

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Six, 1937—1940

G Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 January 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 2, 1937

Dear Strong

George and Margaret were here yesterday evening and gave me better news of the children. Johnny seems to be all right, the lump in the throat being declared imaginary—at least, if I understood what was said. I am going to see them at the Grand Hotel one of these days at 4 o'clock when they (and I) return from their outing. Margaret herself looked very well, much more natural than when I last saw her in the Piazza in Florence. I write to erase if possible any unpleasant impression caused by my reports.

Glad you enjoyed Der Zauberberg. So did I, although I didn't understand every word, and had to look some of them—when the sense mattered—in the dictionary bought to help me with Heidegger.

There is a German translation of my novel “aus dem Amerikanischen.” Also, a Swedish translation. I ask myself why. Don't they all read “American”?

Yours ever

G.S.

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

3 January 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Riverside)

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

Rome, Jan. 3, 1937

Dear Mr. Hartmann

It is very pleasant to know that my slightly farcical sketch of Boston in the 1870's fall in more or less with your own memories. Although I have now lived for two thirds of the year in Rome almost since the end of the war, my contacts with Italy and Italians are quite external, most of the few people I see are Americans, and nothing has come to erase those early impressions: on the contrary, I suppose time and distance help to frame them in and make them seem more interesting than they were when actual. Besides, although this book has been revised and put in shape in recent years, much of it was written long ago—bits as far back as the early 1890's—so that I had, sometimes, the living model before my eyes.

I am pleased, too, that you should think Oliver worth knowing. His father is the sort of person that was likely to be one's friend, or at least a familiar figure in one's world; but the son is a harder personage to paint. The best of him was invisible.

I am glad also to gather from your letter that, apart from your accident, you have been "roving about the world, often I don't doubt in pleasant places like Washington.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

15 January 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 15, 1937.

Dear George

In regard to the royalty report from Scribner, I never suspected any fraud or illegality. What I felt was a certain sharpness in their business methods, not entirely for the first time. But as I said before, this is balanced now by Mr. Wheelock's special friendliness and assiduity in looking after my books. He is taking great pains with the big edition of my collected works.

Mercedes seems to have returned to Bayona near Vigo. In addition to the £120 she has already received from me, I have sent her a fresh cheque for £50, as communications are slow, though they now seem to be regular from Italy to the Nationalist part of Spain*: but I don't think I can reach Madrid from here directly, and I don't want to send money that might be confiscated by that government. We will let the good Doctor Morejón wait, until the ground is at least partly cleared.

[*across page two*] * I can perfectly well go on sending her money. No need of charging it to her account. She will need what you are keeping for refurbishing after the war. [*end across*]

My Christmas present to the Sastre children reached Rafael in Avila safely. I have not yet heard from him directly but Luis has sent his thanks, and a longish letter has come from Eduardo, Pepe's eldest son. He is in the army; Roberto also, who has been wounded before Madrid in the foot, and still needs crutches. Their brother-in-law, Ita's husband, is also at the front. Josefina's husband is at his post of government attorney or prosecutor (fiscal) at Lugo in Galicia. The tone of Eduardo's letter is very enthusiastic and optimistic: but my sluggish blood refuses to be warmed, and I am doubtful of the issue, although in the international direction there seems to be some improvement and less danger of complications. Everybody is too terribly afraid of the next great war to go very far in the direction that would lead to it.

I am reading my friend Bertrand Russell's little book Which Way to Peace? with much of which I agree.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 January 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 17-I-'37

Janus hasn't turned up; he is apparently double-faced, after all and has walked the other way.—I am finishing Chap. X of the R. of T. This makes four more chapters which I might send you to be typed, if that can be done conveniently; or we might wait until the remaining two chapters are ready, which I hope will be before you return to England from here. You might then take the rest of the book with you. This will do, unless you think it would be easier to revise the chapters now ready, if they were type-written at once. I am in no hurry about the revision, however. The point is to get the MS. done

G.S.

To August H. Wagner

17 January 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Scheuermann)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 17-I-'37

In my Reason in Religion, in the chapters on A Future Life and on Ideal Immortality, you will find all I have to say on the subject of your letter. You are free, as far as I am concerned, to quote from those chapters.— The only new light that I have seen since that now distant date comes from the German philosopher Heidegger, who defines death (which can be nothing for experience) as the wholeness of life. Death is only the fact that, like a

piece of music, a life has a particular character and limits. You will find this elaborately set forth, on idealistic grounds, in Heidegger's works.

Yours truly
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 January 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Jan. 25, 1937

Dear Cory

Definitely, no Janus, but instead, oh, surprise! STRONG! A telegram on Thursday evening ordering λme_λ to come to see him the next day at the Minerva. Pleasant interview. Tired of Cannes: days and days sitting in the same room, sick of reading. Never going there again! Margaret & George, here with the children. Thought he would pay them a visit, and then return home. Reconciled to Italy. Has double the income of last year, and is going to order Dino to keep the furnace at full blast. Tutti contenti.

Paulo maiora canamus.

(Do you catch that? Stock Virgil quotation: "Let us sing higher things for a little while".) 9 words for 3

In saying Taine, you show great perception. I first came upon Taine in my Sophomore year when we had, under W^m James, his De l'Intelligence for a text-book. It was not that that had any influence on me. I hardly remember the book, but vaguely believe that it treats of "ideas" as if they were atoms or chemical elements that got shaken up and clustered together in the brain. But afterward—still, I think, in my undergraduate days—I came upon his books on Art in Greece, Art in the Renaissance, and afterwards, what is really splendid, his Ancien Régime. If you join that with Balzac, for the Restauration, you get precisely the method and the ideal of description and understanding that loomed before me when I wrote The Life of Reason. To see the thoughts and institutions of men in

their natural historical and psychological background. To realize that man is an imaginative animal, that his ideas are biological products, that his genius and happiness are momentary harmonies reached between his organism and the world. I still think that is right, and shouldn't call the presupposition of the Life of Reason superficial: but the style is, often, verbose and academic, satisfied with stock concepts "Experience", "ideals", etc. and I move too much on the plane of reported opinions or imagined feelings, without the actual documents sufficiently in mind. Of course, I was more ignorant and my thoughts less thoroughly digested than they are now. Your preference for my later books shows that you like red meat.

When you say Spinoza, however, besides being too flattering, the comparison is not biographically so true. My Sponizism is in the Life of Reason, less obviously, perhaps, yet more dominantly, than in Realms of Being. These, as you know, are not at all like Spinoza's attributes. They are not aspects or forms of the same reality, absolutely parallel and co-extensive. My realms are layers: more as in Plotinus; and my moral or "spiritual" philosophy is again less Spinozistic than in the humanistic period. Spinoza's moral sentiments were plebeian, Dutch, and Jewish: perfectly happy in his corner, polishing his lenses, and saying, Great is Allah. No art, no high politics, no sympathy with greatness, no understanding of courage or of despair.

I will send you my four chapters when they are ready. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*across*] P.S. Congratulations on finishing your article.—Write to the Bristol when the time comes. I mean to let you have 1000 lire a week, so you can take a bathroom as well.

To Charles Augustus Strong

29 [January or October 1937] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Rockefeller)

Friday the 29th

Dear Strong

I was sorry to hear that you too are under the weather, nasty weather, but mild. This is evidently not the best moment for a short visit to Rome. The pleasant doctor, if you should want one, is Dott. Luigi Sabbatucci, 17, Lungo Tevere Mellini, tel. 33–908.

I am having a regular siege of bronchial catarrh, such as for years I had escaped, thanks (I suppose) to the injections given me. Even this time the attack is partly arrested, and the cough not so distressing as sometimes. I have no fever and the heart doesn't seem to be affected. But the cough is most perissistent and gives me no rest, and the amount of phlegm I spit is prodigious. I don't see where so much stuff can come from.

Being perfectly well when not coughing, I have already read every word of your three books. I had seen the gist of Tardieu's view already, in some Italian paper; and Housman on the essence of poesy is inconclusive; because although the need of inspiration or madness, and the fact that it is physical, may be granted at once, the power of anybody to select inspired scriptures is doubtful. I don't see much poetry, for instance, in the things he quotes from Blake.

As to Lady Sybil and her father, it is like all "pleasant" family books: tells you a lot of nice incidents and gives you a notion of the persons which

is so obviously one-sided that you feel—not being able to supply the rest—that, as they say in Spain—this is all conversation.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Christopher George Janus

[February? 1937] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Santayana)

Room N^o 77,

Dear Mr. Janus

If you can come here this afternoon, or any other day, between 6. and 7.30, you will find me in dressing-gown and slippers, doing nothing in particular and very glad to see you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Benjamin P. Schwartz

7 February 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 7, 1937.

Dear Mr. Schwartz

For some reason, or none, I have not yet thanked you for the copy of "Natural Leadership" and for your letter of Jan. 12. I am glad you and Mr. Buchler have got some return for your labours on Obiter Scripta. That book has not yet appeared on my account with Scribner's, the last received being of Dec. 1st: but another will doubtless come soon in which that book will appear. I am puzzled to understand how you came to get your plum first: but business has always been a mystery to me, and I suppose somehow everything will come out straight at the end.

There is a Swedish translation of The Last Puritan published by the Natur och Kultur firm in Stockholm, in 2 vols. As far as I could make out through the fog of a new language (to me) they think of the book not as a work of art but as a document for the study of America.

The Realm of Truth is almost finished, and I mean to turn next to Dominations & Powers. Most of that, too, is written and even typed, but gaps have to be filled in and the whole arranged deceptively, to look systematic.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 February 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 9, 1937.

Dear Cory

I was very nice of you to remember my nervousness when a manuscript is in the post and to telegraph that you had received it. I am already deep in the chapter on Denials of Truth which is the last, except a short final one Beyond Truth to connect with the R. of Spirit. I count on finishing the whole this winter.

Strong is staying on, hoping to see you before he leaves Rome I haven't seen him much because I have had a mild but persistent attack of my bronchial catarrh; it now seems to be passing off, but I only go to join Strong at the Aragno when I feel like it, and only for coffee after lunch, so that the prolonged visit doesn't disturb me very much. He has shown me the review of his book in the Times Literary Supplement. After what you had written, I was rather disappointed in it. Strong himself is not, apparently, particularly pleased. The reviewer is respectful, but why? Because he likes S.'s post-religious tone, and perhaps the poems! He feels that S. is the right sort of philosopher, only gone wrong technically; because the reviewer evidently is a theist and idealist, perhaps a Scottish professor. And he makes two mistakes in transcribing the French. No: it is an insincere, fawning, bitter-sweet review, and while diplomatically complimentary, neither a sympathetic presentation of Strong's view nor a clear criticism of it. Other reviews will probably be better in both respects.

If you are coming early in March, I will send you your usual cheque a week earlier than usual, say on the 20th so that you will receive it on the 22nd or 23rd before you leave Bournemouth. It will be enough, won't it? to cover the typewriting and the expense of the journey, if you don't stop in Paris. Then, on your arrival here, I will immediately supply you with 1000 lire for the first week, and so every week following. If this isn't a good arrangement, for any reason, say so.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 February 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 17, 1937

Dear Cory

Very well: I approve of your lingering in London rather than Paris, and see no absolute need for you to arrive in Rome during the first week in March, unless it is convenient. Strong will probably stay on; this year he seems to like it here, is less bored, and also tempted to consult my Italian doctor about some new symptoms (profuse perspiration in the early hours) as his Florence doctor doesn't inspire full confidence. Besides, he expects you to stop in Florence on your return journey, so that seeing you here for a day would not be indispensable for his work.

By all means compare prices etc. with the Flora: but you could have a sunny room here—if you could bring yourself not to mind the noise. Surely, to me at least, it is not troublesome even in this busy corner, and the piazza is less noisy than the street. However, do as you like, and I shall say nothing to the objectionable Manzoni. It really wouldn't make much difference if you were at another hotel, as we sha'n't have our meals together here in any case. I don't like the dining-room, and service up stairs, especially for two, is never satisfactory. We will lunch at the San Carlo, if you really insist on fidelity to that first love.

Send or bring the typed chapters, just as you choose. I sha'n't reread them in any case for the present.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

22 February 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 22, 1937

My dear Clemens

I return the proof of your article with two or three comments, because I have a very literal mind, and like facts to be precisely described, however wildly the mind may dance afterwards through the realms of essence. Yet there is no need of correcting anything if it would spoil the effect of your composition.

Rome is much changed since you and your mother were here. Why don't you come again?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

24 February 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Feb. 24, 1937

Dear George

I am glad you are writing to the Sastres direct, and hope you have done so diplomatically. The idea of sending their money via Madrid, even if you realised the madness of it in time, shows that your information about Spain is not trustworthy. The "rebels" as you call them include all decent people except the syndicated workingmen of the large towns and the intellectuals of the Left. It is these who are revolutionary, not the military party.

I think I mentioned long ago that Brown Shipley & C^o send £100 for me to Mercedes at Vigo (in "rebel" territory) through The London & South-American Bank. Why is it impossible to send money by some such means from Boston?

Your British news is certainly interesting, but I am afraid not impartial. Everybody who knows anything about the world or about psychology can guess that there is something shady and abnormal about the case of Edward VIII. What the exact facts are it is very hard for the public to gather, and your friend's father's god mother who has a servant who is in communication with the father of one of the King's footmen does not seem a reliable witness.

As to your trip in May and June, it is likely that until about June 15 I shall still be in Rome and then at Cortina, at the Hotel Savoy, in the village. I am afraid this is too far out of your way. My stay in Paris last summer did not leave a very pleasant impression, and I doubt that I shall ever go there again, except possibly in transit. Rafael (who has now also written) invites me to come and see them and the glorious new Spain when it is firmly established, but of course I shall do no such thing. Old people are always a nuisance. Jacques Bainville says: "Old men repeat themselves and young men have nothing to say, so that both are bored".

[*across*] Strong has been here. W^m Phillips, the American ~~amb~~ ambassador, has come to see me, and I am expecting Cory = in a week for a long stay, so that this maxim (p.1) [*across page one*] (p.4) is being well-tested by me at present.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

25 February 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: YIVO)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Feb. 25, 1937.

Dear Kallen

Perry's mind is more conventional than yours, and he has undoubtedly presented a William James painted, as it were, by a member of the Royal Academy. He has done it very nicely, much better than I had thought him capable of doing anything. But there are at least two fatal handicaps under which such a biographer suffers—an official biographer. He can't tell, he can't even wish to know, everything, not the misères, physical and moral that really beset and largely direct the lives of all of us. That is one handicap. The other is that he is still interested in the questions that agitated his hero, they are still living questions to the biographer too, so that he will necessary pull and stretch the man's thoughts to agree with his own, and will give a disproportionate emphasis and finality to those thoughts so surviving in himself. This is the trouble with your corrections and interpretations. W^m James is still living within you, and in vindicating him (as you think) you are vindicating yourself. That is honourable enough, but not biography. I therefore entirely agree with you that it would be better if W^m James's Nachlass had been published almost without comments, leaving it for a future age, if it is interested in him, to review the maximum of his ipsissima verba and then perhaps draw a portrait of him as he appears to that remote posterity, to whom his problems will be a dead as himself, though both perhaps memorable in their by-gone virtues and humanity. If I were younger, and my planned work quite finished, I might be tempted to work out a notion I have, not about James especially, but about the old mind of the New World in general. It looks to me (I have been reading Jonathan Edwards) as if America had started life with the an official mentality of the most alien and artificial character, and that these three hundred years have not yet sufficed to allow a native mentality to grow up (like a weed, at first) and crowd out the traditional imported principles. W^m James would illustrate the bravest possible struggle of the young and native growth against the old roots and stumps still encumbering and empoverishing the ground. And I am not sure that, for all his vitality and courage, he too was not, on the whole, stifled. Neither Emerson nor Walt Whitman

seem to me to have escaped altogether, especially not on the political side. In any case, the discrimination between tradition and nativism would be tempting to make in every American yet on exhibition.—With best wishes from

GSantayana

To Sidney Hook

2 March 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

 C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

 Rome; March 2, 1937

Dear Mr. Hook

You express my entire conviction when you say that philosophical detachment does not signify political indifference. I happen to have lived in isolation from affairs, on account of hardly ever being in my own country or feeling any vital affinity to modern movements; but a man might recognize the relativity of morals and of human nature itself without surrendering any part of his loyalty to his own self or family or nation. On the contrary, nature and truth give us carte blanche in such matters, and every encouragement to play our particular part.

When it comes to joining your committee or endorsing its purposes, my difficulty is of an entirely different sort. I am not, and have never been, an American citizen: that is one consideration that perhaps rules me out. Besides, although as a philosopher I am sympathetically interested in the Russian experiment, and feel the radical justification of it ideally (as monastic life is also justified), as a man my associations are in the opposite camp, and I shouldn't like to parade a friendship that, in practice, might seem falsified. Finally, I don't understand in what sense Trotsky is to be defended. He is competent to defend his own ideas and actions, and I suppose his life, or his political interests in Russia, are not calling for defence ~~by~~ a committee of Americans. There is the question of the right of asylum; but this in the abstract is a very complicated question. No one has this "right"; but it may be a privilege to Switzerland or Holland or England to admit émigrés from other nations. Joining an agitation on that subject would rather suggest a protest against the right of ostracism and that I conceive to be a natural right inherent in any moral society.

I am therefore compelled to decline your invitation, which I should have done more curtly if it had not come from you personally: because I am very much indebted to you for your books about the Russian revolution, and should have been glad to show my appreciation, if the circumstances on this occasion did not make it altogether impossible

Yours sincerely
 GSantayana

To George Sturgis

13 March 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 13, 1937.

Dear George

Much interested in the article about you in The Chess Review. I had never heard, or properly taken in, the fact that you are a distinguished player. And as this article ends on a philosophical note, I am tempted to put a question that touches what I call the Realm of Essence, and the appeal it can make to the mind. Chess is a contest: but suppose we remove the motive of vanity or love of winning; you might satisfy that by seeing who can drink the other man under the table, rather than who can checkmate him upon it. And suppose we eliminate also any gambling or partisan interest in having one side win rather than the other, even if you are a mere onlooker. Now my question is this: How much of the fascination of chess comes from the excitement of carrying out a purpose under opposition: a suggestion or after-image of difficulties in living? And how much comes from the interest in formal relations, as in mathematics or stained-glass, or arabesques? This latter interest is what I call interest in essences:

of course the interest itself, which we may feel, will be a form of life in us; but the object in which we are interested need not be living; and the point that touches my philosophy is whether the living interest in non-living things is normal in man, or is a mere eccentricity or illusion, in that nothing can really concern us except our own life.

If this is unintelligible, don't bother about it: or submit it to some other chess-player who likes speculation.

I have received another letter, via London, from D^f Morejon, who looked after my cousin Manuela. I see that you have communicated with him, but not sent him any money as yet. I think we had better wait until the troubles are over, at least in Madrid; and then you might send him at least Manuela's last unpaid money, which I can supplement if it is not enough to reimburse him for what he says he has spent. It is not possible to reach the socialist part of Spain from Italy, so that I am not answering him for the present.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

25 March 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 25, 1937

Dear George

I hate to keep bothering you about the question of sending money to Spain. It is a nuisance to me, too, but I do not write on my own initiative.

I have a letter from Luis and Pepe, dated Avila, March 9, saying that they had written to you on Feb. 29, asking you to send "to London, to your bankers" some pesetas for them; and that in case you haven't done so they authorize you to send them to the Banco Hispano-Americano in Avila.

Of course, they don't mean that you should send a draft in pesetas: that is only a modest facetious way of saying "a small sum". If you sent anything it should be in dollars—say a simple personal cheque of your own—such as I send to Spain in pounds sterling, and they cash without difficulty.

Today I got a letter from ^{dated} March 19, ^{Mercedes} Mercedes in Burgos, who thanks me for a cheque received, says she is 81 years old, and repeats what

she always says, that you might send her something, by no means in pesetas, but in dollars or pounds, as the exchange now is very good from her point of view.

As the war in Spain drags on, it might perhaps be better to find some way of helping our friends there, who may find other sources of income (if they have them) cut off or diminished. As Mercedes seems able to cash my cheques, I suppose the Sastre brothers could do so also. If therefore you continue not to see your way to sending them or Mercedes anything, perhaps you could send something on their account to me at Brown Shipley & C^o and I could remit it to them in pounds. Or if at least you will let me know how much you have to their credit, I could perhaps advance it, as I do for Mercedes. But I confess I don't see why it is harder for you to send an American cheque than for me to send an English one. And it would be so much simpler. Or does the U.S. postoffice refuse letters for the "rebel" part of Spain? If that is the source of the difficulty, all you need do is to post the draft to me here^x, and I will re-post it to Avila or Burgos.

[*across*] ^x Or to B. S. & C^o

in London who can telegraph money orders to "rebel" Spain, as they did for me. [*end across*]

I have had a string of visits from old friends, Onderdonk, Hans Reichhardt, etc. and Cory is with me for a long stay. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

1 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 1, 1937.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Vols. VII–X of the Triton edition, your letter of Feb. 23, with account, and that of March 19 have arrived safely. The 25 extra sheets to be autographed will doubtless reach me later, and I will send them back packed as nearly as possible in the same way in which they come.

The books look very well, and the frontispieces as a whole keep up the standard of the earlier volumes. I always thought Denman Ross's portrait of me rather absurd. It makes a giant with a Japanese mask of a poor ordinary Caucasian, far from tall but rather amiable. Ross was an amateur painter and not in any way gifted; but this picture adorns the College, and you were quite right in reproducing it.

The view of King's Chapel and that of the ambulatory in the Cathedral of Avila have come out well: inadequate, of course, to my personal feeling about those places, but excellent for the reader who has no special preconceptions. So with the view of Avila. It is a foreigner's view, with the picturesque muletiers in the foreground; but the artist has ability and the two bastions of the city wall visible in the background are done to the life. I know the exact corner of the road from which the sketch is made, and the aspect of the walls from there is admirably rendered.

As to the account, I find it satisfactory. There is only one point that troubles me a little. Obiter Scripta is not included in the list. As you know, perhaps, I intended to pass on any royalties that came to me from that to the young editors; and they have written that they have already received two hundred and odd dollars each (I believe) from you. If this represents my royalties, it is all right, and saves me the trouble of sending them the money; but I had not understood that you had already arranged the matter between you. I should be glad if you would do so in future, as Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz have done their work very well and probably are glad to make a little money.

As to placing the note on Proust after the Postscript to the Realm of Essence, in the same small print, this is exactly what I desired. A separate title would have given that note too much importance, besides dividing the two Realms of Being which God has joined together.

I think there is no other point to call for notice at the moment.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Van Meter Ames

4 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

[*Commenting on Ames's comparison of Santayana with Proust, Santayana describes his own view as Epicurean:*] that is, the enjoyment of life from moment to moment in its purity, beyond care and regret. The element of beauty or art is not more conspicuous in my mind than that of curious interest, wonder, or amusement. And the affections, in so far as not sorrowful, count in it above all, [... . *Santayana questioned whether his philosophy should be called aesthetic, preferring to speak of it as*] intellectual, spiritual or (if you dislike pious words) Epicurean. It seems to me that we could not rationally rest in the aesthetic unless we made it cover the whole fruition of life. [*Coming back to Proust, Santayana questions a*] contrast of his recovered experiences with relations as against my unrelated essences. An essence in both of us is identical with itself no matter how often reconsidered: is identity a relation? Undoubtedly there is a fundamental difference in our sentiment, because Proust is weaving together his memories, whereas for me the dates and repetitions of intuitions are unimportant, as would be the date or number of replicas of a painting. His mind is autobiographical and novelesque: mine, even in my 'novel' is not, but rather moralistic, in the ancient sense of collecting insights, thoughts, and maxims. The empirical setting of these high lights interests me little in itself. Yet they, and every essence, has essential relations that define its character. It would not be true (or possible) that I consider essences apart from these internal or intrinsic relations. Besides, complex essences contain an arrangement of other essences accidental to the latter: so that the most complicated set of relations conceivable, if ever conceived, is intuited as

one essence. The whole panorama of Proust's book, if one had mind enough, would thus appear absolutely and, if you like, unrelated.

