

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Three, 1921—1927

*G. Santayana.*



**To John Erskine**

4 January 1921 • Madrid, Spain (MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley &amp; C°

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Madrid, Jan. 4, 1921.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Erskine

It gives me much pleasure to write your niece's name and mine on the sheet you send me, and I shall be glad if it contributes to the interest of her collection.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

**To Elizabeth Stephens Fish Potter**

4 January 1921 • Madrid, Spain (MS: Houghton)

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

Madrid, Jan. 4, 1921

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Potter

I have before me not only your good letter of Dec. 14, but a photograph of the hall at Antietam Farm, and both make me wish that I could transfer myself by some miraculous process into your midst, even if was to remain incognito while there. This soothing idea has been suggested to me before, by my friend Apthorp Fuller, who also possesses a "farm", and I think in an even more savage and remote region than yours: but it seems to follow that I should have to be incognito at both places, and also presumably at my brother's; my old friend M<sup>rs</sup> Toy would have to be let into the secret; and I might as well be interviewed in New York harbor on board the tooting <sup>and</sup> steamer, and have my portrait in the next Sunday's papers, with appropriate headlines: Cynic Santayana Sings Home Sweet Home; etc. Besides would my life be safe? My English friends seem to think not, although what I hear from America is all most dulcet and affectionate. Together with your letter I receive one from Cunningham Graham

who says: "If you return again to the United States, you will find the new adaptation by Colt of the Browning pistol, with the hair-trigger stop, the safest and quickest thing to have about you. Do not venture into the Middle West: there may be a feeling that may translate itself awkwardly." On the other hand, by the same post, the wife of a professor of philosophy at Columbia writes "We have read with deep pleasure your last book . . . I delight in its justness . . . I am comforted by the ripeness and GOODNESS of its spirit. It makes me hope for things that had seemed lost." And at the same time a professor of English literature begs me "to write my little niece's name and yours in her copy." Life is very complicated, especially if one tries to put two & two and together: it is simpler if one keeps things apart. I have been trying in Toledo, under the shadow of the magnificent Alcazar and of Cisneros, to understand conservative Spain: it is not impossible: but only if you learn it all like a new language, and forget all the facts and all the feelings that it ignores. Bring the irreconcilable things face to face, and one, if not both, become incredible.

All you and Bob tell me about the boys interests me very much; and I don't wonder that they are not "artistic" in their tastes. Young people nowadays have taken a new turn. They did not see the light (intellectually, I mean) in the eighteen nineties, as some of us did. That was an age that cried: Give me art or give me pessimism, or give me both. I see vestiges of it among my friends in Florence: they are still impressed with the thought of how beautiful things must once have been; and they yearn to live, at least privately, in that rarer and richer atmosphere. But they are a failure. Things are differently beautiful now, if one has eyes to see them; or rather, it is something different from "beauty" that makes up their interest and charm: it is perhaps their actuality, or their movement, or their humour. Perhaps the most loving and the most perceptive of men among us is not the artist but the humorist. Perhaps your boys won't miss much if they don't care for "art".

This is only a bow: another day I will write a letter more like a long visit.  
Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Henry James III**

10 January 1921 • Madrid, Spain (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London.

Madrid, Jan. 10, 1921

Dear M<sup>r</sup> James

It was a cause of regret to me not to have other and longer letters of your father's, which I know I had received, to send to you when you were preparing the collection which you have now published. Those I was able to send were chiefly of documentary interest, and I think you had better keep them with your other documents.

The reason that the most interesting letters I had were no longer in my possession was, I think, that I had lent or given them to other persons who wished to see them, and they may yet turn up. I suspect that my friend M<sup>rs</sup> Toy may have one or two of them, but she naturally forgot the fact when looking for such as she or M<sup>r</sup> Toy may have received from your father. She

probably has them among my letters, and though it is too late for your purposes, I am going to ask her if this is not the case.

Believe me, with best wishes,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

23 January 1921 • Madrid, Spain (MS: Princeton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London S.W.1

Madrid, Jan. 23, 1921

M<sup>essrs</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons  
New York

Gentlemen

In reply to your letter of Jan. 4, inclosing one from M<sup>rs</sup> Turner, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, I can only say that I am more interested in finishing the books I have in hand than in correcting my old ones. There are certainly many things that I should put differently if I were now rewriting "The Sense of Beauty"; but, as you observe, I have supplemented what I said there with other considerations in "The Life of Reason", and the "Soliloquies in England" now appearing in "The Athenaeum" will probably make a small book in which the whole nature of fiction, expression, and representation will be treated in a new fashion. M<sup>rs</sup> Turner will find there, I hope, a sufficient sense of what Freud, if not Croce, has taught us. And I am at work—slowly—on a much more considerable book, in which I endeavour to clear up, as far as I can, all the fundamental questions concerned in these theories.

Meantime I am afraid "The Sense of Beauty" will have to serve as it stands. If I live to revise all my works; as M<sup>rs</sup> Turner suggests, I might perhaps add a few notes here and there, where my opinion has changed; but

I think even if I had nothing else to do, ~~it~~ it would be better not to meddle with the general tenor of an old book, or with its style. It would be patch-work; and some might prefer the author's early view to his later one.

I should be glad if you would communicate this letter to M<sup>rs</sup> Turner, for whose interest in my work, as well as for your own, I am very grateful.

Yours truly  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

2 February 1921 • Madrid, Spain (MS: Rockefeller)

Serrano 7, Madrid  
Feb. 2, 1921

Dear Strong

“Critical Realism” reached me some time ago and I have read it all through. Apart from your paper and mine I like Rogers’ best: he may not be so clever as Lovejoy in controversy, but he understands the question better and expresses himself clearly. I should think Lovejoy’s criticism would compel Dewey to explain himself. I feel that Dewey has a noble sincerity behind his illiterate oracles, and that Lovejoy has not been willing or not been able to interpret him sympathetically. It would have been better to unearth his real intentions instead of merely carping at his ill-chosen words. I have never studied Dewey myself at all attentively or completely, and I am not sure that I understand him, but I suspect that he is merely attempting to analyse the vision of the human mind, the “experience” (in the proper sense of the word) that a typical American has nowadays of the world. It is all surface objectivism—impressionistic, conscientious photography—without the least attempt at penetrating to substance or to the natural distribution of the facts; so that he is idealistic in that he has only a flat canvass, but realistic in that every thing painted there is a solid object. It is philosophizing in innocent perspective—and that

is why it is so very curious and so very American; and it may not be incorrect in its own way, and when taken for what it is meant to be. The only error—a tremendous one, to be sure—is the apparent conviction that this impressionism is something deeper or more ultimate than other methods of interpretation, and that it is “philosophy” as opposed to science. True philosophy, of course, is built on science and is only an extension of science, and impressionism and its pictures of round things made flat, is something science can very well dominate and explain.

Drake's paper is honest and useful: I like it better on a second reading. His honesty prompts him to point-out the diversity between the two groups among us in respect to the “datum”; but he doesn't see, or doesn't care to mention, the diversity in respect to the psychical fact. I think the psychological fact is the intuition of essence, with the history of these intuitions, i.e. of personal experience. The psychical fact is the ground of this mental flux, whether we regard the psyche as composed of “feeling” or (as I think, with the pre-Socratics) of matter. In your paper I miss the recognition of personal “experience”, the flux of intuitions that autobiography might record. Isn't this an undeniable additional existence, besides those which you admit? The experience of a pain or a passion is, to my mind, quite as obviously the mere intuition of an essence as the “experience” of a circle. The violence of the feeling is merely the character of the [*across*] essence given. I feel as if you had not applied the distinction of essence to memory or introspection.                   Yours ever

GSantayana

I am thinking of returning to Paris for Easter.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

9 March 1921 • Ávila, Spain      (MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, March 9, 1921

Dear Strong

Your philosophical letter of the 3<sup>rd</sup> was awaiting me when I arrived here yesterday, and I will try to answer it point by point presently. But first let me tell you that my sister, having seen your post-card about "The Wisdom of the Beasts," wrote to me asking quite seriously if that wasn't the book of which you and I (among others) were joint authors.

Coming now to your protestations, I admit at once that you have made the distinction of essence in the case of introspection and memory quite as truly as in the case of perception; what I meant by saying that you seemed to me not to have applied that distinction in the other field was that you seemed not to have availed yourself of it to clear away old confusions, as in perception, and to return to a more accurate expression of commonsense in the matter, as I think the distinction of essence can help us to do. And this leads directly to my answer to your other points.

You say in "a," "The memory I talk about is not the given-essence of the past plus an intuition that is not given, but the present image that makes memory possible." Here, if I don't misunderstand you, "present image", being contrasted with "given-essence", is something not given at all; it is the trace of the past in the self, the modification produced by the past experience, and surviving inexperienced, which enables the "given-essence of the past" to appear. This is the fact that the self has experienced or learned something and is ready to recall it: but isn't it paradoxical to call this fact "memory"? And when you call it "present image" aren't you

assimilating it, in a misleading way, to given essences? The beauty of the distinction of essence seems to me to lie just in dispelling this sort of amphibious “present image”, and forcing us to ask ourselves at every step: Am I talking of a datum or of some latent condition for the appearance of data—something that a consistent idealist would discard altogether and that, not being given, can actually be doubted, and ought to be arrived at, if at all, by cogent scientific reasoning?

You say further in “a,” “The introspection I refer to is not the given-essence pain but the pain itself, the group of mind-stuff point-instants which the given-essence pain brings before us”. Certainly introspection can’t be intuition of the given-essence pain, for that would be the feeling of the pain, what I should call the “pain itself”, the sort of thing that that unconsciousness produced by an anaesthetic would abolish. Introspection must be something else, and more complicated, than the direct feeling of pain. But now when you say that introspection is {has for its object?} “The group of mind-stuff point-instants which the given essence pain brings before us”, I am not at all satisfied with your language. Granting that there may be such mind-stuff point-instants which are the basis or substance of the experience of pain, I can’t see that introspection brings them before us. The direct experience of the pain, taken as a perception, might “bring them before us”, as the tooth-ache does the tooth, or any experience does the self and the whole universe; they would be the ulterior object to which the pain, if we dwelt upon it and investigated its ground and significance, would lead us to discover. But such completed scientific understanding and elucidation of our experience would not be introspection; nor would it lead us to anything like the given-essence pain in quality. I agree with you that introspection (what I should call introspection) does this: for by introspection I think we naturally designate any intent watching of our experiences as they flow, and of their mutual dream-like relations: for instance, it is in introspection that I become aware that I am thinking of various disparate subjects at once: of you, of my handwriting, of the pink blotting-paper, of the court yard of this house, of my sister in her sitting-room, of the London conference, etc, etc. Such consciousness of what is going on in one’s head is necessarily discursive; it notes things in succession, and in some past phase of their presence, even if they still persist almost unchanged: and this discursive introspection or self-consciousness is very often, I should admit, extremely truthful. Our introspection of a sensation just past renders and prolongs (in a different setting) that sensation almost unchanged: so that introspection can be more accurate and

adequate to its real object than any other kind of knowledge. But this is so because it remains within the psychological field, repeating in discourse fragments of what was discourse from the beginning. In the same way, I think our notions of other men's ideas and feelings may often be perfectly adequate. But introspection in your sense, which has for its object "mind-stuff point-instants" would not seem to repeat or contain the nature of those elements, but to offer us something as different from them as water is different from oxygen and hydrogen—

The only other point in which I feel there is some stubborn divergence in our views is in regard to "awareness not being given". I always have agreed to this, because I see that if the datum is "green" it cannot be "I see green". But now I smell a rat; for it seems sometimes as if you argued that "I see green" cannot also be a datum; of course it cannot be a datum of mere sight; but just after the datum "green" has been given, and while it continues to be given, the field of consciousness may be enlarged, and my own body and currents from my whole past experience may come within my range, so that I may have for my datum "I see green". "I see green" is an essence just as "green" is: it may be given just as immediately. Do you agree or disagree with this?

I mean to be in Paris before Easter, and shall be delighted to see [*across*] you and the wisdom of the beasts as soon as you can possibly materialize.

Yours ever GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

28 March 1921 • Paris, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Paris, March 28, 1921

Dear Strong,

Here I am, having arrived last Thursday after a tedious journey from Avila. The train I was to have taken at midnight arrived at noon the next day: I had to go back to sleep at my sister's and say good bye all over again the next day. I then did "get out of Spain"; spent one night at Hendaye, at the frontier, and another at Bordeaux. The apartment was ready, the concierge and Marie had received my notices of my intended reappearance, and everything at once began to run smoothly, even the water in the W.C. which on the first day had refused to flow. The place is much transformed and beautified by the purchases that Margaret has been making. I see even a lot of nice new old books, and when a box that is to be sent after me from Avila arrives, all the shelves will be practically full. We can then begin to relegate the unbound or deteriorated volumes to some place of darkness.

I have received your three philosophical letters, and will take the hint you drop in the last (received this morning) and leave all detailed discussion of your points until we meet: they will all recur in due course some day or other, when we are sitting in a terrasse having our coffee. But we shall not agree. In reading all three letters over again just now, I have been struck by certain presuppositions or habits of your thought which come from a tradition in which I have never felt at home. My sense of what sort of a thing mental life is, and how it is related to the body and to the psyche, is Aristotelian: not only because that is the philosophy which I have always most respected, but because it corresponds to my own self-knowledge and observation of the world. Mind is an expression, an entelechy, of something not mind. But you are rather an heir of Humian or Jamesian principles: you want to weave existence out of psychic stuff. In your last letter there is a passage that at first struck me as very strange: but perhaps it is not strange, if we start with that general programme. You ask why the given essence is not, without further ado, the essence of the object! Why on earth, I said to myself, should it be? If a sensitive plant or an animal in its shell is being rained upon, why on earth should the chill or the fear of death which it may feel be the essence of the rain; whether we conceive the rain as the eyes of men perceive it, as a down-pour of grey drops, or as

some dynamics of point-instants might describe it? It is simply a preposterous, unnatural suggestion that the essences given to a vegetative thing, like the psyche, should be the essences of the surrounding forces, under the influence of which that psyche is living, and which, when it becomes materially cognitive, it will describe to itself in its own poetic, mythological, sensuous language, as the cold devil, or the spirit of the rain, or the patter-patter elf knocking at the door. You see, I spontaneously conceive the mind as an expression of the life of the psyche, turned into a symbol, a terribly inadequate and yet overloaded symbol, of what assails that life from outside. It therefore startles me to hear that you ask for a reason why the given essence is not the essence of the object. Am I wrong in surmising that such a presumption belongs to the psychological metaphysics which conceives the object as, fundamentally, the given idea, the “phenomenon”; and then indeed it would be a mystery how the given “idea” could differ from the given “essence”. This is not a central matter in our controversy: it is something in which, I believe, we are agreed: but it struck me as a sign of that diversity of original outlook which I think makes us differ on other points.

You say I am improving in the matter of the inefficacy of consciousness: and certainly in the Soliloquies I have talked a great deal about Mother Psyche, an old busy-body who certainly weilds the housewife's broom, and perhaps that of a witch also, very efficaciously. But I still believe that “consciousness”, or the intuition of essences, is an event which, being immaterial, is imponderable, not measurable in quantity or position or velocity, nor even intrinsically in date or duration: so that to assign any mechanical efficacy to it is impossible. But of course, it is as good a sign of its circumstances as any other habitual item among them: and it may have a certain prophetic or symptomatic value as to the probable future, which the superstitious regard as a magic efficacy: and this is what people really cling to, and try to disguise to themselves as an experience of power. The question as to the Ego, which you raise, is merely one of names. Homer says that the wrath of Achilles sent many souls to Hades, but delivered the men themselves to dogs and vultures; there the Ego is the body, and the Soul is a ghost. You may say that what you feel to be your very self is the life or motive principle within your body, your psyche: and then of course you will be the doer of all your acts and the sayer of all your words. It will remain a mystery to you, if your reflection goes so deep, why you are prompted to do or to say such things: your freedom will remain the fulfilment of your inscrutable destiny; but undoubtedly you will be, like any

other natural agency, a channel of causality and change, a focus of power. There is, however, a sentimental self-consciousness in which a man identifies himself, not with this animal psyche in his body, but with his experiences and brooding thoughts, with his inner discourse: and if you call that the Self, the self will be impotent, except vehemently to be what it happens to be. Certainly when I was young, even when I wrote the Life of Reason, I was given to this “introspective” or romantic way of thinking more than I am now: I lived more transcendentally, more egotistically: and I put off to a distance (without denying them) the hypothetical world and the hypothetical psyche that by their interaction produced this life-long dream in me. I am glad that you like my new manner better: I like it much better myself, and think it more respectable. There is something disreputable in sentimental self-consciousness. Nevertheless, the exercise is possible and (for a critical philosophy) indispensable: and unless you are willing to indulge in it methodologically on occasion, your dogmas will have no logic, no system in them. You will never have studied the order of evidence. And this brings me back to our dispute. Do you deny that consciousness—the intuition of essences—exists? You may not care to follow my argument here, but I am willing to carry scepticism so far as to entertain the possibility that nothing exists at all (as the Indians have maintained); but the moment that, abandoning that extreme negation, we admit that something exists, because we find it, or at least the illusion of its existence, then it follows a fortiori that the finding, the experience, exists, although we do not perceive or recall its existence until after we have posited the existence of something else. This, you see, is the logic of Fichte (which I think is good transcendental logic) and shows us that, if we believe in the existence of anything, our belief must exist too, and is first in the order of evidence, though not first in the order of discovery. For what is first in the order of discovery may be an illusion; but what is second, that ~~it is an illusion~~ <sup>a sense</sup> of discovering something has existed, cannot be an illusion, if there is to be an order of evidence at all.

Have you seen, in the Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society, Montague’s paper on Variation, Heredity, and Consciousness? I admire it immensely, without of course swallowing all its tenets: but I think he has expressed perfectly the way in which novelty and persistence are related. He is (as I have written to him to say) just the sort of pre-Socratic philosopher which the world needs. It is delightful to see scientific speculation so hard at work. You didn’t like Whitehead, but I did (again without agreeing altogether) because he helped independently to put nature (the “ether

of events") and mind ("sensible and scientific objects") in their right relations. Montague also has them, as it seems to me, in their place, where they belong: although his desire to make mind a hypostasis of potential energy, rather than of the actual movements or conation of the body, leads him to extravagant conclusions: as that we are never so much alive as when we are dead. His "vectors" are capital; like the "endeavour" of Hobbes; because it is events, movements, that subtend the mind, not instants.

Yours ever                    GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

30 April 1921 • Paris, France      (MS: Temple)

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9, Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, April 30, 1921

Messrs. Constable & Company  
London

Gentlemen:

At my suggestion, my friend Mr Charles Strong, with whom I live here, intends to send you half a dozen short pieces, which he calls "The Wisdom of the Beasts" in hopes that you will be willing to publish them for him. In case you have not heard of him—because although he is a distinguished and very solid psychologist, the public to which he has appealed hitherto is very limited—I send you a line to say that the slight appearance of these "Fables" covers a great deal of learning and hard thinking on his part; and whilst I can form no judgment as to their mathematical or physical cogency, I am sure the initiated would be entertained by them. Moreover, the matter of profits need not enter into your decision, as I am sure he would be glad to run any risk of financial loss that there may be in publishing such a short and—in one sense—playful production.

I hope soon to submit to you another book of my own "Soliloquies in England" which is almost ready.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

9 June 1921 • Paris, France      (MS: Congress)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Paris, June 9, 1921

Dear Smith

Thank you very much for taking such a constant and fruitful interest in my productions, now that your special godchild, Little Essays, has been

definitely presented and made its bow in polite society. The article in the London Mercury is very nice and friendly all round, and I am delighted and surprised to see how thoroughly Arthur McDowall understands me. I am used, from my American critics, to a sort of vague estrangement and beating round the bush; here all is simple and direct, and I am quite aware that it is my fault if the technical side of my philosophy is not treated very seriously. I haven't treated it very seriously myself, as yet, but I assure you there is solidity in it, if its skeleton were properly [*illegible*]laid bare, as I hope before long to do, as a counter-poise to my excursions into the realm of fancy.

Taking your hint, I sent yesterday a Soliloquy—a very pagan and sentimental one on Hermes—to the editor of the London Mercury. Others are appearing in New York in the Dial —a sophomoric paper which I don't mind, because its foolishness is youthful foolishness. But I can't stand the perversity of the Nation-and-Athenaeum. What mad ghosts these liberals are! I am not surprised—to make a transition which isn't one—that both the Russells are in love, but my wonder is that they can still pursue matrimony, and that they find anybody, I don't say to love them, for I quite understand their perennial charm, like that of Cleopatra, but to trust or to wed them. When will the public, and the individual, realize, as you and I seem to have done, that in this absurdly over-populated world, there ought to be a large class of celibates to do the thinking? ¶And it is far better for the intelligence of the future age that we should not leave children in the flesh—they would all be stark mad and most unhappy—but should only rationalize the atmosphere in which the sturdy average mortal, the child of the merely child-bearing woman, should be brought up. Mankind is faced with two awful dangers, between which we naturalistic monks may be able to steer them—the danger of losing their traditions and the danger of keeping them.

I am hiding in the heart of Paris, having left Strong's apartment for a while to make room for Margaret and her friends. She is going soon to America, and I don't yet know whether I shall spend the rest of the summer here with Strong, or go to England. If the latter, you shall hear from me.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

10 June 1921 • Paris, France      (MS: Temple)

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9, A<sup>y</sup> de l'Observatoire Paris  
June 10, 1921

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
London

Gentlemen

I beg to thank you for the account in regard to Little Essays and the cheque for £53–19–3.

I notice you sent the letter to Avila; I am seldom there: my permanent address is C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1 and my head-quarters here in Paris. If, by the way, you intended to send me more than one copy of Character & Opinion in the U.S. I should be very glad to have the others here now, where I keep my books.

I am very glad you are to publish M<sup>r</sup> Strong's Fables and we are both much pleased with the aspect of the sample page which you sent him.

Yours faithfully  
G Santayana

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**To Wendell T. Bush**1 July 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, July 1, 1921

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Bush

Here is a long Soliloquy —the longest in the book, if I don't cut it down—which I venture to send you for your Journal, because it clears up (I hope) some points which people are troubled by in my books, and especially because it contains an answer to a criticism of me by William James and another (or an expansion of the same) by Miller. Miller's article, on the personal side is very flattering, subtle, and delicate; but on the theoretical side it is not fair, and I should not be sorry to have him read this indirect reply.

I suppose, with your literary plans for the Journal, you won't object to the form of personal confession (and boastfulness!) in which this Soliloquy is written. I could have written it more modestly: but being dead, and not caring very much what people say, I prefer to go in for it, and say shamelessly what I really think. Why not?

Your young friend turned up once, but has not come again, although I thought we had a pleasant time together. I did the talking.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

2 August 1921 • Paris, France      (MS: Houghton)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, August 2, 1921

Dear George

Your telegram—which I am acknowledging by cable—reaches me this morning: the very last previous news had been encouraging, but of course under the circumstances the worst was to be feared. Your poor father at least had been expecting his end almost daily for years: and now he seemed to be having a spell of complete happiness, and to have felt quite satisfied with the posture in which he was leaving all his affairs, with the situation of Josephine and with your approaching marriage. Has this taken place, or has it been put off on account of your father's illness? You will now begin your married life a little sobered by this bereavement; but it need not be less happy for that: perhaps more so on the whole, because your new life will be your whole life now, and you will enter upon it with a certain seriousness, which the knowledge of the inevitable end always gives, when we have time to remember it.

For your two aunts in Spain and for me your father, especially, of late years, has been the mainstay of life in money-matters, and also the chief bond we still had with our old family life in Boston. Your aunts will be very much agitated and worried: I am myself so useless a being practically, and so ignorant of affairs, and so selfishly absorbed in my own literary interests, that I shall not be of any help to them. I hope you will reassure them about business matters, and will tell me, too, what I had better do to keep things running as smoothly as possible. Your father has no doubt made arrangements, and I have a paper he sent me to sign in case of his death: I am signing and enclosing it; but I leave it to you to say whether it ought to take effect, or whether your father later had formed a different plan. I suppose your aunts' property and mine had better be entrusted together to the same trustees, as the investments are parallel.—

Give my love to Josephine. Both you and she may always count on the sympathy and best wishes of your affectionate uncle

George Santayana

[across page one] P.S. I can't find the paper I was to sign at this moment. I will look more carefully another day, and meantime I hope [across page one]

*text*] to hear from you on the subject, and also what your aunts have in mind to do.

**To George Sturgis**

14 August 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

Permanent      }      C/o Brown Shipley & C°  
address      }      123 Pall Mall,  
                    London. S.W.1

Paris, August 14, 1921

Dear George

Your good letter of July 25<sup>th</sup>, coming after your telegram, told me just what I most wished to know about your father's last day; and I very much appreciate the clear way in which you put everything. In respect to money-matters, I am a true philosopher (not a mere professor of Phil. 10, 12, etc) and my one wish is not to hear about them, but to cash cheques and be happy. Your father was inestimable to me and to your aunts in this way, because besides being so affectionate and loyal, and taking so much pains, he was very clever at it, and made us far more prosperous than we ever expected to be. I can't speak for your aunts, although I think your aunt Josephine at least will be of my way of thinking, but my own chief desire is that things should go on as much as possible as they did before, and I will gladly sign a power of attorney in your favour if you will send me one. If you know your father's books, you must have noticed that your Aunt Josephine and I are not extravagant persons—I hope not miserly, but accustomed to an inexpensive way of living. I am also, at last, beginning to get something out of my books: so that a large income is a secondary consideration for us. What we desire is security, and the absence of care. So that if you will take charge, and incline to the side of prudence, we will

bless you from the bottom of our hearts. It is also, I suppose, no secret to you that virtue on your part, in this case, is likely to be its own reward, as you and Josephine are our principal heirs—at least, as things now stand: but I warn you that if when accounts begin to come in, I see ruin and starvation before me, I will put the débris of my fortune into an annuity, and when my end comes there will be nothing to dry your tears.

I expect to be in Paris, at 9 Av. de l'Observatoire, until the middle of October: but you had better get into the habit of thinking that my address is <sup>C/o</sup> Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> because I move about a good deal, and shall probably be much in England in the future; and in any case the delay is not more than a day, if letters from America come by way of London.

When you have time and feel like it, I should be glad if you would write about yourself and Rosamond and give me some idea of your life and surroundings.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

17 August 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Congress)

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Paris, August 17, 1921

Dear Smith

If the neo-pensives wish to pensivate on N° 58 of the Little Essays, by all means let them do so. Now and then I get requests of this kind, usually to include my beautiful sonnets entitled (not by me) Faith and Sorrow. Bijou Tompkins (Miss) or Selma Holdstern Rosenkranz (Mrs.) would not like their anthology without these jems, and they inclose American postage stamps for the answer, hoping it will be favourable. I thus appear in Dewdrops All The Year Round or High Thoughts Handy and I confess I like it. It can't make what one has written any the worse, and it is a link with the Zeitgeist.

I am afraid I sha'n't get to England for another year, but then it will be for the rest of my days. I have been working very hard getting the Soliloquies into shape. They are practically done now, and I expect before long to start for Italy and spend the winter there.

Thank you very much for your letter, and the pleasant image of Big Chilling which it calls up.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

C/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall. S.W.1

**To Wendell T. Bush**

20 August 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire  
Paris, Aug 20, 1921

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Bush

I write to ask you to do me a favour, which is to send me as soon as possible a copy of my article on My Friendly Critics; either the proof, if it is ready, or a type-written copy, or the printed article if it has already come out. To my great joy the Soliloquies are now complete, but I have no clean copy of this one, and can't send the book to the publisher until I have one.

By the way, I wished to make a slight change in one place, where I am afraid my language does not convey my intention. I can't give the page, but it is where, toward the beginning, I speak of my "detachment", and say that it does not exclude good-will. Then, instead of "Let them take their own course", I should like it to read, "I share their joy in their true loves". That is what I really meant: but it is a small matter, and I shall be almost glad if it is too late to make the correction, as then I shall get the article back soon; and get the whole book—which has been a terrible though pleasant labour—off my mind

I am afraid I shall be in Italy in November, but send me a line when you arrive.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

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**To Mary Williams Winslow**

23 August 1921 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & Co  
123 Pall Mall, London

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Paris, Aug. 23, 1921

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow

What a kind letter this is which I receive from you this morning! I always felt that you and Fred were the best friends I had during these later years in Boston, and there was no house where I was happier and felt more at home, so that all the kind things you say do not surprise me, although they bring a fresh pleasure, and I believe you mean them. It would be a treat to find myself once more in Clarendon Street, and to see the children in the present stage of their existence—because you and Fred, I know, would be just the same; but it is impossible to combine everything as one would wish, and with the years it becomes harder and harder for me to interrupt the routine into which I have fallen.

Robert, like others of the Sturgis tribe, was a very loyal, affectionate, candid soul; he loved whole-heartedly what he felt was good and what appealed to his feelings. Once won over, he spared no pains or trouble, and lived without stint in the life of others. But his misfortune throughout his life was that his perceptions were not equal to his feelings; he irritated people, and that was the reason why he had comparatively few friends, especially among men. I very well remember him as a boy—how pertinacious he was. We had pillow-fights—very unequal contests, as he was twelve and I was three: and as he had been forbidden by our mother—who had a very severe sense of justice—to take away any part of my supper without my consent, he used to put out his tongue and say that, if I liked, I might give him a bite of my omelette; and he did this so persistently, that I sometimes gave him a little—a very little—to get rid of him. He meant this as a lesson in generosity, to teach me to be unselfish; but I am afraid that I was a poor pupil, and that it was only he that learned to distribute his omelette in generous portions to everybody about him. During the last few years he and I have been on better terms than <sup>we</sup> had ever been on before. He said, after seeing me in 1913 in Paris, that my moral character was much improved; and I too came to appreciate better the value of his strong points, and to rely on his judgement in a way which, I dare say, con-

ciliated him. He was a treasure in the way of taking all earthly cares off my back and that of our sisters, and we have to thank him not only for being relatively well off, but for the sense of being devotedly and untiringly looked after, where we were incompetent. I don't know what will become of us now; but I rely on the momentum he has given to things, to carry them on more or less smoothly until our own end comes—George seems to be a nice clear-headed young man, and has written his aunts and me very nice frank letters about his father's illness, and death, his own marriage, and our future arrangements.

I have been working very hard all summer on the Soliloquies—which will be my next book—and which are now finished. This leaves the field comparatively clear for the magnum opus; but as I can never reduce myself to one project, I have taken up again an old one, which is to write a novel. It is to be entitled The Last Puritan, and to contain all I know about America, about woman, and about young men. As this last is rather my strong point, I have two heroes, the Puritan one and another not too much the other way. To make up, I have no heroine, but a worldly grandmother, a mother—the quintessence of all New England virtues—and various fashionable, High Church, emancipated, European, and sentimental young ladies. I also have a German governess—in love with the hero—of whom I am very proud. I did a good deal on this novel last winter in Toledo, where I was absolutely alone for two months; but I reserve it for slack seasons, and am not at all sure that it will ever be finished, much less published. But if I ever have a respectable fragment in good shape, I will have it type-written and submit it to your private perusal. One of my friends—a widow—tells me she is sure I shall fail in the love scenes. I sha'n't, because there won't be any.

I am thinking of going to Italy for the winter, in the first instance to Venice, which I don't know well. My thoughts [*across*] if not my picture-postcards, will often fly to you from there, as from here. Yours sincerely

G Santayana

**To John Middleton Murry**

20 September 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Macksey)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire  
Paris, Sept. 20, 1921

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Murry

I am about to send the entire collection of my "Soliloquies in England" to Constable who is, I hope, going to reissue them in the form of a book. If you, or M<sup>r</sup> Massingham, have a copyright to those which appeared in The Athenaeum, and one which appeared in The Nation, may I have your permission to republish them? I take for granted that I may, as you knew they were destined to appear together, before I began sending them to you, but the stimulus of publication has led me to compose a great many more than I had in the original collection: and I fear the tome will now be rather ponderous. You have been, in a sense, a godfather to this fat child, and I will send him to you to express his thanks as soon as he makes his formal appearance before the world

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

20 September 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Paris, Sept. 20, 1921

M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons  
 New York

Gentlemen

I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 7<sup>th</sup> suggesting that I should contribute something to Scribner's Magazine. It would be a pleasure to do so, if I had anything on hand that was suitable, but my "Soliloquies in England", of which you may have seen some in various reviews, are now exhausted, and I am at work on more long-winded things. However, I shall keep your suggestion in mind, in case an occasion should present itself for me to take advantage of it.

Yours truly  
 GSantayana

**To Gilbert Seldes**

20 September 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire  
 Paris, Sept. 20, 1921

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Seldes—

Thank you very much for the proofs of my two articles. I return that of the Dickens with a few verbal emendations besides the correction of misprints: I hope they are not troublesome.

I am taking for granted that, if you have a copyright to the various Soliloquies that have appeared in the Dial, you will grant me permission to reprint them in the book, for which, as you and M<sup>r</sup> Thayer know, they were originally written                    Yours very truly

GSantayana

(over)

P.S. Since writing this I have received your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> enclosing a draft 3921 francs 56/100 for which many thanks—I am far from wishing to find fault with your scale of payments—all my books together don't yield such sums in a year—but it occurs to me that paying authors by the page is an encouragement to prolixity. Why not have a graduated scale like the income-tax, so much for the first page, less for the second, nothing for the tenth, and a minus quantity after that? This system would be particularly good for poets.

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**To Alice Cecilia Cooper**

21 September 1921 • Paris, France (MS: UCLA)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London S.W.1

Paris, Sept. 21 1921

Miss Alice C. Cooper

Oakland

Dear Madam

Of course it can be only a source of satisfaction to me that you should wish to include one of my sonnets in your anthology, and I am glad the publishers have granted you their permission to do so.

Yours very truly

G. Santayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

30 September 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, September 30 1921

Messrs. Constable & Company  
 London

Gentlemen

I am sending you today the manuscript of "Soliloquies in England", of which I have already spoken to you. The collection has grown longer than I anticipated, and has been delayed by that fact, and by the publication of several of the pieces in reviews, some of which, indeed, have not yet appeared. But I have secured copies of them in advance, so as to be able to send you the whole before I leave Paris, as I shortly expect to do.

If you decide to publish this book, as I hope you may, it could be made into a companion volume to "Little Essays". It is, I think, of about the same length, perhaps a little longer. I am sorry it has grown so bulky, but could not bring myself to sacrifice any of the ingredients in the dish. Yours faithfully

G. Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

1 October 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire  
 October 1, 1921

Dear Strong

Your card from Pisa, and news which Marie has had from Enrichetta, lead me to assume that you are happily contemplating the perfections of your country seat (this elegant diction is due to Tom Jones, which I have just read entire) and giving the finishing touches to all the improvements there. Here we have had no change, and pleasant weather. Two pamphlets by Maurice Picard have arrived, addressed to me, which I suppose he has sent you also, as they seem to be applications of your doctrine, although the style is so bad that I am not sure of his meaning and have given up all

attempts to understand it. A card from Mademoiselle de l'Enfernat has arrived for Margaret: I suppose it isn't worth while to send it on.

I finally sent off the Soliloquies to Constable yesterday, having at last received proofs from the London Mercury and the Dial, and a typewritten copy of my article from Bush. Various re-writings, corrections, omission of repetitions, paging, etc, have kept that book more or less on my mind, and consumed my time, so that the Realms have not received much attention: but in the next fortnight I hope to do good work. I have not yet decided when to leave Paris. The truth is, I hate to move at all, and wish it were not necessary, but I suppose it would be cold and cheerless here if I stayed on into the winter. Let me know what Margaret's plans are, when you know them; if I don't hear anything to dissuade me, I may start in about a fortnight for the south.

I went last Thursday to hear *The Barber of Seville* at the Opéra Comique, and (as usual) liked the first act or two very much, and then felt that the performance became inferior and tiresome. There was also an absurd and indecently ugly ballet called *Le Bois Sacré*. I have dined again with Windram, and tonight expect to do so with two young English friends, Mortimer and Taylor. This is much more fun than the play. The little room upstairs at Poccardi's has been opened again, and although my old waiter is gone, I dine there now almost every evening, and find it very pleasant, except on Sundays when the crowd invades even that upper chamber. I don't mind its being a little dearer than Duval, having received 3900 and odd francs for my last two articles in the Dial, so that I am more glutted than ever with riches. Next week I mean gradually to begin preparations, so as to be ready to depart when the spirit moves me, getting clothes, passports, etc. in order for the journey. I shall have to go to the American consulate as well, to sign a power of attorney which they have sent me from Boston.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller**

18 October 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

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9 Av. de l'Observatoire Paris

Oct. 18. 1921

Dear Fuller

Just a line, in hopes of catching you before you sail, to thank you for your letter and to say that I expect to be in Rome too during the winter and am delighted to hear that you and your mother are to coming. We shall have many delightful occasions on which to talk over the past and future, and survey existence, both at Harvard and in the vulgar world. I am waiting for Margaret Strong, now at sea, and expect to accompany her in about a fortnight to Fiesole, where her father is, and thence, very soon, to Rome, where I shall be when you arrive, if all goes well

Don't worry about the Realms of Being: they are in hand, but I need solitude and a certain returning of the season, as for the migratory or the breeding instinct, in order to make rapid progress. This summer I worked hard, and finished the "Soliloquies in England" which will make a long book and one rather different from my others, richer, I think, and warmer. It is now in the publisher's hands.

I expect to go to the Hôtel de Milan, in the piazza di Monte Citorio; but if you don't find me there, you will hear from me

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

20 October 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

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Address:      C/o Brown Shipley & C°  
                  { 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

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Paris, October 20, 1921

Messrs Constable & Company  
London.

Gentlemen

I am sorry that the American tariff is likely to place further obstacles in the way of the sale of English books in the United States; it is a clear case of protecting a local trade at the expense of the education of the country and the preservation of the English language. In respect to my book, however, I am not much concerned: the American sale of Soliloquies in England would in any case not be so large as that of Character & Opinion in the U.S. as the book is longer and does not entice the American reader with the almost irresistible bait of hearing himself discussed. Any arrangement you think fair in respect to royalties will be satisfactory to me, and I gladly accept your suggestion of receiving 15% on the sales in the United Kingdom, and half the profits on any sale you effect in the United States.

Your letter seems to presuppose that you had already written to me accepting the Soliloquies for publication, but in that case your letter has miscarried, as I have received only the acknowledgement of the receipt of the manuscript, and your letter of today. If there was another communication, which has been lost, I should be much obliged if you would repeat anything you may have said in it about the Soliloquies or about the form in which you propose to issue them.

Would it involve too great a delay or too much trouble to the printers if you asked them to send me proofs in galley form, before the pages are divided? I am afraid that there may be repetitions or redundancies which have escaped me in putting the pieces together, but which I should perceive in reading the proofs, and wish to remove. These changes could be made more freely and economically if they did not involve rearranging the pages of the whole book. I tried to revise the manuscript carefully, but I was (to say the truth) rather stale and weary with it, and much that should have been corrected may have escaped my notice.

I shall be in Italy during the winter, but chiefly in Rome, so that the delay in returning proofs need not be very great.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

28 October 1921 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall S.W.1

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & C°  
London

I enclose the agreement for the publication of Soliloquies in England,  
duly signed

Paris, Oct. 28, 1921

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

4 November 1921 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°—123 Pall Mal Nov. 4, 21

London, W S.W.1.

LE BALZE,  
FIESOLE,  
FIRENZE.

Dear George

As you probably know by this time, I have already sent <sup>on</sup> a joint power of attorney, in favour of you and of M<sup>r</sup> Gardiner, jointly or separately, to carry on my affairs. I did so supposing that this was what you, as well as he, had in mind, and were proposing to me. If there is anything in this arrangement that is cumbrous, or that you find in any way undesirable, I shall be glad to reconsider the whole matter, but my impression is that it would be as well to let M<sup>r</sup> Gardiner, who in any case has to look after the various trusts established in your father's will, to keep the books

for us; it will relieve you of that drudgery; and at the same time you can keep an eye on investments, and see that no changes are made contrary to your judgement. In case of a difference of opinion between you, you might consult me: for although I know nothing of business in detail, I have my instinctive preferences, as for instance, in not having all, nor too many, eggs in one basket, nor too much splitting and varying of investments, in which more risks are taken than are worth taking for the amount of profit in view.

I left Paris a week ago and am staying here in Strong's villa and seeing other old friends I have in the Florentine colony of Anglo-Americans. In a few days I expect to move on to Rome and stay there for the winter.

Do send me any snap-shot photographs you may have of yourself and Rosamond, as you promised. It may be a long time before I return to Avila and see the portraits of her that I understand you have sent there. With best wishes,

Your aff<sup>te</sup> uncle

George Santayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[Between 5 and 11 November 1921] • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Royal  
Via Venti Settembre

Dear Strong

My journey was like il camin di nostra vita, with alternations of good and evil. First I had to weight wait, more than an hour for the train to arrive, on a very cold and windy platform; but when it did arrive, I found a very comfortable compartment, with only one man, who was always in the passage, smoking. I had tea and dinner in the train, which helped to warm me up. On arrival there were at first no facchini and when one arrived and took my valises to the hotel ~~&~~Continental, they told me there were no rooms, in spite of my telegram, because trains from Rome were suspended and no guests had left that day. This explained to me a phenomenon to which, in the excitement of the moment, I had given no attention. As we left the station and came into the street, the way out was blocked by a crowd trying to get in; and one young man asked me, rather

brusquely, where I had come from. Apparently there is a sort of strike. Being told that there was not a room to be had in the modest hotels near the station, I took a cab and tried the Quirinal and the Grand, and then this one, the Royal, where with some hesitation and talk about having my meals in the restaurant, they gave me a very well furnished clean room. This morning I went all over the place, and not a room to be had anywhere, and all require meals to be taken in the house: finally I decided to try the Marini, where the pension is 55 lire a day, when a room there is disponibile. They took my name and address, but I shall go every day to ask, if the disponibility has become actual. This is the place I had in mind, at the beginning, in case a pension was inevitable, since it is in the very centre of things, and not too dear to exclude an occasional truancy.

Please keep my letters for the moment: I will telegraph when I actually get into permanent quarters.

I have had a very dismal lunch in this hotel, to try it, but tonight I shall go to the Tre Rè, to make up, and defy the worst that can happen to the tyrannized traveller.

The town is in a state of orderly revolution—no trains, no newspapers, no trams, fascisti marching about, and a general feeling of helplessness.

Yours ever

G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[12 November 1921] • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Royal, Rome  
Saturday

Dear Strong

As you see I am still in the place where I stranded on my arrival, but they promise me at the Marini that they will give me a room in a day or

two, and it is arranged that my letters may be sent there forthwith. If anything has arrived for me I should be much obliged if you would forward it there.

Rome is in a queer state and would not be at all convenient for you at this moment, as there are no trams and no cabs or taxis. I have grown perceptibly thinner footing it everywhere. This hotel, except for the situation and the guests, is not half bad, and I have been taking my meals in the awful dining room, consoled by the very decent food and a note-book and pencil with which I am already provided, so as not to miss the inspiration of the moment, wherever I may find myself. I went one evening to the Tre Rè and was recognized and attended to by my old waiter; but the place was uncomfortably crowded and the food coarse and half cold, so that I am not very sorry not to be obliged to go there too often. The restaurant at the Marini, too, may turn out to be a rum place, I have only peeped into it when it was not in full swing; but for a philosopher I think it will do, and may prove positively congenial.

As we are cut off from all communication with the world, I don't know what may have happened, or when you will get this: but the absence of half the usual accompaniments of modern life is by no means unpleasant in itself, and the streets with only foot-passengers and an occasional motor are decidedly humane and like antiquity. The weather, too, has improved at last, and is almost warm today.

I have already done some work, in spite of not being really settled.

Yours ever  
GSantayana

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

16 November 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Virginia)

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Hotel Marini, Roma

Nov. 16, 1921

Dear Susie

Rome yesterday reverted to its usual aspect, with cabs, trams, and I believe most of the scheduled trains; at any rate I was able to move from my first hotel, which was in the modern and foreign part of Rome, to this old one in the centre, which I think I shall like better, although it is not of the first class. The patriotic fascisti who were marching with flags about the town have also disappeared, and if the sun would only shine and it would

stop threatened ing to rain (it has actually been raining a great deal for the last fortnight) I should be quite happy.

I write to you at once, now that I am settled and that things have returned to the normal, as I don't know what you may have heard about the disturbances here. All I saw of them was absolutely innocent, and the streets without carriages and without newspapers were rather improved, and looked more as they must have looked in the good old times. Yesterday, when the first newspapers appeared, it was amusing to see everyone lost in the absolute intensity of his reading, though there was little in them after all; but masculine man has become a paper-reading animal, and hungers for that thin nutriment when he is deprived of it by any chance. I haven't been able to make out what the strikes were about, or how they have been settled; I shall have to wait for the foreign papers to throw some light on the essential facts. The Italian sheets are filled with the exploits of the fascisti, which as far as I know had nothing to do with strikes, but were a demonstration a propos of the patriotic ceremony of burying the "Unknown Soldier".

I was glad to get away from Fiesole which, as I believe I said in my former letter, is not to my taste, as Strong has been caught in the life of the Anglo-American colony, and no longer lives with his old simplicity. He will probably join me here later when he himself gets tired of [*across*] living like a rich man. — I want to send a Xmas present to Pepe's boys: should I send Pepe money, or [*across page one*] send it to you, and in what form, and must I send something for Rafael's little girls also? Love to all from

Jorge

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

17 November 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Marini, Rome

Nov. 17, 1921

Dear Strong

I am now thoroughly settled here. I have a very decent room on the third floor, looking out on the via del Tritone, high enough to get the sun (when it shines) and which after the Hotel Brébant seems very quiet. Trams and taxis have begun to run again, and newspapers have reappeared. It was amusing to see every one devouring the first sheets that came out, but there was very little in them. They speak of "disturbances", but I saw nothing except harmless bands of fascisti with flags and some strike icks, marching about to no purpose. The only "trouble" was negative, in the absence of means of locomotion.

The restaurant in this hotel is the exact opposite of what I had expected. There is a lounge and a bar at the front where, in passing, I had observed rather nondescript people, and I expected a crowded gay place, with loving couples, etc. Not a bit of it; silence and almost gloom, plain home-like fare, and a few respectable provincial families and commercial travellers. If the food is not too monotonous, it will do very well for me, and I can always go to the Roma (which is just opposite) if I want a change. It is at least no interruption to profound meditation on the Realms of Being to dine in such a place, and so far I rather like it.

I have begun to work steadily, and am making progress.

The only thing that makes me a little restless is the continued rain and heavy atmosphere—I suppose it is the scirocco. I went yesterday to San Pietro in Montorio to see my favourite Aqua Paula but was caught in heavy rain and found the walk rather exhausting. But I learned the inscription by heart. It reads: PAVLVS • QVINTVS • PONTIFEX • MAXIMVS • AQVAM • IN • AGRO • BROCCIANENSI • SALVBERRIMIS • E • FONTIBVS • COLLECTAM • VETERIBVS • AQVÆ • ALSIETINÆ • DVCTIBVS • RESTITVTIS • NOVISQVE • ADDITIS • XXXII • AB • MILLIARIO • DVXIT •

I haven't yet received any letters either forwarded by you or from London, although I telegraphed my new address to B. S. & C<sup>o</sup> some time ago.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Horace Meyer Kallen**

21 November 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: American)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall. London. S.W.1

Rome, Nov. 21, 1921

Dear Kallen

It is very kind and friendly of you to send me your new book, which I have spent two days in reading attentively from cover to cover. It is full of instruction for me, not only of new facts about the history of Zionism and of the war in Poland, but of matter for political reflexion. You carry me along with you more completely than you did in your former book about public affairs, although of course I have not the special interests of Zionism so much at heart as you have, nor your sympathy with labour politics. Not that I have any hostility, in principle, to socialism, communism, or nationalism; but I see the values also which their operation is bound to destroy, and I think that, like any other forms of society, they are to be accepted only when inevitable, and confined to the community to which they are fitted, and by no means to be set up by the philosopher as ideals compulsory at all times and places over all men, as if they were better in themselves than any others. The great obstacle to political wisdom and justice is the difficulty we all experience in thinking in dynamic units and discerning the units which, in any problem before us, are really dynamic. We think instead in aesthetic or moral terms which correspond to no lines of cleavage or motion in nature; and so our eloquence and our prophecies, even our treaties and legislation, come strangely to naught; and we are consumed with astonishment and indignation at what we think the folly and wickedness of mankind, whose actions and sentiments are so strangely oblivious of the units we wished to preserve. I think it is wiser to appreciate what arises and what (of course imperfectly) can actually maintain itself, than to antagonize those other forces (also fertile in moral values) which may prevent those things from arising on which, for some private reason, we have set our hearts. Your book has left some doubt in my mind whether the Jewish Palestine which you desire is possible, and whether it

would be very pleasing. I can't imagine Israel industrialized or Palestine (which seemed to me a miserable country when I was there) anything but a place of pilgrimage or penance, like Sinai. And would an artificial industry, if it could become self-supporting in that climate, prove compatible with the spiritual function which the seat of Judaism should have? I could more easily conceive a Zion like Lhassa or like the Vatican or like Mount Athos simply a religious centre and nursery for the Diaspora. But we shall see.

What is your address? And what is [across] the New School for Social Research? And how are you in health, wealth and spirits? Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

[across page one] P.S. Where did you pick up the phrase "by and large"? I never saw it before.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

21 November 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Marini, Rome

Nov. 21. 1921

Dear Strong

Thank you for your letter, and the others you forwarded. I think everything has arrived safely, and B. S. & C<sup>o</sup> are also forwarding my letters properly. No proof of Soliloquies has yet arrived. I have been reading a book of my Jewish friend Kallen on Zionism—very instructive. This hotel is turning out very satisfactory, and the food, so far, just what I need, and the quiet of the restaurant can be relieved by adjourning immediately to the Aragno for coffee

The weather continues rainy, with a little sun now and then; I go after lunch to the Pincio as a rule. One day I went to the Palatine, walking up by the long path to the right, under the walls, and found it most solitary, romantic, and beautiful. Here is all the country one can desire, within the walls of Rome

A man who told me his name was MacKensy and said he had been a pupil of mine stopped me in the street, and informed me that he was “exchange-professor” here, and was going to lecture to them in Italian. What a wealth of exchange professors! Perry has written from Paris, regretting not finding us at the apartment; and Bush has written—do not be alarmed—from Valladolid!

I will not say anything about the Fables: it is hard for me to see them either as yours or as not yours. They are full of good points, but I have no power to take them in as a whole, or to place them. Some day, when the interest in the details and in the arguments has receded, I will reread them with a fresh mind, and tell you what I think—

I see that Painlevé is at it again, and says he has various theories of his own, each as good as Einstein's. Poor man, how his head must ache!

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Wendell T. Bush**

22 November 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

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Hotel Marini, Rome

Nov. 22, 1921

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Bush

Your letter from Valladolid has just arrived, reminding me of your address, which I had forgotten. Otherwise I should not have neglected so long to thank you for the type-written copy of my article for the Journal (of which proof has also come later) nor to answer a letter which M<sup>rs</sup> Bush was kind enough to write, just before you left America. As you see, I am in Rome, and I expect to remain here throughout the winter. I find that the pleasures of travel and of new sights are not what they were, and my instinct is always to remain where I am, until driven out. Probably I should have remained in Paris if the apartment were not rather cold in winter and little affected by the wood fires which are all that we are in the habit of having there. Strong is in his villa at Fiesole, surrounded by the Anglo-American colony into which, at last, he seems to have been absorbed. Have you seen his philosophical fables, entitled The Wisdom of the Beasts? My sister in Avila asked if this was not the title of the book which Strong and I were writing together—meaning “Critical Realism”. The fables show Strong in an entirely new light, and it is very fortunate that now, with his physical impediment, he has this new resource of interest in belles-lettres and in baroque fountains. I expect he will come to Rome, probably to this hotel, later in the winter, for a short stay. Meantime I am working on my big and final book, for which solitude is indispensable.

The Soliloquies are in the publisher's hands, and I am in daily expectation of proofs, and proof-reading—which will give me something to do while sunning myself on the Pincio.

It is enterprising of you to plunge into Spain, and I hope your experiences in my native land will be agreeable. It is very much a question of chance, of the mood in which one approaches the country: the facts and the monuments are hardly a reward in themselves, unless the romantic or historical imagination colours them agreeably. Sometimes I love Spain, but not always.

I suppose, as you are coming to Italy, you will not fail to turn up here, & I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you [*across*] and M<sup>rs</sup> Bush before long.  
Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

30 November 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Marini, Rome.

Nov. 30 1921

Dear George,

I have your letter of the 8<sup>th</sup> with the amusing photographs which I will send on at once to your aunts in Avila. If they are not shocked, the male members of that family, beginning with your uncle Celedonio, certainly would be, if they were allowed to see them all: but I rely on your aunt Susan to make a judicious selection before submitting them to the masculine eye. For my own part, I find them delightfully sporting, and can well understand what a good time you were both having; and I congratulate you on such a jolly open-air honeymoon. My only objection, or dissatisfaction, is that I can hardly gather what Rosamond looks like in the clothes in which I should be most likely to see her, not frequenting Wyoming myself; and I suppose she is not always thus. But I can see enough to appreciate what a fine figure she must make Very few women could look so well *disguised*, as cow-boys, hardly betraying any of the weak points of the softer sex.

I am glad that the matter of looking after our affairs and your father's books seems to have been settled satisfactorily. When I last wrote I had got the impression that something might have been done contrary to your wishes or expectations; but now I gather that you and M<sup>r</sup> Gardiner have

come to an agreement, by which you are to remain in active charge. This is perfectly satisfactory to me, of course, and pleasanter in that there seems to be less of a change than there would have been otherwise. I suppose you will have money of mine to invest, as with my best efforts I can't spend more. I drew £30 yesterday, which will last me a month, and just before New Year's I will draw a larger sum £50 or even £<sup>100</sup>, as my letter of credit is not good after, and I have invited my friend Onderdonk to make me a visit. You might ask Brown Brothers, at your convenience, to ask Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> in London to send me a fresh letter of credit for £500 for 1922.

I wish you and Rosamond a very happy Christmas and have no doubt my wish will be fulfilled      Yours affectionately      GSantayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

2 December 1921 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Congress)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, Dec. 2. 1921

Dear Smith

In Florence they told me that you were in America having an operation, and I am glad to hear, in spite of the delicate or indelicate character of it, you are on the way to a complete recovery. I hardly expect to be in Florence again this winter, having settled down in the sort of vulgar town hotel which I like—The Marini—to solitude in a crowd, and steady work.

This taste of mine for living in the midst of a noisy, vulgar rush of people, most of them ugly, with whom I have nothing to do, will perhaps hint to you why I am not altogether in sympathy with your judgement on America. Not that I disagree with your characterization of it; they say it has changed even in these last ten years, but not essentially. I could perfectly recognize, though the genteel tradition may then have been stronger, that America had “no interest for the life of the mind” was “without a head”,

and “alien”. But why do you call this condition “lying fallow” and “deterioration”? Isn’t the judgement of the American people rather the opposite, namely that its condition is constantly improving, and its labours splendidly fruitful? Not for the “mind”, which in our lips means, I suppose, the liberal or aristocratic life, the mind turned to pure reflection and pure expression and pure pleasure. But why need all the tribes of men sacrifice at our altar? I agree that it is barbarous and tragic to strain after merely conventional ends, by attaining which nobody is the happier, but everyone is sacrificed to some fetish. But isn’t America happy? The old genteel America was not happy; it was eager to know the truth, and to be “cultured”, and to love “art”, and to miss nothing that made other nations interesting or distinguished; and it was terribly and constitutionally unhappy, because with its handicap and its meagreness of soul and its thinness of temper and its paucity of talent, it could not attain, nor even approach, any of those ideals. But is the new America unhappy? Does it feel that it is living in a desert, and thirsting for the gardens and the treasure-houses of the Arabian Nights? I think not: it wants simply the sort of life it has, only more of it. It wants comfort and speed and good cheer; it wants health and spirits, and a round of weddings, foot-ball games, campaigns, outings, and cheerful funerals; and it is getting them. In the midst of this, as a sort of joke (and you may make a business of joking) there is a patter of sophomoric art and lady-like religion—never mind what, if only it is new and funny. Why not? When I was at Harvard, from my Freshman days on, I “belonged” to the Lampoon: and that seems to me a sort of symbol or oracle: I belonged to the Lampoon just as much in the philosophical faculty as I did in the Lampoon “sanctum”. It was all a pleasant hard-working exuberance by the way; there was not, and could not be, anything serious or substantial in it. But notice: all learning and all “mind” in America is not of this ineffectual sophomoric sort. There is your doctor at Baltimore who is a great expert, and really knows how to do things: and you will find that, in the service of material life, all the arts and sciences are prosperous in America. But it must be in the service of material life; because it is material life (of course with the hygiene, morality, and international good order that can minister to material life) that America has and wants to have and may perhaps bring to perfection. Think of that! If material life could be made perfect, as (in a very small way) it was perhaps for a moment among the Greeks, would not that of itself be a most admirable achievement, like the creation of a new and superior mammal, who would instinctively only suck only the bottle? Imagine a race perfectly adapted

to elevated railroads and aeroplanes and submarines, with a regular percentage of a neutral sex to serve as "schoolmarm's", and not the least dissatisfaction with the extremes of the weather, the pains of childbirth or toothache (all pains being eliminated) or English as she is spoke by three hundred million Americans! I submit that such a race would be as well worth having and as precious in its own eyes (and any other criterion is irrelevant) as ever were the Chinese or the Egyptians or the Jews. And possibly on that basis of perfected material life, a new art and philosophy would grow unawares, not similar to what we call by those names, but having the same relation to the life beneath which art and philosophy amongst us ought to have had, but never have had actually. You see, I am content to let the past bury its dead. It does not seem to me that we can impose on America the task of imitating Europe. The more different it can come to be, the better: and we must let it take its own course, going a long way round, perhaps, before it can shake off the last trammels of alien tradition, and learn to express itself simply, not apologetically, after its own heart. Of course, I don't mean that I feel confident that America will ever produce a true civilization of a new sort; it may all come to nothing, as almost all experiments in nature do; but while the experiment is going on it seems only fair to give it a chance, and to watch it sympathetically.

