

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Four, 1928—1932

G Santayana

To John Livingston Lowes

3 January 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Rome, January 3, 1928

My dear M^r Lowes

Your letter offering me the Norton Chair of Poetry for next year fills me with pride, and I wish I were free to accept so honourable an appointment. But I am deeply engaged in my opus magnum (as I call it) and the second volume—being on a subject, the universe at large, of which Professor Norton would not have approved—is so exacting, that I am afraid it would not be prudent, even if it were possible, for me at this moment to turn my attention in an entirely different direction. Indeed, I hardly know what substance for lectures on poetry I should now find in my own mind: it would require a new birth. Moreover, my retirement has long been so complete, that I should tremble at the physical and social commitments involved in being again a public lecturer, even among old friends and under such exceptionally tempting conditions. I must therefore beg you to present my heartfelt regrets & thanks to the committee and to President Lowell for the great honour which they have done me, and to believe me

Very gratefully yours

GSantayana

To

M^r John Livingston Lowes

Harvard University

To George Sturgis

6 January 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 6, 1928

Dear George

Let me acknowledge the receipt of your letter, the new letter of credit, and the photograph of the three laughing brothers. The last is certainly a picture of health and happiness. Is it always thus? Thank you very much for everything. I feel guilty in having so long put off the matter of making a new will: well as I am, I shall die first, if I don't show more initiative. We had a little earthquake the other day. I was sitting in a bench in the Park, so that immediate danger of dying intestate—or with only an old will—did not appear, and I believe there was only one poor Seminarist knocked on the head by a falling architectural ornament, and no visible harm to the town: but the event was a startling reminder of the fact that our lives are not in our own hands—I mean, keeping alive is not. But the reason for my procrastination is that I have been really incapable of making up my mind. Now, however, I begin to see more clearly what is appropriate: I have written to Onderdonk, who has returned to New York to live, to ask if he cares to remain my literary executor, or whether I had better appoint someone else: Cory (have I told you about Cory) being just the man. When I receive his answer, I will write out the momentous document: it is needless that I should tell you now what the provisions will be. You will see them in time, and I hope you will think them reasonable. I am going to establish the Fellowship at Harvard, but in a slightly different sense: a Spanish, not a merely Philosophical Fellowship. This will differentiate it from Strong's foundation, if he makes it: for now that Margaret is married at and (for her) poor, and that Strong expects to be a grandfather, he may reconsider the matter, and leave his money in the family. But I am going to cut your aunts off with next to nothing: and if I should survive them, they will be eliminated altogether. So that, in substance, there will be no great change in the dispositions affecting you and Josephine.

I am well, and fat, in spite of rather a comfortless winter—so far: and I am working steadily, though slowly, on vol. II. of the Big Book.

Sorry vol. I, is Chinese to you: you exaggerate: the preface, [*across*] at least, is as intelligible as a Unitarian sermon. Love to Rosamond and the boys from Your affectionate uncle G. S.

To Manuel Komroff

12 January 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123 Pall Mall, London

Rome, Jan. 12, 1928

Dear M^r Komroff

It is very kind of you to send me your new book. It introduces me to a kind of world rather different from the one I live in. If vice in the Eighteenth century lost half its evil by losing all its grossness, in recove-

ring now-a-days all its grossness it seems to have lost the other half: it has ceased to be evil at all, in the old moral sense, and has become simply an unpleasant fatality. I am not quite sure that I understand your philosophy; but I suppose you wouldn't suggest that apart from the love of life or the Juggler's Kiss, existence would be satisfactory. If your hero had stayed at home and had married the girl he had been "petting" so assiduously, would that have been better in the end?

But I daresay this is beside the point. Art is not moral philosophy, you will say: and yet it is as poignant reality, not as art, that your book, and most recent books, can arrest attention. They are a horrid picture of fate

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 January 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 24, 1928

Dear Strong

Not having studied these mathematicians, I can hardly follow the alternatives discussed in your letter. Does light participate in the inertia of the body, that emits it, and is that what is meant by its rate being relative to its source? My own presumption—which is worthless scientifically—would be that this was not the case, but that light moved, once shed, as if its source had been at rest in space or in the ether. Is ether anything but space regarded as a substance—I mean, as if each of its points was particular and could be a centre for external relations, and not merely any point in ideal extension?

However, I am glad if you have satisfied yourself as to the probabilities in the case, and feel ready to plunge into argument with the physicists.

As for me, I have been watching the beginnings of a cold, and have (after two weeks) succeeded in suppressing all the symptoms, without its having come to the surface in any distressing way. The winter has been horrid, but seems now to be returning to the normal. I, too, have returned to the normal, in the shape of vol. II of Realms, and have the preface and Chap. I, type-written (by Cory's intervention) and ready for the press. I am working on Chap. II, which is crucial, and hope to finish the revision of it this week. The collected papers to be called "Symptoms" are laid aside for the moment, except that I am preparing to write for "The New Adelphi" a review of Bradley's "Ethical Studies", which I am reading for the first time. This review, which I think of calling "Philosophy in 1876" will be one more "Symptom". Meantime I have been feasting on delightful French books: when you come to Rome again I shall have plenty of interesting things to lend you. There is Bernano's new book L'Imposture about a priest who loses his faith, keeps up appearances, and goes to the devil: there is to be a sequel called La Joie. Then a book by Alain (had you heard of him?) Les Idées et les Âges —a sort of poetical psychology, full of good things of a subtle idealistic kind, sometimes a bit obscure: but he is a lover of Homer and Plato, Goethe and Comte, and, technically, a naturalist of a Neo-Realist stamp. You might like him: but he fatigues a little for lack of ultimately clear doctrines. Finally, the last two volumes of Proust, Le Temps Retrouvé: the first of these is about Paris during the war, and harps on the old strings: but the last begins with an exposition of the nature and evidence of Essence, which is the secret of the whole method of the book, Time being recoverable only under the form of Eternity! Fancy my satisfaction. Yours ever G.S.

To John Middleton Murry

9 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Macksey)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Feb. 9, 1928

Dear M^r Murry

I am glad you are writing this article for the Times about the coincidence between Proust & me. Of course, being independent, the approaches are not identical. I don't find it necessary to have two phenomena, separate in time, in order to "purify" the phenomenon by considering it out of its accidental relations: but the result is the same. I also should observe that an essence has no interest in itself: it is merely innocent, being non-existent: but Proust seems to find it interesting, however trivial the occasion may be which calls it up. Here I feel that he is too inhuman, idiotically aesthetic, and tediously non-moral.

As to the review of my book for The New Adelphi, I am afraid a Crocean will discuss some creature of his own logic, and not me at all: but he may do it very well.

I have finished reading Bradley's "Ethical Studies", and have begun the review. Of course it can't appear in the same number as my article on "Revolutions in Science", so that I suppose you don't mind if I take some weeks to finish it. I have more to say than can go into a book-review; but

I can put back the suppressed parts if the article is afterwards republished in a book

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 10, 1928

Dear Strong

I have had bad news from Spain. My sister Susana died this morning, and it seems necessary that I should go at once to Spain, on account of my other sister and of affairs which it may be difficult to straighten out without somebody who speaks both Spanish and English.

I expect to leave for Paris on Tuesday, and to be at the apartment for a day or two until I hear more definitely from my relations. I sha'n't stay in Avila long, but may have to remain in Madrid until the business with America is disposed of. You had better write via London, until I send you some definite address.

I will telegraph to Marie when I have got my passport and ticket and can announce the hour of my arrival.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

11 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Address: Rome, Feb. 11, 1928

c/o B. S. & C^o

London

Dear George

I suppose they have telegraphed to you directly that your aunt Susie died yesterday morning, apparently after a short illness. I am leaving in two or three days for Paris and Avila: probably I shall have to stay for some time in Madrid. Your aunt's age, and my own, softens this blow a good deal in my own feelings; and you who never saw her in her palmy days can hardly have an idea of the ascendancy which she exercised over people, and particularly over me. Invalid as she was when you knew her, you must still have felt how much life there was in her spirit: I think she was confident of surviving her husband, and doing great things independently; but the flesh is treacherous, and things have turned out the other way. Now you are faced with all those difficulties which you were so much afraid of. I will do my best to mediate and explain; but it is useless to anticipate, until I hear exactly what is demanded. At bottom the thing ought not to present any difficulty: if a Spanish will is not recognized in America, would not your Aunt appear as dying intestate, and as she has no children, isn't her husband her sole legal heir? That is also substantially her intention; and if she left legacies, her husband could pay them, if he liked, in her name. I am sure that your aunt Josephine and I would gladly concur in this arrangement, if it is practicable.

I don't know whether I have thanked you for your yearly account, which is more wonderful than ever. Perhaps, if things go on like this, I may ask you for a larger letter of credit next year.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I think well of what you propose about a Trust instead of a Will in my own case. I will write another day about this, giving details.

To Charles Augustus Strong

14 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome
Tuesday, Feb. 14, '28

Dear Strong

Thank you for your kind letter. My journey is put off, because with one thing and another I have not been feeling well, and not sleeping at night; the doctor says that I had better rest and recover a better tone before undertaking so long a journey. I feel the same thing in my bones, and hate to go: I will now wait here until I receive letters from Avila, and know exactly what there is for me to do in Spain, and whether it is necessary to go at once. Possibly I may be able to put ~~it~~ off to a better season.

Why shouldn't you come to Rome even if I am not here? If you came soon you might still find me—but I can't promise until ~~the~~ the aforesaid letters arrive.—My sister was, as you say, a second mother for me, especially on the religious and social side: but my mother herself lived until 1912.

Yours ever

G.S.

To George Sturgis

14 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Enclosed,
is my official
portrait, cut out
of an advertisement

Hotel Bristol. Rome.
Feb. 14. 1928

Dear George

My journey to Paris and Avila is postponed. I had a very bad night—nervousness, indigestion, fatigue—last night, and called the doctor, who says there is nothing in particular the matter, but that I am in a low state of vital-

ity, and tired, and that I ought to rest and recover a better tone before starting on a long journey. I have countermanded everything, and will wait and nurse myself here until letters arrive and I understand better exactly what there is for me to do, and when and where my presence is required. I don't expect that the delay will be more than for a week or two, if my health returns to the normal, as I think it probably will.

Meantime, being confined to my room today by the doctor, with all my books packed and my little affairs attended to, I am going to devote the afternoon to telling you what I have in mind about the disposal of my property.

In the first place, as to establishing now a revocable Trust, instead of making a will, the advantages which you point out in so doing seem to be decisive. I will therefore ask you to have such a trust-deed drawn up, and send it to me, and I will scour the land for three Americans to act as witnesses. The trouble is that the Americans whom I am likely to see, like Strong, figure in the Trust as beneficiaries, so that I suppose they are useless as witnesses. The trustee will of course be you, or, failing you, M^r Gardiner.

Coming now to the disposal of the money at my death, there is the question raised by you, Shall the trust be continued, or dissolved? You evidently prefer to let it continue, and especially, that your sister's share should be left in trust. Here we are on delicate ground. You have not told me your reasons, at least none that seemed serious: you suggested that some of her property might some day go to children that Raymond Bidwell might some day have by some other wife. I shouldn't turn in my grave even if that happened. Money is not a pure good, to be reserved only to those we love: and even if it were, why should we reserve it for them? Money is a social commodity, and it has to be distributed conventionally, without asking whether people deserve it or will ultimately profit by having it. With my present lights, therefore, I see no reason for continuing the Trust after my death: but I am open to any suggestions which you may have re to make to the contrary. The bequests to Harvard College and to people in Spain would in any case, I suppose, have to be made outright: so that little but Josephine's share would remain to be in trust, except that your s would apparently be in trust too, under your own trusteeship. How safe, and how trusted, you would feel!

The principal other bequest is to be to Harvard College. I told you I had thought of making it a Spanish Fellowship, but I have repented of this.

In the first place, there was a touch of vanity or egotism in it, as if I was coddling my own personality after it had been happily dissolved. Then I am afraid there are likely to be too many Spanish-speaking people flocking to the U.S. to be educated: and the reverse is provided for by the Hispanic Society of America and other foundations. Let my fellowship, then, be without local limitations. And I want it to be generous in amount, because I aspire to be like the magnanimous man of Aristotle, who seldom does anything, but when he does, it is something handsome. I suggest then:

1. To the President and Fellows of Harvard College, \$40,000, to establish and endow a Fellowship to be granted at their discretion, and renewed for any number of years, for the benefit not necessarily to a young man or a graduate of Harvard University, but to a person of any age or nationality, who may be thereby enabled freely to devote himself, in any place of his choice approved by the Corporation, to the subjects which have occupied my own life.
2. To my sister Josephine Borrás Sturgis, who is advanced in life and amply provided, \$500, which it may please her to add in my name to her gifts or charities.
3. (1) To the step-sons of my late sister Susan Parkman Sturgis de Sastre, viz., Antonio, Luis, Rafael, and José—the surname being in each case Sastre Gonzalez—all of Avila, Spain, \$1000 each, in memory of the many pleasant seasons which I have spent in their company.
 - (2) To Rafael Sastre Hernandez, son of the above Rafael Sastre Gonzalez, to be paid to the father if the son is not yet twenty-five years of age at the time of my death, otherwise to the son himself, \$5,000, as an aid to his education and establishment in life.
 - (3) To Eduardo Sastre Martin, elder son of the above José Sastre Gonzalez, under the same conditions as in paragraph (2) preceding, \$5,000.
 - (4) To Roberto Sastre Martin, younger son of the same José Sastre Gonzalez, under the same conditions as in paragraph (2) preceding, \$5,000.
4. To my cousin Manuela Ruiz de Santayana y Zabalgotia, \$1000.
5. My house in Avila, to my brother-in-law Celedonio Sastre Serrano, or jointly to his heirs, with the request that they should pay the net income

derived from the same to my said cousin Manuela Ruiz de Santayana y Zabalgoitia, during her life-time.

6. My books and personal effects existing in the apartment occupied in Paris by my friend Charles Augustus Strong, to the said Charles Augustus Strong or, in case of his dying before me, to his daughter Margaret Strong de Cuevas.
7. My manuscripts, together with all books and personal effects which I may have not at the residence of the said Charles Augustus Strong, together with any fees or royalties that may be paid for publication of the same, to Daniel MacGhie Cory; and in addition \$2,000, as compensation for the labour and responsibility involved in this work before it is completed or becomes profitable.

If Daniel MacGhie Cory should not be able or willing to serve as my literary executor, I appoint in his stead, Andrew Joseph Onderdonk; or again, failing him, Julio Irazusta.

8. The residue of my estate I bequeath in equal parts to George Sturgis and to Josephine Sturgis (Eldredge) Bidwell, children of my brother Robert Shaw Sturgis, to whose skill and care, as well as to those of his son, I largely owe the preservation and increase of my fortune, and the freedom with which I have enjoyed it.

This is the whole, in so far as I now have it in mind: if I have forgotten anything, please remind me. You see the general plan: I take out \$60,000 from the \$174,000 which you say my property is now worth, \$40,000 for a literary foundation, and \$20,000 for my Spanish connections, to whom it will mean a great deal; and the rest reverts to you and your sister Josephine, as heirs to your father. I hope you will think this arrangement fair: it expresses, as well as I can without going into fantastic distinctions, my sense of obligation in different quarters.

I will write again when my plans are remade, or when I hear anything that deserves a commentary.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

P.S. I see I have forgotten the addresses of these legatees: the fact is I don't know them accurately, or know that they are not permanent. Manuela Santayana lives in Madrid; Onderdonk and Cory (fundamentally) in New York, Irazusta in Buenos Aires: and the rest, as you know, in Avila.

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 21, 1928

Dear Strong—

My inner man is entirely of your opinion that I had better avoid Spain and the journey there for the present. I have written to my brother-in-law in this sense, using my indisposition as a starting-point, and also the fact that my sister Josephine is well and quite serene, to judge by what he tells me and what she herself says in her letter to me: and a cousin of mine, Manuela, is keeping her company, so that she doesn't need me. As for the business, it will give lots of trouble, and if I were in Spain it would not only

be a great nuisance to hear it all endlessly discussed, but it might lead to serious misunderstandings and quarrels. My brother-in-law may take offence at my refusal to go: we shall see what he says when he understands that I am not coming. But I prefer to take that risk than that of ending in the same quarrel, at the expense of my health and time and temper, which last will not be seriously soured if I stay and sun myself in Rome.

You may take it, then, that I remain here, unless your hear to the contrary

Yours ever G.S.

To George Sturgis

21 February 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 21, 1928

Dear George

I have practically decided not to move from Rome for the present. The nervousness and distress which attacked me when I was on the point of starting a week ago, return whenever I think of fixing another date for my departure: my inner man, "The It", as the Germans call it, has decided that I sh'an't go to Avila again, although the first impulse of my outer man, "The I", was to rush there at once. I think there is something prophetic and wise in this pathological No! But events will show in time if it is so.

Several telegrams and letters have passed between Celedonio and me. Your Aunt Josephine is well—she has written herself, quite rationally—and my maiden (and only) cousin, Manuela Santayana, is with her. She hasn't said whether she means to stay in Avila. That house, without your aunt Susie, would be intolerable to me: this is one of the things that prey on my mind, and hold me back. Celedonio seems anxious that I should go: he wants to rope me in into the affairs of your Aunt's estate, and he may be much offended when he understands, as he soon will, that I am not coming. But I am afraid he would be offended also if I went, and made any observation which was not to his liking: so that I will make the best of a quarrel if it is inevitable: but I hope to avoid it. My illness has not been a mere pretext: it is real: but it is a sign of a profound disinclination which will outlast it.

[*across*] You may address me "C/o Brown Shipley & Co" if you like, but it is unlikely that I should move from here. Yours affectionately G.S.

To George Sturgis

6 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
March 6, 1928

Dear George

It appears that there was no need whatever that I should go to Avila, either on account of your Aunt Josephine, who is perfectly content as she is, or of business, since the Will itself, of which I enclose a copy, says that the executors (Celedonio, your father, Antonio Sastre, and I) may proceed jointly or each by himself, to take all the legal steps needed. There is also mention of the right to delegate this function. I don't know what Celedonio will say when you propose to have it delegated to you. He has a prejudice against you since the matter of the "living trust" which you advocated, and which to him was a mere mystification. But possibly it might do if I, since I am one of the executors, delegated my powers: only of course I shouldn't like to do it without their consent.

When I was last in Avila your Aunt Susie told me something about this other document, in which she gives directions for the disposal of an immense sum, almost \$20,000 which she had saved and kept locked up in a draw: because if she had put it in the bank, she would no longer have been free to use it as she liked. She meant, after Celedonio's death, to use it in restoring the house adjoining theirs in Avila, which she hoped to have assigned to herself exclusively when the estate was divided: but, in case of her death, she left the bequests, detailed in the enclosed paper, which I understand is legally binding, or in any case would be morally so to the heirs.

You can get the Will, if you think it worth while, translated in its entirety: and I advise you to have any communication which you may wish to make translated into Spanish in Boston: don't expect me to do it. I have no time or energy for such work, and my old childish Spanish is hardly adequate to for legal or business documents.

You will notice that \$5000 are left to your father: nothing is said about the event of his predecease, but I suppose his heirs should have it. I am sorry about the \$10,000 to me, and the \$5,000 to your Aunt Josephine, but I hope to arrange so that the Sastre family will get my part, at least, eventually. It was a generous family impulse in your Aunt, and I was then younger and poorer: but it is useless now. Yours aff^{ly} G.Santayana

[*across page two*] P.S. I hope to hear that your voyage was pleasant and that all is well at home.

What should they do in Avila with two uncashed drafts sent by you in January & February?

Chief points in your Aunt's Will.

Presumably to be drawn from her property or cash in Spain	30 masses for the repose of her soul,	alms	5 pesetas each
	" " " " " " " " parents' souls,	"	4 " "
	" " " " " " " " benefactors'	"	4 " "
	Propandganda		500 pesetas
	St. Vincent de Paul, men's Conference,		250 "
	" " " " ladies' "		250 "
	Mercedes Escalera		2500 "
	Doña Juana Bringas		500 "
	Servants, 50 or 100 pesetas according to length of service		
	Ines Sanchidrian (an old servant) the income of 10,000 pesetas; on her death the capital to the Chapter of the Cathedral of Avila for one or more stained-glass windows.		

Approximate sum } 15,000 pesetas
of the above } or \$3,000.

Expressly to be drawn from her prop- erty in the U.S.	{ Josephine Borrás Sturgis	\$5,000
	{ Robert S. Sturgis	\$5,000
	{ George Santayana	<u>\$10,000</u>
	Total of legacies	\$23,000

Residuary legatee Celedonio Sastre

There is an additional, apparently valid, document of which I enclose a Spanish copy, in which various legacies and gifts, amounting to 87,500 pesetas (one legatee at least being dead) to be paid out of ready money which your Aunt had in at home, as explained in my letter. These include 5,000 pesetas each to Mercedes and Juana Bringas, which are additional to the legacies in the Will, as above.

To Manuel Komroff

13 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, March 13, 1928

Dear M^r Komroff

I am sorry that I can't undertake at present to write a "Foreword" to any of the proposed "classics". I have too much on my hands as it is.

Swaine, the photographer, seems to be very careless. They keep asking me to sit, as if I hadn't done so: yet they have supplied my photo to several people, including Constable who has reproduced it in a fly-leaf for advertising. I can't tell you the number on the back, because the copies which I have left are in Paris: but it must have been taken in the autumn of 1923—probably in September.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

13 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

March 13, 1928.

Dear George

To-day I receive your letter of Feb. 29, by which I am pleased to see that you think well of my general arrangements for the disposal of my property. Evidently you couldn't attend to my goods and chattels in Paris, Avila, Rome, etc, all in person: I supposed that the mention of them, with Strong, M^{me} Cuevas, and Cory as legatees, would merely authorize them to take quiet possession. In fact these things are most of them in Strong's possession already: only he is too old and occupied with his own ideas to bother, and as he knows and likes Cory, who is only 23, he would at once turn everything over to him. But if it is unnecessary to mention this in my American "living trust", leave it out. I have told the people at this hotel that Strong is my representative, if anything should happen to me: but I am not sure how much notice they have taken of my instructions. I will write a short paper, clearly marked—"Instructions in case of M^f Santayana's death, or failure to return" in which the hotel people will find, in my luggage left here, or in my desk when I am here, the names and addresses of Strong and Cory, and, in the background of course, yours. There might be a few bills, as well as some assets.

When I go to Avila, I will make a Spanish will, covering everything not in America, and naming executors as you suggest—Celedonio's sons first, and then Cory & Onderdonk—the latter an expert in international legalities. I might also mention Philip Chetwynd, who speaks Spanish.

I shall see, when you send me the proposed document, whether my Spanish legacies are provided for, or omitted. If you preferred to omit them, I could put them in my Spanish will, the sum to be covered being provided for separately: I could put your aunt Susie's legacy to me of \$10,000 into Spanish Government bonds, for that purpose, and that with my London bank-account, and royalties would almost suffice.

I have had many letters now from Avila, but none absolutely enlightening: I mean that for one reason or another they leave out the most important points. However, Celedonio is reconciled to the fact (perhaps very glad, I can't tell) that I am not acting as executor: there is no quarrel on that score. Your aunt Josephine, according to one account, is rather ner-

vous and lonely: but she herself says it is not so. My idea is to go to Spain when the weather is better—either in May or in September—and to stay for a short time only. But much will depend on circumstances. I await your suggestions about how to liquidate your Aunt's estate.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 16, 1928

Chapter III, copied, has arrived safely. I have glanced at your notes which seem to be like the cries of encouragement which are shouted from the tow-path to a struggling eight. I forgot to look (I am writing this at the post-office) whether you, or the elderly lady who finds substance presumptuous, made any comment on my Pharaoh's dream: because I have an uncomfortable suspicion that it was the chaste Joseph and not the mighty Moses who interpreted it. This sort of thing is what I suffer for my fathers' sin, in not reading me the Bible in my youth.—I have finished the article on Bradley and turned again to Matter: I am not sure whether Chap. IV, leavings of the previous chapters, is worth putting in. We shall see. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 March 1928 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

March 19, 1928

Dear Cory

A mistake—I think it must have been the postman’s—has caused my last letter, containing a cheque, to be delivered to a M^f Reginald C. Corry, at 12 Cranley Gardens. He has been very kind and conscientious, writing to me about it, and I am explaining and asking him, if his kind impulses are not exhausted, to send the cheque to you at n^o 52.

I hope this delay in receiving your money has not caused you inconvenience or made you think that I had forgotten it.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

M^f Corry’s mother lives at N^o 12 Cranley Gardens. The address he gives me is Arthur’s Club, St. James’s Street, S.W.1.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Fe March 24, 1928

Dear Cory

I hope your cheque has reached you, or that you have looked up that M^f Reginald Corry at the Arthur’s Club; I could have sent you another, except that I took for granted that you would recover the first before receiving the second.

Of course, go to Cornwall if you are so inclined. I was once a whole season at Torquay and liked the walks, but as it was in the dead of war, the town itself was desolate. Let me know your address there, and I will send you Whitehead’s little new book about “Symbolism”, if you haven’t seen it. Keep it and bring it afterwards to Paris, because I may need it in rewriting “The Flux of Existence”. I feel (so far) rather more in agreement with this version of his interpenetration of things than I was with the earlier versions: everything is somewhere else, according to him: it is a sort of phys-

ical ventriloquism; but there is an Aristotelian materia prima at each point, apparently, to be given form by the other things. What I don't yet see is how the ball begins rolling, and how the aspects are determined when each position is only the aspects of the other positions gathered there.

I am inclined to spare the life of Chapter IV, now well advanced. In any case I will preserve it. Shall I send it to you to be typed, or will that not be convenient if you are in the country?

Lady Russell (Elizabeth of the German Garden) waylaid me here the other day: she is gone again. I expect Strong shortly.

Yours sincerely

GS.

To Ottoline Cavendish–Bentick Morrell

24 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, March 24, 1928

Dear Lady Ottoline

You see I am still here, and with no immediate prospect, I am sorry to say, of going to England. During the summer I expect to be in Paris, and may have to make a trip to Spain on family business. It is sad to think of you not at Garsington; but I have seen in the papers that your daughter is married, and you doubtless find London less lonely. I had rather counted on seeing you again at Oxford—for you mustn't think that my affection for

England has in the least cooled: only it has become retrospective, I like to think of what it used to be, and the present and future seem to offer nothing there that can tempt me. Did I ever tell you that for years I have been writing a novel, or fictitious memoirs, a part of which is laid in Oxford, or rather at Iffley and Sandford? When I finish “The Realm of Matter” on which I am now at work, I mean to take up the novel: and in order to refresh my memory I hope to revisit all the places in England in which the scene is laid: this is the poetic part of the story; the realistic part happens in America. If all goes well, I will make this sentimental journey in the summer of 1928. But perhaps before that you may come to Rome—it is so much pleasanter than Florence!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

27 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

March 27, 1928

Dear George

In my last letter I forgot to mention a matter which I had in mind. My cousin Manuela Santayana is poor, and your aunt Susie used to help her, besides giving her something from me—namely, the net rent of my house in Avila, less than \$100 a year. I had thought of asking Antonio Sastre to continue to send her this money, but I find that she and the Sastre family are on rather strained terms, and perhaps Antonio would prefer merely to credit me with the sums he collects—especially as the house, in Avila, passes as being his property. After all these years nobody remembers my

father and his old friend M^r John Smith, el inglés, who built the cottage, for that is exactly what it is. Now, I believe you send drafts twice a year to Mercedes. By the same machinery, could you send two drafts a year, of \$100 each, to my cousin? This would leave her—she has a small orphan’s pension from the government, and your aunt Josephine also helps her—somewhat better off than she was before. This is to go on during my lifetime and hers: after my death I will see in my Spanish will that, if she survives me, she shall get a legacy. My cousin’s name and address are as follows:

Manuela Santayana Zabalgoitia

Augusto Figueroa, 31 & 33 1^o d^a int^e

Madrid

The symbols after the street number mean, “first floor, right, within.” They may not be necessary; I will ask her. She probably lives in one of those modern tenement houses with hundreds of small apartments. I recopy her address on a separate paper for greater clearness.

This matter reminds me of Mercedes and her pension. Your aunt Susie’s share now lapses. When your father died I offered to take his place as a contributor, but Mercedes refused (lest I should be suspected of being her lover!). I don’t think anyone would imagine that now: but perhaps your aunt Josephine might double her contribution, so that [*across*] Mercedes may get the same sum as usual.

No change here. Yours aff^{ly} G.Santayana

To Alejandro Tapia

28 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Roma, 28 de Marzo de 1928.

Sr. Don Alejandro Tapia (hijo)

New York.

Muy señor mío:—

Aunque a mis años que ya son muchos, leo pocos versos, y casi nunca libros españoles, “La Sataniada” me ha interesado de tal manera que la he leído íntegra, sin saltar una sola estrofa, llevado por la armonía y facilidad de los versos. Su señor padre fué un verdadero poeta, y lo demuestra cada vez que se detiene a describir cualquier cosa bella o amable. Pero a mi juicio, no tuvo acierto en la elección del asunto, ni en querer seguir el ejemplo de Byron, o mejor dicho, de los poetas italianos que Byron imitaba, componiendo un poema alegórico—político—burlesco. Tales composiciones no pueden tener más que un interés efímero, y entre la confusión de personajes disfrazados y alusiones poco inteligibles, sin contar las pasiones y criterios políticos de épocas ya lejanas, se pierden los trozos inspirados. La poesía está reñida con el periodismo. Esto se lo digo porque usted me invita a ser franco, y porque debo serlo para corresponder al verdadero obsequio que usted me hace, mandándome una obra tan curiosa e interesante.

Repitiéndole las gracias, quedo su atento S. S.,

Jorge Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

30 March 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

March 30 1928

Dear Strong,

Yes, I am here, I have heard of the happy events at Luxor, and I will speak today to the Minerva about your room for Wednesday, April 4th. The weather has been dreadful here, and I have been again on the verge of a bronchial attack, but today it seems definitely fine, and I hope all will be well. It will be very nice to see you again next week.

Yours ever G.S.

To George Sturgis

14 April 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, April 14, 1928.

Dear George

Thank you for your letter of March 30, written so soon after your return to Boston, and I am glad to see by it, and the one enclosed, that your trip

was so pleasant. I suppose M^f Cutter is president of the Fruit Company and a great potentate in the land of bananas: you have had under his auspices a glimpse of what America in general used to be in the early days. If you ever went to the Philippine Islands—your father and aunts were Filipinos by birth—you would see much the same thing, except that there would be Chinese instead of negroes, and perhaps some earthquakes. We have had two in Rome this winter, but the ruins and the obelisks, and even the modern houses, seem to have taken no notice.

Perhaps I ought not to have said that Celedonio felt any mistrust towards you. Of course he has never said so to me: it was your Aunt Susie (who sometimes coloured things a little warmly) who told me of it: and naturally it was a misunderstanding on his part. But you must consider that he is nearly ninety years of age, and has lived all his life in a narrow circle of ideas and practices, beyond which things are not intelligible to him. Now it is his sons, and especially Antonio, who must act for him; but he is so authoritative and they are so accustomed to blind obedience, that they may not dare to oppose or ignore anything that he may get it into his head to say or to do. I have had no further news from him directly, only letters from your Aunt Josephine and my cousin Manuela, and one from Mercedes. I am writing today to Celedonio repeating what you say about a signed or authenticated will being the first requisite; and I add that you will need authority to act as executor, or, if he prefers, you and M^f Gardiner; but I say nothing about his refusal to sign a “living trust” for your Aunt having been a mistake, because it would be useless now, and would only excite recriminations. I don’t know exactly in what form you would like the “authenticated” will ~~shoud~~ to have. The one sent you was signed by the notary—the signature is in the text of the last paragraph, I think: but perhaps you mean witnessed, as being a true copy, before someone like the American Consul. If you haven’t done so already, perhaps you could write directly to Avila, M^{ts} Sancho, or someone in her husband’s office putting your letter into polite Spanish, and say exactly in what form you think it would be best for the certified copy to come: I am afraid they wouldn’t be able to send the original signed by your Aunt. But we shall see: when I receive a reply from Celedonio to my letter of today, I will communicate what he says to you.

I am also repeating your remark about the drafts previously sent. Possibly they have cashed them, when they understood that I wasn’t going to take an active part in the business of the Executors. Here is a psychological matter on which I am in the dark, and can get no light, except indi-

rectly by inference. Were they glad, or were they aggrieved, that I should keep out of it? Celedonio said, quite dryly and formally, that he was sorry, but apparently without taking offence, as I had feared: but I suspect that it was really a relief to them, because it enabled them to deal with all the ready-money (I don't know how much it was) and to cut a figure in Avila as being the sole persons in charge. I hope this is the case, but I sha'n't know it for certain until Celedonio dies, and his sons feel free to speak for themselves.

As to my deed of trust, if you and M^r Gardiner prefer to leave out all assets and liabilities in Europe, very well: only in that case, unless I am to get the legacy of \$10,000 from your Aunt Susie (and shall I, if the will is not accepted for probate?) I shouldn't have enough here—as things stand at present—for my Spanish bequests. It would be necessary to leave a certain sum out of the trust, which I could invest here, unless you could suggest a better arrangement. I am considering the event of my death occurring soon: if I lived, say, another ten years, I could doubtless put aside enough during that time to provide for every body that has any claims on me in this part of the world.

Strong has been here for ten days, and left again for his villa at Florence yesterday. I don't know how long I shall stay in Rome, possibly until June; later I expect to be in Paris. Your Aunt Josephine seems to be very contented, and, unless there is business [*across*] that I could expedite, I don't think I shall go to Spain at all for the present. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 April 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 17, 1928

Dear Strong

I have a letter from George Cuevas from Cairo in which he says they are well, and expect to sail on the 15th but that Margaret doesn't feel like going to Saint Germain at once, but wants to stay for a few weeks at Nice. This will secure that gradual change of climate for the baby which you thought desirable.

Your article contains the chief points of your entire philosophy, but I don't see that you make them clearer or more plausible. I think all the latter part should be treated separately and at much greater length: as it stands it is rather baffling. The first pages skirt the edges of my own analysis, but I feel that you can't have read my recent books with much attention. Of course you have a perfect right to give to "intuition" any meaning you like: Kant and Bergson give it their own values; but, for you, isn't it the same as what, later, you call "awareness"? As I have told you many times, I agree that intent precedes pure intuition, if the latter ever emerges at all: animals presumably don't stop to study colours or sounds for their own sake: but intuition, in my sense of the word, in which it falls only on essence, must be included in their perceptions and beliefs, else the latter would be only motions. I am not clear about the degree and kind of behaviourism which is included in your use of "intent". My own definition would make it entirely spiritual, although, like all phases of spirit, founded on an animal reaction and expressing it in a moral attitude.

The only term which is mine in origin is "animal faith": but even here, once the phrase is printed, it is common property and you are free to turn it to any use you like. But if you cared to employ it in my sense (and I think this would help your exposition more than it would impede it) you should not extend it to dogmas. Dogmas are instances of intellectual faith: animal faith is only the confident unspoken assurance that action implies. It is not merely behaviouristic, because if it were disappointed you would feel surprise: but it is not an assertion, e.g. that the substance of wine is intrinsically red. Do you suppose that the tippler would care to defend that assertion? I think his dogma would rather be that wine would be pleasant. But his animal faith, as I use the words, involves no intellectual belief what-

soever; only the presumption that drinking is possible on this occasion. The object of animal faith is always substance, as that of intuition is always essence. Neither asserts propositions. That is why I call it faith and not opinion or judgement.

I am sorry that these small pedantries intrude so much into our discussions, when we agree so ~~on~~ well on larger and more [*across*] fundamental matters.— They are destroying the little garden under my windows, but as yet I don't mind it. Yours ever GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 April 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 18 1928

Dear Cory

Both Chapter III and Chapter IV have arrived safely. Please don't send anything more to Rome, as I may leave for Paris before long. I am strangely irresolute about it: perhaps if you could tell me your plans, it might help me to make up my mind.

Strong has been here and left. He expects to reach Paris late in May. If I arrived on May 3rd or 4th I should have a fortnight there before he arrived. Later, I may have to go to Spain—but this too is uncertain. When would it be most convenient for you to come to Paris, assuming that you mean to come?

Chapter V, on Pict. Sp. and Sent. T. is very hard and needs to be rewritten altogether. I have copied a good many pages, but think that they are not very good, and had better be left out. I have a new beginning, about Ionia and Light, which may strike the right key; but I am rather tired and discouraged. I wish the whole thing were finished and that I could do the novel.

There seem to be two passages, each little more than a page, in Chap. IV, which can simply be cut out, the substance being already found elsewhere. With that easy amputation, it can be regarded as fit to live.

Do you know of an American poet—not too American—called Robert Hillyer? I have read a book of his which I could send you if you thought you might care to see it. For my understanding, he is a little obscure and unseizable—has feelings too musical and fluid for words, and his prosody is commonplace. I am afraid our only living poetry is fiction—but I say this when you are perhaps fluttering with inspiration and singing to the four winds!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

19 April 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 19, 1928

Dear Strong

I don't know whether you have been prepared for bad news, or whether it falls upon me to give you the shock.

I received a telegram from George from Messina last night saying in Spanish: "Alexander double pneumonia, very critical. We will land at

Genoa and endeavour to take him to Nice”. This afternoon, I get a second telegram, this time from Naples, saying: “Alexander died last night. We have no comfort, nor courage to telegraph to M^r Strong. Margaret is in despair and wants to go on ~~in the ship~~ to France and not see anybody”.

Here is an unexpected blow, that may have all sorts of consequences. I am very sorry for Margaret and for George and also that you should have this sad disappointment.

I have answered the first telegram to the ship, piroscavo Brasile, Genoa, but don’t know where to address them after they land tomorrow. As the ship is Italian I suppose they land at Genoa in any case, and proceed by land. The wording of the telegram does not make this point clear.

I write because it seems that they expect me to do so; probably they are at a loss for words in which to break the news to you, as they have been on other occasions. It is too bad that they should be beset by so many kinds of trouble

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

21 April 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Dartmouth)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, April 21, 1928

Dear M^r Hartmann

I am not sure that a philosophy of the beautiful is wanted in this world: it is almost sure to be so ugly. Don’t be offended, because I am thinking of two books on some such subject formerly composed by myself. But freedom from worry about bread and butter, even if only for a fortnight, is always a gain to the spirit, and I hope you may enjoy it not only on this occasion, but often in future.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

M^r Sadakichi Hartmann
Beaumont, California

To George Sturgis

21 April 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 21, 1928

Please Address c/o B. S. & C ^o London.
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Dear George

I enclose a paper which Celedonio has asked me to forward to you, as if it were Aladdin's lamp. It is the copy of a certificate that your Aunt's will exists. I can't think what the use of it may be, when the will itself is there: but perhaps you may understand these legal mysteries better than I. Celedonio had not yet received my report of your letter of March 30th. If I get a reply to that, I will inform you. But I wish you could establish direct communications, because this will never come to an end if neither of you understands what the other is thinking about. I think it would be well to be absolutely explicit, as if you were speaking to a Chinaman. Do you want the original of the will, signed by your Aunt herself? Or failing that, do you want a copy certified by whom? Or do you want an English translation certified by some American authority, if such can be found to do it? And if none of these things are possible, what would be the practical consequences? Would your Aunt's property go to the government, or to the dogs, or to the Circumlocution Office? Celedonio speaks of the limit of time for liquidation approaching, but I don't see how you can liquidate anything unless you first have it in solid form. I doubt whether he realizes your difficulties, and I can't explain them to him because, although I feel vaguely that they exist, I don't know what they are, or how they could be overcome.

Will you please send the enclosed note, with a cheque for \$25 to M^r Sadakichi Hartmann Beaumont, California? He is an impecunious and presumptuous author without talent, for whom I have asked you before, I

think, to do something in my name. I am sorry to bother you with so many odd charities: but old men, being Kaput as far as their personal functions are concerned, can do nothing in this world but distribute their ideas or their pennies, if they have either, and if anybody is willing to accept them. This is our only way of feeling that we still are good for something.

I am sending you the power-of-attorney forms merely signed, as you ask. I suppose you can fill in the rest, type-written, on occasion. But how about the witness? Perhaps your lady-typist, who knows my signature, can witness, spiritually, that it is genuine.

They are destroying the little garden-terrace on which my windows here used to look out, in order to cut a great new thoroughfare. I may not be able to keep these rooms in future. It is a great bore.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

4 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 4, 1928

Dear George

My cousin Manuela has received and cashed without difficulty the draft which you sent her, and asks me to thank you for your trouble. She met Mercedes at the bank: you see the two old ladies lost no time to pocket their respective doles, and hastened to the bank at the first dawn, like harts panting for the living waters. Mercedes also has written, enclosing your letter, which she wished me to translate, as it was a little different from the others, of which she has a stock translation made by your Aunt Susie.

A third letter I have had from Spain, also of no great importance, is from W^m C. Sturgis, who speaks of “Carolyn”, presumably his wife, and of their cousin Frances. He calls me “George”, but I don’t know who he can be. Will you enlighten me? He gives no address except a hotel in Madrid, so that he will not be surprised at receiving no answer, but will understand that I am not in Spain. He had addressed me simply to Avila, Castilla La Vieja, which is correct but smacks of the Middle Ages. When you reply please tell me whether he is habitually called William, [^]Will[^], Willy, Billy,

or Bill, so that I may live up to our relationship; and give me his home address. It is not for nothing that you are editor of the Sturgis Family Book.

I have had no further communication from Celedonio about business.

Thank you for seeing to my cousin Manuela's allowance; this arrangement relieves me of a responsibility with no trouble—except to you

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome
May 7, 1928

Dear Cory

I am sending this to Cornwall, assuming that you are still there and not being sure whether you will return to the same place in London.

“Pictorial Space and Sentimental Time” has passed the worst stage: I see the general shape of it: but I shall probably have much rewriting and arranging still to do, before I can regard it as done, even provisionally. I hope to finish it before leaving for Paris—in about a month.

My Spanish relations are quiet, and leaving me free for higher things.

Yours G. S.

To George Sturgis

7 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome
May 7. 1928

Dear George

I send you the deed of trust and the schedule of securities, which I received this morning. You see I can be expeditious when I see the way clear, and in a jiffy I discovered the American consulate and, I hope, did the thing up brown.

The vagueness of the bequest to Harvard was intentional. It may be hard to find just the right man for the Fellowship even in the wide field of

poetry, philosophy, theology, and the Harvard Lampoon : and when you remember that I hope to die a novelist, almost anyone not a chimney-sweep can hope for my legacy.

You are right about the reason for a Spanish child not having the same last name, although he has the same surname, as his father: the last is his mother's family name. As to the middle name, as in the case of Manuela {Ruiz de} Santayana {y} Zabalgoitia, it is not necessary. Ruiz was originally our family name, Santayana being a place; but my father and his brothers got into the habit to use of using Santayana exclusively, for the sake of brevity. But the addition of the mother's surname, now usually without the "y" prefixed, is legal, and necessary in a document. So you will find that your aunt's will is signed "Susana Sturgis Borrás". The Parkman is optional, and the husband's name is not, in Spain, a wife's name at all. She may be described as the wife, or politely, the lady, of so-and-so: but her name remains what it was originally. Calling your aunt, as she liked to be called, Susana Sturgis de Sastre, is not strictly correct; she was Doña Susana Sturgis y Borrás, señora de Sastre. The last words are a title or description, not a part of her name, as if you called me G. S, wedded to Metaphysics.

I am pleased with the arrangement by which you provide for the Spanish bequests out of the Trust fund, and I agree that it will be better to keep all my money in America, où il fait boule de neige, or grows like a rolling snow-ball; let us hope it will not melt in the same manner. When I go to Avila I will make a Spanish will to cover the remaining trifles and provide for my literary executor. And if I save by not spending all my income, will the savings become part of the trust, or will that be a separate fund?

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Robert Seymour Bridges

10 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bodleian)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 10, 1928

My dear Bridges

How can you doubt that I shouldn't read with the greatest eagerness the advanced sheets of your Poem, if you will send them? This, even if you didn't heighten my curiosity and pleasant expectations by saying that I shall find in it a philosophy akin to my own. I see by what you say, and gather from various quarters, the "The Realm of Essence" has been more kindly received than I should have expected. The professors persist in thinking me an amateur, and the literary people are not really interested, because the subject eludes them; yet some impression seems to be produced—more than by my "Dialogues in Limbo", which seems to me so much better written a book, with more colour, than "The Realm of Essence". But there is a tide in these matters of criticism which sometimes is found rising and sometimes ebbing or at the low-water of indifference and fatigue. We mustn't quarrel with the moods of our critics.

I am afraid there is little prospect of journeys to England on my part for the present: I expect to be in Paris in June, but if I go further it will be to Spain, where family affairs may call me. When the next volume of "Realms" is finished, which I hope will be next winter, I shall feel freer, and may travel again a bit for pleasure: my present movements are simply to avoid oppressive or dangerous climates, according to the season.

Do send me the three cantos; I shall be in Rome, at the Hotel Bristol, at least until June 1st

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Curt John Ducasse

15 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Brown)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, London.

Rome, May 15, 1928

Thank you very much for your letter & article: about the latter I will write when I have read it, but the subject lies near to my own thoughts.—Your argument reducing existence to essence is founded on empirical principles: you think the existent must be found complete & above board. You identify physical space and time with given essences—what I call specious space & time, or pictorial space & sentimental time. By existence and external relation I don't understand pictures of external relations, but actual transits. You cannot synthesize or intuit an actual transition or what I call an external relation. In the intuition the relations are internal to the essence given. But you may enact the relation, losing one term as you reach the other; then you at least would exist in real time not intuitable but “enjoyed”

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Curt John Ducasse

16 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brown)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, London

Rome, May 16, 1928

Dear M^r Ducasse

Since my post-card of yesterday I have read your article. I agree with your general thesis and with the conclusions at the bottom of p. 185, but your arguments and your categories are not always those which I should use. In what might be called classical philosophy art meant command over instrumentalities and methods: it might be abused, but it was the moralist's

duty to watch over it and see that it was directed towards the ultimate and harmonious service of the soul. Beauty, on the other hand, was one side of the ultimate good. Art was called fine or beautiful, in so far as it was directed towards this good: but a material work of art, or a method, had to be judged not only on this ground, but in view of all its effects. A beautiful work of art might be evil in that it flattered falsehood or vice: but to a truly refined taste only that could be wholly beautiful ~~that~~ which was wholly attuned to the health of human nature. Now-a-days all this has been confused and lost sight of. In radical quarters beauty is not regarded as a good, but art is respected as expression—but expression of what? You say, of feeling. Swearing then would be art, but acting, if done for money, and (as they say it should be) without actual feeling, would not be art. Croce—with whom I don't agree in anything else—says that the beautiful is a hybrid concept, meaning partly the expressive and partly the attractive (*simpatico*): and certainly erotic standards and similar sensuous preferences have much to do with it. But “art”, in the modern world, is a pure affectation and self-indulgence on the part of a Soviet of ill-educated persons, who have no discernment of the good in any form, but only a certain irritability and impatience to put their finger in the pie.

There was a point in your letter which I meant to have spoken of, viz., about “animal faith” extending to propositions. This shows that you don't feel at all the force of this word which I use, and perhaps, abuse—animal. The animal organism is wound up, and has certain potentialities which it discharges upon occasion: the sentiment which accompanies this discharge, when it is conscious, is a vague, wordless confidence or premonition. It is not a proposition to be verified, because it has no terms. That is why I call it faith, not belief. It is not in the least necessary to conceive the future, or to assert that it exists, in order to jump out of the way of a vehicle. The mechanism of the body reacts, and the mind is merely carried along in a forward and open sympathy. So in perception: animal faith does not prophesy future sensations: it recognizes present opportunities.—After all this, I needn't say that your letter and article have greatly interested me.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 18 1928

Dear Cory

A word to say that I am glad to hear from you and to know that the cheque arrived safely. Don't leave Newquay or England sooner than you are naturally inclined to do so. It is still cool—almost too cool—here, and I may not leave until the middle of June. Strong has already started and will be in Paris next week. I want to leave him time to make himself comfortable and establish his routine of life before ~~putting~~ putting in an appearance: once settled he won't modify his habits, and so I can adapt myself to them. It doesn't look at present as if I need go to Spain. I might even go to England instead, if you preferred to stay there and found a nice place for me, as St. Rumon's seems to be.

The chapter is almost done. It is long, and may require cutting, but it now has logic and completeness in it. It has been hard work.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 21, 1928

Dear Cory

Thank you for your article and poem. I like the latter (to speak of that first) very much. It carries; it leaves an impression, not quite of satisfaction, but of suspense as if one had drawn a long breath; there is more which is not here, and what is here is exciting. You have a good deal of sensuous power. And you also have decorative richness, as if it were Chinese embroidery. I don't always recognize or like the image, or the phrasing: it is not classic enough for my old-fashioned taste: but this is my fault rather than yours. And it is something which you will straighten out for yourself

when you have read more: because I think that the chief reason why your writing, both in verse and prose, lacks something which it almost has—I mean, perfect ease and distinction—is that your mind is not saturated enough with the poetry or precision of others: you are satisfied with the word that occurs to you, even if a much better one exists round the corner which doesn't occur to you, because you haven't read or heard the best speech often enough for it to be spontaneously and familiarly your own.

It is here that your article, too, is not quite what I should have supposed natural: but let me admit at once that, both in this article and in your verses, what I miss is perhaps not wanted, and ought not to be missed: its absence may make the freshness and modernness of your perceptions. However, this is what strikes me, that you don't say that “flux” is Heraclitus and eternity or essence is Plato: or that, even if not mentioning those particular worthies, you don't realize the familiarity, the old, old orthodoxy of both conceptions and of my way of combining them. My dear Cory, you are a young barbarian: which makes it all the more wonderful that you should have been so won over, and so inwardly fertilized by a view like mine; because you understand the true inwardness of it, and your ways of expressing it are enough your own for me to feel sure that it is not a casual adoption of a technical theory, but a true participation in the Idea. Yes, your article is absolutely right. Only, as you know, I am as much an advocate of flux in existence as of eternity and identity in essences; and the positions are not alternative, but correlative.

I am going to read Marius: I did so (in part) when it came out, fifty years ago, but not since.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. Occasionally the omission of the relative article produces a momentary obscurity, e.g. in the underlined phrase on p 6. “qualities [which] that physical situation”, etc.

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 21, 1928

Dear Strong

I hope you have had a pleasant journey and have found Margaret and George recovering from their distress. They haven't sent me their address in Nice, so that I can hardly communicate with them directly.

I rather expect to stay here another fortnight, as it is still quite cool and my chapter on pictorial space and sentimental time is in the last stages of revision and had better be absolutely finished before I make a break.

Cory, at the last tidings, was still at St. Rumon's Hotel, Newquay, but expecting to come to Paris early in June. I have told him not to hurry, if he is happy where he is. I believe he is writing poetry and that, for the sake of the poet if not of posterity, ought not to be interrupted.

I will write or telegraph when I know the exact day of my arrival

Yours ever G.S.

To George Sturgis

24 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

 Rome, May 24, 1928

Dear George

I am glad to know by your letter of May 9th, that you are in direct communication with Celedonio. He has not recently written to me, so that I suppose he is preparing to carry on negotiations with you without my intervention. This is what I wish, but of course if at any point I can make myself useful, I shall be glad to do what I can.

Mercedes writes that your aunt Josephine has been staying with her in Madrid for nine days. She went with the retired school-mistress Maria de Cordobés, who is a sort of companion and assistant to her in Avila: but this lady didn't stay at Mercedes' house, but with my Cousin Manuela. I mention this (which in itself is of no particular interest) because Mercedes was able to see your aunt Josephine alone, observe her, and have at least one

confidential conversation with her. What Mercedes tells me in consequence is rather disquieting. Your aunt Josephine seems to be loosing her memory and to be entirely at sea about her own affairs. For instance—I translate Mercedes' letter—"Maria de Cordobés asked me to say to George Sturgis to be good enough to draw the drafts which he sends to his aunt Josephine, on the "Banco Central de Avila" and not on the "Banco Paradinas", because the last time they didn't want to cash the cheque, because she signed only "Josephine" and couldn't remember her surname; whereas at the "Banco Central" they know about this from other occasions and don't trouble her with questions, which only make things worse, as her answers are not rational." I can't think that there would be any difficulty in reminding your aunt that her surname was Sturgis; but I repeat what they say on account of the light which it throws on your aunt's condition. Her letters to me, on the other hand, if a little rambling and unimportant, have been perfectly sane, and the last, particularly, cheerful. I shall have to go to Avila—although disinclined to do so—during this summer or autumn, to see for myself how things stand. I hardly know what would be best to do, if your aunt is really losing her faculties.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I expect to leave for Paris about June 5, and to hear that the Trust deed arrived safely.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 May 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 29, 1928

Dear Cory

It is too bad if I hurt your feelings by calling you a young barbarian. It was very far from my intention, but criticism by a friend is a delicate matter, and I ought to have been more considerate. Would you have minded if, supposing you had green eyes, I had called you a green-eyed wild animal, like a stag in a forest, who by some miracle doesn't run away from you? I once wrote this, or something like it, to my friend Roberts, (it being rather too sentimental to say) and he was frightfully pleased. True he was nearer my own age, only 20 years younger, and didn't regard me as an authority at all; and for that reason, and his natural transcendental conceit

(he is now out of his mind, I fear) he felt how envious I was in my heart of hearts of his green eyes and his animal wildness. I have always felt the deeper roots of what is animal in man, and, in one sense, its prior rights: and the rebellion against harness and sober reason, the barbarian pride, has always seemed to me full of a kind of wild poetry and strength which it was a sorrow to me not to understand perfectly. By barbarian I understand undisciplined, rebellious against the nature of things, non-Moslem, then, rather than non-Christian—for you know “Moslem” means “resigned”, “submissive”. When people despise that which exists, in language, vocabulary, or morals, and set up the sufficiency of their unchastened impulses, they are barbarians. But, as I said in my letter of the other day, that may be the beginning of a fresh civilization. It is only at first that it seems crude and unnecessarily wasteful. ~~But~~ Thus Christianity, Gothic architecture, and German philosophy—as well as much in the spirit of English poetry, (cf. my “Hamlet!) — ~~is~~ are barbarous _{in principle.} I am therefore far from contemptuous when I use the word: but you perhaps really prefer the classical—do you?—and in that case, I take the epithet back, as applied to you, because to look away from barbarism is the most that any rational mind can achieve.

I am not sure when I shall get to Paris, and send you your cheque now, in case you want to get clothes, etc. in London before you leave, and also for your journey.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I have borrowed “Marius” and almost finished reading it. But of this later.

To Otto Kyllmann

2 June 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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

Rome, June 2, 1928

Dear M^r Kyllmann

It seems to me, too, that there is no reason why you shouldn't charge a fee for reproducing "The British Character" out of my "Soliloquies in England". This is not a case like that of some poor translator, probably publishing at a loss. As to the amount of the fee, I would rather leave it entirely to your judgement and experience. And I entirely agree to having it divided between us, as I think is usual

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 June 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
June 5, 1928

Dear Strong

I have taken my ticket for Paris for Sunday next, the 10th, and hope to arrive in the afternoon of Monday the 11th. I have finished my long and crucial chapter on, "Pictorial Space and Sentimental Time", and during these last days am revising my review of Bradley, which wasn't in good literary shape. In Paris, if the atmosphere is favourable for work and I don't have to go to Spain, I mean to go on with the next chapter on "The Flux of Existence" which is my name for "Space-Time" as it is in nature.

Yesterday I received a telegram from my aged brother-in-law in Avila telling me that his eldest son, who was about 53 years old, had died suddenly the night before. This must be an even heavier blow to the old man than the loss of my sister. Antonio—the son in question—was absolutely devoted to his father, had remained a bachelor in order to be always at his beck and call, and had charge of all his affairs. I don't know exactly what

will happen next in that household. Everything looks very dark and uncertain.

Today I have had a letter from George Cuevas, who says nothing of moving to Saint Germain, so that I suppose they will not be on the scene when I arrive. You will have had a chance to test the uses of your new chair and to see whether Paris doesn't recover its powers to entertain the eye. I believe my train arrives at 2.30, but don't stay in to receive me if you go out regularly at that hour. Tell Marie where you are going, and I, after leaving my bags, will join you at the "Closerie", or wherever it may be. Yours ever

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

5 June 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, June 5, 1928

Dear George

Yesterday I received a telegram from Celedonio, saying: "Antonio died last night quite unexpectedly". You remember Antonio, perhaps: he was the eldest of Celedonio's sons; a bachelor of about 53, all his life the absolutely faithful and willing slave of his father. He was also the tallest and best-looking of the brothers. This (if Celedonio is not dulled by his great age) must be a greater blow to him even than your Aunt's death: Antonio was more a part of himself, in small things and in great the chief stay of his old age. In particular, it must have been Antonio who managed for him, so far, the affairs consequent on your Aunt's demise: but perhaps here the loss, though it may cause some confusion and delay, may not be so great, because Antonio wasn't at all clever, and too submissive; whereas Rafael and Pepe are more wide-awake and may perhaps take things more into their own hands, and smoothe over any too unreasonable notions that may come into their father's head. As yet I don't know how Celedonio has born this loss. Of course I have written as well as telegraphed my condolences: but I could only say the stock things and I don't know how much I shall be told in reply.

I am leaving for Paris next Sunday, June 10; there I shall see Strong and Cory, and later probably Margaret and George Cuevas, who are now at Nice: I shall also have some news by letter from Avila, and can decide

whether to go there at once or not. It would be more convenient for me to put it off until September, when in any case I should be leaving Paris: but we shall see how things turn out. Your Aunt Josephine had a tender spot for Antonio. His death may have some influence on her preferences in regard to her own arrangements for the future. In any case, it can't help being a distressing and disorganizing event for that whole household.

I am glad my "Living Trust"—it sounds like some religious poem—arrived safely. I don't think, considering the state of your Aunt Josephine's faculties, that it would be well, or perhaps even legal, to trouble her with codicils to her will. Should I survive her—and you see how Death jumps about, taking the young and leaving the old—it would be easy, I suppose, to make a supplementary "Living Trust": and I could in that way, before establishing the new Trust, make any gifts out of my share in your Aunt Josephine's property which she may have forgotten to make. I don't know the exact provisions of her will: do you? And if so, would it be indiscreet to let me know what they are? [*across*] When I see your Aunt, I could ask her: I am sure she would be willing to tell me, but she might not remember.

