

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Five, 1933—1936

G Santayana

To Otto Kyllmann

6 January 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 6, 1933

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Are there any copies left of the large white edition of my "Poems"? If so, would you kindly have two copies sent to me here, and charged to my account?

If there are none of the large-paper edition, please order two of the ordinary issue.

Some time ago I wrote you that before the end of 1932 I hoped to have a new volume of some kind to submit to you, but the fates have willed otherwise. I was inveigled ⁱⁿto devoting the greater part of last year to composing two addresses—to which supplementary notes of some length were to be added—in commemoration of Spinoza and Locke, both born in 1632. The addresses together would have made a little volume which I hoped you would publish; but my Siamese twins have been cut apart. Each is to appear under the auspices of the society before which the lecture was delivered; and I have nothing left for the moment to offer you. I am very sorry, as this disperses my work still more, and makes it harder for those interested to collect my writings: but it was a case of moral force majeure, and I couldn't refuse. I hope in future to avoid all such predicaments.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 January 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 9, 1933

Dear Cory

The long letter that you announced a month ago has never come; I infer that you are happy in London, even in the holidays.

Valli has been ill and has returned to Rome for six months to study Latin and Greek, in hopes of passing examinations for an officer's college. He is now a sargeant, but not in uniform. We have resumed our weekly conversations, but I find my Italian worse than it used to be. You can't improve an old man.

The Spinoza book is not yet out, but is promised for this month. I won't send you a copy, as most of it will be in German.

Mrs. Van Meter Ames, wife of a young prof. of phil. in Cincinnati, has sent me an account of my conversations with them at lunch at the Castello dei Cesari and elsewhere: a sort of Boswell to this Johnson. It makes me out rather like a red-faced old Major in Bath spluttering his damn-mes and don't-you-knows about things in general: but I have no objection, and have only corrected the English which good innocent Mrs. Ames imagines that I speak.

I have received, from an objectionable friend in Boston, an objectionable book by Bernard Shaw, called A Black Girl in Search of a God. There are amusing turns, but as a whole it is trash. Do you care to have it?

The novel is advancing slowly but solidly. I feel that I have solved the greatest difficulty in the earlier part, viz., the yacht episodes. Miss Tindall

is making two copies, and I could send you one if you cared to have it. I suspect that you are now absorbed in other things and would rather not be bothered with The Last Puritan until some future time when the coast is clear and you can devote your mind to it for a while, with more of it lying at once before you so that you can see the design. I feel greatly encouraged in my own mind, and have hopes of really finishing it. I have rewritten a few pages of the Prologue, making more marked the difference between my talk and Mario's. This was one of Strong's objections, which I thought well [*across*] grounded. Fas est ab hoste doceri.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 January 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Sunday, 15•I•'33

Dear Strong

I am glad to hear from you and to know that you are well and thoroughly amusing yourself with the Muses. I too have kept fit enough, with the advantage of not being cold; for though we have had rather less sunshine than usual, it has been mild. And my only contact with the Muses has been to go last week to hear Orfeo—beautifully staged and played—at the Opera; but the voices seem to lack the purity and passion appropriate to the old music. I am going this afternoon to hear Verdi's Macbeth, and expect to be deafened: because the contemporary idea of strength is violence.

Your articles have not yet arrived, but I need hardly say that I shall study them with interest.

Have you seen I. A. Richards' Mencius on the Mind? It occurred to me in reading it that his method of "multiple definition"—or assemblage, without parti pris, of all the conceptions suggested to different minds by the same words—might help to clarify our controversies about perception. Perhaps, if each recognized the idea entertained by other persons, the quarrel about which idea ought to monopolize the word used—say "perception" or "consciousness"—might seem less important.

I have also read "A Sceptical Examination of Contemporary British Philosophy" by Adrian Coates, a pupil of Moore's. It has good points. Also (sent to me by a misguided friend) Bernard Shaw's "Black Girl in Quest of a God".

The Spinoza book is not yet out: I will have a copy sent you when I have seen it. The Locke lecture, with extensive notes, is to be published in a book, with other recent articles of mine, by the Royal Society of Literature. Thus my plan of issuing the two [*across*] addresses together has fallen through. But I hope somehow, in time, to rescue the Spinoza and republish it.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

18 January 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 18, 1933

Dear Strong

I am sorry about Miller, and have sent him a cheque, trying to put the matter so that he may not feel humiliated. I thought he had a little something to live on. Has it evaporated in the crisis?

Probably you know that Cory is in bed with the influenza, and a rather high fever. Boylston Beal, who is here at the Palace Hotel, alone with his manservant, has also been laid up for weeks with the same scourge.

I have now read your article. A part of your criticism I am afraid will miss the mark, because Lovejoy will say that you are imposing your categories on his arguments, instead of accepting or criticising his own principles. But you do the latter effectively, in my opinion, when you point out that the concept of existential relations is not a self-transcending cognition. All ideas are concepts of existential relations: that is, the relation of the parts of the picture to one another would be existential relations if they picture and its parts were substantial objects, *[illegible]* ~~picture and its parts~~

I was also interested in your discrimination between thin and thick existence: i.e. between appearances and substances. Even in an appearance, I should say, there is a concomitant existence involved, or rather two: one substantial, that of the psyche, and another spiritual, that of the intuition. But the thin existence of the appearance itself seems to be only

imputed, because the appearance is regarded by the hasty mind as the intrinsic nature of the psyche at that moment; and then in memory and history, the same appearance is used to describe the phase of spiritual life in which it was present. I think, as I said in my last note, that a “multiple definition” of such terms as “existence” and “datum” might be useful in obviating disputes.

The rest of your paper doesn't seem to add anything to your previous pronouncements.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 January 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 19, 1933

Dear Cory

I am sorry your influenza is so persistent. Of course I will gladly see you through any expense it may involve. I have still £800 in the bank,

but don't spend it all, else there will be nothing left for you next year. My yearly account from America has not yet arrived, but I have reason to think it will not be very alarming.

Strong knows that you are laid up, because I mentioned it in one of the letters we have been exchanging during the last few days, apropos of his last article in the J. of Phil. and Miller. Miller's lectureship in London has been suppressed, and Strong fears he may starve himself to death. If you care to see him, very likely he would be glad to come and see you—to visit the sick, according to the catechism is one of the corporal acts of mercy—his address is ^{c/o} Thomas Cook & Son, Berkeley Street, W.1.

I hope this may find you well again. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

25 January 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 25, 1933

Dear George

My yearly account is, above all, reassuring. I expected a depreciation in values, but didn't know how great it would be. As things stand, I am still spending less than half of my income; and even a considerable further reduction wouldn't affect my way of living. That is all that concerns me personally for the present, so that I have every reason to be satisfied practically: and theoretically my impression is that you have managed things admirably, and I am pleased to see that you have put largish sums into U.S. bonds, which I suppose are not likely to evaporate.

My letter of credit is good until March 31st and I shall then have about \$1000 in cash; so that the new letter of credit—which might be again for \$5000—will not be wanted until May. If I get it before I leave Rome for the summer, about June 1st—, it will be in time.

My only weak spot financially is my London bank account which has sunk to one half what it used to be, without counting the depreciation of sterling. During the last two or three years my earned income has been small, as I have had no important new book published, and the sale of the old ones, though continuous, has not been large. I have also written few

if any articles of the sort which are paid for. On the other hand, new books, presents, and charities, which I pay for by cheque on B. S. & C^o have multiplied. Several persons in Spain, whom your aunts used to protect, write to me that those sainted ladies in heaven will bless me if I continue their good works; these blessings are due once or twice a year; and then there is Cory who is now supposed to be Strong's secretary, but whom I feel responsible for also, and who has to be helped when he is ill (as at present with the influenza in London) or when he is in love—love is expensive in all its forms—or needs a new overcoat. And older and more serious people are sometimes in need of a helping hand. Just now I have learned that my old colleague in the Harvard Philosophical Department, D. S. Miller, is destitute and in danger of starving himself to death through too great economy. All these things deplete my bank account, and I may have to ask you later—I still have £800 to my credit—for an extra draft to replenish it.

It is good news that you mean to come in May to Italy. Probably I shall go in June to Cortina and it wouldn't be hard [*across*] to arrange a meeting—say at Verona, if you go so far east. Yours affly G.Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 February 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 5, 1933

Dear Cory

It is an achievement to have finished this article and got it published. A great deal more than appears in it has really passed through your mind in these three years; in fact, there is something scattered and self-interrupted about it, as if you had too many "initial data" for your "subjective form". As a composition and an argument, your essay would have been better, perhaps, if it had come out of you in one jet, and you hadn't been

harassed by so many criticisms and incidental requirements. But never mind. It is agreed that this is merely your habilitation, and that your spontaneous performances will come later.

As to the matter of your criticism, of course I agree with it all: perhaps I felt on a first reading that you had indulged in a little bad temper in note 25, where you say you “do not relish any ‘movement’ of thought that leads to” scepticism: but as you condemn Whitehead for his neo-realism (which comes from not having carried this movement out seriously: and it is a vast movement from common sense to the transcendental point of view) and as you end by accepting the result of that movement, I conclude that your disrelish for it was only momentary. Apart from my own views, however, I think your criticism suffers from not having Bergson sufficiently in mind. Bergson would be the key to the need of “elimination”, since all reality is a set of vibrating images, and memory and perception would by right embrace the whole universe, up to the present instant, if the presence of most of it were not somehow cut off,—by the screen of the brain and sense-organs and the (inexplicable) need of intelligent action. On the other hand, if you had brought in Bergson more largely, the absurdity of the whole attempt to make “experience” the sole reality would have become more palpable, and your paper would not have been so sympathetic or close to your author as it is.

You haven’t said whether you would like Coates’ or Richard’s books. I am sending you a more frivolous one, given [*across*] me on account of the motto at the beginning. I haven’t read it myself.—Cheque will follow in a week. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 February 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, ~~Jan~~-February 12, '33

Dear Cory

Here is your cheque. I am too busy this morning rewriting a favourite passage of the novel to do more than say how-do-you-do. I hope you are not depressed: and as to the assinity of Ross, what does it matter if you can see Plato between his ears?

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 March 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome March 6th 1933

Dear Cory

Here is your cheque, only a few days in anticipation of the normal date. Sorry you have been short; you ought to have enough strength of mind to maintain a little reserve for such moments of forgetfulness on S.'s part. I would gladly supply such a nest-egg if I thought you would sit on it.

I have had an attack of my bronchial catarrh, and have been ten days without leaving my rooms; am almost well again, but this time, though not severe, the trouble has been unusually persistent. Dr. Green is agreeable, but not very energetic. True, the weather has not been favourable

The cough has not prevented me from going on reading and writing much as usual.

They inform me from the Hague that the Spinoza book will appear in the Spring!

Yours affectionately
G.S.

To George Sturgis

7 March 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol Rome
March 7th 1933

Dear George

I have your letter of Feb. 21st in which you speak of your trip. I don't know the routes in northern Italy, but I believe there are some new speeding roads, and I daresay all the chief routes are good, as far as the roads are concerned. Your porter at the hotel in San Remo can inform you better than I about all that. If you also care about scenery, I should think the best plan would be to make directly for the Lakes, and cross from one to another over the intervening hills. If, on the other hand, you care more for towns, it would be better to remain south of the Po: Parma is a place I should myself make for, as there is a wonderful cathedral which I have never seen.

As to dates, and the possibility of my meeting you, it depends a little on circumstances. Normally I shouldn't leave Rome before June; the Hotel Miramonti at Cortina I believe is not open before June 15th and, apart from seeing you, I have no particular reason for wishing to stop on the way. Make your plans quite independently and let me know what they are; and if I can manage it I will cut across your path somewhere.

The "Harvard Fund Council" is always dunning me for a subscription. I see you have contributed, so that you probably understand what the necessity for these appeals is, and why one should heed them. Evidently, I an old bachelor and trebly a Harvard man, ought to join in, if that is the thing to do. The sense of so many millions flying about like aeroplanes rather has given me the impression that the rank and file couldn't do much to help. But I am willing to do my bit. Please send them—Harvard Fund Council, Wadsworth House, Cambridge, Mass—\$100 from me—unless in view of the fact that this gift will have to be repeated annually, you think it more prudent to send only \$50. I leave it to you.

I received a telegram from Luis Sastre today saying his wife Teresa was dead. She leaves five small children. Too bad.

Yours affly

G. S.

To Charles Scribner Jr.

19 March 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, March 19, 1933.

Dear Mr. Scribner

I am much pleased to know that you have arranged for the American edition of my "Turns of Thought". A royalty of 10% will be ample: you know that I don't expect to make money out of my writings: what I earn is welcome, but I abstract from that consideration in arranging my work. You will be doing me the most welcome service by making the price of this book as low as possible. It is an unintended book, and a mere scrap-heap; but it contains some criticism of Anglo-Saxon ways of thinking which it may interest a part of the public to have pointed out and described, as it were, from a little distance.

I had meant to publish the Locke lecture together with my Spinoza lecture of last year at The Hague: but the Spinoza Society has claimed the latter, as the Royal Society of Literature has claimed the former: hence this volume of essays on the one hand, and on the other, my much meditated Spinoza paper about to appear in a polyglot volume issued by Martinus Nijhoff at The Hague. Such scattering of my work is contrary to my wish; but we are living already, willy-nilly, under a socialistic civilization, and can no longer call our work our own.

As to my "novel"—it is hardly a novel in the current sense of the word—I am devoting myself at present to making a final revision of it and having it typed, so as to be quite ready for publication eventually: and about one half is now complete. But this doesn't mean that it will soon be in your hands. There are powerful reasons for not issuing it during my life-time, not so much on my own account as on account of offense which some good friends of mine, still living, my take at it. I mean to leave it to my friend and secretary Mr. Daniel Cory, who understands the spirit in

which it is conceived, and will see about publishing it at the right moment.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 March 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 28, 1933

Dear Strong

I shall be glad to see you during the days following April 15th and without being “buted into” in the least, I can come to lunch at the Aragno as usual; but I won’t ordinarily go for a drive. I have had an attack of my bronchial cough and was kept in doors for a week or two: it was not severe, and with something to spit into at my side, I could read and write much as usual. I am now well again, but not very active.

I suppose you have considered that April 16th is Easter and that this is an Anno Santo. I have read in the papers—it may be mere advertising or propaganda—that all hotels will be full, and the Minerva, being somewhat clerical, may be especially crowded. The Princes’ Hotel, which I had sometimes thought you might like, is now closed: but Boylston Beal has been most of the winter at the Palace (which now has annexed the Ambassadors’) and that seems to be now the place most approved of. There are no steps at the door (the old one) and the lift is spacious. Also it is too expensive for most pilgrims. I mention it, in case you should find any difficulty in getting rooms.

I have heard of Sellar’s book, but have not read it. His article in “Critical Realism” seemed to me nearer to my own position than perhaps any other in that book: but I hated the way it was written, and had the greatest difficulty in reading it through; and I found the same indigestible quality in something subsequent of his which I once looked into. No doubt this book is better composed—especially at the beginning. Almost all American books seem beautifully written for the first ten pages, but then nature reasserts itself. Besides, I am not attempting to think out the

details of these matters afresh: I suspect we are using literary or geometrical categories for unimagined natural processes.

Yours ever G.S.

To Logan Pearsall Smith

6 April 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

Hotel Bristol Rome
April 6, 1933

Dear Smith

How nice to hear from you, and how nice to expect your impressions on rereading Shakespeare. I can understand how the anthology might grow out of such a fresh reading. When I got my monumental Edition last year and began at vol. I, I formed the project of marking with the very finest and most eraceable of pencil-lines the passages that seemed to me poetical in the mag-ical sense: but I soon abandoned the attempt, because these passages were impossible to divorce from their context, or to distinguish consistently from the other striking lines that were witty or wise or eloquent. I gather that your anthology will be copious, so that you can include all the really good things of any sort, since you intend to choose twelve or fifteen sonnets. I won't attempt to say which twelve or fifteen I like best. The older I grow the less my taste is comparative; and the sonnets I used to turn to instinctively in the days when we read poetry in my Harvard quarters were the stand-byes that you would think of in any case.

The Spinoza book which is to contain my Hague address (which is hardly about Spinoza) is not yet out, but certainly you shall have a copy as soon as it appears. It was first promised for ~~Septem~~ Nov. 29th the exact anniversary of Spinoza's birth—then it was postponed to December—now until “the Spring.” As there are many contributors in various languages it is no marvel that there should be delays.

I will also send you my Locke lecture, which will soon appear in a little volume called “Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy.”

Love to the genial denizens of I Tatti from yours ever

GSantayana

To Henry Ward Abbot

10 April 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 10, 1933

Dear Harry

No, I am not dead yet, but the Spinoza book isn't yet out: at least, I haven't seen it. Most of it will be in German: nevertheless I will have a copy sent you as for the present there will be no other means of getting at my Hague paper. I should be glad if Scribner secured from Nijhoff the right to reprint in America: out of respect for the occasion I didn't like to reserve that right myself

Yours sincerely

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 April 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, April 10, 1933

Dear Cory

In lieu of reading Sellars I have been looking over Whitehead's new book—The Adventures of Ideas—a rather American—and Deweyish title. A man named Nelson Smith, who lives in Cambridge, Mass. and is an

amateur philosopher, left the book for me to read, but I must return it, so that if you want the thing (which at present perhaps you don't) I will have it sent to you directly. I don't think it will add to Whitehead's reputation for soundness; but I have gathered one or two points from it more clearly than from his previous arguments. I agree with him about the "disastrous" mistake of supposing that the clearer and more human our ideas are the better they must define "reality"; and also (if we take the word "enjoyment" figuratively) that reality must enjoy itself at each point, and not be merely a projection, like a ghost, of our private experience. But this merely repeats, in a psychological metaphor, the ordinary definition of substance, that it is that which exists in itself.

Logan Pearsall Smith has sent me some sugared hay of his own about "Reading Shakespeare". It is pleasantly written, except where he feels impelled to speak in hushed superlatives about Shakespeare, as if he were speaking about God. The need of possessing the biggest poet in the world puffs him out; and there is over-interpretation in the wake of Coleridge and Lamb; but he mentions a naughty American professor Elmer Edgar Stoll who seems to have seen light by the Mississippi, and goes to the other extreme.

Part II (18 chapters) of the novel is now finished and typed, and I am busy revising the beginning of Part III in which your friend Mario makes his appearance, aged 16. I am beginning to feel encouraged about finishing this endless task. It is not as clever and amusing as I meant to make it, but it turns out deeper and more consistent than I had suspected. There is a hidden tragic structure in it which was hardly foreseen but belongs to the essence of the subject, the epoch, and the dissolution of Protestantism.

Strong is coming to Rome on April 18th for a week as usual. I suppose he will tell me whether he expects you to come to Italy this year, or perhaps to see you in France. I expect myself to go to Cortina. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Logan Pearsall Smith

12 April 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 12, 1933

Dear Smith

The end of your book on reading Shakespeare has set my mind going furiously and before the ferment dies down I must send a wave radiating in your direction, by way of thanks. But first, putting all civility aside as unworthy of the occasion, let me confess that I don't like or agree with everything you say: you seem to me to over-disparage and to over-praise Shakespeare, and to talk of mysteries and problems where they don't exist. Of course no author, no child, no earthquake can be fully explained by general "laws", and an element of happy or unhappy chance, or conjunction of accidental circumstances, mingles with everything that we do or say. Shakespeare happened to have a great fluid imagination and an enormous eloquence or gift of storing and mating and pouring out words. These natural powers—which many a man has here and there—happened in his case to be set free, fed, and loosened by the circumstances of the age and by his special craft as an actor and playwright. Most other poets have been held down by tradition or religion or lack of opportunity to a single mode of expression, to one literary key. They were not allowed to mix poetry with prose, tragedy with comedy, love-making with politics, or edification with atheism. The top wave of the renaissance allowed Shakespeare to combine all these elements: and the wealth of Christendom and of paganism were at his disposal, without the restraints or limitations of either. Nevertheless his medium did limit him somewhat: he might have run over otherwise into the preserves of Rabelais, Cervantes, or Pietro Aretino. Exuberance seems to me to cover everything, the wealth of genius as well as the contempt for art; and in particular it covers the irrelevant elaboration of language and of characters which, to us, is one of Shakespeare's chief charms: those glimpses that he stops to give us of the back-waters and eddies and weeds of the stream of passion.

He challenged and perhaps annoyed his public by doing so; but he just could manage it without being dismissed as a closet-tragedian; and these escapades of his imagination into the by-conscious now seem to us a proof of miraculous depth in him. I don't think they are that: but they are proofs of his knowingness and quick intuition. And this brings me back to your conclusion about his philosophy—that life is a dream. Yes, that is his philosophy; and, when T. S. Eliot says that this philosophy (borrowed he thinks from Seneca) is an inferior one, compared with Dante's, I agree if you mean inferior morally and imaginatively: but it happens to be the true philosophy for the human passions, and for a man enduring, without supernaturally interpreting, the spectacle of the universe. It is a commonplace philosophy, the old old heathen philosophy of mankind. Shakespeare [*across*] didn't create it. He felt it was true, and never thought of transcending it. Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Sidney Hook

15 April 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

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

Rome, April 15, 1933

Dear Mr. Hook

Your Marx—for which I am much obliged—has helped me to understand why years ago, in attempting to read Das Kapital, I was stopped short at the theory of value, and dropped the thing as hopeless. It was not meant, you explain, to describe the facts, but to preach an ideal: things ought to be valued and paid for according to the labour they have cost. I know these are not your words, but I have boiled it down to that for my own consumption. And that—though morally and politically it is far from my own feeling—reconciles me to Marx theoretically: which is very satisfactory, because I otherwise entirely agree with him in his historical materialism—though mine is not “dialectical” but common or garden materialism—and also with his low opinion of capitalism. However, here, as in the theory of value, it seems to me that we must regard the position given to the subject, as well as the animus of the discussion, as dictated entirely by a political purpose. Marx wants to overthrow capitalism, and simply turns all the batteries of his learning and zeal upon it for that object. In other words, he writes to produce passion. To my own mind, absurd as capitalism is—I live on invisible and unearned money myself, I don’t know why or how—it seems to be only a technical device accompanying industrialism: and the latter is the radical evil. I wish some day you would write another book to show that the whole notion of man producing things is grotesquely superficial: man only “improves” land, cattle, poultry, fruit, and crops; nature alone produces; and the things man constructs, like houses and clothes and ships, are produced by nature through man, who is an integral part of nature. Isn’t this simply economic materialism? And the value of all these things lies entirely in their uses, and not at all in the labour which may be required to make them available. This labour in fact subtracts from their value, in so far as it is forced labour: and this is the crying sin of our industrialism: that it forces millions of men to labour hopelessly in order to supply themselves—or the capitalists among them—with a lot of rubbish.

You Deweyfy Marx a good deal: wouldn’t it be better to Marxify Dewey? In respect to the material basis of all life Marx and even Engels

(though he hedges a little in the last letter, which you quote at the very end) seem to me much clearer and more honest than Dewey, Kallen, & C^o. Of course the ideal and conscious phases of human life and action count in the world: but they count because they are also material, and through their material organs. Does any of you seriously believe that a disembodied angel could invent or run a machine or even sing an opera?

And this leads me to say what I had intended to begin with: that I turned at first with some trepidation, knowing your pragmatic associations, to your section on truth: and much to my relief and delight, after a few phrases at the beginning that had a slight flavour of heresy, I found everything straight and clear and free from that fanatical ardour in not seeing the obvious which characterizes so much of what is written on this subject. Richards too, in his Mind of Mencius, seems to have got out of the wood

With many thanks and good wishes,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

[Mid-April? 1933] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Rockefeller)

Dear Strong

Here are some miscellaneous books in French—two from the German—in case any of them are new to you. Bush gave me the ones about the Jews in Hungary, which I found interesting.

I will be at the Aragno tomorrow for lunch, but don't wait, as I sha'n't arrive before 1 o'clock.

W^m Lyon Phelps and his wife are to be here from Thursday to Monday. I shall have to lunch with them on Friday, but otherwise I shall try not to let them interfere with us.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 April 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, April 26, 1933

Dear Cory

Strong has been—so far—quite gentle and harmless. I think the notice people are taking of his last book has restored his tone enormously: he has been asked to write for a new French review Recherches philosophiques and he is going to do so in French. He showed me the Times Literary Supplement on Sellars, and I now feel as if I had read the book. For the moment I am deep in another American professor, Elmer Edgar Stoll of Minnesota: but he is all that his name doesn't suggest—very much at home in England and in the English language, also in French,

and a satirical thoroughly sophisticated and disillusioned critic. The subject is Shakespeare, and I was put on to him by Logan P. Smith. Let us call him that! It sounds like ~~Bernard~~ George B. Shaw and Burt Rand Russell, whom I am going to mention in my novel.

It is quite all right about the grey clothes, etc. Lucky that I had such a broad margin, because now the exchange has reduced my income by 15%, and I don't know how much further the process may be carried. However, I think it will not inconvenience me at all in practice

I am getting impatient about the non-appearance of my two new publications: but they can't be delayed much longer.

It is very nice that you are happy in England. Strong has said nothing about expecting you. He is still in doubt about Margaret and George and the children coming or not coming this summer to Paris: but I think it likely that he will go there in any case, and probably would wish to see you. I suppose you wouldn't so much mind seeing him in Paris as having to come to Italy.

There is a half-formed plan in my head of going to the Riviera in October, with the idea of looking about for a possible place in which to settle, or at least in which to spend the summer in future, if Rome and Cortina should become too exacting for my failing powers. If I went to Monaco, Nice, or Cap d'Antibes, and you were in Paris, perhaps you might make me a visit. I don't think Strong now would take umbrage.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Iris Cutting Origo

[May 1933] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Unknown)

[...] We have no claim to any of our possessions. We have no claim to exist; and, as we have to die in the end, so we must resign ourselves to die piecemeal, which really happens when we lose somebody or something that was closely intertwined with our existence. It is like a physical wound; we may survive, but maimed and broken in that direction; dead there.

Not that we can, or ever do at heart, renounce our affections. Never that. We cannot exercise our full nature all at once in every direction; but the parts that are relatively in abeyance, their centre lying perhaps in the past or the future, belong to us inalienably. We should not be ourselves if we cancelled them. I don't know how literally you may believe in another world, or whether the idea means very much to you. As you know, I am not myself a believer in the ordinary sense, yet my feeling on this subject is like that of believers, and not at all like that of my fellow-materialists. The reason is that I disagree utterly with that modern philosophy which regards experience as fundamental. Experience is a mere whiff or rumble, produced by enormously complex and ill-deciphered causes of experience; and in the other direction, experience is a mere peephole through which glimpses come down to us of eternal things. These are the only things that, in so far as we are spiritual beings, we can find or can love at all. All our affections, when clear and pure and not claims to possession, transport us to another world; and the loss of contact, here or there, with those eternal beings is merely like closing a book which we keep at hand for another occasion. We know that book by heart. Its verses give life to life.

I don't mean that these abstract considerations ought to console us. Why wish to be consoled? On the contrary, I wish to mourn perpetually the absence of what I love or might love. Isn't that what religious people call the love of God?

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 May 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 10, 1933.

Dear Strong

I was sorry to hear of the sad end of the illness of Iris' little boy. After making one or two false starts, I have finally written her a letter full of sober philosophy. At least it will seem more sympathetic than absolute silence.

I have now read Loisy's little book. As you would suppose I agree with him in his criticism of Bergson; but I was disappointed in his own positive position—quite irreligious—to the effect that Humanity is the true God and the League of Nations his holy temple. It is the old French Comtist positivism, and hardly expected after Loisy's demonstration of insight into Greek mysteries and St. Paul. In contrast, I revert with more sympathy to the Deux Sources. After all there is a mystical religion which is not an enlarged selfishness, as is the religion of humanity: you may remember what Benda says about this. Only it is not Bergson's dynamic biological Messianism: it is something Platonic, poetic, ascetic, and ultra-human. The mystics are influential, and may even revolutionize society (without perhaps improving it in the end) but that is precisely because repentance, like falling in love, can liberate mankind from old worldly habits and introduce, in the next age, a fresh naiveté and greenness into life. This renewal is not due to the mysticism directly, since this mysticism is merely negative from the worldly point of view: but it may follow the decay of an out-worn civilization, as a new Spring naturally follows winter.

Thank you for writing: otherwise I might never have heard of their bereavement at the Villa Medici.

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 May 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 18th 1933

Dear Cory

You probably won't mind receiving your allowance now instead of on June 15th, as you penitentially suggested. I hope the gaities of the season have cleared your mind of philosophic despondency. You seemed to be worried at the fact that professors have opposite views, and hate one another. When was it otherwise? And if you eschewed philosophy on that account, and took, let us say, to history, because there everything is big clear and unmistakably on the most superficial human plane, you would find the same endless and bitter controversy. I have just finished an account of the French Revolution by a professor at the Sorbonne named Guyot, who is a rabid radical—appointed no doubt by the Herriot party. And last year I had read Bainville on Napoleon. What a contrast! Here there is no equality of talent, because Bainville is a good writer. But why? Probably the scattered facts, maliciously selected, are just as true in Guyot, or truer: but the fonction fabulatrice, the synthetic and dramatic power of imagination, the moral design of experience, is hopelessly inferior in him: and that is why he is a radical and an enemy of everything noble. The fonction fabulatrice comes in in history just as much as in theology, where Bergson appeals to it—have you read Bergson?—and of course in philosophy. There is no reason why it should take the same form in everybody: and if you extract the bare facts from that mental construction you won't find them inconsistent, though differently selected and named, in the different schools.

I expect to stay here rather late—until June 15th—and then go directly [*across*] to Cortina Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Washburne Howgate

31 May 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Howgate)

°/o Brown Shipley & C°

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

Rome, May 31, 1933.

Dear Mr. Howgate

Thank you for your letter and the extensive bibliography, which contains several items I had wholly forgotten. The three articles in the Columbia Journal of 1911 on Russell's "Philosophical Essays" I suppose are the parts of my paper on him in "Winds of Doctrine". I had forgotten that they had appeared first in that review.

I enclose a list of such omissions as I have been able to discover by going over my pile of old printed stuff. Unfortunately, in several cases, I can't give you the exact dates, because I have kept only my article cut out of the review, and no date appears in it.

Perhaps before you receive this my little book apropos of Locke entitled "Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy" will have appeared; also perhaps the "Septimana Spinozana", containing all the papers read at the Tercentenary at The Hague including one of mine on "Ultimate Religion." The editor is Martinus Nijhoff. The Hague.

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

p. t. o.

P.S. My (first) schoolboy sonnet on “President Garfield” (in No. 1 of The Boston Latin School Register) was not merely rhetorical froth. My best school friend (who is still living in Boston), Bentley Warren, had left school a year early and gone to Williams, where he lived with the Garfield boys. Warren and I kept up a lively correspondence. Hence my interest in Pres. Garfield’s long illness and death.

This is also the reason why the hero of my “novel”, if this ever appears, will be found to go to Williams College.

P.S. 2. You revert to the idea of a contradiction or conflict in my mind between MacS. and Van T. Please let me repeat that, to my feeling, it is only a shift in attention or interest, not a doubt at all about doctrine. If you take the political moral point of view, and shout for your side in the football match, you are MacS. If you consider the place of shouting and football in the universe, you are Van T. The latter is therefore the deeper philosopher: yet the former is the more radical and ineradicable man, because man is an animal before he is a spirit, and can be a spirit only because he is alive, i.e. an animal. The nature of the human animal, however, is to be intelligent, to be speculative; and hence the vocation to transcend the conditions of his existence in his thought and worship.

Additions to publications of George Santayana

- | | | |
|--------------|---|--|
| Dec. 1880. | | “Lines on Leaving the Bedford Street Schoolhouse.”
(Poem privately printed.) |
| Oct. 1881 | } | Boston Latin School Register:
“Sonnet on “President Garfield.”
“Short History of the Class of ’82”
Parody of “the Æneid” (running through most of
the numbers) |
| to June 1882 | | |
| | | |
| June 1902. | | The Harvard Monthly.
“The Dioscuri.” (Verse) |
| April 1903. | | Ibidem. “The Flight of Helen.” (Verse) |
| April– | } | Journal of Comparative Literature.
(Edited by J. B. Fletcher at Columbia)
“Croce’s Aesthetics.” |
| June | | |

5:30 The Letters of George Santayana

- June 1904 Harvard Monthly
"Philosophers at Court" (Verse)
- Oct. 1904. Oberlin Alumni Magazine
"Tradition and Practice" (Baccalaureate
Address.)
1911. University of California Chronicle: reprinted as a
pamphlet by the Philosophical Union
"The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy."
- About 1930. The New Adelphi
"Spengler".
- " " The Latin School Register: a graduate number.
"Fragment from Catullus." (Verse)
- Feb. 1932. The Latin School Register: Fiftieth Anniversary
number.
"Glimpses of Old Boston."
- At Various Life and Letters. Edited by Desmond Macarthy, London
recent
dates "Hamlet" (reprint with slight corrections). In N^o 1
"A Few Remarks". ("Crime", "Prudence",
"Money", "Self-Sacrifice".)
"Proust on Essences."

P.S. Also, "Cervantes", Am. Encycl. of Biography. (?)

Also, in the Harvard Monthly, July, 1899 a review of "Lucifer" signed "H.M." but written by the author, the editors having confessed that they could find nobody to do it. I said "I will write it myself, but it will be complimentary. People will expect that, seeing I am one of the founders of the paper."

Also in the Yale Review, about 1926, "Preface to a System of Philosophy". (Reprinted in the "Realm of Essence")

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 June 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 3, 1933

Dear Cory

I am glad you are happy in Cornwall and inspired. Of course I should always be glad to see you: but you mustn't make a journey for the purpose of joining me. We must wait until, as last year in London, circumstances make it natural that we should meet. You speak of helping me with the novel. You would do so if you cared to read over the type-written part, and noting ^{ed} in the margin anything that needs to be changed. There is a personage, Jim, whom I should like to have revised by, or compared with, your friend MacCready. My naval knowledge comes more by intuition than by experience. But this "novel" is a poem: both language and setting must be transposed into the author's medium of thought and into his style.

I expect to go to Cortina about June 15th. If you will let me know at once whether you are willing I should send you the whole type-written part, so far, I will send it to you before I leave Rome. There are some corrections to the part already in your possession. One—which please make in your copy, since it matters for the tone—on the first page of the prologue. "strawberry-mash" should read "strawberry-mess".

Yours affectionately

G.S.

To Ralph Barton Perry

3 June 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall, London, S.W1

Rome, June 3, 1933

Dear Perry

Here is a letter of W^m James which Mrs. Toy has found among ^{her}old papers. I don't remember why I once sent it to her, and I am a little disappointed, because I thought it was another in which James upbraided me for my too "Faustlike nature". However, at Mrs. Toy's suggestion, I send this to you, to be annexed to the collection of James's letters, whoever is in possession of them. I am a rolling stone, and no worthy repository for perishable relics.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

3 June 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, June 3, 1933

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Heaven preserve me from translating all the German, French, Dutch, and Italian papers to be included in the Septimana Spinozana to be published by Nijhoff at The Hague. You speak as if I were the author of them all: I was guilty only of my own contribution entitled Ultimate Religion. I hardly think you would wish to reproduce the entire collection in an English dress; but if you could induce Nijhoff to allow you, after a decent interval, to republish my paper alone, it would be a great satisfaction to me; and the little volume would be more than a pamphlet, because I have prepared some extensive "Supplementary Notes", developing points in my paper which seemed to me to invite explanation: Solitude, Prayer, Unity in Nature, etc. I had intended to make some such request of Nijhoff on my own account; but the extraordinary delay in issuing the volume—which was to have appeared in November last—has made me keep silence for the present. Yours sincerely

G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 June 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Romæ, June 11, 1933.

Before I leave Rome—which will be about the 20th as the heat as yet is by no means oppressive—I will send you the rest of the type-written portion of the novel. No need of rereading the earlier chapters now. There will be time enough for you to do that before the whole is ready for a general review. You can make notes on this new fragment in the meantime. It doesn't reach Mario: but you will see I come to the heavy work, in the Iffley episodes in Part III, as well as at the end of Part II.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 June 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, June 13, 1933

Dear Cory

Today I am despatching the MS of the novel, as far as the text has been type-written. I count that the Prologue and the first two Parts will make about half the whole book.

Probably I shall reach Cortina on the 22nd or 23rd: you had better write to me there, Hotel Miramonti, when you do write. There is nothing left for me to do here except pack my books and papers—a horrid job, though it seems so simple—and take my ticket.

My mind is a little confused about your cheques, but I suppose you won't mind getting another. I should think the 20th of each month would be the best moment, I mean the most remote from the plethora of the 1st

Of Strong I have heard nothing for some time, and I don't know whether Margaret is coming to Paris or not.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Mary Annette Beauchamp Russell

19 June 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Huntington)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 19, 1933

Dear Lady Russell

“The only good novels he knew of, written by a woman, were those of a lover of gardens, with an amused understanding of mankind and a just affection for whatever in them might be flowerlike and human: but Peter was an incorrigible Epicurean The truly sweet fruits of existence were to be picked by the way; they were amusement, kindness, and beauty.” “Peter” is the uprooted vague, ineffectual American father of the hero of my novel—a model youth; and I quote this opinion of his because it almost serves to return the charming compliment you pay me in your last letter. Not quite; because “amused understanding” is no equivalent for “verklärte Heiterkeit”, but it points prosaically in the same direction, and shows that we are conscious of smiling at the world in the same spirit.

My “novel” is making progress. I have abandoned the professors for the moment in the hope of finishing it. There is a German governess in it who has been said, by a friend who wanted to flatter me, to be like the Germans in your books. But she is a dear, and her letters to her sister in Göttingen help me to describe various incidents which I shouldn’t have known how to report in my own words.

I am leaving Rome tomorrow for Cortina, and it is possible that in September or October I may be at the Riveria. If so, you will hear from me.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 June 1933 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti,
Cortina d’Ampezzo.

June 25, 1933

Glad to have your letter.—In spite of bad weather, I am comfortable here, and deep in the novel. Portrait of young Mario by Van Dyke, executed this morning in the style of your friend Pater’s Imaginary Portraits. —S. is going to Paris as his family [*across*] is coming from U.S. Yours G.S.

To William Lyon Phelps

10 July 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 10, 1933

Dear Billy

Not Erasmus, Spinoza! But even that is not accurate. I went last September to the Hague, where they had a meeting in honour of the tercentenary of Spinoza's birth, and I read a paper which is only attached to Spinoza by way of the zenith: for, mind you, though physically every zenith is at a hopelessly different point from every other, spiritually the nearer anyone gets to his own zenith, the nearer he is to everybody else's. This paper is to appear in a polyglot volume entitled Septimana Spinozana which was to have been issued last November, but is still delayed. Perhaps it will appear by November next.

As I approach 70 (December next the venerable number will be complete) I feel that I may abandon the future more and more to Providence. I go on working, but without being at all confident that it will be possible, or would be best, for me to accomplish anything [*illegible*]special. At present, I am crawlingly proceeding with my "novel": this is something nobody else could do, since it gives the emotion_s of my experiences, and not my thoughts or experiences themselves: whereas The Realm of Truth or The Realm of Spirit might perfectly well be described by some future writer better than I should do it. However, I am very well, and not worried by the crisis or the collapse of the dollar: it makes me much poorer on paper, but I had a broad margin to my budget, and as yet have no need of changing my way of living; and it is not impossible, if I should live ten years more, that I might finish my whole programme.

This place—where I have spent three previous summers—is really delightful: warm enough in the sun to make the system exude its waste substances, and cool enough at night to kill all mosquitoes and even flies. Besides the Dolomites are highly picturesque, the peasants also, and the people at this hotel very tolerable—since I don't have to speak to them. The trouble is that on September 1st winter sets in, and I shall have to move to Venice or elsewhere until it is time to return to my Roman diggings.

Well: You at Great Yale are probably being carried sky-high on the crest of twenty enthusiasms at least. Don't break your neck, and God bless you! [*across*] Kindest regards— Come again to Rome: it is improving yearly more than if it were in America. You will be astonished. Yours ever

[*across text*] G.S.

To George Sturgis

11 July 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo,
July 11, 1933

Dear George

If you are not happy together, and not inclined to regard life as essentially a penance, perhaps it is as well that you should separate: but what is to become of the boys? Does the Court decide this vital point, or have you made an amicable arrangement in this respect also? If you are to keep them, as I partly infer, you will have to provide an adopted mother for them, in some capacity, at least until they are old enough to go to boarding school. This is rather an ominous complication. It is wise and chivalrous of you not to wish to make any accusations against Rosamond; but I can't help asking myself whether she is pursuing positive happiness (I mean, what she expects to be happiness) or merely fleeing from boredom. It makes a difference. But without demanding any indiscreet confidences on your part, I shall await developments with interest.

Thank you for telling me about my income for this last half-year. It is just what I wanted to know, to reassure me in the midst of this financial confusion. If the dollar comes down to 50 cents (and that I believe is about the Mexican or silver standard to which the Democrats have always looked with envy) I shall be deprived, practically, of half my income: but as I spent less than half, I shall still have enough. What Roosevelt says and thinks (to judge by what I have read of his in the papers) ~~un~~seems to me rubbish. He talks like a professor of economics with a bee in his bonnet. What is a "dollar in harmony with the needs of production" (or something of that nature? Any dollar, any agreed value or coin, if it is worth

anything in itself and moderately steady in value, is equally harmonious with the values of other things and equally good as a common denominator and nominal medium of exchange. What is the use, then, of changing from one sort of dollar, or one weight of gold, to another? There is a use: and though I laugh at what Roosevelt says, I see a very clear reason for what he does. By halving the value of the dollar he will not only make prices go up (double them, in fact, other things being equal)—which is pure foolishness, since theyings will ~~be~~remain, really of exactly the same intrinsic and relative and exchange value—but he will halve the government expensediture for pensions, salaries, and interest on the debt—unless these payments are expressly increased by law: and at the same time he will halve the real income of idle persons like myself, living on the interest of floating capital. So that, whether Roosevelt means it or not, he is driving a nail into the coffin of capitalism; and at the same time (what is strangely undemocratic) diminishing enormously the purchasing power of wages, pensions, and all incomes fixed in quantity of money.

But I see a possible complication and mitigation of this result. In so far as my property, for instance, includes definite objects—land, factories, merchandise—its value expressed in dollars will rise at the same time that the purchasing power of the interest diminishes. To this extent, the change will be just as futile in killing capitalism (I mean especially, in killing this system of living on mere money ~~put~~ at interest) as it is futile in “harmonizing” currency with real values.

Cortina is pleasant, as usual, and I am passing the time quite contentedly and doing a little work on the novel—saving, too, because this excellent hotel is cheaper than the Bristol. It is true I have no sitting room.

Yours affly G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 July 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 14, 1933

Dear Cory

This veiled threat of discontinuing your allowance is not new on S.'s part: he has spoken to me in the same sense repeatedly; and the collapse of the dollar, added to a great fall in capital, will reduce his income, in Italian money, to perhaps half what it was. As he can't very well give up his villa or motor, or take in boarders, he may be really compelled to dismiss you with his blessing. When he has talked of leaving you (for your own good, of course) to make your way in the world, I have always said that perhaps it might really be for your ultimate interest. I feel partly responsible for having kept you so long dangling, and I should do what I could to help you in any difficulty. After all, how long are S. and I likely to live? The important point for you is that he shouldn't revoke the legacy in which you are concerned. There is a trick about it, even as it stands; but with the old value of the dollar it would probably and ultimately have provided you with an income sufficient for all your needs, especially if you remained unmarried. But if the dollar settles down to be half a dollar, or 66 cents, that prospect becomes less smiling. Still, that is the point that really matters: and I have besought S. not to rescind his arrangements in that particular: and when he last spoke to me about it, perhaps a year ago, he seemed definitely determined not to make any change. In order to keep him in this mood, it is in your interest to continue doing what you can to keep his conscience satisfied. You know his character as well as I do: in fact, better, perhaps; because until lately I took him so completely as a matter of course, and as a [*illegible*]thoroughly conscientious and just man, that I may not have seen to the bottom of the well. His attachments are not matters of personal affection: consider his daughter, or me, or Pinsent, or Miss Paget: so with you. He has moments in which he is enthusiastic about you: but it is because he then imagines that you will fit in beautifully into his plan of work. He has never cared for anything but for his work, his health, and his duty: his health, because necessary to his work, and his work, perhaps, because necessary to make it an absolute duty to nurse his health. He loves you, he loves us all, when,

and in so far as, we fall into this picture: otherwise he feels no bond. You are therefore always in real danger of being erased from the tables of the truly deserving.

My nephew wrote the other day, saying that my income for the half-year ending on the first of this month had been nearly \$8000; even if the dollar should drop to 50 cents, or to the value of the Mexican or silver dollar which has always fascinated the democratic mind, provided American securities don't depreciate further, I shall still have all that is requisite for keeping up my present way of life: and I could transfer something from my American capitalist income to my London bank-account, if my literary earnings are not enough to replenish the latter. It is probable, therefore, that I shall be able to keep sending you what I send at present, in any case: but the dream of wealth that visited me two or three years ago has vanished.

I saw in the Criterion, in Eliot's "Commentary", that the American Humanists are now shepherded by Dewey, and bleat in his flock. Do you know anything about this? I also have been meaning to ask you if you have heard of Boring's "Physical Dimensions of Consciousness", or read it. He is the Harvard professor of psychology, successor to James and Münsterberg. A young man named Nelson Smith, who was in Rome last winter and is writing a thesis about my philosophy, sent me Boring's book, with a request for marginal comments. I therefore can't send it to you: but I will order it for you, if you want it. It is perverse and half-educated in expression, but (without mentioning me) takes substantially my view of the nature of mind. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Marie Mattingly Meloney

14 July 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy.
July 14, 1933

Dear Mrs. Meloney

The above heading is a sufficient answer to the immediate object of your letter. I am seldom in England.

If you or Mr. Lippman were thinking of asking me for some contribution to your Sunday Magazine, I am afraid that for the present I should have to be excused, as I am writing very little, and that little pre-empted.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Henry Ward Abbot

21 July 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 21, 1933

Dear Harry

Your impatience is most flattering, and I am asking the English publisher of the Locke lecture to send you a copy. Scribner seems not to have brought out the American edition yet, I suppose waiting for good times to return. The English edition appeared in May.

As to the Spinoza paper, I am myself a trifle annoyed. Nijhoff, at The Hague, was to have issued the Septimana Spinozana (in which my paper appears) last November, then in January, then in the spring, and now in the autumn. I have not received any explanation, but probably the mul-

titude of languages and of contributors have made of Babel of the editor's mind, who was not well to begin with.

All this comes, not of my being mad à enfermer, but only weak enough to have accepted invitations to waste my sweetness in the lecture-room air, and surrender my MS to third parties. It won't happen again.

It is most entertaining living in these times. This Roosevelt is more Caesarian than the spluttering Theodore; we are having Fascism under another name, rising in France, in Germany, and in the U.S.! And the English Church—what a comedy that is too! I enjoy it immensely.

Yours sincerely G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot

[Late July 1933] • [Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy]

(MS: Columbia)

Dear Harry

When you get your second copy, give it to anybody whose soul you think it might save. G.S.

To Antonio Marichalar

[Before August 1933] • [Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy]

(MS: Unknown)

[...] Le que dice usted en varias partes acerca del panteísmo, y en particular del de Spinoza, me hace pensar que sería oportuno dar una definición de ese sistema. ¿Es pura cosmología, o es a la vez una religión? Y si se aparta la aplicación religiosa, ¿en qué se distingue el panteísmo del naturalismo o monismo de los alemanes? Como en casi todos los sistemas, creo que en el panteísta hay alguna confusión entre la física y la moral, y que convendría explicarla.

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 August 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo,
August 4, 1933

Dear Strong

Thank you for your letter I was very glad to have news of you and to know that the family had actually arrived. The fact that they contemplate remaining for the winter surprises me a little, just when the dollar has lost one third of its value for us. I hope this means that their horizon is clear, and that the old gentleman has been enlightened.

I had thought your French article was finished long ago, but these things are never done till printed. I know it only too well. Good luck with the venture!
Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 August 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 15, 1933

Dear Cory

There is no change here, except that it has been as hot as in other places. However, today the weather has broken and we shall doubtless return to the normal.

The hotel is literally full—esaurito—with noisy Italians. I like them less than the badeaux etc, that haunt the Pincio and the Roma. But I don't speak to them; and the novel is progressing, though at a snail's pace. However, I have now got to Mario.

I expect to leave for Venice, Hotel Danieli, early in September.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles P. Davis

17 August 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, Aug. 17, 1933

Dear Davis,

Since I wrote to you last I have discovered in a letter the exact date of my sister's death. It occurred on the 10th of February, 1928, when she was 77 years of age, having been born in Manila on June 6th 1851.

Thank you for your kind letter and the article enclosed. I had seen it, but am not sorry to have a second copy of this bouquet. There are no mistakes in it, as far as I know, except that I don't speak any language, except English perhaps, "like a native". I read other languages more or less easily, six or seven of them, and I speak Spanish, French, and Italian enough for practical purposes; but I can't write, or speak adequately, in anything but English. That is why I stick to it.

{By the way, your own French is not perfect. You shouldn't say Votre vieux ami but Votre vieil ami.}

You ask me what I think of Erskine's article. Well, he is a professor of literature, yet he criticizes rather from the point of view of popular American philosophy. If he had been considering me as a writer, he wouldn't have passed over the Soliloquies in England and the Dialogues in Limbo which (I think) are my best books. The Life of Reason, which they prefer at Columbia, is not so well written, is more professorial and lecture-like, and is philosophically less fundamental than my later books; but it was largely written in America, and when I was teaching, so that it moves in a moralistic, humanistic, atmosphere which they can appreciate. I think it is sensible, and contains some good passages and sayings, such as Erskine quotes. But neither as a writer or nor as a philosopher can I be judged by it.

I am now trying to complete (and rewrite) my “novel” which, if it ever appears, will probably give a better picture of what I really know or think about the world than any of my other books. But, God willing, I still mean to finish the Realms of Being also.

Why don't you retire and come to Rome on a pilgrimage?

Your old friend G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot

29 August 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Cortina, Aug. 29, 1933

Thank you for your long letter, which I can't now answer adequately.—Some years ago I explained to you quite fully how and in what measure the Lady of the Sonnets was an ideal synthesis, with some real ingredients, but quite chemically transformed and unrecognizable. You seemed at the time to appreciate the explanation, but as you have forgotten it, I won't repeat it. My portrait in the newspaper is from a photo of 1923.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory2 September 1933 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Unknown)

Cortina, Sept. 2, '33

On clearing out my writing-table, in readiness for departure, I find a lot of notices of the Five Essays, and a long article by Erskine, sent me by friends or by the C.U. Press, which seems to do this for it's authors, although incompletely, because they never sent me the reviews in the Times Supplement or the one by Squires—which I daresay you saw. I send them in case they may amuse you.

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong6 September 1933 • Venice, Italy (MS: Rockefeller)

Sept. 6, 1933

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear Strong

Your card reached me when I was packing to leave Cortina, and I am now installed here in a little room in the entresol immediately over the heads of the innumerable passers-by. Cortina is lovely, but I am not sorry to be again in a big town. Last night, with a full moon and music in the Piazza and a crowd as in the old days, it was really very jolly. They also brought me ~~to~~ over the new road, which might be a motor speedway to Coney Island, with poles and [*illegible*]wires and huge boardings: but the arrival at the new business part of Venice isn't bad. There is a large railway station (not far from the old one) with cabs and motors in front, and then, opposite, the landing stages for the boats and gondolas. We threaded the whole Grand Canal in a big motor-launch: and it was sad to see the palaces apparently uninhabited and the gondolas tossing about in the wild waves.

I expect to stay here about a month and then go straight back to Rome. Pinchetti, the proprietor of the Bristol, has promised to reduce my rent, and I am rather longing to get back to my books. I couldn't come to you for a long visit, and it seems hardly worth while to stop for a short one, which would involve two disagreeable day journeys instead of one harmless night in one's own compartment. But I suppose you will come to Rome in October, the sooner the better, and we can exchange impressions there.

Even when I get back to my books I sha'n't find a Greek dictionary among them. Do you happen to remember (you are an accurate Greek scholar) the exact forms of the Greek for iron and for Zephyr? You see my mind is wandering over the whole range of creation.

Cory writes with enthusiasm about a forth-coming essay in which he is to dazzle us with his metaphysical brilliancy, and Miller has asked for more help. He never is, but always to be, blest by the Archbishops of York and of Canterbury. At my instigation he has revealed to me something of his theological position. It isn't high-church modernism, as I had imagined, but something emotional-Evangelical, Lutheran or Quaker-like.— Love to the family from G.S.

To James C. Ayer

10 September 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Union)

Venice, Sept. 10, 1933

Sorry, but I can't give you a list of all my writings. A young man is trying to make one, and will get a Ph.D. if he succeeds. But if your friend has read one of my books and wishes to read another, I might make a suggestion. For instance, if the lady is

Hard-minded

Some Turns of Thought
in Modern Philosophy,
(just out)
The Genteel Tradition

Soft-minded

Platonism and
the Spiritual Life.
Dialogues in
Limbo.

at Bay.
Scepticism and
Animal Faith.

Soliloquies in
England
Poems

Even when these fountains are dry she needn't despair. By that time I may have written something more.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Perrigo Conger

20 September 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Minnesota)

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

Venice, Sept. 20, 1933.

I expect to be here (Hotel Danieli) until the middle of October, and then in Rome (Hotel Bristol) for the winter. If you and Mrs. Conger are passing through either place, I should be very glad of it. Please let me know, in that case, where you are staying, and we can make an appointment, as I am not always visible to visitors. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George William Russell

22 September 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Sept. 22, 1933.

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall,

London, S.W.1

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear Mr. Russell

It is interesting to know that you have noticed the quotation from your poem, "The Virgin Mother", in my "Realm of Matter". The devil notoriously quotes Scripture for his own purposes, and you must forgive me if I used your words to point a moral which (as I [*illegible*] now see) was not the one you intended. The immanence of "love" or potential "beauty" in the material world is, in one sense, a truism: when anything arises or happens we may say that there was a "mysterious" tendency in the conditions to produce just that thing. The God of Platonism and Christianity is simply a hypostasis of _^this_^ tendency in nature towards the good, and is perhaps less "external" than we may think: if the tendency is a distinct power working in things, it is a part of nature. Perhaps this was exactly what you meant by saying that we should reverence earth and not heaven: the real motive force towards the beautiful is inside the world and not beyond.

The centre of my own interest is [*illegible*] at a somewhat_^different_^ point. I don't know, and I don't much care, what the existing motive force is that makes for the beautiful: in any case it is very imperfectly successful. What I care for is the beautiful itself and the vision of the beautiful, in so far as they manage to exist or to be suggested: and this frail, intermittent, but actual realization of the beautiful I call the spiritual sphere. All life is, intrinsically, a part of it; but horribly interrupted and perturbed

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 September 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Sept. 25, 1933

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear Strong

I hadn't thought of moving to Rome before Oct. 15th, but if you will send me a post-card, when the time comes, telling me up to what date you are likely to remain there, I will try to hasten my journey, so as not to miss you. I particularly want to consult you again about Cory. The "crisis" makes it natural to reconsider his future, as far as you and I are concerned in it.

The arrangements with the family, which you describe, are interesting, and it will be pleasant for you to have the children for the winter, and excellent for them—much better than New York or Florence; but I am afraid you will soon feel that you are not living in your own house. As to abandoning epistemology, that won't make much difference if you take up history or "aesthetics" instead—and one must take up something, so long as the brain has steam up. Your testamentary phrase, in the French article, I think will engage sympathy: there is quiet emotion in it: and I should by all means put it in.

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. Thank you for the Greek words.

To John Hall Wheelock

25 September 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall,

London, S.W.1

Sept. 25, 1933

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear Mr. Wheelock

No, I am afraid it would lead me too far afield to engage in the discussion about man improving “or less” (as they say in Italian). The facts on the one hand, the standards on the other, are too complicated for my already rather weary head. I may say privately, however, that I think there is no biological deterioration, no loss of essential faculty: only a different complex of stimulations and opportunities. We mustn’t ask for every fruit at every season.

I am glad the Turns of Thought have appeared and that you think the book worth sponsoring.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 October 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Oct. 2. 1933

Dear Cory,

Strong has arrived here today and tells me he can’t send you any more cheques for the present. His London account is reduced to £2, and he can’t count on more than \$5000 income altogether for next year. Margaret & George are to live with him this winter,—they have a grand apartment in Florence as well,—and will pay all his house expenses, except of course Aldo and the motor. So it is agreed that I will look after you for the present. As I explained in a recent letter, it is still possible for me to do so; but the future is uncertain, and you ought to consider what

you can do to support yourself. Is life in London promising, or would it be better to try New York? When this “crisis” has passed, if things return somewhat to their old status, I may be able to invite you to come and live with me, or near me, to keep me company in my old age; nothing would please me better, than if you were willing to do so; but as yet, I can’t propose that plan, because I don’t know whether I shall be in a position to carry it out. I am sorry S. didn’t give you a longer and clearer notice of his default; but the result has its advantages. You needn’t now do any more work that goes against the grain: do just what the spirit moves you to do, and I will help you along as long and as well as I can. Probably I can send you £40 a month all this coming winter: for longer I don’t dare promise, since my London bank account will sink to nothing, like S’s, and I don’t know how much I shall have available in America. Stay in London if you prefer; in the summer, if all goes normally, I rather expect to go to London myself, with the complete M.S. of The Last Puritan; and then we can make new and I hope pleasanter plans for the future

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

9 October 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Oct. 9, 1933.

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear George

If between now and Christmas you have one thousand dollars of mine that you don’t know how to invest, I wish you would send it to me in the form of an ordinary cheque, which I could deposit to the credit of my London account. For my ordinary expenses I will continue to draw about \$500 a month on my letter of credit, which will last until March or April. But as I have told you more than once, my ~~w~~ ^{weak} point now is my London bank account, on which heavy demands are being made by my friends and by urgent calls for subscriptions, charities, etc, while my earned income, by which that account is fed, is not what it used to be. However, I have enough for the moment, only the prospect of Christmas

is rather alarming, and my account might fall to what Strong's is, according to his own report, namely £2. Strong is almost ruined, and has had to stop Cory's allowance; also ceased to help Miller, an old colleague of mine at Harvard who is penniless and unemployed: so that both now depend on me. Hence these tears.

I had a nice summer at Cortina, and my month in Venice has been pleasant also. Next week I return to the Hotel Bristol in Rome. Pinchetti, the proprietor has promised to reduce my rent; but I don't know how much. If it seems still too extravagant, I won't go to another place in Rome, but leave early in the Spring and try the Riviera, where, if I found the right quarters, I might perhaps settle down for good, as there one can stay all the year round

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 October 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
after October 20.

Oct. 13, 1933.

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI
VENEZIA

Dear Cory

While S. was here—he staid just a week and seemed to like it—I asked him for your essay, and read it twice. There is nothing essential in it that I should find fault with; but the general impression, as yet, is one of suspense, and I should like to see the rest before saying anything about it. In one place, for a moment, I felt a doubt about the description you give of “images” and “projection”; but on second reading I saw that this was going to be explained more fully in the sequel, when no doubt it will come out all right. I know how dreadfully hard it is to use terms—necessarily figurative—so as not to convey the wrong impression to another mind, and start some hopeless misunderstanding; and you probably are more in the swim than I, and can feel how language will be interpreted. What I feared, in that passage, was that you were conceiving “images” as resident in the brain and then “projected” upon the object: but what is in

the brain can only be a movement or strain of sorts, not the pictorial impression appearance given in perception. This is an essence which, at least according to my theory, is nowhere and has no existence: even the intuition of it hardly exists in the brain, although it is rooted there. The whole affair is more electrical and self-transforming than traditional psychology with its “ideas” is apt to conceive.

Have you heard of a German philosopher named Martin Heidegger? I have been reading, in my Spanish review—which is first class!—an article of his on “Nothing” which is wonderful. He is a Hegelian but original, and very intuitive. Romantic introspection or soliloquy made extraordinarily accurate.

The Spinoza book is out at last: also the American edition of Some Turns of Thought. I have so far received only one letter of thanks, but expect others and probably some reviews.

I return to Rome on Friday night, Oct. 20, to my old rooms—not those you know but those I had last year. The price is reduced by 40 lire a day, which is something.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 October 1933 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Venice, Oct. 19, 1933

Dear Cory

The Introduction is—strange as it may seem—a revelation to me. I feel as if I had been doing your philosophical vocation an injustice. Your insight, your aptitude for speculation, I have always felt; but I thought it was something incidental, a poetic gift, rather than any genuine or settled curiosity of your own about philosophical questions. The sap of my own philosophy has long been rather scanty for the size of the tree; there are a few green sprouts still peeping out here and there; but the branches as

a whole are rather black and dry, and the inside hollow. Perhaps for this reason I didn't feel, as I should have, all the youthful vigour and tightness of your own stem. Excellent. With this determination and modest enthusiasm you must go ahead. There is no question about it. Write your last section, and let us have the thing printed as soon as possible.

The style of your Introduction, too, seems to be better and easier than that of the paper itself. The fact that it was written in an hour may account for it: also, of course, the warmth of a personal pronouncement. I am sending you back the copy, in case it may be convenient to have it. I have marked one split infinitive.

I am not sure that I felt the difficulty in your paper that S. speaks of—that you don't complete your expression of your ideas. Sometimes it is necessary to reread in order to avoid a doubt as to your meaning: for instance, in your letter to me now, replying to my question about images in the brain, you justify your position by the fact that in memory much the same images reappear. A carping critic might infer that you were putting the memory-images into the head, since they are evidently not in the environment of the body. But, as I said, it is the roots of the images in all cases that are in the brain, in the psyche; the fireworks explode there; but the image is only in the mind's eye. This is what you think: but you haven't expressed it unequivocally enough for a person to understand you who is not already in the know. At least, that is what I fear, and what I suppose S. meant.

When I read your paper I took notes, and noticed a good many little things that I should have expressed differently, partly verbal, partly temperamental. For instance, you use "commence" three times in the essay and once in the introduction: isn't "begin" almost always better? Then you have a note in which you curse out somebody unmercifully: it seems to me a mistake, because the reader won't think any the worse of the other fellow for that evident violence, but may become distrustful of you. There were also several phrases, and one whole short paragraph, explaining what you meant to do or not to do. I should leave them out, and simply do the thing without talking about it. But, most important of all, I had some difficulty at the beginning in discovering just what the "dilemma" was, and just what were its two horns. This may be only an effect of my tired head, or of paraphrasing: but you might see if the think couldn't be made plainer. All this, however, is a mere confession of my personal instinct kicking here and there against the pricks. It happens to me when I read almost any contemporary author; and there is no reason why

you shouldn't prefer your own ways. It is you that are writing, not I; and very likely you are more in harmony with what your reader would think natural and clear than I should be. It depends a little on who the reader is. Not everybody can be expected to like any one writer.

Yours aff^{ly}, G. S.

P.S. I leave tomorrow for Rome.

Second P.S. on p. 5

P.S.

I forgot to say that your way of referring to me in the Introduction is most gratifying: a high tribute and just; yet I am not altogether content, because you don't look far enough. I think I say in the book (Scep. & An. F.) that the scepticism is never to be absolutely forgotten or renounced: it is meant to stay by you, to be one of the foundations of your spiritual life. Criticism, scepticism is the ascetic discipline of the intellect, just as important and necessary for a true philosopher as ascetic discipline of the passions or of mundane interests, such as patriotism or ambition. It was by no means merely as an artifice, to prepare an artificial reconstruction of knowledge, that I introduced scepticism: it was as a permanent cathartic for intellectual illusion. So that what you complain of as an unpleasant after-taste is the liberating hemlock of true philosophy. But you say that philosophy, for you, is epistemology. In that case, of course scepticism would be merely by-play or a game of hide and seek.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 October 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Oct. 28, 1933

Dear Cory

Just a line to send you your cheque and say I am glad the first part of your essay is off your hands. I know what a relief that is.

Although in the morning I still work on the novel, my mind, since I got back to Rome and my books, has been full of Bergson and Early Christianity, on which I may end by writing two essays. The Spinoza

\$100,000 a year: and I think I told you that this winter she is to live with her father—a nice place for the children—and pay all the running expenses, so that he can actually save. But how horrid for an invalide and a man supposed to be rolling in wealth, to find himself cramped! But the times are out of joint. Yesterday I heard that my young friend Philip Chetwynd, Augusta Robinson’s younger son, had [*across*] thrown himself in front of a train in a tube station in London, and been killed, simply because he couldn’t find anything to do. He was 27. Yours aff^{ly}

[*across text*] G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 November 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 13, 1933

Dear Cory

The opening of your Fourth Section is lively and clear: a word which was ringing in my ears as I read was “virtual”: common-sense knowledge is virtual knowledge, virtually true. This is another word for symbolic and symbolical, but perhaps less mysterious and not so cryptical in sound. Yes, I like the opening; and instead of throwing your nice carbon copy away, I enclose it, in case it may be useful.

The antics of the dollar are very alarming: but I got \$1000 transferred to London some time ago, getting £211 for them, expressly to replenish my account in view of your allowance, and make it safe for you at least until the Spring. My nephew George Sturgis writes that “we are still solvent”, so that when Roosevelt has had his fling we may perhaps be able to start life afresh with a sense of security.

An idea has occurred to me that I submit to you, not as a desire exactly on my part, but simply to see if it pleases you. Would you like to join me

in the Spring in the Riviera or even at Rapallo, with a view of looking for quarters—either in a small hotel or in an apartment, where I might establish myself for good—somewhere where I could remain all the year round, and have all my books with me? Strong, who seems to have understood that I don't mean to go often again to the villa (especially now that he is hard up and has his grandchildren with him) actually suggested that I should remove the books I have at his house: and I shouldn't be sorry to have them back, if I had where to put them. It is a part of my idea that you should spend as much of your time with me in these proposed quarters as you chose or found convenient: and for that reason, as well as for your judgement about particular places, I should like your advice. For instance, does Rapallo really appeal to you, is it warm enough in winter for my catarrh, and wouldn't it be too small and tiresome for living in for ever? My own feeling is that Nice or Monaco (almost Monte Carlo but just not quite) would be best: because I could still amuse myself in cafés and even at the opera, and pass from monastic solitude to the vulgar world at five minutes notice. Besides, French after all is an easier language for me than Italian, though ideally I prefer Italy. Beal (whose taste is excellent) has recommended the Villa Charlotte, a small hotel [*across*] up in the old town of Monaco. I feel tempted to try it in March or April, and spend the summer there if it proves satisfactory. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Sterling Power Lamprecht

15 November 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Amherst)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Nov. 15, 1933

Dear Mr. Lamprecht

Thank you very much for sending me your article, and even more for troubling your head so much about my lucubrations. If you took them more lightly perhaps you would find them less aggravating. I don't mean that they haven't any serious intention, but that their serious intention would be intercepted if the form were not explicitly poetical, I mean, explicitly subject to the human perspective which nature has imposed on us, whether we accept it or not. A part of this poetic or human mist is the irony and the moral pathos without which any human consideration of such large issues would, I think, be pedantic

For instance, the whole Life of Reason (as I explain in the Preface to the Second edition) was written with an eye to describing experience, not the cosmos. It was inspired partly by Greek ethics and partly by modern psychology and critical philosophy. When I say that the ideas of sense are the true particulars, I mean, not in the universe, but in the mind only: and the cosmos (i.e. the idea of the cosmos) is a construction out of these, and in that sense a "fiction". But I never meant that this mental fiction had no physical object, which it described in human terms. I assumed that it had; and this you observe yourself, quite fairly. But you are also right in feeling that I was rather carried away, at that time, by a kind of humanism and liked to degrade, or exalt, all things into the human notions of them, and the part they played, as counters, in the game of thought. It was a modern attitude which I hope I have outgrown—"Schlecht und Modern", as Goethe says, or Mephistopheles.

So in the Dialogues in Limbo, you must allow me a little dramatic latitude. "Normal madness" is satirical: it is a joke; but Democritus was the laughing philosopher. Moreover, my position is that of The Stranger, which Democritus disowns. [See pp. 84—88. Also in the Realm of Matter, the Preface, and the passage against "Egyptian atoms"]. Democritus, having thought he discovered "Reality", thought he must worship it. I am in

that respect a disciple of his enemy Socrates, and worship only the beautiful and the good.

