanthropy and tenderness a particular historical and supernaturalistic philosophy, intended to buttress that sentiment, and actually qualifying it and transforming it into specifically Christian charity such as in itself it is not: there must be not only love of men but love of sinners for the love of God. This would be no better than a cant phrase unless it was inspired by such eschatology and such supernaturalistic hygiene for saving the soul as the Christian Churches have developed: and it is these doctrines and forms of discipline that I am thinking of when I talk of Christianity. Otherwise one might have to admit that Socrates was a better Christian than Saint Paul, and Buddha than Saint Dominic: and perhaps one would have to deny that Luther and Calvin were Christians at all, which (on account of their theology) I should hesitate to do.

Much the same misunderstandings arise in the matter of poetry and its relation with philosophy. By philosophy I don't mean true philosophy—far from it. And it would not occur to me that if totality of view and a sense for the ultimate raised Dante to the highest level of poetry, he would descend from it because we afterwards decided that his conception of the world and of man's place in it was not correct: correctness has nothing to do with it. Homer and Virgil are just as comprehensive—if not perhaps so earnest or consecrated—as Dante: and as the geography of Homer and the agriculture of Virgil lose nothing by being scientifically obsolete, so the astronomy and theology of Dante lose nothing by being so. My contention is only that their dignity as poets would fall immeasurably if they had had no geography, astronomy, theology, or agriculture: in other words, if they had not attuned their minds to the world as they conceived it, but had conceived no world and—to be frank—had had no mind.

I like what you say about matter and the capacities of the atom: and I have laughed aloud, like an idiot, at your final story and the capacity of the Sphinx to “be there” when it no longer appears in the bill. I should admit the fair impeachment if you boldly called me a platonist, and a materialist

as well. This contradiction disappears if we take seriously the profoundly platonistic doctrine that natural philosophy and theology (in the Platonic system) are necessarily mythical. This does not preclude a scientific analysis of phenomenal nature, although Socrates and his pupils did not attempt it. Their despair about science was premature, as is that of Bergson: but a student of physics (which is the true metaphysics) may perfectly lend himself to platonism in the poetic and discursive expression of his own mind, and in his moral philosophy. Only he must beware of supposing, as the dogmatic platonists do, that in his platonizing he is going deeper, as well as higher, than in his natural science. He is not going deeper: he is mythologizing.

In a few weeks I am off to Spain, where I expect to spend the coming winter. Often a longing comes over me to walk round Christ Church Meadows, and I ask myself why I put off returning to England. On the other hand, all those scenes are so vividly before me that they could hardly be more so if I revisited them, and I am still writing "Soliloquies in England" abroad!

It would be a great pleasure to hear from you and know how Chilswell and all its inhabitants are faring.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

30 August 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Congress)

Address c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, Aug. 30, 1920

Dear Smith

Thank you very much for your kind letter, received a few days ago, and for the cuttings about Little Essays, which arrived this morning. I am very glad to see Bridges' charming paper; quite apart from what it says about us that is flattering and useful (to Constable) I like the good humour and kind feeling running through it all. I am writing to him about it, explaining that I hadn't seen it until this day.

I agree with you that the book makes a nice appearance and, in dipping into it now and then, it has seemed to me that it struck its notes clearly and pleasantly, and that people might like it, if they only could be brought to read it. This is perhaps true of most books of poetry, or of prose that has been digested and distilled like poetry. I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude for having persisted in the plan of disengaging these passages from their original—too professorial—context. My early books were written too much under the pressure of American public sentiment—I don't mean that this influenced my opinions, or even my style, very much, but that it made me write to justify my existence and make sure to myself that I did have an intellect: but I should have had more, perhaps, if I hadn't been in such haste to exhibit it. My comfort is that you have saved these fragments from the wilderness of the top shelf, and that I am not yet too old to recast the more theoretic parts of my reflexion into a system that may be better articulated and more closely knit than my old divagations.