I have sent to London for Vera, but with the strike of railwaymen which is threatened, I don't know when I may get it. The proofs of the Soliloquies have not yet begun to arrive—everything is slowly adapting itself to the minimum of labour per man, which is the ideal of the labour parties. Being lazy myself, I rather sympathize with our new masters, the proletariat, but I am sometimes afraid that they will be beguiled, will not really accept the simpler life which their ideal would impose on them, as well as on the rest of us, and will simply succumb to their old masters, or to new ones no less ungentle, after having made all this row for nothing. The longest of my Soliloquies, one on Dickens, by the way, has some phrases in it very like those of your letter. You will find it in the November number of the Dial, if you ever see that production. It is frankly sophomoric, and that is why I have enjoyed contributing to it, as I did to the Harvard Lampoon.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Warwick Potter**

7 December 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall. London. S.W.1

Rome. Dec. 7, 1921

My dear Warwick

It is not often that I get a letter in an unknown hand and have to begin by looking at the signature and I don't know when I have had such a pleasant surprise as seeing your name has given me. It was not altogether a surprise because your mother had just written telling me of your engagement, and my momentary wonder at the sight of a name that takes me back so many years very soon explained itself. But the real surprise came when I discovered that by chance I knew your fiancée, I who nowadays hardly see anybody, and much less young girls. Yet this little miracle too has its natural explanation, because women arrange everything, and very likely Harriet, being already engaged to you or having a shrewd suspicion that she might be before long, got the young Hoffmans to ask me to dinner, just we four, knowing that I was an old friend of your family, and then profited by the softness proper to sentimental old men to lead me on to talk of my beaux jours, in which your family naturally played a large part, and to say a great many nice things about you, thinking I was doing so quite spontaneously; and then as often happens she was taken in by her own strategem and thought me decidedly agreeable, forgetting that I was agreeable only because she made me so. However, it all came off very well, and was quite delightful, capped as it now is by this pleasant news and this long if somewhat vague vista of pleasant things in the future. That you are to be an engineer has its good side, because that is a living profession I don't mean merely that you may make a living by it, but that it is in moral and practical sympathy with the age, and with American life. This

is very important for happiness and for doing something which in the end is worth while, and not wasted effort. You are probably tired of hearing that the friends of your father and mother, and those who like me knew you only as a little boy, wonder that you wish to be an engineer rather than an artist or something more superior and ornamental. I confess that I myself (remembering your blonde curls and that you spoke French habitually) should have expected you to lean to the side of the sensitive, rather than of the practical; but I am glad for your sake that it isn't so. People of my generation, especially in America, are full of apprehension and dismay at the passing away, as they think, of all finesse, and the flood of rude activity and blunt feeling that seems to be running so high all over the world. But old people have always thought that the world is going to the dogs: and so it always is, their world, but a new world, just as good in some other way, is taking its place. I myself feel some secret sympathy with the brutality of the new ways, and the new arts; it has a firmer hold on the nature of things than had our "culture". I don't mean to suggest that if you are an engineer you must be a brute, although that is what we thought in the 1890's; but only that in this life, as in war, one's sensitiveness and insight are most fruitful when turned to understanding and oiling a machine that is necessarily brutal, and turning it to the best uses. If you will only arrange material things properly, spiritual things will come of themselves, just as love comes to young people when they are good-looking and in good health and good spirits — This letter will reach you at the Christmas season; I only wish material things had been so arranged that I might bring you all my best wishes in person.

Affectionately yours

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

7 December 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Marini, Rome

Dec. 7, 1921

Dear Strong

I am sorry to hear of your father's death; it is not as if he had been in the condition which most people are in at 85, but perhaps it is a privilege to be cut off before old age has reached its last phases.

You mustn't be concerned about interrupting my work; it wouldn't matter if you did, for a fortnight, but as a matter of fact you hardly will, because it is only the morning and the late evening, when I can lock myself up in my room and undress, that are propitious times for me in any case\$ and you would not prevent me from working then, if I felt like it. Come whenever you like; if you will write proposing a date, I will inquire about a room, and telegraph the result.

The only circumstance that I ought to warn you of, perhaps, is this: that I have invited Onderdonk to come and make me a visit here on his way back from America to Vienna, and in his last letter he said he expected to sail from New York early in December, so that he may arrive for Christmas or soon after. I don't know definitely whether he is coming at all, or how long he would stay if he came. There is another possible interloper—a protégé of Westenholz—who may turn up; but I shouldn't be responsible for him, and if you were here, it might amuse you to talk German with him and see what the youth of the day are like in that country. I suppose I myself should not be able to converse with him in any language with comfort.

I went one evening to a play at the Argentina, where there is a good company led by Raniero Ranieri, but it was the dullest of romantic literary dramas, and I went home bored to death after the second act. The opera begins on Dec. 26, but doesn't promise much. Bring books, as [*across*] you will find you have a lot of time to kill, especially as the days are short at this season.

Yours ever

G.S.

**To George Sturgis**

17 December 1921 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Marini, Rome

Dec. 17, 1921

Dear George

Thank you for the two enlargements of your snap-shots and for your letter of the 1<sup>st</sup> instant, just received. I wrote not long ago about our accounts: everything seems to be settled satisfactorily as far as I am concerned, except the detail about the codicil to my will, which M<sup>r</sup> Gardiner sent me to sign, appointing you and him my executors in the place of your father. I will attend to this when I can find three suitable persons in one room to act as witnesses—a thing which is not frequent in my present circumstances. But the thing isn't urgent, as I don't intend to die for at least ten years—I was only fifty-eight yesterday—and in case of unforeseen accident the court in any case would doubtless appoint these very persons—and no great harm would ensue.

What you tell me about your aunt Josephine wanting her whole income surprises me not a little, as I know how disinclined she is to undertake the burden of a more elaborate way of life—and the same thing happens to me. In our old age, she can only live like a younger daughter in the family, and I like a travelling student. Anything else is too much bother for us. I am writing to ask her what is up, if it isn't a secret. She may be thinking of buying or setting up a separate house in Madrid or in Avila, with the two little old ladies, whom we call las maestras, the teachers, because they once kept a school; this is the only new arrangement of which I have any inkling. I hardly think she wants her money in order to invest it in Spain: but that is natural in the case of your aunt Susan, or rather of her husband, because they count on distributing it some day among the Sastre boys, and it would be very cumbersome for them to have the capital in America. They are very deserving young men, and it is pleasant to think that they will be distinctly more comfortable for this inheritance when it comes to them, although, of [*across*] course, they have no right to it, even morally, as their relation to their step-mother has never been more than correct. [*across*

*page one]* I am sorry to hear that Arthur is no better. Please send my best wishes to them when you write. Yours aff<sup>d</sup>y

GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

1 January 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Marini, Rome

Jan. 1. 1922

Dear George

Your letter of the 16<sup>th</sup> of December (my birthday, though you fortunately did not make a great point of it) has reached me just on New Year's Day. Yesterday I had an answer from your aunt Josephine to my inquiries about her proposed disposal of her whole income. Doubtless she has explained the matter to you directly: it is not, as I had supposed, any new expense that she is looking forward to, but the investment of that money, for a year or two, in Spanish Government Bonds. From a business point of view it is no doubt foolish: why not U.S. government bonds? But we must look at the thing psychologically. There she is, among people who know little of business and less of the U.S., who read clerical papers that every day prophesy war between England and the U.S. and the ruin of Anglo-Saxondom, green Erin alone rising triumphant over the waves; and it is impossible for her, who is not well informed or clever or used to taking her own course, not to be a little disturbed by what she hears. If she knows those Spanish bonds are in the house, and can go herself and cash the coupons at the bank, she certainly will feel the snug condition of her purse much more vividly than she does now, and it will seem to her that she has a more direct command of that part of her money. Of course, it will be rather the other way: I need not enter into the circumstances, which are known to you. I have written to her that, on these psychological grounds, I understand and approve of her decision; but that I strongly advise her not to invest in Spain larger sums than she intends to use there for herself, or to leave in her will to Spanish people. There, I need hardly tell you, is the root of the whole matter: but it is a delicate point to discuss; one doesn't want to interfere, to impute interested motives, nor try to exert influ-

ence by alleging that other people exert it. When I see your aunt Josephine it will be easier for me to speak plainly, and to discover what her free wishes really are. For the moment, I don't see how this step can be prevented, even if it were desirable to do so, which I am far from sure of.

[across] Best wishes for the New Year from

Your aff<sup>t</sup> uncle GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

18 January 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Marini Rome,

Jan. 18, 1922

Dear Strong

I am very sorry you have had such a siege, but if you were to take to your bed at all you couldn't have chosen a better time; it has been—here at least—persistently cold and dark. I did have a touch of my chronic catarrh, but staved it off with the gargles before it quite reached the syrup stage. I am now in normal health and seem to feel a breath of Spring in the air. Work has progressed uninterruptedly, although without any great energy: I am confident that I shall be able to complete what I had planned to do this winter before leaving Rome. There will remain a final revision, not possible until I have the whole before me, since one of my chief difficulties lies in placing the different arguments and analyses which I have in mind or on paper: it is like a maze where the path passes very often close to where it passed before, only in a different direction, and it is hard to decide which hedges to preserve and which to break down, so as to simplify the plan. But this plan is now pretty clear, and I am relegating to their places in the later books many a development which would encumber the argument in this introductory part. So that I expect to have soon, not only the first book finished, but large portions of the rest on hand, to join to the manuscript already in Paris.

I am relieved—if your comments are not too much toned down by politeness—that my egotistical article didn't make a worse impression on you. I have come rather to hate it myself; but the version in the Soliloquies is somewhat shorter and less fatuous.

As to Dickens and philosophy itself, you don't seem to me to say anything that I have not had in mind and replied to already in what my arti-

cles contain. “Exaggeration”, “farce”, of course; but I took great pains to analyse what this meant, and to appeal to a deeper reality against the purely conventional one which you again invoke. So with my rejection of metaphysics. It is not deeper than physics, but more literary and more mythical, with interpretations of science which are not mere anticipations of it. It is therefore possibly true—I don’t deny that—but not worthy of much credence or serious attention. And you change my thought slightly, yet profoundly, when you represent me as expecting that “philosophy” will soon become scientific. I said I hoped that a scientific philosophy might soon appear: I didn’t conceive that it would unite everybody for ever. In philosophy there is always a moral element, a view of life, which will make the scientific element subordinate.—I have been to hear the Meistersinger, and liked it very much—shed romantic [*across*] German tears over it in my poltrona, thinking of 1886 in Dresden when I heard it first. That sort of thing gives me [*across page one*] inspiration for the Realms, because it shows how breadth lifts up a work and make the details memorable.

Yours ever

G.S.

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**To George Sturgis**

30 January 1922 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Marini Rome

Jan. 30, 1922

Dear George

I have at least two letters of yours to answer, as well as to thank you for the yearly account of my property. You are quite right in thinking that it would be useless to send me all the details about investments and dividends. I see the money is pretty evenly divided among more than a dozen things, which is an element of safety, and I have no means of judging how safe or how productive each of them may be individually. They all seem to be industrial securities—I mean, no government or railway or great well-known corporation bonds. This no doubt makes for a larger income, but

it involves more watchfulness. I see you have sold \$5600 worth during the year—most of it, I suppose, in your father's time—but that seems to me a lot, and suggests that there is not always much steadiness in the value of these stocks. The only other thing that it occurs to me to say is that I find nothing deducted for taxes. Are these all taken out at the source, before the dividends reach you, or are these securities all exempt? The totals, both income and value of property, are most satisfactory. As you know, I have no desire to live more expensively than I do, on half my income: but as I get older I may need more for doctors, nurses, and someone to pull me about in a Bath chair: so don't do anything rash.

Thank you for ordering the new letter of credit which is in my possession. Onderdonk didn't turn up, but he may do so later. I expect to stay here until the first of May at least, as I am extremely fond of the sights and ways of Rome, even without the excitements of a papal conclave which await us presently.

I inclose the letter you suggested I should sign. I inadvertently styled myself your aff<sup>te</sup> nephew, and have had to rectify that illusion of extreme youth; but I suppose an erasure is of no consequence in an informal document of this sort

Yours aff<sup>w</sup> G Santayana

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**To George Sturgis**

30 January 1922 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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Rome, January 30, 1922

DEAR GEORGE:—

UNTIL REVOKED BY ME, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU ACT AS MY SOLE ATTORNEY IN THE MANAGEMENT OF MY AFFAIRS.

I UNDERSTAND THAT SHOULD YOU BE INCAPACITATED FOR ANY REASON, MR. GARDINER IS AUTHORIZED TO ACT FOR ME UNDER THE POWER OF ATTORNEY WHICH I RECENTLY EXECUTED.

Your aff<sup>te</sup> nephew uncle  
George Santayana

TO

MR. GEORGE STURGIS,  
87 MILK ST.,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**To Mary Williams Winslow**

1 February 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1.

Rome, February 1, 1922

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow

In a previous letter you asked me what news of Boston or Harvard it would interest me to hear, and in my walks I have sometimes asked myself the question again, and haven't found it easy to answer. It is not that my interest has waned—on the contrary, I feel I should like so much to see (through a peep-hole) all that may be going on and to understand it. But what is going on? My ideas are too vague for the inquiry to start at all. Of course, I can see the electric cars going over the Harvard Bridge and I can imagine others, much longer and swifter, going through the subway; and I can imagine you and Fred and (by a stretch) the children as they must look in your library in Clarendon street; but what is going on under all those appearances? They tell me everything is quite different morally: Boylston Beal, the Potters, your dear friend Apthorp Fuller (who is here with his mother) inform me that when at home they feel like fish out of water, and that America is fast going to the dogs—or, more accurately, that it is sinking into a bog of commonplaceness and youthful folly which makes them feel like frustrate ghosts. Now, I don't believe a word of it; and if you will sometimes give me a hint of what has changed, and in what direction, I think I could supply the rest out of my old knowledge. For instance, the other day I got a very nice letter signed "Warwick Potter", in which the young man who now bears that name informed me that he was engaged to Miss Harriet Amory—a young woman I actually knew, having dined (and sat next to) her with her in Paris last summer! Now she had pleased me very much: but not as an Amory might in the old days: for she didn't seem to come from Boston at all and had never heard of Iago! Now would the present Warwick Potter, who is said to adore this mere Gretchen, bear the same relation to my old young friend, his uncle, as this Gretchen bears to—shall we say—Miss Sally Norton or Miss Fanny Mason—as they were thirty years ago? You see I remember these ladies: but I don't ask you for news of them, because they are safe investments, so to speak, and I can fancy how they live and what they feel. I can also fancy Guy Murchie with his rich wife in Commonwealth Avenue, and I can fancy my nephew

George (I have his photo) and his sister at Weston with their respective spouses—also known in photograph. But who are the Fanny Masons and Sally Nortons of today? Are they public speakers, or poetesses like Amy Lowell, or devout High-Churchwomen, or what? And what is Harvard like? More (or less) athletic, more (or less) virtuously and irresistibly organized into societies for everything except, alas, for mixing the genial cocktail? M<sup>rs</sup> Toy, who writes to me sometimes, gave me the only intelligible account I have seen of what happened to President Wilson—I don't mean medically, but politically, and why the country went back on him, on the league of nations, and on its allies. You, who know my friends (as M<sup>rs</sup> Toy doesn't), could show me how the wind blows in this social quarter—more interesting romantically than the political world, and even more important, because at bottom it controls the turn of public affairs—I mean, that moral changes in society, if they don't determine political events, certainly colour the result and give it all its importance. Here are a few items that might make me feel which way the wind blows: Do people think at all of Cardinal O'Connell, and if so what? Is M<sup>rs</sup> Jack Gardiner living, and is there anyone like her or like M<sup>rs</sup> Whitman? What do they say in Boston and Cambridge of Professor M<sup>ac</sup>Dougal? Are there any notable new buildings, and of what sort? If a Sunday paper should appear with photographs of Sargent's new decorations in the Public Library could you send me that part of the paper? Also any views of Harvard buildings. What has become of M<sup>rs</sup> Arthur Richmond and of her son? Are they reconciled with his papa, or has he a new one? Is there any great spiritual force in Boston, like Phillips Brooks or M<sup>rs</sup> Eddy? Is there any bitter socialism, or is it all Jewish and academic? In saying Jewish I was thinking of some successful ones Jews, like my pupil Walter Lippman, who only want a chance to thrive themselves; but I remember other Jews, like my friend (also my pupil) Kallen, now a leading Zionist, who are bitter as bitter can be, and quite innocent of the art of thriving. Are the poorer classes in America still hopeful and loyal to the established order, or are there any signs of revolution? I ask all these semi-political questions because I have a feeling that we are approaching a great revolution and impoverishment of the world, such as has actually occurred in Russia, and I look for signs, not so much of its coming soon, but of the angle at which it will attack our old society, and the elements of it that may survive. Of course, I think the revolutionists, if they succeed, will suffer a horrid disappointment, because most of them will have to die off: the two great conditions for improving the lot of

mankind are a much smaller population and a much larger proportion of people devoted to agriculture.

I can't send you any part of my novel as yet, because I have sworn to dismiss it from my thoughts—at least in waking and working hours—until the Realms are done. I am toiling on these here in surroundings that suit me very well, and I hope in a year or two the book may be finished. I have just read the proofs of the Soliloquies in England, which I hope, in time, will find a sympathetic public, even if a small one. They are much more me than my other books. Publishers are very [*across*] slow nowadays, so that I can't say when you will receive your copy. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[Early 1922?] • [Rome, Italy?]

(MS: Rockefeller)

Thursday

Dear Strong

Thank you for this. I am pleased with that the reviewer takes us seriously; but he seems to be exclusively occupied with one point.

I see Fuller now and then—unsatisfactory mind: always seems to be really thinking of something else, like a woman. Yesterday he had a young French professor in tow who said Einstein was an absolutist, and that his theory should have been called Théorie de l'Invariance!

Yours ever

G.S.

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

4 February 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Hotel Marini, Rome,  
 Feb. 4. 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
 London.

I am very sorry at the long delay in returning the proofs of "Soliloquies in England" which I hope have reached you by this time. They arrived only a fortnight ago: the delay was in the post office, here or at the frontier, and although everything arrived safely, the parcel had been opened and was loosely tied together again. I hope the second proof, being less bulky, will fare better.

Yours faithfully  
 GSantayana

P.S. I despatched the proofs from here on Jan. 28. registered.

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

6 February 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

Hotel Marini Rome  
 Feb. 6, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
 London

I am very sorry to cause you further delay with the Soliloquies, after all there has been already, but I shouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't see a proof of the verses in slip 4, where I have made considerable changes: and I suppose if you send me that, you might as well send the rest too. However, that is the only part that I feel anxious about, as your printer's proof-reading—apart from a weakness for reverential capitals—is excellent.

In case it should expedite matters to send the prologue only, there are the two slight corrections following that I should like to make elsewhere:

Slip. 115, 6<sup>th</sup> line from the bottom

1<sup>st</sup> word: for "nor" read "not"

Slip. 90 4<sup>th</sup> line: for "amongst" read "amidst".

You might send me the proof, in any case, directly to the Hotel Marini, Rome, as I shall remain here for two or three months longer, and that may save a day or two in transmission.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

20 February 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Marini Rome

Feb 20, 1922

Dear Strong

Thank you for your letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> with your article on Schiller-on-Strong on Strong-on-Schiller; also for the London Mercury. I am sorry you have had such a bad cold, and so prolonged: the weather here has continued very bad, and I wonder why I thought Rome a nice place for the winter; but it has proved a nice place in one important respect, as far as I am concerned, that I have managed to keep off the usual winter diseases, and have been well and able to work, although not with any energy— During the last fortnight I have been caught in a tangle, finding that what I thought fresh matter for a chapter or two was nothing but the same old subject, and yet not being clear that it had all been said before, nor able to introduce the new paragraphs in to the previous chapters. I am now copying it all off as it stands, and leaving it for a later revision to decide whether it is all a lot of redites or not.

Isn't something of this sort the trouble in your article too? The effect on me, I might as well confess frankly, is discouraging. It seems like trying to draw on a piece of paper that is worn and dirty with much rubbing out of old lines; the hand is not free, the eye is misled; it is hopeless. Why not take a fresh sheet? Why discuss at all, and why with Schiller? As he shows in your paragraph (4) he is nothing but a squeaking automaton: he will always squeak the same thing, no matter how you tickle him. Let him alone. And all this scholastic language does not serve the only purpose that might justify scholastic language: it does not define nor settle anything; it

is all radically infected. For instance, I was seriously puzzled in paragraph (1) by the words “it {the datum} conveys the object only in the form of a ‘meaning’.” I thought for a while that you were calling the essence a “meaning”—as some of our American friends wanted to do: I suppose now that you were simply troubled for lack of proper words in which to express the fact that the datum is not the object. But then how can it “convey” the object? All this needs, I think, to be approached quite differently and to be stated in fresh language. Three or four lines above this passage, I can’t understand how the ego, in your system, is “all experience de-objectified.” That would seem to describe intuitions or mental discourse, the fact that various essences appear in varying combinations: but I understand that your ego is sub-intuitional: how then is it experience at all? I also fail to follow you about the non-existence of meaning psychologically. Is it all behaviour merely? Is there no given essence to mark that behaviour inwardly? Is there no premonition of the object, before the datum is used to describe it, so that we know where that object [*across*] lies, and that the datum is not all? Cf. the pillar-box.

Yours ever G Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

14 March 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Marini, Rome, March 14, 1922

Dear Strong

Excuse my delay in acknowledging and returning your paper. I read it at once, and with a feeling of great satisfaction. It seemed to me that you might really convert Russell by it. But I was aware of not having taken in every part, (it is extraordinary difficult, at least for me, to fix clearly the meaning that these hackneyed words are meant to convey in each new

instance) and I wanted to reread it before replying. I have now done so several times, and am even more uncertain. I really have no opinion to give: I am terribly stale on this subject. But here are a few notes made in passing.

p. 1. "Distorted". I think both Russell and the NeoRealists hold that the "perspective" [really only a segment] nearest the brain-centre is no distortion; for what should it distort? It is one of the components of the object. You are simply not lending your mind to their view, and they will discard your objections as unintelligent. So below, at p. 8, R. & the NeoR's would see no difficulty whatever in tactile and visual and auditory elements lying combined in any of the segments.

p. 3. In the lens a segment is reproduced which lies farther off along the series of segments forming the object. I think R and the NeoR's ought to hold that the seeing spirit is in the lens, or rather is the lens-segment incandescent. Holt evidently holds this when he compares the "image in consciousness" with a photographic image, and says they are just alike.

p. 7. Instead of "appearances are only sensations" etc, would it do to say: "Essences are not sensations, but only the descriptions of objects which sensations serve to suggest"? I think (besides other advantages) this language avoids the danger of suggesting that the sensations are perceived first (which is what most people assume): for how could the mind "use" what it didn't have in its possession?

p. 8. Of course the so-called perspectives are only segments. A perspective implies both an object and a view, and collapses when the two are identified; so that R has no right to that word, and is simply cheating in the game. A perspective is a description of the relations of many segments when this description is modified by the position of the segment in which their effects are gathered together and in which the description thereby arises.

p. 9 top. Why not be content with the discontinuous? You must ask R, not why he is content, but how he is able to know, or plausibly believe in, the discontinuous he loves?

p. 10. Is this a new use of "datum"?

p. 11 top. The belief in the object may simply be false. Datum is a word to shun.

Yours ever G. S.

P.S. There is no change here.

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

21 March 1922 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Temple)

Permanent<sup>C/o</sup> Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
 address      {      123 Pall Mall. S.W.1

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Hotel Marini, Rome  
 March 21, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
 London

Gentlemen,

I enclose a letter I received some time ago from Duffield & C<sup>o</sup> of New York, the publishers of my little volume called "Sonnets". I am diffident about my early attempts at poetry, but in America people are very appreciative of "high thoughts", and as my other books attract more attention, it is possible that such a collection of my verses as is here suggested might find a public. I don't want to press the matter, but submit it to you again, so as to be able to say to M<sup>r</sup>. Hoppin (of Duffield & C<sup>o</sup>) that I have done so.

I also enclose a short list of persons to whom I wish you would send copies of the Soliloquies.

Yours faithfully  
 GSantayana

Please send a copy of Soliloquies in England, with the author's compliments, to each of the following addresses, charging it to his account.

Earl Russell, 57 Gordon Square. W.C. London

The Countess Russell, 2 Whitehall Court, S.W.1. "

J. Middleton Murry, Esq. C/o The Nation & The Athenaeum  
 10, Adelphi Terrace. W.C.

L. Pearsall Smith, Esq, 11 St. Leonard's Terrace. Chelsea.  
B. A. Beal, Esq, American Embassy, London.  
D<sup>r</sup> Robert Bridges, Chilswell, Oxford  
Peter Warren, Esq, Magdalen College, Oxford.  
G. T. Lapsley, Esq, Trinity College, Cambridge.  
The Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd, Pembroke Lodge, Sunninghill, Berks.  
C. A. Strong, Esq, 9, Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris.

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**To George Lawton**

29 March 1922 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Unknown)

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Rome, March 29, 1922.

Dear Mr. Lawton,

It is always pleasant to be urged to do something on the ground that one can do it well; and I have some sympathy with your cry: No more metaphysics. I am nevertheless at work on a book of philosophy (which I do not like to call metaphysics); it will take a year or two; after that I promise you to renounce the subject—except as an ingredient in pleasanter things. The “Three Proofs of Realism” is only a short paper, and has already

appeared. But now I come to the part of your advice which I don't mean to follow at all. Criticism is something purely incidental—talk about talk—and to my mind has no serious value except perhaps as an expression of philosophy in the critic. When I have been led to write criticism it has never been for any other reason; and you don't know me at all if you suppose me capable of reading up Meredith or Thomas Hardy or any one else who hasn't come in my way, in order to describe them to other people. If you like that sort of vicarious literary nourishment, read Croce, or any other competent person who sets out to express the impression which literature has made upon him. But I should advise you to read the originals instead, and be satisfied with the impression they make upon you. You know Plato's contempt for the image of an image; but as a man's view of things is an image in the first place, and his work is an image of that, and the critic's feelings are an image of that work, and his writings an image of his feelings, and your idea of what the critic means only an image of his writings,—please consider that you are steeping your poor original tea-leaves in their fifth wash of hot water, and are drinking slops. May not the remarkable sloppiness and feebleness of the cultivated American mind be due to this habit of drinking life in its fifth dilution only? What you need is not more criticism of current authors, but more philosophy: more courage and sincerity in facing nature directly, and in criticizing books or institutions only with a view to choosing among them whatever is most harmonious with the life you want to lead. For as Dryden (or is it Pope?) says, "If you think the world worth winning, think, oh think it worth enjoying." I accordingly intend to devote such years as may remain to me exclusively to philosophy; although I hope the form in which it will be expressed will not lead you to call it metaphysics.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

2 April 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, April 2, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & C<sup>o</sup>

London.

Will you please add the following to the list of persons to whom "Soliloquies in England" are to be sent, with the author's compliments.

Yours faithfully

G. Santayana

Baron Albert von Westenholz

Sophienterrasse 14

Hamburg, Germany.

M<sup>rs</sup> Mitchel, Bennington House

Newstead Road

Nottingham

Hon. Bertrand Russell

70 Overstrand Mansions

Prince of Wales Road, Battersea. S.W.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

4 April 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Marini Rome

April 4, 1922

Dear Strong

I am glad to know your plans and I don't wonder that you have decided not to make the trip to Rome at present. The season has been rather trying, and although of course at any moment the weather may become delightful and Rome may manifest all its glories, I feel myself a growing desire to get away. I have done very little serious work lately, being distracted by some books on America which the editors of the Dial and the Forum have sent me; and I have written short reviews about them. Previously, I had the first and second proofs of the Soliloquies, which naturally filled my thoughts a good deal, and lately two visits from Westenholz's young friend Reichhardt, the latter lasting ten days, and he being at this hotel. Next Monday I expect Onderdonk, who will stay a week. Taking all these things together, and the probable coming on of warm weather, I fear there is not much hope of accomplishing any thing more here this season, on my old momentum. I should therefore like to return to Paris at once, have a change of air and get a fresh start, with the whole MS of the Realms before me—of which I have often felt the need. May I go to the apartment about the 20<sup>th</sup> of April, and stay for four or five weeks—until you come? My idea is to go to England for a few weeks during the summer. If you think there is any possibility that you should wish to go to England yourself, I should gladly put off my trip until you went; but if not I might as well go for June, and return in July, when you might be alone in the apartment, if Margaret is going again to America.

Please send me a card saying whether it is all right about the apartment, so that I may write to Marie and to Germont.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Mary Williams Winslow**

7 April 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, April 7, 1922

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow

This is not going to be a regular letter, only a word to thank you for yours and to enclose these extracts from "Soliloquies in England", which in part answer your question as to what I think of Buddhism. You may notice that I make no distinction between it and Brahmanism, between Vendanta and Samkya philosophies. This is not wholly an effect of ignorance, but because the differences touch mythology or metaphysics only, and not the wisdom which is all I care for in these (or any other) philosophers. I hope the book of Soliloquies will reach you soon, but I send these cuttings because you might not happen to come across them in the book, in which you may find more alluring passages.

The reason why I asked about Cardinal O'Connell was that I am curious to know whether American society has waked up to what the Catholic church is. Some time ago, Jack Chapman wrote a little book which showed that he, at least, was alive to the facts. I can well understand preferring the Catholic system to the American, as certain disaffected Jews and young pagans now dare to say that they prefer Bolshevism or free love: but the things are incompatible with America; and America ought to know it. To judge by the plaints of the young rebels, America is quite aware of it in their case. But is America aware of it in the case of the Catholic church? Or is the Americanism of Catholics in the U.S. so thorough, that they are not really Catholics at all?

Mrs. Gardner is right about my destiny, except that I am a monk already—with an occasional moral holiday. No chance of my becoming the other sort of monk. Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

10 April 1922 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Marini, Rome

April 10, 1922

Dear Strong—

Thank you for your card, and the suggestion that I should stop at Fiesole on my way north, but I am anxious to make the journey as unconsciously as possible—to wake up in Paris after forty winks, as it were—and to get a fresh start in work before the Summer sets in. I am going directly, leaving on Sunday the 23<sup>rd</sup>, and have written to Marie and the concierge to expect me on the 24<sup>th</sup>.

I am expecting Onderdonk today, who remains for a week.

Fuller has been showing me the manuscript of his History of Greek Philosophy—a very American performance, very airy and easy, for which I feel some indirect responsibility, as it seems to be in my manner somewhat diluted—a green mint grown into an ice-cream soda. But if we abstract from the journalistic tone and the flippancy, it is really rather graphic and not unsound—better than Well's universal history.

I was interested in your account of Princess Mary and her husband, and their visit to the villa. I wonder why the English royalties are so shy; they must have been brought up in the midst of people. Perhaps they were only led out of the nursery on state occasions, and spoken to shyly by others: and nothing makes one so shy as shyness in other people, especially if they are older. And the aridity of all <sup>that</sup> these royalties are allowed to see and hear must make them dreadfully dull, unless they have private safety-valves, like King Edward.

Of course you understand that I don't mean to stay in the apartment when you and Margaret come, because (as I have often said) there is not room for us to be comfortable, and I need solitude for any real work. But I will see if I find a place quieter than the hotel Brabant, to settle down in, and we can dine together, as we did last year. On further consideration, I doubt very much that I shall go to England at all.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

25 April 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire  
April 25, 1922

Dear Strong

I arrived here last night after a journey not worth describing, and found everything all right. Marie gave me my tea as usual this morning, and I am devoting the day to writing letters, so as to have a clean mind and conscience tomorrow for beginning work. It is cold, and I have a fire in the salon.

Onderdonk came as he had announced on the 10<sup>th</sup> and stayed a week. The impression I always get when I see my former young friends after they have been for some years in “the world” is a sad one: they seem to have no intellectual interests or clearness left. I don’t mean that I didn’t enjoy seeing Onderdonk, and that he was not the same good friend as formerly, but that I found he couldn’t understand what I said. It was, for a different reason, much as it had been with Hans Reichhardt the week before, and we were reduced to baby-talk. Fuller says he has the same experience. Of course, this refers to Americans only, not to Englishmen.

I am delighted with the freshly-painted bathroom, and notice curtains in the passage, and other improvements. Marie is anxious to know whether cette Anglaise is coming with Margaret, for she says she can’t endure her, and talks to herself about her in her sleep.

Have you read Vahinger on Als ob, and do you think one must? Hans Reichhardt has promised to send me Das Kapital by Karl Marx; with that I think I shall have incidental reading enough for some time. I picked up in Rome a French book on Language, by Vendryes, which is instructive and supplies some hints about Essence. Why did we never talk about de Gourmont? He seems to be very much in evidence: I have read only one book (On how insects make love) which had some good tendencies in it—true naturalism—but also some blindnesses.

I said good-bye sentimentally to the Tritons of the Villa Borghese —arrividerci! Yours ever G. S.

**To George Sturgis**

25 April 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Houghton)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, April 25, 1922

Dear George

I have just returned to Paris from Italy, and am looking over my arrears of letters in order to start the season with a clear conscience. I am afraid I haven't yet answered your interesting letter of February 20<sup>th</sup> in which you gave me an account of the various investments of which I am the happy but semi-conscious possessor. It all sounds very safe, prosperous, and up-to-date, and if I ventured to make any comments, they would be hopelessly trivial and unbusiness-like, and hardly worthy of an old editor of the Harvard Lampoon, since I can think of nothing but double meanings for American vitrified products preferred, and the furnishing of light heat and power to such important parts of the world as Saint Louis, Mo. not to speak of medicine for England Scotland and Wales. I am only sorry that I am not supplying a little medicine to Ireland also. I vaguely remember trying to furnish a little light to little groups of obscure minds in some dark corner of Sever Hall: but it never entered my thoughts to supply all Boston with heat and power as well. This only shows how we do our best actions without knowing it, and how we may be laying up pleasant surprises for ourselves against the Day of Judgement.

I am glad to hear that you are to build yourselves a house and home. You may not know that I only just missed being an architect and have always taken a great interest in houses—in the planning no less than in the architectural effect—and I should be glad if you would send me some sketch—if you have one not too large—of what you are to build, or some photo of it when done.

Would you mind sending a check for \$25—in my name—to Thorwald S. Ross (what a name!) in the enclosed envelope? I have now a bank account in London, but I don't like to send an English check to the Signet, as it would make a queer sum in American money, say \$23.01½ cents.

I expect to remain in Paris all summer—at least.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

29 April 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Temple)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, April 29, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
London.

Dear Sirs:

Here is the selection from my two volumes of verses which I should suggest might be published, if you think the public would be at all interested in poetry of this sort, which I am well aware is not true poetry, although perhaps it is one sort of true literature.

I hope before long to send you a list of errata in the Life of Reason together with one of such verbal emendations as I should like to make if it is possible. I think that, apart from material difficulties, it will be better not to make any changes in the thought or spirit of the original, but (as you suggest) to write a "Preface to the Second Edition" in which I can indicate in what direction my mind has changed in these twenty years, and perhaps say something about the scope and intention of the book, as I originally conceived it.

I suppose the strikes are delaying the appearance of "Soliloquies in England".

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

8 May 1922 • Paris, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

May 8 1922

Dear Strong

I am delighted to hear that you are so satisfactorily at work on the nature of things. It is evident that in the last year or two you have had a second birth—what with Fables, and Latin, and this vigorous campaign in Mind and in your own bosom, you seem to be a new man—I don't mean a different one, but a rejuvenated, reburnished, pugnacious, and courtly version of your old self. It is a providential compensation for your lameness, and it would be a curious thing if, in spite of it, you were now enjoying the pleasantest and most active years of your life. As to your arguments in particular, I must wait till I see them before saying anything: but I am already asking myself whether in reverting to your term "mind-stuff," you will at all accentuate a tendency which I seemed to feel in you of late (though perhaps it was only because a misunderstanding on my part was being dissipated)—the tendency to regard "stuff" as the function of the psychical and "mind" as its essence. This was your original view: in clarifying the view you had come to adopt instead, I wonder if you are restoring the old in any measure.

Everything will be ready for you on the evening on the 3<sup>rd</sup> but in spite of my desire to spare Marie the presence of cette Anglaise, I shall certainly have decamped. My idea is to try the Quai Voltaire, if I can get a room there, and if not to return to the Brabant which was very satisfactory save for the noise—and even that often seemed a stimulus. I absolutely need a clear field and solitude if I am to do anything like steady work. The outlook is not discouraging: I find that, in the midst of much dry stuff and many repetitions, I have a good deal—all over the book—that will do as it stands, and that the revision, as it proceeds, suggests enough new thoughts and images to make the work interesting. Nevertheless, even the first book is not finished, because a great part of what I have done this winter turns out to belong elsewhere, especially in the realm of matter.

The day before yesterday ushered in Spring, not to say Summer. A complete change—heat, sunshine, and greenness all of a sudden. Yours ever G.S.

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

13 May 1922 • Paris, France (MS: Constable)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, May 13, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & C<sup>o</sup>  
 London

Gentlemen

I have your letter of the 10<sup>th</sup> about the proposed edition of my poems, with the sample pages. I have entire confidence in your experience and taste about the form of the book, and the print is very good, and the appearance excellent in the page containing one sonnet. The other page, in which there are seven stanzas of four lines each, looks to me a little long and heavy. Wouldn't a shorter page, with more margin at the top, be better?

The arrangement you propose about half-profits is perfectly satisfactory.

I am writing to M<sup>r</sup> Hoppin, of Duffield & C<sup>o</sup>, informing him of what is going on, and quoting the paragraph in your letter about the sale of sheets to them or to Scribner. The proposed book, as you may have observed, contains nearly the whole of the little book called "Sonnets", and about one third of the book called "The Hermit of Carmel"; and as the "Sonnets" alone continue to be sold, it seems that Duffield & C<sup>o</sup> have the larger interest in the matter.

I hope to send you the list of errata and the new preface to The Life of Reason in a few days.

Yours faithfully  
 GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

13 May 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Princeton)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Paris, May 13, 1922.

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M<sup>essrs</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons  
New York

Gentlemen:

May I ask you, when the American edition of my "Soliloquies in England" is ready, to send copies in my name to the persons in the list enclosed?

Today I have received a letter from M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company saying that they are ready to publish a collection of my verses, taken partly from my "Sonnets and Other Verses" now published by M<sup>essrs</sup> Duffield & Company, and partly from "The Hermit of Carmel" of which you hold the copyright. The selection I have made includes almost all of the first volume and about one third—some 75 pages—of the second. M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable are proposing to sell such sheets as you or M<sup>essrs</sup> Duffield & C<sup>o</sup> may agree to take for the American edition, to either or both of your firms, as you may decide. M<sup>r</sup> Hoppin wrote me some months ago, making a suggestion to this effect: but now that the affair seems to be actually going forward, I thought it as well to mention it directly to you, so that there may be no misunderstanding.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

Please send a copy of "Soliloquies in England", with the author's compliments, to each of the following addresses, and charge them to my account.  
G.S.

Prof. Wendell T. Bush, Columbia University, New York City  
Miss Frances Gwinn, 227 East 48<sup>th</sup> St.      "      "  
Prof. Durant Drake, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.  
M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> R. Burnside Potter, Smithtown, Long Island      "  
Prof. W<sup>m</sup> Lyon Phelps, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.  
D<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Frederick Winslow, 275 Clarendon St. Boston, Mass.  
B. A. G. Fuller, Esq, Sherborn, Mass.

M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy, 6 Craigie Circle, Cambridge, Mass.  
 The Harvard Union, " "  
 The Delphic Club, 9 Linden St, " "  
 The Robbins Library, Emerson Hall, " "

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

20 May 1922 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, May 20, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
 London

Gentlemen:

I enclose the new preface to The Life of Reason and the list of errata. I have taken pains to make no corrections that would involve disturbing the page beyond the words directly concerned. I hope there may be no difficulty in making these changes, and if necessary I should be glad to bear the expense involved.

In regard to the Poems, the second specimen page (which I also enclose) seems an improvement, and quite satisfactory.

Yours faithfully  
 GSantayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

5 June 1922 • Paris, France

(MS: Congress)

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9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris

June 5, 1922

Dear Smith

“More Trivia” break all the rules about the inferiority of sequels and second parts, because they have all the freshness of the first collection, with more wit and more depth. I like them very much, but they can’t be very well appreciated as a whole: each should be taken singly, and the savour of it allowed to fill the mind and die away naturally, without being confused and jostled by the next impression. Nevertheless, the whole makes a picture of the self-consciousness of the modern man, which is not only delightfully vivid and humorous, but is a great document: because although it represents only one side of yourself, or of any of us, yet it is just the side which the age has made conspicuous. Men have always been the victims of trifles; but when they were uncomfortable, and passionate, and in constant danger, they hardly had time to notice what the daily texture of their thoughts was, in the calm intervals; whereas with us, the intervals are all; and that is what you have painted.

As to Guillaume Lerolle,

20 Av. Duquesne, Paris,

after our talk of the other day it came back to me, as in a dream, that I had seen him after that incident about the unanswered letters to me and your correspondance with him; that we had discussed the matter of translating Little Essays, that he had said he must give up the project, and that I had given him “Character & Opinion in the U.S.” in proof at that time, to look over; and I haven’t seen or heard from him since. If you care to write to him (as the above facts may not be accurately reported; my memory of them is curiously dream-like) of course do so; but I think you are quite at liberty to make arrangements with M. du Bos, if you feel disposed. Of course, it would be an honour to have such a translation made, and I should appreciate the compliment very much, as well as your interest in the matter. You are an angel to take charge of the matter yourself and leave me for the moment to the Realms of Being.

Thank you for your very kind words about the Soliloquies, and especially about the allegories, which I somehow feel are my maimed children or ugly ducklings.

I am looking for the book I haven't sent you. Do you like La Rochefoucault, La Bruyère, or Stendhal? Yours sincerely G. S.

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**To George Sturgis**

7 June 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Houghton)

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Paris, June 7, 1922

Dear George

Thank you for your letters of April 30, May 15, and May 24, the first of which crossed with my last to you. Please give Josephine my love and tell her I am sorry Arthur's health is so deeply affected; but he has youth and no doubt courage, as well as good care, to help him through. As to your aunt Susie's outburst on this subject, it is nothing to what you would hear everyday in that household. They live in an atmosphere of such intense partisanship in politics and religion that all the patriotism, self-sacrifice, or good policy and insight which they would praise on their own side seem to them criminal on the part of the enemy. Your aunt Susie is intelligent, and ought to be above this sort of thing; but more than intelligent she is, and has always been, enthusiastic and passionate. It has been her charm; but it has driven her to exaggerate her own allegiances and force herself to defend them in exaggerated language. In her heart she doubts and sees that it is, or may be, all make-believe; but this only intensifies her determination to blind herself and to bluff it out. It is very sad, because her con-

victions have not really brought her any happiness. She was seventy years old yesterday: you must overlook this aggressiveness in her language now and then, which is prompted by old scores which she has against things in general. She is hitting back with such weapons as remain to an old woman. I wish human nature and old age were more beautiful.

Strong and his daughter Margaret are here now, and I have left the apartment temporarily, as there is not space enough there for family life and philosophy at once. I am in a nice hotel near the Palais Royal, with a cool comfortable room and great quiet, and I am working very well. I dine with the Strongs every day at a restaurant.

As to that Italian book, you might as well send it on (to 9 Av. de l'Observatoire) but there is no need of registering it. The author probably thought the Italian postman's soul could not resist the chance of stealing the book and saving itself; but I shouldn't mind. Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

8 June 1922 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

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Paris, June 8 1922

Dear George

In writing to you yesterday, my thoughts were so turned in the direction of old age, illness, and death that I quite forgot what should have been the chief subject of my letter, namely, the coming event. I hope it will be prosperous, and that Rosamond will get over that severe but joyful trial as well as Josephine did. It is like seasickness; horrible at the time, but leaving you feeling better than you ever felt before, so that you are soon ready to face the same trial again.

You needn't pay any attention to what I am going to say, and you probably won't, as it will seem to you a mere prejudice, probably; yet I will tell you what I thought when you said that, if ~~it~~ the child was a boy, you had decided to call him Robert Shaw Sturgis. Does this ~~s~~, mean anything to you? There is, of course, your father's cousin Robert [Gould] Shaw, whose monument decorates the top of Beacon Hill; but your father was not called after him, but after his uncle; and I don't know for after what ancient worthy he was named. The middle name, if it is to be reduced in

practice to a mere letter, seems to me useless and ugly: it is worth having only when it is to be given its full weight and used always as a part of the name you are called by. Three names can seldom hang together as a unit; which is the reason why some people reduce the Christian name to a mysterious initial, as if every body called your boy Shaw Sturgis, and he signed himself R. Shaw Sturgis: but you probably would feel about this as a friend of mine did who said that he would as soon call himself A. Damned Foole. If your young one is to be known as Robert Sturgis, as your father was, why not call him so to begin with, and avoid a needless and (to my mind) ridiculous middle letter?

I believe several old friends of mine live in Weston: {W.} Cameron Forbes, {J.} Murray Forbes, Austin Potter. Are any of these neighbours or friends of yours?

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

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**To Boylston Adams Beal**

20 June 1922 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

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Permanent      { c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
address:      { 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, June 20 1922

Dear Boylston

Let me answer your good letter at once, for fear of putting it off indefinitely. There is nothing changed in my plans or situation. I vaguely look forward to settling down some day in England: but the truth is, I am less and less attracted by the idea when I get to close quarters with it. I know Oxford so well, that I can walk about it at will without moving from my chimney-corner; and they say it is becoming harder and harder to find lodgings there. I might take a cottage in one of the neighbouring villages, and get my old landlady, or some other suitable person, to keep house for me. But I am hardly ready to give up my Continental migrations, and if once I settled down in England, it would be for the rest of my days. Meantime, there is the problem of Strong, whom I don't like to abandon altogether. You know he is lame, half paralysed in the legs, and has few friends to relieve the monotony of his meditations. His daughter hasn't turned out very useful to him. She is pretty, but her intelligence as a school-girl seems to have been a false alarm, and she is singularly vague, helpless, and empty. The poor thing cries, sometimes, out of pure ennui: and as to her father, he is not happy unless she is out of the way, because she is not punctual, and constantly changes and rechanges all her plans, to his dismay and exasperation. I too clear out when she is on the scene, because she is incompatible with work and quietness, and besides in the apartment here there is hardly room for three. I go to some hotel, and dine with Strong daily at a Duval restaurant. It is a splendid arrangement for work.

The younger generation does not seem so foreign to me as it does to you: the young people I see, I still like, and quite forget my grey hairs in their society. Our own beaux jours were not very beautiful: I am not sure that the war wasn't a sort of Deluge providentially destined to drown our generation. We were genteel, we were aesthetic, but we were impotent. Perhaps the future may bring a new simplicity, even if of a brutal sort.

Yours ever      GSantayana

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**To Wendell T. Bush**[Summer 1922?] • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

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9 Av. de l'Observatoire  
Monday

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Bush

What a fatality seems to pursue us this year! Your note, which you say you sent from Dijon, has never reached me.

Are you and M<sup>rs</sup> Bush free for dinner this evening? I will call again at seven o'clock—or a few minutes earlier—in case you are. If not, please let me know what day it may be

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**[Summer 1922?] • Paris, France (MS: Congress)

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9 Av. de l'Observatoire  
Tuesday

Dear Smith

This is very good news. I am not at all busy, only oppressed by the heat, and I will come for you this evening at 7.30, and we can go to dine in the Champs Elysées.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

4 July 1922 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, July 4, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
London

Please send a copy of my "Soliloquies in England" to  
D<sup>r</sup> Luciano Zampa  
Petroia, Gubbio, Italy,  
and charge the same to my account.

G. Santayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

17 July 1922 • Paris, France (MS: Congress)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire  
July 17, 1922

Dear Smith

I don't know what I may have done to frighten M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann so much, but if you don't mind being dragged in into these affairs, it certainly relieves me of a good deal of trouble. I should like to do anything that M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann thinks would be advantageous to the sale of my books; not that I want any money, but that it flatters me that they should be read and that it would be a satisfaction if so devoted a publisher made more respectable profits. In itself however, I will say frankly that the idea of a collection of critical essays, picked out from my present books, does not seem to me necessary: it would seem to eviscerate "Poetry & Religion" and even "Winds of Doctrine" and the "Soliloquies", as if the rest of what they contain were inferior. This is perhaps true of "Poetry & Religion", but hardly of the other two books. Of course, it makes no difference to me in what form people read my writings, if they read them at all: and if such a selection would be more popular, it is only a gain from the point of view of pro-

paganda and of “fame”, just as “Little Essays” have been. But these evidently did not supersede anything else—they were too short for that—and may even have rescued the whole from early oblivion. My answer therefore is that I leave the matter in your hands—“you” being yourself and M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann—if you are willing to wrestle with Dent and with Scribner.

As to fresh essays, there is one that ought certainly to be included, the one on “The Character of Hamlet” which forms the introduction to the Hamlet in Sidney Lee’s edition. It is a very Latin view of the subject, and cost me infinite pains. But the publishers are the most intractable I ever heard of—will not even sell copies of the volume (which is very dear) unless one buys the whole set. I have never approached them (The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass) on the subject of reprinting this paper, and should be curious to see what luck you had in it.

The only other thing I can think of is a paper (never printed) which I read at Harvard during the Emerson celebration many years ago on Emerson the Poet. It doesn’t add very much to what I have said elsewhere, but it is rather amusing. It might perhaps overload the Emersonian chapter in the new book; but you shall see it if you wish, and judge for yourself.

Does Squire really want anything of mine, or is it your illusion? I have nothing at present. The squibs in the Dial are only marginal notes on the American books they send me. I like the sophomoric [*across*] atmosphere of it, and feel I am still writing for the Lampoon. Yours sincerely

G Santayana

**To Gilbert Seldes**

26 July 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Paris, July 26, 1922

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Seldes

So far I have received only one draft for my article on "Penitent Art", the previous one being for "Marginal Notes on Civilization in America". If the second draft arrives I will send it back to you.

Thank you for forwarding the letter from the New York editor of *La Prensa*, who is an old acquaintance.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

17 September 1922 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, Sept. 17, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
London

Dear Sirs:

In regard to M<sup>r</sup> Pri~~t~~tchard's request to print "Masks" in his Anthology, please follow your own judgement and inclination. You can see much better than I what is reasonable in such a case. An author who is asked for permission to reprint something of his is like an actor when an encore is demanded: he is pleased to be forced to yield, even against all rules. It is for the manager to keep order and prevent abuses.

You will think me too prolific, but I have another book ready, and hope to send you the manuscript in a week or two. It is the first volume of my system of philosophy, which I have had in hand for many years. I propose

that it be published separately under the title Scepticism and Animal Faith. A second volume, entitled Realms of Being will complete the work, and I hope to have it ready in a year or two. This first volume is not a long book, little longer, I think, than Character & Opinion in the U.S. Perhaps, if you consent to publish it, you could issue it in the same form as that book, which has an alluring aspect.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

**To Wendell T. Bush**

4 October [1922?] • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

Hôtel du Palais Royal, Paris  
October 4—

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Bush

Your first note reached me safely, although with some delay, as I am not at the apartment for the moment. (The mad old woman is still there, but she <sup>is</sup> superseded in all practical matters by another, who is quite competent.) I answered, making an appointment; but as you and M<sup>rs</sup> Bush didn't turn up, I inferred that in the interval you might have left Paris.

However, I am glad you are returning, and hope you will let me know as soon as you arrive, and dine with me any day you choose (I have no engagements!) at the Café de la Régence, opposite the Théâtre Français, which is convenient for everybody.

I shall probably return to 9 Av. de l'Observatoire on Wednesday Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>, after the Strongs leave for Italy. If not, I shall be in this hotel.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

5 October 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Temple)

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9, Av. de l'Observatoire

Paris, Oct. 5. 1922

Messrs Constable & C<sup>o</sup>

London

I am sending you today the manuscript of my new book. You will observe that I have suggested three slightly different titles, and I should be glad to know which you think the best.

I shall be glad to know as soon as possible that the parcel has arrived safely—

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

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**To John Brett Langstaff**

11 October 1922 • Paris, France      (MS: Unknown)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, Oct. 11, 1922

Dear Langstaff

Thank you very much for sending me an invitation to the Presentation of David Copperfield's Library to The Borough of St. Pancras. It proves that you (or someone else) have appreciated my praises of Dickens. His books were a great solace to me during the war, when I read them practically for the first time. I am also glad to know that you are active and already in a Presidential chair.

In my own occupations there has been no great change; and I am trying to improve the shining (though afternoon) hour in finishing off all the philosophical and other works which I have had in petto for years. The first volume of my system of philosophy, solving all the riddles of the universe by proving that there are no riddles, is already in the press.

I hope to return to England in the Spring of next year, after a too protracted absence, and to see and (perhaps) hear you.

Gouvy Hoffman and his wife were in Paris a year ago, and very kindly looked me up. I have had a letter from Peter Warren, and Raymond Mortimer is at this moment in the same hotel in which I have been hiding, and we have had lunch together at the café de la Régence *today*. You see that my pleasant associations with Oxford are still alive.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Mary Potter Bush**

20 October 1922 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Bush

Yes, with pleasure. I hope this reply will reach you and spare M<sup>r</sup> Bush an unnecessary journey, although if he wants to come and discuss philosophy in my den I should be delighted to see him. I leave on Sunday morning.

Yours gratefully  
GSantayana

**To Harry Austryn Wolfson**

25 October 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

Nice, Oct. 25. 1922

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Wolfson

I have spent a very pleasant hour reading your first chapter on Spinoza. Thank you very much for remembering me. You know, perhaps, that Spinoza is a great force in my private economy, and I daresay I sin in adapting and transforming him to my own uses. It is a legitimate absorption of what one finds nutritive, but it makes it all the more necessary for historical criticism to restore the genuine character of great men's thoughts, as their own age conceived them. I admire your wide scholar-

ship, and the way you employ it: in the first place, in order to make an imaginative and even playful reconstruction—what Spinoza's book might have been; and then to return to the formal and quaint dialectic, to the scholastic flavour, of Spinoza, in contrast to the sentimental turn given to him by Goethe & C<sup>o</sup> I hope you will persevere and make a great success of the work. If in my capacity of former instructor I may make a suggestion, I should advise you to paraphrase here and there certain expressions which may be blind to the reader. For instance, when you say that the universal or the genus was regarded as the cause of the particular, I don't think any clear idea is conveyed by the words. But cause is  $\alpha\rho\xi\gamma$ , principle; and we can easily understand how space or extension is the principle of the pyramid or of this sheet of paper in its Auseinandersein; that is, the genus or universal is implied in the particular and the latter involves the pre-existence of the former, but not vice versa. If "cause" meant determining antecedent, evidently no universal could be the cause of the particulars or the modes which diversify it, since it gives no foothold to the differences and to the occasions proper to these particulars: and Spinoza is himself explicit on this point where he says that each mode depends on the other modes in its own attribute, not on the nature of the attribute—much less of the substance—in general. So in the matter of "being understood through something else", this understanding is dialectical only. The nature of the thing understood presupposes the nature of the more general essence it is understood through, or by the use of: we must not think of "understanding" either as explanation of origins or  $\wedge$  as appreciation of individual character.—I am curious to know the secret of this sumptuous printing and publication. But why long §§? If it is in order to [across] suggest the XVII century, you mustn't speak of having "to be scrapped anyway before we are through". Suum cuique.

Yours sincerely    GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

30 October 1922 [postmark] • Nice, France (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

New-York Hotel, Nice

I have moved today to this other hotel, which is meublé so that one may go out for one's meals, and where I have a little apartment with a bath room worthy of the name of the hotel, and a corner room with sun all day—four windows—on the main street—not the sea-front. I hope to be comfortable, but the weather so far has been execrable—wind and rain—and the place is still in curl-papers. However, I heard a part of La Mascotte last night at the Casino gratis. You had better come a little later. G. S.

[across] Restaurants here ~~is~~ are many and good.

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

3 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

New York Hotel

Nice, France

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Nov. 3, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
London

Gentlemen

I inclose the agreement, duly signed, for the publication of Scepticism and Animal Faith.

I have added the words “the first part of” to the sub-title, because as it stands it would hardly be correct. This book is only the introduction to the system. Perhaps the words “Introduction to a System of Philosophy”

would sound better than "The first part of". They might convey the impression of a separate introductory work, complete in itself, which is just what this book is. If you think so, we could use the title in with this modification.

As to the proposed large paper edition of my Poems, I should be glad to sign the 120 or 125 copies which you mention, if you can send me the pages here, to the New York Hotel, Nice, where I expect to pass the winter. I will put the date on, as well as my name, if you think it would be better, as the whole would not be a matter of more than half an hour—at least, I suppose so, not having written my name over so many times since I was a school-boy.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

3 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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New York Hotel, Nice, France  
Nov. 3, 1922

Dear George

Many thanks for your letter of Oct. 23, and its enclosures. The enclosed half-sheet is a reply to the unfortunate creature who sent the begging letter: I think he is probably in real trouble, and as deserving as unbalanced people usually are—deserving of pity if not of anything else. Will you please send this half-sheet to him with a cheque for \$25; to M<sup>r</sup> Sadakichi Hartmann, P.O. Box 341, Gainesville, Florida.

I am glad to know that you and Rosamond and the young man are all well and happy. I wrote to Josephine not long ago; you make the best of her situation also, because you are an optimist (as you have a national and hereditary right to be) but I feel that it is rather distressing. As to your Aunt Josephine, I had had a hint from her long ago that she did not intend to draw her whole income for more than a year. She likes to have a small money-bag under her pillow (I speak figuratively) but the \$10,000 that she must now have in the bank amply satisfy that craving, and she is satisfied

to leave the rest in that distant and miraculous fountain of dollars over which you are the presiding genius at this moment. I have written to her once or twice on this subject, but not recently, and always in the sense that she must do what would be most conducive to her peace of mind, and to her pleasant relations with those about her.

I came to Nice a week ago or more, fleeing from the chill and rain that had crept over Paris. The rain continued here, but not the chill, and after some hunting I have found a comfortable little apartment, a corner room with sun all day (when the sun shines) and a modern bath-room adjoining. I have my coffee here in the morning, and at noon go to lunch at a very excellent Italian restaurant across the street. I am working pleasantly and feeling very well, and expect to remain here all winter. It is a somewhat expensive place, and I shall draw the rest of my letter of credit during the next two months, and by the 1<sup>st</sup> of January you will not forget to send me a fresh one. I have received sundry small sums for articles, etc. during this year, so that I haven't been so very economical as my modest drafts might indicate. It will not be necessary, I think, to make the next letter of credit any larger—£500 as heretofore. If it should be exhausted before 1923 is over, you can always send me a supplementary one, or a draft.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

**To Robert Burnside Potter**

8 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, London

Nice, November 8, 1922

Dear Bob

Warwick has probably told you, by this time, of the repeated confabulations and convivialities which we had together, when he and his young wife were in Paris. It seemed to me I had known him all my life, as indeed I had, or rather all his life: but I mean that, besides the great resemblance

in expression which there is still to his childish face, he had a simplicity and openness about him that removed all constraint at once. Harriet too is very unaffected and friendly; she will be a splendid wife and mother. In fine, I loved them both at once, and shall regard them as a permanent possession, even if I see but little of them in future. At the same time, they made me think of you and M<sup>rs</sup> Potter, and of the saying of Homer that some sons are better than their fathers, but most sons are worse. I don't know that I should call them worse in this instance according to my philosophical standards, because I think these young people are more normal than our generation (at least, of our sort) and more appropriate to the circumstances in which their lives must be led: remarkably well-armoured and, in one way, insensible, so that they can stand the pace and the emptiness of things without loss of simple faith and heartiness. It is not a matter of youth: because we were more exquisite when we were young, n'est-ce pas? You certainly were more exquisite—you are more exquisite—than young Warwick, and I need not repeat the phrase about M<sup>rs</sup> Potter. The new generation is tougher: it is adjusted to more noise, more speed, more good-nature, and more democracy than we could have put up with. In Warwick this modernness surprised me a little, as I had been prepared for another type of mind, because as a boy he seemed pensive. He is that still, but in view of facts, not in view of ideas; and his experiences in the war and in engineering have probably confirmed this characteristic. Intellectually he seemed to me absolutely Grotonian (they didn't have time to make a Grotonian of you: Gordon Bell and Bayard Cutting also cut the traces, because they had such irrepressible wits); by Grotonian I mean intelligent but passive, cognizant but not concerned. The social tone of Groton I didn't notice at all: it is probably out of date by this time. But it survives remarkably in men a little older. During the war, at Oxford, Bronson Cutting and Edgar Wells came to see me, and I saw Bronson Cutting again in Rome last year. I can't express to you the distance, the foreignness, that I felt in him: it was another "world of values", an estimation absolutely well-informed but absolutely dead. I suppose it is that people's hearts are set on "heaven and home". Or is it that they are just living on respectably, considering when they should next go to the dentist's, and who will win the elections? The devouring automatism of American life is something stupendous. I feel the force of it more and more every day the farther, personally, I get away from it, as large mountains rise as you recede from them, and you surprise you by looming up as they never did when you lived at their base.