[*Unsigned*]

To the editors of *The Harvard Monthly*

7 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

April 7, 1937

Sirs:

I was much pleased to see the new Harvard Monthly. I have received three copies, for which I am much obliged. The article about the Cowley Fathers and the review of the Flowering of New England interested me particularly, and seemed well done, if a trifle severe. They showed independence, which I hope you may be able to preserve.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

Hotel Bristol, Rome, Italy

To Max Harold Fisch

17 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Illinois)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, April 17, 1937

Dear Professor Fisch

It is hardly for me to say what selections from my work would go best into your Source-Book. My personal preferences in the matter are vague and variable; but since you are thinking of including “Some Meanings of the Word Is,” which represents my most technical side, it might be well to balance it by something more humanistic, like “The Secret of Aristotle” from “Dialogues in Limbo” or “The Human Scale” or “The Psyche” from “Soliloquies in England.” If you decidedly prefer something from “The Life of Reason”, as being more American, my own choice would incline to the parts at the end about “pre-rational, rational, and post-rational morality.” Edman, in his “Selections” has included the Preface to the “Realm of Matter”, and the Preface to Realms of Being in the “Realm of Essence”. Both these seem to me good approaches to my views as a whole: but perhaps you are looking for ultimate high lights. My “Ultimate Religion” (in Obiter Scripta) comes perhaps as near to that as I am capable of coming.

As to the “Three Proofs of Realism”, the truth is I never thought of it when Scribner was arranging the Triton Edition: which was almost wholly their doing, not mine. I have no wish to disown that paper: but I think the gist of it is contained in “Literal & Symbolic Knowledge” (written as an alternative for the book on Critical Realism) and in “Scepticism & Animal Faith.” Perhaps the treatment of “essence” there^x lends itself to misunderstanding, as if essence “subsisted”. In my use of terms only truth “subsists”: essences are merely logical loci without authority or selectiveness of any kind. Perhaps, also, as you suggest, the association with the other critical realists was a bit artificial. Only one of them, Strong, was really a friend of mine, and we always differed on ultimate matters of analysis. His momentary adoption of “essence” (which he never got right) was only due to a desire to facilitate literal knowledge of material objects, and not [*illegible*] to pure intuition or analysis of immediate data. He balks at this, fearing agnosticism.

[*in left margin*] *in the “3 proofs”

In fine, do what you like about selections from my things. I shall feel honoured in any case at being included.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William Jackson, Ltd.

20 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 20, 1937

William Jackson, Ltd
Booksellers

Dear Sir

I should be glad to sign your client’s copy of The Last Puritan, if you think it worth while to send it to me here.

I hardly expect to be in England in the near future.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Mary Annette Beauchamp Russell

24 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Huntington)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

April 24, 1937

Dear Lady Russell

I sighed on reading your letter, partly at the sad story of Mrs. Wigram and partly at my 73 years and consequent incapacity to be of much use either as a guide or a curiosity. Since you have left a loophole, perhaps you might tell your friend that I am leaving Rome before May 10th. It is not true, but it might serve as a symbolic way of saying that I make it an absolute rule not to visit anybody or accept any invitations. Since my pseudo-novel, the rule has become doubly necessary. Why is it that people want to see authors of books? I read your books with more pleasure because (especially when you are laughing at people, or loving them) they remind me of you: but if I hadn't had the pleasure of knowing you so long as a charming friend, and had read your books first, it never would have occurred to me to wish to see you in person. I don't want to see Paul Valéry or Freud or Jacques Bainville (now invisible) because I like their books. Seeing them in their accidental flesh would probably spoil my pleasure, or at least confuse it. Yet people seem not to be able to keep their intellectual sympathy from running over into the love of gossip. It seems to me very odd

Strong, when I see him, always speaks of you, as if your two hearts beat as one. He needs sympathy.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Kenneth A. Fowler

28 April 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 28, 1937

I don't remember what I may have written to you about Oliver, but there is no objection to quoting it, if you think it deserves that distinction.

If you are interested in the matter for its own sake, you might find other observations of mine about it in the edition de luxe of my works now being issued by Scribner; in vol. XI. there is a new preface to The Last Puritan that refers to the same point. G. S.

To Otto Kyllmann

1 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 1, 1937

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Today I am sending you the manuscript of The Realm of Truth, the third volume of my Realms of Being. I suppose you will have no objection to making the book similar to the two volumes already published. It is really one long book, of which the fourth and last part is still to come.

I have said nothing about this MS to Scribner, and leave it entirely to you to make such arrangements as you think best about the American issue. On account of the Last Puritan it is possible that this part will find a larger public than the previous ones, and Scribner will eventually want to reprint it for his "Triton Edition." But it is too short to make a whole volume of that set: they ought to wait till the Realm of Spirit is ready, with

which it would go nicely, and terminate the whole series. However, I can't promise to have the last part ready soon. It is for you and Scribner to decide what shall be done for the present.

I trust the inequalities in the form of this MS won't trouble your printers. I have taken pains to make the hand-written parts clear. My old typist has not returned to Rome this year, and I had to rely on chance assistance.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To David Page

3 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

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

Rome, May 3, 1937

Dear Mr. Page

As you probably know, I am (strange as it may be nowadays) a naturalist in natural philosophy. I cannot conceive the existence of moral life, or of anything good, not rooted in some definite material organism, animal or social. On this point I agree with the historical materialism of Marx. I also agree with the theory of Fascism, in so far as this coincides with the politics of Plato and of antiquity in general. Society is not based on ideas, but on the material conditions of existence, such as agriculture and defence; virtue is moral health, and when genuine rests on the same foundations.

The opposite view is merely heady. Ideas may be said to govern the world, when they are simply descriptions of the course which events have naturally taken; but to imagine that the world is governed, or ought to be governed, by a special prophetic system of demands, arbitrarily imposed, would be fanatical. Liberalism is still fanaticism, watered down. It hates

the natural passions and spontaneous organization of mankind; hates tradition, religion, and patriotism: not because it sees the element of illusion inseparable from these things, but because it has a superficial affection for a certain type of comfortable, safe, irresponsible existence, proper to the second generation of classes enriched by commerce: and this pleasant ideal, it expects to impose on all races and all ages for ever. That is an egregious silliness, which cannot be long-lived.

I am sorry that I can't write more specifically at present: I am preparing a book on "Dominations & Powers," in which these matters will be threshed out. Meantime, if you think it worth while, you may print this letter or any part of it in your Nationalist Quarterly. I am not on principle a nationalist or "rightest" or adherent of any other party: but there are always [*illegible*] sinister notions of some sort that need to be "righted" [*illegible*] by some opposite notion; and you are bravely attacking some vested illusions.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

4 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 4, 1937

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today the last two volumes of the Triton Edition have reached me, completing that splendid publication. They are no less satisfactory than the others, as far as I can see on a first inspection. My last photograph at the end is well reproduced, and the Fontana del Tritone is true to life, though if the view had been expressly taken by an artist it might have been more

poetical. There is a lofty spout of water rising from the shell out of which the Triton is drinking: that is not seen in this view; and the Square, though modern, has more air, and vistas opening in various directions, which make it less commonplace than it looks here. However, that is a trifle; as is also a single misprint which (through my forgetfulness, because I had noticed it in Obiter Scripta) has crept into the text of Proust on p. 176 of vol. XIV 12 lines from the bottom, where “qui” should be “que”.

Another minor matter that has surprised me a little is that the last four volumes have not been provided with the excellent card-board boxes that contained the previous ten. I am rather sorry, as with my imperfect arrangements for keeping books, those boxes will prove a great convenience, and a protection for the books from the dust.

Thank you for clearing up the matter of Buchner & Schwartz getting the royalties for Obiter Scripta. If you will kindly continue to pay them whatever may accrue, I shall be relieved of all responsibility to them.

You will be interested to hear that The Realm of Truth is finished. I sent the MS a few days ago to Mr. Kyllmann of Constable & Company asking him to have it printed to match the other two “Realms”, and to make such arrangements with you about the American publication as you might agree upon together. This volume is rather short, hardly 200 pages, I expect; I wish I could offer you The Realm of Spirit to go with it and complete a volume for the Triton Edition; but years may pass before it is ready, and other minor things may intervene. I shall be glad to know what you decide in the matter.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 12, 1937

Dear Cory

It is a relief that S. should have explained the mystery of the proposed Fellowship. I sha'n't have, in future, to skirt the abyss of revealing a profound secret and betraying a trust reposed on me in better days. But notice: this is divulged just when there is (or was recently) a project of not founding that Fellowship at all, but leaving you the legacy (income only, I presume) direct. I am not sure that a change would be really better for you, but if you think so, and the decision is still pending, you are not wholly relieved of anxiety on this important point.

The MS of Truth arrived safely and is in the printer's hands, but Kyllmann wrote only a brief note, and I don't know what arrangements will be made for the American issue.

I am reading Emerson with pleasure. Apart from a few oddities, his English is good and there are flashes of intuition and eloquence. I also feel that the skeleton of his philosophy is discernable, in spite of a hopeless inconsecutiveness and literary freedom on the surface. He is still a fanatic at bottom, a radical individualist, with a sort of theism in the background, to the effect that the individual must be after God's or Emerson's heart, or be damned. I have read his English Traits, and see he admires England (as my father did) for being successful materially, but has no love for what is lovely there. Emerson is not really free, but is a cruel physical Platonist.

I am also reading (in a book shockingly ill-written yet interesting) about Poe.

In the morning I work without hurrying on Dom. & P'rs. Also think at odd moments about the R. of S.

Another graduate student from California is coming to see me this afternoon. If Sellars looks me up I suppose I shall have to see him, but wish he wouldn't.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Christopher George Janus

14 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Texas)

ROMA—AVANZO DEL TEMPIO DI CASTORE E POLLUCE

Hotel Bristol, Rome. May 14, 1937

Many thanks for the enlarged photograph. I have the others also, in which you are included.—My next book is already in the press: my most exorbitant ambition is only to write two more.—Cory has left me, and is at Florence, no doubt adding to the list of his lady-friends.—Come to Rome again soon. I have renounced travel

G.S.

To George Sturgis

19 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 19, 1937

Dear George

Mercedes, in a letter from Burgos dated May 4 and received by me on May 8, acknowledges the receipt of your \$500, cabled to me, and sent on

to her in the form of my cheque for £100. She says the authorities there have asked many questions, but have promised to pay her the whole sum soon, although at a rate less favourable than she had obtained the last time. It seems that they are endeavouring to keep the Nationalist currency from depreciating too much. Mercedes asks which of her quarterly dues these \$500 represent. I have replied that I think it they represent the drafts you would normally have sent her on January 1st and April 1st of this year. The July draft for 1936 was the last she cashed: the October draft, sent to Madrid, was lost. I read between the lines of her letter that she thinks we ought to make that loss good: but this is hardly reasonable, since I have been sending her cheques repeatedly, amounting in all to four or five times the sum lost; but she is over 80 years of age, and besides her expenses is no doubt obliged to give a good deal to distressed persons about her. As I am well provided for at the moment, I don't mind sending her extra money, knowing that it will be put to good uses. There was no need of telegraphing the money to me: but if this method of supplying Mercedes continues to work, and you prefer it, I can go on sending her, as I had planned, £50 every two months. She says her Madrid house has been pillaged, and all that she and her friends had in the bank there has been confiscated. If she should ever return there she will need a lump sum to reestablish her ménage: but we can consider that later. She may not live to see the end of this war.

I shall be interested to know if the Sastres got your remittances.

I enclose blanks for the Harvard Fund, which we have neglected to subscribe to of late. I meant to subscribe \$50 every year.

My letter of credit is good only until June 30th. I will therefore draw the whole of what remains—\$1,600—in June, and it will be enough for my whole summer at Cortina. No need of a new letter until September, when you can have one for \$6,000 sent to me ^{c/o} Wagons-Lits-Cook, Rome

Good luck in your trip. I expect to stay here until about June 15th

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 21, 1937

Dear Cory

You are in for a good deal of exasperation; the only way is to take it patiently, and try to reduce the time of your charitable visits as much as possible. Health and other unavoidable accidents can always be invoked—when you are once away—to prolong your holiday. You might even defend your liberty by saying that, for the present, you can't altogether disregard me, since I am giving you an allowance. If S. is ready to do so in my place, you would be more completely at his mercy: but I imagine he is not. You might represent a certain independence in your movements, therefore, as a sort of duty derived from your relation to me. As to opinions, you can be content to hold your own against both of us, with the modesty becoming your years—32!

I have been absorbed reading two large ill-written but interesting volumes about Poe. I get some lights about the U.S. beyond New England, and keep revolving the proposed essay on the Old Mind of the New World. I must read a little Hawthorne this summer, to refresh my sense of his quality also.

If you should find Rapallo too warm, you could always move to Glion and stay there until August. As I say, invoke your health. And this need not be pure hypocrisy, because you really need to be prudent and to keep fit.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

24 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 24, 1937

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Thank you for your note of the 21st about The Realm of Truth. The specimen pages and the terms of the agreement for publication are perfectly satisfactory.

When proofs are sent to me, will you please ask to have the printed pages only sent, without the manuscript. This will prevent any delay in the Italian post, and be better for me also.

I am leaving Rome about June 15th for the Hotel Savoy Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

24 May 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 24, 1937

Dear Mrs. Toy

Do you still feel that you are at heart a Virginian, or has Cambridge entirely won you over with its virtues and its blandishments? Not being quite sure of this, I feel some qualms in sending you two thick volumes about Poe, not well written in any way and yet, as I find, most interesting. If you have read them—they come from “remainders” at Blackwell’s in Oxford, sold at reduced prices, and often tempting—or if they don’t please you you can always pass them on to some omnivorous friend. I am deep now in nothing but Americana, being still haunted with the idea of writing something about The Old Mind of the New World. I want to illustrate my thesis by some observations on Johnathan Edwards and Emerson—hard, strong, or stiff, minds—and Poe and Hawthorne—soft minds. This book of Hervey Allen’s will do to refresh my thoughts about Poe, and I am keeping the notes I made in reading him. I will get something of Hawthorne’s to read this summer at Cortina; and I have procured an immense volume

of Emerson's works, over 1000 pages, in which I have already reread "English Traits" and "Fate". But this is too heavy for a traveller, and I will leave the tome here until the autumn.

Meantime, I have finished The Realm of Truth, which is in the press in England. It is a shortish book, about 200 pages, and perhaps more modern in its treatment of things than my previous Realms. It may possibly be better received than the others. But I don't know what Scribner will do in regard to the Triton Edition. This is too slight to make an entire XVth volume, and yet who knows when, if ever, the Realm of Spirit will be ready to keep it company?

I will see if I can find a better photograph of the Fontana del Tritone. It ought to show the high jet of water rising from the shell, and the Barberini Palace in the background instead of those modern shops. My windows, by the way, are not seen in the view chosen; the Bristol is on the upper side of the Square, the opposite side from the buildings visible in this photograph. And the whole Square, though modern, has more vistas and more space in it than this view suggests.

Cory has been here for two months, and a string of young American students has turned up; also some professors. Now I am at peace again, until June 15th

when I expect to leave [*across*] for the Dolomites, Address: Hotel Savoy, Cortina d'Ampezzo. Thank you for kind letters and papers. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Richard Cheney

1 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, June 1, 1937

Dear Mr. Cheney

After receiving your letter I have seen two or three other discussions by experts about the question that had occurred to me. They seem for the most part to cling to the vital side of the matter, and to value chess (as they think) for showing that even intellectual contests can be exciting. It was all the pleasanter to find that you see the other side; and I daresay the ordinary man does too, only he thinks it is more eloquent to justify his taste on the analogy of fisticuffs, prodigies, and breaking records. The age is not intellectual, but the human race is capable of becoming so, and ought not to be ashamed of the fact.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

3 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, June 3, 1937

Dear Strong

Cory also wrote me that you had told him about the Fellowship, but without enlarging on his own feelings about it. He is not a Harvard man, and his philosophical friends in America—Edman and the rest—are at Columbia. His father, brother, and beloved aunt (a very important influence, I suspect) are New Yorkers. And academic shades, if such can be attributed to Harvard now, leave him indifferent. I can never get him to go, even for a day, to see Oxford or Cambridge. All this makes me think, *a priori*, that if his Fellowship involved residence at Harvard, he might not like it very much; and even if it does not involve residence, the Harvard authorities might expect some sort of co-operation or insertion (as Bergson would call it) of his work in theirs, something that Cory, with his independence, might not supply. I mention these circumstances, because I feel

that perhaps the working out of your plan might encounter obstacles. It is not so clear a favour done to Cory as a direct legacy would be, although it may conceivably be better for him to have to meet these possible obstacles to the free enjoyment of the Fellowship.

Even if Mr. Rockefeller's death makes no difference in Margaret's material interests, might it not simplify things and help her to settle down permanently wherever her children are to be brought up? Perhaps I am wrong, but I have long felt that consideration for the old gentleman, and of what he might yet do for them, played a part in keeping her undecided in her arrangements. If she and George, or at least the children are to be at Saint Germain this summer, that will give you a little variety, until Cory turns up. I can't say I envy you being in Paris, but you have chosen it with your eyes open.

I have been reading old American authors, and about them, Poe, Thoreau, Emerson. I find Emerson more definite than my memory painted him, also more human and almost light, but philosophically feeble. He is a fanatic faded white, but not really emancipated.

The summer weather here is pleasant, and I sha'n't leave for Cortina (Hotel Savoy) before June 15th Yours ever

G.S.

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

4 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Riverside)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,
June, 4, 1937

Dear Mr. Hartmann

It is too bad that you should be pursued by so many troubles. I had thought from your recent communications that you had got into calm water. I live in hotels and have to give or throw away even the books that gather yearly without my being able to help it. I hate possessions, and should not have anybody to whom to exhibit your wares. Therefore, please send me nothing; but I enclose a cheque, for your travelling expenses to California, where I hope you will find comfort.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Christopher George Janus

7 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Santayana)

ROMA - TEMPIO DI GIANO

Rome, June 7, 1937

They have sent me your article in the *Crimson*, which is pleasantly written and very accurate for an eyewitness, except that neither A. N. W. nor I ever dreamt of saying that we gave Bertie that appropriate name. His grandmothers, aunts, brother, and wife N^o1 (I can't speak for the series of numerals) never called him anything else.—Am leaving for Cortina, hoping to return in Sept. and perhaps see you again. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 9, 1937

Dear Cory

At first blush what you say about S. not having “yet” written “his letter” to Harvard is astonishing. I had supposed that you were named in the bequest itself, as an obligatory first holder of the Fellowship. Perhaps this was found irregular by the lawyers, and a letter of recommendation substituted, and not written! On reflection, however, the thing seems less alarming. Even if S. didn’t write the letter—and I expect he will) you are now a recognized free lance in philosophy, as all philosophers ought to be, and just the sort of person indicated in S’s bequest, and also in mine; and I (if living) and other persons might exert some influence, if the Harvard authorities didn’t think of you of their own accord. Pity S. didn’t leave his Fellowship to Columbia, where he was professor and where you have friends. And more the pity that he didn’t leave the income of the money to you for life, and then the capital to some damned University. Besides, who knows if by that time Capitalism may have disappeared, with all Fellowships and endowed ~~U~~Universities? We know how our plans begin, but not how they will end.

This, to descend to trifles, has also been the case with my journey to Cortina. I meant to go by train direct without stopping at Venice, but I find that I must either sit up all night, or else change at five in the morning from my sleeper to the ordinary carriage. Both things are out of the question: so that I am going, as on other years, by night to Venice, stopping there for two days, and then in the morning of the 17th by motorbus to Cortina, arriving in time for luncheon. I have engaged a room and bathroom at the Hotel Savoia, where I was in 1935, in the town, where I am more independent than in a hotel in the open country, and have no hills to climb to get home. I have ordered from Blackwell’s several solid books about politics (including Aristotle) and shall also have the proofs of Truth to occupy me for a time; and I think I will make a short index when the page-proofs arrive. A specimen page was sent with the contract and looks all right. There will be only 160 pages in all.

The warm weather hasn’t troubled me. I have packed my books, six cases, without fatigue—less annoyed by the thing than last year, and I have

arranged so that next year two of the cases needn't be opened at all, as the books in them are not wanted. There is to be a seventh new case, making five to unpack in the [*across*] autumn. My address is Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*across page one*] P.S. I can't remember what you wished done with Weinberg. Shall I send you the book, or keep it? A postcard sent at once will reach me in time.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

11 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 11, 1937

Dear Clemens

The quotation about a world that lets us laugh at it may be mine: I don't remember where it is, but I am willing in any case to subscribe to the sentiment.

As to the medal and other honours, thank you for your flattering intention, but my one desire is to escape unobserved, as far as my old person is concerned. If people will crown my ideas in their own minds, that is a sufficient bond

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 11, 1937

Dear Cory

Very well. Here is the cheque for your immediate journey, and I will send the rest from Cortina, (Albergo Savoia) when you let me know your whereabouts for July 1st

My last case is now packed—not quite large enough for everything, but Weinberg shall be preserved for whenever you require that vintage. †
Schoolmaster's pun on Weinberg = Vineyard. †

The news about Mr. Rockefeller's will is most important. Will this bequest to Margaret be contested? As it is only a life-interest and they can leave George without anything but what he now has, perhaps they may let it slide, thinking that Margaret may not live to her grandfather's age. If she gets even five millions, she ought (for a time) to be free from debt, and might let old Marie have a few hundred francs. This will also relieve S. of any qualms about cutting his grandchildren off with a shilling.

George, I see, is now no longer associated with the Pacific islands, but Marquis de Cuevas. That is an improvement. He is a good sort, and if they get this money will know how to use it handsomely. I want him to send the little Johnny to a Catholic School in England—say Stonyhurst. Do you know anything better?—Good luck.

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

12 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Rome, June 12th 1937

Address until } Hotel Savoia
Sept. 15th } Cortina d'Ampezzo

Dear Strong

Cory has sent me a newspaper-clipping announcing the Mr. Rockefeller has left Margaret a large fortune. I am surprised, glad, and a bit anxious, because if this will be contested the consequences might be very unpleasant in every way. I hope either that there is already an understanding with the family or that Margaret and George will make an amicable arrangement with them, even at a sacrifice. Don't you think so? In any case they could now secure advantageous terms for their future income, and be relieved of their immediate worries: also be freer in their future movements. Please give them my congratulations, if the subject is being discussed between you; and I should be glad to know if all danger of litigation has been avoided.

Yours ever

G.S.

P.S.

I leave on the 14th at midnight, stop in Venice 2 days, and reach Cortina on the 17th.

To John Hall Wheelock

12 June 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Rome, June 12, 1937.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Thank you for the letter and cheque of June 1st which have reached me here when on the point of leaving for the Summer, which I expect to spend, as often before, at Cortina d'Ampezzo. My address there is Hotel Savoia, but the London address is always safe.

The cardboard cases for the last four volumes of the Triton edition have also arrived safely, and now the whole set is uniform, and well packed until the autumn. I am taking only one or two books to the Dolomites; others will reach me there which I have ordered from Blackwell's for my summer work which (besides reading the proofs of The Realm of Truth, only 160 pages) will be on Dominations and Powers; not that I mean to publish that next, but that I like a change of subject-matter, and am preoccupied at present, on account of Spain and the general insecurity of affairs, with political ideas. One of the books I am taking is Mr. Pickman's The Mind of Latin Christendom, which he has been good enough to send me. The part I have read so far seems learned and written from a slightly different point of view from most books, being neither apologetic nor rationalistic. I should be glad to know something about him, and the opinion people have of his work.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 June 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

June 21, 1937

Dear Cory

Capital that you should have come to know so characteristic a man as Ezra Pound at close quarters. Will you tell me, or can you draw from him, how he connects his sympathy with Eliot and with Mussolini with his otherwise extreme romantic anarchism?

Strong writes (in answer to a letter of mine on the subject) that the newspapers have given a false view of Mr. Rockefeller's will, that Margaret is disappointed, and that what she is to receive is to be determined by a committee of which her uncle is the leading member: so that

it seems she is more dependent on "John D. Jr" than ever, although I should suppose in any case she must get some addition to her income.