I am afraid my shameful carelessness about writing letters has caused me not to thank you as yet for your Stories from the Bible, which I see you have greatly expurgated and reduced in bulk from your original manuscript, parts of which you read to us some time ago. As I told you then, I think the satirical strain is so much better in it than the farcical strain, that it is almost a pity to have the latter in it at all; I mean that your parody of the commentators and your suggestions (as in the case of Jezabel's kindly feelings towards the religion of the peasants) of what the facts may have really been, are far too witty to require the introduction of modern slang.

or other anachronisms. But this was probably your original joke in the matter, and the higher flights suggested themselves afterwards.

I am sorry that my inertia has proved too great to suffer me to go to England this summer. Strong leaves me the day after tomorrow for Aix-les-Bains, and I shall probably stay here until Margaret returns, so as to see her and act as official guardian while she is in Paris: then I am going to Spain for the winter. In the Summer I count on going to England, at least for a few weeks, when I may have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. The translator of my "Egotism in German Philosophy" into French, Lerolle, writes asking if you and I have any objection to his undertaking a translation of "Little Essays". It is only fair to add that he is a person of various employments and uncertain ways; but (under careful watching) a competent translator. His French, at least, can't be very bad, since the Academy gave him a prize for his version. I suppose you have no objection to letting him make the attempt if he likes, although we must not count on his perseverance. What say you?

To Charles Augustus Strong

6 September 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire
Sept. 6, 1920

Dear Strong

Your card arrived in due time, also the one I enclose, and this morning Lovejoy's proof which I have re-directed, as well as another pamphlet or circular. By mistake I opened an envelope from Columbia college, as it had the familiar Bush look, and was astonished to find that I was being thanked for a vast sum of money to keep the sepulchre whitened. I think you

were extraordinarily generous, and hope you don't mind my having discovered it.

Madame de Fontenay came in yesterday morning, evidently fresh from mass, and somewhat flurried and querulous: I recognized the temper my sisters used to be in when they returned from early Church—especially if they had been to Communion—and it made me wonder if too much living in the other world doesn't make one unfit to live in this. Earthly accidents all then seem perverse impediments to the free course of one's spiritual progress, and blots on the landscape of paradise. However, all Madame de Fontenay wanted was that I should send a telegram to Margaret asking if she could not return to Paris before the 12th as Madame de Fontenay has to leave on the 15th and is most anxious to see her. I gathered that she has an eye on a person that she thinks suitable for Margaret's dame de compagnie. She also seems to think Italy a very bad, dangerous, unhealthy place, and wishes you would return to Paris, or go anywhere else, rather than risk life and happiness amongst those socialists and fortune-hunters. I accordingly left my work—I have been very steadily at it, and made good progress—and went to the telegraph office in the rue de Grenelle, which is open on Sunday, and sent the required telegram to Margaret. Do you suppose Madame de Fontenay didn't feel authorized to send such a message to Margaret herself, or that she wanted to save the six francs that it might cost? She says, by the way, that her husband is not very well, and that they are to remain in Paris until December.

The weather here is still cloudy and very autumnal. Marie treats me very handsomely, and I have got a few more—not important—books.

Let me know how your cure works. Yours ever

GSantayana

To William Lyon Phelps

8 September 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o, 123 Pall Mall
London, S.W.1.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1920