And this leads me to say why I am writing to you instead of to M<sup>r</sup> Potter. As you know I am writing—or rather brooding over—a novel of the American inner life, lived largely in Europe. My technical resources give out at every turn, and I may have to give the thing up. There is one point where I have an important scene in a yacht—and I know nothing about yachts. You know—or knew—everything about them. Can you tell me of a scientific book about yachts (my novel is to be scientific) that shall tell me how they are planned, how many men are needed for the crew, what servants are usually taken, etc. It is to be a schooner into which auxiliary engines have been put in (is this done?) for cruising in Canadian waters and the West Indies. Elderly eccentric sportsman who likes to go away from home.

[across] I have come to Nice for the winter, and am comfortably settled and hard at work on Opus Magnum. Yours ever G. Santayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

10 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

New York Hotel, Nice, France  
Nov. 10, 1922

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

It is all right about the title of Scepticism and Animal Faith, with the sub-title An Introduction to a System of Philosophy.

My first impulse on receiving your suggestion of a preface to the Poems was to say no; they are an autobiography sufficiently, perhaps excessively, confidential—at least for a discerning reader: and who cares for the others? But on second thoughts, I have come to the conclusion that a preface would be a good thing, if you don't mind its not being exactly autobiographical but devoted to these two points: 1<sup>st</sup> an apology for republishing such old-fashioned and unpoetical verses, on the ground that no one is

bound by rules or genres in expression, and that there is no line, either in matter or form, between poetry and prose; 2<sup>nd</sup> (and here a touch of autobiography may come in) a word about the temper, the beliefs, and the changes in feeling which these pieces represent.

I will set to work on this preface at once, and send it to you in a few days. I think it will make the volume more interesting to the public, and certainly the reviewers will pounce upon it eagerly, without needing to read further.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

14 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Princeton)

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Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Nice, Nov. 14, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons

New York—

Gentlemen,

When the new edition of my “Poems” reaches you, you will find that I have added a preface at the request of M<sup>ssrs</sup> Constable & C<sup>o</sup> which I trust will supply a part of the attraction which a photograph might have for the public eye; and I have also consented to write my name in 125 large paper copies which are to be issued also. But as to a photograph, I am sorry I can't agree. Not only do I detest that sort of irrelevant interest (although I know it is human) but in this case I think the portrait, if any, should be that of the author at the time he composed the book, or the major part of it. This is a young man's voice: it should not seem to issue from an old man's mouth. On the other hand, a portrait of myself when young, presented to the public now, would be grotesque. You must wait till I die. If my poems or any of my books continue to sell then, you will be at liberty to put in any portraits you like; and I have two which I think would do very well for the “Poems”: one at the age of 22, my Harvard Class-photograph, and the other from a charcoal drawing done ten years later by Andreas Andersen. They correspond exactly to the two series of sonnets in the volume. There is no photograph of myself in later years that is at all good, and

very few bad ones; but I mean to have one done when I return to London which will be in the Spring, if my plans are not changed. This will remain to represent the philosopher, as those other two the poet.—I hope you will excuse this very vain and egotistical letter—it is a sort of last will and testament in regard to portraits—although I am not thinking of dying for the moment. Somehow effigies suggest monuments, although I know there are illustrated supplements to the Sunday papers which would probably serve instead, although not aere perennius.

You have perhaps heard that the first volume of my system of philosophy, a separate book by itself, called “Scepticism and Animal Faith”, is in the press, and I suppose ~~M<sup>ESSRS</sup>~~ Constable will arrange with you (if you are so disposed) for the American issue.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

[across] P.S. It is all right about the royalty.

### To Charles Augustus Strong

14 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

New York Hotel Nice  
Nov. 14. 1922

Dear Strong

I am very glad you have been having this outing and fresh glimpse of Rome. If I were not so well and so busy (after my fashion) I should envy you, but one of the things I like here is the Italian atmosphere. I hear almost as much Italian as French in the streets, and go every day to lunch at Maffi's, across the street, which is very nice; a good deal like Poccardi's.— I enclose a review by Berty which is its own excuse for being, and a cutting from the Morning Post that may enlighten and amuse you.

Yours ever  
G.S.

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

15 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

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Hotel New-York, Nice, France  
Nov. 15. 1922

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Here is the preface to the Poems. I wonder if you could ask someone in your office to verify the quotation in the last paragraph? I make it from memory, which in my case is very treacherous: I can't even remember which play it comes from, but it is easily found, being at the very end, in the song to Winter, in one of the comedies, perhaps A Winter's Tale. I have no books here. }[If the two lines are not consecutive, dots ... after the first.]

I enclose a letter which explains itself and which I should be much obliged to you if you would answer—entirely as you think best.

If you are anxious not to delay the publication of the Poems, in view of the Christmas season, perhaps it would not be necessary to send me the proof of the preface; the printer's proof-reading being so careful; and you or someone else with independent judgement might read it over to make sure that no word had been misread so as to spoil the sense.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

**To Mary Williams Winslow**

16 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C° 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Nice, Nov. 16 1922

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow

Two letters, two sets of Sargent decorations, and I don't know how many months are being put down by the Recording Angel to my debit; but I console myself with the thought that you have had a thick volume of Soliloquies to overhear whenever you chose, and that I have been writing so much else—"Scepticism and Animal Faith: Introduction to a System of Philosophy" is in the press—that I may fairly be excused for neglecting to put pen to paper out of school hours. However, reform is better than repentance, and I will give you some account of myself—although as you know nothing ever happens in my little world.

I spent the ~~winter~~ <sup>summer</sup> very pleasantly in Paris, working on the above-mentioned volume. I wasn't at Strong's; because his daughter Margaret was about, and the apartment is too small for three, a maid, a dog, and ten thousand hat-boxes. I found a quiet cool hotel near the Palais Royal, and lived there in a top room like a true philosopher, dining every evening with the Strongs. They are my most constant link with human affairs. Strong himself, in spite of his lameness, has developed a new geniality (in every sense of this word) composes fables, reads the Latin classics, travels by motor, builds baroque staircases in his garden at Fiesole, and altogether plays the part of an opulent man of letters of the eighteenth century. It is a great satisfaction to me to see him so happy, in spite of his physical infirmity, and to find him blooming intellectually in his old age after having been all his life rather cramped in expression and rigidly professional in his interests. I think the Anglo-American colony in Florence has had a great effect on him, and thawed him thoroughly. Perhaps he has also caught from me the idea that a serious philosopher may be playful on occasion. He has just been to Rome in his motor with his architect, who is an invaluable friend and fac-totum, and I expect he will turn up here later in the winter. I have not wanted to go to Italy nor to Spain this year, because I want to finish the big book—and turn to the novel! When that comes on the tapis, if I am as well as I am now, I shall go the rounds again to Avila, Seville, Rome, Fiesole, Venice, etc, because those scenes will not distract me from the fun which I shall be having.

Composing a system of philosophy is not such an easy matter, and when once the thread of interest and the momentum of the argument are lost it is sometimes weeks before the engine can be made to run again properly. Therefore I need absolute solitude, such as I have here—that is, solitude in casinos, cafés, restaurants, theatres, and rambles in the midst of swarms of idlers, villas, motors, and palm-trees. But to return to the Strongs: there is the question of Margaret. Everybody (including herself) wants her to get married, and she has plenty of suitors and of money; but somehow she doesn't make up her mind. This prolonged coyness on her part has a curious effect on the lives of two elderly philosophers, her father and myself, because it keeps us both waiting with one foot in the air, until (she having established herself) we may know where to set it down. I for my part should like to settle down somewhere for the rest of my days; but I don't like to go to England, for instance, and leave Strong altogether; and yet I can't live with him while she is about, because then I feel I am staying in a rich man's house, and not sharing rooms with a fellow-student—which is the sort of existence that Strong and I affect when we are alone.

This summer I had several visits from strange quarters. The Rev. D<sup>r</sup> Zampa came to spend a few days with me on his way from Michigan, where he had been lecturing on Biblical exegesis (in Latin, if you please) at a Polish Catholic seminary back to his native Umbria, to the castle of La Petroia in Gubbio, which is his ancestral seat, and which I am invited to visit some day. He is furious with prohibition and doesn't find the American Catholic clergy very spiritual: he says they are like the Apostles—before the coming of the Holy Ghost. I also had a visit from young Warwick Potter and his bride, who was Harriet Amory; I enjoyed<sup>ed</sup> their company very much, and thought them both delightfully simple and unaffected. But it seemed to me that they were a little more plebeian than the older generation. Is this generally the case?

Now as to the Sargent compositions, of course it is not fair to judge of them without their colour and in imperfect reproductions; but they seem to me very vulgar. What I wanted to discover was how he had finally treated the long walls of the stair-case hall in the Public Library; because he told me himself, many years ago, that one long wall was to exhibit the Sermon on the Mount and the other the Reformation. I was really more interested in the idea of the composition, than in the composition itself: the two semi-circles being very imaginative and learned in a historical way. As a painter Sargent belongs to the spiritual world of Zola ; he has the nine-

teenth century curiosity for things historical, decorative, and exotic; but he has no leaven of his own to make the dough rise.

My nephew George Sturgis—with whom I correspond affectionately on business and other matters—tells me that Polly Winslow is “great,” and that young Fred is a nice boy “but” quiet, because he wears glasses. You see George knows I take an interest in them; but his descriptions are imperfect and do not set the reality before me in a satisfying way. But he seems to be a wide-awake young man, and an optimist, like his father. I had an amusing dream about him: he had written a letter, and it began by announcing that one of my investments might not yield the usual interest next year: then it went on, step by step, to make matters worse (and I was astonished afterwards that in my dream I showed so much more business knowledge than I have when awake) by the most ingenious gradual transformations; until at the end he said he had 75 cents left in all; but that it would be all right, because he has put them into the Louisiana lottery, and was sure of the first prize. Then I awoke. I haven’t told him of this dream, because it might suggest doubts of his [*across*] stewardship which I don’t feel in reality, at least not consciously. Love, best thanks, and best wishes from

GSantayana

**To Zenas Clark Dickinson**

22 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Michigan)

C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, London

Nice, Nov. 22, 1922

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Dickinson

Your book—which it was very good of you to send me—has made my chief reading for a week; it has been a genuine pleasure to be transported by it into the discussions which are going on so busily, and in such a splendid spirit, in academic America. You know, of course, that I agree with you—I think at every point—else why should you have sent me the book? And I am particularly grateful to you for treating the old fogeys, like

Bentham, and Adam Smith, so respectfully. That makes up for what seemed to me (having wickedly begun at the end) too much McDougall. I know by sad experience how in-bred controversy is, and how much easier it is to read and discuss one's colleagues or teachers than remoter philosophers of greater importance: and that this practice makes for progress and a living tradition in particular schools. Watson, in particular, seems to me a real master to gather about, and if I were young and in America I should cling to his skirts. And this leads me to a point where you might, I think, be more radical, as I have little doubt you will be in later books, when your position is assured in the learned world and you have travelled further from the Ph.D. You are an automatist like Watson, but (like me) you do not on that account renounce or deny images and feelings. But if the bodily movements do all the work, by means of mechanisms which must be extraordinarily subtle and mobile, isn't it idle to quarrel about the association of "ideas", as if this was, or could be, a rival system of causation? It seems to me that Watson (although if he denies the existence of mental discourse he is simply negligible) does well, as a matter of method, to ignore and deprecate literary psychology altogether: in that way, he avoids controversies about units which are not the units of events, but only of expression. The associationists are right, in so far as, in their language, we may really describe and recall much that happens; but the irrationalists and believers in instinct are no less right (righter, I think) because they have caught perspectives which throw the facts into groups more suggestive of the biological forces which actually determine them. When you come to the political questions at the end, I think a sharper distinction between the dynamics of action, habit, government, work, etc, and the rhetoric of politics and morals, would have helped you <sup>to</sup> clearness: because as it is, it looks a little as if you were undecided, whereas it is not you that are undecided, but the rhetorics of literary psychology that are optional and alternative; whilst the material forces that rule events—think of the war and the state of Europe after it!—are not on the scale of ideas or motives or principles at all, but lend themselves more or less, here and there, to expression in those purely literary categories. However, my object is to thank you for what you have done and not to air my own views, already flaunted enough elsewhere.

Yours very truly    GSantayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

23 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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New York Hotel, Nice, France  
Nov. 23, 1922

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

No, it merely occurred to me that you might be counting on issuing the Poems before Christmas, as that is the sort of little book people buy to give away rather than to read themselves; but for my own part I am in no hurry, and hadn't thought of making a Christmas present of the book to anybody.

Perhaps now you can send me a proof of the preface, together with the sheets for my signature.

I am glad "Scepticism and Animal Faith" is in the press. The page proof will be quite enough; you need not even send me the MS, as it is merely a burden. Possibly you might like to keep it yourself as a curiosity; if so, pray do.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Raymond Bell Mortimer**

23 November 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Princeton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Nice, Nov. 23, 1922

Dear Mortimer

I have read *The Oxford Circus* religiously. No doubt there are points in it which I have missed, not knowing the language of the day, but I have laughed heartily at others, for instance at the nobility of your hero refusing to take a taxi in Oxford. "Rather than that, he had gone afoot". How very like Lord Curzon! But I wish you would initiate me into the mysteries, orthographic and auricular, of ffoulis. Is it pronounced Fools? I also liked your ever-young don, holding his feet in his hands, and wished you had made more of him; but then that is a side of life with which I am well acquainted.

Nice has turned out a happy choice for my winter quarters. I am comfortably settled, and have established a daily routine which keeps me well and enables me to do a reasonable amount of work. The place and the weather are undeniably beautiful. I am expecting the proofs of my new book before long. As to plans for the future, there are no great alternatives in my case to choose from, but I think it very likely that I shall go to England in May or June, and spend the long vacation in Oxford, perhaps in my old rooms, remaining until *Realms of Being* is done. But this will not be my final Hegira, as the charms of Paris and Italy will certainly call me back, if my health and spirits continue good.

I am rather sorry not to see *The Dial*, now that you are a regular contributor. I should subscribe, but that I always find that if I subscribe to anything, it becomes a burden, and I wonder why I did so. In respect to Reviews, it is as with country girls, stolen kisses are best.

Now that you have written one book you probably will write another —at least, that has been my experience. If you do, I shall rely on you to let me see it, as I might not hear of it in my ivory tower.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

1 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

New-York Hotel, Nice

Dec. 1, 1922

Dear Strong

I am sorry that the sixtieth anniversary of your birth finds you so discouraged, but one day makes one no older than any other does—just one day older—and there is no reason why you shouldn't do your most popular work, as James did, after the age of sixty. It seems to me natural, if you were not to recover entirely, that your legs should get weaker from mere disease; especially if you are heavier. In this respect I notice a change in myself recently, especially here in Nice, that it fatigues me to walk and that I tend to sit down in benches at intervals—a habit of old men which I used to find very ridiculous. I don't understand why, even if you are less active, you shouldn't spend the Summer in Paris. If going to cafés becomes difficult and tiresome (as I should think it would be for the whole afternoon) the obvious remedy is to have a carriage, either a small motor or a brougham, always at your disposal; it could take you to the Champs Élysées and the Bois, to shops, where it would often not be necessary to get out at all, as the books, etc., could be brought out to you sitting in your carriage. If it was a motor, it would enable you to go even further at will, to Versailles, Meaux, etc. for a change of scene and of restaurants. It seems to me that a carriage in your case is hardly a luxury but a necessity and that it would make a great difference in your sense of freedom and dignity.

During the last fortnight I haven't done anything on Realms directly. I have been interrupted by the arrival of books, including Dewey's Reconstruction and Whitehead's Relativity; the first led me to fill a notebook with a first draught of my "American Philosopher"; but I am afraid it was a waste of spirit, as on beginning to copy it, I have lost my interest and may abandon the idea; at least, I am doing so for the moment. Whitehead's book has some points in it that interest me, but two thirds of it is unintelligible, and the whole is marred by his fundamental confusion

of essence with fact. What I like is that, in spite of his desire to confuse them, he ends by dividing them very clearly. He also maintains that the flux of events in space-time is single, and the various time-spaces of Einstein are only readings of it. That is not his word, but it is what I gather.

I like to read a little of this sort of stuff in view of the Realm of Matter, although of course my treatment will not broach any such questions: but it is well to have some notion of what one is leaving out, so as to give a correct and unmistakable status to what one does say.

The weather here is splendid, although sometimes very cold at night. The place is filling up, though this hotel is still nearly empty. I am well and comfortable, but not very keen mentally.

Yours ever GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

5 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS postcard: Houghton)

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Nice, Dec. 5. 1922

Thank you for these additional old letters of my father's as well as for your own. I am asking Scribner to send you a copy of my Soliloquies in England, which is more readable (in parts) than my other books. I recommend the one on Dickens and the four on Liberty and Liberalism. Your father had some if not all of my books, and I suppose you will find you (or Josephine) are in possession of them when you settle down in your new house. When is that to be, or has it taken place? Is Weston, Mass, a sufficient address? Merry Xmas. G.S.

**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

13 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Nice, Dec. 13, 1922

M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons

New York

Gentlemen,

Your suggestion that my new book, Scepticism and Animal Faith, should be set up in America I think comes rather too late, as M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable & C<sup>o</sup> lead me to expect the proofs to reach me at any moment. However, this is a matter that I should leave you in any case to arrange with them in whatever manner may be most convenient for both houses. It is not likely that the copyright not existing in America would lead any one to reprint so technical a book—it is the most technical I have yet written—and as to royalties, I do not count on them at all. It would be rather a satisfaction to me to think that people were actually pirating my works.

Various indications have reached me of the increased interest in my books which is shown by the rising generation. I don't subscribe to any press-cutting agency, but my friends occasionally send me reviews, when they think I shall be pleased by them. I also find occasional references to myself in books. It is of course very gratifying, especially as I have always lived on the hypothesis that I could not expect to attract much attention, and should be content to please a small circle of kindred spirits. But perhaps advancing years have made me more human, and able to interest a larger public. Perhaps too the temper of the age has changed in a way which, without moving exactly in my direction, has removed some of the barriers between my way of expressing myself and the prevalent mood. I always felt that the young people would agree with me, if they understood what I meant.

Thank you for offering to send me evidences of this change in my favour, but it is hardly worth while that you should take the trouble, unless there is some comment which I should not be likely to see and by which you think I might profit.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

13 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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New-York Hotel, Nice

Dec. 13, '22

Dear Strong

I send you an article which explains itself, in case you haven't heard of these Daniels come to Judgement.

I am a little less satisfied with Nice than I was when I last wrote. My cough has come on again, and although I hope to stave it off by taking every precaution at once, I think the rapid changes here from the hot sun to the cold and damp night air are rather bad for my sort of complaint: and also for comfort, because I have seldom felt so wretchedly cold as I do here in the evening, in spite of all winter clothes and a great-coat. There is central heating, but not very efficacious at all hours, and I have to wrap up even when the window is closed. However, I am going to stick it out, as I am not sure that I could find anything better, and in a few weeks doubtless the more balmy weather, which I remember at Monte Carlo years ago, will come upon us. Meantime, I am going to try not going out at all at night, but having a light supper in my room, or in the café which there is on the ground floor.

I am putting together a chapter on "Essence in the Play of Passion" in which I think I make clear my position about that which feels and that which is felt. It approaches your view, but by a Euclidean parallel path, never quite coinciding.

Yours ever G.S.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

21 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

New-York Hotel, Nice, France  
December 21, 1922Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I entirely agree with you about the intervention and proposals of M<sup>essrs</sup> Scribner.

In answer to their letter I wrote to them in effect (I have no copy of my letter) that the matter of royalties and copyrights was quite secondary from my point of view; that I doubted that anyone in America would wish to reprint so technical a book; and that in any case the matter was entirely in your hands to arrange with them as you thought best.

For my own part I am glad that you have not arranged with them to have the book printed in America, as I like the English form and paper much better. Please consult your own interests entirely in the matter of allowing them to reprint, or take the sheets printed in Great Britain, as we had anticipated that they would do.

If I understand the American regulations, they can reprint eventually in any case, if they choose, and anyone can pirate a book not printed in America, if it is in the English language: so that a French publisher has protection by copyright, but a British publisher has not. It seems sharp practice, but I suppose is to be expected. If, in view of this, you think you might as well let them reprint, of course you are entitled to half the royalty they will give me (if they are so kind): or even more, if your costs are thereby increased. Yours faithfully

GSantayana

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**To Robert Burnside Potter**

21 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Nice, Dec. 21, '22

Dear Bob

It is very nice of you to take so much trouble about the yacht in my Novel, and your explanations after Pomeroy (whom I must thank also) come in places very near to the critical point, and will be useful. If the novel is ever done, the chapter on the "Black Swan" shall be sent to you for revision before I reveal my landsman's ignorance to the ocean wide. But really, I have misled you about the importance of the yacht in the book: there is to be no cruise (except a trial trip for the engines in Massachusetts Bay) and no description of any voyage. The one important point is the "sailing master"—a character for which I have many adequate models in my English experience. The yacht and the owner (my hero's father) are American: but the sailing-master is a young Englishman with a shady past, through whom my young hero, at the age of 16, when he first goes to the yacht (his mother ordinarily keeping him in leash) discovers all the family secrets and many unmentionable things about human nature and the ways of the world. The yacht is merely a background for that momentous episode, which itself has nothing to do with yachting: but I need the setting. The Black Swan is not a big yacht: not meant for social gatherings; rather a floating hermitage, in which to escape from society. I do not need to go into the question of the crew: but I want to have a picture of the facts in my own mind, and what you tell me of the Apache is far, far too elaborate. The story is conceived from the hero's point of view, everything merely as it enters into his experience, and transforms his Puritanism into a Hamlet-like perplexity. He does not himself know anything about yachts: and his experience on that single occasion need not enlighten him more than I was enlightened by the day I spent on M<sup>r</sup> William Forbes's yacht in Buzzard's Bay—an occasion which is the more pertinent as Cam Forbes and his father are among the models for my personages. I once spent several weeks in a yacht, but it was a smaller one, a steam-yacht, and in inland waters.

Of course I know that one cannot go to Canadian waters and to the West Indies at the same time; nor at the same season. I meant that the

yacht was not meant to go round the world in, but for escapades from home-life, such as my early friends used to indulge in when they went shooting to North Carolina or to the Straits of Belle Isle.

As you may imagine, I have no English library here in which to look up the files of yachting magazines, nor could I really do so even in Paris. If your encyclopaedia is not in ten volumes and you don't mind sending it to me, I should be really much obliged, and will send it back. I expect to spend the whole winter in Nice, at the "Hotel New York", from which I am writing, and you could send the book here direct.

My opus magnum will be entitled "Realms of Being", but the first volume already in the press is a separate book called "Scepticism and Animal Faith".

Happy New Year

GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

25 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

Hotel New-York, Nice, France

Dec. 25, 1922

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & Company  
London.

My bankers, Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, (123 Pall Mall) send me notice that they have received a parcel addressed to me from you, and ask for instructions, saying it is necessarily for them to know the contents of the parcel before forwarding it.

I am replying that it probably contains either loose sheets of my Poems (in which I am to inscribe my name) or else proofs of another book of mine

(Scepticism and Animal Faith) and that in either case I wish them to send it on ~~in~~ by the most expeditious means, even letter-post if necessary, as I hear that parcels normally take three weeks to reach the Riviera.

Last year, I remember, many weeks elapsed before I received the proofs of the Soliloquies, after they had been posted in England.

I also have asked Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> (if the parcel in question is bulky and too heavy to the ordinary post) to return it to you; because I suspect that, if M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann is away or has not mentioned the matter, you may be sending me the manuscript of "Scepticism and Animal Faith", as well as the proofs; I do not want the manuscript; and if you remove it, you may be able to send the proofs alone, open, as printed matter. Newspapers arrive here regularly from London in one-and-a-half or two days.

I am very sorry if I am causing great delay by being abroad, but I will do my best to return the proofs quickly when I once receive them. It will help if (as I think I have already suggested) you send things to me directly to the Hotel New-York, Nice, France, where I expect to remain all winter.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

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To George Sturgis

27 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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New York Hotel, Nice,  
Dec. 27, 1922

Dear George

Being without note-paper for the moment, I will wish you and Rosamond and Bobbie a happy new year on this business sheet, which is the sort on which I indict my immortal works.

The new letter of credit arrived safely long ago. I shall not draw upon it for some months, as I still have £100 on the old one, which I will draw out before January 1<sup>st</sup>; and with that and what I have in my pocket there will be enough for the rest of my stay at Nice, or very nearly.

I have had a Christmas card from Josephine and Arthur, for which I will thank them some other day.

We have been having nasty weather, and I find Nice not so pleasant a winter climate as Rome; the sun is brighter for a few hours, and shines more frequently, but the sea-air in the evening is very cold and penetrating, and I feel insecure, with my bronchitis always ready to break out, and

have fallen into the habit of having a light supper in my room instead of going out in the evening. In this way I have a freer field for work, and avoid the chilling night air. Of course the weather will grow now balmier and balmier as the days become longer, and precautions will be unnecessary: but my experience this year is enough to convince me that this is not a good place in which to spend the earlier part of the winter.

The season, in fact, is only just beginning. We have opera (decidedly good) and all sorts of concerts and smaller shows: but I am absorbed in my own affairs: and when the Big Book tires me, I take to thinking out new scenes in the novel, and have actually jotted down a good many fresh pages—although I had sworn not to do so until Opus Magnum was done. However, it is foolish to force human nature; and if my health doesn't play me false, I hope to have time for finishing all my half-written works, before the end comes. I shall turn out to have been a prolific writer; and if there should ever be a complete edition of my works it will look like one of those regiments in uniform that stand on the shelves of libraries which are not disturbed except to be dusted. However, I have no hopes of rivalling Voltaire whose complete works in 69 volumes I possess in Paris, having got them second hand in a very nice edition (1793, I think) for 400 francs.

My friend Strong is gone to Switzerland for a cure, and I expect him here for a while in February.

I believe I forgot to thank you for the snap-shot of Bobbie in his Father's arms. What an upstanding little fellow he is: I think he will take to riding like his parents. Yours aff<sup>d</sup>y

G.S.

[across] P.S. That Harvard should beat Yale at football is most gratifying. I used to care immensely about this: and one of my projected books ("Dominations and Powers") is largely based on that experience: it seems to me to explain all politics and wars.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

30 December 1922 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

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New-York Hotel, Nice, France

Dec. 29 30, 1922

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

It had not occurred to me that you would have any interest in not sending the preface to my "Poems" to Scribner, together with the rest of the sheets; nor do I now understand what that interest is.

M<sup>essrs</sup> Scribner had written asking for a signed photograph to put in the volume; and in giving my reasons for not desiring that, I mentioned that at your request I had written a preface, which I thought might partially satisfy the same curiosity to which a portrait would have appealed; and that this preface would be a godsend to the critics who didn't wish to read the poems themselves. I took for granted that you would send the preface with the book: so that, having raised that expectation, I should certainly prefer to have you send it, if you have no objection to doing so.

I see that misunderstandings can arise from having two publishers for the same book, and in future, as in respect to "Scepticism and Animal Faith," I shall remember this fact, and endeavour to have all communications between me and M<sup>essrs</sup> Scribners pass through your hands, so that complications may be avoided.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

3 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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New-York Hotel, Nice

Jan. 3, 1923

Dear Strong

Good weather seems to be returning after the wintry storms of the last fortnight, and I have now entirely recovered from my cough. The attack was not in itself so bad—not involving so much actual catarrh—as on some previous occasions, but it seemed to shake me more and to be so fatiguing that I called the doctor. He proved to be a young and apparently scientific one and examined me very carefully, simply ordering another syrop and

aspirations with a pulverisateur to soften the cough. But two or three days later, having had a bad night, I called him again; and this time he said that I had a slight congestion of the lungs—*légère poussée pulmonaire*—and that my heart was larger than it ought to be. For the latter he ordered some minute pills of a drug called “strophantus,” which is evidently the sort of “dope” which attracts the opium-eaters. I continued to go to Biffi’s across the street every day for lunch, but have been coming home before sunset and having supper in my room—an arrangement which incidentally leaves me a splendid open stretch of time for work, say from four to twelve o’clock. As I have only soup, two boiled eggs, and weak tea, my digestion does not interrupt my train of thought at all seriously. Anyhow, I seem to have completely recovered: but it is a warning that I am not so sound as I had supposed, and that the machine may behave any day, if I am not careful, like D<sup>r</sup> Holmes’s one horse shay.

As you may imagine, I haven’t been making progress with the book; but perhaps by virtue of the strophantus my fancy has been working magnificently and I was never more entertained than during this enforced leisure. The result is that—yielding to force majeure—I have written (in pencil) the four last chapters of the novel, solving the problem of the dénouement in a way which I think satisfactory, and incidentally creating two delightful children, a boy of four and a girl of ten. The novel is not complete yet, and many episodes might be worked up to fill the gaps: but the outline is there, and I think it may not prove a bad thing for the Realms to have that more interesting matter practically disposed of. [across] I hope you are progressing favourably; when you come here in February you will find the place very bright and gay. Yours ever G.S.

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

4 January 1923 • Nice, France      (MS postcard: Temple)

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New York Hotel

Nice, France

The proofs of "Scepticism & Animal Faith" have reached me safely, and will be returned as soon as possible

GSantayana

Jan. 4, '23

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

12 January 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Temple)

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New York Hotel, Nice

Jan. 12, '23

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Today I am sending back the first proof of Scepticism & Animal Faith, revised

I have begun making an index which I think will add appreciably to the value of the book if ever used by students, as I think it quite possible that it may be in America. Moreover, an index was mentioned, I believe, in the legal agreement between us. I will send it on in a few days.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

13 January 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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New York Hotel, Nice

Jan. 13, '23

Dear Strong

There is no doubt that Val-Mont is the place for maturing your philosophic seeds, and I am delighted that you have got your new book into a satisfactory shape. It makes me envious, for although I have not been idle, I have nothing complete to show for these two or three months of freedom

and seclusion. Since I wrote you last, the proof of Scepticism and Animal Faith has arrived and has been revised: I sent it off this morning. There are 308 pages; and I am preparing an index. In print, and after an interval, the style seems to me better. The purple patches come in only in the similes and illustrations: otherwise the argument proceeds soberly and I think clearly.

When I was ill I also wrote an essay on Towers which I had long had in petto: but it is only in pencil and I need to look up one or two matters of architectural fact before having it printed.

My cough is gone, but the vestiges of a cold and of a certain general fatigue still remain: I continue to come home in the afternoon and to have supper in my room. The weather is still wintry and cloudy; but I am hoping daily for the improvement which cannot now be long delayed. Although Nice has not proved satisfactory as a winter residence, I don't feel like going away now that the worst is over and the sun rises earlier and sets later every day: in the Spring my room here will be truly delightful, with sun (which the blinds will soften) pouring in all day from two quarters. But I shall surely never come here again for the early winter; and it occurs to me that if I should feel shaky again next year, and you were going to Val-Mont, perhaps I might go there too. Does one have to be very ill to be admitted? That sort of medical monastery might suit me very well. It also lies conveniently half-way between Paris and Rome, which are evidently the points between which I shall oscillate in the future. I still think of going to England in the Summer, but somehow the thought is melancholy: I feel I shall find nothing equal to my memory of it, and few friends. It is quite possible I may never go there again.

Fuller writes me from Rome saying his Greek Philosophy, vol. I, has found a publisher—Putnams. What inveterate scribblers we [*across*] all are! Books and more books. Yours ever

G.S.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

14 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

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New York Hotel, Nice  
France

Jan. 14, '23

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

After sending off the proof of Scepticism and Animal Faith I find I should like to make the further corrections mentioned in the inclosed half-sheet of paper. I suppose you will send me a second proof, although there are hardly any important changes to be made in the first; but in any case it might be better to have these additional corrections sent to the printer at once

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

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**To George Sturgis**

18 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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New York Hotel, Nice  
Jan. 18. '23

Dear George

As you may imagine, your cablegram of the other day was a most unexpected shock, and I am distressed to think that Josephine should have lost her little girl, who seemed such a picture of health and who must have been the one ray of light in that family. I have written to her, but with a feeling that there is very little use in condolences. I addressed the letter simply to Weston, Mass., as I hadn't the exact address at hand.

Yesterday your letter arrived with my yearly account, for which I am much obliged. It is much more than satisfactory; it is invraisemblable, and hard to believe quite real. I can only repeat what I understand made you laugh in one of my previous letters about the miraculous fountain of dollars. By the way, I am afraid that my way of expressing myself is too poetical for business. My father used to say that every old man had his own rhetoric: and that is probably my case; and you must study Santayanese as

a special language, particularly if you want to read the Soliloquies. For instance, when I said you were the presiding genius over that miraculous fountain of dollars I didn't mean by genius any extraordinary intelligence—although I have no reason to deny that you may not be a genius even in that sense. What I meant was that you were the presiding sprite, fay, gobblin, or demon over the said fountain: in other words, I was talking mythology, which happens to me rather often. So on another occasion when I said you were an optimist, I didn't mean that you took too rosy a view of matters of fact, but that you were full of the zest of life and confident about the value and the success of what you undertook—a sentiment which is healthy and natural in any energetic person, and characteristic (for obvious good reasons) of America. And certainly so far, in your capacity of attorney, you seem to justify any amount of optimism. Your aunt Josephine will be snowed under by her millions, and I expect will ask you anxiously not to send her any more.

Thank you too for the new photo of Bobby. In amount of hair and in the form of his equatorial regions he rather resembles me: extremes meet, but there is a difference between the baldness and rotundity of youth and those of age. To quote my father again, there is a Spanish proverb which says: "Man has two childhoods, one means life and the other death, but in both he has a jolly time." At this moment, however, I am hardly having a "jolly" time, because I am leading an extraordinarily quiet life, coming home in the afternoon, after a little walk in the sun, and having supper served on a tray in my own room, so as to avoid the evening air which becomes suddenly very cold and penetrating and dangerous to my chronic bronchitis. But I am well entertained nevertheless, at present reading the proof and preparing the lindex to my new book, "Scepticism." I have also written, at odd moments, several chapters of the novel, which I think now will really come off, although not yet for some years.

I suppose you have already written telling me how this happened—I mean, little Josephine's death—and how her mother and Arthur are bærearing their sad loss.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

19 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

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New York Hotel, Nice

Jan. 19, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I think on the whole it would be as well if you could send me a second proof of the whole of Scepticism. There are always small errors that escape one's attention, and then suddenly arrest the eye. I have found two (which I note on the enclosed half-sheet) since I wrote you last. Moreover, the index—and the title page—would have to be sent to me in any case, so that no additional delay need be involved.

The index will be ready in a day or two and shall be sent on directly.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. When the first proof was sent, it came by parcel post and I was obliged to go to the custom-house here to get it, which involved some delay. I think it can be sent by ordinary post, as printed matter, open.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

19 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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New York Hotel, Nice

Jan. 19, 1923

Dear Strong

I am curious to see your new book. From what you say I should judge that it is much more than a collection of your recent papers on Russell, M<sup>rs</sup> Steven, etc. What is the title?

Nice is filling up, and as the 13<sup>th</sup> of February is Mardi-gras, there may be some difficulty in getting a room. They will ask in the first place for how long you want it. But if you will telegraph the day before you arrive, I shall surely be able to get something for the moment, probably in this hotel, and then you can look about for yourself when you are here. Hotels are simply legion, but most of them require one to come en pension. Freedom in that respect is the great advantage of the one I am in.

Your bacchic song expresses the feelings of my remote past. I shouldn't feel any privation in not having even coffee, if I could have hot water. In Avila, for instance, I never smoked and hardly sipped a glass of sherry at dinner. Next year we must go to Val-Mont together

Yours ever                    G.S.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

20 January 1923 • Nice, France      (MS postcard: Temple)

New York Hotel

Nice, France

Jan. 20, '23

The sheets of my Poems have arrived safely and quickly—in fact an hour before your note announcing them.

GSantayana

**To Unidentified Recipient**

23 January 1923 • Nice, France      (MS postcard: Huntington)

Nice, Jan. 23, '23

I shall be glad to write my name in the books you speak of, if you can send them to me here before April 1<sup>st</sup>

GSantayana

Hotel New York.

Nice, France

**To Otto Kyllmann**

24 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

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New York Hotel, Nice, France  
Jan. 24, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Here is the Index to Scepticism and Animal Faith. At the risk of making it rather long, I have tried to turn it into a table analytique, which I think the book requires.

I hope the sheets of the Poems, duly signed, have arrived safely.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

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**To Robert Burnside Potter**

26 January 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Nice, Jan. 26, 1923

Dear Bob

Your Nautical Encyclopaedia, which I sent back to you yesterday, has been the source of much amusement, if not instruction. I hadn't seen an American book of that period for a long time, and it carried me back to the terrible '80's, I suppose one of the decades in which taste philosophy and politics were at their lowest ebb. What ugliness! What satisfaction in vulgarity and mediocrity! No wonder the aesthetes had to react, and could do so only absurdly; but the marvel is they reacted at all, and prepared a little fresh air, even if not very fresh, for us to breathe when we came on the scene. Perhaps you will wonder how I find this in an innocent encyclopaedia; but it is everywhere, in the print, the tone, the state of science and invention, the advertisements, and the portrait of the author. It is the essence of what we used to call "jay"—the jayest state of society that ever was! Naturally, I would not gather very much that would serve for my highly distinguished and even spiritual novel; but I gathered that the "rail" is the coping of the bulwarks, not a railing; and this interested me, because

one of the things in my imaginary yacht which I can't visualize with certainty is the periphery of the deck. The schooners represented in your antique book seem to have a seat running round the stern, like a launch, as if they had a cock-pit; but I remember that M<sup>r</sup> Forbes's schooner (which was rather smaller than what I have in mind) had a whale-back sort of stern; and I was afraid of slipping off. I want to imagine a deck where one can dine on a summer evening, and afterwards sleep in hammocks. I also looked up gangway and gangplank, because I wished to conceive whether there would be a rope-ladder with wooden cross-pieces, or a regular stair running diagonally down the side, with a square tressle-work hatch or landing-platform at the bottom, and another at the top, as in a man-of-war. But I got no light on this subject: and as to the arrangements below, I learned only that a cabin was a place where the officers slept. No, I shall have to go to sea, to give up yachts in my novels, or to ask Joseph Conrad to write them for me

How much do yachts cost a year, and what is the boat worth if sold after some years' use? Of course, my owner can be endowed with all the millions necessary: but as his wife's establishment ashore is only genteel and respectable, I shall have to accentuate a certain secretiveness in him about money (the trait is already indicated, and hereditary) so as to make the yacht possible if it involves disproportionate expense. You can't imagine what fun it is to have a novel *in petto*: philosophy is not nearly so interesting because it is about the actual world—at least mine is; but the novel leads me into such delightful by-paths, and supplies me with such charming friends! I am almost afraid of finishing it, because then the interest will die down, and I shall never write another. All I know—and as you see all I don't know—will go into this one. I have lately written four more chapters, contrary to my good resolutions of doing nothing but my philosophy for the present; but I caught cold, had my usual bronchitis, which seems to have got down into the lungs, so that I was decidedly seedy for some weeks, and I suspect the doctor gave me some "dope" in my medicine: anyhow, my fancy was very active, and as I could do no steady work, I amused myself by scribbling the novel in pencil. It will all have to be rewritten, but I have done the end, which had been rather vague in my thoughts, and which is now, I think, suitable. It is a real end, because the hero dies; but it is not a sad end, because he didn't know how to live (I think this is general among virtuous Americans) and the final note is one of gentle satire and general benevolence.

Nice is not a very good place for winter, the sun being very hot and the shade very damp and cold; Rome is far more clement, and I shall probably return there regularly in the years to come. I am trying to screw up my courage to go to England (for the last time, I say to myself) this summer; but it will be an effort. When M<sup>rs</sup> Potter kindly reiterates the suggestion that I should go to America, she little knows how entirely I have ceased to be a traveller for travel's sake; much as seeing you would reward me, it is not a "case of push"; and it is only in cases of push that I move at all nowadays.

A Christmas card came "from Harriet and Warwick". If I don't write to them—that is another point in which I have grown lazy—it is not because I don't remember them or appreciate their attention.

I am expecting Strong here for a fortnight of philosophical conversation.

The new collection of my verses will appear shortly. I am not sending it to my friends, as it is only a reprint; but you shall have a copy, as being a sort of godfather to the synthetic infant. But I am a little ashamed to send you only the American copy, when a large paper edition is to appear in England: but if I send you one of these—you will have to pay duty on it! If you like, I will send you both, one as a present and the other as a sort of inversion of the paying-guest—something given for nothing to subscribers. You can then pass on the one you don't want to keep to Warwick, with my best wishes.

Yours ever GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

10 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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Clinique Sainte-Marguerite  
2 rue Mantéga, Nice  
Feb. 10, '23

Dear Strong

Whether it was the grippe or not, my cough last week was accompanied by such a loss of appetite, that it upset me a good deal, leading to vomit-

ing (with hardly anything to vomit) and to moments of considerable distress and exhaustion, so that my doctor suggested that I should come to this clinique, where I could be better watched and have suitable food. I did so last Monday. I haven't had a bad time, and am feeling decidedly convalescent and comfortable. The cough is now only occasional and not severe, and my appetite and general condition are good, although naturally I am a little "run-down." The weather has been wretched, so that my confinement, if a little depressing morally, has not been inopportune. Today the sun is struggling to shine, but not succeeding very well.

I mean to stay here another week and then either return to the New York Hotel or go for a time to Cimiez. The Carnaval will then be over and I shall probably find good rooms. Mine were snapped up the moment I left.

As to going to Fiesole, although materially I might do so and it would be very pleasant in many ways, it involves an effort and a risk of relapse which I think I had better not take. You have Pinsent with you, and I have plenty of reading and writing to keep me entertained. We can meet in Paris when you go there, either in April or later, if you really go to America.

The last proofs of my "Scepticism and Animal Faith" are here now, and in spite of this long interruption to my work I feel as if progress might be rapid when I can once more forget the accidents of the flesh—

My doctor is a charming man, young and rather Italian, and looks after me very devotedly.

I have been reading Laurence Housman. How good [*across*] his verses are! Why had I never read them before? Also a little Freud. Yours ever

G. S.

**To Joseph Malaby Dent**

12 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: North Carolina)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

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Nice, Feb. 12, 1923

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Dent

It was not for any personal dissatisfaction with your management in the publication of my two books, that I went over to Constable; it was because M<sup>r</sup> Pearsall Smith had arranged with Constable (M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann being a personal friend of his) for the "Little Essays"; and as this book was (for me) a great success, and as it presented a good appearance, there were exactly the same reasons for continuing with Constable as for continuing with you. I decided for him because he publishes (and takes a great interest in) my "Life of Reason" (which is my principal work), because he seemed to advertise and sell my books with success, and because, in consequence, I got much more money out of them than before.

As to a fresh edition of "Winds of Doctrine", I think it is very desirable. There are parts of that book that can stand, and have a permanent interest: others, especially the essay on Russell are already out of date. I should be glad to revise the whole, cutting out or condensing most of the Russell article and parts of the Bergson, thus reducing them to what I conceive to be their real importance: and to balance those omissions, I might add a chapter on Freud, and a few pages to the first essay, to carry the survey over the war. It would thus make a fair commentary on my own times, which might have a permanent interest. As I am now in my sixtieth year, and my health is not very robust, I am concerned to arrange my works in the most presentable form, freed as much as possible from dead matter. The only trouble is that for the moment—and certainly this moment will last a year or two—I am at work on my system of philosophy, which I should regret above all things to leave unfinished.

Could you then postpone the revision and reissue of "Winds of Doctrine" for a year or two, when I might be free to attend to that matter with an easy conscience?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

12 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

Nice, Feb. 12, 1923

Dear George

Thank you for all these details about the death of Josephine's child. I am glad to hear she is expecting another—that is the best possible comfort for her and will help to tide over these days of anxiety. It also suggests that Arthur is not so ill as we had imagined. It used to be a "thesis" for discussion in my time whether acquired characteristics can be inherited, my philosophy inclining me to support the negative. As Arthur's trouble does not indicate any predisposition on his part to tuberculosis, I see no reason why his children should inherit it. The doctors presumably know the facts of the case, and if they are not apprehensive, there is no occasion for M<sup>rs</sup> Grundy to be so.

I have had a troublesome attack of my chronic bronchitis, which is the reason why I have not answered you before. Please don't mention this to your aunts in Avila, as it would worry them to no purpose. I am thinking of moving to another hotel, more in the country, on a promontory by the sea, in a pine wood; the trouble with Nice is that the Sun is too hot, and the shade and the evening seem treacherously cold in consequence.

Will you please send a cheque for \$50 to C. F. Hood Watertown, Mass, saying it is from me for the Nichols Memorial Fund?

My memory of the geography of eastern Massachusetts is not very clear, and I don't know exactly where Weston is, nor Auburndale, but I think of them as lying in a south-westerly direction, west of Milton. Is this right? I suppose you have now moved into your house, and are occupied with the thousand little additions and arrangements which have to be made before the newness wears off and one feels really at home.

Yours affectionately

George Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

23 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hôtel New-York, Nice

Feb. 23, 1923.

Dear Strong

I can't remember whether I wrote to you last Monday, on returning here, or only meant to do so. In any case it will do no harm to repeat that, during the last days I spent at the clinique, I made excursions to Cimiez and to Mont Boron; but the aspect of those "respectable" resorts seemed to me worse than the hospital: I hated the thought of being roped in among all those chattering old ladies wreathed in perpetual smiles, and living as if in a transatlantic liner at anchor in a green field. As my room here was vacant again, I decided to return, and pick up my old routine, which is not unpleasant.

My cough has ceased altogether, and I seem to be all right: but I don't feel very robust, and am easily fatigued. I am still reading Spengler and the newspapers, and not doing much work.

Let me know when you decide whether you are going to America or not.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

26 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel New-York, Nice

Feb. 26. 1923

Dear George

Josephine's letter, and your last, reached me together a few days ago, and I was glad to receive both.

The weather and my health have somewhat improved; I don't cough any more, but feel rather "run down", which the doctor says is usual after the grippe, and has ordered "Kola" to set me up. On the whole I have decided to stay in this hotel, as those more in the country which I have gone to look at have an atmosphere about them of the old ladies' genteel boarding-house which does not appeal to my instincts. Here, in the town, I feel freer and can change from one restaurant to another at will.

I am going to ask my London publisher to send you four copies of a new edition of my poems which he is bringing out, because if I sent the books to my friends directly they would have to pay duty on them, and it seems an odd sort of present for which a tax is imposed. My idea is that you should pay the duty and then resend three of the volumes, keeping the fourth for yourself (or you can give it to somebody for a present next Christmas, I sha'n't be offended) and charge me whatever you have to pay. The large paper edition is to sell in London for 15 shillings, and I daresay they will want a dollar or more for each copy at the custom-house. The persons to whom I want them sent are the following.

M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy,

8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge Mass.

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> R. B. Potter

Antietam Farm

Smithtown, Long Island N.Y.

D<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow

275 Clarendon St. Boston.

There is to be an American edition, but I don't think Scribners will have any of these large-paper copies.

Excuse me for giving you this trouble, but I didn't know how else to manage. Yours aff<sup>dly</sup>

GSantayana

### To Otto Kyllmann

27 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

New York Hotel  
Nice, Feb. 27. '23

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

The copy of the Poems has arrived, a day after your letter. On the whole I am rather glad that you haven't put in the preface, which I wrote for it

at your suggestion; it was not a particularly happy bit of writing, and poems, if they are good for anything, can stand alone, and the more personal to the reader, and divorced from the author, the atmosphere that surrounds them, the better they fulfil their function as poetry. I don't say this because I object to Edmund Gosse's criticism of the Soliloquies which you have put in at the end. I recognize that you wanted something to introduce me to the English public, and this (though slightly absurd in places) is fair enough and comes from an authoritative pen. But why were you afraid to tell me that the preface didn't serve your purpose and that you wished to put this notice in instead? It would not have offended or displeased me in the least, and on the other hand I could have asked M<sup>r</sup> Gosse to correct a slight error of inattention into which he has fallen. I say in the Prologue to the Soliloquies that my father "read the {English} language with ease, although he did not speak it;" on which M<sup>r</sup> Gosse embroiders the theory that my father "emigrated to New York". My father never emigrated: my mother, whose first husband had been an American, and whose children by that first marriage were Americans, was attracted there <sup>to Boston</sup>, and I after her. It is a slight matter; but no one would suppose that such a point would be misrepresented in a book of my own, published in my [across] life-time. I also don't like the cover, nor the yellow back. Couldn't it be all dark blue? [across page one] And I have already discovered two misprints! It is annoying, but quite my own fault in not having sharper eyes.

Yours sincerely

[across text] GSantayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**28 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Temple)

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New York Hotel, Nice

Feb. 28, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Here are the errata which I have (so far) discovered in the Poems. They are very annoying, as they make nonsense of the passages involved. Is there any way in which they could be corrected in the sheets already printed? Could it be done by hand, at least in the large-paper edition, or could corrected sheets be printed and substituted for those in which the errors occur? I should gladly bear any expense which might be involved.

I am telegraphing to Scribner to suspend publication until he hears from me, and am writing to him repeating what I have just said above, and asking him not to include Edmund Gosse's review, which is not necessary in America. Of course I should not object to it, or a part of it, as an advertisement, not a part of the book.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**[28 February 1923] • Nice, France (Cablegram: Princeton)

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HC0406 NICE 9

SCRIBNERS NY

PLEASE SUSPEND PUBLICATION POEMS LETTER FOLLOWS

SANTAYANA

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

28 February 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Princeton)

---

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Nice, Feb. 28, 1923

M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Scribner's Sons  
New York

Dear Sirs,

In explanation of my cablegram of today, let me say that yesterday I received from M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable an advanced copy of the new edition of my Poems, and in looking it over found the misprints noted in the enclosed half-sheet. They are very annoying, as they make nonsense of the passages concerned. I know you share my aversion to imperfections of this sort, and I leave it to you to take what course seems to you best. Could the errors be corrected by hand, or could you wait for corrected sheets to be substituted for those in which the errors occur? I should be glad to bear any expense which might be involved. I am writing to M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable in this same sense, so that I hope any printing done in future will be from corrected plates.

On receiving the book I learned for the first time that the preface I had written at M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann's request, had not seemed to him a desirable one, and that he was not putting it in. I do not regret this at all, and I should be rather glad if you followed his example; but let that be as seems best in your own judgement. On the other hand, M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable have appended a review of my Soliloquies in England by Edmund Gosse, which I quite understand may be useful to introduce me to the publick in England; but it is rather absurd in parts and contains one error of fact (about my father, or me, having "emigrated to New York") and, if they have sent it to you with the Poems, I wish you would leave it out. Of course I should not object to it, or some part of it, as an advertisement, but it should not be continuous with the text of the Poems.

The copy sent me is also in a fancy binding not to my taste. I suppose I may rely on you to avoid that danger.

Yours very truly

G. Santayana

Poems by G. Santayana

Errata

p. 64, last line,	"those"	should read:	whose
103, line 11 (at the end)	.	" "	,
125 " 9,	"horde"	" "	hoard.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

6 March 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Temple)

New York Hotel, Nice  
March 6, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I have received th your three notes of March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, & 3<sup>rd</sup>, and also the two more copies of my Poems. The principal cause of our little troubles is that I am abroad: if I were in London and we could talk things over, everything would be easier. It is possible that I may be there in the summer.

As to the binding of the limited edition, I have no objection to it; but even here I should have liked better something that did not suggest a decorative-art school. I think I see the difference of angle in at which you and I would naturally see view such a matter. You wish to attract the eye, to suggest a book of beautiful poems: I think of the book as a sort of minor religious work, that should be in plain black, or plain leather, like a vade mecum. The few people who like my verses like them for what they say, as an echo of their own experience, not as polite current literature. I shouldn't dislike the binding of the ordinary edition at all in itself: it is rather jolly. Only it doesn't seem right for my book.

Now that the misunderstanding about the preface is cleared up, I have re-read it. It is not very good: I ought to have done better; but the truth is that I wrote it off hastily, (as I must have done the proof-reading, I am afraid) without allowing myself time for cold criticism. But it may do some good even as it is. For one thing, it helps to balance M<sup>r</sup> Gosse: the reader will see that I don't regard myself as an airy sceptic, but rather as a doctrinaire: and he can come to his own conclusions. By all means retain Gosse's

essay: it will give the critics a hint, even if it refers to the Soliloquies, not to the Poems, which latter, being the work of a much younger man are much more solemn.

I send you a sheet of corrections, divided into three [*illegible*] categories: 1<sup>st</sup> the three errata which I had sent you before, which affect the sense, and should be corrected if possible at once; 2<sup>nd</sup> other typographical slips, which though certainly errors, are not important, and need not be mended in the present edition, unless it can be done easily; 3<sup>rd</sup> emendations which I should like to make in the plates (if there are to be plates) in view of any printing in future. In America the Sonnets always had a small regular sale, and may continue to do so.

I am not sending any copies of the Poems to my friends, as they already have them. But I should be glad if you could send me four more copies of the limited edition. I shall be here about a month longer; afterwards at 9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris.

When is "Scepticism" to appear?

Yours sincerely      GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

7 March 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Princeton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall London, S.W.1

Nice, March 7, 1923

M<sup>essrs</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons  
New York

Dear Sirs,

Many thanks for the copy of my Poems which you have been good enough to send me

A few days after my recent letter and telegram to you, I received other copies of the Poems from London, with the explanation that the preface was not to be left out, but had not been included by chance in the advanced copy they had previously sent me.

I see you have it too, and even make use of it for the advertisement on the paper cover. I note with relief, on the other hand, that the essay by Edmund Gosse is not appended, as in the English edition.

As to the corrections, I see I discovered the errors too late. I have not been very well, and the reading of one's own verses in proof is particularly hard, because familiarity carries one over—one hears the thing—and it is almost impossible to see, without intermission, the actual letters on the page. I can explain in no other way my failure to observe the errata I sent you, as well as several others, of a minor sort, which I have discovered since. I am arranging with M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable to have them corrected in the plates, so that if you ever require more copies they shall be letter-perfect. If anything can be done to make right the three errors in question, which affect the sense of the passages involved, I should be glad if you would do it in the copies now in your hands.

I am not sending copies of these Poems to my friends, as they have the previous editions; but I enclose a short list of addresses to which I should like copies of "Scepticism and Animal Faith" to be sent, when that is published.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

Please send a copy of "Scepticism and Animal Faith," <sup>to be charged to the Author's account,</sup> with the Author's compliments, to the following:

Professor & M<sup>rs</sup> W. T. Bush, 1, W. 64<sup>th</sup> St, New York City

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> R. B. Potter, Antietam Farm, Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y.

D<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow, 275 Clarendon St, Boston, Mass.

B. A. G. Fuller, Esq, Sherborn, Mass.

The Harvard Union, Cambridge, Mass.

Robbins Library, Emerson Hall, Cambridge, Mass

The Delphic Club, 9 Linden St. " "

M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy, 8 Craigie Circle " "

Prof. W<sup>m</sup> Lyon Phelps, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

9 March 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Temple)

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New-York Hotel Nice

March 9, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I had the complete proof (the first proof in duplicate) here, and did not notice that the one returned lacked those two pages.

There is nothing to correct in them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

12 March 1923 • Nice, France      (MS postcard: Temple)

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New York Hotel, Nice

March 12, '23

In regard to the query of the printers about p. ix of the Preface of Scepticism & Animal Faith, the word "electric" is right as it stands.

GSantayana

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**To Mary Williams Winslow**

19 March 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Nice, March 19, 1923

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Winslow

You have been very good in satisfying my curiosity about Sargent's paintings, and also throwing in the incredible Island and campanile of Venice in the River Charles. As to Sargent, I feel that he belongs to a past generation, and (being the youngest of men myself) I think him an anachronism. This material fulness and realism, and these descriptive literary intentions, are foreign to "modern art". We are now spiritual, sim-

ple, eccentric, combining Il Greco with the Russian ballet. I was especially glad to see the design of Sargent's "Our Lady of Sorrows" because this was what he had talked about in that voyage in which we happened to be in the same ship. But the twenty-five years or more that have intervened, in which he has painted little but fashionable ladies, and perhaps has not gone back to look at the old Spanish images, have had a strange effect on his conception. The face is (at least in this photograph) quite empty and doll-like, and the hand seems to be pressing a bouquet flirtatiously, and not a broken heart. The faces of the good old Spanish images are very beautiful and tragic, a combination of the grand lady and the saint. And how characteristic of him to put in the tall candles into the picture! A mere extraneous feature, but one that strikes the tourist in the Holy Week processions at Seville.

Well, the winter is past and I am still in Nice, without having accomplished very much. For one thing, the climate has been a disappointment, and I have been under the weather. But perhaps the summer will prove more favourable for work, as last summer did. After all, I may have written enough already, and the books I am so worried about leaving unfinished may be nothing but tiresome repetitions.

My nephew George Sturgis writes very intelligent and rather frequent letters; I am acquiring a great liking and respect for him, and he seems to carry on my business affairs for me successfully; at least the invisible fountain of dollars continues to flow freely.

As to politics, I watch what happens mainly with an eye to discerning, if possible, whether the great international socialistic revolution is coming or not. Russia and Italy now make me incline to believe that the cataclysm will not occur, and that things will go on very much as usual, with a change of personnel and of catch-words. Fascism is the most significant thing now: I wonder if in England the decent people will not eventually organize and arm against the politicians and restore the nation. Of course nothing is eternal, and the England of the past can never return: but there may be a restoration reincorporating old institutions under new auspices, as has happened several times before. Much of what people complain of in the world after the war does not worry me; on the contrary, if only the "industrial situation" could remain always bad, and the population could diminish, especially in the manufacturing towns, I should think it a good thing. There are now too many people, too many things, and too many conferences and elections.

I have been reading a new book of Freud's and other things by his disciples. They are settling down to a steadier pace, and reducing their paradoxes to very much what everybody has always known. Einstein I do not attempt to read: I am willing to have a maximum of "relativity"; but I wonder if they have ever considered that if "relative" systems have no connexion and no common object, each is absolute; and if they have a common object, or form a connected group of perspectives, then they are only relative views, like optical illusions, and the universe is not ambiguous in its true form.

When I was ill with the grippe (which is what I am supposed to have had) the doctor, I think, gave me some "dope" or other: any how my imagination was very active and I scribbled in pencil four chapters of my novel, including the end: but I have not dared to reread them, for fear they may be pure nonsense. There is a love scene, but the hero is only 17 and the heroine 10. However, I thought it a lovely love-scene in spite of what my friend the widow prognosticated —that my novel would be interesting, [*across*] but the love-scenes failures. People never believe in volcanoes until the lava actually overtakes them. Yours sincerely GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[25 March 1923?] • Nice, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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New York Hotel, Nice  
Sunday.

Dear Strong

I didn't answer your former letter because I was expecting you, or your telegram, from day to day. Don't be afraid of interrupting my work. I have little heartiness for anything, although physically I feel very well, espe-

cially when the weather is not unfavourable for a good brisk walk. I have been making no real progress with the book, but only reading and doing odds and ends—rewriting the preface, for instance, which is now in a much worse mess than it was originally. If you are coming for the sake of the motor-trip (although you will find the roads very dusty here) I should come; but I have always felt that you would find a stay at Nice unsatisfactory. Even now the evenings are too chilly for dining or sitting out, and there is a general restlessness and crowdedness about the place not conducive to moral comfort or quiet. It is like the Boulevard; only now the weather is becoming really lovely, and the sea is at its sparkling best.

I am not thinking of going back to Paris for the present. I am comfortably settled, and the good season here is just beginning. I am only sorry that I came in the early winter. If you are not going to America, you might find Nice even more agreeable later on.