The danger of litigation, which I foresaw, is apparently removed.

My journey had uncomfortable features: it rained hard in Venice, and during the first day they had no suitable room for me at Danieli's; but I got one in the evening, and no unpleasant consequences followed. The motorbus coming here was absolutely full up, complet, and I was so squeezed next to another fat old man that I had to have my clothes pressed, something which as you know I don't ordinarily do. However, the weather that day was lovely, and the 'bus was able to pull us up the steep hills on good time.

Here I am tolerably well settled, have an electric stove in case of cold weather, and a pleasant enough outlook. My books from Blackwell's have arrived and I am in harness; working on Dom. & P'rs; but nothing prevents me from thinking or writing about Spirit if the spirit itself should prompt. I have also brought from Rome The Marble Faun and The House of the Seven Gables, cut up for the pocket, to read when I have my coffee or tea in the town. Have nearly finished the first, and am disappointed Hawthorne has moments of dramatic intuition. There is a scene at the Capuchins' in Rome which I wish Shakespeare had written and not Hawthorne: but his mind in general is weak and helplessly secondary: more a slave of his time than Poe.

Better luck in your tennis partner than last time at Glion!

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

1 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 1, 1937

For heaven's sake, dear Cory, do stop Ezra Pound from sending me his book. Tell him that I have no sense for true poetry, admire (and wretchedly imitate) only the putred Petrarch and the miserable Milton; that I don't care for books, hardly have any, and would immediately send off his precious volume to the Harvard Library or to some other cesspool of infamy. That is, if he made me a present of it. If he sent it only for me to look at and return, I would return it unopened; because I abhor all connection with important and distinguished people, and refuse to see absolutely anyone except some occasional stray student or genteel old lady from Boston.

I shouldn't mind helping Ezra Pound if he were hard up, through you, for instance, if he wasn't to know where the money came from: but I don't want to see him. Without pretending to control the course of nature or the tastes of future generations, I wish to see only people and places that suggest the normal and the beautiful: not abortions or eruptions like E. P.

It is a shame that you should be persecuted like this and not allowed to enjoy a holiday; but you realize how dreary poor S. finds his days. In the old times, when I often lived or stayed with him, I used to excuse myself in my own mind for profiting so much by his money (living for nothing in the apartment, etc) by thinking that I made his life and mind more interesting to him, and that he was, in his demure secretive way, a good friend absolutely to be trusted. And I still think that I was a useful stimulus to him, as you are now. But it has become evident that he cared for me only as for Miller or any other "colleague", to serve as a whetstone for his dulness; and he has become intolerant of anybody's being anything more. You now have to sharpen his edge, with an uncertain prospect of future benefits. It is too bad; but you feel, I know, that it is worth putting up with, not only in view of possible advantages later, but because there is a technical discipline involved, however tedious.

Yours affly

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. Am reading the proof of the R. of T. and making a lovely index. The book is partly senile: I am correcting a few bad passages; but I

can say of it, like the Curate of the Bishop's egg: "Parts of it, my lord, are excellent."

To John Hall Wheelock

8 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, July 8, 1937

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letters of June 23 and 25 arrived yesterday together. On the same day, I sent back to London the first proof of The Realm of Truth, together with the MS of the index. I am afraid there are some signs of senility in this volume; I can't avoid repetitions and ramblings; yet, like as in the Curate's egg, parts of it are excellent. Do as you think best about resetting it; in any case it ought to be similar to the other volumes in the System.

Thank you for the old photographs of the Cathedral of Avila. They are too faded to be of much interest, but I am keeping them for sentimental reasons. You have taken too much trouble about Pickman. I didn't mean to start an investigation; only wondered if you had some knowledge of him. I have not yet finished his book, having been led away into other subjects; but he is learned, and I am glad to have the data about him which you were kind enough to gather.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Luis Sastre González

9 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Savoia,
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italia
9 de Julio, 1937

Querido Luis: Hoy recibo un telegrama de Jorge, mi sobrino, participándome que, siguiendo una indicación tuya y de Pepe, ha remitido a Lóndres, a mi nombre, la cantidad de 2,500 dolares.

Comprendo que no se ha podido cobrar ese dinero directamente, cómo se había propuesto, y que creéis que será mas fácil por medio de uno de mis cheques sobre Lóndres. Espero que así resulte, y que por fin se pueda resolver este asunto. Incluyo un cheque de 500 libras esterlinas, que creo según está hoy el cambio, corresponden poco mas ó menos a los 2,500 dolares. Si hay alguna diferencia, se abonará a vuestra cuenta de Bóston.

La pobre Mercedes tambien ha sufrido muchos retrasos en cobrar lo que le viene de las Estado Unidos; de Burgos a Roma pasaban las cartas con bastante puntualidad, mandándolas por avión, pero ahora que, según creo, está en Bayona de Galicia, no tengo noticias de ella.

Tampoco sé si llegará esta carta; por lo mismo no digo nada de lo que a todos nos preocupa tanto en estos momentos. Espero que los chicos de Pepe sigan sin novedad, que esteis todos bien en Avila, y que pronto celebremos el triunfo definitivo.

Recuerdos a todos, y un abrazo de tu tío que te quiere Jorge

To Charles Augustus Strong

10 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina
d'Ampezzo, July 10, '37

Dear Strong

It must be a pleasant change from Paris to be at Glion, with an open balcony looking out into physical and specious space, vaguely though not geometrically infinite; but if things quiet down politically, perhaps you may be inclined to return ~~there~~ to P. in August, so as to meet the American philosophers who will be gathered there.

As to your renunciation of philosophy, I don't take what you say quite seriously. Philosophy is a hard wife to divorce, especially in old age. I gather from what Cory writes (in different words) that you have Bible readings every day for half an hour before luncheon, and catechism for an hour and a half after it; which sounds as if you were as zealous as ever for THE TRUTH.

The first proof of my little book on that subject (only 140 pages) was sent off a few days ago, with the MS. of the index. I am reading and writing about Dominations and Powers: have just finished a dreadfully written and dreadfully translated book by Karl Mannheim: *Ideology and Utopia*, from which something is to be learned not only about the subject but about the way people are thinking in Germany. It is pre-Nazi, but has a notice of Fascism, not at all unfair. I am now going to begin of big history of Political Philosophy by T. I. Cook, and to reread Aristotle's [*illegible*] *Politics*, which I have in the convenient text & translation in the Loeb edition.

Much rain, and crowds of tourists, Cortina sadly built up. Otherwise all's_λ well.

Yours ever G.S.

To George Sturgis

10 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, July 10, 1937

Dear George

Yesterday, on receipt of your cable (which came by post from London) I wrote to Luis, enclosing a cheque on B. S. & C^o for £500. I sent it by air-post to Avila, as I have sent letters with cheques successfully to Mercedes in Burgos, and I hope it may arrive safely in three or four days. As to cashing it, there may be difficulties, and there are sure to be delays; but at least we have done the best we could.

There was no need of cabling the money to B. S. & C^o—My account there at this moment is very favourable, as I received almost another \$5,000 lately from Scribner's. I understand they now send you a copy of the royalties paid to me, on which they previously pay the income tax of 10%; so that you are well-informed of my receipts; but I keep my cheque-book carefully now, and can supply any information you may require.

These last \$5,000 were still on account of the novel. The Triton edition of my works, reported to be selling well, will come later, and ought to amount to about the same sum, if anything like the 950 sets are disposed of. I get just one dollar a volume out of this splurge.

I sent Mercedes another £50 in June, to Bayona, near Vigo, where she said she was going, but I have not heard from her yet. I have promised to send her £50 every two months while this state of things lasts. There is no need of hurrying in forwarding her money to B. S. & C^o—I should be glad to increase her income a little without seeming to do so; although she is not shy about receiving direct presents. It is a practice that soon seems almost a right.

There is an entirely different matter in the air about which I shall have to trouble you, probably, in a few days. I am sorry; and you may believe that all these money-matters, even when one is not in trouble oneself, depress me terribly.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

15 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 15, 1937

Dear George,

This letter, and the enclosures, are not urgent. If you are busy, put them aside, or take them home to read in the evening.

If I were superstitious, I might now attribute to divine interposition my odd reluctance to sign that will prepared last year. Here, quite unexpectedly, an occasion presents itself to use the \$25,000 coming from the novel for purposes of the same friendly or public-spirited sort as those of my proposed will, but far more concrete and pressing. Let us annul the legacies to Mercedes, Mrs. Toy, Onderdonk, and Cory, as well as the added gift of \$10,000 to Harvard for my Fellowship fund. A perfectly ideal incumbent for that Fellowship appears in Bertie Russell, old and almost penniless, but still brimming with undimmed genius and suppressed immortal work's!

You know, I suppose, who Bertie is: a leading mathematician, philosopher, militant pacifist, wit, and martyr, but unfortunately addicted to marrying and divorcing not wisely but too often. He is now Earl Russell—that is his legal name—being brother and heir to my late life-long friend (the original, in part, of Lord Jim in my novel). They are grandsons of Lord John Russell, the reforming prime minister, and both ultra-radical in religion and politics. My friend was under-secretary in the second Labour government at the time of his death a few years ago. Bertie for ~~fa~~ a long period was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where I used to see him almost daily in 1896–7; but he had to resign during the war, having been put in prison for pacifist agitation, as his brother had been put in prison for bigamy. Jail-birds! but only out of pure aristocratic freedom of thought and conduct.

In the enclosed letter Bertie speaks of his “ex-wife”; but this is his second ex-wife, Dora; his first ex-wife, Alice, is a decent person who has money of her own and draws no alimony, being of an old Philadelphia Quaker family, and sister to my friends Mrs. Bernard Berenson and Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, with whom Alice lives now in London. “Mollie”, too, mentioned in the letter is only one of the widows of my late friend, Bertie’s brother. The other widow, also a decent person and a particular friend of mine, is “Elizabeth of the German Garden”, the novelist, who luckily is not sponging on Bertie.

I mention all this tangle of relations and friends, so that you may see for how many reasons, and on how many sides, I am interested in Bertie’s career. I don’t agree with him in politics or in philosophy, yet we are good intellectual friends; our minds are too different, also our fields, for much friction, and we can enjoy each other’s performances without envy.

Now, as to what I should like to do. It is to send Bertie £1,000 or \$5000 a year for three or four years, but anonymously. This anonymity is important, because he and his friends think of me as a sort of person in the margin, impecunious, and egoistic; and it would humiliate Bertie to think that I was supporting him. And all that bevy of relations—especially the Smiths who are great gossips—would exaggerate and misinterpret everything in a disgusting way. I have already said to Lady Ottoline Morrell, in replying to her first letter, the one enclosed, that while nothing is to be looked for from the Strongs, I felt sure that something might be obtained “in another quarter”; that it would be simpler and less embarrassing all round if “the source” remained anonymous; and that the money would come through you, who were my nephew, and managed property and were trustee for various rich people in Boston. Without saying anything positively untrue, we can easily keep up this incognito, because they are not inclined to suspect me of having money to spare or being willing to give it away.

For this reason, I am troubling you about this matter. Otherwise I might have sent Bertie a cheque at once on B. S. & C^o and later, if my bank account there were reduced, I could have asked you for a special draft, without letting you into the secret. And as you needn’t send more than \$5,000 for the present, and Bertie or I may die at any time, very likely those \$25,000 will not be used up. We are incurring no obligation. We are simply making a donation, with the intention of renewing it for a few years, if circumstances remain the same.

It might be better if you would wait a little before sending any money: if it came too suddenly they might wonder how the arrangements with the

unknown philanthropist could be made so quickly. You might even write to me first, telling me what you think of the matter or what procedure would be wisest: and the cheque or draft to Bertie could be sent after my reply. You would thus be really consulting the “source” that prefers to remain anonymous.

Yours aff^{ly}, G S.

Bertie’s address is:

Earl Russell
Telegraph House,
Harting, Petersfield, England.

P.S.

Perhaps I ought to say something about this extraordinary person, Lady Ottoline Morrell, whose letter (enclosed) started this whole project. She is a wonderful exotic creature (like her handwriting) not beautiful but like a great ostrich or rare tropical bird: She is a sister of the Duke of Portland, but married a brewer’s son, who during the war was a liberal member of Parliament. Mr. Asquith was a great friend of hers; also Lytton Streachy and Clive Bell and Siegfried Sassoon; they would all go and stay with her at Garsington, near Oxford, where I used to walk sometimes too and stay to tea or to luncheon. Now she too is old and, I think, comparatively poor: and you see what she says of her health. There was a love-affair, I don’t know how Platonic, between her and Bertie; and you see how faithfully they prolong their friendship into old age.

It was Lady Ottoline who, in a second letter, sent me the enclosed portrait of Bertie with his latest wife and child.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Am-
pezzo, Italy

July 20, 1937.

Dear Cory,

Méroz, or something of that sort, was the dentist's name at Montreux, but he had vanished last year from his old quarters, and I didn't enquire further after him. S. had better try the nice German.

I am very glad that you are to find Saunderson again at your place in Paris. You will renew your old friendship, I hope with the old simplicity.

I have asked for a second proof of the R. of T. and have already noted three or four small corrections which I should like to add to those made in the first proof. When I read too much at a time, I don't like this book, or any of my books. They are fatiguing; as a German critic has said (in a history of American Philosophy in which I fill up a lot of space, to the exclusion of all the Profs. going to Paris) everything in my books is equally important and equally unimportant: so that they are tiresome. But (this is my addition) they are capital when you pick up a volume after a long time, and read a page or two. This is because my mind, (though not my speech,) is poetical: I am thinking afresh my old thoughts at every step: so that I neither lapse nor advance. You may say that I now lapse rather often through senility: but even that is rambling and repetition, rather than feebleness of thought: at least in most cases.—I have some hopes that this book may make some impression on those who have not read me before

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

22 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 22, 1937 Italy

Dear George

We are not lucky in our Spanish business. Yesterday I received a telegram from Pepe saying (apparently, though the word was imperfectly transmitted) that Luis was dead, and asking me to send the cheque in Pepe's name. This suggests that my first cheque for £500, in favour of Luis, had arrived and promised to be effectual, except that that excellent soul had suddenly been summoned to an even greater reward. I therefore sent another cheque yesterday, by air-mail, to Pepe, together with a brief note of condolence. From Mercedes I hear, in a letter of July 9th from Bayona de Galicia, Vigo, that my previous remittance (of June 7th) had not yet been cashed; and that I mustn't say the money was hers, but only a gift made out of charity, because she was penniless, etc; since they don't pay at the same rate of exchange, if the money is income. So I have now composed a different missive, strictly repeating the truth, that this money is not interest on any property of hers in America, but a pension or allowance made to her by our family, in accordance with the explicit wishes of your grandmother, father, and Aunt. And I send her a further cheque for £50.

The enclosed note from B. S. & C^o about the cheque for the Sastre brothers will show you how they stand in the matter. I am in hopes that it will not be necessary to appeal to their assistance. Moreover, the political situation and the attitude of London towards Spain may improve at any moment.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S. (over)

P.S. By the way, I have involuntarily made a profit in this transaction of £1—18—7 or nearly \$10, the difference between \$2,500 and £500, which last is what I have sent to Avila. Could you transfer \$10 from my account

to theirs? Or if that is too much trouble I will add £2 to any future cheque for them, or eventually send that amount separately.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 July 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

GRAND HOTEL SAVOY

M. & A. APOLLONIO

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO • 1224 m.

DOLOMITI

Stagione Estive

ed invernale July 29, '37

If you should see or hear of any interesting new book, novel or other, I should be much obliged if you would get it for me and send it here.—I have a scientific work in proof, translated from the German, probably not on S.'s list which I will send you to Bexhill. It is about the wish to get back to the womb. They wanted me to write a preface! G S

To Shohig Sherry Terzian

3 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

C/o Brown Shipley and Co.

123, Pall Mall

London, S.W.1

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Aug. 3, 1937

Dear Miss Terzian:

I have read your thesis on me and the genteel tradition, and am returning it in the same form in which it came.

It is interesting to have lived so long that one hears people talk about one as if one were dead. The result is to confirm the critic in his conviction that all criticism, all history and biography, is thoroughly subjective. As Spinoza put it, Peter's idea of Paul expresses the nature of Paul less than it expresses the nature of Peter. The G. S. now talked about in the U.S. is a personage almost unknown to me.

I don't say this, because there are any errors or misunderstandings to point to in your thesis. On the contrary, you have gathered a lot of facts and you have shown a remarkable degree of sympathy with my position in almost every detail. Nevertheless you talk as if I had been moved by intentions or convictions of which in fact I was not conscious. I never meant to find fault with America or to prescribe what people should become. I simply described what I saw, what I felt, and the relations, up to a certain point, of these things with particular philosophies. Of course, I have my likes and dislikes but even the life of reason is not a compulsory ideal. I took it too much for granted, perhaps, in my middle period, being under the spell of Plato & Aristotle. Before that time and later I have been more interested in the spiritual life of the individual. It is of course, in my view, that which ultimately rewards us for the L. of R. or for anything else: but I am now much more impressed by the incidental, unforeseen, polyglot nature of the goods actually realized in life; and the course that culture or opinion may take in the U.S., for instance, even if it were contrary to my private preferences, would not lead me to think that all was lost. I should presume that many good things (as well as some evil ones) would ensue. The side of morals and politics that seems to me worth dwelling on is the physical or scientific side: I mean, the study of how characters and opinions, and institutions develop, carrying such ideals and such satisfactions as are appropriate to them. The moral and spiritual fruits come of themselves in that process. It is useless to demand them or to quarrel with them because of one's private prepossessions.

I see by your portrait that you are very young and full of health. With your intelligence added, you will soon see for yourself more of the ways of the world, and of authors; it is a strange labyrinth; and I hope the thread you have already picked up will lead you not to a devouring Minotaur, but to some pleasant intellectual and moral home.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

GRAND HOTEL SAVOY

M. & A. APOLLONIO

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO • 1224 m.

DOLOMITI

Stagione Estive

ed invernale

Aug. 6, 1937

Thank you for Wilkins. He is entertaining and has accurate humorous images. It comes just when I was finishing The House of the Seven Gables, with much skipping and a sense of the utter deadness of all that sort of thing. Quite unreadable, except for an interest in the American past.—I had meant a French book: but this is excellent

G.S.

To George Sturgis

7 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Cortina, August 7, 1937.

Dear George

B. S. & C^o have notified me of the receipt of your remittance on Mercedes' account of \$304.50. On that same day, July 20th I had already sent her £50, not yet acknowledged. As I believe I have told you, my idea is to send her £50 every two months in any case, while things remain as at present. I now owe her some \$55.⁰⁰ but will send \$250 next month again.

Pepe too has not yet acknowledged my cheque for £500 sent on July 21st but I had a belated letter from him a few days later, dated July 2nd in which he said that his son Roberto had been killed in battle (on May 29th);

and that the death of Luis, just one month later, had been sudden, and due to angina pectoris—the same thing from which their brother Antonio had died years before.

You may notice that the deaths of my cousin Manuela, Luis, and Roberto, do away with three items in my deed of trust, annulling legacies to the total amount, I think, of \$7000 or \$8000, which now goes to the credit of my residuary legatees.

To turn now to the Russell affair, I have your letter of July 24th with the enclosed letters from Russell and Lady Ottoline, which you return. I am glad that you [*illegible*] see no serious difficulties in my project. In one sense, no doubt, it is generous: but we are dealing with superior people and with work that may go down in history: somebody said in public not long ago that there were only three important names in the history of British Philosophy: Locke, Hume, & Russell. As to my own part in the matter, I make no sacrifice: je ne me prive de rien; and, except on paper, I sha'n't know the difference.

I don't wonder that the etiquette of English addresses puzzles you a little, and you musn't under any circumstances say "Dear Earl Russell": that is as if you said "Dear John Smith, Esquire." You must write Earl Russell on the envelope or in the heading (if any) of your letter, but Lord Russell in addressing him personally or in referring to him in society. These are trifles: but the really delicate matter is how to word your letter so as to explain your intervention and conceal the identity of the person who gives the money. I have made a rough draft of what I should say, which you may use to guide you, if you like. I also send you a list of modes of address. If I were in your place, I should begin the letter, "Dear Sir"; but I notice that business letters from America now always say: "Dear Mr." If you prefer that, you should write "Dear Lord Russell"

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

Suggested letter:

Dear Sir [–or Dear Lord Russell]–

At the request of my uncle Mr. George Santayana I am sending you a cheque for \$2,500 [–or \$5000]– contributed by a person who wishes to remain anonymous and who is anxious to aid you in prosecuting your important work with more freedom than you have lately enjoyed.

In regard to the future, the intention is to repeat this gift every six months [–or every year]– during three or four years, or until circumstances render it unnecessary; but no promise is involved and no provision is made in the event of the donor's death or of some new crisis in the finan-

cial world. We believe, however, that you may reasonably expect to receive this assistance regularly for some time to come

Yours truly

This answers some of your questions. It is important to forecast the future, since a chief benefit to Russell will be to produce peace of mind and freedom from worry.—I think half-yearly payments best, but do as you like.—“Dear Sir” and “Yours truly” are perhaps not what they would say in England, but are all the better and more neutral as coming from America, with which Russell is familiar.

“Mr”. is not now possible, since he is a Peer and has taken his seat in the House of Lords.

‡ See comic supplement‡

Modes of addressing an Earl who is also a socialist a Fellow of the Royal Society, a late Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, and an ex-convict.

To the Right Honourable	}	official
Earl Russell, F.R.S. etc		
My Lord	}	Ladies and
To Earl Russell		
Dear Lord Russell	}	slight acquaintances
To Earl Russell		
Dear Russell	}	friends.
To Earl Russell		
Dear Bertrand	}	Ex-wives and other
To Earl Russell		
Dear Bertie	}	nice relations and
To Earl Russell		
Dear Bertie	}	intimate friends
To Prof. Burt Rand Russell		
Dear Professor	}	100% American
To Bertrand Russell		
Dear Comrade	}	Fellow-Socialists.
To B. Russell		
Old Pal	}	Ex-fellow-convicts
To Earl Russell		
Deary dear	}	Certain ladies.

To Otto Kyllmann

10 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, Aug. 10, 1937

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Having sent back the last proofs of The Realm of Truth, there is nothing more for me to do about the book, except to see to sending the usual complimentary copies, of which I include a list, although I suppose the publication will not take place for some time.

I also include a correction which I should like to have made—a matter of technical vocabulary—in case there is still time before the printing, and at any rate for any subsequent issue.

I am working on two other books —my last—which I may still live to send you.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

11 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Duke)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, Aug 11, 1937

Dear Clemens

Mr. Phillips duly sent me the medal, and I don't understand how I have neglected to thank you for it until now. I had already thanked you for the honour: the material pledge slipped from my mind. You know I am not a collector of possessions.

Thank you also for this new nomination to your "Philosophical Committee," provided it is merely nominal. A real committee that meets

is, according to my experience, incompatible with philosophy. I have renounced them all. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

(over)

P.S. I see I have not answered your question about Van Meter Ames's book. The part about me is not serious: written originally by his wife after lunching with me, and full of inaccuracies. I can't think what he means by my books being written backwards. Perhaps he refers to a feeling I may have expressed that my later books give the foundation for my earlier ones, and in that sense ought to come first in a general exposition of my philosophy. But the whole was virtually in me from the beginning.

To Carl Byron Dickson

11 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Dickson)

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

Cortina, Aug. 11, 1937

Dear Mr. Dickson

Your letter ought not to remain unanswered, although the Southern warmth of your sentiments carries you a bit beyond the bounds of reason.

Scribner has published a big edition of my works for which I have written two or three new prefaces, among them one for The Last Puritan. In this I explain the origin of the book, the degree in which it is fiction, and my view of the characters. The set is in fourteen volumes and very expensive: but if you are some day in some great library you might be curious to see this preface to vol. eleven. I will only repeat, what I say there, that Oliver is a synthesis of many young men I have known, with scattered details drawn from life: but the whole has been melted together in my mind for many years.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 14, 1937.

Dear Cory

It occurs to me that your money will hardly hold out until September 1st since the English half of your month began of Aug. 9th and you must have had other travelling expenses besides the ticket and the Wilkins book. I send you £10 extra for the last week of August, so as to begin next month properly on the 1st as is more convenient for both of us.