I hope your outing has proved all that you hoped for

Yours aff^{ly}
GS

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 June 1928 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

TRE CIME DI LAVAREDO

I leave for Paris on Sunday the 10th Come and see us at the apartment, if you have arrived, on Tuesday the 12th after lunch.—I am sending another card to London, in case you are still there. G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

13 June 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

9, Avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, June 13, 1928

Dear M^r Kyllmann

I have never heard of M^r Boris Takovenko before, but his proposal does seem to me worth accepting, at least in part. If you are willing, I should send him “Scepticism” “The Realm of Essence”, and “Platonism”: and in doing so I should ask him whether he had already read my “Character & Opinion in the U.S”, “Soliloquies in England” and “Dialogues in Limbo”: because if not, these seem to me much better for his purpose (especially “Character & Opinion in the U.S”, than the “Life of Reason”, which I regard as more of biographical than doctrinal interest, for a person wishing to understand my opinions. I should therefore prefer that he should judge me by the later books mentioned above, rather than by the “Life of Reason”, which I shouldn’t send to him, unless he already knows the other books and wishes to complete his study of my works.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory26 June 1928 [*postmark*] • Paris, France(MS: Columbia)

Tuesday, June 26

Dear Cory

Everything is upset. After taking the x-ray photograph, the doctors decided that the operation was impracticable, and Strong has returned here. Come on Thursday just the same, if you wish to see him. Should there be any further obstacle—such as a trip to Saint Germain—I will send you word.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 June 1928 [*postmark*] • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

Friday

Dear Cory

Margaret and George Cuevas were here yesterday. It turns out that she has no consumption, but perfectly normal lungs; and they were on their way to a crush at the British embassy, because he did think it so important to introduce his wife to Lady Crew, etc, etc.

Next Wednesday is the Fourth of July. If you wish to celebrate it otherwise than by taking an ice at the Rond Point, let me know. If I don't hear, I shall be there at 8.30.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

30 June 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, June 30, 1928

Dear M^r Kyllmann

I feel much honoured by Dr. Schweizer's desire to make some one of my books known in Germany, where, as far as I know, nothing of mine, or about me, has appeared. His competence for the task may be taken for granted, and I leave it to you (as agreed between us recently) to decide about any fees to be charged. My own feeling is, in this case, that they ought to be nominal only, or be remitted altogether, as the undertaking would not be remunitative, I suppose, but rather the opposite. Or you might ask for a fee conditionally, in case the profits of the translation should exceed a certain amount.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mr. Rubin

10 July 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Texas)

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

Paris, July 10, 1928

Dear M^r Rubin

Thank you for this new batch of sonnets. I have just been reading hard words ~~on the subject of the Sonnets~~ written by M^r Ezra Pound ~~on the subject of the Sonnets~~, in The Dial for this month: but I see that some of you rebel against the tyranny of tradition, and don't always have ten syllables to your lines. You are all much impressed, like Homer, with the instability of earthly things, with dead leaves, and with "dark halls"; these things are impressive and have impressed everybody; so that I am driven back to my feeling about antecedent rightness in your poetic flights, with subsequent inadequacy; because unless you can say these things better than Homer & Co people will prefer to read about them in them rather than in you. I see a marked improvement in the richness of your own (Rubin's) vocabulary: also evidence that you have been reading Shakespeare's sonnets. Words, words, words are the foundation of everything—in literature. If you feel the force of each word, and its penumbra of associations, the rest will take care of itself, and if ever you have anything to say, it will say itself for you magnificently. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

10 July 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

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

Paris, July 10, 1928

Dear George

On June 21, Celedonio wrote (or rather dictated or signed) a letter to me in which he expresses great satisfaction with you, and with the state of your correspondence with him. I am delighted at this complete change of tone, and hope it forebodes a prosperous course for the rest of this difficult business.

Yesterday I received the enclosed, with your letter of June 28th and a lot of blanks, which I have signed and am forwarding to Celedonio, as you request—but I have left the top line for his signature and put mine below, so as to do my bit towards maintaining the happy mood in which our worthy relation now seems to be, in spite of his great recent bereavements. Old people are like that.

I suppose I told you that my friend Strong was going to have a serious operation on both legs, intended to straighten them, and that at the last moment the thing was abandoned, when he was already at the hospital, as being too formidable, so that he has returned here, and we are carrying on as usual. Both of us are troubled by inability to work, and have occasional impulses to seek some cooler and more solitary retreat for the rest of the summer; but neither of us knows where to go, and we remain idling here. My plan now, as you know, is to go to Spain in September, and from there back to Rome, by way of Barcelona and the Riviera.

I am not sure whether I answered your previous letter (of June 21) in which you tell me about your aunt Josephine's will. I had no idea she was so rich: what a pity that neither she nor anyone about her now gets the benefit of this money! I knew in general that she had arranged to divide her estate between us; but it was precisely those minor bequests to persons in Spain that interested me, because I think that after living for fifteen years and more among them, if she has no complaint to make of their attitude towards her, and considering that she has so much and they so little, she ought to remember them in her will somewhat handsomely. If she leaves them very little, I will suggest to her that she again give them something

out of her income, as she did once before. It is for this reason that I put my question to you. Yours aff^{ly}

G. S.

To George Sturgis

12 July 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o.

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

Paris, July 12, 1928

Dear George

I have your letter of July 3, in which you tell me of the intrusion of the tax commissioners, and propose that your Aunt Josephine should establish a “living trust” like mine. Having seen reason for doing so myself, I am naturally in favour of her doing likewise, except for the disinclination which I feel to trouble her at all with documents, especially when it might seem that we were taking advantage of her vague state of mind to impose on her decisions which she didn’t come to with understanding. I don’t know exactly what “probating a will” involves, either in Spain or the U.S. I should think, if your aunt Susie’s will must be probated in Massachusetts, although executed in Spain, in Spanish by a Spanish subject, your aunt Josephine’s will would have to be probated there also and all the more easily that it is drawn up in English and by an American citizen. However, you know the ins and outs of this better than I, and if you think a trust decidedly advisable, have the deed drawn up and send it to her or to me. As I said in my last letter, I expect now to go to Spain in September. By October ^{1st} it might not be too warm for your aunt Josephine and me to go to Madrid, where I could accompany her to the American consulate, and see to the proper signing of the deed there, as when I signed my own “living trust” deed in Rome. This is all conditional, of course, on your Aunt’s not making any objection. You might propose the thing to her yourself (if you haven’t done so already) in a few words, and ask her also how she meant your aunt Susie’s share _{of her property} to be divided between us. It really makes very little difference, because if half comes to me and is added to my trust, it will be divided between you and your sister in a very

few years —But, to go back to the beginning, why shouldn't your aunt Josephine pay taxes? I often wonder why I don't? Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To William Lyon Phelps

15 July 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Beinecke)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris,
July 15, 1928

Dear Phelps

It is very pleasant to hear from you and I hope and believe that I shall be here when you pass. Strong and I keep planning to go somewhere, together or separately, in order to avoid the heat and idleness which have settled upon us here, but neither of us can think where to go. I admire your courage and that of Mrs. Phelps in going to Madrid in August. We might apply to it a story Strong likes to tell about a delegate's description of the summer breezes of Chicago: that not content with coming out of the very mouth of hell, they had first blown over the State of Texas. For Texas read the plains of La Mancha, and you will know what awaits you.

Do drop me a line when you reach Paris, and we will arrange a meeting.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

16 July 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, July 16, 1928

Dear George

Celedonio has returned to enclosed blanks to me instead of to you, and has signed them in the place intended for the witness. Both slips are due to my neglect in not giving more specific directions; but I am always a little afraid of seeming to tell him what he is to do, as if he didn't already know everything by intuition. Still, I hope no harm is done. There is still room for the witness to appear (if necessary) above our signatures, and Celedonio has at least been very quick, so that no time has been lost.

We are suffering here from great heat. Both Strong and I want to go away, but can't think of any place to go to.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

18 July 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

9, Avenue de l'Observatoire

Paris, July 18, 1928

Dear George

Celedonio asks me to forward the enclosed to you. I am afraid you wished the other papers to be signed also, or instead, but I don't dare send them back on my responsibility, especially as the brief note which Celedonio sends me is not clear, nor do I understand why these things come through my hands at all. It is possible that I may leave Paris, where the heat has been very great, for some place by the sea. Better send things to Avila direct.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

1 August 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, August 1, 1928

Dear George

At the same time as your letter of July 20, I get one from Celedonio about your aunt Josephine in which he says: "I am rather worried about the state of health of your sister. She goes for a walk every day but hardly eats anything, and takes ices which often don't agree with her, and she is extremely thin. She is completely under the influence of her friend "la de Cordobés". . . . She never mentions Susana. I am afraid any day she may wish to make some journey which would be dangerous for her . . . My sons also think that she isn't quite in her right mind, and I am sure you will realize the anxiety I am in view of what might occur. . . . If you could come, even if only for a short time, I think you would readily understand the present state of things."

I have answered that I had had intimations of my sister Josephine's condition from Susana as well as afterwards from Mercedes and Manuela (also, although I purposely didn't mention it to Celedonio, from Isabel, Pepe's wife) and that it seemed inevitable that she should be more or less guided by the person who looked after her: my chief concern was that she should be content and as happy as possible in her own mind. I had understood that she was so, but that if a change had taken place, we should have to reconsider the situation. For this purpose, and in order to see them all, I had intended to go to Avila during September next; but if he thought it necessary, I could go sooner, although in that case I should have to return to Paris by September 1st, because Strong is giving up this apartment, and I have to attend to my part of the moving—also, in fact, to his part of it.

I repeat all this, so that you may be informed of what is going on, although it is of no great interest in itself. I doubt that you aunt Josephine is worse than she has been for some time: her letters to me are unusually clear and rational. But I will report what I see when I go to Avila, this month or next. I am afraid the project [*across*] of a trust for her property may not be easily realizable.

Yours affectionately

G. S.

To George Sturgis

13 August 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

9, Avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, Aug. 13, 1928

Dear George

Simultaneously with your letter of Aug. 2, I receive a post-card from your aunt Josephine, who is at Bayona de Galicia, near Vigo, at Mercedes' sea-side house, and seems to be well, and pleased with the change from Avila. I am thinking of joining them—of course, I shall be in a hotel or lodgings, as Mercedes' house is very small—during the second week in September. There is a through-carriage to Oporto in the Sud-Express, and the journey takes little over 24 hours. After resting one night at Oporto (a new place and country for me) I can easily get to Vigo the next day, and cross the bay to Bayona ~~on~~ by a ferry which, I believe, joins the two towns on opposite sides of the great bay. It is a great relief to me to know that your aunt has made the journey comfortably and that I may go to see her where we shall be free from the constraints of the family life at Celedonio's, and from the fear of any discussions or disagreements with him. I have felt a great disinclination to go to Avila at all, since your aunt Susie died: it would be sad and comfortless for me to be in her house without her. This trip to Galicia solves the difficulty and I can talk with your aunt Josephine concerning her future arrangements, including the execution of the deed of trust which you will have sent me. Perhaps there is an American consul at Vigo, before whom she could sign the document, as well as she could at Madrid. In any case, we shall arrange in some way, and I will let you know how I find your aunt's health, and what seems to be her desire about the respective shares in her property, which, in the event of her death, should fall to you and Josephine and to me.

Cooler weather has set in here and I am doing some work and enjoying my daily drive in the auto with Strong.

Yours aff^{ly}— GSantayana

To William Lyon Phelps

[15 August 1928] • Paris, France

(MS: Beinecke)

Wednesday

Dear Billy

Yes, I will go to lunch with pleasure on Friday, but if you are not busy in the morning, I should suggest coming at 12.30, as the restaurants in this part of the town get messy after a certain hour I assume you think of eating here for a change

Yours

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

29 August 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, Aug. 29, 1928

Dear M^r Kyllmann

The sonnet meant is probably N^o 3 in my "Poems", and as usual I should be glad to have you give permission to reproduce it on such terms as you think suitable

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I am leaving on Sept. 4th for Spain. Address to C/o B. S. & C^o as above.

To Charles Hartshorne

1 September 1928 • Paris, France

(MS: Unknown)

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

Paris, Sept. 1. 1928

Dear M^r Hartshorne

There is little that I can say about Charles Peirce of any importance. He hasn't had any direct influence on me. On the one occasion when I saw and heard him, I was struck by his very unacademic personality, and I have always remembered with profit a distinction which he made in his lecture that evening between "index", "sign", and "symbol". When his posthumous essays came out, I read and liked them; but except through his connection with W^m James, he has remained rather in the margin of my impressions.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 September 1928 [*postmark*] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

THE MEDICIS'S FOUNTAIN (LUXEMBOURG'S GARDENS)

Paris

Monday, Sept 3.

I am glad you have had such an opiferous trip.—All the books, except the big Aristotle go into the six boxes, leaving room for a few old papers of my own. The other case was eaten through by mice, so I am sending the six only, leaving old A. out. [*across*] I hope you won't mind.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 September 1928 • Vigo, Spain (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Continental, Vigo,
Sept. 8, 1928

Dear Cory

Got here unharmed but hot and dirty, two days ago. On the way, spent one day at Oporto—magnificently picturesque place, with the most impure architecture in the world, and the most romantic. Some day I will tell you about the cloisters of the cathedral—a delicious architectural joke: love-sick, over-muscular shepherds and shepherdesses all in white-and-blue tiles covering the walls, and inscribed in the beautiful Latin of the Song of Solomon!

My sister is well and apparently contented, but looks frightfully old and doesn't say much for herself. She is staying in a fishing village where all the houses look like the cabins of sixteenth century ships. Under her windows is a fountain, where the barefoot village maids come to draw water and carry it off on jars poised on their heads. I don't think I shall go there to live: there is an electric tram from Vigo that takes one there in an hour and makes a pleasant afternoon drive: in this hotel I have the best room with a fine view of the harbour where there are now seven Spanish war-ships. It is a splendid bay, surrounded by mountains, and the town neat and modern. Too much to eat: but there is a special (new) Spanish meal intro-

duced before lunch, which I like very much: it fills an aching void without preventing it being refilled an hour later. It is called a vermouth, but besides thereat beverage it includes a dish of small olives and another of cold potatoes, fried—“chips”—which are much better (eaten with the fingers, as the ancients and all self-respecting Mohammedans should) than you might suppose. I will send you some picture [*across*] cards another day, with such news as there may be to give. Yours G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 September 1928 • Vigo, Spain

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Continental, Vigo.

Sept. 8, 1928

Dear Strong

My journey has been done approximately on time, and with the usual mixture of pleasant and unpleasant incident. The first day, in France, was very hot; then my predestined companion in the compartment rebelled against his fate, bribed the guard to put him elsewhere, and left me in happy solitude and quietness. From Paris to Orléans and from Bordeaux to the Spanish frontier, and some distance beyond, the main line is now electric, so that at least there are no smoke and cinders. At a place in the middle of Portugal called Pampilhosa (pronounce in Italian Pampigliosa) I had to change to another train coming from Lisbon for Oporto: it arrived, and there were no free places. However, by showing a little obduracy, three or four of us took seats in the restaurant-car, and so arrived in Oporto without further accident.

Oporto is magnificently situated and staged—comparable to Naples or Constantinople, with a variety of romantic castles, steeples, and rococo churches crowning all the heights, and the specialty of two dizzy and

graceful bridges spanning the river high in air. The cathedral, which is a castle as well, has a remarkable cloister (not in Baedeker, and discovered by my own eyes) Gothic done into baroque, and with blue tile compositions representing the Song of Solomon, by rolly-polly shepherds and shepherdesses of the 18th century, at once rustic and classical. The Latin text is conspicuously introduced, and the whole is one of the most amusing architectural jokes I have ever seen. And there is another smaller cloister within, most peaceful, like an ancient house in an acropolis. Altogether, Oporto was worth the trouble of getting there.

All Portugal, and this part of Spain, seems to be covered with pine-woods, sparsely planted, with occasional interludes of vineyard or maize—too green, for my taste, but pretty because hilly. Vigo Bay or la Ria de Vigo is magnificent, but the town insignificant, and Bayona, where I went yesterday for the day, is a fishing village with a castle in ruins, very picturesque, but not looking out on the open sea as I had expected. I found my sister well and apparently contented, but looking a hundred years old, and not giving any clear expression to her ideas. After I have seen her more at leisure, I may be able to judge better what ought to be done: but she says she is going to return to Avila. I shall probably have to go there too, in that case, but only for a day or two, I hope. For the moment I am remaining in this hotel, where I have a room [*across*] looking out on the harbour, full of war-ships. It is cool & often hazy here. Yours ever
G.S.

To George Sturgis

10 September 1928 • Vigo, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Continental, Vigo,
Sept. 10, 1928

Dear George

I have now seen your aunt Josephine repeatedly, spending three whole afternoons with her and Mercedes at Bayona. Your aunt is well and cheerful, but looks at least a hundred years old—altogether the picture of extreme old age, hollow, wrinkled, sallow, and creeping about cautiously

as if afraid to move; but she has said nothing silly or contrary to probable fact, and although she can't keep her thoughts fixed on a subject, and forgets, and for that reason reverses sometimes, the little decisions which she may have come to, she is perfectly sane and, at times, quite discerning. In a word, ~~met~~antally, she is as she has always been: and physically, she is not ill, but extraordinarily aged for her years. Mercedes, who is only three or four years younger, might pass for her daughter.

On several occasions, when they have left us alone, I have put before her the subject of the deed of trust; but I am afraid she hasn't understood very well what it is all about; and if I press her to say which, if either, of the two versions she would prefer to sign, she only says: "The one which would be better". What am I to do under such circumstances? There is also the difficulty and unpleasantness of taking her to a consulate and making her express her free consent to sign, when it would be so evident that it was I that was making her sign it, in her bewilderment. I will raise the question once again, when I see a good chance, and in any case I will leave the documents with her, in case later, you wished to refer her to them; but you must be prepared for failure, because she is not only vague on the subject, but reverts, after apparently having advanced to a certain point, to the idea with which she started, and one is driven to despair. The same thing is happening in respect to her plans for next winter: we can't make her decide anything finally, and stick to it.—I will write again in a few days, and hope to report progress.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

19 September 1928 • Vigo, Spain

(MS: Houghton)

Vigo, September 19, 1928

Dear George

You see that we have been able to manage the signing of your aunt Josephine's trust-deed before the American consul in Vigo. There was a fresh obstacle, in that it turned out that she had forgotten her pass-port and had nothing by which she could be legally identified; but I went to see the consul privately beforehand and explained the state of affairs, and he—a youngish man from the University of Michigan, who had vaguely heard of my existence—was very accommodating, and this morning I returned with your aunt to the consulate, and the "deed" was "done". She didn't show

any hesitation or want of understanding of what it was all about, and we had a rather pleasant three-cornered conversation while the seals and red-tape were being affixed in the consular back-kitchen.

As to the choice between the two deeds, your aunt was quite decided, when once she understood the difference clearly. It was perhaps easier for her, in my presence, to pronounce in the way more favourable to me; but I hope I exercised no “undue influence”, and it seems to me that, considering her uncertain state of mind at the present time, it was better and safer that she should make no change in the disposition of her property, as arranged by your father in drawing up her will. There is no doubt about the wording of that document: and as far as I know it was only your aunt Susie who had in mind that her share of her sister’s property should pass entirely to you and your sister: and [*across*] it will do so, by present arrangements, upon my death. As, furthermore, it is [*end across*] very unlikely that I should ever spend the whole of the income which this deed assigns to me, if I should survive your aunt Josephine, you and your sister will lose nothing in the end, because the accumulated interest, as well as the capital, will go to you upon my demise.

Both your aunt and I are leaving Vigo on the day after tomorrow, she for Avila, and I for Florence and Rome. I have written to Celedonio excusing myself for not going to see him, and telling him that I think it indispensable, if your aunt, as she seems to wish, goes on living with him, that she should have a maid to look after her exclusively. There are many reasons for this which I needn’t go into: but the consequence is that your aunt will need more money. I suggest that you send her in future \$1000 instead of \$600 a quarter. She can put the surplus in the bank, from which she has had to draw a good deal for her expenses here.

[*across*] Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 September 1928 • Santiago de Compostela, Spain (MS: Unknown)

Santiago, Sept. 22, '28

Dear Cory

I said good bye to my sister yesterday, who went back to Avila, and myself came here in a splendid motor-bus, like an aeroplane on wheels.

This is very grand, but dull, and I continue tomorrow, bound towards Fiesole, where I expect to spend a few days with Strong. Write there.

Yours G.S.

P.S. The extra this time is for the journey to England.

To George Sturgis

2 October 1928 • Genoa, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

October 2, 1928

GRAND HÔTEL MIRAMARE & DE LA VILLE

GENOVA

Dear George

I am resting here for two or three days after my journey from Vigo, which took me through a lot of new places—Santiago, La Coruña, Lugo, Leon, Palencia—to San Sebastian, Toulouse, Marseilles, and Genoa. The hours and the connections were not always good, and I had to do a lot of waiting: but I saw some interesting things, and am still alive. Tomorrow—if the washer-woman is willing—I go on to Strong's, at Fiesole, for a week or two, before finally settling down in Rome.

I liked Vigo and Bayona, and if your aunt Josephine could make up her mind to spend her summers there—taking a house which Mercedes would find and arrange for her—I should be glad to go there again for a protracted stay. But it is hard for your aunt to make decisions: she doesn't fix her attention long enough on a subject to take it well in: and if she does, she forgets afterwards what she had decided. We were lucky in catching, so to speak, a favourable breeze at last in the matter of the trust-deed: but I have some qualms about having facilitated that arrangement without stopping to consider first the interests of Mercedes and our other friends in Spain, on whom your aunt now depends for her comfort, and whom it would be a shame for her to forget in her will—especially as they are all relatively poor. I have written to you before about this, and (very naturally) you are disinclined to meddle in these small affairs in Spain, where it is impossible for you to act directly; and you say truly that your aunt has some money in Spain, which she still can leave to her friends there. Yes: but how much is it? Your aunt herself doesn't know! I saw her two bank accounts, \$2000 each, of which she had to draw \$300 at Vigo for her return journey with Doña Josefina Cordovés. The amount of Spanish government bonds

which she has, I couldn't discover, but gathered it was insignificant. Now the problem for me is so to arrange things that adequate legacies should be left to Mercedes, to Josefina Cordovés, to my cousin Manuela (who wants to take charge of your aunt altogether, but isn't at all the right person) and for at least some of the Sastre family. The three ladies just mentioned are all old and childless: an annuity would be just the thing for them. Couldn't you or I or Mercedes herself (who is a good business woman) secure three suitable annuities, say in the Equitable Life Insurance Company which I believe has offices in Madrid, and couldn't these be paid for out of the income of your aunt's property, all at once or in quick succession? Then your aunt could leave her Spanish funds entirely to Celedonio and his heirs, which wouldn't be unnatural, seeing that she has lived in their house for sixteen years.

The remaining question is as to the amounts. Your aunt has no notion of the larger figures: no idea of her own wealth, for instance; but I think I could persuade her to sign an order for such sums as I explained to her (verbally and in Spanish) were suitable: which I think might be \$1,000. a year for Mercedes, \$500 for Josefina Cordovés, and \$200 for Manuela. Mercedes is 72 years old, the other two about 60. What would such annuities cost? If you think well of this plan, I will do my best to have it carried out, even if it involves a second journey to Spain—that is, in the Spring of next year, for I can't stand cold weather there. I haven't yet spoken to your aunt about it, except in general terms.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 October 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome
Oct. 16, 1928

Dear Strong

My journey was comfortable, except that I missed tea, and no one asked for my passport: apparently that happens only when one starts from the frontier or from a seaport. Nor was there any inquisition on reaching Rome.

The work on the new street between my windows and the Barberini palace has hardly advanced, and they are hardly working: there is a great hole excavated, but the trees in the gardens just beyond are still green on their high terrace, and there is no passing. On the other hand, I found my sitting-room uglier than ever on account of cheap new upholstery which they had arranged in my absence: however, I have asked to have the offending furniture removed, and I hope I may be able to avoid nightmares.

It is quite cool here, little warmer than at Fiesole.

I had a very nice rest at your house, and feel stimulated by your conversation and article, and by my other reading while I was there: I hope tomorrow morning to settle down to business.

Let me know when you are coming, and whether you wish me to look for rooms for you elsewhere than at the Minerva

Yours ever

G.S.

P.S. My two valises have arrived at last. The Porter told me what he had paid, it sounded like a large sum, but I didn't catch the exact figures.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

22 October 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: American)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, Oct. 22, 1928

Dear Kallen

The proof of the Sacco & Vanzetti letters hasn't yet reached me, but I can say beforehand that it is out of the question for me to "sponsor" them or to join the committee which you wish to form. Need I give any reasons? I think, if you transfer yourself mentally to my haunts in Rome and forget the agitations which surround you, you will be able to guess them. In fact,

I am a little surprised that you shouldn't have felt at once that I was not the right sort of person for such a manifestation.

I don't know whether those men were condemned for what, morally, wasn't a crime, or whether they were innocent altogether: in any case, it was a scandal to put off their execution so long, and then to execute them. It shows the weakness, confusion, and occasional cruelty of a democratic government: it is more merciful to the condemned, and more deterrent to others, to execute them at once, as do my friends the Bolsheviks and the Fascists. But that, I imagine, is not what your book is intended to prove.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 October 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Oct. 24, 1928.

Dear Cory

I am in the midst of Chapter VI on "The Flux of Existence", and as usual have so completely forgotten the detail of what precedes that I am continually afraid of repeating what has already been said, and perhaps said better. You have the MS of the earlier chapters, and perhaps a type-written copy as well. Would you mind looking it over and telling me whether I have previously discussed the attempt to explain movement as a compound of things or intuitions, each of which exists all at once—a sort

of temporal atomism? I am engaged on that point again, and feel that I have a fresh apprehension of the problem, and of the solution, but I dread that this may be an illusion of spasmodic rejuvenation, and that everything may be simply a restatement of ideas long since expressed.

I don't like to reread the whole myself, because that would distract my attention and interest from the present question, and besides, when I had finished, I might have to begin again—having forgotten the first part before I got to the last!

The New Adelphi hardly pays anything for articles: I am not sending you any extra money this month on purpose to leave you a little hungry and oblige you to forage. Your work for me leaves you plenty of leisure for cultivating your own Muse. However, there is inspiration in things and people, and I dare say you have been making new friends in the gay world who may ultimately turn to "copy".

My visit at Fiesole was entirely pleasant, and I mean to go there more often in future. Where are you going now, or are you staying in Paris?

Yours ever
G.S.

To George Sturgis

25 October 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome Oct. 25, 1928

Dear George

Here is the order for the \$10,000 left me by your aunt Susie. I see that you are still struggling with the legalities connected with her will, and I suppose that Celedonio hasn't yet received anything. I am glad I didn't go to Avila: when the affair is settled and they see that they have got the money, the atmosphere will be more favourable and less charged with suppressed thunder.

I wrote to him—as I think I told you—about your aunt Josephine needing, in my opinion, a lady's maid or quasi-nurse to look after her; and I suggested that one of his daughters—I mentioned all three of them, so as not to be invidious—I mean, daughters-in-law, might know of a suitable person; and I also said that I had written to you about the advisability of sending \$1000 a quarter to your Aunt, instead of \$600, so that she might

feel that she could afford to pay a good salary to this maid, and also her maintenance, and to make comfortably whatever journeys she wished.

Celedonio has replied briefly saying that his servants have orders to attend to all your aunt's wishes; he quotes something I had written about the difficulty of getting her to take any decided step; and he adds that she talks of going to Malaga—I suppose for the winter—something of which (of course) he disapproves. Doña Josefina Cordovés and my cousin Manuela were then in Avila; and it is they, or one of them, that would go to Malaga with her: I don't believe that Mercedes would wish to leave her friends in Vigo and Madrid. If Manuela or Doña Josefina Cordovés are with her, no maid is necessary, as they are always on hand: but I don't like very much that your Aunt should be entirely under their influence. [*across*] However, how is it to be helped? Your aunt herself seems satisfied. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Wilbur Lucius Cross

29 October 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

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

Rome, Oct. 29, 1928

Dear M^r Cross

I haven't seen Madariaga's book, but I know the sort of very good things he says, which in the end leave one empty and unsatisfied, and I am afraid it would be rash to promise to write anything about him.

If I find or think of anything that might do for The Yale Review, I sha'n't forget your obliging expressions of a desire for some thing of mine.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William Lyon Phelps

2 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

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

Rome, Nov. 2. 1928

Dear Billy

You always bring with you, even if you come only by the post, a sort of Gulf Stream of warmth and kindness. I have said that old sonnet (written in 1884) over to myself—I find that I still remember it—and although the words are too much spaced, thinly scattered over an empty waste, like the scrub oaks over a ploughed field, which in Spain are called a wood, yet the whole is perfectly limpid, and I can imagine that emitted in a rotund voice in a hushed religious atmosphere (do people still cough in the Yale Chapel?) it might have a good effect. In any case, I appreciate your appreciation, and I hope our combined exhortation will encourage your young people to have Faith—in themselves!

I have been in Spain—no harm resulting—and afterwards at Strong's in Fiesole: now I am trying to bend all my remaining energies to finishing vol. II. of *Realms [across] of Being*.—Affectionate greetings to you both from your old friend G. S.

To George Sturgis

4 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Nov. 4, 1928

Dear George

Yes, I think your suggestion that instead of buying legacies for your aunt Josephine's friends, we, her heirs, should be instructed by her to pay them directly, is altogether excellent. Besides saving trouble and avoiding the awkward question of what to do with these legacies while your aunt is alive, it also leaves us free to do nothing at all in case any of the three ladies in question should not outlive your aunt. I had already asked her, by letter, how much she would like to give to each of them, and how much to

the Sastre family: but her answer showed that she didn't understand very well what I was talking about. I will write again soon and send a draft letter addressed to myself for her to sign, if she approves, and which will serve the purpose we have in mind.

I didn't do anything in Spain about my own will, because Vigo wasn't the place where it would naturally be drawn up and registered, but Avila, since my house is there and also most of the legatees, and the Spanish executors: but I have privately drawn up the document, making several identical copies in English and one in Spanish; and I have left copies with Strong, Onderdonk, and Cory. Onderdonk (who is an expert in international legalities) is going to advise me about the very matter which you mention—my American royalties. I am leaving them to Cory, who is to be my literary executor. As to the Spanish version, I mean for the present to consult the Spanish consul here; perhaps it is he that, until I return to Spain, should give the document its legal sanction. In England, I think an autograph will is legal without any formalities.—I will send you a copy in a few days.

[*across*] Please express my sympathy to Rosamond in her sad loss.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Θe Nov. 6, 1928

Dear Cory

Thank you for the chapter on the Psyche. I have looked at it, and put it aside. It will be a long time, I fear, before I get round to it. A little distraction has occurred in that I have found in an old note book some things that seemed worth printing, on various semi-popular subjects, and I have been copying them out, and cutting them down, with an eye to sending them to Life & Letters under the title A Few Remarks. Moreover, Strong arrived yesterday, and my background will not be so clear for a while. And there is a complication which may affect your plans. Margaret and her husband are to arrive at Fiesole this week, in Strong's absence, and the plan is that he should go back there before they leave. But this is a situation full of tragic possibilities. Margaret, who expects a child in January, may not be able or willing to leave, and then Strong will not be able or willing to

stay. And where is the poor man to go? To Naples, perhaps, and I with him? This is not clearly envisaged as yet, but I have premonitions of that kind, and warn you, so that you may not think of coming to Florence or Rome until you know how things are developing.

I am very glad that you don't like my early books. I read several passages in the *Life of Reason* last night about "Spirituality", and except for a phrase here and there, I thought them so bad, that I am surprised people are so patient, and don't hoot at me in the street. It's only because they haven't read those slap-dash, random effusions, or not knowing anything about the subject, can't feel how impertinent they are. You must help me to be soberer and gentler.

I am going on with my new spontaneous treatment of the chapter on the Flux: it is almost done, and now I will begin to collate it with the other versions. Much of the latter will probably drop out, or pass over to the subsequent chapters.

Yours ever GS.

To George Sturgis

9 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Nov. 9, 1928

Dear George

I am sorry to trouble you with so many letters, but I have heard a rumour from Spain which—although I don't credit it—makes me wish to have an exact record of that supplementary will of your aunt Susie's, in which she specified certain sums which she wished to give to various persons, out of the ready money which she had at home. Could you send me a copy of that sheet? I didn't keep one, and I am afraid my memory is not to be trusted.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

P.S. When you send me a fresh letter of credit, please ask that it be forwarded to Tho. Cook & Son's, not to the Banco di Roma. If, with Hoover's election, business is booming, and my income justifies it, you might make out the new letter for \$5000 instead of \$4000. I think I see a way of employing the surplus.

To Desmond MacCarthy

16 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Nov. 16. 1928

Dear Mr. MacCarthy,

Here are "a few remarks" which I found lately in an old note-book and which I have revised. It occurs to me that you might be willing to publish them in Life and Letters because though rather oracular they are so short. Or you might choose one or two and leave the others. If so, please send the MS. back, as I have no other clean copy.

Please tell Berty Russell, if you see him, that I was immensely amused at his diagnosis of "Catholic and Protestant Sceptics", and in particular of myself. But I don't like his saying that I dislike the Founder of Christianity: has he read my "Lucifer" or the dialogue about "The Philanthropist"? It may be a biased interpretation, but I take even the eschatology, and the coming of the Kingdom, in Christ's mouth, to be gently ironical and meant secretly in a spiritual sense. So understood, I accept his doctrine and spirit in toto.

Yours sincerely,

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 21, 1928

Dear Cory

Strong has gone home and—somewhat to his surprise—has found Margaret and George de Cuevas installed in the villa. He had long ago invited M. and M^{me} de Fontenay (you know *theys* is are now in Rome, *he* being French *è* ambassador to the Holy See) to spend Christmas at the villa: they have accepted in general terms; but it is doubtful when, if at all, they will want to make their visit. All this makes it impossible for you to go there at this time. I spoke to Strong about it, and we agreed that, if you want to come to Italy, you had better come first to Rome, to see me, and later to Fiesole. If you are happy in your nest in Paris, and learning French, and not catching pneumonia, stay there as long as you like; or if you find the winter dark and dreary, you might seek a sunnier spot, perhaps on the Riviera, where you could continue to practice your French. Then, when the Riviera became tiresome, you could come on here. I am a little ashamed to have done so little on the R. of M. I sit down to it every morning, but seldom with a clear head, and nothing seems to take a final and satisfactory shape. But I have done something more in “Symptoms” and we might perhaps despatch that, even if the R. of M. drags on into another year.

I have just read Russell's Sceptical Essays—more politics than philosophy, but very entertaining. Would you like me to send on the book—it isn't a large one—or have you got it, or will you wait to read it here?

The books arrived safely at Fiesole, and now adorn the passage upstairs, and I expect to send on a box from here when I next leave Rome. It will be, I expect, in May, so as to stay a while with Strong before proceeding to Venice and Cortina; my sister's affairs are now altogether straightened out, [*across*] so that it isn't likely that I should have to return to Spain soon. Yours ever G.S.

To Curt John Ducasse

24 November 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brown)

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

Rome, Nov. 24, 1928

Dear M^r Ducasse

There are many points in your letter and article—many thanks for both—with which I feel agreement, especially that separation of beauty from “art” and the psychology of artists which you excuse yourself for making. Nothing could be more different, and nowadays more disconnected. But I am afraid, on the whole, I should make a mess of any introduction to your book. Not only am I beyond my depth in other work, but this entire matter of psychology and aesthetics has become remote to me. I still notice and enjoy the beautiful, but seldom in works of art: rather in light, and the effects of light, casual and momentary, on objects, whether the dome of St. Peter's or the Italian flag hanging in the streets. I also feel as much interest as ever in what literary men and artists are up to: not aesthetically so much, as morally and politically: they express, not a wish or an emotion, but a fatal state of society. When I say “fatal” I don't mean deadly—it is often quite lively—but inevitable, and historically curious. This human or symptomatic character of the arts makes it difficult for me to take seriously questions of approval or disapproval, pleasure or pain, supposed to be felt by

casual observers; and much less can I take seriously academic theories about these problematic aesthetic reactions. The artists themselves, in their judgments, are partisans and children: but their works may be good.

I say all this—which hardly expresses my reasoned judgement, but only a mood—in order that you may forgive me for not complying with your request to write an introduction to your book. It is more than I could undertake.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

1 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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

Rome, Dec. 1, 1928

Dear Mr Kyllmann

It is forty years since I began to write The Last Puritan, and it is yet far from finished. I have promised myself, if I ever finish “The Realm of Matter”, to take up the “novel” seriously, and try to leave it in such shape that, even if incomplete, it might be published after my death. Not that there would be any impediment to publishing it earlier—it is quite harmless, at least on the surface—but that I am not confident of my ability to execute some of the scenes, and the most important ones, which it ought to contain. But I have lately hit on a device which will justify me in leaving gaps, no matter how great; because I represent the whole as a memoir of a young friend of mine—I appear in the novel in my own person, as a character in the margin—whose whole life was not recorded or recoverable by his biographer. The reader will be left to guess what the absent chapters should have contained.

As you may imagine, I have several times abandoned the project, and then picked it up again under the stimulus of some new event or idea which seemed to me to fit into my subject, and to give it a new interest. Originally this subject was nothing but a contrast between a good boy and a bad boy—Sandford and Merton, or Keddy (do you know Keddy? I think it by far the best of stories of university life). But it has grown into the sen-

timental education of a young American of the best type, who convinces himself that it is morally wrong to be a Puritan, yet can't get rid of the congenital curse, and is a failure in consequence. It is like the maladaptation of Henry Adams, only concentrated in the first years of youth: for my hero dies young, being too good for this world. He is an infinitely clearer-headed and nobler person than Henry Adams, but equally ineffectual.

If ever this book—it will be a long book—takes presentable shape, of course I will send it to you: but in this case I think we ought to have an American reprint and copyright, as it might be sold in greater numbers than my other books. Scribner, no doubt, would be glad to have it, and you could publish the English edition. It is partly an English book: the nicest part, aesthetically, is English: in the American portions I am afraid I incline too much to burlesque.

As you see, this is a subject that lies near my heart, and I have talked to many people about it, perhaps unwisely, as the thing may never emerge from a chaos of manuscript.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1928

I have just received an explanation of the parcel at the Paris post-office. It is—as you may already have discovered—an illustrated copy of my Lucifer, which M^f Victor Wolfgang von Hagen imperiously, in bad English, commands me to sign. Perhaps, if you simply readdress it, and send it on, you will not need to open it or have it examined: but probably

you have already done what there was to do.—It is a nuisance, but on the other hand I am rather curious to see the illustrations which they may have perpetrated. G.S.

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

2 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

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

I am sorry to say that your copy of Lucifer has been stranded at the Paris post-office: but I have asked a friend to look it up and to send it on to me here, where I usually spend the winter, at the Hotel Bristol, Rome. But my only permanent address is the one at the top of this card. The Paris apartment has been given up by the friend with whom I stayed there on occasion. As to Mrs Crowley's essay, I should be glad to see it and make any comments that occur to me.

GSantayana

Dec. 2. 28.

To George Sturgis

4 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 4, 1928

Dear George

Today, all together, I receive your two letters of Nov. 19, and Nov. 22, the new letter of credit, and the receipt for your Aunt Susie's legacy to me, which I enclose signed and dated. I suppose you are sending to Mercedes, and the other minor beneficiaries by the will, their respective legacies also: if so, many Christmas and New Year's blessings will be showered on your head.

I had written yesterday to Celedonio, enclosing my usual Christmas present for the grand children, and I repeated, as you had asked me to do, that you were being subjected to many delays and annoyances in the process of liquidating your aunt's property, but that you hoped in time to reach a satisfactory conclusion. I think that if you are able to send him a part of the money at once, it will soothe him greatly, and facilitate any other business that may arise between you.

The paper which I wanted was one I sent you myself together with the first uncertified Spanish copy of the will. If it is lost, perhaps you may have on file the summary of it, together with a general summary of the will, which I sent you, in English, on the same occasion. All I wish to know is exactly how much, of that ready money, your aunt wished to leave to Mercedes, Juanita Bringas, Manuela, etc. These are gifts additional to those in the old will of 1913, and what troubles me is that the persons in question seem not to have received them. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

[*across*] A Merry Xmas to Rosamond and the boys.

P.S. I reopen this letter, having just got word from my cousin Manuela that the remittance which she expected in October has not reached her. Her address is slightly changed, being now as below, and this may be the reason of the miscarriage, in any case, will you kindly see that she gets her hundred dollars, for which I am sure she is thirsting. It is too bad to worry you with all these small Spanish matters: you certainly ought to charge our estates a handsome commission for all your trouble.

Doña Manuela Santayana

31—33, Augusto Figueroa, 4^o N^o 4,
Madrid.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

8 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, London

Rome, Dec. 8, 1928

M^{esses} Charles Scribner's Sons
New York.

Dear Sirs,

I hope you won't think it impertinent if I consult you about a private matter that is puzzling me a little. Most of my modest property is in a trust which provides for the disposal of it in the event of my death; but there are some odds and ends which (having reached the age of 65) I ought perhaps to dispose of by will: and among these the only American item is such author's rights as I may have in consequence of contracts with you. Now, the matter is complicated by the fact that I am (as I have always been) a Spanish subject; and it would seem proper that my will should be Spanish, and registered in Spain, especially as I have a small house there, inherited from my father. Experience, in the case of some members of my family deceased, has shown me how much trouble foreign wills can give: and now I come to the question which I wish to submit to you. What is the simplest way in which I can bequeath my author's rights? The person to whom I wish to leave them is M^f Daniel MacGhie Cory, whose father lives at 133 East 73rd St. New York, but who for some years has lived himself in Europe, and who is to be my literary executor. Need I make an American will for this purpose, or would the Spanish will do just as well? Forgive me for troubling you with this matter, and believe me

Very truly yours

GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

10 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co.
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Rome, Dec. 10, 1928.

Dear Mr von Hagen

Your copy of Lucifer has arrived, and I am sending it back and hope it may reach you safely. You will find my name under your ideal conception of my august aspect—far more august than the divine personages which you paint in the margin of the text; but conscience compelled me to add, before my signature, the words “imaginary portrait”, because in fact I never looked like that. It is true that I had a beard—with grey hairs—between the years 1905–1908 or 9: but never before or after, and it completely changes the look of me as most of my friends have known me, and as I was when I wrote Lucifer. But that is of no consequence: and I think you have done wonderfully well in all your illustrations, considering the extraordinary difficulty of depicting spirits that never existed and bodies you have never seen. Perhaps I ought to stop there, with a compliment; I don’t want to repay your sympathetic interest by saying anything unpleasant; and yet a frank appreciation is a greater compliment to an artist than a perfunctory exclamation: “How very nice!” Your Hera is a beautiful woman: I had imagined her older and more statuesque: and your Aphrodite and Athena are opera-bouffe goddesses, not out of key with this sort of burlesque epic: but there was another side to my own conception, a tragic side, perhaps not clearly expressed, for which your figures are not appropriate. The Zeus would have done very well for Saint Peter: but Zeus is an eagle, a black cloud, and the perfect blue: he descends: and when he feels old age and destruction awaiting him, it is a sublime tragedy. Not that I made it so: the Milesian burlesque deity no doubt predominates in my personage: but your old codger is really too mean-spirited. Your Lucifer at the beginning is also not like my conception: you make him too fat and human: he too should be something of a vulture, and hieratic, Byzantine. Perhaps where you depart from my notions, it is because you don’t feel the religious, the Catholic side of these images: your Christ has never been crucified, he is Protestant, feels virtuous, and looks weak. On the other hand I very much like your little devils and your Hermes: yes, much as I care for Hermes and feel that I know him, I don’t quarrel at all

with the Renaissance Mercury—whom you depict—as one of his apparitions: but it isn't his divine self. The cloak, with its red and blue, is Hellenic, and lovely: and I like the suggestion of alighting on a "heaven-kissing hill", and being a little like a popular angel. But I mustn't run on for ever: thank you very much for letting me see your sketches, and for the sympathetic way in which you have followed the fun of my fantasy.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Dec. 12, 1928

Dear Cory,

Victor Wolfgang von Hagen's copy of Lucifer arrived yesterday, and after examining it with curiosity, I send it back to him this morning duly decorated with my autograph. There is a supposed portrait of me in India

ink, looking very perfect and professorial in a coal-black beard, like this; and there are water colour sketches in the margin of the different personages in the play. The artist is not modern: he makes for the pretty, naturalistic, and conventional, but on the whole less absurd than might have been expected. Christ, Lucifer, and Zeus were the worst, and the ladies looked like opera-bouffe goddesses, but the Hermes was nice—like the flying Mercury—and the little devils like characters in a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But they had rebound the volume in a vulgar red, and cut down the margins! What folly!

Thank you for your trouble in finding and sending the parcel, and also for your proposed Xmas present in the form of two masseurs gengivaux Schamb: as I told you, I don't need them now: send them or bring them later, as you prefer. Instead of giving you a present in return I am sending you your cheque a little earlier, and you may expect the next about Jan. 15, so that there will be a small profit.

As to work, I am not discouraged as to the substance. I have written a wholly new chapter on the Flux (at least, I think it new) which has several original ideas and terms in it: natural moment, conventional moment, forward tension, lateral tensions, with which I think even a swimmer like you ought to be satisfied as giving a profound feeling of the flux, just as it goes on. It is not intellectualism in the wrong place, as I agree with you that Strong's is. He has never digested the criticism of knowledge, and says I, for instance, am nothing but a mixture of Bergson and Croce. But his article, at the beginning, is very [*across*] well considered and expressed, and I agree with what he means, that existence resides in centres.

Yours ever G.S.

To Thomas Munro

13 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

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

Rome, Dec. 13, 1928

Dear Munro:

It is very good of you to send me your little book, which not only reminds me of you (which is always pleasant) but carries me into an interesting living world from which I am too far removed. I can't say that your book is good, beautiful, and true, because that would be to substitute thrills for clear thinking: let me say instead that it seems pleasantly reasonable and open-minded, and, of course, highly characteristic of the milieu in which it has taken shape. In so far as this is academic, philosophical, and American it is not so very different from what it was 35 years ago, when I wrote The Sense of Beauty: and I feel for you, caught in the same snags and compelled to thresh the same old straw. But there is another quality in discussion now—not in your book only—which has fallen upon the world since the days of my youth. You must remember that we were not very much later than Ruskin, Pater, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold: our atmosphere was that of poets and persons touched with religious enthusiasm or religious sadness. Beauty (which mustn't be mentioned now) was then a living presence, or an aching absence, day and night: history was always singing in our ears: and not even psychology or the analysis of works of art could take away from art its human implications. It was the great memorial to us, the great revelation, of what the soul had lived on, and had lived with, in her better days. But now analysis and psychology seem to stand alone: there is no spiritual interest, no spiritual need. The mind, in this direction, has been desiccated: art has become an abstract object in itself, to be studied scientifically as a caput mortuum: and the living side of the subject—the tabulation of people's feelings and comments—is no less dead. You are yourself enormously intelligent and appreciative, and so is Dr. Barnes, but like a conservator of the fine arts, as if everything had been made to be placed and studied in a museum. And in your theory of taste—do you mention taste?—you (like Dewey) seem to me to confuse the liberty and variability of human nature, which the naturalist must allow, with absence of integration in each man or age or society: for if you felt the need of integration, you would understand that fidelity to the good or the beautiful is like health, not a regimen to be imposed, by the same

masters, upon men of different constitutions, but a perfection to be jealously guarded at home, and in one's own arts: and you will never have any arts that are not pitiful until you have an integrated and exclusive life. However, I am far from denying you the possibility of happiness, and wish it for you and Mrs. Munro, with all my heart—even if it be happiness in a museum.

Yours sincerely, G. Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

December 18, 1928

Of course, dear Cory, I shall be only too glad to see you whenever you wish to come. My friends, as a matter of fact, haven't turned up yet this year—not that I mind that, because I am quite capable of entertaining myself, with the help of street sights and French books. But you won't interfere with my meditations: on the contrary, a little congenial society at lunch and tea, and in the intervening interval, will stimulate my lazy thoughts; and I can give you plenty to do, if you wish to work: but this we can discuss later.

As to going to Milan, all depends on the quality of your friend Mr. Oxtoby. The aesthetes of my day used to despise Milan and its cathedral: but at dusk the interior is sometimes very grand; and don't fail to go to Sant' Ambrogio: it will carry you back to early Christianity. Besides there is the Brera and the Scala, and the bustle of modern Italy at its maximum. It will be convenient if you learn Italian: I expect to spend most of my days in Italy in future, and I count on you to guide my tottering steps.

Yours ever GS.

P.S. Thanks for the gum-rubbers, which have just arrived.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

23 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: American)

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

Rome, Dec. 23, 1928

Dear Kallen,

I have now received both Sacco & Vanzetti's Letters and Upton Sinclair's "Boston". Thank you very much for both. I have looked at the Letters and am quite ready to believe that the men were innocent, and that this was a sort of American Dreyfus case. But if the men had been simple anarchists, still free, I suppose I should never have needed to hear of them: and why should I be condemned to read their thoughts because they were unjustly executed? "Boston" attracts me more, and I mean to read it, when the sun gets warm enough to sit on a bench in the Pincio gardens, and indulge the fancy without danger of catarrh. I once read a book of Upton Sinclair's—his first book, printed by his own hand—and I believe I wrote to him about it appreciatively: it was crude but truthful, and tortured by a sort of passionate unrest, à la Dostoievsky. Now I shall be curious to see how a lifetime of experience and authorship has improved his instrument and enlarged his canvas; and incidentally I may learn a thing or two about Boston, of which I only frequented the front parlor, even in my Boston days, and which has probably become much more complicated and much more typical of America in general than it was in its prim and old-maid-

only middle age! If I am not disappointed in the book I will write to you again about it.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

25 December 1928 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 25, 1928

Dear M^r Kyllmann

I hardly know what to say in answer to your note about the enclosed communication. If Scribner has consented, we might as well consent, since the book is evidently to be American, and the sale will be chiefly there. Please use your own judgement about fees: if you asked the same as that paid to Scribner, it probably would not be insignificant.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner Jr.1 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, London

Rome, Jan. 1, 1929

M^r Charles Scribner, Jr.M^{esses} Charles Scribner's Sons,
New York.Dear M^r Scribner

I am much obliged for your kind reply to my enquiry about the bequest of my author's rights, and I will act on your advice, and leave the matter to be settled according to my Spanish will.

I know that ~~this~~ matter, as things now stand, is not of much consequence; but it is not impossible that I may live to offer you a book, of which there ought to be an American edition, since it might have a larger sale than my books of philosophy. I like these to be printed in England, because of their aspect, and because I think it helps them to be read in that country, a thing which reacts powerfully even on the American reputation of books: but these reasons would not apply to a work that might be popular enough to justify publication on both sides of the Atlantic.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To George Sturgis1 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Jan. 1, 1929

Dear George

It is pleasant to have your Christmas greetings, and in particular to hear that Josephine has had a little girl, Joan, and that they both are doing well. In fact, I have had a Christmas card from the Bidwells also, and I am going to write to Josephine directly one of these days.

I enclose a copy of my will, for your information: but the Spanish version, which I suppose ought to be regarded as the original and legal document, has been stranded in its career. I took it to the [^]Spanish_^ consul general here, who was very fino (as they say in Spain), said he would look up the law, declared that the document as drafted by me (with some qualms, as my Spanish is rather childish) was claro, clarísimo, and that he would send word to me later about settling the business. He did send word; but it appeared that witnesses were required who should know me and be Spanish subjects, “even if they are priests”, said the consul, who can’t be a godly man: and as I don’t know a single Spaniard in Rome, and very few anywhere, there is nothing doing. However, they know in Avila about the house, and perhaps, if I should unexpectedly evaporate, these English versions would be accepted as a guide in all the other points. My idea is to make the Spanish will, with every possible formality, when I am next in Spain. It will be identical with the one I send you, so that as to the substance, at least, there will be no conflict.

If you haven’t found the list of legacies which your aunt Susie intended to leave, out of the ready-money which she had at home, it doesn’t matter: Celedonio, without any hint from me, wrote some time ago that everything would be carried out shortly: “en breve todo se cumplirá”. Some of the legatees were squealing, because nearly a year had passed and they had received nothing: and these complaints had reached my ears indirectly, through Mercedes (who, of course, was interested personally too, but spoke only of others); Celedonio evidently knew or suspected that I was being appealed to, and his message was intended to moderate my alarm. He was reported to have said on one occasion that he could pay nothing in my absence; and on another occasion, that nothing could be paid at all, because the sum left was insufficient to cover all the legacies, and they would all be cancelled. These contradictory (and false) reasons made me wonder if Celedonio was really intending to cheat those poor legatees: and that is why I wanted the list. But it can’t be that: he has always been scrupulous; but I daresay he hated to part with the ready cash before anything had arrived from America to make him feel sure that his own inheritance was substantial. I believe now that everything will be settled properly in time. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. I am very sorry to trouble you again, but could you send \$25, with the enclosed half-sheet, to the Mayor of Beaumont?

Last Will and Testament
of George Santayana

1. I declare that on the seventh of May, 1928, before the United States Consul in Rome, I executed and signed a Deed of Trust, by which I conveyed all my property in the United States to my nephew George Sturgis; who by the same act pledged himself to pay to me, as I might require, the net income of that property during my life, and at my death to dispose of the capital in the manner therein specified: namely, that after certain gifts or legacies had been paid to Harvard College, to my sister Josephine B. Sturgis, to my cousin Manuela Santayana, and to the sons and grandsons of my brother-in-law Celedonio Sastre, the residue should be divided equally between the said George Sturgis and his sister, Josephine Sturgis Bidwell.

This Deed of Trust, covering all my property in the United States, I hereby acknowledge and confirm.

2. My house in the Plaza de Santa Ana in Avila, N^o 6, together with any other property which I may have in Spain, I bequeath to my said brother-in-law Celedonio Sastre, or to his heirs conjointly, to be regarded as part of their family estate.

3. All books and personal effects of mine, existing in the house of my friend Charles Augustus Strong, at Fiesole, near Florence, or in the house of his daughter, Margaret Strong de Cuevas, at Saint Germain, near Paris, I leave to the said Charles Augustus Strong or, if he should not survive me, to his said daughter Margaret, or failing her, to her husband Jorge de Cuevas, or to their issue.

4. I bequeath all my manuscripts, together with such personal effects as may be in my immediate possession in the Hotel Bristol in Rome, or elsewhere, at the time of my death, and in particular the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, to my friend and secretary Daniel MacGhie Cory; and I leave also to the said Daniel MacGhie Cory all copyrights and royalties due, or that may become due, to me from the publishers of my writings; and I authorize him to destroy, preserve, or publish my literary remains at his discretion.

5. Out of the balance which there may be to my credit in the banking-house of Brown Shipley & C^o of London, or in any other bank not in Spain. I direct that one thousand pounds (£1000) be paid to my friend Nancy Toy (M^{rs} Crawford H. Toy) of Cambridge, Mass., if she survive me:

and the remainder, if it be not more than five hundred pounds, to my friend Andrew Joseph Onderdonk, of Vienna; or, if the remainder exceed five hundred pounds, then five hundred pounds (£500) to the said Andrew Joseph Onderdonk, and the residue to my brother-in-law Celedonio Sastre, or to his heirs conjointly.

6. I appoint executors of this Will the said Celedonio Sastre and the said Charles Augustus Strong; or if either or both of them should be deceased or unwilling to serve, I appoint in lieu of Celedonio Sastre his sons Raphael, Luis, and José, or any one of them; and in lieu of Charles Augustus Strong, the said Andrew Joseph Onderdonk and Daniel MacGhie Cory; and I give authority to these persons acting together, or to each of them acting separately, to carry out the provisions of this Will.

Made at Fiesole, Florence, on the fourth day of October of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

George Santayana

To Guy Bogart

1 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Dartmouth)

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

Rome, Jan. 1. 1929.

To

M^r Guy Bogart

Mayor of Beaumont, California

Dear M^r Bogart

It is pleasant to know that M^r Sadakichi Hartmann thinks of me as an old friend, although we have never seen each other, and I had no idea that he was blessed with a family. Priests, poets, and philosophers shouldn't marry, but since the children, if not the wives, aren't to blame for their

condition, I am glad if I can be of any service in relieving them, even in an infinitesimal degree, from the consequences.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Josephine Sturgis [Eldredge] Bidwell

1 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Bidwell)

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

Rome, Jan. 1, 1929.

Dear Josephine

I was very glad to hear through George that you had a little girl to balance the rather masculine tone of your nursery, not to speak of George's own; and I have since received your Christmas card, from all the Bidwells, which it was also very pleasant to get.

Without your knowing it, perhaps, I am afraid I have lately played you two horrid tricks: but my intention was all right, and I don't think it will make much difference ~~be~~ to you in the end. You know that I went to see your aunt Josephine near Vigo, in Spain, during last September, and that I induced her to sign a deed of trust, prepared by George, but so worded (he submitted another version also, less one-sided) that she leaves me half her money, and only the other half to be divided between you and George. However, I promise to leave my share to you and George in my turn, so that ultimately it will all remain in the family. My other trick is of the same kind, but on a smaller scale. Your aunt was leaving nothing, by this arrangement, to her friends in Spain, which seemed a shame, considering that they look after her and are poor: so that ~~after consulting George,~~ I suggested that she should ask us to pay certain sums to those ladies, and to the Sastre brothers, out of what she leaves us. This is not a legal obligation, and if you object, when the time comes, I should be perfectly willing to arrange the matter alone, as would indeed be natural, considering that I know those people, and you don't. Only I couldn't say that it came from me, but it must [*across*] come from your Aunt: that is

why I put up this little game. With best wishes ~~you~~ to you and yours for the new year. Your

[*across text*] affectionate

Uncle George

To George Sturgis

5 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 5, 1929

Dear George

The packet with your letter of Dec. 19, enclosing a copy of another to Celedonio, and of your aunt Susie's Will, with the directions for the disposal of the ready money she had at home, all reached me when I had just posted my last to you, will a copy of my own ~~W~~Will in it.

I am very glad to have these documents. They give me something definite to guide me if there should be any further trouble.

Your proposal to Celedonio to go on looking after his money (as it now is) reminded me so forcibly of your father, that I couldn't help laughing out loud. I am afraid, living so much alone, I am acquiring the habits of a maniac or of a true poet (which I never was) and keep talking and laughing to myself with a conviction, and a variety of dramatic inflections which, with these thin walls, must be giving a bad reputation to the Hotel Bristol. However, there is a Russian lady next door who isn't much better. When she can no longer loudly scold her gentleman friend, an Italian, because he leaves the room slamming the door, she instantly seizes the telephone, and never stops talking and ringing until she has to go out herself. I suppose people would say that she is sane and I am mad: but allow me to differ. As to what Celedonio will say to your proposal, I am really curious. It would evidently be greatly to his advantage to let you keep his money; but there is a strong mother-instinct which will make him hate not to have it under his own direction; and besides there is a certain rational ground for bringing the property to Spain, where it will have to be divided soon among various people, who couldn't very well be for ever

in communication with an agent, who couldn't always be you, in America.

You ask me about Spanish surnames, which puzzle you. I think I have already explained the matter, but perhaps usage doesn't always live up to legal exactitude. The principle is that, besides Christian names, (often many, of which only the first counts) every body has a first and a second surname: the first is his patronymic, or his father's family name (not the whole of his father's surname, but only the half inherited from his own father). The second surname is the mother's patronymic, again not the whole of her surname, but only the first half of it, inherited from her father. Thus:

M^f Smith + marries Miss Jones +
 son
 John Smith Jones mar. Miss Robinson +
 son
 John Smith Robinson

etc.