Slade is here. He asked me yesterday whether you had arrived. We agree in liking the Italian end of the town and the château better than the fashionable part.

I believe you will now find no difficulty in getting a room wherever you may want it.

Yours ever  
G.S.

**To George Sturgis**

2 April 1923 • Nice, France

(MS: Houghton)

New York Hotel, Nice  
April 2, 1923

Dear George

There has been some confusion in the matter of my new book of old poems. The American edition came out first, without my knowledge, and a copy Scribner has sent me looks so mean and poverty-stricken that I am

afraid they are doing it on the cheap, in order to make money. Money out of poems! I received \$1.87 for the first two editions, and was thankful, the publisher having failed in the interval, as was to be expected. The consequence is that I want to send only the English edition which—in spite of some bad misprints—is more presentable. But here, too, I find the unexpected, as there is no “large-paper” edition, but only a difference in the binding. I am sending you two copies direct; please keep one and send the other to M<sup>r</sup> R. B. Potter, Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y. I will send you three more gilded ones when I receive them; another for Potter, one for the Winslows, and one for M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy, 8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge. Mass.

I have often heard of Miss Sarah Dearborn, but doubt whether I have seen her for more than an instant among a lot of other ladies. It is quite true that my hair—what there is of it—is white, and very white in most places, and that as my moustache is still darkish I look like the distinguished villain in the melodramas—in that respect. Otherwise, I look exactly like the two sketches which I enclose, by my own hand. You must have seen me since I shaved that beard off, an ornament which I only indulged in for a short time.

My friend Strong has been here with his motor and I have been having pleasant glimpses of the mountain country behind Nice.

I am feeling very well, but not active intellectually. I am only reading and sunning myself Yours aff<sup>d</sup>

GSantayana

**To Robert Burnside Potter**

3 April 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley &amp; C°

123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Nice, April 3, 1923.

Dear Bob

Your verses are a great surprise to me. I had a vague suspicion that you were a sentimentalist at heart (like Boylston Beal and me) but not that your sentiments had found words. If you were less modest you might be a regular poet; you seem to me here and there to give up too easily and to say to yourself that it doesn't matter and that anything will do, since it is only Digression. But you can write, because the emotion in these pieces is rendered unmistakably: it is only the verbal form that needs polishing or heightening. It would be only a matter of art and practice. I like the sonnet on Howard Cushing particularly. You have said all the chief (favourable) things that were to be said, and you have kept up the key. Still, even here a little pruning might be in order. I don't quite like "dim" as a verb. Have you read "The A Shropshire Lad" and "Last Poems" by Housman? There is a perfectly simple, but perfectly sure, use of the English language to express strong emotion about ordinary things.

Thank you for the two books, I have just finished reading them religiously. I agree with both—except with their philosophy. Walker is a good observer, but he is not a moralist. It doesn't occur to him that the question is whether prosperity—population, machinery, things—is the summum bonum. Of course, when the communists pretend that on their system everything would be produced more economically and distributed more justly, they are deceiving themselves; but the error is not important if production is not their true ideal, but they desire, rather a reversion to a happy animal life. Walker would not understand St. Francis. The Communists would. As to Poor-Einstein, I have no doubt that Relativity is a false scent to follow in astronomy, or in any science: but it represents the intrusion of a philosophic attitude which is right in its place. The argument of Chamberlin (in the Introductory Essay) that experience shows that Euclidean space and time are absolute is a bad argument. Experience, and success in construction or prediction, can only show that specious time and specious space are fair symbols for whatever forces or processes may really be going on in nature. There need be no graphic likeness, no resem-

blance, between symbols and their objects. A change from Euclidean geometry (a set of ideas or symbols only) might conceivably fit things better. But even if it did, the new geometry would be itself only a new symbol, a new idea, not the constitution of nature itself. If Einstein means that Relativity is the absolute order of nature, he is not a man of science nor a mathematician at all, but only a misguided psychologist, composing the universe out of optical illusions.

There has been some confusion about the new edition of my poems. The American issue has been out for some time, but I will abstain from sending you a copy of that, because it is much meaner than either of the English versions. These, however, have been delayed by a strike of bookbinders. I am going to send you two eventually, but you will receive one first, and then the other. I am sending them through my nephew George Sturgis in Boston, who is my minister of the treasury, so that those who receive them may not have to pay a fine for the privilege.

There has been an American yacht here, the Sea Foam, N.Y.Y.C. and I have more than once gone down to the little harbour of Nice to examine her. Her deck-house is something dreadful, like a barge at Oxford—almost a house-boat. I think I shall have to rely on my imagination to kindle that of my reader—if I ever have any.

I suppose I may keep your verses, but if you intended me to return them, say so, and you shall have them back.

Yours ever  
GSantayana

P.S. The bindings of the poems were not chosen by me, and some of my corrections in the proofs were not heeded. There are other changes that I meant to have made and didn't—why, I can hardly say, unless I was weary of the whole thing.

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**To George Sturgis**

20 April 1923 • Nice, France (MS: Houghton)

New York Hotel, Nice  
April 20, 1923

Dear George

Here are the documents you send me, duly signed.

Old age in my bones, or a very exceptional season, can alone account for the fact that, in winter clothes and often in an overcoat, I am still cold here very often. However, unmistakable signs of Spring, not to say summer, have appeared, the sun (when it shines) is dazzling and hot, and I walk daily up the delightful paths of the park into which the old castle grounds have been turned. There is abundance of water at the top (I don't know how it gets there) which runs down in rivulets along the roads; and although these babbling brooks are only gutters, I find them very poetical, and babble poetry to them in response. The trees and flowers are also at their best, and I feel more secure in my health; and since my friend Strong left me (I suppose I told you he had come here for a week with his motor) I have begun to work again, and feel encouraged in that respect, as my vol. II. is "getting together".

I expect to return to Paris about the middle of May, and perhaps to go later to England for the end of the summer, but not for the winter, as I am afraid of relapsing into my dreadful bronchitis. Fortunately it doesn't make much difference to me where I am, if disease and society allow me to philosophize in peace.

I hope soon to have good news of Josephine, and to hear of your final settling down in your new house.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

28 April 1923 • Nice, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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New York Hotel, Nice

April 28, 1923

Dear Strong

It is too bad that the journey to Val Mont should have been in vain but I think the moment for unravelling a tangle, when one has got caught in it, has to be waited for patiently; you can't make it come by puzzling, since puzzling is just the cause of the difficulty. Couldn't you lay the whole thing aside for a time? I suppose that is just what your trip to Rome, in search of the principle of Deceit, is meant to facilitate.

The weather here continues to be almost wintry, and I am in no haste to leave, as I have reading enough, and manage to do a little on the Realms, especially in the morning, when the sun shines and I rise at eight o'clock. I had thought of leaving for Paris on the 14<sup>th</sup> of May, probably stopping for two nights or more on the way: but I don't want to interfere with Margaret's free field, and if she is passing through Paris at just that time, I could without the least inconvenience put off my return for a few days. Please let me know if you have notice of any further change in her plans.

I certainly shall not be gone when you arrive. I may not go to England at all, and if I do it will be in July, when I can go directly to Oxford and settle down, perhaps in my old rooms. Before July Oxford would be crowded

As to monism and time I shall not be able to offer you much help, as I relegate all that to the men of science: and I am not clear about what "the nature of relations" means. I have thought a little about implication amongst essences; but that is probably not your problem.

I have begun an article on Freud, and have sent my translation of Calderon to the London [*across*] Mercury. I mean to write about Spengler also, "The Downfall of German Philosophy." Yours ever

G. S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

6 May 1923 • Nice, France

(MS: Rockefeller)

New York Hotel, Nice

Sunday May 6 '23

Dear Strong—

Don't you think it might hurt Margaret's feelings, having an apartment in Paris, which she has taken pleasure in furnishing and adorning, to have to be in a hotel for the days she is there? I quite see that it might be more convenient in the rue de Rivoli, and perhaps more amusing; but it does seem a little queer. I should much rather not seem to be the cause of keeping Margaret and her friend out of the apartment. As for me, too, a hotel is practically better, and last Summer I did good work at the Hotel du Palais Royal, I propose that after a week or two with you at the apartment, I should in any case move out: they can still go to the rue de Rivoli if you prefer, but I shall not seem to be the impediment to their coming to the apartment. This arrangement also has this advantage for me, that the question of going to England or not can be solved on its own merits and without reference to the need of being alone for working.

It is warm but pleasant here. I am absorbed reading "My Life and Adventures" by Earl Russell. Elizabeth is simply not mentioned, nor his second divorce. Mollie figures as the Lady Russell. It looks as if he had gone back to his vomit.

[across] I will see on Monday about trains and let you know when I leave

Yours

GS.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

8 May 1923 • Nice, France

(MS: Temple)

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Nice, May 8, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllman

I am returning to Paris, where my address is  
9, Ave. de l'Observatoire.

I have received the four copies of my poems, special edition, and also five copies (which I didn't expect) of the ordinary edition. Thank you very much. When Scepticism appears, you might send my copies directly to Paris, and also a copy to the persons in the enclosed list.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

---

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[8 May 1923] • Nice, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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New York Hotel, Nice  
Tuesday——

Dear Strong

I can't quite decide whether to make the journey to Paris by the night train or to stop over to sleep at Marseille; but in either case I will arrange to arrive on the 15<sup>th</sup>, either in the morning at the same time as you (very nearly) or in the evening at 10.30. I will let you—or if it is too late I will let the Concierge—know which.

Your article on M<sup>rs</sup> Stephen, like almost all you do, has two parts, one of which I like very much, while the other is obscure to me. All your criticism of her is excellent; but when you come to the third part our old disagreement makes itself felt: and apart from my own view, I am not sure that you improve your case against M<sup>rs</sup> Stephen by introducing an alternative metaphysic, which the reader will probably find hard to understand

Yours ever  
GSantayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

27 May [1923] • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire  
Paris, May 27

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Thank you very much for the six copies of Scepticism, and for the account and the cheque which arrived at the same time.

The book looks very well. Could you have a copy sent to M<sup>r</sup> Bertrand Russell, if you can discover his address, which I do not know at present?

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

29 May 1923 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

9 Av. de l'Observatoire  
Paris, May 29. '23

Dear George

I have your two 'cables' and your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup>, enclosing one to your aunt Josephine.

I had never seen Arthur, except in photographs, nor had we exchanged any letters, yet I had a clear impression of his character, and liked him. My idea—which is perhaps only a fancy of my own—is that he had a manly simple way of facing events, enjoying what was to be enjoyed, and not setting up any demands for special good luck or special privileges. He was a victim of the war, and the form in which the sacrifice came to him left time for a happy young marriage, and a long illness in which there were probably many compensations and pleasant interludes. I imagine that if he could have seen his destiny, as we philosophers say, "under the form of eternity", as we can see it now that it is over, he would have accepted it gladly, as much better than that which awaited many another young man, and much better than that which many an old man makes for himself by living too long in this world, and getting stale in it. As for Josephine, she has had a lot of trouble and sorrow, and deserves, and doubtless has, everybody's sympathy. Let us hope that all will be as well in future as it can be. I will write to her one of these days.

Your aunt Josephine has not consulted me as yet about the matter broached in your letter, and I don't know in what form her Spanish bonds are deposited—probably together with Celedonio's at the branch office of the Bank of Spain in Avila. Certainly, in the event of her death, you must not pay taxes in Spain for all her property. Is there no way in which what she has in Spain could be bequeathed separately, to cover the legacy she is leaving (I suppose) to Mercedes, etc. without involving her American money at all? Your proposal is excellent, but I am not sure that your aunt will understand the advantage of it.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

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**To Lawrence Smith Butler**

[10 July 1923] • [Paris, France]

(MS: University Club)

Dear Lawrence

I recognized your hand-writing, and have seldom opened a letter with greater pleasure. You will find me here. Let me know where you are and on what day you will lunch or dine with me and I will come for you, as your hotel will probably be more convenient than this place.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

**To George Jean Nathan**

12 August 1923 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Cornell)

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

The title “The Smart Set” suggests a world where I don’t belong: but if you will send me a number, and if I have any thing <sup>on hand</sup>, that would seem suitable to such a superior environment, I should be glad to let you have it.

GSantayana

**To the editor of *The Dial***

1 September 1923 • Paris, France (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
 123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Paris, Sept. 1, 1923.

To the Editor of The Dial  
 New York

Dear Sir,

I write to you impersonally, not knowing whether M<sup>r</sup> Thayer has returned, and supposing that in any case you might read the inclosed paper on the last phase of Freud and communicate with him about it. I have been reading other German philosophers of the day, and taking notes, and if these matters are not too technical for you I may have occasion later to send you short articles on other worthies of that tribe.

Yours truly

GSantayana.

P.S. I should like to subscribe to The Dial. You might send the bill for the subscription (which I have no direct means of paying) to my nephew M<sup>r</sup>

George Sturgis, 87 Milk St. Boston, or deduct the amount from the cheque you send me, if you are going to send me one. This, by the way, may be in dollars, as my bankers accept such cheques.

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

4 September 1923 • Paris, France (MS: Sastre Martín)

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9 Ave. de l'Observatoire, Paris  
September 4, 1923

Dear Susie

I see you are puzzled by the title of my last book. It has nothing to do with religion: by "animal faith" I mean the confidence one has, for instance, that there will be a future, that you will find things where you have hidden them, etc. It is a technical book and not intelligible unless you have a very analytic mind, but I will send you a copy if you wish. Meantime I enclose a review which appeared lately in the London Times, which will show you how respectfully it is now the fashion to treat me. I don't know who the reviewer is, but he is moderately competent.

Margaret has descended upon us but is threatening to depart to Copenhagen to stay with Madame de Fontenay, wife of the French minister there.

I expect to stay until Strong leaves for Italy, about the 15<sup>th</sup> instant. Of course you know that my address will be

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London.

Love to all from  
Jorge

I suppose Manuela has left you. I will answer her letter another day.

**To John Francis Stanley Russell**

5 September 1923 • Paris, France (MS: Unknown)

Paris, Sept. 5. 1923

Dear Russell,

After four years' absence I am returning to England in a fortnight, to remain at least until October 24, when I am to give the Spencerian lecture at Oxford. I hope there may be a chance of seeing you in the interval.

Yours ever

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

13 September 1923 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall

London, S.W.1

Paris, Sept. 13. 1923

Dear George

I tremble to think how many weeks may have passed since I last wrote, in spite of various letters and photos from you, which I have been very glad to get. I am particularly glad to have a glimpse of Rosamond, and to see Bobbie growing up. You also seem a very stalwart person nowadays, and still with all the fine air of youth. I too keep young, in spite of white hairs, and have lately had a good spell of working-weather, when composition seemed to come easily.

I am leaving Paris for England on the day after tomorrow. This decision has been brought about by an invitation to deliver a lecture at Oxford, called the Herbert Spencer Lecture. It is to come off on October 24, after which I don't know whether I shall stay in England or not. It will depend on circumstances, chiefly on my state of health. You know that England has a great fascination for me, or at least had, although I don't like their official classes, either political or academic; but my friends there are some dead and some estranged or in reduced circumstances so that visiting them is not as it was; and a man of sixty is never in himself so welcome an arrival

as a young friend. However, if I find an opportunity to settle down in comfortable lodgings, and feel that my bronchitis is not threatening to reappear, I may stay in England all winter, and try to finish my Big Book. Otherwise I expect to go to Italy.

This is not a letter, only a certificate of continued life and affection from your Uncle George

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

18 September 1923 • London, England      (MS: Rockefeller)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall S.W.1

Sept. 18, 1923

Telegrams:  
PIQUIDILLO, LONDON.  
Telephone:  
160 REGENT.

PICCADILLY HOTEL,  
PICCADILLY & REGENT STREET,  
LONDON, W. 1.

Dear Strong

I crossed over from Boulogne to Dover yesterday in fine weather but in a very crowded boat. However, the formalities were not annoying and I arrived here, not at all tired, at 4.30.

England seems very unexciting—no emotions in it or in me. Have a splendid room in this hotel, which I had been to once before and liked.

Hope all is well with you. Yours

G.S.

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**To John Francis Stanley Russell**

[Between 20 and 23 September 1923] • [London, England]      (MS:  
Unknown)

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Brown Shipley & Co.,  
123, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Dear Russell,

If you leave it to me, I will certainly come. I don't believe that anything has really happened to alter our relations to one another which were always tacit and expressed in conduct rather than words. You now say more than you ever said to me, even in our young days, about being "attached to me"; you must have been, in some way which in spite of my

cold-blooded psychology I don't pretend to understand. In that case, why drop me now, when certainly there has been no change on my side except that involved in passing from twenty to sixty? Let me come, anyhow once, and we can judge better whether everything is as usual or whether the barrier you speak of—which certainly is not "Elizabeth" or her affairs—really exists.

Shall it be next Tuesday, and if so, what train shall I take?

Yours ever

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

29 September 1923 • Cambridge, England (MS: Rockefeller)

September 29, 1923

UNIVERSITY ARMS HOTEL,  
CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Strong—

After a week in London I have been for four days to Telegraph House — actually driven there by his lordship in a new glass car. I asked no questions on the way, and received no information as to what awaited me, thinking I should very likely be greeted by "Mollie" with all her old Irish cordiality. Not at all. In the hall stood a man-servant and two maids at attention—and not a soul besides! We had good weather and took some drives, and discussed only indifferent subjects, barely touching on politics (on which we don't agree). Russell was unchanged save for whiter hair and a somewhat more subdued manner. There was a cat and four dogs (not counting a big one in the stables) and we went one day to tea at a widow's, who I suspect may be the star now in the ascendant. From Telegraph House I came yesterday to Cambridge, but find no lodgings, and they are driving me out of this hotel in three days, on account of the Newmarket races, when everything is taken long beforehand by the sporting gentry. I may go for a few days to stay with Lapsley at Trinity College and then to Oxford where I hope I may have better luck. It is horrid to be on the move and I long for quiet and solitude. Yours ever G.S.

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**To Kenneth Duva Burke**

2 October 1923 • London, England (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London  
Oct. 2. 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Burke

Many thanks for your letter and cheque for \$75, for A Short (but not inexpensive) Way Round to Nirvana

I am also much obliged to M<sup>r</sup> Thayer for putting me on the free list of subscribers to The Dial.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

16 October 1923 • Cambridge, England (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

Cambridge, Oct. 16, 1923.

Dear George

I am not surprised at the difficulties you encounter in the matter of your aunt Josephine's Spanish bonds. In transferring that money to Spain she virtually separated it from the rest of her property, and for some reason must have wished to do so. She is not very clear in her ways of expressing herself, and perhaps it would require an expert psycho-analyst to discover (even to herself) what her real motives were. But I think in some way she

must have intended that, after keeping that money by her during her lifetime, in order to feel that her pocket was not empty, it should pass, as her clothes would, or her other personal possessions, to those her surrounded her death-bed. I dare say this is not what could happen legally, and that her American will covers all her property anywhere; but I wish some means could be found of letting her bequeathe her Spanish money to her Spanish friends, instead of the legacies which I understand she has provided for them out of her general estate. Couldn't a codicil to her will make such a division? Or couldn't she make a separate Spanish will covering her Spanish property?

After all, the important point is to give personal satisfaction to all concerned, beginning with your aunt Josephine herself. Are laws made to prevent that, or can something be done to reconcile the means with the end?

I am going to Oxford this week, and then to Bath to see an old friend. It is not certain, but I shall probably leave [*across*] England, on my way to Italy, about Nov. 1.

Best wishes for the new comer.

Yours aff<sup>d</sup>y GSantayana

### To Miss Hanlon

17 October 1923 • [Cambridge, England] (MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London

Oct. 17, 1923

Dear Miss Hanlon

Many thanks for the October Century with M<sup>r</sup> Carl van Doren's article. It is very good: I could wish it simpler, but I appreciate the consideration with which I am treated.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

18 October 1923 • Cambridge, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

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Cambridge, Oct. 18, 1923

Dear Strong

Your book arrived yesterday, and I have just finished it. The general impression I receive is that of a pleasant, mellow, personal conversation; you say various things, some technical, others simple, because they are in your mind (or on your mind) and they all have the agreeable quality of wise observations, boiled down to their essence. The quotations complete this impression: they are very good in themselves, apt enough, and give evidence of wide sympathies and good taste. I think you will probably leave in your readers' minds a trace of your doctrine, not necessarily by converting them, but by making them aware that here is one more sage with a hypothesis about the universe which it is interesting to record, if not as a scientific possibility at least as a proof of the ingenious diversity of human opinions.

As to making your view plausible to me personally, your book doesn't advance matters at all. I find no arguments at all for it, the assertion that if substance were not feeling knowledge would be unconscious being purely gratuitous. Reaction and adaptation, without consciousness, could be called knowledge only by a behaviourist: and if you say in one place that behaviourism is absurd, in other places you seem to adopt it. But my chief difficulty, as always, is with your fundamental conception of "immediate experience". As I told you not long ago in conversation, I think the phrase unfortunate; it will perhaps win over some critics but it will be only in order to attack the other elements of your system. They will understand, in spite of your warnings, that you mean elementary consciousness. The arguments you invoke to show that consciousness and knowledge must be secondary, apply to experience too. Experience, even conceived in behaviourist terms, seems to demand the affection of one thing by another. Would you perhaps say that it is the mutual tensions between the points of substance that make the essence of that substance into experience—into responsive modification? But then you would need a deeper substance to have or to undergo the experience. I cannot conceive how atoms of feel-

ing (changeless ones, I understand) can facilitate the genesis of experience by changing their order, even if an order of atoms of feeling can be conceived at all, which I doubt strongly. Moreover I am convinced, as you know, on general grounds, that feeling is just as much a symptom of vicissitudes in a complex organism as are consciousness and knowledge. You do not feel without organs or occasions; you do not experience without being in some predicament and undergoing some organic change. The notion that the substance composing your organism is feeling in its elements, is simply a bit of surviving idealism: the only plausible ground for it is the theory that only consciousness can exist.

I am leaving for Oxford tomorrow morning, and have secured rooms for a week at the King's Arms, where I hope to be more comfortable (having a fire all day in my bedroom) than I have been here. The insidious chill of bedrooms and bathrooms in these modest lodging-houses, combined with very changeable and rainy weather, are is very trying. I have had a touch of my bronchitis, but by staying two days in the house (my sitting room is excellent) I seem to have got rid of it. Dinner in hall is materially excellent, but I haven't made any very pleasant acquaintances—that is, such as establish easy relations. Lapsley gave a little dinner-party in his magnificent rooms, to which he asked Benson, the Master of Magdeline (Cambridge) and Housman; and I am hoping this evening to see Broad. Housman is a nice quiet keen little man with grey hair and moustache—very nice, but like most people here hard to get on with fast. MacTaggart has been truly amiable; even complimented my verses and said he liked one line of mine as much as any line anywhere, and quoted it: "Truth is a dream, unless my dream is true". I told him I was an undergraduate—Sophomore—when I thought that, but I was none the less flattered. Lapsley, in his emotional way, very kind and very nice: I feel he is a true friend—Altogether I am glad I came to Cambridge, in spite of the close shave about my health, and some discomfort.

Yours ever GSantayana

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**To Thomas Moult**

20 October 1923 • Oxford, England (MS: Leeds)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Oxford Oct. 20. '23

Dear Sir

Your note has just reached me after going to Paris and being re-addressed  
I should be much pleased to have you include my verses in your collection.  
Perhaps you had better ask M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable & Company for their permission,  
as the copyright belongs to them. Yours faithfully

GSantayana

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**To George Herbert Palmer**

23 October 1923 • Oxford, England (MS: Wellesley)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London.

Oxford Oct. 23, '23

Dear Professor Palmer

Your letter fills me with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret. Let me thank you for your expressions of interest in my poems, which although they belong almost exclusively to a distant past, still represent pretty well the fond of my feelings.

It is pleasant to think of you in your old place maintaining unimpaired the traditions and the influence of the days when we were all together.

As to the request of the Phi Beta Kappa, I am sorry but it is out of the question for me to undertake such a journey at present; nor could I promise to produce a longish “Poem” for a given date, even counting as I should on a kind and indulgent public. I have many literary projects pressing for execution, and I am not sure that life and strength will remain to me long enough to carry them out, even avoiding all distraction and almost all social engagements. The very kindness of America would bowl me over, and I understand the pace there <sup>is</sup> quicker than ever.

[across] Believe me, with grateful memories of your life-long kindness, *y*  
Very sincerely yours GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

24 October 1923 • Oxford, England (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Oxford Oct. 24, 1923

Please send one of the signed copies of my “Poems” (those bound in white) to Randolph Chetwynd Esq New College, Oxford, and charge it to my account.

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

27 October 1923 • Bradford-on-Avon, England (MS: Rockefeller)

Turleigh Mill, Bradford-on-Avon,  
Oct. 27, 1923

Dear Strong

On the last evening I was at Cambridge I sat next to Broad at dinner. Great disappointment. Small, bald, youngish man, with muddy complexion, features like Goldsmith, and a few brown hairs trained to pass over his not very clean cranium, like the fingers wide apart through which a flir-

tatious lass peeps at the passer-by. Began by attacking Poincaré; and when I tried to switch him off to philosophy, I could get nothing out of him.

In Oxford, I had a possible room at the King's Arms, but the food there was not very appetizing. Dined at Oriel with a civil person named Ross, the president of the Philosophical Society, and read the first Chapter of Realms. I wasn't in good form, there were annoying people (Schiller & C<sup>o</sup>) coming in late, and although some of the comments afterwards were semi-intelligent, I had to hope that those who said nothing were not so stupid as those who talked. Joseph was particularly odious.

My Spencer lecture, being much too long, occupied me to the last minute in cutting it down and rearranging it: even the final form (I hope you have received a copy) proved too long and in reading it I left out three or four pages in the middle about the "logic of idealism." The audience was largely composed of ladies and dusky youths, Indians & Japanese, but Professor Stewart was in the front row, and also my host M<sup>r</sup> Poulton, who being a scientific person (much excited at having received 12,000 butterflies that afternoon) was also genial, free from prejudice, and laughed heartily at all my jokes. The peroration went off splendidly—I was in form that time—and I felt that the lecture had been a success in the inner circle, although it will have no effect at all in the official philosophical world of Oxford, which indeed took no notice of it. The nice side of my visit was seeing a lot of Randolph Chetwynd and some of his friends: they were really very nice company, and far more interesting than their elders. I am going back to Oxford for another week, this time to the Clarendon, where the food is better. Here I am in a pleasant country; Willie [*across*] Haines Smith and his father are very friendly and live very comfortably (motor, etc) in spite of bankruptcy. My [*across page one*] cold is still knocking at the door, but in spite of the very bad and changeable weather, I have warded off any further positive attack of bronchitis. Yours ever G.S.

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**To Gilbert Seldes**

30 October 1923 • Oxford, England (MS: Columbia)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

Oxford, Oct. 30, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Seldes

I have read Bertrand Russell's book, but hardly care to revert to it or to write a review. My ideas of politics are so contrary to his that it would be hard for me say anything that didn't seem ill-natured about his strange madness whenever he touches any human subject. Besides, I think I have already written too much about him.

Yours sincerely  
G Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

30 [October] 1923 • Oxford, England

(MS: Rockefeller)

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Clarendon Hotel Oxford

Nov. 30, 1923.

Dear Strong

I returned yesterday from Bath, my cold having got rather worse, and I have decided to leave England as soon as I conveniently can, and to be in Florence next week. I take for granted that you are at home and that I may come to the villa. If not, will you please telegraph to the Hôtel du Palais Royal, Paris, where I mean to stop for two or three days. I will myself telegraph as soon as I know the exact date of my arrival. Should any accident intervene, no great harm will result, because if I don't find Aldo at the station I will simply go to the Savoia in the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele and come up the next day to Fiesole to make inquiries.

Turleigh Mill, from which I wrote you the other day, was a charming spot, [*illegible*]d in a stone hamlet with fields, hills, a river, and a canal all huddled together most picturesquely; but all desire to prolong my stay there was removed by my cough, which though not severe was ominous, and by the general lack of freedom that one feels in other people's houses, however friendly the host may be. I could neither have worked freely, nor made myself really comfortable in my dressing-gown and slippers.

I find there is a providentially convenient through train to Dover, passing south of London, with a restaurant car; so that tomorrow afternoon I hope to be watching the waves from the Lord Warden Hotel, in readiness to cross the next day or (if it is rough) to make a trip to Canterbury until the weather improves.  
Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Robert Seymour Bridges**

31 October 1923 • Dover, England (MS: Bodleian)

Dover, Oct. 31, 1923

Dear Bridges

Your delightful “experiment” reached me this morning, just when I was lamenting leaving England without having been to see you. I left Oxford immediately after my lecture, hoping to return for a longer stay; but meantime the bronchitis that is always knocking at the door forced its way in, and I am fleeing to Italy, in hopes of not having such a winter as the last was, when my health hardly allowed me to do anything worth mentioning.

“Polly” is so interesting in himself, that your metrical devices are lost, so to speak, in the general pleasure and interest which one feels in reading. I suppose this is the greatest triumph of composition; but it leaves one in doubt whether it is the art of versification or the simple vision of Polly that produces the effect. Many of your lines, however, convince me that the alexandrine, without rhymes, might be a good substitute or variant for the blank verse of English tradition.

My glimpse of England after four years has left me with mixed feelings. I fear my English days are over. Nothing I could now see or feel would be likely to equal the memories I have of other days, which, if not the beaux jours of England, were at least my beaux jours, and which it is almost a pity to overlay with sadder impressions. Oxford is very much itself in spite of obvious crowding, and the flocks of women on bicycles which come round the corners of New College Lane Sunt lacrymae rerum but so mixed with pleasure that all regrets become impertinent.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

6 November 1923 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Temple)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Fiesole, Nov. 6, '23

M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable & Company

London.

The enclosed, which I return as you request, has naturally interested me very much, as nothing of mine has as yet appeared in my mother tongue. But I know nothing of the Editorial Voluntad (a barbarous title!) and am writing to friends in Spain making inquiries. Until I hear, I should like not to make any absolute contract; but if you think proper, you might reply that I, for my part, look with favour on the project provided they can satisfy me that the translator will be not only capable, but sympathetic to the spirit of my writing, and provided he is willing to let me read the proof, or better the M.S. and suggest any changes that occur to me.

I don't want my English to be turned into newspaper Spanish, nor to have as a publisher any house identified either with clerical or with anti-clerical propaganda.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana.

P.S.

Business questions I leave to you. I require no royalties for myself.

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**To George Sturgis**

6 November 1923 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Villa Le Balze, Fiesole  
Florence, Nov. 6, 1923

Dear George

Only a line to ask you to send to the inclosed address, in my name, \$25 with a promise of four more such installments during the next four years. Deo volente!

I arrived here yesterday after a good journey from England—Channel like glass—but still suffering from my bronchitis. This villa is now a very beautiful and luxurious place and I am splendidly looked after. When I have had a week or two of complete repose I am going on to Rome to settle down for the winter.

I am awaiting news of you and Rosamond and the rest of your family.

Yours G S.

**To Robert Silliman Hillyer**

9 November 1923 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Syracuse)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Fiesole, Nov. 9, 1923

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Hillyer

That anyone should resent a change in one of my sonnets is in itself such exquisite flattery that I can't resist telling you why that change was made. "Garden rear" has a ridiculous familiar sense—and only one—to an English mind, and as my new collection was made for the English edition (Scribner's is only a reprint) it was imperative to avoid such a snag. Certainly the original, if the double entendre is not suggested, was better. Nor is this the only case where I have been forced to make unwelcome changes in order to avoid comic effects.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

**To Wilbur Lucius Cross**

13 November 1923 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Fiesole, Nov. 13. 1923

Wilbur Cross Esq  
Editor of the Yale Review.

Dear Sir

It would be a great satisfaction to me if you wished to publish a chapter of my "Realms of Being"; but I am afraid what I have at hand is rather too technical and presupposes acquaintance with "Scepticism". However, in a few days, when I hope to have settled down for the winter, I will look over the MS and it is possible that I may find something which I might venture to send you.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

13 November 1923 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Villa Le Balze, Fiesole  
Florence, Nov. 13, 1923

Dear George

My best congratulations on the safe landing of young Neville. I am glad he is not to have a middle name and the one you are giving him (apart from family associations) is a very pretty one. The two boys will make a convenient pair, and if they have good tempers, as they probably will in view of their healthy and decent parentage, they ought to pull together nicely through life. Having a twin, or a quasi-twin, brings in anticipation some of the advantages of marriage or of having two eyes instead of one. The smaller boy, in this case, will also be able to wear out the elder's

clothes, when they are outgrown too fast. These details of domestic economy are pleasant in themselves, even if the saving is not urgent.

This brings me round to money-matters, which you discuss in your letter of Nov. 2, reaching me this morning together with your "Cable". I don't think there is any such thing as trusts, leaving money in trust to one person for the benefit of another, in Spanish law. I believe it is a feudal and northern tradition, unknown to Roman law and to the code Napoléon on which modern Spanish law is modelled. You could ask any lawyer who has a little marginal learning whether this is not the fact. My idea was that instead of legacies for life—the lives in question will all be very short—your aunt Josephine should leave lump sums to her Spanish friends: she might do so possibly in the form of gifts, in her life-time, or even of cheques, to be delivered to them upon her death. I think Mercedes, Eugenia, and the two old ladies ("las maestras") in Avila would much prefer lump sums. The money your aunt Josephine has in Spain (or so much as she decided to keep there) would thus have disappeared at her death, and you would have no trouble at all about recovering it.

As to your aunt Susan's will, I suspect she thinks, if she should survive her husband, there would be occasion for a complete reconsideration of its provisions; whereas, if she should die first, the only right and simple thing to do would be to leave everything to him. This is not inconsistent with asking him to provide annuities or gifts to such persons or charities as interest her particularly. I don't know what the provisions of her will are at present, but from things she has dropped in conversation, I gather that the above is what she now would do if she drew up a new will. As it is not unlikely that she may survive Celedonio, and have a free hand, I can understand the delay in her action at this moment.

[across] I have the same dislike to broaching these questions with your aunts which you express. Perhaps in the Spring I may go to Avila: then I could feel the ground better. I am now [across page one] moving to Rome, but am not sure what my address will be there. Write c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> Yours aff<sup>d</sup> G Santayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

20 November 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Albergo Corso Umberto

Nov. 20. 1923

Dear Strong

Thank you for forwarding my letters. I telegraphed my new address to London at the same time as to you, so that I hope you will now have no more trouble on that score.

My cold is entirely well—that is, I don't cough or spit—but I still feel the constant danger of catching cold and having a relapse.

This place is not a hotel but a maison meublée, and very shabby and third rate: the morning coffee is the worst and scantiest I remember to have had anywhere. But I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing the Piazza Colonna and the front of Santa Maria in Via both from my window, and having the full sun all day, with perfect freedom for meals, and the ristorante Roma only a few steps away. So here I am, and have been so far able to work nicely. The noise, though bad at times, stops at night, and does not interfere with work by day, if I shut the window. However, I don't expect to be here long. I am merely waiting for something to turn up. The Hôtel de la Ville made me melancholy: no sun in the rooms available, middling food, and a sort of comfortless newness in the whole place. I decidedly prefer being down here.

Young de Bosis came to lunch yesterday, and Vivante is coming today. Fuller has not yet turned up. I have been to the opera (*Rigoletto* at the Adriano) and to a Neapolitan play, and have seen the Queen of Spain returning from the Vatican in a white mantilla: I have also been to Saint Peter's and more than once to the Pincio and the Villa Borghese. Also once to the Museo delle Terme to see the new Venus, which left me rather cold. Even a Venus should have a head.

You will be sorry to hear that the inner room at the Aragno has been done up in white and modern frescoes—cheap beyond words—but it seems to be always nearly empty, so that it remains a convenience.

Let me know if you decide to make the trip to Naples soon, because if you do I should be tempted to go ahead now to Bertolini's and wait for you there. Otherwise I must look for something here a little more comfortable for the winter Yours ever

G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

23 November 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Nov. 23, 1923

Dear Strong

I am moving again, this time to the Hotel Bristol (at the head of the Via del Tritone) where I am to have a good sunny room facing the Palazzo Barberini, and half-pension for 70 lire a day; and I am free to take either lunch or dinner at the hotel, as I like. It is a compromise in every respect, but I am in hopes that it may work well. It is not so shabby as this place, and not so art nouveau as the Hôtel de la Ville. My cold seems to be definitely cured, for the time being, the very rainy weather we have been having not having caused any relapse.

Vivante is a surprisingly young man, very, very mystical and transcendental, who is not easy to understand either in English or Italian. He took me to lunch at the Castello dei Cesari, and then to see his wife, a very Madonna-like young person with smooth hair, carrying a big child. They live in a large separate house and seem to be rich. You will never get Vivante to perceive any matter of fact steadily: but he is very sweet in his imbecility. Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Xavier Léon**

1 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sorbonne)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

Rome, Dec. 1, 1923

Dear Sir,

I am asking the publishers to send you directly from London a copy of my last book, "Scepticism and Animal Faith." It is not a new edition, but the beginning of a sort of system, my previous books having been rather unsystematic in their subjects and occasions.

Should the reviewer whom you have been good enough to choose care to see any of my earlier volumes, I should be happy to send them too.

Believe me Sincerely yours  
GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

1 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Dec. 1, 1923

Dear George

I am glad to have the happy advent of number two confirmed by letter, and to know that you think my idea about your aunt Josephine's Spanish funds not impracticable. I believe I have written to you again on that subject, so that I need add nothing today.

After trying two other hotels I am at last comfortably established, probably for the winter. This is an old established house in a central position, and I have a decent room with a southern exposure and a grand façade—the Palazzo Barberini—to admire opposite at a suitable distance. I am on what they call half-pension, that is, I have everything at the hotel except one meal a day, either lunch or dinner, which I am free to take at some restaurant. As Rome is well supplied with these, and I like the change of scene and of food which one can get by browsing about, this arrangement of a half-pension suits me very well. I pay 70 lire a day, little over three dollars, which is not unreasonable: but prices are raised in the Spring, which is the tourist (and pilgrim) season.

Will you discover—if you don't know it—the address of your cousin Maud Sturgis—one of the John Sturgis “girls”, as we used to call them—and send her the enclosed letter, which will explain itself if you take the trouble to read it. It seems that she and her sisters took a house in England last Summer in order to invite their English relations, one after another, to come and stay with them, and hearing that I was in England, they and some of these English cousins who already knew me, thought of me too. “The Babe” (now aged 53) is Willie Haines Smith, who used to live with Howard Sturgis at Windsor, where I always stayed in my palmy days when I passed on my way to Spain to visit my father.

My friend Strong is now here for a few days, and his motor lengthens the radius of my afternoon-excursions very much. Yesterday we went out to the Campagna, which is a place full of emotions for learned people, besides being a fine landscape. I have also two or three Italian friends (who speak English) and am expecting B. A. G. Fuller, whom you may have heard of at Harvard.  
Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

GSantayana

[across] P.S. Before Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> I will draw the rest of my credit, and you might ask Brown Bros. to have a fresh letter for £500 sent me. There is no hurry, as I shall be largely supplied.

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**To Henry Ward Abbot**

12 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

Rome, Dec. 12. 1923

Dear Harry

Someone has sent me a clipping from the Boston Transcript —what an odour of old maid comes from those words!—in which you resuscitate some old memories of ours and incidentally supply your address. There has long been a suppressed impulse in my nervous system—not strong enough to produce any Freudian phenomena—to write to you, and ask what has become of you in these thirty years, and also what has become of our friends Herbert Lyman Ward Thoron, etc.; for although Boylston Beal has sometimes mentioned them, I see him rarely, and usually when political matters are so absorbing that we have no time for private gossip.

As to me, you know all that can be told and probably can guess the rest. My health is good, and I manage to avoid most of the troubles that most people bring upon one another, by keeping to the life of a wandering student, which has been my ideal from my earliest days. I do nothing that seriously disturbs my digestion or my agreeable isolation; and I read and write when the impulse comes, and not under pressure. Sometimes my literary projects become something of an incubus, and I ask myself whether I shall live to carry them out: but what does it matter? I have already had my say: although I confess that I am still young and enthusiastic enough to feel that what I have in petto is far better than anything I have yet done, and that it must see the light. You may be surprised to hear that the most lively of these embryos is a novel. I began it long, long ago—in the early '90's—as a story of college life: that part has now receded into a mere incident; not that my heroes have become much older, since on the contrary I have gone back to their childhood and parentage, but that the scene has widened, and the fable—it is all a fable—has become more organic, knit

more closely around the central motif, which is Puritanism repenting, but unable to reform.

Haven't you written any novels? It is the only living art, and now it seems possible to print what in earlier days we hardly ventured to whisper.

Your old friend GSantayana

**To Pierre de Chaignon la Rose**

21 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: New York)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, Dec. 21, 1923

Dear la Rose

It is a great pleasure to receive your letter. From time to time I have felt an impulse to write, or to send you a book—particularly the *Soliloquies*—but the small impediment of not knowing your precise address or some other trivial obstacle has always intervened. Not long ago Lapsley and I spoke of you at length, and with a unanimity of sentiment which he and I are now developing on a good many subjects—Anglicanism not included, although even there we seem to have an inexpressible depth of agreement beneath the tacit disagreement of our opinions. I mean that I think I know why he believes, and he thinks he knows why I disbelieve. It is a sympathetic opposition.

As to the occasion of your letter, what could be more grateful to a parent than the resurrection of a dead child? I have not yet received Fituski's books, but I am sure the outer form he would give to Lucifer would be more than satisfactory. Not long ago some one sent me a copy with a request that I should write something in it, and before doing so I reread the whole—which I hadn't done for many years. My impression was that I had done what I meant to do, but that here and there feeble or unfortunate phrases occurred. I should not venture to suggest revision of the style—I should do it much less convincingly now; but perhaps in the proof we might change a word here and there, to strengthen the rhythm or avoid platitude. If you have marked any very bad places, I should be much obliged if you would point them out. Duffield has the copyright, but as he

has disposed of that of the Sonnets I expect he would make no bones of getting rid of Lucifer as well. As to the \$200 which you offer me, I should much rather take nothing, and let the money remain to insure M<sup>r</sup> Fituski against loss in his venture. I have much more money than I need in my manner of life, which is that of the perpetual travelling student: so that do not let money be mentioned in this pleasant affair.

Since you say you have 20 volumes of mine (which I think is more than I have written) I infer that you have various editions of the poems: if you have not the nice one (in white and gold) of the English edition published last year, will you let me know and I will have one sent you? Or would you prefer the English edition of the Soliloquies? I meant to send it you (it is probably much nicer than the American) only there is the circumstance of passing the custom-house—which, however, I can get round without trouble.

I am at work on many things, including a novel [*across*] about which I should be particularly glad of a chance to talk with you. Don't you ever come to Paris? It would be such a pleasure. Yours sincerely GSantayana.

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**To Sterling Power Lamprecht**

25 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Dartmouth)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Christmas Day 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Lamprecht —

Your letter reached me too late to make any arrangements during your first stay in Rome, but I write now hoping you and M<sup>s</sup> Lamprecht have survived your trip to Sicily (which must have been very wet) and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you.

If you don't mind letting me come to lunch some day, instead of to dinner, it would be rather more convenient for me, and perhaps I might show you something afterwards which the guide-books do not emphasize, although I am aware that you are probably better investigators than I in the matter of sights.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Sterling Power Lamprecht**

[1923?] • [Rome, Italy] (MS: Dartmouth)

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Lamprecht

I am very sorry I have an engagement for lunch, but I will come to dine with you and M<sup>rs</sup> Lamprecht with pleasure if you will tell me the place and hour—and I suppose, unless you are in a very grand place, I needn't dress.

It is too bad that you are so hurried here, or we might have arranged other meetings

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Wilbur Lucius Cross**

26 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, December 26, 1923

Dear Sir,

As I promised in my previous letter I have looked over the manuscript of "Realms of Being", but the chapters that are at all in shape are so technical that (after seeing the number of the Yale Review which you kindly sent me) I am afraid they would scare away your readers. I am therefore sending you the Preface, which is comparatively comprehensible and will give those who care to read it a general idea of what I am after.

If it would not involve too much delay to send me the proof, I should be glad to see it,<sup>x</sup> as my manuscript is rather in a mess; but being my own typewriter I am appalled at the labour of making a clean copy. I hope, however, that it is legible: and if you prefer to entrust the proof-reading to some person on the spot, I have no objection.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

[left margin] <sup>x</sup>You need not return the MS, proof alone will do.

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**To Gilbert Seldes**

26 December 1923 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Rome, Dec. 26, 1923

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Seldes,

Here is a first "Dialogue in Limbo", of which I can send you one or two more if you want them, not all with the same Ghost.

I hope there are no improprieties (according to present standards in America) in this dialogue: but if there are, you may expurgate it. I shall always be able to restore the truth of nature when the things reappear in a book, as I suppose they will ultimately.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

11 January 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome  
Jan. 11, 1924

Dear Strong

Nothing has occurred since you left to ruffle the surface of my stream, but Fuller has arrived, and then Zampa (who came to make himself and

his unemployment present to the mind of Cardinal Galli) and MacArthur has also turned up, but only for one or two days. I now go to Ranieri's every day to lunch, on account of the informality and home-likeness of it, and the nice way in which I am treated there. There are several English habitués, but I don't speak to them. This week a young Philadelphian, a cousin of the Sturgis's, has been here. I took him to lunch at the Ulpia for a change, and found it emptier than ever. Its existence is a mystery.

I have finished various papers, including three Avicenna dialogues, one of which I have already sent to the Dial, and I have done some work on the big book, not unsatisfactory but somewhat inconclusive—I mean, that I can hardly say, so far the thing is finished and complete. However, I have sent the Preface to the Yale Review, as a beginning of actual publication.

Your philosophical partnership with Drake is a happy event and I am glad you have converted him where he was still recalcitrant—for “agreement” seems to mean agreement with you. Does “emergent” mean that something comes to light which existed in the same form under the surface (as the word really demands) or does it mean that something of a new and unprecedented quality appears under certain conditions? If the latter, “emergent” is not a correct term. I am glad you are to have something to occupy your time and your mind next Summer, and when Drake is in Paris it will be a change for you from too much of my exclusive society. Whether I am at the apartment or not at that time, I will leave you ~~two~~ to enjoy the privacy of the Duval together every evening, which will also be a change for me.

I have had no more cough, and feel quite encouraged about my health, although fat and lazy. Yours ever

G. Santayana

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**To Henry Ward Abbot**

16 January 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Columbia)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, Jan. 16, 1924.

Dear Harry

As another thirty years will put us beyond the possibility of writing letters (in spite of monkey-glands) I am going to answer you at once, while the iron is hot. It is very flattering to be so faithfully read by an old friend—how did you discover the Spencer lecture? I find that old friends and old pupils usually think they know me well enough as it is, and leave my writings alone. But you were always a literary gourmand (or gourm ) and I see you haven't changed at all in this respect nor in your erotic preoccupations. My hero (in the novel) whose name is Oliver (after Cromwell) Alden (after John Alden of the Mayflower and Longfellow's Poem, his supposed ancestor) is a natural Puritan, and it is not his sexual suppressions that make the thread of the story, at least not on the surface, but his general discovery that it is wrong not to live naturally, <sup>not to</sup> tell the truth about important things, as well as about trifles, and not to make hay while the sun shines. But he is very much too fine in texture and feeling to be happy in his world, or to succeed in the things (including love-making) which it expects him to attempt: and so he peters out—which is so terrible a quiet tragedy that I have actually cried over the writing of it! But I mustn't describe my chicken while it is still in the realm of essence only, and I don't know when the book will be done. For the moment I am absorbed in the System and, at odd times, in the Dialogues in Limbo, which will begin to appear in the Dial at once, and will probably compose my next book. They are a general criticism of things modern from an ancient (or normal) point of view: and they are purple—more so than the Soliloquies, I think, which I regard as my sincerest book so far: because colour with me, as with Latins generally, is more spontaneous than form, although it may not be thought so by northern critics. Besides, in my old age, I have become far more sentimental and even benevolent. I couldn't write now those sublimated love sonnets, nor Lucifer (of which they talk of making a new edition): they were a perfectly sincere conviction, but they were not an actual experience; they were an evasion of experience, on the presumption (quite just when you are young and on a high horse) that expe-

rience would be a ghastly failure. The lady of the sonnets, far from being the one you absurdly mention, is a myth, a symbol: certainly she stands for Somebody, not always for the same Somebody, and generally for a hint or suggestion drawn from reality rather than for any specific passion; but the enthusiasm is speculative, not erotic: I had been convinced by Plato and the Italian Platonists: I had not been obliged to make the Pilgrim's Progress in person. Love has never made me long unhappy, nor sexual impulse uncomfortable: on the contrary in the comparatively manageable form in which they have visited me, they have been great fun, because they have given me an interest in people and (by a natural extension of emotion) in things, places, and stories, such as religion, which otherwise would have failed me altogether; because in itself, apart from the golden light of diffused erotic feeling falling upon it, the world I have been condemned to live in most of my life would have been simply deadly. I have never been anything but utterly bored and disgusted with the public world, the world of business, politics, family, and society. It was only the glimmer of sport, humour, friendship, or love falling over it that made it tolerable. In the last ten years, in spite of the war, I have been able to keep out of that insufferable medium, and have consequently been much happier. Here in Rome, for instance, the world is pleasing: it seems always to have cared for things worth having; it is congenitally beautiful, born to enjoy itself humanly, and straightforward in its villainies and its sorrows. I walk about, knowing no one and speaking to nobody, and I feel that everybody understands me; and what is more and greater, that everybody is at work for the sake of the very things I am inwardly at work about, human liberty and pleasantness breaking through the mesh of circumstances and laughing at it. The political atmosphere here is good also: I am in great hopes in respect to the Latin world: the German and Anglosaxon shams have been discredited—representative government, for instance—and people are daring to be themselves. The church too is a good thing—much better than “science”,—and a part of the game.

You don't tell me anything about your way of life, or about our old friends. What you say—or hint—about the power of Gompers surprises me. I thought the U.S. was in the hands of the big business men. Or is Gompers on their side? I understand little of what I hear about America nowadays; but the people I see are so full of health, good-will, pleasantness, and money that I can't believe things can be seriously wrong there—I mean, granting the American postulates—work, progress, democracy, and whoop-her-up. Those who rebel against America are doomed to fail

even in what America is busy about, and of course in everything else. Everything good in the ultimate sense will long come from Europe only, and from Latin Europe, because the Graeco-Roman tradition is the only life of reason afoot. Remember what Norton used to say so sadly: *Primum Graius homo!* And last, too, in the spirit. Your old friend

GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner's Sons**

16 January 1924 • [Rome, Italy] (MS: Princeton)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Jan. 16, 1924

M<sup>essrs</sup> Charles Scribner's Sons  
New York.  
Gentlemen,

My nephew M<sup>r</sup> George Sturgis, of Boston, sends me an account by which I see, that you have paid me during the past year \$759.45 in royalties! Although in the immediate future there will probably not be anything new to stimulate the sale of my books, I write to ask you to send me any cheques hereafter due directly to C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, as I now have an account with them and can deposit American cheques there.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

16 January 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 16, 1924

Dear George

Apropos of your aunt Josephine's will, I am delighted to be congratulated by you on my good business head: it is the first time in my life that this has happened, and will probably be the last. If my perspicacity remains unimpaired, however, I see by your account that both the income of my investments and their value decreased somewhat, since the totals which seem about equal to last year's include in the income account \$760 of royalties, and in the capital account, \$4000 of savings. It is perfectly natural and inevitable that there should be oscillations in these totals, and as I spend so much less than my income it makes absolutely no difference to me, even if the reduction should be greater and should be permanent: but here is an instance of the advantage there is in not walking near the edge. Of course, the 6% commission is all right: I feel rather that it is too little for such complete freedom from care and anxiety as I enjoy. My late friend Moncure Robinson (who hob-nobbed only with Vanderbilts Morgans and dukes) used to say I was the richest person he knew, because I didn't spend half my income: but it would be truer to say that I am "beyond riches and poverty", because I eat, drink, spend, and keep no accounts, and yet nothing happens. Or rather, the unexpected happens in receiving in one year (apart from Constable's cheques) \$760 from Scribner for my literary productions! By the way, in view of this sum (which will be reduced very much next year, I expect) I have written to Scribner to send me my royalties direct in future; because my account at Brown Shipley's is getting near to the point (£1000) at which they begin to give interest, and it seems foolish to leave all that money there without getting any return. I might draw most of it out, but I prefer to add to it, and have that little nest egg hatched, even if the brood is rather measly, because at any moment I may want to set up a little establishment of my own, and a lump sum at hand would be convenient. My way of living half with Strong and half alone in hotels, has great advantages in that freedom from care and from possessions which I value so highly: but there is instability in it, especially so long as Margaret Strong continues to hover over us, an unmarried

angel; and as I have now passed my sixtieth birthday, I shouldn't mind a fixed abode. But the trouble is all in the inclination of the earth's axis, which makes it impossible to live anywhere all the year round. It might be possible in England, if a catarrhal old man could live in England at all; but almost anywhere else, either in summer or winter, one is practically obliged to decamp: and then what is the use of settling at all? However, I foresee that if a furnace is put into the apartment at 9 Avenue de l'Observatoire, as there is talk of doing, I might stay there at any and every season, when I chose.

I have received an invitation (declined with thanks) from Prof. Palmer to read a poem at the Phi Beta Kappa at the next Harvard Commencement, the said poem to be about Beauty, and to occupy not less than ten and not more than fifteen minutes in the reading: for which I should receive \$50, travelling expenses, and the honour of appearing on the same platform with the President of Yale, the Orator of the occasion. This is what comes of being really a great man.

I am glad all goes so well at home and at Josephine's. A cousin, Warwick Scott (Maisie's son) has come to see me here, and has given me [*across*] news of that end of the family. Thank you, by the way, for forwarding my letter to Maud Sturgis.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup> GSantayana

[*across page one*] P.S. Thanks also for the new letter of credit, which has reached me safely.

**To Wilbur Lucius Cross**

29 January 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan 29, 1924.

M<sup>r</sup> Wilbur L. Cross  
Editor of the Yale Review  
Dear Sir,

I am glad you find my "Preface" acceptable, and I enclose the corrected copy.

There were some marginal headings in the M.S. which I quite understand it may not be easy to print, although they could be let into a blank square cut out of the text, as was done in my "Life of Reason". I don't wish to put you to any inconvenience, as they are of little importance in such an article: but as I am carrying out this system throughout the book, and have no other copy of the Preface, I should be much obliged if you could have the marginal summary copied and sent to me. No indication of the place opposite which each appears is necessary: I simply should like a record of the phrases, as they may be better than what might occur to me if I rewrote them.

When the article appears will you please send a copy to each of the address<sub>s</sub> on the adjoining half sheet, and charge them to me?

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

M<sup>r</sup> C. A. Strong, Fiesole, Florence, Italy.

Baron Albert von Westenholz, Sophienterrasse, 14. Hamburg, Germany.

M<sup>r</sup> R. B. Potter, Antietam Farm, Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y.

M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy, 8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge, Mass.

Robbins Library, Emerson Hall,        "        "

M<sup>r</sup> B. A. G. Fuller, Sherborn, Mass.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

29 January 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 29, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

In respect to the request from the publishing house "Voluntad" in Madrid, about translating some one of my books, I have had several communications direct from Spain, and lately one from the proposed translator himself, D. Antonio Marichalar. The house seems to be of a superior, if somewhat dilettante, type, under the auspices of rich ladies, Catholic but not bigoted, and hyperaesthetic. Their printing is excellent, and the prospective translator seems to be a brilliant young man, quite competent in style and in capacity. I am therefore disposed, for my part, to accede to any arrangement which you may wish to make with them, if they approach you again with any definite proposal.

M<sup>r</sup> Marichalar tells me he has been in doubt as to which of my books would be most acceptable to the Spanish public, and asks my advice in the matter. I am suggesting to him Three Philosophical Poets. If he should choose that, or Egotism in German Philosophy which he mentions particularly, you would not be concerned for the present: but I write in order to keep you informed of what is afoot, and in case now or later you should be asked again to consider this matter.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

**To Hamilton Fish Potter**

7 February 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Feb. 7, 1924

Dear Hamilton

Your father tells me you are to be soon in these parts and I hope you will not fail to look me up and discover the reality of the family myth which I must be in your eyes. My movements are a little uncertain, but I shall probably be in Rome until May, and there is no better place.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Hamilton Fish Potter**

[After 7 February 1924] • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dear Hamilton

I have written to you to Paris, at your father's suggestion, but now I hear from your mother that you are coming directly to Rome. My hotel is in the Piazza Barberini, at the foot of your street. Please come to dinner or lunch as soon as you can—dinner *(as you are)*, at 7.45, lunch (which I take out) at 12.45 or earlier, as at about that time I leave my hotel. Don't come at any other hour, as I am always either out or invisible.

I am looking forward with some excitement to seeing you and hope you are staying in Rome long enough to see something of the place and to let me see something of you and hear something of your family.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Sylvanus Griswold Morley**

8 February 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Berkeley)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome Feb. 8, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Morley

It was very kind of you to send me your translations from Anthero de Quental, of whom I had never heard! I have been reading them with much interest, and might send you a complimentary word of thanks, and stop there. But as your work reminds me of many an effort of my own to render Romance verse into English, you will forgive me if I add something of a confession which at least will show you how truly I appreciate the difficulties with which you have struggled so manfully. The term "poetry" is a false universal: there are as many poetries as there are languages, or even poems. Now English poetry is not conversation: it is a sort of bubbling over of sentiment into words, essentially new and incoherent words, like genuine prayer, or genuine swearing. It may be overheard: it is not intended to be understood by any hearer. If he understands it, it will be by a happy accident, in that his own incoherent emotions are aroused in the inverse order to that in which similar emotions in the poet precipitated the words he reads. If there is not this intimate, irrational, private quality and spontaneity in expression, English verse is not poetry. In Latin languages, on the contrary, "poetry" is essentially rhetoric: it is an effusion; it is a torrent of eloquence in the vernacular; and even if it be a soliloquy it is (like my "Soliloquies") intended to be persuasive. The colour is the colour of things; the music is a rapid accompaniment, mere calligraphy; the perfection of it lies in transparency, sincerity, adequacy. When it is over, you expect applause: you wipe your forehead, smile through your tragic tears, and say to yourself, There! I've done it! Now my feeling is that this sort of thing can hardly be rendered into English except in prose. Your preface, for instance, conveys the message of your author more naturally than do your translations. Of course, the translation may be a poem in itself: but only if it is more, or at least other, than the original. And in that case it would probably be much briefer. Swinburne might have orchestrated the "Hymn to Morning" in his own style; or it might have been expressed in uninterrupted prose, carrying the reader forward compellingly but arranged as you arrange it, one expects too much at each step, and expects

something new at the next step, and one is disappointed. I mean that each part is not poignant enough for English poetry of this calibre, and the “poetry” is in the way if one is interested in the man’s real feelings.

I hope you will excuse the impertinence of these [*across*] reflexions, which are only a proof of the interest which your book has awakened in me.

Yours truly

GSantayana

**To Alyse Gregory**

14 February 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London

Rome, Feb. 14, 1924.

My dear Miss Gregory

Today I am sending you a second Dialogue with Avicenna—the last with that worthy—in which there are no improprieties but perhaps a little atheism. I forgot, in posting it, to include a note, suggesting two things. First, if the dialogue is too long it can be easily cut in two and published in two issues. The second half begins at the words: “The Stranger. And what—if it is not too much to ask—was the gloss”, etc. Second, there are a few Oriental words about the orthography of which I have no sure knowledge as my Arabic is confined to a French translation of the Arabian Nights, and English usage may demand a different spelling of Emir, Kadi, Suk of Shirah, etc. If you are an Orientalist, or have one in the office, I hope you will exercise your judgement in this matter—which is not of much importance.