Dear Phelps

I am much pleased to have your letter and your review of the Little Essays. All the first part of it makes me feel as if I were reading an obituary notice by anticipation, and I can almost imagine some Phi Beta Kappa orator, in the not very distant future, spreading this sort of roseate sunset glow over my uneventful history and limping personality. I don't object to the headlines; Harvard in the 1890's being me, and America Today being you; and I think the view of the Yard has much the same quality of cautious idealization. Yours is not a cubist portrait of your humble servant, nor yet a Dutch inventory of his features and circumstances. I think it is very good and fair, if one allows for the friendly partiality you do not disguise, and also for a certain glamour or pathos of distance that already bathes our memories of youth. The only fact that is wrong is your saying that my mother was an American; she was Spanish—we never spoke English together—but had been first married (in Manila) to one of the Boston Sturgis's, so that my half-sisters and half-brother belonged to that once prosperous and ^{always} agreeable tribe: and it was in consequence of this connection, and money matters concerned in it, that we went to live in America. A point of interpretation where I feel you are also somewhat misled, or at least reticent, is in regard to my reasons for leaving Harvard. Weariness had something to do with it, but weariness with lectures and with the "problems" of technical philosophy rather than with college committees, on which I seldom appeared. They knew I was no good at business! But my chief motive was a life-long desire to live in Europe and—which is only possible here—to be left alone. In respect to higher things, most of what you say pleases and satisfies me greatly, especially your mention of Schopenhauer: that is to hit the nail on the head. There are only two points in which perhaps you don't understand me: it seems to me unfair to suggest that, unlike the wizzened Morley, I am not frank about immortality; a scholar like you ought to know that the platonizing or Spinozistic things I say about it, taken in an ideal sense, are the original

motif of this doctrine in the European tradition: the notion of ghosts or of resurrection has been merely confused with it, and it is no compromise or hedging on my part to separate the two views once more. The other point is about liking life, and the poets who relish it. My disgust at Browning is not because he loves life or has it abundantly, but because he doesn't love it (as Dickens does, for instance) for what is good in it, but for what is bad, tawdry, and pretentious. I protest against being called a snob; what I love is what is simple, humble, easy, what ought to be common, and it is only the bombast of false ambitions and false superiority, that I abhor.

Before the war I was on the point of going to give some lectures at the University of Wisconsin, and at Columbia, but I doubt now, whether I shall ever cross the Atlantic again. I have my [*across*] head-quarters here, and go away at intervals. Last winter I was in Italy, now I go to Spain, and I was in England throughout the war. All [*across page one*] places, where there is an arm-chair within and something human to see without, are much the same, and I lead the same life everywhere. You will find me somewhere on the beaten track whenever you next come to these parts.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 September 1920 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire

Sept. 20, 1920

Dear Strong

Your card reaches me this morning, and I am not sure whether it was meant to encourage Margaret to stay on here, without going to Aix at all. In that case it arrived too late, which is a pity, since otherwise it might have saved her the trouble, expense, and unsettled feeling of undertaking this trip and returning to Paris, in order to repeat the same journey a fortnight later. However, you will now have the pleasure of seeing her at once—and I think she never looked better—and then perhaps she may feel authorized to stay in Paris somewhat longer, before joining you again at Fiesole. She will no longer find me here, to be a curious combination of a resource and a nuisance, a source of amusement and a wet blanket. I ~~feel~~ felt I was both these sorts of thing, and enjoyed the little evening outings very much which we had together, while at the same time wondering if, in the apartment, I wasn't in the way. Margaret is not a person with whom it is easy to lead a life in common; she doesn't seem to have fixed tastes or interests, and it is hard to foresee what she will find pleasant when it turns up. She doesn't, apparently, foresee it at all clearly herself, else by this time she would have chosen her own occupations and surroundings more definitely than she has. I understand perfectly the difficulty you have had in finding these suitable surroundings and occupations for her, because her own reaction on suggestions or experiments is not sharp enough: she seems to accept anything suggested, and yet is not satisfied with anything at bottom. It is only, as far, ^{as} I have observed, in such matters as clothes and furniture that her preferences are decided; and I am afraid neither the villa at Fiesole nor this apartment are much to her taste. Even if this apartment were furnished more completely, and in her own way, it would be too small and not in the right quarter of Paris; while the villa at Fiesole, besides not having been heretofore well arranged for a young lady to live in, is inaccessible, and I am sure she finds living there lonely and inconvenient, even for such purposes as her music or painting lessons. My feeling—which I know you will not think it impertinent in me to express—is that you would do well to encourage any marked desire or propensity which she may manifest, even at the sacrifice of being often separated from her; and even