“And So—Victoria” has absorbed most of my time during the last week. I am a child at reading novels, and live in their world. It has been perhaps a waste of attention, but we will call it a suitable August holiday. As a whole, I think the book trash, with all those fights and escapes and villains always turning up from the wings at the critical moment: but I very much enjoyed the pictures of life, dresses, furniture, inns, and palaces of a hundred years ago. How very much more interesting and varied the world was then, and had been for a thousand years, than it has become now with “modern improvements”. And the minor characters—for instance, the Schoolmaster and kitchen-maid, sic visum Veneri—amused me very much, while Setoun is a Don Quixote with money. My father would have been like that if he had had money. I liked the German part especially, except

the last episode. Perhaps the author may write a pleasanter book some day, if he drops his political bias and is simply descriptive. I wonder if this book was meant for a vindication of the Duke of Windsor's marriage?

The last proof of the R. of T. has gone back, but I don't know when the book will be published. I am having your copy sent to 52, Cranley Gardens.

I have been very well and comfortable here; the heat has simply prevented us from being cold. The place is getting over-crowded, and sometimes the dining-room here becomes unpleasantly noisy and hot, when troops of transient tourists stop for a meal. But on the whole, it does very well, and I may return next summer, as I don't know of another place that would be nicer for my purposes. As yet, I don't notice any unpleasant signs of being too old to get about quietly by myself. I go to a café for half an hour after lunch, while my room is being done, and then to another café for tea, followed by a short walk, and put myself to bed soon after dinner. My room is quiet, with a good view of the town and the mountains. My writing, however, has not made much progress. I mean to make a formal beginning of the R. of S. when I return to Rome

Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

Expect to leave for Venice on Sept. 10th

To George Perrigo Conger

17 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Minnesota)

GRAND HOTEL SAVOY

M. & A. APOLLONIO

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO • 1224 m.

DOLOMITI

Stagione Estive

ed invernale

Aug. 17. 1937

I expect to remain here until about Sept. 10th when I shall be going, like you, to Venice and Rome, but I am afraid too late to see you. If you were less hurried, I should suggest a cooling excursion from Venice to this place, but it would require three or four days to do properly.

Sorry. G. Santayana

To George Perrigo Conger

21 August 1937 [*postmark*] • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(TG: Minnesota)

= PROFESSOR CONGER PENSIONE SEGURO
VENEZIA

VNZ CORTINA AMEPZZO 43 17 21 0945

= GLAD TO SEE YOU ANY TIME BUT MONDAY LESS CROWDED
HERE = SANTAYANA +

To George Sturgis

22 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 22, 1937

Dear George

You know that some time ago B. S. & C^o gave up keeping bank-books for their clients, and instead send them a quarterly account, together with

their cheques paid during that period. On Aug. 1st, among others, they sent me back the two cheques for Mercedes which I enclose (no need of returning them) so that you may see the stages through which they had to pass, and the delay in payment. This of course is only the initial delay: after payment in London I don't know how long it may have taken the money actually to reach Mercedes.

In replying to my acknowledgement, B. S. & C^o said they had as yet heard nothing of my two subsequent cheques, of July 20th for Mercedes, £50, and July 21st for José Sastre, £500. No doubt we shall hear from them eventually.

The Banco Pastor, which has intervened in this transaction, is well established in Vigo; I knew in Oxford, during the war, a son of the founder, educated in Germany (I think they are Jews) and since a lecturer on Spanish literature at Oxford and, I believe, at the University of London afterwards permanently. Here is a personal association which might be useful in case of need; but as yet I have not even appealed for aid to B. S. & C^o [*illegible*] since my cheques, as you see, however lady-like and small, pass muster. Yours aff^{ly} G. S. (~~over~~)

P.S. As to Luis, his heirs are by law, at least in part, his five children, four girls and a boy, who must now range from the ages of 15 to 7, or something of that sort; and I suppose his executors are Rafael and Pepe. But he lived with his late wife's brother and sister, not very nice persons and said to be mentally unbalanced: if they are the executors, or guardians for the children, there may be trouble. I will inquire about this when I next write to Pepe, that is, when he acknowledges my letter and cheque of July 21st. Meantime, I think we may pass on the whole amount due to the Sastres to Pepe alone, and trust him to distribute it.^x He said in his last letter that the orphans needed money: naturally, since their uncle and aunt, with whom I suppose they continue to live, probably are penniless, and there may be only the rent of the rest of the apartments in the house they occupy, which belonged to Luis, for them to count on. And apartments are sometimes unlet, although in this respect the war may not have been unfavourable, as Avila has become a military and political centre. Some Italian correspondents date their despatches from there.

[*across*] ^xIf this is not legal, and you must wait for the will, I will gladly advance the money for the children, if you will tell me, each time, how much it is.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 28, 1937

Dear Cory

There is nothing new to report and I write only to send you the enclosed.

I had already ordered a copy of the R. of T. to be sent to Duron (not "Durond"), assuming that he is still at Saint Parieux in the Côtes-du-Nord.

Prof. Conger of Minneapolis has come up for a day from Venice expressly to see me! He can recite passages of mine, which I had quite forgotten, but still agree with. But how graceless the good professors are: and not entirely because they are common people. Even the genteel Bostonians are not quite natural and simple, but seem to be making an effort all the time to get out of a trap.

A voluminous work on Leopardi which Losacco has sent me has set me going on the R. of S. about "the world" and how and how far it is an enemy of the Spirit. The subject really merges into Dom. & P'srs, since one of these is precisely "the world", in the bad sense, when instrumentalities become dominant and take the bit in their teeth.

Marichalar has published a lovely translation [*across*] of the Prologue and Epilogue of The Last Puritan, nothing else, in the review called "Sur" of Buenos Aires. It is free and charming, but there are bad misprints.

Yours aff^{ly}

G. S.

To Benjamin P. Schwartz

28 August 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

You have probably heard by this time that the Realm of Truth is printed and may appear at any time. It is very short, they say. I am at work on the books remaining, R. of Spirit and Dom. & Powers, both at once. I have begun one or two incidental things, but finished nothing, on Bergson and on "The Flowering of New England." Something may come of it some day.

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

Aug. 28, '37.

G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 September 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS: Columbia)

Cortina, Sept. 4, 1937

Dear Cory

That thinking about theory spoils your play at golf or billiards doesn't illustrate [*illegible*], any trespassing of the spirit upon the world. It is precisely an instance of "distraction", which I am now thinking of dividing into the snares laid for the spirit by "the world", "the flesh", and "the devil". Self-consciousness, fussiness, scruples, effort, etc. are signs of imperfect organization in the psyche: she has to try hard, hesitates, interferes with herself, and misses. All this is slavery and distraction for the spirit. Spirit appears at golf or billiards, not by inopportunistly thinking of what ~~and how~~ you ought to do, but in feeling fit, having a premonition of a happy stroke, and then the happy perception of the thing done. Spirit is not a power: it cannot interfere with anything; and it can be distracted and interfered with by the world not materially, since spirit is immaterial, but only by having its basis in the psyche disturbed and inhibited: which is just what happens when we are rattled. You will see eventually (I hope) that

what I mean by “the world” is the substitution of means for ends in living, the pressure of custom, ambition, conceit, pedantry, pride, and all the other unhappy things that drive us to profitless labour. Your preoccupation with theory, and with winning prizes or distinction at games, is due to the world, not to the spirit. Spirit only comes in by feeling troubled, by caring when it need not have cared. The free and happy art of the thing is what would evoke spirit spontaneously and perfectly, as far as that psychic faculty could evoke it.

Of course I agree with what you say about the health of the psyche not being based on any intellectual prescription: the intellect is itself a psychic faculty, a mass of conditioned reflexes organized to meet the world, and yielding to the spirit some knowledge of the truth. This latter is not, in my view, “ancillary” to physical life; but it is of course dependent on physical life; and the aptitudes for action, which such intelligence comes from and is the sum of, limit its extent and limit the occasions when it can conveniently come forward.

Venice seems to be very full this year. They can't give me a room with a bath at Danieli's, and rather than try other places or stay only one night, I am thinking of going directly to Rome, probably on the 14th or 15th. I shall be glad to find myself there, with my books and no need of eating in public dining rooms.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To George Sturgis

4 September 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Cortina, Sept. 4, 1937

Dear George

Your letter of Aug. 26 arrived today. In regard to the Russell business, everything seems all right, and I am much obliged to you for your trouble and assistance. I think you were quite right in making out the cheque to “Earl Russell”. If you were sending one to the Duke of Windsor you would make it out to him under that title, and not to David Windsor, or Edward Windsor, whichever his Christian name is. In the case of English titles without an “of,” the matter is less obvious, and I think just “Bertrand Russell” or “Bertrand, Earl Russell” would have been cashed without difficulty; but I remember that his brother's accounts always came to Earl

Russell. His legal signature, however, was simply Russell. I don't know whether Berty signs so officially, or "Bertrand Russell" as in his letters and his books. Probably the latter, both because he is a socialist and because, as a writer and philosopher, he is known as "Bertrand Russell." Anyhow, I am sure there will be no trouble in drawing the money.

From Pepe I have had no news, but a letter arrived a few days ago from Mercedes, dated Aug. 19, from Bayona, in which she says that she had heard from Vigo that she might go and receive the money for my cheque, presumably that of July 20 for £50, and that she will get the "high" or favourable rate of exchange, as there seem to be two rates one for income from investments and another for gifts or charitable contributions. She is very anxious to come under the latter category, and apparently with reason, as I now gather that her intimate friend Pilar, with her two children, is living with her and at her expense, Pilar's husband, who is a surgeon and dentist, being alive in Madrid, but not able to communicate with his wife directly. They heard, after many months, through the Red Cross, that he was living. In view of this responsibility of Mercedes, I hastened to send her another cheque for £100, on Aug 26. This may be regarded as a present from me, and later I will send on whatever has accumulated in your hands, besides the \$55.⁰⁰ or so that I believe I still have to her credit of the drafts you have sent me for her. I don't feel any need of exactness in these remittances as I always have sent her occasional presents, and these are now merged in her regular allowance, which must all now be a free gift, as in Russell's case, to avoid income tax or government discount.—I expect to leave in ten days for Rome. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

5 September 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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

Cortina, Sept. 5, 1937.

Dear Sir,

In reply to Mr. Kyllman's letter of Sept. 2 about The Realm of Truth and Scribner's proposals about the American issue, I can only say that I am content with any arrangement that he and Scribner may decide to make. I am sorry if Mr. Kyllmann is not pleased with the new method preferred by the publishers in New York; but I understand they wish to secure the

American copyright to one, at least, of the volumes of Realms of Being, in view of future possible reprints: and I can't very well object to an idea that involves a compliment regarding the prolonged, if limited, interest people might take in my work.

I therefore agree with Mr. Kyllmann that we had better authorize Scribner to carry out his plan.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

8 September 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

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

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Sept. 8, 1937

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I hear from Mr. Kyllmann of Constable and C^o that you have decided to reproduce The Realm of Truth photographically, something that the human mind had hitherto failed to do. I am afraid Mr. Kyllmann is a little disappointed, but I understand your desire to obtain the American copyright.

I enclose a list of persons to whom I should like copies to be sent, with the author's compliments. I have added a note, which perhaps I ought to call your attention to separately, as you said in your last letter that the Triton Edition might be eventually sold out. On account of the war in Spain, I have not been able to send a set to Don Antonio Marichalar, who has probably lost all his books, left in Madrid when, some months ago, he succeeded in escaping to France. I therefore have double reason to wish to send him a set, when things are settled. (And there may be other calls.) A charming free translation by him of the Prologue and Epilogue to The Last Puritan has appeared in the review Sur of Buenos Aires.

I am returning to Rome in a few days, and already at work on The Realm of Spirit.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

The Realm of Truth by G. Santayana

Please send a copy to each of the following addresses, and charge them to the author's account. (16 copies)

Prof. & Mrs. Bush, 1220 Park Ave. New York City.

Prof. H. W. Schneider, 21 Claremont Ave, " " " "

Prof. Irwin Edman, Columbia University, " " " "

Prof. H. M. Kallen, New School of Social Research,
66 West 12th St, New York City

Prof. Sidney Hook, Washington Square College, " " " "

M^{esses} Buchler and Schwartz (2 copies) 7314—57 Road, Middle Village,
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R. S. Barlow, Esq., 41 Beacon St, Boston, Mass.

George Sturgis, Esq, South Ave, Auburndale, Mass.

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Cincinnati, Ohio.

Prof. B. A. G. Fuller, University of California at
Los Angeles, California

Triton Edition of Santayana's Works.

Please reserve two sets, charging them to the Author, to be sent later to Spain.

G.S.

Cortina, Sept. 8, 1937

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 September 1937 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (MS postcard: Columbia)

Cortina, Sept. 9, 1937

Sorry your landlady has disappeared from Cranley Gardens. I know the feeling. It is as when 40 years ago Miss Bennet disappeared from 87, Jermyn Street. It might be well to find another pied-à-terre in London. You mustn't, at your age, stop going there, like me, for lack of a home.—I am sending you an article by Sidney Hook—he sent me two copies by mistake—which I think admirable. The subject may not interest you; yet you must be hearing Marxist talk everywhere,—how full Scrutiny is of it!—and a few guide-posts from a man who is a Jew and a communist, but has a thorough knowledge of the documents and an honest mind, might be useful for you.

I leave Monday for Rome. G.S.

To Harry Slochower

18 September 1937 • Rome, Italy (MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 18, 1937

Dear Mr. Slochower

Your summary of Der Zauberberg has very pleasantly recalled that book to me, which I read a year or two ago. I think it was you who first mentioned it to me, and urged me to read it. Your account revives the interest and the impression of those scenes, in which, as I read few novels, I was absorbed for a time like a child. It seemed that I had lived in that establishment and known, or half-known, those people, as one knows people in real life. Your interpretation is another matter, and I can't make out how far Thomas Mann himself accepts it. The literal sense is quite enough, and historical enough, in my eyes.

If tuberculosis means aestheticism, ought not paranoia to mean politics, and might not Mann, or some other skilful writer, give us a picture of an insane asylum, representing all the theories, imputations, and propagandas now going on in free and in other countries?

I am also in doubt about “social humanism” being implicit in my physics. Materialism may, psychologically, be allied in the materialist’s mind with one or another view in ethics and politics. That will depend, if materialism is true, on the man’s heritage and circumstances. In that sense I entirely accept historical materialism, which is only an application of materialism to history. But the phrase carries now an association with Hegelian or Marxian dialectic, which if meant to be more than the doctrine of universal flux, is a denial of materialism. My personal sympathies are personal, and of no ultimate importance: what is implied in my natural philosophy is that all moralities and inspirations are natural, biological, animal preferences or obsessions, changing and passing with the organisms and habits that gave them birth. This is not the Catholic doctrine, which you say I represent; but it is quite compatible with liking Catholic ways, considered as a form of human society and human imagination. Yet even there, I prefer the Greeks.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 September 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 26, 1937

Dear Cory

There is nothing to report, as they say in war-bulletins. I am glad you feel comfortably settled; are the books you speak of, all your books, or only a part? The satisfaction of having all my own books has had to be sacrificed, in the absence of adequate and quite permanent quarters. This year I have even left two cases in the cellar, including the first editions of my own works, the Triton edition being more agreeable to dip into. It now has taken the place of the purple platoon. „But there are misprints,

They are “redecorating” the passages here; as yet there is no sign of more storeys or of general rebuilding.

Meno male.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 September 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Rome, Sept. 29, 1937

I forgot to say in my last letter that in May I wrote to Mr. Wheelock about the cardboard boxes, and he replied that it had been a mistake of the packing department, and that he would try to correct it, although empty boxes were rather awkward to send by post. I received them nevertheless before leaving Rome, and my edition is now all in its regimental raincoats. You might write to Mr. Wheelock about it, and perhaps he will do the same for you. Mention the volumes that are unprovided. Mine were only four, and the two boxes came enclosed in a light wooden packing-case. G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

5 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 5. 1937

Dear Strong

Fourteen large volumes do make an imposing show, and seem to put one in the category of standard authors. Yet in fact, it is all due to The Last Puritan, and not to any merits recognized in my philosophy. One occupies a large space on the shelves: but ~~but~~ big [*illegible*] editions, like authors, have a way of rising heavenward with the years, until ~~one~~ is they are relegated to the top shelf, and finally disappear beyond the horizon.

Each day passes very quickly and in retrospect they telescope into almost nothing. However, some work done remains, to prove that they existed. I have suspended Dominations & Powers for the present, and taken up the Realm of Spirit, partly spontaneously, and partly because I know Scribner is waiting for the book to be finished, so as to make a 15th-volume (at \$10) to be forced upon the collecting public. And it will be a greater relief, if I can finish the Realms, than if I finished Dom. & P'rs., the latter being a separate work, whilst the other is a terrible commitment hanging over me for years. But, besides the papers and some reviews, I read a good deal about politics, as well as about the spiritual life, when I can find anything worth reading. I have two more books by Jacques Bainville, one about Russia and the East generally, the other about finance. I will send them to you if you want them and are not coming soon to Rome. You say nothing about this, and I should think you might very well be tired of repeating the old rather uncomfortable routine. The Aragno is still undergoing repairs; but the Spina at St. Peter's is cleared away. The view (I have only seen it once) seemed to me disappointing, St. Peter's looking rather low down, (as if in a valley: on the other hand, from the top of the steps, when you come out of the Basilica, the vista down to the river and beyond is surprising and magnificent. I hope they won't narrow it, as some people seem to desire, I don't know why.

It has been, and is, very warm here, after cool weather in the middle of September. I got here on the 14th of that month, without stopping in Venice.

I should burn my letters if I were you. I mean to make a hæuolocaust of old [across] papers this winter, leaving Cory as slender a responsibility as possible.
Yours ever G. S.

To John Hall Wheelock

7 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 7, 1937

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I was glad to receive your letter of Sept. 20, with the statement of royalties up to Aug. 2, to be paid in December. I will endorse this new handsome cheque when it arrives to my nephew George Sturgis, to help repair any damages caused by the new decline in stocks which I read of in the papers. My London bank account is still well provided for, and it is not profitable to keep large sums there, as I get practically no interest, income tax being involved.

Mr. Kyllmann tells me that I was wrong in thinking that he was not quite pleased with the arrangement made with you about The Realm of Truth. He finds that arrangement perfectly fair and satisfactory. He also tells me that they hope to publish the book in London this month. I have hopes that it may seem more timely than my other philosophical books and that, as you say, it may cast light backward upon its predecessors.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. Will you please give this order to the right quarter for a set of the Triton Edition, in addition to the two sets which I asked to have reserved for the future.

Please send a set of the Triton Edition of Santayana's works, charging it to the author's account, to the following address:

Professor Michele Petrone
Kurfuerstendamm, 26^a
Berlin, W. 15
Germany.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Oct. 14, 1937

Dear Cory

You are always acting as if you had a tough body, whereas your body is delicate. Hence these accidents. I am sorry you have had such a nasty time, and hope it is all over.

Better pay for the damage at once, and begin next month normally.

Yours affly

G. S.

To Justus Buchler

15 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 15, 1937

Dear Mr. Buchler

My knowledge of Pierce is chiefly at second hand and from quotations, but I heard one of his Harvard lectures. He had been dining at the James's and his evening shirt kept coming out of his evening waistcoat. He [*illegible*] looked red-nosed and disshevelled, and a part of his lecture seemed to be ex-tempore and whimsical. But I remember and have often used in my own thoughts, if not in actual writing, a classification he made that evening of signs into indexes and symbols and images: possibly there was still another distinct category which I don't remember. The index changes with its object but does not resemble it; the symbol resembles the object loosely and by analogy. In general I agree with what you say, that there is no hostility or contradiction between Pierce's philosophy and mine, in spite of, or because of, the fact that they are so different. You will see in The Realm of Truth that I am a [^]believer in _^radical contingency, which may have some connection (through W^m James) ~~with~~ Pierces "firstness" or "tychism"; more than with James's own indeterminism, which is an opinion or prejudiced assumption about the course of natural events, not an insight into the contingency of them, however regular they may choose to be. Of course, with tychism as a theory of solidifying chances, or evolution from chaos, I have no special sympathy. It is, like indeterminism, a physi-

cal hypothesis in which I “take no stock”. Whether “firstness” has any relation to my idea of essence, you can judge better than I, as I have not read Pierce on that subject, or know what he said. My idea came, apart from Plato, from Russell & Moore in their early phase, when they were writing their Principia Ethica; and perhaps they got it from Brentano, whom I have never read. I also got a vivid glimpse of the realm of essence as a whole, and as the inevitable background of all reality, out of a Persian or Arabian philosopher—I forget his name—mentioned in a French Life of Avicenna by Baron Cara de Veaux (or Vaux)—an old book that I have never been able to lay my hands on again.

As to Mr. Van Meter Ames, or rather his wife, their report of my obiter dicta is not to be taken seriously, however serious my real words may have been. Often they are not seriously meditated; yet it is possible, as a Spanish proverb has it, to play the flute by accident. Only Mr. & Mrs. Ames haven’t a good ear for these accidental melodies.

I have asked Scribner to send you a copy of the R. of T. but I gave Mr. Schwartz’s address for you also, thinking you lived together. I hope he will have it sent on to you; if not, perhaps by writing to Scribner you would get it readdressed. I am afraid it is too late for me to correct the error.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

17 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 17, 1937

Dear George

Without pretending to understand the detail of business or politics, I have long felt that I saw a reason for the troubles and the blankness of the official mind in both directions. The reason, I think, is this: that ideas sometimes stand for things and sometimes for ideas, or in other words for nothing. It is the same difference as in a cheque when there is money in the bank and a cheque when there isn't. And money itself, in the capitalist and credit system, is only paper money; so that you may perform vast operations with it all in the air, and be surprised at the end when events leave you in the lurch. By "you" here I mean anybody, not you, George Sturgis; because I think you have rather a keen eye for seeing the realities behind the surface of business, and not going too far beyond your depth. That is why we have suffered comparatively little in these crises.

In politics paper-money is now called "ideology", a word that didn't exist when I was young, but that would be convenient if it were clearly opposed to "realism" (which is also a set of ideas) as being theory spun in the head without control by the facts. Ideology is what dominates in President Roosevelt's speech. I could have read it here, in the English or French papers, if I had been curious. The Italian papers could hardly have printed it in full without criticism and controversy, which would have been ill-advised. They gave short extracts, and said it was "Wilsonian". That was enough for me, and I didn't look it up further; but now I have read the whole and the comments you enclose. It won't do much harm in America, because there it can pass as a political sermon, with quotations from a bishop and a novelist, who might perfectly well have written the whole of it. But it may increase the confidence with which other ideologists in France and England will hasten to draw cheques on Emptiness.

Mercedes has received my last cheque (Aug. 26) for £100, and is effusive in her thanks. Apparently she is helping not only one of her family friends, but several households. I will send her another cheque about Nov. 1st. From Pepe I have had no acknowledgement.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*across*]

P.S. Scribner promises me \$3,000 odd in December, which I will send back to you to replenish in part that special Last Puritan fund which may now be dwindling.

To Llewelyn Powys

20 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 20, 1937.

Dear Mr. Powys

I blushed on seeing the dedication of your Rats in the Sacristy, and I have smiled almost continually whilst watching the fourteen of them nibbling at the sacred vestments and the unconsecrated wafers. But why should you call them rats or confine them to sacristies? I have a fault to find with your philosophy—though you say you are not a philosopher—you are too serious. The senses are self-convinced, self-satisfied, but they are not controversial, they are not propagandist, they are not partisan. The moment we turn the magic of the moment into a maxim, we have clouded the sky. Aristippus is then on the way to become Epicurus, and Epicurus, though only opening a crack of the door towards asceticism, was on the way to become Buddha, or Burton. It seems to me that the mature materialist, whilst giving up all claims to direct the course of nature, may sympathise impartially with all her ingenious works, amongst which sacristies and their contents are not the least; theologies are as wonderful as spider's-webs, and there is no particular object in destroying them, except occasionally for domestic comfort. Fancy is in one sense prior to sensation, because the form of sensation is fanciful and original; and vice versa the most airy flights of fancy, and the greatest ambitious works of men's hands, issue in pure sensation, felt in their presence. It seems to me reasonable to take all these things with equal thanks, and with equal detachment.