Now both John Smith Jones and his son John Smith Robinson are known in society as plain M^f Smith. Nobody adds the second surname except on official occasions. But both surnames are on your cédula personal, or card of identification, as in all legal documents: and that is why I gave you Manuela's name as Santayana Zabalgoitia, because I knew when she first went to the bank, being unknown there, they would ask for her card of identification, where both names would be down. But in writing to you afterwards about her, or giving you her post-office address, I instinctively left out the Zabalgoitia (barbarous Basque name), though I admit that showed in me an unofficial mind. There are complications when it happens, as with us and with Mercedes that the patronymic itself is double, for it is Ruiz de Santayana, and Ruiz de la Escalera. I believe (as this rotundity sounds rather aristocratic) Manuela never uses the "Ruiz de"; Mercedes, on the contrary, who is on good terms with royalties, calls herself Mercedes R. de la Escalera, but leaves out the "e Iparraguirre (another Basque name) which would be legally requisite. So you see there is a certain latitude in usage: but in making out cheques for Manuela, I think Manuela Santayana Zabalgoitia is safest and surest. But, unless these differences confuse you, there is no need of the mellifluous second surname on the envelope.

The Italians have a different way of naming people legally: you would be called (in this order) “Sturgis George of late Robert”. Would you then know [across] who you were? Perhaps not: but the Italians would.

Yours affectionately G. R. de S. B. of late Augustine.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 January 1929 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Jan. 9, 1929

Dear Cory

This is a severe winter everywhere, and you will do well to come south as soon as possible. I send you your cheque, so that you may start, and pay for an economical journey. You needn't be at all afraid of not being welcome here, as far as I am concerned: on the contrary, you will cheer me up, and you are invited to lunch and tea every day, when you haven't anything to attract you elsewhere. For the rest, you will shift for yourself just as if I wasn't in Rome, for you know that I don't leave my nest in the morning or evening.

As to work, I will give you two, perhaps three, new chapters to read over, a very long one on “The Flux”, a shortish one on “Temporal Perspectives” and a third, on which I am still at work, on “Tropes”. I expect to make a separate one, not long, on “Teleology”, and then the three final ones, “The Psyche”, “Psychologism”, and “The Latent Materialism of Idealists”. It seems to me now that, if we have no illness or other serious interruption we surely ought to finish the book next summer.

When you have had your fill of Milan, I advise you to come straight here. The climate is better than in the north; as you may remember, it is mild when it rains and sunny when cold. I read for two hours this afternoon in the sun sitting in the Pincio Gardens.

The “Few Remarks” which I hope you have received in “Life & Letters” belong to my long neglected book on “Dominations & Powers”. My idea is to publish it in fragments, making a little money out of it, and it will always be possible afterwards, if we like, to collect them into the book for which they were first intended.

Strong, as I think I told you, is expecting M. and M^e de Fontenay at Fiesole for the end of this month, so that you must leave any thought of visiting him until later.

I shall be glad to see you in your new clothes, and hope they are duly sporting.

Yours ever
G.S.

To George Sturgis

13 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Jan. 13, 1929

Dear George

I will give you an account of your aunt Josephine's illness, in the words in which my information has come to me, literally translated.

First I had a letter from Celedonio, of Jan. 8, saying: "This afternoon Josephine has felt ill after dinner, and we suppose it is an indigestion. She says incoherent things, and what has most alarmed us was that she insisted that her mother was in the house looking for her. She has no fever and no pain, only dryness in the mouth.

The doctor~~s~~ says it is in fact an indigestion, and is passing away. He also says that she has a pronounced case of "arterioesclorosis" and is weak."

The same afternoon, Jan. 11, I received two telegrams, one from Luis, sent at 11.45 a.m. saying "Josephine seriously ill. Father would like you to inform your nephew". The other, sent at 1 p.m. signed by Pepe, said: "Josephine somewhat worse. Am sending word to Mercedes". I acknowledge these telegram, and sent you my first message by cable.

The next day, the 12th, came two letters, both of the 9th, two days earlier than the previous telegrams. They reported that the doctor declared that it was an infection of the bowels which he believed would disappear, and that he saw no danger for the present, as the heart was functioning well. She had two nurses, one by day and one by night, and the wives of the three brothers looked in to see her when they had a spare moment. Unfortunately, her greatest companion, doña Josefina Cordovés, (who

was with her last summer at Bayona, near Vigo) is herself ill in bed with the grippe and a high fever.

This morning, the 13th, another telegram arrived, sent at 10.45 the previous night, saying “Josephine a good deal better” and signed by Pepe.

I repeated this to you (although it is Sunday, the telegraph lady in the hotel was hard at work) and wrote to Celedonio and to Mercedes, explaining that I couldn’t leave Rome myself, but that I agreed implicitly to any measures which they thought fit to take.

Apparently Celedonio has already paid the small bequests left by your aunt Susie, but with 40% discount, I suppose for taxes; I have heard this indirectly, through a stranger, and it may not be accurate. I have sent Mercedes a cheque for £50, in case there is no ready money of your aunt’s at home, and she is not able to sign cheques, or to cash the draft from you which I suppose will arrive shortly.

I am terribly upset: the same symptoms, though milder, as last year when your aunt Susie died: only this time, although I feel that I ought to go to Avila, I know that I sha’n’t; so that the “psychosis” is not so bad.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

14 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Jan. 1. 1929, (evening).

Dear George

Since my letter of last night I have had no further news from Avila, which is a good sign; this letter will not be posted until tomorrow, and if anything reaches me in the morning, I will add it in a postscript.

I write again because I have received confirmation of the fact that Celedonio has paid your aunt Susie’s minor bequests. Mercedes has sent me her account, $\text{pre}_\wedge \text{sent}_\wedge \text{ed}_\wedge$ to her by Celedonio, which is as follows:

Amount bequeathed	7,500 pesetas
	<u>(this includes both wills)</u>
Government tax 25%	1,875 “

	pesetas
Fees	46.88
Fines for delay	
3% per annum	28.13
Interest, 5% " "	46.88
Workmen's Insurance	
5%	375.—
Total discount	<u>2,371.89</u> from <u>7,500</u>
Net legacy due and paid . .	5.128.11 pesetas

This is no doubt perfectly legal and scrupulously worked out, but it rather defeats your good aunt's intentions, reducing her gift by two-fifths: and she probably intended that the taxes and fees should be charged to the estate, rather than to the legatee: it is especially humorous that fines and interest for delay should be charged to the person guilty of being kept so long waiting for the money. I suppose the government imposes these dues on the estate as a whole; and then the executor reapportions them among the heirs: it is intelligible, but grotesque. Mercedes also complains of the contribution to Workmen's Insurance, which she says is voluntary: but here again, I imagine, Celedonio is taking the safest course, and acting in the spirit of the law.

Poor Mercedes, like the others, no doubt, has to be satisfied with what she gets, which isn't enough to pay for the work of rebuilding the front of her house, in a new alignment of the main street being made in Bayona: but I am sorry that all the legacies could not have been so arranged as to be paid directly by you, in full, out of the estate. I should gladly give up my legacy of \$10,000 for that purpose: but it might offend Celedonio, and I suppose that money is no longer free.

And this reminds me of a point which your aunt Josephine's illness makes pertinent: Doesn't your aunt Josephine's old will still hold good for her property in Spain? Can you tell me what she left by that will to Mercedes, and to the Sastres? I should like those legacies to be paid to them (out of my money, if necessary) besides the sums we are asked to provide in the letter which she so fortunately signed lately. By the way, I wrote the other day to your sister Josephine, and mentioned this matter, saying (what I should have said to you too) that as the obligation imposed upon us by that letter of your aunt's is not legal, and as the persons favoured are my friends and not yours, it would be only natural that I, getting the lion's share of your aunt's money, should be responsible for those informal bequests altogether: and I should very gladly and joyfully pay\$

the whole myself. But there were two strong reasons for bringing you and your sister Josephine into the bargain: first, that it is absolutely necessary, especially in respect to Mercedes, that those annuities and gifts ~~from~~ should come, and seem to come, from your aunt and not from me: second, that I too any day may ascend heavenward, perhaps before those angelic ladies—indeed, my cousin Manuela is not aspiring heavenward at all; and then it must be left to the good will of you and your sister to continue the payments. It is true you will then have my money, as well as your aunt Josephine's, to do it with, and certainly [^]the burden will[^] not [^]be laid on you[^] for many years: and I hope you will regard it as a special injunction of mine.

Of course, when you and Rosamond come to Europe, you will let me know beforehand. Even if Italy is beyond your orbit, I might be able to cross your path elsewhere, in Paris, or even in England. It all depends on circumstances, which we cannot foresee with certainty.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

P.S. Am I right in thinking that what your aunt Josephine now gives Mercedes (apart entirely from your father's legacy to her) is \$45 a month, so that the \$1000 a year we propose to send her instead, will be nearly twice what she now receives?

Jan. 15th No news this morning.

To George Sturgis

16 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Jan. 16, 1929

Dear George

Many thanks for your letter of Dec. 31, enclosing your yearly account and the sketches for the chapel which Celedonio is building. This last, as I have heard, is not to be exactly in Avila but at Olalla, a farm not far from his [^]old[^] farm at Zorita, which he bought some years ago, and which, unlike Zorita, has no church: so that this will be more than a mere memo-

rial. They can have mass said there, whenever a priest is available, for the benefit of the family and the peasants of that locality.

Talking of mass, Mercedes, who has been to Avila, writes me from there, on the 12th, that previous to her arrival your aunt Josephine had received the sacraments, making her confession and taking her communion in due order. Of course, you know the confused state of your aunt's mind; so that this can't be regarded as a very serious or permanent change on her part: but I think it is very lucky that she has taken this turn instead of a contrary one, as whether she gets well or not, it will smooth things wonderfully for her in that circle, where every one is more or less a pious Catholic. She was a pious enough Catholic herself for many years, until conflicts arising in our family on that subject, led her to revolt; and of late years she has been very free-thinking and anti-clerical. But it is natural that earlier impressions, awakened by her present surroundings, should prevail at the end.

I have had no further telegrams or later letters, so that I presume her improvement continues, and it seems she has been very well taken care of by doctor and nurses—who are of course Sisters, called “Servants of Mary”.

Your report of my affairs is no less dazzling than usual: I had expected to reform and not save this coming year, but I see that my letter of credit still only represents about half of my probable income. I never heard of such an easy way of becoming rich. [*across*] I can only say: Thank you. And I see, with amusement and surprise, that Celedonio is of the same way of thinking.

Yours aff^{ly}

[*across text*] G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Roma,

Jan. 19, 1929

Dear Cory.

Italy is giving you a cold welcome: I hope before you leave Milan the fine weather will return so as not to leave you with an unpleasant recollection.

I don't want to send you the MS of The Flux because it is bulky and there is no hurry about it. Look about and study Italian: why not take a

week's lesson's to begin with? The pronouns are still a source of infinite trouble to me for having trusted too much to Spanish or French analogies at the beginning, instead of giving them a little serious study.

And go to the opera at La Scala if there is a chance, preferrably to hear some old standard opera with a ballet. It is the place for such things, where they are indigenous.

I sent Strong a card at the same time that I sent you yours to Paris, saying that you were coming at once to Italy and that if he wanted you to stop and make him a visit now, he could probably still reach you in Paris, where I gave him your address. If he wrote, I suppose the letter would have reached you or been forwarded to Milan; so that if you get nothing you may understand that Strong would as lief that you should go to him later. And the climate ought to be better in Rome at this season: I say so with a qualm, as it has been snowing off and on here for the last three days. However, it is sure to improve soon and be gloriously sunny, as the season is already past the turning-point.

A riverderci.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 January 1929 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Sunday

Dear Cory.

I shall expect you this week, unless I hear to the contrary. If you arrive early in the evening, you might look me up after dinner: if in the morning, just before lunch, at about 12.45, and we will sally forth to whatever restaurant the weather suggests. Now, when it rains hard, I lunch at the hotel. There may be an old friend of mine, Lawrence Butler, here on Thursday or Friday: he sails from Naples on Saturday, so that he won't make a third long, and I should be glad to have you know him. He is one of the originals of Oliver, but not in his present middle-aged phase.

The Opera is now excellent here. I will get tickets for next Sunday afternoon. Yours ever

G.S.

To Sterling Power Lamprecht

 28 January 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Amherst)

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

Rome, Jan. 28, 1929

Dear M^r Lamprecht

Your beautiful article on Me Now and Then has just come under my eye: it is so friendly in its criticism and so penetrating in its analysis that I ought merely to thank you for the satisfaction, and very gentle correction, which it brings me. The end in particular is perfect: if you look at my “Dialogues in Limbo”, in which the “Stranger” is simply myself, you will find confirmation of your judgement out of my own mouth.

Nevertheless, it may be a more loyal way of acknowledging your interest in my way of thinking, if I attempt to explain one or two points where, without positively misunderstanding what I meant, you seem to be at a greater distance, more foreign, as it were, to my thought, than you [*illegible*] are in your so sympathetic interpretation as a whole. 1st a technical point, on p. 546. “Essence” is more concrete, as I understand it more interior than you suggest, when you say that the essence of beauty is not lovely. That is to substitute names for things: the essence of beauty is loveliness itself. All that can be said is that without animal life and capacity for intuition the essence of beauty could not be realized: and if you had no preference for life, no heart, you would not come within range of the good in any form: not even for the spiritual life as a form of salvation. Perhaps, then, you forget that in analyzing the spiritual life, I do not forget (I hope) that it is life: if it becomes pure Being it ceases to exist. And this leads to 2nd the relation of the spiritual to the rational life. Suppose that instead of mysticism I was considering ta[*illegible*]: the poet or musician may, in moments of ecstasy, lose himself entirely in the intuition of his ideal theme. It is a limit to one movement in the Life of Reason. To revert to humanity and morality he has to consider the healthfulness of such rapture: he has to re-introduce it into the political life. Yet the moral

world (being animal and spontaneous in its elements) does have those windows. I have been looking out of one lately: but, as you seem to suspect, with no intention of jumping out of it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 February 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Feb. 1, 1929

Dear Strong

I am ashamed to have remained so long practically silent, and the causes, if not good reasons, would require Freudian analysis, which they don't deserve. But let me give you such news as I have. In the first place, congratulations on your possession of a granddaughter. As I wrote to Margaret and George, I think there are many advantages in this sex: a little girl will be a greater and more permanent addition to their ménage than a boy would be, and all the problems about nationality, religion, and education are simpler.

I have had a good deal of anxiety during the last month about the health of my sister Josephine. The events of last year seemed about to be repeated: but she seems to have passed the critical stage of her illness—nervousness, aphasia, dysentery—yet remains weak and almost bed-ridden, so that we hardly know what to hope for. She is 75 years of age.

My friend Lawrence Butler has been here for three days, and Cory arrived yesterday, so that I have been having a pleasant change from my customary solitude. I have also been several times to matinées at the Opera: the management is much improved since last year, and some of the singers, especially Muzio and Minghetti are excellent. Do you ever hear them by radio?

I have finished three more chapters of the *Realm of Matter*: The Flux of Existence, Temporal Perspectives, and Tropes. There remain four more.

The weather has been almost continually unpleasant: so cold and windy, even when the sun shines, that reading in the Pincio gardens has been almost impracticable. However, the change for the better can't be long delayed, and I have managed to keep pretty well, without catching cold at all

Is Constable going to publish your Sisyphus? I have so many embryonic articles on hand myself that I feel like the old woman who lived in a [*across*] shoe. However, I have promised the one on Spengler to J. M. Murry, and will finish it first.

Yours ever G.S.

To George Sturgis

12 February 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 12, 1929

Dear George

Thank you for the various enclosures, and for your letter of Jan. 31st I am glad to have the original of your aunt Josephine's will; even if she agrees to destroy it, and with the codicil revoking the articles in question, it informs me of what she, with your father's advice, wished to do in 1920. It relieves my mind about Mercedes, Doña Josefina Cordobés, and the Sastre brothers, because they all come off much better under our present arrangement than by that will, in which the Sastre family isn't mentioned (unless the enigmatic \$5000 left to your aunt Susie was privately intended for them) and D^a Josefina Cordobés gets \$300 a year instead of our \$500, and Mercedes a miserable \$200 a year instead of the handsome \$1000

which we provide. I am glad to see also that this sum is much more than what your aunt Josephine now sends her, which seems to be only \$220 a year. You must remember that Mercedes is like a member of our family, and is 72 years old. Less would have been shabby.

As to the best procedure in regard to your aunt's will I am seriously puzzled. If she were well enough, I should advise her to make a new will. Reports (I am deafened with reports) will have it that Celedonio has intended to make her make one: it would be as well, since we don't want those small sums, and if anything was left to us we could make presents of it, if we liked, to anyone or anything that it seemed to us had been overlooked. If your aunt recovers, I might go to see her in the summer—after seeing you in Paris, perhaps—and see what arrangements we could come to. Still, as things stand, apart from the two clauses about Sarah Sturgis, which reduplicate the provisions in the Trust Deed now operative, all is left to you and Josephine, representing your father, and to me. I suppose this is just what would happen if she died intestate: and I don't think the execution of an American will in Spain would present at all the difficulties which you have encountered. You could delegate your executorship to me or to one of the Sastre's, and we could attend to everything on the spot. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Harry Slochower

27 February 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Brooklyn)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Feb. 27, 1929

Dear M^r Slochower

May I, in acknowledgement of your kindness in sending me your book, tell you frankly the dominant impression which it has left in my mind? It is interest and curiosity about your own Lehrjahre in Germany. Dehmel himself is not a person with whom I have much in common temperamentally, and I don't like his verses; even in the similarity of our systems of the universe there seems to be a profound divergence, since he

identifies the human with the cosmic spirit, and I could hope at best to harmonize them. But the very strangeness and tumult of his mind, and the glimpses of the turbid currents of opinion in the midst of which he struggled, revives in me an impulse which I had when a young man: that of discovering, as a traveller and wandering student, like Ulysses, the ways of many divers men and cities. I, too, went to Germany; but circumstances prevented me from entering deeply and spontaneously into that society. I didn't even learn the language thoroughly, but stopped at the point where German poetry and philosophy became intelligible to me for my own purposes, without (as in your case) proceeding to a hearty participation in them on their own terms. I have consequently remained all my life hungry for that intensive travel and moral adventure which a true student of the world should have passed through: and it is the glimpse your book gives me of what that might have been as far as Germany is concerned, that has most interested me. And I wonder what your "Goethe and America" will contain? Goethe was so mature, America is so raw: what is the point of comparison?—With many thanks, Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

7 March 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 7, 1929

Dear Strong

Almost together with your last letter (of Feb. 27) I had one from George de Cuevas in which he expressed some concern about Margaret's state of health, or rather of mind. The doctors advise him to humour her wishes in everything, as it might be dangerous to oppose them; on the other hand (as it seems that she wishes to go away from Saint Germain, where everything is still top-sy-turvy) he is horribly afraid of taking the child on some ill-defined journey, and no less afraid of leaving her alone at home. As he asked me for advice (probably merely as a polite way of explaining his troubles) I have replied saying that when the baby had quite recovered I didn't see what danger there could be in taking her to the Riviera or Pau, or any other reasonable place not America: but I am afraid that might not pacify Margaret, and I am not sure whether you would approve even of so moderate a déplacement for so young a child. I accordingly report to you directly, in case you wish to write to them about the matter.

I shall be glad to see your Dialogue —and you—but I don't think it necessary to wait to read it before debating the question of the choice of publishers. Either Macmillan or Constable would doubtless be glad to publish it if you took all the risks; but if you dislike that arrangement, because publishers prove to be careless about advertising and pushing a book for which the author has paid, it occurs to me that in America you could surely get your MS accepted, like any new book. I shouldn't advise trying Scribner, because he is cantankerous, and not a philosophical publisher especially: but why not the people that have issued "Critical Realism", or Montague's book?

It is just possible that I may go to Madrid in April, should my sister be well enough to go there then, or in May. I suppose you will be coming to Rome [*across*] before Easter, and we can then compare our plans for Spring and Summer. Yours ever

G.S.

To Maurice Firuski8 March 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, March 8, 1929

Dear Mr. Firuski:

Perhaps I should have thanked you personally before this for the book you were good enough to send me, but I have written to Mr. la Rose about it, and hope he has transmitted my acknowledgement. I will also send him the sheets of Lucifer when I have meditated a little longer on some changes I wish to suggest, but which mustn't be adopted without his approval and yours, since you are the godfathers of his rebirth.

I wonder if you could solve a difficulty for me under which I have long laboured rather stupidly? I sometimes write to send an English book as a present to some friend in America, but fear that a duty will have to be paid by the recipient, so that the gift would have an ambiguous character, like a gun that knocks down the gunner by its recoil. May I open an account with you and ask you on such occasions to send the book for me? And to begin with, will you despatch Walter de la Mare's anthology called Come Hither to Mrs. C. H. Toy, 8 Craigie Circle, Cambridge, sending me the bill if you are not in a hurry, or else directly to my nephew, Mr. George Sturgis, 87 Milk St. Boston, through whom I should pay it in any case?

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

9 March 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co.
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Rome, March 9, 1929

Dear Mr von Hagen

I haven't thanked you before for your exquisite (and creepy) insects, because I was waiting for Mrs Crowley's essay. This has now arrived, and I am much pleased with its sympathetic tone and its faithful exposition of my opinions. In some places the argument seems to lose its way, and there are clerical errors here and there—words or phrases missing—which I have no doubt will be corrected in the new version. The only definite assertion to which I demur is that I have always had plenty of money. If that had been the case, I never should have attempted to teach philosophy, but I had to earn my own living, and that was the way that happened to be open. Nevertheless, it is quite true that my family, though poor for its class, were not absolutely penniless, and that I am well off now, for an old bachelor. That is perhaps all that Mrs Crowley needs to justify her observation. I might also say in general that she reports rather the attitude that I had thirty years ago, than that which I have now. Not that I have changed my views, but that poetry and religion have lost that prominent place which they then occupied in my thoughts. If Mrs Crowley will read over my "Soliloquies in England", she will gather, perhaps, a different impression of the general temper of my philosophy.

You needn't thank me for my comments on your illustrations to Lucifer—on the contrary, you are very modest—for an artist!—to take them in such good part. But you are wrong fundamentally, I think, about Christ: those ravings of Nietzsche's were excusable in him: but why repeat them?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong21 March 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

March 21, 1929

Dear Strong

Now that the fine weather has set in, I am wondering whether you will come to Rome next week (as you have come in Holy Week ~~in~~ other years) and in that case I want to warn you that I may not be fit to join you at the Aragno or for your drives, because I am suffering from the worst attack of my bronchial catarrh that I have had since that ill-omened season at Nice, nine or ten years ago. I believe that the worst is over, and am not uncomfortable except when the fit of coughing comes on: but for the moment the doctor says I had better not go out, and at any rate should not expose myself to changes of temperature, dust, wind, etc. So that if it is the same to you, it would be safer, from my point of view, to put off your trip a little. These chronic diseases are very tenacious, and hard to shake off when they once assert themselves.

I have been reading—mostly in bed, in the depths of night—“Elizabeth’s latest book, called “Expiation”, which is not very amusing (for her) but rather dramatic. It might make a good play.

Cory has developed a great admiration for Proust, whom he reads in the English translation: simply carried off his feet by the description of an asparagus. The moral turpitudes described leave him indifferent—vieux jeu! I suppose this is the attitude (in both respects) of the young men of the hour.

I keep on working, in spite of my cold, for an hour or two in the morning.

Yours ever

GS

[*across*] P.S. Your 50 centesimi stamps are no good: I warn you in case you have a great stock of them.

To Walter Lippmann

[26 March 1929] • Rome, Italy (MS: Yale)

Hotel Bristol, Tuesday

Dear M^r Lippmann

The best way for you not to “disturb” me, will be for you to come to lunch, say on Thursday (or on Saturday, if you prefer) at about 12.45, and we can eat here or at some restaurant, according to the weather, etc.

It will be a real pleasure to see you and to pick up the threads of so many old interests.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Walter Lippmann

[27 March 1929] • Rome, Italy (MS: Yale)

Hotel Bristol
Wednesday

Dear M^r Lippmann

Shall we say, then, next Monday, April 1st? I shall expect you here between 12.45 and 1, unless I hear to the contrary

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus StrongSaturday [April? 1929] • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome Saturday

Dear Strong

I have had a relapse of my cold, now rather in a different phase, more in the right lung, and the doctor says I ought to stay in bed for a day or two, although he approves of a change of air as soon as possible. I will therefore put off starting until Wednesday, the 8th when you may expect me by the train that leaves at 10.30 and arrives at about 4. If there is any change from that plan, I will telegraph

Yours ever
G.S.

P.S. I have already sent the box of books, addressed to you, and prepaid.

To Charles Augustus StrongMonday [April? 1929] • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Monday

Dear Strong

I am afraid I sha'n't be fit to travel on Wednesday, as I am still coughing and spitting every few minutes, and feel rather shaken. The doctor is very cool, because I have no fever and a good pulse; today he hasn't even deigned to appear, and he thought yesterday that I might leave on Wednesday. But let us leave it open—as I suppose it doesn't put you to any inconvenience, and don't expect me until I announce my approach more definitely.

The worst of it is that I can hardly sleep on account of the wheezing and, as it were, snoring in my bronchial tubes, which at night is quite audible, although painless.

Meantime perhaps you could tell me if there is any news of the de Fontenays: it would be the wrong moment for me to appear, if they were coming. And you might also send on any letters—not papers or pamphlets or advertisements—which seem to you to have the air of requiring answers.

I feel well enough when I am up, and when the cough is in abeyance, but it is all as uncertain as the weather.

Here is a letter all about my own ailments without a word of sympathy for yours. I hope there has been no further recrudescence and that coffee and cigarettes aren't troubling you too much by their absence.

I have had a nice letter from George de Cuevas, but he gives me no news of their intentions for the immediate future.

Yours ever
G. S.

To Lewis Mumford

2 April 1929 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Mumford)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, April 2, 1929.

Dear M^f Mumford

You have done me a real kindness in sending me your book about Herman Melville: the pleasure hasn't been so great as in reading *The Golden Day*, but the profit, I think, has been greater, because in your other book you said things that, in a vague way, I thought or was ready to think myself, whereas in this one you reveal a personage and a judgement about him which are new to me, and very interesting. I will confess frankly that you don't altogether convince me. I had never heard of Melville when I lived in America, and it was only after reading your *Golden Day* that I sent for a copy of *Moby-Dick* and began to read it. What will you think of me when I tell you that I stuck in the middle, and haven't yet finished it? I liked the salt air and the "beginning at scratch" in the matter of human nature and human races, and above all the descriptions of whales and whaling: but the language! You say nothing about this, except in regard to Melville's verse: but I find his prose just as false, stilted, ranting and ridiculous as his poetry. It is a perpetual source of irritation and even obscurity that makes the effort of reading too great for the good that is to be got out of it. A person who calls high mountains "exalted mounts" and says he is "a bigot in the fadeless fidelity of man" can't expect to be listened to. I don't say this out of literary snobbery, as if man were made for language and not language for man: but isn't such

a style a sure sign of second-rateness and second-handness in feeling? Isn't it an echo of pulpit eloquence?

You show, in the last part of the book, that Melville had a fearless and sane philosophy: the moral of *Moby-Dick* seems ambiguous, and in any case not essential to the story as a story. Still, the question is not one of right opinions but of leadership and symbolic eminence: is America going to follow Melville + Whitman, and is it going consciously to accept them for its twin prophets? You can judge better than I; but my feeling is that they are both valiant deep-voiced souls ship-wrecked from the *Mayflower*, prophets of the past rather than of the future. Be this as it may, I am sincerely grateful to you for your book and your inscription in it.

Yours very truly, G. Santayana

To George Sturgis

2 April 1929 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 2, 1929

Dear George

Since I received your last letter—that of Feb. 27th—I have been rather under the weather with a bad attack of my eternal bronchial catarrh. It is still holding on, although much less troublesome than a week or two ago; but such things are stubborn in old age, and it may still be some time

before I can shake it off altogether. I haven't been in bed, and confined to the house only for two or three days: but the cough is very wearing and I find it hard to get a complete night's rest. I go into these uninteresting details, in part to excuse my silence, and in part to warn you that I may not be as fit as I had hoped for moving about and "talking things over" when you reach these shores. Send me a line when you arrive in England, ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & Co and tell me your exact plans. Very likely I shall then be at Strong's in Fiesole and can get to Paris comfortably in a day, if I feel up to the journey and to the strain of life in a Paris hotel. I should be very sorry not to see you, but I suppose there is no very positive business pending which we cannot dispatch by letter.

As to asking one of Celedonio's sons to meet you in Paris, I think well of it, but I haven't mentioned your idea in my letters to Avila, because I wasn't sure whether you meant it to be an invitation, and also because of the uncertainty of my being there myself to serve as an interpreter. I hear from Avila that your aunt Josephine is much better, goes out for drives, and even talks of making a trip to some other city. Doña Josefina Cordobés, in particular, says that your aunt is very anxious to see you. I don't take what this lady says for Gospel truth; but if you could spare two or three days, you could yourself run down to Avila (I understand that Celedonio would now welcome you with open arms) and see your aunt and the whole Sastre family [*across*] for yourself. It would not be a pleasure, I fear, but it might serve the purpose you have in mind. I suppose your address will be B. S. & Co [*across page one*] and at any rate you will let me know what it is in good time. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

9 May 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 9, 1929.

Dear Strong

Thank you for your note of the 7th. I should like to come at once, but don't feel at all steady. The cough is less severe, but the expectoration as copious and constant as ever. The doctor says I can't expect to be rid of it for another ten days. Sometimes I feel so well, that I want to start at once, but then again fatigue and discouragement set in, and I think I ought to lie low for a long long time and make no plans for the future.

The matter is complicated morally by bad news from Spain. My sister Josephine is ill with a touch of pneumonia, and at her age and in her feeble condition, you can imagine how serious that is. However, I had a telegram yesterday saying she was better.

I have written to my nephew George Sturgis, who will be landing in England one of these days, that perhaps I might be at the lake of Geneva in June, if he cared to come so far to see me, but that it seemed impossible to go to Paris.

I am sorry about Cory being temporarily disfigured in his most aristocratic feature; he had a pimple of which he seemed to make a good deal, but I thought nothing of it.

I have countermanded my letters, by telegraph, so that they may come to me here again directly until I am sure when I shall leave. I should be much obliged if you will have forwarded any that may have arrived or may be arriving for a day or two longer.

Never mind the Morning Post. I am rather glad to be without it.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 May 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 13, 1929

Dear Strong

Thank you for the two Spanish letters (from Mercedes) and the English one (a cheque for £1 from Dent) which arrived this morning. I am a little surprised that there should have been no other letters; is it possible that Dino or Enrichetta should have made some mistake—as for instance, by addressing them to the Minerva instead of to the Bristol? The address in these cases was in your handwriting and therefore naturally correct.

Mercedes' letters give me particulars about my sisters condition and confirm the fact that she is better, but they are not later than the telegram I had previously from my brother-in-law, so that I am without recent news.

My bronchitis is milder and quite endurable, especially as during the last two nights my sleep has been less interrupted: but I still cough and spit at all hours—even during meals—so that I am not fit for society or for

travel. The thing is stubborn and slow, and perhaps it would be wiser not to count on moving for the moment. If you are going to Val Mont on June 1st I am inclined to think that the simplest thing would be for me to go at the same time to Glion directly from here. I should be sorry to miss the pleasures of a visit to the villa; but it would be only postponed until the autumn. In that way I should have a minimum of déplacements.

Cory has not yet written: he didn't leave me his exact address, but I will send him a card, on the chance, and await a reply. I hope his trouble, as well as yours, has disappeared without a trace.

Today I receive the proof of our Autobiography : I haven't yet opened the parcel, but it will supply entertainment (writing disturbed by cough) for a day or two.

Yours ever GS.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 May 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 14, 1929

Dear Cory

I was grieved to hear from Strong that your pimple^d had developed into a boil: today I learn that you are about, only with a patch—a substance, not an essence—under your nose. I too have been suffering afresh from matter out of its proper trope. The cough and spitting are persistent, but not painful, and now I can sleep nicely, so that it seems the worst is over.

I am afraid there is no chance of meeting in Florence for the present. I expect to go to Glion, over the lake of Geneva, directly from here, in perhaps a fortnight. Perhaps you will join me there later, after having your

fill of Venice and the Lido. The lake of Geneva is probably icy, and not for bathers.

I will send you a cheque—not forgetting the 500 lire still to your credit—as soon as I am sure that this address is sufficient.

G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 May 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 15 1929

Dear Strong

Your letter, enclosing the prospectus of the Hôtel Victoria at Glion, came after your telegram, but I suppose it was not the letter which the telegram promised: and I am waiting to hear what your plan is of immediate departure. Curious that we should both have been led to think of Glion directly; you see that if you leave at once, you will not be spoiling my plans, as I had already mentally given up the idea of going to Fiesole for the present.

My cough, etc, is much better, softened a great deal, but still active. I shall simply wait until I feel fit for travel, and then start.

It looks as if there were no way of going comfortably without stopping for a night at Milan? Are you stopping at Milan, or where else? If you will tell me what hotels you are intending to stop at en route it might be amusing to meet for a night at one of them and talk things over. I don't know Milan [^]well_^, and my two guide-books are in the box I sent to the villa. However, if I find I have to stop I will get a fresh guide book, and perhaps stop for two nights, so as to travel comfortably.

As to the Hotel Victoria, it looks rather second-class, but I will write to them asking for a room, and when I am there we can look about and see if it can offer tolerable accommodation for the Season, or, as you say, go elsewhere. I have sent off the proof of my autobiography this morning.

There is no more news of my sister, so that I infer she is convalescent.

Yours G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 May 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 18 1929.

Dear Cory

I am delighted to know that Florence, and San Lorenzo in particular, are stirring you up: it may be indirectly the after-effect of Rome, because the marble severity of San Lorenzo is rather Spanish and seicento; whereas the Giotto-Cimabue-Botticelli Florence of the English Pre-Raphaelites is quite another matter, with which I have less sympathy.

Stay as long as you like and go to Venice when you will. I am sorry that I can't join you there. You know, of course, that Strong is already on his way to Val-Mont, having given the de Fontenays the slip; and Fiesole is thereby cut out of my plans, at least until September. It is a relief in many ways: I rather dreaded the cold floors and the sessions of spasmodic wheezy radio-music. My idea is now to stay here until at least June 1st, when I hope the remnants of my bronchitis may have disappeared, and then to go straight to the Hôtel Victoria, Glion-sur-Territet, Svizzera. That will be my address: but you will hear from me again when I am ready to start. I will address you in Florence until you send me another address.

I feel pretty well, but tired, and have done no more on "Psychologism". There is still one of the original versions unsifted and uncopied: when that is done, the rest will be merely the work of coordination and polishing, which ought not to take long, if I am fit and in a mood for cruel decisions. I still hope that in the quiet of Glion I shall be able to do the last chapter, while you are at Venice; and then you can come, if you will, to the Lake of Geneva for a fortnight or more, and we can do the great revision. You might carry the MS victoriously to Constable in your luggage!

Valli wrote me a nice farewell note. If you send [*illegible*]him an occasional post-card you might mention that I have been ill, and not fit to see anyone. Yours

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory13 June 1929 [*postmark*] • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland(MS postcard: Columbia)

INTERLAKEN

Hôtel Victoria, Glion.

Thank you for your letter and the MS of the last chapter. The weather here has been very unsettled, close, and wet, and for the first week I did no work at all. Now I have begun; but the Psychologism isn't yet ready. I won't send it to you, because you might as well take it when you pass through here, if we decide that it had better be type-written and revised again.—Strong isn't very well. He has had another bad turn with palpitations, but is now better, and eagerly awaiting the new car, which of course has been delayed. I am not very much pleased with this place, and find it too hot but mean to stick it out for a while longer, and see if I can accomplish something. Strong says this weather is exceptional, but if it lasts, I don't care whether it is so or not. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 June 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Victoria, Glion,

June 20, 1929

Dear Cory

I enclose a cheque which I hope you won't have any difficulty in cashing. In making it out, I have had a vague feeling that perhaps life on the Lido involves new expenses, and that you may be hard up. If so, tell me

frankly, because you know that, while I don't want to spoil you for a good hard-working American life, yet for the present I feel responsible for looking after you decently: and a few pounds more or less make absolutely no difference to my own income, as they come out of the dead fund in London, and not out of my pocket. Here, by the way, I am economizing—involuntarily, but not unwillingly—half of what I used to spend monthly in Rome. My pension costs 18 Swiss francs, or about \$4 a day; with all extras it doesn't exceed \$5. They had nothing to give me but a single room without a bath, but with hot and cold water, space enough for my things, and a balcony overlooking the lake from a great height. So I have fallen back into my old habit of living like a monk in his cell, and rather like it. I don't bathe at all, but wash myself with a nice new sponge. This I am ready to keep up all summer, having once fallen into the pace; and it may be necessary, as poor Strong has developed a new trouble, and is rather shaky. Every few days he has attacks of palpitation of the heart, and his usual pulse is 100. However, on some mornings he discovers "the right way" of beginning his "Introductory Essay", and is happy. Aldo has been ill, the new car not delivered until a few days ago, and we have had no motor: it is expected to arrive today, and perhaps Strong may be better when he gets out of his confinement.

The chapter on Psychologism is not yet done: I am pegging away, with a definite plan for arranging the successive points; but they are all mixed together in the original MS and it is an endless labour to sift them out and piece them together. However, I am hoping to preserve all the good passages, and to add some new ones, not purple but pungent.

If at any moment you tire of the Lido you have nothing to do but to come here. There are plenty of hotels, but I think I could get you a room in this one. There is a good deal of coming and going, chiefly of Germans. The English are more constant, and less [*across*] offensive.—You would always be welcome, and if we couldn't finish the book at once, I could send the last chapter after you to [*across page one*] London (or Paris) to be type-written and reviewed. Strong and I have plenty of nice books for you to read, and you could spend a pleasant [*across page one text*] month or so here. There is even swimming.

Yours
G.S.

To Alan Harris22 June 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Reading)

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

Glion, June 22 1929

Dear Sir,

It seems to me that the book you suggest is one that you should write yourself, since the idea of it has occurred to you and not to any other person. In any case, I am too much occupied with my own plans, too old, and not learned enough, to undertake it.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory24 June 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Victoria, Glion.
June 24, 1929

Dear Cory

I am glad you are ready to come here for a month and I shall be particularly glad to have your company at meals, which are a little dull reading a book between courses. I am afraid that I sha'n't have much work for you, as the Psychologism is not yet out of the bog: if that is what you mean by being "useful", feel perfectly free to put off your utility, if you still like Venice: but do just as you feel like doing, without reference of to Duty. I am not a Calvinist. When you do start, you had better write or wire the exact time of your expected arrival, so that a motor from the

hotel can go down to Montreux (Montreux is more convenient for luggage than Territet) to fetch you up. Simply ask for the Hôtel Victoria when you get out of the train. I know by experience that it is useless to ask for a room here beforehand: at the last moment they will give you one if they have it, as is probable: but if not, there are several other hotels in Glion where you could sleep, and come here (as my guest) for lunch and dinner. Perhaps this might be the best arrangement; but you can judge for yourself when you see the character of the place.

Strong seems to be better. The car has arrived, and we go out daily.

Yours G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 August 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Rockefeller)

Glion, Sunday Aug 25, '29

Dear Strong

It has been very nice to receive your cards, which you said you wouldn't send, and to follow you in your interesting journey. I wish I had had a map of France on which to trace it more accurately.

Here we have been having warm weather again. Cory has been playing in a tennis tournament in which he—by his partner's fault, he says—got the booby prize. I have been revising my book: there is still one chapter rather in a mess, but I hope to straighten it out before we leave, probably on Sept. 2 or 3.

You might send me word to the Hotel Continental, Milan, when you get home and tell me when I had better join you. Probably I should be quite ready and glad to do so almost at once, if you are willing to have me, and don't find the villa too warm.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Robert Seymour Bridges29 August 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Bodleian)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Glion, Aug. 29, 1929

My dear Bridges

It is a great pleasure to get your letter and to know that your philosophical poem is finished and about to be published. Of course I shall read it with the greatest interest, and report at length my impressions of any divergence which I may feel between your philosophy and mine. It won't be easy, because I expect that the chief divergence is one between two incomparable things, sentiment and doctrine. However, it will be a refreshment to me, after working terribly hard on my "Realm of Matter"—which at last is finished—to find the same thing, or something better, conveyed in a finer medium

I am off to Florence, or rather Fiesole, in a few days, and hope your poem may reach me there—a congenial place for philosophical meditation—

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong29 August 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Rockefeller)

Glion, Aug. 29, 1929

Dear Strong

The weather here is now so warm that, if it should continue as it is, I shouldn't venture to return at once to Italy. I hope you haven't found in oppressive during the last part of your journey.

I will write again when I am really on the point of starting, telling you my exact plan.

Cory is thinking of leaving for Paris on Monday, Sept. 2nd. He is taking the MS of my book with him, all save one chapter which I am keeping

back to revise it, as it seems to be not well arranged. He asks to be remembered to you.

The other day we had a casual discussion about “knowledge” and the immediate, and he became surprisingly intense, saying he had a sort of religious conviction that “knowledge” could only be of immediate data. This, in a supposed disciple of mine, was a bit disconcerting: but he said afterwards that it was only a question of words, that he preferred to call “knowledge” with Russell, what I call intuition: because what I call knowledge, being admittedly only “faith mediated by symbols”, was only belief; and belief is not knowledge. You see he is after certitude: and I tell you about it because possibly you may get into trouble together and misunderstand one another on this crucial point, if you are not forewarned of this thirst for certitude in the young mind. I don’t think his divergence from me is a matter of words only: it rests on the axiom that “experience” is λ of λ fact, and that its objects are existent states. This, of course, is in part your own contention, so that you may find him, on this point, in agreement with you against me: but I am afraid that in another aspect of the question, he will be recalcitrant to your doctrine, because while you say that the existence of the object is given immediately, you admit, I believe, that its given characters are for the most part only essences imputed to it by the psyche in view of her own reactions. This, if granted, would destroy the axiom of immediate certitude of fact: and I can’t see why the existence of the object is not imputed to it by the psyche as much as its essence.

Yours ever G.S.

To George Sturgis

1 September 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Houghton)

Glion, Sept. 1, 1929

Dear George

You will have seen by my drafts that I have not moved from here all summer. It is not a place I like for itself, and it is not easy to take elderly walks without first making a journey to the water-level; but as you know, at first I came on Strong’s account, and then have stayed on in order to finish my book, an λ λ also because Cory, who had come to help me with it, liked the place, danced with the neurotic ladies, played tennis with the

consumptive clergymen, and seemed to be enjoying himself. The book is now done, and Cory is leaving tomorrow with the MS. of the last chapters, which he will have type-written in Paris, so that we may make a final revision of the whole before it goes to the press. The book is called “The Realm of Matter”, and was frightfully difficult to write, as I fear it may be to read.

In October Cory is returning to Florence, where he is going to be secretary to Strong, who also has a philosophical work in the slips. I shall probably go to Strong’s myself shortly, and stay until October 15, which is my usual time for settling down at the Hotel Bristol. I am a little afraid of having fresh attacks of my bronchial cold: if so I may go further south, even possibly to Greece or Egypt, as now that the book is done I shall feel more free and irresponsible in my movements.

I have no recent news from Avila, but the latest was good. Isabel, Pepe’s wife, seems to have taken the place of Doña Josefina Cordobés as principal friend and adviser to your aunt; and she has a good maid or nurse to look after her as well. She is very well, they tell me, and a little more willing to draw money from the bank. When Mercedes returns to Madrid from Vigo, she will doubtless go to Avila, or stop there on her way, and then we shall have reliable accounts of the situation: for your aunt herself doesn’t write.

I am glad to know that family and business matters are all going well. My best love to Rosamond and the boys, as well as to yourself from

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 September 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Columbia)

Glion, Sept. 5, 1929

Dear Cory

It is very nice to have news of you so soon, and I am glad you are trying the system of eating out. It is more Parisian, and although I daresay you will like to go back later to your pension, this will give you a taste of the other method, useful for future occasions.

Strong has arrived at home, and seems to be happy and idle, for the moment. He says he doesn’t mind the heat, and thinks I shouldn’t.

Please make my bow to your brother and his wife. I wish I were in Paris and that we could have a little dinner all together.

I went yesterday to Val-Mont and was thoroughly examined, my urine distributed into several parti-coloured phials, my heart photographed, and my lungs sounded. My superfluous flesh was also pressed down in various places to discover how soon it would rise again. D^f Hannelé ? was agreeable, and said my bronchitis was not of the bad infectious kind, that the bottom of both my lungs contained a deposit, and that it was better to attack the predisposition to bronchial colds indirectly through the heart. This sentimental organ he said was organically sound but sluggish (moux) and he thought there was too much blood in one vessel and not enough in the other: but the photo would make that point clear. In general, he said I might drink wine, there was no harm in that, but that there was too much water in my body. He means to stimulate my heart somehow so as to correct that dropsical (or lymphatic?) tendency: and he said the pleasure of prescribing for such cases as mine was that they might be cured. We shall see.

Have a good time, don't spend all your money at once, get nice clothes, don't forget the Realm of Matter, and forget, as soon as possible, the Realm of Venus. With "these few precepts in thy memory", remember also your old friend G.S.

[*across*] It remains very warm, and I am not thinking of leaving for the moment.

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 September 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Rockefeller)

Glion, Sept. 5, 1929

Dear Strong

It is very nice to know that you are safely and happily at home again. I have no doubt that it is pleasant in the Villa in spite of the heat, and I shall be glad to join you as soon as possible; but for the moment I am a little afraid of the journey. For the last ten days I have had the beginnings

of another bronchial attack: it has passed off without reaching the violently spitting stage; but meantime I thought I would consult one of the Val Mont doctors, and (the other young one being away) saw D^f Hannelé(?) who made a careful examination with reassuring results, I will tell you the details later. I must see him again to get his final recommendations; and I must wait for the case (already ordered) in which to send on the accumulated books. By next week I hope to be in readiness to leave, and will write to announce myself as soon as I know the exact date. I think I shall stop in Milan for two nights: probably not more.

Cory left on Tuesday evening and is (for the moment) at the Hôtel Stella, rue d'Artois, with his brother and new sister-in-law. He carried off the whole of the MS. of *The Realm of Matter*, as I had finished revising the last chapter before his departure. I feel a great relief—and new vitality—at being rid of that incubus.

Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 September 1929 • Glion-sur-Territet, Switzerland (MS: Rockefeller)

Glion, Sept. 10, 1929

Dear Strong

There is nothing now to keep me here except the great heat. If it moderates a little I am thinking of leaving on Friday for Milan, staying there over Sunday, and reaching Florence at 14.51 on Monday [^]Sept. 16th _^. Should the weather continue very oppressive, I may put off my departure for two or three days, not arriving in Florence until Wednesday: but in that I will let you know.

G.S

To John Middleton Murry

17 September 1929 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Macksey)

Sept. 17, 1929

VILLA LE BALZE

FIESOLE

until Oct. 15.

Dear M^r Murry,

I hardly think of Lippmann as a disciple of mine, but he was once my pupil, and I saw him again last winter in Rome. If you will send me his "Preface to Morals", I shall certainly read it with interest; and if nothing should occur to me worth saying about it, I think I can promise to send you something else instead. "The Realm of Matter" is now finished, and it is easier for me to do "odd jobs".

My Introduction to Spinoza has a too ambitious title: it was meant only to supply from his life and letters a sort of background to the Ethics and De Emendatione Intellectus which were contained in that popular edition.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory19 September 1929 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Le Balze, Fiesole

Sept. 19, 1929

Dear Cory,

There is nothing to be gained by sending the two chapters ahead; I shall be quite content if you bring me the whole copied when you come here on October 1—it is only ten days hence. Work is hardly possible here, and I shall have to put off the revision until I am my own master in Rome.

Strong is not very well: yesterday he upset himself in his chair when entering the house from the garden, and although he didn't seem to be hurt, the shock and the efforts he had to make to get going again—for he was alone at the time—seem to have set his heart ~~going again~~ palpitating. He hasn't talked philosophy so far, being absorbed in the question of what is to be done with his garden, now that the orange trees are dead and gone. Even the approaching arrival of his daughter and granddaughter don't seem to interest him.

I hope the weather has moderated and that you are having a nice time

G.S.

To Frederic Thomas Lewis30 September 1929 • Fiesole, Italy (MS postcard: Virginia)

Sept. 30, 1929.

VILLA LE BALZE, FIESOLE, FLORENCE.

If I tax my memory, I seem to recall that it was not a book, but a visit to the library of Merton in Oxford that suggested the sonnet which you are good enough to write about. It belongs, I think, to 1887, when I was 23 years old. Since then I have become more scholastic myself.—It is very pleasant to hear that one still revisits in Spirit, from this distance, those generous Harvard scenes. GSantayana

[*front*] This is the house of my old friend, M^r C. A. Strong, with whom I am staying.

To John Middleton Murry

5 October 1929 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Macksey)

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

VILLA LE BALZE
FIESOLE
TEL. 14-35

October 5, 1929

Dear M^r Murry

Here is an article more or less about Lippmann's book. I hope it may serve your purpose.

Canby, the editor of the New York Saturday Review of Literature, whom you probably have heard of, and who is an old acquaintance of mine, has lately written asking for a contribution, and he expressly said that anything I wrote for him might be simultaneously published in England. If it were possible for you to send him, or to send me for him, an advanced proof or copy of this article, so that it might appear in New York at about the same time as in London, I should be glad of it: but regard this suggestion, please, as not made, if it is contrary to your interests or inclination.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Francis Stanley Russell

20 October 1929 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Fiesole
Oct. 20 1929

Dear Russell,

Since I received your letter of Sept. 14, I have reread Lionel Johnson's Winchester letters, including the introduction, which I am interested to know is written by you. Apart from the precocity of this correspondence,

it throws a good deal of light on what we all were in the 1880's. For a practical man like you, although you have not forgotten Lionel himself, all that must lie now very much in the limbo of almost incredible things. For me it is different, because external things and the fashions of the times make very little difference to my thoughts, and what we were then is almost as present to me, and more interesting, than what we are now. In respect to you in particular, it was you as I first knew you, in 1886, and for five or ten years after that, that have played a leading part in my life, although of course, even then, I was very much in the margin of yours; since then, it has been only the momentum of that youthful attachment, which was very deep on my part, that has kept up what you call in your "Life" our "long acquaintance". You minimize even your friendship with Lionel, in this very book: and I quite understand how you come to do it. You obliterate very soon your own feelings, when the occasion is past, and you never understand the feelings of others—it is part of your strength. But it causes you to make little mistakes which, in some cases, might have unpleasant consequences. I remember that of late years at Telegraph House, you several times called me Sargeant: that slip of the tongue—natural enough then—showed how completely the past had dropped for you behind the horizon. Perhaps you think now that I am inventing this "past." Read Lionel's verses "To a Spanish Friend" and you may recover a little of the atmosphere of those days.

Do you wish to keep the identity of B and C in Lionel's letters a secret? If not, I should be very glad to know who they were.

Yours ever,
GSantayana

P.S. I find it increasingly hard to visit England—read "My, not my, England" in the last number of "Life and Letters"—and I haven't been in America for 17 years.

To George Sturgis

2 November 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 2. 1929

Dear George

It was very kind of you to cable in order to reassure me about the panic in Wall Street: I wasn't alarmed, because I supposed, as you say, that our incomes wouldn't be affected, at least not at once, and besides I reflected that I had a good margin before retrenchment would become imperative. The people who may really be worried are the Sastres, as the oscillations of stocks are not familiar to them, and dramatically associated in their minds, I imagine, with Ruin. However, for the moment, they seem to have other things to trouble them even nearer home. Teresa, the wife of Luis, has just given birth to their fifth child, at last a boy; Adela, the wife of Rafael, is expecting ~~her~~ their fourth at any moment; and meantime Celedonio has fallen ill with a persistent constipation which on the 22nd—my latest reliable news—had not yet yielded to the doctor's treatment. Two days later it was rumoured in Avila that his condition was critical and that Extreme Unction had been administered to him in the stealthy watches of the night: but this is probably all fiction, since they would doubtless have telegraphed if the end had really come. They would also telegraph to you, I am sure: so that if you have heard nothing, you may assume that the crisis is past. ~~I~~You must be prepared, however, for what at his age can't be very distant, and I hope you have arranged matters so that Celedonio's death sha'n't cause you as much labour as did your aunt Susie's.

Your aunt Josephine is very well: I have a recent rather long letter from her; but she leaves out most of the points that it would interest one to know, so that I rely for information on Mercedes, who corresponds with various members of the family in Avila, and sends their letters on to me when they are important. The town-council or ayuntamiento of Vigo has proposed Mercedes' name to the Spanish government for a distinction^x which will give her great satisfaction, and cause a hullabaloo among her friends—speeches, banquets, flowers, tears, etc. She is expected to receive the “Cross of Beneficence”, a sort of Order of Merit; and I am not sure that there isn't a pension attached: in any case she is to be congratulated.

I spent a month rather pleasantly at Fiesole with Strong. His daughter and her husband also were there at the end, and their little girl, aged eight months, is to remain there all winter with her grandfather, while her parents go to America to see the old man Rockefeller, now 90 years old. He has already treated Margaret generously—she has \$75,000 a year—but gratitude is the hope of favours to come, and no doubt they will do their best in Florida to make a good impression, to be passed on from the old gentleman to John D. J^f. who now holds the purse-strings.

My next book—the “big” one, although it is not longer than my others—is now in the publisher's hands, and I am enjoying the sense of comparative freedom; but habit is so strong, that I go on working in the morning hours on the next volume!

Much love to Rosamond and the boys from your affectionate

Uncle George

[*across page three*] ^xOn account of her Evening Schools for Working-men.

To Robert Seymour Bridges

4 November 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Bodleian)

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

Rome, Nov. 4, 1929

My dear Bridges

The Testament of Beauty has splendidly filled for me the last two days, although the feeling that you were expecting comments on its philosophy somewhat troubled my pleasure, and I shall have to reread many parts of it to enjoy their full savour. You charge me to tell you, not what I approve, but what I fall foul of; it is hard to do, because what I approve of, or rather relish and delight in, is clear: it is the episodes, the pictures, the judgements, the wise reflections; whereas what I fall foul of is obscure: it is the system of philosophy which you say is so much like my own. But before I come to that let me confess that besides the qualities which I expected—saturation, abundance, picturesqueness, colour—I found lighted on one which I didn't expect at all, and found myself laughing aloud at your wit and naughtiness—for instance at page 48. Your prosody, of which I am not a very competent judge, seemed to me to justify itself, and carried me along buoyantly: I sometimes seemed to hear echoes of Milton and Wordsworth, and once or twice—you won't mind, I hope—of Walt Whitman, for instance, “Now like sailing-ships on a calm ocean drifting”, or “Rangeth up here in place for the parley of this book”.

But to come to business: I am not sure whether you mean to discuss only the life of reason, neglecting the universe in which it occurs, or to identify the two, or to represent the universe as somehow antecedently subservient to the life of reason and exclusively designed to make that life possible. Evidently the universe subserves the life of reason in so far as the latter exists and prospers; and if your “Ring”, and your general ultimate monism, meant only that there was correspondence and harmony there, where and in so far as correspondence and harmony exist, it would be very true, but perhaps hardly worth saying. But if you mean this “Ring” and this preestablished harmony to describe the whole universe, I should decidedly reject that view: because I am convinced that the relation between things natural and things moral is forthright and unreturning. It seems meaningless to me to say that Mind or the Good is at the origin as well as at the summit of things (when they have a summit), because there can't be intelligence or value before there is a natural world

with specific animate beings in it to describe and enjoy it in their specific ways. Then, and not till then, a certain segment or strain in the material world (materially and dynamically imbedded in much else that remains morally irrelevant or hostile) becomes Parent and Food for the spirit, and a Harmony sustaining the beautiful. But that, in the outer always persistent chaos, is an accident, an islet in a sea of infinite indifference.

The case is similar in regard to your transposition of essences into influences. To see them in that light is to see them humanly, in so far as they become important or guiding ideas for us; they are then names for influences of which we do not understand the true mechanism. Indeed, I should go further and say that, in that relation, they are not even influences, but only impulses or virtues in ourselves: because no idea or goal would be influential unless we were initially directed upon it. Between those particular chosen essences and the effort of life, issuing in beauty, there is evidently the circularity and reciprocity which you describe: but that is not because they are essences, but because they are chosen, so that the marvel is a tautology.

I should therefore agree with you completely, if it were understood that you were traversing the life of spirit only, and leaving out all physics and logic: but even then so exclusive an interest in the moral side of things, ignoring [*illegible*] their natural basis and ontological surroundings, leads into ambiguities and illusions: the relative becomes absolute and the absolute relative. If you admitted openly, as I do, that the impulses which determine the direction in which the good and the beautiful may be realized are specific, local, and temporal impulses, I think your judgement, for instance, of the Catholic church would be more sympathetic than it is. For why does the church accept a myth (as I agree with you that it is) and pass it off for true history and eschatology, and for a scientific truth wider than any natural science, and extending natural science on the same level of natural fact? Because without this supernatural environing world, invented to suit the human conscience, spiritual and moral life would be precarious, and its forms while it subsisted would be innocently and endlessly divergent. There would be no “Ring”, no far-off divine event, except imperfectly in each case, & relatively to that little creature. Now I accept, and have almost come to prefer and to love, this miscellany of many contrary transitory beauties and virtues: sometimes you seem to me to love it too, and to be content with it; but then again your “Ring” and your “One Eternal” seem to assert a dominant moral unity and Hebraic plan in all creation. If you really demand this, you ought to become a

Catholic; because The unnaturalness of nature as we find it, its need of a supernatural complement before we can bear to live in it, is implied in any ascription of dominance to the good. The good in nature is not supreme, and it is impossible that it ever should be: in any living thing the beautiful must be involved, and the good partly realized; but it is an omnimodal beauty and a dispersed multitude of contrary goods. If we rest there, we must resign ourselves to our own bird-song, and to an eternal war of contrary virtues imperfectly realized. The vigorous fighting conscience, the dogmatic religious impulse, will not put up with that. Therefore it seems to me that the church, in its preposterous myth, shows a great experience of the world and a deep understanding of what human religion is: and when you speak of "lumen ad emptum", your own light seems to have failed you. I am as well aware as you are of the enormity of subjecting nature to the catechism and making the universe stand on its virtuous head; yet I profoundly pity and reverence the desperate faith which when forced to admit the death of its Beloved invents his resurrection.

My "Realm of Matter" is now in the publisher's hands and I hope before many months to send you a copy, as an inadequate thank-offering.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To William Soutar5 November 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Scotland)

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

Rome, Nov. 5, 1929

Dear Sir,

I am not sure, from your note, whether you sent me your ms. some time ago, or are sending it now. In the former case, I am afraid it has been lost; I have been travelling about, and have no recollection of receiving it.

If it arrives later, I will return it; and I enclose your stamps as they are not good here.

I do not habitually live in England.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory13 November 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 13, 1929

Dear Cory

I am very glad to know that tension is relieved, and I am relieved myself to think that you are more at ease in your mind, as well as in your stomach. It is too bad that S. doesn't lend you books, and doesn't take you up in the motor: he will do great things for one, but hasn't the gift of doing little things gracefully, because—like perfect eloquence—they don't occur to him. When I write to him I will again suggest that he might call for you sometimes on the way back from his drive; and if you will say that

you are going to borrow one of my books—having my urgent invitation to do so—perhaps, the next week, he will offer you one of his own.