It would be useless for me to try to explain myself about naturalism v.s. Scepticism: I should be only repeating what seem to you my ambiguities. But I will say one thing. By “given” I don’t mean [^]extant, or [^]met with, but possessed within the synthesis of apperception. Tables and chairs are not “given”; they are posited by animal faith. I am afraid this use of words was unfortunate and contrary to the inveterate practice of people nowadays. Perhaps you might catch my position if you asked yourself whether the minds of others (mine, for instance) were “given” to you or not. They are given [^]dramatically [^]to your social imagination, to your practical trust: but the [^]actual [^]datum in your own mind that names them is only an essence given to you, [^]as in a dream [^]and probably not [*across*] exemplified again in their innocent persons.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across page three*] *I might have said “normal inspiration”, = animal faith

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 November 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 20, 1933

Have just ordered Eliot’s book: it will take some time to reach you, but I am glad to hear of its existence, and to be stimulated to read it. I am deep in Bergson and in the “Perplexities of New Testament Criticism”, (How is that for a title?) but have returned during these last days, in the morning,

to Oliver & Mario.—Nijhoff at The Hague informs me that the type of the Spinoza book has been redistributed so that no more off-prints are to be had: but he has no objection to my paper being republished after a year or two in a book of my own. That is a welcome fact: and if the Bergson & New Testament Criticism become essays, they might make another little book together.—Let me know for Dec. 1st whether you are still at Bournemouth or back in London. I will assume Bournemouth, if I don't hear in time. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 November 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Nov. 27, 1933

Dear Cory

Eliot's book hasn't yet arrived, but I have read the two reviews of it with pleasure. They are written with feeling: I will send them back to you with the book, in case you might like to reread them. Especially this "Basil de Selincourt": who is he? Very penetrating to say that Eliot's poetry hasn't been written: but doesn't this show that Eliot, as a poet, belongs to that truly English tribe which dislikes explicitness? That from Chaucer to Robert Bridges English poets have felt an ineffable something in nature and in the heart which outran philosophy or religion, is very true: and it also outruns language, so that Eliot hasn't been able to write his own poetry, nor has Robert Bridges. Chaucer is different: he did write his poetry: only it had a margin or penumbra of the inexpressible, as all true poetry has: or rather, a margin or penumbra to be expressed by music, by magic, not by logical articulation.

By the way in my Spanish review called Cruz y Raya (Plus and Minus) (literally "cross" and "line") there is a very good article about l'Abbé Bremond, who has recently died. You know he had a theory about pure poetry which attracted a great deal of attention. My Spanish friends—I wish you could read them!—are youngish Catholics inclined to the modern, psychological, mystical, Bergsonian way of feeling; and this mystery

in poetry, this miracle in every day life, is just the thing to excite their imagination. Why is

La fille de Minos et de Pasiphaé

a wonderful line, and ravishing poetry, whereas

La fille de Pasiphaé et de Minos

would be dull prose from a school-book? L'Abbé Bremond said that it was the Holy Ghost blowing where it listeth—or something to that effect: but I suspect there are tropes that let the current through in the brain, and tropes that don't and that it is a matter of little orgasms in the nervous system.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 November 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

ROME – STATUE DI MARCO AURELIO.

Rome, Nov. 28, 33

Wrote yesterday to 52, Cranley Gardens, thinking that it would be forwarded if you hadn't returned, without losing much time, if any—Hope it will be all right.—Am sending you another batch of reviews of “Locke” etc. Notice Dawes Hicks and Irwin Edman. The Unitarian gen is lovely too.

G.S.

To Henry Seidel Canby

6 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

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

Rome, Dec. 6, 1933

Dear Mr. Canby

“The Genteel Tradition of Bay” was published in 1931 by Scribner, and I see that the fly-leaf says: “Copyright by Charles Scribner’s Sons” and “Copyright by Time, Inc.” whatever that may mean. It was also published as a pamphlet, by “The Adelphi” in England, for 1 shilling. You will understand better than I what all this entails: and whether the fact that the articles appeared originally in your review gives you a right to republish them. For myself, I should of course be most happy to have you do so, since I think being known widely is always profitable in the end: but Scribner may be of a different opinion and you had better consult them.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

9 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Dec. 9, 1933

Dear Miss Tindall

Here, at last, are nine more chapters of my book. I have a few more copied, but still in need of revision, and I will bring them when Part IV is finished, which will not be for some months. Please take all the time you like about this work. There is absolutely no hurry.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Wendell T. and Mary Potter Bush

16 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 16, 1933.

Dear Mr. Bush and Mrs. Bush

Your very kind cablegram arrived punctually this morning and was almost the only exceptional event to mark the bitter sweet occasion of having fulfilled the days allotted to man. By reason of strength, or of equilibrium, we may all hope to reach foreurscore, and not leave anything undone that we ought to have done.

In her recent very nice letter anent the little Locke book, Mrs. Bush said you, Mr. Bush, were not very well. I hope you are all right again. I wish I could have sent you my Spinoza lecture as well as the Locke, but the big book is too expensive for these days, and they have redistributed the type, so that no off-prints are available. However, the Dutch publisher is willing that after a year or two I should republish my paper in a book; and I may have two other essays concerning religion written by that time, to make up a volume, which you shall duly receive. I have two theological bees in my bonnet: one the perplexities of New Testament criticism, reawakened in my mind by the book of Couchoud that Mrs. Bush lent me; and the other Bergson's remarkable (and unforeseen) completion of

his system, with almost a conversion to Catholicism! I suppose you have read his “Les deux Sources de la Religion et de la Morale”. I don’t agree with him any more than formerly, but now I like him better. I see him not as a shy German idealist and benighted vitalist, but as an isolated mystical intuitive mind, taking infinite pains to cut a good figure in the academic world and before the modern public, but secretly vowed to a private revelation. It is most interesting, pathetic, and worthy of admiration for ~~the~~his constancy & astuteness, and for ~~the~~the difficulty of the task accomplished: I have also read Loisy’s criticism, with which I agree, except that his own position—a sort of Comtian positivism—seems prosaic and inadequate. Besides, I have gone over T. S. Eliot’s Harvard lectures—disappointing and ill-planned, but with some good things in them.

I am waiting for the yearly account of my money-matters to see whether I can continue to live here. If not, I meditate moving to the Riviera, where it would be possible to stay all the year round and gather all my books once more about ~~them~~me. Many are at Strong’s and some at his daughter’s house in Saint Germain. Strong, by the way, is very hard hit by the crisis—much worse than I—and is “taking boarders”, though as yet only his two grandchildren and their nurses.

With best wishes for the New Years, always sincerely yours

GSantayana

To Rafael Sastre González

16 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Hotel Bristol, Roma
16 de Diciembre 1933

Querido Rafael

He esperado algunos días antes de escribir, mandando el recuerdo de Navidad para los chicos, hasta ver como terminaba el conato de insurrección en España. Parece que se ha restablecido la tranquilidad, y que la tropa en general se ha portado bien. Era lo esencial; de otra manera se podía haber repetido en España el desastre de Rusia . . . Y hubiera sido peor, porque en España hay tradiciones y costumbres y monumentos muy superiores a lo que existía en el imperio de los Zares, y destrozándolo todo se hubiera perdido mucho más.

Otra nube en el horizonte, bastante negra, es lo que ocurre en los Estados Unidos. No creo que llegue a ser la ruina completa del Capitalismo; nos quedará algo, y yo, que hoy cumplo los 70 años, podré ir tirando en lo que me quede de vida; pero lo siento por los amigos, y especialmente por vosotros, que teneis familia, y otras obligaciones. Lo peor por el momento es no saber con qué [*illegible*]se puede contar. Yo hasta ahora no he tenido que privarme de nada, gracias a Dios y a la herencia de Josefina, pero no hay seguridad en el porvenir.

Hace tiempo que no tengo noticias de vosotros. Las ultimas, excelentes, fueron de Pepe. ¿Y Luis, se vuelve a casar? ¿Ha encontrado una persona de confianza que se encargue de sus niños? A los tuyos y a Adela muchos cariñosos recuerdos y un abrazo de tu antiguo compañero

Jorge

To Evelyn Tindall

16 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Dec. 16. '33

Dear Miss Tindall

I am sorry to hear that you may have to leave Rome. I may have to leave also, if the dollar continues to fall. I have three more chapters almost ready, and will leave them at your place in a few days, and when you return them you might enclose the account for your work so far; then perhaps later I may have more chapters, or possibly articles on other subjects.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mr. Wallack

16 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Dec. 16, 1933

HOTEL BRISTOL
ROME

Dear Mr. Wallack

It is twenty-one years since I was last in the U.S. and I am sorry that I haven't in mind any materials for framing the compliment to Mrs. Deland in which you ask me to join.

Yours truly
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Dec. 21, 1933

Dear Strong

I am very glad to hear from you and to know that your family party is going on happily. You will doubtless have a lovely Christmas tree, and much jollification. I hope nothing will happen to make either of the children end by crying, as usually happens on great occasions. Please give Margaret and George, for themselves and the children, my best New Year's wishes. And will you ask George if he received two numbers of a Spanish review called Cruz y Raya (Plus & Minus) and, if so, whether he would like me to send him more copies. It is written by intellectual Catholics and I find it most interesting and instructive. They are full of German philosophy. Not long ago there was an article on "Nothingness" by Martin Hedegger, beautifully translated. They also translated my "Long Way Round to Nirvana."

I haven't seen Lovejoy's retort to your criticisms. It isn't surprising that he should be recalcitrant. We are too old to learn much, but not too old to give ourselves away, and I should like to see his article, and your reply to it. You know that I don't like to engage in controversy, and even when

I am not concerned in the debate, I have little hope of any result being attained in that direction. But it would be interesting to analyze the opposed positions, and see if the presuppositions of the two might not be unearthed. That is what I am trying to do with Bergson. I have reread Loisy's commentary, and liked it better than at first. But he seems to me far from putting his finger on the nerve-centre concerned, which I think this new book of Bergson's enables us to discover. He has always been a shy, sensitive, secret supernaturalist, protecting that almost unmentionable position by layers, as thick as possible, of acceptable science and psychology, so that the official savants of the Third Republic might take him seriously. If he had given himself away at the beginning, as he has now, nobody would have listened to him. But now the climate is changed. The Catholics are respected and unashamed; and after all, he is not quite as disconcerting as they are. But his position, I think, is really much weaker, [*across*] very weak indeed, when you simplify it. It is the hypostasis of a private moral perspective. Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 December 1933 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Christmas Day, 1933

Dear Cory

You may be disappointed at not getting a Xmas present this year. I haven't forgotten that you may need new clothes, etc. and that your allowance will hardly allow you to save much for such purposes. But I am waiting for my yearly account from my nephew, and if it is not too unfavourable, I will send you something extra later, perhaps when you move to London and have to renew your feathers with the Spring. At that time, too, we can reopen the question of meeting at the Riviera for the summer.

What you say about Eliot's lectures is exactly what I felt. He wasn't inspired. He didn't make the subject personal enough. If he had

explained why Ezra Pound is “magnificent”, and why he himself would prefer an illiterate public for his poetry, it might have been enlightening: and he would have had plenty of occasions to show how this newly discovered essence of living poetry, which had been running underground from Guido Cavalcanti to Ezra Pound, was suppressed or possibly occasionally burst out unintentionally even in the interval. But Eliot is entangled in his own coils. How can he publish such an indecent article as that of Ezra Pound in this number of the Criterion—which I send today? And how can he suffer the crudities and absurdities of the article by Hoffman Nickeson to pass uncorrected? This article is interesting as a picture of Babbit; but grotesque as an exhibition of critical judgement.

If your essay is so long, I can’t have seen more than a small part of it. By all means turn it into a book: that will give you room to say everything that it is in your heart to say, and without limitation to a particular public. A first book—especially by an intuitive person—is apt to contain the seeds of all his future development. There may be some difficulty in finding a publisher, but that would be surely overcome in the end. Your book will be far superior to many that appear and are well reviewed.

Fourteen more chapters of The Last Puritan are finished and being typed. Shall I send you one copy to Bournemouth, or will the MS merely encumber your luggage, which must already be rather a nuisance? When the whole is done, I count on reading it all over with you, or asking you to send me your notes on it, before finally sending it to Constable and getting his opinion about immediate publication. There is therefore no need that you should bother about it now, if other things are on your mind I haven’t forgotten your comment on my “whiskered” phrases, like “acquatic exercise”. I am trying to humanize them: but sometimes they are meant humorously, [*across*] and sometimes justified (when the author is speaking) for the sake of variety, rhythm, or colour. After all every word has a proper use sometimes. Yours aff^{ly}

G. S.

To Boylston Adams Beal

7 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 7, 1934

Dear Boylston

Thank you for your letter of Dec. 7 and for the cutting from the Harvard Register. Please don't trouble about looking up those other birthday tributes: they are too much like obituary notices. Unless my "novel" should ever be finished and published, which might make a real flame burst out one way or the other, I can imagine the kindly sunset glow in which—at least in public—I shall be allowed to sink into oblivion. But I still have a string or two to my bow, which not all my American friends are aware of; I don't mean only the "novel", but fresh philosophic criticism and exposition. It all depends on my powers of work not failing too fast.

Rome, after months of uninterrupted rain, has put on its sunny aspect with the new year, and I wish you could be here to enjoy it.

I have been doing the Cicerone for two days to Lady Fortescue—sent to me by "Elizabeth"—who is a sort of widowed Muse of tragedy, and wants me to go and live in her house at Grasse, built like a boat, and offers me the upper deck for a permanent tower of ivory. I told her that my boat must be moored by the sea; and I am thinking of trying the Villa Charlotte, recommended by you. If when George Sturgis sends my yearly account, I find that I am solvent, I shall stay here as usual until June, and stop at Monaco then. If on the contrary I find that I am living beyond my means, I shall go there earlier, and later, perhaps, to England, where the dollar seems less shrunken than it does in these parts.

Best wishes for Elsie and for Betty and her little ones. Yours ever

G.S.

To George Sturgis

16 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 16, 1934.

Dear George

Sooner than I expected I receive today your letter with the account for the last year. It is satisfactory, and removes any doubts which I may have had about the possibility of keeping up my mode of life, at least for the present. There is no reason why I should save, as I have been doing; and even if the dollar falls lower, if business as a whole continues as it is, or improves, I shall have more than enough for my wants. At the present rate of exchange, I need \$6000 a year for my hotel bills and pocket money: then say \$2000 to replenish my London bank account, for charities, books, presents, and Cory; and say another \$2000 for Mercedes, Manuela, taxes, and your commission. In all that makes \$10,000: and if I continue to have an income of \$15,000 there remains a good margin for accidents and good husbandry.

Of course, if the dollar should be halved again in value (as I see in the papers that Mr. Roosevelt wishes to be able to do) everything would have to be reconsidered: but I hope that is not likely.

My letter of credit will last until May: you might then send me another, for any amount you like, as it makes no difference, provided the time-limit corresponds. I mean, that if the letter is good only until Jan. 1st 1935, \$5000 would be more than sufficient; but if it is to last longer, say until June 1st 1935, it should be for \$6000; or if good until Jan 1st 1936, \$10,000.

The result of all this is that I shall remain in Rome until June, as usual, and then go either to Venice and Cortina, or to the Riviera and perhaps Paris: unless I should be tempted to try Fiuggi, in the mountains near Rome, which some people recommend and which would make a long journey unnecessary.

I don't feel any less young for having turned the corner of 70; but external evidence convinces me that I am getting old, and I find it harder to do consecutive work. I think the quality, at least in spots, is much the same, but the quantity trickles and dries up with a strange cussedness. Perhaps it is as well: if there were more it might be worse for my reputation.

We have had 69 days of rain; now a few days [*across*] clear, but no severe cold; and on the whole I have kept well. Yours aff^{ly}

G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Jan. 20, 1934.

Dear Cory

You ask only for verbal notes on your paper, and I am sending you a few. I noticed no shoulds or woulds out of place. It is hard to draw the line between style and tone or between tone and doctrine. On the whole your paper makes a pleasant strong impression. You are the post-war young man, simple, confident, not retrospective, and in sympathy with life. I like to divide you (like ancient Gaul) into three parts: 1st the intuitive, poetic, warm, Irish part, which (at least for me) is the foundation of everything and your true self. 2nd the cheeky, intelligent, but slightly low part; and 3rd (less constitutional and I hope transitory) the American philosophical seminar part. When you have been in England you speak and move like an Englishman, and it is very becoming and (at least to me) comforting and agreeable: but evidently living and studying in England don't make you write or think like the natives. You are, in this paper, thoroughly American in diction and manner: also in philosophy. Of course, that may be taking time by the forelock and [*illegible*] ranging yourself on the winning side: but, like the new dollar, it is cheap. There isn't much of N^o 1 Cory in this essay: there is something of N^o 2 Cory: for instance "sedentarism" and "the latent antics of the new-fangled atoms". Also, in another way, the note on Strong and the quotation and bouquet thrown at me. "Sedentarism" is good, and brings out your argument, which I agree with: but it is cheeky. The arm-chair philosopher retains animal faith, dips his pen in the inkstand, rings his bell, and writes to his publisher. He is full of his own past and perhaps confident of immortality. But the sceptic is not sedentary: he is rather a fugitive and a wanderer; and you would have described him more intuitively if you had said that realists have holes and idealists have nests, but the sceptic has not where to lay his head.

Scepticism, as I wrote to you not long ago, is an ascetic discipline; that is why it is hated by those who hate discipline and hate asceticism: things good enough—as you suggest at the end—for Asiatics like Christ and Buddha, but altogether outgrown by your hundred percent Irish German Jewish American hustler. But more important is the question of personalities.*

[*in margin*] * I don't quite like your references to your age, previous article, etc. You can quote yourself slyly without danger of being prosecuted for plagiarism.

Do you think Strong will like that note? And if not, why put it in? He will see well enough in the text that you have his system in mind, and are profiting by it. That is a discreet and suitable compliment, with no sting in it. And in my case, if you like that quotation, put it in (by the way, it is well-known at Columbia, but not “much quoted” at Bournemouth); that is a perfect compliment, without further patting on the back. Your hit at Eddington seems to me legitimate, and clenches the argument; and the references to Whitehead and Sellars are all right in form. I wish you could explain what the latter means by “perceptual experience being intrinsic to the organic act.” Are the percepts a part of the organic process? Or is the spiritual act, the perception in the active sense, a name for the organic act of perception—behavioristically? Or is there some third way for the mind to be intrinsic to the body?

Your paper is written, and you can't rewrite it, but before you compose the book I should very much like to discuss with you certain matters in which you seem to me to argue on premisses which your own conclusions contradict. It is the seminar Cory 3rd showing his hoof.

Yours affly G.S.

[*across*] P.S. I will write about plans and other matters next week when I send you cheque

Notes on Style

Page (1) line 1. “this world” or “this homely world”, used five times on this page, and also on the next. To avoid monotony there are equivalents: things round us, our surroundings, the natural environment, material objects, the field of action, etc, etc. Or do you mean the idea of the natural world?

“Naive”. I suppose you are wedded to this word. But it's not very good English—or French (which is naïf) However, it

belongs to the American Seminar vocabulary, and must be admitted. But sometimes you might say “ordinary”, “spontaneous”, “uncriticized”, “unquestioning”.

line 9. “halted”. Seems somehow not to fit especially not to go with the classic “brevity of human life” in the next line. “To halt” is usually intransitive. Why not say “checked”, “arrested”, or “suspended”?

line 10. “formulate”. Better, “make precise”.

lines 17–18. “alien world” too tragic for “comes along.” I suggest: “things not on the human scale.”

Pages (1)–(2) “Inquisite adult”. Is this humorous? See remarks in my letter about personal references.

Page (2), line 16. “level of experience [which] I call naive perception.” Here is a case where the relative pronoun helps to make the sense clearer. I don’t think it necessary in short familiar phrases which no one could misunderstand. But this sentence is rather terrible in any case.

Page (3) line 11. “an ideal of [perfect] knowledge.” Perhaps I don’t catch your intention; but that is itself worth clearing up. Perhaps “an ultimate ideal”

lines 15–16. “and satisfy my hunger.” People don’t go shooting when hungry. This is a verbal picturesqueness without real intuitions behind it.

Page (4) line 6. “Rôle”, better “part.”

Page (5) line 1. You could save yourself the note by beginning: “The kind of perception made possible by instruments, and reported in statistics, etc.” Perception is not “supported” by statistics, but vice versa. I think direct intuition of things of this kind is the secret of a good vivid and strong style. The other sort of thinking at second hand is tedious.

line 6. “naive percipient”. Seminar style at its worst. Why not say “plain man” or “ordinary mind” or even “common or garden thinker.”

Page (8) “that kind of belief we experience” Nice illustration of relative pronoun: say either “the kind of belief we experience”, or “that kind of belief which we experience”.

“is” was right. Two singular nouns separated by “or” take a singular verb.

Page (10) line 18. "And just because" is not quite right. You seem to mean, "And merely because".

Page (11) line 2. "Human experience". The "human" here doesn't seem to be merely idle, yet you are not discussing any experience not human. Don't you mean, "sensuous experience," or "the experience of the senses"? Another case where direct intuition is needed. One must see what one is talking about.

Page (14) I should leave out everything between
line 20 "daily life" and "In my opinion".

See my letter.

last line "a direct disclosure". Don't you mean a graphic or unqualified disclosure? The least descriptive perception or reaction, e.g. a pain, is a direct disclosure of the object, as far as its presence and moral quality are concerned.

To John Hall Wheelock

23 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Rome, Jan. 23, 1934.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

The list of your publications in the Modern Student's Library, in respect to philosophers, seems to include only the most distinguished dead; and it seems a too great honour to be already numbered among them. However, the honour won't crush me, and I should be very glad to have such a book published. When it comes to entrusting the selection to Prof. Ralph Barton Perry, I confess it seems to me a strange choice. No doubt, you have your reasons: but couldn't you find some one with a more poetic temperament and more feeling and subtlety? He will select all the safe, second-hand, moralistic things that I said in my earlier books: whereas it is from Soliloquies in England and Dialogues in Limbo that a temperamentally sympathetic critic would gather most of his passages.

There is Prof. Irwin Edman of Columbia (to take a young man) or Prof. John Irskine, if an older one is willing to take up such a work. Wouldn't they be better? There is also Mr. Daniel Cory, who has sometimes acted as my secretary; but that would be almost like asking me to make the selection myself, which I quite understand would not be desirable, because the taste of the public, and especially the interests of the young, have to be considered.

In fine, go on as you wish.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Jan. 26, 1934.

Dear Cory

I take this large paper to write you a long letter about business, and projects for the rest of our mortal lives.

My yearly account from Boston has now arrived, and is not unfavourable. If my income for 1933 was \$2,000 less than for the previous year, the nominal value of the capital had increased by \$20,000, which roughly might be equivalent to \$1,000 income. This increase in the capital value is chiefly favourable as a sign that business has begun to improve, and that the fall in the dollar will be largely compensated by a corresponding rise in nominal values and dividends, as theory would lead one to expect. It seems, therefore, that I am not likely to have less income, in bad dollars, in the immediate future than I have at present.

Very well: at present I can afford to go on living at the Bristol, and spending the summer in my usual way; and I can also afford to keep up your allowance at the present rate. Not, I am sorry to say, as I could formerly out of my earned income and perquisites, coming to B. S. & C^o: that source is now much reduced, and I have to provide out of it for books, charities, and presents to my Spanish friends; but I have warned my nephew in Boston that I shall ask for \$2,000 a year to be transferred by him to my London account: and that sum, with the other receipts from publisher's and from a legacy left me by my brother, will suffice to pro-

vide for you—if things continue as they are. I count on the dollar going down a little further, to 50 cents; should it sink below that amount everything would have to be reconsidered.

I therefore cannot promise to go on giving you your present allowance; but I hope to be able to do so: and, if I can, it would be a real pleasure to tide you over these years, until you see your way clear in some definite direction.

Now a word about your expectations from S. When I see him again I mean to sound him on the subject, to make sure that he hasn't changed his will, and also to ask him to tell you, for your guidance, exactly what his benefaction is, and on what conditions you will enjoy it—or else to authorize me to tell you, because now I am pledged to secrecy. It seems to me only fair that you should be informed: and there is no reason, that I can see, to the contrary. But perhaps an instinctive, half-conscious motive in S.'s mind for not letting you know may have been the wish to remain free to alter his arrangements: and now that his grandchildren are living with him, and his daughter and son-in-law are in terrible straits (on \$100,000 a year) he may be persuaded to revoke the provision in his will by which you were to have profitted; especially as he does not see you or work with you now as before. That is one horrid possibility which you must be prepared to face. Another is that I should die, say, within a year or two (nothing intrinsically unlikely) and that S. should live, say, ten years more. Then, for eight or nine years, you would be left absolutely penniless. And even on S.'s death, with the legacy unchanged, the fall in the dollar (for the thing is expressed in dollars) and other circumstances concerned, [*illegible*] might find reduce [*illegible*] what you ultimately received [*illegible*] to hardly enough to live on single, not to say married.

As to marriage, your account of your friend made the idea seem attractive and reasonable: only I wish her £10 a month were £1,000 or at least £100.

As to becoming a British subject, you know that my own feelings are not shocked at such ideas, although I have never myself wished to change my legal nationality. But giving up your American citizenship might make a bad impression in certain quarters, and you might lose your legacy. The terms of it rather presuppose (though not explicitly, I think) that you will always be an American and a philosopher.

The fact that I have money enough for the moment to keep things going as usual has made me rather disinclined to try any new place next summer, and I feel like returning to Cortina, doubtless for a last season.

The novel advances so slowly (though I work on it every morning) that it will hardly be finished this winter: I shall need, at least, the whole summer as well. Cortina is good for that purpose. And I believe the joy of having it completed at last, would be in itself a great stimulus for taking up the other remaining books. You needn't therefore consider [*across*] my movements in deciding upon yours, but make whatever arrangements for the summer suit you best. I think you wouldn't be better off anywhere than in England.

Yours affly G.S.

To George Sturgis

28 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Jan. 28, 1934

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Dear George

I see in this morning's paper that the £ is now momentarily worth again less than \$5. Such a moment would be favourable for sending me another \$1000 for my London bank-account. There is no hurry, I still have a decent balance at B. S. & C^s's; but as I wrote in my recent letter, I shall have to ask you to send me about \$2000 a year to keep it going, as my earned income is now very much reduced and I don't like, unless it is necessary, to stop helping the people, and buying the books, etc., that I have usually provided for through that channel.

And talking of helping people, I am a little troubled about Mercedes. She squeals. I sent her her usual Xmas present, but I wonder if, considering her age (77, I think) and our old family ties, we ought not to see that she is not made uncomfortable in her last years. She is a little exacting, I know, and not (like Manuela) willing to be modest; but she keeps up two houses and travels between them, and it would be unpleasant for her to be too much reduced. If when you next send her her draft, you see that she is getting very much less in pesetas than formerly, perhaps you could add a little out of my account; say enough to make her quarterly income not less than 2,000 pesetas. This, as well as the \$1000 for B. S. & C^o is of course on the supposition that I have the funds required in a liquid form, and that you can draw on them without upsetting your plans.

Yours affly G Santayana

To Mary Annette Beauchamp Russell

31 January 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Huntington)

Jan. 31st 1934

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Dear Lady Russell

You must have thought it very odd that I never answered your notes sending me so agreeable a messenger in the person of Lady Fortescue; but a day or two after her visit I was taken ill—in consequence, apparently, of an injection given me to keep me well—and when I recovered, that episode had lost its actuality, and I let the days pass without counting them. It was great fun looking at the A B C of Rome with so appreciative a new-comer: if we had had more time and better weather, after I discovered what sort of things she liked best, we could have had even more interesting afternoons. I was sorry to see, by various little indications, that she was worried about many things: it is inevitable for most people in these days, and I hope she may sail before long into a tropical calm. Perhaps she would hate a tropical calm; but I should say that, for a time, it would be good for her.

She said a new book of yours was to come out soon. Faute de mieux I shall look forward to hearing your voice through that telephone.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 2, 1934

Dear Cory

I am glad you are so festive, in your new shoes, on account of my momentary solvency. The dollar has so far refused to come down quite to 60 cents, and as you say, things in general seem to be improving a little. If there are dollars enough, it makes no difference how little they may be worth: only I can't get over the shock of thinking that 1000 lire are now almost 100 dollars, and my weekly hotel bill is something more than that! I enclose an absurd letter I have received. If it would amuse you to answer it in my name, do so. You can style yourself my secretary, and make me sound truly grand.

I also enclose another article of Edman's. Not quite so nice, I think, as the one on Turns of Thought

It is a very good idea of yours to write occasionally to S. and to prove—what is the fact—that you are a devoted philosopher. And that leads me to explain, in a word or two, what I felt in your essay to be an inconsistency between the beginning and the end. You come to the conclusion that pictorial experience is pictorial—you will understand what I mean by that. But you propose a problem at first which does not arise, if that conclusion is true: namely, the problem of the comparative simplicity of experience in contrast with the physical structure either of nature at large or of the human body in particular. Why on earth should feeling or perception not be simple? Why should the toothache picture the tooth or the cavity in it, or the histology of the brain? It doesn't, and it can't: and the idea that we must somehow explain why it doesn't is based on a gnostic illusion, to the effect that perception is not sensation in the organ of perception but miraculous divine intuition of things as they are in themselves. As you say, that is at best an ideal for the intellect: we should like to know things thoroughly, to imagine what they must be in themselves, as we like to enact dramatically what we suppose may be the feelings of other people. But when the object is not another human mind, that ideal

is unattainable, and rather foolish: because the function of ordinary perception is not sympathetic but utilitarian. [*across*] This is only a hint: the constitutional uselessness of the mental side of things is another point important in my view, but perhaps better left alone.

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Feb. 4, 1934

Dear Strong

Miller sent me a copy of Mind with his article. I agree that it is excellent: I was surprised at so much strength in M. who is often a little mincing. As I wrote to him, with my thanks, he deals convincingly with the moral confusion of the indeterminists [after all, this has been done a thousand times in the old controversies] but he will not convince them because they have other reasons in petto: 1st not to make God responsible for themselves; 2nd to project into nature the sense of uncertainty and miracle.

So, don't bring Mind when you come, but do please bring me the whole of Lovejoy's arguments and your replies, because I haven't seen them.

My yearly account from my nephew was rather encouraging: I am still living within my income, and able to keep Cory going, although I am not sure whether it is for his good altogether. You know, I suppose, that he is planning a book, and it will be an indication of his real power to accomplish something.

Not being forced to economize for the moment, I may put off the excursion to the Riviera, and go again next summer to Cortina, where I know the ground and have fixed habits—good in old age. But we will talk of this when you are here.

I haven't had any cough or catarrh, but I did have a little fever for a few days a month ago, due apparently to influenza arrested, in other respects, by the inoculation which I undergo regularly for that purpose

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Feb. 6, 1934

Have I ever written to you about J. R. Duron, a young French professor (at a *Licée*) who is writing a book about my philosophy? He is now in England on a Rockefeller Fellowship, at 33, Steele's Road, London, N.W.3. I have mentioned you to him in a letter, thinking that it might help him to talk with somebody who knows me well, and also my philosophy. If you feel inclined, you might make an appointment with him when you are next in London.—I have had a letter from S. who says now he has finished with perception and with Lovejoy.

G.S.

To Charles P. Davis

7 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 7, 1934.

Dear Davis

Thank you for your two letters, with the enclosures. I don't subscribe to the press-cutting agencies that promise to let you see yourself as others see you. It would be much better not to see oneself at all, but be as transparent a medium as human clay can become. However, as that is an unattainable ideal, at least in this world (and even in Dante's Paradiso, where the spirits are rather self-conscious) it may be well to get an outside instead of an inside view of oneself occasionally. I had seen one of the articles, but not the one in the Sun, with the mistakes you point out about

my family. I have sent the author a copy of a short autobiography of mine, with the correct account marked—in case he writes again—an obituary notice—about me one of these days. But really, when you think of it, to have people make up your history in their minds—that is truly fame! Any one may have the cold truth recorded about him, but to be the subject of legend even in one's lifetime exceeds the dreams of human vanity. Lucky if the fiction is harmless, and doesn't take the form I once overheard in an electric car in Cambridge. A young Jew and a somewhat older one were considering what courses might be worth taking at Harvard: the elder one mentioned one of mine and said: "I should take that, if it wasn't given by that d——d Japane."

It is true that I was born in Madrid, not in Avila. My father and mother moved to Avila a year or two later, because it was a healthier place, not too hot in summer, and because one of my father's brothers, "tio Santiago", was stationed there in a government office. We had no family connection with Avila or with Madrid. My father's family belonged in Valladolid and Zamora, my mother's family in Reus in Catalonia. It was my sister's husband who was traditionally an Avilés and had a house and farm, which remain in the family to this day.

Do come to Rome some day. It is lovely here in winter and of course in spring, and enlightening as well as edifying. Roma caput mundi.

Your old friend

G.S.

To George Sturgis

13 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 13, 1934

Dear George,

Just a word to say that my cousin Manuela has changed her address. She says she has been seriously ill with “congestion” (whatever that may be) and heart-trouble, and has been obliged to move to a ground floor apartment, to avoid stairs. Her new address is:

Doña Manuela Santayana

Fernandez de los Rios, 31, 1^a centro izquierda.

Madrid.

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

19 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Feb. 19, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

If you should be leaving Rome, as you said you might during the Spring, I should be much obliged if you would send me word a week or so in advance, so that I might let you have the chapters of my book which are now ready. I don't bring them to you at once because I hope in a month or two to have finished this Part: and there might be small matters to adjust in the earlier chapters, when the later ones have taken shape. However, this could always be done afterwards in the copy, and I should like to have as much typed as possible before you go. There are now five new chapters ready, and I think three or four more will complete this Part—which is next to the last, not counting a short Epilogue, to match the Prologue at the beginning.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 24, 1934

Dear Cory

Your letter reminds me that I hadn't sent you the last number of Analysis, but as you are in communication with the editor I suppose you have seen it. Rather poor stuff. I don't think Englishmen are inclined to think, unless there is something wrong with them; the good and happy ones don't think at all; they merely feel the pleasant eloquence and practical import of language. They can be great poets and great sailors (not generals!) but they are lost in philosophy; and only the small cranky minds among them take to philosophy hard. Analysis shows the result. That you should be compelled to say "physical object" instead of "thing", and that when I say "being", I ought to have said "subsistence", are further instances of the same smallness and crankiness. They have got into special ruts which they think highways; and they never can see round the corner. In these particular cases they are insisting on "epistemology" when we are talking physics; even if they call themselves realists, they have lost the courage or the instinct to put themselves d'emblée intellectually and imaginatively, in the midst of nature, and conceive the existence and movement of nature sympathetically and by dramatic analogy. There must always be a wire showing how the puppet is pulled by your own "experience" and can't have any life of its own. "Subsistence" is a particularly dangerous and cowardly word: it assimilates essences to facts or to truths, giving them a sort of cosmic status, like the Logos; which is too much and too little. Too much, because essences are then hypostasized, or half hypostasized: too little, because they are not recognized to be independent of and prior to existence or ^{to} the actual, quite contingent, structure of the world.

I am all right, and the novel is progressing slowly but much to my own amusement. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

26 February 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 26, 1934

Dear George

Thank you for the draft of \$1,000, which will help to keep my bank account going.

When I wrote to you about keeping Mercedes' quarterly draft up to 2000 pesetas, I supposed that you sent the income from your father's legacy separately, as I receive it; and in that case she would hardly be receiving 2000 pesetas a quarter for the \$250 dollars of your aunt Josephine's legacy. However, let things go as they are, unless the total stipend falls below 2000 pesetas. She had much less than that before your aunt Josephine's death, and she kept up her establishment; and the rise in prices (on account of the depressed peseta) cannot be equivalent to the increase in her pension from us. I had said nothing to her on this subject; and if eventually it seems that she is in difficulties, I can reconsider the matter.

Several articles or essays of mine have recently appeared in Spanish, translated by Antonio Marichalar who is a rather distinguished literary personage in Madrid. The "Brief History of My Opinions" originally belonged in a work in two volumes by many hands, each contributing a short autobiography: then there were off-prints (of which I think I sent you one) and the Spanish translation appeared in a review entitled Sur, of Buenos Aires. I have a copy, so don't bother about sending the newspaper, if Maria Larremendi has sent it to you. The translation is admirable—fashionable—considered as Spanish: but it doesn't always convey the meaning of the original; or any great meaning in particular. When Marichalar quite understands, his versions are capital.

Give my best regards to Bangs when you see him. He and Bob Barlow, as a sort of Dickensian firm, are very important in my recollections: if I should ever write my life, they would appear in it with great éclat. Does he still recite Captain Sim's, "Thar She blows" with the praises

of salt pork that “lies there a-nourishing of you for days and days.”? Those suppers at the “Spee,” to which Bangs & Barlow sometimes took me, in a room that was like the cabin of a sailing ship have remained firmly fixed in my mind, as a sort of ideal of manly conviviality. At the “Gashouse” —though I loved it dearly—feasts were more confused. My novel—which I now really hope to finish—keeps me thinking of those old days, tho’ it is supposed to be dated some [*across*] fifteen years later. It was originally a college story but college has now almost disappeared from the scene.

Yours affly G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

6 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, March 6, 1934

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am very glad that Mr. Irwin Edman has been willing to undertake the editing of selections for the Modern Student’s Library. He is modern enough, and at the same time familiar with my writings and a friend of mine personally, so that he can be trusted to do the work as it should be done. It is also interesting to hear of the cheap edition of “Character & Opinion in the U.S.,” to be brought out by the W. W. Norton company. I have always defied pirates, like an elderly female only too willing to be ravished; and it is more than one could expect to find the poacher at last

paying for his pickings. There is a slip of the pen or of the memory on page 176, lines 4 and 6, where “Rebecca” should be “Rachel”; but I suppose it is impossible for this to be corrected, unless it has been done already.

I appreciate very much the interest which you take in the diffusion of my books. Perhaps if I had written only one book it would be easier to keep it afloat.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 13, 1934

Dear Cory

Your letter of a fortnight ago, in which you said that Oliver was “getting under your skin”, gave me a good deal of pleasure and encouragement, because in the novel I haven’t the sort of conviction and assurance that supports me in writing about philosophy, even if no one seems to take notice; and it is easier to go ahead if there are indications that one’s labour may not be all wasted. I have had a second slight attack of my ailment, not painful, but enough to interrupt my writing for a few days. Nevertheless, I hope to finish Part IV before leaving Rome, and I will send you a copy. During these last days I have gone over Miss Tindall’s work, about ten chapters, and corrected the verbal errors. Once or twice I had serious doubts about the text. There are some passages too much like my philosophy books. I hope, if it should ever devolve on you to publish the novel, that you won’t hesitate to cut out any words or paragraphs that seem superfluous. On the other hand, I do believe these people are living: and I love some of the things they say. For instance: the American consul in London to Mrs. Alden, bothering him about sending her husband’s body home; “Miss Riddle will explain everything”. Or old Mrs. Darnley, after Oliver is dead, saying to Mario: “This is a wretched world, sir; and the worst of it is that not one of us can live in it for ever”.

I had ordered Eliot's new book, and am sending it to you to-day. I like it better than his Harvard lectures. Had to read it twice to see the bearings of the various parts; meditated on, it becomes coherent. He has said one or two violent things, perhaps unnecessarily; and (as you will see by my pencil notes) he seems to me to give away his puritan prejudices, underlying his "Catholicism" and rendering it a little disagreeable. The review you send me (by de Senincourt) is an explosion of the reviewer's wrath, rather than a good criticism; except where he detects the small, local quality of Eliot's judgements in regard to Ezra Pound, Babbitt, etc. Eliot is honest and brave, but limited.

G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, March 19, 1934

Dear Cory,

No, I haven't the letter you refer to; probably it was Nelson Smith's. He is writing a thesis about that subject at Harvard, which I shall be able to send you someday, I suppose, but for the moment it is impossible. Yet you don't lose much. That Locke, and even more Hume, were twittering on the verge of the discrimination of essence is perfectly obvious. So are all idealists. I am sending you a rather elementary but instructive book by Father Maloney of Fordham, N.Y. He quotes in it—but I haven't been able to find the passage again—a phrase of Locke's to the effect that in comparing "hot" and "round", or any such "ideas" and seeing their essential relations, we are comparing "existents". Now that is the position of Lovejoy, etc, to this day. And of course there is an existent event before us, a commotion in the brain; but that this existent has for its essence the "round" or "hot" which is given to intuition is simply false; and there is no reason, in the order of nature and of genesis, why the existent object or cause should have that given essence. But the gnostic presumption comes from starting with experience, or rather with introspection, and assuming that the world must be decked out in those sensuous or verbal or grammatical or moral terms in which we feel the world: which is true

of the poetic world, of myth, but not of the physical world, of commerce, surgery, and science.

Who do you suppose turned up the other day here? Miller. He is looking for a job; but is otherwise busy writing a book of philosophy: “Philosophy and Humanity”. Did you see his excellent article (by “Hobart”) in the January “Mind”? I don’t know how he meets the theological difficulties of not letting God escape the responsibility for the badness of his creatures.

I am going about again as usual, although not altogether cured. The weather continues erratic and treacherous, without any steady sunshine. Very likely you are luckier in Bournemouth.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Harold Atkins Larrabee

20 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, March 20, 1934

Dear Sir:

Please convey to the American Philosophical Association, and receive for yourself, my best thanks for your congratulations. The consciousness of so much good-will in generous America has always been a great help to me, all the more in that perhaps I hardly had a right to expect it. But America is truly a new world, and it can afford to accept on trial all sorts of influences, leaving it for time to sort out of them the elements capable of continued life. Philosophy in America seems to me to promise great things, on account of this breadth of sympathy and knowledge, and I should be happy to think that I may have contributed my drop to that River Ocean.

Yours very sincerely

GSantayana

To Carl Clinton Van Doren

20 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, March 20, 1934

Dear Mr. Van Doren

It is always a compliment to be quoted, and I should be glad to have you include my chapter on William James in your Anthology. Scribner will inform you of the business side of the matter: but I believe in strictness you are at liberty to reprint any part of that book, as it was not copyrighted in America. Constable & C^o of London were the real publishers.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Herman Randall Jr.

21 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

March 21, 1934

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Dear Mr. Randall

I shall be very glad to see you any afternoon, except Sunday, between 6 and 7 o'clock, and as I might possibly not have got back when you called, you had better let me know whenatday you are coming—by note, please, because I don't go to the telephone—so that I may be sure to be at home

You didn't need such and so many sponsors as you invoke, but I am glad to be reminded that you have sown seeds of philosophy in Cory's mind, because I should like to know your impression of his abilities.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mercedes Moritz Randall

[c. March 1934] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Friday

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

My dear Mrs. Randall

Of course I shall be most flattered to receive your husband's better half this afternoon. I wasn't sure he had one, and in any case, as I don't pay visits myself, I shouldn't have ventured to ask for it, if I had known it existed

Thank you for coming of your own accord

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, March 25, 1934

Dear Cory

The other day I sent you yet another book on Locke—a Ph.D. thesis at Harvard sent me by the author. It is excellent: not noticeably in the Seminar lingo, and not weak philosophically, except at the very end, where he has to breathe an Amen. I have written to him, saying that what most pleased me in his thesis was the clear way in which he showed that “idea,” to make sense, must often be taken to mean “essence”. This clears up Locke's confusions, so to speak, upwards; but there remain the confusions downwards, towards biology. Locke was a psychologist, as much as

a critic of knowledge: used psychology as an instrument in criticism; and he felt he knew perfectly the origin of ideas, namely, that they arose by contact of the human body with material things. This was the original meaning of “experience”. Had Locke stuck to this presupposition of common sense, he would have restored tradition downwards as well as upwards, and retained an “orthodox” system entirely different from that developed by his followers almost exclusively out of his errors and ambiguities. It wouldn’t then have been necessary to place the world, as the writer of this thesis does “somehow within experience”, because experience would never have been deprived of its involution and relevance within the world.

Yesterday I also sent you a number of Life & Letters in its new form. I have subscribed, but I am afraid it won’t be much good. I read Wyndham Lewis on Hemingway (whom I have never read) and agreed, but wished he had been clearer; also Aldous Huxley, pure rubbish; and finally a very good review of Eliot: do read it. The anonymous critic understands: and if he is too favourable, that is a generous fault.

Miller has settled down here and asked me for “work”; I have started him on “Dominations & Powers”, hoping he will extract matter for some articles. It would be jolly to get that child, or children, however tiny, safely born and christened.

I am again inclined to go to the Riviera, not to Cortina, partly for economy and partly because it is nearer other people, in case I should need looking after. I am quite well again, and my head working excellently. Part IV is in the act of being finished, and rather tragic. The thing develops so of itself, and rather surprises me, although the germ of all that emotion was in me from the beginning. If nothing untoward intervenes I am confident of finishing the whole book this summer.

I was at Bournemouth once during the war, but didn’t like it so well as Brighton in one direction or Torquay in the other. Why don’t I feel like going to England again? Partly because I am too old and fat—not at all presentable to English eyes; and partly because my pedestrian and country-inn days are over, and I should be bored and really not as comfortable as at a continental hotel. Some day you must come and join me, preferably when the novel is finished and we can review it together. Your own work, too, must be considered.



Last Sunday I went for the first time to the opera, to hear Toti dal Monte in Lucia. Naturally, I remembered you. She is a very good singer, except that some of her staccato notes are merely

clicks, and she stops elaborately to breathe before the hard passages. Once the clicks actually caused a laugh in the gallery. Yours affly G.S.

To Samuel Martin Thompson

25 March 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Thompson)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, March 25, 1934

Dear Mr. Thompson

The point which has most pleased me in your thesis—which I have read with interest—is the clearness with which you bring out the constant need of taking “ideas” to mean “essences”. This clears the whole matter up, so to speak, upwards; but you don’t seem to me to clear it up downwards, towards biology. Locke began with biological assumptions; he knew the origin of ideas through contact with things: this was “experience” in the original sense. If you had restored tradition on this point, as you do in the upward direction, I think you would have recovered altogether what Locke meant to say and ought to have said: which was not at all what his school gathered from his loquacity. If you restored the biological presuppositions of Locke, and of everybody, you would not need to pack the world “in some fashion within our experience”, because the involution and relevance of our experience within the world would never have been disregarded

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, April 4, 1934

Dear Cory

Your little article pleases me immensely, and I am glad you wrote it, so to speak, on the sly. I don't mean merely that I didn't hear about it first but that there is independence also in the substance, because you don't say at all what I should say of myself, or even what I should have expected you to say, but paint a little miniature of your own, flattered, of course, but original, and in the style of the artist, of the free observer. I like this as much as your first article about me, which was the original occasion of our friendship.

The style also seems easy and flowing, and without blemishes; unless "about the best thing" be condemned as too American. "Perhaps" would have been more literary.

I hope you will get your philosophical article into Scrutiny: although they won't give you £5 for it. I too am thinking of sending a short article for the sake of turning an honest penny to Canby, who has asked for something on Fascism. It will not be on Fascism strictly but on Order.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

Part IV of the novel is finished.

To Charles Augustus Strong

7 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 7, 1934

Dear Strong

I shall be glad to see you on the 16th or 17th and to consult about the future. I am still undecided about where to go for the summer, but shall probably leave earlier than usual so as to economize.

Miller, I understand, is no longer “in my employ”. He has taken offence at something—at first, I couldn’t think at what—and has announced his own dismissal, but he hasn’t yet returned the MS of my old “Dominations & Powers” which I had given him to look over. I now suspect that I hurt his feelings by taking back a vague invitation to lunch with me which I had given him when he first turned up, and by explaining that it tired me to talk. I did that, because he seemed disposed to come every day, and I couldn’t stand it. I am sorry to have the “D. & P.” revision suspended; but otherwise it is a relief to have Miller withdraw, as I can hardly afford to support him as well as Cory.

Yesterday I had tea with Iris at the Excelsior, and also a glimpse of Antonio. They both looked very well and seemed to be on affectionate terms. Has she had a second child? I didn’t dare ask; but it was evidently not expected in the near future. She was the picture of slimness and youth.

You will find me as fat or fatter than ever, but I haven’t had a very good winter. It has been terribly rainy, with little sun, and I have twice been more or less under the weather. But otherwise I am in high spirits.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Curt John Ducasse

8 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brown)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, April 8, 1934

Dear Mr. Ducasse

Your paper on “The attributes of material things” gives me the greatest pleasure, and I admire the clearness and simplicity with which you mark the right path through the labyrinth.

There remains an ambiguity, I think, about space and time, and you acknowledge it. The properties of a portion of physical space and time constitute a physical substance: but pictorial space and sentimental time have no properties, only qualities. They are essences.

I feel that there remains a difficulty also in regard to the “psychological” reality of given qualities. Nausea and green no doubt cannot occur except in feeling or (what I regard as the same thing) to intuition; but “four” can occur in the legs of a chair as well as in the mind of a man counting them. So that I think you can’t stop at a psychological existent, but must end with an essence. Besides, the relation of the quality intuited to the intuition is not that of a predicate to a subject, but that of a “content” to a feeling. The feeling is not green. Yet we say the feeling is nausea; because here we are far more aware of the experience, or disturbance of life within us, than of the object, which is too fluid and unclassified to be easily named. So with pain. The quantity rather than the quality, the coming and going, rather than the “content”, interest and absorb us; and therefore we name the intuition, the active feeling, and not that which it reveals.

No doubt you have convincing things to say on these points also; and I hope very much you will make a book of these articles, because otherwise they might not have the great and decisive influence which they deserve to have.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Sunday, April 8, 1934

Dear Cory

The series of excellent papers on the eternal Strong-problem seems to continue. Here is another. I have made some notes, but on the whole I think the man is very clear-headed, as he was also in his book about cause.

G.S.

Besides the ambiguity about space & time (which he acknowledges) there is one between the act of intuition and the instance of the essence. They are inseparable, but they are, ontologically, different. And, as I have noted, the essence may be exemplified, that is some essences may, apart from any psychological actuality; as in the four legs of the chair.

Apart from these two points I think Ducasse is wholly right.

To George Sturgis

14 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 14, 1934

Dear George

Thank you for my new letter of credit, sent to Thos. Cook & Son. It comes opportunely, as this last month or two have been rather a tax on my budget. Doctor's bills, 1000 lire, dentist's bill, 1700, aid to my old colleague Miller (he calls it loans) 1500 lire. However, this is exceptional; and as soon as I leave Rome I shall begin to economize, so as to have a margin for next winter, when I mean to return here. These rooms are very pleasant and comfortable, I am used to them and to the servants in this hotel, and I don't want to change unless it is absolutely necessary.

It is possible that I may spend the summer, or a part of it, with Strong at his villa in Fiesole, as a paying guest. He is terribly hard up. What a strange turn of affairs, that I should come, as a boarder, to help him pay

his cook! The arrangement isn't yet made, but he has proposed it, and is coming to Rome next week, when we can talk it over.

I wrote not long ago to the new President of Harvard College about the legacy which I am leaving them, expressing the hope that if the sum given wasn't enough for the intended purpose—to keep some impecunious genius alive—they would allow it to accumulate. He has replied very civilly, saying he had been a pupil of mine, and much impressed when a Freshman by the view I unrolled before him of the history of philosophy: so that there is no knowing how far I may not be responsible if he goes wrong. But as to the legacy, he said he hoped I had mentioned in the deed of gift that they might let the income accumulate, because otherwise they might feel bound to spend it all. I don't remember the exact wording of the deed. Would it be easy for you to look it up and send me a copy of that passage? I don't want to make any fuss: and if they don't feel authorized, as things stand, to let the fund grow, I will suggest that they invite some other friend of Harvard to double it. After the present crisis passes, that ought to be easy. The trouble is that the income of \$40,000 now wouldn't keep even a poet from starving.

It hasn't been a good winter here; rain almost every day; but I am well and in good spirits.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

14 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, April 14, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is the rest of Part IV of the novel. Don't hurry over it. I have other things to attend to for the moment.

Mr. Miller has given up the work which he had undertaken for me, and I believe is leaving Rome. If he has not paid you for the pieces he dictated, please put that down to my account.

I am not sure whether you saw the two books of old MS, chiefly in pencil, which I had given him to look over. If you could make out the text without too much labour, and were willing to wade through a chaos of fragments, I should be very glad to entrust the whole thing to you directly. The part you copied seems entirely different, and much more manageable, than it did when in the notebook.

My idea is to make articles, and ultimately if possible a book, out of this old material

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, April 18, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

Please don't hurry yourself in the least about my MS. If it is ready on the 1st of June it will be in time for my purposes. I may possibly have a chapter or two of Part V done by that time; but I don't expect to finish the whole before the autumn.

As to the other pencil MS in ~~at~~ two note-books, I think it would be better for me to read it over and make some indications in blue pencil, as to the parts that belong together, or may be left out. Parts are more than twenty years old, and I don't remember what is in them.

Perhaps, if the handwriting doesn't trouble you, you might take the note-books with you to England, and copy them there at your leisure. I expect to spend this summer, or a part of it, at Villa "Le Balze" Fiesole, Florence. You could send me the copy there, as little by little you got it ready. There is a lot of it.

I hope you have entirely recovered and—let me repeat—that you will take all the time you like about this work.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 April 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, April 25, '34

Dear Cory

Unexpected developments in the inner circle. I am going to spend the summer with Strong in his villa as a paying guest; at least, I am going to try it, and rather think it will work. S. proposed it (enigmatically) by letter before he came to Rome, and now that he is here the details have been discussed, and everything agreed upon. He is going to dismiss Enrichetta and the cook and keep only Dino, and perhaps his sister (who keeps house for her uncle, Severino the gardner, in the villino) to help occasionally. We are to have a simple lunch at home, and go to Florence every evening for dinner in a restaurant in the Piazza della Signoria. This last circumstance is what decided me to try the arrangement; because I can go down alone in the afternoon, meet S. just at dinner-time, and as soon as we get back go to bed, or at least go to my room for the night. It is also stipulated that I shall go upstairs immediately after lunch, so that neither then no at dinner will there be time for any tiresome discussion. S. is very easy now in his attitude; quite as in the old days. By occasionally exercising a little self-restraint I think I shall be able to stand it.

The object, of course, is economy on the part of both of us. I shall be saving a lot.

We have had trouble with Miller. It is too complicated to explain, but he has got a lot of money out of us—principally me—and with great difficulty has been shipped back to America. Incidentally he quarreled with me, said I had committed an impertinent and improper offense against him, and laid a trap for him. He didn't want to owe anything to such a person; but would I "lend" him another 2000 lire for his passage?

[*across*] S. thinks he has paranoia: but all is not madness in his method.

Yours aff^y G.S.

To Adelaide Howard

5 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Unknown)

[...] if we reduced it to dry propositions, I think I should agree with the substance of it. But it seems to me a palmary instance, almost a reductio ad absurdum, of the habit of transferring old names to new, or to other, things. Smiling and feeling alive, even feeling merged in all life, is not religion: it is at best the abstract mystical element which religion sometimes shares with enthusiasm. To misuse language in this way only makes a genuine position seem dishonest.

To Evelyn Tindall

6 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, May 6, '34

Dear Miss Tindall

Could you copy this article for me, before doing the other MS.? There is no great hurry, but I should like to send this article to the review that has asked for it—The New York “Saturday Review”—as soon as practicable, since there is money in it—not to be despised in these days.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol

May 10, 1934

Dear Strong

Very well: I will come to the Minerva on Monday next, a little after 5 o'clock—because I like to have tea early and, if possible, in the Giardino del Lago. We will discuss everything then. I am sorry for poor Miller, he is evidently derelict: but why did he come to Italy at all? He has now returned my M.S.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 11, 1934

Dear Cory

Here is an article that I am sending, in another copy, to Canby in New York for his "Saturday Review of Literature". He asked for it, but perhaps is getting something he won't altogether like. It would be nice if it could appear more or less simultaneously in England. I have thought of "Scrutiny", the editor having long ago asked me for something; possibly, as I appeal at the end to the Devil, it might even do for Eliot in the "Criterion." What do you think? I am suggesting to Canby that he communicate with you directly, if he has any suggestion to make about an English issue. Of course, "The Adelphi", in which "The Genteel Tradition" appeared, is now out of the question.

Miller's apparition has had one good result, that I am deep in "Dom. & Pow's" out of which a popular book, a sort of "Life of Reason" modernized, may be made. Yours affy G.S.

To Stuart Gerry Brown

14 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Syracuse)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall
Mall, London. — Rome, 14. V. '34.

I am glad to receive your letter and will answer your questions briefly. ^{1st} I am a Naturalist in general philosophy, whereas Babbit & More begin with moralism. I admit their point of view only as an optional attitude, as if they were Roman patriots or Buddhist monks, but I feel no obligation to accept or enforce any special code or any special civilization. See my “Genteel Tradition at Bay.”

^{2nd} As I say in that little book, I think the Platonic-Christian theology necessary to defend the moralistic position. Kant and the German idealists can't do it, because their position, though subjective, is not humanistic; and the absolute self may turn pantheist or even materialist, or in the other direction, perfectly anarchical, as in Nietzsche. But that theology seems to me an evident fiction, made to defend a moralistic prejudice.

G. Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

May 15, 1934

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Dear Strong

I was glad to hear that your domestic revolution had been proclaimed without causing bloodshed: but perhaps Dino's smiles may fade when he hears that I am coming to double his work and diminish his liberty. Probably what pleases him is the idea of being, in your somewhat distant shadow, sole padrone of the villa. If you say first that I come for a visit, and then that visit is prolonged, I think I ought to add something to his earnings, otherwise he may feel cheated.

There is no hurry whatever about my departure from here. A month hence will do nicely, as I am pleasantly busy getting the MS of Dominations & Powers ready for [*across*] Miss Tindall, who is to typewrite it all during the summer. Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

20 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, May 20, 1934

Dear Strong

Thank you for your French article, or philosophic testament, which I have read with the great interest that it would naturally have for me. The chief novelty, and first effect of it on me, is that of a self-revelation. You have lately brought out an older, deeper, and more personal side of your opinions, a side that somehow I had tended to overlook. This appears principally in the whole of the last section and incidentally in other places such as paragraph 2 on p. 45 and the letter quoted in the footnote at the beginning. There is a suggestion of suppressed religious emotion, as well as evidence of intense and prolonged rumination over all these questions. One feels that here is a mind deserving respect and affection.

Besides this, I think your synthesis or synopsis reveals the complexity of your system, rather than its unity. I seem to see three distinct strains. 1st Conceptual dogmatism, in all that part where you run parallel to Leibniz, and also later, both in your demand for intuitive, not merely practical and symbolic, knowledge of substance, and in your absolute determinism—a hard pill for your “indeterministic friends”. Of course your “Saturnine”, or rather not Saturnine, gift of unexpected comets or microbes isn’t at all the miraculously responsive indetermination which they desire; nor is it the margin of indetermination which the scientific people now seem inclined to allow. Not that I care for it, though I shouldn’t venture to exclude it positively: but I felt that your flat assertion of determinism at the end, when you had given relatively so much space to the subject, was less cautious than might be expected

2nd Physiological psychology.

3rd The more recent dynamic or pragmatic or empirical approach to physics. E.g. where you define contiguity by means of causation, or appeal to animal faith as the basis of knowledge. I don’t think you manage to solder this method with N^o 1. and the unity of action or attention which you invoke, (the sentient elements remaining distinct and insulated) does not seem to me to furnish any “explanation” of the specious simplicity of images. The sentience of those elements evidently remains private and monadic; they are not fused; and the basis of the actual perception is the total operation of the organ. Your posited sentience is therefore entirely useless to pave the way for actual consciousness. But this question opens our old and useless discussion, and I will not pursue it.

I like the first, closely reasoned, part of your article best. It is admirably done, although I see in it only an excursion into the realm of essence and not a proof—there can be no argued proof—of the constitution of substance.

Yours ever G.S.

P.S. I enclose a syllabus of Whitehead’s seminary sent me by Mrs. Toy.

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, May 25, 1934

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for the Lovejoy Controversy. You know I am not fond of polemics, whether I be directly concerned in them or not; and this instance confirms my prejudice. Lovejoy doesn't write at his best: he beats about the bush, misses the point, and is evidently bored at having to write at all. In his book, on the other hand, his last chapter was excellent. Of course I agree with you against him on the main point; he is frankly a believer in psychologism, supposing "mental existents" to be natural facts knocking about in time, if not in space, among physical forces. But at least he admits the latter also: and though that makes rather a poor system, it makes a sounder view than if he were an out and out idealist.

He should read Cory's article in "Analysis", which doesn't reach the subject announced in the title but shows neatly that mental history cannot be inspected.

As to your two new articles—or one, because I had already seen the first—they are not, I think, equal to your French essay as a presentation of your doctrine; but you say good things. My chief objection is the same I stated the other day: that I don't see how the sentient nature of your atoms helps the organism to come to consciousness. It is no one of them, as in Leibniz, that grows into a view of the universe: there is no inward development of sentience into mind. The sentience is simply a parallel instance of animation, on a smaller scale.

I also thought, in reading you with one eye on what Lovejoy might retort, that there would be some difficulty in expressing the relation of datum to existence in the case, e.g., of pain. Doesn't the datum here seem to be mental and to have the "thickest" sort of existence? No doubt the awareness of the painful quality is an after-awareness in respect to the shock first surprising us: distress is the dominant factor: but is this acute sense of existence a datum, or a sort of intense absence of data—an aching void? It is a difficulty that of course arises on my view [*across*] and is troublesome verbally, although I feel that the facts are plain enough.

Yours ever G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
May 26, 1934

Dear Cory

Don't do anything about my article "Alternatives to Liberalism" unless you hear from Canby or from me. It is an article written for him (I hope he will pay for it) and it mustn't go to anyone else without his consent.

Your paper in "Analysis"—which I send you, in case you should like an extra copy—is like those aeroplanes going faster than light and reaching the end of the journey before they have started. It is very good, but it doesn't reach the positive question about the notion of physical objects. It shows—what is perhaps more important in itself—that we can never inspect the history of the mind. We must rely either on memory, which in autobiography is very novellesque, or on external observation and documents, which must be interpreted by the dramatic imagination. So that the mere mental history of an idea, such as the idea of material things, can never be written with any exactness: and why shouldn't that idea, in different persons and in different animals, be very varied, and have an unlike origin?

Strong, whose French essay I have read and written to him about, has now sent me his last and also his forth-coming article in the controversy with Lovejoy. Lovejoy's own article is poor stuff, and ill-tempered: I suspect he was bored with Strong, and driven to answer him against his inclination. Strong has some good things, but is prosy and preachy: instead of presenting his views scientifically, as possibilities to be considered, he writes as if he were announcing the immediate Coming of the Lord, to save all realists, and damn all idealists.

I send you a substitute for your Christmas present, in case you need to get clothes Yours

aff^{ly} G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

30 May 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol,

May 30, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are a lot of loose sections of “Dominations & Powers” which I have looked over and almost wholly re-written.

If you can do these, or a part of them, in the next fortnight, and send them to me, with your account so far, I will let you have the two old note-books for the summer. I am now going to reread them, divide them into sections, and try to make them as legible for you as possible.

I expect to leave for Florence about June 14.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, June 3, 1934

Dear Strong

I haven't yet begun preparations for departure, beginning with being photographed for a new passport, and packing my books. I think I shall be ready between the 11th and 15th, and will let you know when I am able to fix the day.

Your letter is very closely reasoned, and I agree with almost every part. But what, exactly, is the new step taken by your theory? You don't seem to me to meet the point I made in the passage you quote: but I am aware that I didn't state it with all the force which it has in my own mind. There are no recognized unambiguous words for the elements concerned—substantial, dynamic, psychological, transcendental.

There are only two points that I should like to comment upon. First, where you ask if “that which intuitus cannot be a portion of the flux”. This suggests that my difficulty might be the same, for instance, as M^eDougal's, who thinks the brain can't think, but it must be an anima. Of course, a materialist doesn't make any bones of a complex organ hav-

ing a simple function, (a trope, or something in the realm of truth) and thinks it natural that that function should be raised to an actual unity in sensation or consciousness. The point is whether this actual entelechy, consciousness, would be better understood if we supposed the organ to be composed of sentient elements. A string, vibrating, gives forth a single sound: would this be made clearer by supposing that before there was any string or any vibration, the stuff of the string was composed of sub-sounds? It seems to me nothing but myth extended toward the infinitesimal.

“That which intuits” might also mean spirit. This has to be one in each act, but only because it is nothing but a name for that actual synthesis.

I say inadvertently, “synthesis”; but what is it that is synthesized? Not any specious elements which might be distinguished by further acts of attention in the given field. These specious elements don’t exist separately until they are intuited. What is really summed up or combined is simply the effects of the hurrying stimulations on a sluggish organ—the spokes of the revolving wheel on the retina. In the immediate physiological basis, and in the stimulus, there is no summation: the stimulus remains many, and the immediate basis was never anything but a single total impression: affection.

The second point: when you insist that “projection outward is intentional”, and that this creates the “phantasm”. This is what I think, of course; and this introduces spirit or intuition or actual feeling with its immaterial existence. But I am curious about this “phantasm”: it is something objective and specious, not the mere force or act of intent or intuition which rests upon it, or terminates in distinguishing it. Then what is it? You can hardly say with Lovejoy that it is a psychic existent, because then it would have to be an integral part of the natural world, and a “thick” existent. What is it, then, but an essence? There are plenty of psychic or material existents in the region to which this essence is projected: they are the object: but in the moral world I see nothing but the perception itself—a spiritual moment—and the essence discerned by it. I feel in general that if we admit the dynamic continuity of all events in nature, both spirit and essence are purified very much, and made quite simple on their own levels.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 4, 1934

Dear Cory

Today I am sending you Parts III & IV of The Last Puritan. I hope to finish Part V and the Epilogue (both rather short) this summer, and then we shall have the thing done—except for such corrections as we may want to make.

Your letter of May 25—about Duron and the flat at San Michele—was particularly interesting. If Duron says essences are in the mind of God, we needn't trouble to contradict him. But they are also nowhere: didn't Leibniz say—it is in the mottoes to the R. of E.—that "le néant a bien des attributs encommuns avec Dieu"?

As to the flat near Rapallo, I only wish you had it now, so that if I find Fiesole too hot, physically or morally, I might fly there for refuge. But I can go instead to Vallombrosa or even to Venice, if necessary. Somehow, Cortina doesn't any longer attract me: I feel too old. Take the Countess's apartment by all means, and in September-October I could join you for a while and see what it is like. As you say, I might stay on for a longer time; but I should come back here in any case during the winter. If you kept it, I could go there for the summer: which wouldn't prevent you from returning to England. Now that you seem to have a footing there—socially and professionally—it would be a pity to have you go away. That is the only objection to the flat in Italy. But if I took the flat on, you could still go to England for the Spring and Summer without losing your pied-à-terre in the Riviera.

Probably Strong, when he herears of this, will want to come and live with you too.

I shouldn't reduce your allowance because you found a cheaper place. It may not be so much cheaper in the end: and in any case you would have other uses for the money. You might save a little, perhaps. If I reduce

your allowance it will be only because my own budget requires it, which as yet is not [*across*] the case. Yours aff^r G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I expect to move to Le Balze next week, perhaps on the 14th. Address me there.

To Evelyn Tindall

7 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

June 7, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

I have been a little under the weather, and the second note-book is still not wholly revised: but I don't like to keep you waiting, in case you have leisure at present for this sort of work.

Here is the first note-book with some more loose sections: I will leave the second note-book at your place before I start for Florence.

As you work so quickly, it occurs to me that you may not need the whole summer for my book, but may prefer to despatch it before you leave Italy. In that case, you might send me the copies to Fiesole ("Le Balze") Florence, and leave the note books and manuscripts at the Hotel Bristol, to be kept for me till my return. This would relieve you of carrying this weight to England.