I am at work on the Realm of Spirit which is intended to put all these matters fairly and squarely on a materialistic basis. Meantime the Realm

of Truth is to appear, I believe, this month, and I am having a copy sent to you in grateful acknowledgement of your Rats and their charming gambols.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

23 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Oct. 23, 1937

Dear George

Today I receive a short letter from Pepe, dated Oct. 9, acknowledging the receipt “in due course” of my cheque for £500, which he has been able to collect, “after some difficulties with the exchange”, and that they have been “paying up some current accounts”. He doesn’t say how much he got in pesetas, but it must have been at least 25,000. The Sastres, and Spanish people generally, are rather curt about money-matters. But they are eloquent about their feelings, and especially their mishaps. Pepe says a bomb dropped on his house and broke 350 panes of glass in the gallery which they have added, I suppose at the back of the house. No one was hurt, but everybody well scared. This was on July 16. Their griefs seem to have come all together.

He reports all well in Rafael’s family and in among Luis’s children. Pepe’s eldest son Eduardo is at the front, at the “Alto del Lido”, which I suppose is in the mountains north of Madrid, and not a very active sector at present.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To W. A. McCready

25 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Gilmour)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 25-X-'37.

Many thanks for your pleasant letter. I get few now on this subject, though my own interest in it is unabated. There were no exact models for my characters, but many details are borrowed from life, and from notes made when I was a young man living at Harvard, and often visiting Windsor and Oxford. I am particularly pleased that Oliver could interest you enough to be sorry for him.—As to my other books, they are legion, and for the most part only philosophy or literary criticism. If you come across my “Soliloquies in England” you might find things in them to interest you.—There were trams in Oxford at the time of my story, or thereabouts, and later ’busses.—I don’t try to avoid harmless anachronisms—“Salad days” is from Shakespeare, Antony & Cleopatra. —My fame does not extend to cheap [*across*] editions, and the popularity of my novel was a surprise to everybody, especially to myself. G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 October 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 27, 1937.

Dear Cory

I have read your article twice, at an interval of a week or more, and think it very good, especially towards the end and at a second reading. Perhaps for the book you might chasten the style in one or two places, without spoiling the vivacity and sporting spirit that make a strong impression of soundness on the reader, such as only hard hitters like Hobbes can produce: a relief from the finicky superior sarcastic air with which British critics will say something silly. I hope in your book you will develop the fundamental point, strangely neglected by us all, which you make at the

end about the insincerity of positing the truth as false (as I call it in my new book) or material objects as non-existent. The thing comes from substituting analysis (and usually a very sketchy analysis) for the thing analysed. But the terms of an analysis are only essences, out of which existence can never be composed: so that objects are emptied by such mock analysis of their substance, and mind is emptied of its movement, passion, and intent.

I shall say all this in a certain way in the R. of S. but you can put it in terms more suitable for current discussion.

I didn't feel, even at first blush, that you over-emphasised sensuous images. In fact, in my own mind (because bad eye-sight doesn't imply a bad visual imagination) I made your billiard-table even more graphic. The green was a clear lozenge, brilliantly lighted, and framed in a dark brown wooden border, well varnished: and I could even see the yellow lines, one thicker than the other, running near the edge, as a decoration. No harm in heaping up all these visible details, and saying the table has them. It has; and the fact that it has them only potentially and relatively to the human eye is no more inconsistent with having them than being green is inconsistent with been green in the dark. If the lights were turned off, the baize would not cease to be green baize or become red or yellow: it would preserve its greenness as matter may, by preserving the determinant properties of what looks green under the proper conditions.

I also think that your account of the feeling of "placing" the object away from the body is satisfactory. Animal faith is one of the elements which the analytic idealists overlook: at least, they ought to enumerate it among the "data" distinguishable in perception. Yet it is not properly a datum but a movement or act of intelligence, a mode of spirit out of which reflection, if it likes, [*across*] may make a "datum" of logic or grammar. In reality, it is a living dart.
Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

3 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Nov. 3, 1937

Dear Miss Tindall

It is pleasant to know that you are in Rome, and I shall certainly have work for you; in fact, I think there are already some fragments of Dominations & Powers that need to be copied. What I am doing for the moment goes very slowly, and (at least in quantity) will amount to very little, as it is the last volume of my Realms of Being. The third volume, on Truth, has just appeared, and I missed your aid very much in preparing it for publication.

I am afraid I know nobody who needs help: in fact, I see nothing of society, intellectual or other, and live more than ever the life of a hermit.

I will look over my manuscripts and bring you, in a day or two, anything that I may find ready.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Norman Holmes Pearson

4 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, Nov. 4, 1937.

Dear Mr. Pearson,

It is always a compliment to be quoted, and I am naturally much pleased that you should wish to include these verses in your anthology.

As to the dates, I have no records, but some tolerably clear recollection in regard to three of the pieces chosen. N^o 5 was one of my earliest sonnets, and appeared, I think, in the Harvard Monthly in 1885–6, but had been written earlier. N^o 2 was written at Gibraltar in September 1887, and N^o 4 bears its date in the book, December 1913, and I think was written in Spain. Of N^o 1 and N^o 3 I have no distinct recollection, but all these “Odes” were written about the same time, inspired not by Sappho (for they are not in true Sapphics) but by a translation of her poems in Spanish

which I had come upon among my father's books. N^o 1 was printed, I think, in "Scribner's" or the "Century" before it appeared in by "Sonnets & Other Verses" in 1894. It was the first piece for which I ever got any money (\$15=); but this literary début is not recorded in the bibliography prepared by the editors of my Obiter Scripta, and I have no means of looking up the exact date. I therefore put it down, in the enclosed slip from your letter, as about 1890.

These are now such remote dates that I need hardly apologize for being so uncertain about them.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

^About 1890^	MY HEART REBELS AGAINST MY GENERATION
^1887^	OF THEE THE NORTHMAN BY HIS BEACHED GALLEY
^About 1890^	ON THE DEATH OF A METAPHYSICIAN
^1913^	A MINUET
^1884^	OH WORLD, THOU CHOOSEST NOT THE BETTER PART

To George Sturgis

12 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

November 12, 1937

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Dear George

Yesterday I got B. S. & C^o's quarterly account with my old cheques, and I enclose the three Spanish ones, so that they may serve you as receipts. The difficulty about Pepe's endorsement was probably due to his signing in the full Spanish fashion, which seems to change his surname. Don't return the cheques.

I have also received a letter from Mercedes, from Bayona (Vigo) of Nov. 3, very much less fulsome than the previous one, and in fact a little hurt at not having received anything more. But on Nov. 6, I had sent her another £100, so that I hope she may soon be pacified. It appears that both her intimate friends Pilar and Maria Luisa are more or less profiting by her bounty. She doesn't say so clearly, but I read it between the lines. You may send me to B. S. & C^o any money you have of hers, and I will see that at least as much is doled out to her. Under the present trying circumstances I think we can let her have more than her exact income, as it doubtless all goes into most deserving charities.

If income is not reduced, the new slump in prices doesn't concern me. I read the beginning and the end of the pamphlet you sent me but the style is so bad—all blind abstract language, with no life in it—that I should hardly have taken in the rest, if I had forced myself to read it. I gathered that he advocates a moderation of the President's policy, to keep the old system going a little longer. That may be the most advisable practical course for the moment. A philosopher thirsts for first principles, and expedients don't interest him.—When your account comes at the end of the year, I shall see whether my free money—I mean the \$25,000 from Scribner—are so reduced as to impose some change of plans.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

16 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

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

Rome, Nov. 16, 1937

Dear Mr. Von Hagen

“Off With Their Heads” has occupied several evenings very pleasantly. Geography has fascinated me from childhood up, and also zoology, although this subject is more complicated for a pictorial mind. I also sympathize with your relatively good opinion of savages; and the fact that your friends had no government, but waged perennial war on one another apparently for no reason is most instructive. They were not even patriarchal, and their raids were so occasional and limited that no military organization endured from one to another. If they had not raided from time to time and never cried “Off With Their Heads” would they have been able to preserve their sparse settlements and their purely domestic economy? It occurs to me that their mad head-hunting may have been a condition of their domestic peace. It is lucky that you were able to describe their way of living so graphically before advancing civilization wipes them out.

The symbiosis of reason and madness is a good subject for philosophic reflection.

With many thanks for your book,

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

19 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Riverside)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 19, 1937

Dear Mr. Hartmann

That the world should seem to run away from us is a familiar sensation. I had it all through my younger days; but I was lucky in being able to return the compliment, and run away from the world. Now I am being treated more sympathetically, when I don't need it; ~~but~~ and I am glad to send you a little help in your difficulties. I hope you will send me your book on Baker Eddy, if you get it published

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

23 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 23, 1937.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Last night—a month after posting in New York—I received the sheets of the Triton Edition to be signed. I suppose the delay occurred at the Italian custom-house; there was a large wax seal with Dogana stamped on it, but otherwise the parcel didn't seem to have been opened. I am sending it back today in the same covering in which it came, and I hope it may arrive safely.

The signing was a matter of half an hour. The paper seemed thicker than that I signed in Paris in 1936, and though I didn't count the sheets, they seemed to me less than 100. I tried two different pens, but the ink had a tendency to run. Perhaps the signature, so thickened may seem to have more strength of character

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

25 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Nov. 25, 1937

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is the beginning of my new (and last) volume of philosophy. I am afraid I sha'n't have another chapter ready before Christmas, so that perhaps you might enclose your account with this batch (for which there is no hurry) as it might be convenient to have a little extra money for the festive season.

More of Dom. & P'rs may also be ready eventually.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 November 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Nov. 26, 1937

Dear Cory

It is very nice that Eliot should ask you to review the R. of T. and that you will go to London occasionally to see him, or other people. S. who has been here for a month, also approves.

Did I tell you that Miss Tindall, my type-writing lady, has returned to Rome? That has encouraged me to put my manuscripts in shape, and she has already copied a lot of Dom. & P'rs. and the long Preface and long Chapter I of the R. of Spirit. I am today beginning the rewriting of Chapter II on the Distribution of Spirit. Things are going so well in this direction that I think it not impossible that after another summer and winter both books may be finished.

I have sent for Hamilton's Poetry and Contemplation, which will be forwarded to you later with notes, if it proves inspiring.

I send you a Christmas present with your allowance, in case you find clothes or theatres tempting in town.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

2 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Duke)

ROMA—INTERNO DELLA BASILICA DI S. PAOLO FUORI DELLE MURA

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 2–XII–'37.

I am afraid that I have nothing to say about either Chesterton or E. A. Robinson. The one was too crisp for me the other too dull, and both left me empty. So does almost all contemporary poetry.—As to The Last Puritan only the northern nations seem to take him seriously. There have been German, Swedish, and Danish translations, nothing else so far except projects. The book is taken as a document in sociology, not as a work of art, which perhaps it is not. I hardly know. G. S.

To Rafael Sastre González

3 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Hotel Bristol, Roma

3 de Diciembre, 1937.

Querido Rafael: Llega otra vez la época en que acostumbro a mandar un recuerdo a tus hijos y a los de tus hermanos. Me entristece ahora, al hacerlo, que falte Roberto, a quien yo quería mucho, y que estén huérfanos los niños de Luis. ¿Viven estos como antes con los hermanos de Teresa, o los habeis recogido vosotros?

De las cosas de España dan noticias diarias los periódicos de aquí, con simpatía y buena voluntad hacia nosotros, pero incompletas, y yo hace tiempo que he dejado de leer periódicos ingleses, de manera que estoy poco enterado de lo que ocurre. No importa, pues sería inútil para mi estar

al corriente de tantos acontecimientos confusos y tristes, cuando no puedo intervenir en ellos. De Mercedes recibo cartas sumamente patrióticas; tiene la muy valiente mas de 80 años, viaja, escribe, se entuseasma por el ejército y sus victorias, y ayuda en lo que puede a las hijas y nietos que su amiga Esperanza, con quienes vive.

Esperemos que otro año, si llegamos a verle, se haya aclarado el horizonte.

Con muchos recuerdos a Adela te abraza tu tío

Jorge

P.D. No me gusta dejar de mandar la parte de este recuerdo que correspondía a Roberto. Cuento los trece primos como siempre, y te agradecería que entregases la parte de Roberto a Isabel, para que la emplee en alguna limosna en recuerdo de su hijo, o como tenga conveniente.

To Mr. Mende

4 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Reading)

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

Rome, ~~N~~Dec. 4, 1937.

Dear Mr. Mende

Your proposal that I should prepare selections from Plato is very flattering, but I am not the man for the work, not being a Plato scholar nor even an orthodox Platonist. For the same reason, I ought not to undertake to write an introduction to a popular [*illegible*]book. My view of Plato is a critical, personal one: I should be preaching my own Gospel, and not my author's.

Besides, I have no books at hand, and no energy for work not in the line of my long-formed literary projects. Could you get Prof. Taylor to undertake the task? It would be easy for him.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles P. Davis

11 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Dec. 11, 1937. My approaching birthday (74th) finds me still at it, but my present book will be the last of my "System," and anything more, if it should come, would be a work of supererogation. I find old age far more agreeable in itself than youth or manhood; and I make it as little disagreeable as possible to others, by not intruding.

They also do not intrude so tutti contenti. A happy New Year from G.S.

To Norman Holmes Pearson

11 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 11, 1937

Dear Mr. Pearson

Certainly, I should be glad to have you quote that part of my letter and anything from the preface to my Poems that may seem to you appropriate. This preface, by the way, was written in November, 1922: you evidently have a later edition. In the first English edition (much better-looking than Scribner's reprint) it bears that date.⁺

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

⁺Also in Scribner's "Triton Edition" of my Works, recently published.

To George Sturgis

16 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 16, 1937

Dear George

Today—my 74th birthday—I receive the cheque which I enclose; when I receive your yearly account, a month hence, I will write more at length on the subject of money.

Mercedes has received my last £100, sent on Nov. 6. About Newyear's I will send her as much again; that will not exhaust the amount you transferred to B. S. & C^o for her, as I regard the last cheque as a present from me. She has other people more or less depending on help from her, and no doubt distributes what she can in charity, so that I am glad to let her have more than her regular allowance, especially at this time. Besides, she is born to have money, and handling and distributing it, I know, will be a real pleasure for her.

B. S. & C^o do not help me to get this money to her, except by paying the cheques when they are presented in London. I send them to her (as I did the one to Pepe) directly by air-post. There is a bi- or tri-weekly airline from Rome to Cadiz by which they go, the Ala Littoria, and the rest is done by the Spanish bank to which she presents the cheque, with the letter it came in, to prove its legitimate provenance. I daresay by this time the formalities, due to the war, are less protracted, as they must recognize my little cheques.

I hope your trip to Havana was as agreeable as you expected, and that you will not be too much worried by the financial row.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

16 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome,

Dec. 16, 1937.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Many thanks for your cheque for \$3,136.14, which reaches me, as a present, on the 74th anniversary of my birthday. I suppose this is the last large payment that will come in consequence of my novel, or other books, but I console myself by thinking that perhaps in other ways the future of my books may be better than the past.

I hope you have now received the signed sheets for the Triton Edition

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis and Family

23 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 23, 1937

Dear George, Rosamond,
and Boys,

Thank you for your Christmas greetings and flowers—roses, carnations, and four orchids—which remind me, when I look at the mantlepiece, that this is a festive season. To me, every day is like every other, and I hardly know the day of the week or the month that I happen to be living in.

I have been confined to the house for ten days with a touch of catarrh, but not violent, and yesterday and today I have been out for a walk in the sun. You may have seen that we have been having much rain and even floods, but that coincided with my cold, and made keeping in-doors seem more natural. Rain and cloudy weather have always made me cheerful, even when I was a child. Was it because it rests the eyes, or because it suggests home and the chimney corner? I was a little old man when I was a boy, and am an old fat boy now that I have completed my 74th year.

My work goes on slowly but steadily—two or three hours every morning at my desk—and I am in hopes of finishing my two remaining books before my wits fail me altogether.

I have been interested to hear that you three boys are all at boarding schools. I was never at one myself, and for that reason look at boarding-school life idealistically, as upon something romantic. But the “Intelligentsia”, that I am apt to be thrown with, much against my will, despise “Public Schools”, as they are called in England, and think them ruinous for the intellect. I hope your intellects will survive the infection, without turning you into prigs.

Yours affectionately
Uncle George

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

25 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 25, 1937

Messrs. Constable & Company
London.

In regard to the sonnet to be included in Cossell & C^o's Anthology prepared by the late Canon Sheppard, you need not have consulted me, as I have asked you to arrange these cases of quotations as you think best. I desire no fee for myself, but I understand that you think it better, as a matter of policy, to charge something, and I leave the matter to your discretion

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

To Shohig Sherry Terzian

27 December 1937 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 27, 1937

Dear Miss Terzian

I am overwhelmed by your unexpected birthday and Christmas present, not only a book, but a luxurious leather book-cover, such as I had never seen before, and other trappings. Have you perhaps left in your nature a feeling for Oriental ways? As I grow old, I feel reviving in myself an opposite instinct, a Castilian love of mended clothes, simple monotonous days, and a minimum of belongings. Having money makes no difference. If Don Quixote had been very rich he would have made magnificent gifts on occasion, but he would not have got a prancing horse or changed his linen any oftener. However, my aesthetic soul dotes on

Oriental poetry and splendour, and on those total terrible changes of fortune that, among Orientals, can leave the soul so entirely detached and incorruptible.

I shall read Forty Days of Musa Dagh with greater interest because of the association with a living friend who unites being an Armenian with the study of my philosophy! That is a combination that perhaps will never occur again in the history of the world, and I had better make the most of it on this pleasant occasion.

Let me thank you very much for your kind thought, and repeat my best wishes for your future.

Sincerely yours,
GSantayana

To Milton Kronovet

10 January 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

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

Rome, Jan. 10, 1938. —It is hardly as literature, but as documents, that “American realism” seems interesting; whereas Balzac, if not Zola, had a general human subject-matter. I should be tempted to say of American literature even of the “Golden Day” that it is important because it is American, marks a phase of American “culture”, but is unimportant in itself, as poetry or philosophy. But I am not a reader of novels, so that I am hardly competent to speak for either of the schools that you wish to compare. I have read practically no Zola, not half of Balzac, and only “Babbitt” in the other camp. The fact that here and in Dreiser there seems to be something like a call for a new principle of life, a call for repentance, contrasts with the purely descriptive even if tragic picture drawn by the French writers. If this suggestion of a call had a sequel, the American school would prove to be important in the history of morals, which the French school hardly can be. GSantayana

To George Sturgis

14 January 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 14, 1938

Dear George

Last night I received your yearly account, with enclosures. My interest in it is confined to a few points, most of the pages of items being abracadabra to me, but the list of payments at the end, with the final balance fixes my attention. It requires my synthetic philosophy and a few sums in addition and subtraction to arrive at the following result in round numbers, which are all that seriously concerns me.

Income	\$22,500	
Tax		\$2,100
Commission		1,350
Minor expenses		75
Spent		4,500
Saved		<u>14,400</u>
		\$22,425

To have spent one fifth of my income and saved more than one half, the rest going to incidental charges, seems rather a good record for a philosopher, at least of the thrifty school, like Benjamin Franklin (who wouldn't have approved of his namesake Franklin Roosevelt); but other philosophers for whom I care more, like Aristippus the Cyrenaic (don't say you never heard of him, fie!) would reproach me for being miserly and not

enjoying youth while it lasts. But I do enjoy it, my happy youth at 74, much better than that other reputed youth at 24. ~~But~~ And you mustn't suppose that my modest \$4,500 for the year were secretly increased by what I got from Scribner: that is for the most part still in the bank in London, and what is spent is spent entirely on other people, except for an occasional £10 that I send to Blackwell in Oxford who supplies me with books. Apart from that, I have drawn nothing from B. S. & C^o during the year for my own expenses. ~~But~~ Yet I live luxuriously: having now a wood-fire burning in my fireplace, an innovation this winter, and very pleasant in the cold weather we have been having.

As to my private or (as I call it) my Last Puritan account, if there is no greater loss, I need not trouble about it, as it will still suffice to go on sending Russell what we led him to expect; only for three or four years, you remember, and at a pinch we could substitute something from the regular account or from B. S. & C^o although I don't mean to do either, but to warn R. in time, if the decline should continue.

If next year my income is \$15,000, I shall still be saving more than I spend, so that there is nothing to worry about, except the celestial wrath of Aristippus the Cyrenaic.

A German friend, protégé of Westenholz's, who was here recently, said that he expected a war in three or four years, when their armaments were complete. He admitted that it might not occur. I know nothing but what I gather from the Italian papers, read rather hastily: but my instinct tells me that if there is a war, England (and of course the U.S.) will keep out of it. [*illegible*] Yes, everybody is afraid. Universal funk. See how quiet Russia is about China; and yet, what a chance, if they were willing and ready, to strike Japan virtuously! And France doesn't dare to intervene in Spain openly, without British help; and they will have to swallow their discomfiture, as they did in Abyssinia. No: I don't think there will be a great war soon, unless unforeseen complications should bring it on in spite of every body. You were in the war, and ought to know; but it seems to me, looking on from the side-lines, that people suffered so much, and with such a vague needless object, that they have become religiously pacifist. Better any thing than fight. And the younger men have caught the terror in the form of superior enlightenment. In Oxford the fashion is to swear never to fight "for one's country"—only, perhaps, for one's place in it. What we may have is civil wars, as in [*across*] Spain. There is a tendency to fight for one's party, while fighting "for one's country" is an anachronism. G.S.

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

15 January 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Riverside)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 15, 1938

Dear Mr. Hartmann

By this time you have probably been able to cash my cheque on London, as I believe you did once before without difficulty. I am sorry if the delay has put you to inconvenience, but I have no other means of sending remittances easily. It seldom happens that one sends money to America; it normally comes from there, never to return. I am therefore without experience in the business of transmission westwards and have to trust to cheques on my only bank-account

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Logan Pearsall Smith

22 January 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 22, 1938

Dear Smith

I had heard of your autobiography and should have sent for The Atlantic and read it, if I hadn't expected to have it before long in the form of a book: but if the public clamours for more, you may have to keep the story going like Sherenazade (how is it spelled?) for a thousand and one issues. However, you might get out a first volume Youth, a second Maturity, and as much as may be of a third Wisdom, to be posthumous, as wisdom usually is.

I am reasonably well, having had no operations or serious illnesses in the past, and only a bronchial catarrh always knocking at the door, but sel-

dom let in or kept long in full personal presence. I work every morning steadily for two or three hours on the last volume of Realms of Being or on Dominations and Powers (my political testament). They are my last works. If I should live to finish them, and the automatic habit of writing can't be stopped, I may compose an autobiography too. There are some fragments already: but I think story-telling is the form of expression that most improves with age, so that I have left that project for the end, if the end politely makes room for it.

Of course I shall be much honoured to be quoted in your Memoirs, and the letter (which I had entirely forgotten), seems reasonable, if a little long. Don't hesitate to leave out any part that may seem superfluous. I think not mentioning my name may have a better effect—more mysterious—than if you mentioned it. But, do as you like. Those in the know will at one see that it is mine—foreigner long resident, Harvard Lampon, Harvard philosophical Faculty, and “genteel tradition”.

Your letter is full of images, and that of the Berensons with the great-grand-child ~~streak~~ breaking like a ray of sunrise into the house is most attractive. We are doing very well in our old age, almost all of us. Strong is in Rome at this moment, happy and well in spite of his paralytic legs, and pleased by the new toy of a diminutive closed motor.

Saluti e auguri from your old friend

GSantayana

[*across page one*]

P. S. “La fille de Minos et de Pasiphaé” is the 36th line of Phèdre. Racine may have been struck by the euphony of it in the “Characters”, and put it in. Prose has its magic, too. I don't deny that.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 January 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 26, 1938

Dear Cory

Sybolism here was not intended!