Somehow the spirit hasn't moved me to take up the novel. Perhaps it was your hypnotic suggestion that I ought to do the realm of truth: in any case, that is what I am doing, although very slowly, not having yet finished Chapter I, which is (according to the present project) "On Denials of the Being of Truth"—or perhaps simply "Denials". It is an expansion and systematization of notes I had on the comparison with other views; and it seemed to me that, in this instance, that chapter might come at the beginning instead of at the end. I work on it only for an hour or two in the morning, but do so every day steadily: my mind has been occupied rather with all sorts of reading. I have a beautiful Life of Beau Brummel, a reprint of an old one in charming stilted English, with lovely coloured portraits; and besides French books and books on religious subjects, and Jean's "The Universe around Us", which is delightfully free from bad—or from any—philosophy, and very instructive. I have sent off the proof of the article on Lippmann, and the contract for the Realm of Matter. Otherwise nothing official to report.

I have been very well; those absurd breathing-exercises—soufflez la bougie—recommended by Hämmerli seem really to clear my lungs; at least, they remove the consciousness of imminent (or immanent) coughing. It has been raining continually, but mild, and they haven't yet lighted the central fires—I say that, thinking of the cosmos of Pythagoras: it seems horribly learned, but it comes like that, when the idea is beautiful—the central Hearth of Hestia round which everything revolved. I haven't yet felt the need of it; and the Pincio—where there is sometimes music—is as pleasant as ever. [*across*] I am looking forward to seeing you at Christmas, if you still feel inclined and able to come.

Yours affectionately G.S.

To Manuel Komroff

 24 November 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

 C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Nov. 24, 1929

 Dear M^r Komroff

It is very kind of you to remember me so faithfully and to send me your new book. It is dazzling, and I have been dipping into it to see if I could decipher the philosophy which it is conceived to reduce from Idea to Phenomenon. I am not quite sure that I have got it: for the end and the beginning, which I have read more carefully, seem to be good-natured, and to put the Coronet on the Gilded Pig with a good grace. But you know I am no novel-reader, and I am too far away from the world of today—not to speak of all your historical and polyglot scenes—to be able to form any judgement about the effect which your work may produce on the public, or even about the spirit in which you have planned it. Do you know Alfred de Musset's Comédies et Proverbes? A sense of the picturesqueness and pathos of life in different ages, and of the crossed possibilities of different souls, seems to me to fill them, and this without any other philosophy than just the fragrance of those different adventures. Your book has made me think of those romantic glimpses; but I understand that your interest is not simply that of a poet, and that it wouldn't be fair either to judge you by that standard of saturation and of exquisite miniature, or to neglect your more definite political philosophy. You must excuse me from entering further into these matters, especially under the threat of being publicly quoted, because, as I said, I am too much "out of it" to form a pertinent opinion.

I am glad Kallen is prospering, at least eugenetically, and hope some day to see both you and him again in these parts.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Middleton Murry

25 November 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Macksey)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 25, 1929

I expect to remain at this hotel during the winter, and I shall be very glad to get your book, if you will send it here. B. S. & C^o is also, at all times, a safe address.

As to Robert Bridges' poem, I have read it and written him a long letter about it—you know he is a particular friend of mine. I would rather not return to the subject in print: I shouldn't feel quite free; and I think other critics will do justice to the work which I enjoyed hugely.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

December 4, 1929

Dear Cory

I send you your Christmas present somewhat early, so that you may cash it before you come to Rome, as I hope you will do towards the end of the month. The opera begins as usual on the night of the 26th, and on Sunday the 29th, and on Sunday, Jan. 5th I suppose there will be matinées to which we could go: without hindrance to you, ^{or} going on your own hook in the evening if they should give Lucia, or anything else that particularly appealed to you.

I mention these dates so that, if possible, you may arrange to be here then, rather than earlier. I am thinking only of your own advantage,

because to me, as you know, Christmas day is like any other, and I don't care when you take your holiday.

Valli wrote me, from a clear sky, saying that he was back in Rome. Afterwards, by word of mouth, he explained that his military service was postponed, apparently till next year. I am renewing our meetings—once a week—and have once given him the coveted bit of paper. He mustn't expect it every day. But I am glad he has turned up; I find I am less glib in my bad Italian, and should like to brush it up. I wish he were a little less heavy and passive in his mind. Naturally, my subjects and enthusiasms don't mean much to him. He said he had written, so you probably know that their house is no longer a hotel but they are living there ad interim.

My idea is that, this year, you should come and stay with me at the Bristol. I will get you a room with a bath if I can; if not, you can have your bath when you like by ringing for the maid and going to one of the general bathrooms. We should go to lunch at the San Carlo and dine in the dining-room at the Bristol. I should then come up at once, as at Glion, and you could go out if you liked. This is my idea: but if you prefer to be more independent, you are perfectly free to go, say, to the Hotel d'Italie, in the Via Quattro Fontane, or anywhere else you like, and I will give you the money to pay your bill there, instead of paying it myself here. It is quite the same to me.

I have finished (practically, it needs revision) another chapter of Truth. It almost looks as if it might be possible to despatch that volume this winter. It would be worth while. But I have also done something in the novel, and altogether feel rather agile. It is probably the incubus of Matter removed—although proofs are yet to be read—or else Hämmerli's traitement, which I follow religiously. The weather has been rainy but very mild, so far, and I am very well; better than at Glion.

Remember me to Strong. I have nothing in particular to trouble him with at the moment

Yours affectionately

G.S.

To George Sturgis

9 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 9, 1929

Dear George

As I had written just before receiving your last letter—chiefly about the panic in stocks—I have put off replying to it, until I am afraid it is too late to reach you for Christmas. But it doesn't matter. The enclosed card will do just as well for New Years. Please observe, on the back of it, my protest and disproof of all you say about my books being unintelligible. Of course, if you choose the wrong passages, and don't know the vocabulary nor the context, you may sometimes feel a certain cerebral emptiness for a moment: but that would happen if you were reading an infantile writer like Miss Gertrude Stein, and it happens to me when I read newspaper headings. That my books are pellucid is no boast of my own. Here is what Professor Whitehead says of them in his last book, arrived this morning. "He {that is, me} is only distinguished {from other great philosophers} by his clarity of thought ... a characteristic which he shares with the men of genius of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries". "Process and Reality" p. 199. I blush, but I quote, because I don't want you to lose any more money betting that I can't be made out.

I am going to draw the rest of the money in my letter of credit before Jan. 1st \$500 tomorrow, and \$1000 at the end of this month. If you ~~are~~ ^{we} are not yet bankrupt, you might send me a fresh letter for the same sum, \$5000 for next year; but there is no hurry, as I shall have plenty for the present with these two drafts.

I am well, and the season so far has been very mild, though rainy, and Rome is looking very beautiful and busy. The new arrangements at the Vatican are picturesque, the Papal Swiss Guard and police being more in evidence, at the new entrances.

With love to Rosamond and the boys Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To John Middleton Murry11 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Macksey)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 11, 1929

Dear M^f Murry

I have read “God” with much interest, and am happy to think that perhaps my books have been of use to you in your heroic struggles with so many misfortunes and perplexities. My own course has been relatively smooth: I have had no “mystical experience” and have not been obliged to extricate myself from the tangle of Protestantism and Moralism. For that reason, probably, I am not able to share your enthusiasm for D. H. Lawrence, Dostojevski, Nietzsche, or even Goethe. They may be invaluable in bringing one to the conclusion that things moral are natural, and simply the fruition of things physical—in which latter the psyche, or principle of life, must be included. But I gathered that in my youth from Aristotle and from my own reflection (as I have described at length in “Dialogues in Limbo”) and those romantic solvents were unnecessary to my own liberty. I see their strength, but I don’t need their influence. Goethe of course is full of wise reflexions, like Bacon; but when his romanticism droops, he becomes, like Bacon, a ponderous worldling: not a ray of spirituality in either of them. I am puzzled about what you find in Keats: is it there? As to your reconstruction of Christ, you know that I have no faith in such things. Like everybody else, I like to assimilate the sense of the Gospel to my own insights: and I have no objection to poetic interpretations of Jesus, if they continue his legend and are faithful to his sacred character as tradition preserves it—according to the maxim of Horace about fidelity to characters once established by the poets. But these reconstructions have no historical truth: documents are lacking, and the imagination of the modern poet is hopelessly transformed. On single abstracted points we may, of course, have reasons for forming particular

judgements; and there are ideas which we may study and understand in themselves, apart from the biography of their author, who probably did nothing but adopt them. What you call Christ's "amazing" idea of God seems to me to be one of these. In substance it is the commonplace of all Eastern religion: you say yourself that it is found also in India and China; yes, and in the Stoics and the Mohammedans: in fact in everybody except the unmitigated Jews. It is the universal "sursum corda"—"habeum ad Dominum". If we ventured on hypotheses about the personal context in which this idea existed in Christ we might say that it was merged with that of Jehovah and (as you explain) with that of a Messiah: and there was also a good deal of assimilation of the divine Being to the governing principles of this world. For instance, besides your favourite text about the sun and rain, there are texts about the wheat and tares, the harvest, and the burning. Elevation above human interests did not exclude perception of what those interests required: they required conventional morality, and even an established church. I was glad to see you so bravely identifying genuine Christianity with Rome; but there is one point which, if I had the pleasure of talking with you, I would try to convince you of: and that is that the "supernatural" is the most harmless thing in the world, and not arbitrary. It is merely the ultra-mundane: it is governed by its own principles, of which there is a definite science, and it is the truly and fundamentally natural, of which our conventional or scientific nature is only a local, temporary, and superficial mode. Of course, the revelation of what this ultra-mundane sphere contains is "fishy" and itself inspired from below: it is like our modern Spiritualism; but that doesn't prevent the general notion of an existing sphere beyond our sphere, but touching it and sometimes penetrating into it, from being legitimate, if only the evidence for it were not drawn from the wrong quarter.

You are a modern, an "intellectual", and I am an old fogey; that is probably the reason why I balk at your emphasis on "newness". Aren't you confusing newness with freshness or spontaneity? True religion, true philosophy, like true love, must be spontaneous, it must be fresh: but why should it be new? There is no harm in a new species of rose, if nature drops into it, or horticulture succeeds in bringing it forth under electric reflectors, and by judicious grafting: but surely the beauty even of the new roses, if genuine, and not simply a vile worldly fashion, is independent of the accident that such a form was previously unknown. Evolution is a fact, and we must be grateful to it for the good things it brings forth: but the good in each of these things lies in their own perfection and harmony

with themselves; and the date of them makes no difference in their happiness. Am I wrong?

I have just received Whitehead's new book on "Process & Reality," in which I expect to find much instruction. His point of view is in some respects like yours, and you must value so expert an ally. But why such "newness" in vocabulary? Both you and he bewilder us with your pseudo-technical terms, most of which, I am sure, could be avoided by a little precision in the use of old words. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Dec. 13, 1929

Dear Cory,

I am rather troubled about not receiving an answer to my last letter, which crossed yours, and which contained a cheque for your Christmas present. Are you ill, or was the letter lost?

You must do exactly as you like about venturing to come here. My own feeling in your place would be that it would be better to put off the trip until you were more vigorous. The diet seems simple, but there might be some difficulty in always getting just those things in a hotel, and always properly cooked.

The proofs of *The Realm of Matter* are coming in in bits, and are almost perfect typographically. As to the argument, my impression is that

it is good enough: at least, I couldn't make it better by fussing over it any more.

I am going on slowly, but surely, with *The Realm of Truth*.

Whitehead's new book, "*Process and Reality*" has just reached me. I haven't begun the systematic reading yet, but a glance shows that it is more explicitly Bergsonian and idealistic than the previous volumes. I will send it to you, adorned with my notes, as soon as I have finished it—that is, if you shouldn't soon be coming to Rome. I have been reading Middleton Murry's "*God*", which wouldn't interest you or Strong particularly; but I have another book, which I should recommend to both of you, "*Our Present Philosophy of Life*" by Montgomery Belgion" (whoever he may be); unfortunately the part on Berty is the least philosophical; but as whole I think the (young?) author shows ^{up} the shallow character of the current opinion very convincingly.

It has become a little colder these last two or three days, but the sun shines, and the season continues to be pleasant.

I had a note from George de Cuevas this morning from Naples. I didn't know where they were, and haven't their American address.

Let me know, at least by a post-card, how you are feeling, physically and morally.

Yours affe^{ely}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1929.

Dear Cory

I was much relieved to get your telegram yesterday morning. Thank you for sending it, especially as your note, dated Friday, but post-marked "*Firenze 15-16, 14•XII.*" that is, Saturday afternoon, reaches me only this morning, and doesn't directly refer to my previous letter.

I am glad you are coming soon; that shows that you are feeling rather fit; and I think it will be much better that you should come here, where I am an old-established and valuable client, so that any directions you may give about food, etc, are more likely to be respected, especially as this year the former director, who is a friend of mine, has returned to the hotel from an unsuccessful attempt to run some other establishment. I will speak to him today about keeping a room for you from the 23rd and I expect there will be no difficulty. During the week Jan. 5–11, there might be a greater demand for rooms, on account of the royal wedding, but I suppose you will then have to be back in Florence.

I am sorry about Strong's trouble, but is it more than piles, which I suspect he has always suffered from, although delicacy has not allowed him ever to mention them? The trouble with both of you, in my opinion, is that you don't drink enough—I don't mean alcohol only but liquids of all sorts—so that your insides are not sufficiently watered and lubricated. Here you may quaff AQVAM•SALVBERRIMIS•E•FONTIBVS•COLLECTAM• in the most generous quantities, and I hope that you, ^{ra} vino santo, whatever that may be, will be also available

Last night I began Whitehead's book, and find it engaging—I mean that I feel that, through a confusion of words and a certain embarrassment of approach from something called “experience”, his eye is fixed on the proper goal.

Yours aff^{ctly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Dec. 17, 1929

Dear Strong

Here is a sort of Christmas card, cut out of The Morning Post, which I hope will amuse you

Cory, who is coming next week (I suppose with your approval and the doctor's) tells me you have had a slight trouble of a new sort. I hope it has passed off, and that you are feeling fit for work and play.

It was with surprise—which on reflexion I perceived that I oughtn't to have felt, that I received some time ago a card from George—your son-in-law—from Madrid; and lately a note from Naples, from the Conte Grande, saying that he had been ill too, and that they were off at last for America

I am reading the proof of The Realm of Matter, and Whitehead's new book, "Process and Reality", which is terribly scholastic, but with which I feel a good deal of sympathy, when I am able to assimilate and translate it into my own terms. This intensity of metaphysical stimulus has kept me from working on the novel, as I had intended, and I am doing The Realm of Truth instead, and have some hopes of finishing it this winter! It will be very short: but think of the ground covered and the ballast thrown overboard, before beginning, at the end of life, a career of pure pleasure!

I have read Middleton Murry's "God". It is a terrible chaos of free thought and sentimentality, and only England could produce, or tolerate, such a ~~produe~~ medley: but he takes himself quite seriously, and is a good fellow.

Do you know who Montgomery Belgion may be? His book on "Our Present Philosophy of Life" is rather good.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann20 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Dartmouth)

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

Rome, Dec. 20, 1929

M^r Sadakichi Hartmann,
P.O. Box 372, Beaumont, California

Dear M^r Hartmann

Your letter, and your act of giving away your beautiful prints, seem a little sad and desperate. I wish I could appreciate your gift more intelligently; I like the series very much in a blind emotional way, but the little experience I have of painting is, as you may imagine, in quite another school. I send you a thank-offering, and hope your health and fortunes may improve.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis20 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Dec. 20, 1929

Dear George

Thanks for your letter of Dec. 3, with its pleasant information on various subjects. From Avila I have recent news in a letter signed by Celedonio himself—so that he is still alive. He says—and his children repeat in other parts of the same letter—that he is not at all well, but gives no details. Luis has had a little boy, after four girls, but Rafael's little boy, due at about the same time, was still-born. There are, in all, thirteen grand children at present.

I am reading the proofs of my new book, and expecting Cory—you know he is my young disciple, who has been helping me with my work, but is now in Florence, assisting Strong—to spend Christmas with me here. Early in January we are to have a royal wedding, and apparently much festivity. We are having the first spell of cold weather—not very cold—but so far the winter has been pleasant, and I have kept well. It is true that I

am carrying out various methods of treatment recommended by doctors and dentists in the hope of dying in the remote future in perfect health.

Will you please send the enclosed note to Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann, P.O. Box, 372, Beaumont, California, with a cheque for \$100? He is—you have sent him money for me before—an impecunious poet, old, and in ill-health; and although I am a little tired of his begging letters, this time he has forced my hand by sending me three very nice Japanese prints. I have no idea of their value, but they are not common, and the least I can do is to supply him in exchange with some bread and butter.

I am coming to have a lot of unknown correspondents: not all of them ask for cash; ^λbut most of them do, which^λ in view of the spiritual gifts which, as they say, they have already received, is in order, I suppose, to prove that I am not one-sided.

Best wishes for the New Year, for all of you, from G.S.

To Frederick Ridgely Torrence

20 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Rome, Dec. 20, 1929

Dear Sir,

This well of poesy is dry. I appreciate your desire to extract something from it, and the alleged thirst of the public, but I am afraid it will have to be quenched elsewhere.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Middleton Murry21 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Macksey)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 21, 1929

Dear M^r Murry

Thank you for your letter which relieves me of a certain feeling that perhaps my own epistle had been impertinent. You are very good to take it in good part. I see that I was vague and obscure about the “supernatural”. What I meant was that, for those who believe in it in some definite form, there is a science of it, as there was of oracles and omens, or of Karma and the methods of lightening it, or of sacraments, grace, indulgences, etc. These sciences show that the supernatural is never conceived as anything but the rest of the natural, the background of fact and law behind our human experience and conventions. It seems to me almost certain that such a supernatural sphere must exist, and that our world is an incident in some larger flux of existence; but evidently the difficulty is to learn anything about that ulterior region. We can get on very well without such knowledge: but if we feel unhappy in that ultimate ignorance, we can hardly be satisfied except by some alleged revelation breaking in into our world by miracle. This, I take it, is the way in which belief in the supernatural, and in a definite science of it up to a certain point, can be grafted upon the life of reason. It is so grafted, for instance, in Dante.

I have not yet made much progress in Whitehead’s book, but if I am tempted to write about it, you shall have the review.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Henry Seidel Canby

24 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Kentucky)

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

Rome, Dec. 24, 1929

My dear Canby

It was with some qualms that I suggested to Middleton Murry that he should send you my article, suggested by Lippmann's book, but I had nothing more suitable, and thought the interest of the subject might make up for the obliqueness of the contribution. Of course, the fee you propose is more than generous: I wasn't thinking at all of that side of the matter. I am busy reading proofs of "The Realm of Matter". Later I may be able to send you something better. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Sidney Hook

26 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Southern)

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

Rome, Dec. 26, 1929.

Thank you very much for your book, which I began with high hopes of understanding at last, but soon the impenetrable cloud of abstract language drowned that dawning ray! Poor me, I wish you would call "thinking" brains, and "experience" farming, factories, and railroads. I think if I could get at the concrete subject-matter which you have in mind, I should agree almost everywhere with you about it, and about its relation to the superstructure. You have shaken off the genteel tradition and are bringing the masculine business side of American life into philosophy. I can't help thinking that this could be done more clearly by sticking to the categories of Aristotle or of Spinoza and being, within that frame, frankly materialistic. I for one could then subscribe to everything, since materialism has always been the background of my ideas. Yours truly GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong27 December 1929 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Dec. 27, 1929

Dear Strong

I meant to have asked you, in my previous letter, for George and Margaret's address in America, as I wish to send them a word of thanks for their various attentions.

Cory seems rather languid and preoccupied with his own condition, but he says he feels better here and is enjoying his holiday. He also says you are expecting him back at once, but I suppose the least possible vacation is from Christmas to New Year's inclusive, and I don't want him to leave before January 2nd. If he goes then, he will be able to report to you on Friday the 3rd.

I am still reading proof, and at the moment in one of those intervals of dissatisfaction which come to an author in reviewing his too familiar work. I hope that ultimately I shall be reconciled to the result, which in any case I can't change now—

Cory says you are rewriting a good deal of your book: it is a bore, but no doubt you will feel repaid in the end for your extra labours—

Yours ever

G.S.

To Curt John Ducasse5 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Brown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 5-I-'30

Thank you very much for your "Philosophy of Art," which I have read with much pleasure. We are so well agreed, that it is superfluous for me

to say ditto to everything. The only direction in which perhaps I feel a possible divergence from you—and from myself when I wrote “The Sense of Beauty”—regards the weight of Liberalism or Individualism. I am as convinced as ever of its correctness: values are relative to natures, and it is all a question of sincerity and self-knowledge whether we organize them rationally or not. Yet there is some difference in weight between a sincere Goethe and a sincere Clive Bell: and so different schools of art and of taste have very different rôles to play in the drama of history. Don’t let us let Liberalism make us inhuman! Yours gratefully, GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

ROMA-SPARITA-PIRAMIDE DI CAIO CESTIO

Rome, Jan. 9, 1930

I am glad to hear that you are better, and otherwise more comfortable. I have had a touch of cough, and seen D^f Welsford twice, but he has given me up for cured, which I am not altogether: but it has been a slight attack. Saluti all’amico
S. G.S.

To George Sturgis

14 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 14, 1930

Dear George

Just a word to say I have received your yearly account, and am much pleased at the favorable aspect of it. The decline in value seems to be, in my property, only about one percent, which is remarkably little under the circumstances. I gather from what you say, and from the enclosures, that

this panic was not so much a crisis in industry—and these have to occur sometimes, as now in England—as a reaction from the speculative inflation of the previous year or two. It has been like what I used to see at Harvard dinners in those disgusting old times before prohibition, when people had had some sherry-cobblers in the afternoon, some cocktails before dinner, much champagne with their food, and several whiskeys-and-sodas afterwards, besides some green-mints or other liqueurs, whereupon they “put their lunch”; a loathsome phrase and a loathsome thing which I daresay you have never seen or heard. The market has put its lunch, and probably feels the better for it, even if still a little disturbed. You seem to have piloted us nobly through the storm, and I suppose your aunt Josephine and your uncle Celedonio have also weathered it without serious consequences.

As to your aunt, I again have recent news indirectly through Isabel and Mercedes. She is very well, and has become generous, gives (I understand) \$40 a month to Adela and as much to Isabel; but unaccountably forgets her old friend Doña Josefina Cordobés, who is almost penniless. I send her something now and then through Mercedes; and Mercedes, too, is never remembered by your aunt, except for the regular remittances which you make to her, and is rather hard up. If your father were living, he would not let things go on like this; I have myself sent Mercedes one or two small presents; but I haven't the means of stirring your aunt up, as she hardly pays attention to what is said in letters.

[*across*] I shall have to go to Spain in the Spring, and see if I can arrange matters better.

Yours affectionately G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. Thank you also for the new letter of credit, which has arrived safely, and via Cook's.

To Henry Seidel Canby

16 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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

Rome, Jan. 16, 1930

Dear Canby

That opiferous cheque for \$100 which you said you had directed your secretary to send me has never arrived. Isn't it yet ripe, or has it gone astray?

I was a little surprised at the tone of Lippmann's reply to my article. I thought he would be pleased, and certainly I had liked his book very much; but apparently he requires us all to share his vague hopes of "high religious" worldly organization, and is angry if we are attached to some different political ideal. I am sorry. And I was also a little vexed at the preliminary anecdote, not for the tone of it this time, but because it was historically inaccurate and missed the point of the story. I remember the incident very well: it must have been in 1907-8, when I had the beard which you have immortalized in your Review, but which was shaved off some 20 years ago. I enclose my official portrait, in case you wish to exhibit me again when I die, or before. But to return: I said in my lecture that if some angel without a carnal body appeared to me and assured me that he was perfectly happy on prayer and music, I should congratulate him, but shouldn't care to imitate him. Some of the class laughed: and at the end of the hour, Lee Simonson (what has become of him?) showed me a caricature of myself, looking very dissipated and very French, repeating those words to a vast female angel of a very insipid sentimentality in the heavens. These particular youths seem to have found it comic that I should always carry a stick and gloves, and no coat: but I was a good pedestrian in those days and that was natural to me. The point of my lecture was not, as Lippmann says, absorption in pure Being, but the relativity of ethical ideals: which I wish he had taken [*across*] more to heart. But Simonson's sketch was amusing, and has made me remember the incident. Yours sincerely
GSantayana.

To William Soutar18 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Scotland)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 18, 1930.

Dear M^r Soutar

This time your poems and your two letters have reached me safely. I am much touched at your desire to dedicate your verses to me, and I have read them through once, in order to see if I could discover the bond of sympathy between our spirits; and also to get some impression of your poetic quality. As to this last, you seem to be a poet of reflection, of total inner moods, without much interest in images or passions or theories; even your diction and rhythms seem not to count for much in your own estimation; in this respect you write like a young poet, a beginner, so much interested in his inner emotion or thought that any dress seems to him adequate for it. This is not the case for the reader: unless the story or the idea is very novel or striking, he requires the music and colour of the poetic medium, if he is to be enticed into the poet's mood. It is a question to my mind whether your verses, in this collection, are saturated, subtle, and sensuous enough to impress as works of art, as music and imagery, apart from their autobiographical interest and sincerity. Your experience itself has apparently not been very varied: there is the contrast between town and country, and love that does not altogether satisfy your heart: and even these themes are not worked out in the concrete. Your poetry in this respect is like my own: you tell your sentiments in plain language rather than reveal and impose them by poetic magic. Yet I think you are a true poet, inwardly; and sometimes this inner tragedy finds words that make us feel its reality. For instance, "Lost Ships" has emotion and magic in it: leaving us at the end, perhaps, a little vague. And here I come to the other question which I was asking myself: What is your philosophy, and is it at all like mine? You do not dogmatize or utter maxims: but in "Be thine own world", and at the end in "Return", you do express a sentiment which is very much after my own heart: that the rebuffs of fortune are to be accepted bravely, not false_{ly} compensated by fictions, but made the basis of a residual and quite sufficient human happiness, in which humour—don't flet us forget that!—has a large part to play.

Of course, it would be a great compliment to me that my name should appear in your book: but I am curious to know what it has been in my

writings that has attracted you; because even after reading your poems I don't see at all clearly what it has been. Our ways of writing poetry certainly have some traits in common, but I am afraid they are not virtues. And I see no evidence that my discussions of religion and philosophy have especially interested you. Will you write to me about this; and also please tell me if you care for small verbal [*across*] criticisms: one or two have occurred to me.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

21 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Duke)

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

Rome, Jan. 21, 1930.

Dear Mr. Clemens,

Rashly assuming that the books in your Society Library are going to be read, and not merely to be a beautiful monument to the truth that of making many books there is no end, I will send you two of my productions, "Soliloquies in England", because I think it is the least unworthy to be offered in homage to the Shade of Mark Twain, and "Character & Opinion in the U.S." because the title is the most likely to tempt the casual hand to take it from the shelf.

You needn't have sent a cheque with your request; an inscribed book ought not to be paid for: but I send you the extra one gratis to satisfy my conscience on this point.

It may be a little while before you receive the volumes, as I have to send for them to London, in order to sign them.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William Soutar

 26 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Scotland)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 26, 1930

 Dear M^r Soutar

Your reply to my question gives me, as I hoped, a certain hint for the understanding of your own feeling. You like a certain sympathy with the poetry of things which you discover in my prose. That shows that you yourself feel such a sympathy. On the other hand my conception of human history and the relations of nature and spirit leaves you cold: perhaps because those subjects themselves are not vivid to your imagination. “The great world” is not with you: that is what makes your experience seem less mature than perhaps it is. The inner man is a great subject: but the disadvantage of subjectivism is that it intercepts and veils the nature _^view_^ of other things, and so, indirectly, even a just view of oneself.

As to small verbal criticisms, they are of this sort. Take “The Return of the Cuckoo”—which has a lot of feeling and atmosphere in it—in the first three lines you pass from “you” to “thou” without apparent reason: the two come and go throughout, and “may thou” is not English. “Sad and solemn” is a cliché, a second-hand phrase, when your sentiment is not second-hand. Wouldn’t “melancholy” be just as simple and better? “Surcease” doesn’t seem to mean what you _^seem_^ wish it to mean: but perhaps this distortion is itself a beauty. I am not sure whether you intend it or not. “No less”, farther down, is also apparently out of focus. I like rhyme, but it is dreadful when it seems to constrain or to pad.—You see the sort of thing I mean: you are not always scrupulous enough in your diction.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Sidney Hook

27 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Southern)

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

Rome, Jan. 27, 1930.

Dear M^r Hook

It is very kind of you to send me these three articles of yours, and I have been reading them with much interest and (I hope) some profit.

As I said in a post-card which I sent you some time since, I should feel a very general agreement with you—if you put things differently! For instance, on p. 124 of the Marx-Lenin article, you seem to contrast “human needs” with material forces. But what efficacy of any sort could a “need,” more than a thought or a prayer, have in the world, if it were not a material impulse in an animal body? So the “ideas” whose power you exalt on p. 142, might find some difficulty in making themselves felt if nobody had them.

Yours sincerely GSantayana.

To George Sturgis

27 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 27, 1930.

Dear George

There is nothing very important to report, but I wish to keep you posted about your aunt Josephine’s affairs. She has left Avila and is now

with Mercedes in Madrid. The cause was that on Jan. 9th Celedonio was again thought to be dying—extreme unction seems to revive him every time—and Isabel (Pepe’s wife) telephoned to Mercedes asking her to come to Avila for Josephine. She did so the next morning, and the same evening took Josephine to Madrid. The fact that they wished your aunt to go away proves (to my mind) that they really expected Celedonio not to live; because it is not for the financial interest of the family that she should leave them. When the end comes there will be a terrible upheaval—and perhaps some rows—in the whole tribe; the sons will be able to lay hands on the old mans cash-box; and I can understand that they would prefer to have your aunt out of the way. Indeed, it will be a great problem where she is to live, and I think it will be necessary for me to go to Spain, say in April, to survey the ground and see what decisions can be made.

I shall then, at last, be able to make a will concerning my European belongings; and, if possible, I will get your aunt to do the same. If it should not be possible, I can at least ask her to destroy her old will, which is in my possession, and which I will take to her. You asked me to do so, if possible, some time ago, and I presume you still think it would simplify matters. If you have some better idea, please let me [*across*] know. Yours affectionately G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 January 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Jan. 29, 1930

Dear Strong

Now that you are relieved of the strain of having your book under revision, except for proof-reading, your thoughts may begin to turn to travel, and I want to ask you if, and when, you are likely to come to Rome. Holy Week this year runs from April 13 to 20, and by that time it may be necessary for me to start for Spain, because my sister’s affairs rather require my presence there, and May is the only month in which I dare to be in Madrid, earlier being too cold in unheated houses, and later too warm. My sister is already there, with our friend Mercedes, and, as you know, I much prefer to see her there than in Avila. If you count on finding me in Rome, you had better come in the first half of April, or I could go and stay with you for a week or ten days instead, if you didn’t care to come.

Thank you for George's letter. I also have had one which I should send you if it were not in Spanish. From both I gather that his visit has been a great success and that all the family are treating him nicely. I am so pleased and relieved at it: besides it is a vindication of our action in accepting the match.

As to the grand Spanish title, I can't say that I like it very much, as a matter of policy or management: it has an air of *opéra-bouffe*. But if they are pleased, what do a few smiles matter? I suppose the world is bound to laugh at all of us in any case. I assume that they will use only the *de Piedrablanca* and not the *de Guana*—the latter is unfortunate, especially for a Chilean: it is almost de Guano. But don't say this to George, it might hurt his feelings; and I will explore the ground [*across*] prudently when I see them. Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 February 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 8, 1930

Dear Cory

On seeing your handwriting I supposed you wrote to say that Whitehead's book had arrived safely. I hope it has, and that it will interest you. He coincides with Strong in calling substance "feeling"—though admittedly unconscious—and he has a very elaborate sort of physics or physiology in curious psychological terms. I wonder if he expects that such a system can "go down"? But as an oblique commentary on the facts I have found it penetrating in places. I don't mean to review it because he treats me so nicely, and I should have to be less respectful—which is always unbecoming. But you might review it—perhaps comparing it with Strong and me respectively. If so, I have a Spanish story to communicate about the principle of "vacuous actuality". Probably you have heard it a dozen times already. It is about a little Andalusian girl who, on hearing that in some countries there were no oranges, observed sadly that there people could never have any breakfast. Tea, buttered toast, and jam were

but vacuous actuality to her without oranges. So are essence, matter, and truth to Whitehead without “feeling”.

Strong had already told me that he was asking you to continue with him until October. I think his ideas extend beyond that, but he doesn’t wish to be rash or to give you expectations that might lead to disappointment. Your letter has a sort of “good-bye” tone about it, but I am far from regarding our own relations—official or personal—as in any sense at an end. I am glad you get on so well with Strong; it has long seemed to me that, for your own stability, it would be well for you to have stronger ties with literary and philosophical New York; but neither of these things interferes in the least with [^]my[^] hope that you may always be near me, both materially [*across*] and spiritually. As to next summer, my movements are uncertain, but we will arrange something. Yours aff^{ly} GS.

To Henry Seidel Canby

18 February 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Kentucky)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, S.W.1
Rome, Feb. 18, 1930.

Dear Canby,

The cheque has now arrived, and not for 100 but for 150 dollars. I couldn’t change the sum indicated without committing a felony; but you may deduct the excess, if due to an error, when we have another transaction.

You insist on this quarrel which seems to be going on about “Humanism”. I don’t understand what it is exactly that is at issue; from what I have seen about it in The Criterion and The New Adelphi, I should suspect that nobody does. “Humanism” to my mind suggests Erasmus and the Renaissance: has that mantle fallen on Babbit? However, I hope to be instructed by the reviews you are sending me, and if the spirit whispers anything in my ear, I may reveal it in your columns; but I can promise nothing, as I am not only “out of it” in that particular discussion, but generally rather tired and overpowered by a heap of rival and unfinished undertakings.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 March 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
March 4, 1930

Dear Cory

Here is a cheque to patch up the holes in your budget. If it is more than enough for the moment, get a fresh tie, and feel that it is really a present. I have today received \$266.⁴⁰ from Scribner, which I look upon as your special source of supply, so that the fund available will not be diminished.

My general yearly account was also very favourable considering the panic in Wall Street; the value of the total was only one percent less than last year; and counting the sum I had saved, it was a good deal more. My nephew is a treasure.

I agree that you had better not come to Rome at the same time as Strong. We couldn't have lunch together, and after the whole afternoon with S. I had rather be alone at dinner. Go to Rapallo or wherever you like. Siena is a nice place, if you are smitten with the Florentine quattro cento.

Truth has rather stuck in the mud, and is abandoned for the moment; but fiction has been moving. A lovely short chapter—picture of budding friendship—written out in ink, quite original, and I think in the right key. But I have also been at work on something else, which I won't describe, lest it should turn out to be a wind-egg.

The season has been very mild here; I have had no more cough; and feel steadier than for some time past.

It looks as if I might not need to go to Spain this summer; if that continues to be the case, and the coast is free clear at Fiesole, I may go there

for a time, and later to Cortina. It has occurred to me that there is another hotel there, better than the Cristallo, where I shouldn't have a long steep hill to climb at the end of my daily walk. It is called the Miramonte. If you are not needed in Paris you might come to stay with me there in August.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Scribner Jr.

4 March 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

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

Rome, March 4, 1930.

Dear M^r Scribner

Thank you very much for your letter (of Feb. 21) and the cheque enclosed, from which I gather that some ladies' college continues to use my early works as textbooks.

I am not surprised that you are not wholly satisfied with the method in which my books have been passing from Constable's hands into yours. Like you, I have had invariably pleasant relations with them in a personal sense, and I am attached to the appearance and binding of my purple squad of grenadiers. When in the case of my little essay on "~~Spiritualism~~ Platonism & the Spiritual Life", I begged them to make a beautiful book of it, the thing was a failure; and I don't much care for the general character of the things they publish. However, I don't want to desert them, nor you; and certainly I shall not consent to having them pass on any future work of mine to another American publisher.

As to future arrangements, in the case of any future volume of Realms of Being, I should like the edition, whether printed in England only or reproduced by you, to be uniform with the three volumes already written. On the other hand, if my novel The Last Puritan should ever be finished (and I have some hopes it may) I have already told you that I should submit it to you directly, to be published and copyrighted by you in America, while Constable could print it separately in England if he liked. Should I meantime get anything else done, I will keep in mind your point of view, and see what seems best to do when the time comes, according to the

character of the work. But probably I shall have nothing more for a year or two, if ever. I am getting old.

I enclose a list of addresses to which I should like you to send copies of The Realm of Matter, when it is ready, with the author's compliments, charging them to my account.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Harry Slochower

[6? March 1930] • Rome, Italy (MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Bristol,
Piazza Barberini,
Thursday,

Dear Mr. Slochower

It is too bad that your note had to go all the way to London and back to reach me here. However, it is not too late, and if you will come for me on Saturday, next, March 15th at about 12.45 we can go and have lunch at a quiet restaurant. I find this the best way of seeing people, as hotels are dismal places in which to receive or to pay calls.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

No answer is required, if you can come.

To Mary Whittall Smith Berenson

10 March 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: I Tatti)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 10, 1930

Dear M^{rs} Berenson

What! Do you propose that I should make a visit? It is a delusion of your excessive kindness to imagine that I might still be fit for such things. I am not; because although well enough in appearance, and still going

strong in the solitude of my insides, I am deaf physically and intellectually, and incapable of society. Even Strong has probably complained to you that I am recalcitrant, and no use as material for improvement and conversion. I go sometimes to stay with him because old habit makes life in common easy for us, and we need practically to say nothing to one another: but a world-centre like I Tatti! I should be entirely dazed.

Seriously, I have so long and so completely renounced all society that I don't dare to go anywhere, and say nothing when I do. Please believe in my unaltered affection, and tell Ralph Perry that, at this very moment, all the Harvard ashes within me have been stirred into sparks by the portentous History of which he is a part-author, and also by the report of Pres. Lowell, which tells wonders of the place, as it now is. I have also read Whitehead's new book, and, except in language, have found it acceptable. I am myself at work on three different books at this moment, which is another reason why, with pleasure at being [*across*] still so kindly remembered, I have to remain in hiding, your old friend GSantayana

To Maurice Firuski

10 March 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, March 10, 1930

Dear Mr. Firuski,

Two circumstances lead me to write to you after this long interval. One is that I am about to send a copy of my new book, The Realm of Matter, to Pierre la Rose, but am not sure whether he is at the same address or even among the living. Can you give me news of him?

The other is that the voluminous kindness of several friends has loaded me with more than one copy of Morison's "Development of Harvard." What am I to do with them, a pilgrim who likes to be almost without luggage? It has occurred to me that books to you are like lady-loves to Don Juan: "additions don't encumber", and that, if you are not overstocked, you might find an extra copy useful. I therefore send you one of mine as a present.

If you absolutely insist on returning the compliment—which as yet you have not said—perhaps you might send me in exchange the latest official guide to Harvard, if it has illustrations. Except by chance, I have had no real information about the great changes there in these twenty years. As I wrote to Morison in thanking him—it is his copy that I am sending back to you—the multitude of personalities mentioned in it, and the unison in their efforts and ideals, produce an effect of monotony. Persons in an age of foundations are less interesting than things—which is perhaps the reason why they devote themselves to establishing them. It is the material growth of Harvard and of all its organs that would really impress the imagination.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 April 1930 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

April 3, '30.

Glad to hear from you. Will write more at length when I have seen S. who is not coming till next week. My plans will be influenced by his, if not determined absolutely by events in Spain. Both Oliver & Truth have yielded for the moment to a review of Babbit & C^o's Humanism.

Auguri. G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

6 April 1930 • Rome, Italy

(MS: YIVO)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, April 6, 1930

Dear Kallen,

Your publishers, no doubt at your request, have sent me your “Indecency and the Seven Arts”, which I have been reading with a good deal of pleasure and amusement. It happens that I had just finished “Humanism and America”, so that I could particularly relish your onslaught on the prigs. Sometimes my pleasure in reading you is modified by a qualm of conscience, when I wonder if the example of my early writings could have encouraged you in your intellectual impressionism. It is an inevitable method up to a certain point, since in one sense all our ideas and convictions must have been once intellectual impressions—notions that simply occurred to one; yet there are degrees in the lightness with which we may pick up these views, and propose them as serious representations of the true relations of things. Perhaps I have become too systematic and too much disinclined to take up fresh notions; it is a hardness proper to old age; but it seems to me that you are not systematic enough, or at least not conscious enough of your latent system, and that your contentions would carry more weight if the reader were told clearly on what principles they rested. Mere inspection of the alleged facts leaves accidental impressions: one is conscious that almost anything else might have been said instead. For instance, you blame Mussolini for the absence of fresh art in Italy; but you say elsewhere that it takes ages for a society to reach genuine expression in the arts; and you might have said—unless your undisclosed first principles forbid it—that a disciplined society, that has admirable and definite artistic traditions, will naturally continue them automatically, as it will continue to speak its old language, and will positively discourage innovations. There is always variation enough imposed by circumstances: new beginnings in the arts are signs either of a previous total ruin or of fashionable impudence. Modern “art” is a matter of one foolish fashion after another. Why have any “art”? What you say about Russia interested me especially: there you feel more at home; and although I know nothing about what is actually brewing there, or what we may hope for, I think it is a splendid experiment. Lenin is as

good as Lycurgus or Pythagoras. Let him have his way! Hurrah for a Russian ballet without religion!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 April 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, April 21, 1930.

So glad about the article & sonnet. —S. has had very bad luck here in the weather and leaves this morning on his return journey. Several days I excused myself from driving with him on account of wind & rain.—My plans are still vague; for the present I remain here, and probably shall go to Le Balze after the family leave, perhaps late in May, unless I am summoned to Spain in the interval.—S. speaks of you with great interest, & doesn't want to let [*across*] you go back to the U.S. Che sarà sarà G. S.

To Monica Waterhouse Bridges26 April 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Bodleian)

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

Rome, April 26, 1930

Dear M^{rs} Bridges,

Let me add my word of sympathy to the many that must be coming to you from every quarter. This inevitable separation can hardly help leaving all the greater void in your life, in that happily it has been put off for so many years. But you have many satisfactions to balance against this sadness, and not the least, which is a satisfaction to all of us also, is that M^r Bridges should have crowned his last years with such a magnificent performance as his Testament of Beauty. I don't know what judgement posterity may pass—or may drift into—in regard to this poem, and to the rest of your husband's work, but in any case it is a noble portrait of his mind, so sensitive, brave, open, and healthy; and it must remain a monument to the sentiment of cultivated English people in his time, and in this modern predicament of the human spirit. You doubtless saw a long letter which I wrote to him about it, dwelling (at his request) on the doctrinal side of it, in so far as I could make it out; but that letter didn't do justice to what I think is the chief merit of the work—its deep sense of citizenship in nature, and its courage and good humour at a moment when the future seems so dubious for England and for the world.

You know better than anyone—for I suspect you had a hand in it—that I owe M^r Bridges a particular debt for his generous recognition of my early writings, when they were quite unknown in England and not much respected in America. His kindness and friendship went even further, and I think he would have liked to domesticate me in England altogether. I too would have liked nothing better when I was a young man; but at the time when the thing might have been possible—during the war and after—it was too late. Neither my health nor my spirits were then fit for beginning life afresh, as it were, in a new circle. The best I could do then was to retire into a mild solitude, and complete as far as possible the writing that I had planned. It is now more than half done; and, by the way, you will soon receive a new book of mine addressed to M^r Bridges. If it is too

technical to interest you, you might perhaps give it to Edward, as a memento of my affection for his father, for you, and for him.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Harry Slochower

26 April 1930 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 26, 1930

Dear M^r Slochower

Thank you very much for your letter and your little book, which I have been reading with much pleasure and profit. You are remarkably fair and well-informed, and it is only the consequence of these merits that the reader is rather lost in the multiplicity of opinions reported, and perhaps doesn't always carry away a clear total impression of the various persons and philosophies. I think for instance that your account of Pierce and of Royce is more telling than that of James or Dewey: these latter become blurred—at least in my mind—by dint of details not easy always easy to understand in themselves, and disconnected. That is no doubt their fault more than yours; but I think the public would be more helped by a more unified and impressionistic account of their philosophies, even at the cost of leaving out some important points.

As to your treatment of me, it is most generous, both in the space you devote to me and in your judgements. Yet here, too, I think more concentration would have been wise. You might have left out those summaries of the various chapters in the Life of Reason, and talked more of my later books which, in my opinion at least, are more important. I have noticed nothing that seemed a misinterpretation, unless it be where you say that my essences have now become a separate world in which imagination may disport itself. That is true in a loose sense: but it is only the themes or patterns that belong (together with all possible themes and patterns) to another non-existent sphere. The actual imagination, the event and the feeling concerned, is a passing fact like any other in the natural world: and the most sublime contemplation doesn't escape from this

world in its existence, causes, choice of terms, and effects: it escapes only as any simplest perception or feeling escapes, when it is pure and merely considers its “eternal object”—which is not so much its “object” as its given quality. However, this is nothing compared with the fidelity and appreciative intelligence [*across*] with which you have reported me.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

6 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: American)

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

Rome, May 6, 1930

Dear Kallen,

Please thank the authorities of the New School for their renewed invitation, but you know very well the reasons that make it impossible for me to accept it: 66 years on my back, the climate and society of New York, my work already planned, and the short time left in which to execute it. The fuss which you predict would be made about me is a further reason: my reputation for wisdom and for good temper (if it exists) is much safer in my absence.

Together with your letter I have received one from your publishers asking for a puff for your book. I wrote you what came into my mind on reading it, and I am hardly able now to say anything more. Please ask them to excuse me.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

11 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, May 11, 1930.

Dear Strong

I am very glad that my autobiography pleases you, and I am confident that, apart from my agnosticism, you will find yourself in general agreement with The Realm of Matter also. It will be possible for me to judge better exactly where we differ—if we do—when your own book appears. I am afraid that your physical space and time will seem to me a little too geometrical, and your substance too psychological, at least in name: but it is a part of my agnosticism, or critical realism, to admit that names and ideas must be relative and subjective, although their objects are not. Your science is therefore doing its full duty if it improves its own texture, without abandoning its symbolic relation to fact. I have not received a copy of the Contemporary Americans myself: does one have to order it? If so, I won't; but wait to see the book at your house.

Your letters, and one or two I have from George, put a different aspect on our summer prospects, although I am not clear about their exact plans. Are they—I mean Margaret and George—to take the baby and to stay in America all summer, until they can move into their New York apartment? Or are they coming back in July to Saint Germain? In any case, it might be pleasanter for them to stay at Le Balze until it is almost time for them to sail; and in that case, you might be leaving Italy before they do. Let me know how matters stand in this respect, as it may have some influence on my own movements. As yet it is so cool here, and I am so well employed on the novel and on other things, that I am not inclined to move for the moment. The news from Spain is that my sister is remarkably well, and that my brother-in-law, though bed-ridden and ill-tempered, is holding out; so that there is no urgent call for me in that quarter.

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory11 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 11, 1930

Dear Cory

I had just written to Strong when your letter came and confirmed my presumption that he would leave for France before the Cuevas family. This settles one point in my own plan, in that I shall certainly not go to Florence this Spring. It is so cool that I can stay comfortably here for some time longer: perhaps when you and Strong are in or near Paris, and tell me whether you are likely to stay there all summer, I may be tempted to join you. There is as yet no need for me to go to Spain.

I enclose a present, so that you may take the treno di lusso to Paris, or get some new clothes when there. Do be careful about your food. You know Paris now very well, and can speak the language, more or less; let me repeat my constant advice that you take a room in an hôtel meublé and go out for your meals. For most of them, when you want only eggs and milk, the laiteries are excellent and economical; and the Duvals are good enough for the more solid feasts. You would soon know exactly where to go and what to order, and the machinery of life would become automatic, but much healthier than in a boarding-house; and also better adapted for seeing the world in its variety.

I am sorry not to see you at once: but even if I should go to Venice or to Cortina, it is not improbable that I should have to pass later through Paris, on my way to Spain; and either going or returning I could stop and join you for a while.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 12, 1930

Dear Cory

My brother-in-law in Avila died today at the age of 90. I expect to leave Rome early next week direct for Paris, and to be in Avila before the end of the month. I will send you word, if any change occurs; otherwise my address, after this week, will be ^{c/o} B. S. & C^o London, (123, Pall Mall): or you may write simply to Avila, Spain, where they will have notified the P. O. of my presence. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, May 12, 1930

Dear Strong

This afternoon I receive a telegram from Avila saying that my brother-in-law died today. I have made the suitable reply, adding that I will leave shortly for Paris and Avila. It will be as well to allow the confusion of the first few days to blow over before I make my appearance, so that I am not particularly hurried; but I hope to leave Rome early next week for Paris direct, and a few days later to be in Avila. This settles my plans for the immediate future; when I am in Spain I will let you know how I find my sister, and what arrangements seem most convenient to make for her future; she may wish simply to continue living where she is, with one of the Sastre households, and in that case it will not be necessary for me stay long in Spain, and I may still join you in July or August wherever you may be staying. Yours ever

G.S

To Luis Sastre González

13 May 1930 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Roma, 13 de Mayo, 1930

Querido Luis: He recibido con mucha pena tu telegrama de ayer, y te doy a ti, así como a tus hermanos y a toda la familia, el mas sincero pésame.

Teneis el consuelo de haber conservado a vuestro padre por muchos años, y de haberle rodeado siempre del respeto y del cariño que merecían sus virtudes.

Por telegrama de Mercedes, algo posterior, sé que mi hermana Josefina se marchaba con ella a Burgos por ocho dias. Me parece que habeis hecho bien de arreglar así las cosas, evitándole a ella impresiones tristes, y dando tiempo a todos para pensar bien lo que conviene disponer en adelante.

Yo he tomado ya billete para Paris, adonde llegaré, Dios mediante, el miércoles que viene, 21 de Mayo, y el día 23 o 24 podré seguir el viaje a España.

Si Josefina, a esas fechas, está todavía en Burgos, me detendré allí y podré acompañarla cuando regrese a Avila.

Da la casualidad de que Jorge Sturgis, mi sobrino, está haciendo un viaje de recreo, en automóvil, por Alemania, y que no regresará a Boston hasta fines del mes de Junio. Lo digo, por si no lo sabeis, para que no os extrañe si no contesta enseguida. Yo le he comunicado tu parte, por si acaso no tuviera noticias directas.

Mis señas por el momentos seran:

Hotel Royal Hausmann,

Paris.

Espero recibir allí noticias vuestras y de Mercedes. En particular me alegraría de conocer lo que os parece que debe hacer ahora Josefina.

Con cariñosos recuerdos a todos, te abraza

Jorge

To Julio Irazusta

14 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

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

Roma, 14 de Mayo 1930.

Querido amigo: no sabe usted con qué gusto recibo la noticia de su viaje, tanto más que espero tener en breve el gusto de verle. Salgo el día 20 de mayo para París, en route para España, y estaré por algunos días en el Hotel Royal Haussmann. Más tarde espero regresar y es probable que pase una parte del verano en Versalles; si viene usted por allí, paulo majora canamus. Su afectísimo

Jorge Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong14 May 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, May 14, 1930

Dear Strong

The Contemporary American Philosophy has now arrived, and I have read your paper. I find no obscurity in it, at least none in expression, and can see no reason why you shouldn't be pleased with it. My old difficulties are not removed: on page 321, I asked myself whether the "coincidence" of idea with thing could, in the most favourable instance, be more than a coincidence between the form of the thing and the intuited essence attributed to it. \wedge as two persons who agree "coincide" in thought and may be aware of that coincidence: but, how should any act in me be existentially coincident with any fact outside of me? * [across] *I know this is not what you maintain: yet the \wedge view that, \wedge intuition is likely to reveal the essence of substance, when this is my substance, seems to me arbitrary. [end across] And on p. 323, I asked myself what you conceived by "getting" one thing "out of" another? Is this derivation to be traceable visibly? Is it to be intelligible in the \wp Sense of a dialectical deduction? Or is it merely to be an actual derivation? In this last case, may not anything "come out of" anything else, if it follows upon it? Might not anything "come out of" nothing, if it was a first event? In general I think that the criticism likely to be made of your creed is that, while sober and sound as a whole, it contains certain undissolved dogmatic elements which render it unstable, so that you yourself would probably wish ultimately to revise some parts of it.

I have taken my ticket to Paris in the train-de-luxe for May 20, which Cory tells me is the day on which you, too, expect to start in the same direction. I am going for two or three days to the Hôtel Royal Hausmann, opposite the Café Cardinal. There I expect to get letters from Spain which will determine my movements. Our invaluable friend Mercedes was in Avila on the day of my brother-in-law's death, and was immediately to carry off my sister with her to Burgos for a week. It might easily be for a longer time: so that I don't know whether my first destination will be Avila, Burgos, or possibly Vigo.—If I miss you in Paris now, I hope to find you at Versailles or Saint Germain or Fontainebleau upon my return

Yours ever

G.S.

To Henry Seidel Canby

22 May 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Beinecke)

May 22, 1930

HOTEL
ROYAL HAUSSMANN
PARIS

Dear Canby

I am sending back Miss Parkhurst's book, so that you won't have to ask for another copy to be reviewed. I am sorry that it comes down upon me when I am in the act of travelling to Spain with a minimum of luggage and with thoughts otherwise occupied. It seems a splendid book: but I will confess that a first peep at it didn't reveal any theoretical skeleton such as might have neutralized my sense of too too much beautiful flesh.

I am writing about Humanism, but can't tell when the result will be crystallized into printable form: I hope during this summer. I have other things in hand also which make promises rash

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

31 May 1930 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Rockefeller)

Avila, May 31, 1930

Dear Strong

I have now been here for nearly a week, and another week or ten days will probably suffice to despatch all the business and see all the people that concern me. I am lodged in the same house as usual, which was my brother-in-law's, but the one of his sons who lives in it is not especially my friend, and his wife is an obstreperous great blonde who rather terrifies me; so that I sha'n't stay longer than is necessary. While business is pending I hope to make one or two motor trips to the farm and to Salamanca, the latter of which I have never seen. The weather has been rainy and is very cool. We have braseros in the sitting rooms.

I am afraid the same unseasonable weather may have interfered with the pleasantness of your trip. I should be glad to have a line from you, telling me how you have fared and whether you are staying in Versailles. I expect to stop again at the Hotel Royal Haussmann when I reach Paris, about June 15th. My nephew George Sturgis of Boston will then be in Paris, until the 20th, so that in any case I shouldn't join you at Versailles, or elsewhere, before that date.

My sister Josephine is much as she was two years ago, and it is settled that she is to remain in this house: but in the distribution of our brother-in-law's estate, it is another of the brothers, the youngest, who is to get it, and to live in it with his family. This will be a great improvement, as his wife and children are precisely those with whom my sister has most affectionate relations. The children are very attractive and cheerful: a girl of 16, two boys of 15 and 14 (but very grown up for their age) and two other girls of 12 and 7 respectively. They all run in and out of her room, and help to vary the monotony of life for her. But she is at an age when quiet and monotony are no longer a bore.

I hope I may arrive in time to see Margaret and George before they sail. Please give them my love.

Yours ever
G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 June 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

June 13, 1930

Friday

HOTEL
ROYAL HAUSSMANN
PARIS

Dear Strong

I arrived here last night and hope to see you soon. My nephew George Sturgis came for two days to Avila, just before I left, and we made a part of the return journey together. He is at the Hôtel Foyot, and leaves for Cherbourg & New York in the middle of next week. I should [^]be[^] very much pleased if you could come to lunch with us (perhaps at the Foyot itself) or else let us come to see you at Versailles (he has a big motor), as

I should like him to know you, and also Cory (is Cory here?), not that he is an intellectual, but because he is my nearest active relation. You know the good-natured business American: he is very American and very good natured

I found my sister well, and settled the various affairs which were pending in Avila, and feel quite satisfied with my journey.

If you have an extra copy of your book at hand, the simplest way would be to let me take it when I come to see you; at the same time we can arrange some plan for the immediate future Yours ever

GSantayana

To Maurice Firuski

16 June 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Unknown)

Paris, June 16, 1930

Dear Mr. Firuski

I received in due time the copy of the Guide to Harvard which I had asked you for, and acknowledged it to the immediate sender. I hope the book which I had originally sent fulfilled its purpose as thoroughly as that which I got in exchange.

I have been to Spain on family affairs, and haven't yet settled down for the summer: hence the lateness and scrappiness of this note.

If it is true, as I hear, that you were prosecuted for selling a copy of Lawrence, you have my sincere sympathy. I have read the book, or part of it,—it is to be had anywhere in Christian lands for 60 francs—and see no more harm in it than in the language and drawings occasionally to be seen gratis in privies: but the context hadn't enough beauty or interest to support those high lights. It is otherwise, for instance, in the Arabian Nights or in Casanova—which I suppose are also forbidden in America. I am glad I am not there—and this is not the only reason. It all seems a mighty cataract of the inessential.

With many thanks for your trouble and kind attention,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Middleton Murry22 June 1930 • Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France (MS: Macksey)

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

Saint Germain, June 22, 1930

Dear M^r Murry

I have just finished your article in The Criterion, on The Detachment of Naturalism. I am delighted with it, not merely because I agree with every word of it, but because you put these things in a personal and moving way which heightens their clearness, and probably will make them intelligible to many who, at another angle, might miss them altogether.

The only thing which I should be tempted to add to your exposition is that the detachment of spirit, or of understanding, is itself an inevitable aspect or moment of natural intelligence. To see things as they are, or in their truth, by variously exchanging, balancing, and thereby transcending any one private station or interest, is the condition of seeing them usefully in the larger economy of life. There is nothing anti-natural in reflection, imagination, or impersonal hypothesis. We must discount our personal equation—sensuous organs, passions, etc.—in order to calculate correctly the movement of things, in which our animal existence and passions are interpolated. But in thus serving our natural life our intelligence has detached itself, in idea, from the bias of that life: it has become impartial and disinterested. It can therefore, to that extent and in that relation, constitute a spiritual life detached from the person and lost in the truth: although materially it remains a function of animal intelligence, with its material organs, and its roots in the free play and requisite transpositions of animal fancy.

Your article is a fresh and eloquent exposition of Spinoza's "intellectual love of God".

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 June 1930 [*postmark*] • Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France (MS:
Columbia)

Sunday.

PAVILLON HENRI IV
S.^t GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

Dear Cory,

Strong would like you to come out here on Wednesday. You might lunch with me, talk with him afterwards and then (this is his idea) go to drive with us, and to tea at the Cuevas' house, as he wants to introduce you formally to his daughter and son-in-law.

If this programme is too heavy, you needn't come to lunch, but I hope you will. Strong expects to leave for Havre on Saturday, after which we can meet again and review the situation.

I have received, and will pass on to you, the first volume of the American Philosophers, so don't buy it.

Yours affe^{tl}y
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 July 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris July 10, 1930

Dear Strong

From your two letters I gather that, while you wish to put a good face on it, you are not really very happy at the Frascati, and may not be able to stand it long. I am sorry, but know only too well the difficulty that the

homeless have in finding a home. It doesn't seem worth while for me to go to Havre; life there would be very confined; here there is all the freedom and stimulus of Paris, and in spite of the terrific noise at the Foyot I have been able to sleep well and to do some writing both in the morning and the afternoon. However, I am moving tomorrow to a nice large pannelled room, with a bath, at the Hôtel Vouillemont, rue Boissy d'Anglas: although not exactly quiet it will be less thundering and at least I shall avoid the nerve-racking journeys to and fro in autobusses and underground trains. There will be no need of my staying there forever; and if you discover some genuine paradise, I shall be ready to join you almost at any time.