I am ashamed of giving you such an untidy and confused manuscript; but it is a question of leaving it so, or dropping it altogether, as I have done for years: so that you will be rescuing my ugly duckling from never seeing the water.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Sidney Hook

8 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, June 8, 1934

Dear Mr. Hook

I am much obliged to you for sending me “Communism without Dogmas” and “What is Materialism?” You were right if you supposed that I should be in general sympathy with you in both these matters. Yes, even about the Soviets; because although you say I am an extreme conservative, that is true only in the sense that I utterly repudiate liberal claims and maxims, which make events turn on ideas, opinions, votes, majorities, and disembodied moral power. These things may be called powers in virtue of the material agencies and tendencies expressed in them—usually very ill expressed: but in themselves they are powerless. This sort of conservatism is identical with my materialism, not merely compatible with it. I am not a conservative in the sense of being afraid of revolutions, like Hobbes, or thinking order, in the sense of peace, the highest good; and I am not at all attached to things as they are, or as they were in my youth. But I love order in the sense of organized, harmonious, consecrated living: and for this reason I sympathize with the Soviets and the Fascists and the Catholics, but not at all with the liberals. I should sympathize with the Nazi’s too, if their system were, even in theory, founded on reality; but it is Nietzschean, founded on will; and therefore a sort of romanticism gone mad, rather than a serious organization of material forces—which would be the only way, I think, of securing moral coherence. It seems to me that for this purpose the Soviets are better grounded: they have jettisoned a lot of lies, and I hope that they may succeed in establishing a great new order of society, definite, traditional, and self-justified. I see by your account (what I didn’t know before) that they are formulating a sort of orthodoxy, as did the early Councils of the Church. I trust they wouldn’t mix too many absurd commitments with their wisdom: because (as Plato said) though it may facilitate control of people to mix a few timely superstitions with your laws, it won’t help you to meet and to master things: and too many superstitions will ruin you. Islam is a good instance of this, and tragic: because I have a notion that

Islam came very near being a sort of military Epicureanism—something most promising!

You define materialism in contemporary terms, which perhaps are not the most incisive. Matter can't exist without form, and its form gives definition to its powers: but matter flows through these forms which are not magic bodiless forces magnetizing it from outside: they are the forms it has assumed, in flowing. That, to my mind, is the essence [*across*] of materialism. As for consciousness, it is a hypostasis of some of these forms, a "second entelechy", doubly dependent.

[*across page one*] Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 11, 1934

Dear Cory

Here is a note from Canby which gives us carte blanche about the article "Alternatives to Liberalism". I don't know whether peddling such a thing would entertain you or annoy you. Don't do it in the latter case; or if you don't think the article is good enough. I now have a lot of short pieces in type—Miss Tindall is doing the whole of Doms. & Pow's—, and when I have had time to read them over and correct the text, I might try publishing some of them. Walter Lippman has asked me, long ago, for something. Do you happen to know what review it is that he edits now? I have forgotten, and his letter is lost.

I have been a little under the weather, with a touch of little fever and diarrhoea and no appetite. It seems to have passed away, but it is a warning, and perhaps I may not be able to stand the heat at Fiesole. There are also some ominous signs—three long philosophical letters from Strong, the last very inimical—that the moral atmosphere too may be rather overcharged. If a storm should break, I have always the polite excuse that "I

can't work here", and it occurs to me that I might in that case go at once to Rapallo. What hotel would you recommend? Or if the Countess has left already, why shouldn't she let me have the apartment for the summer, until you take it on? I am confident that alone, by the sea, I shouldn't find the heat excessive.

I have received a cheque for £19-9-3 from the Royal Society of Literature for the sales of my Locke book. Scribner's hasn't sent his account yet, but they have written that my royalties, so far, will be nearly \$300. Better than nothing.

Yours affly

G.S.

P.S. I expect to leave on the 15th, Friday.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, June 11, 1934

Sorry about Rapallo being ruled out for the present, but I am glad to know of it in time, as now I won't take the novel with me (except Part V) but leave it for next Spring, when I can join you at Rapallo or elsewhere, and we can have the grand review.

It is all right about my article appearing in "The Florin Magazine": I hope it means some florins: Scrutiny doesn't pay, and perhaps is anti-Fascist.

Sorry too about the tonsils, but will write when I have your second letter. My departure is postponed until June 19th as I am not quite ready now, and don't like [*across*] being hurried. G. S.

To Evelyn Tindall

16 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, June 16, '34.

Dear Miss Tindall

As you see, I have torn out half this second notebook, finding not only the script but often the style and the substance impossible. I have re-copied (in pencil, being rather tired) some of the condemned passages, correcting them a good deal; and I may still send you a few more.

It occurs to me that, as this summer I mean to finish the novel, I sha'n't need both copies of Dominations & Powers: so if you send me only the carbon copy, which will make a lighter parcel to post, and leave the stiff paper copy, together with the manuscript, at the Bristol, it will be better all round.

If you are going to England perhaps you wouldn't mind making out your account in £-s-d. I could then send you the money by cheque, as I still have a bank-account in London.

Let me repeat—what is implied above—that I am in no hurry for this work at all, as I don't expect to do anything about it this summer, except possibly read it over with a view to arranging the sections in a somewhat logical order, and noting repetitions.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I leave on Tuesday for

Villa "Le Balze"

Fiesole, Firenze.

To Harry Austryn Wolfson

16 June 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, June 16, 1934

Dear Mr. Wolfson

It is a real gift, this, of so much hidden light on Spinoza, and I am truly grateful to you for sending it. I can't thank you for it adequately or make

any final comments upon it, because I am leaving Rome, and it is impossible for me to take the two volumes with me. I shall return to them when I get back here in October. But I have already read enough to see how much learning and what perfect simplicity you bring to your task, and how clearly you show the continuity of philosophy through the middle ages and into the mind and language of Spinoza himself. I have often thought that he was the only philosopher of modern times. I now see one reason, that he was not really modern, except as we all must be in our day, but traditional and in the great highway of human speculation: which cannot be said, I think, of any other modern philosopher. Your learning, especially your Hebrew learning, enables you to show this clearly. I believe there is another reason also why Spinoza seems to me so pre-eminent: that in spite of being traditional, or because he was not distracted by side issues, he was an entire and majestic mind, a singularly consecrated soul. All these trite dogmas and problems lived in him and were the natural channels for his intuitions and emotions. That is what I feel to make a real philosopher and not, what we are condemned to be, professors of the philosophy of other people, or of our own opinions.

When I return to your volumes I shall be particular keen to discover just how you interpret the mediation of intellect in determining the attributes of God. I have supposed hitherto that there was a radical ambiguity here, and that Spinoza had two notions of substance, one of mere substance, and the other of substance involving its own deployment and making necessary, and intrinsic to its essence, every detail of the universe. These two notions seem to me on different ontological levels; mere Being is an essence only; the universe is the sum and system of existences. But didn't Spinoza attempt to identify the two, and isn't that sheer confusion?

In my remoteness I wasn't aware that you had become a professor at Harvard. I am very glad for them and for you

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

22 June 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Texas)

“Le Balze”

Fiesole, Firenze

June 22, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

The packet with the carbon copy has arrived safely. I haven't opened it, because I don't wish to be drawn away at this moment from the novel, which as you know I have promised myself to finish this summer.

I am sorry to have given you such a confused manuscript—indeed I had thought it impossible until, by the accident of Mr. Miller asking for a job, as he is a philosopher, it occurred to me that he might be able to decipher it and bring it into some sort of order. But he gave the thing up,—being a bit erratic,—and now you have done the job for him. I think it ought hardly to be regarded as ordinary type-writing: it must have taxed your eyes and your patience; besides, the exchange fluctuates, and it is a gamble to know what it may be exactly when you cash your cheque. I therefore send you one for a slightly rounded figure, with my best thanks.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Henry Seidel Canby

25 June 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Fiesole, June 25, '34

Dear Mr. Canby

Although you have been good enough to publish articles of mine occasionally, I am compelled to confess that I haven't been a constant reader of *The Saturday Review of Literature*; and even lately, when you have been sending me the paper regularly—many thanks!—I find myself rather at sea in it. You must remember that it is 22 years since I have been in the U.S. and everything there is transformed, so that neither the books reviewed, nor the preoccupations of the reviewers are familiar to me. I

see that you maintain a lively intelligent watch on the world in general; but I can hardly venture to say anything for publication that could pass for a characterization of your special work or its special quality. For instance, I hardly know what other reviews you could be compared with, or come to supplement, or whether you stand for any particular movement of opinion. I suppose you are not an organ of "Humanism" or you wouldn't have published my "Genteel Tradition at Bay"; but are you "radical" or "romantic" or "pragmatic" and Deweyfied? This last is what T. S. Eliot says the "Humanists" have become: but my ignorance of these contemporary currents leaves me incapable of testing or judging any such impressions.

Thank you for your letter about my ~~Substi-~~ "Alternatives to Liberalism". I believe Cory has offered the article to the Editor of "Life & Letters". I liked that review at first, but not so much now that it is "The Florin Magazine." I even doubt whether there are many florins in it.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 June 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Le Balze, Fiesole, June 25, '34

Dear Cory

So far existence here has been quite tolerable, the heat is not (as yet) oppressive, and I have managed, with some slight difficulty, to establish a sufficient independence of movement. But I am devoured by mosquitoes, and it seems hardly practicable to go down to Florence on foot or in the tram, except on favourable occasions. I shall have to go down with S. at 6 p.m.: but I have already knocked off tea, so as not to be interrupted in the afternoon, and have established the habit of being dropped in passing through the town, so that I have an hour to myself for walking about a bit, shopping, and having an apéritif before, at 7.20, we meet for dinner. The food is simple but suits me admirably, and S. encourages me to drink!

It is natural and, I think, right-minded of you to like the Catholic philosophy-books. They have improved immensely of late in their knowledge and understanding of modern views: not so much in their historical

criticism, e.g. of Aristotle, Plato, & the Neo-Platonists. They are therefore able to present and defend common-sense—which is what Scholasticism is, apart from the theology—in an enlightened way. Formerly the same soundness was buried in an arid repetition of formulas, without much understanding either of the facts or of the theories of other people. Today, it seems that the Catholics are really the best critics everywhere, and the best informed. My Spanish review, Cruz y Raya, is admirable: and I am reading masterly Catholic critiques of Bergson's latest book. But, as you say, the trouble is that all this is a human dream: it is a beautiful product, like music or architecture, of a long human tradition and art: but it isn't true. It is a product of the fonction fabulatrice.

Dom's & Pow's is all typed now; but I am devoting myself to the novel, and haven't even opened Miss Tindall's parcel, sent since my arrival here.

I hope to have news of your happy deliverance from your tonsils—if that has to be—and of your literary works.

S. says you are in danger of letting your mind run away with you, regardless of the facts (in Wells & Huxley).

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 July 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

July 3, 1934 (p. t. o.)

VILLA LE BALZE, FIESOLE, FLORENCE.

Thank you for your excellent (and flattering) article. One verbal suggestion for the book: §4, line 4, you might say “contribution of the object.” I think it would be clearer than “objective contribution”.

The weather has become cooler, and the mosquitoes for the moment have ceased troubling. The moral atmosphere has also remained serene, in spite of an occasional flash of heat lightning in [*across*] the S. horizon. No harm done. G.S.

[*around margin on other side*] I am having a copy of Joseph Glanville's “Vanity of Dogmatizing” sent to you from Oxford. You might send it on to me later.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 July 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

July 8, '34

VILLA LE BALZE, FIESOLE, FLORENCE.

My courage has given out under stress of heat, mosquitoes, flies, and dining everyday on the same middling food in the Piazza della Signoria, and I am leaving on the 16th for Cortina, Hotel Miramonti. Sorry to spoil plan of economy, but glad there has been no other cause.

G.S.

To George Sturgis

9 July 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Fiesole, July 9th 1934

Dear George

I am glad to see by your letter of June 28th that my income for this last half-year has kept up to the same figure, practically, as last year. That I have spent so much more is due, as you say, to the fall in the exchange and in my earned income: the \$2000 you have sent me to London (one thousand, I think, last year) would just cover my added expenditure. But I see there is still a surplus of \$3323.27, so that economy is not pressing.

This is lucky as I have found, after a fortnight or three weeks at Strong's that I can't stand the heat, mosquitoes, confinement, and food; also a certain monotony and dryness in our personal relations, and I am leaving next week for Cortina. In September I shall go down for a month to Venice, before returning as usual to Rome.

I am sorry, because what Strong is allowing me to contribute to his household expenses is so little, that I should have saved a lot by remaining here. But after all, my health, work, and pleasure matter more than an economy which is not really required.

I enclose a second reply from President Conant of Harvard about my bequest. You see that now he is satisfied and appreciative.

What you tell me about your domestic affairs is not very satisfactory, one way or the other; but I suppose it is better to worry along, if possible, and especially to let the boys have a normal background, especially if they are not going to boarding-schools.

Life is a succession of second bests.

Yours affly G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 July 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Fiesole, July 10, 1934

Dear Cory

On receiving your long letter, I sounded S. as best I could on the subject of your possible marriage, and of his intention^s. “How much,” I asked, “does Cory know about the dispositions in your will?” “Nothing!” he roared. And after a while he observed that “what Cory needs is to earn his own living.” He is very much depressed indeed about his reduced circumstances, and says that perhaps he may make a new will, in harmony with them. But he remembers the terrible trouble he had in Paris making it, and the great expense it involved: so that I hardly think he will move in the matter, especially as his daughter and grandchildren are rich enough without him, on paper, and what he could leave them in addition wouldn’t prevent them from being always in straits. But his Spartan severity in regard to you—sometimes also to Miller—discouraged me from pursuing the subject. As you know, I wished to get his leave to tell you exactly what the will provides, and on what conditions: but evidently he wouldn’t consent to it, and would blame me for having talked about the matter at all. But it has not been sheer indiscretion on my part. When he proposed retaining you as a kind of secretary and pupil, I said explicitly that I thought we had no right to tempt you to stay in Italy, in the years when you might begin a practical career in America, and then to leave you in the lurch. He agreed, and volunteered to make some provision for your future—as I could not do, and wasn’t theoretically inclined to do, because my invitation to you to help me with the Realm of Matter was

explicitly for that occasion only, and not intended to supply you with work for life. It was therefore only right to let you know that S. recognized the obligation, if he retained you indefinitely, to remember you also in your his will. He did so in a very special and characteristic way which I should like to explain, but have promised not to divulge. Still, as you see, he feels no obligation now not to rescind those provisions; so that if he makes a new will, you will surely not figure in it at all, directly or indirectly. As things stand, you might get something after his death—some time after—and I will go so far as to say that being married or single has nothing formally to do with the bequest. But you would benefit, if at all, as a student of philosophy, not as a personal friend; and if you were married, and obliged to earn your living in some other calling, that might be an obstacle to receiving the bequest. This point also concerns me, and the allowance I am making you. Your marriage in itself would make no difference: yet suppose you became a farmer in Yorkshire, would you expect me to continue giving you £40 a month for the rest of my life? I should feel that I couldn't call [*across*] on you for help or for company as I might now, and that you had passed out of my sphere.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Earle Funk

12 July 1934 • Fiesole, Italy

(MS postcard: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o.

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

My name in Spanish is pronounced San-ta-ya'-na, all the a's being ah's. But I think my English-speaking friends regard the y as a vowel (it is a consonant here in the Spanish, often confused with ll) and so sound the second syllable like ay in hay. I have no objection, but it is not Spanish.

G. Santayana

Fiesole, July 12, 1934.

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

23 July 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

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

Cortina, July 23, 1934

Messrs. Justus Buchler & Benjamin P. Schwartz
Butler Library, Columbia University
New York

Dear Sirs,

Today I have received your bibliography of my writings, some of which, as you predict, I had forgotten, and can hardly recall when I am assured that they exist. I am unfortunately for the moment far from my books and papers, and among the latter I have, in Rome, another extensive bibliography prepared by a young man, I think, at the Univ. of Penn. which I would send you, for purposes of comparison, if I could lay hands on it. Would you be willing to wait until October, when I can forward it? As far as my memory goes, you have omitted nothing except my Latin School productions, which perhaps are not worth mentioning. There have also been some translations: of "Egotism in German Philosophy" into French and into Italian; and of some more recent articles into Spanish. One of the "Dialogues in Limbo", the last, has appeared, too, in Spanish, in a Cuban review, in 1927.

As to republication, let me warn you that some passages in my philosophical articles have been incorporated into my later books, so that perhaps the gist of them is less unknown to my readers than the titles of the articles might lead them to suppose. Apart from this danger of repetition—and there is a lot of virtual repetition in my writings, as they stand—I see no objection to republishing my obiter scripta, if you or anyone thinks it worth while; but I would rather not be the editor myself. Although my feeling is—contrary to what some critics assert—that I have always held the same opinions, I am aware of a distinct change, in temper and manner, between my professorial days, when I was (except in vacations) in America, and my free-lance days, when I have lived in Europe: and I don't like the earlier manner, and don't wish to re-assert any claim to it. If others, however, like those things, I am perfectly willing that they should like them, as if they were the work of someone else. I should leave

it entirely for you to judge, therefore, whether any old scraps of mine deserved to be re-issued

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

25 July 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina, July 25, 1934

Dear Mrs. Bush

You see where I am, with that want of initiative which characterizes an aged and self-repeating temperament. If I were only a Bergsonian “true mystic” I should have made an “effort,” and created some higher form of existence. I am trying to finish the novel, but come upon tiresome snags: however, by leaving troublesome things out, I am determined to bring it somehow to an end, so as to have a clear mental field for some other little things that I want to do.

If Edman is still with you, please give him my best regards and tell him I have long been intending to write to him to thank him for various signs of kindness towards me which he has lately shown: but, after all, he can take my acknowledgements for granted.

If you come to look after Mr. Bush and prevent him from spoiling the good effects of his cure, and if you feel inclined to return by the Italian line, you might stop in September-October in Venice, where you would probably find me—another instance of running rounds in one’s old traces. And I am not leaving Rome for the present. The landlord reduced my rent by 25%, and Mussolini later, by decree, reduced all rents by 10% more, so that my budget is somewhat lightened; and as the dollar seems to keep up, and business in America to improve slightly, I think there will be no immediate need of changing my quarters.



As to my profile, I have always hated it, but reproduce it here at your request. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 July 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cotina d'Ampezzo,
July 25, 1934

Dear Cory

All is well. I left Fiesole without any rumpus, and had a pleasant glimpse of Venice on the way. Here I am comfortably established, with a mind free from apprehension of any sort, and good food and exercise.

It is reassuring to hear that you are not contemplating any rash commitments in the way of marriage and supporting a family. If you find a sympathetic lady, who is independent, I see no obstacles to a union: it is not being married but being responsible for a family, and tied to it, that might be a drag on your philosophy.

As to Strong, Aldo says he is cowed (avvilito), and I should say myself that he feels "let down," overwhelmed, by the change in his circumstances; but materially he is still perfectly well-looked-after and comfortable; and I think the house is much pleasanter with Dino only and a light luncheon (very well cooked & served) and a little dinner in the town, than it was with the former arrangements. I suggested to him that, if Margaret doesn't return next winter—(it is practically only the children who live at Le Balze: the parents remain in Florence and only turn up occasionally for lunch)—he might continue the present arrangement, simply by going down to Florence at mid-day, having a good dinner at one o'clock in a restaurant, taking his drive afterwards, and then having Dino give him a little supper in the evening, while he listens to the radio. He liked the idea, had feared he might need a cook, and I have no doubt will carry out the suggestion. He has also had rather better news from New York about his dividends.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 July 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 25, 1934

Dear Strong

It is now a week since I arrived here, and everything is going well. I have a room at the east end of the house, directly opposite where I was before, with a pleasant view of the foothills and woods, with the Monte Cristallo on the left. It is less grand than the other panorama, but rural and peaceful. The food is excellent, and the highroad tarred, so that I need not fear the dust in crossing it. Naturally, I miss a little the luxury and friendliness of your villa, and the picturesque dinner in the Piazza; but I can work better and sleep better here, as well as get plenty of exercise

Venice looked its best, and I am looking forward to returning there in October; but I don't like the Europa so well as the Danieli, and expect to return to the latter. The new quay to the Public Gardens is not yet finished.

I have now read the first of Bergson's new essays and a part of the second. I note that he regards himself as "small" compared with the "masters", Aristotle & Spinoza (wise choice!) and, in places, admits the material world as also real. If these things are sincere, and there is no equivocation, he would rather disarm general criticisms; because his insistence on duration and vegetative consciousness budding in the dark would then be legitimate enough; that is a perspective in which experience can be viewed, if we abstain from inquiring into its causes or surroundings.

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 August 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina, 12•VIII•'34

Glad you are enjoying your aquatic exercise and practising your French. Don't be troubled about Oliver & Mario. I am on the 5th chapter of the last part, and going §strong (I instinctive write this word with a capital). If all is not finished when I leave Cortina, I still have 5 weeks in Venice before returning to Rome: and I shall have it done by that time, or so nearly, that it will easily finish itself. There is a great inevitableness about the last lap of anything, and I already feel the glow of having this project, more than 40 years old, actually realized.—As to Bergson, I still read him—his last book, later than the Deux Sources, called La Pensée et le Mouvant—for half an hour after lunch while my room is being done; but I am getting rather fed up with him. At bottom he is very narrow and dogmatic and movement with him is an idée fixe. But my plan of writing a general criticism of him is not abandoned: I want to connect that paper organically with the one about inspiration and New Testament criticism: and I now see a way of doing it. The N. T. & Bergson's philosophy are two instances of inspiration + belief: but B. doesn't realize that it is belief, faith, that he preaches, and not merely intuition that he enjoys. G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 August 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 16, 1934

Dear Cory

I gather from your letter that you are not enthusiastic about taking the flat a San Michele, unless it could be a nest for young love. Don't take it if you are not inclined. My experience of Fiesole this summer—which Berenson says is less hot than the Riviera—rather suggests that I must con-

tinue going to the north, at least as far as Paris, or come to the mountains, if I am to keep fit in summer. As yet I am quite able to do so, and I find the life and the walks here still perfectly possible; and as to work, I am doing well, being on next to the last episode of the novel. It therefore would not be a serious disappointment for me, if you abandoned the idea of the flat, which I was to have taken over in the spring.

On the other hand, if you still wish to make the experiment, I should be glad to advance the rent for six months, which would take us to April 1st. During the winter you could discover the resources of the place, and if you thought it feasible, I could come to spend the last month or two with you, and gather my own impressions. This is assuming that the Comtesse de Bellissen gives you the option for another six months after April 1st if you or I decided that we should like to spend the summer there. This plan, from my point of view, presents two attractions: 1st that I should see you, 2nd that it would be a great economy: and the dollar is still going down.

Thank you, by the way, for the cheque from Life & Letters.

It is entirely for you to decide this matter of the flat according to your sincere inclination. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

20 August 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: YIVO)

MIRAMONTI-MAJESTIC HOTEL Aug. 20, 1934

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

DOLOMITI-ITALIA

Dear Kallen

As you see by this heading I am hardly in the path of your mission of mercy. I am especially sorry, because my mind has been turned lately a good deal in the direction of politics—I mean, in the philosophical sense in which it is your principal interest also; and I should have liked to hear your replies to several questions about which I am doubtful. Did I ever speak to you about my proposed book on Dominations & Powers? By an accident, I have now had all my old MS typed, and with a few additions and solderings I think I may make a book of it before long.

About Sept. 10 I expect to move to Venice, and a month later to return to Rome. This in case your movements should, by some accident, take a southerly direction.

I have been rereading Bergson, his last books, and also rereading his earlier ones. Another subject on which I should like to know your views.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 August 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Miramonti
Cortina d'Ampezzo.
Aug. 26, 1934

Dear Cory

Thank you for Canby's cheque: it would have been an outrage not to have paid for the article he solicited, and considering the reduced value of the dollar, \$50 is by no means too much. This month of August has brought me a decent harvest: all together, more than £100 not from my nephew George Sturgis. But this is exceptional: else we might regard the "crisis" as really past. That article, by the way, doesn't satisfy me at all: I mean to recast it before letting it figure in Dominations & Powers. It was written to order, and not inspired freely, or as a whole: the live parts must be detached from the dead wood. I have sent another much better article to a new Harvard publication called "The New Frontier" (I suppose in the American sense of "The Frontier" as the outposts of civilization) edited by a young man named Otis. He sent me two numbers with remarkably enlightened articles by himself; I was enthusiastic, and sent him my "Many Nations in One Empire": for which I don't expect to be paid; but the article is rather too long for paying magazines to accept. I am in doubt about your interest in politics, I mean, in the theory of politics, else I should send you these two numbers of "The New Frontier" to show you how advanced, in every sense of the word, young opinion can now be in the U.S. Also how well informed.

The novel is moving fast towards completion: very exciting, this act of capping the climax or putting on the ~~cover~~ lid to the boiling pot: and I feel (perhaps it is by transference from subject to object) that there is a climax to the story itself, that the movement is accelerated towards the end,

that in a word, it is a true drama. The story will surely be quite finished in the next fortnight (barring accidents) but possibly the brief epilogue will remain to be written in Venice: and even that is already more than half done, including the final paragraph. So, you see, my affairs, for the moment, are going well.

I am curious to hear what you have decided in regard to San Michele,

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 August 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Rockefeller)

Hotel Miramonti, Cortina

Aug. 28, '34

Thank you for your last letter & poem. The rain has, I hope, made you feel fresher. Here it has been torrential and continuous—very trying for excursionists and boys under canvas; but good for work in my case. Now the weather seems to be clearing, and I hope for a pleasant spell.— I see that Sept. 10th is a Monday; not a good day for leaving Cortina, as everybody is now doing, especially after the week-end, and in the motor 'bus, for which I have a return ticket. So I shall leave on the 11th, unless, indeed, the weather should drive me away earlier. In that case I will look you up on the 10th at Florian's, [*across back of card*] at lunch time; but more probably on the 12th. I haven't yet written for a room, and rather hope to get my old one at Danieli's: but if that shouldn't be available, I am thinking of trying the Grand Hotel, from which I could move at leisure if I didn't like it. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 September 1934 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

MIRAMONTI-MAJESTIC HOTEL Sept • 6 • 1934

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

DOLOMITI-ITALIA

Dear Cory

“The novel” was finished on August 31st. My notion is to let this 5th Part and Epilogue lie for a few weeks—say till I reach Rome—and then revise it before having it typed. It will seem quite fresh to me, now that I forget everything so readily. After that, we can make our grand revision of the whole work. It will have to be done separately, because I don't think it is worth while that you should come to Rome for that purpose. I don't like reading aloud, especially my own things, I can't find the right tone. You do it admirably; but perhaps it would be only in certain passages that please you or bring your dramatic talent into play. Anyhow, I doubt that joint reading would prove practicable. But I should be glad if you would re-read the whole, when it is complete, and send me your comments. I, on my side, will send you mine, with any corrections that I may have thought of. These corrections are dangerous things: often the original turns out to be better on a third reading. But you will be able to guide me there, if my new phrases are decidedly wrong, as they well might be.

I think now there would be no real objection to publishing the book at once. I am old enough and far enough not to mind the spitballs that the small boys may hurl at me.

There are one or two trivialities that I feel myself had better be left out; and there is the question whether anybody—say the actual Vicar of Iffley—would have any complaint to make at the representation of a predecessor of his—he dies in the book—with a fictitious history. But I think not. I say a word about this side of the matter in the Epilogue which ought to disarm criticism.

Thank you for your letter. I wonder whether I have really been of any use to you; but now it is too late to make things take a different turn. I agree that you are best in England, unless you should wish some day to return to New York. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 September 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Sept. 25, 1934

Dear Cory

Here too September has been a lovely month; it was very nice in Cortina after a rainy August, and here in Venice it is giving me a taste of real summer, to make the winter to come more bracing. I am quite well and full of occupations. Iris (Marchesa Origo) has written a book about Leopardi for which it is suggested that I should supply a “foreword”. It is already half written, in pencil: but I must see her book before I give my preface its proper shape. I am also alert on the subject of “Inspiration”, and see a way of putting in the New Testament, Bergson, and the Spinoza lecture under that head. It will also contain a radical restatement of the originality of mind. Besides, there is the revision of Part V of the novel, into which I am fitting one or two rejected passages. And I am reading about Heidegger: a pupil of Husserl’s now professor in Berlin, and a tremendous champion of Essence. He doesn’t call it essence but ontology; but the rose smells just as sweet. I am going to send for his principal book, Being & Time, when I return to Rome.

Strong has been here for ten days, feeling rather dull. He now doesn’t go down to Florence for his dinner, but has every thing done at home by Dino and Dino’s sister. I showed him your photo in the postcard and he was greatly impressed. “How strong he looks!” “What nice friends he has!” I’m not so sure myself about the superior quality of your friends; but it is nice to have friends, especially young friends, with whom one can be natural. Poor S. has never had any; but his thoughts are now dwelling upon his earliest lady-loves, all from Rochester, N.Y. He was more confidential on this subject than he had ever been before in all our years of friendship and of living together. I could see that he wasn’t telling me anything; he was merely unbosoming himself to a vague other, to listening space.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 September 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hôtel Danieli Venice

Sept. 26, 1934

Dear Strong

Except for the rain on the day you left, we have been having perfect summer weather, and if it keeps up I sha'n't be returning to Rome for the present, especially as I save money by staying here.

I say this because I haven't heard from Iris and it has crossed my mind that possibly she might have sent her M.S. with a note in it, to the Bristol in Rome. They have orders to forward letters, but not books; and such an accident might cause her needless delay. It wouldn't take me more than a day or two, if I had read her book, to write the "foreword".

Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 October 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli Venice

Oct. 3, 1934

Glad to see you are so deep in contemporary German lore. I found Husserl himself almost unreadable; but what I have seen of Heidegger (one article in Spanish about Nothingness, and the quotations in the Sternberger book I am now reading) seem to be the work of a superior mind.—Not so superior as Descartes, I grant: there you have a first rate man. Locke, and all the English, aren't better than third rate: but they had a political-revolutionary current to carry them and make them important.—I have sent off the "Foreword" to Leopardi, 7 pages, [*across*] and am free once more.—I expect to stay here until the 17th of October. G.S.

To George Sturgis

3 October 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

October 3, 1934

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI
VENEZIA

Dear George

It is a long time since I have written, having nothing in particular to say, and knowing that you would infer that I was still among the living, when I drew money. The plan of living with Strong fell through. I staid there a month, but found the place too warm and the routine too monotonous; besides, I wasn't allowed to relieve Strong's financial straits in any degree, since he made exact calculations, and allowed me to contribute only enough to cover the expense I occasioned. He wasn't consistent in this, because sometimes he suggested that I should take his villino, a small old house in his garden, to live in permanently; but he, too, is getting old, and forgets one day what he thought the day before.

I went to Cortina, as you probably perceived by my drafts, and then came here for a month before returning to Rome.

My novel was finished on August 31st I wonder if any other book ever took 45 years to write.

I don't wonder that the Sastres are withdrawing their funds in America; they probably need cash, and feel uncertain about the dollar.

I am well, and busy, as no doubt you are also. Yours aff^{ly}G.S.

To Victor Francis Calverton

5 October 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS: New York)

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

Venice, Oct. 5, 1934

Dear Mr. Calverton

Your book has interested me so much that I have read it in its entirety. If you had begun with the last complete sentence on p. 306, you would have saved me some moments of bewilderment. All mind is individual; but an individual mind, in its interests and thoughts, may range all the way from perfect subjection to tribal tyranny to a morbid rebelliousness and self-worship. That point cleared up, I think your analyses and descriptions, while partisan, throw an instructive light upon things, so complicated and various, that we are always imperfectly informed about them, and in danger of rash generalizations.

What has most interested me, and given me most new light, is your chapter on Religion and American Culture. I don't know the "frontier", but I do know Boston; and I should say that the Puritan tradition there, preserved on its moral side among old-fashioned Unitarians, had become lay and merely respectable: be respectable, be upright, and some day you will be cultured and rich. But where a religious sentiment was mixed in with this morality, it was Evangelical: so that Puritanism and Evangelicalism actually merged in many instances.

With many thanks, Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

7 October 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Oct. 7, 1934

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear George

I forgot in my letter of the other day to mention the principal reason I had for writing. I see that the English pound is now worth less than five

dollars: also that the chancellor of the Exchequer says that this weakness of the £'s part is only "seasonal"—a sort of hay fever, as it were. Before the complaint disappears, you might seize the opportunity to send me a draft for \$1000, to replenish my bank account in London, before the strain of Christmas begins to make itself felt. I receive a certain amount from publishers and editors, more than last year, I think, yet not enough to cover my customary expenses in that direction, which I have already explained to you. This, of course, if there are funds available, because the need is not absolute. Yours affly G.S.

To Victor Francis Calverton

13 October 1934 • Venice, Italy

(MS: New York)

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

Venice, Oct. 13, 1934.

Dear Mr. Calverton

Your letter of Sept. 27th, and especially the mention of Mr. Sidney Hook, has induced me to write the enclosed article. He had stirred me up to form some idea of Karl Marx, and I had written him a letter, saying in part what I say here. You give me carte blanche as to length, and I have exceeded your proposed limits, in spite of cutting out several passages that seemed to wander too far from the main subject.

I hope you will think this contribution suitable, and that it will arrive in time. If not, will you please return the MS (I am sorry I have no means here of getting it type-written) as I am putting together a book on Dominations & Powers into which it will go.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

20 October 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Oct. 20, 1934

Dear Mr. Buchler & Mr. Schwartz

Having now got into my winter quarters I hasten to send you a list of all my printed writings (that I can remember) not mentioned in your Bibliography. They are few and for the most part unimportant. You happened not to know the author of the unsigned W^m James review, the only item of any consequence. James was much pleased with this review, and wrote me a generous note about it, which is now in the possession of Dr. H. M. Kallen.

I understand better now your idea in collecting my odds and ends, and I shall be much interested in seeing what you think still of some interest.

The review of Croce in Prof. Fletcher's short-lived Review of Comparative Literature might possibly be worth looking up. I don't think I myself have a copy.

With much appreciation of your labours

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S.

Perhaps I ought to mention that Scribner's has a project of publishing a volume of selections from my writings. Prof. Irwin Edman was to edit it: but I have heard nothing about it for some time, and the plan may have fallen through.

Recently Mr. George Lawton (35 W. 82nd St.) has written proposing to do the same thing. It is possible that these plans are so different from yours that they would not trespass on your ground even if carried out: but perhaps it would be better that you should communicate with them before getting to work.

Additions to Bibliography of G. Santayana

1880 Lines on Leaving the Bedford Street Schoolhouse

(privately printed)

1881–2 Latin School Register: Sonnet on President Garfield.

Brief History of the Class of '82.

Parody of The Aeneid, (running through several numbers).

1884. Free Will. Harvard Crimson Supplement,
(Sophomore English Thesis)
1891. April, Atlantic Monthly. Review of
W^m James's Psychology (unsigned).
1899. July, Harvard Monthly. Review of Lucifer.
(signed "H. M.").
1903. April—June. (Columbia) Journal of
Comparative Literature. Croce's Aesthetics.
1904. Oct. Oberlin Alumni Magazine. Tradition & Practice
(Baccalaureate Address).
- No. 159. Partly reprinted in "Biosophical Review, Summer Issue, 1934
- No. 161. Reprinted in Life & Letters. Aug. 1934
- Also: Many Nations in One Empire The New Frontier, Sept. 1934
to appear in Feb. 1935. Foreford to "Leopardi" by the Marchesa
Iris Origo, Oxford Univ. Press.
- Also, Latin School Register, 1930 (?) Fragment from Catullus (verse),
same, 1932, Glimpses of Old Boston

To George Lawton

20 October 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Oct. 20, 1934

Dear Mr. Lawton

What can I say except that I am deeply gratified at such an interest as you show in my writings, and at your project? But it happens that Scribner's has something very like it in view, and I understand that my friend Prof. Irwin Edman has undertaken the work. You doubtless know him. Get into communication with him or with Scribner's. It is possible that he has abandoned the idea (he has never mentioned it to me personally) and that the field is clear for you: or that your plans are so different as not to interfere. The latter is the case, I expect, in respect to another project, this time of Messrs. Buchler and

Schwartz of the Butler Library at Columbia (I am much favoured in that latitude) who wish to collect my scattered reviews and short articles—some of them, I mean—into a miscellany. But perhaps you might communicate with them also, to make things quite safe and clear.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

23 October 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 23, 1934

Dear Strong

I am very sorry you are laid up, but perhaps this accident will oblige you to change your austere habits a little in favour of more comfort and more recumbency. You could so easily spend the morning in bed, not choked with a shirt-collar, and reading or writing in the sunshine of your corner room. It would not only rest your sore spot, but your whole anatomy.

I have been obliged to give a note of introduction to you to Professor Michele Losacco of Catania, who seems to be a sort of Italian Benjamin Rand. He wouldn't accept any excuses or evasions, and will certainly present himself and ask you a lot of questions. He is an appreciative critic, with realistic and Catholic tendencies.

I am not going to send Russell's book after all to Cory, but to Mrs. Toy. I think it will give her pleasure, whereas Cory is rather disdainful of things a little off his own line.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 October 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, Oct. 24, 1934

Dear Strong

This is to introduce Professor Michele Losacco of whom I have written to you, and who is at present in Florence.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 October 1934 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 27, 1934.

Dear Cory

There is a marked change of tone in your letters, of Oct. 5 and 24, about Eliot's proposal. Has something happened to change your view? Perhaps I ought to have acknowledged your first letter at once, but I was in the act of leaving Venice and settling down here, and I left it on purpose until I should write in any case at the end of the month. It doesn't seem to me that Eliot was impertinent or is generally an ass. He is prim, as he himself has said; and it is probably quite true that I am ignored by the English critics, especially on the philosophical side, and quite intelligibly. I am a back number, partly in age, partly in manner. Philosophers now are expected to be thoroughly confused in general, and very scholastic in detail. This doesn't matter: and I think it just as well that you shouldn't trouble about introducing, or re-introducing my later philosophy to the public for the present. In ten years, or when the wind changes, will be time enough. But we oughtn't to be rude to Eliot: and I will reply to his letter myself, and perhaps send him one of my Dominations & Powers articles.

Yes, we will begin the revision of The Last Puritan when you have received the last part, and send me your notes on the beginning. I shall then be ready myself for a fresh inspection of the whole with a fresh mind. At present I am revising—only as a sort of proof-reading—Part V, before having it typed.

Poor Strong is laid up with a sore bottom, from too much sitting on it. I tell him this may be a blessing in disguise, if it accustoms him to lie down more. Flatness is as delicious physically as it is odious mentally.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

2 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 2, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

My novel is finished and I went today to your place to ask if you had returned, and was told that possibly you might be here in December. I hope you may come, because I hate to trust my only MS to the post—perhaps a foolish fear—or to give it to anyone else to do. I should be much obliged if you would tell me how matters stand.

Don't trouble if you hear that I asked at the Pensione White for a parcel which I hadn't received. They had forgotten it here, at the Hotel Bristol, that they had received it and hidden it in some corner. This afternoon, by a curious coincidence, they rediscovered it, and I_{AA} found it waiting for my return. I wasn't seriously disturbed by this complication, because even if the parcel had been really lost, I have one copy of the MS, which in strictness is all that I need

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 3, 1934

Dear Strong

George's letter is certainly most interesting and shows him in his double aspect, admirable, devoted, full of resource, capable of hard work and perpetual industry, and on the other hand incapable of shaking off his early atmosphere. It would be inaccurate to say he was feeding his wife and children by keeping a gambling house, but that is the direction of this last extraordinary expedient. Complicated as the situation is, his letter rather makes me feel that I should like to go to San Remo and see the establishment at work. Why shouldn't you do so, when you feel the need of a change?

I am reading Heidegger's Sein und Zeit—difficult at first but of unmistakably superior quality. Can you tell me what überantworten means exactly? I gather it is something like “crediting with” or “making responsible for”, but don't feel sure. He uses the word repeatedly. And being in the field of German words, can you tell me if Weh dir, wenn du ein Enkel bist is a correct quotation. It comes, I think, in Mephistopheles' advice to Wagner in Faust.

I am glad you are well again and able to drive, and I take for granted that you have adopted some means of preventing a recurrence of the trouble

The American Communists are paying me some attentions, and I have written an article—not quite Bolshy—for one of their books. Yours ever

G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

4 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 4, 1934

Dear Mrs. Toy

Many thanks for Ropes' lectures, which I am sending back since the book seems to be a present to you from Mrs. Ropes. I have ventured to make a few marginal notes, especially towards the beginning, which you can easily rub out if they annoy you. They express a certain undercurrent of dissatisfaction in my mind with a radical confusion or embarrassment which Ropes seems to me to share with all Protestant Bible-critics. Their object is a lay object: to discover the facts or scientific probabilities about the facts as an unbeliever might admit them. But their spirit and presuppositions are religious: they care enormously about the historical Jesus, because they, too, are Christians, and must accept whatever the real Jesus taught: or rather, because being Christians they, too, are inspired, and have a living picture of Jesus in their minds or hearts which they are bound to confirm, or at least to develop congenially. The reader, says Ropes, hardly notices how different the Jesus of the fourth gospel is from that of the synoptics, because they are all portraits of the same person. He forgets that the same thing happens when you read of God in Genesis, or in Aristotle, or in Spinoza: not that there is one prior exciting person, God, that is strikingly like himself in these various portraits, but that the religious reader has his eye on his own God; and that sense in him of a single real and familiar Power unifies all the accounts or portraits for him as meaning his own God, however opposite the actual traits in those portraits may be, as the connoisseur in painting would perceive them. The early Christians, even the apostles, were not interested at all in the historical Jesus, but as Ropes says, in the theological and eschatological Jesus Christ that was the object and hope of their religion. Indeed, Ropes at the beginning and at the end points out this religious—he might have said liturgical—function and purpose of the written gospels. They were parts of the mass, like the collects; they were improvised recitals, condensed or expanded of legends and prophecies current in those illuminated circles, where the spirit was always talking through this and that mouth; and they were written down, like the rest of the liturgy, when the abundance of

inspirations became confusing, and order had to be brought out of spontaneity.

New Testament criticism will never become straightforward and clear until two things happen together which as yet occur only separately: that the spirit and presuppositions of the critic should be thoroughly secular and scientific, and that his object should be purely religion itself, i.e., the religious feeling, imagination, and tradition in the New Testament writers. We must substitute a scientific interest in religion for a religious interest in science; otherwise both religion and science will be muddled.

I have sent you Bertrand Russell's history of the Nineteenth Century, because in reading it I found so many capital and instructive things that I lost sight of his horrible blindnesses, and thought you might enjoy the book. He has the wit of the old mellow diplomats in his blood, and that in part clarifies even his fanaticism.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

6 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 6, 1934

Dear Dr. von Hagen

It is very kind of you to keep up an interest in my doings at such a distance, material and professional. I think I should like Quito, and the existence of some superior minds in such a remote and isolated place does not surprise me. If there were more intellectual retreats there would be more intellectual power. The mediocrity of everything in the great world of today is simply appalling. We live in intellectual slums.

I don't know how far your information comes down in respect to my writings. My last book was "Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy", containing a lecture—my last lecture on earth—on Locke, and some other papers. But I had been that same autumn (1932) to The Hague to a Spinoza congress, and read an address at the Domus.

Spinozana on “Ultimate Religion”. It has appeared with the other addresses made at the Congress in a large polyglot volume entitled Septimana Spinozana, published by Nijhoff at the Hague.* The great event for me, however, has been the completion of The Last Puritan, a sort of novel I began to write 45 years ago. It won’t be published for some time yet, as I wish to go over it (not being a novelist) with a younger person who knows the taste of the day. With best wishes,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

*A Spanish translation by Antonio Marichalar appeared last year in the Revista de Occidente (Ortega y Gasset’s organ). You may be able to find it in Quito!

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 November 1934 [*postmark*] • Rome, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 12. '94

Don’t be surprised if you don’t receive Part V of the novel until the middle of December. My part is done, but Miss Tindall is not to arrive in Rome until Dec. 6th and, not having anyone else to do the typing, I am waiting for her, especially as she seems to count on doing the whole job. You must see the end, before definitely passing judgement on the beginning, even in details, because there are certain rhymes and correspondances which justify things that might at first seem arbitrary. I am deep in Heidegger. S. says he is well again.

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

12 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Nov. 12, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

I am glad to hear that you are relieved of anxiety at home, and that you expect to return in December. On the 6th or 7th I will take you my MS. There is no great hurry about it. Before it goes to the publisher Mr. Cory is going to review it all for me, and suggest the shearing of what he calls “whiskered” words and other evidences of age and inexperience, in the author. I too shall have some changes and additions to make, and perhaps some pages to ask you to recopy. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Nov. 15, 1934.

Dear Cory

The other night in bed, when I happened not to be feeling very well, I thought that perhaps I might have to send for you, because ~~if I were to have~~ any long illness, it would be rather dismal to have nobody about to look in upon one, and cheer one up. I was all right again the next morning—merely a touch of indigestion—and thought no more of the matter. But now that you suggest coming, as if telepathically, the idea seems doubly attractive. Decide the matter entirely according to your own inclination. You are always free to live where you like: I will simply continue your allowance as usual, and pay your travelling expenses to Rome, if you decide to come. I suppose adding £20 to your usual cheque would cover them. You can then go to the Flora, or come here, or make any other arrangement that suits you. I usually lunch at the Roma, but not so constantly as of old, as in rainy weather I prefer to have an omelette and a vegetable in my own room; so that we might leave the question of lunching and having tea together—wherever you lodge—to be settled later, according to circumstance. I had vaguely thought of going to Paris next

summer, and from there perhaps to Dieppe, or some other place by the sea; and then to ask you to come and stay with me for a while, not so much on account of the novel, as for the sake of seeing you and comparing notes on a thousand matters. I warn you that you will find me grown much older and uglier; also deafer, and more easily tired, so that you can't expect much pleasure from my society. If you come to Rome, I shall probably give up that plan, and go for the summer again to Cortina, where I am well and comfortable and know the ropes.

Your comments on the novel are admirable: there was no need of apologizing for such mild and evidently just criticism. Not only single superfluous girlish phrases, but whole paragraphs and scenes can easily be cut out. I have cut out many in making this draft; one or two I propose to restore, including a little dialogue and speech of young Oliver's at Salem, to justify the high opinion that Cousin Caleb forms of him. No doubt the old hunch-back's speeches are too long; also many other speeches; but here is where your advice is invaluable, because I don't know sometimes which part carries, and which part flags. For instance, I shouldn't have expected you to like the Eton dithyrambs: they too can be shortened. The Salem episode is put in as an important part of Oliver's education: it [*across*] gives him a certain awareness of the Catholic and anti-Goethian point of view which he otherwise might never had. It completes his isolation [*across page one*] that he cannot accept that point of view, any more than any other that is positive. Yours affly

G.S.

[*end across*]

P.S. As to Eliot, I think if you are writing an article for him about me, it is hardly the moment to present him with a contribution of my own as well, which after his letter it would be hard for him to reject. I am trying to make articles out of the material of Doms. & Pow's but it is really a book, and the parts imply one another, so that it isn't easy to extract complete fragments: besides I sent my best to Brooks Otis for his "New Frontier", which has already appeared. So that for the present I have nothing for Eliot. Eventually, I should like to send him "Inspiration", but [*across page four*] it's not ready.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 17, 1934

Dear Cory

It has occurred to me that, if your proposed article for The Criterion is not to be too long, it might not displease Eliot to have a few pages of my own to go with it (as a sort of intellectual snap-shot); and I have chosen the four short fragments enclosed. The title and paging in pencil are only in case you care to offer them to Eliot, or to anybody else. They are not an article, but an integral part of the whole argument of Dom's & Pow's.

I haven't yet gone over the whole MS of this: if I find something better, I will send it on, as I see you like to act as my publication agent or link with the living world. I am so glad you do: it relieves me of a lot of bother; and you must do so especially when it comes to the novel, although the way is clear, since both Constable (Mr. O. Kyllmann) and Scribners (your friend Mr. Wheelock) are thoroughly prepared. I have promised Scribner a separate edition to be printed in the US, so as to get that copyright: and Constable the same for England.

I enclose a good-natured letter from Strong received this morning. It was German, not Greek, that I asked him about a propos of Heidegger.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Victor Francis Calverton

18 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: New York)

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

Rome, Nov. 18th 1934

Dear Mr. Calverton

It surprises me a little that you should seem so well pleased with my comments on your "Passing of the Gods". I thought I had made some rather sharp criticisms of it, but let that be, since all seems to be well. I have now read your other book, which I really like better; but since you

take criticism so kindly, I will try to be as disagreeable as possible, and only tell you what I don't like about it. This is all the easier, because in the note on p. 36 you point out the contradiction between your Chauvinism-and-Anglophobia and your Cosmopolitan Communism. You say it is temporary, like the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, to be outgrown when there are no classes and no nations. Now I happen to be, by force of personal circumstances, much more a cosmopolite than you; and it seems to me that you don't see this Colonial-Complex, as you call it, from a sufficient distance, or impartially. There are two distinct things: Anglomania, which a very few rich Americans share with a great many Europeans of various nations, and is expressed in foot-ball, afternoon-tea, boy-scouts, and masculine clothes for women. That is a fashion which you may laugh at, but which is harmless and reasonable, as fashions go. A second, entirely different thing is the heritage (not a "complex" but the smoothest possible habit of the soul) of the English language, literature, and home. This, as you show, was middle-class, but fed from above, in people who had known Latin and even French, and were cultivated people. Naturally, when they spoke or wrote, they did so in their own way, the English way. Far from showing any prejudice against the New world, they tried pathetically to glorify it; but every day their own talent grew thinner and ghostlier, and the subject-matter which American life offered them—when not treated (as it is now-a-days) satirically—was woefully poor and uninspiring. They were morally stifled and starved. In the 1890's, or thereabouts, I knew half a dozen young Harvard poets, Moody being the besmost successful of them with the public: every one of them was simply killed, snuffed out, by the environment. They hadn't enough stamina to stand up to their country and describe it, as a poet could. It was not that they imitated the English—they were ferocious Anglophobes—but that, being educated men, they couldn't pitch their voices or find their inspiration in that strident society. I daresay now that incapacity is overcome. I have read Babbitt, and mean to read something of Dos Passos. But even now, even in Emerson & W^m James, the chief interest is that they are Americans and will might throw light on the American state of mind. All the world feels that America is a great phenomenon; they want to understand it. But, apart from that symptomatic or descriptive interest, nobody would read any American books. They are still poverty-stricken and bloodless; or if violent or morbid, like Moby Dick or Poe, it is rather in a psychopathic than in an artistic way that they are interesting. What you call the Colonial-complex, then, seems to me to have, been, simply uni-

versal intelligence, [*illegible*] natural sensibility, and good taste surviving in America: and it is a stronger gust of this same wind, which had rather died down in an intolerantly “petty Bourgeois” society, that now makes American writers freer. And they write, you yourself write, very much better English, than was written in the U.S. fifty years ago.

“Dominations & Powers” is by no means ready for the press. I am publishing scraps of it—it is a collection of scraps—in occasional articles, and don’t know when the collection will seem complete enough to appear in a volume.

You don’t mention Kallen in your book; he is an old friend of mine and sends me his productions. Are they at all influential?

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Amy Maud Bodkin

22 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bodleian)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, Nov. 22, '94

Dear Madam

It was very kind of you to send me your book, and you would be surprised if you knew the feeling of strangeness, as if I had forgotten my way about, with which I have read it. Not that you are not perfectly lucid, everywhere delicately perceptive and sympathetic, yet wonderfully sober, in your judgements. But you move in an enchanted world which I am afraid I never inhabited, even when I was young and felt more at home in poetry than I do now. You make me feel afresh that I was never a poet; or rather, to speak with entire frankness, that my sense for poetry has always been immersed in rhetoric, playing on the surface with rhyme, rhythm, assonance, and expressible sentiment, but grossly unaware of these haunting images and profound “experiences” of which you speak. So much so, that even after reading your book with extreme attention and a desire to understand, I am not yet sure what these archetypal patterns are: I mean, what they are ontologically. Everything in my old-fashioned mind seems to be covered by what was called “human nature” and “the passions.” We are all much alike in our capacities for feeling, as in our bodily structure. The doctors find, almost always, every organic detail in each of us exactly in its allotted place; and so the various sensuous phenomena that strike the imagination are bathed, in each of us, in exactly similar emotions. Do you think that these phenomena owe their power to the fact that they have occurred before in the experience of our ancestors? Do they operate telepathetically from one instance to another? I suspect that our historical knowledge now-a-days sophisticates our passions. When I hear the words: fidelium animæ per Dei misericordiam requiescant in pace, the magic of the chant lies no doubt in the universal (occasional) longing of mortal creatures to return to their mothers’ bosom or to that of Abraham but I may cloud or complicate that human emotion with a touch of the pathos of distance, at the thought that the same plaintive cry may have reechoed long ago in the catacombs. But this effect seems to me adventitious and unnecessary.

I mention these doubts only as a proof of the intense interest with which I have followed your analysis.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 26, 1934

Dear Cory

Very well. I shall look forward to seeing you in March or earlier. Let me know when you want your passage-money: I can send it at any time in a separate cheque. In January I shall have seen my yearly account, and if there is a margin, as I hope, we can be a little freer in our amusements. Don Giovanni, the best of operas, is announced for this season. It won't be well given, it never is; but if you are here at the time at least you will get a notion of what it is like. I love the tragedy in farce, the exquisiteness in folly that make it up.

I have a feeling (as of not having unlocked my bedroom door) that I didn't make the corrections I had intended in the fragment on progress. I think they are faintly indicated in pencil. I was having breakfast at the time and couldn't manage better. Use your judgement about making or ignoring them, or sending the pages ~~p~~back to me: this in case you decide to offer them to any review. I really mean this about "using your judgement"; because I am very dubious in my own mind about these political squibs. In the book they will do better, because there will be, I hope, a certain satirico-tragic impressiveness (as in Don Giovanni!) about the total view of human society given there. But the fragments, taken apart, may seem arbitrary or perverse.

I will send you Part V and Epilogue when Miss Tindall arrives and copies them; and before you come I shall have gone over the whole, and indicated such corrections as seem to me advisable. You can have done

the same; and when you are here we can exchange and discuss our suggestions. I should be glad if the book was a “quiet success”: I am afraid some people will be angry: but if so they will help to advertise my indiscretions.

One thing that has been in my own mind throughout is the difference in age in Oliver in the various parts; while not an ordinary boy, he must be a boy at first, and grow older step by step, while remaining the same person. I don't believe in development of character; the character is always the same; but there is a progress from innocent to mature ways of giving that character expression. So too, with Mario. I think I have done it substantially, [*across*] but there may be incidental anachronisms in both directions. The girlishness you object to, for instance, might pass at 16, not at 26. G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. Your plan for your article seems admirable.

To Otto Kyllmann

28 November 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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

Rome, Nov. 28, 1934

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I enclose a communication from an American purist about errata in my Scepticism & Animal Faith. I have endorsed the corrections that seem clearly justified, and added two more, in case there should ever be a reprint. About the nor's and the was's I am not so sure. I think nor often justified, where the school grammars demand or; and I must have thought the subjunctive stilted; but is it required? What is the current usage? You know my English was learned late and has some Yankee vulgarisms attached to it unawares

You may be interested to hear that my “novel” The Last Puritan” is finished at last. I want to go over the whole with my young friend Daniel Cory, who is coming to Rome this winter, and knows better than I how

people talk and what they might find ridiculous in my old-fashioned language. In the Spring, when he returns to London, I will ask him to take you one of our two copies, and send the other to Scribner for separate printing in America? Or would it be better to let you print it first, and send them your proofs? I assume that the book is printable and that you will accept it, as well as Scribner. There may be one or two indiscretions about names of places and persons.—a Vicar of Iffley, for instance—but they can be easily removed if necessary.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

3 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

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

Rome, Dec. 3, 1934.

Dear Mr. Buchler & Mr. Schwartz

I am enthusiastic about your choice of my Obiter Scripta, especially on your courage in putting in the shorter pieces, “Overheard in Seville”, “A Few Remarks”, “Proust on Essences”, etc. I am also glad that you have rescued the “Meanings of the Word ‘Is’.” On re-reading that article, I feel that it contains my whole philosophy in a very clear and succinct form: I was dissuaded by a friend from putting it into “The Realm of Essence”, and also by my own feeling that it covered too much ground to go into that volume. Here it is in its place. Less satisfied I must confess myself to be about “The Two Idealism’s” and about the Aesthetic articles; yet I gladly bow to your judgement, and recognize that there are scattered bits in those articles that may be worth reproducing. But I have one general qualm: Isn’t there a lot of repetition of my epistemological commonplaces? Couldn’t some repetitions be omitted? I have marked (in pencil, because I wish you to take the responsibility of deciding) some passages that I think might be left out in “Literal and Symbolic Knowledge”, in the Dewey article, and especially in “The Unknowable”. I quite understand your hesitation in including the latter: it is long, repeats points in the others, and perhaps belongs to a category by itself, as does “Ultimate

Religion”. On the other hand, aren’t these two precisely my best work? I think so, both in style and in “sweet reasonableness.”

I have put in a copy of the Spencer lecture with the omissions suggested.

I have also written three paragraphs of Preface, which I don’t send you because I should first like to see Prof. Cohen’s Introduction. I mustn’t either contradict him or say just what he says; but I should like to end my Preface with some reference to what he may [*illegible*] have written. The three paragraphs composed are by way of personal confession and will serve in any case, I think; but they are intentionally incomplete. I am much pleased and flattered that Prof. Cohen should be willing to sponsor your volume, which I am sending back today.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Dec. 5, 1934

Dear Cory

I have received the enclosed (which you needn’t return) from Mr. Kyllmann, of Constable & Co. I had received from somebody in Wisconsin a list of errors in “Scepticism & Animal Faith”, chiefly cases of

using “was” instead of the subjunctive (singular) “were” in conditional clauses. I asked Mr. Kyllmann what was their usage; and incidentally mentioned that the novel was finished and that I would send him a copy when I had gone over it with you. In view of what he says I am rather tempted to send him my typed copy as soon as Miss Tindall has it ready. I could make the one or two additions I have in mind, and also the omissions which you have suggested so far, before sending him the MS: and of course we could make all the other changes we liked later, even in the proofs, if the thing had been printed. If you have made notes of any more unfortunate words, phrases, or paragraphs, you might let me have them at once: but don’t bother if they are only marked in the margin of your copy, and you are too busy to go over the whole at this moment. But you might mention anything crying which you might have in mind.

When you come, I could still go over the entire book with you, as I should retain the original MS. But I am not sure that it wouldn’t be better to wait and not send Mr. Kyllmann anything until after our revision. What do you think?

Have I told you that a German-American-Jewish edition of my Obiter Scripta is about to be published? The editors are named Buchler and Schwartz, and the introduction is to be by Morris Cohen! It is like getting an imprimatur from Abraham & Moses. But the book is excellent—I think.

Yours affly G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

7 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Rome, Dec. 7, 1934

Dear Mr. Kyllmann,

I am afraid it won’t be possible for me to send you the MS of The Last Puritan before Christmas. The lady who does my type-writing has only just returned to Rome: it will take her a few days to copy Part V and the Epilogue, which are not yet typed; and I should have to read them over

in order to correct possible errors. Then, there are some passages I wish to insert in the earlier parts, before regarding the whole as ready to meet your eye.

You needn't fear that I shall allow my turns of phrase to be vulgarised: on the contrary, what I hope Cory will help me to do is rather to avoid clichés, or passages unnecessarily prosaic. As you will see, I am very realistic; and my tendency is to be explicit about trifles, or obvious suggestions, where novel-readers are quick to see the drift. In general the corrections will be omissions: and if I change any phrases it will be for other phrases quite as much my own. I correct myself a great deal, in any case; many scenes in this book have been rewritten several times; and I think many of the best points are afterthoughts. So that I don't regard a final revision as a danger, but rather as one more opportunity: and I don't want to be hurried. After 45 years taken to write a book, what are 45 days to revise it?

You are very kind to take a personal interest in this book, and I hope it won't disappoint you. It is rather sad: but I think at this moment the picture of constitutional failure and helplessness may be more acceptable to the public than it would have been ten or twenty years ago.

There is no haste, as far as I am concerned, about the publication: in fact, I am not sure that it might not still be premature

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Dec. 7, 1934

Dear Cory

I have decided not to send the MS to Constable for the present, and have written to Mr. Kyllmann in that sense. So that you needn't bother to do anything, or send me any comments for the moment.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Two Bryn Mawr Students

11 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Dec. 11, 1934

My dear Miss Jane & Miss Sylvia,

What? You don't understand "Materialism & Idealism in American Life"? But it was written especially for a Young Ladies' College—Barnard College in Regent's Park—and if not all in words of one syllable is surely all on one soft, sweet, clear, crystalline note. I know: because in order to determine what I may have meant by "moral freedom", I have had to re-read the lecture. You might at least have mentioned the page on which the peccant phrase was to be found: but I had to read almost the whole, since those words never appeared until next to the last page. You find "moral freedom" obscure, but you know perfectly well what "spiritual freedom" is: if I only had written "spiritual freedom", I should have saved you a lot of trouble. I am sorry: and by way of apology I will tell you what I gather from the context that I must have meant to say. Moral freedom is opposed to moral prejudice or constraint: it is the faculty of expressing in feeling and action the judgements of value which are prompted by your true nature, and not by custom or convention. A man is morally free when, in full possession of his living humanity, he judges the world, and judges other men, with uncompromising sincerity. Spiritual freedom, although you know better than I what it means, might perhaps be distinguished from moral freedom in this way: that a free spirit is something in a man that judges his own nature and his own impassioned judgements, and perceives their relativity. This perception does not contradict those moral judgements: it is not a rival conscience: it is rather a super-moral speculative or mystical insight that sees the human pathos in those feelings, and somehow transcends them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Amy Maud Bodkin

12 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bodleian)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, Dec. 12, 1934

Dear Miss Bodkin,

Certainly, it will be a real satisfaction to me if my words can help to show, at least, the arbitrary and egotistical way in which reviews are rewritten, and to let your book stand on its own merits.

I had half meant to reply to your previous letter, to say that I felt perhaps I had been unreasonable in asking what your “archetypal patterns” were ontologically. Ontologically they are essences, rather dimly defined: but their dominance and recurrence in the greater poets comes of their correspondence to perennial human passions or tricks of thought. It is this human basis for them that needs to be disentangled in the criticism or biography of the several poets in turn; and then all “woolliness” in talking about the archetypes would vanish. I had myself felt a suspicion—not justified by what you actually say, but suggested by the theme itself—that these archetypes might be conceived as mystic powers, “ancestral images”, such as Léon Daudet once wrote a mad book about. Then, the ontological status of these archetypes would be that of physical forces: they would be impersonal “souls” or psyches, taking possession of people’s imagination. They would belong, in my division of kinds of reality, to the realm of matter: and I am afraid the naturalists would think them fabulous.

My experience makes me sympathize with you at being so unjustly criticised. “Essences”, no matter what pains one may take to explain their harmlessness and avowed non-existence in their own persons, are red rags to the modernist bull: they hemake him blind with anger.^x

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*] ^xat the thought of having to think!

To Frederick Champion Ward

14 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Dec. 14, 1934

Dear Mr. Ward

Your eulogy of me reads like an old-fashioned epitaph: strictly true to the facts but with no pretense to impartiality. It is very well expressed; and I am sending it to another friend who at this moment is writing an article about me, in case he should like to steal some of your thunder for his peroration. Would you mind?

As to the “subsistence” of essence, have I ever said that it subsists? If so, it was inadvertently. That is rather the neo-realists’ word. In my vocabulary, if anything could be said to “subsist,” or be an essence with a lien on existence and a certain obduracy against contradiction, it would be TRUTH. The compulsion that the triangle exercises on us in forcing us to admit that it has three angles, equal in all to two right angles, etc, is due to the definition and to the essence of Euclidean space, in which that triangle is inscribed. But this whole geometry would be an UNEXEMPLIFIED essence, and would not “subsist,” if nature and experience had not led us to perceive and to study objects in which that essence is found, so that it is a part of the TRUTH about them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

17 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Dec. 17, 1934

Dear Miss Tindall

It was a great moment for me to receive the last instalment of the novel, and see it actually officially ready to meet the public eye. However, there will be a good deal to cut out and something to add, and I may come to you later with a little more work.

Meantime I enclose some further fragments of Dom. & Po'rs, and 500 lire on account, in case you might find them convenient just before Christmas. With best wishes for the season

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Christmas Day, 1934

Dear Cory

Tomorrow I expect to send you the end of the novel. I haven't yet read your comments, except those included in your letter. They will be extremely useful, quite as much when I don't act upon them as when I do, because they will show me where I have failed to convey my intentions. Very soon I will begin again at the beginning, and make my own revision, before consulting your notes, so as to have two independent criticisms to go by. Very often corrections are mistakes: for this reason one has to revise the revision.

As to your plans about coming to Italy, do absolutely as your inclination prompts. I don't need you, but I shall always be glad to see you, and the sooner the better. You know motors now don't toot any more in Rome; there is only (if the order is made permanent) the noise of the motor-cycles and engines. I mention this in case it should affect your choice of quarters. Perhaps if you liked to come to the Bristol and wrote to them mentioning what the Flora offers, they might take you for the same price, as this house is by no means full. But it would be better that you should pay your own bill and come entirely on your own; you would be freer and in a more dignified position.

[*across*] I have a lot of interesting reading on hand, including Maritain's Sept Leçons. Yours aff^{ly} GS.

To Charles P. Davis

25 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Christmas Day, 1934

Dear Davis

Together with your letter I have received the enclosed Christmas carol, which I send on. If too late for this year's feast, it will do for next year's. Time, as you say, makes ravages, and breeds new strange things, by merely passing over us; but dates very soon lose all their importance, like the longitude of a place, when one is not obliged to travel to it from one's own longitude. Latitude, on the contrary, is more like the time of life: it gets colder and colder as you advance towards the pole, where, though the world may go on twirling you cease to twirl with it. As to dates making no essential difference, witness this carol, which in sentiment will do for any date in which there are Christians.

Apart from those effects of Old Father Time which you refer to, there is also no change in my condition. I have finished my "novel"—did you know I had been writing a "novel" for the last 45 years? To finish it has been a great relief: but I am not quite sure that it ought to be published quite yet, because it skirts very close to some real persons and places and old Boston events, and in other ways might give offence to some people: but perhaps it is no better to give them offence after one's death than before: it is only less dangerous to one's own peace. Eventually, I think it ought to be published as it contains a good part of my experience of life—in an entirely idealized or entirely farcical form, but still an experience very carefully collected and digested. The book is called "The Last Puritan", and the hero is a synthesis of all my (non-Catholic) American friends. I have some Catholics in the story, to hold up the eternal verities; and also some comic characters: for instance, an old lady who says, "This is a wretched world, Mr. Oliver, a wretched world; and the worst of it is that none of us can live in it for ever."

Mr. Patrick T. Campbell, superintendent of the Boston public schools asks me to write something for the Third Centenary of the Latin School. As I walk about the seven hills of Rome (partly indistinguishable) I try to think of something to say worthy of both ends of the wire.

[*across*] You left school too early to feel it to be your Alma Mater; else I should ask you for a hint.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

27 December 1934 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 27, 1934

Dear Strong

I am glad you have seen and liked “Elizabeth”. Today I receive her latest book, The Jasmine Farm; if you haven’t got it or ordered it, let me know and I will send it on to you as soon as I have read it.

As to the “datum”, I wonder at your persistence in puzzling over the matter. “Datum” is a relative term: entities become data when some mind directly apprehends them. If I were rewriting my old discussions, I should avoid the word altogether, even, if possible, the phrase “given” essence, because that suggests a previous existence of the gift which somebody presents to somebody else. The direct “content of consciousness”, or entity defined by being apprehended, is not given or received: it is simply evoked in the act of apprehension, and has no hidden parts, being exactly as vague or as complex as the thought that specifies it. This thought or intuition cannot possibly specify or rest in anything but an essence: not a general term (if that is what you mean by a “universal”) but a specific quality of being which may be exemplified an infinite number of times without losing its absolute unity and identity. If we had no such essences before us to select and define and return to, we should not be able to think or to speak intelligently or to communicate an “idea”. But being a “datum” is occasional and accidental to essences, as it is to existents—(if you call perception or belief in ejects cases of “givenness”)—and your way of raising problems about “data”, as if these were established facts or events in rerum natura, which it was our business to recognize correctly, seems to me entirely beside the mark. There are no such self-

delimited facts as “data”; anything is a “datum” to which anybody wishes to attach that name. Doubtless in the total event called perception something might be picked out to correspond to any careful definition of the “datum”. Locke says nobody can have knowledge of the taste of a pineapple unless he has eaten one: what is the “datum” in that experiment? The pineapple? So Whitehead would say. The taste? And would that mean the effect of eating the pineapple upon the palate, etc? Or would it mean the flavour as a pure phenomenon, as an essence which many sensations might repeat or evoke unanimously? It is the effect on the psyche that is a fact in nature, particular, and occupying its point in the physical space and time. The feeling or intuition is the spiritual or intellectual overtone of that total effect; but it has not itself for its object: its object is, the pineapple or the act of eating it, with the whole effect of that on the organism: but the essence evoked is nowhere: it is a moral term. In spite of Locke, an organism might perfectly well evoke the flavour of the pineapple by chemical metabolism, even if no pineapple had ever existed

Yours ever G.S.