I hope soon to send you a Socratic dialogue or two, and one or two with Democritus which I think you will find amusing.

I am here without books or dictionaries and far from learned friends, hence my helplessness in matters of science and grammar.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

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**To Alyse Gregory**

23 February 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Feb. 23, 1924

Dear Miss Gregory

You will think me irrepressible, but since the enclosed dialogue, in two parts, is ready, I am sending it on for you to deal with at leisure.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

28 February 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Feb. 28, 1924

Dear Strong

I am very glad to have news of you and to know you are making progress in working out your theory. The point you mention about the “apparent image” being an essence other than the fuller or more unseiz-

able one attributed to the object, of course is in harmony with my analysis: in fact this absolute sensuous image is the palmary instance of a given essence. Before scepticism or introspection has focussed this unequivocal datum, it is extremely uncertain what we have before us, and people think they see what the only conceive; or think they have as a given essence what they have only as the unknown essence, what ever it may be, of an object posited: for I think the given essence in belief (of course there is a given essence there too) is nothing less than our whole momentary Weltanschauung, within which the very elusive sense of an object meant and partly specified (by the "apparent essence") is only a detail.

I have kept well in spite of the continued bad weather: no snow here, but much rain and no balminess even when the sun shines. I have done nothing on the big book, but have been assiduously at work getting the Dialogues in Limbo ready for the press. Four have already gone to The Dial, and I have three or four more practically done. I foresee that a volume of these dialogues will be my next book.

Thank you for the review of Fuller's book. He had already shown it to me, but in a rather worn and rumpled cutting, and I will give him yours, so clean and fresh, which I am sure he will be glad to have and to keep. It is certainly very friendly, and naturally pleases him very much: and there has been another even more enthusiastic by Kallen, but in some obscure Bolshevik sheet. All this pales, however, in view of a much bigger feather in Fuller's cap; he has been appointed professor of philosophy in the University of Cincinnati, with \$6000 a year, and work, both in amount and subject, entirely at his discretion. He is of course in high spirits about it, especially because it will cause the nose of the Harvard Department to be considerably lengthened.

I am glad Margaret is so gay and has done so much for the apartment, and I am much obliged to her for my prospective share in the benefit. As to Naples, by all means let us put it off. I am in no mood for trips, and it would be a pity to go without Pinsent.

[across] They have asked me to give a course of lectures in Madrid! Of course I have declined, but am in hopes of getting some thing translated into Spanish.  
Yours ever G. S.

**To George Sturgis**

8 March 1924 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 8 1924

Dear George

Here too there is nothing in particular to report. The winter has been rather rainy and cold, but this old-fashioned hotel is well warmed, the sun when it shines pours in at my window, and I have kept well and done a reasonable amount of work. Probably I shall stay here until May, or as long into May as is convenient and then return straight to Paris—although another plan is running in my head which I won't trouble you with unless it matures.

You may receive some book-bills of mine from the Harvard University Press or from Firuski of the Dunster House Bookshop in Cambridge, and I should be much obliged if you would pay them and charge whatever it is to my account. This Firuski and Pierre la Rose—whom you may have heard of in your college days—are going to get out a fancy edition of an old poetic effusion of mine called Lucifer, and on this account I have got into relations with them. La Rose is an old friend, but Firuski had not set up business in my time.

I am sorry about the codicil to my will, but I think it is in Paris. In any case I could hardly gather that concourse of witnesses—how many are they, only two?—which iron law seems to require. I know no white man here but Fuller. Fuller, by the way, is in high feather, because having been invited not to continue at Harvard, he has now been invited to begin at Cincinnati as full professor with \$6000 a year, and only such and so much work as he wishes to undertake. It is a fair revenge, and will cause the nose of the Harvard Department of Philosophy (as they say in the Arabian Nights) to be considerably lengthened. Fuller is also being much praised for a breezy History of Greek Philosophy which he has published, and which is really very good of its kind, although I tell him it ought to have been entitled Cook's Tours through Ancient Thought, personally conducted by America's Greatest Humorist, B. A. G. Fuller.

I too am growing famous and have been asked to give some lectures in Madrid! It is out of the question for various reasons, but I am pleased to be asked.

I hope Rosamond and the young hopefuls are flourishing as usual.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

GSantayana

**To Benjamin Alexander Morton**

14 March 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Virginia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

Rome, March 14, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Morton

It was very kind of you to send me The Veiled Empress and I have read not only the last three pages, but the whole book, and gazed long at the illustrations, especially the Cross Street and l'Impératrice. My father and mother—though before my birth—lived for many years in the Tropics, and the quality of that life has a fascination for me almost as if I had tasted it in person. The rest of your narrative is not too romantic to be credible, and as to your theory of history—which is what you wish me to speak of—I think it is certainly right on its negative side, but its positive side is hardly made explicit enough to be accepted or rejected absolutely. By the negative side I mean your disbelief in grand impersonal principles governing events: that is a pure superstition proper to a certain moralistic philosophy of history, essentially Jewish and adopted by the Hegelians. It is not to be found in the great ancient historians who, like Homer and Shakespeare, see in public affairs only the play of private passions. Saint-Simon is another observer who testifies to the same fact—indeed, it is the natural and orthodox view: so that I hardly think you should call it “new”, although no doubt you may have rediscovered it. At the same time I should suggest this doubt or rather this complication: the circumstances under which individuals act, as well as all their religious or national prejudices, belong to their background; so that both in its sources and in its effects their private passion may not be merely theirs, but that of their age or class; and in this way something typical or generic may be found in the parts played by leading men. Herodotus sees history as a duel between Europe and Asia, and we may see the same continued in our day, as between personal and national individuality on the one hand and the great average on the other. But I

think these are only optical effects or total perspectives, not causes. Now the ambiguity which I still find in your view relates to the causes of personal decisions, on which we agree that public events are dependent. Are these decisions merely personal and metaphysically “free”, or could we, with sufficient information, trace them back to inevitable instincts, plus circumstances? Your Aimée, for instance, is represented, by you as caring for Martinique, Josephine, France, and Christianity: so that her personal initiative has ultra-personal sources, and she is a sort of meeting-place of influences rather than an absolute arbitrary creator of her own will. That the human brain and heart are the central office, so to speak, where all messages are received and resent, and that without such delicate personal, often inexplicable redirection of forces there would be no human life, morality, or history, I think is certain; but I am afraid we should get into hopeless difficulties if we tried to stop at the conscious origins of our actions and feelings. Consciousness is a very superficial thing.

I have wondered a little how seriously you take the suggestion that Napoleon’s divorce sounded the knell of his fortunes. It also seemed to me probable that Mahmoud, in making peace with the Russians so unaccountably, was following the British policy of a balance of power: because it would have been useless to get his provinces back if he had had a French High Commissioner—or Napoleon himself—in his own capital. I can hardly imagine a Sultan seriously shocked, like a good American husband, at the wickedness of divorcing a childless wife.

Yours very truly  
G Santayana

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**To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann**16 March 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS postcard: Dartmouth)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London.

Thank you very much for "Confucius" which I have read with interest. The grim humour of some bits and the decorative colour of others convey the intended effect, but I am puzzled by the whole, and the end seems incongruous. I like the Emperor and Empress best: I thought of Aubrey Beardsley, who was one of the ancestors of the novel manner—the aesthetic caricature—in all the arts. I recognize the justification of this method, tho' too old and mild to adopt it; but I don't see why ungrammatical or vulgar phrases should be lugged in. I don't want to be reminded of the Bowery when reading about Confucius.

Rome, Mar. 16, '24 GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**26 March 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

March 26 1924

Dear Strong

I didn't answer your long philosophical epistle because although there were perhaps some new minor points in it, the position seemed unchanged as a whole, and I could have said only old irritating things if I had attempted to traverse your various statements. It is much better that we should drop this subject. When your joint book is out I shall have time to

study it and try to profit by it, before my own is published; so that it will not be too late to convert me, if that is your intention.

It is still cool and cloudy here and I hate the thought of moving for the present. I have got back to the big book, and also have been doing bits of the novel at odd moments—at table, or in the Pincio. I don't feel like interrupting this favourable spell: although perhaps if the Chetwynds turn up, and Hamilton Potter whom I am also expecting, the literary current may be turned off, and I may feel more willing to interrupt everything. But in any case I see no object in going for a week to Fiesole. You had better go at your own convenience: Margaret I suppose will return to Paris before the end of April, and I think I should in any case not stay in the apartment, because you are full of this problem of re-stating your theory, and I am full of quite different matters, and we should only tire one another to no purpose: and even if we forced ourselves not to revert to the old, old discussion, there would always be an unpleasant strain in not reverting to it. In fact, considering that Drake is coming to Paris later, it has occurred to me that I might stay in Italy all summer, going to Venice, and then to the Dolomites and the Lakes (I have never been in either place) and I could join you in Fiesole, for a long stay, when you returned. This is no fixed plan, but only a notion, and I should like to hear what you think of it. Perhaps, if I had another six months of straight quiet work, I might do wonders both with the Realms and the novel. The Dialogues I regard as finished, although there may be a second set eventually.

I am glad Margaret is going to Madrid and hope [*across*] her impressions of Cosas de España will be agreeable. Yours ever G. S.

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**To Frederick J. E. Woodbridge or Wendell T. Bush**

3 April 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Rome, April 3, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Woodbridge or M<sup>r</sup> Bush

May I count on your indulgence in printing this long article, although it repeats what was printed in the Journal years ago? It is, however, very

much developed, and I suspect most of your present readers have never read, and would never be likely to read, the old article.

The marginal summary, I think, is of some value; but it is not essential in an article, and may be left out. Or you might introduce it in the form of a first sentence, in italics, at the opening of the paragraph in which it figures.

Yours sincerely  
G Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

18 April 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
April 18, 1924.

Dear Strong

Your plan is excellent and I am very glad you have made up your mind to take Aldo and the car to Paris. It will make all the difference in your comfort and freedom there. As for me, though I recognize that the trip to Paris would have great advantages, I think I had better stick to my idea of going to Venice for as long a stay—a mere continuation of my routine here—as the weather and other circumstances will permit; whether I shall then go to the Tyrol or the Lakes, or to Paris, can be decided when the moment arrives. I have not been working so hard as to need a holiday, and the excitements of a motor trip and of a series of different inns would be more an interruption than a rest for me in my present mood. On the other hand, for you all that will be a pleasant stimulus: and in Paris, with the car, you will not be so confined and will not miss a companion. So that I think you had better not count on me. If I should go to Paris in mid-summer, and you were returning in the same way to Italy in October, it might be a better moment for me to join you and enjoy the journey.

The Chetwynds have turned up, but all is not plain sailing with a family of children. The mother is all anxiety and all interruptions; Randolph has become a superior person and turns up his nose at every thing not according to his set views; and now Joan, the youngest, is in bed with a fever and rash, and they are somewhat alarmed.

It is a relief to hear that the last page of my "Preface" pleases you, because I had some qualms about it. It came to me all at once, like a poem, and afterwards I was not sure that it was intelligible or that I quite understood it myself. Your approval confirms me in the feeling that it had better stand as it is, without being tampered with in cold blood and perhaps spoilt.

I have sent Chapter I, on "Some Meanings of the Word *Is*" to the Columbia Journal, in which the old article under that title appeared originally. Several chapters following are entirely finished, and I see the top of the hill in front of me—I mean the completion of the part on "The Realm of Essence". The other three parts, I think, will take shape more readily.

I have received a book on Causation by Ducasse of Seattle in which he shows convincingly that causation is not a matter of laws but of substantial derivation of particular from particular. I have [*across*] always believed that, without expressing it clearly. I put it, by the way, in my own words, not in his!

Yours ever GSantayana

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**To Curt John Ducasse**

19 April 1924 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brown)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, April 19, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Ducasse

It is no ordinary note of thanks that I owe you for your book on "Causation", because at an age when one has abandoned the hope of learning anything new, you have really taught me something which I hope to keep by me and to incorporate into my philosophy—namely, that causation is not a law but an observable derivation of fact from fact in particular instances. In one sense, like Columbus' egg, this is not new to me; and you say Mercier and Joseph have pointed it out; but though I have seen both gentlemen (and they are very different) I have not studied their writings, and it is not probable that I ever shall. In fact, something of the

sort is said or hinted, by the way, in my “Scepticism and Animal Faith”; but I can’t give you a reference, as I have no books here. If I remember, I say there that when not an arbitrary assignment of magic influence, cause is “the principle of generation in nature”; but this phrase (if it is this phrase) is loose and ambiguous. I meant, however, that the birth of thing from thing is causation—which is what you, in your clearer and more explicit language, now confirm me in believing.

Heartily as I agree with your main thesis, I had a feeling that perhaps you were not in dramatic sympathy with Hume and Mill in their analysis, and avoided the issue that was uppermost in their minds. Even at the end, when you enumerate the senses in which one may ask “why” effect follows on cause, you do not mention what I suspect was their problem, namely, what internal relevance there was between cause and effect, to be the reason for their sequence. People expect to have an insight into this connexion, such as they have in action, or in an answer to prayer, or obedience to an order given, or the execution of a plan. In such cases an image of the consequent is a part of the antecedent, and seems to announce and usher it in; in deduction also the consequence follows because it is contained in the premises. On this ground too identity of substance binds the material and the product in nature more closely together than if they were unsubstantial disjointed perceptions. The change of forms remains unexplained, which you rightly say is all that requires a cause; yet the continuity of substance, which needs no explanations, partly reconciles the observer to that change (which it also keeps within limits) and so gives him a feeling that causation is intelligible, or ought to be so, beneath its actual working. People, in a word, desiderate a dialectical or moral unity in natural sequences, and it was the absence of this ~~dise~~ desideratum the Hume and Mill pointed out.

There is a point at the end, in respect to the nature of philosophy, which I am not sure I understand. Is it a mere valuation on the part of the idealist that makes it “true” that the model of nature is within his mind, not his mind an item in the world of nature? Can the opposite valuation on the part of the materialist render the opposite equally “true”? And is the “liberalistic” view that both are true, or that neither is? And if the latter, what is the “true” liberalistic relation of mind to matter? I am puzzled by the (very prevalent) habit of calling truth a value. There may be a value in discovering the truth, or some part of it: but what I understand by the truth (and I think I am following your maxim in this and sticking to current

usage) is something waiting to be recognized and perhaps valued, but not ambiguous or variable with human interest in it. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Elizabeth Stephens Fish Potter**

22 April 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, April 22, 1924

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Potter

It is some time now since Hamilton came and went and you have probably heard from him something about our interveiws. I felt, as in the case of Warwick last year, that I had known him all my life, and he is, if anything, even easier to accept familiarly, as someone who of course has always been there. I had expected more of a gilded youth, the glass of fashion and the mould of form; and when I told him so, and said I was going to write to you in those terms, he naturally laughed, and said he really had—in his youth—taken great pains about his clothes, and still wore some of his father's waistcoats. But of course I had other things than clothes in

mind; but I often find that people don't quite understand my rhetoric, and I don't find it easy to convey what I feel otherwise than through those figures of speech. It was the same again with Warwick: for children of yours and of Bob's both the boys are more unpretending, more like the standard young man, than seems natural; but it is due, I suppose, to the pressure of democracy and the vast unison of American life; nor is there anything to regret in it, when the prevalent type takes on so much sweetness and charm as it does in them. Toward the end, I did catch in Hamilton some slight echoes of the paternal manner, and even the waistcoats, when minutely scanned, did turn out to be of a superior and rare quality: but evidently the soft pedal has to be put on when any passage, nowadays, is in danger of seeming florid. Perhaps the next generation, after socialism and industrialism have petered out, may see a new crop of exquisite aesthetes and incroyables.

Hamilton treated me very affectionately and made me forget my years, or what is better still, made me glad to have them as an asset, which after all they are if one is willing to play with them.

I am thinking of staying in Italy this summer, as Strong is to have his motor car and another philosophical friend in Paris, and won't miss me, while I am in the midst of a long pull at my opus magnum which I hope may bring it to completion, so that I should like to continue the routine of my life here, which agrees with me very well. My idea is to go to Venice first (where I have not been since we were there together at the Casa Frollo) and then to Cortina d'Ampezzo, and possibly to the Lakes, returning here for the winter.

[across] I wish there was some chance of seeing you, but I see you are obdurate.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Ferris Greenslet**

26 April 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London.

Rome, April 26, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Greenslet

Of course it will be a satisfaction to me that you should include the verses you mention in your anthology, and I am glad that M<sup>rs</sup> Richards has found something to her purpose in my book. I don't know whether it would interest her to know that these lines were written at Gibraltar in 1887.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

26 April 1924 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 26, 1924

Dear George

Would you mind paying the enclosed bill, as I can't do so very well directly!

The plan I had in mind when I last wrote has matured and I have practically decided to remain this summer in Italy, going in a few weeks to Venice, then to Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Tyrol (now Italian territory) and perhaps later to the Italian lakes, returning here again, if all goes well, for the next winter. I have been well and comfortable in this hotel, and I think in my present mood, and while work is uppermost in my mind, I can hardly do better than to return here.

My friend Strong will not miss me in Paris, as he too is busy and is going to have another philosophical friend, Professor Drake of Vassar, with him

for a part of the summer. They are thinking of writing a book together which will at last solve the riddle of the universe. He is also going to take his Italian motor-car and chauffeur with him to Paris—a thing he has never done before for some unaccountable reason—and that too will contribute to give him a more varied round of occupations, as he can go on excursions and take his friends out for an airing in the Bois de Boulogne or beyond. You know he is partly paralysed, so that walking more than a few yards is impossible for him.

Josephine sent me a book about Arthur which I liked very much. I am glad she and her little boy are doing so well under the circumstances. Your star seems to be luckier in every respect, and I have no doubt you are making the most of the sunshine. America is now so obviously at the top of the tree, so far at least as prosperity goes, that you must all feel more than ever that it is the land of opportunity. Here too life seems pretty decent, and there are immense compensations for the comparatively small scale of business in the old world.

You had better address me <sup>C/o</sup> B. S. & C<sup>o</sup> as I don't know what hotels I shall be at, or for how long. Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

13 May 1924 • Venice, Italy (MS: Houghton)

<sup>C/o</sup> Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Venice, May 13, 1924

Dear George

Thank you for your letter of April 28 with its enclosures.

I am answering Scofield Thayer's inquiries. I hardly think my autobiography would be interesting, as there have been no events in my life and I have known few distinguished people. My novel will contain most of my observations on human nature, freed from personalities; and besides I am writing something which I call "Persons and Places" in which I mean to give some account, historically accurate but selective, of some scenes and characters that have remained in my memory.

I tremble to think what nonsense Miss Munsterberg may be writing about me and my father and mother: and Thayer will not be much nearer the mark. Perhaps I will after all follow your suggestion in composing if not an autobiography, at least a chronology of my life, with a few notes about the leading facts, so as to correct the inventions that may see the light in the impertinent press. I foresee that when I die there will be a crop of stories, most of them sentimentally benevolent and reminiscent, and some a little spiteful, about my supposed life and character: and although all this will blow over in a few weeks, it may be as well that there should be an authoritative document to which anyone may appeal who may be really interested in the facts. If I write such a chronology I will send you a copy, because (as this incident shows) you too are not very well informed about this branch of our family history.

I came to Venice from Rome about a week ago, accompanied by two of the Chetwynd children, a boy of eighteen and a girl of sixteen. Their mother, formerly Augusta Robinson of New York, and sister of a great friend of mine, was detained in Rome by the illness of another child, and was glad to have me take charge of the two elder ones, so that they might not miss seeing Venice. It is rather a curious experience to stand in this way in loco parentis to two young persons, and I find it pleasant enough, especially as they look after me much more than I look after them: but I shall not be sorry when, in two or three days, I regain my usual bachelor solitude.

I had not been in Venice for twenty five years, and find it charming and very cool. [across] I expect to remain for a month or two.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

[across page one] P.S. Will you please send \$25 in my name to the Hasty Pudding Club building fund. I see no further address given, but I suppose there is a treasurer.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

16 May 1924 • Venice, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Venice, May 16, 1924

Hotel Bauer-Grünwald

Dear Strong

I came here ten days ago—sooner than I expected—and under strange though (as it has turned out) very pleasant circumstances. Until this morning I have been accompanied by two of the Chetwynds, Philip and Betty, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen. Randolph had gone back to Oxford and Joan, the youngest, was in a private hospital with scarlet fever, and as I saw that the others were much disappointed at having to stay in Rome and miss their intended tour, I suggested that they might come with me to Venice. They and their mother jumped at the idea, and there was nothing left for me but to carry it out. I have had a nice time, keeping in my room as usual in the morning, and sometimes leaving them to do their sight-seeing alone in the afternoon as well: but we had our meals together, and spent the evenings in the piazza or in a gondola or in talk. They are very nice children—Betty quiet and Philip lively, and they have very nice manners and have behaved very well. The only unpleasant part was having to dine in this German hotel in a hot room on not very good fare: but that is now over, and I have made an arrangement by which I can have both my meals out, and have already begun to make trial of the Venetian restaurants, which seem to promise well. I have a curious little room on the ground floor, looking out on the terrace and the Grand Canal, where in spite of some passing and voices in the morning, I enjoy great inner privacy, and find I am able to work well.

Venice is lovely, but warm and suggestive of swells: I don't know how long I shall like to stay, but there is no need of deciding until the time comes. For the present I am quite happy.

I hope your trip was not fatiguing and that Aldo will make himself over into an expert Parisian and enable you to spend your afternoons pleasantly and with more freedom than in other years. Don't hesitate to ask Drake to the apartment if you would like to have him there. If I come to Paris later, I should in [*across*] any case prefer to go to a hotel, as during the last two summers. What of Margaret?

Yours ever G. Santayana

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

17 May 1924 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

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VENEZIA—

CANAL GRANDE PRESO DAL PALAZZO DON CARLOS CON LA CHIESA DELLA SALUTE

Hotel Bauer-Grünwald,

Venice, May 17, 1924.

I came here ten days ago with some friends (who have now left) and am comfortably settled for as long a time as the weather may remain agreeable and work may be possible. Venice is extremely attractive and I have a hermit's cell overlooking the Grand Canal, but quiet internally. Love to all from Jorge

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

22 May 1924 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bauer-Grünwald  
Venice May 22, 1924

Dear Strong

Margaret's letter (which I return) is just what I should have expected of her visit to Madrid under such auspices: she has got an impression of the outsides of the top.

You will soon reconcile yourself to the universal light gray of the apartment, and it must be nice to see it all so clean. But have the telephone and the chauffage central been smuggled in also?

The Germans are certainly numerous here, and as this hotel is their own, one who comes to it can hardly complain of their presence. I looked everywhere, when the Chetwynds left, for a better place, but could find nothing: the rooms are well kept, the first breakfast is appetizing (with Vienna rolls) and I take my other meals out, so that the Teutonic invasion does not annoy me. In the late afternoon I explore "Venice on foot," guided by a book with that title which I got in Rome and which I have cut up into sections (each with its own map) which go conveniently into the pocket. I have also found a very pleasant modest restaurant, where I eat at a little table with a shaded lamp close to the street-door (which is wide open) and where there are only Italians and an occasional elderly British

pair who have come on their travels after the marriage of their last daughter. It is warm, but as yet quite tolerable, and the evening in the Piazza is a great sight.

I am making progress in the Book, though as yet there is no sensational result to announce. I have nothing to read for the moment, but don't mind so much as there is so much to look at, and I go to bed (by the lights in the terrace outside) as soon as I get back in the evening from a stroll by the sea-front, the Piazza, and the cafés. When I am ready to go to Cortina I will order some books to be sent there from Oxford as there I shall not be able to lead the life of a flâneur and a boulevardier.

If Cortina turns out to be a failure, you will see me in Paris, but let me repeat that you mustn't abstain from giving my room to Drake or to anyone else who may turn up, as I should go in any case to a hotel. Yours ever

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

4 June 1924 • Venice, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bauer Grünwald  
Venice, June 4, 1924

Dear Strong

I am sending you a play by Giordano Bruno, although it is indecent in parts, so that you may read at least the last scene. Manfurio is better than anything in the Mariage Forcé.

I am having an enchanted floating existence here (not that I ever take a gondola) and wish it could last for ever. Venice is more excitingly beautiful than anything I have ever seen—and I had been here twice before without seeing it! The weather has threatened twice to become oppressive, and then has relented. I have found a second nice restaurant—out in the middle of a little piazza in front of the Teatro Fenice, where I now go to dine, surrounded by towering old walls and a deep saphire sky. Nevertheless, I have written to have my letters sent to the Hotel Cristallo, Cortina d'Ampezzo, as at any moment I may be driven away by heat.

Work continues lazily.

Yours ever  
G.S.

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**To Curt John Ducasse**

28 June 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Brown)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Cortina, June 28, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Ducasse

I have not yet thanked you for your article in defence of "Ontological Liberalism", with which I entirely agree (save perhaps at one point, about which a word presently) and which interests me particularly now that I am at work on "Realms of Being". Your analysis of the problem, exhibition of the verbal character of it, and of the eulogistic meaning of "reality", seem to me all admirably true and clear. But now as to the point of possible divergence.

If "real" is a eulogistic term relative to private interests, it should be left (shouldn't it?) to the tender mercies of poets and newspapers, and when we use it in our speculations it should be in our concomitant capacity of human babblers, without giving it any importance, except rhetorically.

As you probably know, or will when you read my first chapter of "Realms of Being" in the "Journal", I am in the habit of using the word "existence" instead of "reality" (because the "non-existence" is naught indifferent to me) for a presumptive sphere, defined by me as that in which beings have external and variable relations, or in other words, as contingent and in flux. Being defined in this way, „the existent“ is or includes all that is dynamic, and therefore all that interests practical people in their transitive thoughts; and it includes all action, movement, and conduct. It might be called Americanly real. But (as you show) it need not be real for the oyster, the poet, or the mystic. Now, is it or is it not incompatible with

“Ontological Liberalism” to confine the word “existence” to this dynamic realm, to nature? Is this contrary to good English usage? And if so, is not some name of the kind to be given to a sphere which, in one sense, forces the recognition of its emphatic reality and arbitrary limits upon everybody, since it conditions the existence even of his most rapt contemplation or most passive pleasures?

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

29 June 1924 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Cristallo  
Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy.  
June 29, 1924

Dear George

Will you kindly send a cheque for \$100 in my name to the insatiable people whose circular is enclosed?

After two weeks I find Cortina very congenial. There is much cloud, rain, and thunder, but beautiful clear intervals “coolth” (as a poetic friend of mine calls it) and material comfort. The village school-master, a Sicilian about thirty years of age, bursting in his skin, is giving me Italian lessons, and as he knows no other language, not even Latin, I am at least obliged to practice conversation, and he is a jolly creature, and keeps me from being entirely alone solitary, because I leave the old English ladies, Argentine tourists madly motoring, and misguided American females severely alone. I expect now to stay here all summer, and hope to accomplish great things in the way of literary labour, perhaps to finish the first part of my “big book” and the novel!

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

16 July 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Cristallo, Cortina  
July 16, 1924

Dear Strong

I am glad to hear such good news from you in every way, and the fact that Drake is writing the book on his own responsibility is fortunate for you, as it saves you no end of anxiety, and leaves you free to sum up your views and dot his i's and cross his t's (if you feel so disposed) in a subsequent book or paper of your own. I have no doubt that his book will play a valuable part in the contemporary American movement, but it may not absolutely settle everything for ever. Movements are all like that of the Earth: e pur sì muove.

My own work is going on slowly but steadily; I have a chapter on "Essence & Feeling" which might, if you saw it, spoil the article you say you have in mind about Essence and Intuition in my phislosophy. I will therefore not send it to you, especially as you don't like to read advanced sheets.

The weather here has become delightful, and the place is filling up with Italian and other trippers and tourists; but I am quite comfortable and satisfied to stick it out until the middle of September, when I understand things come to an end here—until the winter season. The valley is really most wonderfully beautiful, varied, and sublime: there are moments, especially in the evening, when only poetry could do it justice. Materially, too, it is a nice place: healthy, sturdy, prosperous peasants, pleasing houses, good first-class family fare at the hotel, great cleanliness, and sufficient quiet for work. I am not altogether alone, either, because I am taking a daily lesson in Italian from the village schoolmaster, a fat youngish Sicilian whose Christian name is Rosario (a woman's name in Spanish) for whom I write an exercise and with whom I have an hour's conversation, necessarily in Italian, since he doesn't know a word of anything else, not even Latin. I talk to him about the most advanced subjects, as best I can, because his own lights and subjects are naturally rather limited; and though I feel that I am too old to learn anything new, I daresay at the end of the summer I shall have acquired a little more ease in the language.

I had asked Onderdonk to come from Vienna to make me a visit, but he says he is tired of mountains, and wants to come to some big town when

I leave this place: so that I expect he will join me in September or [*across*] October. I am thinking of going through Trent and Verona to Bologna and Florence and (if it is still hot there) to Siena, where I haven't been for an age.

Yours ever G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I wonder if you could send me my old Baedeker for "Italy from the Alps to Naples". I believe I have one in our common collection. Also [*across page one text*] please give Drake my regards, and a copy of "Scepticism" (if he wants it).

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

26 July 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Cortina, July 26, 1924

Dear Sirs,

Whenever anyone asks for permission to quote from any of my books, you may assume that you have my consent. It is for you to decide whether the quotation amounts to an infringement of copyright: although I should think, in most cases, citation of extracts would be a valuable advertisement, and that it would be in your interest to agree to it; unless, indeed, you find that the more an author is quoted, the less anyone will wish to buy his books.

Yours faithfully  
 GSantayana

To M<sup>essr</sup> Constable & C°

**To George Sturgis**

29 July 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

---

c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 29, 1924

Dear George

Following a suggestion of yours I have begun to write an Autobiography, and almost at the beginning I feel the need of a document which you may possibly have seen among your father's papers. It is a testimonial of friendship and admiration presented to your great grandfather José Borrás by the citizens of Winchester, Virginia, in 1832 or thereabouts. If I remember it was rather yellow and torn, and you had better not send it to me; but its phraseology is quaint and old-fashioned, and if you have it at hand and could have it copied, I should be much obliged. This residence of José Borrás in Virginia was the source of my whole connection with America, the English language, and the Sturgis family: because the reason my mother married your grandfather George Sturgis of Manila was that she spoke English and had sympathetic feelings towards America, where she lived in her early childhood: and the rest all follows from that marriage.

I am staying on here, surrounded by rugged Alps, because I find I am comfortable and can work easily. The first part (there are to be four in all) of my "big book" is finished, and I believe the rest will be easier to put in shape. It rains a great deal and though the sun is hot at midday (when it shines) cool if not cold weather soon comes on, and the nights are always fresh. It is a most beautiful valley, and in my walks I sometimes feel a wonderful elation, as if I were a real poet and lover of nature, which I have always believed I was not.

Yours aff<sup>w</sup>

G. S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

3 August 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Cristallo, Cortina

August 3, 1924

Dear Strong

Since I last wrote we have had some Summer days: now it is raining again and chilly, but I think I can manage to stay on certainly until September 1<sup>st</sup> and perhaps longer. Although not always comfortable, the season has been good for me for work. I don't think I shall go to meet you in Genoa: I would rather go to Verona and Bologna, or even back to Venice, if I can't stay here. I shall be glad to join you at the villa a few days after your own arrival. I shall be almost without clothes, and shall have to have them made at once in Florence. Pinsent said there was a good tailor. By the way, I suppose, as you travel by motor, you will send your trunk separately by rail, and it occurs to me that perhaps it might not be too much trouble for you to send on <sup>to</sup> Florence with yours, <sup>a</sup> bag of mine, a large kit-bag, the one I left at the apartment when I returned from England last year. It is locked and full of clothes. If the key is necessary to open it at the frontier, I think Marie would be able to find it among a bunch of small keys which I believe are in the red pocket of another half-empty Gladstone bag in the trunk room. It is a small long key with three little prongs. If you don't find it, I could send you the one I have. Or could the examination be made in Florence?

It is a compliment that they should have discussed essences in England at all, and of course they would ridicule the whole idea, because if entertained it would destroy their whole philosophy, which consists in believing that appearances are substances. As to Broad in particular, since I saw him I have lost all interest in anything he may think. I am a little puzzled, however, when you say "you are not sure about essences in perception". I suppose essences must be there; what is perceived must have some character: but perhaps you mean that you are not sure that the datum is not more than an essence, that it is not a thing having that essence. If you take this line you merely return to the traditional English view which conceives that <sup>experience,</sup> perception, or sensation is a fact conscious of its own nature and existence: and neo-Realism only changes that view by not calling those facts perceptions. Of course I am in an entirely different camp: and it is the idealists, rather, who will agree with me at this point: my quar-

rel with them is in cosmology, not in the analysis of experience. I believe in what they regard as fictions: but I agree that they are fictions in their own persons; fiction or myth being the only possible knowledge of fact.

Yours ever

G.S.

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**To Robert Seymour Bridges**

15 August 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Bodleian)

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Cortina d'Ampezzo  
August 15, 1924

My dear Bridges

Little do Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> imagine that they are an impediment to communication, but that is because they do not expect to have poets for clients. They think on the contrary that it is a blessing for correspondents not to have to think where their wandering friends may be at the moment, but need only send a line to Pall Mall, and it will reach them at the farthest limits of the earth or in the most remote and obscure hiding-place. However, if the thought of this intermediary, like a central telephone office, puts your friendly impulse in an unpleasant suspense, you may always imagine that I am in Avila—that is an address easily remembered and quite sufficient, as every foreign letter that comes to the place is taken to my sister's house. In fact, I am hardly ever there, as both the climate and the family [*'X' in margin*] life which I am constrained to lead are rather trying. My other permanent address is 9, Avenue de l'Observatoire in Paris: but this is harder to remember exactly, and as I am not there except at rare intervals, a letter might be lost. I am glad that, in spite of the disconcerting medium, you wrote to Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, for here is your very kind letter, safely in my hands without undue delay. This safe arrival of letters committed to a letter-box has always been a source of a mystic wonder to me: although I profess to be a materialist, it is hard for me to preserve a "realizing sense" of the material world and all its mechanical connexions: it seems a strange tale.

Your boldness in going to America at all rather astonished me, but once having taken the plunge I can well imagine that you found it tolerable, and even appealing to that vague tenderness for mankind which I suppose is in all our hearts. Often, in these hotels in which I live, I am annoyed at the American parties that loudly take possession of the next table, and deluge

me with commonplaces and bad slow jokes, and then, if something obliges me to "make their acquaintance" and, as it were, to become one of their party, I immediately lose all consciousness of their trying tones and sentiments, and am entirely absorbed by a sort of contagious kindness and hearty simplicity which reigns among them. I am glad to know that you and M<sup>rs</sup> Bridges have not only survived the ordeal, but profited by it in health and energy. How nice and quiet Chiswell must seem!

You speak of my "desertion of England." I don't feel that I have deserted: I have got my discharge. There is no place I should rather spend the rest of my life in, if my free inclination were omnipotent: but I should have to make myself younger, less sensitive to chill and damp, less disinclined to travel (because I shouldn't like to give up my other haunts, Avila, Rome, Paris) and able to find a place, simple but comfortable enough, in which I could work without interruption. When I was in England last year I was not well and not comfortable. Possibly it was for this [*'X' in margin*] reason that I felt <sup>that</sup> everything was somewhat changed, materially and morally: less peace, less deference, less facility in obtaining services or small comforts. It was very like America. If I lived in England now I fear I should feel that sort of pressure which drove me away from America—that same difficulty in escaping and being at peace. The resource of living quite in the country is not open to me, unless I took a house and servants, which of itself would be perdition. Of course, I hope soon to return to Oxford, but in the summer, and when I have no definite work in hand. At present I am deep in "Realms of Being": but even under the most favourable circumstances, it is hard to remain faithful to such a task, and last winter in Rome, for instance, I turned to quite another project, and wrote some "Dialogues in Limbo", which will probably see the light before the other book is finished.

I think I have heard of Mencken, but who is Owen Young? My Americana are very ancient.

You don't know how pleasant it is to hear a good word said of my chapter on Royce. I did enjoy writing it, not only "maliciously" but also imaginatively, in trying to call up the complete figure and tragedy of such a man, a patient voluminous straggling mind, with a sort of childish insistence and stubbornness in fundamental matters—puzzled and muddled, and yet good and wise. It is not a complete picture—I hadn't the facts before me and could not have made public use of them in any case: but I think there is enough to sketch the personage in outline, and strike the characteristic note. Of course, his friends and disciples were angry: it was

so unlike an obituary notice. One (a pragmatist, I [*'X' in margin*] suppose) said <sup>that</sup> my account would be true in twenty-five years, but was utterly false today.

Here there are so many English people that when I go to tea in "The English Tearooms", I might almost be at the "George". I peeped in there when I was last at Oxford, but found it so disgustingly changed that I immediately went out again. Cortina is a good place for the pedestrian, I don't mean only for the Alpine adventurer, but for the peripatetic philosopher; clouds and frequent rain keep the summer cool—almost too cool; and the noisy Italians in the hotel do not seriously disturb me in my own corner. Besides, I like Italians.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

15 August 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Cristallo Cortina

Aug. 15, 1924

Dear Strong

I am sending you <sup>(in a separate parcel)</sup> the key to my kit-bag, and am sorry to have given and to be giving ~~\$~~you so much trouble. I thought I had an extra key; and there is this circumstance, that even when unlocked the bag sticks, and some force and patience are required to pull it open. This is because it has been knocked out of shape in a previous journey. It is old, and I don't care in what condition it arrives, if the contents are not lost. It contains my only whole pair of trousers, urgently needed for decency's sake until I can have clothes made. Also beautiful quasi-silk sky-blue pyjamas.

I shall be glad to read your five type-written pages, although I foresee that I shall find the same old difficulty in understanding your categories. Perhaps Drake's exposition may enable me to catch your point of view from a new angle, and turn it more successfully into my own language. The whole question is, I think, rather one of logic than of facts Of course, essences are not facts at all: and I shouldn't ask any one to put essences in

that plane—that would be metaphysics—but at most to understand why, in the presence of posited facts, I find it enlightening to distinguish the given appearance from the presumptive reality.

I am now in the midst of the “realm of matter,” which I am treating very sceptically and romantically indeed; nothing that the Einstein people can object to, except a little “malicious” sympathy with their hypothesis.

The Dial has been very slow with my Dialogues. The second Avicenna appears this month and they have two Socrates dialogues still to print. I am not going to send them the others, but to get the book out—it is practically ready—as soon as those two are in print.

It is cold here, but very exhilarating, and I hope to stay several weeks longer.

Yours ever GSantayana

### To Maurice Firuski

27 August 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Cortina, Aug. 27, 1924

My dear Mr. Firuski

Will you please send me a copy of “Culture and Democracy in the U.S.”, by Horace M. Kallen, Boni & Liveright? Perhaps you had better register it, and send it directly to

Villa Le Balze

Fiesole, Florence, Italy

where I expect to be next month. Italian post-offices are a little careless sometimes.

I have not heard from Mr. la Rose since I returned the sheets of “Lucifer” some months ago. I hope they arrived safely.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

If you know of any books, such as Mr. Kallen's that you think would give me light on what is going on, spiritually I mean, in America, I should be very glad if you would send them, or at least a notice of them, so that I might order them, as I read no American papers (except the Dial!) and might easily miss something of moment. I have Mr. Babbitt's diatribe against democracy, which I largely agree with, and for that very reason hardly need to read.

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**To George Sturgis**

31 August 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Cortina d'Ampezzo  
August 31, 1924

Dear George

The fine photograph of Rosamond and the boys arrived on the day after I had written to you, and I put off thanking you for it until the next occasion for a letter. I am very glad to see how Rosamond really looks in daily life: you are to be congratulated on having found a half—I won't say so much better than the other—but so fit, to make good any deficiencies which your own half might have had, if it had had any. As to the boys, the phases of life pass by very rapidly at that age, but they both have an air of meaning to fight their way through the world, regardless of all obstacles, and of being able to do so. Health and energy! Yes, but people in the evening of life feel that there is a sort of danger in these privileges: so few people with strength know how to use it in securing something worth having, or in aiming at something attainable.

The document which you send me is very useful for my purpose: it settles dates, and it suggests that your great grandfather, though appointed American consul, had not become an American citizen (as I had supposed) as he is described as "of Spain", and nothing is said of his naturalization. This is a point of interest, as it relieves him of any reproach in having afterwards taken office under the Spanish government. This document, however, is not the one I had in mind: possibly my memory has played pranks and there was no other; but in my mind's eye I see a testimonial of good character, democratic virtue, and noble sentiments, given (as I said) by his "affectionate fellow citizens". It doesn't matter; the smile I had hoped to excite in the reader will be reserved for another occasion.

My "big book", in one sense, has been complete for a long time, in as much as the last page is in existence: but it is a mass of incongruous and sometimes inconsistent stuff, and has to be revised and rearranged. It is this revision that I am now at work on, and hope to finish within a year.

Meantime, another book, "Dialogues in Limbo", may appear: some of them are coming out in The Dial.

It is now wintry here, but I am staying on, having a room with a German "oven" in it, and finding the air bracing. Yours aff<sup>d</sup>y

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

11 September 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina Sept. 11, 1924

Dear Strong

Since the first of September we have had a complete change of weather, summer again after what seemed like winter. I have often thought of your journey and rejoiced that it was favoured by such an unexpected turn in the weather. I hadn't supposed that you would reach Fiesole so soon, and as Onderdonk is not coming (he has gone to America on business) I have been staying on. Most of the people have left, but Cortina is at its best, and I am in the midst of a chapter, so that I feel inclined to remain a few days longer. I am writing to London to have my letters sent to the villa, and will send you, word, by letter or telegram, when I fix the day for starting. I suppose you are not expecting anyone else, so that a day sooner or later will make no difference

How classical you have become! No wonder, with your residence in Italy and your Latin reading. But aren't you going rather far in condemning flying buttresses? No doubt the motive was only economy—economy in carrying out an extravagant plan; and you may condemn this as not worthy of Aristotle's magnanimous man. But I have always believed that the frankness of exhibiting such a device, and using it decoratively, had been rewarded by the effect. Sometimes the light and shade play wonderfully among those buttresses, and the labyrinthine effect is in itself poetical. As to thin columns, I agree: I have never liked them. When people

speak of “lightness” and “clarity of design” in Gothic churches, I feel that they are picking out the faults: the true beauties are loftiness, intricacy, mystery, and tenderness of detail, so that one lovely nook after another is found nestling in the vast ill-defined whole. “Clarity” should go not with “lightness” but with elegance and modesty on the human scale.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To John Boynton Priestley**

15 September 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Texas)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Sept. 15, 1924

J. B. Priestly, Esq

Dear Sir,

Your book, which I have read entire, has given me rare pleasure, and I admire the courage with which, in criticizing those of us who are still living, you have faced the hard choice between truth and courtesy. Courtesy has carried the day: not that everything you say is not, in detail, admirably true, but that it is impossible to tell, or perhaps to find, the central truth about a man without holding him at arm's length, treating him as an insensible object, and assuming the attitude, socially offensive, of a superior who sees all things under the form of eternity. Your sympathy and comradeship of mind forbid you to do that: and if thereby we escape, perhaps, ultimate humiliation at your hands, we also fail to receive the crown that the gods may have in store for us. For instance, in the case of A. E. Housman, it seems to me that with all your wonderful sympathy and insight, you don't say the final, the unifying, word. I was panting for it, expecting it to come, on page 83; but it isn't there. Of course the “contradiction” you are there considering is not a real one: what then is the secret of that double sentiment? Isn't it hopeless love? I don't mean love not returned, or cut off by ill luck: I mean the lacrimae rerum, the hopelessness of loving anything, because beautiful as it is, it exists, it is in flux, and we who love it are mortal also: and the very pang that rises in joy and wonder dies in despair. I cannot read Housman without tears, tears at the simplest things, rather than at the gruesome touches here and there: it is not death that is piteous, it is life. For that reason to love life and to love death are not contradictory.

In the midst of the one we are in the other, and to love anything really is to transpose it into the eternal world, into which we would gladly follow it.

I allow myself this sfogo (as the Italians here call it) because I wish to indicate in this other instance the sort of limitation which I feel there is in your account of myself—extraordinarily generous and intelligent as it is. You do not reach the centre, you do not discover the heart pumping the ~~through~~<sup>the</sup> blood through those devious veins and arteries. There is no contradiction in what you quote and comment on in p. 175. In recognizing the equal legitimacy of every creature, with his innate ethics, I do not renounce my own: the contradiction would come if, professing to admire integrity in lions or barbarians, I allowed my own integrity to be polluted or dissolved.

The same principle, applied more generally, is at the root of my “detachment” and “condescension”. Rogers (whom you quote just before) is perfectly right in attributing my “lack of influence” to these qualities; he is considering (as the critic in the Times is too) my uselessness to contemporary professors. But that is not because my philosophy is in the air. My philosophy is normal human orthodox philosophy, such as has come down from the Indians through the Greeks, to Spinoza. It is simply not Protestant philosophy. The problems of Protestant philosophy do not exist for me: I regard them as products of a confusion of thought, of a heresy. Catholic philosophy differs from the normal only in that it accepts sacred history as well as natural history as the true account of the facts: but when the facts are agreed upon, one way or another, philosophy has no real difficulty in discovering what to say. It has said everything essential already. To invent a philosophy would be not to have understood.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

15 September 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Cristallo, Cortina,  
Monday, Sept. 15, 1924

Dear Strong

The weather here continues so warm and beautiful that it seems a pity to leave and to interrupt the work going on under such favourable conditions. But I will fix a date—since this can't last for ever—say Monday next, the 22<sup>nd</sup> for my departure. I have to spend one night on the way, at Bologna, and should then arrive in Florence on Tuesday, the 23<sup>rd</sup> at 13.12. I shall have had lunch in the train, and that being your time for luncheon, I hope you won't come to the Station, but send Aldo, who knows me, and can take me up with my luggage, which is only bags.

If I should, for any reason, decide to start earlier, I will let you know. Otherwise you may expect me on that day.

The idea, which smiled on me from a distance, of stopping at Trent and Verona, or at Padua, loses its charm when time-tables, hotels, and changes of trains are narrowly considered: and when it is so Summer-like here, I am afraid it may be sultry in the valley. I shall therefore make a bee-line for your hospitable roof.

This hotel is now almost empty, and they moved me two weeks ago to one of their best rooms, with a German stove in it; but just then the weather turned, and there has been no occasion to light it.

I have been reading D'Annunzio's latest book "Le Faville del Maglio", tomo primo: an extraordinary hodge-podge not always intelligible to me, but with many beauties in it. Also Papini's *Dizionario dell' Omo Salvatico* —absurd and perverse, but also containing some good things. It suggests, as the Bolsheviks do in the opposite camp, that the Dark Ages may be really coming back; our philosophies may then be lost like the books of Livy, but we shall have enjoyed them none the less in our day.

[across] Yours ever GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

21 September 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Cristallo, Cortina  
Sunday, Sept. 21, 1924

Dear Strong

The summer weather continues in such force that I hesitate to abandon the mountains for the valleys, and think that both the journey and my visit to you at Fiesole will be pleasanter if put off until a little later. Shall we say until next week, so that I may arrive on the 30<sup>th</sup> instead of on the 23<sup>rd</sup>? Let me know, if this is convenient, because I am a little in doubt, not hearing from you for so long, how matters stand with you. Possibly you and Margaret too may wish to make some trip. If so, or whatever else may be in your mind, let me know frankly, as I could easily adjust my plans, which are all in the air, to any arrangement you wished to make.

There is no change here, except that both the hotel and the country are much more attractive than in August—warmer, less crowded, and more beautiful.

I have finished my chapter, but of course I have begun another.

Never mind my letters, if any, as there is probably nothing in them at all urgent.

Yours ever  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

26 September 1924 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Cristallo, Cortina  
Sept. 26, 1924

Dear Strong

You may expect me on Tuesday, the 30<sup>th</sup> at 13.12: if there should be any impediment, which I don't expect, I will telegraph

After the rain of the day before yesterday, the weather here has grown much cooler, though still fine, and I hope to find the journey not too hot. I have become very apprehensive of journeys, startings, and stopping at hotels; my instinct is to remain where I am, if I can once manage to feel at home, and settled into a pleasant routine.

I suppose Margaret has been at the Lido, not in Venice itself, and that she will soon find the sea-side uninteresting, and will come home. Nothing is more dismal than a circus breaking up. Here on the contrary, the departure of the gay contingent has seemed to restore things to their natural calm, as when the party of noisy tourists goes out of the church. The month of September here has been really wonderful. Perhaps some year you would like to come here before returning to Fiesole. With a car you could see everything and be perfectly comfortable.

A bientôt.

G.S.

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

10 October 1924 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Congress)

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October 10, 1924

VILLA LE BALZE

FIESOLE

TEL. 14-35

Dear Smith

I have delayed answering your letter until my plans had taken shape. It now seems likely that I shall stay here a week or two longer, and then go to Rome with Strong, in his motor. In that case I hope to find you and the Berensons still there. Strong will return in a few days to Fiesole, but I expect to settle down in Rome, at the hotel Bristol, for the winter. I was comfortable there last year.

It will be very nice to see you again.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Pierre de Chaignon la Rose**

3 November 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Morgan)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 3, 1924

Dear la Rose

Today at last, sitting enjoying the golden warmth and light of a glorious afternoon in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, I have succeeded in making a version of the lines of Catullus which you had copied. I have been carrying them in my pocket for some time and had some scraps of translation ringing in my head, but the thing had never taken shape until this moment. It is a very Italian piece, childish, full of repetitions and sobs; and I have tried to catch something of its passion, while letting other things go.

My friend Strong brought me here a week ago in his motor, and on the way we stopped to lunch with the daughter of Bayard Cutting, who is settled in a farm near Monte Pulciano with her young and charming husband Marchese Antonio Origo. Strong has returned to Fiesole, and I am looking forward to six months of peaceful existence and work. Rome is a particularly pleasant place to me: I like the solidity of its stones, the nearness of the green country, the troupes of theological students of all nations, the soldiers and sailors and Facisti, and the combination of modern comfort with a suggestion of grandeur and a great deal of Bohemian freedom and simplicity. Vale.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

4 November 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Houghton)

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FIESOLE • PANORAMA DI S. FRANCESCO

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Nov. 4. 1924. Thanks for your letter of Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup>.—I came here with Strong, by automobile, about a week ago and am established exactly as last winter, I hope for six months. Strong has returned to Florence, and left me to my own resources. It is still summer here and I am very well.

G.S

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

12 November 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol, Roma

Nov. 12, 1924. I am glad to know you arrived safely, and found the fruits of your labours matured in your absence. It will be interesting to see how far Montague has moved.—My alarm about a cold was needless, as it turned out to be nothing; but I had a feeling for a moment that I had been imprudent, and perhaps it will serve to prevent some future accident from lapsing from the realm of essence.—Apropos of health, I went yesterday to an Italian dentist „to the Royal Family” for an appointment, and as he was unoccupied at the time, he took me in hand at once and cleaned my front teeth in five minutes, charging 30 lire. I suppose dentistry, like architecture,—is here a matter of façades.—Except for a day or two of rain, we have been having summer weather, and I am in high spirits. Last night I went to hear Lucia at the Quirino, given pleasantly enough without serious pretensions. It is the only day I have been out in the evening.—I have read “Cranford” for the first time and sent it to my sisters in Avila to remind them of Boston. G. S.

**To Alyse Gregory**28 November 1924 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Beinecke)

I wonder if you could send me (directly to the Hotel Bristol, Rome) another proof of my 1<sup>st</sup> article on “Self-Government”, and two or three proofs of the 2<sup>nd</sup> article, as soon as these are ready? I don’t ask for them because I wish to make any changes; but because I have no clean copy of them, and wish to send them as soon as possible to the publisher so as to get the volume of “Dialogues” under way.

G. Santayana  
Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Nov. 29, '24.

**To Maurice Firuski**

29 November 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, Nov. 29, 1924

Dear Mr. Firuski

Thank you for the three volumes just arrived which look interesting, although Small’s Economics is perhaps more ponderous than what my stomach can digest by way of hors-d’oeuvres.

Will you kindly send me (here to the Hotel Bristol, Rome) a copy of Professor Dixon’s “Racial History of Man”? I am reading Stoddard’s “Racial Realities of Europe” which I find entertaining, although I am ignorant of what he continually calls “modern science” (except that I know that some people’s heads are longer than others) and should like to know what this science “has proved”.

Another thing. I should like to send my old friend Mrs. C. H. Toy (at 8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge) a Christmas present, and hardly find anything here that she would not have to pay duties on if I sent it. I wonder if you could choose a book—something she would not be likely to buy or to read in a book-club, and that yet might interest her? All the better if a little ornamental and not cheap. If you are in doubt or have no time to think of such difficult problems, you might pass my request on to Pierre la Rose, and I shall be much obliged to both of you for your assistance.

Finally, please send my bill for everything to my nephew George Sturgis, 87 Milk Street, Boston, who will pay it for me.

I left my friends at Fiesole a month ago, and am settled in Rome for the winter.

If my peregrinations confuse you at any time about my address, it is always safe to write C/o Brown Shipley & Co.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Maurice Firuski**

5 December 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

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Rome, December 5, 1924

Dear Mr. Firuski

Since my note of the other day I have come upon a book which is just the thing I should like to give for Christmas presents: "The Pleasures of Architecture" by C. & A. Williams-Ellis, London, Jonathan Cape, Ltd. 11 Gower Street.

If you have it on hand, and have not found anything better for Mrs. Toy, you might send it to her in my name; and also please send a copy (indicating that it comes from me) to R. B. Potter, Esq. Antietam Farm, Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y.

If you have not this book in stock, you might send for two copies and despatch them to Mrs. Toy and Mr. Potter when they arrive—it doesn't matter that it should be long after the holiday season. But this does not cancel my request that you should choose something for Mrs. Toy for Christmas. All the better if she gets two books instead of one as they are not perishable goods.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

6 December 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

Dec. 6, 1924.

Thank you for your letter, and also for the pamphlet on Neo-Critical Realism. The latter has not illumined me. It seems as if the old method of angry controversy were better for sharpening one's ideas than is negotiation with a view to peace. You seem to be looking for a "formula" which both sides can accept, by each giving it his own meaning. The whole subject seems to me impossible, because there are radical vices and ambiguities in the terms.—As to my cold, it has not reappeared. We have lately had much rain, but very mild weather. I have lunched repeatedly with the Berensons, who are now going home. I expect Hans Reichhardt (Westenholz's friend) on the 22<sup>nd</sup> to stay until Jan. 1<sup>st</sup>. If you came at the same time you could talk German with him. Let me know if you do, because I don't go now to the Aragno, having returned to Raniere's: but of course, I would join you [*across*] at Aragno's any day you came There seems to be no difficulty yet about rooms. Yours G. S.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

8 December 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 8, 1924.

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

"Dialogues in Limbo" will, I hope, be ready in about a month. I am now at work on the final revision. What has delayed me is not the need of this so much as an accident, namely, that "The Dial" to which I sent four of the Dialogues many months ago has only published two as yet, and I have no clean copy of the other two. However, I have already written to New York asking for proofs or copies of these two dialogues, and as soon as they arrive I will send you the MS (half is in print) of the entire volume.

"Realms of Being", the sequel to "Scepticism & Animal Faith" is also well advanced and I expect to finish it within a year; or if not the whole,

at least a substantial part which might perhaps appear by itself, leaving the moral part for a second volume.

Yours sincerely    GSantayana

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**To Alyse Gregory**

9 December 1924 • Rome, Italy    (MS postcard: Beinecke)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

In continuation of my postcard of the other day, may I ask you, if the second dialogue on Self-Government is not to be had in proof as yet, kindly to have the MS type-written and to send me the copy at once?

I am sorry to give you this trouble, but the publisher is clamoring for the book, and it is being delayed only by the fact that I have no clean copy of these two Dialogues. I should therefore be grateful for copies of both.

G. Santayana

Dec. 9, 1924.

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**To George Sturgis**

9 December 1924 • Rome, Italy    (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 9, 1924.

Dear George

Of course your aunt Josephine must have got mixed up in writing that letter. My first impression is that she meant to ask for 5000 pesetas quarterly instead of 8000 pesetas semiannually, 8000 pesetas being, at the present rate of exchange, about equivalent to the \$1200 that you have been actually sending her every six months.

She may want this slight increase for presents and charities, since she has no occasion to spend on herself, and the sum she contributes to your aunt Susie's household expenses can't have grown larger. It is your aunt Susie rather than I who could explain to you the true inwardness of the mystery, if there be any mystery other than some slip of the pen.

The course you have taken seems to me sensible, and in any case will serve to cover the interval until you receive an explanation directly from your aunt Josephine. Of course you know she has never been able to fol-

low the intricacies of logic; yet in her old age she has developed a certain sharpness of wit in special directions, and I suspect that she had some definite notion of what she wished, only became confused in expressing herself.

Thank you for the snap-shots, which are excellent, and which I will send at once to Avila.

My automobile trip with Strong was only from his house at Florence, where I had been staying. We stopped two nights on the way, at Siena and Viterbo. I had gone from Cortina to Florence previously alone by rail. Motoring is splendid for seeing the country, but I find the material side of it—sitting in the carriage and going to different inns—rather trying after a day or two.

I shall be drawing the rest of my credit, £200, this month; it will last for a long time, but you might send me a fresh letter of credit (for £500) at your convenience. Like your aunt Josephine I have hopelessly fixed habits of not spending. However, they have put up the price a little in this hotel, and I expect a German friend as a guest for Christmas, and of course I deny myself nothing that would really give me pleasure—but most things no longer would do so.

You will also probably get a book-bill of mine from the Dunster Book-shop in Cambridge, which I should be much obliged if you would pay.

The Society (or League) of Nations is now sitting here, and it is supposed to be an "Anno Santo" or sort of Jubilee Year in religious circles; but I observe no great change in Rome in consequence. I usually go to lunch at a small restaurant in a side street, where there are usually the same people every day—English, for the most part—and everything is very cosy and familiar, including Beppino, the proprietor's son and chief waiter, who turns down my coat-collar and chooses a good pear for me out of pure affection; but yesterday we were startled by an invasion of American reporters who talked so loud that they set all the other tables shouting too in rivalry in French and German (the British remained inaudible) and the general hubbub became frightful, so that Beppino, noticing my distress, explained apologetically that this was all due to the League of Nations, which he called La Conferenza della Discordia.

Bobbie looks like the most vigorous of the little angels which one sees here painted on ceilings as if swimming in mid-air. He seems able to kick pretty hard.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

**To William Alexander Hammond**

10 December 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Cornell)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 10, 1924

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Hammond

I should be very glad to see M<sup>r</sup> Marshall's book on The Beautiful, and if you will entrust it to me I have no doubt that I shall be able to say something about it that will do as a notice. Should I be inspired to extend the notice to a regular article, I suppose you would have no objection.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana.

P.S. You may address me for the present as above, as I expect to remain here all winter.

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**To George Sturgis**

21 December 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 21. 1924.

Dear George

I have just received a letter from your aunt Josephine, and I will translate a part of it for your edification—not quite literally because her syntax is not always classical even in Spanish. It is apropos of my birthday, December 16, and says

"This is to congratulate you, dear Jorge, also for the reputation you have acquired as an author and philosopher. Now you might stop writing and rest your brain. I thought what I wrote to George quite simple because I

supposed it was time for him to send me a quarterly remittance at the end of the year, and I asked him for less, because I have \$1000 in the Bank of Spain not drawing interest. Perhaps I was wrong on the first point, and no remittance was due at New Year's. I also have little less in the Central Bank of Avila, where I mean to transfer something from the other bank, since the Central Bank is the one I draw on for my expenses."