As to your fresh statement of your position, it doesn't help me much. I see how the sense of something going on in me, when I have that sense, should lead me to posit something outside (this is "projection" if I understand it): it might happen if I was addressed in action or watchfulness to the outside, and had only that private feeling within me to distinguish that object by. Images internally bred may thus "be used" to describe objects of intent in the environment, or in parts of my own body.

HOTEL RESTAURANT
FOYOT
PARIS

But I remain incapable of conceiving how a substantial state can be projected.

As to introspection, I follow your analysis easily until you come to "rightly in respect to its nature, feeling." What is rightly known in introspection, as in perception, is that there is something at the point focussed responsible for what I feel and justifying my reaction. It does not enhance the truth of this discovery to add that, at that point, there is something abstractly similar to my present feeling. The pertinent and sufficient similarity in the known object to the knowing organ is that both should exist dynamically, so as to be able to affect and modify one another. I see that this existence would have to be "feeling", if we accept the idealistic dogma that nothing save "feeling"—meaning conscious feeling—can exist: but for a realist, who believes in the reality of objects posited in action, that argument falls to the ground and only epistemological considerations are pertinent.

Since your previous exposition I have an inkling of a deep-lying cause of misunderstanding between us. "Luminosity" to me (and Aristotle) is proper to spirit, not to substance: the notion that

HOTEL RESTAURANT
FOYOT
PARIS

a sort of diffused luminosity or potential spirit, should be the substance of the universe is strange to me. Is it a sort of psychological version of pure potentiality or materia prima? If so, I see a difficulty, in that mere potentiality (see Maritain) is necessarily resident in something else, which is actual. But what would be the actually formed being which contained the potentiality of actual eventual intuitions? Unformed intuitions, feeling without character, would never do: perhaps you would say space and instants—but that is another difficulty. Yours ever

G.S.

To John Middleton Murry

18 July 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Macksey)

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

Paris, July 18 1930

Dear M^r Murry

I hope I haven't missed any numbers of *The New Adelphi* since I left Rome in May. In any case, I send a subscription for it in its new form, in which I hope it may meet with every success.

I am writing a long article entitled "The Genteel Tradition at Bay" intended for America, which I mean to send to Canby, who has been sending me books about the "Humanism" now so much discussed there. If you would like to have it—it may be too long for you—I can send you the MS, whi on the understanding that it is to appear in America at the same time. Perhaps you could have a copy made, as you did before; but in that case please send it to me first, so that I may correct any error_s due to my handwriting. There was one in the last article: the crossing of

a T was taken for the underlining of the word above, which was a word of no importance.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

19 July 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

Hôtel Vouillemont,
15, rue Boissy d'Anglas.
Paris, July 19, 1930

Dear George

It was nice to know that you had got home safely and found everything all right. My stay at Saint Germain wasn't a great success: it is a place for excursions, not for a long residence. Strong soon departed for Havre, but I feared the confinement of hotel life in his company, with all meals at home and a daily drive at just such an hour. I came to Paris, and at first—yielding to the suggestion carried by the fact that you had been there—I went to the Foyot, and took the very room I had had 25 years ago. But I found the noise intolerable. 'Busses in the old days had horses, and there were no horns and no changing of gear, and above all no earth-shaking camions. After looking about a little, I settled upon this place, also known to me of old by Experience; and I am quite comfortable, in a large room in the entresol, low-studded but quite beautifully panelled, with a bath-room, and a pleasant sense of being in a stage-box close to all that goes on in the street, yet quite invisible to the actors and to the public. I expect to stay here until Sept. 15, when I shall probably go to stay with Strong at Fiesole.

There has been some mistake about my book. None of the people to whom I meant to send the American edition seem to have received it: I have written to Scribner's asking them to look up the matter. I sent two separate lists of addresses, and they may have thought the second was a substitute instead of an addition.

Mercedes, to whom I had announced our new arrangements for her benefit, was naturally very expressive in her thanks. She felt, of course, that although the money was Josephine's, the idea had been mine: it was, but there isn't much generosity in being free with other people's money. I suppose, when she receives her first draft, she will write effusively to you also, as will the other beneficiaries.

I am now working rather steadily—the stimulus of Paris, + Solitude, has a good effect on my brain: the weather, too, has been temperate, though often rainy.

It was a pleasure to see you so bœuoyant, and I hope next year you will come again.

[*across*] Yours affectionately GSantayana

[*across page one*] P.S. You know I wish to destroy my old will. I find I have only a copy here. Is it in your possession?

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 July 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Hôtel Vouillemont
15, rue Boissy d'Anglas
Paris, July 24, 1930

Dear Strong

The cool weather, with rain every day, had made me fear that you might be finding it rather dull by the sea, and I am not surprised that you are coming away, and curious to know to what place or places in Northern Italy you are thinking of going.

As to Sunday, Cory and I were going to the Comédie Française, but gave it up on account of the tennis championship which he is very much interested in seeing.

We are going to meet this evening, and I will add a postscript after consulting with him. But I think, if you are staying for a few days, we might

come on Monday, which is better also on account of avoiding the Sunday trippers in the train.

Yours ever
G.S.

Cory would be glad to go on Monday to lunch, but if you prefer Sunday, I suggest that you come to lunch with me at the Régence; it would be easier coming in the motor than for us to go by train.

If I don't hear tomorrow, I shall understand that we are to come on Monday.

To George Sturgis

16 August 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

Hôtel Vouillemont
15, rue Boissy d'Anglas.
Paris, Aug. 16, 1930

Dear George

I have your letter of August 7, and the other day I got one from Doña Josefina Cordobés, thanking me for what she supposed was my share in getting her her pension. She was a little confused about the amount on account of the exchange: but I think in my reply I have made the matter clear

As you see, I am still at the same hotel: it is comfortable, and the weather has been extraordinarily wet and autumnal all this summer. Poor Strong, in despair, has gone home to Fiesole: I expect to join him there in September.

I enclose a letter from that old good-for-nothing Sadakichi Hartmann: don't read it if you are busy; but please send him the \$50 he asks for. I can't very well refuse when he has apparently got, literally and metaphorically, to his last gasp. The address (if I make it out) is P. O. Box 154

~~Frijunga~~ Tujunga, Cal.

If you see Cameron Forbes at Naushon please tell him that I always remember him with pleasure, as well as his island.

Love to all from your affectionate

Uncle George

P.S. I pass the seductive precincts which you mention in this street every evening, but have never with my grey hairs, dared to enter in. A companion would be indispensable.

Thank you for my Will, which I have already destroyed.

To John Middleton Murry

17 August 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Macksey)

Hôtel Vouillemont
15, rue Boissy d'Anglas, Paris

August 17, 1930

Dear M^r Murry

I have just finished reading—with great care and delight—your Studies in Keats. They give me much information which I never had, and a new insight into Keats' mind. In the days when I read English poetry he was always my personal favourite. I found him warmer than Shelley, and liked a certain frank sensuality or youthfulness in him, a certain plebeian innocence of great human interests; I called him the Cockney Genius, and thought him luscious rather than intellectual. I see now how wrong that was, and that he was really intuitive and contemplative. Intuition, as you say, is nearer to sensation than to reasoning thought. It has a spiritual quality, by virtue of its disinterestedness, quite apart from the character of the object contemplated: but the nature of this object—whether it is physical, historical, botanical or dramatic—nevertheless has a great influence on the human value of the poetry expressing our intuitions. I still feel that there was a certain weakness in Keats—not (I [*illegible*] now see) in his spirit, or in the elevation of his thought, but in his psyche, in the principle of health and integration in the natural man. And I don't say this in a niggardly mood, as if I wished to find some fault at all costs in so wonderful a creature: I say it because your discussion seems to reveal to me a theoretical confusion consequent in him upon that weakness. Spiritual insight no doubt transcends moral preference, as it transcends scientific

dogma: but it does not obliterate either the one or the other. The pure intellect—which is also an animal exercise and carries a joy of its own in merely exerting itself—dominates good and evil, truth and fancy with an equal pleasure: but that contemplation is superadded. It doesn't in any way correct or remove the judgements proper to the psyche, and imposed on her by her actual relation to the facts. We are not ultimately constrained “to love all Facts” or to say that “all Fact is beautiful”. That would be callous and wicked: just as it would be idiotic to affirm all ideas and to say that all propositions are true. It is only the essences exemplified in evil or false objects that, to a sublimated spirit, may be as interesting and contemplatively as welcome as the essences of objects which, in this world and for the creatures living here, are evil or false. And, in the same way, I should wish to make a distinction about the maxim “Beauty is Truth Truth Beauty.” If we define Truth as “Fact that is loved”, Truth would become identical with Goodness, or excellence in existing things: but Beauty extends to much that is not Fact, and is an excellence felt in contemplation, not like Goodness, proper to things in their dynamic capacity or uses. Of course, we may define words as we like, but it seems to me an abuse of language to define Truth as an accident of Love. Beauty is that: but Truth is the eternal form of the Facts, in all their relations, whether anyone loves them or not. That the intellect, in its disinterested contemplation, may understand all facts with pleasure, does not justify us in saying that this pleasure makes the truth of those facts.

Would the following be a fair transcription of the passage on pp. 35–36?” “I am certain of the Heart's right to assert the excellence of that which it loves. All the passions create true excellence, whether their objects ever exist or not.” This kind of excellence is evident by the sort that the poet discovers and celebrates: it is Beauty whether it be Truth or not. Beauty is fiction even before it is truth.

My article on “The Genteel Tradition at Bay” is getting involved in all sorts of side-issues; but I am in hopes of finishing it soon, and if it too long for one issue you might either abridge it or publish it in two numbers.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

26 August 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

Paris, August 26, 1930

Dear George

Here is the "Declination." Celedonio's will was all expressed in very quaint religious language, rather beautiful in the Spanish, but I daresay absurd in the translation.

I have no doubt that the Sastre brothers will want you to continue to act for them for the present. The only part of your suggestions which seemed to puzzle them a little was the gradual extinction of your trust, upon the death of each of them.

No change here.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

27 August 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Aug. 27, 1930

HOTEL VOUILLEMONT
15, RUE BOISSY D'ANGLAS
(PRÈS LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE)
PARIS

Dear Strong

Thank you for your letter which shows me that you are rid of those little uncertainties which were more or less spoiling your holiday. Cory was delighted to be able to get to Glion after all, and I have no doubt (if there

are no feminine complications) he will gain in strength and steadiness by his stay there. He seemed to be, philosophically, in a good state of efficiency.

I have been working very steadily, apparently without accomplishing anything; but now at last the result begins to appear. I have three articles instead of one on The Genteel Tradition at Bay.

- I. Analysis of Modernity
- II Appeal to the Supernatural
- III [^]Moral_^ Adequacy of Naturalism.

The whole now needs only revision; so that I shall have something to show for my summer's work.

The great change in the weather may drive you away again to the sea or mountains. Here I find it tolerable, thanks to the habit of "ponerse a la fresca" or undressing when I return to my room to work.

I am deep in your book: but as I read only at odd moments I haven't yet finished it. We will talk about it later.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Columbia)

Hôtel Vouillemont
15, rue Boissy d'Anglas
Paris, Sept. 2, 1930

Dear Cory

As you don't write again, I send you the promised cheque, so that you may have time to cash it before you leave Glion.

No change here, save in the weather. My three articles are not yet despatched, but are practically finished and, to my present feeling, satisfactory. I expect to move to Fiesole about the 15th Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

6 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Princeton)

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

Paris, Sept. 6, 1930

M^{esses} Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

Dear Sirs:

I beg to thank you for your communications about the publication of The Realm of Matter and for the one received today with a cheque of Aug. 27 for \$225.00.

Will you please add to the addresses to which this book was to be sent, with my compliments, the one below? Yours very truly

GSantayana

One copy of Santayana's Realm of Matter to The Robbins Library, Emerson Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

To John Middleton Murry

11 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Macksey)

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

Paris, Sept. 11, 1930

Dear M^r Murry

This morning at last I am sending you my article The Genteel Tradition at Bay, which has got so long that I have divided it into three parts, each of which will make a longish article, if you care to print them all. The thing has cost me enormous labour, and I should rather like to have it appear eventually in the form of a booklet, somewhat like Platonism & the Spiritual Life, to which it bears a remote resemblance. Would it be possible to have offprints from The Adelphi, with the pages numbered afresh, so that the three articles could be bound together? Or would it be simpler to have the whole reprinted, which I have no doubt Constable or Scribner would be willing to do?

As to the American side of the question, when you have sent me the type-written copy (which, by the way, you must charge to my account, as it is not fair to load you with the expense as well as the trouble of this operation—and you know I don't count on making money by my writings)—when you have sent me the type-written copy, I will write to Canby, proposing that he use the first two parts for one of his leading essays in his "Saturday Review of Literature" without bothering about the third part, which is too philosophical for his public. At least, I think so.

I am leaving for Italy in some ten days or so, going first to Florence, and then to Rome in October. It will be simpler for you to address me ^{C/o} B. S. & C^o 123, Pall Mall, as usual.

I shall be interested in seeing the fresh issue of The Adelphi on October 1st

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS postcard: Columbia)

Paris, Sept. 16. '30

LES PETITS TABLEAUX DE PARIS
LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

My compartment is taken for Florence for Sept. 23, and I hope you will turn up there before I leave, in about a month.—My three articles are going to appear in the form of a book, after Murry & Canby have published them in their reviews. This quite reconciles me to the immense labour which I have spent on the thing. How are you? Yours G.S.

To John Middleton Murry

16 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Macksey)

^{C/o} Brown Shipley & C^o
123, Pall Mall, S.W.1

Paris, Sept. 16, 1930

Dear M^r Murry

I am glad you think you can make a little book eventually out of my "Genteel Tradition at Bay", although I am afraid the Sale will be limited

in England. 10% on the publishing price is the royalty that I usually receive for new or detached books; and as I told you in my last letter, this question is not important for me. There are only two points on which I feel that I am more or less bound: one is that Canby should have a chance to publish the articles simultaneously with you in his Saturday Review of Literature. It was Canby that sent me the books about "Humanism" and asked me to review them in some fashion. The other point is that Scribner, who was the publisher of my early books in America, is very jealous, and I don't want needlessly to irritate him by publishing in America any book which he can't control. It would be better, then, either to offer him sheets printed in England to be reissued by him in America, or to let him reprint the whole there, so as to have the American copyright. This second method is rather complicated, since Canby must in any case have the right first: and if Scribner bought the sheets of you—at a low price and grudgingly, as he does with my Constable books—you would, simply by printing a different title-page for the American issue, secure at once a sale of 500 or 1000 copies, perhaps more. On copies sold in this way in sheets, and bound and published in America by Scribner, Constable usually gives me one half of ~~the~~ his net profits, in lieu of a royalty. You might do the same, if you made the same arrangement with Scribner. But he doesn't like this method, since he then has no copyright.

You probably understand all this better than I, and you would do me a great favour if you would manage the whole affair as seems best to you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

16 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Houghton)

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

Paris, Sept. 16. 1930

Dear George

Thank you for your letter of Sept. 5, and for sending those \$50 to the California poet: I hope this may be the last time I shall have to trouble you with him, as he says he is soon going to receive his reward in the other world for having been so long a beggar in this.

I am leaving Paris for Florence on Sept. 23rd and expect to remain at Strong's villa for three or four weeks.

When I write to Avila I will mention the fact that you think, if the three brothers are three persons with one substance, a power of attorney would enable you to manage their property jointly as well as the proposed trust. But I don't often write to Avila more than picture-postcards, and I am not sure how deep the unity of substance goes in that trinity, or how long it will last. They told me in June that their father's estate was as yet undivided: possibly this common account is only temporary, and they may wish to be independent when the property has been finally allocated.

You have probably now received my book The Realm of Matter. If you will read the Preface on a Sunday afternoon you will probably be edified, and perhaps soothed. Scribner delayed publication for three months, so as to catch the tidal wave of professors of philosophy returning to business.

I have meantime caught up with my publishers and finished another book, a very little one, made up of an article I was writing, which has grown into three (the opposite of the Sastre brothers) so very long, that the three ~~Articles~~ shall be one ~~Book~~, like those brothers and like the Most Blessed Trinity. It will be called The Genteel Tradition at Bay.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Josephine Borrás Sturgis

16 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sastre Martín)

Paris, 16 de septiembre, '30

LES PETITS TABLEAUX DE PARIS
LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

Estoy sin novedad y en visperas de salir para Florencia, donde espero pasar tres o cuatro semanas en casa del amigo Strong—Hoy he tenido carta de nuestro sobrino de Boston. También siguen sin novedad en su casa. Muchos recuerdos a todos de Jorge

To Herbert Jacob Seligmann

22 September 1930 • Paris, France (MS: Morgan)

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

Paris, Sept. 22, 1930

Dear Mr. Seligmann

It is very pleasant to be reminded, after so many years, of the sympathy which existed between us when we were teacher and pupil; and I am glad to see that the Firebird that was then already stirring within you has not been smothered by the pressure of circumstances. I remember that your mother secretly wrote to me—I suppose after twenty years or more that secret need not be kept—to express her anxiety about your temperament and inclinations: she feared perhaps that you might be unhappy in the world. I judge by certain indications in this little book that the world has not been too unkind: yet you seem, at bottom, not to be very much interested in it, only in images and in a certain spiritual freedom which transcends all accidental facts. Images, sensual and atmospheric, can't be well described in words, and you are troubled like all contemporary poets, by a medium which is inappropriate, and of which you haven't an adequate command: because language is a splendid medium in itself, if you are an artist in it, and if your interests are dramatic or intellectual: but pure images rather require to be preserved in painting or created by music. Your verses, in this direction, are simply so many proofs that images do arrest you, and that things and events do not: there is a philosophy for you, and a characteristically modern one. It is well expressed in your "Brooklyn Bridge": but it seems to me that, for a poet, this is rather a confession of impotence; because the world if mastered and exploited humanly, ought to be far more interesting to the mind and heart than sensuous images which remain meaningless. When I came to the Firebird proper, at first I supposed that of course it was Love; but after reading, it seemed rather to be Truth: in any case, here is the spirit passing beyond the images and the facts into some abyss where it feels more at home. Every one has his own way of feeling and expressing these ultimate things, but there is much unanimity among mystics of all ages and religions, and we shouldn't quarrel about vehicles and accidents when it

is precisely accidents and vehicles that we wish to transcend Thank you for remembering me: you see I haven't forgotten you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Henry Ward Abbot

4 October 1930 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Columbia)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o Oct. 4, 1930
123 Pall Mall,
London, S.W.1.

VILLA LE BALZE
FIESOLE

Dear Harry

If I send you my books, it is because various little articles of yours in the papers have proved to me that you haven't forgotten our old confabulations on ultimate things; and I wish you wouldn't let your attention become entangled in matters of style; ~~which~~ ^{style} is only a cumbrous vehicle, though an inevitable one, for what I have to say; and without pretending that my views are of much importance measured by the standard of absolute truth, which after all is in nobody's hand, I think you might be interested in them as confessions and moral insights of an old friend. You say I am hard to read: I have heard that before, yet it surprises me because I take the greatest pains to be clear, not only in language but in thought, and am a very simple commonplace person in my opinions. Everybody ought to say: "Of course: that's what I've always thought, only I didn't expect a philosopher to see it." I said this to Strong (with whom I am staying at present among these Tuscan hills) and he explained that the difficulty in reading my books came from the ornaments, which interfered with the attention and made the reader lose the outline of the thought. Is that it? If so I can only say that the ornaments, for me, are a spontaneous concomitant of the sense, like gestures in animated discourse: they are necessary, if you want to reach the true ground and flavour of the ideas. All language is rhetorical, [*across*] and even the senses are poets. But people compare books with other books, not with experience. Yours sincerely G.S.

To Henry Seidel Canby

15 October 1930 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

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

Fiesole, Oct. 15, 1930

Dear Canby

After many months the books you sent me about “Humanism” have borne fruit in the form of three articles on “The Genteel Tradition at Bay” which you have received, or will receive, via John Middleton Murry, who is to publish them in London, but not before you have had a chance to use them, if you wish. I write only to say that you must feel quite at liberty to print only a part, and to make one article out of two, if that suits your arrangements. I suppose there is no possibility of my seeing the proof; but your proof-readers are no doubt intelligent, and I hope they will use their common-sense, if I have made any obvious blunders. There is an inelegance at the very end, which I should like to correct. Where I say (I quote from memory) “The principle of morals is naturalistic. Call it humanistic or not”, etc., read instead “Call it humanism or not”, etc. That is, if the rest of the sentence admits of this change, as I think it does.

I am relieved at having made some use of your documents: but it was a terrible piece of work, and I fear the result is hardly worth the labour which it cost me. I am getting too old to review books: I am at the stage of merely repeating my good old stories.

All the American books that reach me show a great improvement in style, from what used to prevail in the old days, particularly among professors of philosophy. It is a great blessing, and I trust the improvement extends to conversation as well.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis19 October 1930 • Fiesole, Italy (MS: Houghton)

“Le Balze” Fiesole, Florence

Oct. 19, 1930

Dear George

You will have heard directly from Avila of the death of your Aunt Josephine on the 15th. I myself only had news of it yesterday, as the first telegram was addressed to London, and was forwarded here by post, so that I received it simultaneously with a second telegram, also somewhat delayed, and a letter from Isabel, of the 13th, saying that your aunt had had an indigestion and was very weak, the doctor apprehending heart-failure. I may receive further details today, and will add them if I haven't yet sent this letter.

My first impulse was to return to Avila, but on thinking things over, and consulting Strong, I have thought it better not to do so, but to return to Rome the day after tomorrow, as I had planned, and leave my visit to Spain until the Spring, when the journey will be less risky for my health and more useful, perhaps, if the formalities connected with your aunt's affairs have been concluded, or advanced to the point where my intervention may be called for. Yesterday I answered the telegrams and wrote to Pepe, enclosing a cheque for £50, to cover the immediate expenses, fees to Juana and the other servants, etc., and offering to send more if required. Probably your aunt had little money at home, and that which is in the banks I suppose isn't available, until an executor is appointed. I think that, if money is supplied, our friends in Avila may be even secretly relieved to have the management of everything left in their hands.

How fortunate that you went to Avila this year, saw your aunt, and got a personal impression of the Sastre brothers and their family life!

I expect that Mercedes (who is all gratitude to us for our arrangements in her favour) will have gone to Avila; I mentioned her in my telegram as, with the Sastres, the person to whom I left the charge of everything;) and I expect news from her soon.

Your letter of Oct. 6th has just arrived. I quite understand that stocks have gone down, and that income may [*across*] be reduced: it doesn't trouble me, and I hope it is not a serious inconvenience to you either.

[*across text*] Yours affly G. S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

28 October 1930 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol

Tuesday evening

Dear M^r Clemens

It was very kind of you to think of asking me to dinner, but I never go out in the evening. Instead I will call for you at the Eden Hotel tomorrow, between 4 and 4.30, in the hope that you (and M^{rs} Clemens, if she is with you) will come with me to tea at Rosati's.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

29 October 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 29, 1930

It is very pleasant to hear from you and your mother. My summer has been spent without contretemps in Avila and Paris; I have done some work, spent a month with Strong at Fiesole, and am now settled down here, at work on the novel. I have changed one of my heroes name from Maurice (which you didn't like) to [*across*] Mario, which I hope is better.

G.S.

To José Sastre González

29 October 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

29 de octubre 1930

Querido Pepe: En este momento recibo vuestra carta del día 25. Me consuela pensar que los últimos meses de la vida de Josefina fueron tranqui-

los y felices; la pobre se había visto tan sola, y sin recursos intelectuales para ocupar la imaginación, y necesitaba precisamente el ambiente simpático de una familia que, sin acosarla, la animara y distrajera. Ese ambiente lo encontró en vuestra casa, y hay que agradecerlos, sobre todo a Isabel, la paciencia y las atenciones cariñosas que habeis tenido con ella.

He tenido carta de Mercedes, y dos de Manuela, y la que incluyo de la Superiora de las Siervas de Maria. Es claro que hay que hacerles un donativo, pues Josefina, como ha muerto sin haber hecho testamento, no les deja nada. No me atrevo a mandar un cheque a la Superiora por no saber si le sería fácil cobrarlo y por temor de fijar una cantidad que no pareciera bien. Me harías un verdadero favor si le dieras las gracias en mi nombre por el pésame, y le mandarás lo que a ti te parezca, sin cuidado de agotar las 50 libras que he mandado, porque yo o Jorge Sturgis mandaremos con gusto lo que haga falta.

De este acabo de recibir carta, acusando recibo del telegrama vuestro en que le dábais parte de la muerte de su tia.

Muchos recuerdos a todos y un abrazo de tu tío que te quiere

Jorge

P.D. En cuanto a las cositas que ha dejado Josefina, yo no deseo conservar para mi mas que los retratos y el libro de la genealogía de la familia Sturgis. Que diga Mercedes si hay algun objeto que le gustaría tener como recuerdo, y de lo demas que disponga Isabel come le parezca. Me parece bien que se lleve Manuela las cositas que desea.

To George Sturgis

29 October 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

October 29, 1930.

Dear George

I have your letter of Oct. 16. You will have received mine written on hearing of your aunt Josephine's death. Subsequent news doesn't add very much to what we surmised. She was well and happy, dining and living with Pepe's family, until a few days before the end. A colic weakened her and left her incoherent in mind, although she recovered from it physically: and then heart-failure set in. When the priest was called she was not in a mental condition for confession or communion, but he gave her a general blessing and extreme unction, and she has been buried in a new grave (they use graves over and over again in Avila) next to the Sastre family; there had been talk of burying her with my father, but my permission would have been necessary, and there was no time to obtain it, as the first telegrams to me went wrong, or were delayed.

Pepe has received my cheque: he doesn't tell me whether he thinks it adequate or not—I sent £50—but he says he will send me later a list of the expenses incurred. As your aunt left no legacies other than those informally contained in the letter signed by her (how fortunately!) last Spring, I am in a somewhat difficult position in having to decide what she ought to have left, for instance, to the Sisters who nursed her. The mother Superior has already written to me asking for something, and I have sent the letter to Pepe, telling him to make the offering which he thinks suitable, and that you and I will supply whatever funds are required. These are points on which I should like to consult Mercedes, and I have done so by letter: but it all takes a lot of time and trouble. I think it would relieve the minds of the Sastres if you would send them as soon as possible the \$2000 each which are to go to them, according to the directions contained in that letter signed by your aunt. I am a little ashamed that

Mercedes should get nothing in particular, save the continuance of her pension. However, she is very grateful for that, and understands how the matter was arranged. Doña Josefina Cordobés is ill, and not quite sane, from what I hear; and it is all right with my cousin Manuela, with whom I am in correspondence.

As to my own inheritance, I hardly know what to do with it. I spend all I care to spend as it is: why should I force myself to spend more? But we can consider these matters at leisure. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

30 October 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
October 30, 1930.

Dear Strong

I am very glad to hear that everything is going on so well with Margaret and her brood, but I still don't understand how George, who usually writes such frequent and long letters, this time neglected to write at all.

I enclose a letter of Löwenberg's which is the most sympathetic I have yet received about my book. There is no need of returning it, but you might let Cory have it, when you have read it.

In Avila they are quite content that I should not appear until the summer, so that I am not worried from that quarter, except by begging letters from the Sisters, etc., which for the moment I am asking my "nephew" Pepe Sastre to answer for me, sending whatever alms he thinks suitable. When I go to Avila I know that all those who attended to my sister, or whom she was in the habit of befriending, will flock to "Salute" me with outstretched palm, so that I can easily supplement then any insufficiency of the first contribution.

Rome is very pleasant. I have been invaded by a daughter-in-law of Mark Twain and her son, who are Californians & Catholics, with many smiles and an autograph album. Took them to tea at the Pincio.

Yours ever G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

[2 November 1930] • Rome, Italy (MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol

Sunday

Dear M^r Clemens

I shall be very glad to come to lunch tomorrow at 1.15. Thank you very much. The immortal thought consigned to your autograph album was not quoted from any of my books, but as original as such a thing can be

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Isabel Martín de Sastre

2 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

2 de noviembre 1930

Querida Isabel: La adjunta carta de la Superiora de las Siervas de Maria da parte de haber recibido ya de tus manos una limosna en nombre de Josefina. Muchas gracias por todo.

Aquí sin mas novedad. Dicen que hubo el otro dia un terremoto, pero yo no lo he sentido.

Cariñosos recuerdos para todos de tu tío

Jorge

To Hoyt Hopewell Hudson3 November 1930 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS: Stanford)

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

Rome, Nov. 4, 1930.Dear M^r Hudson

It was hardly necessary, after having Scribner's permission to make the quotation you speak of from my 'Soliloquies in England', to refer the matter to me, as I can only be very much honoured by being included in your book.

Yours truly
GSantayana

To Herbert Wallace Schneider5 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, November 5, 1930

Dear Schneider,

As you know, Oliver died in the War, so that he isn't able to join me as I attempted to express for him what he would have thought of your account of his philosophy. But first let me say how exciting it has been for me, and how instructive: because at every page I was asking myself, "Was Oliver, according to this, a puritan at all, and am I justified in calling him The Last Puritan?" Of course, he wasn't a believer in the theology of Saint Paul or of Calvin: on the other hand he would have liked what you quote from Willard and Edwards, and would have hated what you quote from Franklin and Channing. Isn't there a soul of Puritanism independent of the skeleton of Calvin? I am a little surprised that you should have chosen Franklin rather than (say) Emerson to illustrate the survival of puritan morals—the morals of means—after the theology had fallen away. Franklin's maxims cover the interest in success natural to any

able and vigorous person beginning at the bottom and feeling his capacity to reach the top. The austerity of it seems rather that of a mediaeval burgher than of a puritan. Emerson retained the speculative habit and a sense of consecration and of union with the total rather than with the local movement of the universe: and he had delicacy of feeling and expression. I admit, of course, that his egotism and smug satisfaction in progress were unworthy of a puritan, and that his optimism lacked the dark background and the fierceness which alone can make optimism tolerable—as, for instance, in Dante. But Oliver had this fierceness and felt this background: moreover, being rich and strong and generally competent and having been brought up on Goethe and Nietzsche by his German governess, he had something of the Roman aristocrat or the Brahmin: just as clumsy and awkward as Emerson in human society, he was more lordly, and even scornful. It wouldn't have occurred to him to flatter the vices of the age, as Emerson and the other Unitarians did systematically. Nevertheless, Emerson is much nearer to Oliver than Franklin: and I am a bit troubled at the thought that perhaps he (Oliver) was the last transcendentalist rather than the last puritan.

But here is what I think he would have said puritanism was, tabulated, because he was very thorough and systematic (like your Samuel Johnson of Guildford, Conn.):

1) Conviction of the infinity and (so to speak) omnificence of God, or the universal creative power.

2) Sense of nullity in God's presence. God's necessary victory against me.

3) Sense of union and joy in God. God's victory through me and in me.

4) Consequent sense of election—in so far as I identify my will with God's.

5) Consequent stern satisfaction in hugging the facts, and hatred of all mummeries and shams. (Here it seems to me that it was the very soul of puritanism turning against Calvin's theological imposture, as it had turned against the Catholic imposture before, that appeared in Oliver (and in Emerson, when he wasn't soft).)

6) Austerity of life and mind, in the midst of work and wealth, not from superstitious fear of pleasure, but from a certain high alienation from it and distaste for it.

7) Fearlessness, no attachment to life, and a total absence of moral prejudice in judging events and people. (This last trait of Oliver's puritanism, consistent with the rest, nevertheless transcends and destroys

puritanism, and (but for his inherited temperament) would have turned him into an amiable naturalist: for this reason, and in this sense, I call him The Last Puritan.)

If the responsibilities of a professor of religion (which I didn't know you were) leave you any time to waste, it would interest me very much to hear what you think of Oliver's synopsis: also if I ought to read any of the books quoted by you. I am now at work on the novel, so that any hints would be most opportune.

Oliver was young and led to do what people expected (play football, for instance) so that he was not so strict a philosopher as his theory might suggest.

Yours sincerely,

GSantayana

Herbert W. Schneider

Claremont Graduate School

To Unidentified Recipient

5 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Virginia)

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

Rome, Nov. 5, 1930

Dear Sir

The enclosed notice and portion of a wrapper have been sent to me by the London Post Office. It appears that you were good enough to send me something that has been lost, and I write so that you may understand what has happened and look the matter up if you wish.

Yours truly

GSantayana

To Adelaida Hernández de Sastre

9 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre)

Hotel Bristol, Roma
9 de noviembre, 1930

Querida Adela: Las cartas que he dirigido a Pepe eran para todos, y me extraña que tú y Rafael no tuviérais noticia de ellas. Poco importa, pues no contenían nada que valga, mas que las gracias por todas las atenciones que habeís tenido con mi pobre hermana

Hoy he tenido una carta firmada, según parece (porque la letra no está clara) por “Juan Lozano”, sin mas señas que “Avila”: pero cómo me pide copia del testamento de Josefina, supongo que debe ser del escribano; y he contestado en ese sentido. Incluyo la contestación; y si no me he equivocado en la persona, y si os parece que la carta puede pasar, os agradecería mucho que la metiérais en un sobre y la mandárais a ese señor. Si hay algun inconveniente, o si me expresado mal, guardais la

carta y me lo decís con franqueza. No sé si convendría que yo mandase poderes a Rafael o a sus hermanos para que me representasen en el asunto. Enfn, vosotros me direís lo que hace falta para salir del paso.

Por mi prima Manuela he sabido el fallecimiento de la Cordobés. Poco sobrevivió a Josefina.

Se me figura que se debe haber perdido alguna carta vuestra o mía: de Mercedes sé que se perdió una; y los partes y cartas dirigidos a mi en los primeros días, tardaron en llegar a mis manos, porque yo estaba todavía en Fiésole

Espero que el catarro de Rafael haya pasado y que le pruebe bien la vida de labrador

Iba a terminar sin acordarme de los retratos. Desde luego tendré muchísimo gusto en que te quedes con uno de ellos; yo, no teniendo casa, no tengo donde colocarlos, y solo deseo conservar el de las dos niñas hasta que se pueda hacer una buena copia de él, en fotografía, para figurar en la vida de mis padres y mía que quiero escribir. También he ofrecido en general a Mercedes cualquier objeto que ella elija como recuerdo de Josefina, y no sé si por casualidad pedirá uno de esos cuadros. En cuanto tenga su contestación volveré a escribir, para que tu elijas con toda libertad el que mas te agrade.

Cariñosos recuerdos a Rafael y a las niñas; y un abrazo de tu tío

Jorge

To George Sturgis

9 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 9, 1930

Dear George

Yesterday I heard from Spain that Doña Josefina Cordobés died on November 4th, not a month after your aunt. She had been bed-ridden for some time and not quite in her right mind. This removes one of troublesome legacies which you had kindly undertaken to see to. All you have to do is to cross out her name in your books. She had received the first instalment of her annuity with your letter, and wrote to express her gratitude. I am glad she had the satisfaction of seeing that she had not been forgotten. My cousin Manuela, from whom I have this news, has also received her first instalment on the new basis, and tells me she has written to you directly to give you her thanks. Your Spanish letter seems to have pleased her and to have conveyed clearly the nature of the bequest.

At the same time I hear from Adela (legally Adelaida) Rafael's wife, that the three brothers decided to draw lots for the farm, the favoured one to compensate his brothers in money, and that the lot fell on Rafael. She gives me no reasons for this action, and makes no comments on the result, otherwise than to offer me, so to speak, the freedom of their estate: but I suppose they saw that it would be disadvantageous to divide the property and impossible for one brother to manage it to the entire satisfaction of the others, if it remained common property. It would have been better, perhaps, if it had fallen to Luis, who has managed the place for many

years. Rafael has more notions, and is not in good health: the gossips said in Avila that he wouldn't live long: so that further complications are not impossible, but I hope they won't have any repercussion on your management of their American property.

It is a decided rest for me to be settled again in my winter quarters, and without the "big book" hanging over me. I am working in a leisurely way on the revision of my novel: it takes lots of polishing and touching up, but it's entertaining and doesn't weigh on my mind, like the dangling ends of meta-physical arguments.

I see by the papers that the result of the elections has had a depressing effect on shares, but an exhilarating effect on the hearts of the bibulous. If this is not a false dawn, I may yet [*across*] return to America. A grandson of Mark Twain set me up the other day to a cocktail: it was excellent, and revived the sensations of my youth.

[*across text*] Yours affly
G.S.

To Boylston Adams Beal

19 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 19, 1930.

Dear Boylston

It was very kind of you to remember me on the occasion of my sister Josephine's death. It does leave me entirely alone; but you know that for me that is less depressing than for most people, and less new. Poor Josephine had always lived, so to speak, a secondary life: she needed a family to carry her along, and to supply interests and acquaintances which she could hardly find for herself: and unfortunately our family life had been spoiled by religious and other differences, and she had been much adrift and isolated for years. At the very end things improved greatly: she forgot, especially after our sister Susana died, the old jealousies and quarrels; and one of the Sastre families—there are three surviving sons, with

thirteen nice children between them—who came to live in the same house when our brother-in-law died, last year,—was particularly congenial and devoted to her. I was there for some weeks last summer, and my nephew George Sturgis was there too for a few days. We found Josephine quite cheerful and well, though very thin and sometimes vague in her thoughts; and they tell me that she continued apparently very happy, and making absolutely one of that family, until the very end. She had also forgotten her Protestant impressions, and had fallen in with the customs of the people about her—which smoothed things over very much. She had even a spiritual director who understood that her Yankee soul didn't like to be bullied, and who guided her gently: and he told the family that she was a marvel of innocence (which was very true) and that he thought she had never committed a mortal sin in her life. Sad as this loss is, then, it is not without its sweetness—she was 77 years old—and of course not at all such a parting from life-long sympathy and love as was the death of my sister Susana

My bonds with Spain are by no means severed altogether: I mean to return to Avila for a part of next summer to stay with the Sastres, and there remains also our old friend Mercedes Escalera, almost a sister, and a very intelligent active woman, whom I count on seeing. I have also become more and more a member of the Strong family, and curiously enough a link between the father and the daughter, with her Chilean husband. It is a very queer ménage, but interesting to the moralist: I will tell you about it—as far as discretion permits—when you come to the Hotel Bristol. You will find, by the way, a change called an “improvement:” the Barberini terrace and cedars have disappeared, and instead is a great new street leading to the Station, up and down which, before long, the motor-busses will go thundering. I may have to leave, but not this winter, as the upper part is not yet open.

I am very sorry to hear that Elsie is suffering from the after effects of her operation. It seemed to me—it must be fifteen years ago—that she was restless when I last saw her, as if things went against the grain; an aggravation of that, I can well see, would be very troublesome, and hard to cure. On the other hand, what you tell me about Betty —of which I had heard nothing—is all very fortunate, and I have no doubt before long you may have her permanently near you.

I believe I haven't sent you my last book: it was not forgetfulness, but a doubt about your address, as in my wanderings I seldom have old letters at hand which I can look up. Have you a house in town, and is it the

old one? I send this to Manchester where I suppose you stay as long as possible. This last book of mine turns the corner, so to speak, in my philosophical writings, and I don't so much care if I don't live to finish the rest. I am now revising and rewriting the sempiternal novel. It carries my thoughts, too (as you say yours go) to old times, and it is very entertaining to me to write, tho' probably it would make dull reading if it ever~~s~~ was actually finished [*across*] and published. But you would like it, beneath its faults, and you would understand what I meant.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Isabel Martín de Sastre

22 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

22 de noviembre 1930

Querida Isabel: No he contestado antes porque estaba esperando tener noticias del sobrino en Boston; pero tarda su carta, y hoy he recibido dos de Avila, pidiendo dinero: una de la Abadesa de las Gordillas, a quién has dado 100 pesetas en mi nombre, pero dice que se les va a hundir el dormitorio y que necesitan más: y la otra de Eliodora Santos, algo confusa, pero como puedes figurarte, dirigida al mismo fin. Creo, por lo que recuerdo haber oído decir a Susana, que las de Santos son personas excelentes, a quién se debe ayudar en lo posible: y también en esta ocasión, me parece que podríamos ayudar a las monjas a arreglar sus habitaciones. Incluyo un cheque de 50 libras, que como está hoy el cambio, debe producir más de 2000 pesetas, y te agradecería mucho que dieras (si te parece bien) 500 a las monjas y otras 500 a las de Santos—que por cierto no ponen señas en su carta y no sé si bastaría poner “Avila” en la dirección. Por eso, y por mi torpeza en escribir cartas de cortesía, no contesto direc-

tamente. Les dás las gracias a unas y a otras por el pésame, y les ruegas me dispensen [*illegible*]no lo haga directamente. Siento causarte tanta molestia, pero para mí no es fácil desde aquí, ni contestar a cartas de ese género, ni mandar dinero: porque estos cheques ingleses su pongo que los podeis cobrar vosotros por tener cuenta en el banco, y por ser amigos, y no sé si esas pobres señoras y religiosas lo podrian conseguir con la misma facilidad. Las mil y pico de pesetas que sobran, las pones en la otra cuenta, donde no creo que estén de mas, porque son muchas la menudencias a que ha habido que atender. Y no os molesteís en darme una cuenta detallada de todo: basta con que yo sepa que quedan cubiertos los gastos principales.

No me parece mucho las 100 pesetas que diste a las Siervas pero cuando yo llegue a Avila no dudo que vendrán a saludarme, y tendré ocasion de entregarles otro billetito.

Cariñosos recuerdos a todos de su tío

Jorge

To Isabel Martín de Sastre

23 November 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

23 de Noviembre 1930

Querida Isabel: Pocos momentos despues de echar al correo mi carta de ayer, recibo una certificada y sellada con lacre, conteniendo las dos hojas que incluyo. ¿Que te parece? Si no está Pepe en Avila, te agradecería mucho que dieras estos documentos a Rafael o a Luis, y les pidieras que hicieran el favor de decirme si les parece que se debe contestar, y en ese caso, en qué términos. No lo haré hasta que sepa lo que os parece.

Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 December 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Dec. 2, 1930

Dear Cory—

Here we are in the month of December. Let me know when you are coming, and if you would like the same room you had last year, or would prefer one on the street. Also what you can eat: unless you prefer to give your orders directly to the imposing head waiter after you arrive. I

enclose your Christmas present, so that you may have time to cash it before you leave Florence.

How is your essay on Whitehead, and how is Strong, and what news is there from New York about the new baby and its parents? I am without news from any of you. On the other hand, I have been driving a lively correspondence with Spain, everybody being more or less on the scent of my poor sister's money.

Valli says he will be glad to see you: but that "all Americans" when they have been in Europe for two or three years completely change, and try to be like Europeans—which apparently Valli thinks not so attractive as the unsophisticated Yankee.

I shall have two chapters of my novel ready for you to read, or to have typewritten for me (if you will manage that) if you prefer to have it cast into that impersonal medium before you attack it.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

7 December 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
December 7, 1930

Dear George

I am glad you sent off those \$2000 to each of the Sastre brothers: Luis and Pepe have written to express their satisfaction, and I expect to hear from Rafael also before long. It must be particularly convenient for them at this moment, as they are making (at least Rafael and Pepe) extensive repairs in their houses, which always absorb much more ready money than was foreseen. Pepe says that they agree to accept your judgment about not sending them a part of their funds for the present. The peseta, I expect, will not change much in value now, and may be stabilized at about 8 to the dollar: whereas we may hope that American stocks will recover substantially when the present crisis is past.

Hasn't the whole world been artificially stimulated for years to demand and to spend more than it can afford, and to increase the popu-

lation, especially in towns, beyond the means of employment and subsistence?

I have sent Pepe another £50 pounds for expenses and charities connected with your aunt's death, but not all the beneficiaries seem to be quite satisfied. Doña Josefina Cordobés, on the very day of her death, got a friend to write to me asking for a copy of your aunt's will, "in order to be able to withdraw from the Bank of Spain the 45,000 pesetas deposited there." Why that lady should expect to get that money, I don't know: but her sudden death seems to remove the problem. Later I have received a formal letter from Juana, your aunt's maid, evidently written by some solicitor, enclosing the copy of an alleged document, also very official in wording, by which your aunt is supposed to instruct us, her heirs, to pay Juana 15,000 pesetas in recognition of her faithful services. I sent the documents to Pepe, asking if he thought we ought to take any notice of them: and he replied in the negative, so I have simply ignored the letter. We shall see, when I go to Avila, whether Juana or her instigators venture to put in an appearance.

Will you please send \$100 in my name to Frederick T.C. (?) Hood, 140 Federal St. Boston, for the 1886 Class Fund?

I mean to draw the rest of my present letter of credit (\$1500) at the end of this month. You might send me another for \$5000 at your convenience. If I should want more later, we can easily [*across*] arrange, but I doubt whether I shall care to spend more. My extras come out of my London account which as yet is not depleted. Best Christmas wishes [*across page one*] to you and Rosamond and the boys, from your aff^{te} Uncle George.

To Isabel Martín de Sastre

18 December 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

18 de Diciembre 1930.

Querida Isabel: He recibido la adjunta carta de Juana que os mando para que esteis al corriente del asunto, y para que deis cualquier paso que os parezca oportuno. Yo no contestaré ni haré nada sin consultaros.

Como es natural estoy preocupado en estos días con los sucesos de España, hace falta allé un partido de gobierno como el que existe en Italia. ¿Porqué no se forma?

Cariñosos recuerdos a todos de Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 December 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Christmas day, 1930

Dear Cory

I am sorry to hear from Strong that you have had another relapse and are at the Blue Nun's Casa di Cura in Florence. I had counted on having you here at least for the Opera—Lucia—next Sunday afternoon. However, come whenever the doctors think that a change to a somewhat softer climate will do you good. We could even go to Naples if you thought you would feel better there. And of course you must stay as long as you like. Papa Strong, under the circumstances, couldn't object.

Or, if you don't feel like moving, or risking a change of diet, let me know, and I will try to have Oliver type-written here and send you a copy for your criticisms. Sometimes I am rather discouraged, and fear that the style is common and dull, and the episodes uninteresting. Only here and

there is there any real flow and vividness in the narrative And you could help me very much by suggesting, at least, what things had better be left out.

If you preferred not to come, I might go myself to Florence earlier than usual, and see you there before I go to Spain—which ought to be in May, before Madrid becomes uninhabitable.

I have been reading a little book of Jeans, sequel to his large one, and also Lutoslawsky on “Reality.” The latter is an illuminé, but I like the fact that his philosophy is not of the English brand.

Yours affectionately

G.S.

To José Sastre González

27 December 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

27 de Diciembre 1930

Querido Pepe: Acaban de llegar vuestras cartas, la tuya, la de Isabel, y la de Eduardo y sus hermanos, y contesto enseguida por el asunto del poder que sería conveniente que mandáramos para retirar los fondos que tenía Josefina en el banco. Desde luego se debe mandar ese poder, porque yo difícilmente regresaré a Avila antes de mes de Mayo próximo, y sería dejar las cosas abandonadas por mucho tiempo. Pero no conozco la forma en que se debe redactar ese documento, y te agradecería mucho que me lo remitieras tal como debe estar, diciéndome al mismo tiempo si hace falta que lo copie yo íntegro de mi puño y letra, o si basta que lo firme en casa, o si es menester que sea ante el cónsul de España; y por

último, si lo deben firmar tambien Jorge Sturgis y su hermana. En ese caso habría que mandárselo a Boston, y se perdería mas de un mes.

Sin mas por hoy se despide cariñosamente tu tío

Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 December 1930 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 30, 1930

Dear Cory

You mustn't let Strong's insensibility trouble you: if you want to give up all pretense to ruminating on sense-data, tell him so. You know you can always come back to me: we could say you were helping me in writing the novel, but you could simply take care of yourself until you spontaneously felt like returning to work—and even then it would be only such work as you liked to do. I am not surprised or displeased that you should be somewhat attracted to the church. It is the great, normal, human solution—too human, I think; but I have less need of sustaining faith than most people: animal faith is enough for me. Of course when you are well again, you may feel this attraction less; we will talk over the matter at leisure; and you may be sure that, should you really become a believing and practising Catholic, it wouldn't in the least diminish my respect for your mind or my affection for you: on the contrary. And though you might grieve at my incredulity, I think you would, on the whole, understand me and my

philosophy better: so that in this matter too, you mustn't be afraid of any unpleasant consequences as far as your material future is concerned, or your relation to me.^x Strong, of course, would be dismayed: but let me repeat that you can always return to me; and I think that perhaps in Strong, too, there may be an attachment to you which, even if shaken for a moment, would reassert itself.

I have reverted for the moment to the Realm of Truth, in consequence of a letter from Schneider which set me going on that subject: I don't know how long it will last, but it might be prudent, perhaps, to finish Truth, even at the cost of delaying Oliver a little. Sometimes I think that the novel isn't worth the trouble I am taking with it, except as an entertainment for myself.

I have ordered two of Maritain's books, so that you will find Catholic reading here when you come, if you will do it in French.

Yours affectionately G.S.

[*across page three*] ^x You might come to Spain with me and learn Spanish. They would love you.

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

4 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Jan. 4, 1931

Your calendar has greatly enlarged my portable picture-gallery. Thank you and you mother very much for your good wishes. I hope the bad times don't affect your comfort; like me, you get your harvest somewhat indirectly out of Mother Earth, so that we needn't suffer much or soon from hard times. At least, I eat as usual. G.S.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

5 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS cablegram: Princeton)

WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAM
RECEIVED AT

1931 JAN 5 AM 9 18

CDK5 CABLE=ROMEPO 7 5/100P

SCRIBNERS (CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS)=
NYK (5 AVE & 48 ST)=

VERY WELL GO AHEAD=

SANTAYANA.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

5 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Jan. 5, 1931.

M^{esses} Charles Scribner's Sons,
New York.

Dear Sirs,

I am replying, "Very well, go ahead", to your cablegram, and am glad you think the proposed little book will interest the public. Of course, I should like to have seen the proofs; but I don't want to interfere with catching the tide (if any) and I trust to you to have the proof-reading done intelligently. There may be errors or awkwardnesses in the text which I should be glad if your reader would correct for me without hesitation. After all, it is the public's eye and mind that has to be considered, and not the author's.

I have made one or two slight improvements in the text for *The Adelphi*: when that reaches me I will send you a marked copy, so that you may make the corresponding changes in your proof, if there is still time.

As you mention my “Platonism”, I infer that you have been in communication with Mr. Middleton Murry, as well as with Mr. Canby. I am not especially attached to the appearance of “Platonism”; it was a hybrid result of my ideal mixed with Constable’s; but I mentioned it to Mr. Murry simply as a precedent to the publication of a very short book. I have no doubt you will issue it in an agreeable form, and the proposed royalty is quite satisfactory.

Yours very truly
G. Santayana

(p. t. o)

P.S. I shall be at the Hotel Bristol, Rome, at least until May 1st 1931, so that you may address me here directly, if there is anything urgent.

To José Sastre González

6 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma
6 de Enero, 1931.

Querido Pepe: Aquí tenemos otra comunicación en el asunto de Juana. Tu sabrás si este abogado es una persona respetable. En ese caso quizás fuera oportuno contestar, diciendo que no reconocemos el documento que ellos poseen como verdadera expresión de la voluntad de mi hermana; y que si se trata de recompensar con justicia y generosidad los servicios de Juana, creemos haber cumplido ya con ese deber. No es cómo si fuera antigua criada de casa, que hubiera servido a mi hermana o a nuestra familia por muchos años. Ha sido una asistente como otra cualquiera por poco tiempo, y si bien no tenemos queja de ella, y hasta ahora nos ha parecido honrada y fiel, no le reconocemos ningún derecho al donativo que pretende.

Si quieren ponernos pleito, que lo hagan. Preferiría ceder al tribunal, aunque costara mas caro, que no a tal impertinencia.

Esto te lo digo a ti para que sepas lo que yo pienso: pero vosotros que conocéis mejor el terreno, hacer lo que os parezca, poniendo el asunto en manos de un abogado, si os parece conveniente.

Con recuerdos para todos te abraza tu tío

Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, Jan • 7 • '31

Dear Cory

I am delighted that you are well enough to make the journey so soon, and I hope you may not have to attribute any unpleasant sense-data in consequence to your wicked stomach.

I have spoken to the clerk who says your old room is occupied for the moment, but promises to give you something else, I hope better; and I will tell the head waiter about your food before you arrive Arrivederci

G.S.

To Thomas Munro

7 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Jan. 7, 1931

Henceforward, in the galleries of Europe, it will be easy to distinguish the children of light from the Philistines: they will carry a green book instead of a red one. —Thank you very much for your Christmas present, and let me congratulate you on the justness, as well as the enthusiasm and

the knowledge, to be found in your handbook. I have looked up certain key works (like Raphael's La Disputa del Sacramento, and the Gauguin at the end) and I think you are admirably fair in distinguishing the qualities—whether fashionable at this moment or not—which characterize the most different schools. This is all the more admirable when your heart is (or was) so generously set on the love of the ugly ducklings of art; but you have a scientific conscience as well as a fresh enthusiasm, and you have not been willing to blind yourself to the beauties of those works which to you personally may be less appealing.

G.S.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

7 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 7, 1931

I send you this corrected copy of the first part of The Genteel Tradition at Bay so that, if it arrives in time, it may be used as a standard in correcting proofs of the book. There is one change, on p. 313, from the MS: but there may be other differences from the article (which I haven't seen) as it appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature.

G.S.

To George Sturgis

8 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Jan. 8. 1931

Dear George

I am sorry to trouble you with more Spanish business, but Pepe tells me that he requires our power of attorney, and a Spanish translation of your aunt Josephine's will, legalized by a Spanish consul in the U.S, in order to be able to draw out of the banks the money and bonds which your aunt had deposited there.

I am replying to him that, (as he may remember was thought best when we discussed the matter in Avila,) your aunt died technically intestate. He may have forgotten the exact facts, which at that moment didn't interest them, or he may mean that the Deed of Trust executed by your aunt at Vigo is equivalent to a will, and that a certified translation of this would at least testify that you and your sister Josephine and I are her heirs, and also her only near relations. In that sense, such a document might serve the purpose desired; and on that hypothesis I have copied and signed a power of attorney, worded as recommended by Pepe, which you and Josephine might sign also, if you have no objection, and return it directly to Pepe in Avila. As to the Spanish translation of the Deed of Trust, it is for you to say whether it can and ought to be despatched; but it seems to me that it would do no harm, and might solve the difficulties of the case.

I am writing to Pepe explaining that I have submitted the matter to you.

Thank you for the new letter of credit—as well as Christmas card—which I have in my possession.

Cory is arriving in a few days to keep me company for a while, while he recovers from a rather bad attack of his intestinal trouble. I hope, in his honour, the sun will consent to shine, for it seems to me that after raining every day during the Summer in Paris, it is raining every day during the winter in Rome. However, I have kept well, and mild weather prevails when it's wet, so that on the whole we have little to complain of

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Isabel Martín de Sastre14 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

14 de Enero, 1931

Querida Isabel: Acabo de recibir tu carta del día 11, con la cuenta del Banco Hispano-Americano—que devuelvo, para que se reuna con los demás documentos que teneis relativos a los asuntos de Josefina—y la copia de carta dirigida a D. Benjamin Caro por el abogado amigo de Pepe. Esta carta me parece admirable, y expresa perfectamente lo que yo opino en la cuestión de Juana.

La targeta de este señor no viene en el sobre, de modo que no sé como se llama: pero no creo que vuelvan a dirigirse a mí directamente. Si así lo hicieran, puedo contestar dejando en blanco el nombre de esa persona, y mandaros la carta para que vosotros la completeis, antes de remitirsela.

Siento molestaros con estas cosas, pero me haceis un verdadero favor encargandoos de ellas, porque yo sólo no sabría salir del paso.

Sin mas por hoy, se despide tu tío que te quiere Jorge

To Charles Scribner's Sons

14 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 14, 1931

M^{esses} Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

The proofs for the second article in The Adelphi have now reached me, and I enclose a copy of my corrections, in case any of the errata are also in the copy which you are to use for The Genteel Tradition at Bay.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

The Genteel Tradition at Bay, by G. Santayana

Author's corrections to chap. II. The Appeal to the Supernatural

Paragraph, line,		<u>should read</u>
2	19	“would be an <u>external</u> ” an eternal
4	16	“must be also” must be so also
	18	“not medley” not a medley
	21	“ <u>External</u> ” eternal
7	2	insert comma after “believe”.
	8	“alone <u>should</u> render”. would
10	6	“ <u>External</u> initiative” internal

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 15, 1931

Dear Strong

Cory arrived three days ago, giving me rather a shock with his thinness and weakness. He seemed yesterday decidedly firmer on his legs, and he seems to eat well and with relish, so that we may hope that he may recover, with time, his normal energy, which is not very great; and the fact that he uses it up so intensively at certain moments, makes him all the more liable to run down afterwards. I think—and he says his doctor in

Florence thought so too—that he needs a long and complete change, and rest from all persistent work. I am proposing to him that he stay here for the rest of the winter; of course, if he preferred to go to Rapallo or elsewhere later, he would be free to do so; but I should like you to let me take over the responsibility for looking after him for six, or at least three, months, because with me he will know that he isn't expected to do anything but vegetate. Also the climate is more favourable here for a convalescent, and while he remains at this hotel he will be well look_{ed} after in the matter of food, hot baths, etc.

I am sorry if this plan interferes with the discussions which you have been carrying on; but in any case Cory isn't fit for carrying them on at present. If you obliged him to do so, I am afraid it might have consequences for him, nervous and religious, which you would deeply regret. He is getting desperate about technical details, and inclines to becoming a Catholic. He needs to be left free to recover his balance.

Irwin Edman is here, very enthusiastic. I have caught a cold, and am staying in the house to try to avoid complications.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 January 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 17, 1931

Dear Strong

I am very glad that you agree to letting Cory stay here for the present. It seems to be doing him good, and I hope he will find enough congenial people and entertainments to keep him in good spirits. Yesterday he went to a superior concert of 18th century music and instruments, with Edman. I am still staying in the house, but the attack hasn't been severe, and I hope soon to be all right again.

Excuse me for having forgotten to answer your Christmas letter, but one day for me is much like another, and my first reaction had been to

write at once to Cory, whose being ill you informed me of; and perhaps that made me feel that the letter had been attended to.

It is not only Miller, but I also, that agree with your theory of perception, if I understand your present distinction between the attributed and the unattributed datum. This last phrase is good to designate the manifest essence, in the setting and from the point of view of physiological psychology. It is true that the manifest essence is, per accidens, an unattributed datum: my only contention, in addition, would be that in itself the manifest essence is innocent of that circumstance. And of course I shouldn't agree that, in itself, it is a particular, since it has no place in space or time; that which is particular is the intuition of it, with the movement of the psyche carrying that intuition. These have a date and an occasion; but they are out of the picture. "Datum" now seems to me to have been an unfortunate word altogether, because it suggests that the manifest essence has been transmitted, conveyed as a gift, and then received into a pre-existent setting. All this give and take is material, and should be conceived behaviouristically. Nothing of it lies in the manifest essence, when this is contemplated without distraction or *arrière pensée*.