To Victor Francis Calverton

10 January 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: New York)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 10, 1935

Dear Mr. Calverton

We mustn't prolong this discussion for ever, because while we agree about the facts (or should agree if I were better informed) we make a different diagnosis and have different expectations. You think the American baby was weak and puling for a hundred years because it had never cut its umbilical cord, when there were plenty of native green apples and native whisky on which it might have grown up healthy and vigorous; whereas I think that that umbilical cord (the genteel tradition) scarcely sufficed to keep its thin soul alive under the pressure of bleak winter and child labour. You speak of “American culture”: what is that? I have known American lack of culture, and American cultivated people: but they were Americans in their residence and in their persons, not in their culture. Their culture came in part through England, but ultimately rather from France, Italy, and ancient Greece: for there can't be a native culture except where there are no known moral derivations or origins, as was

practically the case in Greece, in Egypt, and in China. In the modern world, all nations have, and can't help having, the same culture, communication and information being so permeating and relentless as they are. You are a prophet of American intellectual independence: but you draw your philosophy and politics from Germany via Russia.

I haven't received the December number of The Modern Monthly, in which you said you intended to print my article. If or when it comes out, I should be much obliged if you would send me one or two copies, as I sent you the original manuscript and have no duplicate.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

14 January 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 14, 1935

Dear George

Your letter, with your yearly account, has arrived sooner than I expected it, and is most satisfactory. I knew in general that things hadn't got notably worse, but it must be due to your skill and care that you have obtained an increase both in income and in the value of the capital. An increase of \$40,000 (not counting \$7000 savings) would in other days have meant a small fortune, acquired as if by magic: but nowadays we feel less secure in the possession of money, both because its own value is uncertain and because our sense of ownership is less absolute. Roosevelt, by a stroke of the pen, might reduce us to dollars worth what in California they call "bits"—the smallest sum known there in the good old days; and the Marxians—all my Jewish literary friends seem to have turned Marxian—might strip us even of those remnants. But for the moment there seems to be no danger of this. The communists complain that the American working-man is a lower middle-class person in his mind, and doesn't recognize his proud humanity as a pure proletarian: and even further inflation doesn't seem imminent: besides, if inflation were general, it might not be so ruinous to those of us who have to change our dollars into foreign currencies as was the abandonment of the gold standard a year or two ago, only by England & the U.S.

On the whole, I feel that I may go on living as I do, without much anxiety: and that is all that personally matters to me. The arrangement that I

proposed last year—a letter of credit for \$6000 and \$2000 transferred to my London account—will cover all my wants, and leave a handsome margin for any emergency, or to be added to the capital. My present letter of credit will suffice until May or June

I haven't yet sent the novel to the publishers. Cory is coming to Rome next month and we are going to go over it together—he has already read it and made notes—so as to correct any repetitions, or too long speeches, or other blemishes that we may find in it. As a whole, I think it will do: but it is very long, 794 large type-written pages! I don't know what the publishers will think of that. But it isn't an ordinary novel—something more like Wilhelm Meister or Don Quixote, if I may modestly place myself in good company.

Yours affly
G.S.

To Sylvia Hortense Bliss

19 January 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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

Rome, Jan. 19. 1935

My dear Miss Bliss

I should have thanked you sooner for “Sea Level” if I hadn't followed your injunction to read it by bits; after which I have reread it more or less as a whole, in search of your philosophy. You must have felt that I should sympathize with this, else you wouldn't have thought of sending me the book. Your perfect freedom from religious or mock-religious presumptions—and also from hostility to religion—your clear view of truth, and your sound naturalism do appeal to me very much. I have always felt, what you express in regard to trees especially, that our relation to the rest of nature is fraternal, and that the possession of consciousness or (if we possess it) of reason doesn't justify us in regarding plants, animals, or stars as unreal, or as made for our express benefit. And the sea, though you speak little of it, has always been a great object lesson to me, a monitor of

the fundamental flux, of the loom of nature not being on the human scale. So far, if I don't misrepresent you, we agree. But I am ill conditioned to appreciate your knowledge and love of flowers and of the countryside generally; and I have been so immersed all my life in religious speculation, in literature, in history, and in travel; I have lived so exclusively in towns and universities, and amid political revolutions and wars, that your simple idyllic world, and your intense individualism, leave me rather with a sense of emptiness. And haven't you that sensation yourself? I don't know what trials you may have had to endure or what misfortunes; your individualism is wholly philosophical, it touches the Ego in its transcendental capacity, and you tell us nothing of your own person; but your tone in speaking of death, of cities, and of the mediation of other minds between you and nature, seems to me overcharged with distaste and melancholy. Aren't men also a part of nature? And if we could really penetrate into the life of matter, shouldn't we find it everywhere essentially as wasteful, groping, and self-tormented as is the life of mankind? And on this fundamental irrationality, human society builds so many charming things—music, for one, which you appreciate—but also material and moral splendours of every description. The refraction of truth in human philosophies, for instance, is no mere scandal: it composes a work of human art, and partakes of the force both of truth and of imagination. It seems to me a pity, therefore, to leave it out of one's field of interest.

Let me add that I appreciate the level dignity of your style and diction. You are doubtless aware that you often lapse into blank verse, and that, if you chose, you could print your book in that form with very little alteration. You have preferred a more modern arrangement, doubtless for good reasons; but you will deceive nobody into mistaking you for a real modern, like Mr. Ezra Pound, for instance, whose *Quia Pauper Amavi* I had been reading immediately before receiving your book. But though your restrained voice may not attract attention so scandalously, I am sure that you will give more pleasure to those who do hear you, and will be more gratefully remembered.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 January 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome Jan. 24, 1935

Dear Cory

My estimable nephew has sent me a charming yearly account; a slight gain in income and a vast nominal gain capital! Still, I am not dazzled or inclined to spend recklessly, because the ghosts of Inflation, Communism, and Taxes are always with us. However, I am all right for the moment, and may draw freely on my letter of credit as well as replenish my London bank account when required. When you are here I shall be able to give you your allowance in Italian money—say 2500 lire a month—and you needn't bother about pounds sterling and the exchanges. Let me know if £20 will cover your travelling expenses, and I will send you the money on Feb. 15th to London.

Certainly you should see this new Hamlet. When I saw the portrait—there is no name to it—I said to myself: “This is Hamlet himself. Where did they get the picture?” Then after a moment I wondered it it could be you: the face is very like yours: only the hair looked too natural for a wig. Then I read reasonably and learned the facts. I am quite ready to believe that he is better than Forbes Robertson, who was simply inoffensive, not an actor of any native power. He is also likely to be better than Irving, who was fundamentally absurd, although with a certain suggestion of poetry à la Merideth: affected, pre-Raphaelite and Bohemian. John Gielgud seems to be natural, young, pensive, and deep: but there is one thing he probably is not, namely, princely. Shakespeare's Hamlet is princely: in those days it was a quality people had before their eyes, and understood inwardly; but now we all live intellectually in Bloomsbury. Next Sunday, if they give Verdi's Don Carlo at the opera, I shall go in hopes that the Italians may still know how to be grand: Philip II and Don Carlos demand the grand manner. I am afraid, by the way, that Don Giovanni will be given before you arrive. I am sorry, but you will have other chances of hearing it, and this performance may not be very good

Naturally I am much pleased that you should take the end of the novel so seriously, and should feel the movement of the whole. The war, as you suggest, was a great help, because it gave me a setting for the conclusion: but the theme and the tragic necessity were there from the beginning; so that the unity is not artificial or an afterthought. We will discuss

this, as well as the minor corrections, at leisure. I want to discover just what you have gathered from various difficult episodes towards the middle, before I tell you what my intentions were: but they were very precise, in the case of all the characters and of Oliver's reaction upon each.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Frederick Champion Ward

26 January 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Jan. 26, 1935

Dear Mr. Ward,

Thank you for your letter and your first installment of my "life." Both require some reply: first, about this matter of "subsistence." You speak of the status of an essence "between" its exemplifications: but non-existents have no position: they have only eternal affinities: so that there is no distance, essentially, "between" one exemplification of an essence and another. What intervenes is the flux of existence in which, by hypothesis, that essence is absent. So that I should distinctly refuse to speak of it as "subsisting" during that interval.

Your account of my vida y milagros (as we say in Spanish) is so largely composed of quotations from my own confessions that I can only admire your tact in selecting them, and particularly in using old verses to clarify later events. I haven't evolved, except as I was involved: and almost the only point at which you seem to misrepresent a little the truth of my history is in saying that I was "converted" to naturalism. No: it was not a conversion, but a decision. Both views had always been before me: I had hesitated or oscillated: but gradually it became impossible for me steadily to hold the Catholic position: the history and psychology of it, in the other picture, shone through; as if, through a too-thin back-drop at the theatre, I had seen the ropes and scaffolding of the stage, the scene-shifters hurrying about in their shirtsleeves, and the prima donna in her green-room, putting on the rouge. Still, though my judgement has hardened in maturity, I have by no means lost my taste for religious drama. Only yesterday I finished a lovely German book by Adolph Erman on Egyptian religion, laying it down with regret that I hadn't the learning requisite to write (entirely differently) on the same subject: because the author has no imagination, no religious feeling, and misses the immense persuasiveness and the immense tragedy of his subject.

A minor matter on which your emphasis is perhaps a little excessive is in my isolation in America. I was lieutenant colonel of the Boston Latin School regiment, I acted in the Institute and Hasty Pudding plays at Harvard, dressed as a leading lady and a ballet dancer, I was devoted (as a spectator) to football, and had for years, after I was an instructor, many close friends among the undergraduates. I also went a good deal into what was called "Boston society." So that my solitude (which was real) was only latent: I had a great many pleasant relations with the world: and, I ought to add, was always very fond of travel, and of life in cafes and restaurants, which I still frequent, as well as public gardens, with the nurses and children, and the military bands. You will discover this side of me more clearly when my novel appears, which is now finished, but may not be published at once for various reasons.

Another point. In my novel there is hardly a word about Spain: but if I ever write the autobiography I have in mind, Spain will come into its own in my life. It has always been a fundamental fact. That I have always retained my legal Spanish nationality has not been an accident or an affectation: it has been a symbol of the truth. Until the recent death of my sisters (who had returned to Spain) I went almost every year to Avila, living en famille there. It was only officially, on my literary side, that Spain counted for little.

I mention these points because I think your account of me will be so sympathetic and penetrating that I want you not to miss any important fact.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

[February 1935] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Tuesday

Dear Miss Tindall

I am very sorry you are going away, if this means that you are not likely to return; but let us hope that Rome will call you back next year.

Here are two sections of Dom. & P's. If this oversteps your fund, please let me know; if it doesn't exhaust the credit, don't, please, return the balance, as I shall have other sections soon which I can send on to London.

As to the novel, I expect most of the changes will be omissions or substitutions of single words, which can be done in ink; and if there are additions, Mr. Cory, who is coming next month and says he will bring his type-writer, may perhaps condescend to copy them, and I will arrange the insertion.

I have already numbered all the pages consecutively in blue pencil: there are 794! The publisher may not like this, but my novel is not a novel.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 February 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 10, 1935

Dear Cory

There are many advantages in having you come to this hotel, if you can stand it. You will have the exclusive use of my sitting-room from 11.30 to 5 o'clock; and after 5 o'clock, though I shall be there, you may always come in without fear of disturbing me, because I am only reading, and reading, nothing usually that requires much concentration of thought. You will see that the room is larger and better than the one I had formerly, and very sunny. As you are to be on half pension, like me, I shall expect you to come to lunch with me every day (except when the weather is bad) as in the old days. I will pay for your lunch, of course: but as that will add a good deal to my daily expense (as well as pleasure) I think I might cut down your allowance a little and give you 500 lire a week instead of 2500 a month, as I had promised. Your hotel bill, with 10% for service, and something for washing and drinks, will be about 350 lire a week, leaving you 150 a week for pocket-money. It's not much; unless you have some other source of income as well, but if you feel cramped you can always leave the Bristol and reduce your fixed expenses, so as to have more loose cash.

Look me up—room 77, at the front end of the passage—when you arrive, unless it is after 10.30 p.m. when I usually go to bed: and I don't reappear, dressed and ready to go out, until about 1 p.m. so that at 12, when I am having my bath, you mustn't expect to see me.

I don't know what room they will give you: it may not be very nice. The long wing in the rear has been cut off and demolished: only the square part of the hotel remains, and the rear rooms may be noisy and dusty, as they are building in the vacant lot that has been cleared.

I have just got, in my revision of the novel, to the Caleb Wetherbee scene, and I think I see how the old man's speeches can be shortened without injury to his function in the plot. He must be allowed to speechify, no matter how much, to impress Oliver, but not at all to express me.

Your notes I am keeping, still unread, for comparison after my own revision is complete.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

18 February 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 18th 1935

Dear George

Yours of the 8th has just arrived, and I interrupt my revision of the novel at p. 400, (about half-way) to reply at once. I had rather expected to go to Paris this year, but one of my objects was to see Cory and get his opinion about some verbal matters in The Last Puritan about which my own judgement wavers. But he says he would rather come at once to Rome, and I am expecting him this week. That will make it unnecessary (as far as the novel is concerned) that I should make that journey: and I know no tempting place in or near Paris in which I could be comfortably settled for the summer. Even the old hotel I was at in Versailles is now shut up. So that I shall probably go to Venice and Cortina. However, nothing is settled; and if you can recommend some charming spot in or near Paris—or anywhere else—where I could have quiet and coolness and pleasant walks, I should be only too glad to go and meet you there.

Cory's coming to Rome will involve a good deal of extra expense for me, and I shall be drawing rather more freely on my letter of credit. However, it will last the full year, to May 1st, as was originally intended: and if you will send me the new one (to Thos. Cook & Son-Wagons-Lits) by that time I should be much obliged. My idea is to leave Rome rather early this year and stop for some weeks in Venice before going up to Cortina: that is an economical thing to do, as in Venice I have no sitting-room, and take both my principal meals in restaurants.

One effect of old age is that days and weeks seem to pass more quickly: there is hardly time to do anything, and evening and Sunday come round when you thought it was Wednesday or the early afternoon. I suppose the tempo of one's own blood-vessels, or whatever keeps time within us, has grown slower, and we glide over events as if they were nothing capable of

leaving a mark because our brains are too soft to retain new impressions. It's not at all an unpleasant condition, [*across*] though a bit ignominious, like all decay. A Mr. Keene, 79 years old, came to see me yesterday and told stories by rote. He said he [*across page one*] enjoyed his visit, and I believe him. But he knows that I won't return it. Yours aff^y G.S.

To Corliss Lamont

5 March 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

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

Rome, March 5, 1935

Dear Mr. Lamont:

Thank you very much for your book and your letter. As far as your argument is concerned, you know that you are preaching to the converted. The subject of immortality has long ceased to be a living issue with me; and though I know that some people agonize about it, I am confirmed in my old impression that this is a verbal or mythical obsession of the human mind, rather than a literal belief. Everything, in myth and religion must be understood with a difference, in a Pickwickian sense, if we are to understand it truly, and not to import an unnatural fanaticism into the play of poetic fancy.

I have been particularly struck by your quotation from Keyser, on p. 129. I suppose he has got this from Heidegger, whom you don't mention, but who, as you doubtless know, has made a great deal of this notion of death as the totality of life, or as I should say, as the truth of life, which is something eternal. With this insight on the one hand, and the insight that life is movement, on the other hand, I think a rather new and profound analysis might be made of the notion of immortality. Orthodox heavens are peaceful: souls are not supposed to change and pass through new risks and adventures: they merely possess, as in Dante, the truth of their earthly careers and of their religious attainment. In other words, souls in heaven are mythical impersonations of the truth or totality of those persons' earthly life. At the same time, this life, and anything truly living, is something dramatic, groping, planning, excited, and exciting. It is dangerous: and Nietzsche needn't have told us to live perilously: it would have

been enough to tell us to live. Put these two points together and you have a demonstration of the necessary transitivity and finitude of any real life.

On hearing that you belonged to the Delphic Club, I took the Catalogue of 1932, which I happen to have here, to see what class you were in, and incidentally I glanced over the early lists of names more familiar to me. Those are very pleasant memories: and they illustrate our philosophy of life: because it is what those young men were then, in the flush of youth, that is worth returning to and congratulating oneself upon, and seldom, perhaps never in the end, the later transformations which they may have undergone.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

12 March 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, March 12, 1935

Dear Mr. Buchler & Mr. Schwartz

I am glad to have news of your labours and am not surprised about the attitude of Scribner's. They have always treated me with consideration, yet,

very naturally, business is business, and in their case it is carried on with a view to largish profits, ultimate if not immediate. The Columbia Press must be in a different case, and if they feel that, at a time like the present, they can't run the risk of positive loss on a publication, it might be possible to make some arrangement guaranteeing them against it. I drop this hint, without going into details, merely to keep up your courage, if matters take on an unpromising turn. I should be very sorry to have the book given up, after all the trouble you have taken, and the pleasant prospect we had of seeing it soon in print.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 March 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 26 1935

Dear Strong

Cory is thinking of staying here until after Easter, and your visit will enable him to see you here, and to go back directly to England when he leaves.

I am glad you are coming as usual, and shall look you up at the Aragno on April 15th

Yours ever

G.S.

To Henry Seidel Canby

27 March 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, March 27, 1935

Dear Mr. Canby

I spent yesterday evening looking into Mather's "Concerning Beauty", and I don't think it calls for special comment. It isn't bad in its own class, but isn't the class unnecessary? If I had more time and energy to spare, I

might take it as a text for some observations on American perspectives. But I can't do it now, and perhaps it is better not to do it at all.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

29 March 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 29, 1935

Dear George

The new letter of credit arrived some time ago, and so long before I expected it, that I wonder if I didn't make some mistake in asking for it, possibly saying April 1st instead of May 1st. In any case, thank you for your promptness. I drew \$500 yesterday on the old letter, and still have \$750 to my credit on it, which I will draw, probably, about April 15th & which will go in part towards paying Cory's travelling expenses back to England and possibly to the U.S. as his father has offered him the free use of his apartment in New York and we think it might be a good thing for him to look about among the Columbia people—he has many friends there—and perhaps find a permanent literary job.

My own plans are somewhat in suspense, as there seems to be a possibility of war this summer. If it should really become very thick, neither Cortina nor Paris would be a suitable place for an aged non-combatant: I might try Fiuggi, in the Apennines not far from here, which is recommended by many people, and would be safe. I suppose you too may hesitate to come to Europe this season, if the political sky doesn't decidedly clear. I agree with those who say that a fresh war would be only a resumption of hostilities, the old war not having really been brought to a true end. There was no one in authority who had the least elevation of mind—I mean capacity to take long clear views of the forces at work. Now there is one man whom I should trust to make a fair settlement. He made one not long ago with the Pope—something which every other politician thought impossible. It hasn't abolished differences of opinion or theoret-

ical programme, but it has been a practical settlement which nobody would desire to upset. That is all anyone can ask ^{for} in this world.

Now that the pound is below par, you might, when convenient, transfer another [*across*] thousand dollars to my London bank account, which is getting low. Yours affly

G.S.

To Louis Alexander Freedman

1 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

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

Rome, April 1st 1935

Dear Mr. Freedman

The impulse to publish books of “poetry” is like the impulse to marry: one’s best friends dare not say a word against it. It might turn out well: in any case, warnings will be wasted. I will therefore confine my reply to the point that concerns me; and I am sorry to say that, even if your verses were of the latest aesthetic calibre, I shouldn’t venture to write a preface to them. I am not in the swim; you had better ask Mr. Ezra Pound, if you think you need some one else’s name as a talisman to open the gates of fame, or at least of a publishing house.

I was naturally interested in your soliloquy of the Torero-bravo; but isn’t he too observant of the spectacle? And I expected him to kill the matador, rather than become immortal in his own person.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

7 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 7, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

At last yesterday I sent off the MS of The Last Puritan which I hope you will receive safely. Perhaps, if you have an Easter holiday, you may be able to read it at your leisure, instead of during the Christmas holidays, when you kindly intended to do so. We have tried to polish it and make it as inoffensive as possible, without weakening the picturesque or the moral burden of it: but it has to be “burdened”; “burdened” was a favourite word with my old teacher Josiah Royce at Harvard: it signified all the inescapable oppression, nervous and imaginative, from which he and his people suffered. Cory thinks that the last part of the book is “inevitable”, and has dramatic interest. I see myself that it reads more like other novels than does the body of the story, but I haven’t attempted to practice “the art of fiction” according to Percy Lubbock or any other critic, but to write a documentary biography of an imaginary superior American, as it might be if distilled into its quintessence and expressed with complete frankness.

I shall be in no hurry to know your verdict upon it: take as long as you like to formulate your impression, and to decide whether ^{it}the ^{book} ought to be published now, or had better be postponed. But I should be much obliged if you would send me a postcard saying the MS has reached you. I am not anxious about it, as in the case of books of mine that hadn’t been type-written. In this case I have two other copies, so that even an accident happening wouldn’t have serious consequences.

I am doing nothing about the American edition until I hear what you think would be best.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

8 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 8th 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I find in my desk the enclosed page, which I fear had dropped out of the First Part of The Last Puritan, in packing the manuscript.

I am sorry to give you the trouble of inserting it at p. 70.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

11 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

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

S.W.1

Rome, April 11, 1935

Dear Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz

Here is the preface to Obiter Scripta.

If you have no better publisher in mind, or if none is found willing in New York, it occurs to me that you might try Constable & Company in London (10 & 12, Orange Street, W.C.2). Mr. O. Kyllmann, who I believe is the senior partner, has always been very considerate and appreciative towards my work, and he might be willing to undertake this book without great hopes of profit, as completing my works already published by his firm. Especially if we agreed, as I suggested, to insure the publishers against actual loss. Mr. Kyllmann now has the manuscript of my "novel" in hand; he hasn't yet read it, or got opinions on it from his readers, but he is well disposed.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

11 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 11, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I don't gather from your telegram your reason for desiring a second copy of The Last Puritan. Is the first damaged or inconvenient? Or do you wish merely to save time by letting two readers inspect it at once? You know I am in no hurry; and I couldn't send you the other type-written copy without having none left to send eventually to America: the original manuscript not being corrected. It would be an immense labour to transfer all the corrections and additions to the original version, and besides would deprive it of whatever interest it might have as a curiosity. If a second copy is important from your point of view, I would rather that you should have one made in London, charging the expense to my account.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. Thank you very much for your note of the 9th received as I was closing this letter.

To Boylston Adams Beal

20 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 20, 1935

Dear Boylston

Your telegram has given me more pleasure than I can say. It was most kind of you, and of Gordon Bell and Jack Morgan, to remember me, and to wish to have me join you in those festivities. I should gladly go to the ends of the earth if I could find everything as it used to be fifty years ago, or even simply the members of the Drunk's Exercise Club. But not everybody will be there, even under the (somewhat false) mask of old age. You know how maudlin we all become now, even without drink; and ~~ev~~apart from the journey, which I can't undertake, I should rather dread this dinner, not to speak of all the other encounters which a visit to America

would involve. I don't know whether it is indifference or excess of sentiment or a mixture of both, but I can't bring myself to face these emotional occasions. Next year, with the Harvard Tercentenary and the 50th anniversary of our class, it might seem impossible to resist the impulse to celebrate, but I am not going. Much better that you should come quietly to Rome; and we can indulge in a judicious amount of reminiscence and lamentation, without giving ourselves away.

I am afraid, however, that by that time I shall have given myself away altogether in my novel, which Constable has just accepted for publication, in the most flattering terms, and which, I suppose, will also appear in America within a year. I will send a copy (as usual) to the club. It is an old man's book about young men, and I hope the young men will like it. Perhaps not, because they can't yet see themselves in perspective.

At the dinner, or elsewhere, please tell Ward Thoron that I often remember him too. I think I never saw him at the club, but it was earlier, especially during his first year at Harvard, (at 9 Linden Street, as it happened) that we read War & Peace together, and compared notes on life.

Yours ever G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

20 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 20, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Need I say that it is the greatest possible satisfaction for me to know that you think well of The Last Puritan? Thank you for the extremely kind terms in which you express your judgement.

I am sorry there was this confusion about the pages. It arose from the fact that we transposed what was originally Chapter I, to the end of Part I; and in making the necessary adjustments, in two copies, I seem to have got things a little mixed. It will be easy to straighten the matter out.

The terms on which you propose to publish the book are entirely satisfactory, and generous. You know that luckily I don't depend on my present earnings for bread and butter; but I hope the venture may prove reasonably profitable for both of us.

As to publication in America, I have promised to let Scribner have the book. Mr. J. H. Wheelock in particular has expressed his interest in it, evidently hoping that it might sell better than my other books. For this very reason, to obtain the American copyright, I understand that it will be necessary to reprint this book in the U.S., as was done in the case of my "Poems." You will therefore not be directly concerned with the American edition; and I can send Scribner's my other typescript copy, or the extra copy of your proofs, when I receive them. If you approve, I should rather do the latter, because I trust your taste in type, printing, etc., and if they have your proof they will be likely to reproduce it as nearly as possible in their reprint. I also wished to avoid any precipitancy on their part in issuing their edition before yours was ready. In this way you can arrange for simultaneous publication or not, as you think best.

You say nothing about possible objections to my use of names of persons and places, like Iffley Church, Sandford and the King's Arms there, and at Oxford. Of course the persons & events are wholly fictitious, but there might be coincidences suggesting malice entirely absent on my part.

[*across*] Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

28 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 28, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Here is the one of the alternative pages which I should like you to use. I am sorry there was this confusion, and that I caused your printers so much unnecessary trouble.

The specimen pages are excellent, and although the book is so long, I see that it won't have a forbidding aspect. It already begins to seem strange that I should have been the author of it.

You are so quick about making these arrangements that I may as well ask you at once not to include the MS when you send me the proofs, but to despatch these in an open packet, like ordinary printed matter. This will prevent trouble with custom-houses and foreign post-offices. I expect to remain here, at the Hotel Bristol, Rome, until the end of May, and then shall probably go for the summer to the Hotel Miramonti, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. I will let you know if I should not follow this plan, and in any case, ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, S.W.1 is a safe address.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Max Forrester Eastman

30 April 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall,

London, S.W.1

Rome, April 30, 1935

Dear Mr. Eastman

Although books on "aesthetics" are not nowadays the sort of straw that I like to find in my manger, I have devoured your little book almost at one sitting, and found it, I won't say the best of oats, but a most palatable and fresh and digestible kind of hay. You will not be surprised that I agree with your main contention, about the supremacy of free contemplation, not only in what is called "art" but in all perception, imagination, and dramatic experience. That human religions, crafts, and sciences were once suffused with this ultimate immediate value, and are now ceasing to be so, is [*illegible*]very true: but do you think it follows that all arts must achieve the condition of pure music? I should say that absolute values, and emotions native to the perception of form, must always intervene in all human activities; and the question is only how much attention is arrested or delayed by this medium. There will always be music, or the contrary of music, in speech and writing: and even mathematical physics, when translated into words and views about the course of nature (for instance, in

astronomy) at once acquires pictorial and dramatic qualities. Of course, people altogether immersed in business or pedantry always have been and always will be bores: but that doesn't prevent the poetry or comedy of life from being evident to those who have eyes to see it.

I was naturally particularly interested in your views about bull-fighting, and incidentally in Hemingway's (whose books I haven't read). Yes: your example about the lion who had no Christian hits the nail on the head: we Spaniards have narrowly canalized passionate sympathies, and the bull gets little consideration, except, as you say, for his fighting courage or nobleza. We don't suffer much at the sufferings of animals, Chinamen, heretics, or (if we are liberals) of priests, nuns, or pious old ladies. We are horrified at a murder, and the next day melt into compassion for the murderer. It is all very heady and irrational; although I am not sure how far the Buddhistic and modern tenderness for brute life may not be a romantic illusion. With many thanks; yours sincerely

GSantayana

To David Page

3 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, May 3, 1935

I am glad to see symptoms of "a certain liveliness" in intellectual Boston, but I don't quite gather what your Anathema anathematizes. You speak of "Beauty", and also of the danger of going mad; and the poetry of your first number gives more evidence of the latter than of the former.

No: I am sorry I can't contribute; but I have no doubt that the rebelliousness in your young circle will help to destroy such shams, as may still

prevail in your world. The great desideratum, however, is something sound to take their place.

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

8 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 8, 1935

Dear George

My plans are still somewhat uncertain, but probably I shall go straight to Cortina about June 1st. The war-rumours seem to have died down, and perhaps it is reasonable to believe the Germans will not attack anybody until there is a good prospect of doing so with safety. Events in Austria or Russia or Poland, however, might at any moment precipitate a conflict; only that things will be so mixed that even if the armies held out (which is doubtful) the governments themselves would hardly have the constancy which they showed—most of them—in 1914–18. Anyhow, I am acting as if all would remain normal; and probably we should have timely warning before the Germans could get at us in Italy.

Cory has gone back to England, and the novel is being printed by Constable, who seems to have been favourably impressed by it. I am going to send the proofs, when they arrive, to New York, so that Scribner may reprint the book there, and secure the American copyright.

President Conant of Harvard, and the Tercentenary committee, have been writing to me in a somewhat queer way. First they asked me to come to Commencement this year, and get a degree of Doctor of Letters. (I mean, Lit.D. not Ll.D.). When I declined this honour, which I got 24 years ago from the U. of Wisconsin, they wrote asking me to come next year, read an essay at the Summer School, and get a degree, not Specified, together with 60 other distinguished Scholars—no politicians or even Presidents of Colleges being in the list. I have a feeling that they wanted to get me out of the way as inconspicuously as possible, without actually overlooking me altogether. But in any case, I should have declined, partly because I don't want to go to America at all, much less to an academic

congress, and partly because when my novel comes out there may be more or less offence taken at it, and it is better that nobody should be placed in the embarrassing position of countenancing naughtiness. All novels are naughtier now than they used to be: but how shocking that an ex-professor of philosophy at Harvard should write a novel at all, and call a spade a spade! At least, they won't be seeing me, and finding they have unwittingly given me an honorary degree—almost of Divinity—at the very moment when I was unmasking my essential wickedness. With 3000 miles of salt water between us, I shall feel safer and less hypocritical.

I am afraid I sha'n't see you this time: but let me know if you really feel like flying to Venice about June 1st and I [*across*] could stop there for a day or two on the way to Cortina. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

9 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Rome, May 9, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today I am sending you a copy of the type-written manuscript of The Last Puritan. I had some thought of waiting until I had a proof of the English edition, which would have been easier to send and to read: Constable has already accepted the book, and I enclose a specimen of the page they have adopted, and which seems to me excellent. But on second thoughts, it seemed better to send you the typescript at once, so that if you accept the book, you may be able to publish it simultaneously with the London edition, without obliging them to delay their issue. I am far from confident of the reception this book will have: some people may be offended, or may disapprove on principle: but the times described are already somewhat distaneet, and I don't care very much myself for the opinion of the public, if a few friends are found—as I am sure they will be—to enjoy the spirit of the thing with me. Mr. Kyllmann, of Constable & C^o, seems to be favourably impressed, but he is always partial to my work, and I am not sure what my American friends—most of them—will think.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

13 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, May 13, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I am sending the Rev. Mr. Heimsath's request about quoting from one of my sonnets to Scribner in New York.

On second thoughts, I have also sent them the other typescript copy of The Last Puritan instead of waiting for the proof to come from your printers. You have been so expeditious that I think now there is no danger of the American edition being issued first; on the contrary, they might wish to delay your publication if it were thought better that the two should be simultaneous. I don't remember clearly what was done in the case of my Poems, but two years ago, when they reprinted my Five Essays, they delayed many months after the Cam. Univ. Press had issued the English edition.

I included the specimen pages from your printer, saying I liked them, so that they may see the form that the English edition is expected to take.

Thank you for the signed Agreement about The Last Puritan, which has arrived today.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Pauline Holmes

16 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Rome, May 16, 1935

Dear Miss Holmes

I am very much pleased, and a little surprised, that my letter about the Latin School should have been publicly read and printed so beautifully in

Anniversary Programme, and that now you should wish to include it in your book. I am overwhelmed, and happy if I can contribute anything to your good work. The whole parody of the Aeneid in the Register of 1881–2 was my effusion; also the Sonnet on Garfield's death (my first Sonnet, I believe) and the "Short History of the Class of '82."

I wonder if you have ever heard of the scandal that accompanied our removal from Bedford Street? My class had formed a sort of debating Society that met once a week, in the evening, in a rather desolate room, I think in Tremont or Upper Boylston Street (where the Drill Hall was); I read one evening to the boys a copy of verses, which they acclaimed and wished to have printed, and naturally my virgin Muse could only blush and consent. I enclose a copy, for your collection of Latin School antiquities. You needn't return it: I have another. But the scandal began when at our last public declamation in the old School, Mr. Merrill ("Holy Moses") got wind that one of the boys had written a poem on the occasion; would he please step up to the stage and read it. I stepped up, and with the presence of mind of a future philosopher, read only the first part, and sat down again. But there were copies of the thing about; the public got hold of them; and you may imagine the effect when the masters read the lines dedicated to their respective persons. However, with explanations and due apologies, I was forgiven.

I am sending for your book and expect to read it with great pleasure.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To William Lyon Phelps

18 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Beinecke)

Rome, May 18, 1935

Sorry to miss you both, but am anchored here for a fortnight longer, when I sail for Cortina d'Ampezzo. Hope you will find Paris as pleasant as ever: probably it is, but I miss the Duvals and other joys of student days.

G. S.

ROMA—PALAZZO LATERANENSE

To Otto Kyllmann

20 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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

Rome, May 20, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I hardly know what to say in answer to your letter of May 16th but I am sending you two copies of a sort of autobiography which you may not have seen. The first pages explain who I am. You might find data in them for your notices; at least they will help people not to go wrong about my parentage, relation to Boston & Harvard, etc.

As to The Last Puritan I think I wrote you a long letter some years ago in which I said something—probably fresher than what I should say now—about the origin of the book. It was begun 45 years ago, and at first intended to be a story of college life—good boy & bad boy who are friends—like Sandford & Merton, or (rather better) like Keddy. But the greater part of that became uninteresting to me as I grew older, and the absence of any possible plot, unless serious love-affairs were introduced, which were not in the original plan, made me neglect the thing for many years. The war suggested a way of winding the story up; and as I spent those five years at Oxford, it also gave me a certain familiarity with the setting for the English scenes.

In my own mind the theme is the sentimental education, or disillusionment, of a superior young American: which involves a criticism of

modern conventions, as well as a counter-criticism of any high-strung individual morality: the tragedy of which makes this Puritan the last puritan.

The rest is, for me, merely quiet fun. I don't know how far the mingling, almost the identity, of satire and elevation of feeling (a very Spanish mixture) will appeal to English taste.

I don't know whether these hints may not suggest to you something [*across*] to say in your own words; you have read the book and know the sort of thing required.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 May 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 28th 1935

Dear Cory

I am leaving this evening for Venice, on the way to Cortina, and with the little worries of packing and shopping I haven't had a very clear mind for appreciating your article. I have read it in scraps, and must wait for a more peaceful moment for getting a fair general impression. Of course I agree with your position, I think in every case: although, at first I felt some doubts about the beginning and the quotation from Locke, as if both of you regarded the originality of mind and the human scale of sensuous images as required for the mechanical adjustment and utility of these images and minds in the midst of action. That needs clearing up: consider dreams, poetry, the syntax of language. Mind everywhere is only an illustration to the running text; it is not useful images that are created (how should they have been known to be useful, or even apposite, before they were thought of?) but useful summary reactions or affections of the organism that create images, like smells, vaguely reporting to consciousness the turn of affairs, and apposite because they occur then. However, this question of the epiphenomenal level and poetic function of all mind, doesn't come within your direct subject, and it is only my own preoccupation

with it that raises it inopportunately, like a ghost in the daytime. What you and Locke say is perfectly true, taken as it is meant \ it would be a waste of energy, for instance, if we had to distinguish all the electrons and give them separate names, as astronomers do to the stars.

As to your manner I felt in places that you were lecturing, not writing. Your style is not sedentary enough: you are ogling the ladies in the front row; you are preoccupied with yourself and not always (in spite of many strong passages) lost in your subject. In other words, I think this article is still a sort of rehearsal, and that it had better be melted down before the substance is moulded into a book.

I had sent the other type-written copy of The Last Puritan to Scribners, thinking that Constable now had a sufficient start, and that they might get to work in New York also: now I receive the enclosed telegram. Apparently the coast is clear on both sides of the Atlantic.

I send you your cheque as usual for the first of the month, although it isn't quite thirty days since you got the last: but it's the London season and you may need clothes.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. Better address ^{c/o} B. S. & C^a until you hear that I have settled at Cortina for the summer.

To Boylston Adams Beal

30 May 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

May 30th 1935

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI,
VENEZIA

Dear Boylston,

Your letter tells me exactly what I should have seen and felt if I had gone to the anniversary of the Club and makes me glad that I wasn't there. Not indifference, mind you; the opposite. The new edition of the Club catalogue also takes me back, and brings me forward, to the old times and towards the present; but we can't see these things in their true colours; there is always a little falsification, partly sentiment and partly just helplessness to see things as they were or as they are. What Gordon Bell says in the History about us, and in particular

about me, is all true enough, and sympathetically meant; but it misses the atmosphere of the '90's, or early '90's, when the Philistine mind had freshly discovered sport, art, literature, and religion, and was respectfully, but humorously, in love with them. Bob & Warwick Potter, you and I, were just that: dilettanti really delighting in the nice side of things: and the distance—the American and Protestant perspective inevitable for most of us—made the experience romantic and a little tragic at bottom. Probably the young men of today are better adapted to the age. Those I come across seem to me all alike, and rather uninteresting, unless they are caught in the political revolution. That is the living question now, not our questions, when we thought the material arrangements of the world had all become final and satisfactory, and there was time for thinking of higher things. Now there isn't time or inclination or much sense of higher things to think about. But there is the great social army to lead and to keep in order. It is what the old Romans had to do.

I am on the way to Cortina for the Summer, and hope next winter to return to Rome and to see you there. Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 June 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

June 7, '35

A man in Birmingham named Philip Lane wishes to translate the Realms of Being into French. I have given him your address.—The proofs of the novel have arrived. A whole page has been left out in the Prologue—I hope not lost. Otherwise the proof is carefully revised.—Expect to stay here until June 17, then go to the Hotel Savoy, Cortina.

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

7 June 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123., Pall Mall, S.W.1

Venice, June 7, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

The two proof copies of The Last Puritan have reached me here; I was surprised to see them already sewed and made into a compact volume. The text in general seems to be very accurate; I will send the return-proof back in a few days, when I have had time to go over it attentively. But I have discovered at once on p. 8 of the Prologue that a whole page, evprobably p. 35 of the M.S., has dropped out. I can't think how the proof reader didn't perceive it, since the thing as it stands doesn't make sense, begins suddenly on a different subject, and with "ture", which isn't an English word, but the end of the missing passage.

I enclose the page, so that you may see how the matter stands, and call the printer's attention to it. I hope they have the missing page; because, having started on my summer trip, I haven't the original manuscript with me. It is packed up with my books in Rome. I hope the copy they have in New York (Scribner has acknowledged the receipt of it by cable, saying he is "enthusiastic") is complete. Otherwise, I suppose I could somehow patch up the passage; I have an imperfect memory of it, and the break might remain evident to a sensitive reader if I tried to rewrite it now.

Don't be alarmed at seeing this page cut off and loose: I haven't touched the sewed volume to be sent back; but I have cut up the other, as I often do French books, into fascicules which are easy to carry about in one's pocket. I don't need this pages, as I have already transferred the indication necessary to the other proof, for the printer's guidance. But I thought this had better be known to you at once. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

7 June 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

June 7, 1935

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI
VENEZIA

Dear George

It is most provoking that we should have been in Venice for four days without seeing each other. My memory for things that happen from day to day is getting vague, but I thought I had told you in time that I was coming to Venice on May 28th, the only question open being whether I should proceed at once to Cortina, or later. The cool rainy weather here, and the unsatisfactory arrangements proposed by the manager of the Miramonti, made me decide to stay here, and I wired on the 30th, feeling sure that you would receive my message before the 4th of June, when you expected me to reach Cortina. I little thought that you were at Venice already, but hoped you would come. It is always a fascinating place, and I am glad that you enjoyed it, in spite of the rather unsuitable weather. Now it has become summer-like, but quieter, the French fleet having departed.

I have made arrangements with another hotel in Cortina, the Savoy, in the village, and expect to go there, on June 17th when the motor bus will be running.

I hope the rest of your trip will be pleasant, as well as your voyage home

As to the novel, the proofs arrived yesterday from London, already sewed up into a book. Scribner in New York has received another copy of the manuscript (type-written, of course) and telegraphed saying they were “enthusiastic”, but I don’t know when the publication will take place in either country, probably not till the autumn.

No: I am not going to America next year. I understand the feeling of, “Oh, you must come”, and can share it; but it is a drunken sort of cordiality, and really all those meetings and forced [*across*] jollifications would be ghastly. But why do you always speak of Bob Barlow as “Mr.”? Dont you know he is your cousin?

[*across text*] Yours affly G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

9 June 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Venice, June 9, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It is a great satisfaction to hear that The Last Puritan recommends itself to you. One of my friends—himself rather a puritan—who saw a part of it, thought it ought to be burned; and I am still afraid that some sides of it may give offence in certain quarters. However, you are a better judge of that than I; and in any case, a small scandal, if it arose, might help the book to retain people's attention. I think this—to retain people's attention—is more important and more appropriate in the case of my books than either a large immediate sale or unmixed approval. I have never expected everybody to sympathise or to buy. I am satisfied if a few people continue to do both.

As to the form and price of the American edition, my feeling—which it is very kind of you to take into consideration—inclines towards one volume rather than two and to the lowest possible cost. I am very glad you think it possible to offer so long a book for \$2.50; and ten percent for my royalty will amply satisfy me. If I am not wrong, you have spontaneously increased my royalty in books that still sell after a good many years, and Constable & C^o, in their contract for The Last Puritan have offered me twenty-percent for any sales exceeding 5000. If this book should have any such success—and it is just possible—perhaps it would be fair that you should make a similar concession; but it is not a matter of importance to me personally; I sha'n't be alive to profit by it, and have no heirs. Another small matter regarding the contract is that Constable & C^o have arranged for a Canadian edition, and wish me to make sure that your contract shall cover only the copyright for the United States.

I am now engaged in reading the proofs, which is rather a task; but the volume, already sewed and compact, has an encouraging aspect.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 June 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Venice, June 9, '35

Dear Cory

You may be interested in seeing this letter, and contrasting it with Mr. Kyllmann's. I have replied, advocating one volume at the cheapest possible price—isn't \$2.50 nowadays very little for so long a book?—and declaring myself satisfied with ten per cent. But I have added that Constable was promising me 20% for any sales above 5000; suggesting that they might do the same; and adding that the contract must cover the U.S. only, as Constable is making arrangements for a Canadian edition.

Et voilà.

G.S.

To Sterling Power Lamprecht

13 June 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Dartmouth)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co 123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
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Venice,
 June 13, 1935

Dear Mr. Lamprecht

You would be doing me a positive benefit if you had my Hague lecture printed and could let me have half a dozen copies. Ten off-prints which the editors allowed me proved inadequate, and (as you say) the whole Septimana Spinozana is an impossible medium. It is true that this lecture is to be included in a volume edited by Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz of the Butler Library at Columbia, a collection of stray things of mine to be called Obiter Scripta; but they can't find a publisher and we don't know

when, if ever, the book will appear. So that your project, at least for the present, would fill a gap. There is no copyright for this lecture, and you will have no business formalities of any sort to go through, except to pay your printer

It is very interesting to know that you have gone over my various effusions on religion and found them consistent yet progressive. As far as I know, in this as in other matters, my views have not changed, once they were formed: but of course the sort of interest and the tone must have varied with age, and with the general background. My attention of late has been turned again to the subject, and I have been reading a lot of books about the origin of Christianity: if ever I got round to composing anything on that theme, it would be to reinforce my old contention about poetry in religion: Christianity (including the Four Gospels) is a product of inspiration. There is also a lot about religion in my “novel”, The Last Puritan, which will probably appear in the autumn: but nothing new for the purposes of your course, which I wish I could attend

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

18 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy,
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy
June 18, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

In regard to the missing page in The Last Puritan, it seems that I shall have to rewrite the passage. But ill luck seems to pursue us, for now I haven't the text of that part at all, since I have sent you both the proofs I had of it, one in the entire copy, and the other in a loose sheet. I remember how the phrase breaks off, and can continue after a fashion from there; but I must connect with the other loose end, which I have forgotten. Could you have another copy of the proof—at least pp. 7 and 8,—sent to me at once?

This troublesome accident may have its good side, because I can perhaps shorten the Prologue a little, and make the relevance of that passage clearer. It was a very early passage, written when the centre of gravity of the story was in another place.

I will set myself at once to compose something, and send it to you as soon as I have the context before me, into which it must fit.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

18 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Cortina, June 18, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

If the enclosed is to be taken seriously, will you please answer it for me in any sense that you think fitting?

A page, probably p. 5, of the Constable manuscript of The Last Puritan has somehow disappeared, and the first proof came to me a week ago with a complete break in sense and subject in the middle of what appeared to be a single sentence. I am going to attempt patching the thing up as well as I can from memory, but I am rather afraid the soldering will show. Could you, since you are not going to use the type-script copy I sent you, let me have the first three or four pages of the Prologue back, or a copy of them? The missing page must begin with the word "gentlemen" and end with the first part of a word terminating in "ture." I think it must be the third page of the Prologue and numbered 5 in blue pencil.

I am sorry that my irregular and non-professional mode of life should cause so much trouble. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

21 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoia
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy,
June 21, 1935

Dear M^r Kyllmann

In regard to fThe Last Puritan, I see by your note of the 18th that the missing passage in the Prologue covers two pages, instead of one, as I had supposed. This will make it necessary, in any case, to shorten the original text, if we are not to disarrange the paging of the whole book. I will see that the part supplied does not exceed in length the page and a half that are available at the end of the Prologue.

As I explained in my last letter, I need a proof of the page where the break occurs, in order to fit the new paragraphs into it.

How much does time press in your plans for this publication? If you were not in a hurry, I could wait till I receive the missing portions from Scribner, to whom I wrote some days ago, asking for a copy of them. It would be easier for me merely to shorten and adjust the old text than to compose it quite afresh, especially as my head is now full of other matters.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia
Cortina d'Ampezzo
June 21, 1935

Dear Strong

As you may notice by the heading above, I am not at the Miramonti this year but at the Savoia, in the village. I wasn't pleased with the room or the price which they offered me at the Miramonti, felt that they were not treating such a habitual client with due consideration, and also thought that it might be pleasanter for me, in my walks, to start from the

town, and not always have to do the same round in getting back to a point at one extreme end of the valley.

I find this hotel very quiet and pleasant, have a larger room, a bathroom with a window. It isn't cheaper, or not much cheaper, but I think I shall be comfortable for the summer and able to work.

I read the first proof of the novel at Venice, where I stopped for three weeks. There are 721 pages, already sewed up into a volume. But two pages in the Prologue had disappeared—lost, I expect, by Mr. Kyllmann in reading the proof, MS_λ, which was the carbon copy on very thin paper, and we are having some trouble in filling the gap.

I am now working on the Realm of Spirit, contrary to plan, because I felt more alive on that subject just now than on Truth or Dominations and Powers: but I have the MS of both these other books with me, in case the wind should change.

I am glad to know where you are, and that your expedition and cure have proved satisfactory. Less smiling, I am afraid, is the prospect of the Piazza della Signoria in July or August.

There isn't any likelihood that Cory will soon go to New York, either invited or uninvited. The occasion has passed; and I suspect the partly secret motives that finally drew him to England will continue to keep him there.

Yours as ever G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

23 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy
June 23, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

On receiving the proof I asked for, of the Prologue to The Last Puritan, I felt that I could patch the thing up at once, and I send you a passage that I think will fit in well enough. It omits one theme touched upon in the original version, but perhaps that is an advantage in that it makes the Prologue a bit shorter and less complex.

I have taken special pains to arrange the paragraphs so that the type, as at present set, need not be disturbed at all, but only [*illegible*] pushed

forward. The Prologue will run over a bit into the blank page 16, without affecting the rest of the text.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoy
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy
June 26, 1935

Dear Cory

Michael is all very well, and I am glad you are absorbed^λ in the work. With your intensity, I am sure it will have impressive episodes. But what will Strong think? Incest? Your own mother? And not always the right word, as Rochester, N.Y. would employ it. Remember to say “purchase” and not “buy” “attend” and not “go to”; it takes away from the commonness of common things, and makes even the calls of nature seem moral & genteel.

In Venice I got—I mean, I purchased—a Tauchnitz edition of Point Counter Point and have been carrying loose sheafs of it in my pocket ever since, to read in cafés etc. I haven't yet finished it, but although it is interesting as a caricature of modern types, I don't think it very good. At first I couldn't make head or tail of it or distinguish the characters. Only Middleton Murry was recognizable to my unaided intuition. Lawrence, if done at all, is not elaborated enough to be memorable.

I don't know whether I told you that two pages of Constable's copy of the novel had disappeared, pages 3 & 4 of the Prologue. I have finally patched the thing up, in a way to disturb the parts already printed as little as possible, and incidentally have left out the passage about Mario finding the attraction of the fair sex plus fort que moi, and their presence like sunshine instead of daylight. I am partly sorry, but partly reconciled, as the Prologue now is a little shorter and a bit less overloaded.—I am shortly expecting the second & final proofs.

The American edition is to be photographed from the English one, so that no separate revision will be needed.

I am comfortably settled here for the summer, and work every morning—very slowly—on The Realm of Spirit. As stimulus, I have Alain, Les

Dieux, the Bhagavah-Gitâ, and the complete works of St. John of the Cross. Also, by chance, an article on artistic creation by Jacques Maritain, in my Spanish review. It has one very illuminating passage about the imageless nature of the élan vital, even in God. It plainly (to me) makes God = Matter.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

26 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy
June 26, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I am not surprised at all that the people at the Thakeray Hotel might conceivably take umbrage at the passage you refer to: and I am not sure that the two King's Arms inns, at Oxford and Sandford might not raise some objection—although if anything we are advertising them and rendering them more interesting.

It would be easy to drop the name Thackeray, and say something even more appropriate to Miss Letitia Lamb, such as Ruskin Hotel, or Pickwick Hotel, or (if these are perhaps real places in London) the Hotel Cimabue. But as I say in the Epilogue, I have a weakness for real names of places, and should like to ke~~pt~~ep the reference to the Thakeray Hotel if possible; but we might turn the passage into a compliment, that couldn't but be taken in good part, if we said, "that inexpensive hotel for geniuses near Phidias and the British Museum? It might be crowded."

What do you think?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. I have received a letter forwarded by Brown Shipley & C^o today; so that evidently they haven't given up the practice. It is hardly conceivable that they should do so without giving notice, but I have made enquiries.

To George Sturgis

28 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

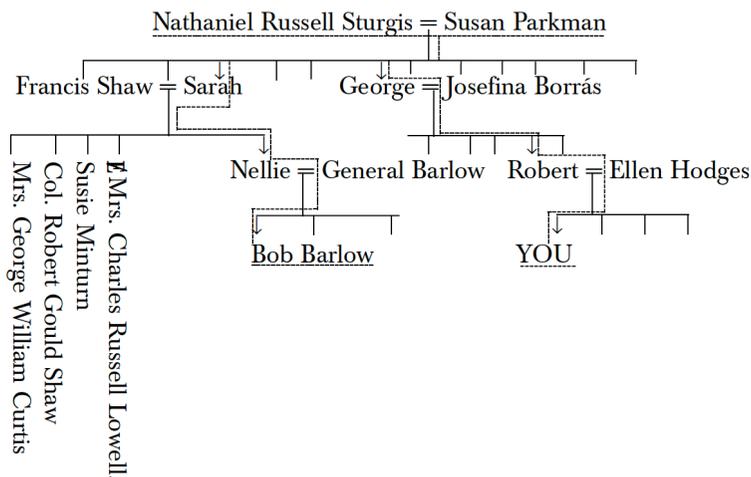
Hotel Savoy

Cortina d'Ampezzo, June 28, 1935

Dear George

I am established here comfortably enough for the summer, and working (slowly) on The Realm of Spirit: not that I mean to publish it, because The Realm of Truth should come first, but that I am more drawn at the moment to that subject, and also feel that perhaps it is the more important to have thought out, in case of accident. Cory could edit and publish both after I am gone. Meantime, I am in splendid health, take moderate walks, try to take moderate meals, and amuse myself with all sorts of reading. The second and final proofs of the novel will doubtless arrive soon, and will occupy me for a while, as I am anxious to have the book as free from blemishes as possible. The American edition is to be photographed (I don't know exactly by what process) from the English one, so that no revision will be required in that case.

How is it that you are so vague about the Sturgis family tree, when once you had charge of the book devoted to it? I don't like middle names (as a rule) and forget them: otherwise I think I can draw up a table to show your exact relationship to Bob Barlow: you are "second cousins":



Bob Barlow's mother, Nellie, was very pretty, and had married a rather common rough but energetic man, who had been a general in the Civil War. He used to say of his son Bob and Swelly Bangs (and I am not sure I wasn't included): "The trouble with you young men is that you are rotten before you are ripe". Bob is—I don't believe I need say was—very fond of the fair sex, the weaker members of it especially; and he (like me) began to get bald early. He loves Paris. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Manuel Komroff

29 June 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

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

Cortina d'Ampezzo,

June 29, 1935

Dear Mr. Komroff

For my own part, nothing could be more satisfactory than that you should make a book of extracts from my writings for Boni's Dollar Series. To be diffused, to be known, is half the battle, if not the whole of it. But

from your point of view, I ought to warn you that my friend Edman of Columbia is preparing a volume of that sort for Scribner; and that two very diligent persons at the Butler Library, also at Columbia, Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz, have made a collection of my scattered lectures and reviews, with a bibliography, to be called Obiter Scripta, for which I have written a preface, and which, I hope, will also appear before long. A third book of my miscellany, published now, might glut the market, and be disadvantageous for all of you. Not to speak of my novel, which is coming out at last this year. Pearsall Smith's book of Selections, the Little Essays, [*illegible*] is ancient history. I took great pains in arranging it, and it may have had its uses, but, as you say, it represents only the earlier phase of my philosophy.

If you ever return to Rome you will probably find me at the same place, and always glad to see you and to learn the news.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. There is a photo by Elliott & Fry, of 1932, available for publication: it has appeared in Canby's Saturday Review of Literature. I am sorry that, being in the country, I haven't one at hand to send you.

To John Hall Wheelock

1 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Cortina, July 1, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It is inevitable that there should be different circumstances in business in different countries, and even a different spirit, and I wish to leave the

matter of royalties, in the case of The Last Puritan as in that of all my other books, entirely to your judgement. I note that you think it might be possible to increase the royalty to 15% after the sale of 7,500 copies, if it should ever come to that, which I don't expect. Meantime the important point is that you should feel able to offer the book at \$2.50, which seems a very moderate price nowadays for so long a work, and I hope that this price, and the appearance of being a novel, will lead a good many people to buy and to read it, who haven't meddled yet with my philosophy. They will get the pill here gilded by cheapness and some jokes.

We have patched up the matter of the missing pages in the Prologue (it turns out that two had been lost, pp. 3 & 4) by inserting a new and shorter passage, which I have composed expressly. But I sha'n't be sorry to receive a copy of the original, if you have already sent me one, in answer to my request of the other day. It may give me some hints useful in revising the proofs.

I also note with pleasure that you suggest publishing Obiter Scripta in the autumn of 1936. That is not a long delay, and little more than would be needed to put the book through the press. I think Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz, as well as I, have every reason to be satisfied with that prospect. You may make your arrangements entirely with them, as I have done all that concerns me in the matter.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo,
July 4, 1935

Dear Cory

When your letter arrived yesterday, I had just sent you the July number of the Criterion to your London address. I suppose it will be forwarded. In reading it over, it seemed to me several times to smell of an addled mind: a mixture of absurdity and earnestness, of wierd superstition ~~with exactitude~~ and competence, for instance, in the article by

Yates, and in Eliot's sacerdotal blessings and decisions concerning the latter. And I am rather tired of this perpetual talk about who is the best or the greatest poet or philosopher; as if different merits had the same measure. I am afraid England is becoming stranger and stranger to me, less and less appealing. I once loved it so much that this is rather a tragedy. I don't think I want to read Eliot's Canterbury oratorio: the extracts in the article you enclose are enough to show me the line he takes, and I see no sign of anything beautiful, of anything that would be worth retaining for its own sake. But I have sent for Spender's book reviewed in this number: let me know if you want it. I have also sent for a French book by a man named Schuhl on Greek ideas, reviewed by More of Princeton; but that is a little off your line. The review by Belgian (usually rather an ass) seemed to be rather good: at least, I agree with him.

Will you explain how Eliot and the archbishop of Canterbury can celebrate the memory of St. Thomas à Becket, who was a martyr for Papal Supremacy: also how Lord Halifax can celebrate the memory of the new St. John Fisher, another martyr for the same? I suppose they distinguish between Papal Supremacy and Church Autonomy: [*illegible*] though the Anglican Church, but for the bonds imposed on it by the fact of Establishment and Government control, would dissolve into a rainbow of opinions, as in America. They would all be independent, but they would have no internal authority.

What you say about my treatment of the Realm of Spirit is very sympathetic and very modest: but I ought to be regarded as myself an outsider to the Spiritual Life; I have at best only a partial insight and sympathy in that [*illegible*] field; yet, if I am able to work out my idea, it will be a contribution of some importance to the subject, because no one that I know of has ever conceived it consistently from the naturalistic point of view and shown its justification on that basis. I find in Alain's Les Dieux amid much obscurity and headiness, wonderful flashes: e.g. "L'attribut de puissance, délégué à l'esprit pur dans une sorte d'emportement, doit être pris comme la partie honteuse de la religion de l'esprit. There is my view in a nutshell. But Alain is incapable of thinking consecutively. G.S.

[*across*]

P.S. I note that the novel is to be by Lionel Grey, and will keep the secret. Ion Leclady would be an anagram. Also { Dion Leclray,
Lion Decray,

etc.

[*across page one*]

Second P.S. I have a qualm about the spelling of High Wycombe, town in Buckingham half way from London to Oxford. Will you please look at a map or ABC and send me a post-card saying if this is right?

To Mary Potter Bush

5 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

July 5, 1935

Dear Mrs. Bush

You are right, you see, in supposing that, rather helplessly, I have come again to Cortina, but not to the Miramonti, partly because I didn't like the room they offered me, and partly because from the town I can vary the direction and length of my walks better than from that outlying starting-point. I was a bit tired of walking daily to the village and back, and also of the crowd of people. Here I am more as in a town, that is, more in my element.

I am reading Alain's Les Dieux, the most obscure French book I ever have come upon, ragged and perverse in places, but also full of wonderful insights. Besides, apart from his vulgar politics, I agree with him, and am encouraged to find so penetrating and spontaneous a thinker taking precisely my view of "spirit". He says: "L'attribut de puissance, délégué à l'esprit pur dans une sorte d'emportement, doit être pris comme la partie honteuse de la religion de l'esprit". I must quote this in my book, The Realm of Spirit, which I am working on at present, being in the mood for it, although The Realm of Matter-Truth should be published first. But my mind isn't entirely clear for sheer philosophy, as the second proofs of the novel are about to reach me, and I shall have to go over those 723 pages once more. We are having some qualms about the hotels and inns, also parsonages, mentioned, all real ones, and the possible law-suits that the proprietors might bring for defaming them or their establishments; but I am careful to kill or remove all the persons, and not to say anything not flattering about the houses; so that I hope to escape prosecution. My weakness for real spots and their atmosphere makes me hate to give false names to places, or even to persons, when the true, thingname is not positively out of the question. I hope people won't think it is impertinence: it is genuine love of truth.

If you don't feel up to going to Paris—which will be on your way home—I can hardly hope to see you here this year, or in Venice—where there is, by the way, a Titian exhibition open. I sh~~e~~xpect to be at Danieli's in September and part of October, until I venture to return to Rome.

I hope Mr. Bush will find his cure efficacious, and that your summer will be otherwise pleasant for both of you

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina,
July 11, 1935

Thank you for your card and the reassurance about High Wycombe. The fact is I had got it wrong, because I had also mentioned Wyckham, the founder of Winchester College.

Another anagram would be Neil Corday.

Your translation is far too mild. Honteux = shameful; but here perhaps the exact meaning might be rendered as follows: "The attribute of power, assigned to pure spirit by a kind of passionate impulse, should be regarded as the part of the religion of spirit of which one has to be ashamed." The pious mind is stampeded to do this: it must pile on all the absolutes on one object. G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

13 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina
July 13, 1935

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for these two French discourses: Tardieu's is splendid at the beginning; then it seemed to degenerate into the helplessness of politicians and reformers with a nostrum, ridiculously contrasting with the massiveness of the disease to be cured. Franchet d'Espèrey,

apart from fulsomeness, was instructive: I thought of the lessons the Italians might learn for their operations in Ethiopia: let us hope these won't prove disastrous. But the jewel was Abel Bonnard's speech: too precious, perhaps, or too incidentally precious. These good poetic things should come only when led up to by mounting feeling in the preceding passage: and then one should be let down softly, as if that were not a climax but only a wave, with other like waves rising behind it. Nevertheless, this speech has real eloquence, because it discloses the grandeur and beauty of real things on a great scale. I was very much moved by it. [*across*], Do you wan't these cuttings back? I shall throw them away otherwise. [*end across*]

There is no reason why you shouldn't ask Cory to help you—or rather stimulate you—in revising your essays. He is free, as far as I am concerned, to live wherever he likes and do whatever he likes. He isn't working for me at all at present, and he hasn't done much for the novel, except giving me a few hints and some encouragement. I regard the allowance I give him not as a salary for work, but as a sort of pension or scholarship, to keep him going. Frankly, I hardly think he has done much to deserve it; but we have got him into the habit of depending on us, and for the years I am likely to live, I am willing to go on supporting him, so long as I can afford it. He might therefore perfectly well go to Florence during the winter, and talk with you about the matters that occupy your mind. I think he might be willing to do so gratis, as he likes to come to Italy and I don't want him next winter in Rome. Only, in that case, I think you ought to consider his temperament and comfort: not press him too hard; not keep him too long on one subject; and have him taken comfortably up and down in the motor, and not forced to take the tram. He is still delicate, though his digestion is better, and he is more sensitive to little things than perhaps you realize.

It is warmer this year in Cortina than I have ever known it—too warm for walking with any pleasure Otherwise all goes well

Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

July 16, 1935

Dear Strong

I am very sorry to hear that you are laid up with what must be a painful complication, and, as you say, it seems a strange accident to come just after a cure, which should have thoroughly purified the blood. Let us hope it is the devil forcing his way out, and leaving you in peace for the future.

I too have never heard of Abel Bonnard, but he must be a poet.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

20 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy,

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy,

July 20, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I have sent you today the second corrected proofs of The Last Puritan, asking to see further proofs only of the two pages in which I have changed the text a little, in order to remove (I hope) every possibility of complaint by ~~the~~ hotel or inn keepers. But there are many other corrections (45, exactly) most of them matters of a comma or apostrophe, but some others rather important. May we rely on the printers to see that all these corrections have been made, or would it be safer to ask for a third proof of the whole?

I don't know how much delay or expense such a request would involve, but rely on you to make it for me, if you think it would be better.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

22 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Cortina, July 22, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Here are the two agreements, for The Last Puritan and for Edman's Selections. I hope that the Editor is getting something for his zeal and labours. He hasn't communicated with me at all on the subject, and I am curious to see his Introduction, as well as the choice he may have made of passages from my books. Of course, I know from previous utterances of his that he is a sympathetic critic, and that on the literary side, at least, he will make a judicious selection.

I have just revised the second proof of The Last Puritan. Thank you for sending me the pages that had been mislaid. I have retained the new version, which is shorter, and I return the old one, in case you care to join it to the rest of the old manuscript. Not that I [*illegible*]wish to preserve the latter: but I know that some people collect such things.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 26, 1935

Dear Cory

I am sending you the £5 extra which you want for your golf-clubs, and am glad that you have found another sport like billiards, and unlike tennis or swimming, that will do for your old age: but I am counting these £5 as half your eventual Christmas present, because I don't think you should expect other additions to your allowance. I doubt whether you will get anything from Eliot, but your novel might bring you something next year, especially if it is suitable (as I should think it might be) for a film.

I say this because I have got a request for the film-rights of The Last Puritan! I sent the letter to Wheelock, as a sort of joke, and this is how he answers: "It may interest you to know that we have had several requests from moving-picture corporations for proof-sheets of The Last Puritan. The Paramount Corporation, in particular, has been much interested." And then, in the contract with Scribner, which Wheelock encloses, they declare themselves entitled to 15% of the sale for moving-picture rights. Presumably, I should get 85%. But I can't think what episodes of such a talky-talky, sedentary story could be shown on the screen, unless it were the murder in College Chapel, or Jim making love to Mrs. Bowler and shoving her first husband into the lock. Oliver's dream about this would really be excellent for dissolving views, if only the guiding motives were not so unconventional

I have sent off the second proof, with two slight variations made in the text to avoid possible complaints from hotels and inns, about which, in the case of the Thackeray Hotel in Great Russell Street, Mr. Kyllman wrote expressing some doubts. I now make Mrs Alden say: "that convenient hotel for geniuses near Phidias and the British Museum?—It might be crowded." I don't think anyone could object to that.

Do you have much in your novel about Yale? And is it, like Henry James's, international?

This reminds me of Spender's book. I too was a little disappointed on the whole. He hasn't a single idea really, but I learned a good deal about Henry James and T. S. Eliot. The latter illustrates Spender's point about a political subject being requisite to any fiction worth having: but James's "destructive element"—the alienation of the intellect from the milieu—is mystical and moral, rather than political: I mean, that the individual spirit might feel such alienation in any country at any epoch, the convention destroyed by reflection being morality or life itself, not a special form of society. Spender doesn't seem to know much history, and his politics are not to my taste: but I don't mind his Bolshevism. It is his British liberalism that seems to me unworthy of a critical mind.

I am deep in S. John of the Cross, and keenly interested in deciphering, as well as I may, how far his union with God, and his God himself, are purely mystical and philosophical, and how far dogmatically Christian. This is very important for my own elaborate treatment of "union", on which I am now at work. I ask 1st With what is this union to be? and 2nd What sort and degree of union is possible?

Yours affly G.S.

[*across*]

P.S. Strong is laid up again with an ulcer in his “leg”. Perhaps it is where la jambe change de nom. \$I don’t think Spencer’s First Principles, but rather his Psychology (which I never possessed) contains the “critical realism” you are after.

To David Page

26 July 1935 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

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

Cortina, July 26, 1935

Dear Mr. Page

Where do I advocate “absolutism” in morals, or “renunciation”—except of what we can’t get? My view of the relation of morals to nature at large is well understood by “Henry Queen” where he speaks, in the article on me that you have kindly sent me, of “morality submerged in naturalism” but not so submerged that new “seed for cultivation” is not always ripening. Morality is finite, form is finite; and the infinite, in its movement, always has to be assuming some form: so that morality—not one type, but some type, of vital harmony—is always native and necessary to life, yet has no absolute or cosmic authority, since a different morality may, and probably will, ensue with the same natural ~~virtue~~ justification. This theory no doubt tempts the spirit to look beyond any particular good and evil; but spirit is a psychic faculty and the psyche is a principle of choice and organization, the principle of morality: so that the healthy spirit can never outgrow or discard natural piety.

I didn’t mean to be so long-winded, but the subject is tempting.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

27 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy
July 27, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Your letter of the 24th reopens the question which had been in my mind from the beginning in regard to The Last Puritan. The book is really “a Memoir in the Form of a Novel”, and perhaps it might have been wiser not to publish it until everything and everybody concerned, including the author, had ceased to exist.