Strong turned up again a week ago, and seems to be looking forward to an indefinite stay. I see him every day punctually from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m. at the Caffè Aragno, in the darkest corner, looking toward the light, and accompanied by hammering in one or more directions, as the repairs seem to become more and more extensive, like progress, as they proceed. I don't mind, as that is anyhow the time for coffee, and S. is in an amiable mood. He says his life has been a success; that he has solved the problem of body-and-mind; that he has enjoyed reading the foreign and classical poets (not the English so much) and that the review of his last book in Mind is accurate, that it reports his views so that even those who neglect the book will be informed about them, and that by saying that he would have done better to leave out the "poems" "of his own composition", the review only confirms his conviction that it was the right thing to put them in. They show that he has feeling in his philosophy, not only "unconscious feeling" but suppressed religious feeling of the best American brew. This last, as you surmise, is not expressed by me in his ipsissima verba, but I think I convey his sentiments. The real reason for this roseate prospect over the desert of his life and the stony dryness of that little review in Mind, is that he has a new covered motor, like a bathtub with a lid to it, in which he can keep warm. The seats also slope uncompromisingly backward, so that he can't concentrate his entire weight vertically on the tender south pole of his person: and a great cosmic philosophical relief and universal good will rise from there and permeate his thoughts. Even I come in now and then for a good word. He referred the other day—apropos of expatriation—to Peter Alden's telegram to his son on that subject, as to a well-known historical event! Most delicate flattery to an amateur novelist, to suggest that his slightest creations people the public mind.

He asked if you had gone to London. Have you? Are you going, or is it given up?

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

1 February 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol,
Feb. 1, 1938

Dear Strong

The cumulative tension of these daily meetings, too much prolonged, is in danger of leading to unpleasant incidents. We seem to be out of sympathy on almost every current subject, and feelings too long suppressed are apt to break out when one least expects it. I think it will be better for me not to meet you at the Aragno any more this winter. In the autumn, or in the winter of next year, if you return to Rome, we might perhaps resume them.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

2 February 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol,
Feb. 2, 1938

Dear Strong.

Our altercation of yesterday was only a last straw. Such incidents blow over with a little goodwill. The real trouble runs deeper and is of very long standing: a perpetual undercurrent of opposition and unsatisfied animosity, which after a time makes existence unbearable. It was what sometimes drove me out of the apartment in Paris; and with old age in both of us it has naturally got worse. I think the only remedy is a little prudence and good sense in not meeting under forced pressure or at fixed times. When the occasion is spontaneous, there are always current events to relieve the tension.

If you finish your Dialogue and leave it here, at the Bristol, I will read it at once and bring it back to the Aragno the next day, and tell you what I think about it. In that way we can say good-bye decently for the time being. I am glad you have taken a conciliatory view of the matter, which makes a pleasanter solution possible

Yours ever
G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

2 February 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Feb. 2. 1938

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I was wondering whether The Realm of Truth had yet appeared in America, as no letters or reviews had reached me about it. I see that it is to be published on Feb. 11, and that explains the silence.

As to my six copies, you might credit me with six of those to be sent to my friends, as I have a surfeit of books here, for the space at my disposal, and can wait until vol XV of the Triton Edition comes to represent your issue. I am advancing very slowly with The Realm of Spirit, largely because there is too much MS. written at different times, and it is difficult to select and arrange it, and avoid repetitions and lack of logical order. However, I have waded through the same sort of morass before, in the Realm of Matter, for instance, and no doubt in time I shall be able to manage this volume also. But it may take a year or more

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

11 February 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 11, 1938

Dear George

Your desire that I should make a will is perfectly reasonable, and I am a little ashamed of having been recalcitrant or negligent in the matter. They say some old men hate to make a will: but I think that must be a tradition surviving from the times when wills were made in one's deathbed, so that—like the appearance of the priest and the last sacrament—it was a very bad omen for the sick man. That is no longer a part of our death-bed manners; and as the Deed of Trust has already disposed of most of my property, I hardly think that this reluctance of mine to sign a further Will can be due to fear of dying immediately. It was, as I have said before, partly due to a feeling that the will as drawn up didn't quite express my wishes, and partly to the fact that I don't know anybody who could serve as a witness—except the American ambassador, who is too big a gun for the purpose. However, in the Spring it is likely that some friend will turn up—indeed, I expect Fuller, who was my colleague at Harvard for a time—who might accompany me to the consulate, where other witnesses might volunteer. So that if you send me a new will, I think I shall be able to sign it and send it back to you, for such use as you may be able to make of it.

I have reread the enclosed draft and on the whole, although I don't wholly like it, I think it represents what, under the circumstances, I am more or less bound to do. But there are some changes that ought to be made, as follows:

- I. A preamble stating that the first item is to be paid first, the second next, and so on, until the sum in my personal account is exhausted. This is necessary, in case the drain on those original \$25,000, with the "recession" in value may make the capital in question insufficient for the bequests.
- II. A new item, to be N^o 1 at the head of the list:

To Cesare Pinchetti, proprietor of the Hotel Bristol, Piazza Barberini, Rome, Italy, \$500 to be distributed to the employe's of his establishment, according to his judgment, in recognition of their willing services rendered to me for many years.

- III. The beneficiaries under heading "First", in the enclosed draft, to be in the following order.
- (a) Pinchetti (as above)
 - (b) Cory (now c)
 - (c) Mercedes (now a)
 - (d) Mrs. Toy (now b).
 - (e) Onderdonk (now d)
- IV. Cory is no longer at the address given. He stays most of the time at the Towercliffe Hotel, Bournemouth, England; he has no home; but his father lives at 133 East 73rd St. New York City.
- V. As to the \$10,000 additional to Harvard, I don't wish it to be paid unless it can be done with the funds in my personal account (plus my bank account in London): I mean, I am not thinking of taking it from the residuary legatees of The Deed of Trust. Have the thing worded so that, if there are not \$10,000 left after the small bequests are paid, Harvard will get the residue only. Or perhaps it would be grander to give Harvard nothing more, unless it can be the full \$10,000. Do as you think about this.

Yours aff^{ly} GS.

[*across*]

P.S. I enclose another cheque of Mercedes' as a receipt. She has since received a further one to the same amount.

To Charles Augustus Strong

18 February 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome.

Feb. 18, 1938

Dear Strong

I think it would be better not to meet again at the Aragno for the present. When you come again to Rome or to Venice we can resume our meetings in a fresher atmosphere.

I see possibilities of reconciling, in the way you suggest, neo-realism with a view like Lovejoy's, that the datum is a psychic existent, which (I

suppose) might be perfectly defined by the essence present to intuition. All that the neo-realists would then have to concede would be the verbal designation (say, of the new moon in the sky) as a psychic phenomenon. But I don't see, without further explanation, how the neo-realist would be reconciled to your substantial sentience, which is not a phenomenon at all.

As to particulars and universals, I think the hopeful way of disentangling the question is to consider (like W^m James in his "Does Consciousness Exist") the relations in which the given term is placed. My essences are all individual, not abstractions or generic terms designating classes of particulars. But they are not themselves particulars, because they do not (in their own medium) occupy any part of space or time, or have any physical relations. Each essence has only the essential relations that ally it to other essences. Only the intuition (the fact that the essence appears) is an event and a particular.

Your suggestion, therefore, would hardly affect my view.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 February 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 24, 1938

Dear Cory,

Probably not much of your Christmas present is now left for your extra expenses of travel and being in town. I send you a small supplement to ease the anguish.

As to coming to Italy later, you know you are free to do as you like, and I will gladly pay your travelling expenses if you have no other source of supply. Strong said something in his former visit about paying your trav-

elling expenses himself, or even—at some unspecified future time—perhaps giving you a part of your regular allowance. He asked me point blank how much I sent you, and I told him; but the subject was not renewed. After that pleasant spell which I described in my last letter, we had a row, and I stopped going to meet him at the Aragno. The quarrel is not complete, we have exchanged philosophical letters; but I have declared my independence. When he came to Rome a second time this winter, and on February 1st announced that he was staying another month I was rather appalled. It seemed to mean that in future he would spend a great part of each winter here, and expect me to see him every day. That was not the occasion of our final tiff—it was Mussolini, the Pope, and politics in general—but it predisposed me to hold my own, and resist this coercion. Our relations are therefore rather strained, and for that reason, and because I don't need you for my present work, I think you had better not come to Rome this year. Come to Florence and see Strong there, if you think it better; perhaps he would be equally pleased to see you at Versailles. Settle that between you, and if he doesn't provide the where-withal, or not enough, I shall be very glad to supply what may be wanting. He certainly counts on seeing you, and ought not to be deprived of that pleasure.

I expect to go to Cortina, certainly not to France. Yours affly GS.

To José Sastre González

1 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Hotel Bristol, Roma
1 de Marzo, 1938

Querido Pepe

Por encargo de Jorge te mando este cheque sobre Londres, que representa la cantidad de 2,200 dolares que él me ha enviado, 1,500 para tí, y 700 de Luis, para su familia

He recibido cariñosas cartas de Josefina y de Eduardo. Estoy muy torpe para escribir, pero me acuerdo mucho de vosotros. Leo diariamente las noticias de España y creo que la guerra se aproxima ya a un feliz desenlace.

Un abrazo de tu tío que te quiere

Jorge

To George Sturgis

1 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 1, 1938

Dear George

I am sending today a cheque for £450 to Pepe, mentioning that you have sent me \$2200⁰⁰, \$1500 for him and \$700 for Luis's children. B. S. & C^o have also given me notice of your remittance, which I have asked them to transfer to my ordinary account.

£450 is a trifle more than \$2200, I believe, at the present rate of exchange, but I owed Pepe something on the former exchange, and this will make things right, or erring on the right side.

As to Russell's request to have the money sent to his wife [^]N^o 3[^], I suppose it comes from the fact that his wife N^o 2 has a legal right to one third (I believe) of his income; and it might be safer not to include this gift in it. As to the alternative of himself transferring the cheque to his wife's account, I don't see the logic of it, but he is a great logician, if not a good man of business, and probably sees an identity between having received and given and not having received at all. I am afraid the irrational English law might see a difference.

You notice that his address is changed to Amberley House, Kiddlington, Oxford. I hear he has a small house in that remote village, and hopes to attract private disciples, as he is too old and too heterodox to aspire to any official academic post.

D^f Morejón (Manuela's physician) has received £20 which I sent him, thinking that it covered Manuela's last lost installment of her allowance; but he says that you sent this semi-annually, not quarterly, so that it ought to be £40. He also has lofty claims to vague sums for hospital and opera-

tion fees, to be presented later, when he is able to get his papers again. We shall see, but I don't mind sending him another £20, if he is right about your remittances. The poor devil seems to be hard up, as almost everybody seems to be in this world. Isn't that a false and unnatural state of affairs? People may be normally poor, but they ought not to be always poorer.

Yours affly

G.S.

[*across*]

P.S. Rafael, however, says that (agricultural) affairs are going better than in peace-time, and that the country is prospering in spite of the war at the front.

To Charles P. Davis

10 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

ROMA—CHINSA DI S. MARIA DI LOVLE—COLLENA CONJUNO

Hotel Bristol, Rome. 10—III—'38

Thank you for your letter & enclosure. Hazlit's criticism is right about Occam's Razor as a principle of method, just as economy of line may be good in a sketch (not by Piranesi, like this card). But what I had in mind was economy in doctrine, such as the British philosophers indulge in. That surely is not neatness in a solution, but poverty of imagination and of sympathy with the generous womb of nature.—Nothing new with me. Time is all little taps. Why mind the 75th? I am working pleasantly on my two next & last books.

With best wishes

G.S.

To George Sturgis

15 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 15, 1938

Dear George

I am sorry if my phrase “What do you think⁷⁷?” was embarrassing. I was thinking aloud, so to speak, and it never occurred to me that you were financially concerned. Of course you and Josephine would be, if I made no will; but in my own mind I have two entirely separate funds, a Sturgis fund, derived in part, it is true, from my old savings, but built up principally by an inheritance from your grandmother, (Sturgis money originally) and by your father’s good management and your own. That fund exists for me principally as a source of income (a life pension) and the capital should revert to the Sturgis family and Harvard College, from which it came. My other fund comes entirely from my earnings after I left Harvard: it is my bank-account in London and now those \$25,000 that I sent you out of royalties for The Last Puritan. That is not, in my mind, money to invest for income but money to spend. For that reason, I seized on the occasion of R.’s predicament to spend that unexpected sum on an appropriate object. I see now that, after one payment of \$2,500, it has “recessed” to \$18,000, a loss (considering that some interest must have accrued) of more than \$5,000. I hope you will invest this particular money only in the safest things, or merely hoard it, so that we may count on it for R. and for expenses connected with my proposed will, if my London bank account does not suffice to cover them.

We led R. to expect help for 3 or 4 years. I counted on 4, or \$20,000 in all, leaving \$5,000 margin, as I supposed. If things go badly, we can always stop payments, no promise having been made: but I should like to keep them up at least for 3 years. I have sent you some \$3,000 more (not in the account I received on January 1st) so that the second payment you have now made ought still to leave us \$18,000, with only \$10,000 to pay

during the next two years. The Last Puritan fund, therefore, ought to suffice amply for the R. business.

Moreover, your aunt Susie used to say that any man marrying after 60 was likely to die within a year. R.'s is an aggravated case: an old game-cock of 63 marrying a chicken of 25. He survives: but at any moment the hopes of radical philosophy and the drain on our little fund may cease together.

Turning now to my London bank-account, we may observe that (apart from death-dues) it would nearly suffice to pay all the bequests I am now going to propose, and that if I live a few years longer, it may suffice entirely. On the one hand Mercedes might have died; she is not well and over 80; and on the other hand I might have got more good royalties, not from that other novel which you urge me to write (I can't do that) but from the Triton Edition of my Works, and from other books and articles. In view of this possibility if I live for some time, and _^in view_^ of the existence of the \$18,000 in your care, if I should die soon, I think we may venture to make a will as follows:

\$10,000	to Harvard, to be added to the Fellowship fund bequeathed in the Deed of Trust.
2,500	to Mercedes
2,500	to Cory
500	to Cesare Pinchetti, for the hotel servants.

You notice that I leave out Mrs. Toy and Onderdonk altogether. They are not persons with any real claim, although Onderdonk was to get something according to the autograph will that I made long ago, and may be disappointed. But I am also disappointed in him, and you may tell him so if he should insult you over my open grave.

As to Cesare Pinchetti, he is the owner of this old, too old hotel. If he died, the place would be closed or rebuilt and I should have to leave. I could then give something to some of the servants if I chose, but the solemn occasion of the Vecchio Professore dying would be missed, and no consolation required.

It is just possible that I should leave the place alive—I mean it alive, and I alive—and in that case too I could give something to the servants personally on my departure. In this unlikely case, it would be inappropriate to leave them a second mancia on my death. Let us therefore add to the bequest, as previously worded, this additional clause: “Provided that, [*illegible*] up to the time of my death, I [*illegible*] shall have continued _^to_^ reside at the _^said_^ hotel during the greater part of each year.”

As to the bequests being reduced proportionally if the funds available were insufficient, you may have that provision put in, if it seems wiser: but, as I have explained, I shall endeavour to have cloth enough on hand for the cut of the coat.

I am sending Mercedes £100 more today, \$300 being still due her of what you sent, and the rest a present.

I have also sent Pepe (as I think I wrote you) £450, not yet acknowledged

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

19 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, March 19, 1938

The passage partly quoted comes from my essay on Dickens, 4th paragraph, in Soliloquies in England. [In the Triton Edition it has been removed from the Soliloquies to go with the literary criticism in vol. II.]

At first I was shocked that you could have associated such remarks with St. Francis; but on second thoughts—although he couldn't have relished the mighty joints, hot punch, and steaming puddings so appropriate to the English climate, he might perhaps have thanked God for our little sisters bread and water, our little brother-beans, and our little cousin cabbage.—I wasn't aware of being about to write about St. Francis but your always inaccurate information has led me to do so.

No: I am not an admirer of Strachey. I knew him. Yours sincerely

G.S.

To Boylston Adams Beal

20 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 20, 1938

Dear Boylston

It was very kind of you to write about Ward. The Class secretary had sent me a card announcing his death; what you tell me of his illness is on the whole rather consoling, as there seems to have been little suffering or struggle against fate. The heart is the spot where weakness is most becoming; you die from the centre and your [*illegible*] decline is a kind of self-surrender. I should be glad to die of the heart. It is also interesting to hear about Ward's success in business. He had a very good mind that took pleasure in seeing things in various lights. I shall never forget his Sophomore theme on the art of lying, which ended by saying that the same arguments would equally well prove the opposite conclusion. It was frivolous but showed vivacity and a play of mind that might easily end by picking out the essential element in anything, as he seems to have done in business. I hardly ever saw him after his Washington days, when I once stayed with him at the Warders, and wasn't much pleased with the turn his life and his mind had taken. No doubt, later, in his Boston life and second marriage, he took a wiser course, but that was after my day. I have heard him praised in various quarters, and his literary interests of late years renewed a side of him that I felt and liked in our college days.

It happens that at this moment I am reading for the first time Henry Adam's Chartres and Mont Saint Michel. Ward, in Washington, had taken me to see Mr. Adams, who shook his head at the idea of teaching anything at Harvard (it was my first or second year as "instructor") and said that nothing could really be taught. I see in his book that, in spite of communicating a good deal of learning, he frankly falls back exclusively on emotion, with the very American feeling that all ideas are more or less jokes and that only the heart matters, that heart from which it is so easy and almost pleasant to die. It is decadent, in all its decency and facetiousness:

strong pathos of distance, aggravated by distrust of any clear and articulate ideas that might actually be true. I saw Henry Adams later in Paris, in the society of Mrs. Cameron and Joe Stickney. He was then even more decadent, but milder, more resigned, and taking refuge in amiable commonplaces and exaggerated appreciation of everything, including Mrs. Cameron, Stickney, and the Eiffel Tower.

I wonder if Ward was much influenced by him, and encouraged to float in the region of sentiment and good usage, without much hope of thinking straight?

The years now pass so quickly that it seems only yesterday when you were here, and I hope it will be only tomorrow when you come again

Yours ever

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 March 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, March 26, 1938

Dear Cory

If you should by any chance be coming to Italy, make inquiries as to the money you will need to come out again, because it seems that now no foreign money can be obtained in Italy in exchange for lire, but the traveller is stopped at the frontier until he can somehow procure foreign money from a foreign source, in order to continue his journey.

I may not understand this correctedly, as a rather indistinct Englishman has been trying to explain his predicament to me, and his own information may not have been authentic. However, be warned, and keep enough English, French, or Swiss cash in your pocket to take you back from the Italian frontier at least to Paris, where you might not mind stopping until you could cash one of my cheques.

It is very nice about Eliot and The Criterion, but oughtn't the Latent Phenomenalism of Mr. Richards rather to be called blatant? Or if that is not good form, no epithet would perhaps be best. You know his views better than I do, but I had supposed that, like the other Cambridge men (except Moore) he was a phenomenalist explicitly and only a latent materialist, like all animals.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To H. R. Lane

Wednesday [c. Spring 1938] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Wednesday

Dear Mr. Lane

I will take you at your word, in spite of the protocol which would require me to call on you first and show you the sights. Perhaps you would rather be left free on so short a visit, and come to view the hermit in his cell.

I will make a point of being at home tomorrow and Friday, after half past five, and shall be delighted to see you and Mrs. Lane if you care to come on either day.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, April 2, 1938

Dear Cory

Very well. On April 15th I will send you a cheque for £20, considering that your month's allowance should not be exhausted, and that (if you don't stop on the way) you would still have £5 to keep for the moment of departure. This in case of a sudden decision: otherwise there would be time for me to send you other cheques, and I suppose you could get English notes for them even in Italy, the source being a London bank.

Let me know if this is sufficient. To Florence I could send you Italian money; but it is easier and otherwise more convenient for me to send cheques on London; and if you are to reach Florence about the 23rd, I could arrange that you should find your May cheque there on your arrival, so as to be able to get the money by May 1st.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 13, 1938

Dear Cory

There may have been some foundation for Pearsall Smith's stories. Of course, the form is fabulous. And as you know, Strong's intuitions are of special points, not mystic unities. That these intuitions have some "psychic" features I have always suspected, as have his tastes and fixed habits. But the Smiths and Berensons are not to be trusted; in the matter of gossip they have no conscience.

Your review of "Truth" could not be improved as a manifestation of your talents, natural and acquired. The style and tone are mature and cultivated, without affectation, and your treatment of me and my book handsome and becoming. That you look at us from the outside is a timely variation from having seen us from the inside for ten years. My writings are tiresome. Their merits can become annoying and turn into defects. It is as well that now you can take a holiday; which doesn't exclude the possibility of some day returning to them with freshness of apperception and judgment. Perhaps then you might not deprecate my purple passages, and might see (what is the historical fact) that they are not applied ornaments but natural growths and realizations of the thought previously moving in a limbo of verbal abstractions. And then too you might choose other words than "definitions" for my fundamental ideas, or than "neat" for the unity they compose. You know perfectly well that they are imaginative intuitions, and that they hang together, not by external adjustment, but because they are defined by analysis of an imaginative total, a single unsophisticated vision of the world. This vision, in my case, is chiefly of nature and history, subjects you have not studied very much; and you probably will get on better for preferring to dwell on detached arguments or feelings, such as the public relies on. You might find your surest convictions in the region of introspection or of religious feeling. That would legitimately alienate you from my naturalism, which is like that of Lucretius or Spinoza. Naturalism easily leads to purple passages, because nature is the genuine root of emotion. When emotion, on the contrary, is the root of a system, it naturally develops into arguments, proofs, and refutations, because, as in inspiration, then the question is what ought to be rather than what is.

Edman is here, and rather fatigues me with his proddings, where he fears that my feelings may not be quite American. We live in a fanatical age, an age of propaganda, when everybody wants the support of the whole herd in order to be quite at peace in his own conscience. I am reading the Upanishads, St. Augustine's Confessions, and Spinoza's Politics, to take the bad taste out of my mouth.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

P.S. You had better make sure that Strong wants you before you leave England. Perhaps, after all, it may not be necessary.

To Carl Byron Dickson

[17 April] 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Dickson)

Easter Sunday, 1938

HOTEL BRISTOL

ROME

Dear Mr. Dickson

When an author receives a letter beginning with a handsome compliment, he turns the leaf with a feeling that now some fervent objection or stupid question or round of abuse is probably coming. You are an exception, and keep up [illegible] up the note of praise quite to the end. There is nothing left for me to say but to thank you and to hope that you are right.

The habit of saying that one writer or artist is the best, or better than some rival, has always seemed to me unfortunate. Comparison need not be odious if it is a comparison of qualities or opinions, that may throw light on one another; but comparisons of merit or value are impertinent,

because the critic sets up some standard of his own which may not have been at all in the works criticized

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

20 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

April 20, 1938

HOTEL BRISTOL
ROME

Dear Miss Tindall

In spite of working rather hard all winter, I have not managed to get very much done, at least not finished. Here are a few scraps for Dom. & P'rs; but I have two or three chapters of Spirit nearly ready, and I should like to have them copied before I leave Rome for the summer. Should you be going away soon, please let me know, and I will send you what I have, even if not in final shape.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
April 21, 1938

Dear Cory

I was rather expecting to hear from you whether you were actually starting for Florence. I suppose silence means that your plan is being carried out, and that you are arriving at the Riccioli's.

Edman said goodbye last night, and may possibly be in Florence too. I forgot to ask, but he knows in general that you intended to be there at about this time. He told me yesterday, what I didn't know, that our friend Walter Lippman is no longer a Democratic Light, but has become a leader of the rich men's party. Such is this comic world

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, April 22, 1938

Dear Cory

Yesterday I wrote to you to Florence, enclosing your allowance for next month, so that you might have time to get the cheque cashed by May 1st. Your change of plan may involve more expense before you start; but you may have enough as it is. If not, you might telegraph to Riccioli to forward your my letter, and cash the cheque in London before you leave.