I had some time ago a rather disturbed letter from George, who seems to be reaching the point of exasperation and desperation in his New York environment. I hope they may be able to come away without offending the old gentlemen or injuring their own prospects.

Yours ever

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock5 February 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

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

Rome, Feb. 5, 1931

Dear M^r Wheelock

I need hardly say that I am highly gratified at the kind expressions in your letter, and at the prospect of a nice edition of my little book.

Although the articles in the Saturday Review of Literature are almost perfect typographically, I enclose a copy of the three complete, with a few corrections in red ink.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis8 February 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Feb. 8, 1931

Dear George

I have your letter of Jan. 26, and previously I had received the double yearly account of my property and your aunt Josephine's. I notice for the first time considerable sums going in taxes; as to the expected fall in values, it isn't very clear, since by virtue of the inheritance, the estimated value of my property has increased by about \$200,000: but by making a rough calculation of what the capital ought to have been, in order to produce \$25,000 income (11,000 of mine and half of your aunt's 29,000) I gather that stocks must have fallen, on the average, between 20% and 30%. Even if no great recovery takes place, and there is eventually a corresponding reduction in the income, I have no cause for worry, since my needs are covered several times over; but I hope you haven't had any losses that affect your comfort or your plans for the boys.

No doubt you and Mr. Gardiner are quite right about the uselessness of sending a copy of your aunt Josephine's Deed of Trust to Avila. I suggested it only because they asked for a will, although they should have known that there was none. Probably Pepe paid little attention to our discussion on this point last year, being then interested only in clearing his own affairs; and perhaps the brothers don't consult one another very much. I suspect—though I don't know it positively—that there is some tension between them. We will see what happens, if not before, when I go to Avila in the early summer. There may be some difficulty in proving that any of us are the natural heirs of your aunt, granting that she died intestate. I have my birth certificate: but have they got your aunt's, I wonder?

My young friend Daniel Cory is now here, and goes to lunch with me every day, and we have philosophical and literary talks (mainly, giggling like school-girls) at other times also. He is trying to recover from a serious weakness of the bowels, and hard work is forbidden.

Yours affectionately

G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

10 February 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Duke)

Rome, Feb. 10, 1931

Thank you very much for your letter. I hope my articles are not the cause of so many headaches as you suppose. They are to reappear in the form of a little book, which I will send you for the library of the Society. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To José Sastre González18 February 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma
18 de Febrero, 1931.

Querido Pepe: tengo a la vista vuestra carta del día 15, con las indicaciones dadas por D. Manuel Bernabé sobre el asunto de Juana.

Yo no pienso contestar a la última carta de ésta, ni tratar con ella directamente por escrito ni de palabra mientras ella mantenga sus pretensiones. Para eso están los abogados. Comprendo que tampoco D. Manuel debe contestar a esa última comunicación, que representa un cambio de táctica por parte del enemigo, encaminado precisamente a conseguir que se reconozca su derecho a una parte, por lo menos, de la cantidad que exige, sin llegar a entablar acción judicial. No me parece que debamos entrar por ese camino. Sería premiar su atrevimiento.

En cuanto al fondo de la cuestión, es evidente que ese documento lo prepararon ellos entre sí sin que mi hermana tuviera nada que ver con el asunto. Si después le arrancaron la firma, fué sin que ella se diera cuenta de lo que firmaba.

Hay que fijarse bien en esa firma, si llega el caso. En la copia que me mandaron pone “Josefina Sturgis Borrás” forma en que no ha firmado nunca mi hermana, y que no hubiera entendido, si se la hubieran querido explicar. Ella ponía, a la inglesa, “Josefina B. Sturgis.”

Hay también un error en su edad, que era de 77 y no de 75 años.

En fin, la consideración principal, que desautoriza toda esta intriga y al mismo tiempo ha podido facilitarla, es que la cabeza de la pobre Josefina no regía, y que ella no ha podido fijar la cantidad de 15,000 pesetas, ni entender bien lo que eso representa.

He estado estos días sin salir de casa, con el catarro de siempre, pero ya va pasando, y estoy acompañado del amigo Cory, que fué mi secretario y lo es ahora de Strong, y que ha venido de Florencia por una temporada. Leo con interés lo que dicen los periódicos de la crisis en España. Me gustaría ver algún número del ABC que explique bien lo que ocurre.

Os abraza
Jorge

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

26 February 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 26, '31 I had an impression that I had already replied to your last letter, but perhaps I forgot it. Of course, I should be sorry to have you and your mother pass by without stopping, but I am afraid I am too lazy and busy to go to Naples at present.

G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong11 March 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
March 11, 1931

Dear Strong

It happens that Lord Russell and I had been exchanging letters during the last fortnight before his death, and this renewal of friendliness at the end softens very much for me the close of an enormously important chapter in my life. On Feb. 14 he wrote: "All that is the real part of me and my very extensive external activities are to me of the nature of Maya, or an illusion. They interest me, they are my life job, and I do them, but they are not a part of my real life ... I seldom take the public into my confidence about my real feelings. I received two great shocks in my life: the first being when Jowett sent me down. My rage and mortification at being so wronged produced a bitterness and permanently injured my character. Finally, when Elizabeth left me I went completely dead and have never come alive again. She never realized how I worshipped and loved her and how I idealized what is in essence a worthless character, and her light-hearted cruelty killed something in me which has never revived." I replied giving what I suppose to be her view of the matter: that she is a clever satirical woman who likes to sit laughing at her own thoughts, that he didn't leave her enough to herself, got on her nerves, and at last she couldn't stand it.

On Feb. 25 he wrote in answer to this: "What you say about Elizabeth is of course nonsense, she having been careful to show you only the most attractive side. She has never loved anybody including her own children. She enjoys cruelty for its own sake, as some people enjoy seeing a butterfly wriggling on a pin. You are also quite wrong as to her having explained to me a thousand times, or for the matter of that, once. On the contrary, she objected to my playing bridge {because he lost too much money} or dining at the club, and I was only allowed one night out a week." The firm exclusion of any point of view except that of his own centre is characteristic: but he was very intelligent within that perspective. However, he couldn't achieve even his own happiness, because he constantly cut his own nose off. Our perspectives are not our Self.

Cory is better, I think, but excitable, and several things have happened to worry him, besides the rather wet and cheerless weather. We have had

a quarrel with the dentist, too much of a good thing with Edman, and now Fuller is here, who also is not an unmixed blessing. He seems to have lost all intellectual interests and to like nothing but old ladies' gossip and Bohemian scandals. However, the sequel to his *History of Greek Philosophy* is in the press—two volumes on Plato and Aristotle. Cory talks of going before long directly to Glion, in the hope of getting more fresh air and exercise. He is very keen, as usual, on the book that he is in love with for the time being, and I find his insight, when he once takes something in, as wonderful as ever.—A lady in this hotel has made him a proposal of marriage. She confesses to 29 summers, is said to be very beautiful and plump, has three fur coats, and is the daughter of a rich wine merchant at Bergamo. She speaks only Italian, so that Cory has made great progress in pronunciation, can say “simpaticissimo” (which is what she declares him to be) and has been invited to spend a week-end at her parents' villa on his way north. However, the lady has now departed, almost without hope. Nevertheless, Cory confides to me that Maria is a very beautiful name.

The way to address a letter to Bertie now is simply Earl Russell, on the outside. “The Earl R”, or “The R E. Hon. the Earl R” are only official or trades-people's ways of addressing envelopes. Inside, if you said “Dear Mr. Russell”, it should now be “Dear Lord Russell”, and if you said “Dear Russell”, no change.

I am afraid he is too poor to carry off his title (and his son's too, who is now Lord Amberley); but when he takes his seat in the House of Lords, if the Labour government is still in office, or when it returns, I suppose they will give him some office—say Education!

I look forward to seeing you here soon Yours ever

G.S.

To José Sastre González15 March 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

15 de Marzo, 1931

Querido Pepe: Jorgito me escribe, remitiendo tu carta del 15 de Febrero, que recibió a su tiempo, pero sin que viniera en ella el poder firmado por nosotros, el cual decías que le devolvías por no ser suficiente, y que le rogabas mandara de nuevo por via diplomática. Ni él ni yo entendemos bien de qué procedimiento se trata, y te agradeceríamos nos explicaras lo que se debe hacer.

Muchas cosas a todos de parte de tu tío Jorge

To John Hall Wheelock19 March 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

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

London, S.W.1

Rome, March 19, '1931

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

I have received with pleasure your two notes of Feb. 26 and March 2, and also the two copies of The Genteel Tradition at Bay. The book presents a very nice appearance, is easy to read, and, as far as I know, has no errors in it. Thank you very much for taking so much pains with it.

As to the other four copies which normally would be sent me, they are not enough to cover the long list of persons to whom I have already asked you to send the book in my name—I suppose that list was duly received and acted upon. Perhaps the simplest thing would be for you to send those four copies to me here—Hotel Bristol, Rome—as touring friends

are always turning up to whom I might like to distribute them. I should be much obliged if you would have this done.

I am now at work revising and extending my so-called “novel”; but I doubt whether it will be ever finished or quite ready to publish during my life-time. Perhaps Cory (to whom I am bequeathing my MS.) and you will attend to it afterwards.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William Soutar

31 March 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Scotland)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall. London. S.W.1.
Rome, March 31, 1931

Dear Mr. Soutar

Many thanks for your book of poems, in which I find the same force and reality of feeling as in those which I had seen earlier, with a greater unity of effect and more verbal mastery. You are still troubled (if the schoolmaster may speak) by the archaic 2nd person singular of the English verb: “Thou mus’d”, “thou grew”. Why not say “you” and be natural? You also seem to me obscure in places: not merely intellectually obscure, which might be a poetic virtue, if the symbolic or mystical burden of the phrase was thereby increased; but obscure in the sense of not conveying the intention of the poem unequivocally. But these are technical trifles. The point that naturally interests me most is the philosophical sentiment or confession dominating the whole. You, r_{λ} title “Conflict”, and the sentence you quote from me as a motto, suggest love vs. dissatisfaction with love. Is that the end? Your powers of spiritual reaction and recuperation are evident: you have doubtless found, or will find, that which you seek in turning away from love with dissatisfaction: the light of “Dawn”. I myself have found it in a rather humdrum, intellectual, old man’s philosophy: your temperament will discover, I expect, something more vehement and sublime. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 April 1931 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 8 1931

Dear Strong

Cory has been much better physically since certain people who were worrying him have left the scene, but he remains super sensitive to all sorts of influences. Now he has dropped Leibniz and keeps his nose, even at meals, stuck into a book by a certain Edmund Wilson, of which you may have heard. He has been for some time on the point of leaving Rome, but now will stay on in order to see you, even if only for a day or two.

I am glad you have put your theory of perception into its final shape, and shall be interested in seeing—and hearing—the terms in which you now express it. As to Relativity, I may not be able to follow your arguments and am, in a sense, less personally interested, because I have come to a quietus of my own on the subject. When you are here, if you still want to work, I can give you a book of Maritain's in which Einstein is treated intelligibly and intelligently, though of course from a far distant point of view. I am, in my old age, acquiring the faculty which Leibniz said he had of agreeing with Everybody. I agree with Maritain, but I agree with Einstein also: it is only a question of the place which one assigns to certain sorts of science or speculation. Maritain thinks what I call "specious" absolute: and it is, for the moralist or the poet: it is the spiritual reality. But the test of material Existence is practical: so that the tables are turned when you approach cosmology. The cosmology of Maritain is pure myth, as that of Einstein is sheer mathematics.

I am diligently occupied with the novel. The first Chapters are already typed.

It will be very pleasant to see you and to drive out again to our old points of interest.

Yours ever G.S.

To Curt John Ducasse

10 April 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Brown)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall London S.W.1
Rome, April 10, 1931

Dear Professor Ducasse

In a letter to ~~my~~ my old friend Mr. Roelker, who has written repeating your kind invitation to Brown University, I have explained the reasons which prevent me from accepting it.

I am very sorry, and hope you will accept my best thanks, and convey them to the other authorities.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To José Sastre González

10 April 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma
10 de Abril, 1931

Querido Pepe Hay ahora en Roma un nuevo cónsul, el Conde de Eril, que dice ser pariente del dueño del Pinar, cerca de Mingorria. Ha estado muy amable, interesándose por el asunto que nos ocupa; me asegura que el poder debe estenderse en la forma del que incluyo, y que se necesita otro parecido, hecho en Bóston, y autorizado allí por el cónsul de España. Me pidió algunos datos, tal como tu profesión, que no sé si he referido bién; y también quedo yo con algunas dudas sobre un punto importante. Habiendo fallecido mi hermana sin hacer testamento, ¿quienes son sus herederos legítimos? ¿Yo sólo, o también Jorge Sturgis y su hermana, en representación de Roberto? Se lo pregunté al cónsul, que respondió en seguida que los sobrinos también heredan; pero luego, por otras cosas

que dijo, ví que la cosa no era segura. Me parece que se debe aclarar este punto, antes de pedir a Jorgito y a su hermana el poder correspondiente: porque seria lástima molestarles, y perder tiempo, si por fin había de resultar que ese poder no hacía falta. Haz el favor de preguntárselo al abogado, y si opina que se necesita también un poder concedido por Jorgito y Josefina, se lo pides tú directamente a Boston. Yo hoy mismo escribo a Jorgito, explicándole lo que ocurre, de modo que con dos letras que tú le pongas, entenderá lo que debe hacer.

Estamos ya en plena primavera, y se empieza a buscar la sombra en las calles y paseos. Esta semana viene mi amigo Strong a pasar unos días en Roma, y daremos los paseos de siempre en su automóvil. Espero que también en Avila sigais todos sin novedad, y que hayan pasado las elecciones sin causar desgracias.

Un abrazo de tu tío
Jorge

To George Sturgis

12 April 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 12, 1931

Dear George,

On receiving your last letter, I wrote to Pepe saying that you hadn't found that power of attorney in his letter, and wished to know what was meant by sending such a document "by the diplomatic channel".

After some time (you know Pepe is employed in a government office at Leon, and is often absent from Avila) he replied expressing surprise at the loss of that paper, as he couldn't find it in his desk, and saying that the "diplomatic channel" was simply the witness or visa given by the consul. According I went to the Spanish consulate here and explained the case. There is a new consul, the Conde de Eril, who has relations in Avila, and was very civil. He told me that I must make a separate declaration to him, and you and Josephine another declaration before the Spanish consul in Boston. The power of attorney so signed by us then remains in the archives of the respective consulates, and each consul makes out a second document, in his own name, and signed and sealed by him, containing a copy of the power of attorney which we have given: and it is this second consular document that must be presented in Spain.

I have done this here, and my power of attorney is already on its way to Avila—a beautiful imposing document for which I paid 178 lire=\$9.

Now there is a previous question which hasn't really been cleared up. Who, according to Spanish law, are your aunt Josephine's heirs, she having died intestate? Is it I alone, or you and your sister also, in lieu of your father? I have asked Pepe to find this out definitely before he troubles you with a second request for this power of attorney: because it would be inexcusable to bother you and Josephine with this affair, if after all your intervention was not necessary. I assume, however, that it is: and in that case, the thing for you to do, if you are willing to help us out of this difficulty, is to ask the Spanish consul to prepare a document, in legal terminology, covering the points which I enumerate in the sheet enclosed, and then to make out the authorized report and copy of it which you can send to Spain. Don't do anything about it unless you hear from Pepe directly. I

write only to prepare the [*across*] way, and explain beforehand what will probably be required. Yours aff^y G.S.

To Mr. Wechsler

21 April 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Southern)

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

Rome April 21 1931

Dear Mr. Wechsler

I am sending you a more recent portrait —from a N. Y. daily paper—as well as the fancy one which you submit, and which never looked very like me. It is always pleasant to hear that one has invisible friends, especially young ones, in whom the better part of oneself may live again.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

25 April 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Houghton)

Rome, April 25, 1931.

It is quite possible that I may go to Venice myself in June and stay there until the heat drives me to the mountains. In that case, if you came there for your Italian, we could sometimes have an ice together in the Piazza of an evening. It would be very pleasant. Best regards from G.S.

To José Sastre González

9 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol Roma

9 de Mayo, 1931

Querido Pepe: Estoy pensando suspender el viaje a España hasta que se aclare algo la situación, tanto la política como la del asunto de las cuentas de Josefina. No dudo que en Avila haya tranquilidad completa, es decir, tranquilidad material; pero sin embargo me disgusta el ambiente de expectativa y de incertidumbre por lo que pueda ocurrir en otras partes. Estoy muy ocupado con mis cosas—ahora principalmente “la novela”—y deseo estar solo y viajar lo menos posible. Tu me dirás si conviene, por lo de Josefina, que me presente yo antes de que se cumpla el año desde su fallecimiento. En ese caso, puedo ir en Septiembre, por pocos días. No sé si los poderes que hemos mandado, o vamos a mandar, bastaran, sin testamento, para que tu retires ese dinero. Si no bastan, ¿que procedimiento se debe seguir, a fin de que se resuelva el asunto?

El tiempo sigue muy fresco, y pienso quedarme aquí, hasta entrado el mes de Junio, y luego ir a Venecia, al Hotel Danieli, donde he estado en otras ocasiones. Desde la misma puerta de esa fonda se puede tomar el vaporcito que va en media hora a la playa del Lido, lugar de moda, donde se puede refrescar y respirar el aire del mar.

Sentiré mucho no veros a todos tan pronto cómo yo lo habia esperado, pero será mas adelante, si Dios quiere, y en momento mas oportuno. Mercedes, como es natural, está muy intranquila; dice que parece que el marido de María Luisa se queda sin carrera, y que todo va de mal a peor. Esperemos que la situación se normalice, y que no haya que lamentar desgracias mayores.

Cariñosos recuerdos de tu tío que te quiere

Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

 10 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 10, 1931

Dear Cory

You must make the best of this accident. The fact that it is so unpleasant for you in every way, and so unexpected, will serve to sober you a little and make you cry a halt—I don't mean lead you to give up the cult of Venus altogether, which might not be possible or desirable, but cause you to regard it as a weakness and not as something to be proud of. It has seemed to me sometimes that you encouraged yourself to pursue the fair sex even when there was nothing inevitable or romantic about the affair: and you are old enough and experienced enough not to need that sort of self-challenge, to prove to yourself that you are a little man. In one way I prefer that you should flutter in this manner

De fleur en fleur et d'objet en objet

rather than form a permanent connexion; it may be more dangerous, but on the whole it is less of a drag, and less expensive in the end. But I should be glad if this experience led you to be less pleased with the Don Juan in your organism. It is not your Strong side.

Of course our worthy friend must hear nothing of it, and you must tell me if this cheque isn't enough to tide you over. I don't quite understand how the cheapest room at the Victoria can absorb £30 a month; I

thought a room with a bath was only 26 francs a day. Nevertheless, don't stint yourself in any way that can be bad for your health or spirits, and you know I am always glad to come to the rescue: in fact, there is hardly any other function left for me to perform in the realm of matter—the rest belongs to spirit.

Strong is returning Les Faux Monnayeurs of Gide “for sanitary reasons”. Apparently he was afraid it might poison his servants. His family, at least, has nothing to learn—

Yours affectionately
G.S.

To Morris Raphael Cohen

11 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, May 11, 1931

My dear Professor Cohen,

Let me send you my best thanks for your Reason & Nature. I find nothing in the book with which I don't agree, and a great deal that demolishes prevalent idols of the cave and of the theatre. You exhibit most valiantly the weaknesses of James, Dewey & Co. and honourably defend good sense and clear thinking against often cowardly, because convenient, confusions. Living as you do in the midst of morally rather intolerant currents, it is wonderful that you can swim so stoutly and successfully against the stream. Where you seem to me—I stand on the shore—to yield a little to insidious academic influences is in the distribution of your subject-matter. You discuss many points which—though perhaps socially worth

straightening out—are of no importance in themselves. And your book in consequence takes rather the form of a running review or mise-au-point of contemporary disputes, and misses the architectural impressiveness which greater concentration might have given it. For instance, I hope you may find occasion before long to clear up and emphasize the ubiquitous directness of the dependence of mind on organic life, and the non-existence of mental machinery. Isn't it grotesque to suppose one idea capable of generating another, as if in music one note were asked to produce another note? On pages 70 and 71 you seem to me to accomodate your language too much to popular metaphors. In discourse relevant ideas are “chosen” because, the bodily and psychic (not mental) reactions being determined by inheritance, training, and circumstances, only relevant ideas can arise. And it is the physiological incidence of relaxation and play that brings with it innocent, wild, and perhaps pleasant fancies. It would be gratuitous in a pure spirit either to like rest or to indulge in vagaries. Another point to which I should be glad to see you return is the “reality” of universals. When an essence or a trope (if I may use my lingo) is exemplified in events, it becomes a part of their essence; but I should hardly say (would you?) that even the whole essence or description of a natural fact was that fact. The universal merely defines the fact, and is true of it; but the fact is more than its essence; it exists by being generated, situated, and sustained in the midst of nature by the flow of substance into that form at that juncture. Otherwise, your universals couldn't define existence, but only themselves. Am I wrong?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

11 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

Rome, May 11, 31

Not sorry to have the unsanitary book back, as it is a special first edition, and may interest posterity—I have written to my relations in Spain saying that I am suspending my journey. It is hardly likely that I shall leave Italy at all, but if I pass thro' Paris, I will come to lunch one day with pleasure at St. Germain. Cory is at Glion. G.S.

To George Sturgis

23 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Rome, May 23, 1931

Dear George

I have given up the idea of going to Spain for the present, and am leaving in a week or ten days for Venice, where I mean to spend the summer. If it gets too hot at the Hotel Danieli, I can move to the Lido or even to Cortina, although I am a little afraid that I might find the latter too cool.

No doubt at Avila there will be little or no material disturbance, no matter what happens in the country at large: but I dislike the feeling of excitement and apprehension, and in fact am not sorry of an excuse for putting off the trip, and the visit to the family, and lying low for a season, as I have plenty to do and to keep me amused in revising the novel. The Prologue and Part I (seven short chapters) are already neatly typed, and I hope to make great advances during the summer months.

Strong will be again near Paris—on account of his daughter and her children, and Cory, who is now at Glion, I believe is going to England

I am glad to see that you are doing all that is possible to settle the matter of your aunt Josephine's bank account. The procedure you are following is not exactly like that adopted for me here by the new Consul (already resigned!) but probably the fact that you and Josephine and Ray Bidwell are not Spanish subjects—I should now say "citizens"—~~peo~~ makes a different method appropriate. If Pepe is able to get the money, there will be nothing lost by my not turning up. I have left the matter of my jour-

ney open, and could go in September if it was necessary and the coast was clear.

I am not in sympathy with Spanish republicans; but things probably will have to be much worse before they begin to be better. The dictatorship in Spain had the misfortune of being associated with military, royal, aristocratic, and clerical interests—all Fascism is not. It therefore couldn't attract the popular and socialistic currents, which can't be safely ignored. They have now overflowed; but there may not be much left except mud when they subside. Provincial independence may survive: and that may be a good thing morally.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Ralph Barton Perry

25 May 1931 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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

Rome, May 25, 1931

Dear Perry

I am perfectly willing that you should include as much of these letters in your book as you think might interest the public. The earlier ones are rather official, but there is some philosophy in spots. I have marked in pencil one or two passages, favourably or unfavourably: but of course it is for you to decide.

I am extremely sorry that the most interesting of James's letters to me has been mislaid. I hope, from what Mrs. Toy says, that it may turn up some day.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

26 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123 Pall Mall.

Rome, May 27, 1931

Dear Fuller

After I had finished the proofs of your Aristotle, the two volumes arrived, and I have now read the Socrates and Plato. I am partly reconciled to your intentional American and jocular medium; for I see that really you are not writing a history of Greek Philosophy at all, but a review of what the professors—chiefly English or Scottish—now say about it. You might have carried the joke out, and composed a perfect satire on all these controversies, on the theme which you indicate in several places, that the two and seventy sects come out by the same door wherein they went. And this is always the back door. All these professors are outsiders and interlopers, and the first thing to do if you had wished to study the ancients themselves should have been to become a believer in them, and to have let all these modern egotistical critics lie buried in their own dust. Plato and Aristotle speak for themselves, if you trust them, and if you want guidance, you have it, within the school and its living traditions, in the Neo Platonists, the Arabians, and the Scholastics. Two points, for instance, would at once drop out of the discussion, 1st the supposed transformations and contradictions in the systems, with the whole trivial question of dates; 2nd the importance of the problem of evil. As to the first, I found it more annoying in Aristotle than in Plato, in whom (especially if you accept the letters) some chronological variations may really be traced; but in either case, it is impossible for any author to say (or to develop) everything at once: he must study one subject first and then another, and the order of these subjects, and his age, may naturally colour the discussion, and give it a different emphasis or point of approach: but to speak of an evolution or self-contradiction in mature masters like Plato and Aristotle is a piece of modern insolence and pedantry. As to the other point—the origin of evil—I came the other day in Maritain on the observation that this is not an important subject in philosophy: and naturally not for a Platonist or Aristotelian, because in that system the creativity of the One is accidental to Him. He may be the absolute good in himself and our ultimate good also: but the fact that there is evil too, and separation from the good, is our business and misfortune, not a blemish or a fault in

Him. So the attribution of evil to matter or \wedge to \wedge accidental wilfulness or \wedge to \wedge malice is a question of history: and your argument about God “letting go” loses all its urgency if we remember that “matter” is by definition indeterminate. When any essence “lets go”, matter (or the contingent, whatever you may call it, which is crucial for existence.) is ready to become anything: i.e. matter, left alone, will deviate or go wrong of itself—wrong, I mean, from the point of view of the essence which we \wedge happen to \wedge look to. You may then say that matter is attracted by the devil, or the seat of free-will, or simply chaotic: these are all ways of describing the same earthly fact. God lets go when we lose Him.

I shouldn't have bothered you with these old carpings, which you will think wrong-headed, were it not that in reading your Plato I have more than once been arrested by the extraordinary sympathy and understanding which you display in revealing the true inwardness of the system, for instance, at the end of the chapter on love. Page 201 is sublime. Why then not have interpreted Plato in this fashion throughout, paraphrasing and re-thinking his own thoughts? You could do it, if you cared. But the confounded Protestant professors have got you to paraphrase them instead.

I hope you will have a good press and a good sale. You are modest in your professions, and really do much more than you propose and promise to do. But merely as a review of reviews or set of lectures about all other sets of lectures, your books may be useful: and certainly they will keep the reader awake.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 May 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 29, 1931

Dear Cory

After some vacillation I am sending you only your ordinary extraordinary budget for June. If the doctor's bills, etc, make this insufficient, you will tell me frankly. I don't want you to be skimmed, but at the same time, if you have too much at once, you are tempted to make a splurge. On the other hand, this habit probably comes from the very fact that you have always been fed from hand to mouth, lived on the dole, as it were, which at your age is hardly normal. It would be better if you could have a fixed income and a bank account of your own, so that you could feel you were your own master.

Can you tell me whether "Edna St. Vincent Millay" is Miss or Mrs. and if the latter, what Mrs, or whose Missus? She has sent me a book of 52 sonnets, rather fluent, and only letting the cloven hoof peep out here and there from under the Elizabethan petticoat. But there are good-humoured inscriptions and comments of her own in pencil, which make me wish to write and thank her. Would you care to see the book?

"Babette Deutsch" hasn't been content with my politic epistle, and has written a reply, explaining what her poem means. But I don't understand the explanation and fortunately can let the matter drop.

I expect to move to Venice, Hôtel Danieli, on June 9th It is warm here, but not unpleasant. Two more chapters of the novel are done, covering Oliver's childhood. The next—the paean on food—is also complete, so that we are marking progress.

Yours affly
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory2 June 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, June 2, 1931

I am sending you Edman's book on the alleged need of saving the modern man's soul. Give it away, if you have your own copy. You will find a few pencil-notes.—I liked the end of Jennings' book better than the beginning. He is a good fellow, only his concepts are uncriticized. Science as a whole is not a description of experience, but of nature; only „literary“ psychology describes experience, or rather the way in which experience emerges in nature. “Emergent evolution” is all right, as J. understands it: he merely stops at the animal tropes, as natural history must. His sympathies are not obscurantist, e.g. in regard to final causes and inherited qualities.—I have been to see Conway Davies, to ask him if he thought my heart too weak to stand the altitude of Cortina. He says no. But I weigh 210 lbs.! C'est dégoûtant. What is Edman's address?

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory3 June 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, June 3, 1931

On picking up Miss Millay's Sonnets, in order to send them to you, I see that they weren't sent me by the author at all, but by an old Harvard friend, Henry Abbot. I have re-read the book; and certainly the diction and movement (with a few breaks) are quite magnificently Shakespearian: but one feels that it is a fancy-dress ball or a “Pageant”. Much as if a man wrote admirable Latin verses. When it comes to the experience & spirit, it is less grand.—I am beginning to prepare for departure next week: the cooler weather makes it pleasant here. G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

[6 or 13 June 1931] • [Rome, Italy] (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

Saturday

I hope to arrive in Florence on Tuesday, June 19, at 14.48 o'clock.

I have made an appointment with the dentist for Wednesday, the 20th, at 6 o'clock; he is in the Lungarno Corsini, so that I shall be able to reach the appointed place for dinner, which I suppose will not be before 7 o'clock.

G. S.

To Louis Sacks

8 June 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Stroup)

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

Rome. June 8, 1931

Dear Mr Sachs,

You are very young, I suppose, and I understand your enthusiasm at first conceiving nature naturalistically: I felt it myself, at what I suppose to be your age, on first studying Spinoza and Lucretius. But the general view is old and familiar: the interest lies entirely in the particular colour and illustrations which each new philosopher or poet may give to it. A system has the value of the perceptions and emotions which a man may put into it. The bare outline of naturalism or pantheism—though true, I think, as far as it goes—is nothing but the stretched canvass on which he must paint his picture.

But why do you attempt verse? Let me advise you warmly to stick to prose

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Henry Ward Abbot10 June 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

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

Rome, June 10, 1931

Dear Harry

Many thanks for introducing me to Miss Millay. I had seen her name, and possibly (if she ever wrote for The Dial) I may have read some piece of hers before: but all was lost in that terrible bog of false poetry into which I hate to step. Poetry, in the sense of versified passionate eloquence, seems to be a thing of the past. But I see that Miss Millay takes the bull by the horns and dresses up her poetry in the magnificent ruff and pearls of Queen Elizabeth. It is a wonderful performance: very rarely did I feel that the sawdust of modern diction was trickling out of the beautiful fancy-dress doll. The movement, and in particular the way of repeating and heightening a word, like a theme in music, are unexampled, as far as I know, in any contemporary performance. When it comes to the thought or the morality, just because it is somewhat genuine and modern, there is less nobility: a woman who was really in love and gave herself too freely to a lover who, liking her well enough at first, got tired of her in the end. The case demands repentance and sublimation, both of which Miss Millay avoids, in her evidently pragmatic philosophy. But without sublimation or repentance the feeling could not rise to the level of the versification. It is like very good Latin versification, such as is still occasionally produced by the well-educated.

I am at work on The Last Puritan and often wish I could show you a passage and ask you if it seems to you true to ^{the} life—to the inner life especially—of our old-fashioned friends.

I agree that the last years of life are the best, if one is a philosopher.

Yours sincerely
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 June 1931 • Venice, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Venice, June 18, 1931

I expect to leave on the 22nd for Cortina d'Ampezzo, Hotel Miramonte, because although the heat here isn't sensuously unpleasant, it keeps me from walking or writing. I have done nothing but read novels, one of which I am sending you—very cynical, but perhaps a hint of what you may find in England now-a-days, if you go there. I have also read Babbit, not the professor but the old novel by Sinclair Lewis. I like it: on another plane, it is very much in the spirit of The Last Puritan: but of course I make no attempt to rival the speech of his characters. As diagnosis, it seems fair.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 June 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
June 23, 1931

Dear Cory

Here I am at last comfortably established, in a very clean quiet hotel. As yet there are only two or three clerical-looking English families, but even in August, when the Italians arrive, I expect that I shall be able to stand it. It is pleasantly cool, and the mountain air doesn't seem to affect me. I have a bathroom (without a window) but the bedroom is largish and I have arranged the chaise-longue and the table in such a way that I am sure of being materially encouraged to work. It is like the quarters we had at Glion, only a good deal more spacious—and of course the landscape is more idyllic, a village in the heart of the Alps become a centre for tourists. Miramonti, however, is a mile or more from the village.

Strong has been cheated by his family, who after all are to remain in America, and the poor man doesn't know where to go—is even thinking of coming here.

I enclose your monthly cheque a little in advance, which I suppose you won't mind

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To Herbert Jacob Seligmann

26 June 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Morgan)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, London
Cortina, June 26, 1931

Dear Mr. Seligmann

It was very good of you to send me one of the limited copies of Marin's letters. I have read them through, and feel that they are an instructive document. The dialect at first rather disgusted me—except when I could see the humour of it—but in the end I think that it is justified. It helps to enforce the Go to Hell which animates the perfectly Spontaneous Me. I'll talk as I damn please, and paint as I damn please, and live—as miserable circumstances compel me to live. Here is a brave artist dependent on a rich patron. Is that to be the status of all “free” art or thought in America? Or is there another current, more deeply native, but not less “free”, which expresses the volume of the American Niagara? I am a little afraid that quite anarchical art and thought may be sterile, and may become more and more an hors-d'oeuvre in the modern hurly-burly. I suppose genius and intuition exist about equally in all ages and countries. The point is that they should take root and bequeathe a recognizable heritage

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Mercedes de la Escalera

3 July 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italia.

3 de julio, 1931.

Querida Mercedes,

Esta revolución es cosa triste para nosotros, que vemos deshacerse el mundo en que hemos vivido; pero hay que desengañarse. Todo lo humano cambia sin cesar, y ninguna civilización puede sostenerse en la forma que tenía, ni volver a ella. La sociedad moderna, en su parte viva y eficaz, es industrial y mecánica: no conoce religión ni patria; estas cosas para ella son lujos que se pueden permitir los individuos, en sus momentos de ocio, pero no tienen nada que ver con la economía pública. Es verdad que hay una forma de patriotismo moderno, parecido al entusiasmo de los equipos de foot-ball, cada uno por su parte; pero es un juego de pura rivalidad en las mismas empresas materiales (como se vió en la última guerra) y no se funda, como el amor a la patria verdadero, en la historia y en la índole moral de los pueblos. En cuanto a la persecución de la iglesia, por injusta que parezca, creo que puede compensarse bajo el punto de vista espiritual, con la mayor sinceridad y fervor de los católicos verdaderos. En la sociedad moderna las religiones serán filosofías, contando sus adictos en todas las naciones, sin dominar en ninguna de ellas. Así fué el cristianismo en los primeros siglos, y lo es hoy día en casi todas sus partes. No por eso deja de florecer la iglesia, por ejemplo en los Estados Unidos; pero la sociedad cristiana, tal como existía en España en otros tiempos, no se puede restablecer en esta época. Por lo menos, eso es lo que yo pienso, cuando veo cómo marchan las cosas.

Muchas expresiones a esa familia y un abrazo de tu antiguo amigo

Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 July 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti,
Cortina d'Ampezzo,
July 11, 1931

Dear Cory

Strong arrived safely a week ago, having been driven from home by the unusual heat of the season. At first he seemed pleased, and felt no effects of the high altitude, (1200 metres). But today, during our drive, he said he wasn't very happy, felt nervous and weak, and thought he wouldn't stay very long. Doesn't want to leave Italy again, on account of delay in getting his trunk! I think he will end, however, by going to Val Mont, and you may see him before long if you are still at the hôtel Victoria

There has been no unpleasantness or even awkward tension between us. We have talked of nothing but the weather and the views, incidents at the hotel, current politics, and a few anodyne books. This system is easy to practise because I see him only for a few minutes in his room before we go out, and then during our drive, when we are not tempted to enter into any serious subject.

Margaret seems to be stranded at Lakewood, New Jersey (Strong's old house, which Mr. R. has given her); they haven't the money, apparently, to get away. The old gentleman lives near by: they dine with him every evening and have to play a childish parlour-game with him, which bores them to death. And all to no purpose, because in financial affairs he has resigned control altogether to his son, who is their enemy—at least so George de Cuevas says.

They have a coronet on their note-paper: but I understand that the grant of the marquisate had not been published in the Gazette before the Spanish revolution, and now all titles are going to be abolished in Spain:

but of course this won't prevent them from sporting theirs in the international vanity fair of Paris.

I am glad to hear that you are playing tennis, and hope your partner (I assume a partner) will do you more credit than on a former occasion. Strong would doubtless be pleased if you sent him a part of the essay on Whitehead, actually in shape. He has only once talked about you, wondering at your unwillingness to have your style corrected. He says that should have been done for you at school, and that if you don't learn to write like The Times, it will prevent your reputation from being established among the professionals. So look out! No wonder you didn't like Marin. I only sent [*across*] you the book because I didn't know what to do with it in Venice. I had already (very tactfully) thanked the Editor for his gift. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

12 July 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy,
July 12, 1931

Dear George

Pepe has written to explain his telegram asking us not to send money for the payment of the inheritance tax on your aunt Josephine's funds. He had been able to make an arrangement with the banks, by which the tax should be paid out of the funds themselves, before they were handed over to the heirs. This, I suppose, is done automatically in business-like countries; but in Spain it seems to be a matter of favour and personal confabulations: so much so that Pepe wasn't quite sure, at the time of writing, that the thing would come off; but he hoped so. I have heard nothing more from him, so I suppose it is all right.

Strong has come here, and we take drives in his motor: but on the whole I have been a little disappointed in the views that can be got within a short radius of Cortina: Strong never wants to be out for more than two hours. He says he isn't very well here, and I expect he will leave before long for his favourite refuge at Val Mont.

As for me, I am as usual and manage to do a little writing every morning, and to read a great many books. The place agrees with me, and it is

a great blessing, in spite of the exceptionally warm summer we are having, to be rid of mosquitoes, flies, and (unprovoked) perspiration. The nights are always cool and silent, the food good, and the house comfortable. What more can a philosopher ask for? Love? No: not at the age of 67; except a general diffused affection for everybody who is decent, and a corresponding sense of not being often cursed or maligned by other people.

I expect to stay here until September 15, or so, and then go back to Venice and ultimately to Rome, as usual. There seems to be no reason why I should go to Spain, and the state of affairs there is not such as to tempt me. Perhaps next summer I may venture.

You have said nothing of coming to Europe yourself this year. Perhaps you too are putting off your trip for a twelvemonth. In that case, we may meet again in Paris, as on former occasions.

Yours affectionately
GS

To George Sturgis

19 July 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 19, 1931

Dear George

I did go to Venice early in June, and staid at the Danieli for a fortnight; but it was too warm for comfort or for literary work, and I came on here, where I am comfortably settled for the summer. Strong has also been here for two weeks, and I have had a chance of seeing these mountains from a somewhat higher point of view than my feet nowadays can reach; but there isn't much variety in the shorter drives possible from here, and I am not sorry, now Strong is gone home, to return to my daily pedestrian round in the valley.

It sometimes occurs to me that, since now I could afford it, I might indulge in an automobile of my own: it would be pleasant for travelling and seeing many architectural things of interest, which have hitherto never been within my radius. On the other hand, I don't like motoring for its own sake; the dust is a terrible nuisance and bad for my throat; and the noise and slight constant tension in passing this road-hog or rounding that steep turn, makes the thing rather tiring. Moreover, what should I do with

a chauffeur, idle most of the time? Perhaps next year, or even this autumn, if I can get Cory or some other youngish friend to come with me, and look after the business trifles involved, I may try hiring a motor for a long trip—say to Naples and Sicily: and that experience would show me whether a motor of my own would be desirable.

As to the matter of your aunt Josephine's money in Avila, I gather from your letter of July 6th that you were doing nothing at once: and I suppose a few days later you received my second letter, reporting that Pepe asked us not to send any funds. Although I haven't yet heard that the business was settled and that he has actually got the money, I understand that he expected to. No doubt he will eventually send us an account and ask for instructions.

Certainly, you and Josephine have no moral obligation to surrender your shares. In my case, besides having promised, it is pleasanter to do so; ~~but~~ I have no use for the money and much greater reason than you for wishing to show interest in the Sastres. As I said in a previous letter, my only regret is that Mercedes shouldn't get a share. Perhaps, if you and Josephine feel generously disposed, you might make Mercedes a present of a part (say a part equal to what each of the Sastres will get) or of the whole of your shares, on the ground that, taking your aunt's residence in Spain since the beginning, she lived with Mercedes as much as with the Sastres. You might even say this—tactfully expressed—in giving your instructions to Pepe, if you felt that there was something invidious in drawing your little inheritance while I was abandoning mine. It is all a question of feeling, not of right or justice, and you and Josephine should act as your own sentiments suggest, without being coerced by my example, which has very special grounds not applicable in your case.

I know Wareham: I once went there for a winter sporting excursion with Reginald Bangs, and wrote a melancholy romantic poem about it. I hope Rosamond and the boys will enjoy it as much ~~in~~ with more sunshine and sunbaths.

Yours affectionately

G.S

To Daniel MacGhie Cory23 July 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Cortina Hotel Miramonti
d'Ampezzo July 23, 1931

There is now an English translation of Husserl, entitled Ideas. I don't want it for myself, as I have the German, but I will have it sent to you, if you care to read it. Do you? I am expecting another book The Unrealists, about "W^m James, Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Russell, Alexander, and Whitehead". This I will of course _^(after reading it)_^ send you: it will amuse us, even if it is trivial.—I thought S.'s testimonial was due on the 1st not the 15th of the month. We oughtn't to tread on one another's heels and perhaps upset you. Tell me at what date you would rather have mine.—It has become cool here, almost too cool; but I am working with enthusiasm and reading a great many (French) books. How about French books for you? Sour grapes still?

G.S.

To John Middleton Murry23 July 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Macksey)

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

Cortina, July 23, 1931

Dear Mr. Murry

I am exceedingly sorry to hear that you have again had such grievous misfortunes. In my hermitage, I had heard nothing. At least these sorrows

will give to anything you may tell us about the inner life the authority of a profound experience.

As to my little book, I had supposed that, after the appearance of Scribner's edition, you had found that it wasn't worth while to issue another in England. I am glad this is not so: but I had the American issue sent to most of my friends: if I think of any others who might be interested, I will send you the list later.

Some time ago Mr. Kyllmann of Constable & Company, made enquiries about The Genteel Tradition. I explained to him what the arrangements were with you and with Scribner; and he replied that he would try to get sheets from Scribner to publish in England under their name—I mean, Constable's. I also asked him to consult the Editors of The Adelphi: I don't know whether he did so. In any case, I have heard nothing more from him about his project, and I imagine he has abandoned it. I mention it, only to prevent any surprise or misunderstanding in the matter, if two English editions (one printed in America, but issued by Constable, and yours) should appear at the same time.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina, August 1, 1931

Dear Strong

I am so glad that you are comfortable at home and happily occupied.

Your lines after Schubert move trippingly, and I don't see that they require much change. Doubtless the effect presupposes the music; they are the words for a song, like the poetry of librettos. If read as a pure poem, they might seem monotonous and disjointed. The variations in mood do not seem to flow intelligibly out of one another.

You echo Shakespeare's "Journeys end in lovers' meeting." Perhaps the same song might suggest other felicities.

As to your option in the first line, I prefer "faces" to "eyelids". The latter can't comfortably meet, at least if the nose is Caucassian. Faces, in con-

temporary dances, do meet, I understand, and remained nestled against one another: but it wasn't so in Schubert's day. What meets in a minuet, besides hands, is evidently not faces but——another thing expressed by a perfectly proper word of two syllables which your injunction forbids me to mention.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina d'Ampezzo,

August 2, 1931

Dear Cory

Thank you very much for sending the review of Strong, which I return. On the whole, it is appreciative; but the reviewer has put his finger on one of the weak points; if he had been a physicist he might have put his finger on the other weak point—I mean on the point-instants composing matter. Both, I think, are consequences of a fundamental confusion in not distinguishing the specious or given from the physically real which is only posited.

If Strong is usually a little late in his remittances, your empty time (?) will usually be about the 15th. If I sent mine punctually on the 10th of each month, it would be, I should think, the most welcome moment. I meant to advance a little gradually, but I will send you another cheque about the 7th of August, so as to arrive on the 10th. If you are leaving for England this will help towards travelling expenses.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

As to books, I won't have any more sent you unless you positively ask for it. I think I have Lovejoy in Rome: but I will order another copy for you if you desire it. But hadn't you better get it yourself, if and when you are in England? It is rather bulky.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina d'Ampezzo

August 5, 1931

Dear Cory,

There is nothing to worry about. Strong is not mad, and he isn't trying any game on you. He is innocently and happily amusing himself, and we ought to be glad of it. Of course those "comments" on his "poem" are a jeu d'esprit: Strong at this moment feels very skittish and witty—and very superior. It is a blessed compensation for his physical inabilities and his intellectual cramp. We must encourage him by treating the things he says as matters of course, and making light of them without offending him. For instance, you might (if you are in the humour) send him other "comments", by Oscar Wilde, Keats, Joyce, and Lawrence, all finding his verse too warm, too rich, and too free. I have thought of some "comments" myself—only they are unkind, and not for his ears. Thus:

Shakespeare—

"Journeys end in lover's meeting"

(An old sheep I hear a-bleating)

"youth's a stuff will not endure."

Hast a drop of physic, sweeting,

aged folly for to cure?

Dr. Johnson —

The pox at seventy! Sir, I might have it too; we be all sinners: but, by God, I would not publish my shame.

As to his plans for you during the next winter, I hope you will be able to circumvent his desire to have you at hand too long; whether you could persuade him better by going to Florence in the autumn, for a short stay, or by avoiding a meeting, you can best judge for yourself. He wants two things: 1st to have someone to impress his philosophical thoughts upon: 2nd to give you lessons in English composition. The second object could be attained, without any irritating interviews between you, if you would ask him to mark in your papers the phrases which he thinks would damage your reputation among the readers of The Times and of Mind. You could disregard these corrections, or profit by them, at your own leisure and convenience. As to being near him, to fill Miller's place, you might invoke your health and nerves as an excuse for not being near him all winter: and as the plan to go to London had his previous approval, I think you could very well put off your visit until the Spring—at least until February or March. I may be able to help, by telling him that being in England will improve your English, and enlarge your acquaintance among literary people and philosophers: and as he has a really fatherly and disinterested hope that you may be a great man and a great apostle in future of his (or nearly his) philosophy, I am hopeful that he will have no objection to this arrangement. I don't see how else you can very well avoid returning to Florence. It would be worse if you were with me: in his present mood that would embitter him against both of us.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina d'Ampezzo

August 8 1931

Dear Cory,

Here is the cheque, as previously agreed.

For the first time in my life I am reading a thick book in two volumes published in Avila. It is by a young Father Crisógono, Carmelite, about St. John of the Cross, and very suggestive for the realm of Spirit.

I have written a part of a new chapter for the realm of truth, but it may contain little but repetitions. Perhaps it might be well to finish off Truth next winter, before the novel is completed.

In the latter, I am now on chapter XI of part II, and proceeding satisfactorily, but slowly.

I am also reading Balzac —two stories left here by Strong—and although I am compelled to skip here and there, I am lost in admiration of the vast knowledge of various strata of life, and of human wickedness, which he Balzac displays. The thoroughness of his presentation is like what I should like to achieve in *The Last Puritan*. I have also read an American book on Hawthorne: “The Rebellious Puritan”: but Hawthorne apparently was only a Puritan by accident and incapacity. Not so Oliver. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina, Aug. 13, '31

Dear Strong

I am delighted to see that you are having so many pleasant excitements, and now that the weather is cooler I have no doubt you will be quite happy at home. It is also pleasant to hear that Cory's essay seems satisfactory: he certainly has keen perceptions, if he is only able to organize them, and give them steady expression.

I am now rather absorbed in my writing and, if this spell of work continues, I think I had better not come to Florence this autumn, but go straight to Rome, or possibly to Naples for a month, to realize the expedition so many times put off. You might come to Naples too, if you wanted a change. Yours ever
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

14 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina Aug. 14, 1931

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for sending me these clippings. I had seen the review but not your reply. Both will help to advertise the book, whatever be the rights of your little controversy.

I return the clippings in case you want to keep them or to show them to someone else.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

19 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina Aug. 19, 1931

Dear Strong

Thank you for letting me see this interesting picture. George de Cuevas writes me that their constant devotion to the old gentleman is without the least expectation of earthly profit: but after reading your two volumes of Balzac, I can't believe it.

As to the date of our journeys, I mean to remain here as long as the weather permits: then, if it isn't too early in September, I should go directly to Naples, without stopping anywhere, and I should stay there until late in October. Don't think of me for travelling in the car: you have only just room enough as it is: but I should very much enjoy going with you for excursions from Naples, if you decide to go there.

It is almost inevitable for me to stop a night or two in Venice: and if it should become too cold here early in September, it is in Venice that I should stop until, say, Sept. 20, when perhaps one might venture to go to Naples. My object is to make through journeys, as much as possible by night, so as to avoid the serious discomfort and crowding of the day trains, and the starting and leaving hotels, and arriving at them.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot

20 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Cortina, Aug. 20, 1931

I am afraid I haven't yet thanked you for the new (older) book of Miss Millay's poems. It hasn't the beauty of language and rhythm which I admired so much in the Sonnets, but the title-piece makes its effect, and the whole is what a good modern poetess might be expected to produce: not the splendid paradox of the other performance. But the atmosphere seems to me hardly American. Is she originally English or perhaps Irish?

I have now found B. A. B.'s address (in the Class Catalogue of '86) and in future I shall be able to send him my effusions.—Novel advancing, also other works. Yours sincerely

G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot

29 August 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Cortina, Aug. 29, 1931

Yes, I remember receiving and reading with interest a book on Poe: but I never knew it came from you. Accept my tardy thanks. The picture wasn't very pleasing, I thought, and the book didn't answer my eternal question about Poe: why the French think so much of him. Only yesterday I was reading in Paul Valéry (how he understands our times!) that Poe had been one of the first to dislike "progress", while introducing mechanical calculation into fiction and poetry. Is this his greatness?

As to the Book of Sonnet Sequences, I have forgotten ever hearing of it; occasionally people write asking for permission to include a sonnet in some pious anthology, and I always say yes and refer them to my publishers, who collect a fee. That is the last I ever see or hear of the matter. I take no great interest in being "classed", or in the arrangement of people in the order of "goodness" like boys in a class at school. It is a judgement on the critic, not on the works criticized or the authors.—Tell Mrs. A. that I am quite well. G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 September 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Cortina, Sept. 2, 1931

Dear Strong

It is very beautiful here now. Today I was taken by Mrs. Bush (of Columbia) and another American lady on an all-day motor trip which was truly wonderful: I don't know when I shall leave, but in any case I hope to be in Naples on the 18th or 19th of September and perhaps to find you there.

Don't bring *The Unrealists* because I have read the book and sent it some time ago to Cory, who calls it cheap. Much of it is: for instance on Einstein and Whitehead: but I thought he was very good about me, especially on the personal side; although it is inexcusable to represent me as making the realm of essence a power, or to assert that to believe in the relativity of morals is to deny the reality of absolute truth.

I think Cory rather dreads being in Florence in mid-winter. Couldn't you put off your discussions with him until the Spring, and let him spend the cold months perhaps at the Riviera? Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 September 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Cortina, Sept. 7, 1931

Dear Cory

I am always glad to get your letters and post-cards and to see that you are well. The ups and downs of one's relations with Strong are nowadays a little troublesome, but I think with prudence and forbearance we may weather all storms. I feel rather as if my friendship with him were a family corpse, to which nevertheless it is right to show respect and consideration. He never writes without saying something unpleasant; but I think

he doesn't perceive the effect which his attitude must have on others, and he expects everything to go on as usual. I am perfectly willing to let it do so: only one has no sense of security with a friend in so hostile a mood.

He sent me a letter of yours about his reply to the reviewer in The Times, and also a copy of his reply. I didn't enter into the argument in replying; but I thought you might have put your point less ambiguously, if it is the point which I should also make. The processes in the eye, etc. are not themselves sense-data: and if they were, or if we mean our intuition of them, or of pictures of them in books, we could very well compare these sense-data with those supplied by the landscape. It seems to me that the irrelevance and nullity of Strong's problem comes from the fact that objects in different spaces have no spatial relations to one another. One pictorial space has no spatial relations to any other pictorial space, or to physical space. The relations are only genetic, essential, or cognitive.

Let me know, when you move, whether you need extra money for travelling or clothes. I will send you my address in Naples as soon as I know what it will be

Yours aff^{ly}
GS.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 September 1931 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard:
Columbia)

BEC E DENT DE MESDI

Cortina, Sept. 11. '31

Am leaving tomorrow for Venice (Danieli's) and expect to reach Naples on the 18th. My address for the moment will be Hôtel de Londres, but it may prove too noisy. I wanted to be in the town for a change from nothing but Alps & Tourists.

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 September 1931 • Venice, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Sept. 13. 1931

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI
VENISE

Dear Strong

(This change in my handwriting is caused by the hotel pen.)

I was surprised and pleased to find your letter. I am afraid we may find the Hôtel de Londres a bit shabby: they are charging me 55 lire a day for half-pension, with a “good” room and bathroom: but we shall see.

I came here yesterday by motorbus and motor launch: not a bad trip: and I found Venice en fête on account of the King’s visit, of which I was ignorant. I have a room in the entresol of the old building, almost on the quay, and it is amusing after the Alpine solitudes of Cortina. I had been left at the hotel with half a dozen ladies, some of which had an odd look and very blond hair. Perhaps they were friends of the proprietor and clerks, being entertained in the absence of the Herrschaften.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 September 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel de Londres, Naples
Sept. 25, 1931

Dear Cory

I am glad to know your address in Paris—I might have guessed it!—and I foresee that with your Aunt and your friend Saunderson there you won’t be tempted to cross the Channel. Indeed, you would gain nothing by the journey, if your stay in any case was to be so brief. What I had desired for you was a chance to form fresh associations with cultivated people of your own generation.

Strong has been here for five days. Nothing unpleasant has occurred. On the contrary, the tension between us seems to be relieved. I have

praised his poetry, and told him (what is perfectly true) that it has given me a new insight into his hidden character, because he is like Herculaneum, a buried life preserved under a thick coating of ashes (of which ashes I am a part) and covered externally by a foreign veneer without any real effect on his moral nature—the buried town might be called Rochester, N. Y., and the superficial one, Fiesole. I pointed, as a proof of this, to his lines on the Pope and Mussolini, which I said might have been written by him, just as they are, if he had never left Rochester in his life; and that the moral sentiment which he pats the Pope on the back for expressing pleased him because it sounded like what his father might have said in one of his sermons. Strong laughed at this and was positively pleased, and acknowledged proudly that he hadn't budged in his moral feelings since his youth: those who had (like Pearsall Smith & Mrs. Berenson) were corrupt. This explanation rather clears the air, and the philosophical discussion which he had threatened me with was called off: he said he could look up my position on those points in my books! Happy thought.

Why are you so angry about point-instants and natural moments? They are both of them inevitable concepts: the question whether they describe constituents of nature fully is necessarily left open. For my part, I conceive a natural moment as a description rather than a constituent; it is the flux in so far as any particular essence is maintained in it, so long as it is maintained. The substance and its movement [*across*] are not governed by these essences, which in turn define the “natural moments” in it.

Yours af^{ly}
G.S.

To George Sturgis

4 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Naples, Oct. 4, 1931

Dear George

Since your last letter, which reached me here the other day, things have got more mixed up than ever in the financial world. I am not frightened, as I have no real desire or intention to have a motor, and I suppose there will always be enough left, of our fabulous wealth, for me to pay for spaghetti. Long ago I wrote you some philosophical reflections on the absurdity of living well on invisible property: but you said I must have been talking with Bertrand Russell—I don't think I had, at least on that subject; I am not a modern or liberal socialist: but I feel in my bones that our form of industrial society is very precarious, and that it will disappear, perhaps rather soon, as completely as the mediaeval or the Graeco-Roman civilization^s have disappeared. I went the other day to Pompei, where there is a well-preserved Roman house now to be seen. It made me wish I had lived 2000 years ago: it was so very beautiful and so very intimate: all the sources, and all the ultimate objects, of life were then close at hand, visible, and obvious. Shouldn't it always be so? We live lost in a spider's web of machinery, material and social, and don't know what we are living for or how we manage to live at all.

Your prophetic uncle George

To Daniel MacGhie Cory6 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel de Londres, Naples,

Oct. 6. 1931

Dear Cory

I am sending you £5 more this month in order to make up for the depreciation of sterling—a strange sign of the times to a person of my generation, accustomed to think of British credit as the bed-rock of all finance. My nephew George Sturgis writes that the nominal value of our property is terribly diminished, although the income, so far, has suffered little. In all [*illegible*] events, I have such a large margin that I hardly think I shall suffer any inconvenience. Twenty per cent. of my London bank account has suddenly evaporated, however: as yet this doesn't trouble me because I still have enough for my uses, and the American cheques coming in in future will replenish the fund faster, in £, than when British money was at par.

You quoted, with approval, in your last letter a dictum of Whitehead's about only "experience" being knowable. Does his "experience" include what is posited (not really "given") in the mode of causal efficacy? This positing is no doubt experienced: we do it and trust it implicitly: but the objects posited are substances assumed to act upon us. Our actual experience is only the description we make of these substances and their accidents. How literally true this description may be is another question.

Yours affec^{tly}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel de Londres, Naples

Oct. 7. 1931

Dear Cory

I am glad to have news of you and to see that Paris, your aunt, and Simone, with their united charms, don't altogether wean you from divine philosophy. That being so, let me add a few words about "natural moments".

When I say they are elements of description, I mean that I don't conceive the flux to be composed of solid temporal blocks, with a click in passing from one to the next. That may be Strong's conception, but although I should say that points and instants are necessary elements of description (geometry is an excellent ~~element~~ method of description in regard to the realm of matter) I don't think points or instants are natural units. Natural moments, on the other hand, though they need be no click between them (sometimes there is a click, as when a man dies, a man's life being a natural moment) yet supply the only possible, and the most intimate, units composing the flux. For how describe the flux except by specifying some essence that comes into it or drops out of it? And the interval between the coming and the going of any essence from the flux of existence is, by definition, a natural moment. Be it observed also that these moments are not cosmic in lateral extension; they are not moments of everything at once: so that when one comes to an end, almost everything in the universe will run on as if nothing had happened. Spring every year and youth in every man are natural moments, so is the passage of any image or idea in a mind; but the change (so momentous in that private transformation) is far from jarring the whole universe, but passes silently and smoothly, removing nothing ponderable and adding nothing in the way of force to the steady transformation of things.

I am curious to see how you refute Whitehead on causation. Didn't [*across*] that seem to us to be one of his good points?

Yours affly G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush8 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel de Londres, Naples

Oct. 8, 1931

Dear Mrs. Bush

This heading will explain why I haven't answered your kind letter before: the previous one, too, found me in perplexity, as you gave no address, and it seemed a long way round to reply by way of New York.