Without being an autobiography, the narrative is rooted at every point in my personal recollections, and it would be impossible to remove Oxford, Iffley, or Eton (not to speak of the American part) without destroying the whole texture of the book. Take Iffley, for instance. I have never known, or heard anything about, any Vicar of Iffley or his family: the story is entirely fictitious; yet if whoever was Vicar there, or his family, before the war, were still alive, and chose to regard my picture as a portrait, the libel would seem outrageous; because I reveal unpleasant secrets about his marriage, attribute to him ultra-modernist views (when he may be really an Anglo-Catholic) and make his son a very shady character. Yet here again, although the personage, Jim Darnley, is a pure fiction, the court-martial, described pp. 200–202. as sentencing him and others to be dismissed from the Navy, really took place: and might one of the survivors, the sub-lieutenant, for instance, complain that my description of him was libellous? So the episode on pages 654–656 is (with slight additions) historical; only the young clergyman's name was not Fulleylove, and it was during the Boer war, not in 1916, that I myself, not Mario (who is also a perfectly fictitious character) had this conversation with him in the coffee-room of the King's Arms. †And by the way, the 19 shillings a day, then the stipend for a young chaplain with the Army, in South Africa, may not be right for Flanders during the last war.‡ This is of little consequence; but if my casual friend, whom I have never heard of again, should see this account, he would surely recognize himself, perhaps not with entire pleasure;

p. 321

p. 684
et passim

p. 201

p 656

yet nobody else could possibly suspect that it was this old gentleman, as he must be now, that was the original of that simple youth.

These are some of the ingrained references and interweavings of fact with fiction which cannot be removed from the book in any case. If they are too dangerous, we must simply suspend publication, at least in England. But there are other incidental touches, like the one about the Thackeray Hotel, that could be modified.

I changed in the text in page 643 in order to indicate that Mr. Bowler, as well as his wife, were not still landlord and landlady of the King's Arms at Sandford. I had already taken this precaution in regard to the Darnleys at Iffley, killing the Vicar and his son, and removing his wife and daughter. But if this matter of dates is not sufficient to preclude complaints, and the former occupants feel that they are maligned, although it is most unlikely that anything resembling them should be found in my description, I don't see any way of avoiding the danger except to change the names^x. If we called Sandford, say, Bablock, and the King's Arms, say, the Red Lion, that would leave the places still recognizable to those who know the topography of Oxford, and for other people there would be no loss of local colour. It would be a nuisance, because the names occur so often, but certainly less a nuisance than an eventual lawsuit.

^xHardly possible in the case of Iffley, however.

p. 643 I don't see how the phrase "They say he is suing for a divorce", could seem objectionable after the man has been described as a drunkard and a habitual cuckold, and his wife has run away from him. If a former landlord of the King's Arms claims that this is a description of him, we must frankly allow that it is not flattering.

pp.

319–320

p 623

There is also a picture of the King's Arms at Oxford, on the whole [*illegible*]favourable (it was my favourite inn at Oxford when I wasn't in lodgings) but in which some words could be changed if it was thought necessary. But if we change the name to the Red Lion, without changing the place or the description, would it be enough?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

27 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Cortina, July 27, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

In looking over the proofs of The Last Puritan, Mr. Kyllmann of Constable & Company has reopened a question which had been on my mind, and which I had proposed to him, at the beginning: namely, whether the mixture of fact and fiction, and in particular the references to places, landlords, landladies, and incumbents of churches, might not give offence and cause people to bring suits for libel. We are making a few alterations, and Mr. Kyllmann is thinking of taking legal advice on the subject; but the book is really what I call it, "a Memoir in the Form of a Novel" and, although not an autobiography, it is rooted throughout in my personal recollections. It would be impossible to remove the setting in the places I know and have frequented, or the use of episodes that have actually occurred in my life-time or in my familiar circle. Is there any danger of this being resented, in regard to the American part? All the leading characters are fictitious; but the house in Beacon Street is real, Mr. Nathaniel Alden is a recognizable caricature of two real persons, long since dead, & both old bachelors; Montana must have senators; would any of them think himself libelled in my Senator Lunt? Something like the homicide in the Harvard College Chapel was said to have been perpetrated, before my time, [*illegible*] by a well-known person of excellent family, dead too; but his children are living. The Secret Society, I believe, has now changed its character or ceased to exist; but it was notorious all through my thirty years at Harvard. There must have been a head-coach of the Harvard crew in the years covered by my account of Oliver's appearance there: I don't know, or have forgotten, who he was: would he regard my description of his Dr. Wilcox's manners as a libel? These and other such points might be raised if people don't sympathize with my reconstruction of the past. It is a fanciful reconstruction, and generally

entirely fictitious. As you know, for instance, there is no Great Falls, Connecticut; but I invented that town because I don't know any New England town, except Boston and Cambridge, well enough to put my story into it. I believe—I have asked about it—that there are no Van de Weyers in New York: anyhow, the family I describe is wholly imaginary. Yet a lot of flotsam from my experience & observation comes up throughout; if I didn't use it, I should have no materials; and therefore it is a question of leaving the book practically as it stands, or suspending publication altogether.

What do you think? Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 July 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Cortina, July 28, 1935

I have come to the end of Alain's book, which re-echoes the note of the passage I quoted to you before. This is his last sentence:

“L'esprit saura se priver de puissance, de toute espèce de puissance; tel est le plus haut règne. Or, le Calvaire annonce cela même, de si éloquente et de si violente façon, que je n'ajouterai aucun commentaire”.

What do you think of that?

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

1 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo
Italy,
Aug. 1, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I shall await with interest your decision about the place-names in The Last Puritan.

Since there will probably be some changes to make, and I have discovered errata that had escaped my not very keen eyes, perhaps it would be better to let me have a third proof of the whole book. In case, however, this is inconvenient, I copy the errata discovered so far on the next leaf, so that you may forward them to the printer.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

6 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 6, 1935

Dear Strong

I have been very remiss in not thanking you before for the number of "Philosophy" with your translation of Voltaire, mise-au-point, and poetic coda. I had vagu[*illegible*]ely expected to have something to report, but nothing seems to have happened. I have received a coloured post-card from your son-in-law in New York, with a view of the "Rockefeller Center" at night, and a few words in Spanish saying they were returning to France early in August. I don't remember whether you have seen them this summer, or are going to make another trip later to Paris. I suppose not, for financial reasons. If you think of coming to Venice, you will probably find me there after September 10th.

As I told you, I am working now on The Realm of Spirit, but I make very slow progress. Some ideas occur, but the development and ordering of them has become very difficult, with the short-windedness and self-rep-

etition of old age. When I return to Rome I mean to read over all my old MS on this subject—an immense pile—and mark with a blue pencil such passages as I think worth incorporating in the final draft, together with an indication of the chapter to which they might be annexed. Then, if I have a clear enough head, I may get the whole thing into some shape.

As a stimulus I am re-reading and annotating the entire works (1,000 pages) of St. John of the Cross. A large part is irrelevant to my purpose, as it is ordinary Catholic doctrine, but I am trying to understand the realities for which these spiritual intuitions or conventions may stand. E.g. With what is the mystic united? And what degree and kind of union is it possible to conceive with that object? I am also amusing myself with making verses—like you—by way of translating those of St. John of the Cross, which are very beautiful and very erotic. The Song of Songs was a great boon to the Catholic Saints: it enabled them to be Freudian without ceasing to be proper.

Cory writes that he has become an enthusiastic golfer, but that he still tries to devote his mornings to pure thought.

I hope that your last ailment is cured, and that you are enjoying the cooler weather which has now set in. Yours ever

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

18 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, Aug. 18, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am not answering your telegram by cable because as you say you assume my consent. I infer that my silence will confirm that assumption, which is quite correct. As you probably know, I have written various articles formerly for *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and have had pleasant relations with Mr. Canby, although I don't altogether share the sentiments of his paper. Apart from politics, I am surprised at the extravagant praise they lavish on almost every author reviewed. Is it a mutual admiration society? However, that has nothing to do with the advantage of having him publish these extracts, I suppose from Prof. Edman's book, which will serve as an advertisement for that volume, and perhaps also for *The Last Puritan*.

Thank you also for your reassuring letter about the latter. Mr. Kyllmann has not yet expressed his final opinion on the question of possible actions for libels on the premisses, hardly on the persons, of vicars and innkeepers, but I am glad that in America, at least, we shall be safe

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina

Aug. 25, 1935

Dear Cory

Your maturing ideas about your novel seem to me excellent, and I hope when you come to the end you will make the solution genuine, and not merely perfunctory, or as you say, to please the ladies. A man doesn't want to be possessed by his wife, or by anything else, but he wants, if he is normal, to be devoted. Freedom and self-expression eat themselves

up, and become nothing, unless we find persons or arts or ambitions that we can live for whole-heartedly.

Can you tell me anything about Bonamy Dobrée? He has written to me, asking me to contribute an essay on Berkeley to a book he is editing on the 18th century. I have accepted, conditionally, because I feel that I have something to say, and that a just analysis of Berkeley's position would clear up the present muddle about "sense-data" etc., without letting my personal views intrude too much, and arouse the hostility or prejudice of professional critics.

Irwin Edman is coming to stay "some weeks" at Bolzano, and threatens to look me up here. He seems to say, in his letter, that my Obiter Scripta are to appear this year, instead of his Selections, which are post-poned. It seems that advanced copies of The Last Puritan have already been distributed in America to the critics, since Edman has read one, and is to write a review for The New York Times. Meantime the question of place-names seems to be holding up the printing in England. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S

¹Bonamy Dobrée (1891–1974), English scholar and critic, was professor of English literature at the University of Leeds from 1936 to 1955.

²George Berkeley (1685–1753) founded the doctrine of subjective idealism—the theory that all qualities are known only in the mind, that matter does not exist apart from its being perceived, and that the observing mind of God makes possible the continued apparent existence of material objects. "Bishop Berkeley (1685–1753)" was published in *From Anne to Victoria: Essays by Various Hands* (London: Cassell and Co., Ltd., 1937, 75–88).

³"Bolzano is not a very attractive place for a holiday, but Edman wanted to be near Santayana and at the same time not prove a nuisance" (*Years*, 158).

⁴*New York Times Book Review* (2 February 1936).

To Bonamy Dobrée

25 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Leeds)

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

Cortina, Aug. 25, 1935

Dear Sir,

You are not wrong in supposing that your suggestion would interest me, and I am especially pleased that you should trust me to write about Berkeley, in spite of the centre of my own thought lying in such a different quarter. I have a great affection for Berkeley notwithstanding, and

there are some things that I have long wished to say, by way of interpreting him, and showing his logical place, rather out of the single line of supposed progress in which the historians of philosophy have made him march.

I am therefore inclined to accept the opportunity you so kindly offer me. You won't mind, I suppose, if my paper should be a little shorter than you propose, or if it is not biographical, as circumstances oblige me to work almost without books of reference.

Should I, on trial, find that my ideas cannot take shape, I will write again within a week or two, confessing my inability to go on.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

26 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy,
Cortina d'Ampezzo,
Italy.
Aug. 26, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I have telegraphed today, in answer to your letter of the 24th saying "GYes, go ahead." It is a relief to know that, like the Italians, we may venture to do so without minding sanctions.

I have found three more trifling errata which I send you on the next leaf. If it is too late for this impression, they can be corrected in a later one.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

28 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo
Italy

Aug. 28, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

In looking over correspondence about The Last Puritan, now practically closed, I find the enclosed, which I had forgotten.

Would you mind replying, if you think it worth while, and have any views on the subject. My experience with would-be translators is that they hardly ever carry out their proposal, but this might conceivably be an exception.

I shouldn't ask for any royalty for myself, but should like some assurance that the translator was competent.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P. T. O. P.S. I also enclose a list of persons to whom I should like copies of The Last Puritan to be sent. As to my own copies, I should be much obliged if you would keep them for me until I return to Rome in October. I will then write again about them. What is [*across right margin*] the binding to be, and the jacket? "Rich but not gawdy," I hope.

Daniel Cory, 52, Cranley Gardens, S.W.7.

Logan Pearsall Smith Esq., 11, St. Leonards Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.

Miss Rudston Brown, Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature,
2, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

Miss Evelyn Tindall, The Cottage, Kennett, Cambs.

The Countess Russell, Mas-des-Roses, Mougins, A.P., France.

Le Marquis de Piedrablanca de Guana, 54, rue de Lorraine,
St. Germain-en-Laye, France.

Marchesa Origo, "La Foce", Chianciano, Siena, Italy.

C.A. Strong Esq., "Le Balze", Fiesole, Florence, Italy.

Don Antonio Marichalar, Independencia 2, Madrid.

Baron A.W. von Westenholz, Sophienterrasse 14, Hamburg.

To John Hall Wheelock

28 August 1935 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, Aug. 28, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

After a long delay, Mr. Kyllmann has decided that we may risk printing The Last Puritan as it stands, after having made the slight alterations already agreed upon. He asks me to telegraph my consent to go to press at once; and I have done so, in order not to cause further delay, although I should have liked to see a third proof, the second having still been full of errata, which I trust have been corrected. I have since discovered three more, trifling ones, which I have forwarded to Mr. Kyllmann; but in case it is too late for this impression, I repeat them on the adjoining half-leaf, thinking that perhaps you might have them made by hand in your copy, before the photographing (or whatever the process is) has begun.

Prof. Edman has written saying that his Selections are postponed and Obiter Scripta are to appear this year instead. I am rather glad of it.

I enclose lists of the people to whom I should like copies of both books to be sent in my name.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Errata in
“The Last Puritan”

Page 298,
 line 12, omit comma after “ducks”.

Page 479, for read
 line 8 “sheer” shear

Page 643,
 line 12, “as” a

To Otto Kyllmann

3 September 1935 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoy, Cortina d’Ampezzo
 but after Sept. 10th Hotel Danieli, Venice } Italy
 Sept. 3rd 1935

Dear M^r Kyllmann

With regard to possible German translations of The Last Puritan, I gladly accept your suggestion that the matter be referred to the Agent whom you recommend; and he could make such terms for us (you ought to get half, if we get anything) as are usual. His fee could come out of my share. Of course I have no objection to making a charge, except that I would rather facilitate the diffusion of the book than get any money out of it.

I therefore return the card from Vienna once more, and leave the affair entirely in your hands.

As to the jacket, I like the lettering and the note very much, but the colour of “Peter Abelard”, with white letters, somehow doesn’t seem to me suitable for the last puritan. It is absurd for me to make suggestions on such a subject to people of such experience as you and your collaborators. I have had my way in the text; it is fair that the public taste should have its way in the presentation of it. Nevertheless I can’t help liking the blue purple of my other books better than the magenta proposed; and other combinations, such a blue-grey with black lettering, or pale buff with green lettering, swim before my mind’s eye. I enclose the cover and a fly-leaf of a Spanish review which I like particularly, to show you what

I mean. But I should think the first point to settle was the colour of the binding, and then the jacket could be made to harmonize with that.

There is a slight inaccuracy in your note, although perhaps a fortunate one. Oliver's father was born in Boston (in 1855) but he himself in his mother's house in Connecticut, on October 1st 1890. †I know a great deal about these people that is not set down in the book. ‡ The mention of Boston, however, is better, because it gives the reader the right note at once, and suggests genteel Puritanism. I should therefore let the thing stand as it is, or if you care to make a change you might say "was born near Boston in 1890."

I am moving (as I indicate at the top) to the Hotel Danieli in Venice on Sept. 10th to remain there about a month, before returning to Rome as usual

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

13 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice.

Sept. 13, 1935

M^{essrs} Constable & C^o
London.

Gentlemen

I am glad to know that The Last Puritan is to be published on October 17th

As to my "author's copies," I should be much obliged if you would send me only two for the present, addressed to the Hotel Bristol, Rome, where I shall then be, and one other to M^r A. J. Onderdonk, IV, Argentinier Strasse, 4, Vienna, Austria, and if you would keep the others

for me until some later occasion, as living in hotels I have little space for the books that are always accumulating.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 14, 1935

Dear Cory

The enclosed reached me today. The English edition is to be published on Oct. 17th. You will receive a copy.

I am reading Luce on Berkeley & Malebranche, and think he is right on the main point, but rather stupid and monotonous in details. My essay on Berkeley is almost done, but not yet well ordered. It isn't wanted until March, so that there will be plenty of time to let it rest and then review it and revise it with a critical mind. It is very "warm".

Do you care to have Luce's book or have you got it?

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Danieli's, Venice

Sept. 17, 1935

Dear Strong

Venice is very crowded, with German and French steamers bringing ~~crowd~~hundreds of tourists; but there is no longer any restaurant at Florian's, all is café, and I doubt that you would find much to please you if you made the journey. And my thoughts, as you know, are turned rather in other directions than the problems of epistemology that you like to discuss, and I am sure you wouldn't get any fresh light from me on that subject. But I am glad you have found energy and interest to formulate the matter in a new and more satisfactory way, which I suppose will appear before long in ~~the~~Mind or in the Journal of Philosophy.

You say you have revised your Will, and that you are delighted with Cory's article. I don't want to be indiscreet, but this juxtaposition leaves me puzzled as to the decision you may have made about the Fellowship you had intended to establish at Harvard. As you know, I am leaving Cory nothing except my books and manuscripts, which would be a burden rather than an aid to him when I disappear; and perhaps I might make some arrangement to tide him over that crisis, if you have cancelled the ~~arrangements~~provision, you were making in his favour. That is why I should rather like to know if you have done so.

I have been writing an essay on Berkeley, asked for by Bellamy Dobrée for a book he editing to be entitled From Anne to Victoria. I agreed, because the work fell in nicely with what I was trying to think out about the Realm of Spirit; and I am treating Berkeley entirely in that connection, encouraged by a little book on Berkeley & Malebranche by Canon Luce of Trinity, Dublin. He takes the same view of Berkeley that I do, that he ought to have been a great religious or mystical philosopher, not a step down towards sense-data, Broad, & Russell.

Yours ever G.S.

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

19 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS telegram: Temple)

TIME OF RECEIPT OFFICE OF ORIGIN.FOREIGN NUMBER.Nº OF WORDS.DATE.
 AT CENTRAL TELEGRAPH TIME HANDED IN.AND SERVICE INSTRUCTIONS.
 OFFICE, E.O.T.

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IRP

281 VENEZIA 9 19 1410=

FROM PEACH 19/9/35+

CONSTABLE E C 10 ORANGE STREET LDN =

ONE

SANTAYANA +

To John Hall Wheelock

22 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Venice, Sept. 22, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today I receive your letter of Sept. 12, after your cablegram, and your other note about The Last Puritan Thank you very much for everything. Naturally I am gratified to have this book chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and dazzled by the unexpected prospect of getting \$5000 at one swoop. You suggest, perhaps too flatteringly, that the better my books are known the more they will be liked. I am not sure about that; I believe there is a good deal of irritation and contempt in some quarters at the tone of my mind; but perhaps opposition and divided opinions may serve as an added advertisement, and ~~that~~ we may profit by the zeal of our enemies, if not morally, at least financially.

Since you are to reset the book there will be a chance to correct any remaining clerical errors. I have discovered two more since I last wrote,

and list them on the opposite page. I suppose your proof-readers will have better eyes than I, and may be trusted to revise the proofs.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

“The Last Puritan”
by G. Santayana

Further Errata.

Page 234

line 12, insert “to” before “the one side or the other”.

Page 351

lines 16 & 17. for “gentlemen” read “gentleman”

To Charles Augustus Strong

24 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Danieli’s, Venice

Sept. 24, 1935

Dear Strong

Thank you for telling me about the new arrangements you have made in the matter of the Fellowship: my mind is relieved of all anxiety, because Cory has friends—his father, brother, and aunt—who would tide him over, even if his wits didn’t suffice to keep him afloat, during a limited interval: the point is that, if he is not successful at once in earning his living, he should not be a pauper all the rest of his life.

There will certainly be a good deal about consciousness in my Realm of Spirit. As I know plan the book, the first chapter will be about definitions and the use of terms: and I distinguish carefully the connotation of “consciousness” (the pensée of Descartes) from “Spirit”, the latter having a moral bias and a personal history, which mere “consciousness” does not involve: and there is a discussion also of the term “mind”, and of the other uses of “Spirit”, not adopted by me. Then in the second chapter

there will be an account of the origin or genesis of spirit, its basis being the life of the psyche, i.e. physical life; and of the (purely spiritual) originality and novelty of spirit. This seems to touch the points in which you are interested, and yet I am afraid it will not satisfy your questions, because feeling for me is an instance of consciousness, not a basis for consciousness; the basis being large-scale biological processes, having a moral or [*illegible*] dramatic character; and it is this moral or dramatic character in material life that I make the ground of consciousness or spirit. Tropes, belonging in the Realm of Truth, intervene between unconscious organic processes and moral or intellectual awakenings: so that an internal substance, like your “sentience”, within spirit, as it were, is neither found nor required. In a word, my notion of the relation of mind to body remains Aristotelian, as it has always been. Spirit is the second (actualized) entelechy of natural organic life in an animal: and the inner texture of substance remains a purely cosmological problem, not involved in psychology except as it may be involved in the evolution of animals.

I expect to remain here until Oct. 15th and then move to Rome for the winter.

The N. Y. New Republic calls my preface to Iris’s Leopardi “boring and obese”. What would the critic say if he met me in the flesh?

Yours ever G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Danieli’s, Venice.

Sept. 26, 1935

Dear Cory

The enclosed letter from Wheelock will explain at first hand what is the state of things in regard to the novel. Of course it is gratifying to have this sudden boost, but someone must have it, apparently, every month, and really it’s not extravagant to think that The Last Puritan, which is a major work and original in some respects, should have been chosen to be one of the twelve in one year. [*illegible*]What this does show is that the committee were not too much disturbed by my picture of America or of

erotic friendships: but the critics, some of them, will probably rage. Never mind: we will pocket the \$5000 and the rest of the [*illegible*]profits with thanks, and go our own way. A tactless friend has sent me a review of Iris's book, in which my "foreword" is called "boring and obese". What would the critic say if he saw me in the flesh? And what wrath won't he pour on The Last Puritan? I asked Edman what he thought people would think, and he said they would scrutinize the Prologue and Epilogue so as to make out how much of myself there was in the book; and he asked whether I had any special intention in saying, at the end of the Prologue, that I would report the facts only in so far as discretion allowed. In other words, they smell a rat, and want to know (very indiscreetly) whether the rat is in me, or only in my book. You will be bothered all your life with questions of this kind, if you become my official interpreter. I think it might be prudent on your part to say that you knew nothing about my private history in my earlier years. It is the truth, as is natural with more than forty years' difference in our ages; and I think even my contemporaries, if not inventive, would have to say the same thing. The fact is that there is very little to know, except what can be got by psychoanalysis out of my prose and poetry. But this whole interest in an author's medical history is vile and morbid, and ought to be squelched as severely as possible. It is another question, and legitimate, to like or not to like the sentiments that an author has actually expressed.

I am rather sorry that they are to reprint the book in America, making it a little dearer in price and a great deal cheaper in appearance; but we will stick to the British edition which is not displeasing to the eye; although I should have chosen a different binding.

Berkeley is finished and laid aside to cool and to be revised later; and I have returned to the R. of S.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Unknown)

Sept. 26, '35

I am sending you a book about English School life that has some amusing things in it; but it would have been better if the interest had been centred more on one or two characters. However, the minor figures, like the porter at the end, are perhaps the best.

G.S.

To Sterling Power Lamprecht

26 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Dartmouth)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Venice, Sept. 26, 1935

Dear Mr. Lamprecht

Thank you for your letter of Sept. 17 and for the copies of my Hague address. These will still be useful to distribute on occasion, although I believe Obiter Scripta are to appear shortly after all, instead of Edman's Selections, postponed until next year. These things are disposed by a sort of higher providence or professional soviet, without my knowledge or consent: but usually, I believe, for good reasons which I acquiesce in gladly after the fact. The novel, too, has suddenly been transported to the third heaven of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and I understand that a shower of gold is to fall upon me later from that quarter. Very nice, but how surprising!

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

27 September 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Venice, Sept. 27, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

On dipping into The Last Puritan, at a place I hadn't recently reread, I find three uncorrected errors, rather near together, which I register overleaf.

Doubtless I shall find others, and perhaps, when the English edition appears, not all the mistakes previously noted will have been corrected. I should therefore be much obliged if you would let me know the latest date at which errata could be usefully communicated to your printers, and I will then send you a complete list of those I shall have discovered, up to that time, in the English text.

I am very sorry that my proof-reading is so blind; but my eyes are not sharp, although still perfectly good for hasty reading; and besides an author, by familiarity with his phrases, is led to anticipate what he reads, and not really to look at the printed words. Hence these strange oversights after several revisions.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

“The Last Puritan”

by G. Santayana

Additional Errata.

p. 380

line 11 from the bottom.

for “respectively” read “respectfully.”

p. 391

3rd line from the bottom.

after “soon” insert “as”.

p. 394

11th line from the bottom

for “its” read “it's.”

To George Sturgis

3 October 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Venice, Oct. 3, 1935

Dear George

If you are as innocent as I am about the ways of the book-trade, you will be surprised to hear that between 35,000 and 40,000 copies of my novel have been sold before the book has appeared.

There seems to be a thing called the Book-of-the-Month Club, that performs this miracle every thirty days for one author or another. Not really so flattering, therefore, that The Last Puritan should have been one of the twelve, (and not less than twelve, ^{every year,}) new books that must sell about 40,000 copies ^{every year;} but it is pleasant to get \$5000 at once for the book; Scribner gets another \$5,000; and there is likely to be a sale outside the ^{circle} of _λ subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month; so that we are to be congratulated, so far, on the success of the book. But you must remember that the twelve apostles were chosen by Christ himself, and one of them was Judas; and though he got thirty pieces of silver, according to contract, it didn't do his reputation much good with posterity.

You may also wonder, as I did, how the committee of this club could choose my book before it was out: but the practice of publishers nowadays seems to be to send advanced proofs to the critics, so that reviews and notices may appear at the time of the publication; and my novel was in print (full of errata) in June last, when I read the first proofs here in Venice: and the New York critics received advanced copies at the same time. Hence these tears, or rather these smiles and these shekels.

The \$5,000 haven't been paid yet, and I should be much obliged if you would send \$1,000 again to Brown Shipley & C^s for my account. This will probably be the last extra draft that I shall have to ask for for some time, if the novel lives up to its present promises. By the way, it is not to appear in America before December or January, and they are going to reprint it. The English edition appears this month. I will send you a copy. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

12 October 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Address: Hotel Bristol, Rome

Venice, Oct. 12, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

In regard to Dr. Jahn's communication, which I return, I should certainly agree to his quoting the passages he refers to from the Preface to Scepticism and Animal Faith. Quotation is always a compliment & an advertisement.

I am returning on the 15th to Rome, where I shall probably be all winter, as usual, at the Hotel Bristol. I am looking forward to receiving there the first copies of The Last Puritan. I am afraid there are still a lot of errors (some the printers', but most of them mine) which have remained undetected. I have a list of them which I will complete and send to you, in view of possible reprints, as soon as I have had a chance to examine the final text. I shall also send this list to Scribner, seeing that under the changed circumstances they are going to print a separate edition. My eyes are not very sharp, and an author is a bad proof-reader in any case, because he sees what ought to be there before he looks. I am sorry, but I had no one at hand to help me in correcting the proofs.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

14 October 1935 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Oct. 14, 1935

HÔTEL ROYAL DANIELI

VENEZIA

Dear George

I see by the papers that in the proposed "sanctions" against Italy there is talk of prohibiting all payments to people resident here. Will this pre-

vent me from drawing money on Brown Shipley? If so, you might make some other arrangement, sending me drafts direct, perhaps, or through the American Express C^o which has an office in Rome.

When you get this, you may know, better than I do know, what these mad people at Geneva have actually set about; and you can make inquiries as to the simplest way of letting me have my regular money. You know that about \$500 a month is what I require.

I go to Rome tomorrow, and have several thousand lire, so that I am all right for the moment, especially as the Hotel Bristol would trust me, I expect, for as long as necessary. Yours affly

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

17 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 17. 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

On arriving here yesterday I found the two copies of The Last Puritan, which you had kindly had sent to me, according to my request. I have compared the text with my proofs, and find that the worst missprints that had escaped correction before have been detected and set right by your proof-reader. There remain a few, most of them trivial, which I note on the enclosed sheet, in case of a future reprint.

I like the general aspect of the book and especially its lightness in the hand, really admirable for so long a work. The reader will hardly be made to feel that he is reading a treatise.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. In regard to the other three copies that I understand I am to receive, will you kindly have ~~two~~ sent to me here, at the Hotel Bristol, Rome, and the third to

Mr. George Sturgis,
1, Federal Street.
Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

To John Hall Wheelock

17 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 17, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

On reaching Rome yesterday I found the first copies of The Last Puritan in the English edition. I have compared the text with my proofs and, as far as I know, the missprints noted on the enclosed sheet are all that remain. Some of them are obvious and would no doubt be corrected by your printers in any case, but I list everything I have discovered, for greater safety.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

The Last Puritan

by G. Santayana

Errata remaining in the English edition

<u>Page</u>	<u>line</u>	<u>for</u>	<u>read</u>
85	6 th from the bottom	father	Father
169	2	1906	1907
208	6	let's	lets
330	18	insert comma after	“staggering”
*380	11 th from the bottom	respectively	respectfully

*391	3 rd from the bottom	insert <u>as</u> after “ <u>soon</u> ”	
428	8	geographically	geographical
509	6	shadows	shadow
627	2 nd from the bottom	spendidly	splendidly
632	10	(after “belongs)	?

* These corrections have already been sent by the author to Messrs. Scribner.

To Ellen Shaw Barlow

19 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct, 19, 1935

Dear “Cousin Nellie”

It was most kind of you to send me this message, which takes me back to the pleasantly foolish days when Bob was a very young man and I thought myself only a little older. It is now 23 years since I left America, and I have lost the thread of most of those affectionate friendships which I had there. I console myself with thinking that life would have divided us in any case in all that really matters, and that perhaps a complete break helps to preserve the memory of one’s halcyon days purer than if it had been confused by gradual drifting apart or material impediments.

I don’t know what I may have said that misrepresented my mother’s relations with the Sturgis family. I am sure she had a real “culte” for ~~it~~ them, especially for your mother and for “Uncle Russell” and “Uncle Robert”. Their characters, their persons, and their way of living were what she thought absolutely right and superior to anything to be found elsewhere. She especially despised, in comparison, Spanish ways and Spanish ideas. That is why I have never been able to make out why she ever married my father. But there were probably strands in her character and experience which I had no notion of, having known her only in her old age, when she was very silent and led a retired resigned and monotonous life. Family history, and even one’s own past, are hard to decipher unless you have documents to go by. It is like deciphering the Roman

Forum. There are the stones, perfectly plain; but they belong to different strata and it is impossible to piece out anything out of them that shall correspond to what existed at any one time. The reason you say my mother gave for Susie's not staying in the Convent—that Susie liked meat and not vegetables—is most characteristic of my Mother. She believed in dialectical materialism before anyone had heard of Karl Marx. And if we take that saying symbolically, I think it was most true, because religion with Susie was a social passion, not a spiritual one, and in her enthusiasms there wasn't very much peace. She was certainly not made to be a nun; but she was driven to make that experiment by dissatisfaction with her surroundings after the fun of first youth was gone.

I am writing separately to Bob, and will add nothing here, except to say "thank you" [*across*] again for your kind letter

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Barlow

19 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 19, 1935

Dear Bob

It is indeed a pleasant surprise to hear from you and even more from your mother. I didn't even know that you were living together in Boston, my news of the family history, in spite of a constant correspondence with George Sturgis, being very scanty. I knew that he went often to the Bangs's, and sometimes saw you there; but until I informed him of the fact, he seems not to have known that you and he were cousins. Boylston Beal is the only one of the old gang that I ever see nowadays, and he gives me melancholy accounts of the state of things in America, social, moral, and financial. I don't think I should care much for the new generations, in spite of my liking for mere youth: but it must be simple youth, not get-old-quick standardized immaturity. You will see in my novel—the English edition is out, but the American is not to appear until December or

January—some sketches of what, as I now imagine it, youth was in your day: in your day rather than in my own, because, as you will see, my leading personages are not drawn from my own experience but rather from what I fancied to have been potential in my friends. Everybody who is in the know at all will recognize some of my originals. I could easily name several of our friends who have contributed something to my hero: but perhaps it will amuse you and Swelly Bangs to analyse the compound for yourselves. The ladies are also renderings of certain sides of people who have counted a good deal in my life: but the setting is so transformed that perhaps the likeness is rather an intention in me than a reality. “Rose”, for instance, is a picture of what I imagine my mother to have been like when a young girl. I don’t remember how much I said in that sketch of her life about her romantic adventures when all alone among the Indians in her tropical island: but she had a wonderful coolness and courage, and a quiet disdain for what she didn’t feel was quite up to the mark. For that reason she wasn’t very affectionate to her children: we were poor stuff.

Naturally, we are living under a war-cloud: but I hope it won’t burst. My sympathies are anti-English now: gradually, since the war, all my Anglomania has faded away. The British bully is traditional, and the English prig is familiar: but the two were never before so well combined as in Mr. Eden. I prefer the Bolschies; and perhaps everywhere, through one approach or another, it is to State socialism that we are bound

I am tempted to send you and Bangs (since you discuss [*across*] me) a little autobiography and a lay sermon of mine. They have appeared or will appear in books, but perhaps a pamphlet is less rébarbatif. Yours ever

G. S.

To Otto Kyllmann

22 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 22, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

In regard to the Canadian edition of The Last Puritan and the Book-of-the-Month Club any arrangement that you think suitable will satisfy me. I abandon all hope of understanding the mysteries of the book-trade in the U.S. but I bow piously to its dispensations, at least in this case, since I understand I am to receive 5,000 dollars in a lump to begin with, which is much more than I had expected in the end

I don't subscribe to the Press-Cutting agencies, preferring to let my consciousness of my books fade naturally into the past; but I have seen the Times review and one other (both sent to me by these Press-Cutting Bureaus, as advertisements) and I quite understand the tendency of the criticisms to be, as you say, "muffled". They don't like to venture on dangerous ground, or to risk an opinion about a book that doesn't quite fall into the usual categories. Both these reviews were rather favourable; yet neither of them mentioned humour, as you were kind (and perceptive) enough to do in your note printed on the jacket. To me the humour, the fun, makes the soul of any description of human society that can be read for pleasure. If people don't hear the scherzo in the symphony, no wonder they find the andante tedious and long.

Somebody some day will probably attack this book furiously on moral and religious grounds, but for the moment the critics seem to be benevolent, or else shy.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

23 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 23, 1935

Dear Strong

It is too bad that you should be suffering from these painful little ailments, and I hope the change to Cannes will relieve them. In any case, there will be no dearth of doctors there, and perhaps of acquaintances that may help you to pass away the time. Elizabeth, for instance. In Venice, this last time, I had nothing to read except St. John of the Cross, which is not suitable for restaurants and cafés, and I had to take refuge in Tauchnitz novels. Among them I happened upon “Love”, by Elizabeth. I think I had read, at least a part of it, before, but it had all the charm of novelty, thanks to a bad memory. The heroine is even more like herself than her usual heroine is; except that she has never had to give up looking young.

Cannes may also be a relief to you politically, if the condition of things in Italy now makes you uncomfortable. I am troubled, of course, but interested, and in full sympathy with this side of the quarrel. Not that, being a Pantoffelheld (if that is the way to spell it) I didn't deprecate the expedition to Ethiopia and feel in my bones that it might be a disaster; but that, once human life and human enterprise are condoned, I see the whole élan vital of the universe behind our friends here: whereas I loathe the League of Nations. To bolster up the decay of parliamentarism by convoking a still bigger and more mob-like parliament, composed of pedants and ideologues, was a work worthy of Wilson, Clemenceau, & Lloyd George: and now to see it run by Eden reminds me of Eliot running the Harvard Faculty. What an odious tyrant he is! The English bully is traditional and the English prig is familiar; but the union of the two was never achieved before Mr. Anthony Eden. With these sentiments, I don't mind waiting for events in this heated atmosphere: we may soon see clearer weather, and I am not sure that this egregious Mr. Eden will not disappear ignominiously from the scene.

I hope this sfogo of mine won't irritate you, if you sympathize with the other side. I might tear up this letter, and write a colourless one; but perhaps it may entertain you to see how anti-English I have become

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 26, 1935

Dear Cory

Two press-cutting agencies have sent me, as an ad, two reviews of The Last Puritan, one from The Times. They were rather good; but I don't think I care to see any more. Better let the subject drop out of my mind as far as possible. Occasionally I reopen my copy and find a new misprint somewhere; but I am tired of the book, and don't need it for entertainment. The Abyssinian imbroglio is enough. The atmosphere here is very cheerful and exhilarating. It is so much more healthy to go in for an adventure, even a perilous one, than to sit up all night quarrelling and shaking with fear and devising ways of preventing other people from doing anything. France is afraid of Germany: but what is England afraid of, that it need hide behind France or the other 50 weaklings in the League? Germany too, or merely time and her own lassitude? Curious that the English, who are so good at adventures themselves, and at the handling of matter, should lose all contact with reality the moment they try to think. I read their speeches in the papers. Except Lloyd George's, they seem to be the speeches of nice decent people: but all whimsical, inspired by some slogan, lost in a maze. What the French say is all false

too, more consciously false than the English stuff; but then one doesn't expect sincerity in politicians who have to stand for election every few years. My subscription to the Morning Post expires next month and I am not going to renew it; but I don't think I want The Weekly Times or literary supplement either. I have had enough; and I can pick up a number now and then, if something exceptional occurs.

To return to the novel, I have been awaiting letters from the friends I sent it to, but none of any interest has yet arrived. If you see any criticism that seems penetrating, and not merely perfunctory, I should like to read it, because it looks as if the book might be dismissed as a rather overloaded prosy story, and not regarded as a "criticism of life".

When am I to see Michael? Couldn't you send me Part I on thin paper? I will ponder it, and return it. Yours affly

G.S.

To George Sturgis

28 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 28, 1935

Dear George

I note your change of address. A copy of the English edition of The Last Puritan (addressed, of course, to 1 Federal Street) will have reached you by this time. If you read it (skipping without any qualms when the soliloquies bore you) you will see that it doesn't lend itself to the cinema. Nevertheless the matter has already been broached, and Scribner has the cinema rights in hand, as my agent. I believe he said I should get 85% of the profits, if any, and he 15%. But there is no chance, I think, in that quarter, unless someone should rewrite all the last part and make it dramatic. There are several occasions where I have deliberately avoided obvious complications in the action. Tom Piper might actually have prevented Oliver's marriage to Edith; the dropped letter business would then have more point: and later Mario might really run away with Rose, and leave Oliver doubly insulted and forlorn. But I haven't enough familiarity with melodrama to work such plots out properly, and besides, I wished to keep the tragedy muffled and going on only in the realm of possibilities and frustrations behind the scenes. The lost letter business doesn't make any difference: that is the point I wish the reflective reader to see: and Mario

wouldn't have snatched Rose away from Oliver for worlds, caring much more for him than for her. So that her caprices in the matter are wasted also. That is a more cynical and pessimistic effect; also a nobler one, if you catch it at all. And I am much encouraged about "putting over" my intentions. People don't miss them. This morning, together with your letter, I receive one from Lady Russell (Elizabeth of the German Garden) who has recognized her late husband in my Lord Jim! Nobody else will, I hope and expect: and the likeness is not intentional or external; but it is the same man really, and it is a triumph that his wife should see it at once. But these psychological mysteries won't go on the screen.

Thank you for sending the \$1000 to London. I don't expect any serious trouble with England, or with "sanctions": Europe is too divided and too much scared. Yours affly G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

31 October 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 31, 1935

Dear Cory

The letters I was waiting for about The Last Puritan have begun to arrive. Last night came a very nice one from Logan Pearsall Smith, enclosing Desmond MacCarthy's review in last Sunday's Times. I assume you have seen it. The important point is the intensity with which he feels the book, so much so as to complain that I make too much of Mario, as if these characters were real people. He is right, of course, about Oliver sometimes speaking with my voice: but he Oliver, was my pupil, I might have suggested these very words to him, and in any case he had seen round his own puritanism from the beginning and felt it was wrong. So that his occasional power of self-criticism, without power of self-correction, is not out of character: although very likely it was not always this fact that made me write those passages, but simply incapity not to air my own ideas.

Logan, for his part, if very complimentary, “You have displayed new powers of humour and irony and of the presentation of characters . . . All the few people I know in London with any sense of quality are reading The Last Puritan with passionate admiration, and, to borrow a phrase of Henry James’s, ‘the small fry of the day submit to a further shrinkage’.” But the best letter so far is from Lady Russell. She writes: “I have got to the part where Oliver goes on the Black Swan and meets Lord Jim, whose person and conversation seem curiously familiar.” This is splendid: because Jim isn’t externally like my friend her husband, nor in his specific opinions: but it is the same man, the same psyche; and that Elizabeth should have seen it at once gives me the greatest joy. And I am sure she will be even more reminded of her lost illusions—for she must have been in love with him, else why marry him?—(and that when he was nearly fifty!)—when she comes to his gradual deterioration; and I do hope, though I doubt, that she will soften toward him at the end. She didn’t in real life, even when he became a member of the Labour Government. I tell you this because I feel we are Santayana & Cory, Incorporated (not, I hope, Limited) and I want you to see these things from the inside. Here is a real justification for the motto from Alain about “jeunesse sauvée”. Lord Jim is a bit of my youth preserved. I am much more partial to him than to Mario, who is a compound of several other friends of mine, all less important.

Elizabeth also says: “The Fräulein’s letters are so good, so ganz Deutsch, that I believe you must have read them over her shoulder. I too know a Fräulein like that—indeed she is, oddly, my most intimate woman friend. The same enthusiasm and ecstasy about everything, the same eloquence over scenery and sunsets, the same determination im Wahren Guten Schönen resolut zu leben, without, I think, being very clear as to what is wahr, gut, and schön. Happy are they who possess this kind of celestial flatulence”. Isn’t “celestial flatulence” good? Elizabeth once spoke of my “verklär te Heiterkeit”, which is even better, if you feel the quality of those two German words. “Transfigured merriment” is the nearest I can come to it in English.

I am expecting a letter some day from Westenholz, my German friend; then from Mrs. Toy and Boylston Beal in America. That will complete the list of my intimates, whose response matters to me on personal grounds

— Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

2 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 2, 1935

Dear George

Will you kindly make good the assertion in the enclosed blue slip, and send the cheque as requested to Merriam, but made out to Hood. You might also add that I am sorry I can't be present.

I enclose the best review of the novel that I have seen so far. Desmond MacCarthy is a prominent editor and critic, and you see how seriously he takes the book. All the first part about "essences" is fudge and can be neglected. He has got "snarled up" about that innocent word, which only means what people (not philosophers!) call an idea.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

12 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 12, 1935

Dear George

Yesterday I drew \$500 without difficulty at Cook's, and, as you say, there does not seem to be any likelihood of obstacles being placed in the way of cashing letters of credit on the U.S.

As to my London bank-account, I never draw cheques on it for my expenses here, but only for books to be sent from England, and for presents or charities out of Italy. I don't think a cheque on London to be paid in England or France or Spain would be stopped by the Italian post-office, as nothing is thereby removed from Italy. Even if this should happen, it wouldn't be difficult to find a way of securing the same object—perhaps by asking Brown Shipley & C^a to send a draft to the person in question from London.

I am perfectly ready to suspend tea-drinking, wearing English boots, or getting books from England while the sanctions are on: in case of anything very interesting, I can order it by way of America.

The atmosphere here is tense but exhilarating, and I was never more pleased at living in Italy than at this moment. It is a glorious experience, and I shouldn't wonder if tightening the belt (especially in regard to luxuries and foreign products) would have an admirable effect on the Italian people, already so much sterner and „more, energetic than they were, or than we used to think them.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

14 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 14, 1935

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

No: there is no French translation of The Life of Reason.

The only one of my books that has been translated, both into French and Italian, is Egotism in German Philosophy. The French translation,

entitled L'Erreur de la Philosophie Allemande was published by the "Nouvelle Librairie Nationale" 11, rue de Médicis, Paris, in 1917.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

16 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 16, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am sending you my two last photographs, one taken about the age of 60 (probably the one you already have) and the other about the age of 70, or more exactly in 1923 and in 1932. The photographs, in London, have the negatives, if there is any advantage in reproducing from them rather than from the finished copies.

I send you both because The Last Puritan being the work of a life-time, the one represents the author just as truly as the other—sub specie aeternitatis—and even an earlier one might do so eventually, when he has no longer any actual age. There is no decent portrait of me before these two until we go back to the year 1896, when Andreas Andersen (have you ever heard of him? He was a brother of Hendrik Andersen, the excentric sculptor, and a great friend of that other impressionist painter, my friend Howard Cushing) made a charcoal drawing which I think admirable psychologically as well as pictorially. I have only one photograph of the original, which latter I believe is in Hendrik Andersen's possession, but I could send it to you provisionally, if you were interested in having it reproduced for some future occasion.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

21 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 21, 1935

Dear Strong

I was glad to see the other day that you had got safely to Cannes. Thank you for the French Academy speeches. I will write about them another day.

Today, I receive your letter about the novel. Naturally it pleases (and relieves) me that you should find it so solid, and that you like Oliver, whom most critics seem to find too pale and dull and long-winded. Perhaps my Begriff of puritanism isn't very clear: but Oliver's puritanism was explicitly a heritage, a burden that he couldn't shake off, not a personal free conviction. "Niceness" he could have kept, without being "balled up". and "petering out". These latter I consider pathological impediments, of which I try to give the origin and complications. His mind wasn't puritanical: yet he couldn't become [^]healthily pagan, like Goethe. He had also a non-puritan ascetic spiritual side: but he never could understand or accept the logic of that, as known, but not explained, by Mr. Darnley.

Oliver isn't any one of my friends but a composite photograph of several of them, most of whom you have hardly heard of. Here is a partial list.

[^]School friends [^]{ Bentley Warren—Williams College
Edward Bayley —the religious side
Cameron Forbes —a great many
[^]Younger friends [^]{ traits & circumstances
Guy Murchie—Provincialism & virtue
Lawrence Butler —Singing. (These two also athletics.)
[^]Forbes & Butler also simplicity in wealth.

The most flattering recognition of a character has come to me from Elizabeth. She writes: "I have got to the part where Oliver goes on the Black Swan and meets Lord Jim—whose person and conversation seem curiously familiar". I prize that especially because it is only the inner man, the psyche, that is her late husband's in Jim, not the views nor the outer circumstances. Of course there is also similarity in ~~the~~ being under a cloud. Russell would have made a splendid naval man if his people, being anti-militarists, hadn't shut that possibility out from the first. Elizabeth is very nice also about Irma: "The Fräulein's letters are so good, so ganz deutsch that I believe you must have read them over her shoulder Enthusiasm over almost everything, . . . eloquence over scenery and sunsets . . . determination im Wahren, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben, without, I think, being very clear as to what is wahr, gut, & schön." Isn't that capital!

More than one person says (and the American criticisms having yet materialized, as the book won't come out there until January) that my novel is like The Way of All Flesh. I have just got the book from England, a 2 shilling edition, and mean to read it (for the first time) when there is sunshine on the Pincio.

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Nov. 25. 1935

Dear Cory

I send you £5 extra this month as the rest of your Christmas present, which may come in conveniently for your London trip. I should be glad to hear your great Gielgud in Romeo, but should I like to see him? Romeo ought to be an Italian.

Splendid that you should be so taken with reading Bergson. He is the most distinguished and influential of living writers on philosophy, and it would have been a shame if you hadn't taken him more or less to heart. A part of his excellence, however, is due to writing in French. When you read other good French authors (as it will be easier for you to do now) you will see that they all know how to present their ideas in a clear, engaging, reasonable way that makes them seem almost self-evident.

As to Bertie's gibe about being fed by remembering your last square meal, I agree that it is well founded, but it hits all identification of ideas with their objects, and not especially Bergson's identification of a memory with the fact remembered. The absurdity lies in supposing that being fed = the sensation of being fed. Memory might recover the sensation completely, it might become a dream of gorging; but nothing would meantime be dropping into your stomach, and your hectic dream itself wouldn't last long.

I am reading "The Way of All Flesh", because they say—it is like "the Last Puritan", or rather vice versa. It is most entertaining, and I have to laugh aloud like a lunatic.

"Inspiration" will come in into the Realm of Spirit. For the moment I have dropped back to the Realm of Truth, finding that I needed to work out the relation of truth to determination of events, especially of futures, before I could make clear the sort of "freedom" that is inherent in spirit. Perhaps the two books will be finished together, if they are ever finished. I am hopeful about it now, as I feel very well, and have found a nice Italian doctor, Luigi Sabbatucci, who gives me injections doubly strong.

"Strong" reminds me of the letter I enclose which you needn't return.

Yours aff^y
G.S.

To Llewelyn Powys

30 November 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Nov. 30, 1935

Dear Mr. Powys

I wonder by what affinity I should come to be associated in your mind with such a galaxy of notables. It is not only an honour but a pleasant honour, as so many honours are not. Of course, you needed no authorization on my part, but I am grateful for being told, and shall be on the watch for your book, in order to discover, if possible, how I have come to be in such good company

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Dec. 6, 1935

Dear Cory,

I write in pencil because I am stretched out in my chaise-longue, having had an ill turn this morning, like one I had last year, a sort of sudden stoppage and dizziness, which seems to come from a weak heart, and indirectly, perhaps, from a touch of indigestion. It is alarming for the moment, but seems to right itself easily. I have a nice Italian doctor who

understands English, D^{mt} Sabbatucci, and seems intelligent. He had already given me injections against colds, and I have so far had no bronchial trouble at all, in spite of much rainy weather.

Now for the question of your going to see Strong at Cannes.

Long ago (I think it was in the early Summer, when I refused to try staying again at Fiesole) I suggested to S. that you might be willing to join him, and that to me it made no difference whether you were in England or wherever S. might himself be. I hope this wasn't a tactless suggestion on my part. You mustn't act upon it, if it disarranges your plans. I was only a little sorry for S.'s loneliness and desire to have somebody to whom to explain his fresh convictions on the old points. If you would like to take the trip and give him this satisfaction, of course I will pay your travelling expenses. I haven't yet received my yearly account, but George Sturgis says it will be very favourable, and in any case I count on the Book-Club.

My health and the political situation might conceivably make it advisable in the future for me either to go to the Riviera (why not to Cannes, too?) or to ask you to come and join me here. I hope the latter will not be necessary; but if I found I was permanently or dangerously ill, it would be my first desire to see you, and to straighten out money-matters between us, in case of my demise. I don't say this because I am very ill now: I am having my tea very comfortably: but the possibility of illness and death is never far removed at my age, and everything is not quite as well arranged in my case as in that of old Peter Alden. At any rate, I had thought of going next summer to Paris, and thence perhaps to some French watering-place, where you might have joined me for a time: but if the war-clouds thicken, I might go earlier to Cannes, and if you were there, we could afterwards move to Paris in company. S. too thinks of going to Saint Germain in the summer, but would first, I suppose, return to Fiesole for a season.

In the reviews I have seen of the novel there are objections repeatedly made to Mario, but not a breath against the ambiguities of Jim. Don't people catch on, or are they shy?

Your interest in Spencer & Bergson is an excellent thing, but as yet you don't seem to me to see them steadily and to see them whole, nor the relation between them, or between Spencer's agnosticism and my scepticism—Spencer, Bergson, and I agree in not being phenomenologists, in having a motive power behind the moving-picture. Spencer and I further agree in thinking of this power as cosmic, and as internal to the natural

processes observable in space and time: so that he is really as much a materialist as I am, although he thought it up to date to hide behind Dean Mansel, Sir W^m Hamilton, and the nebulous Kant, and talk of the Unconditioned. But Bergson's power behind the scenes is quite different, because it is only biological. The animals on the earth's surface must somehow have excreted the earth, and the earth, I suppose, excreted the sun and all the constellations. That is why space is such an unpleasant thing for Bergson to consider. His élan vital, in so far as it is a fresh notion, is biological: but in so far as it is an animal psyche animating the whole universe at once, it is only a new name for the anima mundi of the ancients, or the Idea of Hegel, or even more closely, the "Spirit" of Schelling or Emerson. I don't agree with you that it marks any memorable step in the history of philosophy. Bergson is as bad in cosmology as Spencer (whose "laws" are verbal only); but he is a very subtle literary psychologist, and infinitely more refined & circumspect than Spencer. On the other hand he is less healthy and honest in his spirit, and covers up his enormities (like the world made of "images" and the rest of his neo-realism) with judicious silence or "vital growth and advance to fresh problems".

In your letter to Strong you say—some things about my position which I do not exactly recognize. Thought, feeling, intuition, and instances of spirit generally, are certainly not objects anybody can run up against and perceive: they are immaterial and therefore cannot act upon one another. Nor can a thought as a whole act upon itself as a whole, and be posited by itself as an existence: but this happens in memory when past feelings are recalled and posited as past. Yet there is no difficulty in describing the essence of thought or spirit (other than stupidity or lack of fit words). The description may be less clear than the mere name "feeling", "thought" or "consciousness"; but such a fact has a generic essence; it is a spiritual light, a moral actuality, an event having an intrinsic intensity. It feels what we say it feels; but it doesn't feel our reflective (and perhaps true) description of its spiritual essence.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

10 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 10, 1935

Dear George

You have probably now received a second copy of the novel, which I had sent to you when the first seemed to have gone astray. You will also get a third, when the American edition appears, on Feb. 1st, for they have again put off the publication, & also, naturally, the payment.

You say my account for the year is likely to be favourable, so that with the addition of \$5000 from the Book-Club, and probably something considerable from the publishers apart from that (since the novel seems to be well received) I shall have a fat year. This, combined with the fact that I am confined to my rooms with a bad heart—not alarming to me, as I feel very well, but still a warning of possible trouble, and of a not unlikely sudden end—turns my thoughts to the fact that I am not satisfied with my testamentary arrangements, apart from the trust which covers the bulk of my property. That is all right: but there are still odds and ends not provided for, as well as persons left without any bequests, when I feel I ought to have remembered them. Some time ago, as you may remember, I wrote out a sort of will, which even if not legal would serve you as a guide in carrying out my wishes, at least if you didn't disapprove of them: for we are in a curious position: you are the rich uncle holding the purse-strings, and I am the gallivanting nephew drawing large sums, and perhaps making you shake your head and murmur something about these spend-thrift young bachelors. Well, that private document is now out of date. The house in Avila, as you know, is no longer mine; I haven't enough money in the bank in London for the bequests to Mrs. Toy and to Onderdonk which I then wished to make: and I am not sure now that I wish to make them. On the other hand, I am unhappy at the thought that, if I should die soon, I should be leaving nothing to Mercedes or to Cory. The reason is that I counted on surviving Mercedes, who is, I think, 7 years older than I, and also Strong (who is mentioning Cory favourably

in his will) and who is one year older: not a great difference, and in any case a foolish expectation to build upon. How could we manage to ear-mark a moderate sum—say \$2000—for Mercedes and the same for Cory, in case of my demise? Cory, especially, ought to get something if I die suddenly because he would have to come to Rome to get my clothes, books, and papers, and besides would be suddenly left without the allowance I now give him; and Strong is now ruined _λas far as his income goes_λ and can supply no cash.

Let me know what you [*across*] think of this matter; and give the extra copies of the novel to anyone—Bangs or Josephine or Barlow—who you think wouldn't otherwise buy it. [*across text*] Yours affly

G. S.

To Rafael Sastre González

11 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

11 de Diciembre, 1935

Querido Rafael

La boda de la hija menor de Pepe, que me participaron hace poco, demuestra que vuestros niños ya dejan de serlo, y este regalito que yo les mando por Navidad ya no corresponde a sus años. Pero los míos me impiden de cambiar mis costumbres, y me permiten tratarles como si fueren aún unas criaturas.

Nunca he estado mas contento de vivir en Italia y en Roma que en esta época de “sanciones”. ¡Que valientes los italianos! Veremos en lo que para este conflicto artificial, pero de todos modos, sea comedia o tragedia, el papel mas lucido y simpatico, toca a los italianos. En estos últimos años he dejado por completo de ser anglófilo, o como se dice en ingles, anglomaniático. Se me figura que aquel país ha cambiado mucho, la aristocracia, que era admirable, ha abdicado, y en general Inglaterra parece

renunciar a la grandeza, busca el apoyo de 53 otras naciones, y tiene mucho miedo de encontrarse sola.

Cariñosos recuerdos a Adela y los niños, de tu tío que te quiere
Jorge

To John Hall Wheelock

12 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 12, 1935

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have three notes of yours, and a cheque from the firm, all before me. Thank you very much.

As to the six copies of my new books assigned to me, I wish you would send me 1 only of The Last Puritan, because I wish to have a copy of the American edition also, and 2 of Obiter Scripta. The rest can go to cover the corresponding number of copies, 5 and 4 respectively, on the two lists of books to be sent to my friends with the Author's Compliments. You know that I live in hotels and have no facilities for storing books. I keep one or two hundred here, where I have a sitting-room; but they have to be packed and unpacked every spring and autumn, when I leave for the

warm season. It is better, therefore, to reduce my possessions to a minimum, and I like to do so. Otherwise I suppose I should adopt a different mode of life.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Obiter Scripta by G. Santayana

Please send a copy, with the Author's Compliments, to each of the following addresses:

The Robbins Library, Emerson Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The Harvard Union, Quincy St. " "

The Delphic Club, 9 Linden St. " "

Mrs. C. H. Toy, 383 Harvard St. " "

Mr. George Sturgis, 1 Federal St. Boston "

B. A. Beal, Esq., 60 State S " "

The Librarian of King's College, Cambridge, England

Logan Pearsall Smith, Esq., 11 St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, London, England

Daniel Cory, Esq., 52 Cranley Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Don Antonio Marichalar, Independencia 2, Madrid,
Spain.

C. A. Strong, Esq., "Le Balze," Fiesole, Florence, Italy.

Baron A. W. Westenholz, Sophienterrasse 14, Hamburg,
Germany.

The Last Puritan by G. Santayana.

Please send a copy, with the Author's Compliments, to each of the following addresses:

Mrs. R. Burnside Potter, Antietam Farm, Smithtown,
Long Island, N. Y.

Mrs. C. H. Toy, 383 Harvard St, Cambridge, Mass,

The Harvard Union, Quincy St. " "

The Delphic Club, 9 Linden St. " "

Mr. George Sturgis, 1 Federal St., Boston "

B. A. Beal, Esq., 60 State St. " "

Dr. José Zozaya, Gladwyne, Pa.

G. S.

To Sidney Hook

15 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

 c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

 Rome, Dec. 15, 1935

Dear Mr. Hook

I write to thank you and Kallen for your book on “American Philosophy” and I address you rather than him, although he is an older friend, because there is something in your paper which interests me very much, namely, your account of your juvenile flirtation with Platonic Realism, and your pragmatic disillusion afterwards. Russell and Moore’s early interest in essences had a great influence on me also; but just as in Plato the Ideas have a theological and zoological dignity which my essences wholly lack, so in Russell and Moore’s “concepts”, there was a strain—strain in both meanings of the word—which is absent from my “baubles”, and from my affection for them. And your very living account of your enlightenment on this subject shows me, as I feel, where the trouble lies. It peeps out in the term “subsistence” (which I never use, except possibly by inadvertence, about the realm of essence); and it becomes obvious when you speak of validity and truth, as claimed by Platonic logic for its structures. Didn’t it become a commonplace some time ago that mathematics, in its own sphere, was not true, but only correct, congruous with itself, and consistent? And wouldn’t the same thing hold of all the internal relations of one essence with another? When you speak of meaning, however, I am a little puzzled, unless you mean applicability and practical importance. A definition seems to me to have meaning, in that it specifies some essence, and distinguishes it from all others; and on those specified characteristics logical relations are demonstrably dependent. But these “meanings” are confined to the realm of essence; and I should entirely agree with you that both Platonic Ideas and mathematical equations have to be exemplified in the world, or at least in human discourse, which is a part of the world, before they can have any validity or

truth. The first chapter of my "Realm of Truth", on which I am lazily at work now, is to be entitled: There are no necessary truths. All truths, in my use of terms, are eternal, but none are necessary; because truth is a synthetic view or description of existence, and all existence being contingent, all truth is so too. But it is eternally true that each accident that occurs occurs when and where it does.

I can't say I have read all of your volume. I skipped till I got to Holt and you, and then skipped most of the rest. I can't penetrate the thick crust of blind and woolly [*across*] abstract diction which covers the no doubt fertile seeds of "American Philosophy".

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

23 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 23, 1935

Dear Boylston

You are of all persons the one who can read The Last Puritan most from the inside, and from the beginning to the end. The originals in most cases—where there are distinct originals—are known to you better than to me. Those you suggest are of course right in all cases, although I am inclined to put the centre of gravity sometimes in other quarters, less familiar to you. For instance, one fundamental model for Oliver was my school friend Edward Bayley: but of course the bootlace for a watch-chain is Cam Forbes, and also a certain element in his relation to his father. I hope the Forbes's won't mind the story about the college Bible. I tell it as it reached me, or as it shaped itself years after in my own mind. Perhaps it is transformed enough not to be recognizable, and in any case it is such ancient history now that I suppose it may be printed without offence.

Constable got into a fright, not at first but when the book was already printed, about the hotels and inns mentioned, and the landlords and land-

ladies; but after consulting experts and making a few verbal changes, he decided to go ahead. I simply couldn't have changed the scene from Iffley and Sandford. They seem to take my "intrusion" (as the Times Literary Supplement calls it) in good part: also they are mum about the dubious episodes and characters. Probably the novel-reading public is nowadays hardened to anything.

As to "Lord Jim", this is what Lady Russell writes me. "I have got to the part where Oliver goes on the yacht and meets Lord Jim, whose person and conversation seem curiously familiar." But this purely moral portrait is of the young Russell, although there is some analogy also in the deterioration towards the end. Lady R. hasn't written again, or perhaps she feigned not to have read more in order not to have to refer to it, but Jim's attitude towards women is absolutely her late husband's. Mollie would recognize it too, and Mary Morris: but I don't know whether they are alive. You see, as this book doesn't describe much of my own experience, e.g. there is nothing about Spain or about official Harvard, I have had to profit by the experience of my friends, wherever I have had glimpses of it, and R. was one of the chief at one time, although later he completely forgot that we had been good friends at all. That would have made a splendid theme in itself, but I had no occasion for it, and it would have seemed incredible.

Fräulein Schlote was my landlady at Göttingen in 1886. I am sorry for the coincidence in the name.—I should have sent you a copy of the English edition [*across*] had I known that the American one was to be so long delayed. You will receive a copy about Feb. 1.

Yours ever G.S

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Christmas, 1935

Dear Cory

The doctor took his leave this morning, and I have been out several times, feeling almost normal. Any sudden movement of the head downwards, especially on the left side, or lying on the left side in bed, still brings on a queer feeling; but I am learning to avoid such movements instinctively, and otherwise I feel perfectly well. [*illegible*] Still, I am following your advice in not going any more to restaurants, and having a simple lunch here before going to the Pincio, weather permitting. I have risotto one day and pasta asciuta the next, and stewed fruit. It seems to be sufficient for the present, with a light dinner in the evening, and one egg for breakfast. I hope you approve.

I have written to George Sturgis—he has moved his office to 111 Devonshire Street, Boston—telling him that I am not satisfied with the minor arrangements in regard to legacies in case of my death, and that particularly I wish to leave a small sum to you and to my old Spanish friend Mercedes, say \$2000 each: in your case to cover your expenses in coming to Rome, or otherwise getting hold of my effects and my manuscripts; and in Mercedes' case—she is about 80—simply as an expression of affection. I expect to hear before long how he suggests that such parting presents might be provided for without changing the deed of trust that disposes of my property in general. I have no doubt he will manage it somehow, if in no other way, simply as a fulfilment on his part of my express wishes.

During these two weeks of confinement I have written two lively articles, one on Russell's new book "Religion & Science" and the other, for *Scrutiny*, on T. S. Eliot's comparison of Dante & Shakespeare. Mrs. Leavis (are they Jews?) seems to be going to edit a book [*across*] of my literary criticisms, with a preface by her husband. I seem to be having a boom for the [*across page one*] moment, but don't build upon it. These things are local and temporary. Don't go to Cannes unless you really like to. There is no reason [*across page one text*] why you should.

Yours aff^y

G. S.

To George and Rosamond Sturgis

25 December 1935 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Christmas, 1935

Dear George and Rosamond

Since yesterday I am living in a garden of white roses and violets—also a pot of azalias from my landlord who is a member of Parlaiment and head of the Fascist organization of hotel-keepers—and I am feeling that a sort of Santayana boom is going on in various quarters at once. Scrutiny, an ultra-critical intellectualist quarterly published at Cambridge (in England) has suddenly taken me up: I have written (feeling very lively during my illness) an article for their next issue, also one for the American Mercury; and the Scrutiny people, the editor and his wife, are going to edit a book of my collected literary criticisms. The novel, except for the review I sent you, has hardly been squarely faced: that may come later; but the critics seem to be favourable, without daring to commit themselves to any judgement or even analysis. I think perhaps the book in length and in subject is rather too much for them. You will see, and hear, what people will say in America. I don't want to bother: what is done is done, and I am going on, while life lasts, with other matters.

The doctor said goodbye this morning. I am practically well again, but am going to avoid restaurants in future and have very frugal regular meals all in my sitting-room. The political situation, though dangerous, is exciting and helps to keep one young, at least in Italy. Life was never pleasanter here, at least for me, than it is now, and I admire the Italians in their courage, as I did the English during the war. I don't so much admire them now. They are a nice people, but their minds are silly. Phrases and crazes completely take them in.

How surprising to receive flowers and a Christmas letter as it were by wireless! Thank you very much

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Unidentified Recipient

[1936?] • [Rome, Italy?]

(MS: Unknown)

[Carta a un editor]

Mi renuncia a conceder la exclusividad a un traductor no se basa simplemente en las consideraciones que usted señala, sino en el hecho de que una traducción, especialmente una buena traducción, es una obra original, como toda obra de arte; como lo es de seguro la versión de R B de los poemas de Oscar Wilde —y probablemente mucho mejor que el original.

El punto esencial en la traducción de mi obra no es el estilo ni la elocuencia, sino la perspicacia filosófica y la claridad dialéctica. No voy a esperar que un traductor discierna exactamente mi sentimiento o mi propósito a este respecto; pero me gustaría que sintiera estimulada su propia perspicacia y claridad, aunque fuera en oposición a mis ideas. Y consideraría lastimoso vedar a otros jóvenes estusiastas que torcieran o enderezaran mi sentir en otra guisa. Los clásicos deben ser retraducidos por cada generación. Mi obra no corre este riesgo; pero el deseo de la exclusividad, siendo como es de orden financiero, es en mi caso por esta razón poco razonable, ya que nadie iba a soñar en competir con ustedes en el mercado.

To Otto Kyllmann

1 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Jan. 1, 1936

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

There is some pedantry in this correspondent (whose letter I return) but he is partly right in his complaints. The date on p. 169 should be 1907, and I have had it corrected for the American edition, but noticed it too late for yours. In saying it ought to be 1908 our friend is misled, probably by the same circumstance that misled me in writing the manuscript; namely, that as Oliver was born on October 1st 1890, for nine months of each year he seems to be one year older than he really is. Thus the summer when he is sixteen, and goes on the yacht, is the summer of 1907, not of 1806, as I had first hastily calculated, by adding 16 to the date of his birth. I think this is the only error about dates and ages of which I have been guilty, having long had a family chart with all the chief characters and dates carefully recorded.

The date of Oliver's birth suggested on front flap is only approximate and, as I told you, not quite accurate: but why demand chronological accuracy in a fiction?

As to the misprints, they are rather numerous, for reasons which we have discussed before. My eyes are not sharp, and I read with my memory. Perhaps the printers, too, might have been more keen-sighted.

I send you a list of the errata I have so far discovered

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I am writing a friendly note to this critic, so that you needn't trouble to reply to him further unless you choose.

To Otto Kyllmann

5 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 5, 1936

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I have taken in Scrutiny since it began publication, and have recently had some correspondence with Mrs. Leavis (who had two articles about me in the last number) concerning the collection of my literary criticisms which her husband says he would like to edit. I am much pleased, of course, that my old and forgotten ideas should be revived in this very modern circle, although perhaps I am not in full sympathy with all their tendencies.