The rest of the letter is about the grandchildren of Celedonio.

From this it would appear that the course you took will solve every difficulty, and that the figures in your aunt's letter were a jeu d'esprit. Her intention was to diminish the amount of your drafts, which she imagined had been quarterly, not semi-annual.

Please don't mention in writing to Avila that I have reported her words to me on this subject. It would confuse her further to feel that she was cross-examined, and since she became strong-minded in religious matters, she is sensitive about her intelligence and independence in other directions as well.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup> G.S.

### To Charles Augustus Strong

25 December 1924 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol  
Rome, Christmas Day  
1924.

Dear Strong

The anno santo has actually begun with a small barricade in front of Saint Peter's, which I saw by chance because I went to lunch there—sitting in the sun in front of a trattoria, without a coat, and quite warm on Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup>. I don't think that I shall want to move before the month of May or June: but if you want a change the obvious thing is for you to come here.

I am glad Margaret is so lively, and a trip to Egypt is the sort of thing she will enjoy, with interesting changes of scene and variety of people.

Romanones is an old aristocrat who has played all his life at politics out of deviltry and ambition, a clever rogue, but not for a moment to be trusted or to be taken seriously. Even the disjointed report in The Times shows what a farce and scandal the sort of governments were in which he

and his rivals spoiled one another's game, and said it was the luck of the cards or a stupid partner that did it. I doubt whether either in Spain or in Italy much can be done to mend matters, because industrialism and frivolity have not yet spent their force. There may first have to be a great catastrophe. I enclose an article of Dean Inge's which seems to point out very clearly that a catastrophe is inevitable. Of course every society is always destroying itself—what some people call "progress"—so that by a "catastrophe" I don't necessarily mean rivers of blood, but only the disappearance of present institutions and a change of problems.

Hans Reichhardt is now here but looks after himself and I see him only at meals. Yours ever

G. S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

3 January 1925 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 3. 1925

Dear Strong,

Will you kindly enclose this note to Margaret in your letter when you next write to her? I had no idea she was passing last night through Rome, until I received her message through the porter, saying she was leaving at 8.40—I suppose on her way to Egypt.

The Chetwynds have taken a house near St. John's Wood in London, in a garden of two acres, and have asked me to go and spend July and August next with them. I should have lodgings in the neighbourhood and take my meals at their house. I have accepted conditionally, because I feel that it is a question of now or never, and I don't like to abandon all hope of going to England under more favourable circumstances than last year, and of

erasing the dismal impression which that journey left on my mind. If I put it off, the Chetwynd children will be quite grown up and beyond the plastic age which makes it possible for an old man to amuse them. However, I will decide nothing until the time comes, only I wanted you to know of the project in case there is anyone whom you would like to ask to the apartment in Paris for the Summer or any part of it. You must not let the idea that I might occupy my old room stand in the way of any other plan, as I should probably go to a hotel even if I was in Paris.

There is no change here, and I am pegging away slowly.

Yours ever

G.S.

**To William Rothenstein**

6 January 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Jan. 6, 1925

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Rothenstein

I hope to be in England during July and August of this year, and if you are then in London, it would be a pleasure to see you again and to sit for a drawing, if on seeing me as I am you still felt that amiable impulse

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

**To Robert Seymour Bridges**

8 January 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Bodleian)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Jan. 8, 1925

Dear Bridges

Of course I had nothing to do with the choice of a collective present for your birthday, nor with the idea of such a present, but I was very glad

to join the others when I heard of it, for the very reason that it seemed a way of concentrating the “fuss” and sparing you separate and endless congratulations; but I am afraid you had to endure them as well. However, it is all over now and I hope that this somewhat impertinent celebration has not left you too much fatigued or feeling at all older.

Your poem in the London Mercury has a magnificent breadth and a saturation (especially in the unrhymed parts) which is always a marvel to me in English poetry of the genuine sort. I have tried, in my literal rationalistic way, to unravel the exact meaning of your dream. Is it that the church is the only refuge for spiritual minds? In a very different way—through the more and more frankly confessed mythical character of exact science—I too have been recognizing of late that the church is a normal habitation for the mind, as impertinent free thought never is. But there remains the old misunderstanding, the forcing of literature into dogma, and the intolerable intolerance of other symbols, where symbols are all. Here in Rome, in the Pincio and the Villa Borghese, I often watch with amazement the troops of theological students of all nations, so vigorous and modern in their persons, and I ask myself whether these young men can truly understand and accept the antique religion which they profess—especially the Americans (very numerous) with their defiant vulgar airs and horrible aggressive twang. Could the monks of Iona and the Venerable Bede have been like this? Was it perhaps after some ages of chastening that the barbarians could really become Christian and could produce a Saint Francis?

It is probable that I shall be in England during the coming summer, and I shall not fail to spend at least a few days in Oxford, when I hope to see you. In July and August it may be possible to erase the unpleasant impression which October and November left on me when I was last in England.

Here I lead a very pleasant regular life, seeing only an occasional pilgrim who comes to peep into my cell. I have finished a volume of Dialogues in Limbo which are still simmering in my mind, so that I can't judge whether the dish will be at all appetizing when served up cold to the public. Meantime, I have plenty of other projects to occupy me, and Rome, for comfort and for stimulus, is everything that I could desire.

I will send you my new book, but publishers are very slow, and I may appear in person before my missive.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To William Alexander Hammond**

26 January 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Cornell)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome,  
Jan. 26. 1925

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Hammond

My review of Marshall has grown, as you see, into a formidable article, which I hope is not longer than those you like to publish. If you find there is time to send me a proof, I should be glad to revise it, as I am afraid my MS is rather in a mess: but if there is not time, may I ask you to commend the proof-reading to some sensible person who will know what I meant to say?

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana.

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**To George Sturgis**

1 February 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Feb. 1. 1925

Dear George

I have received in due course your letters of Jan. 5 and 9, and the letter of credit, as well as the yearly account of my investments, income, expenses, etc. All seems to be well; thank you very much for everything.

My existence here runs on in its usual course and so agreeably that I am seriously inclined to make some permanent arrangement by which I <sup>should</sup> have a little establishment of my own in this hotel or in some other like it—a sittingroom where I can have my books and mementoes about me, a bedroom and a bathroom. Of course in summer it would hardly be possible to stay in Rome—although the Pope does—and in old age one is much less oppressed by warm weather. But I discovered last year what nice places Venice and Cortina are in summer, and there are of course many resorts in the Apennines and by the sea, if ever I felt that the journey to Paris was too much for me. In this way I should be settled comfortably for the rest of my days. A hotel is expensive, because they don't like to give more than one room to one person; but it has great advantages in the matter of service and heating and food on the premises; and it is also a very convenient way of having friends to stay with one, as there is nothing to do but to engage another bedroom. I have actually had a guest, Reichhardt from Hamburg, for ten days and expect Onderdonk later in the season. It gave me no trouble and was hardly an interruption to my work, while I had the pleasure of a little congenial society.

I may not carry out this plan at once because I have been invited to spend two months with friends—the Chetwynds—in London next summer, and your aunts expect me to visit them also in Avila: and if I go to Spain in the autumn I shall be tempted to stay for the winter, going perhaps to Algeciras in December and January, and then to Seville for the spring, which there begins in February. In that case I shouldn't return to Rome until the following winter; but I shall make inquiries before leaving this year so as to feel that I have an anchor to windward, and a definite plan in case my journey should prove unsatisfactory.

I am very well, but lazy and fat. My literary work goes forward slowly; I have been reading more than writing of late; I let my instinct and mood govern me in these matters, as after all I have already written a lot, and there is no occasion to force myself to be loquacious at the expense of the public unless I have something important aching to be told.

Rome is half empty. There has been a scare about the Anno Santo or about political troubles (which don't exist) or about both, and the ordinary tourists have largely stayed away. It is a pity, because we have been having a mild and glorious winter.

The state of my affairs seems to be flourishing, and I suppose you have not been a worse steward of your own house than of that of your old relations, so that I am glad to think that you must be prospering too. It is a

great convenience to have money, if it isn't so much (as in the case of my friend Strong) as to let one in for all sorts of luxuries which are in one's way. But we are not, in our family, [across] in serious danger of being buried under a mountain of money. Your aff<sup>d</sup>y G. S.

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**To Maurice Firuski**

12 February 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

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Rome, Feb. 12, 1925

Dear Mr. Firuski

The three copies of Lucifer have arrived safely and have filled me with satisfaction. I don't know when I have seen a more beautiful book and the poem seems to justify its existence better when presented in such fine attire.

I will write to Mr. la Rose about it more at length, and meantime I should be glad if you would send a copy in my name to each of the addresses enclosed and charge them to my account which my nephew will pay.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

A copy of Lucifer, from the Author to

Mrs. C. H. Toy, 8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. & Mrs. R. Burnside Potter, Antietam Farm, Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y.

Professor B. A. G. Fuller, 317 Pike Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Baron A. W. Westenholz, Sophienterrasse 14, Hamburg, Germany.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

23 February 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 23, 1925

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Today I am sending you the MS of "Dialogues in Limbo", which I hope may arrive safely. I am always a little nervous when I commit the labour of so many days to the post, and I should be glad to have the receipt of it acknowledged at once.

The letter which I enclose may interest your printers and be of some use to them. I have noted the points on which I feel some personal preference.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

11 March 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 11, 1925

Dear George

You will be amused (if not annoyed) at the difficulty in which I find myself in trying to answer your question about the money I have received from America, over your head, during 1924. Since I was a schoolboy, and had an allowance of \$100 a year for clothes and all other expenses, I have kept no accounts, and now have only the stubs of my cheque-book to go by, which are in £, s. & d. and moreover, owing to my cheque-book being exhausted early last year, even that record does not go back to January 1, 1924. However, by the help of memory and presumption, I reach the following result which you may swear to as honest, according to my best knowledge and belief, although not as absolutely accurate.

From	
The Dial (f4 articles)	\$300
Yale Review, 1 "	100
Harvard U. P. ("Three Poets")	80
Scribner (royalties)	250
Your father's legacy	400
Total	\$1130.

You will know whether income tax has been paid by M<sup>r</sup> Gardiner on the last item, in which case, of course, it ought not to be included in this return.

In future I will take pains to note in dollars the sums I receive and not to throw away old remnants of cheque-books, so that my yearly report on this subject may be absolutely correct. In fact, it now occurs to me that by writing to London for my pass-book, I can obtain an accurate record for last year. I will do so, and send you word in a week or ten days. It will be interesting to see how near it comes to my calculation.

As you see, the royalties from Scribners are far from being the whole of what I receive, apart from your remittances, from the U.S. so that in any case you would have to rely on me for a complete report of my income. I might as well continue to receive the money from Scribner direct, and I like to do so, as it helps to swell my London account, on which I draw for a certain class of expenses such as tailors and charities and books.

Strong has been in Rome [*across*] for a week, and now I have a new friend, an Argentine, with whom I sometimes walk and talk Spanish! Otherwise, no change. Yours affec<sup>ly</sup>

G. S.

**To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge**

12 March 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, March 12 1925

Dear Woodbridge

Yesterday I received Dewey's book, several days later than your letter announcing it, and I have read half the first chapter, which suffices to show

me that this is a far more thorough and elaborate presentation of his philosophy than any he has given us hitherto, and I shall be very glad to study it and write an article for you about it. As this may take some time, the subject being exceedingly difficult and thorny, perhaps you might like to publish some other notice of the book first. Please don't hesitate to do so, as mine is likely to be about the subject-matter quite as much as about Dewey, and two different reviews of so important a book might not be out of place in your Journal

Thank you for remembering me on this occasion. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Pierre de Chaignon la Rose**

19 March 1925 • Rome, Italy      (MS: New York)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 19, 1925

Dear la Rose

I have been waiting for a moment of inspiration in order to describe to you my feelings about the new Lucifer, but weeks and weeks are passing, and I must not put off thanking you, even if perfunctorily, for all your devoted labour and art in executing this generous project. It makes a beautiful book and seems to lift the poem itself into a new category. Nothing remains except that someone should make an opera of it—it would be, duly abridged, a splendid libretto—and that some other wizard should design the stage-settings in the style of Bakst. I have often, in secret, thought of it actually on the stage: there is an absence of female parts, but Turel could be a soprano, and in the fifth act there are the goddesses, while of course the angel choir could be feminine too. And this leads me to speak of details. When you wrote that you had printed the chorus in blue, I had some misgivings; but on seeing the pages, with the red caption in the corner, and the long rather narrow page (to which I am quite reconciled) I was really delighted: those are the best pages in the book; and I instantly composed a motto:

'Tis Taste that prints the

mystic verse in blue,

And robes the Angels in  
their azure hue.

As to the misprints you mentioned, "He Drinks," is harmless—might even be taken for a subtle Catholic protest against Prohibition—and "ursurps" does not occur, as I had feared, in the Invocation (which many will peruse) but later on, in a passage which few readers will ever reach or notice. But there is another misprint in the Preface "independent on" for "of"—not serious, but still a blemish in what we should have wished to see quite perfect. Westenholz, by the way, to whom I asked to have a copy sent, says that this Preface is an "Abschwächung" of the whole idea of Lucifer ... not to shock poor blessed souls of Northerners! And I thought I had made a bold profession of atheism, and deprived the pious reader of the comfort of saying: "But his Christ was right after all." Do you understand what Westenholz can have meant? I will ask him but his reply may not be very clear-headed.

The black binding with its gold ornament pleased me very much, and also the gorgeous Pompeian lining: it would do very well for the lining of the black cloak which Lucifer should wear in the Opera. If this was a concession to the fashion of the hour, I without being aware of the fashion entirely approve of it. Also of the title-page: and the monogram repeated here seems to me the best and boldest of your designs for letters. The others are in no less perfect taste, as are also the head-pieces, but I think you err if anything on the side of safety and delicacy: I seem to miss emphasis, *concentration*, and variety in the pattern of the blacks and whites. The red tail-piece at the very end is an exception: here you have given Mephistopheles the last word in a fashion which I can only call naughty. Or perhaps you let yourself go because there you are in the atmosphere of editions, copyrights, and publishers' announcements, and the sacred theme of the book has become irrelevant. As you know, my idea of Lucifer is that (like my "Poems") it is a book of devotion—thank you, therefore, for the black and gold—and should properly be a small volume, in fine clear print, with decorations (if any) themselves favourable to meditation and concentration of spirit. But granting *ø*the folio, and the necessary absence of pictorial decoration—nobody alive could illustrate Lucifer, even in headpieces or small *friezes* such as I might fancy, like those in the small Virgil that Joe Stickney once gave me—I am wholly satisfied with your sympathetic presentation; and in itself, as printing and typographical design, it will no doubt receive on all hands the commendation it deserves.

I am not myself a connoisseur in the matter, but all my instincts are flattered, and the book is an unmistakably precious and beautiful object.

“Dialogues in Limbo” are in the press, but I have no notion when they will appear.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. A fourth copy of Lucifer has reached me [*across right margin*] safely. Many thanks.

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

19 March 1925 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Congress)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 19, 1925

Dear Smith

Of course “Little Essays” is no more my exclusive property than a title like “Poésies Nouvelles” of “Recollections” or “Autobiography”. I shall be much flattered if Algar Thorold, or you, or both, want to adopt it for another book of selections. An unknown admirer—a lady—wrote to me at the time, however, protesting against such a misleadingly modest and frivolous caption for so much wisdom, and attributing it to your evil influence! Such is the insight of earnest critics. This morning I have received a letter from an old friend, a sort of disciple, who says: “I do not fail to see, but thoroughly enjoy, how very much you have done in the direction of adapting your philosophy to the needs of Teutons and cooperative man.” Is there any ground for this ambiguous compliment? I am not aware of any adaptation, except to the evidence of things as they continue to march past, and I am not aware that the character of the procession has much changed: but a man is not able to survey his own career fairly, because his perspectives change as he changes. Let it be as God wills.

I was sorry to miss you here, but I saw much of the Berensons, and a hint from B. B. set me reading Sorel, whom I find nutritious even if half-baked. I am now reading, and expect to review, a ponderous tome by

Dewey, the pragmatic philosopher of Columbia, who also wishes to rear the truth on the sands of industrialism. I am going to call him the “Latest Oracle of the *Zeitgeist*:” and I have a feeling that these are swan-songs, because industrialism may be short-lived.

It is possible that I may be in England during the summer, in which case I will look you up. G. S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

22 March 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, March 22, 1925

Dear Strong

Perhaps it would be as well not to send me Drake’s book, unless you think there is some special point in which some comment of mine might be useful—in matters of vocabulary, for instance: but in view of a general unification of our theories I think it would be better to wait until his work has been polished as much as possible. I am at this moment struggling with Dewey’s “Experience and Nature” which I am to review for the *United Sepulchre*—a formidable task; but I don’t regret having undertaken it, because it seems that, after intense application and infinite patience in suspending judgement on opinions evidently absurd in form—according to my understanding of words—a certain order and naturalness begin to appear in his theory, which has many elements in it which I like extremely: and I am in hopes of being able to sum it up in words that without irritating the author will show the affiliations of his position and render it intelligible even if not final or complete. Until this is done, I could hardly devote myself seriously to another enigmatic system—my own meantime being furthered only indirectly, if at all, by the interruption.

Your epitome under six points has suggested to me a really new aspect of your whole theory. I seem now to see the minute parts, not as active feelings or monads, but as little sparks or particles in an objective field, the whole specious in its plane of existence, although not perhaps actually

imagined by anyone, except by the author of the theory. These minute objects, like the threads which make up a cloth, might then be grouped into coloured patches, perspectives, etc, by selective active attention darting through their midst. This interpretation, however seems to break down at point N° 6, because if the manifold summated is internal to the self, the action relevant to the fictitious aspects created would be internal to the self also, and vegetative: it would not suggest projection to surrounding groups of substance, as is requisite for animal perception. The fiction, then, should properly have no substance at all, but only [across] an organ: i.e. an act joining the animal body with the body which stimulates it. This of course is my way of conceiving fiction. Yours ever G. S.

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

2 April 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 2, 1925

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & C<sup>o</sup>

London

I am advised by my bankers, Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, 123 Pall Mall, that they are holding a parcel sent by you, which they are not able to forward without knowing its contents and value.

I am writing to them to consult you or return it to you, as I don't know what it can be unless it is a book or proofs. If it is the proof of Dialogues in Limbo there is no need of sending the manuscript with it. The proofs alone, in an open cover, will pass the Italian post office more easily, and are quite sufficient for my purposes.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

P.S. I expect to remain here for at least six more weeks.

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**To Curt John Ducasse**

2 May 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Brown)

Rome, May 2, '25

Thank you very much for your two articles. I agree with the thesis of the one on Teleology; a movement culminating in some interesting phase must be either a result of various automatisms or an instance of automatism. Mechanism, if we value the issue, may always be called teleology. The teleology that is impossible is only that which represents the result as a cause. As to your Liberalism in Ethics, although I agree with every part of the argument, I feel some dissatisfaction with the general conclusion You seem to leave out the authority of a man's own nature over his casual preferences, in other words, self-knowledge. I entirely agree that different natures have no moral authority over one another; but folly in judgement and action is nevertheless possible if a creature ignores the interests or the facts which he would wish to take into account if he remembered them.

G. Santayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

4 May 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 4, 1925

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Are you sending me a second proof of Dialogues in Limbo? I ask, partly to make sure that you have received the corrected first proof, which I sent back some three weeks ago, and partly to advise you that I shall probably leave Rome about June 1<sup>st</sup> after which I shall be at 9, Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris; but my permanent address remains as always C/o Brown, Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

As the corrections in the first proof of the Dialogues were all brief and simple, perhaps you don't think it necessary to submit the second proof to my vigilant eye; in that case, I append a few more slight errors which that vigilant eye has detected, so that the printers may correct them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

11 May 1925 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 11, 1925

Dear Strong

I am glad your trip has been so quick, as that suggests smooth running and no accidents. Your long philosophical letter has also arrived but I won't attempt to discuss it, as my notion of your notions is still sadly confused.

My Spanish friend Mercedes is coming on a pilgrimage with four of her friends, whom I also know, during the last week in May. I shall probably not leave Rome until after they are gone. You may expect to see me at the Duval any day about June 4–6; I won't go to the apartment as even if Margaret is not there, I wish to leave the field clear for her, and for my own sake to make no arrangement until I know better what awaits me during the summer. I hate indecision, and yet circumstances prevent me from forming any clear plan. I am not going to England—so much at least is settled, as M<sup>rs</sup> Chetwynd seems to have changed her projects—couldn't really think of staying in London all summer, going on July 1<sup>st</sup> to Dartmoor, or (on second thoughts, it's so much nicer) to Ireland instead, while Philip must go to Baden-Baden to learn German! Moreover the poet has asked me to stay at Chilswell, and that would be hard to avoid, and who knows but they might ask me to Garsington also! But the bombshell is that M<sup>rs</sup> Toy is visiting in England and Switzerland during the whole summer. I am waiting to hear whether she is stopping in Paris; if not, I might have to go to Switzerland to see her, and once there I might be tempted to stay on until it was time to return to Italy. In that case I don't know whether my proposed trip to Avila would be dropped or made at once, in June. Anyhow the summer will be useless for work, and the winter has been very nearly so. Lately I have had an attack of my cough, not a bad one, but enough to make me feel that I have less power of resistance than formerly. It is over now, [across] but I shall have to be prudent in the autumn.

Yours ever      G. S.

[across page one]. A large parcel containing new clothes may have come from Whitaker's. Please tell Marie not to let the moths get into it.

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**To George Sturgis**

14 May 1925 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

May 14. 1925

Dear George

Will you please send \$20.00 for the enclosed subscription.

The Spring here has been unusually cool and rainy. I am still wearing winter clothes, and expect to stay at least until June 1<sup>st</sup> when I shall go to Paris; but all my plans are unsettled, owing to the instability of the female will, on which for the moment I seem to be dependent. I was going to England to stay with the Chetwynds—but M<sup>rs</sup> Chetwynd is going to Dartmoor—no, on the whole, to Ireland. I was going to Switzerland to see M<sup>rs</sup> Toy (who has suddenly invaded Europe) but M<sup>rs</sup> Toy has grown homesick and doesn't know what she will do or where she will be. I was going to Spain, but heaven knows what may happen first. In any case, Mercedes, with three lady-friends and the unhappy husband of one of them, announces that she will arrive in Rome on a pilgrimage on May 23<sup>rd</sup>. I am clay in the potter's hand; but I daresay in time I shall recover my independence and return to my natural and reposeful level.

Strong is already in Paris, having gone in his motor-car from Florence in 8½ days, and says he is expecting me at the apartment, where he is much enjoying the electric heating which his daughter Margaret had installed there against his will: but probably I shall go to a hotel, as Margaret herself may turn up at any moment—another case of La donna è mobile, especially with an auto-mobile, if you will excuse an Italian pun. For Margaret has one of her own much better than her father's.

Yours aff<sup>dly</sup>  
GSantayana

**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

15 May 1925 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 15, 1925

M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable & Company  
London

Thank you for the second proof of Dialogues in Limbo in which I have still found three or four errata. I am sending the proofs back with the necessary corrections, which I repeat on the enclosed half-sheet for greater safety.

Yours faithfully  
G. Santayana

Errata in second proof of Dialogues in Limbo

page, line

- 88, 4, for "put," read "puts" (without the comma) and  
for , after "commanding" read ;  
159, 23, for "Atheus" read "Athens"  
162, 1 for "soliquizing" read "soliloquizing".

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

19 May 1925 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Temple)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Rome, May 19, 1925

M<sup>ESSRS</sup> Constable & Company  
London

When Dialogues in Limbo appear, will you please send copies in my name to the persons in the enclosed list, charging them to my account.

Will you also send a copy of my "Little Essays" to the Polish personage whose address is on the slip I enclose, and who says he wishes to translate my "philosophical works" into Yiddish. The "Little Essays" will do for a beginning.

I have already written to M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann about my probable movements, but I may repeat that I expect to go to Paris about the 1<sup>st</sup> of June. If the

Dialogues appear during the Summer, you might send my own copies to me at 9, Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

2 June 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome June 2, 1925

Dear Strong

Most of the clouds have passed: Mercedes and her fellow-pilgrims have departed, after agonies of uncertainty about lost luggage, most of which was recovered; and poor M<sup>rs</sup> Toy, scarcely arrived in England, was so very homesick, bored, and ill, that she went back directly to blessed Boston! This is the second time this has happened, and I think I know the reason, but it is too psychological and complicated for a letter. Finally, Onderdonk, who again seemed on the point of appearing, has again given it up: so that I am preparing for departure, and will add a postscript if I get an answer today about a place in the train. My delay, apart from the presence of my Spanish friends, was due to a desire to see how long Rome proves habitable in summer. It is now warm, but not intolerable, and there are thundershowers when it has got a bit oppressive. I also wanted to finish my review of Dewey before leaving, but I am now resigned to any fate as far as work is concerned: I seem to be becalmed.

Thank you for repeating the suggestion that I should come to the apartment, but it is hardly worth while as I am not sure that I shall stay more than a few days. My idea is to go to Spain at once, and return to Paris later in the summer, when I shall have a clear field before me and may be more in the mood for work. I have written to Avila, and shall decide when I receive the answer.

I expect to go in Paris to the Hôtel du Palais Royal, which is quiet and retired and far from the boulevard, yet within easy reach of Poccardi's and the Duval. I am having my letters sent to you, however, in case there is no room at that inn. Yours ever

G. S.

P.S. I leave on Tuesday the 9<sup>th</sup>

Margaret, I hope, will be on the same train, arriving on Wed. 10<sup>th</sup> at 2.30?

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**To George Sturgis**

17 June 1925 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

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

Paris, June 17, 1925

Dear George

Here are the signatures you ask for.

The news of Josephine's engagement is very welcome as it seems to promise a happier and more normal future for her, and also for her little boy.

I am actually starting for Avila at the end of this week and shall be able to give you more intelligent hints about the affairs of your two aunts than have been possible before.

Thank you for the snap shots of Bobby & Neville. I seem to see a resemblance in them to your father when he was a little boy. Have you those early photos of our family, or are they in your aunt Josephine's possession? Now when I am in Avila I will try to get hold of such as are interesting enough to be reproduced in my "Autobiography" on which I hope to do a little scribbling while in Spain. Yours aff<sup>d</sup>y

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

28 June 1925 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

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Novaliches 6, Avila

June 28 1925

Dear Strong

My journey here was like that from Rome, uneventful, but hot and uncomfortable. I arrived punctually at 7.15 in the morning and saw one of my adopted nephews and the two little boys, aged 10 and 9, waiting for

me. My Sisters were much as usual, but my brother-in-law is failing fast, mentally more than physically, so that he is no longer the dominating force in the family which he used to be. That circumstance would give me more freedom if other circumstances did not intervene, but the children—of whom I am very fond—feel that my room is their rightful play-ground; and there are arrangements and civilities which otherwise keep me from having any long time safely to myself. This is the first time for a week that I have put pen to paper, and I have not read even the newspapers. Besides we have had a small domestic tragedy, the youngest grand-child, a girl of three months, died the day before yesterday, and today we had the funeral, at which I figured as one of the chief mourners, walking behind the little white hearse, and receiving, together with the other men of the family, the condolences of all their friends; the ladies meantime remaining assembled in the parent's house. It would take too long to describe all the details, but it was a touching ceremony, and interesting as a relic of ancient manners.

The weather here is ideal, cool and sunny, with occasionally a little shower, and the country greener and less austere than I have ever seen it. We went to the farm the other day in an auto, and had a most interesting afternoon. In the town, too, there are many things which I enjoy revisiting. I have been in the cathedral at the hour when it is most deserted, and found it more impressive than ever, also at a grand Gothic chapel where I saw the tomb of my young friend Fernando de la Cerda, whom you had a glimpse of a long time ago, I believe, in Paris. Altogether, I am happy and interested here, but utterly idle. Unless things change, and I am able to do a little work, I shall have to leave for conscience' sake, and ignominiously bring back the heavy tome of Dewey's philosophy without having written my review of it. In any case, I shall stay until July 15: I will let you know when the moment arrives.

I have found a class photograph of you among old family papers, a very flattering one. Yours ever

G.S.

**To George Sturgis**

30 June 1925 • Ávila, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

Avila June 30, 1925

Dear George

I have now been a week in Avila and can give you some account of the true state of the family. Your aunt Susie, although suffering from the same lameness and incapacity to move about with comfort, is less stout than when I last saw her and generally in better health and spirits. She is making plans for the future, which is a sign of renewed youth. Her husband, on the contrary, is visibly failing in mind and body, and feels rather helpless and bored, accustomed as he is to direct everything, and feeling bitterly his present incapacity. But he has no particular pain or discomfort, eats and sleeps well, and may live for some time, unless a new stroke of paralysis should overtake him on the heels of the recent one, when he lost the faculty of speech, which he ~~has~~ regained only imperfectly. As to your aunt Josephine she is much the same and spry in her own fashion; but she sometimes says childish things and has a very short memory. The family make a good deal of her, out of kindness mingled with hope of small benefits, and she seems to be content with her situation and her small interests. She says that what she wanted in the way of remittances was \$600 a quarter: but her thoughts are rather hesitant and contradictory when it comes to figures, and she may soon say something different. You should not hesitate to use your own judgement in the matter, because she agrees with the rest of us in being very much pleased with the way in which you are managing our affairs, and ~~in~~with your affectionate interest in us. She was 72 years of age yesterday, and received presents from the various members of this family, and from some of her protégés.

Several of the children are ill with hooping-cough, and the youngest of Pepe's children, a little girl of 3 months, died the other day. I officiated at the funeral as one of the principal mourners—the ladies not appearing—and accompanied her uncles and a cousin or two to the cemetery. Eight grandchildren remain, and Teresa, the wife of Luis, is expecting another.

Mercedes, whom I had seen in Rome, was in this house when I arrived, but left after a few days.

My total impression is that Celedonio will not live for another year, and that there is every likelihood that your aunt Susie will survive him. In that case, as she has told me now and as I surmised, she will immediately make

another will, which will, I hope, simplify the business of liquidating her estate, which you looked forward to with just apprehension. She means to leave her property to her husband's family, but she will be comparatively free to [across] distribute it as she likes, without interference from the side of Spanish law.

I expect to return to Paris in two weeks.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

G. S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

16 July 1925 • Ávila, Spain      (MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, July 16, 1925

Dear Strong

Your letter and the photographs of Le Balze have arrived. Thank you very much. The two views of the terrace are admirable for giving a true idea of the house, and that of the corridor is beautiful, although it suggests a larger edifice than actually exists.

There is no further change in this family. My brother-in-law and another grand-child who was seriously ill are holding thereir own well, and I am planning to leave for Paris in the middle of next week, but I can't say exactly when I shall arrive as I am going this time by stages, in the hope of avoiding a crowded train and a chance companion for the night. I expect to stop at San Sebastian and at Bordeaux, and to be in Paris about the 26<sup>th</sup>. For a day or two I mean to stop at the Hôtel du Palais D'Orsay, until I see you and decide upon more permanent quarters.

I have sat down to work almost every morning, but have practically accomplished nothing, and the article on Dewey is still in an amorphous state. It seems to me as if perhaps my faculties were waning, and that I ought not to write any more philosophy.

The weather has been cool, with some rain, and as this is a house all in pieces, with an open courtyard to cross and all degrees of exposure to sun, damp, draughts, and close air, I have caught a cold which has had the usual sequel of a bronchial cough. Being armed with Experience and all the requisite medicines, I have kept it down within moderate limits, and it is now almost in abeyance, but there is no security against a recrudescence

so long as I am not absolutely free to avoid occasions that may aggravate it. Nevertheless this time, I don't sing "If ever, ever, ever" and fully expect to return to Avila before long, perhaps for a long residence, if my sisters [*across*] should be living by themselves in their own house. Yours ever G. S.

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**To George Sturgis**

16 July 1925 • Ávila, Spain      (MS: Houghton)

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Avila, July 16, 1925

Dear George

Your various letters have arrived for your aunts and me, and I have shown your aunt Susie the private one about her will. We have agreed that, under the present circumstances, it is better for her to wait. If she should die before her husband—which is most unlikely, as he had a bad stroke of paralysis three years ago, and has had three partial ones since—it would not make much difference whether there was an American will or not, as your aunt Josephine and I, if any portions were assigned to us, would certainly not accept them in contravention to the Spanish will. Your aunt Susie has consulted a Señor Arnaz, who has been minister of Justice, and who told her that, by diplomatic channels if not otherwise, the execution of the Spanish will could be obtained in the U.S. This Spanish will has been made under pressure from Celedonio and his ideas of family unity and marital authority. I understand that it leaves everything to him; but there are some legacies to other persons and to charities. Your aunt has not been able to tell me whether these legacies are made directly, Celedonio being only residuary legatee, or whether they are only recommendations made to him, for gifts to be made by him, in her name for the good of her soul: I think the latter is more probable, and the Spanish term mandas (sendings or commissions) rather suggests it. In that case, if she made a will now in English, it would have to be simply leaving everything to her husband. This is not at all in conformity to her true wishes. If, as you think probable, her Spanish will were not accepted for probate in America, and she was pronounced to have died intestate, I (and I suppose your aunt Josephine) would immediately surrender our shares to Celedonio or his children: the only difference would be that you and Josephine might retain your portions. This would be regarded by the Sastre family as unfair, but you could snap your fingers at their claims, especially as your aunt Susie herself would never, of her free will, have left everything to them. In the

improbable case then of your aunt Susie dying before her husband, her wishes would be just as well carried out without an American will as with one, made in the only form in which she could now make it.

But supposing that, as is to be expected, Celedonio dies first, the situation would entirely change, and it would be easy for your aunt Susie to go to Madrid (by auto if not otherwise) and to arrange everything according to her true wishes and to the best legal advice from you and from others. I should myself be glad to come to Spain in that event and give such assistance as I could in the matter.

I don't know whether your father or your aunt Susie herself has informed you of a step which she took when your aunt Josephine's will was made. She asked your father to arrange that instead of a third of your aunt Josephine's capital, she (your aunt Susie) should be left only a life-interest in that share, so that on her death the whole of your aunt's Josephine's money (except my share) would go to you and your sister. Your aunt Susie thinks that in this way she has virtually left you something in spite of the necessity of leaving everything to her husband, if a serious row was to be avoided at home.

I am glad the family tree is still budding, and (by the way) I was pleased to see in the Sturgis family book that you were in charge of collecting fresh data: it suggests that you take an active interest in your father's tribe, which has certainly a pleasant history. I don't know what the younger generations are like (just nice Americans, machine-made, I suppose) but their elders were good-looking, generous, sanguine, not intellectual, and occasionally rich.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup> GSantayana

[across] P.S. Of course I am at the house in Avila, where I have two rooms called de Jorge. Luis & his wife are at Zorita, and we are often only five at table. I leave next week for Paris.

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**To Robert Seymour Bridges**

8 August 1925 • Paris, France      (MS: Bodleian)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, Aug. 8, 1925

My dear Bridges,

You are such a good friend that you understand one's silence as well as one's words, and I needn't apologize for not writing and thanking you for your previous (engraved) letter and the photograph attached. I am glad my Dialogues do not seem to irritate you or offend your feelings, as I fear they may those of many a reader—if many people read them. They are not, of course, being mine, a work of erudition or even of retrospective fancy, and I am not at all sure that the extant sayings of Democritus and the rest will justify everything that I put in their mouths. I use them only as Platonic types for points of view which are natural to my own mind, braver and more truly ultimate than my accidental personal opinions, such as I assign to *The Stranger*. And there are two things which I should be much pleased if people found in this book, although I am afraid they won't: one is a connected doctrine and theme, the other an assimilation in spirit, though not in language, between Greek and Indian philosophy. I have long thought that the earlier Greeks had virtually the same wisdom as the Indians, and that it was only an accident of race and rhetoric that they seemed physiologists rather than religious mystics. My Democritus is intended to establish between his “atoms & void” on the one hand and his “normal madness” on the other precisely the same opposition and connection that the Indians established between Brahma and Illusion. I think myself that this is the only right physics or metaphysics: but it is only half of human philosophy. Socrates (who is nothing in physics, or a mere child) is brought in to supply the other half, the self-justification of Illusion, because it is the moral essence and fruit of life; and the “Secret of Aristotle” (which I am much pleased that you take to kindly) is the means of harmonizing the two points of view, and proving them to be not only consistent but indispensable to one another if the nature of things is to be understood at all. Socrates defends human morality against religion no less than against naturalism (which are not fundamentally enemies) and he is right politically: but both science and religion, in their profound unison, make this political humanism and ant-morality seem rather small and accidental. Both science and religion, not being on the human scale, do violence to the human

point of view, which at the same time they show to be excusable and inevitable in a spirit expressing an animal life and generated by it. Is this a hard saying? If not, why are people so slow to understand it?

I have been in Spain and expect to return to Rome for the winter, but my local habitation [*across*] makes little difference to my way of life. I still hope to return to England, which means Oxford and Chilswell, before very long.  
Yours ever

GSantayana

**To John Francis Stanley Russell**

13 August 1925 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Paris, Aug. 13. 1925

Dear Russell

Your note seems to reproach me for not having written since my last visit to T. H., two years ago. I left England immediately after my Oxford lecture and have not returned, having fallen into the habit of spending my winters in Rome and my summers here or in Spain, where I was last month in the bosom of my family—or what remains of it. My two old sisters are living in Avila, and it is not improbable that I may end by retiring there myself for my last years. For the moment, however, I continue my customary round, except that England attracts me less for various reasons. However, it is probable that I shall turn up there before long in the summer, and I shall not fail in that case to let you know and to make an attempt to see you. Meantime there is nothing of interest to report. I devote myself chiefly to sleeping, eating, taking the sun and air, and occasionally (as you see) writing a book. There are still two or three volumes which I hope to publish, if my life and mental powers don't give out in the interval. One is a novel, to be called "The Last Puritan", in which my observations on American life, and on love and friendship in general, are to be enshrined; but I doubt whether it will ever be finished. Although it is largely drawn from real life, you will not appear in it, at least not in a recognizable form. There is one personage in whom something of you—or of what I have put together in my own mind under your name—may be reproduced: but only abstracted characteristics which a foreigner might attribute to any unconventional Englishman.

I suppose you are too busy to think of coming abroad, but if you should ever do so a word addressed to B. S. & Cº will always reach me.

Yours ever  
G Santayana

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**To William Alexander Hammond**

1 September 1925 • Paris, France (MS: Cornell)

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c/o Brown Shipley & Cº  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Paris, Sept. 1, 1925

My dear Professor Hammond

You may be pleased to hear, if you don't know it already, that M<sup>r</sup> Marshall wrote me a very kind letter about the review of his book in the Philosophical Review, saying that he was grateful, if not satisfied; in any case, it seems to have been of some use in consoling him. Of course we are all old fogeys now in the eyes of the moderns. I wonder, by the way if you could have one or two copies of the number of the Review in which my article appeared, sent to me c/o Brown Shipley & Cº 123 Pall Mall, London. If one was sent me at the time, it must have gone astray, and I should like to have it at hand in case of any future collection of such papers being prepared for publication.

Strong, in whose library I am writing this note, wishes me to give you his kind regards.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

15 September 1925 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

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Paris, Sept. 15, 1925

Dear Strong

I am very glad to know that your trip was so pleasant and that you are comfortably settled. You escaped a continuous fortnight of rain, chill, and

darkness. Yesterday was the first fine day we have had, and today is the second.

Here everything is as usual; I find the electric screens very comforting to the feet when it is damp and chilly. Marie gives me more than enough good food and is otherwise very attentive. I have spoken to her about her wages, and told you had mentioned the matter to me, and said you intended to send her her winter pension of 5 francs a day, as from Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> and that I would give her 10 francs a day in addition while I remained here. She said she was much obliged, and that this arrangement would make her comfortable for the time being, but that later, as her husband only earns about 15 francs a day, owing to interruptions caused by his ill-health, she might find it hard to make both ends meet: and she thought that if Mademoiselle would follow your generous example and give her another 5 francs daily during the winter, it would be a great help.

I have been rereading old stuff of my own (which I mean to take to Rome with me or to destroy) and also Saint Simon, beginning at volume 1: but you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that the review of Dewey is still unfinished. However, I am less impatient with myself about it than I was, because it is now in an advanced and promising stage, and although the effort spent has been wholly disproportionate, there will be something satisfactory to show for it—something like the chapters on James and Royce in the American book. Montague has written asking me to review a book of his that is coming out soon, but I have refused to promise anything.

Yours ever

GSantayana

### To George Sturgis

15 September 1925 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

9 A<sup>ve</sup> de l'Observatoire, Paris  
September 15, 1925

Dear George

It was a great pleasure to receive the cablegram with the double news of September 2<sup>nd</sup> and now your letter of the same day giving me more particulars. I am glad everything came off so well, and I appreciate your remembering me at such a busy moment. If you ever take, or if you have,

any snap-shots of Josephine and her new husband I should be glad to see them; I count on seeing one before long of Nathaniel Russell Sturgis, although at his age—except for his parents—he will partake more of the species than of the individual. And, by the way, I don't object at all to this mouth-filling name, because he will grow up to it and meantime you can call him Nat; and a traditional name like that is like a title, not a personal combination made to suit. But I hope you don't look forward to his having as numerous a progeny as his patriarchal namesake and ancestor, because the world, at least in my opinion, is already overpeopled.

I am living for the nonce in Strong's apartment, where I am alone with the bonne, as he found the rain and darkness oppressive and started on September 1<sup>st</sup> for Fiesole, in his motor-car, where he has already arrived. His legs are weaker and weaker, and he now has a wheeled-chair, in which he pushes himself about the house. About October 15 I expect to go to Rome, where I have already engaged rooms at the same hotel where I was last year—the Bristol—but this time I am to have a whole suite, and am taking a box of books so as to feel more honourably lodged, and this involves financial consequences, of which I will write you later. It is quite true that, if I had gone to Spain in the autumn, I might have stayed for the winter in Andalusia: but I thought it safer to go in early summer and return to Rome, where I know what [*across*] awaits me. I have no recent news from Avila.

Yours affectionately      GSantayana

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**To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge**

29 September 1925 • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Paris, Sept. 29, 1925

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Woodbridge

Although I warned you that “it might take some time”, I little thought that my article on Dewey's book would have taken six months to write. Never did I tackle anything so stiff; and there were also journeys and other

outside matters that interrupted me, and made it harder for me to return to the mill. I have written much more than I am sending you, but at cross-purposes; and even this is so long that I have divided it into two parts, so that you may distribute it over two numbers of the Journal. I hope it may amuse Dewey and not offend him, because I have come away from reading his book—twice, most attentively—liking him better than ever.—If you can spare the time to send me the proof, of course I should be glad; but perhaps it is not strictly necessary, if your secretary will do it for me.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

10 October 1925 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, Oct. 10, 1925

Dear Strong

I have taken my compartment in the fast train to Rome for next Saturday, the 17<sup>th</sup> and expect to arrive on Sunday evening. If you wish me to look for approachable rooms elsewhere than at the Minerva, when you come to Rome, of course I should be glad to do so.

The book you asked for has been posted, and I put in a portrait of Frazer which came in this week's Mercury, thinking you might be interested to see what he looks like.—I am not taking any books to speak of to Rome, only a few extra copies of my own recent books, and some old manuscripts. You and Margaret will not see any change in the shelves.

As to Margaret, if she arrives on or before the 16<sup>th</sup> she will find me here, and I should be delighted, not only to see her, but to hear any secrets which she may be inclined to divulge

My article—divided into two for convenience, as it is rather long—was despatched some time ago, and I have been luxuriating in the sense of freedom and a light conscience. Besides copying some passages from old note books that may serve for the big book, I have done nothing but read Saint Simon and Destouches: the latter is sometimes very good and amusing. Onderdonk has been hearre for a few days with his mother, a Viennese Jewess of sixty, very flirtatious and friendly, but a good soul: reminded me of "Mollie" (Lady Russell) and of my matchless landlady at St Jermyn Street in the good old days. I took them to the Théâtre Français

to see (by chance) Monsieur Brotonneux and L'Enigme. I liked the first in its way. But, as the German lady sighed, When will art return to the Beautiful?  
Yours

G.S.

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**To George Sturgis**

23 October 1925 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome,  
October 23, 1925

Dear George

It is a good idea of yours, if you can leave your children and your business in safe hands, to come with Rosamond for a trip to the Old World, but I wish it could have been in the Spring or summer, rather than in February and March. When the time comes, I will see if it is feasible to leave Rome in order to meet you: the Riviera is not very far away, but once there I should hardly feel like returning to Rome, so that my working winter season would be sadly cut short. That is the chief obstacle which I foresee to joining you. On the other hand, all would not be loss to you if you decided to come to Rome, because there is no place better worth seeing, and you would find the climate far better than that of Avila or of the Loire at that season. It is a pity that you shouldn't both come and stay here at least a week: but I understand that your time is short, and your trip to Avila will take up a good deal of energy—not speaking Spanish—as well as of time. In France, on the beaten track, you will have no difficulty in get-

ting on without much command of the language, because at the hotels you can speak English and on the road everybody will know what you want without much explanation. But the family in Avila, except your two aunts, will be reduced to pantomime—as you know from your previous visit, which I suppose you remember distinctly.

I am established here in a little suite quite luxuriously, and am enjoying a warm Indian summer after the chills of Paris. It is a mere continuation of my way of life, such as it was during the last two winters, and I find the routine of it very pleasant. As yet no friends have turned up: but I saw Onderdonk (with his queer gay mother) in Paris, and American professors turn up at intervals with letters of introduction, and [*across*] give me a chance of playing the part of ancient sage visited by inquiring pilgrims.

Yours affectionately GSantayana.

**To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge**

11 November 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Santayana)

Rome, Nov. 11, 1925

In the proof of my article on Dewey, which I sent the day before yesterday, I am afraid I overlooked a bad printer's error in Rack B 13-1 (slip. 24), second paragraph, 12 lines from the end, where the full stop after "secondary" should be a comma, and "That" (following) should be "that". May I trouble you to have this change made? With apologies,

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

21 November 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 21, 1925

Dear George

I am very glad to hear that you are hoping to come by way of Naples and Rome. It is the right way of approaching the Old World, by the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. England is only a half-way house to America and blunts the impression of contrast. When you reach Rome, unless Raymond and Whitcomb have decreed otherwise, I wish you and

Rosamond would come and stay with me here at the Hotel Bristol. You wouldn't interfere with my sacred solitude in the least, and we could see more of one another with less trouble than if you went somewhere else. I don't dress before twelve or one o'clock, so that you would have the whole morning in which to explore Rome independently; we could meet by appointment to lunch at some restaurant; after which I might show you one or another of my favourite haunts; and afterwards in the evening we could meet again for dinner at the hotel, with bed conveniently near at the first symptom of drowsiness—I was going to say, at the first yawn, but I suppose that it would never come to that in so select a circle. The only obstacle might be, as in the case of cabins in the Duilio, that there should be no room in ~~this~~ inn; but if you will let me know when you are coming, and whether you prefer one or two rooms, I will do my best to get what you need—and you shall have a bathroom if possible, but I can't promise: at the worst you could come and use mine, which has a separate door to the passage.

I see that Raymond Bidwell is a stalwart young man, and that Nathaniel Russell Sturgis has a will of his own. Thank you for the photos.—Please send \$25 to the Latin School Association, with the enclosed paper.

When you send me a new letter of credit, (about which there is no hurry, as the present one will provide funds until February at least) I wish you would have it made out for £800 instead of £500, as heretofore. I suppose this will still be well within my income, and is required in consequence of my new establishment here, which naturally costs more than the single room with which I have been satisfied in the past, and with which I could easily be content again, if it were necessary. But the present arrangement is certainly more suitable to a person of my age and dignity, and gives me more elbow-room, so that there is no reason why I shouldn't indulge in it if I am able to afford it. You will see my quarters—more appropriate perhaps for a prima donna or grass widow than for a hoary philosopher; but I have taken things as I found them: the idea of furnishing rooms in my own way, though pleasing in prospect, never tempts me when it comes actually to taking an apartment and encumbering myself with goods and chattels: here nothing is mine, and I can leave at a moment's notice without dragging any chains or cares away with me.

From Avila I have no news other than that Luis has had a second little girl. This restores the number of grandchildren to nine, six girls and three

boys, and although they belong to three different households they make a single ladder in their ages and heights.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

P.S. I am drawing £100 in a few days, and shall draw the rest of my credit, another £100, before the new year.

**To Bernard Berenson**

22 November 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: I Tatti)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Nov. 22. 1925

Dear Berenson

It is pleasant to hear that the Dialogues have entertained you. Why don't you cut yourself a fresh quill and give us again a little of your own wisdom? There is a subject which I should be tempted to attack if people would listen to me, as they would to you, I mean aesthetic arrogance. We are living in an age of emancipated specialists, or <sup>of</sup> people who give out that they are specialists; and the public is not served, but bidden to believe and obey. These specialists, in other matters, are often persons of no culture or judgement, but one in physics, another in logic, another in economics, another in art, assure us that they are each of them infallible. There is Roger Fry, for instance, and there is a book by an American business man—I can't remember his name—who has been baptized in the Jordan of Futurism and has founded a college. Some of his analyses of pictures show attentiveness, but his head seems to have been completely turned by a sect of Parisian painters, essentially amateurs and irresponsible, who will admit that nothing is "art" but what they practice. You know the man I mean, probably: he casts some aspersions on you, by the way, for treating painting as if it were literature! Couldn't all this stir you up to some philosophizing on the "art" of criticism? The liberty of craftsmen to amuse themselves and invent what toys they will, is one thing; the function of adorning a civilized city with the monuments and elegances which express its instinct, is quite another. But the result of anarchy in our society seems to be a crop of small persons who, by sheer effrontery, make themselves tyrants in their respective fields.

Strong, who has been here, has probably told you that I have returned to my winter quarters. Let me know if you and M<sup>rs</sup> Berenson come to Rome

[across] Yours ever GSantayana

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**To Warner Fite**

12 December 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London

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Rome, Dec. 12, 1925

Dear Professor Fite

It was very kind of you to send me your beautiful big book on Moral Philosophy, in which I see that there is a treasure of pleasant discourse on many subjects. I have only dipped into it as yet, but my eye has fallen on your strictures on poor Dewey, with whom I have been lately wrestling on my own account. I think you are hard on him; he is doing such a difficult pioneer's work in reducing the human intellect—sadly idle and good-for-nothing so far—to a working instrument, all muscle and no fat. The poor creature never did such a terrible penance in his life before, but I think it will do him good.

I have also happened on the page where you quote my peroration on Spinoza, and it seems to me that you misinterpret a little what I had in mind. By the little gnostics and circumnavigators of being I didn't mean any one who claimed to have an experience of God: Spinoza claimed this himself most emphatically, and on the same page I repeat the saying of Renan that probably nobody ever had a better right than Spinoza had to that distinction. Every essence, being a portion of eternal inalienable Whatness, is in one sense a divine thing: and every existence, in another way, is a proof of God's presence through its power, its brute objectiveness. By little gnostics I meant people like Hegel or like orthodox theologians who profess to know all about God and the universe, that is, all that is fundamental: they do not experience God's presence in the night, but circumnavigate his nature and put him "in their pocket".

I also notice that you praise my countryman Unamuno: but \$you should have done it in your chapter on the wisdom—or the folly—of the Serpent. He is not sound.

Believe me, with many thanks for your gift,  
 Yours sincerely  
 GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

24 December 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
 Xmas Eve, 1925

Dear George

The people in this hotel promise to have a double room and bath reserved for you for Feb. 6 to 10 inclusive. The house is now full, but apparently there is a clear sky ahead. I am very glad that the matter is so easily arranged. You will not disturb my meditations in the least, quite the contrary. A German friend of mine is spending his holidays with me—he is a school-teacher—and although communication is not very easy, his English being broken and my German ~~on~~ not in commission, I find it very pleasant to have a little society and the stimulus of another mind.

The new letter of credit has arrived. Thank you very much. It is nice to know that I shall still be keeping well within my income in spite of my spurt of extravagance.

Best wishes for the new year and the Eastward voyage

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

GSantayana

P.S. I shall draw the remainder of my old letter of credit, £100, in a few days.  
Then I may not draw again until you return to America.

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**To Mary Whitall Smith Berenson**

31 December 1925 • Rome, Italy (MS: I Tatti)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

December 31, 1925

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Berenson

Why didn't I answer your previous kind letter? Because for a month I have had no note-paper and have forgotten every day to get it. But now a fresh box has been actually acquired in your honour. I well remember the luxury and freedom which I enjoyed at I Tatti when I was last there, and I am particularly sorry not to renew those delights now that your brother is there. Isn't he coming to Rome later? But as my father—who had some nautical experience—used to say, I am here anchored with four anchors, Sloth, Prudence, Work, and Minor Engagements; and they are impossible anchors to drag at this moment. As to work, about which the whole net is supposed to be woven, it really amounts to very little. I sit down to it every morning, but without tangible results; my brain seems to be drying up. However, this is no reason for travel, at least to Florence, because if I went there, how could I come to stay with you, who besides your domestic society (such society!) have so many friends coming and going, and how could I abandon Strong who I suppose is all alone? I have heard nothing of Margaret's movements or decisions but I understood that if nothing materialized in Paris she meant to go to America

Thank you very much for writing again, it is very kind of you, but inertia is the primary force in nature, at least in mine.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller**

1 January 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1926

Dear Fuller

Your greetings reach me precisely for the new year, and I see that my own good wishes, although unuttered, have been fulfilled and that you are getting on swimmingly. Have you seen Abel Hermant's little book on "Platon"? The first part is charming, but his rope soon gives out, and he has no idea of the political and religious grandeur of his subject.

My negligence in writing has not been as bad as it seems. I ordered the new edition of Lucifer to be sent to you, thinking it would do as a return Xmas card, but Firuski informed me afterwards that he had not sent it because you had already subscribed. Then I thought the Dialogues would soon appear, and would do as a substitute, but they were long delayed—by the Dial and then by the English strikes in the printing trade—so that it can have arrived only after months and months. Either sloth or old age are gaining rapidly upon me, and I sometimes doubt whether the Realms or the novel will ever see the light—but I have brought forth so often when I despaired of deliverance, that I may perhaps perform the miracle again.

Your guess that I was at the Bristol was correct, but this year I am indulging in a complete apartment, and have a boudoir (its blue silk elegance can't bestow another name on it) with a bedroom and bath, and I have a few more books and things about me than on other years. I might settle down here altogether, except that I may at any moment decide to make Avila my head-quarters, if my sisters should move to a house of their own when my brother-in-law dies; he is 85 and very feeble, so that the end may come any day. I was in Avila last summer for a month—July—and was both happy and comfortable there—not to speak of the ambiente of domestic affection to which I suppose an ancient philosopher ought to be indifferent.

I have read Broad, Dewey, Montague, and now Drake (alias Strong) and feel rather fed up with scholastic "problems"; I think people nowadays are more sane and reasonable than they used to be, but they have, like Polonius, a most plentiful lack of wit. For the Cambridge people the intellectual world begins and ends in Cambridge, and for the Americans it is a Department meeting. Do get out your second volume and give us a little

oxygen to breathe. One of my greatest pleasures has been the three volumes of Plotinus, with the new French translation, which have so far appeared in the Collection Budé. How splendid it all is, with only a touch of ancient old-fogydom here and there, to give us the right perspective! Another true satisfaction for me is the new regime in Italy and in Spain, American in its futurism and confident hopes, but classical in its reliance on discipline and its love of a beautiful finitude and decision. That dreadful loose dream of liberalism seems to be fading away at last! Poor France and England are paying the penalty for having drugged themselves so thoroughly with that verbal poison.

Have you read Charles Maurras, *Enquête sur la Monarchie*? I have no faith in the possibility of restoring the France which he dreams of, but perhaps something new and possible may arise when things have got so bad that they can't get worse.

With best wishes for this and many *a* new year,

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

6 January 1926 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 6, 1926

Dear Strong

Last night I finished Drake's book. You must have foreseen, when you refused to send me the proofs, that I shouldn't like it; it is dreadfully inferior, in depth and closeness of thought, to your own expositions of your theory, and at the same time it is less yours than I had expected. You may agree with it all, as I agree with most of it (apart from the atrocious vocabulary); but Drake evidently has no speculative insight or sweep; different views which recommend themselves to him are reproduced literally, without that fusion into an original tint and total of which he speaks. I recognize even scraps of myself; and his behaviourism and physiology are just drawn from textbooks or from current authors, without change. I should think, by the way, that these last elements might be those which, on the whole, would remain in the reader's mind, and that Drake, if he is noticed at all, will be set down as a crude behaviourist and nothing more. If I had not searched for the "feeling" to be infused into matter, and dwelt on those few passages especially, I might have passed your part of the theory over entirely, attributing the "psychic" and "mental" states and the "consciousness" merely to the habit of using psychological words figuratively to describe material facts. There is indeed a good deal about the non-existent data, or appearances, which occupy attention during mental discourse; but as these are reduced to groups of blurred existent units, I can't see that the apparition of appearance (or of existents) is in the least accounted for or even acknowledged; the chapter on the unity of consciousness treats, not of intuition or actual thought, but only of the varying scope of attention: on which subject it seems to me excellent. Attention itself, like cognizance, remains apparently an observable relation between an animal body and its environment. When, however, I fix upon the places where the psychic essence of matter is described, I am left as hopelessly unsatisfied as in our frequent discussions. The sense of being alive in the depths of our bodies comes from being alive in fact: how should inorganic matter possess it? And if the atoms do not possess it, but only the organisms which they form, how are the atoms psychic? In the chapter on fusion (as often in your talk) I seem to catch a glimpse quite another view (which I call

Anaxagoras) drawn rather from the neo-realist quarter; for there “fusion or summation is merely a name for the fact that the datum is relatively simple” {p. 111}; and later {p. 120} we read that we might have intuition of existing units, (!) if our senses were fine enough. It would seem then, that these units cannot be feelings but must be dots: minima sensibilia. You differ from Anaxagoras in suggesting that they are all similar; so that the invention of colour, pain, etc is left by you exactly to the same moral or fanciful exuberance in nature to which a mere materialist would leave it; whereas the prudent Anaxagoras, having once been guilty of hypostatizing given essences, thought he might as well hypostatize them in their variety. But, if I understand your meaning, the sensible presence or existence of the elements paves the way to the sensible presence of their groups, without requiring the sensitive organism to rise to intuition on its own account. This neo-realist view of fusion is not, however, the one which seems to prevail in your treatment or in Drake’s: am I entirely misled in entertaining it at all? The prevalent idea seems to be the other, that actual feeling lives, in a seminal state, in each of the atoms and constitutes its whole substance. But on this view, you ought to be a monadist: the growth of the organism and of its reactions might develop that sensibility in the atom: but it would be the atom, not the organism, that would possess it. On these alternatives and doubts, which are the interesting and dark points of the theory, Drake throws no light whatever: perhaps he doesn’t suspect that they arise at all. By leaving out such questions, and all criticism and dialectic, he makes his book easy reading: and if what you desired was to spread your views rather than to justify them, perhaps his cooperation may be useful. But I am afraid his simple and chatty manner, and his unnecessary abuse of words, will hurt you with the great heretics whom you wish to convert. I add a rhyme

To a Stammering Philosopher

G. S.

You say “qualification”,

Why don’t you say sensitivity?

That is mystifica-cation,

This would mean legibi-bility.