I am doubly sorry for your trouble with Strong, for your sake and for his. You are absolutely your own master. I don't think a little firmness on your part, displayed with tact, would cause him now to alter his will. Besides, even if he did so, it might not be impossible for you to obtain the Fellowship that I am leaving to Harvard. You are not mentioned in the bequest; but if S. had balked, I might privately recommend you, as you fit perfectly into the conditions of the gift. It therefore would not be an absolute suicide in prospect, only a dangerous move, if you quarrelled with S. altogether. And you must do your best—you are inclined to do your best—not to quarrel. There is also his side to be considered. He says he feels old. You are the only person now on whom he has a tight hold. It would be cruel to break away rudely. I tried myself, in our late unpleasantness, not to burn the boats, and I mean to resume meetings with him, under conditions, when he comes again to Rome or to Venice, and I have told him so.

You must do what you think best, but my impulse would be to say firmly that you can't give the best part of every day to a trip to Fiesole and a long discussion. That you will come every other day, or so many times a week: or that when you come, you will say goodbye after lunch, and so shorten the visit. Or else you could simply find some excuse for not staying in Florence more than a week—your health, need of sea air at Rapallo, or need of solitude for a great new idea that must be written out in the

[*across*] form of a dialogue! Declare your independence, but gently. I think he will yield.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lane

22 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 22, 1938

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Lane

The Last Puritan and I are very much touched by your kindness. We were afraid of not having been up to the mark—Boston sets such a high standard, and lives up to it. In view of our congenital incapacities, Oliver and I were rather resigned to be thought poor stuff, but if we are accepted, and covered with flowers, imagine our happiness!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

25 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 25, 1938

Dear George

Here is the Will signed and witnessed by Miss Tilden (a young thing) a priest and an art Student. I hope it will pass. The occasion went off easily. I called on Miss Tilden at the Hotel Excelsior, where she is with her lady, and she took me up to her “office”—a bedroom disguised—where the other witnesses, procured by her, joined us presently. After the signing, I took them across the street to have tea at Rosati’s, and the little party parted amicably. I really had no trouble at all, and they all seemed pleased.

The Lanes were here last week but only for two or three days, and came to see me by appoint. They were very amiable, and sent me some flowers

later with a nice note. I didn't know whether I ought to feel like a bride-groom or like a dead man, but I appreciated the kind feeling.

I enclose a slip for a subscription to the Harvard Fund, which I suppose should be regarded as an annual subscription.

There is nothing new to say; but I will write some day to Rosamond in reply to her letter on occasion of the Lane's visit.

Yours affly

G.S.

WILL
GEORGE SANTAYANA

I, GEORGE SANTAYANA, formerly of Brookline, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, in the United States of America, and now a resident of Rome, Italy, do make, publish and declare this my last will hereby revoking all prior wills made by me.

FIRST: I make the following gifts:

(a) To my friend, Mercedes R. de la Escalera, of Serrano 7, Madrid, Spain, if she survive me, the sum of Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars (\$2500.).

(b) To my friend, Daniel MacGhie Cory, of no fixed place of residence, living now at the Tower-Cliffe Hotel, Bournemouth, England, if he survive me, the sum of Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars (\$2500.).

(c) To Cesare Pinchetti, proprietor of the Hotel Bristol, Piazza Barberini, Rome, Italy, Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.) to be distributed to the employees of his establishment, according to his judgment, in recognition of their willing services rendered to me for many years; provided that up to the time of my death I shall have continued to reside at the said hotel during the greater part of each year.

SECOND: I give to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Massachusetts, the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.) for the purpose of further endowing a fellowship established by me under a certain trust instrument executed by me on the twentieth day of April, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

THIRD: I give to my friend Daniel MacGhie Cory all my books, manuscripts and personal effects and I authorize my executor hereinafter named in his absolute discretion to determine what articles are embraced within this gift, his determination to be final and conclusive.

FOURTH: All the rest and residue of my property of whatever kind and nature and wherever situate, including money on deposit in any bank or trust company in Massachusetts or elsewhere, and also including any and all right to receive royalties nor or hereafter due and payable from Charles Scribner's Sons or from any other publishers and any and all rights under copyrights, whether under the laws of the United States of America or other countries, I give, devise and bequeath in equal shares to my nephew and niece (who are my next of kin), George Sturgis and Josephine Sturgis Bidwell, both of Weston, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, in the United States of America, and in case either shall not be living at my death I give his or her share to the issue then living of such deceased nephew or niece.

FIFTH: I authorize my executor to pay from my estate as expenses of administration all legacy, inheritance, estate and succession taxes which may be due or payable on account of this will or any gift hereunder.

SIXTH: I appoint the said George Sturgis executor of this will and request that he be exempt from giving surety upon any official bond which may be required by law.

SEVENTH: Having in mind that most of my property is physically located within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and that my executor and residuary legatees are residents of Massachusetts, I hereby express the desire that this will may be admitted to probate in Massachusetts

George Santayana

as though I were resident of that Commonwealth at the time of my death.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I, George Santayana, have signed the first and second pages of this will which consists of three pages and I hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of April 1938.

George Santayana (Seal)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above-named George Santayana as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us three who at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of one another, hereunto subscribe our names as witnesses.

Frederic H. Chase Jr. _____

Great Meadows Road, Concord, Mass.

Katherine Tilden _____

17 Claremont Terrace, Swampscott, Mass.

Matthew William Boyham _____

46 Pine Crest Road, Newton Center, Mass.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 April 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Dear Cory

Rome, April 30, 1938

It is pathetic that under such severe strain you shouldn't have money enough to sit placidly in a bar, with your drink and your cigar, and recuperate.

You chose an unhappy moment—the end of a month—for your journey, and doubtless had many a little bill to pay, that would normally (according to your budget) have been met with the next month's money. And I assume that you weren't able to bring a reserve with you for your return journey; but we shall be able, I think, to arrange that, if you give me warning and don't change your plans afterwards.

Yours affly

G. S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

1 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 1st 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

This winter has not only passed quickly, as the years do now, but insignificantly, as if everything in it really belonged before it or after it, and in the present phase were of no consequence. This seems to be the case in politicals and literature. The interesting events are biding their time. This may be a reason why I have seemed to have nothing to write, not only in letters, but in my books. I have sat down every morning to my work, and covered a great many sheets with words, but I seem hardly to have advanced towards a tangible result. However, this may be a false sensation, and I may find later that the work has really been carried forward.

What I hear from America or about America makes me feel that it is very remote and that I don't understand what is going on there. It is out of touch with reality here, or with ideas that seem alive. They send me a Phi Beta Kappa magazine called *The American Scholar*. It is deplorable. I should make an exception of my Bolshevik Jewish friends or disciples in New York—the only disciples I seem to have. One of them, Sidney Hook, writes admirably about Marx and his philosophy, accepting the hopes but criticising the assertions. Another—perhaps he is hardly a Bolshevik: he is a bit vague in his conclusions generally—is Irwin Edman, who has been in Rome for a fortnight, making me almost daily visits. I could gather nothing from him about the course of events or of opinion in the U.S. but incidentally he told me something very interesting. That Walter Lippman (another of my disciples?) has ceased to be a little friend of democracy and become a little friend of the rich men. Are the Jews going to repent of being anti's, for fear that soon there should be nothing left to be anti against? After all they have made themselves very comfortable in Christendom, and if nothing but an international proletariat remained, it would not offer them such brilliant careers as professors and prime minister and newspaper proprietors. There is another unattached Jew, De Casseres, who sends me his effusions; they are wild Nietzschean or Thoreauesque, and he has to publish them himself, publishers being too conservative; and he is (at times) also on the rich man's side. What would freedom of opportunity become if there were no positions to climb to?

I never liked Lippman, and this sidling up to the rich men, though I didn't expect it, does not contradict what seemed to be his talents.

I have had a tea-party for the witnesses to my Will (which my nephew thirsted to have me sign) an American Contessa's young lady secretary, a priest, and an art student, all from Mass.! It went off very well.

[*across*]

Received Pres. Conant's Report, but got lost in it in a thick fog. Can't people write better? Minds seem to have lost their structure.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Milton Karl Munitz

2 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Munitz)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, May 2, 1938

Dear Mr. Munitz

Your thesis gives an intelligent and careful account of my moral philosophy, and shows that you have studied my many scattered books with patience. You are accurate in detail and sympathetic in interpretation. I confess that the middle part seemed to me heavy, and I skipped a good deal there. Your language is abstract and rather monotonous (too much my own) and ethics in particular needs concrete examples and fresh sentiment to arouse attention. But I have read the beginning and the part about spirit with interest, and am glad to see that you have profited by the prefaces in the Triton edition, especially in calling my philosophy orthodox. I have no desire to be original, but only to avoid sectarian errors and be broadly human. You don't realize in America how many things you ignore and how almost comically denuded and meagre you seem, say to a Catholic or to an Indian. Without being attached to any traditional system, even in philosophy, I naturally live in the presence of human creations (and ruins)

of all sorts, and I try to understand what they mean and to do them justice, not by reviewing them in a list of opinions, for a text-book, but by living as much as possible in their presence. For instance, the point you labour so much about the compatibility or otherwise of the L. of R. and the spiritual life has been solved ages ago by the Catholic Church. There are the commandments for every body, and there are the evangelical counsels for those having a special vocation, (such as turning the other cheek). Pacifism, asceticism, mysticism are thus allowed and honoured without disallowing the L. of R. for the world at large. Our pacifists would do well to learn at this school.

On the whole, I have nothing to object to in your comments, but naturally they are not wholly based on my text or on your personal feelings, but also reproduce certain criticisms that seem to have become traditional at Columbia, but which are extraneous and somewhat hostile. Would some god might give other people to see us as we see ourselves! They would not cry: "This tree is inconsistent: first it was all leaves, then it tried to put forth flowers, and finally it turned to bearing fruit." Especially about my affiliations these critics mislead you. For instance, my dualism of body and mind is not "Lockian." Locke never had any influence on me save perhaps through the early W^m James. His dualism patches physics with psychologism, it is a doctrine of interaction and alternation between physical and mental events—something I have always scouted. My affiliations on this subject are to Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, and Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer had a great hold on me for a short time and you might trace to him the relation I admit between spirit and nature, (i.e. Idea and Will) and the "denial" (not destruction or interruption) of the Will in intuition. This is also an opening towards the Indians. But I ought not to complain to you about these sectarian interpretations, because you are remarkably free from them, considering the atmosphere in which you have been carrying on your studies. You report my real position, on the whole, justly and sympathetically. There is only a slight sensation of gêne, of difficulty, as if you were forcing yourself to wear, for the moment, a strange costume. And I appreciate the compliment involved in such an effort. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

6 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 6, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

Don't you remember that a long time ago you sent me a beautiful copy of Christopher Morley's Powder of Sympathy—only you called it Power of Sympathy, so I daresay you hadn't then read it with much attention? His talk about me is very pleasant; and I shouldn't venture to say that the rest of the sketches are not excellent, only I can't understand them. I mean that I don't feel the interest in the subjects or the treatment which the author expects his readers to feel. And I can't see the point of the jokes. This comes from what I was saying in my letter of the other day. I am not, as they say in Spanish, "in antecedents." The presuppositions fail in my case, because I have been too long away from America and America, at least on the surface, in matters of language and allusions, has changed too fast. It is almost so also with England. A friend—a German, a protégé of Westenholz—has willy nilly compelled me to accept the gift of Tauchnitz editions of Somerset Maugham. I could read these, enticed by the familiarity he shows with Spain, and with Spanish-Americans, in whose moral complexion I feel a certain interest; but on the whole I felt the same wonder at anybody wishing to write such stories. They are not pleasing, they are not pertinent to one's real interests, they are not true: they are simply graphic or plausible, like a bit of a dream that one might drop into in an afternoon nap. Why record it? I suppose it is to make money, because

writing stories is a profession, just as writing propaganda in the newspapers is. Are you aware that the world is now being systematically fed on partisan lies? And much more where the press is “free” than where it is controlled by the government. In Italy, for instance, the papers are monotonous and meagre, and of course partisan in sentiment; but on the whole the facts are reported responsibly, and there are no great excesses of mendacity. But a “free” press is financed by parties or interests or fanatical individuals; and there is no limit to the ignorance or the malevolence which they can display.

Hitler has been making us a visit this week, I believe he leaves today for Florence and home. Of course, I haven’t seen him or the military review or even the illuminations. I don’t change my daily routine for such trifles; but they have made a lot of the occasion—I like the Italian public very much. There is a free air about them, they are not flurried or pressed; but they keep order with a cheerful alacrity and understanding of the fix those in authority—poor fellows—so often find themselves in. I sympathize with that feeling. [*illegible*] We nobodies are the real aristocrats. The bosses can hardly call their souls their own.

[*across*]

Thank you for the review of Truth in the Alumni Bulletin. Is it perhaps written by Morrison?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, May 11, 1938

Dear Cory

Your letters show that you are having a hard time and need relief. I am sorry, but you know as well as I do how this complication has come about. The worst of it is that perhaps you are enduring all these troubles to no purpose. S. has spoken to me on different occasions about his Will and the fellowship. I hesitate to say exactly what transpired, because my own memory is treacherous and I may have misunderstood him. But it seemed to me that his reports of his own actions were different at different times. Was he perhaps speaking of projects, when I understood him to be describing faits accomplis? He seemed once to say that he had established a Fellowship and mentioned, as a condition of his gift, that the first person appointed should be you: and that is where your exact name and address would be pertinent. [—But I don't think your father's moving to another house would matter; the old address would identify him and you perfectly, which is what concerns the prescription in the Will.—] Another day, S. seemed to talk as if the Fellowship was established without any mention of you, but that he intended to write a letter suggesting to Pres. Conant that you would be the right man to appoint. And he replied, when I put the question to him later, that he had not yet written that letter. But this year again, I gathered that in the new Will you were expressly mentioned, though perhaps not as a condition to the bequest. On the whole, everything remains uncertain. S. is either holding back the facts, or himself confused.

I have a lot of books that I should like to get rid of before I leave (about June 15th) for Cortina. I may send you one now that I can't send to Germany (English translation of a German Jewish Syrian war-story) but said to be very interesting. If you don't like it, give or throw it away. I shall be sending various books to Westenholz for his poor boys' library.

Yours affly

G.S.

P.S. Would you like stories by Somerset Maugham? Or the Comedies of Sir John Vanbrugh? Or the Autobiography of the "die-hard" Lord Willoughby de Broke?

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, May 18, 1938

Dear Cory

You seem to have managed as well as possible with S. and I hope you will persevere to the end, and learn the facts about the Fellowship.

Let me know in time exactly what I had better send you if you should be leaving Italy before the end of June. Perhaps, for a cheque on London, the Am. Express Co. could get you English or French notes.

Yours affly

G.S.

To George Sturgis

19 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 19, 1938

Dear George

Just a word about the Russell business, as he may wonder at the delay in replying to his letter. There is nothing for us to say except, Very well. It gives us a breathing spell in the hard times, but I suppose we can manage to resume the payments later if they are needed. Next September you will send him his \$2,500, as expected; but in 1939 you will not send him anything, unless he again asks for it. You see he is very honest, and even ascetic. He likes to be poor and hard-worked, although his fundamental standards are aristocratic, and sometimes break through.

As to the wording of your letter, it is for you to decide, but if you would rather that I should make a suggestion, this is the way I should put it, if I were in your place:

Dear Sir,

I have communicated your letter of May 3 to the person interested, and he says he hopes your work at Chicago may stimulate rather than interrupt your writing, and that, unless you should find you needed it, he will suspend his assistance during the year 1939, as you suggest.

I will send you the second cheque for this year so that you may receive it before the middle of September.

Yours very truly __ __

The second paragraph might be better phrased, but it is time for me to dress, and I can't correct it. You see what I mean. No need of promising to resume payments in 1940. We may both be dead by that time.

The row here hasn't disturbed me. Certainly the soldiers make a good show, but I have avoided the big occasions.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Friday, May 20, 1938.

Dear Cory

It is much as I feared; there have been projects in S.'s mind, moments when he felt generous, others in which he took everything back; and the result is that he is tormenting you and leaving you unprovided for. As you say, his own unhappy circumstances and temperament explain his conduct, and make one sorry for him. Yet in itself it is outrageous behaviour.

Well, I am glad you didn't come here at this moment. Why talk about this matter, and rub the sore? Go to Rapallo, forget all about S. and about me, except to let me know about the form in which I had better send your allowance and travelling-money when you decide to leave Italy.

I have finally signed a will, duly witnessed by three residents of Massachusetts, a lady's companion, a priest, and an art-student, and it is safely deposited in my nephew's safe in Boston. It may not be accepted as

legal, on account of my nationality; but in any case I think the provisions would be carried out as a matter of equity and conscience. I leave you my books, manuscripts, and personal effects, and \$2500, to defray your expenses and bridge over the interval until you can settle down. I hope to live long enough to leave my publishable manuscripts in shape to go to the printer. There is a good deal of old stuff: plays, dialogues, and the Posthumous Poems, by which you might turn an honest penny. With your natural courage, I don't think you need worry about the consequences even if S. turns you down in the end. You might, at a pinch, solicit and obtain the Fellowship that I am leaving at Harvard. It would mean bread and butter and freedom, although they might ask you to reside in Cambridge, Mass, so that the influence of your cultivated mind might be diffused among their "young barbarians all at play." But that wouldn't be a bad environment. You have remained fundamentally American, and Harvard + Boston forms the nucleus of a lot of nice memories and traditions. You could have all the books, music, golf, and billiards you wanted, and you might marry some angelic, responsive young heiress, or widow.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 25, 1938

Dear Cory

I am glad to hear something definite at last about the Fellowship. S. isn't likely to change his will—those \$500!—and Harvard isn't likely either to refuse the bequest or to disregard the recommendation as to the first incumbent "for an indefinite period." Life is not more than that, so that I think you may expect relief to that extent. It will not be wealth, or even comfort; but as I ought to have said in my last letter (I had qualms about not having said it, afterwards) you will be able to make your way apart from such a stipend. The advantage of that free form of assistance is precisely that you will be protected from want and left to earn the rest of your

living in whatever way offers itself, without needing to subject yourself to forced labour.

It is pleasant and curious that you should assimilate me to Oliver and say I am a moral being. I wasn't understood to be particularly moral: but old age makes a difference. Like Oliver, I wish to be decent to people, especially when it involves no sacrifice on my part; but I (now at least) am more content and sufficient unto myself than he was, so that I am at heart more indifferent to people and to the way the world wags, than ever he could be. He had a conscience; and Miss Picklesworth envied me for not having one. My brother, too, once observed that there was nothing that I should hesitate to do, if I thought I could avoid unpleasant consequences. This was true, if he meant nothing that I wished to do: but the essence of morality, at least of the Greek constitutional sort, is not to wish to do what is unbecoming in one's station.

You are quite right about Mario: but the connection seems to imply that he, like Oliver, expresses my moral being. No doubt, otherwise I shouldn't have nursed the idea of that young man so long as so lovingly. But like Oliver, he represents rather what I liked than what I was. They are both distilled from my friends, taken in the mass, trampled like grapes, and turned into my private vintage, white wine and red. Both were loyal to what they loved; Mario se moquait of all the rest, turning it if possible to account. Oliver couldn't mock, and he couldn't get at what he loved, though, inwardly, he was loyal to it. Mario did get at it. I am more like Mario in that good fortune. I have got at it, though it is rather more meagre externally than what he got.

[*across*]

Write to me at your leisure about the impression Margaret and George make. I am rather worried about them. Yours affly G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

30 May 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

May 30, '38

Dear Miss Tyndall

This long and untidy chapter, belonging to the latter part of my book, is all that I have been able to get into anything like good shape. I have piles of other MS, but not yet fit to copy. I hope on returning in September to have made better progress.

Perhaps, with this chapter, you will send me your account so far, to relieve me of any debt (except moral) for your admirable assistance.

I shall be here until June 15th at least, so there is no hurry.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

1 June 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 1, 1938

Dear Boylston

I am sending you an unpretending book, published fifteen years ago, that very likely you saw in its day, and may have in the house; but it made me remember you so many times in reading it that, on the chance that you never saw it, I am sending it on. It is an elegy on a lost cause; but when causes are thoroughly lost, the bitterness goes out of the memory, and it becomes timeless and pleasant. At least, so I find whenever I read something genuine about good old England, and I think you must have the same feeling.

I expect to leave for Cortina d'Ampezzo, Albergo Savoia, in about a fortnight, and to have a quiet summer there. The place is built up and crowded, but I don't mind the trippers, humanity is like that, and they don't disturb my meditations. I am in the midst of the last volume of my philosophical system, and go very very slowly. Otherwise, I feel no strong signs of senility as yet, and as it is my last (in pure philosophy, at least) I am in hopes of finishing it without an anticlimax. My political book on

Dominations and Powers is also well advanced, but I feel now as I did when the war broke out and I put it aside. So much is happening, that it almost seems better to wait, and correct one's theory by the Experimentum naturae. However, at 75, one can't expect to learn much, the brain is too set, and I shall let the parts written, in any case, stand as they are. They wouldn't be liked if published now, however: as a German friend said of my novel, They are too tsynical.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Sidney Hook

4 June 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

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

Rome, June 4, 1938

Dear Mr. Hook

It is almost a year since I received your admirable article on "Dialectic and Nature" (two copies by mistake, but both welcome) and now I get your "Folklore of Capitalism" —not so important, but interesting for the sidelights it throws on American opinion. I had never heard of Thurman Arnold, and am almost tempted to send for his book. "Charm and debonair irrelevance" are foibles known to me, which I oughtn't to encourage in myself; not that at my age much spoiling or improving are possible; but rather that I should probably be disappointed, after a few pages, with the degree of the charm. As you know, it is an old Aristotelian axiom with me too that politics is a part of ethics—although Aristotle put it the other way round; but politics there means policy, not the history or physiology of government. The Catholic Church is an admirable instance, well known to me, of a persuasive institution, with a bold myth, that recommends itself to the statesman by its concomitant effects, up to a certain point. It virtually transmits a wise conception of human virtues and vices and a wise mood; but taken literally, it is fanatical and repressive. With this example familiarly present to me from infancy, and clearly understood from my

youth up, I am inclined to accept organizations and myths that seem timely, and that produce concretions in art and [*illegible*]moral_s. Since the Renaissance we have been consciously making for dissolution and chaos in these higher_λ matters; but incidentally have built up unexampled science and machinery. These, or a well-sifted compendium and selection from them—such as Christendom kept of the classics—will probably be handed down to the next millennium; but the integrating dominant organization and myth will have to be new, so as to fit the impulses and capacities of the age, and to produce illusion in the public mind. I think, by the way, that this illusion has never been complete, and need not prevent free thought in those really capable of thinking. It never was complete in Christendom, and all modern enlightenment came while orthodoxy was still official. To be sure, there was soon more than one sort of orthodoxy, which helped the crystal to dissolve of itself.

I suppose “frame-ups” are consistent errors covering themselves up with a bad conscience, as in the Dreyfus case. The authors, in such a predicament, are themselves victims of an initial mistake, not [*across*] discovered in time. Was this the case with Trotsky, or was there a real conflict of policies?

With many thanks, Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 June 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 13, 1938

Dear Cory

Glad you got off victoriously and have been having a good time. I will send you your £50 before leaving Rome, that is, on Friday the 17th at 23.40. If you find that your Italian money won't be quite enough, let me know here or at Danieli's in Venice, where I expect to be until Monday morning, the 20th after that, at the Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo. I could always send you a small Italian cheque, obtained at Cook's or Dandrea's.

Fuller arrives in Rome today, and Valli has been here, before his departure for East Africa, so as not to remain for ever a subaltern.