As to the American collection, (to appear, I believe, shortly) it contains little but technical philosophy, and nothing that Mr. Leavis wishes to include in his volume. Nothing out of my bound books, only loose articles, will appear^x in Obiter Scripta (the title of the Columbia book). There is to be, next year, another collection of extracts, made by Prof. Irwin Edman, with an introduction. I don't know what it will contain, but he is a very intelligent and sympathetic person, and a professional philosopher, so that the literary side, if included, will probably not predominate.

[*across left margin*] ^xTogether with an astonishing bibliography of all my writings.

I think, therefore, that these American anthologies won't interfere with the English sale of Mr. Leavis' proposed volume; and eventually there would be some demand for it, perhaps, in American colleges also.

Scribner is to publish both the American books, and they would doubtless advise you better than I can about the prospects for Mr. Leavis' publication.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. The editors of Obiter Scripta are a Mr. Büchler and a Mr. Schwartz, who have also compiled the bibliography. I know nothing about them except that they are young and industrious, and presumably Jews. I like their choice of loose articles very much, and have written a fresh preface for the volume.

To Bonamy Dobrée

6 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Leeds)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Jan. 6, 1936

Dear Sir

The paper on Berkeley was written long ago, when you first suggested it; and I understood that my silence meant that no obstacle had arisen. I have since added a page or two, as new points occurred to me, and these will need to be put in their places, or condemned, on a final revision of the whole.

I think you said the manuscript would not be wanted before March. Please let me know if this is wrong, and also if you wish it sent to any other address than your present one

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

9 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 9, 1936

Dear George

My health is practically restored to what it used to be, but I am still a bit dizzy at times (only for a moment) if I make certain movements of the head. The doctor thought it was some trouble in the semicircular canals of the left ear, and suggested a specialist; but if it gets no worse than it is now I think I can worry along; I don't want the strain and the interruption of an operation if it can be avoided. The only difference my bad turn has made is that I have given up going to restaurants, and have a simple

lunch, as well as dinner, in my sitting-room before going out for my daily walk. I am also still taking some camphor in drops for the heart, which doesn't trouble me consciously, but I daresay is a little sluggish. My mind and spirits, at any rate, are not affected. On the contrary, I feel particularly fit and active intellectually, and work and read with much pleasure.

As to a report of my receipts for income tax, I keep no account except my bank-book or rather the stumps of my cheque-book; and B. S. & C^o now send me back the cheques with a copy of their entry in their own books: but I am afraid I haven't preserved all these records. I can say that last year what I received, not from you, from the U.S. was less than \$1,000, including about \$350 from Mr. Gardiner, representing your father's legacy to me; and from English publishers I received only two or three hundred dollars. This year, however, I will keep an exact account and let you know what it amounts to. Cory tells me that the novel has already gone in England into a second impression, so that no doubt my total receipts with the \$5000 from the Book-Club, will be considerable.

My English royalties have the British income-tax—about 10%—deducted at the source; but I suppose that would not make any difference in America. Do the British receipts, in case of a person not an American citizen, come in at all in the American returns? I should think not.

As to the proposal that I should make a will for the odds and ends of my belongings, the matter was broached years ago. I went to the Spanish consul here: I consulted the Sastres and their lawyer in Avila; and there were everywhere so many obstacles and so many things to explain that were inexplicable from the Spanish point of view, that I gave up the idea. Better die intestate. My legal heirs will be you and Josephine, your sister; and it was on that basis that I was appealing to you to give something in my name to Cory and to Mercedes, should she survive me. Now, if you find that I can make a simple will, good in America, to cover these matters, I should be glad to sign it at the American consulate here, as I did the Deed of Trust years ago. Send me the document, or let me know in what form it should be drawn up if a "holograph" is desirable.

As to the provisions I wish to make in it, I should rather like to know first how much I am likely to leave, not in the Trust already drawn up. If there was enough, I should like to renew the gifts which I was making in that memorandum I sent you years ago, of which I, Cory, Strong, and Onderdonk also have copies. Here is a summary:

1. Deed of Trust confirmed
2. House in Avila (no longer mine)

3. Books & effects in Charles Augustus Strong's house to him, or to his daughter or her husband, George and Margaret de Cuevas, (now Marqués & Marquesa de Piedrablanca de Guana)
4. Manuscripts, books, & clothes at the Hotel Bristol, or other residence of mine at the time of my death, to Daniel MacGhie Cory (middle name sometimes spelled Magee) who is also to be my literary executor and to receive all royalties due to me from the publishers of my writings.
5. Out of the balance at Brown Shipley & Co £1000 to Nancy Toy (Mrs. Crawford H. Toy) of Cambridge, Mass, and the residue, if not more than £500 to Andrew Joseph Onderdonk of Vienna. But I now have scarcely £500 in that bank. Mrs. Toy is hardly likely to survive me, but if she did I feel about her a little as about Cory and Mercedes. I should like her to feel that I had remembered her, and a present would come in well, because she is rather hard up.
6. Executors mentioned: but this is out of date, because the Sastres are included on account of the house in Avila that I was leaving them; that was in 1928. Now I should want no executor but you, or failing you Mr. Gardiner, or whoever is provided for in the Deed of Trust.

3 & 4 of the above I should like to retain as they stand but instead of 5, I should like to leave \$2000 to Cory and Mercedes and to Mrs. Toy and (if there is a remainder) to Onderdonk. There might well be a remainder, if my London bank account were reinforced, or if the two ladies (who are both older and I) had predeceased me.

Is this clear? If not, there is, let us hope, plenty of time to ask for explanations and to send them.

The girl whose wedding cards you sent me is Pepe's second daughter, who was 12 or 13 when you were last in Avila. Evidently you are like your father: you have eyes only for marriageable ladies. Josefina, the older and prettier one is also to be married soon.

Yours affly
G.S.

[Frank Raymond Leavis]

13 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 13, 1936

To the Editor of Scrutiny
Cambridge

Dear Sir

The two notices of me by Mrs. Leavis in the last number of Scrutiny have prompted to write the enclosed article and to send it to you.

I am sorry that it is in manuscript. The English lady who used to do my type-writing has not returned to Rome this year, and I am helpless. I hope at least the handwriting is legible, and that, if you accept the article, you will have it set in time to let me see the proofs. I expect to remain at the Hotel Bristol, in Rome, until the summer.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

17 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 17, 1936

Dear Strong

Perhaps the enclosed may interest you. Don't return it. I am answering properly, and am relieved to see that my indiscretions, are taken in good part. But is this a book for a girl's school? The responsibility of presenting it, in any case, will not be mine.

I hope you are finding health and entertainment at Cannes. Do you ever see the family at San Remo?

Yours ever G.S.

To Gorham Bert Munson

25 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

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

 Rome, Jan. 25, 1936

Dear Mr. Munson

If your letter had said only that you and Prof. Farliss had contracted to write a book about poetry in a great hurry, and wanted help, I should have answered you very briefly, or not at all. But you have chosen my old tragedy, Lucifer, to consider; and that, unless you choose it as a glaring example of what young poets should avoid, is so singular a choice, that I am tempted to write to you at some length about it.

It was a work of adolescence. I hardly know how I felt about it then: the preface to the édition-de-luxe gives a grown up view of it; and now, in my old age, it seems to me to have been a fantastic version of a theme which is central in my personal philosophy and experience. You will find another reading of it in The Last Puritan (begun at the same time, 45 years ago, but only just finished and published). ~~but~~ Now I prefer to conceive it in general terms, and to put it thus: The spirit is an animal function, if we consider its basis and its fate, but it is a divine faculty in its allegiance, having all truth and all existence for its object, and seeing everything necessarily under the form of eternity. It therefore regards its incarnation as ignominious and protests against all the natural passions and partialities to which it is subject. But this protest is perfectly vain and hopeless. Spirit is rooted in the flesh, and these rebellions on its part merely derange without emancipating it. The solution would be a sort of Epicureanism: ~~but~~ yet spirit itself distrusts and despises such a self-subordination; so that the conflict remains perennial and the end, for most high spirits, is tragic.

I don't remember how many years elapsed between the time when I began Lucifer and the time when I finished it. ~~but~~ In fact all my work is of long gestation, even when the composition is not long drawn out. But

it was long drawn out in Lucifer, though not so much as in The Last Puritan.

A paper of mine on Tragic Philosophy is to appear in the next (March) number of Scrutiny (published in the English Cambridge). It may throw some light on the matter of my conception of poetry, if you care to look it up.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 26, 1936

Dear Cory

In one sense, I am well again, and I go out (after lunch) every day, weather permitting. On the other hand, I am still subject to that strange vertigo in the left side of my head, brought on by certain movements; and my pulse is not quite as regular as it used to be. The doctor advises me to go on taking some drops of "Coramina", with camphor in them, and I feel somewhat lazy and easily tired. Physically only, not mentally. I am working very well, and quite happy. But I doubt very much that I shall feel like taking so long a journey as to Paris in the Summer, especially as I have no place, already tried, in which to settle down on arrival. That I could do in Cortina; or if I prefer not to travel, I can go, in a motorbus, from here to Fiuggi, which everybody recommends, including the Onorevole Pinchetti, my landlord here, who is head cook and bottle-washer of the Union of Italian Landlords.

On the whole, I should think it wiser of you to stay in England. I don't think a visit to Strong would change anything in your prospects for the

future, which I understand remain as they were; and the pleasure of those conversations would hardly be unmixed for either of you. On the other hand, you are happy in England and sufficiently employed. You are right in thinking the English a decent people: but they are not very intelligent. The inner fog is too dense.

My yearly account has arrived: income unchanged, capital nominally increased a good deal. There is therefore no ground for worry, and we can go on as we are. My nephew doesn't yet understand about my proposed parting gifts, but I think I can make him see what I mean with a little patience.

Yours aff^r G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

26 January 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Jan. 26, 1936

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I was pleased the other day to receive a fresh copy of The Last Puritan showing it had gone into a second impression.

In looking to see whether the errata had been corrected, I was rather puzzled. The date of Irma's letter on p. 169 had been duly changed to 1907; and I think that was a point discussed in the very letter in which I sent you a long list of misprints, more than half of which, however, remain uncorrected. I don't understand how this happened, or whether the list I sent is now in the printers' hands. I therefore enclose another list of as many errata as I have discovered or had pointed out to me. Most of them are trivial, but we might as well aim at perfection.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

1 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 1. 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Yesterday, with the greatest punctuality, I received my copy of your edition of The Last Puritan. I like the aspect of the volume very much, the changes from the English edition are less noticeable than I expected, the book scarcely longer or heavier to hold, and the binding more to my taste. The printing also seems more accurate, as far as I have had time to look. You have very successfully disguised the inordinate length of this “novel”, and I hope the public will be induced to swallow and to digest it.

There is only one thing I could have wished different, and that is the dust-jacket or paper cover, or whatever it is called. It seems to me very ugly, in the first place, and not very distinct visually. Is the landscape supposed to be Beacon Street? And why has my photo been redrawn so as to make me cross-eyed and ferocious? I know that self-knowledge is often self-deception, but I feel not at all as this personage looks. Besides, the information supplied in the two flaps is not always accurate. I was taken to the U.S. when I was eight years old by my father (my mother was already there) and I left for the last time (so far) in January 1912. The tone also is misleading in places. I don't object to people speaking of my “beloved Spain”; I have a certain fond of attachment to my native land; but my love of it is manifested like my love for the United States (which also exists in a certain way) by living there as little as possible. Then as to my head-quarters in Europe, they were at first in Paris (as I say in The Last Puritan) and for the time after the war have been here in Rome, in this hotel. During the war I was for five years in England without interruption, but I have hardly been there since: twice only, each time merely to give a lecture. All these details are of no consequence; but if such things are mentioned at all in one's own publications during one's life-time, they might as well be stated accurately.

The jacket of the English edition also has inaccuracies of another sort, saying Oliver was born in Boston in the late '80, whereas I who created him know that he was born at Great Falls, Conn. on Oct. 1st 1890.

I am sending you an off-print of my philosophical autobiography, the beginning of which gives some dates and facts about my life.

[*across*] Yours sincerely
G Santayana

[*across page one*] P.S. The story about a farewell lecture applauded for 20 minutes is without any foundation. There was no farewell lecture. I was expected to return to [*across text*] Harvard after 18 months.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 2, 1936

Dear Cory

Your professorship of Base Ball may be a good thing for your novel—better than a professorship of philosophy. Those rather common pupils of yours, and the weekly journeys to and from town will give you more varied ideas than you would be likely to pick up in a genteel country hotel. You may make friends of new types; I am sure you could do them perfectly on the stage, why not then on paper?

I have always taken for granted that you would be willing to come and look after me if I was seriously ill. You are the only person that I should like to have about at such a time. But so long as I can look after myself tolerably, and can lead my regular life, there is no occasion for calling you. I think I can work better when I am quite alone; and at present I am in hopes of getting the Realm of Truth into shape, and eventually also the

Realm of Spirit. I work very slowly, but steadily, and an hour or two every morning counts at the year's end. Then, on your side of the equation, I expect it is better and pleasanter for you to be in England and quite your own master. An old man, even if he behaves nicely, is always a rather heavy anchor to be moored to. You might come to join me if I go to Paris in the summer, or if the political atmosphere is not too thick, you might make me a visit at Cortina, if I go there. There is a golf-links of a sort at the Miramonti, but unfortunately I rather dread staying there again, on account of the monotonous and longish daily walk, which is involved in going from there to the village—and I like to go to the village. The Savoy is in the town itself; you could of course go to the Miramonti to play golf even if we were not staying there; and there are also tennis courts at and near the Savoy. If, however, I should go to Fiuggi, we had better postpone our meeting till another year.

The American edition of the novel has arrived: it looks very well. The page is a bit larger than in the English edition, there are 100 pages less, and fewer misprints. The back is square, the binding darkish green, with gold lettering, and the volume is as light as the English one in the hand. But the dust-jacket is hideous and full of false, low-class title-tattle about myself, and with a horrible cross-eyed ferocious drawing, apparently after my last photo, but very ill-drawn. I have complained of this to [*across*] Wheelock: but the book itself is very satisfactory. I shall soon be getting letters about it. Some have already arrived.

Yours affly GS.

To Otto Kyllmann

5 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 5, 1936

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Don Antonio Marichalar (address: Independencia, 3, Madrid) who for years has been interested in my books, and has translated some minor things of mine into Spanish, now wishes to undertake the translation of The Last Puritan. He is in negotiations with one or two publishers, and would like to know what your position would be in the matter. Would you (or your agent who, as I remember, had charge of translations, unless it was only of translations into German) kindly write to him informing him of your views and conditions? I am writing to you, instead of letting him

do so directly, because I knew you would refer his request to me; and we might save time by eliminating me in the beginning. Mr. Marichalar is a distinguished person in the younger literary world of Madrid, and writes very modernist poetic Spanish; he is moreover a man of independent position and no hungry literary hack, and if he has the patience to do this long book, or even (as has been considered wiser) a somewhat abridged form of it, already indicated by me in detail, I think we couldn't hope to do better.

As to fees (if any) you know that for my part I want nothing. Spanish books in particular must be cheap, and the sale of a translation is never sure; so that if we want anything done, we must lighten the publisher's expenses as much as possible. If you think that, on principle, something should be charged, I hope you will make the fee nominal, or reserve what ulterior rights you may think essential, but facilitate the operation as much as in us lies.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

5 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Feb. 5, 1936

Dear Rosamond

You are very good to want to come and nurse me, and I am sure you would do it better than the Blue Sisters to whom I expect to be consigned, if I have a long illness. If you came, I should feel as Oliver did when Edith (who had a trained nurse's certificate) went to see him at the Stillman Infirmary—not that I am very like Oliver or you—thank God—very like Edith; but perhaps my last illness won't be prolonged, and it won't matter much who telephones for the undertaker. My ups and downs in health are very marked and very sudden. Now I feel all right again, only perhaps a little lazier physically, although mentally I was very fit even when confined to my room, and wrote a long article in my best style—unless I am in my dotage, and pleased with anything I may reel out.

The editor (of Scrutiny) to whom I sent it, however, and who doesn't pay his contributors, said he was highly honoured. I fence in it a little with T. S. Eliot, who was once a pupil of mine, but never by any chance refers to me. Cory says he is afraid of me, as of a sort of devil.

But you don't know who Cory is. He will probably be the person to look after me when I get more dotty. He is an American but has now been ten years in Europe, and has helped me and my old friend Strong with some of our books. I call him my secretary, and he is to be my literary executor. At this moment, however, he is in London, giving some Sporting Cockneys lessons in baseball, for which he gets 30 shillings each time, and his fare from Bournemouth, where he likes to [*illegible*]waste the best years of his life playing golf. But He is half Irish and very human for a quasi-philosopher.

I don't wonder that you feel some sympathy with Peter Alden: he is an amiable type of failure; there were many such in my day. And thank you for being sorry for Oliver, instead of saying, like Christopher Morley, that Oliver is a mere idea. He Morley says that, because he is a professional who doesn't need to read the books he reviews; and perhaps also because, in looking through the pages, he got an impression that Oliver was merely negative, just congealed. And when you say you pity him, and would like to blow him up with dynamite, so as to teach him to be more human, perhaps you express much the same feeling. But the negation in Oliver was double: he not only was austere to the natural man, but he was austere to all the conventions: to his mother, the Harvard philosophers, and even the Vicar's religion. And the dynamite was actually applied to him by Jim and Mario, and he failed to become human. Why was that? Just because he was tied up? But he wasn't tied up, intellectually: he was absolutely without deliberate prejudices. The real reason—and I am afraid I have failed to make this plain in the novel—was that he was a mystic, touched with a divine consecration, and couldn't give way to the world, the flesh, or the devil. He [*illegible*]ought to have been a saint. But here comes the deepest tragedy in his lot: that he lived in a spiritual vacuum. American breeding can be perfect in form, but it is woefully thin in substance; so that if a man is born a poet or a mystic in America he simply starves, because what social life offers and presses upon him is offensive to him, and there is nothing else. He evaporates, he peters out.—That is my intention, or rather perception, in Oliver. The trouble wasn't that he wouldn't be commonplace: there are plenty of people to be common-

place: the trouble was that he couldn't be exceptional, and yet be positive. There was no tradition worthy of him for him to join on to.

Your friend Bernard Perry (who I suppose is a son of my old colleague at Harvard Professor R. B. Perry, and a nephew of Berenson) writes about me very correctly (as most people don't: see the dust-jacket of the American edition of The Last Puritan, all full of falsehoods) and it is evident that he has read what I say about myself in various places, already published. And he must have heard more or less frank criticism of me from his relations. He is very prudent, however, and leaves a certain impression of vagueness. Of course it is very hard to say the truth about a person still living, especially if one knows the truth: but I expect he is simply young and modest, and has not yet put his reading together into a single view.

I haven't yet received any other copy of the Book of the Month magazine, but someone did send me a cutting about my candidature for the American throne. Oliver would have [*illegible*]served better. Yours

affectionately

G.S.

P.S. I was much interested to hear that all your brothers belong^{ed} to the "Gashouse", and I have looked them up in the Delphic Club Catalogue, which I always receive and keep by me, to ~~look up~~ verify facts about my old friends. In the years 1891-1893 that club was absolutely my home, Howard Cushing, [^]Julian Codman, the Potter brothers, & Gordon Bell (not to speak of Boylston Beal and "Kid" Woodworth, the two elders who kept me in countenance there) made the place exceedingly congenial; we had a "Drunks Exercise Club" that ~~walk~~took a walk and went to vespers every afternoon; and I became so attached to the place, that I kept going there off and on for some years after that, until 1896-7 when I spent the winter in England, and broke the intimacy of that connection. That second youth of mine was far pleasanter than my first youth, when I was myself an undergraduate; and the original of Oliver & Mario was to have been a story set in that club. But there was no possible plot, and the idea smouldered until the war suggested to me how it might be worked out.

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

7 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 7, 1936

Dear Mr. Buchler & Mr. Schwartz

I am glad to hear that Obiter Scripta is on the way to publication; it will be a book very near to my heart, a collection of lost darlings restored to me by your good offices.

I hope you are to receive adequate compensation for your hard and prolonged labour. Scribner is giving me 5% royalty on the net sales: it will be very little: but I had it thrust upon me on the ground that you were already satisfied with the arrangements. Is this so? If it amounted to anything worth mentioning, I should wish to pass my royalty on to you, as the real authors of the volume if not of its text; and in any case I hope you will let me send you the proceeds, if any, when they arrive.

There is something of Hamlet in Oliver, no doubt: but he has been so long in my mind, and has developed there so much as a natural fungus or other growth, that I am not sure myself exactly what he represents. The nearest I can come to it is to say that he shows the tragedy of being, as you put it, on the outskirts of society, at least in America. There society is all: and a poet or mystic or essentially spiritual man, when he tries to look beyond the busy but empty social life that is pressed upon him—beyond the conscription to which he is subjected—finds nothing else: so that in

that vacuum he collapses and peters out, not having enough substance in himself to make a spiritual universe.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Henry Seidel Canby

8 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 8, 1936

Dear Mr. Canby

Thank you for sending me the interesting and profound criticism you have made of The Last Puritan. You are particularly clear-sighted when you say that my view of America is a college (an undergraduate) view, and that Olivers in general might have merged their consciences later in the vast life of the country. I am not blind to this fact, but this was originally, when begun 45 years ago, a college story: and besides the main stream of American life, though I felt its force, was not known to me intimately enough, or loved by me enough, to allow me later to describe it. But in Mr. [*illegible*] James Van de Weyer and in Senator Lunt, also in Edith and the Rev. Edgar Thornton, I give glimpses into the background, which I do not pretend to describe further. Oliver could have lost himself in that background, as Edith actually proposed that he should; only here the mystical vocation which was also a part of his heritage—Jonathan Edwards had it—interfered. This is not a specifically American thing: all that is American, or modern, is the absence of any tradition in which the born poet or God-intoxicated man could take root. He therefore simply evaporates and Peters out.

In reviewing such a long book, the best critic cannot [*illegible*] be always perceptive. You say Jim Darnley is merely a foil for Oliver. Here, however, is what “Elizabeth of the German Garden” writes to me: “I have got to the place where Oliver goes on the yacht and meets Lord Jim, whose person and conversation arise, somehow curiously familiar”. Jim, mutatis mutandis, is the second Earl Russell, who was a lifelong friend of mine

As you print my philosophical autobiography, perhaps this small fact may interest you.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

10 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 10, 1936

Dear George

Your yearly account with me, for which I haven't yet thanked you, was satisfactory in that the income remains about the same, and I can go on merrily living as I do; something rather important at my age, when habits are hard to change and the motor can only run smoothly on a level road. I am feeling all right again, but not ambitious for the throne of the U.S. Mr. Page can have it.

Rather rashly, because I hate to carry waste paper about with me, I destroyed last summer at Cortina the record of my receipts and cheques drawn from Jan. to April, of that year, 1935. But I have the stubs of my cheques for several earlier years, and as my receipts from the U.S. are very regular, I have supplied the items from 1934 for that period, and made out the enclosed account. You won't like its being in £-s-d, but I haven't any note of the original amounts in \$. You see that in saying that these receipts were under \$1000 I was not inaccurate.

As you are consulting a lawyer about the possibility of my making a will, you might ask him the following question also:

How can a foreigner living abroad be subject to income tax for royalties received for his books or articles appearing in America?

I understand that I am subject to income tax for property [^]in the U.S. [^]producing interest; and, for instance, for your father's legacy which I get from Mr. Gardiner, and which is included in the enclosed account. But how am I subject for the \$25 paid for my review of Bertrand Russell's Religion and Science? Isn't that article just a piece of merchandise sold to the editor of the American Mercury; and surely foreign producers selling

their goods into America are not expected to pay an income-tax to the U.S. for the money received. How should it be collected? Of course, if as in my case, the foreigner happens also to own property in the U.S. he might (by a sort of fiction) be regarded as a member of the community and be taxed on his „foreign“ work as well as on his „American“ property. But this is a kind of usurpation; because the man can be taxed only because he has other property in the country, on which he already pays taxes.

As to having my earned income pass through you, I don't like the idea. It would [*across*] mean that this money would sink into my capital, as my yearly savings do. Of course, I could draw my whole income, but I don't; and [*across page one*] I like to have this separate fund, which just now needs replenishing.

Yours affly

G.S.

[*on page one*] P.S. Fools' stamps sent me for return postage.

To William Jackson, Ltd.

12 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Texas)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Feb. 12, 1936

My "Obiter Scripta" are to appear in March in New York, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

At least, so I am informed by the editors, Mr. Buchler & Mr. Schwartz, who have made the collection. It contains articles and essays that have never appeared in book-form.

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

15 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 15. 1936

Dear George

Your long letter of Jan. 30th about the complicated matter of my proposed will confirms the conclusion I came to years ago that, apart from that fortunate Deed of Trust, I must die intestate. When your aunt Susie died I made many inquiries on the subject. Previously the question hadn't seem pressing because if your aunt had survived her husband, as she expected and as I hoped, I should have gone to make my home with her in Avila, without of course ceasing to live elsewhere for a season whenever I chose. But I should then have had a domicile, with all my books and papers permanently in order; and a Spanish will, no matter how quaintly and ~~s~~piously expressed, would then have been the normal and obvious thing to reprepare. But not living in Spain, and not having a domicile anywhere, the matter is hopeless. I consulted my old friend Onderdonk, who is an "avocat Américain" in Vienna, and he consulted an American attorney in Berlin (both of whom had a handsome fees,) and it appeared that I still ought to make a Spanish will here. But when I went to see about it at the Consulate, I found no end of difficulties, as for instance the requirement of Spanish witnesses in Rome where I don't know any Spaniards. [The king and queen are in Rome at this moment, I mean Don Alfonso & Doña Victoria, but even they don't know me.] And besides the difficulties you would have with a Spanish (or an Italian) will would be as great, or greater, as those you would encounter if I died intestate: for what documents wouldn't you have to procure to prove that my bank account in London, my British rights to royalties, and my American rights to the same, were disposed of in your favour or in any body's favour by that foreign testament? No: it is simpler that you should do what you indicate on the first page of your letter. The English and American publishers would understand and accept your claims at once, and so would B. S. & C^s and my only other possessions are my clothes and books here in Rome, at the Hotel Bristol. I have told them, (and I can easily put it down in writing for the proprietor, who is a member of the Italian parlaiment and a leading Fascist) that you are my heir for bills, I mean funeral expenses, etc, and that Cory (who has been here repeatedly

with me, and knows them all very well) is my heir for assets, such as my manuscripts. Even if you feel that by rights you should, and legally will, inherit these things too, my old clothes and my old papers will not be so precious in your eyes that you ~~w~~should grudge Cory the possession of them. As to my royalties, I haven't promised them to Cory: but as I think I said in my earlier letter, when I asked you to arrange somehow that she should get \$2000 on my death (this would have been put into the Deed of Trust, if circumstances had been then what they are now) I feel that Cory ought to get something, especially if I die before Strong. Strong and I have been the cause of Cory's being kept dangling for years, occupied with our books and with our theories. If it hadn't been for the crisis, Strong would be looking after him, and there are provisions, even now, in Strong's will by which Cory is likely to profit. But as it now stands, Cory rather depends upon me, and I feel responsible though not really pledged or much indebted to him, except that he is a pleasant companion and very well versed in my philosophy. If you can arrange about those \$2,000, for the immediate future after my death, I am willing to let you have my royalties. How long do royalties continue after an author has died intestate? That is something else that you might ask your legal adviser. I will do what I can for Cory in other ways. For instance, I can give him as a present the M.S. of any book I may ~~publi~~ write in future, together with all my old MS. I suppose if I give these objects to him in my lifetime, or even on my death bed, nobody would institute legal proceedings to deprive him of them.

I am receiving a lot of letters and newspaper reviews about my book. Some of the letters, from strangers, are charming. My friends' letters, so far, are less satisfactory because I feel they don't tell me all that they think and that they have preconceptions about me and about the book which prevent them from seeing it as it is. But undoubtedly, a lot of notice is being [*across*] taken. The novel is after all a major work. I haven't been studying the world for 70 years for nothing.—

I forgot about my domicile. I think it is still [*across page five*] at 75 Monmouth St. Brookline. At least, I have had none since. But this question will lapse with the project of making a will. Yours aff^y G.S.

To William Lyon Phelps

16 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 16, 1936

Dear Billy—

Your letter about The Last Puritan was one of the first that reached me, but I have put off thanking you for it until others began to come, so that I could have a certain background on which to place your judgement, other than my own necessarily internal or a priori view; because the hardest thing for an author, especially when he has lived as long as I have with his characters—45 years—is to conceive how they will seem to other people, when conveyed to them only by words. I have pictures, quite as distinct as memories; and my characters speak to me, I don't have to prompt them. This doesn't contradict the fact which you mention, and I point to in the Epilogue, that these characters speak my language, and are in some sense masks for my own spirit. On the contrary, that makes, or ought to make, them more living, since they are fetched from an actual life, and only dressed, as an actor on the stage, for their social parts. And I think you are partly wrong, like so many other critics, when you suggest that my characters are ghostly and not "living". Even the admitted literary character of their talk is not incompatible, as poetry is not incompatible in the drama, with individuality in tone and temper. Of course, I don't always succeed; yet I think, if you drop all preconceptions or clichés, you will find that there is a good deal of individuality in the way my characters talk, within the frame of what you might call my metre. It is my writing, but it is their sentiment. Only the book is very long, it can't leave distinct images if not allowed to settle. The great point is, as with poetry, to get the mind docile and free for suggestion, and then the dramatic spell will work. At least, that is what I can't help feeling, and what is confirmed by various witnesses. One notices Mrs. Darnley's special speech; another tells me he can hear Rose talk; and the author of Elizabeth and her German Garden at once recognized her late husband in Jim: "whose person and conversation", she writes, "are somehow curiously familiar". And surely Irma and Mrs. Alden are not echoes of myself.

However, that isn't the point that matters most in the book or in your letter. You say I don't love life, and that faith is necessary. Very true: I don't love life unconditionally; but I enjoy the "mere living" (as Browning has it) when I am in good health, which is most of the time: and I enjoy the episodes, unless I am rudely prevented from doing so. If you have my Dialogues in Limbo, and will look at p.p. 156–161, you will find Socrates and me defining the matter exactly. It was Oliver, not I, who didn't love life, because he hadn't the animal Epicurean faculty of enjoying it in its arbitrariness and transiency. He was a Spiritual man, incapacitated to be anything else, like Christ, who couldn't be a soldier or athlete or lover of women or father of a family (or, even, though I don't say so in the book, a good believing Christian). Now that is a tragic vocation, like the vocation of the poet: it demands sacrifice and devotion to a divine allegiance: but poor Oliver, ready for every sacrifice, had nothing to pin his allegiance to. He was what the rich young man in the Gospel would have been if he had been ready to sell his goods and give to the poor, but then had found no cross to take up and no Jesus to follow. Faith, as you say, is needed; but faith is an assurance inwardly prompted, springing from the irrepressible impulse to do, to fight, to triumph. Here is where the third sloppy wash in the family tea-pot is insufficient. And without robustness an imposed intellectual faith wouldn't do: it would only make a conventional person. You say you can't understand how I seem to hold my own in the world without faith, and almost without the world. It is quite simple. I have the Epicurean contentment, which was not far removed from asceticism: and besides I have a spiritual allegiance of my own that hardly requires faith, that is, only a humorous animal faith in nature and history, and no religious faith: and this common sense world suffices for intellectual satisfaction, partly in observing and understanding it, partly in dismissing it as, from the point of view of spirit, a transitory and local accident. Oliver hadn't this intellectual satisfaction, and he hadn't that Epicurean contentment. Hence the vacancy he faced when he ~~o~~had "overcome the world". Basta. Thank you a thousand times for your friendship. GSantayana

To Charles P. Davis

18 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 18, 1936

Dear Davis

Since you complain of my remissness, I will answer your letter, and thank you for the newspaper cuttings at once, but I warn you that I am no letter-writer. Keeping up correspondences is an anachronism, as Mr. Eden says war is: but we sometimes relapse into both, and rather like it. My novel is having a great success. I have already got \$5,000 for it (half of what the Book-of-the-Month Club paid Scribner for their edition of 40,000 or 35,000 copies) and more is promised both by the American and British publishers. Isn't it an odd thing for an old professor to become a popular entertainer, when he has one foot in the grave, and twenty volumes of philosophy to his discredit? The reviews of The Last Puritan seem strangely timid. I haven't seen many, because I don't subscribe to the newspaper-cutting agencies; but both in England and in the United States, while nothing hostile has appeared, there seems to be some embarrassment, and all the tender [*illegible*] spots in the book, moral, political, and religious, are avoided with extreme caution. Only the question whether this is really a novel, and whether the characters are "alive" or speak as real people speak, seems to agitate the reviewing mind. But supposing a book is not really a novel, ought it to be one? And if the characters speak as they don't speak in real life, ought they to speak so in a book? A candid friend, looking at a modernist picture, observed to the artist: "Frankly, I never saw a woman that looked like that" To which the painter replied, "But my friend, this is not a woman. It is a painting." The only review that I have seen that faces my book squarely is one by Desmond MacCarthy that appeared in the Sunday Times (of London); and even there, the excellent man got mixed up at the beginning with "essences" and wasted half of his space groping in utter darkness. Some letters I have received, especially from strangers, are also very good. You see, my friends and the professional critics begin with preconceptions about me and about novels: they read with a view to finding certain things, or drawing certain conclusions, to be proclaimed in their review:

whereas a book like this, that isn't a pot-boiler (though it is going to supply me for a while with spaghetti) or written to order, but has been growing up with me almost from childhood up, requires to be taken as a natural phenomenon, like the queer beasts at the Zoo, and not forced into accepted moulds. However, I can't complain. People are most respectful and kind to my grey hairs; and besides I suspect that the book-trade makes it obligatory for critics to praise all books noticed at all. The old slashing invectives are an anachronism too, like war. Your old friend

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. The photo in the N.Y. Times was taken in Oct. 1932. The one in the Saturday Review of Literature was taken in Sept. of the same year by an amateur.

To Charles Augustus Strong

18 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Feb. 18, 1936

Dear Strong

It will be very nice to see you once more at the Aragno and we can then talk over the possibilities for the summer. I wish there were a place in Paris where I could feel at home, as in the old apartment. It is quite possible that I may go there for the summer, to some hotel in the region of the Palais Royale where I could have my déjèûner and then trust to going out for tea and a light supper—such as a beef sandwich and glass of beer at the Règence or at the Café d'Angleterre. Cory, too, might come and see us there. I say us, because I foresee that you will be driven to France again by the warm weather.

As you see I feel no obligation to go to Cortina again. It is merely a safe place, where I know I can manage; but perhaps it is less suitable for a very old man, because there is only a continual shift of tourists and no suitable entertainments such as good music or resources such as doctors and hospitals.

I seem to be all right again, but am not frequenting the Roma any longer, partly so as not to be tempted to eat too much, and partly because there, too, I had begun to feel too old for the milieu. I now have lunch—

one dish of pasta or rice with cooked fruit or an omelette with cheese—in my room, before going out for my walk, usually to the Pincio.

Fullerton has written to me after long years of silence (apropos of my novel) and I am going to ask him if he can suggest quarters where I might be comfortable in Paris. Perhaps his information might be of interest to you also.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Benjamin De Casseres

19 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Feb. 19, 1936

Dear Mr. De Casseres

I have read your booklet on Exhibitionism with pleasure, sometimes bursting into a hearty laugh. You have the verve and the transcendental courage of the old American free lances, the Emersons, Thoreaus, Mark Twains, and Walt Whitmans. But is the substance of your doctrine other than the doctrine of Maya? For my part, I agree that we are of imagination all compact, and that our minds clothe or exhibit something else, that alone is active and lasting. You call it ourselves, I call it matter, others call it Brahma. Is there, functionally, any difference?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To David Page

19 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

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

Rome, Feb. 19, 1936

Dear Mr. Page

I feel like a dethroned monarch, there are so many about nowadays. My own Sovereign, King Alfonso, is living here in Rome, like me: but we do not exchange sighs. In fact, I am not clear how, having a Sovereign of my own (although deposed) I could loyally have become a sovereign of another country, even if you had really proposed to raise me to that eminence.

Let us be satisfied, from this valley of tribulation, to salute the undisturbed summits of the always possible and the truly best. But please don't put me down as a member of any party. I renounce them all.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 24, 1936

Dear Cory

The \$5,000 from the Book-of-the-Month Club arrived some time ago and are now duly credited to my London bank-account, which can now safely supply your allowance for two years. Other reverberations of the novel have been reaching me from America, pleasant enough in themselves but rather an impediment to work on other subjects, as if the afterglow of that sunset were keeping the stars from shining clearly. However, I peg away every morning: only my reading too, the newspapers (Italian only) and other things that I pick up, is not philosophical, and I have been led aside to compose a (very trenchant) section for Dominations & Powers

on Commerce. However, I think my separate army corps are all alive and advancing slowly towards the appointed positions. Heidegger, whose book has splendid broad margins, which I cover with notes, is a great stimulus on the subject of spirit. He has also some sections on truth, which I have just finished, but they are not good: at least, they are good only if the field is limited to the experience of the presence of truth.

America has swallowed the novel whole without a qualm. The other day I got a fresh invitation from the President of Harvard College, by cable, to come and get a degree of Doctor of Letters: this, I say, to show that even after my novel they were not ashamed of me. And Mr. Scribner (in the absence of Mr. Wheelock whose health demanded a rest) wrote, on sending me the cheque for \$5000, that “no novel published in the twenty odd years that I have been in the business has had such an enthusiastic reception from the press, which has showered it with praise without a dissenting note.” In the reviews I have seen, however, besides fault-finding in this or that,—one person says that the last hundred pages are poor stuff, and should merely be skimmed over; I must have been tired when I wrote them—besides such hap-hazard fault-finding there is a general timidity or perplexity. It is more than they dare to tackle, at least before knowing what other people will say. The letters from my friends, too, are a bit disappointing. They seem to be thinking of me, or of their own views on the same themes, without taking the book on its face value, and letting it speak for itself. Some letters from strangers, however, are fresher and more genuine. For instance, a man named Hamilton Bosso writes from North Carolina that he has “never read so wise and lovely and witty a book”. I like the choice of those three adjectives: the fun, especially, seems to have been missed by most readers. For me it is everything, or at least the sauce without which the rest wouldn’t go down.

Yes, I have heard of Strong’s last new book. He says he is coming to Rome as usual in April, but is as undecided as I am about where to go for the summer. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

P.S. Your question about “spiritual freedom” makes me wonder what direction your mind is taking now that you are comparatively free from pressure from Strong and me. Is your Catholic tendency dormant or reviving or outgrown? Have you some other lights, drawn perhaps from Bergson? I don’t expect that you will always agree with me simply because at the age of twenty your fancy was caught by my Scepticism &

Animal Faith. You then had less knowledge of rival doctrines, and were perhaps more impressed by the texture of my thought (as now by the texture of Bergson's) rather than by the general conception of things which I represent. Your natural sympathies, after all, may go elsewhere; but even in that case I should be sorry if you didn't understand my views. Now, as to the matter of "spiritual freedom", I don't remember where I have used the words: the context would indicate what I had in mind. But in any case, the thing has nothing to do with the physical question of determinism or indeterminism in the genesis of events. Even "moral freedom" has nothing to do with it. Facing the matter afresh, I should say this: Existence being contingent intrinsically, the character of any event cannot be determined logically by that of previous events: every fact then is a part of the original groundless fact of existence. Yet any degree of regularity may be discovered in the ways of nature; and only in the measure in which such regularity exists is any science or prudence possible. Turning now to "moral freedom", I should say that was relative to the psyche. When we can act and grow as our nature demands, we are morally free. When things or people or fatal commitments impede us, we are morally constrained, and not morally free agents. And "Spiritual freedom", if distinguished from moral freedom, would mean liberation from all allegiance to what is private to each psyche, and love in perfect sympathy with the truth. Moral freedom is freedom from others, spiritual freedom is freedom from oneself.

To José Sastre González

28 February 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

28 de Febrero, 1936

Querido Pepe,

A su tiempo recibí la carta de Eduardo, firmada por todos vosotros, y ahora la tuya del 22 del actual. Celebro que esteis todos buenos y contentos en lo que cabe en este valle de elecciones; creo que mientras

duren éstas no habrá verdadera tranquilidad, porque es imposible que al alternar los partidos cambie y vuelva a cambiar la verdadera constitución de país. Así resulta todo confusión y proyectos frus[*illegible*]trados.

Tambien he recibido muchos números del ABC que he leído con gusto—no íntegros, naturalmente, pero lo bastante para darme una idea de lo que ocurre en España, que es poco mas o menos lo de siempre. Ahora hay mucho sport y votan las mujeres; sucede lo mismo en casi todas partes. Las italianas no votan todavía, pero marchan en forma de soldados, con música pero sin fusiles. Yo lo paso aqui muy bien sin sentir que haya guerra ni “sanciones,” hasta que leo el periódico. Por muchos años estuve suscrito a un diario inglés, pero ahora lo he dejado y no leo mas que periódicos italianos; asi no me aturden las opiniones contrarias y vivo mas tranquilo.

Mi novela por fin se ha publicado, y si alguno de la familia es aficionado al inglés, os mandaré un ejemplar. Don Antonio Marichalar, un literato elegante que hace tiempo se interesa en mis cosas, dice que quiere traducirla, pero ~~ti~~nesson mas de 700 páginas, y dudo que tenga paciencia para llevar a cabo ese trabajo, que creo sería en sí bastante difícil.

Tambien en los Estados Unidos hay elecciones este año, y poca seguridad. Menos mal si sigue la situación actual y no da el dollar otro bajón.

Tantos recuerdos cariñosos a toda la familia y un abrazo de tu tío

Jorge

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 3, 1936

Dear Cory

The enclosed cuttings, if you haven't already seen them, will give you an idea of the extent to which that little bank-account of mine is destined to profit in the near future. My nephew—such is human nature—wants to gather all my royalties under his wing: of course, he says, I can ask for them, if I wish. No, sir, I have replied. My earned income is coming to me without any supervision by officious nephews. Now I write this not merely as a sort of boyish boast or sfogo, but because it concerns you. I can very well blow in those \$5,000 already received, since much more is to come presently. Considering this, and the fact that Strong wants to go to Paris in the summer, I am thinking of going there too, about June 1st (if there isn't a war) for four months, and to take an apartment in a hotel (perhaps the Savoy in the rue de Rivoli) like the one I have here, with a sitting room, and freedom to have my meals there, à la carte, or to go out for them, as I choose. Then I shall merely have to get into the train here, and out of it 24 hours later in Paris, and the same on my return, without otherwise at all changing my mode of life. I think this is perhaps the best solution possible for the question, What shall I do in summer? Answer: The same as in winter, only in Paris instead of in Rome.

Both Strong and I of course hope that you will come to Paris to see us. I will ~~of course~~ pay your travelling expenses and raise your allowance a

little for the occasion; but as to how long you can bear to be away from golf (is golf played in Paris?) and whether you prefer to be by yourself or would like to be at my hotel, as you were here at the Bristol last year,—all that is for you to decide. No need of deciding now: only I want you to have that idea in mind.

“Scrutiny” I believe in to have my article in this March number, which ought to arrive in a day or two. I naturally wish to keep my copy, as I have no other of my article; but as soon as I am sure that it has appeared, I will write to have your copy sent from Cambridge direct. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To William Lyon Phelps

16 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 16, 1936

Dear Billy

Yes, of course, you may print my letter; not that I remember what I wrote, because my memory disdains to record recent events, but I can trust you to leave out any indiscreet passages. For instance, you mustn't say who Jim Darnley is copied from, not only because it is too soon to pillory the dead, but because it is only the young and intimate Russell that is reproduced, not the elderly man with his politics and his matrimonial difficulties. His (third) wife recognized him, because a lover is always young, but hardly anyone else now living would see the likeness.

There is something which I probably didn't say in my letter that I wish you would discuss someday in your “As I like It” articles. An important element in the tragedy of Oliver (not in his personality, for he was no poet) is drawn from the fate of a whole string of Harvard poets in the 1880's and 1890's—Sanborn, Philip Savage, Hugh McCullough, Trumbull Stickney, and Cabot Lodge: also Moody, although he lived a little longer and made some impression, I believe, as a playwright. Now all those friends of mine, Stickney especially, of whom I was very fond, were visibly killed by the lack of air to breathe. People individually were kind and appreciative to them, as they were to me: but the system was deadly, and they hadn't any alternative tradition (as I had) to fall back upon: and of

course, as I believe I said of Oliver in my letter, they hadn't the strength of a great intellectual hero who can stand alone.

I have been trying to think whether I have ever known any "good" people such as are not to be found in my novel. You will say "There's me and Anabel: why didn't you put us into your book, to brighten it up a little?" Ah, you are not novelesque enough: and I can't remember anybody so terribly good in Dickens except the Cheerybell Brothers, and really, if I had put anyone like that in they would have said I was "vicious", as they say I am in depicting Mrs. Alden. But Irma was what I think good: she wasn't sillier than we all are, except that we keep our silliness quiet. And Oliver was very good: I don't think you like good people really, only sweet people—like Anabel and you! G.S.

To C. L. Shelby

18 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, March 18, 1936

Dear Dr. Shelby

I can't very well send you The Last Puritan because I have here only one copy, with my corrections, etc., and as you ask for an autograph at the same time, I am sending you instead my very latest book, in which, especially in the last paper and in the one on the Unknowable, you may find material for one or two sermons.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mr. Gross

20 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, March 20, 1936

Dear Mr. Gross

The reason for calling Oliver the "last puritan" is given in the Prologue. He had reached the ultimate phase of puritanism, when it condemns itself. That doesn't kill it, but it kills the man who has it. Of course, most modern descendants of the Puritans, with some remnant of superstitious conscience, become ordinary business men and hardly less robust socially than other people—more robust than their historical enemies the Anglican Catholics. But Oliver is meant not to be a puritan by accident only ~~but~~ or by inheritance, but by nature. And he "peters" out because his austerity rejects the ordinary religious and moral shams that satisfy most idealistic souls, while at the same time he can't identify himself with the life of the world. He is like the rich young man in the Gospel who turns away sadly: not in this case because he wasn't ready to sell all he had and give to the poor, but because he found no Christ to follow.

It is very true that the reviews (at least those I have seen) are not well-rounded or fairly focussed. Although many of them, like yours, are extremely flattering. The book is too complex, and some of the strains in it not easy to discuss openly. But I wanted at least to suggest everything that had seemed to me to contribute to the dissolution of this moral type.

Yours sincerely,

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

25 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 25, 1936

Dear Strong

They sent me Perry's W^m James when it came out, asking for a review to be used for advertising the book; but I disliked the constraint that such a proposal involved, and in any case I wasn't conscious of anything new to say. I looked at the first volume and read most of the second, especially the letters to and from Bergson. What a contrast in tone and in sincerity! I sent the volumes to Mrs. Toy (who said they were too dear for her) but one was lost in the Christmas post. No: don't bring your extra copy: but I shall be glad to hear what your impressions have been on reviewing James's life and work as a whole.

As to my health, I think it is normal; but I seem to have passed into a new phase of old age, rather more passive than the previous one. I eat and drink less, also walk less, but the days slip by as if there were fewer hours in them, and I enjoy both reading and writing more than ever, although I am probably slower in both operations than I used to be.

I have been feasting on a lot of German. Now I am deep in Thomas Mann's Zauberberg. It is all about consumption, but I feel as if I had actually lived at Davos and known all those disgusting people.

When you get my Obiter Scripta, most of which you have seen before, do read the Preface. It is short.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

26 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 26, 1936

My dear Clemens

I am overwhelmed by your praises of The Last Puritan and the offer of the Mark Twain Medal. Unfortunately, if the offer involves a journey to Saint Louis, my old age and other sad attributes will prevent me from receiving it. However, in any case, please accept my heartfelt thanks

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 26, 1936

Dear Cory

Doctors' bills are always an extra, and if you are seriously advised to have your tonsils cut out, I shall be glad to pay for the operation. The only trouble with your asking for more money is a certain feeling which you seem to have yourself, or at least which your ways suggest to me, that you sometimes find yourself unexpectedly at the end of your rope. That is unfortunate, because it discourages the hope that you may ever economize a little and make yourself independent. Now, for instance, if I get the large sums which seem to be involved in the success of The Last Puritan, I might transfer a little capital to your name, in lieu of a legacy

which I can't very well leave you. But of course, if you spent the capital, you would deprive yourself of the interest, and nothing would be gained in the end. Something might even be lost, if you had acquired habits or undertaken responsibilities that afterwards you couldn't live up to. It is only this feeling of insecurity in respect to you that is unpleasant. As to a little more or less money, at this moment, there is no difficulty, and I am even glad that you should enjoy yourself, when I have no longer any special use myself for this windfall.

My namesake Giorgio Santillana was here the other day and said something that pleased me very much: that he had read The Realm of Matter and found that, though expressed in the language of a generation before his own, it defended exactly his own opinions: whereas when he read Scepticism and Animal Faith he had not felt he agreed. This is one more case of what I like to think and to see confirmed (it is also confirmed by the novel succeeding so well in America): that people like in my books whatever is on their own subject, and dislike what treats of things not in their own sphere. That is, they recognize the truth when they know the truth, but don't, find at all what they [*across*] wish to believe about things of which they are ignorant. My namesake is a scientific man: ergo, etc. G. S.

To Bonamy Dobrée

28 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Leeds)

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

Rome, March 28, 1936

Dear Sir,

Here is my essay on Berkeley. In revising it I have felt some qualms about its quality, it is so exclusively philosophical and so much my own. But you ran this risk in inviting a professional philosopher to take part in your survey from Anne to Victoria, which I suppose will be generally picturesque. However, perhaps a strain of something different may not be unwelcome for the sake of variety.

Will you kindly verify the quotation on page 21 of my manuscript? I had to trust my memory: for as I told you, I am obliged to work without

books of reference; and this is also the reason for the absence of more quotations and a closer bugging of the text in my paper.

I am sorry, too, not to send it to you in type, and in better shape, but the lady who used to do my type-writing hasn't returned to Rome this year, and I am reduced to my oldfashioned pen.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Barlow

29 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 29, 1936

Dear Bob

I have your two excellent letters, and feel as if our old acquaintance were renewed after forty years, without any loss of sympathy. Your first letter especially, in which you describe your mode of life, surprised and interested me, because that is not the way in which I should have pictured you as living in your old age, but rather the way I should have chosen for myself, if I had stayed in Boston and been free to live there after my own fashion. A bachelor apartment in a pleasant position, opening conveniently into a club, and relations kept up naturally with young people, who are agreeable anywhere, but in America, at least in my time, the only people with whom one could establish frank and unprejudiced communication. And now the younger generation seem to be better informed and better spoken than the average of our own time. Of course you and I and Swelly Bangs and a few others that you can easily name had a little ballast, social and intellectual, to start with, and if we were not altogether dragooned into the marching regiment, we could preserve a little freedom and freshness of mind, even in middle life: although for my part I feel that the last fifteen years of my life in ~~e~~America were a dry season, a time of camping in the desert, with very little manna falling from the sky. Besides,

anywhere a man between 35 and [*illegible*]50 is, spiritually, under a cloud, as I have made Jim explain in the novel. The only side of your life now that I should have arranged differently, if I had been the person concerned, would have been your professional work and your office hours. These I should have spent at home, as I do here, over my books and papers. But I think it was lucky that I got away and renewed my contacts with Spain and England. Italy, which I like even better, is only a stage setting. I came here too late to make friends: I didn't need or want society any longer; and the people I see are almost all travelling Americans, or Anglo-Americans living in Italy.

As to the novel, and the originals of the characters, you are really almost in a better position to judge than I am myself. I have lived so long with Oliver and Mario and the rest that they have an automatic existence within me. They do and say what they choose, and I merely take note, as in a dream. Naturally, this probably makes them all versions of myself: not only am I the substance of their being, like the author of a play, but I am also the actor who speaks their lines. Even in assuming the most different characters, something of the ventriloquist remains his own. You say Oliver is most like me: he was meant to be most unlike me, but only in his physical and moral character: in the quality of his mind, he is what I am or should have been in his place. This is true also of his father, of Jim, and of Jim's father; and it is true even of some of the women, such as Irma and Aunt Caroline. On the other hand, I think there is some exaggeration in the criticism made by some people that the characters are not living and have no individual way of speaking. They may not talk as people actually do: but they talk in their own way, generally, if not always: and if people opened the book in 100 years they wouldn't think the language not characteristic enough. ~~T~~And they would understand it.

Yours as always G.S.

To George Sturgis

29 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 29, 1936

Dear George

Mr. Young's letter is very clear, and I see the lien that the government has upon the royalties of a person in my position. I am—or my publishers are—protected by an American copyright: but for that, anybody might pirate my books and pocket the profits (when there are any). The privilege of cashing vast sums in the case of a best-seller must therefore be acknowledged with thanks and with an adequate contribution for poor dear Uncle Sam in his always temporary difficulties. Very well: I am keeping an exact account, in dollars, of all I receive from America, not through my letter of credit. I have even found the stumps of the missing cheques for last year, so that in case of need I could supply a list of all my receipts for several years past, though they amount to very little. For the novel, so far, I have received exactly \$5,000; my half of the sum paid to Scribner by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

I mentioned the \$25⁰⁰ for my review of Russell only because it was my most recent article, and a sort of test case for the principle at stake: but nothing was said of future rights to the composition, and I should feel free to reproduce it, or parts of it, in a future publication. These small sums might therefore be as well counted in with the larger ones that come from publishers.

There is nothing in my contract with Scribner, as far at least as I remember, about the duration of copyrights after the author's death. I always supposed that was a matter regulated by law, and have never seen any reference to it in any of my contracts with publishers. It is a matter that interests you rather than me.

I am not a novelist writing for money, and The Last Puritan is, as the title-page asserts, a Memoir in the form of a novel, or (as I might have said instead) an imaginary biography. The events are not arranged to make a story, but to be such as would occur in the course of a young man's life, in Oliver's position. The books I am still at work on are two volumes more to complete my system, a book on politics called "Dominations & Powers", and my autobiography or Memoirs. I don't expect to finish them all, but will do the system first. I don't need more money.

[*across*] Bob Barlow has written me two very interesting letters, to which I replied yesterday.

Yours aff^c G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

30 March 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 30, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have your letters of the 10th & 17th of this month, and your cable asking me to disregard another letter, of the 21st, not yet received, and to take no action regarding the United Feature Syndicate. So long as you ask me to do nothing, you will always easily persuade me.

As to Mr. Lee Keedick and lecture tours, you are right in thinking that such a thing is out of the question, and I will leave you to reply to him as you may think proper.

As to the communication from Ropes, Gray, Boyden, & Perkins of Boston, in the name of my nephew George Sturgis, concerning my royalties and proposed will, I have heard directly from my nephew and given him my views on the subject. As he and his sister, Mrs. Raymond Bidwell, are my only heirs, they are naturally interested in the question of what will happen when I die, not to me but to my money. My nephew has asked me whether your [^]with me[^] contracts [^]with me[^] contain a provision as to the length of time during which the heirs of an author may profit by the sale of his works. I have replied that I remember no such provision, and had always supposed the matter to be settled by law. How does it stand? As to making a will, I have attempted it once or twice, and with my Spanish nationality and American & English connections the thing is so confused and confusing that I am convinced that it is better, even for my heirs, that I should die intestate. After all, the matter concerns only the margin of my property; the main part of it (which comes

partly from my mother and indirectly from the Sturgis family) has already been disposed of by a deed of trust, in favour of my nephew and his sister, after providing for some other gifts and legacies. A house that I owned in Spain has been disposed of, also, and the royalties for books, and my bank account in London, are practically the only assets that will remain as it were in the air, when I have disappeared. I think there will be no great difficulty in proving that, whatever rights these may involve, should pass to George Sturgis and his sister.

I continue to hear flattering things about The Last Puritan, and from the most various quarters. It is gratifying and a little surprising.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

1 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 1, 1936

Dear Cory

Your article in The Criterion strikes me much more favourably than it did last year when you showed me the typewritten copy. If you haven't made any changes, my mood must have become fairer and more appreciative. It now seems to me to read very pleasantly; it is modest but firm, simple in style without vulgarity, and independent without being bad-tempered. I find only one misrepresentation, where I have marked a cross. In substance I agree with the Scholastic analysis, but need other terms, so as to state the matter without the Socratic-Aristotelian presuppositions in general philosophy which imply a conceptual structure in the world and a limited number of standard genera & species, and universals generally for the intellect to recognize. That is why "intuition", in my statements would take the place of both sense and intellect, in so far as these are actually realized in consciousness; while "intent" would take the place of I don't know exactly what assurance that the object faced not only exists but possesses in itself (you say "vaguely", but why vaguely?) the qualities given in perception. This "vagueness" is ascribed only in view of an assumed conventional standard of imagination or of material

form. The feeling of being alive, of being oppressed, of enduring (as Bergson would say) is not vague in itself, although words cannot very well articulate it; and so too the extreme complexity and evanescence of the datum of intuition, when we are not interested in what is going on, does not in the least, of itself, turn that vagueness into more than a given essence. There is, besides, the object of intent: fundamentally the whole world in which the spirit finds itself: but this is not the special object of any particular sense: it is sensible per accidens when the senses awake to its presence, or rather (for sense has not a separate spirit within it) when the spirit awakes to its presence under the stimulus of sense. I think all consciousness is intellectual: the sub-intellectual flux is purely material and only potentially conscious. Your “vague” object of sense is not, I think, a psychological, but a physiological, reality.

At the end you seem to be sorry that, having reduced idealism sceptically to absurdity, I shouldn't simply go back to the conventions from which the idealists started. Those conventions, as stated by the Scholastics, are contrary to naturalism: that is why they led to idealism as soon as criticism was applied to them. I have tried to profit by that experience and to state commonsense beliefs with more circumspection, so as not to be forced to abandon them by the treacherous elements of grammar and moralism which the Socratic School introduced into philosophy.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. I send you some English stamps, useless to me, and my review of Russell's last book with The Criterion.

To Henrietta Auchmity Sturgis Ingersoll

1 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, April 1, 1936

Dear Rita

Not only do I remember who you are but I have a vivid image of just how you looked in the fashions of the 1880's. You, with the rest of your family, were most important figures in our household when I was a boy: and you must consider that I was distinctly a home boy, living (except for day-dreams) on what was said and thought in my family. Susana was the link with Society and the outer world; also for me with religion and architecture: the latter because she had a beau named Johnny P. (that is, Putnam) who was an architect, and set her reading The Stones of Venice and other books (from the Boston Public Library, for we were ratty poor) about the beauties of Gothic: all of which passed out of her mind in a few years, but stuck to me, and made me "aesthetic". Now Susana—you may remember it—after your father's death, went to stay with you for some time in Philadelphia. She became attached to all of you, because she was warm-hearted and you were warm-hearted too as well as interesting; and she came home full of anecdotes that entertained us for a long time: for instance there was a Cuban who came to see her and would spit on the carpet, and the question was whether, if a spittoon were provided for him and placed by his chair, it would put him to shame, or encourage his vice. Susana also came home loaded with things more substantial than anecdotes, namely, a trunk-ful of your mother's beautiful dresses, discarded for mourning, and destined to fit out poor Susana with her best clothes for years. I remember those dresses, and the transformations they suffered, until the last shred of them disappeared.

The other active member of our household in those days (at 302 Beacon Street) was Robert: and not only had he been almost a member of your family for two years, 1867–1869, but he retained all his life a special admiration for you personally. I don't know whether he ever made love to you, probably he didn't dare, but put you on a pedestal: you were his ideal of what woman should be, when she is good. I am not sure that he hadn't also a second ideal of woman, more approachable and easier to realize; but that didn't obscure, on the contrary it exalted, your image in his mind.

The other, silent but omnipotent, power in our house was my mother; and though she didn't distinguish you particularly from your brothers and sisters, she had a rooted loyalty and affection for your father, and everything belonging to him had a sort of halo in her mind. I wonder how much you heard of her, and if you ever saw her. When her first husband, your uncle George, died in Manila, his affairs were not in a prosperous condition, and she was left with four young children (the youngest, Victor, died on the journey back to Boston, where he had been born during my mother's first visit to New England) and hardly enough to live on: whereupon your father, who was then in China and a bachelor, gave her an additional \$10,000 (then a large sum) to enable her to be a little more comfortable. It is very curious, but that money is now mine, and was the nucleus of my little peculium enabling me to live independently. For when my mother married a second time, she put in trust for her three Sturgis children, the property left by their father, but your father's \$10,000 she kept for herself, and ultimately left to me. The continuity of the fund was perhaps merely ideal, and in the later years it had grown a great deal: but that was my mother's way of counting, and I retain it, and like to think that I am still profiting by your father's generosity of so many years ago.

I was once in your house—is it your old family house, I wonder, that you are still living in?—for a week in 1876, during the Centennial Exhibition. Robert, my brother, took me, and Russell Sturgis 3rd brought me back to Boston. The house was otherwise empty, as it was midsummer, but I remember the rooms very well, and also the Exposition. I don't know if I have ever been in Philadelphia again—perhaps once in passing; but as I was tied most of my life to Cambridge, and spent my vacations in Europe, you and I never came across each other. I am sorry. Maisie is the one of you of whom, in late years, I have heard most, because of the Potters: and one of her boys has come to see me here in Rome in my old age. But it all comes to the same thing in the end. The other day I sent a copy of my novel to Mrs. Bob Potter—I always sent them my books in Bob's time, and I thought she might be interested in this one, especially as there is something of Bob in one or two of the characters; but I haven't heard from her. Most of my friends are dead, as well as all my immediate family, and I live so retired, though quite contented, that I don't even hear of people's deaths.

You ask whether I first went to America with my mother or my father. The latter. It was on the 4th of July, 1872, that we sailed in the Samaria,

3000 tons (I mention her in the novel) for Boston. I am sending you a pamphlet containing a sort of autobiography, in the first part of which some of these facts are mentioned. The rest is philosophy.

Thank you for wishing to renew our affectionate cousinship. It is a pleasant and non-obligatory bond.

Yours as ever

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

2 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

°/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 2, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your plan of publishing a limited edition of my collected works seems to me premature. No doubt my age and the quantity of what I have written justifies anyone in crying: Basta! and drawing a sharp line across the account, ready to sum up the total. Yet in fact the total isn't there yet: there are various things I mean to write not yet written, and various things written not yet published. They may not prove worth writing or worth

preserving, but one can't tell beforehand. One of my oldest friends wanted me to burn up the manuscript of The Last Puritan. So that, for the sake of completeness and of the documentary value of the collection, you ought to wait, at least, until I am dead. Even then, there may remain a few trifles for some antiquary to unearth later.

That would remove the possibility of signing my name to the 750 first volumes; although in itself, if the sheets could have come to me unbound in a moderate parcel, I think the manual labour of writing my name so many times would not have scared me. I rather like manual labour, if I may do it when the Spirit moves.

On the other hand, the twelve prefaces that you would like me to supply for the twelve volumes would be an exacting task and would drive me back, when I wish to go forward. I am tired of myself, of my old self, and though it may be an illusion, as when old men tell you their oldest joke with the greatest gusto, I want to see fresh aspects of things, and of things as remote as possible from the old "problems".

For these reasons I feel that I don't want to undertake any systematic self-criticism of that sort. If I ever get to my Autobiography, of which some fragments already exist, I may naturally reconsider the occasions of my various books, and pass some contrite judgements upon them; but that must come of itself, and in its own time, not as a task under pressure

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles P. Davis

3 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 3rd 1936

Dear Davis

I didn't send you my novel because I felt that you wouldn't like it. It's not Catholic enough—really quite pagan and desolating in its background—and then the moral problem for poor Oliver is quite different from what I expect troubled you when you were young. Your difficulties were plain human difficulties and choices between clear-cut contrasted

opinions; whereas Oliver is a born (and bred) transcendentalist, thinks always from the pure ego outwards, and never can get outwards very far. Then his feelings and passions are mixed up horribly, and helpless: I was going to say “impotent”, but that would be misleading, because he was far from impotent physically, only emotionally and morally inhibited, and without the courage of his inclinations. He was too tied up ever to find out clearly what these inclinations were. That was why he petered out. Meantime he behaved very well, was loyal and generous (as all my American friends have been) and had a great many noble thoughts: but even his thoughts didn’t cohere into anything specific. Perhaps, with your adopted Catholic surroundings, you don’t come upon people of this sort, but my life has been spent among them, and that was what I set out to describe.

Perhaps there are other incidental things in the book that rub you the wrong way, or leave you cold. But I assure you that the texture of the book is good, and that you would like it if you weren’t expecting something else. It certainly is remarkable how people have taken to it in America. I suppose in part it is curiosity to see how “high-brow” experience expresses itself: but in part it must be that they, or some of them, see the fun in the book, and are really entertained.

It isn’t a professional novel, with the events arranged to make a story. It is just a rambling biography, tossed along from one incomplete situation to another, as in real life. I meant it to be that. The world is not a tragedy or a comedy: it is a flux.

I have already got a lot of money (from the Book-of-the-Month Club) and expect more soon from Scribner. I am thinking of going to Paris in the summer to blow some of it in—unless there is a war. But I think not. The talkers will continue to talk and the doers to do, and we outsiders will be allowed to look on and amuse ourselves.

I had a sort of dream about you the other night. You were very tall and thin, dressed in black, and your hair white, and you were bending over and scurrying away because you had to go to the sodality meeting of your patron Saints.—What patron Saints?—The Holy Guardian Angels, of course. Aren’t they bookkeepers?—I was going to ask you to look me up in the ledger and see if I had overdrawn my account, but you had vanished. Naturally, naturally, I said to myself: they keep a double entry, and he’s slipped away by the back door.—How silly one’s mind is, if it gets on the loose!

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

8 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, April 8, 1936

Dear Mr. Buchler & Mr. Schwartz

The inconsistencies about brackets in the notes to Obiter Scripta are inconspicuous and won't annoy anybody—at least not me. True that I didn't supply a translation, or make one of my own, for the long quotations from Proust: but that was because "Life & Letters", in those days, was a review meant for people sure to read French: and besides, I was anxious that nobody should accuse me of doctoring the text so as to make it coincide more closely with my own view. But in this collection, meant principally for students, the translation is needed ("students" don't know much) and you indicate that the translation is not mine, which is the important point.

I have noticed only one misprint in the text. On p. 216, 3rd line, "depicting" should be "deputing". I leave it to you to have this correction made, if there should be any reprints.

The book pleases me the more, the more I think of it, and I hear much praise of it from competent quarters, but we can't expect it to sell like The Last Puritan, which has somehow appealed to the public in an unexpected way.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 9, 1936

Dear Cory

I don't like to let this question about sense & intellect drop altogether: not that I mind a clear disagreement, but that I think in this case there is less disagreement than confusion of terms. As to Catholic implications,

one way or the other, they are not important. The source of what you call the Catholic view is really Aristotle and quite pagan, except that the early Fathers who where Platonists may have worked out christian doctrine in those terms. If you look at the De Anima you will see that there is no literary psychology, no clear notion of consciousness, no scepticism. It is straight natural history, interpreted dialectically. Sensation = sensitivity in the animal. Its object is the real object in nature, and each sense answers to some special property of that object. In potentia the sensitivity and the objective property are left vague: they are just potentialities; but in the act of smelling, e.g. the smell of the thing and the sensation in the psyche are one and identical. They are a "given essence". That the object is first posited as existing, and then perhaps distinguished as emitting just that smell, is assumed but not discussed. So in respect to intellect. This is the power to recognize types or Platonic ideas, and the degree in which actual things may come up to them. It is a moral and grammatical faculty. The forms are (not perfectly) exemplified in nature; and the capacity to conceive them exists (undeveloped) in man: but when a perfect thought responds to a perfect thing, that perfection is realized in the thought that thinks that idea. The proper objects of intellect are universals in the mind of God; the proper objects of sense are particular bodies, wearing this or that sensible quality.

Now for a sceptic brought up on modern philosophy all that is not wrong, certainly, but irrelevant to the burning question. There is immediate experience (call it sense or intuition or thought, as you will) and there are objects of belief. Both the Aristotelian sensation and the Aristotelian intellect, in act, are moments of immediate experience, yielding an essence to intuition; and both, when considered by the naturalist from outside, may realize in intuition the qualities or forms actually possessed by external things. But belief is required to reveal this, in either case, to the spirit. Such belief exists from the first; even precedes, virtually, the act of intuition: that is granted. But the belief is right only pragmatically: descriptively and dogmatically it is wrong; so that the whole Aristotelian view is mythological. The objects exist, as the sun exists; but they have no such essences, as the sun is not Apollo.