to make an effort to discover what her half-formed wishes may be, instead of letting things drift as hitherto; and I think she would not only be happier and develope more by having her own way, even if she made some mistakes at first, but that in the end you would profit by it yourself, because she would be more of a companion when she was with you, and even, in spirit, when she was away: for instance, she would write to you oftener and more confidentially. The trouble with her is a certain vagueness and emptiness of mind. Of course love, marriage, and children are the obvious and natural remedy for this: but meantime any friendships or surroundings by which she finds herself carried along, and pleasantly interested, will do her good, form her character, and help her to choose a husband wisely and with an awakened interest in all that such a choice means: for I feel as if she hardly had that interest as yet, even in the abstract, as so many very young girls have. This winter, for instance, if she wants to go back to America, or to England, I should urge her to do so, far from standing in the way. You would not be much more lonely for that; you could go to Rome or to Val-Mont, as you often feel like doing, and she would love you more for looking at things from her angle, and I can't help thinking you would be happier too.

I enclose a telegram which has just arrived for her.

I mean to start in the direction of Spain on Sunday next and hope to be in Avila (where my address is Novaliches, 6,—but Avila is enough) early in October, from where I will write again.

The Soliloquies grow at one end as I finish and lop them off at another, so that I am still far from the end of them: but I will take a goodly portion of the Realms with me, in the hope of being able to report substantial progress at the end of the winter.

Let me know how you find the Villa and the scioperi.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

9 October 1920 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall. S.W.1 } Address

Avila, Oct. 9, 1920.

M^{essrs} Constable & Company
London.

Will you please send a copy of my Little Essays to the address below, as well as a copy of my Character & Opinion in the United States, when this appears, and charge both to my account.

I thought I had already sent you M^s Miller's address with this object, but she seems not to have received the book.

Yours faithfully

G Santayana

M^{rs} Miller, Homewood
Tavistock Drive,
Mapperley Park,
Nottingham

To Charles Augustus Strong

18 October 1920 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, Oct. 18, 1920

Dear Strong

I got here a fortnight ago, after a rather tedious but comfortable journey, with halts at Poitiers, Bordeaux, San Sebastian, Vitoria, Valladolid, and Segovia, from which last interesting town (which I hadn't seen before) I came here by motor'bus, in four hours, and found the whole tribe of my sister's family well, and much as usual, except for the existence of five new babies, since my last visit. These children have taken up a good deal of my time, as I have been managing a toy theatre for them, and drawing and painting dolls for their amusement—all of which, though I enjoy it much

more than they do, is not compatible with Soliloquies nor with the Realms of Being. I expect to stay here some ten days longer and then go to Toledo, stopping only one day in Madrid, to make the connection and see my only surviving cousin—an old maid in reduced circumstances. In Toledo, if I can find tolerable quarters, I mean to remain for some time, and to work steadily, as there I shall be absolutely alone, yet in the midst of interesting scenes, as in a little Rome. You shall here hear how I fare when I am once settled there. If I should find the place uncomfortable, however, I will return as quickly as possible (which means very slowly) to France. Travelling has become very inconvenient and Spain is in a curious condition, crowded and prosperous, yet in want of many things—like rolling-stock for the railways—and politically and socially rather disturbed, like the rest of the world at present; and everything is absolutely, not relatively, very dear. In San Sebastian, for instance, they charged me 20 pesetas (= 45 francs) simply for my room for one night, and that without a bathroom. On the other hand I feel as much as ever the charm of the people and the sunlight and the churches, and find myself perfectly fluent in the language, so that I should very much enjoy staying on until the Summer, if I could be materially comfortable enough to work.

Margaret has doubtless told you of our few days together in Paris, which I again enjoyed very much. Let me know how she is going to spend the winter, and also how you have been getting on with the villa.

I have had a long letter from Westenholz, my German friend, with nothing very particular in it about Germany or the war, but with a philosophical passage (in German) which is in perfect agreement with your views. He says the sub-conscious or psychic facts become conscious only in reflection or memory, but owe their existence and character to what they are in the sub-conscious phase. I told him in answer that my difficulty with this lay only in the first term, the sub-conscious or psychic one, which I suspect is merely a material, dynamic process.