You add “complexification”

To my seni-silli-nility.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

2 February 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 2, 1926

Dear Strong

Here is your article, which I was waiting for before answering your long letter. Your patience in ruminating over these points is admirable, and I think perhaps you may still see your way to further restatements, because it seems to me that there remain traces, at least in your phraseology, of points of view which you have given up in theory. Your article is clearer to me than your letter. In the letter I found nothing new, except the insistence on "actuality", (which I should call existence, actuality being, in a technical sense, limited to intuition); and of course I should agree that no intuition and no appearance could arise unless there were an existent and living organism to produce it.

In the article what has most interested me is paragraph (1) on p. 44. In using "awareness" [and later "consciousness"] for knowledge of external fact, or alleged knowledge of it, aren't you in danger of having to maintain that pain is unconscious, and that we are "aware" of its small parts but not of its specious essence? Certainly in pure feeling the sense of existence is at its maximum and the description of this existence at its minimum—which is the reason for calling it feeling rather than intuition; but the sharpness, badness, and alarm of it must be given, if attention and not merely reaction is to be turned upon the aching member; and of course it is this aching member, or the outer agency affecting it (the "bad smell", for instance) that is the object of our reaction and belief, the thing existing besides the intuition or feeling. This feeling, the intuition of sharpness etc, must be unitary, if it is to be conscious; and I still fail to see any plausibility in the existence of little parts requisite to compose it.

I like your remark on p. 53 that "the organism does not merely cause the appearance to arise, but enjoys it." This is an important point which I have neglected to consider expressly: appearances or angelic intuitions floating about on the loose would not be expressions of animal life in me or you: it is the same difficulty that besets the Humian "ideas". They must be moored to the organism, not merely by a temporal concomitance, but by inner relevance: they are taken from it as a centre, in its interests, through its organs, and are woven into that personal life in which the per-

ception of the organism, its environment, in perspectives centred upon it, its memories, and its passion are all woven constantly together. But it is not incumbent on the observer, looking at the organism and imagining the appearances open it, to imagine them growing up in that organism materially, by a sort of substantial vegetation: they are, by hypothesis, spiritual facts, unobservable, and not to be moored in nature at all save by inner relevance to particular natural predicaments, a relevance to be discovered only sympathetically, not empirically, by evoking a similar appearance in our own fancy.

This leads me to say that in this article, especially in the later pages, I have felt more than ever the strangeness of your approach and of your problems. You seem to look on appearances (e.g. visual images) as if they were parts of the same world with things; and you trouble yourself about “inversion”? I don’t want to argue about this: it would be useless. I only mention it as a reason for not arguing: there is too great a divergence in our preconceptions: you are an empiricist and I am a scholastic.

Onderdonk has been here: my nephew George Sturgis and his wife [*across*] are coming next week: work is not going well. But I am reading Alexander with some profit, I hope: he too is an empiricist: but ¶I advise you to be wary in adopting his “enjoyment”. It is not your “sentience”.

Yours ever G. S.

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**To Curt John Ducasse**

23 February 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Brown)

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ROMA — CAMPIDOGLIO ED ARA COELI

Rome, Feb. 23, 1926.

Thank you for your exposure of the tinkling Bell. I think, however, that the criticism of this school is better than its art; and that if insignificant form could be made arresting permanently and profoundly, as it can be in nature and in architecture, it would be beautiful or sublime or comic, and therefore worth creating. We are governed by an Aesthetic Soviet of Desperadoes: we shall escape [*across*] someday, but they never will. G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

19 March 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

March 19 1926

Dear Strong

I am very glad to hear how things are getting on with you. Do you suppose that there is any wonderful secret in Relativity, apart from mathematical calculations, which is beyond the understanding of the most willing mind? I doubt it: but of course we have to be silent until one of the Fach lets the cat out of the bag; it is the new system under which we live, the Soviet system, where a self-appointed committee of experts tell the world what it is expected to believe under pain of excommunication.

My own dulness has lately yielded to a spell of interest and capacity to work, partly a last spurt of despair, partly perhaps the Season, and partly the stimulus of a new author whom I have come upon by chance ~~heâtre~~ in a shop-window: René Guénon. He has written an “Introduction générale à l’étude des doctrines hindoues”, “Orient et Occident”, and “L’Homme selon les doctrines du Vedanta”. I have read the two last and am beginning the first which has only just reached me. He is a complete convert to a sort of esoteric orthodoxy which he maintains has always existed in the oriental world, even among the Mohammedans, and which he calls la métaphysique pure: it seems to be the realm of essence with a sort of essential hierarchy introduced into it. His criticism of the West is severe but deserved. Anyhow, I am more hopeful than I was a month ago of finishing vol. I, of the Realms this season. Probably I shall find, when the moment to leave Rome arrives, that it is not quite ready, as the Realm of Essence has to be revised a little, as well as the Realm of Matter to be completed. In that case I think I shall go to Cortina: but that would not prevent me from going on to Paris as soon as the work was done. I can’t go to Florence, and am not sorry if you don’t feel like taking the trip to Naples: but do come here for a change. It will also [*across*] be a pleasant change for me to have a chance to talk philosophy. My nephew George Sturgis and his wife, and other friends, have been here but they are innocents. Yours ever G.S.

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**To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis**

26 March 1926 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

March 26, 1926

Dear Rosamond

Forgive me for leaving your nice letter so long unanswered—also George's card from Paris. I was hoping to hear something of your impressions in Spain, and from what George says, as well as both his aunts, who have now written, I gather that you got on tolerably well. I hope the trip as a whole was pleasant enough to leave you with a profound and irrepressible desire to come again. If you have found the children well, and stocks not hopelessly demoralized by the panic—of which I have heard only a first alarm, perhaps exaggerated—you can both of you congratulate yourselves on the result, because you have not only had a holiday and a change, but you have given your old relations a great deal of pleasure. Let me whisper in your ear that you, personally, were a little disappointing at first, because we expected a roaring Amazon, carrying everything before her and sweeping us old people off our feet: but nothing of the sort. You turned out to be remarkably feminine for these times, what in Victorian [*illegible*] days would have been called very attractive, and so far from Herculean that sometimes you seemed a little frail, and I was afraid you did more than was good for you. However, now that you are safe at home you can have as lazy and sleepy a time as household cares allow and the long summer in which to get fat and sunburned. It seems to me here as if it were only yesterday that you left, and I am counting on another & longer visit, to your aff<sup>e</sup> Uncle George

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

20 April 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 20 1926

Dear Strong

I have been dreadfully remiss in not thanking you for your two post cards and your article. I am glad to know about Fiuggi, and I mean to write and inquire about the time when the hotel is open, etc. and possibly I may go for the day to look about and see what the place promises. It will probably not be so cool or so beautiful as Cortina, but it is nearer, and might be more diverting.

The texture of your second article seems to me very good, and you say a great many things with which I agree heartily; but, as you know, your statement of the problem rubs me the wrong way, because it seems to assume (for instance, in the second short paragraph on the first page) that there ought to be intuition of things, and that if appearances differ from things, the difference must be explained by some supervening operation, in the nerves if not in the mind, by which the natural intuition is transformed into the actual one. Now I think that only the ~~na~~ actual one is natural, that there never was any other, and that the complexities of the material objects have no business, and no tendency, to reveal themselves to animals grazing among them. Your conclusions seem to me sensible and true: but you raise a problem which, at least in form, is artificial, and the extreme difficulty of following your reasoning and your analysis, in certain places, comes from the fact that there is no such subject-matter as that which you are studying so laboriously. E.g. on p. 151, near the middle, you speak of “our inability to resolve” red and blue; whereas I should say that there is nothing to resolve them into: their causes meet for the first time in that simple intuition: they never could have appeared in their complexity; and they are discovered only ultimately, by intellectual construction and symbolic representation. Why then make a problem of their not appearing at first as they are?

Yours ever

G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

16 May 1926 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 16, 1926

Dear Strong

After much hesitation I have decided to go to Cortina at the end of June, and I am afraid there is little chance that I shall get to Paris this summer. I hope you will find or invite some one to keep you company for a part of the time. Perhaps Pinsent might make you a longer visit than usual, if he is not too busy to go North. They tell me that there is now a lift at the hotel Cristallo, and running water in the rooms. You might come there in September, if you are tired of Paris. The crowd is then gone, the weather (two years ago) was ideal, and the scenery all that one could desire. Or if the villa is not ready in October and you wanted to spend a fortnight at the Italian Riviera or at Naples, I could join you almost anywhere before settling down again in Rome

What I have heard of Fiuggi suggests that it is a crowded noisy place, not too cool, and I am afraid of trying it when I wish to be quiet and to feel the stretch of time clear before me. "The book" in one sense is going badly; I find that revision becomes rewriting, and that nothing is ever really finished: on the other hand, I am encouraged about the quality of the work, and feel that it will be satisfactory if it can only come to an end. I am also carrying on the novel; and as this is much more interesting to me, it will help to fill in the gaps when I get stuck in the big book.

There is to be a new edition—unchanged—of *Winds of Doctrine* for which I have written a short preface. Old Dent is dead; this is his son's doing. I have received the first account of the Dialogues: about 500 copies have been sold in England and 2000 in America, Constable's Cheque £73 (including both). Such reviews as I have seen have not been very intelligent.

Yours ever

G.S.

**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

17 May 1926 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

ROMA — BASILICA DI S. PIETRO (INTERNO)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 17, '26. Your card from Paris has just reached me. I am sorry you have been worried, and hope my letter arrived soon after. It is very cool here as yet, I shall probably stay until the end of June when I go to Cortina. I now dine out and lunch in the hotel, as the evening abroad is pleasanter. Love to all from Jorge

**To Otto Kyllmann**

22 May 1926 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, May 22, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

In regard to the enquiry about a book entitled "Materialism & Morals", I can say nothing. Is the book supposed to be by me? Possibly, years ago, I may have read some paper or given some semi-private address under this title. There is no such book that I know of, or any publication that I remember

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

p. t. o.

P.S. Do you think the death of Sir Sidney Lee might enable the publishers of his Shakespeare's Works to let us reproduce my introduction to Hamlet? It is a paper which cost me great pains, and which continues the same sort of Latin criticism of English literature that I ventured upon in other places: Poetry of Barbarism, Religion in Shakespeare, Shelley, etc. I should like to rescue that essay on Hamlet if it were possible and republish it in some future collection of critiques & reviews.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

31 May 1926 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Rome. May 31, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

The publishers and printers of Sidney Lee's Shakespeare were The Riverside Press, of Cambridge, Mass. They let me have a single copy of the Hamlet, but would not even sell me any more copies of that volume without the rest of the complete works. Fancy how many persons can have seen that poor Introduction!

I am not sure whether the Riverside Press is still in being or is now the Harvard University Press.      Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Paul Weiss**

3 June 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Southern)

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ROMA - FONTANA DI TREVI

Rome, June 3, 1926.

Thank you for your letter & your review. Have you read Paul Valéry? I find this in him: C'est pour moi un principe d'éthique ... de considérer les opinions des autres, et particulièrement les miennes, comme aussi stables que le temps qu'il fait aujourd'hui. —I had rather leave you, ten years hence, to criticize your own criticisms than to attempt to criticize them now. Let me only say that Plato thinks myth necessary in physics, not in morals.

[across] Yours etc. G. Santayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

27 June 1926 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Sunday, June 27, '26

Dear Strong

I am very glad to have a word from you, as it was a long time since I had heard anything. And it is pleasant to know that you have had so many chances to talk philosophy with great minds in the movement.

I leave for Cortina tomorrow *evening*, going directly in 24 hours, via Verona, Trent, "Bobsano"; I change just before the Austrian frontier—my train going on to Munich and Berlin—and take the side line down to Cortina. If the weather is good, I expect that the scenery all that day will be magnificent.

The book is going on at the same snail's pace—or crab's pace—but I am not discouraged, because I think I am improving it; and I am taking the novel with me as well, in case the spirit is more willing or the flesh less weak in that direction. I have begun a general revision of the novel, making it, as I go, ready for the printer.

Will you do me a favour and ask Aldo or Marie to see if they can have the small object *(mentioned in this half-sheet)* *a* (a handle with two small rubber wheels inserted, for rubbing the gums) sent to me to Cortina? I have not been able to find it here, and it is useful in keeping my gums from getting sore and retreating dangerously. It used to cost, I think, 16 francs—it may be a little more now. I still have one of these instruments, but it is getting worn.

June in Rome, until the last day or two, has been very cool: I have been going out to dinner instead of to lunch, and have found the evenings delightful.

Yours ever  
GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

19 July 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Hotel Cristallo  
Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 19, 1926.

Dear George

Your letter of June 14<sup>th</sup> and the formal announcement of your new business connection are before me, and from what you say I gather that the new arrangement gives you satisfaction and promises well for the future. You will live in a hotbed of information about investments and the march of events, and you will doubtless make good use of your tips.

As to your aunt Susie's deed of trust, it seems to me all a question of legal expediency and practicableness: if such a thing can be arranged, it is evidently simpler than the old arrangement. But Celedonio, I suppose, would not be told—he would never have had any confidence in such an outlandish thing as a trust, and nowadays he wouldn't even understand the theory of it; and if he should survive your aunt, he would have the surprise of his life on finding that she left no property whatever. Still, if you sent him the entire capital, perhaps he might be consoled, even if not placated. In the other eventuality, perhaps there might be questions in Spain about the joint property of the married pair, increased capital (bienes gananciales) being according to Spanish law possessed half-and-half by husband and wife, apart from any will of either. But your aunt Susie knows this better than I do, and if she sees her way clear, of course it is not for you to trouble about Spanish technicalities. If the thing is legal in America and the substantial result is favourable to the Sastre family, they would not care (the sons, I mean) about the machinery by which the result was secured.

As to my own will and testament, I am meditating a complete change (as I think I told you when you were here) but have not quite made up my mind about it. As things stand now, I don't think I should care to divert a considerable sum for the Harvard Fellowship : that would become reasonable if ever I inherited (from your aunt Josephine) or made (by the novel) a further appreciable sum. Meantime, the changes I should make in my will are not considerable, at least in substance: although it has occurred to me that I might leave your aunts out of my will altogether, as not need-

ing or wanting money, certainly not your aunt Josephine: and your aunt Susie would perhaps prefer a life-interest to an inheritance; it would be a way of making you and Josephine her heirs to that extent, without the intervention of her Spanish family. Tell me what you think frankly. You know my general wishes in the matter, and it is chiefly a question of the appropriate means. When I get your suggestions, I will deliberate overnight, and make up my mind to something definite.

I have now been here, at Cortina, for three weeks and expect to remain for the rest of the summer. My book gets on very slowly, but I have plenty of entertaining books, besides the pleasure of the walks in the country, to keep up my spirits; it has been very warm for this place and the exercise I think is good for my superfluous flesh as well as for my sluggish spirit. I have a private bathroom, though no sitting-room; but I am comfortable and like the semi-domestic half-English food which they give us here. Love to Rosamond from your affectionate

Uncle George

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

25 July 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Cristallo  
Cortina, July 25 1926

Dear Strong

I have just finished "Sous le Soleil de Satan". Is the author a young man? If so, I think he may do very good things. I like his ideas (when they are ideas) and his prejudices: the portrait of Anatole France at the end is excellent. So the other minor characters: even the Devil is plausible, if you fall back on mediaeval ways of conceiving him. But there is a lot of rant and confusion: I had some difficulty in following the thread of events or emotions in places, and felt like skipping, or dropping the book altogether. Neither the hero nor the heroine is intelligible. It looks as if the author himself didn't know exactly what was up. That the world is given over to

the devil and that there are shady sides and bitter dregs in every life is perfectly true: but we must distinguish the part which is inseparable from existence of any sort—from flux and finitude—in this evil, and the part that is remediable. No doubt a very exacting spirit might rebel against existence itself: but I don't know what he could find to substitute for it. Certainly this book suggests nothing: it does not represent religion as offering any real refuge: even there all seems to be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Why so tense, little Sir?

The Drakes are gone after staying five days—I am writing an article about Platonism and “Spiritual religion” apropos of a book of Dean Inge's on that subject. It is an interruption, but I have definitely dropped the reins on the neck of my weary old Pegasus, and am letting him amble as he will. I shouldn't accomplish any thing better by applying the bit and spurs.

And you?

Yours ever G.S.

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

1 August 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Temple)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Cortina d'Ampezzo  
Aug. 1, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Thank you very much for the trouble you have taken about my Introduction to Hamlet, and I am much pleased to think that it can be republished at will, on the very easy conditions which M<sup>r</sup> Orcutt imposes, of a mere acknowledgement. But your letter suggests that I have some immediate intention of publishing a new collection of essays. That is not the case. What I may have said to you was a mere rumination on what I think would be ultimately desirable, if my writings were ever to be arranged logically, in a final edition: but probably there is no likelihood of that, and certainly no immediate occasion. Even if you (for it would have

to be you) cared to arrange such a book of essays, you would run up against the obduracy of J. M. Dent & Sons, who have the Shelley—an essential link in the chain; and as M<sup>r</sup> Hugh Dent has woken up and has issued a new edition of Winds of Doctrine, for which I wrote a short preface, it is likely that he might not be so obliging as M<sup>r</sup> Orcutt in America. What I have vaguely in mind is a book under some fresh title suggesting that it contains a Latin view of English literature (possibly that itself might do) and composed of “The Absence of Religion in Shakespeare” (with an addition which I should like to make about Henry VI.), “Hamlet”, “The poetry of Barbarism”, “Shelley”, and “Dickens”.

Meantime, in quite another direction, I may before long have a sufficient accumulation of articles and reviews which, revised and collated, might make a book, say “New Winds of Doctrine”. But don’t take me too seriously: I am suffering from an incapacity (I hope temporary) of getting anything finished: I rewrite, and rewrite, and repeat myself without end, without coming to any conclusion. The first volume of “Realms of Being” has been almost ready for a year, but not ready: and it is so with shorter things. I am sorry, but I must wait for a change in the wind.

Yours sincerely      GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

1 August 1926 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Cortina d’Ampezzo  
August 1<sup>st</sup> 1926

Dear George

I have your letter of July 20, with enclosures about those sketches signed G. S. which are troubling the sleep of M<sup>r</sup> C. C. Eaton. As he wants to know whether they are really emanations of my genius, I see no way open except to let me see them: otherwise I should ask you to keep them or burn them, according to your taste. The name Felton, which he mentions, carries me back to Lampoon days. Conway Felton, now no more,

was one of our inner circle; and if the books in which these drawings were found came directly or indirectly from him, it is very likely that they are mine. An expert in handwriting could also tell by the initials. I now write G.S. conjoined, but I think in those days I left the letters separate: G. S. The style of my drawing is also inimitable, for its badness, at least in the touch: I overdo the first impression, in which there is sometimes some character: and I also have an instinctive eye for composition, not common among Lampoon artists. Conway Felton himself had a vigorous, coarse, masculine way of drawing, which I understand was the origin of the children's page in the Sunday papers.

If I understand the question which that ill-judging Judge has settled, it amounts to this: that \$280 have been transferred from the capital of the trust left by your father for my benefit during my lifetime, to the account of my personal capital in your care. I am sorry; but as you say, it is not a great matter.

My time here passes pleasantly enough, but I seem incapable of finishing anything. I read all sorts of things,—I have just finished "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—and begin enthusiastically various articles and chapters, but get embroiled in the abundance of my repetitions, and have to leave the thing unfinished. I suppose it is an effect of old age, fatigue, and too much chewing the cud in solitude.

Love to Rosamond from                    G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

11 August 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Cristallo, Cortina,  
August 11, 1926.

Dear Strong

My idea is to remain here until the end of September. If I feel like stopping at way stations—as I may if I am doing the novel—it might take me a week or a fortnight to get down to Rome. I could join you in Florence, but under the circumstances it would be better for me to stay in the town, where we could dine together as in Paris. I remember being very comfortable in summer at the Savoia.

You have my sincere sympathy in the prospective loss of Enrichetta and Guiseppe. It will never be the same without them, but I daresay you will manage and, as I read between the lines of your letter, you won't mind a change of cooking.

I am still at work on the intruding subject suggested by Dean Inge's book; but the thing has grown into an independent essay. It will do for the last chapter of the New Winds of Doctrine which I expect to get together before long—a collection *of* my articles with omissions, additions, and variations.

It has been very cold here, with snow down to the line of the woods on all the surrounding mountains, but I have kept well and comfortable. I have Whitehead's book on Science and the Modern World, but have not yet begun it. I will send it to you when I have read it, and if you don't want it you can simply put it aside for me to pick up later.

Would you consider finally going to Naples in October? I have a feeling that I don't want to stay all winter again at the Hotel Bristol. A change of scene might stir up my sluggish mind, and Naples, with perhaps Capri or even Taormina might do it.

Would it be too much trouble to have another "masseur gingival Shamb" sent to me here? The other, beautifully packed, turns out to have a serious defect: the screws holding the little rubber wheels protrude and tear the inside of the cheek. I am still using the old one. I repeat the directions on the enclosed half-sheet, so that you may hand them to whoever does the errand.

Where is Margaret?

Yours ever  
G.S.

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**To Marianne Moore**

23 August 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Cortina d'Ampezzo  
Aug. 23, 1926

Dear Miss Moore

It is not likely that I should have anything new to say about Shelley: when I have a free season I hope to turn to Wordsworth, but at present I am preoccupied with other things. Before long, however, I hope to have something for you of a slightly different sort—"The An Aesthetic Soviet"—and meantime I continue to feast on the various condiments of The Dial, which is one of my few wires to the world of the living.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**30 August 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Temple)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Cortina d'Ampezzo,  
August 30, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

My laziness or incapacity of the last months has yielded lately to a spell of clearer mental weather and I am sending you, under a separate cover, a MS which has outgrown the limits of an article, for which it was first intended, and has become a little book. It is about "Platonism and the Spiritual Life", and contains, I think, meat for reflection. Those who read at all with pleasure, will perhaps wish to read it again: I mean, it is not to be presented as a little book of controversy or "actuality"—although suggested by Dean Inge's Hulsean lectures—but as spiritual reading for the philosophically pious. Do you think it could be published in a small volume, somewhat after the manner of a prayer-book—the print not too large, the page decidedly small (there could be margins at pleasure) perhaps a rubric or red letters here and there? I have divided it, I hope not too artificially, into short sections, on purpose to invite the eye to pause, and to make it easier to pick the book up and read a page or two anywhere at odd moments. I may be deceived by the afterglow of composition, which is quite recent, but I think the thought justifies and rather requires that sort of treatment. The binding, too, ought to be smooth black cloth, to go into the pocket easily. Please don't let the matter of profits intervene, as I should be glad to make any arrangement about publication which you think fair. Let it be a nice little book.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann**

7 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Dartmouth)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London  
Cortina d'Ampezzo  
September 7, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Hartmann

Your "Japanese Rhythms" have reached me: I see they are a work of love on your part, and that of itself helps to carry me pleasantly in imagination to the East, which I don't know but (perhaps for that reason) think I should love.

Yours truly  
GSantayana

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**To George Sturgis**

7 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.  
Cortina, Sept. 7, 1926

Dear George

The two sketches intended for the *Lampoon* but evidently rejected as "unsuitable", or not good, or not comic enough, are certainly by me: now what am I to do with them? I hate old relics: but perhaps, as these don't take up room, I may put them in a portfolio I have in Paris with other documents which I have not quite liked to throw away. I can't find the letter written to you by the librarian of the Harvard Business School: could you have a note—or telephone message—sent to him to say that I have received the drawings, that they are by me, and that I am much obliged to him for his attention. And now that I am troubling you with business, another request: Will you please send a cheque for \$3.00 to Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, Beaumont, California, with the note enclosed? He has (unasked) sent me a book which has a nice cover, separable and useful for

other purposes: but he is ~~not~~ <sup>to</sup> be regarded as an object of charity, and the price asked is not too high.

The summer has passed pleasantly: little rain and weather very warm for this place. I have not made much progress in my regular work: but quite unexpectedly I have written a whole new book, actually finished and sent off to the publisher's last week! It was to have been an article on a new book of Dean Inge's, but grew into 120 pages, so that it can appear in the form of a small volume. It is on a quasi-religious subject: "Platonism and the Spiritual Life." The Pragmatists won't like it.

My plans are vague: probably I shall return to Rome in October.

Yours affectionately  
GSantayana

**To Maurice Firuski**

8 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy  
(MS postcard:  
Unknown)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co.  
123 Pall Mall, London  
Sept. 8, 1926

Could you send a copy of Percy Lubbock's "Earlham" (Jonathan Cape, London) to Mrs. C. H. Toy, at Ware Hall, Cambridge, Mass., and charge it to my account? I haven't heard from you or from Mr. P. la R. for a long time.

Yours truly  
GSantayana

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**To Horace Meyer Kallen**

15 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: American)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Cortina d'Ampezzo,  
Sept. 15, 1926

Dear Kallen

I am delighted at this prospect of seeing you, and of hearing the many things which you will be able to tell me about unknown America. Of course, I live surrounded by Americans who have all more or less recent tidings to give of the Happy Land; but your point of view is more speculative and you will better understand my questions.

I have fallen out of the habit of going to England. The climate, material and moral, no longer suits my aged temperament. I am not much even in Paris, although I expect to be there late next summer, on returning from Spain—possibly for a few days in June also, on my way to Avila, where I have my only blood-relations and a true refuge from the world of snobs—I mean, intellectual snobs, because naturally the others don't fall in my way. In Avila nobody has heard of anything, and it is a great relief. But meantime I expect to be chiefly in Rome, at the Hotel Bristol, Piazza Barberini. It is possible that during the winter I may make some trips, to the South or to Florence: send me word in advance, if you come so far, and we can easily arrange a meeting.

In the years since I have heard from you directly, my impression has been that you were not having a very easy time: that you found contrary currents about you. I am glad that at last you are able to take a holiday and, in spite of congresses, perhaps to take a little rest. But you will find little rest here morally, although materially, perhaps, the pace may be slower.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[across] P.S. I remain at Cortina (Hotel Cristallo) until Oct. 1: then for 10 days or so, I expect to be in Venice (Hotel Danieli): then in Rome.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

15 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley &amp; C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Cortina, Sept. 17<sup>5</sup>, 1926Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I telegraphed this afternoon as you suggested, "Sheet proposal satisfactory". I should very much prefer to have the American public receive the book as printed in England; even so, I am afraid it will present a less attractive appearance on account of the Americ<sub>a</sub>n<sub>u</sub> way of cutting down the page and binding. My "Poems", which were supposed to be reprinted in fac simile, cut a very sorry figure in Scribner's edition, compared with yours; but it sold well, which is a sort of bitter-sweet compensation.

As you know, the matter of royalties, especially for a small and quasi-religious book like this, is indifferent to me: it would in any case be a small matter, one way or the other. You needn't give me any royalty at all, if you can thereby make the book more attractive to the eye and the pocket of the public.

On the other hand, I confess I am not altogether satisfied with the specimen pages which you send. They follow my suggestions, so that I ought not to find fault: but I am not a connoisseur in the art of printing, and my suggestions, when carried out, don't please me. Could you, with your experience, or who ever is the Expert to whom you entrust such things, try something different? Disregard the suggestions I made in my previous letter, and start afresh as you would have done if I had said nothing. If you ask me what it is that I don't like in these specimen pages, I can't answer clearly. Perhaps the page is too long and narrow, the print faint and weak (it makes me squint) and the title page not bold enough, too feminine, as it were. What I had in mind was wholly different—a strong black and white effect, like black-letter.

When you return from your holiday, I hope to hear again from you about [across] these matters. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

17 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy      (MS: Temple)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
Cortina Sept. 17, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I should be very glad to have the Indian branch of the Oxford University Press include my "Little Essay" on War in their book of modern English Essays.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To John Jay Chapman**

23 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy      (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Cortina, Sept. 23, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Chapman

I will telegraph tomorrow morning, as you request, and hope the delay in reaching me here has not put you to any inconvenience.

Your request that I should be President of the Aryan Society is most flattering, but it is also a little amusing, because it suggests that you think me a personage entirely different from what I am. Of course Sir Geoffrey Butler does not know me, nor I him. I have not been in England, save for one flying visit, for these eight years; even when I was kept there by the war, I led the same utterly retired life that I lead everywhere. I am not a person in public life or in the public eye; nobody knows me except possibly by name or through my books, and I should be the most unsuitable choice you could make for a President.

Even if this were not so, and I was moving (as you seem to suppose) in the midst of the London Intelligentsia, it might have been difficult for me to accept your invitation. Against whom is the Aryan Society directed? Against the Arabians, the Jews, the Chinese, and the blameless

Ethiopians? I confess that I don't like the Jewish spirit, because it is worldly, seeing God in thrift and success, and I know nothing of the blacks; but the Arabs and the Chinese seem to me in some ways, apart from the costume, nearer to the Greeks than we are in Europe and America: they have taken the measure of life more sanely. Might it not turn out, then, that the Aryan Society, if it stood for the life of reason, was especially directed against the Aryans? Races, like nations, seem an unfortunate class of units to identify with moral ideas. If you had called your Society the Society for the Preservation of Traditions, or the Lawgivers Club, or something indicating the love of order as against the thirst for chaos, I might, as far as my sympathies are concerned, have been heartily with you: but even then, not as President. Even in the same church some are born to be monks and others to be bishops: I was born to be a monk.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

23 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina, Sept. 23, 1926

Dear Strong

The season is so persistently fine and warm that I am almost sorry to have to leave this place: but the hotel is getting empty and on October 1<sup>st</sup> (as I remember from my former visit) it goes into curl-papers altogether. It seems early to return to Rome, and hardly the occasion to visit you in Florence, which for its own sake does not attract me. I am therefore going for a fortnight to Venice—hotel Danieli—and from there I can make straight for Rome in a sleeping-car, which is apparently the only means of travelling now in Italy with any comfort—motors being excluded. In Rome, I hope soon to see you. Since you don't feel like going on to Naples, I will put it off too, hoping that perhaps in February you may be inclined to make that trip. I could go down with you (or at the same time by train), we

could see the sights together—better still if Pinsent could join us—and I could stay on in the South when you returned, if I felt inclined, as I now think I should. It is hard for me to uproot myself from any place, but once having broken away, I feel rather disinclined to return to the old routine, and I am going to tell the people at the Bristol that this year I will keep my rooms only until February. My work is going on better, and I think it would not suffer from a change of environment. I mean to linger at Naples, Capri, or Sorrento, possible even Taormina, until it is time to travel north. I could then visit you at the villa if it was ready and there was room. [*across*] I have promised my sisters to go to Avila for July: after that Paris. Such are my present plans. Yours ever G. S.

[*across page one*] P. S. Specimen pages of "Platonism & the Spiritual Life" have already arrived, but they are dreadful, and I have asked for others.

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**To Horace Meyer Kallen**

25 September 1926 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy      (MS: American)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London S.W.1  
Cortina, Sept. 25 1926

Dear Kallen

In November I shall undoubtedly be in Rome, which is not out of your way to Palestine, at least as the bird flies, and your kindness in wishing to see me will be rewarded by seeing Rome also, while if the Pope, I, and Mussolini get on your nerves, you can take ship at Naples or Brindisi for Egypt, which I suppose is still a way-station to the Promised Land. When I made my pilgrimage in 1905 it had to be by water, landing at Jaffa in a small boat amid rocks and breaking waves; but now I believe you go by train in a few hours from Zuez to Jerusalem. But you know all this better than I: all I can do is to assure you that Rome in November is in itself very pleasant and that I shall be very glad to welcome you there. I live by rule, as in a monastery, never go out in the morning or evening, but have lunch at 12.30 or 1 o'clock at some restaurant, then take a walk until tea-time, and then return to my hotel, where I dine upstairs in my cell. If you will make a similar arrangement for your meals, which they call half-pension, I hope you will come and lunch with me every day, while you remain in Rome, and then I can show you, not the sights, but the pleasant places where I

take my constitutional, and we can discuss eternal and temporal matters in the mild golden light of autumn—very like that of Limbo. It may be a relief to you after the agitation and hopeless confusion which you will have found in England.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

8 October 1926 • Venice, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Danieli, Venice  
October 8, 1926

Dear Strong

It is now a week since I arrived here and I find Venice very agreeable—warm, but not too much infested by flies or mosquitoes, or even by tourists. A friend of Westenholz's, who speaks very good English is here and we usually dine together, so that I have enough society. I expect to stay for another week, as was my original plan—possibly until Sunday the 17<sup>th</sup>. If you don't see me earlier, or hear to the contrary, you may expect me to turn up at the Aragno on Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> for lunch—for I suppose you still lunch there. If not, I will look you up later at the Minerva

Yesterday I went sight seeing, on foot, to the Findecca and the Island of San Giorgio Maggiore, crossing by the ferry, and I was surprised at the small size of the Tintoretto's which I remembered as vast epical designs. The interior of Italian churches is cold, and leaves me cold: these festive buildings are better as distant features or backgrounds in the landscape. San Giorgio as I see it at this moment from my window through a slight haze is certainly a poetical object: near to, and inside, it seems only an architect's model in an old curiosity shop.

M<sup>rs</sup> Toy has sent me some newspaper cuttings about the philosophical congress at Harvard: it seems even less interesting than I should have expected—

I gave your copy of Sous le Soleil de Satan to the Schneiders at Cortina (a Columbia professor & his wife): but I will get another in Rome—nothing easier.

Yours ever      G.S.

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**To Lawrence Smith Butler**

9 October 1926 • Venice, Italy      (MS: University Club)

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C/o Brown Shipley & Co  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Venice, Oct. 9, 1926

Dear Lawrence

Your business address and the neat appearance of your type-written letter, involving an animate as well as an inanimate typewriter, open vistas of you in a new atmosphere. Are you working really hard and building Babylonian skyscrapers? I hope this will not prevent you from coming to see me—you will need a rest—and please don't bring either the animate or the inanimate typewriter with you.

No, I have not seen "The Story of Philosophy" and have forgotten if they ever asked me for a photo. I now have been reproduced especially for reproduction by Swain & C°, New Bond Street, London, W. to which your friends the publishers can send for a portrait of me in my 60th year; it is not good, too much touched up, but will serve for the public. My real portrait is the drawing by Andreas Andersen of which I suppose you have a copy; at any rate the Potters have, and would lend it to Simon & Schuster if they preferred it to the new photo. I don't send you one of these because those I have are in Paris, quite out of reach.

I have been spending the summer at Cortina d'Ampezzo, very pleasantly, and have stopped here in Venice for a little change before settling down again at the Hotel Bristol in Rome. You will probably find me there, at least until February, when it is possible that I may go to Naples etc. for the rest of the season. Next summer I have promised to go again to Avila, but shall be in Paris on the way there and back.

Yours affly      GSantayana

P.S. Like a lady, I forgot the object of this letter until it was finished. Of course I shall be glad to read your journal of the trip round the world, but why should I, who am not a circumnavigator, write a preface for it? What should I say in it? However, if on seeing it I should be inspired, the thing might be done. This summer I have written a whole book—a little one—on the spur of the moment, thinking it would be merely a review of Dean Inge on “*The Platonic tradition in English religious thought*,” but it grew into an independent treatise of my own on how to become a saint without letting anybody know it. It is to be called “Platonism and the Spiritual life” and is very Indian. You may not like it all, because it is not specifically Christian, but I will send you a marked copy, where the orthodox pages shall have a little red cross at the top.

**To Horace Meyer Kallen**

22 October 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: American)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
October 22, 1926.

Dear Kallen

As you see, I am already in Rome, and I shall be delighted to see you any day that you are able to turn up. Strong is here, at the hotel Minerva, pending some repairs which are being made in his villa; we can go after lunch and have coffee with him, as I know he will be glad to see you.

If you will call for me on the first day you are here at 12.15, we will drive or walk, according to the weather and to our feelings, to some restaurant and fortify the flesh a little to help it bear the disappointments of the spirit. My thoughts, too, often go back to the Harvard of our day, but I can't say that they are accompanied by any desire of living thenat *day* over again. The past is better as past than it was or would be as present. I don't say this because I think all presents bad: I am enjoying my old age very much; but I like the safety of distance, the lack of urgency, in the view of the most

pleasing object.—But we can moralize at leisure by word of mouth when you are here.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Marianne Moore**

8 November 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Hotel Bristol, Rome,  
Nov. 8. 1926

Dear Miss Moore

I enclose an old skit which I have found among old papers and touched up a little, thinking that perhaps it might amuse your readers. If you don't want it, could I ask you as a personal favour to send it back to me, as I have no other clean copy?

“An *Æsthetic Soviet*” has met with an accident, but I think will recover, and be ready for you before long.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

12 November 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Nov. 12, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

This specimen page will do very well: I like the print (which is like that in “Scepticism & Animal Faith”) and the shape of the printed part; my only doubt is about the added length of the paper, and about the need of a running title at the top. Since the book has no chapters with titles, the running title seems unnecessary, and the numbering might be at the top instead. I think the reader, if he forgets what he is reading about, might as well turn

to the title-page or to the back of the cover. Isn't a quadrangular page of print of better effect with a clear margin all round?

According to a calculation which I have made there would be something over a hundred of these pages in the whole book. Something would depend, of course, on the amount of space left clear between the numbered divisions.

When the title-page is in proof, I suppose you will let me see it.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

### To George Sturgis

20 November 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
Nov. 20, 1926.

Dear George

Don't notice this girlish notepaper. It goes with my grass-widow's room, and I have no other at hand.

I was glad to hear that Josephine had had another boy and that both <sup>her</sup> mother and child were doing well. You seem to run to boys in your generation. And I am also glad to know that Rosamond's operation has been successful and that you are in a football humour. I have seen by chance in a friend's Paris "New York Herald" that Harvard beat Yale, so that your feelings must have been altogether festive.

It is a long time since I ought to have replied to your letter, in which you answered my questions about my proposed new will. The delay comes of a real incapacity on my part to reach any decision. Soon after writing to you it came over me in the still watches of the night—between naps, for I wasn't at all sleepless—that I had overlooked two important points. One was that in my will as it stands I leave, or mean to leave, one third of my property to your aunt Susie or her step-sons: whereas according to my proposed new will, I should be leaving nothing to the Sastre family after your aunt's death. Now neither of these results seems to me fair. One third of my present fortune is too much to leave to the Sastres: but I want to leave them something, because I am fond of them, their house is a sort of second home for me, and a legacy would make a real dif-

ference in their comfort and in the education or settlement of the children, who are my special friends. In fact, I should prefer if possible to leave presents to the grandsons directly (there are now three only) rather than to their parents or to the girls. If there should be more grandsons of Celedonio later I could provide in a codicil for the new-comers. If, then, I make a trust, it must be after providing legacies—say \$5000 apiece—for those three boys. That is the first point.

The second point touches the proposed Harvard scholarship. I had thought of waiting until I was richer, if I ever am: but it now occurs to me that, as far as your Aunt Josephine's money is concerned, it makes no difference whether I inherit it and then leave a part to Harvard, or whether you inherit my part <sup>of</sup> your aunt's fortune entire, but receive less from me upon the previous sad occasion of my demise. I might then just as well establish the fellowship at once. If I die before your aunt Josephine, you and your sister Josephine get so much less as my residuary legatees: but then, when your aunt Josephine dies, you get her money entire. If on the contrary, she dies first, my own chest is repleted, and the fellowship or scholarship comes out of the lump sum. The result is therefore identical in either case. Isn't this so?

But here a different circumstance intervenes, and upsets all my project. I had suggested in a careless moment to my friend Strong this idea of a scholarship for Harvard, in recognition of the one we had enjoyed in our youth: now Strong has been here in Rome for some weeks, and I find that he is leaving his entire fortune, perhaps \$1,000,000 for that purpose! What will be the use of my pittance—I had thought of \$25,000. or \$30,000—in comparison? He says I must act independently, that possibly he won't leave all his fund to Harvard but distribute it among various universities: but in any case the wind is taken out of my sails, as his foundation will provide for just those elderly philosophers or impecunious but virtuous poets whom I wished to befriend.

I am therefore in some perplexity, and not unwilling to let the thing lie, until I see new light.

We had already talked, when you were in Rome, about the question of having my next year's letter of credit in dollars instead of pounds, and I had agreed that it was more sensible. It would not affect in any case my right to use B. S. & C<sup>o</sup> as a post-office, because I have a bank account there independently of the letter of credit, very useful in cashing and paying cheques for books, clothes, charities, etc. I will draw the rest of my present letter of credit at the end of the year and shall be well-provided for some

time. There is therefore no hurry about the new letter. It might be for \$4000.

I am settled here as you found me last year and leading the same life, except that more friends seem to be turning up than usual. With love to Rosamond & the children from G.S.

[across] P.S. Please send \$100 in my name for the Phi Beta Kappa memorial, as inclosed.

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**To Herbert Wallace Schneider**

[22 November 1926] • Rome, Italy (MS: Southern)

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Dear Schneider

I was sorry not to get to the Pincio yesterday, but Sunday is not a good day for me, as I take the opportunity of going to some theatre if there is anything that attracts me, and yesterday I went to a cheap but not unpleasant performance of La Traviata.

Perhaps you and M<sup>rs</sup> Schneider will come to the Casino on Thursday or Saturday, if it is pleasant. I shall make a point of being there.

How dreadful of Strong to discover that there are two kinds of intuition, one that is intuition and one that is not!

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

23 November 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 23, 1926

Dear Strong

I take this large and professional sheet in view of answering all the points of your long letter, on which I have made marginal notes. I do it, so that you may not think I neglect your admonitions; but I hardly expect that it will be of any use in clearing up our differences.

1. Isn't what you call my agnosticism simply what they called "critical realism"?
2. You say that appearances are not created out of nothing. My view is that of Christian theology: they are created out of nothing, but not by nothing, not by chance or spontaneously: they are created by something else. In other words, their substance is outside of them, not within them; they are contingent, not necessary or congenital effects of what precedes: facta, non genita. Your contrary view is monistic or pantheistic: it does not admit, with me and the Indians, that appearance is illusion and that nothing given exists. It is partly for this reason, no doubt, that you value your theory. You wish to be, at least in some measure, an empiricist, a positivist, a philosopher of the Left.
3. By "a sensuous nature" I take it that you mean some concrete fact or instance of sentience, not the abstract nature of sentience, which would be a non-existent universal. Now I ask myself: Has this concrete instance of sentience no character save "being"? In that case its concreteness and existencie individuation, would depend on its position in space-time; and space-time, not instances of sentience, would be the true principle of existence or "being". If on the contrary each instance of sentience has a special inner quality differentiating it from other instances, like a monad, then its "being" is simply its essence, and again it depends for its existence on its position and relations in terum natura. In either case, a fact or instance of sentience cannot fulfil the function of bestowing existence upon itself or upon appearances. The principle of existence, I think, cannot be any absolute or static being, whether pure Beings or sentience conceived as self-centred and self-existing. It must be the very fact of passage or flux, involving the establishment (by an unsynthesizable succession) of contingent or irrelevant relations between its assignable terms. It will not suffice

for your point-instants to “be”, each in itself: if they are to exist, they must vindicate their existence by pushing and generating one another. Existence must be enacted: it cannot be given or conceived. Perfection cannot exist; only imperfection.

4. You introduce your theory of “intuition by means of projection”. I have assented to it, thinking of “projection” behaviouristically: but it now occurs to me that a distingno is needed. Projection cannot precede intuition if it be the projection of the terms which presently appear in intuition. That which precedes intuition is only reaction. When this reaction has put some term before the mind, it may also cause it „that term“ to be regarded as the object upon which reaction is taking place, thus (erroneously) projecting it and believing it to exist.

5. You suggest that I probably object to your transferring “being” from the appearance to the subject. No: the appearance, in my opinion, has no being but essence; existence is in the psyche to begin with. What I object to, if anything, is the transference of it „being“ to the appearance. This, however, is only technically an error, the appearance being honoured by proxy as if it were the external object: and it is quite proper to recognize existence there, since the external object is collateral with the self, and in the same field of action.

6. You say that the sort of existence attributed to a sound as it is heard is empirically given. No doubt there is a sense of existence when we hear a keen sound: it comes from the reverberation in the body (of which more presently) and, until contemplative freedom is attained, it is „this felt existence is“ probably transferred to the sound heard or (more correctly) to the source of the sound, to the sounding object. But of course you do not expect me to believe that the given essence therefore exists, or that existence is ever “given” to intuition at all. It is continually pres[*illegible*]sing and being enacted; but in exact proportion as intuition shapes and contemplates the essence of sound, if this becomes an essence in the realm of sound, an eternal theme, and the „sounding“ object first, and the process of hearing afterwards, drop out of consideration. I went to hear La Traviata yesterday and observed this.

7. I agree that there is an exact parallel between external perception and the sense of one’s own existence, which I think is simply internal perception. My insides are perceived, not visually, but in an unmistakably cognitive way. My existence is not given, since it is a natural process, an event, and not an essence: but it is continually experienced: we long ago called it a disturbance, tension, or trouble: you now call it a “stirring,” which seems

much the same thing. Felt intensity is an essence, or an element in an essence; it may be erroneously projected into things, to make a metaphysical hybrid called force or energy; in things there cannot be anything similar to felt intensities, unless these things are beings dramatically conditioned, as we are conditioned. But force or energy may be a good name, and intensity may be a good dramatic symbol, for the precipitancy or volume of material processes.

You see (as I have often told you) that your “being” or “stirring”, which I recognize to be a real and constantly pressing fact, seems to me to be simply the seething of animal life in us, and no possible primary existence.

I agree that this sense of our bodily existence is habitually projected, in part, into the images of sense or into the objects which they announce: whence the normal madness of positing given essences as existing, and substituting them merrily for the unknown material processes going on in the self and in the rest of nature.

8. You set me on the horns of a monstrous trilemma: I must either say {1} that intuition is a form mode of being to which essences are raised, called incandescence, in which case apparently I should agree with the neo-realists, and also, somehow, regard intuition as a datum of experience; or {2} that intuition is a “bi-polar” act which “apprehends” essence attributable to the brain, and that intuition is not a datum of experience; or {3} as I must oscillate between these views and remain “unclear” in my own mind.

Neither {1} nor {2} as you state them, expresses<sub>s</sub> my view: {2} on the whole would come nearer, but for the unintelligible word “bi-polar”, and the suspicious word “apprehends”. Act is the right classical term for the sort of being, actuality, proper to intuition: but it is not “bi-polar” if that means a transition between two objects of the same sort; for the organ is a psyche, and the result of its operation is the intuition of some essence, a wholly non-existent term. This situation is exactly what I meant to indicate by “incandescence”, which has nothing to do with any change in essences, which are all eternal and unchangeable. It is the psyche that grows incandescent, as the arc-lamp does, not the essence or the light thereby manifested: the essence of light is not plunged in darkness until the psyche or the wire (without light at home) throws some light upon it. It is the psyche that is plunged in darkness until, by its friction, it manages to call down the essence of light into its orbit, and for a moment sees what light is. The hypostatic essences of the neo-realists are meant to obviate the need of intuition: if you forget yourself, or admit only a transcendental ego, you

may suppose that essences can intuit themselves: but then they are hardly essences (except for being all surface) since they come and go and exist in external relations. They are things as the gnostic conceives them, things obvious through and through.

I can't understand how you could attribute to me a view that essences hypostatized in this way were equivalent to essences given in intuition, when half of "Scepticism" is devoted to proving that the data of intuition do not exist; nor have I given you any excuse, I am sure, for supposing that intuition can be a datum of intuition: such data are essences, and intuition is an act, an event, the fact that to some animal some essence appears. This fact is implicated, no doubt, in appearance: but a particular intuition, if absorbed in its object, cannot know that it this object is an appearance or that an intuition is requisite to its specious presence. The deliverance of intuition is the essence simply, without any historical, psychological, or material setting. It is for this reason that intensely contemplative minds call essences the only true beings, and regard all else as confusion and falsehood.

Intuition might be said, quo ad nos, to raise (or call down) essence to a new status, that of specious being: but, as all good Platonists say, it is not the essence that descends, for it remains eternally where it was, but a sensitiveness to it that is awakened in the incarnate psyche for the time being. And, as I like to add, it is entirely the natural life of this psyche that determines which essences it shall call down, and for how long, and on what occasions: as a poet's genius determines what words he shall spout.

As to your new apartment I can only say: il a tort d'être en retard; mais il a raison d'être beau.

Yours ever      G.S.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

27 November 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 27, 1926

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

A Spanish friend, Don Antonio Marichalar, is writing an article about me in a new Madrid review called "Residencia", and intends to translate for it one of the "Little Essays" (or part of one) drawn from "Egotism". {They like "Egotism" because it is the most Catholic of my books, and they are quasi-believers.} I have told him to go ahead and that I would take the responsibility of getting permission or paying fees, if either be requisite, both as regards you and as regards Dent. When I see the length and nature of the translation made—it may be only such a quotation as any review may contain—I will write to you again about it, if it seems worth while.

As to the page for "Platonism and the Spiritual Life", I am very sorry to be giving you so much trouble. The second specimen page will do as it stands: my suggestions about leaving out the headings, putting the page-number in the upper corner, and not having so much empty space at the bottom of the page, were only suggestions; it seems to me that the last point is merely a question of usage; if so much margin does not seem an affectation, it is a positive luxury: people can use it for annotations. As to the running-title my feeling was that, besides being useless, it detracted from the soberness and concentration that might be expressed in a solid rectangular page of print, but I may be wrong; it is perhaps a mere fancy, and I shouldn't wish to insist upon it if it causes inconvenience.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

28 November 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 28, 1926

I had just posted my letter of yesterday when yours arrived with the new specimen page for "Platonism and the Spiritual Life". I like this form very much better, and hope you will go on with it without further trouble. The proofs, without the MS, can be sent to me directly to the above address up to March 1<sup>st</sup> 1927.

G. Santayana

**To Unidentified Recipient**

12 December 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: New York)

C/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Dec. 12, 1926

Dear Sir,

I am naturally much pleased that you should wish to include anything of mine in your Anthology, and if the passages from the *Life of Reason* (I haven't the volumes here) are as short as that from the *Dialogues*, I hardly think the publishers—Constable for England, Scribner for the U.S.—would expect more than a formal notice: but you had better ask them the question which you put to me about the permission extending to America. Mine of course is not geographically limited, but I am not sure what Scribner would say. They hold the copyright for the *Life of Reason*.

I suppose you don't intend to attribute the two points of faith which you mention in your preface to all the persons quoted in the book. As the passage you have chosen from my *Dialogues* shows, if you consider it narrowly, I am myself distinctly opposed to the second point, and think it contrary to the first, at least in the sense in which I should accept the latter; because spirit and the supremacy of spirit transport us to the eternal world, and away from evolution, history, or the region of purposes; which I think presuppose particular animals already existing and having special interests in an alien world. But I am only the more pleased that, in spite of

this difference in doctrine, you have felt that I shared your interest in a spiritual reawakening.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

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**To Lewis Mumford**

16 December 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

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c/o Brown Shipley & Co.  
123 Pall Mall, London S.W.1

Rome, Dec. 16, 1926

Dear Mr. Mumford

A copy of your "Golden Day" has reached me without any visible indication whether I owe it to your personal kindness or to that of your publishers: but in any case I prefer to address my thanks to you. To them I could only have said that this is the best book about America, if not the best American book, that I have ever read—an opinion which they could quote, if they liked, for purposes of advertisement. But your very sound judgements—as they seem to me—about various matters, make me wish to add something on two points, more in friendly confidence than in a critical capacity. And, by the way, I wonder whether you are one of the Mumfords that were well-known oarsmen at Harvard in my day, or a son of one of them or some more distant member of that family; this is not merely impertinent curiosity, but leads directly to the first matter which I wish to touch upon. You do not know me personally: do you know any old gentleman—there are still several about—who was my personal friend? Perhaps not: at any rate, in the very complimentary notice, in quality and quantity, which you take of me in your book, I feel that you are thinking of me—quite naturally—as just a Harvard professor, author of a book called "The Life of Reason". Your appreciation seems absolutely just, as directed upon that semi-public personage: but I never felt myself to be identical with that being, and now much less than ever. What you say, about my roots being at best in Mrs. Gardner's Boston, is true of him, not of me: my own roots are Catholic and Spanish, and though they remain under ground, perhaps, they are the life of everything: for instance, of my pose as a superior and lackadaisical person; because all the people and opinions which I deal with, and try to understand, are foreign and heretical and transitory from the point of view of the great tradition, to which I belong.

The other matter which I have in mind regards your own philosophy, and the high place which you assign to Emerson and Whitman. It surprises me a little that you should feel that I have no intellectual sympathy with Walt. When I was young I passed for one of his ardent admirers, wrote a "Dialogue" in his praise in the Harvard Monthly, when in its first year, or soon after, and have never changed in that respect. You don't seem to me to distinguish between types of imagination or sentiment, and doctrine about the universe. In the former capacity, Whitman's attitude seems to me fresh, manly, large, and healthy: in the latter (if he figures there at all) he would be a mere rhetorical prattler and sentimentalist. The moral world, for me, is a part of the human world, which is itself a detail in nature: variations in the moral world are as legitimate, and may be as welcome, as changes in art or in language: but does the universe change, or can a serious philosophy change, with the moral weather?

Yours very truly

G Santayana

**To Maurice Firuski**

23 December 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

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Rome, Dec. 23, 1926

Dear Mr. Firuski

I am glad to hear that Charles Pierce left copious materials yet unpublished, but I am not at all the person to undertake editing any portion of them. Find some young philosopher or mathematician, in whose career such deserving work might be of use and profit. I saw Pierce only once, at a lecture after a dinner at Wm. James's. He had a red nose, a straggling grey beard, and an evening coat that seemed lopsided and thirty years old. As to his life, save that it was retired and, they say, bibulous, I know nothing: but if you can enlighten me, I shall not be incurious. As a philosopher Pierce has come late to be recognized, but his quality is unmistakably good, far better logically than Wm. James's, and anything speculative from his pen would be welcomed, I think, by the learned public.

Where did you get the impression, I wonder, that I am planning a translation of Don Quixote? Many years ago Updike proposed such a thing to me: I tried the first page and found it impossible: moreover the extant translations are excellent.

My novel has been lying fallow, but I hope to devote myself consecutively to it as soon as I have dispatched volume one of my "Big Book"—"The Realms of Being"; and this I hope will be before I leave Rome this winter. Meantime I have composed a little book, now being printed, which may interest you in your spiritual exaltation, since it is precisely about "Platonism and the Spiritual Life". It is very short, but very sublimated: written all at one go last summer at Cortina.

Please give my best wishes to la Rose, and tell him that it would give me real pleasure if he would write to me about anything, or send me anything that he may have published.

Is it true that "Lucifer" is sold out? If so, congratulations.

Yours sincerely,  
GSantayana

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**To Marianne Moore**

30 December 1926 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, Dec. 30, 1926.

Dear Miss Moore

Here is the “Æsthetic Soviet”, or what remains of it; for the operation which it had to undergo was nothing less than a division into two; it had turned out to be a pair of Siamese twins; one half is rescued, but I am not sure whether the other half—which I have christened “The Revival of Intolerance”—will survive the divorce.

As the MS is rather in a mess, and I have hardly the freshness of perception needed to straighten it out at present, I should be particularly obliged if you could let me see the proofs: I might wish to make some slight but important corrections.

Thank you for the proof of “Overheard in Seville”, and for your kind appreciation of this skit. It is not a “fantasy”, however, in the sense of being invented: most of it was really overheard.

Yours sincerely  
 G Santayana

When this article—“An Æsthetic Soviet”—comes out, please have a copy of that number of The Dial sent to the following persons, and charge them to the author.

G. S.

Don Antonio Marichalar, Independencia 2, bis, Madrid, Spain.

Mr. Julio Irazusta, c/o Banque Anglo-Sud-Américaine, rue Scribe,  
 Paris, France

Baron Albert von Westenholz, Sophienterrasse, 14, Hamburg, Germany.

R. B. Potter, Esq, Antietam Farm, Smithtown, Long Island, N.Y.

M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy, Ware Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

D. M. G. Cory, Esq, 52 Cranley Gardens, S.W. London, England

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

15 January 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 15, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Here is the corrected proof of "Platonism": I have had to make a few changes in the text (having discovered one or two errors of memory on my part) and there are other trifling corrections; perhaps it would be better to let me see a second proof before printing: but do as you think best.

As to the MS, I have no use for it: destroy it, unless there is somebody who wants it as a relic. Yours truly

GSantayana

[across] P. S. In any case, I should like to see a proof of the title-page, and to know what binding is proposed.

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**To George Sturgis**

22 January 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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Rome, Jan. 22, 1927

Dear George

I have received your two letters, the new letter of credit for \$4000, and my yearly account, for all of which many thanks. Reduced to the terms which ultimately interest me, the account amounts to this: that my last year's income was about \$7000, of which I spent one half; and that the other half, together with the non-recurring extra "income" of another \$7000, was added to my capital, which is now about \$140,000. This, according to my standards, is a vast sum, and I am naturally highly pleased

at being so comfortably off in my old age. I am following your advice in not being too economical, and have had guests here—a very easy way of amusing myself—in the persons of two of the Chetwynd children, nephew and niece of my late friend Moncure Robinson. Betty Chetwynd, aged 19, has now returned home to London, but Randolph, aged 23, is staying on, and is excellent company, without interfering at all with my habits or being, I hope, too much bored, as he does what sightseeing he likes in the morning and goes to teas, dinners, and dances when he is asked by his other friends in Rome, of which he has a good many.

Of course it is all right about your commission on the extra “income”.

As to my will, I will write another day: I am still a little vague about what to do. In the near future I may have occasion to consult Strong, your aunt Susie, and Onderdonk (who made my present will for me) and to come to a final decision.

The proofs of my new short book (“Platonism”, etc.) have now been despatched, but I don’t know when the meteor will appear to astonish Cambridge, Mass.

With love to Rosamond and the children Yours affectionately

GSantayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

31 January 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 31, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I am sending the second proofs of “Platonism & the Spiritual Life” back under a separate cover. There are only two small corrections to be made and it will hardly be necessary to send me a third proof of the body of the book. But I find that the title-page is still the same as in the original project which I asked you to give up. I have suggested in the proof leaving out the trivial ornaments and straightening the indications at the bottom of the page: so simplified, I think the title-page would be at least dignified and inoffensive. But I should have no objection to any other straight-forward arrangement, such as there is in the title-pages of my other books. My unfortunate desire that this book should be a particularly beautiful one has given us a lot of trouble. I am sorry, and I promise not to do it again!

There is also the question of the binding? What is it to be?

I inclose a list of persons to whom I should like copies to be sent in my name.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To [Marianne Moore]**

4 February 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS postcard: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Please send a copy of the March number (if it contains my dialogue "Overheard in Seville") to

M<sup>rs</sup> C. H. Toy,  
Ware Hall  
Cambridge, Mass.

and charge it to my account: or if that piece doesn't appear in March, the number in which it does appear.

G. Santayana

Feb. 4 1927

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

9 February 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Rome, Feb. 9, 1927

Dear Strong

I was glad to hear from you at last: my letter had seemed to discourage your hopes of useful correspondence. The only point that seems to call for fresh comment is about "specious" essence. A triangle does not lose its triangularity when not thought of: but it ceases to be speciously triangular. "Specious" is only a term used to vary the monotony of "given", "apparent", or "intuited". It is not a category of some essences in their own realm as distinguished from other essences there. I should therefore not say that Platonic ideas retained their specious character when not contemplated.

They retain their essential character—the only character they have—but lose their specious presence or actuality.

Randolph Chetwynd remained here for four weeks, Betty only ten days. Of course, this long visit has made him a more important person in my private world than he was before—a real friend instead of a boy friend; this makes a fresh bond with England to replace some of those which were growing so slack. The Chetwynds say I must go and stay with them; but I am sure it would be a mixed pleasure all round, and I hardly think I shall ever do so.

My work hardly gets on at all, but I am reading Keyserling and about him—not the Diary: I have also read Salomon Reinach's Lettres à Zoé: on the whole less amusing than I expected. I suppose you have seen the book: a history of philosophy for young ladies. The second proof of my new little book—only 94 small pages—has been read, and I suppose it will appear in the Spring. I have also two pieces coming out in the Dial.