Now I am conscious of some confusion on my part, at least in my letters (which are not text-books) between intellect and intent. In contrast to intuition meaning is an act of intelligence: it is an act of self-transcendence, and places the mind in cognitive relation to external things. In this

sense, Aristotelian sensation contains intelligence: it gives information, and is not merely aesthetic. And since for us the Platonic catalogue of types and virtues is archaic, the Platonic or Aristotelian intellect, bringing those essences to intuition, is only an aesthetic faculty, and not very intelligent. The categories of human grammar and morals can be hypostatized with no more reason than the categories of sense

Mr. Benamy Dobrée has [*across*] received my essay on Berkeley and praises it.—I am now at work on Truth. Yours affly G.S.

To George Sturgis

18 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 18 1936

Dear George

Would you mind doing something for me, namely, ordering Perry's "William James: his Character & Philosophy" (or some title to that effect) to be sent to Mrs. C. H. Toy, 1 Waterhouse St. Cambridge, Mass.? It is very dear, \$12 I think for the two volumes, but poor Mrs. Toy, who has been very ill, is unhappy about having lost one of the volumes sent by me, or rather about not receiving it, and I don't want her to be deprived of possessing the whole work.

I have heard from Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's about the matter of my income tax for royalties, and I gather that, if they had known that I wasn't an American citizen, they would have subtracted the tax before sending me the money. I suppose they will do that in future: which ought to relieve you of any trouble, except in regard to the other small sums that I am apt to receive; and of these, and of the rest also, if you like, I will send you a report at such times as you may find convenient.

Apparently The Last Puritan continued to be the best-seller until April 5th when (according to Bob Barlow) my "score had again gone up to 70, Sinclair Lewis's had dropped to 38." I don't know what those figures stand for, but evidently it means large sales. 135,000 is the last figure reported to me by Scribner. People ask, and I ask, ¶What is the reason?

Perhaps it is that some people like the book because they understand it, and others like it because they don't understand it.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 25, 1936

Dear Cory,

Letters are not text-books, and if I return to our discussion about sense and intellect, it is not because I want to defend my casual phrases or to bother you with old old points, but that my own mind is in a fluid state on the subject. I am reaching new and more radical insights—not contrary to my usual formulae, but giving them, I hope, a closer fidelity to the facts. When I said, for instance, that all consciousness is intellectual, I was touching one of these fresh intuitions. Of course you are right—and I admitted it in saying that I was conscious of some confusion in my language—when [illegible] you say [illegible] that intellect reviews ideas, and that it is sense that gives us facts, and contains belief and intent. But belief and intent are attitudes, not objects or data: when we criticize these attitudes, we find that they are assumptions made instinctively in living, cognitive assumptions—because animals are directed upon their environment, and their sensations awaken them to action (involving belief and intent). Aristotle and his followers (who were not critics but spokesmen of the mind) honestly share and reassert these assumptions: sense for them is knowledge of particular existent objects, not aesthetic essences (the intuition of which would not be knowledge, but fancy). [illegible] We see visible things, the material objects by which sight is aroused. But I am a critic, a sceptic; and I can't help seeing that, for the spirit, this is a strange commitment: virtually true, because spirit is incarnate; but

logically and morally distracting, because it fills spirit with presumption and care, as do all animal passions. Now natural knowledge is an animal passion (cf. the Herbert Spencer lecture); it truly reveals to spirit the extraordinary fact that it is incarnate, and that an alien material world actually surrounds it. For this reason we may say that intent and belief are intelligent (not intellectual) and that sense contains knowledge. But the transcendent scope and veracity of sense are assumed; spirit is pledged without its consent and without any evidence open to its inspection. In that way, sense is unintellectual, animal, dumb: yet this dumbness being dogmatic, being cognitive, and truly so, is a form of intelligence: it reveals the not-given.

As you know “sense-data,” as people now call them, are not the existent material objects of sense, but rather the given essences obvious to spirit when critical: because all these modern writers are virtually idealists, and their personal or social “experience” is begged by them contrary to their first principles. This modern use of “sense”, takes belief and knowledge out of it, and requires us to appeal to intellectual construction, to give us any “sense” of an extended or even a historical world. I agree with you that this is artificial and vain. You will never get faith back, if you give up natural faith: you will have to live by ignominious inconsistencies. My own position is that sense and animal faith, are true in their blind dogmatism: but the dogmatism nevertheless is blind and alien to a spirit withdrawn into itself, I mean, addressed to those objects which it can perceive and possess perfectly, without danger or care.

I have had a letter from Mrs. Peter Alden! At least, the lady says: “Oliver is my son!” and she goes on to show how far superior her son is to Oliver. I will take some of these letters to Paris, if we go there, so that you may read them.—Strong has not turned up yet.—I send you £5 more to celebrate the fact that the novel is still a bestseller.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

25 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 25, 1936

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

On receiving today your account and cheque (for which many thanks) I was particularly interested in seeing that The Last Puritan has sold so well: about 3500 in Great Britain and 1000 in Canada, until Jan 1, 1936. This is very satisfactory, as the reviews I have seen are also: it is more a compliment to the book than the unexpected popular success it has had in the U.S. because this is largely due to curiosity and self-consciousness on the part of the more cultivated Americans as to what a quasi-foreign observer might say about them. They have taken my indiscretions very well, as far as I can gather, and I am glad that we decided to publish the book now, instead of waiting until it would be too late to lynch me.

I have had one more error—an annoying one—pointed out to me in the text. I make a note of it opposite for the printers.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

26 April 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Rome, April 26, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

You are evidently wedded to this plan of a limited edition; the moment is propitious and I won't attempt to do the tyrannical parent and cross your loves. As you relieve me of the 12 prefaces, the worst objection from my point of view is removed. A general preface can be built out of the recent one to Obiter Scripta (about which more presently) and I think I can write a long preface for The Last Puritan, and for one or two of the other chief parts.

As to the number of volumes, that is your affair. I haven't attempted, in the programme I enclose, to count the words and the pages. Some volumes may be overloaded and others thin, and I don't see how the Life of Reason is going to be cut in three. It is neither the Holy Trinity nor ancient Gaul, and has five parts, like a true tragedy, like The Last Puritan and like my System, if ever completed. You probably have expert ways of rapidly calculating amounts of copy, and I leave the matter to you.

Now, do you insist on making a complete edition? You left out Egotism, perhaps by accident: but I suggest that we purposely leave out The Hermit of Carmel, and a good deal of Obiter Scripta. The Hermit was eviscerated carefully when Poems were issued: do you think the rejected offal should be presented again to public? So in respect to "What is Aesthetics?" and "An aesthetic Soviet." The editors of Obiter Scripta are worthy young men but academic: those pieces are college-shop. There are many others of mine not included: why should we include these? On the other hand The Indomitable Individual and A Few Remarks belong to Dominations & Powers, my political work not yet finished: they should stand over for that. I would therefore break up Obiter Scripta and Some Turns of Thought: both are merely collections, as indeed all my books are except The Life of Reason, The Realms, and The Last Puritan. We can profitably redistribute the contents according to their inward affinities, as I have tried to do in my arrangement. But several of these pieces could be shifted, to suit the length of the volumes. There is an enormous difference between Soliloquies, for instance, and Character & Opinion, which you proposed to couple. No: the former is inward, the latter external: and although nearly contemporary in date they belong to two distinct phases of my development, and Soliloquies is very much later morally. Also, as Realms is unfinished, and The Last Puritan is complete and covers my whole life, both in subject and in time of composition, Realms should come last.

I will write again when I receive the sheets for autographing.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I have under lined in blue two papers recently written. You will find Tragic Philosophy in Scrutiny (Cam. England) for March 1936. Bishop Berkeley is to appear in the autumn in a book edited by Bonamy Dobrée and entitled From Anne to Victoria. I haven't a copy, but can send you proofs when I get them.

To John Hall Wheelock

[Early May 1936] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

I suppose this communication is of no interest, but I send it to you in case you care to answer it

G.S.

To the Class of 1886

[c. May or June 1936] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Unknown)

[...] As to my inner or moral adventures during this half-century, they are in part recorded in my books, which, I believe, would fill all the spaces left vacant in the questionnaire by my non-existent children and grandchildren. Not living any longer in America or being a professor naturally had some influence on my mental tone; also the war of 1914–1918 when I remained in England, chiefly at Oxford. Nevertheless I think I have changed very little in opinion or temper. I was old when I was young, and I am young now that I am old. I have passed through no serious illnesses, emotions, or changes of heart. On the whole the world has seemed to me to move in the direction of light and reason, not that reason can ever govern human affairs, but that illusions and besetting passions may recede from the minds of men and allow reason to shine there. I think this is actually happening. What is thought and said in America now, for instance, especially since the crisis, seems to me far less benighted than what was thought and said when I lived there. People—especially the younger people—also write far better English. If I had the prophetic courage of a John the Baptist I might cry that the kingdom of heaven is at hand; by which I don't refer to a possible industrial recovery, or to a land flowing with milk and honey, but to a change of heart about just such matters and the beginning of an epoch in which spiritual things may again seem real and important. The modern world is loudly crying peccavi, but we know that this is

not enough. There must be a real conversion or redirection of the affections. I think this may actually ensue, in the measure in which such revolutions are compatible with human nature.

To Robert Steed Dunn

1 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, May 1, 1936.

“Bobby Dunn!” I said to myself on seeing your name printed at the upper left-hand corner of your envelope. “What a nice person that was!” But when I went on from that purely sentimental sensation in search of images or ideas, I had to open your letter for guidance, and afterward your book. I remember lunching with you in New York—wasn’t it in a basement?—and that you were already a mature person, not exactly Bobby Dunn any longer, but Robert Dunn; with something of that formidable will, that capacity for mysterious strong feelings and *velléités* which the hero of your book has

I won’t pretend to fathom your intentions in your book. For one thing I don’t understand it very well. Perhaps if I heard it read aloud, with the right idiomatic emphasis, I should catch the meaning more often; but even then you have a lot of words unknown to me, as well as a mixture of slang and poetry which disconcerts my aged mind.

Yet I feel that you are a poet in eye and heart, and I thank you for remembering me.

Yours Sincerely,

GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Barlow

3 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 3, 1936

Dear Bob

It is very nice of you to take so much interest in The Last Puritan and its fortunes. Apart from friendship, no doubt it is a curious phenomenon that the book should “take” with the public. You and Loulie want to know how I feel on that point. Of course, I am gratified, and there’s money in it, which I didn’t expect or strictly need, but which it’s pleasant to have, especially as my earned income seems more my own than the money in George Sturgis’s hands; and I am going to regard it as income and not as capital, so that for a time I shall be very well off. At my age it makes less difference than it would have made formerly, and I hardly know what to do. I don’t want to travel, which would have been my first thought when I was young, or to buy anything in the way of possessions, not even books, except such as I mean to read. However, I am thinking of going to Paris and taking a little suite in a hotel, such as I have here in Rome, so as to spend the summer comfortably and see if I can finish The Realm of Truth, which I am now working on.

My original feeling about The Last Puritan was that it was risky to publish it at all, during my life-time; but on the whole, at last, I overcame that apprehension: after all, I am out of the world, and it wouldn’t matter much even if people abused me. But the dangerous sides of the book—and it has more than one such—seem to have been overlooked or timidly ignored by the critics. Perhaps in conversation some people discuss these matters, but their comments don’t reach me. Granted, however, that the book went down and got a hearing, frankly I am not surprised that it is liked. Though it may become a little philosophical in places, it is written fluently, intelligibly, in pleasant English, and the characters (as one critic said) are “the very nicest people”, that is, rich and refined, or at least cultivated; and the public not familiar with such circles likes to enter them. What Loulie’s friend says about being led to philosophize by an easy approach may also have had something to do with holding the attention of certain persons; but hardly, I should say, of the public at large. However, you are in a better position to judge than I am. America and American books have changed a lot since I was there. Robert Dunn’s

Horizon Fever, for instance, which he sent me, is beyond me. I can hardly understand the language. Perhaps my old fashioned long-winded prose may be a relief.

Yours ever G. S.

[*across*] P.S. Which of my characters do you take to be Julia Robbins? Cousin Hannah or Letitia Lamb? Those of the characters that have originals at all, usually have more than one.

To George Sturgis

5 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 5, 1936

Dear George

The other day I got Constable's account for the six months ending on Dec. 31st 1935, which included two months' and a half sales of my novel. About 3500 had been sold in Great Britain and 1000 for "export", mainly, I expect, to Canada. But the Canadian sales are probably a good deal larger, because by arrangement with Scribner's, the Canadian members of the Book-of-the-Month Club were supplied with American copies. The proceeds in royalties for me were about £250; the total cheque for £290, including all my other books during the half-year. Bob Barlow, who keeps writing to me about the success of the book, tells me that in the middle of April it was still the best seller in the U.S.; but I have not heard officially of more than 135,000, including the 35,000 or 40,000 taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club. My royalty is (for the other 100,000) 10% for the first 7,500 and 15% for the rest: if my arithmetic is right that ought to come to about \$40,000. August, I think, is the date for a first payment. So far I have received \$5,000 from the Book-of-the-Month Club, which pays in round figures, \$10,000, to be divided between author and publisher. I believe Scribner is going to pay taxes retroactively on my \$5000: it is 4% or \$200: so don't pay it over a second time without making sure.

As to your proposal that I should make an American will on the chance of its being accepted as legal, and in any case as a formal declaration of my wishes, that is just what I had suggested at first. In view of this new windfall, however, I might make a rather different and more generous distribution of my free money: I mean, of what is not in the trust. You might put this money (except what I may want for my London bank account) in a Boston bank in my name: and in the proposed will I might leave the following bequests:

Mercedes R. de la Escalera,

Nancy Toy (Mrs. Crawford H. Toy)

1 Waterhouse St, Cambridge, Mass.

Daniel MacGhie Cory

52, Cranley Gardens, London, S.W.7 England

Andrew Joseph Onderdonk,

IV Argentinier Strasse, 4. Vienna Austria.

\$2,500 each:

total, \$10,000

Additional to the legacy

to Harvard College for

a Fellowship, in order

to remedy in part the

fall in the dollar \$10,000

The rest (except what I may withdraw personally) would remain in the Boston bank, and go to you and Josephine at my death with the residue of my property.

In the will, however, you should have a clause leaving to Cory, besides those \$2,500 all my books, manuscripts, and personal effects.

Taxes on the legacies should be paid out of the estate. It is not likely that both Mercedes and Mrs. Toy should survive me; so that there will be less than \$20,000 to be distributed: and in any case, I should (if I get \$40,000 or so) send you more than the \$20,000 covered by the will, so that there should be a margin for taxes, and ϕ for your commission.

If this is clear and satisfactory, go ahead with framing the will: but I don't expect the money before August, if then. Scribner is slow. Yours aff^r G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I am thinking of going to Paris about June 1st so you had better address me ^{c/o} B. S. & C^a London.

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

9 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 9, 1936

M^{esses} Constable & Company
London

Dear Sirs:

I enclose the copy of the proposed agreement regarding a German translation of The Last Puritan. I find it entirely satisfactory.

As to the right of translating my “next work”, I am perfectly willing to concede it, although I doubt that the Beck’sche Verlagsbuchhandlung will wish to avail themselves of it. In fact my “next work” has already appeared: “Obiter Scripta”, [*illegible*] published in New York by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons

15 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS radiogram: Princeton)

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ABOUT TRANSLATIONS CONSULT CONSTABLE

SANTAYANA

To Miriam Thayer Richards

18 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, May 18, 1936

Dear Mrs. Richards

It is very pleasant to hear from you. This novel has caused old friends to rise again in various quarters. It is a plébiscite of interest which I didn't expect.

You ask about my childhood in Spain. A clever novelist might put in a good deal of melodrama between the lines of my childish experiences, showing what was happening in the minds of my elders. But I was unconscious of it at the time, and there were no conflicts or compulsions affecting me to my own knowledge. The relations between my father and mother were not unlike those of Peter Alden and his wife in my book, although the circumstances and the persons were entirely different. My mother, who had a little money, thought it her duty to bring up her three Sturgis children in Boston; but my father, who was over 50 and spoke no English, although he read it easily, couldn't think of living in America himself. It came to a friendly separation: and from the age of 5 to 8 I remained in Spain with him, after my mother and the girls had departed: my brother having been sent ahead two years earlier. My father and I lived in a large house in Avila, with an uncle and aunt and their daughter, Antonia. Antonia was married from the house: afterwards returned there, and died there in childbirth. In the confusion of that tragedy I saw and heard a good many things that made an impression, including the green, but perfectly-shaped body of the still-born child.

My parents were not young when they were married and more like grandparents to me in many ways. The warm relation I had in the household, after my father took me, in despair, to Boston and left me there with my mother, was with my sister Susana Sturgis, who was twelve years older than I. It was from her that I learned about religion: also about architecture: because Johnny P (Putnam) who was a beau of hers, was an architect. She forgot about art afterwards, and married an old lover—now a widower with six children—when she returned years afterwards to Spain. But the Ruskinian enthusiasm of Johnny P. stuck to me, and probably had some effect on my philosophy.

I could go on like this for pages. You can see from this sample that I had grounds for some childish cynicism in my early surroundings. But there were no troubles in my own life, except the troubles [*across*] inseparable from being a spirit living in the flesh. I tried to describe them—abstracted from my own person—in my *Oliver*. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

19 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Rome, May 19, 1936

Dear George

There are a few things of which I must give you notice before I forget them.

1. My cousin Manuela has moved to
Vallehermoso 63, 1^a, D,
Madrid, Spain
2. I am leaving Rome probably on June 3rd for the Hotel Savoy, Rue de Rivoli, 194^{bis} Paris.
3. I shall need a fresh letter of credit, as the present one expires on June 31st. Please have the new one made out for \$6,000⁰⁰ like the last one, and sent to Cook's in Paris.
4. My old and dear friend Mrs. Toy has been at death's door, having had an operation for stone, but has recovered enough to return home, but with two nurses. She has a very inadequate income, and I have written to friends at Cambridge (from whom this news has come) suggesting that we raise a subscription to defray Mrs. Toy's extraordinary expenses. I may therefore telegraph to you at any moment asking you to send, perhaps \$1,000⁰⁰ to somebody in Cambridge This will explain to you beforehand what the reason is.
5. I have good news about the continued sale of my novel, but no cash as yet, except the original \$5,000⁰⁰ from the Book-of-the-Month Club. Scribner, however, has a project of publishing an *édition de luxe* of my

entire works, 12 volumes or more, at \$10⁰⁰ a volume, 750 copies only, on which I shall get 10%. If all were sold (as Scribner is confident they would be) that would bring in \$9,000⁰⁰ more. Such is fame: not all wind.

I have decided to go to Paris relying on peace not being disturbed, at least this summer: if war came, I could run down to Biarritz, or even into Spain, and wait there for the storm to blow over. As you know, that Basque region is fairly pleasant both in summer and winter. What I expect, however, is to remain in Paris until October, and then return here. Strong and Cory will both be in Paris, as well as other friends. I am to have an apartment with a sitting-room for 75 francs a day, and I see no reason why I shouldn't be comfortable and able to work.

Too bad that this year you are not taking your French trip: but if I like the arrangement I will return every year, and we can meet when you come next. Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

22 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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

Rome, May 22, 1936

M^{essrs} Constable & Company

London.

Gentlemen,

I should be glad if you, or your agent, would take charge of all questions regarding the proposed translation of my writings. There was an enquiry recently about Swedish rights, from New York, which I asked to have referred to you.

As to the proposal from the Librairie Gallimard, I should naturally be much honoured if any of my books appeared in the collection of the N. R. F. I leave it to you to make arrangements and to send the books asked for, as you may think fit.

A young philosopher, M. J. Duron, who taught some years ago at a Lycée in Metz and has since been studying in England with a bourse from the Rockefeller Institute, has been engaged in writing his Doctor's Thesis about my works, and incidentally translating some of them: but

nothing has been published to my knowledge. Perhaps it would be well for the Librairie Gallimard to know of M. Duron, if they have not already heard of him. Or you might include this letter in your reply, that they may have proof of my interest in their project.

I am going to Paris in ten days, and shall be, at least for a time, at the Hotel Savoy, rue de Rivoli, 194^{bis}, but you had better continue to address me c/o B. S. & C^s as above

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 26, 1936

Dear Cory

I rather expect a letter from you this evening or tomorrow morning, and I won't post this until I see whether you have anything to say that requires an answer.

I expect to leave for Paris on June 3rd and to establish myself there at the Savoy-Hotel rue de Rivoli, 194^{bis}. They offer me a supposed pleasant apartment for 75 francs a day, and half-pension for 23 francs more; much less than I pay here, so that my rash plan of being extravagant seems to be defeated by Providence. Strong expects to arrive at the Hôtel du Louvre on June 6th and says he has finished his new final book, which he wants you to read before it goes to the printer. He might send you the MS to England, where it has to go in any case: but I haven't ventured to suggest that idea, because I know he would at once reject it. He would therefore rather like you to come to Paris soon: I send you a bit more money to cover the expense of uprooting yourself and getting to Paris. If you like to come to the Savoy, do so, or go to the Louvre, or to your old pension if you prefer. I am not sure exactly how we shall arrange the routine of the day while Strong is in Paris—I rather expect he will not stay all summer—but my idea is to lunch with him and dine, either in my own sitting-room,

or at some café or laiterie—only a light supper. But I may alter this on trial. There are no Duvals left, or very few, so that dinner (or lunch) with Strong may not be possible: but there used to be a restaurant at the Hôtel du Louvre, beside the Café de Rohan, where S. could be wheeled without needing to be hoisted into his motor. Perhaps we might lunch there, and then I should return to my place for a restful afternoon, and go out again—quite free—in the cool of the evening. You can fit yourself in into our arrangement in any way you like, and you needn't worry about money. Also don't feel obliged to come to Paris at once if you dislike to leave London. Strong doesn't really need you, or he can wait. Yours aff^{ly} GS.

To John Hall Wheelock

26 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Rome May 26, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I send you the Preface to the proposed Limited Edition of my Works. It is a revision and enlargement of the Preface to Obiter Scripta.

I also enclose a copy of "Tragic Philosophy" for your convenience.

It has occurred to me that since it is about 50 years since I began writing, perhaps "Jubilee Edition" might be a good name for this issue, unless it is too commonplace.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

To John Hall Wheelock

27 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123 Pall Mall, London. S.W.1

Rome, May 27, 1936

Dear Mr Wheelock

Thank you for the amusing Ballad about being discovered by the masses. I have pasted it in my copy of the American Edition which is variously illustrated with pictures from the press.

It is quite true that the word “think” (for “thing”) doesn’t occur on line 10 of p. 524; but it is the first word of line 9. I made a mistake in counting: but I think the masses, despising accuracy and reading for the sense, might have discovered it. Anythink could only occur if I had been trying to make a German speak English.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

28 May 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 28, 1936

Dear Strong

My ticket for Paris is taken for next Wednesday morning, June 3rd and I expect to arrive the next day, at 9.30, at the Savoy-Hotel (so spelled) rue de Rivoli, 194 bis. They offer me an apartment with a sitting room said to be very nice for 75 francs a day, and 23 more for half-pension: much less than I pay here, so that I sha’n’t be wasting my new substance, as I had expected. I wrote also to the Hôtel Vendôme, just to compare prices, and they replied more vaguely, asking me to come and pick what I liked—did I want an inside suite or one on the street? And how would 75 francs a day do for the price? You see it is not extravagant, even there: but I didn’t pursue that possibility; it remains to be looked into if I don’t like the Savoy, and perhaps it might suit you, if you too wished to change. But I

thought the Savoy would be less pretentious, better too if Cory should wish to come ~~to~~here (I leave him, of course, perfectly free to stay where he likes) and nearer to your place, if we are to lunch or dine together habitually. Besides, the Vendôme seems to have its front door in the Square—although I had entered it once with the Warwick Potters by the rue de Castiglione so that it is in view of the Ritz, Morgan's, and over the Farmer's Trust Company—rather a thick American capitalistic atmosphere. So I am trying the very French rue de Rivoli in preference. I wish it could be the Palais Royal.

I have written to Cory announcing our double arrival and sending him money for the trip, so that he may turn up soon.

Yours ever G.S.

[*across*] P.S. I will inquire at the Hôtel du Louvre on the afternoon of June 6th to see if you have arrived.

To John Hall Wheelock

4 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

Savoy-Hotel, rue de Rivoli, Paris

June 4, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of May 26th, in which, among other things, you speak of portraits or other illustrations for the Limited Edition of my Works, was awaiting me here when I arrived this morning from Rome. It is unlucky, because I am now separated for the summer from the few old papers and photographs which I possess. They are locked or nailed up together with my books and other belonging which I always leave at the Hotel Bristol when I go away for a holiday. However, there is nothing of much consequence except the drawing of me in 1896 made by Andreas Anderson, which certainly ought to be included. Perhaps it is the photograph from a drawing which you say you have: but I fear yours may be a beastly one done by a lady a few years ago, which I utterly ban, although perhaps impartial justice would declare that it does suggest one side of my nature; but there may be sides of one's nature that ought to be suppressed. If you need the Anderson drawing before the autumn, you could borrow a copy from one of two ladies who I know possess it; Mrs. Crawford H. Toy, of 1 Waterhouse St, Cambridge, Mass, and Mrs. Robert Burnside Potter,

who used to live at Antietam Farm, Smithtown, Long Island; but since her husband's death she has not written to me, and I am not sure that she is living there or indeed anywhere: for I sent her The Last Puritan, and have not received any acknowledgement.

There is also my Class photograph, in 1886, probably obtainable in Cambridge Mass, or from our class secretary. I could send you a copy in October, but not before. There is no earlier or later portrait, beside those you have, that I think ought to be preserved.

As to scenes, the Harvard Yard as it was when I lived in it from 1882 to 1896 (with intervals) is very characteristic: also Iffley for the novel; or Avila, if you choose to be romantic. I was born in Madrid: but my father afterwards moved to Avila, my sister married there, and it is the place in Spain most familiar to me, where until recently I used to go often, and where I even owned a house that had been my father's until his death in 1893. But I can't supply anything worthy of being reproduced, representing any of these places. You would have to rely on your artistic department.

More important is the arrangement of the text. It was stupid of me to overlook Dialogues in Limbo. Of course, they must be included. Their place is decidedly in vol IX, after Soliloquies in England; if there is still room the two papers from "Turns of Thought" might be added: if not these could go, together with The Unknowable and Ultimate Religion into vol. XII. I am not sure that the two essays from "Turns of Thought" (about Nirvana and the Infinite) are very important. They could be dropped out, if convenient: but the Unknowable and Ultimate Religion are key papers, and will go very well with Scepticism, which is technically my key-work.

Couldn't the Life of Reason be divided into two parts only one volume for Introduction, Common Sense, and Society, and another for Religion, Art, and Science? I remember W^m James saying that the whole Life of Reason ought to be printed in one volume

The Last Puritan divides very well in halves, in the middle of Part III, at the words: "and be happy ever after". The two episodes with Rose, the child and the young woman, thus wind up the two volumes as if intentionally.

It would be easy for me to send you an autograph page to be reproduced. There is an unpublished sonnet about the Three Philosophical Poets which I was reserving for my Posthumous Poems; perhaps it would

do both for an autograph page and a preface to the Three Poets. Or what would you prefer?

The sheets to be autographed have been stranded in London, being too heavy for the parcel post. I have asked to have them sent to me here in Paris by whatever conveyance may be most suitable. I am glad they didn't turn up in Rome just when I was leaving.

The preface to The Last Puritan is half written, but not yet in shape. I wish to write another on the relation, in my system, of physics with morals, or morals with physics: a point which people seem to be puzzled about, although it seems to me as simple as Columbus' egg. But please don't ask me to do anything more. I must be getting on with other matters.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

5 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

Savoy-Hotel, Rue de Rivoli,

Paris, June 5, 1936

Dear George

I arrived here yesterday from Rome, and though the hotel is dingy and evidently has known better days, the view from my windows, over the Tuileries Gardens and the river is magnificent, and the breakfast (the only meal I have had here so far) very good, so that I shall probably stay here the whole summer. Politically and in general aspect, Paris at this moment seems far more unhappy and stricken than Italy, where everything is buzzing. There were no regular papers published yesterday, and the restaurants I went to—the Régence & Poccardi's—seemed deserted. But I daresay nothing tragic will occur for the present.

You are held up in regard to my domicile. No domicile is indicated in my passport, but I have a separate Certificado de nacionalidad in which I am described as residing at the Hotel Bristol in Rome, which is the truth, in so far as the question is relevant to a fox that hasn't a hole or a bird that hasn't a nest. When Onderdonk years ago made investigations about my legal status—he is a timid and fussy person about legalities—he decided that my domicile was Avila, because that had been my father's residence and I was still in possession of the house he had lived in, although it was let. Now that house has been "sold" to the Sastres. Perhaps my last regular domicile was my mother's house in Longwood,—I forget the name of the Street—was it 75 Monmouth Street? I know I called that my domicile and not my rooms in Cambridge, when it was a question of town taxes. Perhaps, if that holds over after 25 years residence nowhere else in particular, the fact would facilitate making an American will.

You send me the latest reports about the sale of my novel, also reaching me from Scribner's directly, to the effect that it is still selling well—after being first for 3 months and a half—and having reached 148,500 copies. The English sales have been nothing in comparison, about 7,000 up to April 1st including about 2,000 for Canada. Mr. Kyllmann of Constable's says he hoped for much more. On the other hand, it is being printed in raised letters for the blind which seems to put it on a par with the Bible in soul-saving power. The blind shall read it!

I have had letters about it from Clip Sturgis, Rita Crosby, Rita Ingersoll, and Susie Barry! The latter, having once been [*across*] very pretty, says she used to hate me and asks for an autograph copy—which of course I shall send.—Did you ever get the one I sent you for your [*across page one*] neighbour, a lady whose name I forget? Perhaps I ought to have written for an American copy, and am doing so in this case. Yours aff^x G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Columbia)

Savoy-Hotel, Paris
Rue de Rivoli, 194^{bis}
June 9, 1936

Dear Cory

I don't quite understand when you mean to come, but if this reaches you, it will serve to remove your fears of any inconvenience from the strike. Strong and I arrived safely on our respective days at our respective rather horrid hotels. You will see them for yourself, but for the present we are all right, and have lunch together daily at his place: cost to me 25 francs, which is moderate as things go for a full meal. You will find restaurants dear, but the experience is worth something and more entertaining than always the same boarding-house. If you will arrange to have your evening meal at your place, I can recommend a shop-girl place in the rue Cambon where, for 12 francs, you can get a very decent luncheon.

Au revoir

G.S.

To John G. Moore

16 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Pennsylvania)

^c/_o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, June 16, 1936

Dear Mr. Moore

Nathaniel Alden, in my Last Puritan, is a memory or caricature, in part, of Mr. George Parkman, who lived alone in the Beacon Street house described in the book. His father had been murdered by a Dr. Webster, in a quarrel about rent, and cut up into small pieces and burnt in the doctor's stove; but the skull remained, with teeth recognized by Mr. Parkman's dentist; whereby the crime was finally discovered and Dr. Webster hanged. The victim (as also described in my book) was reputed to be a scrooge and a miser. His property then consisted, I understand, of real estate, largely small tenements let to the poor: but originally, no doubt, the family fortune was made in legitimate trade. In my day, as in my novel, the family had no active business, but lived on passively invested capital: something which puzzled and amused Peter, as if he had found a buried treasure in the Arabian Nights, but made his more conscientious son uncomfortable. I meant this as you suggest, to lie at the back of a certain uneasiness and conscious maladjustment in my belated Puritans: yet for my young hero it was all rather remote and indistinct. He was more distressed by intellectual and emotional difficulties of his own than by his family history: especially as the dominant power at home was his mother, who had no such ghosts in her closets.

It is surprising and gratifying to me that my somewhat farcical sketch of old Boston should be treated so seriously. It is not founded on much real acquaintance with that society, but chiefly on hearsay. The Boston and Harvard I knew directly were much more vague and miscellaneous in character. This book is not at all a history of my own experience, but a picture of what I felt to be the tragedy of many admirable young minds of my acquaintance

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

21 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

Hôtel Savoy, 194bis, rue de
Rivoli, Paris,
June 21, 1936

Dear George

Thank you for the new letter of credit, which I have received from Cook's here. In a few days I shall draw the \$500⁰⁰ which remain to my credit in the old letter. Probably, the new one won't come into operation actively until August.

My Cambridge friends, Jack Ames and his wife, to whom I appealed in regard to Mrs. Toy's possible need of assistance, have not yet replied. On the other hand, I have a letter from Mrs. Toy herself about her conversations at dinner parties; this sounds as if nothing very dreadful had happened, and perhaps I shall not need to trouble you about the matter. Mrs Toy says, by the way, that you wrote her a very nice letter on sending her the Life of W^m James.

I am established here rather comfortably, with a splendid view, otherwise in a rather modest hotel, where everything is rather faded and dingy: but I like the quiet, and if the very warm weather we have been having doesn't keep up too long or become oppressive, I expect to stay here all summer. I go to lunch with Strong every day at his hotel^x, and in the evening pick up a little dinner or supper—usually only a roast-beef sandwich and a demi of beer—at some café or restaurant. Cory is also in Paris, but at a pension of his own, and I see him only two or three times a week. Other friends will probably turn up later.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

[*across*] ^x paying my part each day
which, with wine & fee, is 25 francs.

To John Hall Wheelock

21 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

 Paris June 21, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

I am sorry about “Egotism” being out of print. My only copy is packed up for the summer in Rome, like my photographs. I would gladly send it to you if I could get at it, as I am not a lover of first editions or books in their physical capacity, unless beautiful to the eye. I hope by this time you have secured a copy. There must be a good many in New York, at Columbia, and among my old friends. It is a short concise book and might easily be copied, if it could be borrowed.

As to the title for the special edition, I don’t like “Jubilee” very much myself; nothing else had occurred to me; I am not familiar with the usage of giving these fancy names to editions, and I must leave it to you to think of a suitable word, if one is really required.

The sheets to be autographed have reached me in three parcels. I have already signed one set, I suppose about 300, and repacked them as they came; the corners are a little bent in places and a few sheets a little torn: you probably sent them so well packed that they had to be seriously disturbed to be examined by the customs houses. I hope they may ultimately reach you in tolerable shape.

The Preface to The Last Puritan is finished, but I want to reread it, and to let Cory, who is in Paris, read it too, before sending it to you; and I am at work on another preface to go either with the volume containing “Soliloquies in England” & “Platonism” or (if that volume is crowded) with “Scepticism & Animal Faith”: my point being to explain the difference between the earlier and later phases of my philosophy, the harmlessness of “essences”, and the relation between matter and nature on the one hand and morals and spirit on the other:—the points on which I think readers are most likely to misunderstand me. I haven’t any further prefaces in mind. I mentioned the Sonnet about Three Philosophical Poets, which might do as a preface and autograph page for that volume: and if you want another preface, wouldn’t a part, the earlier part, of my “Brief History of my Opinions” do for an early volume in the series?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Barlow

22 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, June 22, 1936

Dear Bob

I have just finished Faulkner's "Sanctuary" and I think I have understood all the pornographic part, corncob, etc, and the character of Popeye which is like any villain in melodrama, just as Miss Reba and her establishment and her genteel friends entertained after the funeral; all this being very well done, so as to seem [*illegible*] liffe-like, at least to the uninitiated. I found myself also absorbed in the story as a whole, without exactly following the thread of it, which it would have taken me a second reading to disentangle. But frankly I don't think it worth bothering about. Like all these recent writers, the author is too lazy and self-indulgent and throws off what comes to him in a sort of dream, expecting the devoted reader to run about after him, sniffing at all the droppings of his mind. I am not a psychological dog, and require my dog-biscuit to be clearly set down for me in a decent plate with proper ceremony. But Faulkner, apart from those competent melodramatic or comic bits, has a poetic vein that at times I liked extremely; in describing landscape or sheer images. This matter of images is very interesting, but confused. The image-without-thought poets often jump from the images supposed to appear to a particular observer, as in a dream, to images visible only to another observer, to the author in his omniscient capacity, as if they were the substance of the physical world common to all sane people. But there are no common images; there are only common objects of belief: and confusion in this matter of psychological analysis renders these modern writers bewildering, because they are themselves bewildered.

Faulkner's language I like well enough when it is frank dialect, or unintended poetry: but I wish he wouldn't, in his own person, say "like" for "as", "like they do down South". And the trick of being brutally simple and rectilinear in describing what people do, or rather their bodily movements, becomes tiresome after a while; especially when these bodily movements have no great significance but again are mere images strung along because they happen to appear to the author's undirected fancy.

The absence of moral judgements or sentiments helps to produce this impression of conscious automata, wound up, and running round and round in their cages. I think there is biological truth in that view, but we have also a third, a vertical, dimension. We can think: and it is in that dimension that experience becomes human.

It is very warm in Paris now, and my rooms too sunny, but if I stick it out, I hope to see Barley when he is here

Yours ever
G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

23 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

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

Paris, June 23, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

In regard to a fancy title for the limited edition of my works, would Triton Edition be at all the sort of thing required? It seems senseless, but I understand they all do more or less. What suggested the word to me is that my windows in Rome look down on the Fontana del Tritone and Via del Tritone. The Triton, by Bernini, is well known, and might be reproduced for a frontispiece or paper-cover. Then there is the association with Wordsworth's sonnet: "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" and "hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

On re-reading your letter of June 11th I am a little puzzled about the arrangement of the volumes which you propose. I didn't know that "Dialogues in Limbo" had been assigned to the same volume as "Scepticism". If I suggested that, it was in a moment of confusion (I have them easily in such matters) and not what I meant. The volume containing "Scepticism" is technical and introduces "Realms of Being". The material used to fill out that volume ought to be of the same epistemological character: "Meanings of the Word Is," "Literal & Symbolic

Knowledge”, and if more stuff is needed, “The Unknowable”, or “Philosophical Heresy” or both, might be put in. But certainly “Dialogues in Limbo” should be in quite a different region, before the “Last Puritan”, and in the same or succeeding volume with “Soliloquies”, “Platonism” & “Ultimate Religion”.

I hope you have found a copy of “Egotism in German Philosophy.” As to the paper on Berkeley, I am writing to Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, the editor of the book in which it is to appear, asking him to send me a type-written copy, if proof is not to be had immediately; and I will send it on to you after correcting the possible errata.

I will also send you the Prefaces and the autographed sheets as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

28 June 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Paris, June 28, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Concerning the drawing of me by Andreas Anderson, I have a letter from Mrs. R. B. Potter, who seems not to like to lend her copy. I hope my other friend Mrs. C. H. Toy has been more obliging; but if there is a hitch there also (as is possible, since Mrs. Toy has scarcely recovered from a serious illness) I have written to Mrs. Potter, explaining what happens, and begging her to send you her photograph of that drawing, if you should ask for it again. If there is no other way of getting a copy in time, please write to Mrs. Potter, at Smithtown, Long Island; and she promises beforehand, in her letter to me, to let you have the picture, if I wish it,

precious as she regards it, on account of Andreas Anderson doubtless, and anxious as she is about not having it injured or lost.

I am sorry there should be all these comic human difficulties in such a simple matter: but I was glad of the occasion putting me in communication again with an old and valued friend.

I see you have agreed on the name Avila for the limited edition, so that my suggestion of Triton falls to the ground. My friends here also think Avila excellent: but I am afraid people will call it Avilla or Aveéla, which will sound just as well, no doubt, to their ears; but the place is called Ah'-vila, Latin Abūla, with the adjective, even in modern Spanish, Abulense; and it would shock a native ear to hear it accented otherwise.

I have been a little under the (very warm) weather; if I can, in a day or two, I will look up some photograph shop here and see what they have by way of photographs of Avila, so as to send you any view that may particularly please me. The interior of the Cathedral apse, with the renaissance tomb of Dr. Tostado, writing a large folio, is particularly interesting, if we could only find it well reproduced.

Two thirds of the sheets are now autographed, and I hope in a few days to despatch the lot, as well as to send you the two further prefaces and the autograph sonnet.

I hope you may be able to send me proof of these newly written or newly printed bits, as there might be slight verbal changes, or changes in punctuation, which I might wish to make on seeing the text in type.

Mr. Dobrée also promises to send me a type-written copy of the Bishop Berkeley which I will forward to you immediately.

When do you plan to publish the limited edition? For next Christmas? Yours

sincerely
GSantayana

To Justus Buchler

1 July 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Brooklyn)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, July 1, 1936

Dear Mr. Buchler

Your letter and article come most opportunely, at a moment when I am giving the last [*illegible*] touches to a Preface (for a volume of the special edition of my "Works" which Scribner is preparing) precisely about the relation of my later philosophy to the life of reason. And you remind me of something I was overlooking: that what people (at least at Columbia) dislike is not so much the materialism or ontology slipped under the life of reason, as the "spiritual life" supposed to be substituted for it in my estimation.

That is a complete misconception. No doubt when I wrote The Life of Reason I was taken up with rational ethics and interested (as I still am) in the theory of government and the pro's and con's of religious institutions. But I never thought of life in society, or of moral economy, as the obligatory or only worthy life. I am not a dogmatist in ethics. In so far as we legislate and arrange things for mankind at large, of course we must do so rationally, with as fair a regard as possible to all the interests concerned. But these interests change and fade into infinity, and the art of government or education must, in practice, be rather empirical and haphazard. The best results, like the worst, will be unforeseen. Meantime actual life in each creature has its exquisite or terrible immediate reality. It is a spiritual life. It is spiritual in children as easily as in anchorites. This is not a substitute for the life of reason, but the cream or concomitant ultimate actuality of what the organized life of reason produces in consciousness. Of course, in so ~~man~~ far as a man's thoughts are absorbed in instrumentalities, in business or politics or war or jollification, we do not call his Experience spiritual: but those very actions might be food for a spiritual life if a recollected and mystical man performed them: so that the rationality of his life and its spirituality might be called two concomitant dimensions of it, the one lateral and the other vertical. The vertical or spiritual dimension is what inward religion has always added to life in the world, or in the cloister, which is a part of the world: that element may be more or less emphatic or genuine, according to a man's temperament or

experience, but it is always an element, optional, private, like the love of music or like love at large. The legislator may salute it, he cannot contract to produce it.

What you say about my “novel” is excellent: but I don’t think my three young [*across*] persons share the substance of one God. You seem to me too kind to Jim, and not kind enough to Oliver. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

6 July 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

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

Paris, July 6, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Enclosed is the contract for the special edition of my “Works”, signed & witnessed: the essay on Bishop Berkeley: an autograph version of the sonnet On the Three Philosophical Poets: another copy of this in my ordinary handwriting, in case the other seems cramped. I was not sure whether the reproduction can vary the size of the original or not, and for that reason made the autograph version fit the proposed page.

I have signed all the sheets now, and will see at once about sending them back to you. The two remaining prefaces will follow soon.

Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, who had the enclosed copy of the Berkeley made for me says he thinks his book, From Anne to Victoria, will appear in October, and that his publisher expects that the contents shall not have appeared previously. I have replied that I suppose the limited edition of my “Works” will not be ready until well after that time, but that I would inquire of you about it. As the Berkeley was written for Mr. Dobrée’s book, I couldn’t very well print it elsewhere first. Mr. Dobrée has no objection to the publication afterwards.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

9 July 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Temple)

Savoy Hotel
194^{bis} rue de Rivoli
Paris, July 9, 1936

Mess^{rs} Constable & Company

London

Gentlemen,

Here is another, probably futile, project of translation which I wish you would refer to your agent, or deal with as you think best.

In the matter of a translation of The Last Puritan into Spanish, I have been placed in an awkward position, from which I see no way of extricating myself except by letting you decide the matter without my intervention. I suppose the persons concerned have written to you directly, as that is in each case what I have asked them to do.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

17 July 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, July 17, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am ashamed to have taken so long about these prefaces. My attention was distracted from the one to Vol. XII. (?) by finding that this one to The Last Puritan had to be completely recast. Cory had read it and said, in a perfunctory way, that it was all right: but I expect he merely thought it useless to trouble me with criticisms, and wasn't very much interested himself in the matter, having talked it over with me many times in the past. On rereading it myself, however, I was shocked at the incoherence of it. I have cut it down a good deal and tried to give it some unity. As a

composition I am afraid it can't be very good, but at least it now contains all that I wanted to say in as succinct a form as possible.

I am now turning back to the other preface, which I hope to send you within a week. It will help me to know that you intend to print the whole of my "Brief History of my Opinions", as that includes, at least virtually, the points which I am making in the new preface, and I can refer to it, as to the Preface to the Second Edition of the Life of Reason, for the general argument, and concentrate more on the special subject in hand. There will be many repetitions in these 14 volumes in any case; but I suppose that is inevitable in a desultory writer.

I went yesterday to Braun's shop, where they had photographs of everything in the old days: but the place is moved and entirely vulgarized. I couldn't get a view even of the Triton, not to speak of views of Avila. I will try the rue Bonaparte one of these days: but I am afraid the aesthetic [*illegible*]glories of the 1890's are past forever, when people were rich and had just discovered the beautiful. Beauty now is debunked, and also bank-accounts. I daresay New York is the best of places for finding things now, and I rely on you to select the frontispieces.

I sent you the autographed sheets, the Berkeley, and the Sonnet some time ago. I hope they have arrived safely.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

23 July 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

Savoy Hotel

194^{bis} rue de Rivoli, Paris

July 23, 1936

Dear George

The enclosed letter, to Mrs. Ames, explains itself in part; but a further reason why I enclose it to you, instead of sending it direct to Cambridge is that I have forgotten not only her address but her husband's full name. She is "Sarah Ripley Ames" (Mrs. "Jack" Ames) and lives in Cambridge:

you can have her looked up in a directory, telephone book, or blue-book; and please have the enclosed put in an envelope and addressed to her properly. I am sorry to trouble you, but I am getting dotty and forget things.

For instance: in the great edition of my “works” which I believe I told you is being prepared, Scribner wishes to include a pamphlet I once wrote entitled “Brief History of my Opinions”, in which I explain my family connection with the Sturgis tribe and refer to your grandfather George Sturgis as the “sixth son” of Nathaniel Russell Sturgis. Now, I suspect it ought to be “sixth child”. Could you, if you don’t have the family tree at hand, ask somebody and let me know? I got that item long ago from your aunt Susie, who wrote to me in Spanish. In that language there is no distinction possible between “son” and “child”: and since the word means son primarily, I translated it so, without considering that it here probably meant sixth child.

It is a trifle, but I am anxious to have these reports as accurate as possible.

To return to the affair of Mrs. Toy, a subscription had already been raised and she had received \$1,150⁰⁰ which Mrs. Ames thinks was enough for her extra expenses. But I wish you would keep those \$1000 of mine ear-marked, in case a further contribution should be asked for, to tide her over her difficulties.

I am settled here comfortably enough, with a great view, and Strong and Cory for daily company. No doubt France Spain and more or less everything is going to the dogs: but that has been happening ever since the creation, and in spite of it all, here we are, you and me, quite decent presentable people having rather a good time. Let everything continue to go to the dogs, and probably the dogs will like it.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

31 July 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, July 31, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Here at last is the Preface to Volume Seven. It has given me a lot of trouble, I have cut it down and somewhat shifted the subject, but here it is. And with this my part towards the preparation of the Triton Edition seems to be complete. Deo gratias.

The arrangement of matter for the volumes, as given in your letter of July 17, seems excellent, except that Hamlet, in vol. II, ought to come before Shelley. It was written earlier (for Sidney Lee's big edition of Shakespeare) and the subject is earlier chronologically. Besides, it fits more closely with The Absence of Religion in Shakespear contained in Interpretations of Poetry & Religion. This also brings Tragic Philosophy last, which sums up the subject and was written this year or last year: anyhow, my last word.

Vol. XIII, Cory and I think, will be the star volume, at least for philosophers. Perhaps someday it might be reprinted in a cheap edition for use in colleges.

As to the illustrations, I am sorry to be helpless. I had a very nice little photo of myself at 18, my graduating school portrait, but somehow I have lost it. Possibly George Sturgis or his wife asked me for it when they were in Rome years ago. In that case he may be able to let you have it Or the Latin School people in Boston: although I doubt that they collect photographs of their old boys. It was the class of 1882.

There was also a family group taken a year or two later in which I had rather long hair and little whiskers—bad form, but characteristic of the time before I had become a commonplace Harvard man Otherwise, I don't remember any picture of me in "early youth".

The Denman Ross portrait is not a good likeness, but I am pilloried in it for all future time in Emerson Hall, and as it has a beard, it will seem more like me to my old pupils between 1906–1912. All the rest of my life I have worn only a mustache

As to views of buildings, Prescott Hall is a place I lived in for a short time at the very end of my Harvard days, and is commonplace. Hollis or

Stoughton Hall, in the Yard, if not seen in your Yard photograph would be much better. I lived in 19 Hollis from 1882 to 1886, and in 7 Stoughton, as Proctor, from 1890 to 1896. It was there, in this last year, that Andreas Anderson made his drawing of me by the firelight. Even Holden Chapel (nice in itself) would not be far-fetched. I once lectured in it, and before President Eliot! I also took elocution lessons there in my Senior year from Heriey Dixon Jones, who played Marc Antony in Sanders Theatre once, hiding his rounded form in gauze drawers and a tiger-skin. But if you are hard up for views, there is the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge. I lived under its beatling buttresses in 1896–7, when I was a member of that College, and the interior* (most magnificent, and celebrated in one of my "Poems") was visited by me almost every afternoon for vespers, when there was no sermon. I sat in the choir in my bachelor's gown (without strings, as I had no native degree) and once, surprised on a feast-day, even in a surplice. This (without any affectation) was a more important local influence on my life than Prescott Hall.

[*across*] *This would be excellent for vol. IX,

Soliloquies in England

Wouldn't Boston Common with the State House and the top of Beacon Street be appropriate for vol I. of the novel? Iffley, for vol. II.

This is no moment to get anything from Spain: but if ever I come to complete my autobiography, I will make an effort to gather together all our old family truck, much of which is still in Avila, in the family of my sister's husband. Without going back there—which I am not inclined to do—I could ask them to send me the old pictures and letters.

If you can wait until October, I could send you two old, slightly faded, large photographs of the tomb of Doctor Tostado in the Cathedral of Avila: together, they form a lovely view of the interior of the apse, which is architecturally interesting. I could even go to Rome a little earlier, so that you ~~sh~~ could get the pictures by October 1st I can find nothing now in Paris.

I may be forgetting to consent to some of your other suggestions, but you may take for granted that I do consent.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I hope you are reprinting "Lucifer" from the édition de luxe which has some corrections and a preface. Of the corrections the only important one is in Act. IV. in the Angels' hymn, where a triplet derided by my poetical

friends was deleted, and something a little better, both in form and substance, put in its place. But all the corrections are, I think, improvements.

2nd P.S.

I have just received your letter of July 23rd “Brief History of my Opinions” would seem to go best into vol. VIII, which has only 224 pages; unless you cared to put it in vol. II. If desired, one of the two minor articles in vol. VI could be shifted to vol. VIII to equalize them a little better.

In the last vol., Proust on Essences should be after Essence, before Matter, and in smaller print, like the Postscript already there.

To David J. Dowd Jr.

11 August 1936 • Paris, France

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Paris, Aug. 11, 1936

Dear Mr. Dowd

There were many models in real life for my Oliver; and I am not surprised that in the younger generation there should be many who can read their own characters into his, even if the circumstances now are different. You know that he first came into my mind 45 years ago, simply as a “good” boy; but the difficulties for a young American in being both good and happy became evident to me very gradually; and when I finally revised the story for publication, only one or two years ago, it had become necessary to shift his date to much more recent times; so that there was danger that the reality of his character should not be understood. That you should not only understand him, but wish to be like him, and should see in my picture of him a justification rather than a warning—all this interests and pleases me very much: because I, too, admire and almost envy Oliver, in spite of people thinking him a failure. Some say he is a failure of mine artistically, others that he is a failure in himself morally. I venture to think that he is neither, even if not in either sense altogether a success. Hamlet was a greater success artistically, no doubt; but he was a worse failure morally, because he was not only overwhelmed by the world, but distracted in his own mind; whereas Oliver’s mind was victorious. This is a complicated subject, and I can’t go into it at length. They are going to publish a grand edition of my “works” in which there will be a long preface to The Last Puritan, in which I discuss the matter. It will be a very expensive edition and strictly limited: but someday when you are in a big public library you may be curious to look that preface up and see if I have described you correctly in my diagnosis of my hero. In a word, I think he was superior to his world, but not up to his own standard or vocation. To be perfect and heroic, he ought to have been more independent. But he was tethered, and hadn’t the strength or courage to break away completely. He hadn’t the intelligence to see clearly what he should break away to.

As to not having the same feelings as other people in regard to love, etc., that oughtn’t to trouble you. In the first place, people as not what

their language makes them out to be, and if your feelings are genuine, you will find them generally understood and respected by people in their hearts. Then even real singularity has its privileges, although it may condemn one to silence. That silence in itself also has a blessed side

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

12 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Victoria
Glion-s.-Montreux
Switzerland
Aug. 12, 1936

Dear George

I arrived here this morning early, in the rain, having decided to leave Paris for various little reasons and also on account of a certain political strain that made one feel insecure. Here, on neutral ground, I hope to be safe from revolutions, strikes, brandished fists, hammers and sickles, and being tapped on the head by a youth on a bicycle (not very hard) because I had on a Panama hat, which I suppose marked me for a capitalist. Cory was returning to England, and Strong, also, felt uneasy and started for Cannes. They talk of the coming revolution in France as a matter of course, but I don't know in which direction they expect to revolve: perhaps in both at once, with results as in Spain.

Certainly the Sastres and Mercedes must be on the insurgent or nationalist side in this war. Mercedes is at Bayona in Galicia: from there it isn't far to Portugal, if they had to migrate. I haven't heard from her since the row began: but letters have reached me lately from Madrid, from literary people, who seem to side with the government. I am not well informed about the details or personalities of this quarrel, but, as you say, it is old Spain versus modern internationalism: and issues are very complicated and confused. The Basques, for instance, the old Carlists, seem, at least in part, to support the government, because they expect in that way to secure their autonomy. But in Russia the various languages only are allowed: and what is the use of keeping your native language if you have

to say foreign things in it? I don't read the reports in the papers, they are too contradictory to be trusted: but I expect that in the end—perhaps after a Bolchevik season, as in Hungary—some compromise will be patched up, as after the previous civil wars, and nothing ~~would~~ will be settled. It would be distressing for a moment if all the churches in Spain were burned or turned into cinemas, and all the “nice” people disappeared: yet perhaps in the end that would be the most merciful solution. Nobody would mind, if nobody existed. I am thoroughly reconciled to the transitoriness of things, even of nations. The Jews, for instance, aren't in the least like Abraham or King Solomon: they are just sheenies; and so with all other conservatisms. You can't keep anything up permanently: therefore, I say, let the age have its fun.

Thank you for the snap-shots. Bobby especially is growing up [*across*] to be very nice-looking. —As to the sales of my novel I have heard nothing more. The first account ought to arrive soon. Yours aff^y G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

14 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Princeton)

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

Glion-s.-Montreux

Aug. 14, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I find almost no errors in these proofs and have made only one change of any importance: the omission of eight lines from the opening of the new general Preface. I had the idea of “Jubilee” in mind, and that led me into rhetorical complications which, happily, we can now avoid. As the proof is still in galleys, I think the correction will give little trouble, and will relieve an over-laboured passage. I wish I could write more simply.

If anybody should take to imitating my style, what a horrible thing it would be!

I am still expecting proof for the Bishop Berkeley and the two other new Prefaces, to The Last Puritan and to Volume Seven.

In looking again over the table showing the distribution of material in the Triton Edition, it occurs to me that "Ultimate Religion" as far as theme and tone are concerned, would go better at the end of vol. X than at the end of vol. XIII, where it is now placed. As vol. X, as now arranged, has 315 pages, and vol. XIII has 385, the change would tend to equalize their length. It is true, on the other hand, that "Ultimate Religion" is recent: yet not more so than the "Essays" in vol. X. I think also that, being saner and more addressed to the public than much in vol. X. it might help to correct in the reader any impression of excessive mysticism in my religious philosophy.

Volume XIII would then be entirely devoted to the theory of knowledge and to philosophic criticism. It would be less valuable if taken alone, but perhaps more coherent in itself.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I send the proof for convenience under a separate cover.

To John Hall Wheelock

16 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Glion, Aug. 16, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of Aug. 5, enclosing the royalty report, mentions (in the 4th line) 60,000 of The Last Puritan sold to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Is this a slip of the finger (I suppose we should now say) for the original 35 or 40 thousand, or did they actually take 60,000 for the same \$10,000 originally agreed upon? If the latter, am I right in thinking that the sales, so far, amount to 148,755 copies?

Certainly I should be glad if you would send a duplicate of this report to my nephew George Sturgis, or to his attorneys, if you prefer, because he is much exercised about the question of taxes. As income tax is grad-

uated, and these \$30,000, to be received in December, count officially as income, though for me, of course, they are capital, he fears that my whole income for this year may put me in a category where the income tax paid by you will not suffice. I am, as you know, neither a business man nor a lawyer, and the responsibility for keeping within the law falls upon him; so that it is only fair that he should have the fullest information on the subject.

We have arranged, my nephew and I, to take this occasion, which will never recur, to lay by a sum of money in my name (my other property being already in trust) so that at my death it may be distributed according to my wishes. That might absorb \$25,000 out of the \$30,000; and the other \$5,000 I will take as pocket-money, to be added to my London bank-account. I mention this, in case there is any technical advantage in making out the future cheque in two parts. Otherwise, I should endorse the whole in favour of my nephew, and ask him to send me the odd \$5,000 to London by a special draft.

An unknown English correspondent, Mr. Frank Rutter, sends me the two corrections to The Last Puritan which I note on a separate leaf.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Corrections in “The Last Puritan”

page 511. “Lent term” should read “Hilary term”

page 549. “Condor” should read “Conder”

To George Sturgis

17 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Victoria
Glion-s.-Montreux
Aug. 17, 1936

Dear George

I write again to say I have received your letter enclosing one from Rita Ingersoll. She is right in thinking that my Christian name was given me in memory of your grandfather. It was (at least nominally) your Aunt

Susie's doing. You know she was my godmother, and always took that office quite seriously. And she had a great way of encouraging herself in sentiment about old things, working herself up, against the feeling prevalent round her, to enthusiasm for her old impressions. In this way she became intensely Catholic in Puritan Unitarian Boston, and finally married Celedonio, because he had been one of her early beaux. So, remembering her father a little (she must have been ~~about~~ hardly seven when he died) she wanted to give me his name. George is not a name familiar in Spain. The national military saint is Santiago (supposed to be St. James, the Apostle) not St. George. But nobody objected, or thought it decent to object, and so George I became, for better or for worse; although they did add Agustín for my father and Nicolás for his brother the Major, who was my godfather.

Thank you (to go on with family matters) for the correct list of your great grandfather's children. I see both your aunt Susie and I were wrong about your grandfather: he was neither the sixth son nor the sixth child of his parents, but the fifth son and the ninth child. I have written to have the point corrected, for conscience' sake.

You will have received or will receive shortly a report from Scribner about my royalties. They amount, up to Aug. 1st to roughly \$30,000; and it seems that the total sales of The Last Puritan, at that date, had been 148,775. You will see how matters stand regarding income-tax, which has already been paid, partly at 4 and partly at 10 percent. The money is to come in December, and I propose to let you have \$25,000 to put in a bank or banks in my name, to cover the legacies or gifts which I should like to leave at my death: the other \$5,000 odd, I will keep for my London bank account. Probably the simplest way to arrange this would be for me to endorse the whole to you, and to have you send me my remainder by draft afterwards, or to B. S. & C^e directly. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

17 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Princeton)

Hotel Victoria
Glion-s.-Montreux
Aug. 17, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock.

A small error of fact in my "Brief History of my Opinions" has come to my notice just after returning the proofs. I am sorry to trouble you, but enclose the correction on another sheet, that you may have it made more conveniently.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Santayana's "Brief History of my Opinions" in "Selections"

In paragraph 3 52. Gal. I
 line 2
 "sixth" should read: fifth

To Benjamin De Casseres

21 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Unknown)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1
Glion, Aug. 21, 1936

Dear Mr. De Casseres

Certainly you may publish anything I may have written to you about your works. Speaking of so free-spoken a man one may allow oneself a little spontaneity of expression.

Thank you for several little volumes or pamphlets which I have received and read with frequent entertainment. You are naughtier than Emerson and even the Walt Whitman: but, thank God, we live in another age.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

21 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Hotel Victoria

Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland.

Aug. 21, 1936

Constable & Company
London

Thank you for the news that you are publishing my “Obiter Scripta.” If you will kindly send me one copy, it will be enough, as I am travelling, and never have room for storing books.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana

To Milton Karl Munitz

21 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Munitz)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Glion, Aug. 21, 1936

Dear Mr. Munitz

Thank you for sending me your article (it is hardly a review of Obiter Scripta) together with Dewey’s truly admirable criticism of my novel. He is penetrating and generous. The only thing that perhaps I miss, as in almost all the reviews that have reached me, is a feeling for the radical cause of Oliver’s worldly failures. Dewey at least goes half way towards explaining them when he says that Oliver was a Puritan, not by education or tradition, but by nature. He was qualitatively like Christ or Buddhas, but quantitatively, alas, insufficient.

This leads directly back to your article: because why couldn’t Oliver plunge hopefully into the very mixed vortex of the L. of R.? Because, being born very old indeed, he adhered to a post-rational morality, and began with the second mood of my philosophy. [Let me observe, by the way, that this was not the second, but the first mood of my life, and

even in my writings, if you include the verse. I had to move from it to the Greek mood of the L. of R.; so that my "second" phase is really the third: the synthesis, if you like, of my thesis (pessimism) and my antithesis, (humanism) }.

The Columbia interpretation of my two literary periods (obvious also in my style) errs, as it seems to me, in both parts. In respect to the second period this was to be expected, because you are very modern, and I react against modernness. The misinterpretation is more annoying in regard to the period which you approve of. You call this period naturalistic, as if I were less a naturalist or materialist now. The right epithet would be humanistic. The L. of R. is so humanistic that it might almost seem not naturalistic at all, but idealistic. If the next to the last paragraph in your article is meant to represent what I then conceived, it is a complete travesty. My naturalism was never like Dewey's, without the realm of matter in the background, but was like Spinoza's or like that of Lucretius, who gives an admirable sketch of "the phases of human progress".

I have become in my later and freer years less humanistic, not less naturalistic. Essence is not a departure from naturalism, but a logical term, important, as it seems to me, in clearing away psychologism and pictorial realism (anti-naturalistic poetic views) and in giving a free hand to imagination without risk of deception or mythologizing. Spirit, too, as I conceive it, is perfectly natural being bred by the material psyche in the act of bridging transorganic and cognitive relations. For this very reason Spirit, though natural in its seat and in its movement, is universal in its scope: and hence the conflict between it and the world, the flesh, and the devil. Spirit, though passionate and "practical" in a missionary sense, because it wants to be saved, is not humanistic or political. It has always spoken through poets and mystics: it is more immediate than reason, and more universal, being the sympathy awakened in the human organism by infra-human and ultra-human powers.

I can't go fully into this subject, but Scribner is about to publish a special edition of my "Works", in 14 volumes. I have written a preface to vol. VII. precisely on the subject of your article, and also a general preface that may be worth looking into for the purposes of your thesis, which I hope may bring you good luck.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. You may quote or print any part of this letter, if you find it apropos.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Columbia)

Glion, Aug 26, 1936

Dear Cory

All is well here, I have a nice room, not very large, on the second floor, and the bill for the first week, including 12 f^{tes} for the motor to bring me from Montreux, was about 170 f^{tes}. There are not many guests—20, perhaps—and no noisy conversations. The food is not bad, but rather domestic. I think they are compelled to practice the strictest economy.

One night, however, at 2 a.m, I was awakened by loud cries or groans, apparently next door, culminating in a piercing shrieeik (how is it spelled?) followed by a few diminishing moans and then perfect silence. In the midst of this, I had also heard the dull thump of a heavy body jumping beararefoot out of bed on to the parquet floor. Was it a husband raping his wife? There are no young couples, and if these were the sounds of a bridal night the pair must have been rather elderly. Perhaps they had put it off too long. There has been no repetition: not even those soft nocturnal murmurs that one sometimes hears in hotels.

My Chapter II. (not that later ones don't exist, but that this has been detached from Chapter I) is almost done, and I think it is satisfactory.

I go every other day, or so, down to tea at Montreux, where the tea places are well frequented and there is a good deal to amuse the eye. Otherwise, I take a very short walk after lunch in the direction of Les Avants.

148,000 copies of the novel had been sold on Aug. 1st I am to get \$30,000—
in December. Yours aff^y

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Victoria, Glion

Aug. 26, 1936

Dear Strong

I am glad to hear that you are seeing amusing things and that your proof-reading still keeps you profitably occupied. What are you going to take up next?

Everything here is as expected: few people, simple food, and no anxieties. The 16 francs were meant to cover pension and room: my first week's bill, including 12 francs for the motor to bring me up from Montreux on my arrival, was about 170 francs. I have a light Neuchâtel wine; a bottle lasts two days. When I go down to Montreux to tea, which is about every other day, things look more lively and the tea-places are crowded. The weather, after a week of rain has become sunny, but not too warm for sleeping comfortably.

What interests me to know particularly about Cannes is precisely this question of temperature—and insects, of which there are practically none here. Would the Riviera be a place where I could live after my usual fashion all the year round? In that case I might be tempted to leave Rome, as soon as the necessity of travelling becomes too much for me.

You say nothing of your health, which I assume to be normal. Do you have a “bath-chair”—if not a “bathing-machine”—and ~~do~~ do you bask on the beach in the midst of the nudities? I shouldn't mind the nudities, but couldn't stand the glare.

Yours ever G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

28 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Temple)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall, S.W.1

Glion, Aug. 28, 1936

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

It is a pleasant surprise to see that you have reprinted Obiter Scripta and added one to my row of purple volumes. I expected, at most, that you would put a new title-page to the American book, as for The Life of Reason. In this form it seems more attractive than in Scribner's edition, which is meant for a schoolbook.

I have found, in dipping into the volume, no typographical errors, except in the French towards the end. Evidently nobody who knows French was asked to read the proof, since these errors are obvious and spoil the sense, slight as they are in themselves. I enclose a list of them on a separate sheet.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

31 August 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Victoria, Glion

Aug. 31, 1936

Dear George

This morning I have received a telegram addressed to Rome from Rafael. He says: "We are all well in Avila". The Spanish wording rather suggests that he means, We are all well and all in Avila. If that is the case, it is lucky, because Pepe's family have been living in Madrid, and I was afraid they might have been caught there. I daresay Rafael & Luis are working with the new local authorities. The dark spot is the future, and whether Pepe's boys are in personal danger. I am answering the telegram, but don't know whether from here they can connect with Avila.

There is a matter that I ought to have mentioned long ago. When I was leaving Rome the Hon. *Æ*Cesare Pinchetti, the proprietor of the Hotel Bristol, came to wish me godspeed and said I ought to procure a new kind of letter of credit, in Italian lire, which is issued by the Italian government on favourable terms, with a saving for the tourist, I think he said, of 20%. Pinchetti is a member of parliament and head of the Fascist association of hotel-keepers, so that he ought to be well-informed. He admitted that I am hardly a tourist, but thought nevertheless I should come within the provisions of measure. I doubt this very much, because, as you know, my official domicile is in Rome. I am registered at the Spanish consulate as residing at the Hotel Bristol. I suspect that a resident foreigner would not be expected to draw his income perpetually on terms designed to attract travellers.

If you think it worth while to make inquiries, it might possibly be worth while. In any case, I should like to have something to say to Pinchetti, if he discovers that I am not following his advice.

Probably I shall return to Rome earlier this year, about September 20th, as this place gets rather cool in the autumn. It is lovely now, and I live by my balcony wide open to the Lake and sky.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Charles P. Davis

6 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown, Shipley & C^o

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

Glion, Sept. 6, 1936

Dear Davis,

It is all right about your not liking my book. Of course, it isn't a novel in the ordinary sense; it is a study of characters and moral contrasts. No obligation on anybody to like it. But I should be curious to know in what direction you and your friends find it wrong: plot, style, morality, tone, character-drawing, or what? The book is done: I shall never write another "novel", you may at least take comfort in that; but your judgements would tell me what you and your friends are attached to, and that is always inter-

esting. The last American novel I have read is Faulkner's "Sanctuary". Do you like that? And how about Aldous Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza"?