My American book is out in America but apparently not yet in England, as I have had no copy. Have you? Yours ever

GSantayana

To John Calvin Metcalf and James Southall Wilson

22 November 1920 • Toledo, Spain (MS: Virginia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall, London

Toledo, Nov. 22, 1920

Dear Professors Metcalf and Wilson

What you ask of me I shall have to ask in turn of a Higher Power, and I am not confident that my prayer will be granted. My verses in their day were the product of youth and literature, and I have long since given up the practice. However, if a belated ray of inspiration should come, I should be most happy to join you in your Centennial Volume, and in any case you have my best wishes for it and for the cause which it is to celebrate

Yours very truly

G Santayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

29 November [1920] • Toledo, Spain (MS postcard: Sanchez)

TOLEDO (ESPAÑA)—UN APOSTOL

Cuadro del Greco.

Hotel Castilla, Toledo, Nov. 29.

Thank you for your letter, also Robert's, and one other—from the poet laureate. Don't send me my own book: I have already read it.—I am very comfortable here, now that I have got into a regular routine, and find plenty to do. If later the weather becomes colder, I may feel more like moving.—The Athenaeums have also come safely. Love to all from Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 December 1920 • Toledo, Spain (MS: Rockefeller)

Address}	until Jan 1	Novaliches 6	Avila
}	after " 1,	Serrano 7	Madrid

Toledo, Dec. 10, 1920

Dear Strong

Your letter of the 3rd reaches me here today, and I am delighted to hear that you are so well pleased with the improvements in the Villa. Lady Sybil also tells me that you are much better—I suppose she refers to your legs, and what you say about being less fit refers only to the organs of intellect. When you return from Rome and find everything in working order in the house perhaps ideas too will begin to flow more freely.

I got an advertisement yesterday from an English clipping agency announcing "Critical Realism", so I suppose it is out.

I believe I wrote to you from Avila, describing my life there. After some weeks I found the subjection to so much family life a little trying, especially as it made any spurts of work, which I might have, practically ineffectual, because the momentum I acquired one day would be dissipated before I could return to that train of thought. The political and religious undertone of the place also got a little on my nerves. So I decided to come here, but not with the idea of going on to Granada, but rather of staying until Mercedes, our friend in Madrid, returned and opened her house, where you know we are in the habit of going as paying guests. It happens that this year her apostolic labours in Galicia are detaining her longer than usual; but before Newyears I hope to be established there. My sister Josephine will also join us. There I expect to stay for some time—according to circumstances—and then, with a short stop at Avila, to return to Paris.

Is there any objection to my writing to Marie—whose address I have—and asking her to return to look after me at the apartment? If I get there by April 1st I may be able to do some good work, and to present you with several chapters of Realms of Being, if you are willing to read them in manuscript.

Toledo is a delightful place from my point of view: ancient, most picturesque, with a river like the Thames at Oxford, except that in places it runs through a wild gorge overlooked by ruinous castles and spanned by beautiful, romantic bridges; there is a good modern hotel, expensive but

comfortable, in which I am the only permanent guest; and there are sunny gardens (when the sun shines) in which one may sit and read in perfect comfort; there is a café, much frequented, and—welcome detail—there is a military academy with more than a thousand cadets, studying for their commissions in the infantry, who with their gay uniforms and lively manners lend a touch of young life to the stony scene—for you never saw so much stone as there is here. In Spain the world is coming to an end by petrifaction. I have been completely alone except for a few days, when I was joined by an Englishman who came by chance to this hotel: he had seen me at Oxford, knew most of my friends there, and took me back to England, morally, for the time being. I should add that there has been a theatrical company, now gone, which gave some interesting performances. Naturally under these conditions, and with hardly any books to read, I have been forced to write a great deal, and I spend regularly a good many hours a day at my desk; but I regret to say that the net result has not been considerable. The Soliloquies have grown and advanced: but as I thought in Paris that I was already in sight of the end, this hardly seems any gain towards getting rid of them; which is my chief desire. I have done something on Realms of Being: but until the Soliloquies are in shape I can't actually lay out that other book, begin at the beginning, and revise and arrange the whole for publication. That work requires a different atmosphere from that of travel; I must feel that I need never move; and I am hoping that in Paris, in April, I may have that feeling.