I expect to return to Rome about the 20th of this month and hope to find you and Mr. Bush still there, and his cough completely gone. I will inquire at the *Russie* as soon as I arrive, and I hope you will come to lunch with me—I never go out in the evening: a practice I recommend to Mr. Bush if he, like me, is subject to bronchial ills. The most interesting restaurant in Rome is unfortunately improved away: but there are others left, between which we can choose according to the weather.

I retain the pleasantest memories of our meeting and trip with Mrs. Pierce at Cortina. I staid on to the bitter end and then came here to see the new excavations at Pompei. It is worth while, and Naples is agreeable

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush13 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel de Londres, Naples

Oct. 13, 1931

Dear Mrs. Bush

We seem to be playing hide and seek, but as soon as you return to Rome I hope you will give me the pleasure of coming to lunch on the first day when you are free. I have no engagements, and any day will do perfectly if you will let me know in the morning, so that I may come and fetch you.

I have laughed at your picture of the too genial Pope inviting the young Fascists to twelve hours' indulgence—I suppose in wine, woman, and song—when probably the poor chaps hadn't money enough in their pockets for a single hour of it. In sad reality, the twelve hours must have

referred to the period within which the “indulgence” could be gained by doing the prescribed pious exercises which sometimes include giving alms (whence the famous “sale of indulgences”) and always confession and communion duly received—for which our black-shirted bicyclists can hardly have been in the mood. But the mention of Lepanto does, I think, have some political significance. They are trying to identify the new Italy with traditional Christendom.

A rivederci. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Naples, Oct. 15, 1931

I am leaving next week for Rome, so that you had better address the copy of your essay to the Hotel Bristol. Send as much of it as you can, it will all interest me, and I will make no comments whatever, if you think that best. —The relation of feeling to essence is difficult to state, because we give the same name to the quality of feeling—which two people may share (when they have “the same feeling”)—and to the event, which can’t be repeated. The latter has an essence λ illustrated by it, but λ not given to it or in it—the essence of consciousness or spiritual actuality—without which it couldn’t exist. But this doesn’t distinguish it from any other feeling, since all feelings must have it. The event is the λ historical λ realization of this second essence by the spiritual realization of the first: i.e. of a special [*across*] quality of feeling.

Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

To Mary Potter Bush18 October 1931 • Naples, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel de Londres, Naples

Oct. 18, 1931

Dear Mrs. Bush

Thirty-five years ago I used to see a lot of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and he even very kindly let me have his rooms at King's College during one long vacation. I liked him, his poetry, and his Greek view of life, but not so much his politics or philosophy, which seemed too sentimental. I expected him, at this crisis, to be for increasing the dole and punishing the financeers. His conventional attitude surprises me. I suppose it is the consequence of old age. He is true to what was radicalism in his youth, but can't swallow the radicalism of today.—I haven't seen him for many years, as he no longer lives at Cambridge.

I sha'n't be in Rome myself until the evening of the 23rd. We are crossing one another—it is what I meant by saying that we seemed to be playing at hide and seek. Please send word to the Hotel Bristol when you return to Rome, and we can easily agree on a day for our luncheon.

Do you know this hotel? It isn't of the same sort as the Miramonti or the Russie, but old fashioned and more Italian. I like it, and don't mean to dissuade you from coming: besides you will save money: only I thought perhaps you had better be warned.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 October 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Oct. 24, 1931

HOTEL BRISTOL
ROME

Dear Cory

My first employment after reaching Rome last night was to read (in bed) your remarkable essay. I want to read it again before sending it back, and according to agreement I will make no comments further than to say that it is very solid, and that I hope the improvements you will make in it will tend to clarify and enforce your points and not to change them.

You must not worry about Strong. His letter (which I return) is natural and friendly enough. You could reply, I should think, quite easily by saying that you would very much prefer that he should come to Rapallo, as he had proposed, but that if he can't do that, of course you will go to see him at Fiesole for a few days. I think, in that case, he ought to ask you to stay at the villa: and if you don't dare suggest it, I can do so. It would be more comfortable for you, it would lead him to finish the discussion quickly (because he doesn't really like guests, although he likes the idea of having them) and it would be a test of an arrangement which might, some day, become more or less permanent.—I think, in your position, you can't very well refuse to go if he insists on it. Take it all as a matter of course and there need be no trouble. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

24 October 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Dartmouth)

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

Rome, Oct. 24, 1931

Dear Mr. Hartmann

Your Mohammed didn't shock me, much less offend me. Certainly your taste, your diction, and your whole literary atmosphere are very remote from mine, but that is not in itself a reason for disregarding you in your ill-fortune, and I have not disregarded it. In spite of the fact that I have never seen you and that there isn't much artistic or philosophic sympathy between us, your figure appealed to me by virtue of its com-

posite character—somewhat like my own, but running deeper, since it concerned blood as well as circumstances. And I am really sorry for you, not only because you are not well or rich or famous, but because in one sense you couldn't be well: because the divine curse of seeing more than one side of things had pursued you. But, having yielded more than once to that impulse of imaginative sympathy, I don't like to be dunned. You must have friends and acquaintances who know your case and—in generous America—will come to your assistance. I must therefore ask you to excuse me from helping you further: because the distance between us, material and moral, makes me feel that it is not for me, in this instance, to be more than an occasional and fantastic helper, coming out of nowhere and disappearing into nothing.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

25 October 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 25, 1931

Dear George

Will you kindly pay the enclosed bill for me? It is for a book on Immortality which the author has compelled me to buy.

I returned here a day or two ago from Naples, where I had spent a month pleasantly. The proprietor of the Hotel Bristol—whether love or fear moved him I won't inquire—has offered me other far grander rooms for the same price, and I am now installed in the front corner of the third floor with large rooms and vistas extending half across Rome. I don't find the noise troublesome; at this moment, 11 a.m., I hear only a distant rumble with an occasional motor-horn, not at all disturbing; and I am hoping to finish a new book (not the novel) this winter.

Yours affectionately

G.S.

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

30 October 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Houghton)

NAPOLI PIAZZA MUNICIPIO

[*on front with arrows:*] My room

Hotel Bristol

Rome. Oct. 30. '31

A week ago I returned here, to new rooms on the third floor from which I can see half across Rome, to the Janiculum. It was pleasant enough at Naples, but I was a bit disappointed with Pompei—not in the quality but in the quantity of new objects. G.S.

To Mary Annette Beauchamp Russell

10 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Huntington)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 10, 1931

Dear Lady Russell

Our late friend's residence at the Riviera was at
S. F. Van Oss, Esq.'s
De Casa,
Pont St. Jean,
Cap Ferrat.

In his letter of Feb. 14, 1931, from ~~that place~~, London, a propos of something I had written about Lionel Johnson, he says:

“It is not really the case that Lionel lies in the limbo of almost incredible things. On the contrary, all that is the real part of me and my very extensive external activities are to me of the nature of Māya, or an illusion. They interest me, they are my job, and I do them, but they are not a part of my real life. I am surprised that you should say I minimize my friendship of Lionel. To all my intimate friends I have always admitted that he was my dearest friend, and the greatest influence in my life, but I seldom take the public into my confidence about my real feelings. I received [*illegible*] two great shocks in my life; the first being when Jowett

sent me down. My rage and mortification at being so wronged produced a bitterness and permanently injured my character. Finally, when Elizabeth left me I went completely dead and have never come alive again. She never realized how I worshipped and loved her Since 1918 I have had neither ambition nor enthusiasm nor interest nor the will to live and I ascribe my bad heart entirely to the year's anguish I suffered after she left me and her betrayal with a kiss of Judas. Still, as you say I obliterate my feelings so easily, no doubt you will not believe this.

All the same if you happen to be in Paris it would interest me to have another talk with you, since it may be the last opportunity.”

Need I say that, as always, it was a great pleasure to see you this afternoon, and the idea of finding you at Mas-des-Roses will contribute to take me before long to the Riviera

I am sending you the pamphlets. Do read the last paragraph of the Spencer lecture. It applies eminently to yourself.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 10, 1931

Dear Strong

I had tea with “Elizabeth” yesterday at the Hôtel de Russie. She is blonder than ever, and has built herself a house: Mas-des-Roses, Mougins, Alpes Maritimes. She says her late husband left all he had—which was only two mortgaged houses,—including her old love letters, to the female who was his secretary etc. in his last days: but that Bertie has so far profited in that this lady has reduced the rent of the house where he has his school, so that he has been able to keep it going a little longer. Also, it seems that he presented himself at the House of Lords, but was curtly shown to the door, the law in such a case requiring the brother of the deceased peer to wait for eleven months, in case the widow should meantime give birth to a male child. Lady Russell still has, she observed, several months in which to fulfil these requirements, provided she has made the necessary preparations, and nature hasn’t turned a deaf year to her hints. But I think, in spite of her blond side-curls, her age makes it a dead sure thing for Bertie “Elizabeth” also says that she wrote to the legatee lady for her old love-letters, and the reply was that they had all been burned

I hope Cory is behaving nicely, and that your discussions are leading to unanimous and important conclusions.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 11, 1931

Dear Cory

Will you do me a favour? Look among the books in the upper corridor to see if the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas, in five or six black volumes, is there. There is also a thin volume containing the

Index. If you find it, I wish you would send me the volume containing the questions De Angelis. It would probably be the Second, but I suppose your Latin will be sufficient to discover the subject treated, or else the Index will guide you. I am afraid all this is in vain, and that the Summa may be at Saint Germain, waiting for Margaret to be converted, or for George de Cuevas to study theology.

I want to read this part because I hear that it is an excellent analysis of pure spirit. I also wish to read St. Thomas De Veritate, but that is a separate treatise, which I may be able to obtain here at a Catholic publishing house. At last the coast is clear: the Bushes are gone, also “Elizabeth,” and I begin to see light.

Surely you mustn’t come to Rome, either now or in the Spring. You must avoid challenging Strong: I am afraid those phrases about “disciple,” “great book”, and “essence”, were not merely an expression of your generous feelings towards me, which I appreciate and (though it is hardly becoming in me to say so) I think just; but that they were also digs at Strong. Now that would be a mistake. His desire to discredit and disregard me is perfectly natural: he doesn’t like to be overshadowed and would rather toss about in his own confused way than seem to be my follower, even into the realm of light. If his early religion had taught him humility, how much happier his life would have been! I think you ought to remember that he is suffering from all sorts of painful complexes, and you shouldn’t prod him with odious pricks. You will have plenty of time when we are both of us dead to praise me or him according to your breezy Irish conscience: during the few years that we may still have to live, you must be patient with our traverss. In particular, perhaps you would do better not to report to either of us any nasty thing that the other may say, or do, in regard to his good old friend. It makes it harder to keep up the amicable tone of our relations. ^Yesterday^ I wrote ^Yesterday^ Strong a letter about “Elizabeth” which probably he will find interesting: if I had received your information about “disciple” “great book”, and “essence” before that letter was ~~ø~~written, it probably would have remained in the Realm of Essence for ever. Do help us to remain friends.—Your new plans are promising, and when you are free again you will doubtless feel fresh inspiration. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

12 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Nov. 12, 1931.

Dear Mrs. Toy

On rereading your last letter, I am shocked to see that it is of July 10, and presumably unanswered! Four months gone by insensibly, every day very like every other. I didn't stay in Venice long, my room at the Danieli being uncomfortably hot and the difficulty in taking walks—which I had overcome on other occasions—proving insuperable. I moved almost at once to Cortina d'Ampezzo, and found it pleasant and, after the month of June, cool enough for walking and writing. I have rewritten and (I say to myself) finished the Prologue and the first two parts of the novel, "Ancestry" and "Childhood", bringing Oliver down to the end of his seventeenth year. This is perhaps a third—possibly more—of the whole in length, but not in importance; for I am discovering that the novel, like Lucifer, really turns out to be dramatic, although I had conceived it as merely philosophical. Even the second part, on Boyhood, seems to move with some acceleration, and to have a perceptible, even if yet not violent, wind running through it. At least, this is the impression it makes on my own mind, as the condemned portions are chipped off gradually, and the statue appears. It may be only the fond fancy of a parent, or of an amateur sculptor.

Being tolerably satisfied with this result, I am thinking of suspending work on the novel until next summer, when very likely I shall go to Cortina again, and of devoting this winter to the Realm of Truth, which is so far advanced already, and so short, that I hope to be able to finish and publish it in 1932. The novel in any case will take much longer, if it is ever finished at all. Of course incidental things always arise to distract one from one's plans. Now I have got an irrepressible desire to write an article on The Good versus The Infinite, or the Difference between Western

and Eastern Mysticism. The cause of this rash plan is double: a book by Julien Benda (do you know of him? A French Jew who dislikes Bergson) on the relations of the World to (the infinite) God, and a Spanish book by a Carmelite friar on Saint John of the Cross. The article is begun: it is an interruption; but how can I help it?

The Bushes (of Columbia) have been here; also “Elizabeth” of the German Garden. The latter told me some interesting things about her late husband, my old friend Lord Russell. In the first place we both agreed that it was most satisfactory—much more so than anyone could have hoped—that he should have been rehabilitated and rewarded at the end with a place in the government: you know, I suppose, that he was successively under secretary for Transport and for India in the late Labour government. But he and “Elizabeth” had had the most bitter quarrels and had long been separated. She says marriage is a horrid thing, and that nobody ought to be bound to anybody else. Have you read her last book, Father? It is another picture of the evils of domestic tyranny, although in this case neither of the two domestic tyrants pillaried is a husband. She has built herself a house, with a garden in which things at last are able to grow, on the hills behind Cannes: and one of her husband’s relations was coming to stay with her, and was being greeted with waving scarves and eager smiles at the garden gate, when the visitor’s long face and solemn air made the hostess ask what was the matter.

“Frank!” cried the new comer, with tragic brevity.

“What about him now?”

“Dead and cremated!”

And this was the way in which “Elizabeth” received the glad tidings that she was once more a widow. She says she was never happier in her life. She also told me that Bertie had presented himself at the House of Lords to take his seat, but had been rudely shown to the door: a brother must wait eleven months for the succession, in case his bereaved sister-in-law should have a posthumous male child. This law, with modern manners and morals, opens vistas of curious possible plots: I shouldn’t wonder if “Elizabeth” took advantage of one of them.

All this merriment may seem heartless at the death of a husband and an old friend: but “Elizabeth” and I are known to be heartless: at least, for my own part, I feel so much the continual death of everything and everybody, and have so learned to reconcile myself to it, that the final and official end loses must of its impressiveness. I have now lost almost everybody that has counted for much in my life. You are almost the sole

exception: because Strong, a lifelong if not at all a romantic friend, has developed an attitude towards me which is as unpleasant as it is unexpected. I have become, philosophically and intellectually, his *bête noire*. Personally we are still good friends: we keep up ~~the~~ appearances, and this summer and autumn he has actually followed me to Cortina and to Naples (where I have been for a month) and spent a few days near me at each place. But there is always a tension beneath. He has reverted to strict Puritanism in his moral sentiments, and regards his father (who had a very red nose and married again at 85) as a model of human character. And he has recovered also all his American pride, and feels that it is unseemly and unworthy that I shouldn't endeavour to think and write like other American professors. My theory of "essence" is anathema to him, although for some years he innocently adopted it: he doesn't like my last little book on The Genteel Tradition: and as to the novel, of which at his request I showed him the first three chapters, he told Cory that it ought to be burned. Cory has no doubt been the accidental cause of a part of this transformation. Cory at first was my friend only, and helped me with The Realm of Matter. When this was finished I was going to let him go home and look after himself: but Strong said he envied me such a secretary, and asked him to stay and work with him. And quite naturally, I suppose, he Strong began to resent the fact that, in our technical divergencies (which have always existed, and not caused any serious trouble) Cory should follow me rather than himself: and he began to work to convert Cory, partly by persistently and overbearingly imposing his own view, and partly by doing all he could to disparage and condemn me. Isn't it sad? Let me give you a sample of the process. In one page of an essay on Whitehead which Cory has written,—he is partly Irish and has warm feelings—he had said that he was a "disciple" of mine, had called The Realm of Matter a "great book", and had used the term "essence" once. Strong, in reviewing the essay with him, didn't rest until "disciple" was changed to "person influenced by", "great book" to "recent work", and "essence" to "datum". If you asked Strong how he could be so mean and ungenerous to his oldest and almost his only friend, I think he would say that he felt it his duty to protect Cory from making unfortunate slips which would discredit him as a critic among the professional philosophers: and that nobody would take him seriously if he began by saying that he was simply following me. There may be some truth in this, and I don't regret at all that Cory should correct his essay as required. But what do you make out of such want of feeling, and such a bitter undercurrent of tyranny?

Poor Margaret! I understand now better than ever what she must have suffered. Cory himself is very unhappy about it all: but what is he ~~to~~ do? Strong is supporting him, and ^{has} put him in his will.

[*across*] I hope I am not indiscreet in telling you all this, but it is very much on my mind, and as I said, you are the only true friend left to

G. Santayana

To Mary Potter Bush

14 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Nov. 14, 1931

Dear Mrs. Bush

Your kind letter, containing an address, enables me to thank you for Death Comes to the Archbishop, and to say what a pleasure it has been to see you and Mr. Bush and your niece. I so seldom see my old friends, and never the young girls of the period. It is a pity, because I think I should like them.

It has been raining here as much as it is possible to rain, and you have missed nothing by going away.

I will write again when I have read the book, which looks interesting and about a fresh subject.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

20 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: American)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 20, 1931

Dear Kallen

During two sunny afternoons on the Pincio I have absorbed your counterblast to religion. As a popular tract it is capital, beating the eloquent parsons at their own game. But isn't it a bit discouraging that the work of Voltaire, which he did so thoroughly, should need to be done all over again after two hundred years? Is reason in the same parlous position as faith that it has to be dinned into the ears of each generation, or it will die out?

From my own point of view, if you were here, I should have some observations to make upon your presuppositions. You seem to regard "Religion" as merely myth and magic, that is, bad science: and of course you have a clear case in proving that bad science is worse than good science. But is religion merely bad—hasty, poetical, superstitious—science? I should say religions (because each religion seems rather irreligious to the others) often had at least two important ingredients besides magic and myth. They were the intellectual and ritual expression of a particular ethos, nationality, or civilization; and they were also forms of "spiritual life". Now I like very much what you say about science, if it became a religion, losing all its scientific virtue. A philosophy more or less inspired by science, like Epicureanism or Stoicism, may be a religion, or a substitute for religion: it may sanction a particular morality, and it may be refined into a form of spiritual life—I mean, into a great life-long dialogue between God and the soul of man. But science, as you conceive science—à la Dewey—is only experiment and invention; it is not a philosophy: and if any speculative ideas more or less illegitimately associated with it were set up as eternal truths, science would cease to be science to become bigotry. One of the happy, if somewhat disconcerting, discoveries of our—or my—later years has been precisely this: that science is intellectually blind and dumb, and that you may be a leading scientific expert without knowing what you think on any important question. It seems to me, therefore, that you ought not to pit "religion" and "science" so squarely against each other, as if they were rivals in the same field. A scientific philosophy might be a rival, or an ally, of certain religions or religious philosophies;

but what chiefly attaches mankind to its religions is precisely the need of completing their traditional ethos, and their spontaneous spiritual life, with an appropriate speculative doctrine: and science is dumb on that subject and, in its scientific domain, ought to be dumb. Perhaps this explains in part why, in spite of you and Voltaire, religions still exist in the world.

Bush and Mrs. Bush have been here, and they have kindly given me some book_s by Jérôme & Jean Tharaud (have you read them?) about Jewish life in Hungary and Poland. They have revealed to me many things that must be familiar to you, but which lead me to wonder if I hadn't overestimated the pagan element in Christianity, and whether much of this was _{not} also Jewish. Here is a religion that is surely not merely bad science, but _a traditional life.

I am at work on the Realm of Truth. You won't like it especially, but if you ever read it, it will [*across*] do you good and partly repay you for your many stimulating communications.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 21, 1931. Don't give the matter of the volume of the Summa another thought, unless you would like to go to Saint Germain ~~in~~ and search for it. I am not sure that the house is still inhabited, or that the

book would be easy to find. Here, on the other hand, I can readily get the works of St. Thomas, probably cheap, and keep them for future reference. You know I have larger rooms this year, in the front corner on the third floor, and books are less in the way than in the old boudoir.—S. writes that your visit was a success and your future bright as a philosopher. But he himself, for the moment, is absorbed in writing poetry, of which he sends me one or two specimens. Take good care of yourself. GS

To Wendell T. Bush

22 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 22, 1931

Dear Mr. Bush

I have received the three volumes by Jérôme et Jean Tharaud, and have read the first, L'Ombre de la Croix. Thank you very much: it is a real kindness to introduce me to these books: they are not only interesting and entertaining but most informative. I have acquired an entirely new sense for the life of orthodox Jews among us, and I begin to think that I have always overestimated the Pagan element in Christianity, not knowing how much of it was also Jewish. This is the interesting side of the books to me: the story and pathos in L'Ombre de la Croix, as well as the moral, appealed to me less.

I have also read a part of The Archbishop, but here I have made less progress because—I hope it is not a crime—I have cut the book up into sections to carry in the pocket and read on the Pincio: but few days have been sunny enough for much sitting in the open, and the half-hour at tea-time is often interrupted—in the first place by tea itself. However, I have read enough to see that there is great accuracy and tenderness in the pictures, which also are rather exotic, yet not so much so to me, of course, as the Jewish ones.

I hope you are all three of you enjoying Florence, and that you and Mrs. Bush will have a prosperous voyage.

If it is books like these that you and Schneider give to your pupils in “Religion” to read, I wish I were young enough to go and take your courses. It would be a splendid subject to which to dedicate a second lifetime, winding it up, from 60 to 70, with a treatise on The Religious Phenomenon. Kallen, by the way, has sent me a little anti-God pamphlet

of his which is quite Voltairian, in the key of *Écrasez l'Infâme!* In thanking him, I couldn't help asking if it wasn't a bit discouraging that after two hundred years the work of Voltaire—so thoroughly done then—should need to be done over again. He forgets, I think, that religion is not merely bad science, mythical or magical: it is also a poetic garment for a particular traditional morality, and for a particular form of spiritual life—I mean, of the perpetual dialogue of the human soul, in its solitude, with the God or the sense of fate which seems to people that solitude. These functions keep alive the religions necessary to rationalize them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

22 November 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 22, 1931

Dear George

Just a line on business.

1. Mercedes has asked me to say that, as she has returned to Madrid, she would be much obliged if you would send her next draft there, as you did formerly, instead of to the Vigo bankers. (Effusive gratitude).
2. Will you please send \$1.75 to W^m A. Slimmer, 145 W. 55th St, New York to pay for increased price of the Phi Beta Kappa magazine.
3. I enclose a second bill from Richard R. Smith for a book, but I think you have paid the first already as requested in one of my recent letters. In that case, nothing.

There is no change here. Some friends, English and American, have passed through Rome, so that I have had a little (unnecessary) society.

Your last letter has been received: you repeat what you had said before about the crisis, but don't tell me how much prices have fallen. I shall be curious to see your yearly account when it arrives.

I am glad to learn, by your ~~account~~ ^{description}, of your holiday trip, that there are still wild spots in North America, near the Pole. Yours aff^{ly},

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 December 1931 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Dec. 4, 1931

ANGLO • AMERICAN NURSING HOME
311 VIA NONENTANA
ROMA (37)

Dear Cory

Don't be alarmed at this heading, or my writing in pencil in bed. I am all right, and returning to The Bristol in a day or two. But Dr. Davies has brought me here in order to give me a complete rest and change of diet, as I had had a curious attack of dizziness and nausea on three successive nights, without apparent reason. It has passed off, and he thinks it may have been due to too many gouttes camphrées, although he himself last year advised me to go on taking them. Also, perhaps, having worked a little too closely in the last week or two. I lost 10 pounds weight last summer, and am, in general, feeling better than ever.

I send you a cheque which includes your Christmas present. I hope you will spend the holidays pleasantly, wherever you are, and that you have finished the revision of your essay, and can get it published.

What will you go to work on next, Du côté de chez Strong?

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy13 December 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Rome, December 13, 1931

Dear Mrs Toy

With some hesitation I am sending you a book which you may have read already, which you may think horrible, and for which they may make you pay duty, because although the book spiritually speaking is intensely American, this is an English edition. The author is a young graduate of Princeton, and I (being very stupid at catching authors' intentions) can't quite make out what he is after. Is it a realistic study, or is it a bitter denunciation with a latent summons to repentance? In spite of the awful dialect his characters speak—(always “home”, for instance, for “at home”)—and their pitiful moral impotence, I have read the thing through with great interest. Tell me, are people nowadays really like that? And is America really so helpless and distracted? I don't know whether I have told you that last summer I read “Babbit”—not the Harvard Babbit, but the true classic; there the prophetic intention is evident, although no suggestion of the direction appears in which salvation may come.

You asked me in a previous letter whether I liked the idea of building a chapel at Harvard for a war-memorial. Yes, I like it. A chapel isn't a meeting-house; it is, or may be, just a shrine or a monument. Here in Rome there are often two or three churches in the same square; they are not needed for popular worship; they are acts of homage in themselves, as public statues would be. And at Harvard, where the existing Chapel is so hideous, the new one might serve its commemorative purpose and at the same time (in one transept, perhaps, or in one corner) supply a place in which morning prayers could be recited for those who wish to hear them. The main part could be left open, without pews, and could be a sort of Harvard Westminster Abbey for monuments to her distinguished sons. They might set up even a bust of ME there some day, in the philosophers' corner. By all means, a Memorial Chapel!—but not in the style of Memorial Hall.

To return to This Our Exile, I notice what must be a deliberate practice of mentioning insignificant details—how people sit, whether it takes two matches or one to light a cigarette, etc—and this, apparently, quite passively, in a sort of realistic effort to record experience just as it flows through one man's consciousness. Proust—as you must have heard, even

if you haven't read him—also made a point of introducing infinite details: but his had two qualities not found here, nor in Joyce: the medley of impressions and memories has, with him, a poetic quality, you feel the sentiment, the guiding thread in the labyrinth; and in the second place the details themselves are beautiful or interesting, they are selected by an active intellect. What appals me in this picture of young American life is the passivity of it, the incapacity of everybody to swim against the stream of mechanical automatisms carrying the world along. It is life in a luxurious inferno: everybody rich, ignorant, common, and unhappy. Or am I quite at sea, and have I missed [*across*] the point? Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Wendell T. and Mary Potter Bush and Irwin Edman

19 December 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 19, 1931

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Bush & Edman,

It was a great surprise to get your kind message on my birthday morning. Seeing a cable, I thought somebody must be dead or at least born in the family; I am not usually treated to telegrams on my own anniversaries, but your niece in Florence also seems to have taken note of the 16th of December, and wrote to congratulate me on my involuntary achievement. I also have to thank you for Schneider's book on the Fascists: I won't say anything about it until I have finished it, except that the documents it quotes are most instructive, and enable the reader to form an opinion apart from that of the author—a very self-less and admirable method.

I didn't like the Little History of the Jews so much as the other two books of the brothers Tharaud. The idea that the Jews first kept together voluntarily, and then were forced to do so, and the idea that if they gave up the irksome or even absurd part of their traditions their separate existence would soon disappear seemed to me, both of them, capital themes on which to have told the whole story of the Jews in the Christian world: but the working out seemed inadequate, and lapsed into repetitions of what the authors had observed personally in Hungary.

I think that the great eminence and influence of the Jews among us is due to very much the same causes as the recently established eminence and influence of America: to their modernness, free from both the good and the evil heritage of Christendom. The old Christian world doesn't like this domination of the merely recent and merely scientifico-worldly side of their own civilization: but they can hardly resist it, because the contrary forces in themselves are dormant and hard to bring to effective expression in the modern world. Fascism, and French nationalism and neo-Catholicism are efforts to do so; but can they succeed?

I am writing an elaborate article on St. John of the Cross and Julien Benda's God: if it is ever finished, and not too long, I will send it to you for the Journal of Philosophy.

With best wishes for the New Year from GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

22 December 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 22, 1931

Dear Strong

Thank you for your letter and your new poem. What interests me in your "poetry" is the self-revelation: you go native in it (as also a little in your corrected epistemology) and there is a niceness about pure and undefiled Americanism which is very appealing. There is a little of this in

your new lines, but not so much as in your negro melodies and in the poem about the five ladies: those two are ~~those~~ the ones I like best.

I haven't made much progress with the Realm of Truth; I had a touch of illness—vertigo and nausea—a month ago and spent a week at the Anglo-American Nursing Home—horrid place, don't want to go there next time: especially not to die there. Dr. Conway Davies, a nice youngish Englishman from Cambridge who is my doctor now, thinks the cause was taking too steadily those drops containing digitalis: it is said to accumulate slowly and to derange the brain. Anyhow, I seem to be all right again, and a good bit thinner, which is an advantage. Another interruption has been a long article which I have not been able to resist writing on two mystical books which have interested me lately: one in Spanish on St. John of the Cross and the other Julien Benda's Essai d'un Discours cohérent sur les Rapports de Dieu et du Monde. I have allowed myself this distraction because what I have been thinking out and writing is important for the Realm of Spirit, to which my thoughts turn with more real interest than to the Realm of Truth. I have little that is new to say about the latter. It will disappoint you, because I don't treat of the question what is true, that is what true knowledge we possess, but only what is, or would be, the meaning of anything being "true", e.g. in morals.

You needn't regret disagreeing with me about the datum and universals: in so far as the disagreement is substantial, and not merely a difference of outlook and subject-matter, it belongs to your natural and genuine philosophy, and always subsisted even when, for a moment, you adopted some of my terms. I always felt that you didn't understand them, and I should very much prefer that you should use others, more congruous with the tradition of English psychology. [*across right margin*] You are more interested in the substructure of the mind, and I more in its efflorescence. [*end across*]

My news from Cory is recent, but rather vague. Is he going to London? I don't know where to address the Magazines that I usually send him after reading them myself. Of course he will return to see you, but perhaps the early Spring would be a better time than [*across*] mid-winter. I don't mean to ask him this year to come to Rome. Yours ever G.S.

To James Houghton Woods26 December 1931 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Rome, December 26, 1931

Dear Woods

Your invitation (apart from the honour of it, and in such company!) is tempting in many ways, and if anything could bring me to plunge again into academic life, it would be your letter. But there are insuperable obstacles, the most easily stated of which is this: that, as you know, I am trying to write a system of philosophy of which two parts are still unpublished, and I am 68 years old. If the eight or ten lectures required for the William James foundation could have been carved out of these two books, now in preparation, I think that would have decided me to accept—in spite of the social and other commitments to which such an acceptance would lead. But the Realm of Truth and the Realm of Spirit are not possible lecture-quarries: and it would be rash, if not impossible, for me to turn away from them now, and compose a book—and it would need to be a careful and a lovingly-written book for such an audience—in an entirely different key. That is only one difficulty; there are others with which I won't bother you. It is most regretfully that I sum them all up, and ask you to look to some younger and fresher quarter. Please thank the Department in my name for the honour they have done me, and believe me

Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Jan. 3, 1932

Dear Strong

I don't know which is more surprising: your audacity in trying to translate Ueber allen Gipfeln or your success in doing so. As verse, this is altogether superior to anything else you have done. There is nothing flat in it: I am not sure I like "tips", but that may be a mere accident in my associations. As a whole the thing is very nice. Of course, to render those u's and au's, and that sensation of hush (a word you don't use, [*illegible*] although it is the only one I can think of that suggests the tone of the original) is simply impossible in another language. And I think you have made a mistake about the meter or tempo. It is not anapaests in the original: it is spondees, very slow heavy spondees, with pauses. Your tripping measures are pretty: but they don't render the sleepiness, the fatigue, the deathly peace of the woods: yours is an aubade. The birds are going to begin to twitter.

Did I mention that the Beals are here for the winter,—my old friend his wife (a cousin of my family's) and a Miss Munroe as companion? They bring a very thick atmosphere of Boston: but Beal himself, when I see him alone, is enlightened, though perhaps too much discouraged. After all, the new age has a right to try its own way of being foolish.

Thank you for your offers in case of my illness, etc. but don't ever trouble to ask Pinsent to come and look after me. There isn't any hearty sympathy between him and me. In case of serious illness or death, the person I wish you would send is Cory: in any case I am asking him to take over my papers and other personal belongings, so that he would have to make the journey in any case. And he would be sympathetic on the religious side. I don't want Protestant surroundings or a Protestant funeral or burial besides Keats and Shelley and the Andersen angels. If the priests don't want me for a Catholic, let it be a civil affair, through the back door, as unobtrusive as possible. If Cory couldn't come, Aldo or even Dino would do. But short of extremities, I [*across*] can get on very well with the people here and the doctor. They are all very attentive.

Yours ever G.S.

To William Lyon Phelps4 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 4, 1932

Dear Billy

Much better than a hurried cruise in a moving, rolling, smoking and crowded boat would be a quiet luncheon on one of the Eternal Hills (we may forget that the Viminal has been removed) of Rome, namely, the Aventine, to which I invite you both in advance, without prejudice to other meetings. All that is necessary is that you should come here, on your way to Naples as I presume you would in any case.

Your journeys are so many and so energetic that you must often have been in Rome before: but you will find the old sights probably mellowed in an eye that has kept watch over New Haven, Conn. (you see I can quote poetry too, and better than Browning's) and also many new improvements. I confess I envy you going to Athens and the Greek islands: but not in the Queen Mary. If I were younger I should go, alone and solitary, for several months; but as it is, I try to make up in memory and fancy what is wanting in leg-power.

I will not give you any news of myself, or ask for any of you, in the hope of soon seeing you

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, Jan. 5. 1932

Dear Cory

What you said about receiving your cheques from Strong on the first of each month suggests that my contribution ought to fall at a different date: just before the end, perhaps. But I am sticking to our last arrangement, and if you find yourself flooded with money at one moment, perhaps that will initiate you into the pleasure of feeling rich, which is almost as nice as that of spending, and is apt to grow on one with age.

I am working steadily, but not according to plan, so that for the moment I have nothing to show for my labours. Incidentally, I am doing a bit of autobiography, because 50 years ago I was first editor of the Latin School Register, which still exists and has asked me for a contribution to their anniversary number. I couldn't very well refuse, and have got interested in the thing for its own sake, going far beyond what is required for the occasion: but I am not thinking primarily of that, and will send them only a pale extract.

Did I tell you that I have friends here this winter, Boylston Beal and his wife? He is very civilized, and I should enjoy seeing him if I could see him alone. Sometimes we meet by chance in the Villa Borghese and have a walk and tea together, as we did daily 35 years ago. You see I am getting very reminiscent.

Glad you are reconciled to circumstances and pleased with the final version of your essay.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To Wendell T. Bush10 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 10, 1932

Dear Mr. Bush

I have been spending a pleasant afternoon in the Pincio Gardens, sitting in the sun and reading your two articles ofn Art & Other Things. In spite of your efforts to eschew dialectic, I think I have got some idea of what you are driving at. You wish to trace the interplay of religious and artistic motives in the human mind, and in particular the influence which the artistic motives may have on religion and on manners. I am surprised that you should call this second part of the subject new, considering how lengthily the second of the Ten Commandments discusses it, and how Plato banished the poets and the Puritans ravaged and spoilt all the churches in England for fear of just that influence. It is true that it was a type of religion, idolatry rather than pure art that they wished to suppress: but this fact only shows how hopelessly intertwined, overlapping, and interfused the two strains are. Both are phenomenal: if you wished to dig down to the dynamic woof of causes that presumably produces these shifting sentiments in both spheres at once or alternately, you would find yourself in the obscure depths of physiological and industrial evolution: and probably would get little light on the moral variations that really interested you. Perhaps if we had a good biography or autobiography of men like Michelangelo or Milton, we might get hints of how far a sincere religion might be coloured by the aesthetic emotion of sublimity, and how far the sublimity darkened by a morbid sense of sin. But there are instances nearer home that perhaps you might ask your pupils to write theses upon. For instance: "The Influence of the English [^]of the [^]Bible in Maintaining Belief in Revelation", or "Could ~~^~~Anything, ~~^~~Except the Noble Language of the Prayerbook, Keep the Anglican Church Any Longer Together?"

I am inclined to doubt a little the common opinion that the art of the Middle Ages was particularly religious. The overt or literary subjects, the stories illustrated or the objects constructed, may have belonged to the religious tradition: but were the feelings of the workmen or the admiring public or the competing bishops, abbots, and towns, more religious than in other periods? The cathedral builders seem to me to have been tremen-

dously in love with geometry and colour and problems of construction, and novel sensational effects. They loved foliage and folds and grinning monsters: and if their representations of sacred subjects were sometimes tender and moving, it was because they had a naive sensibility for all human and natural things, not because religion, in any deep sense, really dominated their minds. The Byzantines and the Puritans (including the austere Catholics^x of the 17th century) seem to me to have subordinated their arts more strictly to metaphysical ideas. But what a labyrinth the whole thing is!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*in margin*] ^xRacine & Bossuet, for instance.

To Otto Kyllmann

14 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 14. 1932

Dear Mr. Kyllmann,

You must regard all four of the manuscripts in your possession as yours to keep or dispose of as you choose. If you said that any of them were still mine, I should have to offer them, as a gift, to the person asking for them, or to the club in question. It is for you to consider whether you would like to keep the four manuscripts (there will probably be no more, because now I have them copied by the type-writer); or whether you don't mind parting with one or more of them, and in that case, what you think it fair to charge for them. Very little, I should say: because the probable motive of my American friends—I know Mr. Edgar Wells and suspect

that his client may be Senator Cutting or Mr. J. P. Morgan —is not that they think the manuscripts may one day be of commercial value, but only a sort of collector's mania and club spirit, as people collect autographs and book-plates and theatre-programmes. I always send my books to the club in question, but I doubt that the present under-graduates read them, or would prize the manuscript of one of them, otherwise than as just one more item in their library catalogue. Don't hesitate to reply, then, that the manuscripts are not for sale, if you really like to have them: or if you don't care particularly, you might offer all four in a batch, which I suppose would make them more valuable.

I am busy about many things, like Martha, at this moment, and don't know when anything fresh will be finished: but I hope to send you something before the end of 1932.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Jan. 16. '32

Dear Cory

I am sorry about Saunderson: can't you patch it up? In general I think you are wise not to mix up friends of different categories. People won't stand it, and it alienates all the different groups from you, without making them more sympathetic to one another. On the other hand, you oughtn't to talk about one set in the other: that is a beginning in mixing them up.

The prudent way is to keep the different compartments water-tight in your own mind and heart.

You shall have your next cheque before February 1st I suppose in Paris it doesn't take very long to get cheques cashed. Allowing four days for that, and three for the journey from Rome, I will try to send them punctually a week before the end of the month.

Edgar Wells, you should know, is rather a swell in his own person, and represents some even greater luminary, perhaps Bronson Cutting (Senator from New Mexico, but brother-in-law to Lady Sybil) or J. P. Morgan, or possibly a man named Sheffield who was at Cortina last summer. I sent ~~him~~ Wells your name and that of Mr. Kyllmann of Constable & C^o Kyllmann too has written to me: he has four MS. of which he says I have given him only one; but I have asked him to consider all four his, to be disposed of at his pleasure, because if he said that any of them were still mine, I should be obliged to offer them gratis to the Delphic Club. Better that you and Kyllmann should turn an honest penny on this occasion. The MS. of the novel is not destroyed: and I expect that Middleton Murry has that of The Genteel Tradition.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

18 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 18. 1932

Dear George

Your letter, accompanying your yearly account, sounds rather serious, and I am afraid you have been having an anxious year and are still feeling the strain and uncertainty of the crisis. I hope you will soon be able

to feel secure, even if not so well off as you were formerly. As for me, the fall (of about one half, as I calculate it) in what would have been the value of my property at the top prices, leaves me perfectly happy. I seem to have saved \$15,000 during this calamitous year, after spending all I wished to spend: and unless the decline should continue and income be reduced to less than a quarter of what it now is, I should suffer no inconvenience. Even if I lost everything, and became a pauper, I should be all right, if my health continued to be good. I could easily earn my living by writing and lecturing. Harvard College has just invited me to be the W^m James professor for 3 months, receiving \$5,000, and I have declined, because I prefer to go on with my writing, as planned: but in “case of push” I might have accepted. And I have recently declined several other profitable engagements to lecture in America.

I see you take my political speculations seriously: I hope they deserve it, but am not quite sure. The collapse of “capitalism”, or what I call invisible wealth would not involve communism: people might still own houses and land, ships and merchandise, as people did in antiquity, and down to recent times. Private property is a natural thing, because men like to possess, and are unequally capable of creating or holding their possessions: so that there are naturally rich and poor people. Communism has a great theoretical attractiveness: but it can be established and maintained only by a deliberate effort and a very strong government, as now in Russia, or in the Catholic religious orders. I think it would be a good thing, if it could be made to work, but I don’t believe it can in the long run, or over a mixed population. I understand that in Russia many of the peasants are not yet “socialized”: and if they were it would become a delicate matter to distribute the various kinds of occupations on a basis of equal wages. I don’t think there is much danger of communism in the Western world: but the enormous production of rubbish (which I believe is the cause of the present trouble, because why should anyone buy rubbish, simply because it is offered for sale?) renders trade insecure: the demand can stop at any moment: and what [*across*] can the producer do then?—The photo of the 3 kids is charming. But I’m afraid we shouldn’t all look so nice if we adopted that costume. G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

18 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 18, 1932

Dear Mrs. Toy

What you say about Miss Hopkinson—anent my trouble with Strong, about which you are most sympathetic and wise—reminds me of something in one of the Trivia booklets of Logan Pearsall Smith: namely, that when people have been friends for forty years, distance and mercy alone can save the situation—or something to that effect: I am not quoting his words. We old people (though you are evidently an exception) live more and more on our old stock of principles and impressions: anything else—including our best friends—seems wrong and unnecessary. We haven't vitality enough to lend to a life at all different from our own: we hate it, and malign it. Hence this strange hostility in our old friends. As you say, it needn't kill old affection or produce a rupture: we too can get on without that inner sympathy which seemed so precious when we were younger: we can get on very well alone with the Alone. (You know these are the last words of the Enneads of Plotinus.) Since I wrote about the matter, my relations with Strong have become more normal again. He keeps writing about his own achievements, which now include poetry. I enclose his last, which I think is also the best. What do you think of it? But I am afraid I must have said something misleading about Cory. He wasn't at all to blame: perhaps not guarded enough in repeating things said to him unguardedly, but otherwise not at all treacherous to either of us. On the contrary, I think it is our fault if his position is rather difficult and he isn't earning his own living.

Thank you for not encouraging my would-be biographer from Pennsylvania. Why not wait till I am decently dead? Or will it then be too late for the public to take any interest?

I am sorry to have bothered you with that horrid book about Chicago & Princeton. I like to read books about college life—though my novel now has little college life in it—and saw a rather favourable review of this one in *The Morning Post*; so I sent for it. And on reading it I was at once disturbed by the style and the manners depicted—not so much by the polyan-

drous nature of “Peter” as by the general unseemliness and emptiness. However, let us forget that, and hope for better things.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

28 January 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Jan. 28, 1932

Dear George

There is no hurry about my next letter of credit, but you might have one sent me at your convenience for \$5,000, as usual. I see no reason why I should want more, but if anything unforeseen should arise, there will be time to make arrangements. I still have a nest-egg in London (reduced one third in value by the fall of the £) and can easily cash cheques drawn on B. S. & C^o in any emergency. I deposited the other day 20,000 lire at Cook's, when I drew my last draft, and that will last me probably until May. Last year, under the same circumstances, I didn't use my new letter of credit until April, and then I had Cory staying here, which almost doubled the expense of life. This year he is not coming to Rome, but I may ask him to stay with me at Cortina for a part of the summer if I go there, as I rather expect I shall

You may not know that one of my oldest and best friends is here this winter, Boylston Beal, with Elsie and a companion, Miss Munroe. And (unless you keep up the Family Book) you may not know that Betty Beal (Mrs. Hinds) is the happy mother of twin boys. One has the Roman cast

of countenance observable in Jews, but the other looks Irish. I speak from a photograph: Betty and her husband are spending the winter at the Beal's house in Beacon Street. I don't see Boylston or Elsie very often; she has been ill, and we never particularly liked each other: but she seems to me mellowed and sweetened by age, although her voice and her nervousness still rub me the wrong way. Boylston is disconcerted by the way the world is going, not in business so much as in general manners, morals, and ideas. He is a conservative by temperament and would like to live under Queen Anne, as I under the Emperor Augustus: but my aspiration, being more speculative and distant, gives me less trouble. I am not a conservative at all. Things as they are now please me much better than things as they were fifty years ago: and the future, though we can't tell what it will be, doesn't scare me. In fact, if I couldn't have been born 2000 years earlier, I shouldn't mind having been born 100 years later. It's running a risk, but worth it.

By the way, I have written an article for the Latin School Register, which is getting out a special anniversary number to celebrate the 50th year of [*across*] it's existence. I was the first Editor, and couldn't refuse: and this has started me again on my autobiography, which I have been writing with gusto.

[*across text*] G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong14 February 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Feb. 14, 1932

Dear Strong

George de Cuevas had written me much the same complaints of the R. family as he writes to you. I answered at once, without venturing on any advice, but simply saying I hoped matters would soon take a more favourable turn. I have no doubt that this sfogo on his part to us does not imply that he is inclined to quarrel with the higher powers: as he says, he is used to feigning and making his way among people who can be useful to him (he calls it diplomacy) and he will be very careful in this supreme instance. It is too bad that they should be saddle with an expensive apartment in N. Y. and kept there against their will: and I am truly sorry at the annoyance and ignominy of it, as well as at the waste of their nice house at St. Germain: but if his concern is really for the children, the R's seem to have taken precisely the course that will safeguard their interests: for aren't they paying off a huge debt which they might (I suppose) have deducted from the capital? The ultimate result will be that the capital will remain entire, and if no more debts are incurred, the full interest, in a few years, will be again available.

This is on the hypothesis that such things as capital and interest will still exist in a few years.

My yearly account, lately received from my nephew George Sturgis, shows that the nominal value of my property has sunk to one half: but with the inheritance from my sister, I stand where I stood before: in reality much better off, because the interest hasn't come down nearly as much as the capital.

I hope you, too, have escaped any inconvenient losses.

It has never been easy for me to decide whether your view fell rather on the side of the line which I call panpsychism (or panpsychologism) or on the side which I call the mind-stuff theory. Of course, you are under no obligation to adopt just these categories, and may perfectly well put the lines of cleavage elsewhere: but I am talking of my own attempts to understand your position. You say now that I ought to have seen that you take the second view: very well. But in saying that "feeling" is "that in the nature of matter which makes it possible for it ever to be aware" I am still

in doubt as to your meaning. What is your criterion of possibility in such a case? The previous existence of something like awareness? The previous existence of the “luminosity” which in awareness is focussed into conscious feeling? Or rather, into the qualities of experience? Or do you mean merely such qualities or arrangements as give a normal occasion for conscious feeling—in a word, matter capable of being organized into living bodies? If you meant only this last, I should [*across*] entirely agree. But I don’t think it helps at all to produce awareness that there should have been awareness, or something like awareness, earlier. Yours ever

[*across text*] G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 February 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Feb. 15, 1932

Dear Cory

In a fortnight let us hope that the wintry weather will be over, and that Florence will receive you kindly.

Strong has written to me twice, evidently trying to be complimentary, but covertly referring to the ill opinion which the public has, and will have, of me (and of you) if we don’t agree with him. But you have enough points of contact with the modern world at large not to be over-impressed by the professorial genteel tradition. I see that Aldous Huxley has a new book—Brave New World—in which he turns conservative: I mean to read it. I also have a French essay by Du Bos on Walter Pater’s Marcus, which might interest you: but Du Bos is writing a whole book on Pater and perhaps you would rather wait for that.

The prospective French translator of my Opera omnia is a professor against his will, and writes like a long-haired symbolistic poet. He has sent me a palpitating poetic effusion of his on Dying in order to Become. You know of him? His name is Duron, and he teaches in a lycée at Metz.

I send you your cheque in advance so that you may cash it before leaving Paris—I am very glad you are reconciled, at least externally, with Saunderson, like the Pope with Mussolini.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, March 1, 1932

Dear Strong

I return your latest manifesto with a few notes on the parts put into my unworthy mouth. Though I should have used different word's, like Gretchen's parson, I might perhaps not have said anything more valuable. I am vaguely conscious that in our verbal discussions, of late years, I have been a good deal of a dummy. As for your elucidations, I find the word luminosity in them, but not the thing, and I had better abstain from commentaries which would surely seem to you only blind and irritating.

I am having a slight attack of catarrh, but without cough to speak of, only a little clearing of the throat and spitting: and it hasn't interfered at all with work. On the contrary, I have finished an article on Benda, and pushed on in one or two other works-in-hand, without loss of interest.

I have been reading Bainville's Napoleon—very instructive and tragic: but a sort of reiteration of certain motifs he produces an effect of doom and fatality which is most impressive. And how unhappy his Napoleon is, even in his hours of triumph! Wisdom inculcated without preachments.

I hope Cory has not arrived before a change in this bad weather. We had snow in Rome yesterday, more than I had ever seen here.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

2 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 2, 1932

My dear Clemens

Your imaginary interview is very pleasant; I have made one or two small changes in diction in what you put into my mouth, because after all it is better that you should get the note of an old fogey as full and accurate as possible. Also a very slight error about my “parents” settling in Boston: it was only my mother, on account of her American children. My father was there too for one winter: but he never went to fashionable or other parties. „He didn’t speak English.„ However, that doesn’t matter, and the point of your anecdote is true and well made.

What you make me say about psychology seems to me a little strange. Is it perhaps your view, which you are too modest to publish in your own name? There is no serious objection, only as I have definite theories about psychology, (that there are two distinct kinds, the scientific or biological kind, medical and behaviouristic and the literary kind, just intuition of what goes on in people’s minds, which W^m James excelled in, and in which ladies in future ought to be pre-eminent) I think it might seem odd that I should be vaguely fault-finding. Also the sentence or two after the mention of Aristotle, (which I have bracketed) might be left out, if you don’t mind.

I like the quotations which you smuggle in very much, and I think you leave a very pleasant impression at the close.

It has occurred to me that the public might almost take your first paragraph seriously (forgetting who you are), and I suggest that you pile on the fun a little so that there may be no mistake. For instance you might add, “In passing the Morgue in Paris I looked in just on the chance. But no: it would have been too great a coincidence. I enquired of the prison commissioners; he was not living under their care. I questioned the doctors of the principal Insane Asylum; no again. Santayana’s fame had not yet reached them.”

I am afraid I never sent you the Genteel Tradition. I do so now, with apologies, and also a short autobiography [*across*] from which you might cull something if you chose. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, March 10. 1932

Dear Cory

You say nothing of your health, about which I have felt some doubts during this bad weather; don’t be ill again, because even from the point of view of your strictly professional future, that would be a bad plan.

I don’t wonder that you are short of cash, or that Strong is intolerant: all this happens according to the laws of nature which, if we wish to be happy, we must begin by acquiescing in whole-heartedly. This is what I have just been reading in Spinoza. I have taken him up suddenly, because I have received (and accepted) a magnificent invitation written in German, and signed by Brunshwieg (Paris) Gebhardt (Frankfort) Oko (Cincinnati) and Carf (The Hague) to give an address in the Domus Spinozana at the latter place in September next, when they are celebrating the 300th anniversary of the philosopher’s birth. This incidentally settles my plans for the summer. I shall go to Paris, perhaps to Ostend, and

then to the Hague. I have my address [*across*] already half written. It is about "Ultimate Religion" and of course a part of the R. of. S.

Yours affly G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I sent "Brave New World" to the Villa before knowing your address. Tell me what you think of the book.

To Sterling Power Lamprecht

10 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Dartmouth)

Hotel Bristol Rome
March 10, 1932

Dear Mr. Lamprecht

It will be a real pleasure to see you and Mrs. Lamprecht again. You will find me here as usual, and if you will let me know on what day you can come to lunch (not by telephone, please,) it is almost certain that I shall be free, as I go nowhere.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Curt John Ducasse11 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Brown)

OPERE DEL REGIME – ROMA
VILLA CELIMONTANAHotel Bristol, Rome, March 11, 1932

Thank you very much for your pamphlet, with which I am in general agreement. Especially at the end, I think you hit the nail on the head about the “social” intention of the artist. When he is pleased with his work he cries, Oh, look! like a child pointing at a donkey.—The only point on which I feel some doubt is about the expression of any previous definite feeling. My experience of drawing and writing is that my feeling and my design come to me as I work. No doubt there are general tastes beneath, and (at my age) a very limited range of effects to be expected; but this fertility of the artist is automatic: he is a consumer, at closer quarters, of his own work, and only in a physical sense their creator. In correcting and guiding a composition after it is begun, the same automatic fertility, and helplessness, is repeated. You [*across*] can’t tell what you want to say till \wedge (at least mentally) \wedge you have said it. Yours,

G. Santayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy12 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Rome, March 12, 1932

Dear Mrs. Toy

You said in your last letter that you wished to make Oliver’s acquaintance. I am sending you his biography as far as his sixth birthday. The rest, though for the most part written, has not been revised or typed as yet. I have another copy of this part, but perhaps if it isn’t too much trouble you might return these sheets when you have done with them, as I might like to show them to some one else. Any hints you can give me—short of burning it all up—will be most appreciated. I feel like a swimmer for the first time beyond his depth. And this part is so feminine—all about ladies and children,—whereas most of the book is about young men, that

your corrections would be particularly welcome. Of course, there is the whole first part presupposed, concerning the child's parents and their relations: but Oliver begins here: and as you asked for him, it is he that comes to make his bow. Have I put in too much psychology? I think not, when you remember that this is not supposed to be a novel but a memoir, so that description of the characters by the author is legitimate in itself, if it is not tedious or pedantic.

I have had—for me—a little excitement—an invitation to read an address in the Domus Spinozana at the Hague in September, on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of Spinoza's birth. I couldn't refuse, especially as the invitation was couched in German, in most flattering terms. It was signed by four persons. Brunswieg (Paris) Gebhardt (Frankfurt) Oko (Cincinnati) and Carf (The Hague). Do you know who this Oko is? Not Japanese, I suppose. Can he be of Finnish origin? Anyhow, the idea of actually holding forth under the very roof which sheltered Spinoza as he wrote his Ethics, is very stimulating. I have already got my address half written. The subject given me was Philosophy and Religion; but that is a general heading for one whole group of lecturers—the other group being assigned to Physics and Metaphysics: so that I feel free to give my paper a special title—Ultimate Religion—and make it an integral part (with a few modifications) of the Realm of Spirit, on which I have been doing a little work this winter, as well as on the Realm of Truth.

We have had a bad winter and it has given me one or two little jolts, but not serious enough to stop my work. On the contrary, although I have accomplished very little that is visible, I have been very assiduous, and covered reams and reams. But I am afraid the quality is rather mediocre, and perhaps I need a little change to refresh my wits.

I have just read Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, on top of Benda's disparaging view of all worlds, old and new. There seems to be a general change of tone, among the modern school, from the optimism of our time. It is not our old pessimism, either, but a sort of horror of mechanism, which I don't feel, perhaps because I have always believed that the universe is mechanical, and that nevertheless the spirit can be, I won't say at home in it, but supported by it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Washburne Howgate14 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Howgate)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, London

Rome, March 14, 1932

Dear Mr. Howgate

I am not used to being treated like a public character and your casual observation that “there are many excellent studies” of my writings surprises me. I don’t hear of these things, which the authors seem to be too modest to send me. They probably think it inconceivable that I shouldn’t be better informed. You have taken time by the forelock and your letter shows such a perfect understanding of the categories which I use (except perhaps the “psyche” and “spirit”) that I don’t think you will need much help in preparing your thesis. As to bibliography, I can’t help you, beyond perhaps completing any list you may have of my published articles, which I believe I have preserved complete. But as to personal matters, or special points of doctrine, I shall be glad to answer your questions briefly by letter, or by word of mouth. It is most improbable that I shall ever return to America: but this summer I expect to be in Paris, perhaps in Ostend, and later at the Hague, where they have asked me to give an address at the Spinoza anniversary; and though I avoid congresses in general, I could not refuse in this case. If you are by chance in the same parts, and send me word C/o B. S. & C^o in London, I shall be very glad to see you and to satisfy your learned doubts; although I think your intuition is not likely often to mislead you. Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory18 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, March 18 1932

Dear Cory

I am sending you the last number of the Cornell “Philosophical Review”, with an article by Whitehead that you may like to see—in case Strong’s copy is not available

If my copy of Spinoza is at the villa—two thick black volumes in the original—would you ask Strong to have them sent to me here, or purloin them and send them yourself, if you prefer? I find the translation that I have here so blind that I should like to be able to look up the text.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

A young Spaniard who is at the Spanish Academy here came to lunch yesterday. He is a surréaliste and thinks the reaction of the mind, the splash, everything, and the material impression nothing, so that the ideal would be blank pages for poetry and paintings admired in the dark.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 March 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 24, 1932

Dear Cory

The two old volumes of Spinoza have arrived safely. Thank you very much. I am pleased to possess them de facto as well as de jure, and it will be a pleasure (I have just been trying it) to read the nice strong Latin instead of the bad English which I am sorry characterizes the version in the Everyman's Library, where my Introduction is. Now that I have a larger sitting room there is no reason why I shouldn't be surrounded by a few more books, such as I may like to see about me, even if I don't often open them. It is one of the pleasures of old age.

The lecture is progressing well: I have a suitable end—eloquent but not too eloquent, and quiet, but not too quiet. It was one of the first things that occurred to me. I also have some new ideas, and a general argument which I think will be intelligible, if not to the audience, at least to the eventual reader. I have also gone into some points that will have to be left out,

but may be used in the R. of S.—I enclose a cheque for April 1st We will [across] regard the last one as an extra, for breaking camp. Yours aff^{ly} GS.

To Gerald William Bullett

11 April 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Pennsylvania)

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

Rome, April 11, 1932

Dear Sir,

Your preface, and the choice you have made of passages from my writings, assure me that your anthology will be full of things to my mind. When people ask me for permission to quote something, it is usually from a thin Sonnet—which they entitle Faith—written when I was eighteen. It is a pleasure to find something selected which represents my central and mature convictions.

I need hardly say that I feel much honoured at being included in your book. It may be necessary to ask for Mesr^{ss}. Constable & C^o's permission, and they may charge a fee, but you may say that you have my hearty consent.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

p. t. o.

P.S. I send you a biographical article which is taken from a ponderous work (which you probably have not seen) and which may explain some peculiarities of my history. I resigned my Harvard professorship and left America in 1912.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 April 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

April 23, 1932

Dear Cory

I said goodbye to Strong this afternoon after a decidedly smooth passage over the shoals and rocks of our present relations. He talked less than usual, whereas I was full of safe matter for discussion—a lot of books I lent him and at the end the new book of Bergson's which I am reading with great interest. I will send it to you if you care to read it.

I will also send you in a day or two five chapters of Part II of the novel. I have not had more copied because the rest of Part II contains important and delicate matters which I wish to leave in MS for the present, so as to be free at any moment to make corrections, as they occur to me. But this summer I will go on with rewriting Part III (Oliver's first visit to England) and I will let you see it when we meet.