As to the success of my novel with the public and the reviewers, it has been immense. 148,000 copies were sold in the U.S. before Aug. 1st, in England less than 10,000. But of course I am making money—not yet paid, most of it. Altogether, when the harvest is all in, it will not be far from \$50,000. I am being translated into French, Spanish, and German, and printed in raised letters (in England) to be read by the blind! Me and the Bible.

As to the Spanish row, the extreme feebleness of all Spanish governments has allowed the latent conflict, which exists, in all ripe countries to break out there openly: first by overturning the Parliamentary cabinets (mere political cliques) and then the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera—which was materially the best régime we have ever had in my lifetime—and finally the monarchy. Since then we have had only anarchy; even when the better sort had a majority in the Cortes and a finger in the pie, there was no leadership or courage to do anything thoroughly. And public opinion is sceptical and divided: nobody trusts anybody or has practical ability: so that when they tire of quarrelling, they can do nothing but fight.

I was in Paris for two months this summer, and got the impression that the same conflict is brewing in France: but the fear of Germany acts as a brake on their worst divisions. What is it all about? The conflict between institutions and the town-proletariat-and-their-leaders, full of atheist philosophy and utopian socialism. The lazy 19th century capitalism and private luxury will have to disappear sooner or later, and we shall have some kind of paternal government, of the Left or of the Right. I like the Italian solution: not for an ideal for ever or for every country: but for a regimen, a cure, for disorganized nations. In Italy, and apparently, in Russia and Germany also, there is at least energy and enthusiasm. Things get done, everybody looks brisk and happy. Even the papers are decent and well-informed: monotonous, of course, as everything is inspired by the government; but better and better worth reading, I find, than the more dishonest leading press of other countries: e.g. the London Times and the Paris Temps.

Goodbye & good luck. I don't say: Come to Rome, because I have said it before. Yours sincerely G. S.

P.S.

A day or two ago I received a telegram from Rafael (my sister's step-son) by way of Rome, saying that they were all well in Avila. When you get this letter, the military situation may have developed, but I don't anticipate that Avila will be attacked. True, as you say, it is very near the line dividing the two factions: but that line is a chain of high mountains; north and west of Avila all is quietly in the hands of the "insurgents"; and the attack on Madrid is going on rather further east, as if from Segovia, and then also (if the insurgents succeed) from the south west, up the Tagus. Rafael and his brothers are doubtless heart and soul with the insurgents; and there are two boys of military age who may be actually fighting. But I think there is little danger of the Cathedral and other monuments in Avila being destroyed. Even if the government, or rather the Reds, are victorious, by the time they get round to Avila they will be tired of arson, murder, and pillage. They will feel safe, and perhaps willing generously to allow the stones to remain upon the stones. It would be persons and property that would be seized: but let us hope that may be averted. I don't know how much Anglo-Saxon prejudice (as against Italy too) influences your American views: but you mustn't suppose that in Spain now the government stands for peace and order and the insurgents for revolution. It is precisely the other way. The government (which has changed twice since the war began) has no authority, and simply legalizes the action [*across*] of the Red conspirators. It is they that are waging war on Spain, with the Catalonians and some Basques who have always hated to be Spanish.

To George Sturgis11 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Houghton)

Hotel Victoria,
Glion-sur-Montreux,
Sept. 11, 1936

Dear George

It is too bad that Mrs. Toy should have had this notion of sending me a book through you. It is like my writing to Mrs. Ames through you: you seem to be the one universal confidant. But in this case, I don't see what Mrs. Toy's real reason could have been: what she says is only talk. Besides I have a copy already of Three Centuries of Harvard, sent by the author. I am therefore posting your (or her) copy back to the Old Corner Bookstore, and writing to them, explaining why I do so.

Keep the book for yourself, if you or the boys care to have it, or do anything else you like about it. I don't understand whether you or Mrs. Toy paid for it. As to her, she will know that I had already received and read the book, because I wrote to her about it some time ago.

I don't want to give you more trouble, and keep treating you as an errand-boy; but as you and Mrs. Toy seem to be on good terms, if you should be having a conversation with her by telephone, for instance, you might find out if she has Van Wyck Brooks' recent book The Flowering of New England. If not, you might have it sent to her from me. It is first rate.

Yours aff^{ly}, G. S.

P.S.

I expect to leave for Rome in 10 days.

To Llewelyn Powys

13 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Glion, Sept. 13, 1936

Dear Mr. Powys

The name of Miss Alyse Gregory takes me back to the days when I occasionally wrote for The Dial, and although I have never had the pleasure of seeing her, I am glad to know that time has been leading her into pleasant paths.

You have written the history of the cosmos in 120 pages, and naturally there has not been room to put in everything. As you know, I am in hearty agreement with your naturalism and with your affection for Epicurus. You are tender to “country-matters”, in every sense of these words; that is so much to the good; but perhaps it throws the intellectual and political sides of the life of reason too much into the shade. What you seem to leave out is expressed in one phrase by that free lance, Mr. De Casseres, in a booklet which, since it is dedicated to you, I suppose you must have seen. He says: (p. 49) “Repulsion, hatred, opposition—“Room for me, or thou diest”—are the conditions of individuality! And I think that in history the power of words and doctrines is nothing to the power of circumstances and of biological impulses. For instance, in all ages some people have seen the fabulous character of religion: Giordano Bruno, Machiavelli, Erasmus, and Bacon, not to speak of Montaigne^x, saw it, whereas Luther and Calvin were stone-blind: but society was not ready for light, and wanted to satisfy its national and economic ambitions under the cloak of superstition, suitably modified. At least, that is my diagnosis.

[*across*] ^x and Rabelais,

Thank you very much for your little book, so full of sights and sounds, as well as of philosophy.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Barlow

16 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Houghton)

Glion-sur-Montreux

Sept. 16, 1936

Dear Bob

George Sturgis had written to me about your illness. I am glad to know that you are back in your own quarters—that is always more comfortable, at least for the mind—and that you are progressing towards complete recovery.

As to my letter, my memory for recent minor events is wretched, and I hardly remember what I said in it; but if you think it would interest the public, I am willing to have it published; we get at last to a point where we see how little it matters what we have said or done. Only, as this letter was private, and meant only for you, I may have used some terms that might offend Faulkner. I should be sorry for that, because besides being discourteous, it would misrepresent my feeling which on the whole is one of sympathy with him and his experiments in style. So expunge, please, any phrase that may seem too strong.

I was sorry to miss Barley, but this summer has not been a peaceful one for me; Paris was not a success, and now I am flying (not literally) back to Rome, as here it is becoming too wet and cold.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Columbia)

Glion, Sept. 16, 1936

Dear Cory

My ticket for Rome is taken for next Monday, the 21st; by leaving here after lunch I can conveniently reach the Hotel Bristol for breakfast the next morning. The weather is getting rather cold and wet in these regions, and I sha'n't mind a last spell of summer before autumn sets in for good.

Before leaving I am thinking of sending you four or five chapters of Truth. Have them typed, and send me one of the copies, preferably the carbon one. I am well aware that there are repetitions and longeurs in these chapters; but the text is already too much patched, and my mind is too tired of the theme, for making now any judicious changes. Later, re-reading the typed text, I shall be able to get a fresh impression, and you must help me by marking the faults—literary or philosophical—that you may notice. This is about half the book: the second part about the truth of futures, determinism, fate, moral truth, and the love, hatred, and denial of truth will, I think, go more easily and be more interesting. It will help me to feel that the first part is done, to send it away and have it typewritten.

Duron threatens to turn up the day after tomorrow, but he is so unreliable that perhaps he will find he is prevented. I should have invited him, if I were not afraid of finding him a nuisance and having him stay too long. Anyhow, he knows that I leave on the 21st.

I have had three communications from friends in Spain. 1st a telegram from Rafael Sastre, one of my sister's step-sons, saying they are all well in Avila. 2nd a letter from my old cousin Manuela (aged 68) from Madrid, saying she is ill, but not disturbed by any public disorders: the letter, except the signature was not in her hand-writing, and was marked "censored": probably she was obliged to say all was quiet in Madrid in order to let the letter pass. 3rd a letter from Marichalar (who has translated some of my things) from Saint-Jean-de-Luz, saying he has got away from six

week of terror, by airplane, from Madrid, and explaining that the report of his being on the government side was inaccurate. He had (in order to help save Ortega y Gasset's life) joined in a verbal declaration that he was not concerned in the insurrection (he calls it the movement) but without condemning Fascism. This had been turned by the [*across*] radio and press (e.g. The London Times) into the false news that I had been surprised to hear.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

19 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Houghton)

Glion. Sept. 19, 1936

Dear George

Today I have received a letter from Mercedes. She says she has not received your July remittance. Her letter was taken by a friend to Coimbra, in Portugal, and posted from there. I don't know whether my reply will reach her, but the post-office here accepted it at the sender's risk. She says they allow people to cash only 500 pesetas at a time; so I sent her a cheque for only £15, but I will send her more, if she receives and can collect this one. She suggests that you should send her next draft through me, but I see no advantage in that except that I may have later news of the means of communication. The frontier between Galicia and Portugal seems to be open.

I leave for Rome on the day after tomorrow.

I take for granted that you know Mercedes' address: Bayona de Galicia, Vigo. The Vigo bank where she is known is the Banco Hispano-Americano. If it were possible for you to communicate with that bank, it might be the quickest way of relieving her want of cash.

Yours affy

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: Unknown)

Glion, Sept. 20, 1936

Dear Cory

I sent you yesterday five or six chapters on Truth, and should be glad if you would acknowledge the receipt of them, to relieve my mind of a certain anxiety I always have when my MS are in the post.

[X] came, stayed one night, and went. He says he is a Catholic, but looks and thinks like a Jew. He was very officious, when he saw that I was amiable and yielding, and asked to have these chapters sent to him to copy, instead of to you. At first, vaguely, I said I saw no objection; and he agreed to send you one of the copies he should make. He was leaving, and although I at once felt that this arrangement was risky and foolish, I let him go without saying anything, but have written explaining that on second thoughts I felt that it would be better to have copies made first, and to let him have the MS later. So, when you have had it typed, I wish you would send him the original.

I leave tomorrow at 2 p.m. and arrive in Rome at 8 a.m. on Tuesday.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

20 September 1936 • Glion-sur-Montreux, Switzerland (MS: YIVO)

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

Glion-s-Montreux

Sept. 20, 1936

Dear Kallen

I have been reading your plea for the consumer with greater pleasure, perhaps, than any of your previous books. You are a capital impressionist in history, and I have learned a good deal—forgotten again, I fear,—about industrial politics. Naturally I sympathize with your individualistic and hedonistic ethics, being also an Epicurean; and even your equality

amongst different people appeals to me in respect to material needs, where individuals are really comparable. I should have been happy to live in a communistic society where every one had his cell, his ration, and his appointed garments, according to age, climate, and employment. But when it comes to intellectual and moral consumption, I am afraid the consumer is a parasite, and his ideal self-destructive: because if he, or others before him, hadn't spontaneously produced music or philosophy or language or religion, he would have nothing to consume, and would live and die a free idiot. However, I won't quarrel with your productions which I have consumed, but offer you my best thanks in exchange.

[*across*] Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

22 September 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Sept. 22, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today, having arrived in Rome at 8 a.m. I am able to send you the photographs of the apse in the cathedral of Avila. They used to lie about on bookcases and tables in my room, and perhaps are too faded to be reproduced. However, they will give you an idea of the place, and of the lovely (Italian?) tomb of Dr. Tostado, who wrote three folios (sheets, I suppose) daily, according to the inscription. If you place the two photos close together, although they repeat a part of the same wall, they give a general impression very like that produced by the reality, as you walk round the apse. The broken corner could also be hidden by making the two views overlap a little.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

23 September 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 23, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of Sept. 10th calls for a reply on two points. You speak of sending me my “copies” of vols. I & II of the Triton Edition when published about October 15th. If this means that I am entitled to more than one copy of the entire set,—a point not mentioned, I think, in the agreement—I will ask you to send me only one copy of each volume, when it appears, as that is all I can find room for, and don’t see friends here to whom I could pass on any extra copies. But there are persons to whom in any case I should wish copies to be sent: and I enclose the list. Please have the volumes, as they are published, sent to these addresses, and charged to my account, if they exceed the number of author’s copies allowed.

The other point regards a portrait of my mother that George Sturgis has in his possession. I don’t know what portrait this is: probably one taken in later life. That is not the one I should choose as best indicating her temperament and influence on myself; and in any case I should like to preserve all family portraits for my Autobiography, which includes accounts of my Mother. I also have photos taken [*illegible*] by me in person of the Harvard Yard seen from my room in 1896, and of the room itself, which I [*across left margin*] purposely have kept back as more suitable for a later occasion. So please not to substitute my mother for [*across right margin*] any of the proposed frontispieces, which seem excellent.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 September 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 26, 1936

Dear Cory

Don’t be troubled about Duron and his intervention. I thoroughly dislike him; he isn’t really appreciative, as Edman is, but he has me for the

subject of his Doctor's thèse, which is an honour, and he went to the trouble and expense of coming to Glion to see me. I found at once that he is at sea about essences, finding a mystery in the unanimity with which things go and agree with their essences! Hopeless. But I have already gone back on the promise to send him those chapters first; and I think there is no danger in letting him have them after we have the copies. The fact that they are to be revised and perhaps radically cut down or added to—the titles don't always correspond to the contents exactly—only renders them less important. And perhaps he may discover in them some phrases useful for his thèse. So I wish you would send him the manuscript, as soon as you get it back: and that will end my obligations to him in the matter.

I wasn't in the least nervous about the journey this time; but I was tired that day (it was two days before I started) with a long talk we had had (in French), after lunch sitting on the terrace; an unsatisfactory irritating talk. He has not replied to my letter. Perhaps he is mortally offended and we may never hear from him again. Hurrah!

It is very warm in Rome, sirocco since I arrived; but I rather enjoy the heat, and feel very well. My clothes are in their places, the books all unpacked and arranged in one morning, without fatigue, and my rooms very nice in fresh paint, washed walls, and a magnificent double wardrobe in walnut instead of the little white one that stood in the corner. Pinchetti refused to lower my rent—said rents were rising—but evidently has laid himself out to do me well. The food also seems better than last year, and all the servants very attentive. Yours aff^c

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. If £5 insufficient for type-writing, say so.

To Charles Augustus Strong

27 September 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 27, 1936

Dear Strong

I arrived here last Tuesday the 22nd at 8 a.m. and am comfortably settled for the next eight months.

Perhaps you have seen in *The Times* a letter of Marichalar explaining how the report got about that he was favourable to the Madrid government. Besides that communication he has sent me a letter from St.-Jean-de-Luz, saying that after six week of terror he was able to escape to France in an aeroplane. As a Catholic, a marquis, and a disciple of Ortega y Gasset, who passes for the Spanish philosopher of Fascism, he was suspect to the government; but when Ortega's life seemed to be in danger—has he survived, I wonder?—Marichalar joined in a verbal declaration that he had taken no part in the “movement”, but without making any mention of Fascism. It was this declaration that led to the false report which you showed me in *The Times*.

I have had no less than three messages from Spain direct: a letter from Mercedes dated at Vigo but posted in Coimbra in Portugal; a letter from my cousin Manuela in Madrid, saying she was ill but that the town was “tranquil”; and a telegram from Avila, saying they were all well there. I have answered all three, of course, but doubt whether my replies have reached their destination.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 1, 1936

Dear Strong

Marie hasn't written to me. I gave her something, 300 francs, I think, when I went to see her in Paris; and she expects a cheque from me for the New Year. They seemed to be comfortable then, (in July), but of course I don't know how much they can allow themselves for food.

I can't thank you intelligently for the picture, as it hasn't yet arrived

Yours ever

G.S.

To Benjamin P. Schwartz

5 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Oct. 5, 1936

Dear Mr. Schwartz

It seems to me that the time to publish any letters of mine that may be destined for that honour has not quite arrived. Wait until I am dead. My demise will be a good occasion for advertising for any epistles that anybody may possess. I will tell you in confidence—in case you or Mr. Buchler should wish then to undertake the task—that my principal continuous correspondence has been with Mrs. Crawford H. Toy, now living at 1 Waterhouse Street, Cambridge, Mass. I know she has preserved my letters; but she is an old lady, and may not survive me. So are most of my former correspondents—not ladies, but old—and heaven knows whether they have kept my letters, or whether their children or heirs have not burned them. However, I have written a vast number in all these years, and if they could be summoned to arise and gather themselves together at the blast of the trumpet, you would have a pretty task in reading them over.

However, there is another question involved, which is that of the advisability of printing any letters, the need of selecting the right ones, and of editing them judiciously, I don't mean by altering them substantially (errors or slips might well be corrected) as in leaving out indiscreet words or trivial prattle. You, as I understand, are young, you haven't known me personally, and I will tell you quite frankly that I don't think you are the person to assume, as yet, that sort of responsibility towards the public and towards my reputation. If it were a question of merely philosophical letters, it would be different, because you and Mr. Buchler have proved, in Obiter Scripta, that you are admirable interpreters of my work. But almost all my letters, even if touching on public or theoretical questions, have been personal, and collecting and editing them would require special tact and special knowledge of my feelings about my friends. Moreover, there is a literary executor already chosen to preside over my Nachlass, Daniel Cory; and it would naturally fall to him to collect my correspondence, as well as to edit my remaining manuscripts, if he thought it advisable. I hope, if I live long enough, to write my own life, so

that a biography—especially as there are no events to record—would be superfluous.

You have seen, of course, the English edition of Obiter Scripta. They have made some bad slips in the passage from Proust: one, which I had not noticed before, is also in the American edition: p. 275, line 23. “qui prend,” should be “que prend”. I haven’t the text, but the rather difficult sense requires it.

I haven’t yet had any return from Scribner about the sale of the book, but the reviews seem to have been friendly.

Could you do me a favour? It is to make a copy of “Natural Leadership”, published in The New Republic, 31 July, 1915. This, like “The Indomitable Individual”,* was written for my political work, “Dominations & Powers”, not yet quite finished, and I can find no copy of that fragment among my papers. I may rewrite the section—the book is in short chapters—but should like to have the original before me as a guide. There is no hurry about it: a year hence would do, as I am now deep in the volume on Truth in Realms of Being.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*] * and “A Few Remarks”

To George Sturgis

8 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 8, 1936

Dear George

I have your letter of Sept. 25. Probably you soon received further letters from me about Mercedes. I have no sure means of communicating with her: have written twice—to Bayona, Vigo, of course: to write to Madrid now is to throw away your letter, and perhaps your money—but I expect she has not received them. Hers were posted for her by a friend who travels into Portugal: the frontier is open to travellers, but apparently

there is no postal service as yet. In her last, of which I enclose the patriotic heading —she says she thought of moving about October 10th to Burgos, to be with her friend Maria Luisa and her five little children, the husband being at the front. Her address there is

Villa Florida La Castellana Burgos
--

but I daresay it would be as useless to write as yet to Burgos as to Bayona or Vigo.

I have told her to borrow money or run up bills if she is in straits, because her back allowance will be paid up as soon as we can manage it: but of course her friends are as hard up as she, and not knowing whether their belongings in Madrid will not have been stolen before they get back there. A part of the calle de Serrano is even reported burnt: but this may be false, and anyhow the street is long and N^o 7 is hardly likely to have disappeared. Yet if there is a long siege, who knows what will happen?

You will have thought, on hearing that the Italian lira has been cut down to 60% or less of its former value, that I am going to be compensated for the loss suffered when the dollar was docked: I shall now get 9,500 lire again for my \$500, each time I draw money; and that is more than I spend in a month. But I may invite Cory to come and make me a visit, and help me with my volume on “The Realm of Truth” on which I am at work now. That would quickly absorb the surplus.

Scribner is going, in December, to send me a separate cheque for \$25,000, which I mean to endorse to you. Or would it be better to deposit [*across*] it directly in the bank you mean to put it in? Or are there to be several banks and would smaller cheques be better? Yours aff^y, G.S.

To George Sturgis

10 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 10, 1936

Dear George

No wonder you are troubled about sending remittances to Spain. When you receive this letter the military situation there may have developed, and it may be possible to send money safely: but as things have been, and are at present, there seems to be communication, slow and censored, but possible with Madrid. Only yesterday I received a letter from there dated Sept 28th which showed that a letter sent to Manuela from Glion had reached her. But with Bayona de Galicia, Vigo, and Avila, I am afraid there is no connection. Mercedes' letters (as I mentioned the other day) were posted in Portugal. She might have given me the address there of the person who posted them for her, and who apparently travels back and forth from Galicia: but Mercedes either didn't think of this, or had reasons for not attempting it. Rather stupidly, she asks me to send her money, when I can't reach her. I have sent her two small cheques, but don't believe she has received them.

As to the Sastres, I should certainly hold their money until things clear up. They have the farm and other resources—three houses in Avila, or rather four, counting my little one—and they can pull through without the American item, which I understand is not now very large. I have heard nothing of them since that telegram from Rafael, and have not written.

There remains my cousin Manuela. The letter I received yesterday was from her doctor, (Doctor Marejon, Lagasca, 24, bajo, Madrid) who seems an honest, business-like person. He says she has been operated on for “dry gangrene” in the leg—successfully; but that the disease is serious, added to other ailments of hers; and that her condition gives cause for anxiety. (She is 68 years old). He adds that he is also her man of business, and has 2,500 pesetas of hers in his possession. A further sum of 5,000 which she has in the Post-Office Savings bank is not now available. As the hospital where she lies charges 30 pesetas a day, and operations are extra, he fears her funds may not hold out, and therefore informs me of the facts. I am sending him a cheque for £20 on the chance: but by now communications with Madrid (French airplanes, I expect) may be intercepted, and he may never get it. However, he asks that you should send

Manuela's "October" draft to the "Sanatorio España, Covarrubios 30, Madrid. Of course, it is too late, or too [*across*] soon: but I send you the address in case you think it worth while to despatch a duplicate.

Yours affly G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 11, 1936

Dear Cory

It occurred to me too, at once, that, with the new value for the lira, it would be easier for us to square our accounts in Italy. You can come when ever you like and stay at the Bristol or elsewhere, as you prefer. I shall have enough pocket money to provide for any extras that may occur, without depleting my London bank account. If you preferred to join me in summer at Cortina, you can do that instead, or in addition, just as your fancy dictates. It was altogether pleasant to see you last summer in Paris; but Paris no longer attracts me. Besides, there was too much Strong. I want to keep up simple pleasant relations with him to the end; but for this purpose it is better to avoid frequent meetings or discussions. You and I talked too much about him, and too unkindly. Better let all that sleep. He is much gratified now that Macmillan has instantly and (apparently) joyfully agreed to publish his new book. Nevertheless he probably would like to have a few more séances with you, and it is natural that you should wish to please him. You can stop to see him at Cannes—you would enjoy Cannes in winter or spring—or at Fiesole on your return. But you understand these somewhat delicate matters as well or better than I, and you can make your plans accordingly.

One more chapter, on "Moral Truth" is finished, and I have begun on the important subject of the relations of truth with time; "eternal" truths, truth of futures, logical predetermination, etc. This may make one chapter or several, and much satisfactory stuff is on hand in various old manuscripts. I will try to keep the argument sober and stern, as I see you like strong meat on this subject. There is a certain pleasure and excitement in being ultra-critical and modern, while remaining perfectly orthodox. It is

a novelty; and possibly this volume may secure more public attention and respect than the academic crowd has as yet vouchsafed me. It would be a surprise, and not what I have in mind in writing: but so was the success of the novel.

Would you like a book of Logan Pearsall Smith's on "Reperusals & Re-Collections"? There is an essay on Pater, and a defence of poetic prose; and the quotations are interesting.

The Murchie's are coming to tea on the 21st. The new American ambassador is an old friend of mine, but not a special [*across*] friend, and so far I haven't heard from him. If he does ask me to something, shall I invite him to tea and give him a stale biscuit? G.S.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

13 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS telegram: Princeton)

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IF POSSIBLE PUT ROSS PORTRAIT AND HARVARD YARD IN
VOLUMES THREE AND FOUR LETTER FOLLOWS

SANTAYANA

To John Hall Wheelock

13 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

 Rome, Oct. 13, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am telegraphing asking you, if possible, to put the Ross portrait and the view of the Harvard Yard in volumes three and four of the Triton Edition.

Your letter of Oct. 2 caused me to look back to that of Sept. 10, in which you give the list of proposed illustrations. It astonishes me now that I didn't at once make one or two suggestions, as to the distribution. I was probably preoccupied with other matters and felt sure that you would make the best arrangement possible. Illustrations to philosophical writings are more or less arbitrary in any case: but there is the personal, autobiographical side of the matter, naturally not so vividly present to you as to me. And now that you are in difficulties about vol. III, it seems to me distinctly advisable to bring up the Ross portrait for the frontispiece of the Life of Reason. It was painted somewhat later, but the period and atmosphere is the same. Also the view of the Harvard Yard seems more appropriate to a work written when I still lived in Cambridge (although no longer in those rooms) than when I had absconded to Europe for life. In this way, too, we liberate the drawing of Avila, which is something to be considered sub specie aeternitatis and can be introduced anywhere where there is a vacancy. For instance, in vol. X. I distinctly object to a portrait there: and I am suspicious of this "drawing with a beard". I had thought it was a drawing from Denman Ross's painting; but now I see it is an additional drawing, by whom and from what? I tremble lest it should be the dreadful thing that appeared at first on the paper cover of *The Last Puritan*. Vol. X is to my feeling distinctly the volume poetically and religiously, as vol. XIII is the volume philosophically: and the frontispiece should be something impersonal and beautiful. Avila is not that, exactly, but it is a town of churches and old walls, and the birthplace of St. Teresa. However, anything poetical would serve: say, a wayside cross in the Dolomites, where "Platonism & the Spiritual Life" was written: or an Attic tombstone; or a Sibyl or God creating the World, by Michaelangelo; or a Turner sky-scape; or even the statue of Spinoza at the Hague, before a

smaller copy of which "Ultimate Religion" was preached by me in the Domus Spinozana. Of course, the apse at Avila, if it could be managed, would please me most. This vol. X is the point where I am most touchy; but I also think that vol. VII, with the preface explaining my second philosophical phase, ought not to have a frontispiece associated with the first phase, as the Harvard Yard is. The Ross portrait, if it is too late to put it in vol. III, might go into this vol. VII, but I should prefer something else, if it could be found.

I am sorry to be fussy and to make trouble, especially when perhaps it is too late. However, no great harm will ensue in any case.

As to the unsigned and unnumbered copies of the Triton Edition which you might have to spare, they would do admirably for me and my friends, and I should be much obliged to you for letting me have them gratis. Should there be only one or two, it would be best to send signed copies to the Harvard Library and the Delphic Club in Cambridge, because there they would be treated as museum pieces. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

19 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 19, 1936

Dear George

Your letter of Oct. 7, with Mr. Young's letter and the draft of my proposed will, arrived this morning. It would ordinarily have been almost impossible for me to get four English-speaking witnesses together to

swear to my signature, but by chance at this moment I may be able to manage it. My old friend Guy Murchie is coming to tea here with his wife (whom I don't know) the day after tomorrow; they are staying at the Excelsior, which is next door to the American Consulate and (official) Embassy, so that it will not be asking too much, I think, to drag at least him to the Consulate, where he can introduce me (I don't know a soul there) and probably find three other persons willing to say that they are sure I am myself. I do know Billy Phillips; he was a member of the Delta Phi, and intimate friend of Bayard Cutting, whom I knew well, and whose daughter Iris (Marchesa Origo) floats about here and is always very nice to me. But he is now Ambassador, and I don't frequent such high circles, or any circles, so that I sha'n't appeal to him unless in dire extremity. If we go to the Consulate I can inquire there about the legality of such a will in Italy. They will say it ought to be registered at the Spanish consulate: but that is impossible at present, and undesirable in any case.

As to the ownership of my books, papers, and clothes I don't think Pinchetti the landlord would make any fuss if Cory took quiet possession of them. He (Cory) has been here repeatedly with me, and I have told them that he is to have my things, and (if I have warning of the end) he would be on the spot at the time. I could even make a formal gift of my books & papers (the clothes are worthless) to him now, if that would help matters. Otherwise I have no property in Italy.

We are carrying on such a frequent correspondence that our letters are not answers to our last messages, and there is a temptation to repeat the latter. In December I expect Scribner's cheques: let me know in what form I had better transmit the \$25,000 that, as agreed, are to be invested, or put in the bank, to cover the provisions of this will. As matters stand, Scribner will send that sum in a single cheque: and there would be nothing for me to do but to endorse it to you, or to some bank in Boston where you were to deposit it. I understand that it will be deposited there in my name, not in yours as trustee. Or is the money to be distributed in several banks?

[*across*] I asked you this before, but repeat it because it is rather on my mind.
Yours affly G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 25, 1936

Dear Cory

My first impulse was to sign the blank (which I return) so that you might have your fee paid automatically in future, but there seemed to be some grammatical difficulty in signing my name for yours, and yours wouldn't do at the bank. So I send you £5 more, for you to pay the bill in cash, including next-year's.

Work goes on slowly. As usual, I am tempted to turn at times to other things than these cosmic realms. A fat Englishman turned up the other day asking me to speak for the Columbia radio about the Spanish civil war: I refused that: but I am tempted to write something about The Elderly Mind of Early America, or about The Revolt of the Nations (against liberalism and parliamentarism and English domination in general). The latter would be a part of Dominations & Powers, so that it would not be an absolute truancy to devote a little time to it. But I have, as yet, not given any time in the morning to these side-shows: only scribbled a few pages in pencil at odd moments.

The first two volumes of the Triton Edition ought to arrive soon. You will receive a copy.

Yours affly G.S.

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

28 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 28, 1936

Dear Onderdonk

They have just sent me up your postcard, written in wonderful business Italian, and I interrupt the consideration of Eternal Truth to assure you that I am still alive and living here as usual. Have I neglected to answer some letter of yours? If so, it was because there was nothing

urgent to say. I have been in Paris and at Glion-sur-Montreux during the summer, not liking Paris at all in my present mood and at my advanced age: Glion was all right, but I expect to return next summer to Cortina. The devaluation of the lira has made Italy less expensive for me, and in any case I am not hard up now, especially as my novel has—at last!—brought a substantial return for my literary labours. It has also been a nuisance, in the number of useless questions and useless letters that it has occasioned: but the fuss is now subsiding and I am hoping to be allowed—by God and man—to finish my system of philosophy. It is probably not truer or more comprehensive than some other systems, but it combines radicalism with ideality, and that seems to be point of view and an equilibrium worth putting before the public.

The Spanish troubles naturally disturb me a good deal; but I am encouraged and instructed by what seems to be the moral of them. I have become rather anti-English in my tendencies of late. My British and American affections have always been personal and social rather than political or theoretic: and now that I am at the last lap of life and not counting on the pleasures of friendship, the intellectual muddle, and theoretic meanness of the Anglo-Saxon mind repel me considerably. However, there must be a little of everything in the Lord's vineyard, as they say in Spain. I wonder if a new Spain, with a good government, is really possible.

Yours always G.S.

To George Sturgis

30 October 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Oct. 30, 1936

Dear George

I have your letter of Oct. 16. Since I last wrote I have consulted Brown Shipley & C^o in London about sending money to Mercedes, and they very obligingly have arranged with the London branch of the Banco Hispano-Americano to have the Vigo and Burgos branches of the same bank look Mercedes up, and (as I understand) pay her what I put at their disposal. I have asked them to let her have £100; but I haven't yet heard whether the remittance has been made. The order, they said, would go by cable, as letters were apt to miscarry. If this plan works, it will be a great

boon to Mercedes and will also relieve my mind. There would then not be any hurry about sending drafts from America, but you can forward the arrears when things are again normal. If the newspapers do not mislead us, we may expect a regular government re-established before very long in all Spain except Catalonia. That nut may take longer to crack, if it doesn't prove a bombshell to set all Europe on fire.

From the Sastres and from Manuela's doctor I have not had any news.

As to my will, I haven't yet signed it, as the Murchies have been delayed for some reason not explained in their telegrams. If they don't come, I shall have to think up some other way of finding the necessary witnesses.

What you advise about my future \$25,000 is not quite clear to me. This money is sent expressly to cover the provisions of the proposed will. I understand that, for that purpose, it ought to remain in my name and not in trust. Please let me know clearly whether I ought to endorse the cheque for \$25,000 say to the "Second National Bank of Boston"; if I endorse it to you, could you then deposit it there or elsewhere in my name? I suppose if all the money were at first put in one bank, it would still be easy to buy bonds or make other deposits with a part of it, simply by drawing cheques. Wouldn't this be the simplest arrangement? If there are difficulties which I don't understand, you might ask Scribner to divide the cheques further, so as to enable me to endorse them to separate banks, as you might advise. Of course, I should be only too glad to have you act as trustee for the whole and save me all further trouble: only would there then be any funds for my new will to dispose of? You might carry out the provisions of it out of mere respect for my wishes, without legal obligation: but in that case why trouble about a will at all?

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

1 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 1, 1936

Dear George

Two more points:

^{1st} I have received this morning a letter from Mercedes, from Bayona, dated Oct. 19. She had received one of my letters, with a cheque (only for

£7, unluckily) for which they gave her only 350 pesetas, there being apparently a discount for war-taxes. But I am in hopes that by this time she will have received my later cheque for £20, and the remittance of £100 through B. S. & C^o so that she will be out of trouble.

She expected to be in Burgos on Oct. 28th

2nd. The mystery about the reported sales of my novel is not absolutely clear to my own mind, but turns on the copies taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club, which apparently is a vast money-making enterprise and not an innocent club. I had been told that they would absorb from 35,000 to 40,000 copies, for which they paid \$10,000, to be divided between Scribner's and me: this must be over and above paying for the actual cost of the books, since the \$10,000 are clear profit, and I long ago received my \$5,000. But now, without explanation, Scribner tells me that the Book-of-the-Month Club took 60,000 copies, which they had a right to, without further payment to Scribner or me: and that number, added to those on which the royalty is about to be paid, make the 149,500 copies announced as sold. But isn't it rather a singular compliment paid to me by the Book-of-the-Month Club, to give me \$5,000 for 60,000 copies, when (if sold in the regular way) they would have yielded me royalties of about \$25,000? And do you suppose Scribner has made only \$5,000 profit out of those 60,000 copies sold? Mr. Wheelock has been very civil and obliging in regard to the novel and also this new swagger edition of my Opera Omnia; I don't mean to utter any complaints; yet Scribner's for many years have been rather grasping and a little obscure in their proceedings, as they are in this case; and I can't help being sorry for other authors in my position who may depend on their earnings for bread and butter. I don't mind being managed, if I am fed: but not everybody can afford to be so philosophical

Yours aff^y G.S.

[*across*] P.S. The Murchie's aren't coming. Don't be impatient about the will. Some other witnesses may soon turn up.

To Victor Francis Calverton

2 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: New York)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Nov. 2, 1936

Dear Mr. Calverton

Your mysterious book is being laid aside until some future moment when I may be less occupied and preoccupied, but I have dipped into it, and in thanking you for sending it I can already say that it has started a train of thought in my mind which might lead to radical conclusions. Suppose that by “hypnotism” we understand those biological tides which produce mass-conversions, religious epidemics, and climaxes or collapses in civilization, such as the “intellectual barbarism” that made Germany uninhabitable for your friend in the book—There is a nation hypnotized for good or ill, at least temporarily: but who did the hypnotizing, and what determined the kind of hypnotic suggestion to be induced? Hardly Hitler; he is too slight a personage; hardly even Nietzsche or Treitschky or Houston Stewart Chamberlain. But suppose it was they, or one of them: who shall un-hypnotize the hypnotizer? Who shall hit upon the blessed prescription that might liberate, instead of constraining, the “man inside”? Does your book contain a fresh discovery of human nature, so that not only the machinery for imposing a regimen, but the character of the regimen to be imposed, could recommend itself to mankind in the long run?

I happen to be reading Lao Tse at odd moments. I wonder if we have any better solution to propose than he proposed long ago.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Barlow

3 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 3, 1936

Dear Bob

I am glad to know that you are well again and going your usual rounds.

As to my letter about Faulkner's Sanctuary, it is as well you didn't send it to any paper. I think the philosophical part at the end might be worth printing, but perhaps would bear a little amplifying and illustrating, which would turn it into a technical argument not interesting to the general public. The first part is more lively but not always quite fair to Faulkner; his poetic [*illegible*] side is not unintentional, and what I say about "droppings" would be more applicable to other people—e.g. Ezra Pound—than to him. On the whole, I am glad the matter should be dropped in its turn.

Yes, of course I am concerned about the war in Spain, and some of my connections there may be actually fighting—of course on the nationalist side. I have no inside knowledge of the affair: but reflecting on it from a distance, I have a notion that it may be very important: a sort of turning-point in history, which in my thoughts I call The Revolt of the Nations. Since the triumph of Christianity, and again after the Reformation and the English, American and French revolutions, our part of the world has been governed by ideas, by theories, by universalistic sects like the Church, the Free Masons, the Free Trade Industrial Liberals, and last of all the Bolshies. Such influences are non-natural, non-biological; whereas the agricultural, military, and artistic life of nations is spontaneous, with ambitions that impose morality, but are not imposed by morality of any sort. Now isn't that perhaps what the world is returning to after two thousand years of hypnotization by medicine-men and prophets?

Spain has always been the most unfortunate of countries, and is now having a hard struggle to throw the Bolshies off, that had got hold of her always execrable government. But my friends write that the young people are unrecognizable in their energy and discipline, and that [*across*]

we shall soon see a new Spain, as vigorous as in the Middle Ages. And of course Spain would not be alone in this transformation. Your ever

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

5 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 5, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of Oct. 23, my photograph (of 1911) and the proofs of the Preface to Vol. VII and the Berkeley have reached me today. Thank you very much. The photograph is better I think, than the drawing, and even this is not the drawing that I feared. It, the photo, will do nicely for vol. V. Reason in Science. There are some discrepancies in the indications previously given, due no doubt to various plans having been entertained at various moments, but that is now of no importance. The arrangement you now have adopted is, I agree, the best possible, and I am pleased that the apse of the Cathedral at Avila should have proved possible for vol. X. †I suspect, by the way, that a letter of yours must have miscarried, as I had no previous notice that the photographs of the apse had arrived, and had seemed suitable. If you said anything in that letter which required an answer, please excuse my apparent negligence. ‡

The first two volumes have not yet reached me, and I am most curious to see them. I will write again when they arrive.

It is all right about the presentation copies to my friends, perhaps really better, as some of them might have been displeased not to receive copies numbered and signed, of more value in the market, if sad circumstances ever made them wish to sell the precious encumbrance.

The proofs & MS. shall be returned in due time.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 12, 1936

Dear Strong

When the lira was devalued I was glad for your sake as well as for my own. Your household expenses will be more easily covered, even if you don't live so much in Italy.

As it were in acknowledgement of your book (which hasn't yet arrived) you will receive soon the first two volumes of my Collected Works. There is little in the whole set—two volumes a month are promised—that you haven't seen before, but I didn't like not to send you the new toy, though it may be a sort of encumbrance. I mention it now so that, if you like, you may give orders to Dino not to forward the volumes. What are you going to do with 14 such tomes at Cannes?

Cory's last letter was running over with happiness at being able to philosophise with the London spirits—I was going to say "wits", but that is hardly the word now. Nevertheless, he says he will come to Italy in March. He now can live just as well here as in England on his allowance, and I will pay his travelling expenses. You might get him to stop and confer with you, if you like, on his way here. Yours

ever G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 15, 1936

Dear Cory

It is nice to know that you are keen about your philosophical wits, and that (nevertheless) you are coming to Rome in March. You must be your own master, but I think perhaps it would be more natural for you to come as before to the Bristol. You will be able, this year, to afford a room with a bath, and in good weather I think we could go as formerly to lunch at the Roma. I am very well, and should rather enjoy a change from un

giorno risotto e un giorno pasta asciuta which I now take for lunch in my room, with stewed fruit to follow.

All the same principal servants are here, except the old head-waiter. Your neapolitan friend has that dignity now.

I should have written before, except that I was waiting to see the first two volumes of the Triton Edition. They haven't yet reached me, but they are out in America, as Mrs. Toy has received her copy and writes that the binding is "discreet." Better than "chaste", but somewhat in the same direction. We shall see.

Strong announces that he is coming to Rome in April. That will give you a chance to pay your respects to him here, if you don't care to stop at Cannes or at Fiesole.

The war in Spain is very much on my mind, but I would rather not talk about it. Otherwise, all is going well

Yours affly

G.S.

Monday, 16th

I reopen this letter on the receipt of yours from Bournemouth. Glad you are more enthusiastic than Mrs. Toy about the Triton. It hasn't yet reached me. As to our plans when you come in March, we can arrange as we like later: but do you really mean the San Carlo in preference to the Roma?

I got a cheque from Constable the other day for £88: a little less than 1000 copies of the novel had been sold between Jan. 1st and July 1st in Great Britain and a little over 1000 for export to Canada, etc. How is Michael?

To Christopher George Janus

21 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
(Piazza Barberini)
Nov. 21, 1936

My dear Mr. Janus,

I shall be very glad to see you and your friend when you come to Rome. You will find me here any day in the late afternoon, between 5.30

and 7, when no sightseeing is possible in December; but please send me word (not by telephone) in the morning, so that I may be expecting you.

It is curious, and yet intelligible, that I should be so much better known in America than in England; but I have never expected to be much regarded by the other professional philosophers anywhere, and am amply rewarded by finding an occasional kindred spirit in the younger generation.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Nov. 25, 1936

Dear Cory,

The Triton arrived two or three days ago. I agree with what you say about it, and in many ways feel relieved and content. They have avoided all splurge and vulgarity. The fancy name of Triton Edition is itself inconspicuous, and the cameo of the Triton small and distinguished. The title page and Anderson's drawing opposite I like extremely: they have managed the thing to perfection. Then I found that the first volume, though rather heavy to hold (I can't read a book layed flat on a table) tempts the eye, and keeps one reading. That must mean the functional perfection of paper, type, and arrangement of the page. But here I came upon something that perhaps points to another trait of the artist-publisher. My marginal headings are printed in large type across the page, at the top of each paragraph. This suggests something which my writing is not. The paragraphs are only divisions in one discourse: they are not answers to stated questions or separate compositions. Probably this new arrangement will help the reader in that he will be satisfied to begin anywhere and read a paragraph: and that I believe is the way in which my style, if not my doctrines, may be best approached. But on the whole the change is a perversion, and marginal notes are an old device which has a

special relish of its own. And now another symptomatic thing. The binding, for a 10 dollar volume, is most modest. Except for the gilded Triton, it might be taken for a temporary cover to a sewn volume, as yet unbound. The label is very nice—parchment, I suppose—but it seems to imitate paper. And the very dark blue sides and the very soft grey back—is that a fashion or a caprice? I seem to smell a rat here: The terror of not being in perfect taste. Mincing, apologizing, consciousness that one might go wrong. Now an édition de luxe should be gayer and bolder than that. Never mind a questionable flourish here and there, but have verve have go, dare to be lavish. In that way, I like Pierre la Rose's edition of Lucifer better than this one. He plunged. In the Renaissance books could be magnificent. This is only perfectly neat, come from the best tailor and the best barber, and most anxious to look like a gentleman. Don't feel too athletic. Feel that this get-up [*across*] isn't swagger enough. But I repeat that I like it extremely in its way, and think they have made, in their own style, a perfect success of it. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

25 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Nov. 25, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

The first two volumes of the Triton Edition arrived safely two or three days ago. I had already some notion of them, one friend having written that they were beautiful, another that they were discreet, and a third that he was overwhelmed by their external loveliness. I am hardly overwhelmed, but I feel that you have taken infinite pains, have shown exquisite taste, and have produced a monument which if not aere perennius certainly raises me to a higher level as a sort of standard author. All the details please me, with a pleasure that grows on acquaintance; and the pages tempt the eye to read; I have found myself doing so more than in one place where the text in itself was of no particular interest: a circumstance which tends to show that you

have expertly combined paper, type, and arrangement of the page to perfection, so that reading becomes a physical pleasure. And this with the art that conceals art, because every feature seems natural and nothing is obtrusive. I noticed this with satisfaction (and relief) at once in respect to the Triton and the title of “Triton Edition”: these are inconspicuous, a bibliographical mark rather than of form of advertisement; and the cameo reproduced is small and charming. It is not, by the way, the particular Triton of the fountain in this square. I write on the hotel paper so that you may see what the Fontana del Tritone really is: but the design you have chosen is prettier and more suitable for a sort of seal for the Works.

In reading, by chance, the Preface to Lucifer, I saw that an error occurring in the original had been reproduced: ‘independent on” instead of independent of. I had forgotten that trifling slip, caused by assimilation with the line immediately above. In general, I have taken for granted that the errors in all the books had been already noticed and corrected; and I think that is actually the case in those that have been reprinted. Of course, Lucifer was not in that case: and Egotism in German Philosophy is not; but in this there is, as far as I know, only one (quite excusable) error. But there are many in first editions: for instance of the Soliloquies in England; and I see that, with admirable fidelity, your printers have reproduced two that existed in the Dickens: p. 65, line 20 “infinitive” for infinite, and p. 68, line 6, “glad of breeze” for “glad of a breeze”. {pp. 262 & 265. Triton Edition.} They are not bad errors; but to avoid others if possible, I send the enclosed note.

The Anderson drawing is admirably reproduced: that frontispiece and the title-page please me enormously.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

Triton Edition of Santayana’s Works

Errata in Original Editions

Egotism in German Philosophy.

p. 163, line 2, for “and” read or

Soliloquies in England

p. 157, 7th line from the bottom, for “he” read she

p. 222, line 3 for “itself” read herself

and line 7 “ “ “ “

p. 239, line 14, “because” should not be in italics.

line 22, for “in her” read at

Obiter Scripta

Dewey's Naturalistic Metaphysics,

p. 216, line 3, for "depicting" read deputing.

To Max Forrester Eastman

28 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, Nov. 28, 1936

Dear Mr. Eastman

Your letter reaches me when I had just written to your publishers saying I was ashamed to confess that I couldn't understand a word of your book. If I had been writing to you I should have expressed the matter differently. I can understand your own words, and no doubt I should see a part, at least, of your reasons for making the distinctions you make in the kinds of the comic. My difficulty is with this comic universe itself. There is where everything eludes me in so far as it is supposed to be comic and in so far as this comic is supposed to be a part of the good. To me all these jokes seem rather ghastly. And the enjoyment of laughter, rather than a painful twist and a bit of heart-ache at having to laugh, perhaps, at such things at all, being your whole subject, I say I don't understand a word of your book. That is, I am not able to share the happy experience that inspires you to write it.

Never mind. You are probably in the same case (although you don't say so) about my "Realm of Essence". Why trouble about it? No one is going to hell, or even to the stake, for being a victim, in some direction, of "invincible ignorance".

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Morton Dauwen Zabel

28 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Newberry)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Nov. 28, 1936

Dear Mr. Zabel

For my part, I shall be much honoured to have you reprint in your “Literary Opinion in America”, anything of mine that you choose; and as you say you will consult Charles Scribner’s Sons about the matter, who have the copyright if there is any, I see no further difficulty in your way.

In my opinion Penitent Art is a better piece than An Aesthetic Soviet: but the choice is in your own hands

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles David Abbott

29 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lockwood)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Nov. 29, 1936

Mr. C. D. Abbott

Lockwood Memorial Library

University of Buffalo

Dear Mr Abbott

The old manuscript book of which I send you a fragment has been going to pieces for years, and I should be glad if this earlier part of it, much of which has never been printed, should be of any interest in your collection. You promise not to sell this manuscript; and I hope you will

also not let it be published, although I don't mind if some student should wish to quote some part of it to illustrate any thesis he may be defending.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

29 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 29, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

The proofs for vol. VII, with the MS were sent long ago, registered. I hope they have arrived; but in case of accident, I send you my other copy of the galley-proof.

There are not many changes to make, but some of them are distinctly necessary, as the text was a bit incoherent in places.

Mr. Benamy Dobrée, in whose "From Anne to Victoria" my Bishop Berkeley was to appear, has as yet not breathed a word or sent me any proofs. I suppose vol. VII will appear about Feb. 1st. In any case we will go on regardless of Mr. Dobrée, who has to deal with many authors, and may be kept waiting indefinitely. He expected to publish his book in September. If he objects to our previous publication of Bishop Berkeley, he can leave it him out. But it would be foolish of him, as the Triton Edition, in America, could not enter at all into competition with his much slighter and more popular English volume. I want him to publish my Berkeley, precisely to put it within range of the impecunious student.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Benjamin P. Schwartz

30 November 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 30, 1936

Dear Mr. Schwartz

Did I, by mistake, ask you for a copy of my article on “The indomitable individual”? You must have thought it strange that I should wish for one, when that article is luminously printed in Obiter Scripta. What I meant to ask for was a copy of another article, mentioned in your bibliography of my writings: “Natural Leadership.” It was very stupid of me to make that mistake; and I am ashamed doubly now, because I can’t explain without virtually suggesting that you take all this trouble over again to get me the copy I wanted.

Please let me know if this old number of The New Republic is of pecuniary or other value, in which case I will send it back to you, as I am not a collector of old stuff, and for me it would be a mere encumbrance. A type-written or manuscript copy of “Natural Leadership” (which I think is a short piece) would be all that it would interest me to have for my “Dominations & Powers.”

It may interest you as a bibliographer to know that a German translation of The Last Puritan has appeared, issued by C. H. Beck in Munich. Anti-German, anti-Goethe squibs omitted with my consent, and the translation made very nicely (as far as I can judge) “aus dem Amerikanischen”.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

4 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 4, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I shall be glad to see Prof. Edman's Selections and especially his Introduction. One copy of the book is all I want, but I should be much obliged if you will have copies sent in my name to the addresses on the other half-sheet enclosed. They can be counted as three more of my copies.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Prof. Irwin Edman's Selections from Santayana.

Please send a copy, with Mr. Santayana's compliments, to the following addresses:

Mrs. C. H. Toy

1 Waterhouse St., Cambridge, Mass.

Daniel Cory, Esq.,

Towercliffe Hotel,

Bournemouth, England.

Prof. M. Losacco

18 Via Amelio Saffi,

Florence, Italy.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Cory

You will gather from the enclosed that this (probably one-faced) Janus is coming with a friend to Rome in January. He said in his first letter that they had a club at Wadham to study my philosophy. Now it occurs to me that they might get you to go and address them. It would be a way of get-

ting you to go to Oxford with an excuse and an introduction, in the first instance, to a set of undergraduates that might open other doors to you quite naturally. Would you be willing to do this? I forgot to send you a Christmas present this month, but I would gladly send it, doubled, in January or February, to cover extra expenses.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

P.S. Don't return Janus.

To George Sturgis

12 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 12, 1936

Dear George

Here is the cheque for \$25,000 from Scribner. I hope the form of endorsement is all right. Arrange the distribution of the investment as you think best, only I should like to be able to get at the capital, as well as the interest, if it should ever be wanted. At any moment my health may require me to have a companion or nurse or servant, or perhaps to go to Egypt for the winter (when I should take Cory with me) and such things would involve extraordinary expenses for which this money would come in pat.

I have not yet signed the draft of my will, not having come across any one suitable witness, not to speak of three. But behind that accidental impediment, there is a deeper reason. The will was made out just as I suggested, and yet I am not altogether pleased with it. Sometimes it seems to me that I should do better to distribute those legacies now (or some of them: Onderdonk, for instance, might be left out) at once in the form of presents. That would avoid the possible difficulties in regard to the will, and enable the two old ladies to get the money before they died. What do you think of that idea?

By the way, through B. S. & C^o (who were very obliging) and the Bank of London & South America, which has branches at Vigo and (I understand) at Burgos, I have got £120 to Mercedes. She says they will pay her

the money only in monthly installments, I think of 1000 pesetas: but in any case she is provided for for some months. Perhaps in time you will discover some way of sending her funds from America. She is at the Villa Florida, La Castellana, Burgos, Spain.

From the Sastres and Manuela I have had no further news. The other day I wrote to Rafael, sending the usual Christmas present for the young people. Perhaps in time I may get a reply. As to Manuela, I fear the worst.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

12 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol Rome

Dec. 12, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the two cheques on account of the Last Puritan. I don't think there will be any difficulty about sending an endorsed cheque out of the country. I constantly send endorsed cheques for small sums to my bankers in London. In this case, I am endorsing the larger cheque to my nephew, "George Sturgis, Trustee," and I expect he will duly receive it.

Vols. III & IV of the Triton Edition have not yet arrived, but doubtless will, in a day or two. The form of the books grows even more attractive on acquaintance

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

13 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 13, 1936

Dear George

Your letters of Nov. 27 and December 1 reach me together. Also a letter from Mr. Wheelock giving much the same explanations as in his reply to Mr. Young. Those explanations are doubtless correct, and we have to accept them. That was my feeling about the matter before, and I am rather sorry that you made an inquiry which might imply a suspicion; but I confess that, not having a business mind, I still don't quite understand the convolutions of the question.

I wrote yesterday sending you the big cheque, but as the letter was registered, it may take a few days longer to arrive.

As to the claims of Dr. Morejon in Madrid, and his announcement of the death of Manuela, I think it is better that I shouldn't attempt to reply or to send him money from here. My previous letter and cheque for £20 has evidently not reached him; and now that Italy is in diplomatic and commercial relations with the Nationalist government, and not with the Valencia government, I am almost sure that a letter, much less a cheque, would not get to anyone still under the latter authority. I received both Dr. Morejon's letters: but postponed replying to the later one, because it then seemed that Madrid might soon be occupied by the other party, and then there would have been a better chance of communicating from here.

Now, however, ~~that~~ poor Manuela is dead and the situation, as it were, stabilized, I think there is no great hurry. Of course Dr. Morejon hasn't paid anything "out of his own pocket", but I daresay the surgeons' large fees have remained unpaid, and possibly the hospital charges. I promised him to make good all the expenses incurred on behalf of Manuela; and if you can discover how much 3928 and 65100 pesetas amount to now in Madrid in dollars, I should be glad if you would send him a cheque for them, or a ~~for~~ for a round sum a bit exceeding ~~it~~ this, to allow for fluctuations in the exchange. In Burgos they are giving Mercedes 50 pesetas for a pound Sterling. At that rate, \$400 for D^e Eduardo Morejon would do the business: but rates may be different in Madrid. Charge them to my account, or charge to my account the part not covered by Manuela's unpaid allowance. If this is not practicable, let

me know and I will attempt to reach [*across*] Madrid through London; although I don't like to trouble B. S. & C^o again. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Laetitia Bolton

14 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Dec. 14, 1936

Dear Miss Bolton

“The Late George Apley” at once excited my interest, as certain parts, beginning with the sub-title, suggested that it might be a parallel or correctionve ofto my “Last Puritan”. At first the hypocritical style puzzled me a little: Was the real author laughing at the fictitious author—a prim biographer discreetly leaving out everything interesting—or was he that prim biographer himself? I see now, on finishing the book, that the intention is tenderly satirical. “Life consists of learning how to be unhappy without worrying too much about it”. “I don’t believe he ever liked half of what he did, but simply everlastingly carried on, like the British Army.” Everything people like seems to be a substitute for what they really would have liked; and they talk, or rather write (since the book is composed chiefly of letters) as if they were speaking or writing an acquired foreign language. In comparing this picture with my memory of Boston society, it seems to me not so much exaggerated as too external, too verbal. Nice Boston people often talked like this, but they had more sense and more heart: they knew and understood everything, while keeping themselves personally under conventional restraints. Mr. Marquand’s hero seems to me not so much Bostonian as provincial. However, the book is a document, and I am much obliged to you for having sent it to me.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Bonamy Dobrée

14 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Leeds)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 14, 1936

Dear Sir,

It seems that my essay on Bishop Berkeley is to appear in vol. VII of my Works in January or February, in New York. As it was agreed that it should appear first in From Anne to Victoria, I feel that I owe you an apology for letting it be published first elsewhere: but the momentum of that American publication can't be arrested now, and as you expected to issue your book in September, and as the price and character of the American edition, limited to 900 copies, excludes all rivalry as to sales, I think perhaps you and your publishers will forgive me.

I am not surprised at the delay in getting a book by many authors ready for the press: but I hope the project is not abandoned

Yours very truly

GSantayana

P.S. Of course, if the previous publication of my paper is a serious objection, you are at liberty not to include it in your book.

To John Hall Wheelock

15 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

c/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Dec. 15, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Proofs of the preface to The Last Puritan, for the Triton Edition, are being sent back under separate cover, with slight corrections. Evidently the proof-reading has been already carefully attended to.

Mr. Young's inquiries as to the royalty account for The Last Puritan were made without my knowledge. In answer to questions of my nephew George Sturgis, I had tried to explain to him, as far as I understood the matter, that the Book-of-the-Month Club had taken 60,000 copies instead of the smaller number expected, and that the total remaining for direct

royalties was reduced in consequence. But I didn't pretend to follow the intricacies of the transaction, and have no desire to do so. George Sturgis now says that he finds your explanation satisfactory, so that the affair is terminated; but I am sorry that it should have been made a subject for needless discussion.

Your note of Dec. 1st reaches me while in the act of writing this letter. I quite understand that arranging the Triton Edition, with so many disparate parts, must have been a troublesome task. I am not sensitive about small omissions, such as the sub-title or the Greek motto to the Life of Reason. The origin of such details is often an accident, and sometimes, as in rhyming, an accidental compulsion may yield a happier result. I think, for instance, that transforming my marginal summaries, as you have done, into titles for the paragraphs may be a positive improvement, giving these summaries more importance; and they have cost me a good deal of thought.

Little, Brown & C^o have sent me a copy of The Late George Apley by John P. Marquand. The book seems a sort of parallel to The Last Puritan. Is it so intentionally or by accident, I wonder. It reflects well the artificial way in which some people spoke; a sort of careful school-master's language and clergyman's sentiments; but it seems to me more provincial in spirit—I mean, the hero's mind—than my old Boston friends were, who knew and understood everything (like my Peter Alden) while maintaining a great restraint in their actions. Is the book liked?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 16, 1936

(my 73rd birthday)

Dear Strong

Your Creed for Sceptics arrived some time ago, and I should have thanked you for it at once, except that I thought you would prefer that I

should read it first and give you something of my impressions. But many days have passed and I have read only the first essay, finding that it requires close attention, and I don't want to put off writing until I have read the whole.

The aspect of the book, the tone, and the style of this first paper seem to me admirable: you have become mellower, and at the same time more distinct and clearly doctrinal, so that the reader is interested in finding out what this dogmatic but amiable old gentleman has to say about the nature of things. And just as ~~in~~ I remember in your French essay (for as I say, I haven't yet re-read it here) the effect was that of a nice speculation, so ~~here~~ the theory has an interest as a theory, apart from any challenge it may make as the only right and true theory. In other words, it seems to me that your exposition has gained a good deal in literary value, whatever judgement people may pass on it as philosophy.

Where you seem to have me in mind, about the nature of the "sense-datum", you don't maintain anything that I should care to contradict; but I am not sure about the fact you rely on, that intuition arises by physiological reaction: that is, if you mean muscular reaction towards an external object. Head-ache, stomach-ache, and my favourite nausea hardly seem to require that. I should agree, however, to what you say on p. 9. about the "office" of the sense-datum; because in my view the intuition and the given essence rest on a physiological function that has an "office", in bodily life if not in external perception: when you invoke the "office" you are already in the cellarage, and beneath the horizon of pure intuition.

But I will write again when I have read the elucidations and the rest of the book.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

18 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 18, 1936

Dear Clemens,

Thank you and your committee for your congratulations for still being in this world. It is a dubious privilege in itself, especially at the age of 73, but I am in good health and spirits, and willing to exist a little longer, Deo volente.

As to my medal, and the inscription you propose, I suppose, being from the Mark Twain Society, it is meant to be humorous. But most people would laugh at us, not with us; and please choose something else, or (better) nothing at all. I have an imitation-gold medal from the Royal Society of Literature which says simply Honoris Causa and leaves the rest to the imagination. That at least is safe.

I shall be glad to receive your Quarterley. I had never heard of A. E. Housman or of the Shropshire Lad when Gaillard Lapsley (a Harvard man, Class of 1893, who has been for many years Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge) mentioned him as well known, and got him to sit next to me one day at dinner in Hall. I dined with him again years later at Lapsley's; but he was amiably silent. However, I had meantime read the Shropshire Lad, and Last Poems, and now More Poems, always with tears. There is not much else than tears in them, but they are perfect in of their kind.

I will gladly send you a copy of Obiter Scripta, inscribed to your society, and I return your cheque. I have already sent for a copy from London, the English edition being more imposing and likely to get to you sooner. If there is duty to pay, you may devote the cheque to that patriotic purpose

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

23 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 23, 1936

Dear Strong

George de Cuevas was here this afternoon and gave me not very good news of Margaret and the children. They are all here, at the Grand Hotel, on account of Margaret's doctor having moved to Rome. It seems that both the children are suffering from trouble in some gland or other—I won't attempt to repeat George's Spanish description—which is curable but requires care and constant treatment. And Margaret, according to George, is nervous, depressed, and very changeable in her caprices. Altogether, it is very sad. It seems that they are to be in Rome for some time.

I have now finished your book, except the French article which I remember pretty well and won't re-read for the present. The total impression left on me is that you are to be congratulated on having turned out a compact volume, so well expressed, and that evidently satisfies you by the finality of its doctrine, and the conviction that the world, sooner or later, will have to accept it.

The book, however, is not easy reading, or very appealing to the imagination. You ought not to be disappointed if it is not widely read at first. You may exercise your influence perhaps indirectly through a few students who will adopt or adapt your doctrines and diffuse them in more popular forms.

You know that I am not inclined to discuss these matters any more. It would be useless, for both of us, and merely irritating. I agree with you in the view that there is a biological level beneath the psychological, and that all the dirty work is done below stairs, as it should be in any well-ordered household. But I see only confusion in using psychological terms for biological processes: except indeed when we do so, like Freud, with avowed figurative and mythological licence, because the biological detail is little understood, and it is only the large moral effects that interest us. My own

thoughts, at present, are turned so decidedly in another direction that detailed psychological theory cannot hold my attention.

Yours ever G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Dec. 26, 1936

Dear Cory

Here is your New Year's present for the striped clothes, which I hope will be appropriately elderly now that you have entered the middle ages, or *il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*. I will send you another £10 for your Oxford trip, if it is decided upon. Janus and his friend will be here about Jan. 12th and after I have seen the cut of their jib, if this is all right, I will suggest that they invite you to address their club. February, just before you come to Rome and have already pulled up your stakes at Bournemouth, I should think would be a good time. You don't go to Oxford for the interest of the place—you have so little for such things—but for philosophy pure and simple. But I daresay they would like to have you in October (or November, as term settles down rather late) if you preferred, if Janus & C^o are still up, and if the club continues to exist. It would be safer, I think, to go at once.

I haven't yet received vols. III & IV of the Triton Edition. The parcel took a long time to arrive in the case of the first volumes also. But I have the German translation of The Last Puritan (in one volume) and also a Swedish translation: three copies of vol. II, two in paper, one in a hideous cloth binding, but no copies of vol. I. I suppose the first parcel was lost. It doesn't matter, as neither I nor anybody I know can read the language. I have gone over one or two familiar passages, to see what I could make out. It is fundamentally like German, and if one had mastered articles and pronouns and the verbs to have and to be, it might be easy to make the stuff out. Curious, isn't it, that the Nordics should appreciate this book. I think they take it as a document for studying American life. The German translation announces that it is made (by two ladies) aus dem Amerikanischen. Ah! My beautiful Received Standard English wasted!

Yours affly GS

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 27, 1936

Dear Cory

Yesterday morning I had a novelty in my room at breakfast—a blazing wood-fire in the chimney! It was very pleasant for a while, but a wood-fire needs to be tended rather often and is distracting when one wishes to work. However, I am glad to have made the experiment, and now know that it is feasible to have a pleasant glow in the hearth when one wants it.

“Spirit” is going on slowly but solidly: it isn’t all spiritual stuff, but there are side glances at technical problems, e.g. monadology and panpsychism, à propos of the “distribution of Spirit”, which is Chapter II.

It is pleasant to know that you are happy about your essays or articles, and are laying plans for the future. You certainly ought to go to London occasionally, and keep up your literary acquaintances.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Rosamond and George Sturgis

28 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 28, 1936

Dear Rosamond and George

Very beautiful double carnations, in profusion, came from you by radio, or however they come. It was very kind of you to send them besides the card signed by the boys as well. I am being treated very kindly by the world in my old age. Even an unknown friend I have in the Michigan State prison, called Wayne Joseph Husted, N^o 35571, sent me a Christmas card. Years ago he honoured me with a psychological essay, really very good, on prison life, and since then we occasionally exchange civilities. I am now sending him The Last Puritan. I hope it won’t be stopped by the authorities as dangerous to convict morals.

The reception of this book has been curious. I don't think many people really like it, yet it has had, as you know, a vast success. The other day I received a Swedish translation. The German version—with the nasty things I say about Germans and Goethe left out by agreement—announces that it is translated by two ladies, aus dem Amerikanischen. Fancy that, when I am so proud of my Received Standard English. But I gathered from what I could make out of the Swedish wrapper, and from other hints, that the interest taken in this novel—by the Nordics is entirely scientific. Style, humour, etc, are beneath their notice: but they say the book is an important document on American life; and as America—I mean the U.S.—is important for them commercially and racially, they wish it to be studied in their country. Perhaps it will be quoted, as a warning, by the Nazi professors of sociology. This, like my convict friend, falls to me by divine grace, with no effort or merit on my part. We have uses we never intended.

I have had a touch of catarrh, very slight, as the injections my Italian doctor gives me seem to keep off the worst; I am now quite well and working with gusto, as I almost see my plans as to books completely carried out.—Here is an egotistical letter, all about trifles interesting only to [*across*] myself: but the great questions like the war in Spain, and the Simpson affair, are too sad to write about. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

28 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
Dec. 28, 1936

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Last night I received vols. III & IV of the Triton Edition. The two frontispieces please me very much. The portrait is made far more artistic and romantic than the old photograph, and doesn't look very much as I really

did. But there is no harm in being flattered for posterity—and the present generation is practically posterity from the point of view of 1886. The darkening has turned me into a picture-book Spaniard. Tant mieux. The Harvard Yard is also darkened and made to seem far more bosky and umbrageous than it was. The bricks were in fact rather mean and ugly and the trees thin. But it might have been like this. And there is the college pump at which I daily drew my water, (and my coal from the cellar) and the two windows of 19 Hollis perfectly plain—the ground-floor corner room to the left—where I spent my four undergraduate years. Number 7, Stoughton, where I was proctor in the '90's, and which was my favourite room in many ways, would also be visible, being the corner up one flight, if the shadows of these elms hadn't grown so thick in the picture. Altogether, to me at least, it is all very evocative, and suggests much human and personal experience behind the correct views of the text: primmer, that text, than I now feel myself to be, and much primmer than I was then. I didn't want to be a hypocrite; but how can a professional man decline to be professional?

I have had a chance to read Edman's Introduction, although my own copy hasn't yet arrived. It is very sympathetic, cordial, and intelligent. I have written to him about it, saying that I only wish he had been bolder in his criticisms. It is largely an echo of my own words; but not re-focussed to suit the necessities of a summary. My views then seem more arbitrary, less growing out of the earth, than in fact they are. However, Edman has been a most faithful interpreter and tender critic, and I ought not to complain.

I have received a Swedish copy of The Last Puritan, besides the German translation. The latter asserts that it is made (by two ladies) aus dem Amerikanischen. My Received-Standard English wasted!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 December 1936 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Dec. 29, 1936

Have been reading (in an autograph-snatcher's copy) Edman's Introduction to his Selections. I am having it sent to you. It is anodyne.—And can you tell me whether Cornelia Geer Le Boutillier, who has sent me an article about Essence, etc, from Philosophy, is Miss or Mrs., and what the address of Philosophy is? She isn't so anodyne, because although fundamentally she understands (begins admirably about Descartes!) she gives the impression that I am more intellectually a "softy" than I really am. However, she ought to be thanked, and I have lost her previous letter.—Vols III & IV of the Triton arrived last [*across*] night. I like the two frontispieces very much.

G.S.