I am glad I came to Spain, I want to stay on now that I am here, but secretly—though of course I don't say this to my family—hardly expect to come back. The song in the Gondoliers sometimes runs through my head with a variation—"If ever ever ever I get out of Spain, I shall never never never come to Spain again." But that is only a mood: at times everything here, especially the people, seem to me charming.

I don't feel that it is at all important that we should agree about the psychical. We agree enough to have our influence, such as it may be, pull in the same direction; and the fact that you call substance psychical and I call it material may even help to bring persons of opposed habits of thought to converge more nearly towards our position. You will see, when Realms of Being appears, that I don't by any means close the door to substance being psychical, in the sense in which you use the word: only I don't see any cogent reason for asserting that view positively, since neither of the two approaches to substance which I have found—the epistemological and the cosmological—involves that conclusion. As I have often said in our discus-

sions, the fact that substance is the substance of things seen and also of the organs of seeing, does not involve any assimilation of it, in quality, to seeing or to visibility. What the inner nature of substance may be (if it has an “inner” nature distinct from the nexus of its discoverable attributes) has to be left to conjecture or myth: I am not sure that it is a serious speculation; what is important is that the place, movement, manifestations, and continuity of substance should be made out scientifically, so that the natural roots of things moral should not be overlooked. That, at least, is my sole interest in the matter: and if you can prove by other arguments that such a substance must be psychical, I am quite willing. But why should I too have to make that discovery?

As you see by this whole letter, I have no thought of going to Italy this year. Next year. Travelling, at least in Spain and to Spain, is a great nuisance, and I want to do as little of it as possible. The immense journey from here to Rome is not worth undertaking for what remains of the season. And another nine months will be soon—too soon—past.

You say nothing about Margaret. I should be glad to hear of her goings on, and of her movements. Did you find a dame de compagnie? Is she going to Belgrade, or to America, or is she warbling merrily in the new drawing-room?

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

29 December 1920 • Toledo, Spain (MS: Virginia)

Hotel Castilla Toledo

Dec. 29, 1920

Dear Susie

I am going to Madrid on Monday next, Jan. 3rd. Mercedes wrote saying she could receive me on the 1st or 2nd, but as the second is Sunday (when things are always a little off the normal) I thought it better to give her one more day, and call it Monday.

I have written to Brown Shipley at last giving them a new address; and if I had known, on coming here, that I was to remain nine weeks, you would not have had the trouble of readdressing and sending so many letters. Everything, I believe, has arrived safely; except the Athenaeum for Dec. 10th. I have those for Dec. 3rd and 17th but the intervening one has not arrived. I suspect, however, that you have a second copy of it, which I wish you would keep for me until I return to Avila. I don't care to see the review as a whole, but there is probably an article of my own in it of which I should like to have a copy eventually.

As to the money for Manuela I think what you propose is very well: it makes very little difference how it reaches her, except that it should be as little trouble to you as possible.

I quite understand our neice Josephine's desire to have a house of her own, and I have heard of Weston; I believe there is a colony of young married people there among whom she would prefer to have her "home" rather than in the impersonal rows of numbered houses in a city street. Next winter, she might come and stay with her father for a part of the winter, if he hasn't made other arrangements. His plan, I should think, must be either marriage, or some other way of annexing the Lassomandis, or else a journey to Europe to see you. It is a pity the Sud-Express is not running, as it made a journey to Avila very much easier.

I am sorry the children (if they got wind that I was to send them some present) have had to wait so long for it; but now as soon as I get to Madrid I will see if the objects in question (unless you now suggest something different) can be sent on at once, without waiting for my personal return. In any case I should have had some difficulty in packing the objects, unless I got a new valise.

I wish you and all the family, especially Celedonio, a happy new year.

I suppose Josephine will be in Madrid very soon, if indeed she does not arrive simultaneously with me.

Your affectionate brother

Jorge