I should have submitted these five chapters to your scrutiny before, except that I sent them to Mrs. Toy in America, who has only just returned them. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

24 April 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 24, 1932.

Thank you for the Life of Ste. Thérèse de Lisieux and for the pamphlet, in which I am interested to find evidence of the abominable method of brow-beating bereaved persons—"it is your Duty to consult a medium"—to which the Spiritualists resort. This sort of thing ought to be exposed further. I hope you will send me your book when it appears. Yours Sincerely

G.S.

To George Sturgis25 April 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 25 1932

Dear George

The other day I received a letter from Pepe Sastre saying that your aunt Josephine's affairs were finally settled, and that you had charged the sum which was due to you and your sister Josephine to his account, as if that sum had been sent to him from America. I am glad this troublesome business is over: but I am not quite satisfied with the result. As I explained to you in other letters, I regard the money which your aunt had in Spain as intended by her and by your father to remain there, for the benefit of the people with whom she lived since 1913. It is true that we have made arrangements for their benefit otherwise, and that the Sastre brothers received a legacy of \$2000 each, Mercedes an annuity of \$1000, and Manuela one of \$200. Substantial justice is thus attained; and I think you are perfectly justified in feeling that the money your aunt had in Spain thereby reverted to the general fund to be divided by her legal heirs. Nevertheless, my position personally is somewhat different. I don't need this money; and I had (in your presence, although you may not have fully understood what we were saying) promised my share of it to the Sastres. I have now fulfilled that promise by telling them to keep my part and divide it among themselves, one third for each of the brothers; and this has been done. But the result is that Mercedes gets nothing: and I am afraid (in spite of her \$1000 a year and an occasional present which I have sent her) she is not very well off, and may wonder why she has been passed over on this occasion. The same is true of my cousin Manuela, although she hasn't the same claims, as your aunt never lived with her. I don't want these old ladies to feel hurt, or to think that we are forgetting them. Therefore I should like you to send them, charging the amount to me, whatever each of the Sastre brothers has received. How much was it? Assuming that my share was one half (I am not sure of this) each of them

has got one sixth of the total property left by your aunt Josephine in Avila: which (after taxes and expenses are deducted) I understand was 23,191.80 pesetas in cash and 25,000.— “ “ (nominal) in bonds.

One sixth of this would be 8,032.30 pesetas: but what were those bonds actually worth? If you will look up the amount in dollars which you have actually charged to Pepe's account, one third of that amount would be what I should like you to send to Mercedes and to Manuela, or if you prefer you can send the drafts, made in out in their favour, to me, and I will forward them with a word of explanation. All I should say is that your aunt Josephine's money in the banks in Avila has been finally liquidated, and that you are sending them the share of it which we believe your aunt would have wished them to receive.

I am much impressed by the altered tone of some (not all) of the Americans who come here this year. The "crisis" seems to have had more effect on them than the preaching of Saint John the Baptist, and they are on the verge of total repentance and a change of life and philosophy. Are things really as bad as that?

I suppose there is no chance of you and Rosamond coming to Europe this year; but if you do, you will probably find me in Paris. I had expected to go again to Cortina; but I have been invited to give a lecture at The Hague, about September 10th, on the occasion of the third centennial of Spinoza, the philosopher. It will be a (liberal) Jewish feast: but I am too great an admirer of Spinoza to decline the honour, especially as what I shall say will do beautifully for a part of my next book. I am therefore going to Paris, and possibly to Ostend, instead of to the Dolomites. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory8 May 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, May 8, '32

Dear Cory

You are not enthusiastic about it, but I agree with Strong that a good long visit to England will be likely to set you up in every way, and that it is nearer home, nearer to the sources of genuine poetry and feeling for you, than either Paris or Florence. I had always thought of New York as an alternative for you, and possibly a better one, though I shouldn't like it so well either for myself or for you: but England will do nicely as a half-way house. It will refresh your language and perhaps enable you to make pleasant acquaintances.

You will be surprised to hear that I am going to England too, after The Hague. The Royal Society of Literature (the one that gave me the gold medal) has asked me to address them on the occasion of the tercentenary of Locke. It is a terrible come-down after Spinoza, but a much easier thing [^]to[^] do (I have already written 12 pages of my paper) and pleasanter, since I can count on an audience who will understand fine points and enjoy a little philosophical banter. I can tell them, for instance (what is already down in my lecture) that two hundred years before Queen Victoria, Locke was a Victorian in essence.

I don't know when I shall leave Rome. With so much on hand I should like to stay as late as possible into June. But you will surely be still in Paris when I arrive, and if not we can meet in England in [*across*] September. I don't know when my London lecture will be but probably not before late in October. G.S.

To Henry Seidel Canby

10 May 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Beinecke)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Rome, May 10, 1932

Dear Mr. Canby

Here is an article—a long article—in answer to your request for a short one, but even this is only a fragment of the many things which the subject has suggested to me. I am afraid my views are not exactly like those I find in the recent numbers of the Saturday Review: but you wanted, I suppose, a somewhat different point of view.

Would you object to letting this article—assuming you accept it—appear also in some British review? I think perhaps it would seem more real there than in the U.S. and I should rather like to have it published in England, but of course not now in The Adelphi. Have you any British partner or correspondent? I myself have thought of “Scrutiny”, the editor having long ago asked me for some contribution.

I am sending another copy to Mr. Daniel Cory, 52, Cranley Gardens, S.W.7, who sometimes acts as my secretary, and who could make the necessary inquiries on the spot, if you approve of my suggestion; and you might communicate with him directly, if you have any suggestion of your own to make. The article was written for you, and is to be regarded as altogether at your disposal.

I enclose also my latest photo; not with the desire that it should appear, but with the fear that a bearded ancient should [*illegible*] figure under my name, if not on this occasion—for I suppose it is the subject of articles rather than the author that is usually depicted—perhaps in my obituary notice

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. If you wish to save time, you needn't send me the proofs. I have no doubt your own proof-reader would do the work perfectly. I think there are no obscurities.

To George Washburne Howgate10 May 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Howgate)

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

The above address is always safe, and if you will let me know when and where you reach Europe, I hope we may be able to arrange a meeting. I have promised to take part in a Spinoza celebration at The Hague early in September, and later at a Locke celebration in London. Otherwise my plans are not definite, nor likely to become so until the last moment.

GSantayana

Rome, May 10, '32

To Mary Annette Beauchamp Russell10 May 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Huntington)

Hotel Bristol Rome
May 10, 1932

Dear Lady Russell

It is very kind of you to encourage me to visit you in your new garden. This summer, unfortunately, I have been roped in by the professional philosophers, and have promised to read papers at The Hague and in London, at the celebration of the tercentenary of Spinoza and Locke respectively. I tremble—with a pleasing terror, as if I were to begin my first travels—at these last journeys and last, positively last, appearances in public.

The idea of going to live near you is firmly lodged in my sub-consciousness, and it will not take any great revolution in the state of my anchorage here for me to try that new port. But for the moment I am rooted and busy, and can't pull myself out.

I look, when the monthly announcements arrive, for something of yours,
and hope that I shall not always be disappointed

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

13 May 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
May 13, 1932

Dear Mrs Toy

Here are two beautiful letters of yours unanswered and unanswerable, because you touch on so many things that it would be beyond my mental agility to say anything apropos of all of them. Thank you for all your pleasant news and many-sided sympathy, and also for the prompt return of Baby Oliver. Before ~~coming~~ to him, let me say that I was rather alarmed to hear that your business man said discouraging things about the future; but I was reassured on reading that you were giving dinner parties and were ready to give more. So far, at least for me, the bark of this crisis has been worse than the bite. My account on Jan. 1st showed a drop of half the nominal value of my property (but made up by the inheritance from my sister Josephine) but the interest had hardly diminished at all, so that, for the moment at least, I am free from all anxiety. But the change of heart in my nephew, and in many Americans that have turned up here, is astonishing. St. John the Baptist would not have to cry today in the wilderness. People are quite ready for repentance and a change of heart.

Your comments on Oliver & C^o are none the less pleasant for being (I am well aware) biased by kindness and tact: but I like to believe that my personages are alive: they are certainly living in my own imagination; so much so that I am a little at a loss to explain ~~ofr~~ justify them, because it simply is a fact, to my mind, that Irma said this or Mrs Alden did that or Oliver felt in that way. The characters have grown up of themselves during these forty years (all of them aren't quite so old) and I don't know enough archeology to account for their composition. When you say that Mrs. Alden is "impossible", I hope you mean that you don't like her. I don't like her myself: but you don't think she is improbable, do you? To me she seems elemental and rooted in nature like the hills: but this may

be my illusion, because she may have incongruous sources in my experience. I can mention four or five persons that have sat for the portrait, and there may be more that have left their impress without my knowledge. I will send you later Part I, in which her household and the circumstances of her marriage are described, chiefly in her own words, and also the whole history of her husband, whom you may not like so much on better acquaintance. It is indeed a great compliment to be told that Irma seems written by “Elizabeth”. My experience of Germans is limited, and of novel-writing nil, whereas “Elizabeth” is an old hand in both respects. But I did have some thought of combining sympathy with satire in all my snap-shots, as “Elizabeth” does so well. And perhaps this is what makes you feel that at first Irma is “designing and ridiculous” and afterwards “humorous and intelligent”. Now, whatever unlucky strokes I may have been guilty of in my sketch, the real Irma, I assure you, is always intelligent and ridiculous, but never designing or humorous. Her naïve and continual desire to find a lover and a husband may be humorous to us: it is the deepest sigh of earnestness in herself. Hopefulness is not intrigue. She never designs, but she is always ready to accept. So too with her position, good food, etc. This being so, I shall be particularly watchful in future revisions for any wrong notes that may have crept in, suggesting that she has any humour of her own, or is designing. She is as good as gold, but a “higher snob” (since you read Soliloquies in England) with a vengeance.

As to Oliver, he will develop very slowly, and not very much. There is no loud or obvious tragedy coming, only a general secret failure in the midst of success. But he is a wonderful noble boy, if only I am able to make the reader see it.

The year 1632 saw the birth of John Locke as well as of Spinoza, and I have been asked to read a paper in London in commemoration of Locke also. Being in for it, and my Spinoza lecture practically finished, I have accepted and expect to go to England in September, by the Hook of Holland-Harwich boat, immediately from the Hague. Locke is a terrible come-down after Spinoza; but it is an easier and pleasanter theme. At the Royal Society of Literature (of which I have the honour to be a member, though I have never been at their place, 2 Bloomsbury Square, nor know even the name of any other member) the audience too will be easier and pleasanter to address. They will understand a little philosophic banter: because Locke, like Irma, is intelligent and ridiculous. This will be the comedy after the high tragedy of Spinoza.

Among the people who have been here this winter was Robert Herrick, who seemed rather a wreck, as I suppose we all are more or less, and who has now sent me his brother-in-law's translation of Dante. Fletcher was a friend of mine, and a nice person: his preface too is nice: but the translation—! I have read the beginning, and the Francesca episode, and meant to read the Piccarda: but my courage gave out. It gives line for line: but ten English syllables are very much more than eleven Italian ones. The lines have to be horribly padded: and what can a man who is not a poet nor an Italian of the 14th century, nor a Catholic pad his lines with? Only pedestrian circumlocutions. [*across*] And Dante is so simple, so familiar, so clear! His mind is so entirely on what he has to say! Only an inspired poet could translate him.

[*across right margin*] Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 May 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 14, 1932

Dear Cory

I am glad that your arrangements are putting on a pleasant aspect, and that the prospect of England begins to attract you. I wish I might be there in the summer instead of in the autumn, but the Spinoza episode has its advantages, moral and perhaps even from the point of view of advancing my R. of S. The lecture is, in one sense, finished: I have written much

more than is required: but this involves the further very hard problem of condensing and selecting and soldering together the parts that are fit for the address, and relegating the rest to the formless MS of the R. of S.

No: I don't want my old Locke. In Paris I will send for a school copy, to cut up into parts to carry in my pocket. The scheme of the Locke lecture, and a good portion of it, is also done; but I must refresh my mind by rereading the Essay, to get a suitable precision in quotations, epithets, and tone.

Did I tell you that I have a magnificent edition of Shakespeare in which I read [*across*] an act a day? I got it with the idea that some day you too might enjoy reading it.

[*across text*] Yours G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

16 May 1932 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 16, 1932

Dear Mrs. Bush

I hope you may have to return to Rome, and then we can discuss at length these perplexing matters. As to Henry Adams, how could he combine his Ruskinian admiration for “Gothic” things with his sceptical philosophy? As to Couchoud's book, I read it with the greatest interest, devoured it, and felt more reconstruction going on in my mind than any book on this subject had ever caused before. I think he must be right essentially; I mean, in respect to everything that matters in Christianity. He sees it from the inside, in its true traditional imaginative growth. The New Testament is a miscellaneous collection of Church tales, the sediment of early Christian tradition. It is not the foundation of any living [^]faith_^, and never could be. The figure of Christ is just like that of the Virgin Mary, a mythological figure. The dramatic, life-like, and personal notes are just as frequent in St. John as in St. Mark: they are the product of prolonged, intense, cumulative dramatization. The Magnificat is no less genuine than the Sermon on the Mount, which last is evidently not a verbatim report of a real “sermon” but a disjointed collection of maxims,

very like those of Hillal and the revolutionary late Jews. All this, however, does not militate in my mind against the existence of a historical Jesus, about whom we know next to nothing. I believe in general in a dualism between facts and the ideas of those facts in human heads: and nothing seems more normal than that a religious Risen Christ should have been identified with an earthly dead Jesus.

I have put aside the books and will send them—to America?—if you don't turn up.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

20 May 1932 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 20, 1932

Dear George

Thank you for sending the drafts so promptly: I am sending them on, with judicious explanations, to Mercedes and Manuela, who will be not a little pleased and perhaps surprised to receive them. Certainly there is not the least reason why you should reimburse me for this arrangement: you are not getting any too great a share as it is, I mean of your aunt Josephine's fortune, considering that she owed it mainly to your father's good management, and to yours. My own case is different, because (so far, at least) I have much more than I need and (if you consider past favours one way or the other) I got \$10,000 of your aunt Susie's money, which I suppose they think in Spain had much better have gone to them there. As I said in my last letter, our moral obligation to Mercedes and the Sastres, in respect to your aunt Josephine's inheritance, was fully dis-

charged by the gifts and the annuities which we agreed upon in Avila, at our famous conference. But I thought Mercedes might wonder, if she heard of this final liquidation, why she didn't get anything: and if my income still warrants it, I would much rather let her have the same sum as the Sastre brothers: and (since everything gets noised abroad, if not exaggerated) I felt that Manuela, being a cousin and the poorest of the lot, ought to be remembered too.

Talking of things noised abroad and exaggerated, what a scandal this Lindbergh affair is in every way! It seems almost as serious a symptom of some radical trouble in the state of Denmark as the financial crisis. A friend of mine here—wife of a Columbia professor—says that, besides, automobiles and birth-control have debauched the young. Let us hope that, having had their fling early, they will become philosophers in their old age.

Since I last wrote I have received another invitation to lecture, this time in London, at the Royal Society of Literature, (of which I am a member, with a gold medal!) apropos of the tercentenary of John Locke. I have accepted, and will go to England in September directly from Holland. I regard this rashness as my last.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Max Forrester Eastman

4 June 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Indiana)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, June 4, 1932

Dear Mr. Eastman

I often recall your figure with pleasure, although I have read little of your writing, and remember the sonnet about the Stoics and Spinoza which your muse once produced in my lecture-room. Thank you very much for your friendly impulse in sending me your book.

Yes, I heartily agree with the gist of your “definition of poetry”, although technically and also temperamentally, I should have to make

some reservations. “Definitions” can apply only to terms, or essences: facts or feelings can only be indicated and characterized more or less incidentally. About “poetry” we may say a lot of different things, one as apt as the other. The word “poetry” itself is ambiguous, since it may mean poetical works, poems,—which is what I had in mind in calling it “metrical discourse”—or it may mean poetical magic, a spiritual transport not invariably felt in reading poetical works and hardly distinguishable from the sense of beauty in general.

I also agree with you (and with Schopenhauer) in thinking that aesthetic feeling involves the inhibition of action and of transitive intelligence. It is the possession of “experience”, if by this scandalously ambiguous word we may sometimes mean intuition. And I quite agree that such intuition is not “science” nor “literary truth”: it is not about anything else, but is arrested on the given essence. I agree further that intuition and free conception corrupt “science”, when they are imposed by the mind on nature, as if nature were built out of human sensations and on the human scale: yet literary psychology (as opposed to biology and behaviorism) draws its materials from intuition, memory, hearsay, history, prophecy, and dramatic imagination: and it is this literary psychology, all sympathy and imagination on the human scale, that on occasion may be absolutely and literally true of “experience”, since, unlike physical science, it describes experience in the very terms native to experience itself. Indeed, only a literary philosophy, like transcendental idealism and the “historiography” of Croce, Hegel, and Dewey, could have conceived that “experience” was the one and only reality. For science, experience has conditions: for poetry, it is the stuff all the worlds are made of.

I am glad to see there is so much liveliness between you and the professors: but don’t you hit below the belt when you accuse them of wishing to [*across*] safeguard their professorships? Literary psychology shouldn’t be malicious.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory6 June 1932 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

June 7, 1932

Dear Cory

The weather here is still not uncomfortably warm, and I mean to stay on as long as possible. These quarters—in spite of the new street, now open—are more comfortable than what I can easily find elsewhere; and I am also glad to let Strong see his family, and make his further plans, before I appear on the scene. He writes that he means to try living with them at the Hôtel Courtois: it won't last long.

I shall be sorry to miss you: but if you are not happy or settled in England, perhaps you might make a trip to Ostend—you don't mind the sea, and it is only three hours from Dover—some time during the summer: this in case I go there myself, which is not certain. My London address is fixed for Oct. 19th. That gives me about six weeks in England from Sept. 10th. The lectures are not completed, but already too voluminous: I shall take the MS with me for pruning and finishing, as well as Part III of the novel—and nothing else. The Realms will remain here for next winter's work, Deo volente.

I have been having a pleasant correspondence with Gerald Bullett: did you ever hear of him?

I suppose you won't mind getting your cheque before you leave Paris; I will also send you this month's Life & Letters. The Adelphi has become almost exclusively communist, and I don't think you would care for the recent numbers. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot

7 June 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

June 7, 1932

Dear Harry

I see that your seventy years leave you still full of vigorous indignation and a proselyting spirit. You won't allow America to repent at leisure and you won't allow me not to be enthusiastic about Poe. It was no doubt American sin—I mean worldliness, optimism, and self-satisfaction—that made people disapprove of Poe: even your “great poet” Edwin Markham seems to apologize for Poe for not “whooping her up” with the crowd. I never disliked Poe for that: on the contrary, that was the side that allied him to genuine poets and brave minds. I remember that Frank Bullard once asked me whether I preferred Poe's works or Lowell's works for a Christmas present, and seemed to be surprised when I said: Poe's. I felt there was something of the consecrated spirit about him, although very meagrely fed by tradition or learning or experience of the larger world: it was puerile love, puerile sorrow, and puerile love of beauty: yet these things were there; and I have always myself rather liked the young view of spiritual life, for being less entangled with shams and false compensations. But I could never stand Poe's versification: and as a prophet of romanticism what could he say to a person who fed, by day and by night, on Shelley and Leopardi and Alfred de Musset? Besides, I am myself romantic only north-north-west: all that grief seems rather an idle private indulgence. It is in steady comprehensive imagination, surveying the real world in its complexity, that the stuff is found for a true elevation of spirit: elevation away from, and against, all that medley, if you like, but raised to a real greatness by that total contrast and renunciation.

I gave Frank Bullard's present away again when I left Harvard: it is probably now making converts to Poe-worship at the Delphic Club: but not within reach of my hand, and, if it were, I should probably prove deaf to the call of grace. It is increasingly hard for me to read poetry: I relish it only in snatches; as it comes in Shakespeare's plays, for instance. I have got a big edition of Shakespeare—for years I was without a copy—and am reading the whole through systematically. How wonderful! Yet how horribly impure, occasional, only half-lifted out of some vile plot and some ranting theatrical tradition. The best of it is that entrancing fusion of music in lan-

guage with passion, colour, and homely saturation of every word in the humours of [*across*] life. Just what Poe didn't, and couldn't, have. But why send me Bliss Carman? Life is too short for that. Yours sincerely G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 June 1932 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 20, 1932

Dear Cory

I leave for Paris the day after tomorrow morning, and expect to be for a week or two at the Hôtel Royal Haussmann.

Glad to hear from you and to know you are more or less at home in your old quarters and in the "hectic" bosom of your family.

Strong—in a most characteristic post card—tells me you don't like it. I await the interpretation of this oracle in your own words.

I didn't expect that Strong would remain long at Saint Germain; but the inevitable has come more suddenly than I expected, and we sha'n't see each other at all this summer. He says he has had a "very successful visit", that the children are "vigorous" and their parents "well": but that that is "no place for work", and that he is leaving at once for Fiesole. Then, after a word about you in England he adds: "What a dreadful table to write at this is!"

Have you heard of poor Conway Davies' misadventures? First a taxi ran into his car and smashed it: a lady in the cab lost her furs in the confusion, and accused him of stealing them. Then, he himself knocked down a lady, who turned out to be the wife of the head of police! He then

decided that Rome nowadays was only the seat of a highly centralized beaurocracy, gave up his apartment (into which he had just moved with great trouble) and went home to live in London. And the question now is, who is to give me those injections in the autumn? Is there anyone besides D^f Greene?

Yours aff^{dy}

G.S.

To [Henry Ward Abbot]

[Summer 1932] • [Rome, Italy, or Paris, France] (MS: Columbia)

[...] pessimism, questioning^{s, s} about a future life, or the desirability of death. Somehow I seem not to feel the edge of those uncertainties, as I did fifty years ago: but, more objectively considered, the moral anarchy of the world is no less interesting. I am reading an excellent book by Papini, "Gog": the Catholics seem now to be the best critics: Maritain, Papini, T. S. Eliot (an amateur Catholic): it is not their faith that makes them clear-sighted, but their remoteness from the delusions of the age. In America, Edmund Wilson seems rather good: but he is academic; has learned his authors.

I have been rereading John Locke, for a lecture I am to give in Bloomsbury in October: a bit prosy, and speculatively poor, but pungent and genuine in his common sense.

You keep asking about my novel: it is not finished, perhaps never will be, and is not likely to be published in my life-time. Don't think of it. I will send you my lectures ofn Spinoza and Locke when they are printed—my last appearances in public!

Your old friend

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 June 1932 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

Sunday, June 26, '32

HOTEL
ROYAL HAUSSMANN
PARIS

Dear Cory

I agree with you that you are more charming after you have been among English people, because you catch a certain amiable calmness and talk more with the soft pedal on: just the insularity and dryness which you feel in them at first, but which is comes really, in nice people, from having one's centre of gravity a long way off, if not quite in the realm of essence, at least in the reign of Queen Anne. It puts the little worries of life and philosophy in the right perspective: you don't mind the absence of running water, if there are servants, and the eccentricities of mortals only add to your pleasure in observing them.

As to your allowance from Strong, I don't think there is any reason why it should be diminished. I asked him some time ago whether the "crisis" had affected him, and he said no: some dividends might have been skipped, but on the whole everything was as usual. He hasn't talked to me lately very much about you, but the little he has said suggested that he was more concerned about your remote future—five or ten years hence, when he wants you to be an established contributor to Mind—than about the present; and so long as you follow the general line of which he approves, I think he means to continue your allowance. In my own case, the nominal value of my property has fallen about one half; but as *It* had just been doubled by the inheritance from my sister, it stands about as it did before, while the interest, so far, is much as it was: so that I need not be economical yet. My nephew, however, is horribly depressed, and sees the end of the world approaching. When it comes, we can talk things over. Yours aff^y G.S.

[*on back of envelope*] Do you want B. S's "Scientific Outlook"?

To Charles Augustus Strong

30 June 1932 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Paris, June 30, 1932

Dear Strong

I am sending your letter to Cory, whose address is 52, Cranley Gardens, London, S.W.7.

I went the day before yesterday to lunch with Margaret and George, and saw the children. They were very attentive, sending for me and sending me back in the motor, but I don't wonder you couldn't stay long there.

Yesterday I went to Versailles to look for quarters in which to spend the next two months and finish my Spinoza and Locke lectures, because the idea of travelling more than is absolutely necessary is becoming unpleasant to me. I looked first at various rooms in the Hôtel Trianon Palace; but the air of the place is too smart and not private enough for me; and I have engaged a room at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, although that suffers from the opposite defect, looks dingy and neglected, and I am afraid there may be flies and mosquitoes. If so, I will change to the Trianon, which at least is clean.

If you find Fiesole too hot later, why don't you give Cortina a second trial? It might be just the thing. Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 June 1932 • Paris, France (MS: Unknown)

HOTEL
ROYAL HAUSSMANN
PARIS

June 30, 1932

Dear Cory

The enclosed explains itself. I have sent S. your address, and hope the fruits will mature quickly.

I have taken a room at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, Versailles, but without feeling at all confident that I shall be comfortable enough there to remain for the next two months. If not, I will move to the Trianon Palace Hotel where I made enquiries in the first place; but there is an air of smartness, with too many flunkies and too little privacy, about the estab-

ishment which made me prefer to try the dinginess of the old hotel: and it may turn out to be just the thing I wanted. Reading the guidebook about Ostend dissuaded me from going there: also the disinclination to travel more than is absolutely necessary.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Charles P. Davis

7 July 1932 • Versailles, France (MS: Columbia)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Versailles, July 7, 1932

Dear Davis

Alas, a prolonged failure to respond to letters, and to everything else, has an easy explanation at our age. My sister died in February, 1929, after an illness of five days: but, as you know, she had suffered for a long time from some sort of gout or dropsy (we never understood what it was) which made it difficult and painful for her to move. She had also suffered a great deal morally, in the last years, from her husband's avarice and other crotchets; but she had successfully maintained her American independence in money-matters, and had the consolation of being at last appreciated and even loved by her step-children and their wives and young ones, because she helped them out of the straits in which their father left them, and was the Providence of the whole family, as well as of many other poor people in Avila. Her husband himself died the following year, and my sister Josephine, who had lived with them since 1912, died in October 1930, on St. Theresa's day. She had, by the way, reconciled herself in a half-concious way with the Church; her confessor said he thought she had never committed a mortal sin: so that her end was peaceful also, and there were no unpleasant complications in the matter of religious rites. We had also arranged her money-matters nicely. Our nephew George Sturgis (who is our business man, in lieu of our brother Robert, his father) and I had been in Avila the previous summer, that is, in 1930; and I had seen her often in the intervening years, whenever I went to Spain; and the fact that, spending very little, she had become

rather rich, has been a Godsend to us in the “crisis”, since it has helped us practically not to feel the pinch—at least not yet.

My sister Susana’s money went to her husband and his family; and they have since modernized their houses, and even got automobiles—not so common in Avila as in the U.S. Altogether the memory of my sister is sweet to everyone now, although we didn’t make her life particularly sweet to her while she was in this world. I don’t know how frankly she spoke her thoughts to you: but in spite of her religious fervour and experience, she remained always passionately attached to people and circumstances and events in her surroundings. She was full of plans, even at the age of 77, about what she would do when she was free, and could rebuild their house, and make a different will, and get me to come and live with her. I should have done so with pleasure, if she had survived her husband: but human projects are seldom realized—never, perhaps, as we had formed them.

I have sometimes felt an impulse to write to you and learn how things had worked themselves out in your life. Your address gives me a hint, but I shall be glad to hear more details, if you are inclined to communicate them. My own existence is absolutely monotonous. I live only in hotels; work every morning for two or three hours in a dressing-gown: I am worse than an arm-chair philosopher: I am a poet in slippers. In winter, I am in Rome: in summer often in Paris or at Cortina in the Dolomites; and I hardly see anybody. But I have more literary projects than I shall live to execute; I read a lot of beautiful and interesting books, old and new; I take a daily walk in the most approved and quiet places, wherever the priests walk; and I am, Deo gratias, in good health and in easy circumstances. What more can one desire at seventy? Love? Faith? If I am without faith or love, I am not without a certain amused connivance at the nature of things which keeps me tolerably happy.

Your old friend
George Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory16 July 1932 • Versailles, France (MS postcard: Columbia)

Hôtel des Réservoirs

SPLENDEURS ET CHARMES DE VERSAILLES

Versailles.

16 • 7-'32

TERRASSE DE GRAND TRIANON

THE GREAT TRIANON TERRACE

Glad that, if one apple could cause the Fall two can restore Paradise.—Have just finished Gibson on Locke: expert, but egotistical and sectarian. Locke himself, whom I am now reading, is a fountain of life in comparison:—Am comfortable and mean to stay [*across*] here until September. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory25 July 1932 • Versailles, France (MS: Columbia)

Hôtel des Réservoirs

Versailles, July 25, '32

Dear Cory

My copy of Gibson's Locke shall be yours, but it is rather shabby, doubly second-hand, and scribbled all over besides with my pencil-notes. I will send it before I leave Versailles, when I hope that the Locke lecture will have been completed, at least as regards materials. The Spinoza lecture now needs no additions, but may still be cut down here and there. I hope you will like it, as I have followed your advice and "let myself go" (perhaps you were talking of the novel) and made it as much my own, with as little conventional professorial philosophy, as possible.

What do you do, by the way, with so many books? It is a nuisance to have them scattered in different places, as mine are, and out of reach. I have now got hold of my copy of the Summa, six volumes, and have begun reading about the angels. It is admirable. I mean to send the Summa (and some other books) to myself in Rome, so as not to lose possession of it again.

Yes, Cambridge is very beautiful in places, and some things, like King's Chapel, will grow on acquaintance, but the climate in winter is cheerless

and the spirit very conceited and omniscient: I doubt whether you will be able to stand it, unless you find something or somebody to absorb you and make you forget details.

I count on going to see you in September, wherever you may be; but I shall want to settle down in one place, perhaps London, [across] (save for one or two Oliver-Mario excursions) until October 19th. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

27 July 1932 • Versailles, France (MS: Houghton)

Hôtel des Réservoirs, Versailles,

July 27, 1932

Dear Mrs. Toy

You have no idea with what reluctance I tore myself from my Roman diggings and undertook what now seems a great and troublesome adventure: for I don't know if I have told you that I am to go to England as well as Holland, and to read a paper on Locke before the (Bloomsbury) Royal Society of Literature. It is not only my elderly self that is changed: the good train from Rome to Paris has been taken off; the rapide that remains is as quick or quicker, being now largely electric, but the carriages are inferior, the dining-car occasional only, and altogether there is a feeling everywhere that the good old capitalistic days are over, and that the world is going native, that is, common. However, my trip so far has been easy and simple enough. Poor Strong had gone to stay with his daughter, who has just returned from America, for the summer, to her house at Saint Germain: but after a week he found the arrangement impossible and went home to Fiesole. When I arrived in Paris, he was gone. It had more than once occurred to me, in previous years, that Versailles would be a good place to live and work in Summer: and here was I with a free field, two lectures to prepare, and two months to spend somewhere before going to The Hague. So I looked up rooms in the swagger Trianon Palace Hotel: not very attractive; too "first class" for a person who feels old, shabby, and ugly. So I took rooms at this Hôtel des Réservoirs, which matches such a battered personage perfectly. It was once an excellent hotel, and retains a certain air of faded gentility: reminds you of the Paris Opera House and the ballets of the Second Empire. I have been alone, or almost alone, in the place, but for the Sunday trippers and an occasional old-fashioned party for lunch; but I am comfortable, have done

good work, and am training by walking vigorously in the magnificent park, to which this hotel has a private gate. Spinoza is finished and Locke well advanced.

My nephew George Sturgis, and other people who write to me from America, seem to be fundamentally alarmed, shocked, disconcerted by the CRISIS—such is the way my nephew says the word should be written. How wonderful if a first touch of adversity should convert the U.S, not only back to liquor, but back to God! I had once written a squib to that effect, inspired by Maritain (you know who Maritain is: a leading Thomistic Catholic critic) which of course was not to be published: but I am beginning to think that the idea (that Industrialism is diabolical) may have some truth in it. But the world seems to be so confused morally and [*across*] politically, that one doesn't dare to form any opinion about it. What do you think, or at least feel, to be the drift of things? Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Washburne Howgate

28 July 1932 • Versailles, France (MS: Howgate)

Hôtel des Réservoirs, Versailles

July 28, 1932

Dear Mr. Howgate

Nothing easier than to arrange an interview if you are to be in Paris during the last week of August. I could meet you there, as I shall have some errands to do before I leave for Holland, early in September; but it will be worth your while, as a sightseer, to come to Versailles, and easier for me. You could see the Palace in the morning, and then come to lunch with me in this hotel, at about 12.45. You probably will have a map in which it will be indicated; but if not, it is easy to find, being close to the Palace. In the middle of the fore court you will see an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. If you stand by it and look to the Monarch's left, you will see a half-open iron gate leading down steeply to a long straight street, with a white church closing the vista in the far distance. Take this street (if you don't mind cobble-stones) and the first house on the left, after the Réservoirs, is the hotel of that name.

I shall be glad to see you any day, but don't come if it rains, as that would spoil your impressions. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 August 1932 • Versailles, France

(MS: Columbia)

Hôtel des Réservoirs
Versailles, Aug. 18, 1932

Dear Cory

Love is expensive in all its forms. I don't expect you to get on—yet—entirely without it, and don't mind an occasional appeal for a little extra cash, especially as it has always been, so far, a mere trifle. But I think you oughtn't to overdo the part of the spoilt grandson: not that it matters as far as I or Strong are concerned, but that it encourages a sort of weakness in yourself. I told you in a previous sermon that you ought, at your age and with your experience, to consider love a weakness, and not to be proud of it.

The Spinoza lecture was finished long ago but I am still in the middle of the Locke paper: there are a lot of troublesome technical issues that I don't know whether to go into, or leave out, or perhaps relegate to a sort of appendix, when the addresses are published. It has occurred to me that they might be published together in a little book. The contrast, in style as well as subject, might be illuminating.

Mr. Edgar Wells has written, informing me that the person who bought my MS was Chauncey Stillman, of the class of 1930; and that the documents, although the property of the Delphic Club, are deposited in the Harvard Library. They have Platonism, Dialogues in Limbo, Scepticism, Essence, and Matter.

I mean to return to Paris for a few days before going to The Hague, where I shall be from Sept. 4 to 10 at the Hôtel des Indes. It will be possible for me to reach London by Sep. 12 or 13; and I think it would be simpler for me to settle down there at once, and reduce my trips to Windsor and Oxford to day excursions. If you know of any suitable bachelor's λ fur-

nished, flat that can be had by the week, I should be glad to hear of it. If not, I think I will write to the manager of 3, Ryder Street, St. James's, where I used to go in old times and see if they have anything available there. It is a bit shabby, and not very respectable; but convenient and comfortable enough.

Yours affly G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 August 1932 • Versailles, France

(MS: Columbia)

Hôtel des Réservoirs, Versailles.

August 23, 1932

Dear Cory

Yes, I should be much obliged if you would look at this establishment at 7, Park Place, St. James's, and if you think well of it, engage a suite (not a bed-sitting room) for me for the week beginning Sept. 11; if I liked it I should stay six weeks, until Oct. 21. I must have a sitting room where I can dine alone, so as not to have to go out (or down stairs, if there is a restaurant) in the evening. I am willing to pay 6 gineas a week to be comfortable.

Not Brown's Hotel: I should meet too many Bostonians.

Of course I concur about primary and secondary qualities, also about your "transcendent source of control for experience" "Experience", analytically, means controlled, externally controlled, perceptions and predicaments: a dream or a meditation is not "experience" in the explorative sense: it is indulgence. My chapters on Indispensable and Presumable properties give what I think the essentials of the matter: but perhaps the wood is not seen at once for the trees. My Locke paper is to have a sub-title, "and the Frontiers (or Boundaries) of Common Sense." I try to show where Locke went too far, for common sense, in the direction of psychologism.

I return to Paris, Hôtel Royal Haussmann, on Sept. 1; go to The Hague, Hôtel des Indes, on Sept 6th and to London, I hope, by the 11th or 12th

Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 August 1932 • Versailles, France

(MS: Columbia)

Versailles, Aug. 25, 1932

Dear Cory

Thank you very much for looking at the rooms at 7, Park Place, St. James's. From what you say and from the Manageress's letter I judge that it is just the thing I wanted, and I have written engaging the rooms for the week beginning Sept 11th and saying that probably I should wish to keep them until Oct. 21st. This makes it possible for me to arrive in London and settle down with a minimum of friction.

Of course the 6 gineas are for the rooms alone: as exchange is now, that is only \$3 a day, for 3 rooms: I count on paying service (fees at least) and food extra. My idea is to have breakfast and dinner in my rooms, as in Rome, and to go out for luncheon and tea. It will be very pleasant to revisit my old haunts (if they still exist) and I hope you will join me for lunch as often as you find it convenient. I can offer you Italian food, more or less.

A man named George Howgate, who is writing a doctor's thesis about me, was here yesterday, with a frightening list of all my writings, including articles and reviews—and yet not complete. I have been doing a little work on the novel, although Locke is not finished, but I am not alarmed about Locke: the only thing that would prevent me from finishing the paper in London would be illness, and in that case I could beg off the lecture altogether.

I feel myself already walking in Hyde Park. Unfortunately, it will be getting too chilly to sit down. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

[*across*] Address. Sept. 5—10, Hôtel des Indes, The Hague. I go to Paris, Hôtel Royal Haussmann, on the 1st

To George Washburne Howgate

27 August 1932 • Versailles, France

(MS: Howgate)

Versailles, Aug. 27, 1932

Dear Mr. Howgate

Did you have, in your list of my articles, “Revolutions in Science,” and “Fifty Years of British Idealism”? They came out in “The New Adelphi”, three or four years ago. The second is about Bradley, and might put my view of German philosophy in a fresh light.

I also forgot, in the haste of your departure, to tell you what I chiefly had to say, which was that the antinomy MacStout-Van Tender has always had a clear solution—a Spinozistic solution—in my own mind. All my oscillations are within legitimate bounds. For the solution is this: Moral bias is necessary to life: but no particular form of life is necessary to the universe (or even to the human intellect, except the form of intellect itself). All contrary moralities are therefore equally acceptable *prima facie*: but the one organic to any particular species, or nation, or religion, or man must be maintained there unflinchingly, without compromise or heresy.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong3 September 1932 • Paris, France (MS: Rockefeller)

Hôtel Royal Haussmann

Sept. 3, 1932

Dear Strong

It is rather unfortunate that things are so crowded. I have the dentist on Monday morning and leave on the morning of Tuesday: but, unless the weather should be bad (because I mustn't catch cold, with these trying journeys before me) I will come to St. Germain in the afternoon, and

go first to Margaret's, between 5 and 6 o'clock, where perhaps I shall find you. In any case, I want to say good-bye to them; and then, if you are not with them, I will come to the Pavillon Henri IV, but not stay to dinner, as that would prolong the trip too much, and I want to get to bed early. I am not ill, but tired and feeling (and looking) very old; in part because I am a little thinner, which in itself is an advantage

You are very energetic to come all the way again to Paris; I know the journey is a pleasant change for you in itself, the routine of it being familiar, but twice in one summer seems a lot. Doubtless you have chosen a different route

Au revoir.

G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 September 1932 • [Paris, France] (MS: Rockefeller)

Sept. 5, 1932

Dear Strong

I am very sorry that I find it impossible to go to see you this afternoon, but little things have piled up, and especially the need, which I suspected but had not definitely discovered, of cutting down my Spinoza lecture, which was too long; and after doing so this afternoon I find it is too late, and I am too tired, to undertake that excursion.

I shall hope to see you in Rome in the autumn

Yours ever

G.S.

P. S. I am writing to Margaret and George to say good-bye, and I am suggesting that they stop some day at the Hôtel des Réservoirs to get a box of books which I left there, addressed to George. I had meant to send it, but found the business too difficult. It contains the Summa of St. Thomas which I had taken from their house and also some other books which I intended for you, especially Papini's "Gog", if you haven't read it. The successor of Souday in the Temps says it is one of the most important books of our time!

To Daniel MacGhie Cory12 September 1932 • London, England (MS: Columbia)

7 Park Place, St. James's.
London, ~~A~~Sept. 12, 1932

Dear Cory

These rooms are all right—they have the worn middle-class comfortable air of English lodgings, and they are in the neighbourhood which I affect.

My Spinoza lecture went off well, seemed to be well received by those who understood it. I saw Edman continually and we had many of ^{our} meals together. But I am glad to be rid of The Hague, and of the anxiety about crossing the North Sea on a windy night, as I found it almost inevitable to do. However, I took a cabin de luxe and a pill, and slept through the motion without discomfort.

London is externally less changed than I anticipated, but the life and tone of the people seems somehow industrialized and vulgarized. I looked yesterday at everybody in the Park to see what kind of hat and coat I ought to provide myself with: but I could find no models. I hope you will come soon, and give me a tip, or perhaps you will do it by letter.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong12 September 1932 • London, England (MS: Rockefeller)

7 Park Place, St. James's,
London, S.W.1
Sept. 12, 1932

Dear Strong

I arrived here yesterday morning after weathering a rather windy crossing from the Hook of Holland: I took a luxurious cabin and a pill, and wasn't at all disturbed in my sleep: it is a night crossing.

Here I am established in not uncomfortable and very sunny rooms which Cory found for me, and a walk I took about the West End and Hyde Park yesterday made me feel that materially London was less changed than I had expected. There are a few new not very high concrete

buildings, very pleasing on the whole; otherwise the same extent of the commonplace. This is the off season, and it may not be fair to judge, but what looked to me changed was the people. They all seemed to belong to the Labour Party. Also, the Italian restaurant to which I went [^]to_^ lunch was no longer Italian, and today I shall have to explore Soho in quest of some spaghetti.

Thank you for getting my books back to Margaret's house, as George writes me that you did, but he adds that the box was still unopened, so that I am afraid you went away without reading the Papini, Benda, and Maritain which I had set apart for you. But you can get "Gog" in Italian in Florence: mine was a French translation

I believe Cory is in the country, but I suppose he will turn up soon. I have to stay six weeks, as my Locke lecture, set for the earliest [*across*] date admissible, is to be on October 19th

Yours ever G.S.

To Wendell T. Bush

20 September 1932 • London, England (MS: Santayana)

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

Sept. 20, 1932

Dear Mr. Bush

I have written to D^f Carl Gebhardt, who is the leading spirit of the Societas Spinozana, and he says that they intend to publish, at The Hague, a volume containing all the contributions to the recent commemoration, and that they hope that zunächst they may not appear in any other form. It won't do, therefore, for me to send you my paper for the Journal, much as I should like to do so. Eventually I have an idea that it might be published in a little book, with my other commemorative address on Locke—tragedy followed by comedy—and with some notes containing developments which I have had to cut out of the lectures, for the sake of brevity and unity of effect, but which might help to clear up certain technical points.

The Royal Society of Literature also publish the lectures given under their auspices in occasional volumes; so that I sha'n't be able to send you my Locke paper either.

I hope you have quite recovered your usual health, and that you and Mrs Bush will come nexts summer to Cortina, to breathe out the last vestiges of lowland air.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I should be immensely obliged if you would now have the off-prints [*across*] of my review of Benda sent to the Hotel Bristol, Rome.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

23 September 1932 • London, England (MS: Houghton)

7 Park Place, St. James's,
London, Sept. 23, 1932

Dear Mrs. Toy

You find me—or rather I find myself—once more in England after nine years' absence, and with strangely little emotion, pleasurable or otherwise. London is very much as it always was: a few Babilonian white buildings, and a little more motor traffic, is all that distinguishes it materially from what it was, even forty or fifty years ago. Morally and socially no doubt there has been a revolution; but I never knew London society, and now I don't know a single Londoner; so that I am not much troubled by the change. I mean, I don't know a single Londoner of those I see in the street: I might perhaps hunt up one or two old acquaintances; but I am little tempted to do so; I am sufficiently occupied with finishing my Locke lecture, reading various things that turn up, and walking in Hyde Park, which seems greener and grander than ever.

Your insistence on the designing nature of my poor Irma has given me a subject for many a nightly meditation: and while I know by creative intuition that she was not designing, I see very well why she seems to be so in my unintentionally unfair account of her little flirtation. Of course she was loving, sentimental, thirsting for romantic adventures; and my constitutional tendency to be a little satirical made me dwell perhaps too openly on these latent qualities in my little lady. You must remember that

it is I that tell the story of her affair with Oliver's young uncle; whereas it is she that writes to her sister about the other matters: naturally she doesn't bring out the absurd side of her character as much as I do. However, you have convinced me that the scene in the tower must be changed and elaborated, so as to show her psychology (which I have clearly in my mind) less ambiguously and unsympathetically. I am going to have her recite "Zum sehen geboren, zum schauen bestellt (if that is correct: I am quoting from memory) and actually lean, in her enthusiasm, rather too far out of the turret, so that her cavalier is impelled chivalrously to snatch her from a horrid death: and then a real dizziness and half-faintness can very naturally ensue—wholly unpremeditated, but not wholly undesired. Will that do to restore the harmonious honourable sentimentality of my Fräulein?

The Domus Spinozana at The Hague is very pleasing, with an open door from the large room, occupying the whole ground floor, into a small garden, and upstairs, under the sloping rafters of the roof, the nook where the philosopher slept and died. They have collected a few books and M.S. belonging to him, but the furniture is rapportée. The meetings were like all meetings and international conferences, rather tiresome and futile. My own lecture was kindly received and apparently rather well understood by the polyglot audience; and my eloquence transported at least one, and the most distinguished, of my audience, Sir Frederick Pollack, aged 92, into Nirvana, for (it being after dinner) he slept peacefully through the whole. Prof. Edman of Columbia was my only friend there: but I weathered the occasion, and the night crossing from the Hook of Holland, better than might [*across*] have been expected

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong27 September 1932 • London, England (MS: Rockefeller)

7 Park Place, St. James's
 London, S.W.1
 Sept. 27, 1932

Dear Strong

Your letter about Cory came at an unlucky moment when he was laid up with a touch of the “flu”, and had received a nice letter from the *Journal of Philosophy*, saying that his paper on Whitehead was accepted and that Whittredge had read it and liked it very much. Thus, for the moment, two of the points of your dissatisfaction were a little blunted, in that he seems to be really delicate, and to have advanced one step towards establishing himself in the public eye as a philosopher.

I feel hardly competent to advise you, from your point of view, about the wisdom of continuing to support Cory. If you regard him merely as a philosophical investment, I am not at all confident that he will ultimately justify your confidence: he has perception and an occasional intense spurt of industry, but on the whole his temperament is Irish and poetical, he is self-indulgent and capricious, and resents any attitude towards himself that is not one of complete disinterested sympathy and trust. For my own part, I feel perfectly willing to take him at his own valuation, and run the risk of wasting my sympathy—not entirely in any case, since I find him a pleasant companion, and a link with the younger intellectual generation. It seems to me that, in your place, I should wish to continue to encourage him, in the hope that, as the years go by, he may prove more and more valuable to you as a disciple and friend. But I think, in that case, the experiment is more likely to be satisfactory if you leave him free to choose his residence and way of living, and above all the tone of his opinions, as his own temperament dictates. A check-rein is the worst possible harness for a colt of his mettle. Of course you should expect him to come and see you frequently, and to continue studying philosophy with a serious mind. But beyond that, I think pressure will be rather wasted on him. For instance, he might go on living in England, but remain shut up in his bedroom, reading Proust and Pater and T. S. Eliot: evidently he might as well have read them sitting in the sun in the Riviera. I myself have always wished that he should mingle with refined English people of the intellectual type—like old Bridges, for instance, or Bertie Russell. But it has to be,

if at all, in his own way: and you and I are too old, and too much out of the world, to expect him to choose his best friends in our small circle.

As to his returning to New York—that too was originally my idea of what might be best for him. But isn't it rather too late now? If you drop him, and he has to do that, it might be the making of him: but I certainly should still feel responsible for his future after having tempted [*across*] him to remain so long out of his country and almost idle. Yours ever

[*across text*] G.S.

To Louis Sacks

8 October 1932 • London, England (MS: Columbia)

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

Oct. 8. 1932

Dear Mr. Sacks

Your prose will do, I think, more good than your verse, and in the end it may give you just as much pleasure. “Your “Layman’s Philosophy” belongs to a well-known type—that of the “Left”—but you avoid ill-temper and adhere to Spinoza, for which you are to be congratulated. I have just returned from a celebration of the Centenary of his birth, and actually read a paper in the house where he lived, which had been a brothel, but has now been purified and dedicated to his memory.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory25 October 1932 • Paris, France (MS postcard: Columbia)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1932

I waited three days in Dover and was rewarded yesterday by a very smooth passage. But I find I must wait here until Thursday, as trains are full.

The first day at Dover, although it was blowing a gale the sun was shining, and I improved the occasion to go by motorbus to Canterbury: pleasant trip, one hour: but the Cathedral and School look (as they are) like a moral ruin: as if a magpie had gone to live in the skull of a giant. Nothing very beautiful structurally, and the life & ornaments gone. G. S.

To Charles P. Davis8 November 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome
November 8th 1932

Dear Davis,

Your letter of July 22nd has accompanied me from Versailles, where I received it, to the Hague and to London and back to Rome; because I hoped, when I got back here, to be able to look up, in old letters and telegrams, the date for which you asked. You may wonder that it should not be stamped in my memory; but what is stamped there is rather the whole series of telegrams and the confusion into which I fell when, having taken my ticket to Paris, in the thought of going at once to Avila, I fell ill and had to give up the journey. However, by the letters I have found—most of them, and the telegrams, I had destroyed—and by my recollection, I think the date of my sister's death was February 9th 1928: my memory is that the first telegram came on the 5th, which, although cautiously worded, made me at once expect the worst. If you care to be absolutely sure of the day, you might ask my nephew, George Sturgis, 1, Federal Street, Boston, who would either remember it or easily find it out, as he has all the official documents, and besides has been editor of the Sturgis family genealogy, where it ought to be recorded: although per-

haps before that time the interest in genealogy may have waned, and the record may have been left imperfect.

After all, if what you wish (as I suspect) is to have a mass said for my sister on her anniversary, the exact date oughtn't to make any difference. The chronology of the other world is not dependent on ours, and prayers may (I am sure) be retro-active or pre-active (if there is such a word) so that in strictness any day is equally appropriate for intercessions for any soul.

I have given two semi-public lectures this autumn, the last I shall ever give: have been for the last time (probably) to England, and have sworn never to write another book-review or casual article, in order to devote whatever time may be left to me to my formal literary [*across*] projects. I am well, but shall be 69 next month, and those projects will hardly be realized in their (p.1) [*across page one*] entirety. But be it as God will: I have perhaps already written too much Your old friend

[*across text*] GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

8 November 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: American)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Nov. 8, '32

I have spent a pleasant hour sitting in the Pincio and reading "College Prolongs Infancy". Your facts are probably accurate and your descriptions certainly pungent: but, alas, I am a lover of youth, and would like to see it prolonged through life pour réparer des ans irréparable outrage. But apart from preferences, don't you think it would be safer to adjust industrialism to human nature rather than human nature to industrialism? And isn't industrialism petering out anyway? If your ideal is that all boys and girls should earn their living, and marry, at 15, I am glad I was born before the millennium. Always your old friend G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory11 November 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 11, 1932

Dear Cory

I was going to send you your cheque today or tomorrow, so that you should have it by the 15th, although you are likely to be harder up just before the 1st than in the middle of the month: but next month you shall have a Christmas present to help you square your accounts. I don't disapprove of your lunch-party: at your age I used to spend all my income on being beautiful and surrounding myself as far as possible with beautiful people and beautiful things: that was in the 1890's. I don't regret those little extravagances: the dinner I gave to seven young friends on my 29th birthday is one of the pleasantest memories of my life. I remember it vividly: those present were Bangs & Barlow, Warwick Potter, Boylston Beal, Jay Burden, Julian Codman, and Gordon Bell. You would not have such a clear sky if you invited seven ladies: they would be jealous and peck at one another: but you could have seven happy parties with each alone.

I am today taking the notes on the Spinoza paper to be typed, and hope soon to have the Locke notes ready also. Then my work, for that book, will be done. The Royal Society of Literature wants to publish it, with the Spinoza lecture included: but I have explained the complications. ~~It~~ The Spinoza will come out first, in any case, towards the end of this month at The Hague, in a polyglot volume.

As soon as I can, I want to return to the novel. I think I should be happier, and perhaps, freer for other things, if I felt that the novel was done, and secure. There is no need of publishing it: but other people might do my philosophy—you, for instance—as well or better, whereas absolutely nobody could do Oliver and Mario.

Yours affectionately
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 November 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Nov. 13, 1932.

I am reading Adrian Coates on Contemporary British Philosophy. I have an idea you know it, but will send it if not. It is very good. Meantime you will receive some things which have come anonymously. There are nice quotations in the book about modern poetry: but what a mess of ideas! Notice, at the end, my “perfect [professorial] eloquence” in 1896!

G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot

21 November 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 21, 1932

Dear Harry

The porter of this hotel has just come up in some agitation, holding a letter of yours in his trembling hand, his whitening Jewish beard shaking in tempo; and he protests that he never rejected any book of yours addressed to me. I often send books to myself during the summer, to get rid of encumbrances, and the porter has orders to keep them till my return. But he may have a holiday in mid-summer, or one of the underlings may have been officiating, and may have told the postman—what was quite true—that I was not living in the hotel at that time.

I am sorry this matter has ~~given~~ caused you so much annoyance, and am not sure whether, in telling me all about it, your idea was that I should send you the \$1.11 required to rescue that book from limbo. I don't venture to do so, until I get my yearly account, and see how near you come to the truth in suggesting that George Sturgis may have lost most of my savings for me. Last year I inherited enough from my sister Josephine to double the amount of my property: but as the nominal value of the whole had shrunk by about one half, I stood on January 1st just where I stood a year or two before: better, in respect to income, which had not shrunk as much as the nominal capital. I don't know what has happened since: but if I am completely ruined, it might be an occasion for a fresh spurt in my literary life. I have a lot of unpublished stuff that might do for articles, and I might hurry up with the novel! Yours
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 December 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Rome, Dec. 10, 1932

Dear Cory

Your friend Lawrence seems to be occupying the stage for the moment. I will send you in a day or two a number of Life and Letters in which he is much discussed.

The Spinoza volume has not yet reached me. As the Dutch editor doesn't pay the contributors perhaps he doesn't send them a complimentary copy of their works. I shall have to inquire.

On the other hand, the Royal Society of Literature is behaving very handsomely. Disappointed at not being able to secure my Spinoza address (without having seen it) they have proposed to publish the Locke together with any other essays of mine which I might think suitable; and I have sent them the Bradley, the Revolutions in Science, the Long Way Round to Nirvana, at the review of Benda. I propose to call the whole: Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy: Five Essays by G. S. So that we are likely to have a book out after all early next year.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Mary Potter Bush

16 December 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 16, 1932

Dear Mrs. Bush

Thank you very much for your good Christmas wishes, which I reciprocate, and also for your address, which has enabled me to send off this morning three books of yours which I ought to have returned long ago. The Couchoud has made a great impression on me, and I have sent for others of the same series, to see what backing his views may really seem to have. I believe he is right in his religious psychology, that Christianity is an eschatological prophecy, not a personal morality corrupted into a theological system; but I am doubtful about the historical mixture of tradition, legend, & myth. Were it not that today being my 69th birthday, I have made a good resolution to write no more articles and give no more lectures, at least until all my projected work is done, I might be tempted to write something on Couchoud & C^o: but I must abstain.

I myself have not seen the Septimana Spinozana, as the Hague volume is to be called. I have been waiting to receive a complimentary copy; but that may not enter into the Dutch way of doing business, so that now I have written ordering one: and heaven knows when I shall be allowed to reprint my article. The idea of publishing it together with the one on Locke has fallen through: on the other hand, the Royal Society of Literature (for whom the Locke was written) have been very kind and appreciative, and have asked for other papers of mine to join with it in a volume to appear under their auspices. I have fished out the best of what I had intended for "Symptoms"; the rest of "Symptoms" can be neglected; and in this way one item in my literary programme is actually executed without any further labour! I feel a great relief: but I am sorry to see the Spinoza floating hopelessly down stream, out of my range, in the international Noah's Ark of the Septimana Spinozana. And yet, who knows: perhaps that Ark alone may survive the Deluge.

I am at work for the moment on the novel, with much amusement to myself, but little hope: it is too difficult and too complicated. When I tire

of it, I shall take up The Realm of Truth, which ought to be soon brought to the boiling point.

Are you coming to Europe this winter or Spring?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Henry Ward Abbot

20 December 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

20—XII—'32

I have just heard from the Dutch publishers that Septimana Spinozana, the book in many languages in which my Spinoza lecture (or rather sermon) is to appear will not be issued until next month. I will have a copy sent you, if the volume is not too forbidding.—My Locke lecture, together with other articles of mine, is to be published later by The Royal Society of Literature: this I will surely send you because it attacks the Anglosaxon mind.—I am very much pleased that Judge Holmes should agree about common sense being faith. I knew he was something of a philosopher, but perhaps too much inclined to follow Nietzsche. Romanticism & egotism are all very well as a mood; but absurd when turned into a doctrine. The doctrine implied in them is pure naturalism or Spinozism.

G.S.

To George Sturgis

20 December 1932 • Rome, Italy (MS: Houghton)

Rome, Dec. 20, 1932

Dear George

Bangs & Barlow (you know who they were, or rather are, for I believe both are still living) used to say they wouldn't study psychology, because they didn't want to be told what they did. They knew that already. I was reminded of this ancient bit of wisdom on reading in your last letter that I wasn't feeling the pinch. I know I am not feeling the pinch; but what it

would relieve me to learn is whether I am not being pinched without knowing it. However, in about a month I may hope to receive your yearly account, and then my doubts will be solved, I hope agreeably.

Yesterday I received and read the report you sent me about war debts. I had gathered most of those points already from various quarters, but I was glad to see them brought together, with figures, under the authority of so many professors. Wouldn't their opinion have carried more weight with the public and the politicians, if they hadn't been professors, but business men?

I am not a professor—at least not of economics, history, or politics—and my materialistic mind always asks what actual objects and visible processes people are talking about when they speak of capital or riches or debts or payments. And I have a shrewd suspicion that Aristotle and the Church were right in condemning usury: and isn't usury—the extortion of money for the lending of money—the fundamental absurdity of our whole system? Especially when the money is not specie but vast imaginary sums in ledgers: I am sure that the hocus-pocus that goes on about it has very little to do with reality, except that it confuses, and makes unreal, the economic position of everyone concerned.

However, if I went on in this strain, I should soon become a professor of economics, or deserve to become one. I will content myself with hoping that all will straighten itself out soon, and that we may all know where we stand.

My journey to Holland and then to England went smoothly—even at sea: and I gave my two lectures to polite audiences that showed no impatience or hostility, whatever they may have felt. My most distinguished auditor was Sir Frederick Pollock, aged 92; being a little deaf he sat close at my side, and through the corner of my eye I could see him close his own (to concentrate his attention) & begin to nod (to express his agreement): and he didn't wake up until the end, when hearing a little applause, and [*across*] supposing it was for him, he roused himself to bow pleasantly, and saw where he was. Wisely, he went home to bed, without telling me [*across page one*] how very much he had been interested—This is too late to wish you a merry Christmas but let it be at least a happy new year

G. S.