I am putting off the trip to Naples—may give it up altogether unless you come and fetch me. But I suppose you are interested in your fresh quarters and arrangements at home. Let me know your plans when you have any—

Yours ever  
GSantayana

**To Edward W. Titus**

11 February 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1, London.

Rome, Feb. 11, 1927

M<sup>r</sup> E. W. Titus  
Paris.

Dear Sir

I like the appearance, as well as the substance, of M<sup>r</sup> Dunning's book, and if I had anything of the sort you require, I should be tempted to submit it for your consideration, especially as I expect to be in Paris during the Summer, and we might consult together about the details. I have

indeed the MS of several poetical plays which have lain idle for thirty years: they belong to the time and somewhat to the style of my "Lucifer", although less pretentious. They would be too long for your purpose, and would require revision, so that even if you were inclined to consider any of them, I could not promise to let you have it at once. Some day, however, I mean to unearth these old papers and set them in order—against ulterior accidents. Whether any of them is worth publishing is another question which I am willing to leave to my executors.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

14 February 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol Rome  
Feb. 14, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

By all means let us have the black smooth binding. I very much prefer it to the others.

I am sending the dummies back, and on the title page in the one with leaves I have again suggested bringing "London" & "1927" to the centre of the page. Don't you think it would look better? This, of course, in addition to leaving out the ornaments, as indicated.

Yours sincerely  
G Santayana

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**To Marianne Moore**

18 February 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1, London

Rome, Feb. 18, 1927

Dear Miss Moore

Today, long after I had sent back the proof of my article “An Aestheti Soviet”, I am surprised to receive the MS of the same, with a scribbled request to send it back. What would be the use of that, and what was the use of sending it to me at all?

I will not destroy it, in case there is some mysterious destiny in store for it.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

22 February 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 22, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Thank you for the two proofs of the title-page to my new book. It is very good. I return one of them for reference

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Manuel Komroff**

28 February 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1; London

Rome, Feb. 28, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Komroff

I have put off thanking you for your book, until I had had time to read it—a very profitable thing for an old man who wishes to understand the temper of the younger age. I never liked my own nineteen eighteen-nineties, and I hope the nineteen-twenties or thirties will do better things. The glimpses you give of China and Russia are pleasant: let us hope those countries will not lose their spiritual virtues in their eagerness to borrow our worldly virtues from us.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Marianne Moore**

15 March 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.  
Rome March 15 1927

Dear Miss Moore

Here is the MS. of my article. I didn't know you made a collection of your contributors' originals: but aren't most of them type-written? Or is it only those of old fogeys like me that are preserved as curiosities? In any case, I should be sorry to interfere with the completeness of your museum.

Thank you for generously sending the copies of The Dial at my request to those friends of mine, without charging them to me. I hope you may

have your reward in the form of enhanced reputation among persons who wouldn't be apt to see The Dial otherwise. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

15 March 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome  
March 15 1927

Dear Strong

It will be very nice to see you whenever you feel like coming. I have no thought of leaving, and probably shall give up the idea of Naples for this season. Next winter perhaps, when the direct line is open!

As to the summer, if you are to be in Paris in June, I could very well join you there, at least for two or three weeks. My visit to Avila will be in July: that is, if I go at all: for I have observed in my sister's letters that she keeps silent on the subject, and it may be that it would be inconvenient for her to receive me this year. She is 76 and her husband 87! I mean to write later saying that there are reasons (really only the above reason) why it might be better for me to postpone the trip until next year: but that I will come if they think it best. In this way they can put me off under cover of letting me have my own way. Spanish manners are very cautious.

In any case I should be in Paris again in August, and it is possible that I may go on to England; that depends rather on the Chetwynds and their arrangements. If Randolph should be left alone in London, and not able to come to Paris, I might be persuaded to go and stay with him in their empty house. He would be at his work all day, and we should dine at restaurants together in the evening. It might be very pleasant, and I might work on the novel.

I am very sorry you are still waiting for your room and the lift to be ready. One expects delay, and extra cost, in all building, but this is excessive—especially now without Scioperi.

Yours ever

G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[16 March 1927] • [Rome, Italy] (MS: Rockefeller)

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Dear Strong

I send you another article of Paul Souday's, marking a passage about the realm of essence which may amuse you. Paul Valéry is excellent on the subject, although unsympathetic: he says himself, in his Ébauche d'un Serpent, that l'univers n'est qu'un défaut dans la pureté du Non-être.

But the other Paul (I mean Souday) is rather a philistine in philosophy and doesn't see the point. I have Valéry's poems at last: they are wonderful; the only original and interesting poetry being written in any language

How are you?                      Yours ever

G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

17 March 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

March 17, 1927

Dear Strong

I very much prefer the plan suggested in your letter to that in the postscript. It is out of the question for me to leave Rome on April 1<sup>st</sup>. Before I leave (and this is my principal reason for not going to Naples) I want to send off vol. I. of the Big Book, "The Realm of Essence," which I have almost completely rewritten but to which I wish to add an appendix on-

three concerning three contemporary equivalents for my theory which have lately come to light: viz. Génon's version of the Hindu Brahman, Whitehead's chapter on "Abstraction" in his "Science in the Modern World", and Husserl's "Phaenomenologie". The latter (which I am just beginning to study) is wonderfully coincident with my notions, although approached from the psychological side. Possibly it might appeal to you. I think a short notice of these three writers, with some quotations, will very much conciliate the readers—at least the professorial readers—of my "Realm of Essence" and make them see that it is no hobby or madness of mine, but an obvious Columbus' egg which their worshipers had never thought of erecting on its own bottom.

Come to Rome now, or as soon as you feel inclined, and then in June I will join you in Paris. When I said I would come to make you a visit at the villa, it was under the impression that you might not go to Paris at all this summer. Since you are going, I would much rather stay with you there, where I feel more at home than at Fiesole.

I am reading Congreve for the first time: he is less licentious than I expected, and infinitely more witty. I laugh aloud like a madman at many of his sallies. And his English is admirable—a great treat and lesson for me after most of what I am condemned [*across*] to read—beginning with the new "Morning Post". Yours ever G.S.

**To Horace Meyer Kallen**

23 March 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: YIVO)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, March 23, 1927

Dear Kallen

Strong, who is here again, tells me that you are to be married, and to a most agreeable lady. I am very glad to hear it. I hope and believe that you will come at last into a long delayed and long deserved happiness.

Your book on religion—which I am much obliged for, and have been sedulously reading—is not that of a happy man. I wish you had postponed

writing it until after your marriage! You know I never could see in James's compilation anything but the abnormal varieties of religious experience. Normal religious experience is the assurance that one is living in a world the economy of which is authoritatively known, so that conduct, sentiment, and expectation have a settled basis. If we distinguish (which requires a dogmatic assurance on our part) between the true and the illusory parts of such a religion, the illusory part, when it is worth considering at all, seems to me to be poetry: that is, it is an imaginative fiction, rich in emotions, which serves nevertheless to adjust mankind to its fate, and to lend form to its relations to things, such as worldly life and eternal truth, which are not easily expressed in commonsense language. Both the moral economy and the poetry enshrined in a normal religion seem to be ignored in your book. You view everything from the outside, as if pathological. Your own experiments in getting at It are as little religious as possible: so is your list of examples of "religious experience". Of course all life and thought involves somatic feelings and a nervous system somehow at work; but what I should call religion begins only at the point when rudimentary sensations or trances are interpreted rationally and made points of attachment for the poetry and the moral economy proper to a religious tradition.

There is a great obscurity, to my sense, in your philosophical first principles. Are you a mere humanist, without any physics? Why then don't you consider the Catholic church, for instance, as just as respectable and acceptable a view of the world and as good a method of human life, as that of the contemporary Intelligentsia? Certainly the church has the advantage humanly: it is richer in fruits of every description, much riper and of sweeter flavour. I can't help feeling that your tartly external and perpetually insulting attitude to this church is founded on your love of truth: you hate her for her very excellences, because you are convinced that they are deceptive. I agree with you there; but then the very naturalism on which that agreement is based, if you steadily accepted it (as Spinoza did, for instance) might lead you to regard those deceptive charms historically with more sympathy and understanding: because the natural predicaments of man and his history made them inevitable and dramatically right. Spinoza (also James) didn't understand the Catholic church or the paganism of the Greeks and Romans: but that was only an accident of his training: he was not a man of culture, as you are or ought to be. Why, in a word, are you so angry with human nature, if human nature, for you, is the absolute substance and only principle of things?

I hope you will send me anything you may write about your impressions of Soviet Russia. There is another moral economy which I should like to see succeeding and rounding itself out, like the Catholic church.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P. S. I have noted a few slips of the pen (or printer's errors) which you might like to revise:

p. 29. at the bottom. Your words sound as if the laity communicated under both elements. The priest only takes the wine.

p. 48. "laisser faire" = necessity?

p. 62. "booming, buzzing", wasn't it "blooming"?

p. 24. is contemplation "passive"?

p. 213. "corpus meus" should be "meum".

p. 12 "Descent of Man": don't you mean "The Origin of Species"?

## To George Sturgis

1 April 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 1, 1927

Dear George

Thank you for your letter of March 16<sup>th</sup> from the Harvard Club. You speak of reading stories to Bobbie, in which Neville takes a mystical interest too. It happens that the Harvard Lampoon has been sending me specimen numbers in the hope that I may subscribe. I want to do so for the sake of Auld Lang Syne and in order to show goodwill to the younger generation, but I find that I can't understand a word of it, and the pictures are not modern enough for my taste, if I attempted to enjoy them mystically, like Neville, without understanding the joke. It occurs to me that you might subscribe in my name (and at my expense) but have the copies sent to you for the boys. They will some day go to Harvard, I suppose, and they might as well begin early to understand the secrets of the place.

There is no change here. Randolph Chetwynd staid with me for the whole month of January, my friend Lawrence Butler was here for a few

days, and lately Strong has made a long visit to Rome, and I have lunched and driven with him daily about Rome and the Campagna. In May I expect an unknown disciple named Cory, who is coming on a pilgrimage on purpose to make my acquaintance—fancy that! Apart from these distractions, I have been doing nothing but my usual reading and writing and strolling in the Pincio—and have been twice to the Zoo, remembering our visit there when you and Rosamond were here.

As to the Summer, I expect to be in Paris, and may go to Avila if I think they would really [*across*] like me to come. With much love

Yours affly GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

7 April 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
April 7, 1927

Dear Strong

I am deep in Husserl, whose German is of the worst and most rébarbatif, but I can understand it when technical: his thought is conscientious. There are one or two figurative phrases that trouble me, and I have no German dictionary. Can you tell me if Klammern and einsuklammern refer to parentheses, brackets, or quotation marks? It is his phrase for what happens to a projected object when it is reduced to an essence. He is far too nice to call it “abstraction”! And also, please, is auszuschalten to exclude, omit, oust, or exactly what? I want to be exact and etymological, as I am going to translate the passages which I quote: the original is too dreadful.

I am afraid you had unsettled weather during your trip: however, you will now have a chance to enjoy your room and garden at their best.

I enclose the notice of a book that may interest you if you have not seen it already.

Yours ever  
G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

12 April 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 12 1927

Dear Strong

Many thanks for your letter and for Dewey's explosion, which I have sent back. After all, I haven't needed to say anything about Husserl's Klammern: what he means, however, is not a synthetic bond but an insulating cordon. When an entity is put in parenthesis, it is no longer viewed in external relations, but as a framed picture: i.e. as an essence. I have found my Postscript easy and entertaining to write: it is almost done.

I am sorry that Dewey should have been so much enraged by my article: I meant to be friendly and sympathetic, but magis amica veritas. Yet I am not sorry that he wrote his reply, because I have gathered something from it, partly from his denial that he thinks the immediate alone real, and partly from his assumption that by substance I understand something not in space and time and not distributed as things are distributed, in other words, that I don't think it is matter but is some metaphysical being. Would you have got the same impression from my book (Scepticism) or is it merely Dewey's extraordinary intellectual deafness and blindness? He can't think: he can only see things move: and for that reason he wonders how I, who sometimes see things moving too, can also think about them and see the dialectical and eternal relations of their essences. As to his non-immediatism and empiricism (which he calls naturalism) I now seem to gather that each nucleus in the flux is an immediate reality to itself, and that it runs over into foreground and background, until there it becomes the next nucleus, also immediate to itself: the non-immediate being the path of transition from one immediate to another. But of course, if anything of this sort is in Dewey's mind, it is a hopeless mess: the points and passages are either immediate to themselves pervasively, and then their relations are not: or else, some or all represent these relations within their

field of immediacy: or else the whole thing is “objective idealism” or “subjective realism” and we are shut in in transcendentalism.

Cory, my unknown disciple, has turned up. He is tall, nice, and only 22, but not [*across*] very clever—a sort of agreeable “grind”. He will come to see you in a month or so, when he goes north. Yours ever G.S.

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

1 May 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Temple)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Thank you very much for the six copies of “Platonism” etc, which have arrived safely. I think the appearance of the book is satisfactory, and am glad to see it safely come into the world

GSantayana

Rome, May 1, 1927.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

8 May 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome  
May 8 1927

Dear Strong

This is to introduce M<sup>f</sup> Daniel MacGhie Cory who, as you know, is not only my only living disciple but can also discourse to you about Summation.

Yours ever  
GSantayana

**To George Perrigo Conger**

19 May 1927 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Minnesota)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 19, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Conger

I expect to be here about a fortnight longer, after which I shall be in Paris. In either place I shall be glad to see you. You might have introduced yourself without the intervention of Prof. Whitehead, but I am glad to have a word from him for other reasons. If you wish to see me in Paris, please write to 9, Ave. de l'Observatoire, and I will make an appointment.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

21 May 1927 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 21, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Today, at last, I have sent off the MS. of "The Realm of Essence", which I hope you will receive safely. I should be much obliged if you would acknowledge the receipt of it at once, as I am always a little nervous when a MS is in the post. I expect to be here until June 2<sup>nd</sup>: thereafter at 9, Ave. de l'Observatoire, Paris.

This book is the continuation of "Scepticism and Animal Faith": it ought evidently to appear in the same outer form. There is a detail which I am afraid may give some trouble; I mean the marginal summary or commentary, like that in "The Life of Reason". I think it is a help to readers, and enlivens the pages. It is for you to say whether there is room for it in the margin or whether, as in the "L. of R", it had better be placed in an indentation in the text of the page.

I had hoped to make a single volume of this and "The Realm of Matter" which is to follow, if my plan is carried out. But I don't want to wait any longer, and this will make a convenient volume by itself. Perhaps in later years, if there should be new editions, the two could be joined in one volume of thinner paper.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann**

21 May 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Oregon)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Rome, May 21, 1927

To  
M<sup>r</sup> Sadakichi Hartmann  
Beaumont, California

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Hartmann

I have not received any of your passports, nor do I know anyone who wants at present to cross that frontier—if you mean immortality in another world—or who cares a fig for it in this world, if the papers will only talk about him now.

It hadn't occurred to me that an aesthetic Soviet should have a financial side: I was thinking of unanimity, not of communism. But of course there ought to be provision made for genius without a market. The trouble is that if society supported the artist, it would expect to educate him in its own beliefs and tastes, and to see these honoured in his works. The heretic and the stranger would be starved out, if not stoned. There is perhaps more mercy in our anarchy. At any rate, I am sending you a small token of the aspiration to comradeship—since as you say comradeship does not exist—and shall be glad if you will send me one of your passports in exchange, as I am an inveterate traveller, even in spirit.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

21 May 1927 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 21, 1927

Dear George

Will you please send a cheque for \$25 to M<sup>r</sup> Sadakichi Hartmann at Beaumont, Cal.? <sup>A</sup>with the enclosed note.<sub>A</sub> He is a half-Japanese waif, and ill, and though I don't much like his work, I think he is a good object of charity—as who isn't?

Today is rather a red-letter day in my calendar, as I have sent off Vol. I, of the "Big Book" to the publishers in London. If it doesn't sink in the Channel you will see me taking more and more the form of a misty sage, like the Afrite issueing from Sinbad's bottle —of ink.

In about a fortnight—probably on June 2<sup>nd</sup>—I expect to leave directly for Paris, where I shall be all summer, unless something unexpected should call me elsewhere. Your aunt Susie seems not to be sure that it would be best for me to visit them this summer: so I sha'n't go unless she should especially urge me to come. Strong talks of a cure in Switzerland: in that case I shall be alone at 9, Ave. de l'Observatoire, and mean to devote my lazy hours to the Novel.

Love to Rosamond and the young hopefuls from your affectionate  
Uncle George

**To Van Wyck Brooks**

22 May 1927 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Penn)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°123 Pall Mall, S.W.1. London

Rome, May 22 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Brooks

Although I am not sure whether I owe the pleasure of reading your book on "Emerson & Others" to your initiative or that of your publishers, I would rather thank you personally for it, because I have one or two

things which I should like to say, as it were, in private. Your pictures of Emerson are perfect in the way of impressions: not that I knew him (he was dead, I think, when I first reached America, aged 8); but that, whether true to the fact or not, they are convincing in their vividness. But just how much is quoted, and how much is your own? Am I to believe—I who haven't read the Journal and know little of the facts—that Emerson was such a colossal egotist and so pedantic and affected as he seems on your pages 39 and 40? Or have you maliciously put things together so as to let the cat out of the bag? Sham sympathy, sham classicism, sham universality, all got from books and pictures! Loving the people for their robust sinews and Michaelangelesque poses! And for the thrill of hearing them swear! How different a true lover of the people, like Dickens!

You apologize because some of your descriptions applied to the remote America of 1919: I who think of America as I knew it in the 1890's (although I vegetated there for another decade) can only accept what I hear about all these recent developments. On the other hand, when you speak of the older worthies, you seem to me to exaggerate, not so much their importance, as their distinction: wasn't this Melville (I have never read him) the most terrible ranter? What you quote of him doesn't tempt me to repair the holes in my education. The paper I have most enjoyed—enjoyed immensely—is the one on the old Yeats. His English is good: his mind is quick.

One more little protestation. Why do the American poets and other geniuses die young or peter out, unless they go and hibernate in Europe? What you say about Bourne (whom again I haven't read) and in your last chapter suggests to me that it all comes of applied culture. Instead of being interested in what they are and what they do and see, they are interested in what they think they would like to be and see and do: it is a misguided ambition, and moreover, if realized, fatal, because it wears out all their energies in trying to bear fruits which are not of their species. A certain degree of sympathy and assimilation with ultra-modern ways in Europe or even Asia may be possible, because young America is simply modernism undiluted: but what Lewis Mumford calls "the pillage of the past" (of which he thinks I am guilty too) is worse than useless. I therefore think that art, etc. has a better soil in the ferocious 100% America than in the Intelligentsia of New York. It is veneer, rouge, aestheticism, art museums, new theatres, etc that make America impotent. The good thinkgs are football, kindness, and jazz bands.

Yours sincerely     GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

25 May 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

May 25 1927

Dear Strong

Thank you for your card. I am glad you liked Cory—not that I altogether like him myself—but he is going to make himself useful in clearing my Augean stables , and it is as well that he shouldn't be disagreeable to my friends. I have told him to come to the apartment—he is in Paris, at the Pension St. Philippe, 123 rue du Faubourg S<sup>t</sup> Honoré—if he wants to borrow any of my books. I haven't quite decided on the date of my departure, probably towards the end of next week—about June 4<sup>th</sup> If Margaret is still to be at the apartment at that time, I won't come there for the moment: if you could send me a line when you know her plans, I should be much obliged, so as to be able to telegraph for a room at the Hôtel Le Pelletier, where I was quite comfortable formerly.

“The Realm of Essence”, Book First of “Realms of Being”, has been sent off and the excellent Constable has telegraphed the safe arrival of the manuscript: so there is a great load off my back.

I am amusing myself—it is very pleasant here—writing a philosophical autobiography as requested by Montague, Lloyd, etc. Are you going to contribute? The project is of the kind that often falls apart, and I should have hesitated to accept the invitation if it hadn't in any case been my intention to write an Autobiography, of which this can form a part: more

personal matters can be inserted afterwards, or simply treated in separate divisions.

Will you please ask Marie if the new concierge is informed of my existence and of my name. There may be letters, etc. arriving for me, and he (or she, or they) might refuse them as being addressed to a personne inconnue.

You are probably having a very pleasant journey: at least I hope so.

Yours ever G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

1 June 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Rome, June 1, 1927

Dear Strong

I am leaving on Sunday and hope to arrive in Paris on Monday afternoon, June 6<sup>th</sup>. If you are not in when I arrive, Marie will tell me what are your present arrangements, and if they are as of old, I will come at 6.30 to the Duval as usual. If you have a sort of supper at home, I will wait for you, and we can agree upon some combination.

I take note of the fact that you don't wish me to stay away in order to leave the field free for Margaret, while you are at the apartment; and I act accordingly, although I think it is a little strange that she should be squeezed out, so to speak, if it is convenient for her to have a pied-à-terre in the apartment, if even if she spends most of her time at Saint Germain or at Versailles.

Let us not discuss the question of essences or "the spiritual life." I have said all I feel—and perhaps more than I feel when I am not warmed up to the subject—in the little book, and I quite understand that it can appeal only to those who are predisposed to that sort of sentiment. You would agree with Abbot (an old classmate of mine at Harvard) who writes me

that he has often found heads without ideas, but never ideas without heads.  
What more is needed to damn all Platonism?

A bientôt.

G.S.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

3 June 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, June 3, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Yes, all your proposals, and the specimen page of “The Realm of Essence” are perfectly satisfactory. I am pleased to see that the matter is going forward so fast.

I should like to receive the “galley” or “slip” proof <sup>open</sup>, without the MS<sub>λ</sub>: as I shall probably be in Paris, at 9 Avenue de l'Observatoire, all summer, the delay will not be great, and I shall have a young man near me, a sort of secretary and disciple, who will help my jaded eye to detect repetitions and contradictions: for in a book written at intervals during many years, they are almost sure to exist. I suppose corrections at that stage, if they involve omissions or additions, are more easily made than after the pages have been divided.

The 15% royalty and half the American profit is a generous arrangement for a technical book

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

[across] P. S. Do you know who wrote the review of “Platonism” in the Times? It sounds clerical.—Thank you very much for the telegram, which relieved my mind.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

9 June 1927 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, June 9, 1927.

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Here is the announcement of the Realm of Essence which you, or rather the American publishers, have asked for.

I hope it may not frighten away more readers than it may attract.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To George Perrigo Conger**

14 June 1927 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS: Minnesota)

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9 A<sup>ve</sup> de l'Observatoire  
3<sup>rd</sup> floor

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Conger

I went some days ago to your first hotel, and unfortunately misunderstood your new address, and thought you had left for good. I am very sorry for the delay. Could you come and see M<sup>r</sup> Strong and me here tomorrow <sup>Saturday</sup>, after lunch, and perhaps we can arrange a further meeting—: We shall expect you; don't take the trouble to reply. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I suppose you know that M<sup>r</sup> Strong is paralysed in the legs.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

10 July 1927 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, July 10, 1927

Dear Strong

I enclose something that may amuse you if you haven't seen it.

Here all goes on as before. Margaret dined with me, at Lapérouse, one evening last week and was very amiable and seemed well and happy: but ordinarily I see very little of her—she hardly ever is at lunch, and I dine out—and she has given me no openings for any discussion of her plans or affairs. The apartment is full of objects which she has been buying for Saint Germain and I understand that she expects to move there before her uncle and aunt arrive, at the end of this week.

Hans Reichhardt is here, and dines with me; but his English is unintelligible, and I can't get him to say more than an occasional sentence in German, because when I reply in English, he struggles back into that language, and at once gets stuck.

Cory has brought (to one of our meetings in a café) a young friend of Miller's, named Morgan who looks like a sort of idealized Red Indian, and is a sort of Mill or Miller philosopher. He will make a good professor: but Cory seems to me to have real intuition—when he sees things as I do.

Yours ever G.S.

**To George Sturgis**

18 July 1927 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

9, Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, July 18, 1927

Dear George

I have your letter of July 6, and a previous one also, and have seen with pleasure that all goes well with you. As for me, I am as usual. I arrived after the excitement about Lindberg; found Strong here, who left for Switzerland not long after; and later Margaret Strong has been here, but we lead a strange life together in this apartment, hardly ever seeing each other. I believe she is moving into her new house at Saint Germain in a

day or two, but her ways, like the Lord's, are past finding out. Don't think I say this in any spirit of complaint: she gives me no trouble, and supplies me with food and service, which I don't pay for when she is here; but she hides in an odd way; it is suspected that she is secretly engaged to be married, and altogether she is a puzzle to her friends.

This week I am absorbed in the proofs of my new book: but I mean to return presently to the novel.

A German friend dines with me (at restaurants) every evening: he is a friend of my friend Baron Westenholz of Hamburg, and my guest in Paris, although I had to get a room for him at a hotel near by, as I couldn't put him up in the apartment, occupied by Margaret, her dog, her maid, and sundry bales and heaps of carpets, stuffs, blankets, antique furniture, and bandboxes in ever corner, on all the chairs, and behind every door. My own room, I need hardly say, is sacred, and I live happy in it, like a monk in his cell.

It is decided that I shall not go to Avila this summer. Your aunt Susie and Celedonio wrote giving me a formal invitation—too formal, perhaps—but it seemed to me safer not to accept it, as it was at least possible that I should have been in their way and given them too much trouble. This decision leaves me free to remain here quietly until the middle of October when I shall doubtless return to Italy, either directly to Rome, or stopping on the way to pay a visit to Strong at Fiesole. Love to all from

GSantayana

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**To Horace Meyer Kallen**

21 July 1927 • Paris, France

(MS: YIVO)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Paris, July 21, 1927

Dear Kallen

Scribners, and formerly Dent, have always been somewhat refractory in the matter of reproductions, and I am not sure that representations on my part would do much good. If they are not satisfied with a general indication, such as I suppose you could easily give, of the length of the passages

you intended to select, and of their character—technical ones, I suppose—I should be inclined in your place to let the matter drop. It would give you a lot of trouble, and the result might not be satisfactory, either from your point of view or from mine. But it is for you to judge: I don't feel that I have any moral right over littera scripta.

I am sorry that “Why Religion” is persecuted: as far as my memory goes you said nothing outrageous about Christian Science: but every craze at present exacts profound respect from the intellectual democracy: even experts in folly must be called masters.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

24 July 1927 • Paris, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, Sunday, July 24, 1927

Dear Strong

Today Margaret came here to lunch and introduced me to George Cuevas, who came to lunch too, and to whom she told me she was engaged to be married. He is rather different from what I had supposed—not good-looking, not very young, not very small, but modest in appearance and manner, rather like a youngish priest, and making the impression of a decidedly serious, sensible person, perhaps a trifle common, but not at all showy, flighty, or loud. He is a Chilean, not an Argentine, he said; we spoke chiefly in Spanish, which Margaret seems to understand very well, and on the whole I got a good impression of his sentiments and tone, although to my mind he seems commonplace and insignificant. Dangerous, is the last thing I should think him: and though he might have been holding himself in a little, for fear of what I might say to you about him, I can't conceive of him as a lady-killer or as a fortune-hunter, unless it were in a very timid Tartuffian way. During a few moments when she left us alone, he spoke of her in a way which showed that he appreciated the emotional difficulties of her temperament, and that he was conscious of the difficulty, and of the need, of making her more happy and normal.

On this side, I think he may prove a very good husband for her—perhaps the very one that she needs. A more brilliant man might not have the patience or the modesty to support and watch her in her changing moods. He says—and Marie seems to think—that he helped her last year out of a very unfortunate situation to which she had been reduced by Lady Mitchelham. Whatever may be the truth of that, his attitude seems to be, in this respect, affectionate and intelligent.

I haven't said anything about this matter until today, because I hadn't seen him or spoken to him until today, and I didn't wish to base any remark on the reports of servants. I am sorry if this turn of affairs causes you disappointment or anxiety, but the situation was [*across*] strained, and now at last may be cleared up, and solved after a fashion. Yours ever

G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

28 July 1927 • Paris, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Paris, July 28 1927

Dear Strong

Since my former letter I have seen Margaret and her fiancé several times, and had several long talks with him. In some respects my impressions are less favourable, in that he has a (for us) disturbing variety of acquaintances, experiences, and sentiments, and he seems too anxious to defend and to ingratiate himself. But I am confirmed in the feeling that he is as likely as anybody to make a good husband for Margaret, and that whatever people may say against him—even if true—ought not to interfere with her action, if she desires it and feels that it is the best solution, at least for the present, under the circumstances. I understand that her uncle has arranged the financial side of the affair so as to prevent any claims on his part to her property: and if later she was not happy with him, and there was a separation, she would at least have had this experience and might be better able to arrange her life sensibly and according to her real tastes.

As to your project of coming here, I suppose you know that the wedding is expected to take place next week, and that they are thinking of a wedding trip, not of settling down at once at Saint Germain. But I think you would find it pleasant here and, if you were in the mood, not at all too crowded for motoring about.

Yours ever  
GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

1 August 1927 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, August 1, 1927

Dear Strong

M<sup>r</sup> Aldrich came to lunch with me here today, and told me what the result, so far, of their investigation (carried on in part through the French police) has been in regard to Cuevas. In respect to him directly it seems to be nil, except that he is known to move in circles of doubtful morals and manners: but the damning fact is that a certain Soto, in whose establishment Cuevas works or figures, is a notorious emulator of Oscar Wilde and "M. de Clarolus". I think I made some impression on M<sup>r</sup> Aldrich in the direction of making him see that this inquisition, with its appeal to the secular arm, was not to the point. Margaret knows those reports, and has known that circle for a long time, and they have no influence on her decision to marry her friend; and delay would only prolong a painful situation, and lead her to marry him in spite of the opposition of her friends instead of merely without their consent. That the money left to her in trust and all future legacies will be intercepted if she takes this step, is also expected by her: there seems to be a sufficient remainder absolutely her own. One result of an immediate marriage may be that Cuevas (in his own interest) may bring some order into her affairs, which seem to be so casually manage[illegible]d. It is a pity that Margaret's reticence and fear of disapproval have kept her from announcing earlier this determination of hers, which I understand is of long standing. I hope therefore you will not be unduly distressed by the reports of Larkin, and will see things from the [across] point of view of the young people themselves. Yours ever G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

3 August 1927 • Paris, France      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Paris, August 3, 1927

Dear Strong

The civil marriage took place this morning at the mairie of the district, place Saint Sulpice, at 11.30. Besides the young people and me, there were present Señor and Señora Edwards and a nephew of theirs. The six of us had lunch afterwards in a private room at the Foyot, and everything went off nicely. The ceremony in particular seemed very dignified in its simplicity, and almost religious.

Besides your letter and telegram, there had been yesterday a long telegram from old M<sup>r</sup> Rockefeller protesting against haste and asking Margaret to take the first boat and go consult with him. I also had a visit this morning (when half my face was shaved) from M<sup>r</sup> Larkin, who had nothing new to say, but to whom I gave a lecture on their employment of the French police (private detectives would have been enough) and in particular on the phrase: quels sout ces sentiments euvers la France which was included in the interrogatory addressed to Cuevas' friends. This question, which has nothing to do with the marriage, shows a desire to raise prejudice against the accused in the minds of the French officials, or to excuse their intervention in a private interest—servility towards John D. Jr.—under colour of patriotic zeal. Larkin got very red when I mentioned the police, and said that that had been no doing of theirs: but how else were they set in motion? By the de Fontenays?

As to the alliance itself, and the character of Cuevas, my later impressions have become more favourable. Señor Edwards says he will write to you (and to old M<sup>r</sup> Rockeffeller) to explain his appearance as parrain for Cuevas without your formal consent to the match. I therefore need not repeat the very favourable things he said about him. As he, Cuevas, becomes more frank with me, I begin to feel that he is "not a bad sort"; of course he is not a gentleman in the English sense; franchement caunaille in some moments, but also full of nice impulses and a sort of merry good

sense; and like accused people generally, he tends to defend himself too much and to extoll his own virtues. He is certainly not the person that ten years ago we should have thought the right husband for Margaret: but she has gone through a great deal, and our ideal statesman or scholar would not find life possible with her, nor she with him. With Cuevas she now seems to get on as well as possible—not perfectly—and he seems to be aware of the sort of indulgence and of control which she requires. Of course this sort of equilibrium may not last long: I have no great hopes for the remote future: but as I said in my other letters, it is the only solution for the present. Any alternative would have been worse.

Would you like them to go to see you at Val-Mont for a day? They are ready to do so, if you are ready to receive them.

They are also talking of going to New York to see M<sup>r</sup> John. D. Senior, and perhaps to go on from there to South America, where the Cuevas family apparently are very well known and esteemed.

I made a mistake in my previous letter in saying that the notorious Soto was the head of the establishment in which Cuevas has worked: the head is Prince Isongzoff (or something of that sort): but Soto is an old friend of his.

Margaret is calm and looks very well. Yours G.S.

### To Charles Scribner's Sons

15 August 1927 • Paris, France (MS postcard: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>  
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1  
Paris, Aug. 15, 1927.

A friend has just pointed out to me a bad error in "The Sense of Beauty" which I am afraid has escaped us for all these years.

On page 9, in the second line of the German quotation, “euch” should read ihr. The mistake seems to have come from repeating mechanically the word “euch” from the first line, where it is right.—Can you have this corrected, if it has not been done already?

GSantayana

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**To George Perrigo Conger**

24 August 1927 • Paris, France      (MS postcard: Minnesota)

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9, A<sup>ve</sup> de l'Observatoire  
Aug. 24, 1927

It will be very nice to see you again on Monday. M<sup>r</sup> Strong will probably have started on his journey to Florence, but if you will come at about half past four o'clock, I shall be very glad to give you a cup of tea.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

24 August 1927 • Paris, France      (MS: Temple)

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9, Avenue de l'Observatoire  
Paris

M<sup>essrs</sup> Constable & C<sup>o</sup>  
London.

My bankers, M<sup>essrs</sup> Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, of 123 Pall Mall, advise me that they are retaining a parcel, probably proofs, addressed by you to me, and that they must know its contents and value before forwarding it.

They sent the first proofs without demur: and I am sorry that now this delay should occur arise. I have asked them to communicate with you, and if necessary to send the bundle back to you, with the request from me that you should readdress it directly to me in Paris, at 9 Avenue de

l'Observatoire. I had, I think, suggested that you should do so, as I shall be in Paris until October at least; but probably I did so in a private letter to M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann which may not have reached the person in charge of forwarding proofs to authors.

Yours faithfully  
GSantayana

August 24, 1927. p. t. o

P.S. You doubtless remember my request, made on purpose to avoid these complications, that you should send me proofs open and without the MS.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

26 August 1927 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire  
Paris, Aug. 26 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I should be much obliged if you would send me the slip proof of *The Realm of Essence*, in which I had made my corrections, as that will save trouble in revising the new page proofs. If rolled and left with open ends I think the sheets will pass easily and quickly through the post, like a newspaper.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

30 August 1927 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, August 30, 1927

Dear Strong

Here is the telegram received yesterday and opened as you suggested: but I don't gather what their precise address will be at San Raphael. Can you tell me what it is, as I should like to answer their previous letters.

It looks as if you might be having too much of a good thing on your trip: the sun is blazing here in earnest.

Yours ever  
G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

1 September 1927 • [Paris, France] (MS: Rockefeller)

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Dear Strong

Here is a new telegram received this morning, which will tell you all I know of the young people

After two days of summer, we have returned to cloudiness and uncertainty in the weather. It is perhaps as well that you left.

G.S.

Sept. 1, 1927

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**To Otto Kyllmann**

7 September 1927 • Paris, France (MS: Temple)

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9 Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris,

Sept. 7, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

A day or two ago I sent you the second proofs of The Realm of Essence, corrected, and today I enclose the MS of the Index.

There were a score of misprints or small corrections in the book, but your printer's proof-reading is so good that perhaps it is not necessary that I should revise it again. But I suppose I had better see a proof of the Index, to verify the references.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

3 October 1927 • Venice, Italy (MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Venice, Oct. 3. 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

I am sending back today the proof of the Index to "The Realm of Essence"; it has been delayed a little because it had to follow me here from Paris, from where I was driven out prematurely by the bad weather. I expect to settle down in Rome, at the Hotel Bristol, in about a fortnight, for the winter.

Thank you also for my account to June 30<sup>th</sup> and the accompanying cheque.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I have discovered a superfluous comma on p. 16, at the end of the 12<sup>th</sup> line from the bottom, and have noted it in the proof to the Index. I mention it again, in case that is not the proper way of reaching the printer concerned.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**

4 October 1927 • Venice, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

October 4 1927

Dear Strong

As you doubtless have heard, I fled from Paris a fortnight since on account of the bad weather and the symptoms of a permanent cold, making straight for Venice, but I was allowed to stay here only two or three days, as every room everywhere was engaged for those hydroplane races. I accordingly moved for four days to Padua, the nearest place I could think of that might be interesting and that I had not seen. It was pleasant there; but sights leave much less impression on me than they did forty years ago, and even the domes of Sant' Antonio caused no great thrill in my bosom, nor the chapel entirely covered by frescoes of Giotto. What really pleased

me most was the Café Pedrocchi, newo-Greek & pseudo-marble, and beautifully Napoleonic, more like a Roman house to sit and live in (as the Paduans do) than anything I have ever seen.

On returning here I established myself comfortably, and expect to remain ten or fifteen days longer, and then move to Rome.

Jorge Cuevas tells me that you “are expecting me”, but as I told you in Paris, it falls in better with my arrangements to go straight to Rome and see you there, where I suppose you will turn up in November.

I have sent off my “Life”, and am working in a lazy way on “Symptoms”: the bits on Spengler & Keyserling are finished, and other parts well advanced. Somehow the novel, just now, is not on my mind

Yours ever  
GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

14 October 1927 • Venice, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

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Venice, Oct. 14, 1927

Dear Strong

I am very glad that you are confirmed in your satisfaction, so far, with Margaret’s marriage: it seems to me to have been the only available way of giving her a true companion and guardian who could influence her actions from moment to moment without being out of sympathy, or expecting her to lead a life which she fundamentally disliked. Above all, as you said, he is affectionate, and she is happy at once if she feels that she is loved

I am tempted to say something about the philosophical part of your letter, although you know my disbelief in the value of controversy on these points. What is required is clearness in the respective conceptions: as to which is true, if any, we can leave it to God or to the horse sense of mankind. Now, I have felt for some time that your views were changing, and although of course my first choice would be that you should agree with me heartily and completely, if this is impossible, my second choice

would be that you should take up an entirely different position from mine: there might then be either diversity without real conflict, or a fundamental difference of attitude or judgement, and not, what is most annoying, mutual misunderstandings.

It wouldn't surprise me if, on the point you mention, misunderstandings stood between us rather than a real disagreement. I should agree that "the datum of perception" is not an essence. The phrase "datum of perception" can be understood only in the sense in which we speak of "data of ethics"—the elementary facts which make up our knowledge in that field. The "data of perception" would then be things, or the events in one's life. But when I maintain that "data" are essences and that nothing "given" exists, I am using the term in a much stricter sense. By a "datum" I mean something which exists only speciously, and is exhausted by being given; so that there can be no such thing as a "datum of perception" at all. The deliverance of perception is the existence of an object: but this, by my definition, cannot be given: it can only be posited, as existing on its own account; and it is on its own account, if at all, that it exists. There can be "data" of intuition or feeling; there cannot be "data" of perception, but only objects. The data in perception are the essences which feeling or intuition is then manifesting in their entirety and raising to specious existence as terms in that perception: but the object of the perception (isn't this what you mean by its "datum"?") is a fact outside the perception: whereas a "datum", in my sense, can never be a fact outside intuition or feeling (which is simply intuition of a simple essence: for you understand that I am speaking of conscious feeling).

I don't know whether this explanation does more than re-iterate what you know already to be my view: but I thought it worth while to repeat it, since your use of the phrase "datum of perception", as if it were unobjectionable, suggests that my meaning of "datum" and "given" was not at the moment before your mind.

Miller used to be a hopeless victim of psychologism, not seeing that if the moments of life have no ulterior objects, consciousness of living must itself have no ulterior object, and the psychological flux must be only the "idea" or "datum" of a psychological flux, abusing the Cherub in his timeless ecstasy. I hope you have succeeded in bring this Cherub to earth, and making him recognize the omnipresence of animal faith, even~~t~~ in his own warblings.

I expect to reach Rome on Monday morning, the 17<sup>th</sup>, and shall be glad to see you there soon.

Yours ever  
G.S.

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**To Curt John Ducasse**

23 October 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS postcard: Brown)

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

Rome, Oct. 23, '27

Thank you very much for your articles. The one on Probability confirms the agreement which I felt, and the light I received, from your book on causation. I can only say ditto. As to the article on Drake's book I am also in general agreement with you, but shall have to reread it to make sure of all the points. Although Drake, Strong, and I have much the same view in "epistemology", I don't always follow them in "metaphysics," nor (thank God!) in language. It is also a matter of language in which I should quarrel with the first part of your review. It may be true that (often) in English being and existence are synonymous, but not in good philosophic tradition: consider the "ontological proof", for instance. Existence is being in external relations, and therefore precarious. That there are x's, or any characters, whether noted or not, is never contingent. A forth-coming book of mine on "The Realm of Essence" will [across] make my own use, I hope, at least clear, if not acceptable. GSantayana

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**To John Middleton Murry**

1 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Newberry)

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C/oBrown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Nov. 1, 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Murry

Your kind letter and review in the New Criterion, as well as the prospectus of the New Adelphi are before me. I should like to see a number of the latter before making a reply to your request for an article, and I enclose a cheque for 10 s. for a subscription for a year. The fact is that I am preparing a volume to be entitled Symptoms, composed of various articles and reviews written during the last ten years: not all of these have been published, and I might send you one if its length and character seemed suitable to the temper of your Review. For that reason, I want to see it first.

A heretic, I should say, had to be a believer; he had to maintain a principle while denying some of its consequences. I am a free-thinker or sceptic: and my sympathies in religion are with the orthodoxies—not with one, but with each in contrast to its heresies. I am therefore not a heretic; but you are right that my share in the spiritual life is more vicarious than personal, if a complete ascetic renunciation is understood to be involved in it. Such insight as I may have comes from poetic indolence, or speculative ecstasy. I can feel the sweet-ness of saying No, and the greater joy of leaving the daisies growing in the field rather than plucking them to wilt in my buttonhole.—I thought my little book made my position quite clear: but I have a more formal treatise, about to appear, called The Realm of Essence, in which I speak more than once of my personal attitude towards the ambition of those who aspire to be pure spirits. I do not share it.

Yours sincerely

G Santayana

**To Otto Kyllmann**

7 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 7. 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup>, 123 Pall Mall, tell me they have a parcel of books from you which they are holding for instructions. I am asking them to send them back to you, and if they are copies of The Realm of Essence, will you please have one copy only sent to me in Rome directly, keeping the others for the present? I enclose a list of persons to whom I should like to have copies sent, and charged to my account.

I hardly expected publication so soon, and shall be glad to see the volume.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To John Middleton Murry**

15 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Macksey)

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C/o Brown Shipley & C<sup>o</sup> 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Rome, Nov. 15. 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Murry

I have received your letter and the first number of The New Adelphi, which I find interesting, and I enclose a paper which is to be the leading one in my new book, "Symptoms". I hope you will find it not too long and otherwise suitable; but if, as is likely, you can't find room for it in one of the immediate numbers of your Review, may I ask you to have it copied, I mean type-written, and to send me either the copy or the original, so that the MS of my proposed book may not be delayed, in case I

have it otherwise ready for the publisher before this article comes out? Of course, the book itself will take much longer—perhaps a year—to issue. I ask you this favour, because here I have no one to copy manuscripts in English.

Yours sincerely

G Santayana

P.S. My address in Rome, good for this whole winter, is Hotel Bristol.

**To Daniel MacGhie Cory**

18 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome November 18, 1927

Dear Cory

Thank you for your two letters: you needn't worry about not working hard enough over the Realm of Matter. You are justifying your existence; and I am myself so absorbed in other things that I don't feel like turning to our rather messy wine-press and trying to tread it with you. Later we will return to that, and I feel that your assistance has already had its effect in clearing my own view of what the book should be. "Symptoms" is going well, in the sense that I am advancing in rewriting the articles concerned, and composing blood-red sunsets and purple passages for it: but it is not nearly ready. I have sent the first chapter, on "Revolutions in Science" to Middleton Murry, who had asked for something for his New Adelphi. The Realm of Essence is just out, but I haven't seen it. Nor Russell's book, which I have sent for. Strong has been here for a few days, caught cold, and gone home.

Yours sincerely

G.S.

**To Boylston Adams Beal**

21 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

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c/o Brown Shipley & C°  
123, Pall Mall, S.W.1

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Rome, Nov. 21, 1927

Dear Boylston

You may not find my last book worth reading—it goes off rather at a tangent, but the matter had been on my mind for years, and had to be discharged somehow. It was hard work, and I am relieved to feel that it is despatched. I sent it rather as a substitute for the visits which I should like to be paying you. Curious how little freedom one has, when one is the freest person in the world. All my love for England has somehow congealed into a memory, with a great dread of destroying it by any new impressions. My last trip, in 1923, when I went to give the Herbert Spencer lecture at Oxford, was very unpleasant. Howard Sturgis, whom I always used to visit, was dead: Russell, the wicked earl, I saw, but found curiously estranged, saying I had been “disloyal” to him, and at the same time showing that he had entirely forgotten the degree of confidence which he had reposed in me in the early days, and even the events which might have convinced him that I was entirely devoted to him. This is a pathological forgetfulness in part; but it goes with other changes which make it more painful than pleasant for me to see him. Then Oxford was dismal, and but for Randolph Chetwynd, who was very attentive and (except for his opinions) seemed like the young Oxonians of other days, I saw no one who gave me the least pleasure. At Cambridge, Lapsley was my mentor, and also very attentive; they made me a member of the High Table pro tem, and otherwise were civil: but I was driven out of my hotel (I like hotels) into dreadful lodgings and caught a bad cold which completed my misery. From Oxford, the day after my lecture, I took a through train which there is direct to Dover, and thence here to Rome, where my cold was soon cured, my griefs softened, and my eyes gladdened by all sorts of agreeable sights. I live at the Hotel Bristol (which I think you used to frequent) and have comfortable rooms looking towards the Palazzo Barberini; the noise from the Square reaches me, but the bit of garden in front, and the air of retirement, help one to imagine that all is peace. I go out for lunch, at some restaurant, and then walk in the Pincio and the Villa Borghese; in the evening I dine in my dressing gown in my own sitting-room. In Summer

I go to Paris, sometimes also to Avila, or else to Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Dolomites, which I have found perfect for my purposes, and on the way perhaps stop for two or three weeks at Venice, which I also find a congenial background. Essentially, it makes no difference in my life where I happen to be, if only I am comfortable materially and undisturbed. My writing and reading keep me well occupied—I still have enough in prospect to occupy me for the rest of my days. In fact, I shall leave much undone, but it doesn't matter, as I have already had my say.

Last summer I played an odd part in a sort of half-clandestine marriage. Margaret Strong, who hasn't turned out at all like her father, has married a Chilean named Jorge Cuevas. She was always with him, but refused to introduce him to me, or to let her friends know that she was in Paris at all. We were living alone at the apartment, she and I, her father being at his favourite sanatorium in Switzerland, but I hardly ever saw her. Finally, one day, at lunch, I saw the table set for three, and the servant told me that at last the young man was going to be shown. So it happened: I said, "You are engaged?" and she said yes; and it transpired that they were to be married in four days and that I was to be the witness, sponsor, and substitute papa! A Chilean politician and banker, Agustin Edwards, was the other sponsor and the thing went off well enough, poor Strong telegraphing his blessing at the last moment!—Now, when you return home to live, you will be freer to travel, and I hope [*across*] to see you here next year. You will find Rome delightful. Yours ever GSantayana

**To Robert Seymour Bridges**

21 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Bodleian)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 21, 1927

Dear Bridges

How nice of you to write, and how splendid that you should be composing a philosophical poem in numerous Books! But you are wrong in attributing to me a similar fertility in prospect: there will be no more of

Essence: there will probably be another volume on The Realm of Matter, and possibly a third, of mere fragments, on the other two Realms, that is, Truth and Spirit. In a sense, perhaps, they are all about Essence, and essence is all about them: but a scholastic philosopher must make distinctions.

I believe I never thanked you, except in my thoughts, for your beautiful little book of "New Verse". I liked and like it very much, but these matters are indescribable, and had better be left to the intuition which we may have of tacit sympathy in others for that which goes on in ourselves.

If you see Lady Ottoline, please tell her that I am no letter-writer, otherwise I should have thanked her for her kind missives of long ago about Dante, etc.

England has become almost as difficult and remote for me as America, otherwise you would see me at Chiswell, asking for a glimpse of your Sibylline leaves

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Constable and Co. Ltd.**

27 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Temple)

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Nov. 27, 1927

I have not yet received a copy of my new book "The Realm of Essence". You may remember that I asked you to keep five of the six copies you had sent to my bankers, when returned by them, and to send me one only, directly to Rome. If this has not been done, will you please have it done now?

G. Santayana

Hotel Bristol

Rome, Italy.

**To Lewis George Stern**

27 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Penn)

c/o Brown Shipley &amp; C°

123 Pall Mall, London

Rome, Nov. 27, '27

Dear Sir,

I should be much pleased to have you quote any sonnets of mine that seem to you to deserve it. As to your other requests, I am sorry that I can't do anything. You probably know much better than I whether sonnets are still written by anyone who has anything to impart.

Yours truly

GSantayana

**To George Sturgis**

27 November 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 27, 1927

Dear George

Apparently, to judge by what you say in your letter of Nov. 15, it is a long time since I have written: I am sorry, and I can't say it has been because I was too busy or because I had nothing to say, which are the grown-up and the childish excuses for such delinquencies. In Paris I spent rather an exciting summer, being a party to a sort of run-away match. Don't be alarmed; it isn't I that was married, but Margaret Strong; only in the absence of her father I had to officiate as sponsor, or witness, or giver-away, or whatever you call it. There were two weddings,—a week apart—which was an absurdity in itself: after the first, one, at the mairie, I gave the party a breakfast: we were only six persons, and it went off very well. At the second wedding, which was in the American Episcopal Church, I had to lead the (married) bride up the aisle, in the conventional fashion. People said: Voilà le papa! but I felt like a fool and rather like a fraud. The Chilean chargé d'affaires gave a reception for us afterwards, and the bride was much admired with her "golden" eyes and her nun-like

tulle veil. I ought to have said that the bridegroom is an impecunious but rather fashionable Chilean named Jorge Cuevas, who has knocked about Paris for ten years (he is about 35) and has a rather doubtful reputation. Margaret had seen a great deal of him for a year or more; but she is undecided and not quite normal; and she hid him as if their engagement or courtship had been something out of the way, until suddenly she announced that she was going to marry him in four days. The Rockefellers (John D. Jr. was then in France) were up in arms and did all they could to prevent the marriage, while poor Strong in Switzerland was left out in the cold, except for my letters. He finally telegraphed his consent and blessing at the very last moment: and now, having seen his son-in-law, he is quite reconciled or rather positively pleased. In fact, the young man is not a bad sort, it is she that is the problem. They are at Luxor in Egypt for the winter, so that all here is peace for the present.

I am sorry we can't have another bottle of Asti Spumante: I never indulge in it myself when I am alone. I will draw the [*across*] rest of my letter of credit (\$1000) before New Years, and shall be in no hurry for the new one; but send one, for \$4000, when it is convenient. Yours affly

G. S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

2 December 1927 • Rome, Italy      (MS: Rockefeller)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 2, 1927

Dear Strong

Your letter sounds a little discouraged: the weather (here, at least) has been horrid since you left, and it isn't easy to lose oneself in any agreeable task. I have sent an article to Middleton Murry (who asked for it) for his review The New Adelphi: it is about "Revolutions in Science", and is meant to be the first chapter of "Symptoms". But I have got stuck in Chapters II & III, and don't know whether to make them one or two or to drop them altogether. Perhaps I may abandon "Symptoms" for a while and turn to the "Realm of Matter". Russell's latest book ought to have helped

to revive interest in this direction, but I have been disappointed. It is nice to see him insisting on his newly acquired conviction that “percepts are in our heads”: it ranges him among my examples of latent materialism in idealists. But does he conceive his whole philosophy, in the moment when he is most aware of it, to be a single constituent of the series of events which make up one of the electrons in his brain? It seems monstrous (to use one of his words) to give so rich a substance (to use one of my words) to so minute a phenomenon. It would seem to me more plausible to say that his awareness of his philosophy was an event engaging a great many gyrations of a great many electrons: it would therefore have no punctiform locus in space-time, and could not be identified with a single constituent of the physical world. But I agree with him, and with you, that the mental world, in so far as it has a locus in nature at all, has it in the head—or in objects arranged, like books and pictures, to excite certain events in the head. As to the mental or moral world in itself, Berty is a poor witness: here is a book entitled “The Outlines of Philosophy” in which there is nothing but spleen, behaviourism, relativity, and babies. He has come down terribly in the world: I suppose this is a set of lectures cooked up for America: there is nothing in it that he hasn’t said as well or better elsewhere, and there is an unreadable amount of improvised commonplaces, and chance polemics. I have had to skip a good deal: but I haven’t missed here and there an extraordinarily witty passage, like that about the behaviourist seeing the rat not seen by his friend, and thinking that he must give up that bootlegged whiskey.

I have read a very good account of Russia <sup>as</sup> seen recently by a Russian exile, who had slipped in among smugglers: also a long article by Kallen on Bolshevik religion: also, at last, Claudel on “Violence”. This last is pathological.

Cory is thinking of leaving Paris and talks of coming South. If you want to see him, I have no doubt [*across*] that an invitation to Le Balze would help to fetch him. I don’t particularly want him to come to Rome now.

Yours ever G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. Cory’s address is 123 rue du Faubourg St, Honoré.

**To Otto Kyllmann**

7 December 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Temple)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 7. 1927

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Kyllmann

"The Realm of Essence" has now reached me. Thank you for sending this second copy: I don't know what can have happened to the first, as my other copies, sent to friends here, reached them safely. Two which I had forgotten are on the enclosed half-sheet. Will you kindly have them sent?

The book makes an imposing appearance

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

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**To Daniel MacGhie Cory**

8 December 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

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Hotel Bristol Rome

Dec. 8. 1927

I am glad you are going to London, and when I have your address there I will hasten to send you Chap. I of Matter, revised but not copied, so that you may have it type-written, two copies, of which you may keep one and send me back the other: and we can keep this up until the book is all straightened out. As I am interested in Symptoms, Matter will certainly not be finished this winter: that was why I thought of next summer as a good time for continuing our work. I foresee (it is not an intention) that I shall go to Cortina again: Paris will be, morally, too hot for me. You understand: Egypt will have moved to Saint Germain, and Saint Germain is not far from the Observatoire. —Here we are having sad wet weather but not cold, and I am reading more than writing. A Merry Xmas but I shall write ere that. G.S.

**To John Middleton Murry**

8 December 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Macksey)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 8. 1927.

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Murry

Thank you for the copy of my article on “Revolutions in Science”. There are one or two phrases in it that I should like to correct: I suppose you will send me the proof when the time comes. It might be better to address it to me directly to Rome, Hotel Bristol, where I shall be all winter.

You are easily victorious in your article “Concerning Intelligence” in The New Criterion; at least a person who said long ago that religion is poetry can’t help thinking so. But it seems to me that you aren’t just to St. Thomas. Words had a precise meaning in his mind; “faith” excludes “reason” because it is a name for the supplement, beyond proof, in which our sensations are bathed:

Praestet fides supplementum

Sensuum defectui.

Moreover, the whole world to him was like a children’s theatre, that could be delightfully pulled to pieces and put together again, not with a loss of illusion, but with a masterful knowledge of why and how the illusion came about, and was intended. The earthly and the heavenly, the rational and the miraculous made one tapestry: the distinctions were not arid, because they were internal to the work of God, and friendly.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Logan Pearsall Smith**

21 December 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Congress)

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Hotel Bristol, Rome  
December 21, 1927

Dear Smith

My memory is not good for references, and I am without books here; but all your quotations have a familiar sound, and I have no doubt they come from something of mine—from what book or article I can't tell you. I am sorry to be so useless, especially when you are overwhelming me with your constancy to my muse, and paying me the compliment of associating my words with those of such great wits. I shall be curious to see your anthology and it may induce me to read Hazlitt, Halifax, and Selden, who are all unknown to me. But it is hopeless, so late in life, to fill up the lacunae in one's education. I tried the other day to read Moby Dick, but in spite of much skipping, I have got stuck in the middle. Is it such a masterpiece as they say? On the other hand, I am not too old to enjoy some novel authors: and what do you suppose was my joy at finding the theory of essence beautifully expounded in the last volume of Proust, (the second of Le Temps Retrouvé) and made, in a manner, the pivot of his immense work! Do read it, page 14 to 20, if you haven't yet done so. My excursions into the other world are not so remote from experience as you seem to think: we live in that world; we only move in this one.—What you say of your neighbour who likes my philosophy makes me think of another disciple of mine who is now in London. He is a young American named Daniel Cory, who is a sort of unattached student, and has understood my books—at least the later ones—better than anyone else that I know of. As he has nothing urgent to do, I have got him to help me in straightening out the MS of the Realm of Matter, which is to be my next, and I hope, culminating, book. I am going to take the liberty of giving him a card to you, and perhaps you can also introduce him to your neighbour: anything he learns from you or from him in the way of judicious criticism of my works or ideas, will be useful to him and indirectly to me; because he isn't shy, though devoted, and tells me where I go wrong. Cory is also a disciple of Berty's and is studying under him in London.

Rome is very like London in these dark, cold days: but a sort of Socratic sign, saying No! intercepts all my projects of crossing the Channel. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To Wesley Fuller**

23 December 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, December 23, 1927

Dear Mr. Fuller

It is hardly possible for me to write anything for the Latin School Register: too much time and space separates me from that world. Yet I don't like to disregard your request, and I am sending you a few lines of translation from Catullus, which I happen to have at hand, as a token of remembrance and good wishes.

Yours truly  
GSantayana

## A FRAGMENT FROM CATULLUS

O misero frater adempte mihi, etc.

You, brother, snatched, and I bereft,  
 My whole life crushed, no drop of sweetness left,  
 My whole soul buried in your grave,  
 My soul that lived but by the love you gave!

All my life's pleasures, with you dead,  
 My studies all, my joy in all is fled.  
 Why speak, why call? I am not heard.  
 Your sweet voice, brother, answers not a word.  
 Never till death, never that face again,  
 Never that smile: yet love shall still remain.

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**To Herbert Wallace Schneider**

25 December 1927 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

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Rome, Christmas Day, 1927

Dear Schneider,

No: I can't write a review of Woodbridge's Realm of Mind; it would require re-reading and a terrible struggle to become clear as to what it means. My experience with Dewey was enough: no more such reviews in this short life.

I believe I have sent you my Realm of Essence, but the American edition seems to have been delayed a good deal. Only today, I get the first acknowledgement—from the Harvard Union. The English edition has been out for many weeks. I am now at work on the Realm of Matter and also on a collection of essays and reviews to be called Symptoms.

Strong was here in November, but—incredibile dictu—we deserted the Café Aragno for a trattoria in the Piazza di San Pietro where we went to enjoy the sunshine, and sat in the shade by preference. He had ill luck in catching a cold, although the weather was then glorious, and I am afraid went home discouraged—also because I refused to be converted to point-instants of psychic energy constituting the material world.

I am reading a book called The Mind and Face of Bolshevism; it is my own philosophy—but, oh, so changed!

Yours sincerely,  
GSantayana

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