Glad too that you liked getting the books. I would send you more—it is dreadful, how they accumulate—if I thought you cared to have them and wouldn't hate the load as much as I do. I abstain for the moment as you are travelling; but we will consider this point again when you are at "home" in Bournemouth

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 June 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, June 15, '38

Dear Cory

You asked in your last letter about the progress of The Realm of Spirit. Essentially I am not dissatisfied with it, because there seems to be some organic advance, more sense of coordination, movement, etc. But materially not much is finished and typed: only the Preface, Chap. I, and Chap. IX. Chap. II is also finished ostensibly, in MS. but I wish to make some additions, though I am leaving the matter open until I return to Rome in September. To Cortina I am taking only the materials gathered for Chapters III & IV; but these are the most important doctrinally covering all the theory of the relation of spirit to matter and to animal life. The rest

is more religious or spiritual in motive: three chapters on *Distraction*, *By the Flesh*, *By the World*, and *By the Devil*. Then comes Chapter IX, already finished and typed on *Liberation*, to be followed by Chapter X (and last) on *Union*. There is then a General Summary or Retrospect over the Four Realms. Much of these final chapters is written and very good—it is so long ago I wrote the stuff that I can regard it as another man's work, and approve. I have read and sifted all the old MS I had—a great pile—on these subjects and destroyed the greater part, but what remains, when condensed and incorporated in the general idea of the book, will supply matter and form fresher, perhaps, than what I should compose now.

It will be a long book, to make up for the brevity of The Realm of Truth; but I think if all goes well it can be finished within a year.

When I return to Rome and have (as I hope) the Preface and five chapters ready, I will send you the carbon copies which will still leave me two duplicates (including the MS) so that both the eventual copy for the publisher and the MS as an insurance against accidents will remain. I shall be interested in hearing what you think, both in general and in detail; but I hope to have kept an eye myself on the usual dangers of repetition and rambling. I don't mean to suppress any purple or poetic passages, or repetition of principles, because though professionals may sneer at these tricks they belong to the reality, to the roots, of a genuine philosophy that is not merely a theory, but a way of feeling and thinking.

Fuller has appeared, quite himself, vaguely fluttering & busy.

Yours affly G.S.

To Alyse Gregory

16 June 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Rome, June 16, 1938

Dear Miss Gregory or Mrs. Powys, Under either name I have to apologize for leaving your very kind letter so long unanswered. It had slipped to the bottom of a draw, and I find it again now on clearing things up in preparation for leaving for the Summer.

The professionals say there are no new ideas or new arguments in my book. It is a relief to know that some readers are not professionals, and can understand that thought is something that reshapes itself continually, without asking whether it is new or old. Your appreciation makes me hope that this short book may be understood sympathetically by sensitive persons to whom my other technical books might have seemed merely argumentative and inconclusive.

I hope Mr. Powys is better. Not long ago I read Thomas Mann's *Zauberberg*, and seemed to live at Davos Platz for the time being. I am going myself to Cortina, not so high up and crowded with trippers; but I am used to the place and can preserve in it a companionable solitude

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 July 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia
Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 6, 1938

Dear Cory

Your project for next winter is interesting and suggests various possibilities. You seem to be less unwilling to leave England than you were a while ago; has that routine begun to tire you? And you seem more willing to move in Strong's orbit. Perhaps you have passed the critical phase in your relations, and can now get on together with less strain. I managed it unconsciously for years. It seemed the simplest thing in the world, until S. began to be so persistent and exacting in urging his obscure tenets, that my patience began to give out. But he was always personally civil in those days, and had no political intolerance.

I hope your pleasanter relations with him may lead to a change in his will—a codicil wouldn't cost \$500—leaving you your legacy direct, without the intervention of Harvard, rather out of the picture for both of you.

I happened to read the Harvard President's Report not long ago. A terrible business. They multiply Schools and Courses and Departments for everything that anybody may fancy he wants to meddle with. A flux, a deluge, a drain of intellectual rubbish, the Cloaca Maxima of Liberalism. Still, while it was the remnant of specific college life and Dickens-like atmosphere that attached me to Harvard personally, it was the possibility of paddling one's own canoe over that dirty official morass that was useful to my mind. It was a great opportunity for a man capable of autarchy (as they now call [*illegible*]it) but not conducive to anything worth developing for society.

If you are at Rapallo in the Spring of next year, perhaps I may ask you to help me in something that I feel it is time for me to do: namely, finding a place where I can live all the year round. I have asked about Capri, and had encouraging reports. Would you be willing to go with me to Capri (it would be much pleasanter and easier for me than venturing there alone), and if we found it unsuitable, to return to Ronem~~e~~, whence I could go alone to Fiuggi? It is time for me to settle down to that see-saw, Rome-Fiuggi, if I can't find anything better. This journey to Venice and Cortina, though easy, begins to tire me.

Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

[*across*]

P.S. I have been reading about Ezra Pound in Wyndham Lewis's "Time & the Western Man". Of course you know it. What of it?

To George Sturgis

11 July 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina
July 11, 1938

Dear George

A word to acknowledge your letter of July 1st.

I have already sent Mercedes another £100, in fact two cheques of £100, one of which was more than half due her, the other being advanced, or a present from me. It appears that she is supporting one of her friends, with two young children, and helping to support another who has five. It is therefore an eminently appropriate thing that I should do what I can (and it's so easy!) to enable them to weather the Storm. You may send me whatever you have for Mercedes, unless you find that your cheque to Pepe can be cashed. In that case, a cheque for Mercedes could be cashed too; and it would make accounts simpler and clearer to have her regular money come from you direct. She is at her own house at

Bayona de Galicia

Vigo, Spain

and I rather think she will not leave it, perhaps never leave it. She is not at all well; the war seems far from settled; and she might not, even if peace came soon, find it practicable to return to Madrid, where, probably, her house has been pillaged.

She has not acknowledge my last letter and cheque, which makes me think she may not be well, as the Italian air-post, Ala Littoria, is very punctual. However, I will send her another remittance about August 1st

As to my income, you are doing very well, as usual. But we must watch that separate personal account, so as not to let down my famous Will. Perhaps, if there is (as seems likely) a considerable sum even this year to be carried over to the capital account on January 1st next, you might place only half of that sum in my general account, and transfer the other half to the personal fund, so as to keep it as nearly as possible at \$20,000. That, with my London bank account, would make all the bequests in the Will safe, even with high taxes.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

11 July 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

July 11, 1938

Dear Mr. Wheelock

There is often much confusion in any business matter that concerns Spanish people, even apart from the war, as language and custom make it

hard to express the ways of one country so as to be understood in the other.

I am having much sad experience of this now, as I serve as go-between in a good many affairs remote from my normal interests.

It is quite true that I have never ordered a set of the Triton Edition to go to Mr. Marichalar (he is really a marquis, but fights shy of his title, at least for the present) but I asked you to reserve a set for him, to be sent when he had a permanent address again. His house in Madrid has been pillaged, and he has lost all his books, including two of his own, almost complete, in manuscript. As he has always taken a flattering interest in my writings, and has made various translations from them, I was anxious, as far as I could, to repair his loss.

It now seems that he wishes to receive the Triton Edition at once, at St. Jean de Luz, where he has taken refuge, and asks that the books be sent to the Uruguayan minister at Hendaye, France, I suppose as a safer person to receive them from the French custom house.

I should be much obliged if you could send a set as indicated, of course charging the carriage to me in advance, as far as practicable. I don't know what Mr. Marichalar means by "the draft of the remittance", unless it be a notice of the despatch of the books.

There is already another Spanish candidate for the other set of the Triton Edition which (prophetically) I had asked you to reserve. It is Mr. Eugenio D'Ors, Nationalist Minister of Fine Arts, etc., who wishes it for the library of the Royal Academy of Moral Sciences, now established at Vitoria (a provincial Basque town). But I think we had better wait until the government and the academies have a permanent home. I mention it only so that, in case of accident, you should know that I meant to send a set to Señor D'Ors as well.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 July 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 13, 1938

Dear Cory

This new plan of Strong's is splendid. I am so glad he thought of it—however unpleasant the domestic stimulus may have been—and only hope he will stick to it and make a new magnanimous will, not only endowing those three fellowships handsomely, but also remembering Aldo, Dino, and Enrichetta more generously than before. He has this detail in mind; he mentioned it to me spontaneously; but there is sometimes a little uncertainty as to the actual carrying out of these excellent intentions.

Margaret and George will always be in the same mess, no matter what they inherit, and the children will have a polyglot bringing-up, out of which very good or very bad consequences may flow. I once suggested to George sending the boy to a Catholic school in England: but that was long ago. I don't know now how matters stand in that family.

It would be pleasanter for you, wouldn't it, to have a Fellowship established in England, and administered by Englishmen who would have a better understanding of the genus homo than can be expected of the Harvard Corporation. Strong had only a slight attachment to Harvard. Columbia would have been more suitable, and more favourable for you; but the English scheme is best, especially if the Fellowships are better endowed than the original plan suggested. You are to be congratulated on this turn of affairs, at least if all goes well and according to our hopes.

It is a nice instinct in you to wish to be loyal to Strong and to comfort him as much as possible in his troubles, physical, philosophical, and social. But as to my relations with him, I think they are now in a satisfactory phase. There has been no definite break, and I can write to him or he to me at any moment, as if nothing had happened. I will do so, when I have anything to say, but certainly not in order to invite him, as it were, to come and renew those forced daily interviews, for as long a season as he may choose. I stood it as long as I could, under terrible tension; and when at last, quite without premeditation, I spoke out and stopped going to meet him at the Aragno, it was a blessed relief. I don't want to undo that work, and have the persecution begin again, until another crisis. No: I have asserted my independence, and things must now proceed on a new basis.

I wrote to him that I was willing to renew our interviews in the future, at Venice or Rome; but I didn't say daily interviews, because if he comes to Rome for a month or several months next winter, I shall only join him occasionally, when I feel like it, and no longer like a punctual schoolboy coming to be whipped. Venice is now out of the question, because I am tired of my routine there and mean to go straight to Rome, as I did last year. And it is better for our relations, too, because he can come to Rome for his own pleasure, for a change of scene, and not expressly because I happen to be there.

I write you all this frankly, for your guidance in any conversation that you may fall into on this subject. I didn't want to quarrel with Strong; but the only way now to avoid an open quarrel is not to overdo the inevitable strain of meeting under false pretences. Even in Paris, in the old days, I sometimes had to fly for my life; but now the incidental and family matters about which we were really friendly have almost dropped out, and there is little but stark discussion, actual or horribly imminent, on points on which we know we shall never agree. It is a morbid craving of his, not any pleasure in the exchange of ideas. If I suggest a new idea, he cuts me short and returns to the theory of perception or the wickedness of Mussolini. Bref, I should much prefer not to have to see him for the present, but if he comes to Rome, I will endeavour to behave as decently and patiently as possible.

You are not in the least to blame for this "difficulty" between Strong and me. You may have reported things sometimes that might have been kept quiet; but the trouble existed in essence before you were born, and has been naturally aggravated by old age in both of us and the consequent loss of elasticity. On the contrary, it is lucky that you are here to take the place that, to some extent, I may have filled for Strong in earlier days. It is worth your while, as it was worth my while formerly; and the milk of human kindness can always flow, even when the fundamental bond is not sentimental.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To Chauncey Devereux Stillman

21 July 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

C/o Brown, Shipley & Co
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Cortina, July 21, 1938

Dear Mr. Stillman

Your name would have been ample introduction for you without the always urbane intervention of Mr. Whittemore. As you may have foreseen, I am rather far from Rome for the moment, and shan't be there again until September: if then or thereafter you should be passing again, you will always find me at the Hotel Bristol, and very glad to see you.

Although a somewhat irregular member of the "Gashouse" I was extraordinarily attached to the place and to my friends there. They gave me a second and pleasanter taste of college life, when I was young enough to enjoy it thoroughly, but a little older than the others, with the perspective that came with that, and with having also seen something of the English Universities. Altogether, I regard 1891–95, at the club, as my second student days, and era of friendships. It is always a pleasure to hear that the Delphic Club continues to thrive, and that I am remembered among the patriarchs.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I am at the Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, if by any chance you should be coming through the Dolomites.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 July 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 23, 1938

Dear Cory

This week my routine, but not my work, has been pleasantly interrupted by a visit from a very old friend, Herbert Lyman, who was in my class at Harvard, with whom I lived for six weeks at Dresden in 1886, and who was always a kindly soul, although long lost in the bog of business. He seemed wizened and dry, physically and morally, and I could glean little from him about affairs in America, except that he thoroughly disapproved of Roosevelt. But we took pleasant walks, I talked a lot, and he had the good sense to go away on the third day, according to the Scriptures, when our fund of reminiscences began to give out. He also had the good sense not to bring his wife and daughter with whom he is travelling, but hastened to rejoin them at Salzburg, for an orgy of music and Germanism.

When S. suggested that you were wasting time seeing the sights, you might have asked if it was not better to perceive than to talk about perception. Or you might have reminded him of the many idle hours he used to spend in front of cafés drinking—one black coffee, and watching the passing—traffic.^x

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

^x Afterthought:

You don't drink what there is to drink,

You don't see what there is to see.

With nothing about which to think

What can the use of thinking be?

To Beryl Harold Levy

8 August 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Aug. 8, 1938

Dear Dr. Levy

Your book on Cardozo reached me with no indication of the sender, but the quotation on p. 82 makes me think that I owe to you personally the pleasure of having read it. I had never heard of Cardozo before (I live out of the world), but I knew Judge Holmes well, and I need not say that I sympathise with the desire to humanize the administration of justice. But neither of those jurists, nor even you in your comments, satisfy me on what seems to me the crucial point, skirted on p. 115. What is the highest good of society? This is a question of political ideals. In France, as you know, political "ideology" often causes courts of law intentionally to condemn the innocent, like Dreyfus, or to acquit the guilty, like Madame Caillaux. Now what "ideology" guides Cardozo in determining the direction in which his conscience shall exercise a gentle pressure upon the law? I can find nothing more definite than "The social mind" or "cherished social ideals." Something psychological, then, prevalent sentiment or opinion? Or something biological or anthropological, the actual tendency which manners and morals show in their evolution? Cardozo himself seems to be decidedly "a beautiful spirit" or Schöne Seele. His heart is tender and he makes for sweet reasonableness and kindness. But so did Rousseau; and pragmatism, like empiricism, is a most ambiguous thing. They may mean testing ideas by experiment, by an appeal to the object or physical fact, which in ethics would be human nature with its physical potentialities of achievement and happiness. On the other hand, empiricism and pragmatism may mean accepting every idea as an ultimate fact and absolute standard for itself, and in practice deciding everything by vote, by sentiment, or by the actual prevalence of one idea over another. In this second direction lies softness, anarchy, and dissolution.

You compare Cardozo with Spinoza; but as far as I can judge by your book there is no intellectual comparison. Spinoza was not soft. I have been all my life long a fervent disciple of Spinoza precisely on account of his firmness, of his uncompromising naturalism. Yet even he leaves out the three traditions which, however false their cosmology, seem to me morally sound: the Greek, the Catholic, and the Indian. I am therefore not a disciple of Spinoza in his ideal of human life: It leaves out poetry, art, tradi-

tional religion, military and constructive patriotism. His society would be a tame society, where there would be no masters, but all would be voluntary slaves. Perhaps you feel something of my difficulty when you point out that “art” is an indispensable ingredient in everything human.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

12 August 1938 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

GRAND HOTEL SAVOIA

CORTINA D’AMPEZZO

(Prov. di Belluno)

DOLOMITI

CORTINA, Aug. 12, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

I had just sent you a very Jewish book when I get your letter recommending me to avoid anti-Semitism. If your message had arrived first I should have looked over my scribbles in the margin, to remove anything violent. I ought to love the Jews, as they seem to be my only friends intellectually, beginning with Edman—not to go back to Spinoza. In reality I like the Jewish freedom from preconceptions—which I think was what enabled Spinoza to naturalize Descartes, and what makes Edman, etc. put up with my distressing philosophy, in spite of their strong distrust of “essences”, as being Platonic and non-positivistic. Yet, even in Spinoza, there is a side that doesn’t satisfy me; and that perhaps is Jewish or Dutch. I mean his tame ideal of a man. He is entirely impervious to the traditions that appeal to me most—the Greek, the Catholic, and the Indian. In other

words—although he expressly asserts the contrary in a passage I am quoting among the mottoes to the Realm of Spirit—he doesn't sympathize with the human imagination. Art, poetry, traditional religion, and the whole pageant of history seem to him de trop. Mankind should always have been a flock of clean pious sheep, conscious that the Lord was their shepherd, and that if they died of hunger they should die freely and happily for the glory of God.

It is news indeed that you are going back to Virginia to live in the house in which you were born. To me, that would be a great relief from the pressure of society; but you love society and society loves you, and I hope your arrangements are such that you can return to Cambridge, if you find your old home too remote from the intellectual world. However, with the radio, I suppose you will hear the same news of the whole world there that you might hear in Massachusetts, and perhaps you will have relations near you that may supply a pleasant domestic atmosphere. If my sister had survived her husband, I should probably have retired to Avila many years ago, to live with her.

I have had an unexpected visit from my very old friend [*across*] Herbert Lyman. We talked about the Lampoon and about Dresden in 1886! It was most pleasant.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 August 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia

Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 22, 1938

Dear Cory

You were probably as much puzzled as I was at receiving Souvenirs of Earth. There was no explanation or address, other than the post-mark, Berkeley, California. I have read it all; and what you say about the weather being the only thing that seems to matter really to your English acquaintance is true on the poetic plane of this man also. It is all a question of warm & cold, bright & dim, wet & moist, violet & green. Even when he

philosophizes (in one place about the middle) or describes love-making (at the end) it is only a matter of absolute sensation or psychic weather. But I was interested in his way of unostentatiously dropping into blank verse and even rhyme, mixing them (like Shakespeare!) in with his prose; and also in his capacity to keep talking about the landscape and nothing else—no person or individual object or idea—and using, on the whole, decent and intelligible language.—Throw him away, if you don't care to keep him. I simply thought if he might seem to you very good in his way.

Now that you are having a holiday, why shouldn't you write a little poetry again, or a story? I should think you might breathe more freely, if you revived those old tendencies. Or [*illegible*] are you decidedly at work on your book? I am curious to know what tenets of yours S. thought would ruin your reputation as a scientific philosopher. Were they scholasticisms?

As you are still on the move I send you £5 extra; and perhaps we might catch up again with the 1st of the month. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

28 August 1938 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug 28, 1938

Please destroy

Dear Mrs. Toy

I am sending your note about Miller to Strong, who is at Valmont, his nursing home above the Lake of Geneva; and very likely he will act on your suggestion. However, he has not had much spare cash of late, most of his securities having stopped paying dividends, and it might be easier for me to help Miller (it would not be the first time!) quite unbeknown to my actual pocket, by asking George Sturgis to send him a cheque. I have made a note, 69 Pinckney Street, in case of need.

Your extreme delicacy, vicariously attributed to Miller, amuses me a little. He has been dependent on Strong for long periods, and once, out of a clear sky, he wrote to me asking for a largish sum, (a "loan") several hundred dollars, to fit himself out in clerical garments suitable for his visits to the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. He then hoped

to get a living in England, so that the investment, though speculative, was a “business proposition” on his part. He was then said to be living on raw spinach—“not exclusively”, he admitted—and being “behind the veil”, whether from inanition or mystic rapture, is also nothing new to him. The trouble is that he is a little unbalanced and difficult to deal with, because he makes his health an excuse for not sticking to anything. Do you remember the quarrel he had with Münsterberg, when the latter wrote to him saying that he (Münsterberg) was a doctor of medicine as well as of philosophy, and that he detected in Miller every sign of incipient paranoia? Poor Miller knew only too well that he lived on the verge of nervous collapse; but such a diagnosis was not only cruel but, as the event has shown, mistaken. Miller’s conversion, which came much later, may have canalized his supersensitiveness a little: but he seems not quite settled even in his religious life. It is a sad career.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

6 September 1938 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Cortina, Sept. 6, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

This is only a postscript to my last letter, to report the reply I have just received from Strong about Miller. He writes: “I am glad you sent me Mrs. Toy’s note, as I didn’t know that Miller needs help, though I suspected it. I am not unable to give him help, but I don’t like to do so directly, for it commits me to continuing and I foresee that there will be no end! Miller has had so many thousands of dollars from me already! I hoped that the Church people would look after him and thought it their duty, not mine, as he is rootedly Episcopalian.”

This last is very characteristic of Strong: but he perceived the overtone of it, and added something to cover up the suggestion—which is even more

characteristic. And he adds further on: "Perhaps, after all, I will send him a sum directly, and then write to Harry James and arrange a plan for the future."

You see your charitable interest has borne good fruit. I am sorry for Miller, and don't mind his Episcopalian rootedness or his hostile way of asking for help and receiving it. That is a part of his misfortune: a kind of suspicion of being insulted, which I daresay Münsterberg had in mind when he spoke of symptoms of paranoia. The thing stops short, however, at the frontier of sanity; and this perhaps makes it all the sadder, because Miller must be half aware of his own false steps.

I am also sorry for Strong. He writes from Fiesole, not from his Swiss nursing-home where I thought he still was. "Valmont", he says, "was a dreadful bore, and I shall not think of going there again, or to that altitude". Quarrelling with his favourite haunts and places of refuge! Why should we turn like that against our best friends? Perhaps it is a form of self-castigation, when one is old and unhappy (as Strong is for many reasons) and wishes to lay the blame on the contrariness of the remedies that no longer work.

I am returning to Rome next week. It is lovely here, the mountains tipped with snow shining in the Sun. But the hotel here is getting empty and cold, and in Rome I shall find a remnant of summer and more comfortable rooms. Please tell me more about Virginia when you write again. Yours

sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles P. Davis

16 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

ROMA—[ILLEGIBLE]PIAZZA DEL SUPERBI

Rome, Sept. 16, 1938

This is to certify that I am not yet defunct, but at work on the last volume of my philosophical system, in which I say goodbye to the world, the flesh, and the devil, particularly the last, recognized by me under the disguise of modern philosophy.—Have just returned from Cortina, where I spent three tranquil months. War-clouds are thick, but I trust will have cleared by the time this reaches you. Good wishes from your old friend & godfather G.S.

To Benjamin de Casseres

17 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 17, 1938

Dear Mr. De Casseres

My “friends”, who said I was no poet—and I agreed with them—were exquisites of the 1890’s. Perhaps you are too young to remember that “aesthetic” age. I am not ashamed of my compositions in verse—not all published—but I feel that they are not English poetry. They are Latin eloquence. The recipe for the dish is, first, to have a clear thought expressible in prose, which carries with it, in your mind, a definite emotion, and 2nd to heighten or leaven it with meter, alliteration, and allusions to kindred matters, so that an educated man (like the author) can vibrate largely and sympathetically to the whole thing. When well done, this is a splendid production, like a mature beautiful woman sumptuously dressed for a ball. Now, personally, that is the kind of woman I would rather look at and talk with. She is imposing, she is rational, she says true and wise things, she has the fragrance of good society, and no nonsense, about her. And accordingly, for my own satisfaction, I like to say over to myself at night, when not sleepy, long fragments of Horace, Racine, and Leopardi, that delight me as the ideal great lady would.—But I know love is something else, less satisfying in the end, but sweeter in the beginning.

I am very well, in spite of being near the end of my 75th year, and hope soon to finish the last volume of my system of philosophy. I have other things half done, to entertain me, if I should still live on, but they are not parts of the programme, so that I shall feel at liberty to indulge my mood or my laziness. The world at this moment is so interesting, that there is some difficulty in getting well out of it mentally, so as to describe it from outside, which is what my kind of philosophy aspires to do.

Thank you for your generous letter. If I didn’t know from your little books—for which also many thanks—that you are an enthusiast by nature, I should be tempted to write verses again. But I have sworn off. I did so after the 1890’s. Yeats was one of the “friends”—I have seen him once only—that liked my “Interpretations of Poetry & Religion” but it said the trouble with me was that I thought I was a poet.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Curt John Ducasse

17 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Brown)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Sept. 17, 1938

Let me thank you for your article, which I have read with pleasure and agreement. It is comforting to see that the artless truths of my antique “Sense of Beauty” still can turn up amid more elaborate surroundings. In confusing the elements combinable in things with the supposed “fusion” of elements in consciousness our psychological philosophy pays the price of its idealism. I hope you will continue in this line of criticism, and help to purify the spiritual side of these processes, which is not a “mental chemistry”, but a resultant intuition: at least so I find it.

G. S.

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

18 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

123, Pall Mall, S.W.1

Rome, Sept. 18, 1938

M^{esses} Constable & Company

London

In reply to your letter of Sept. 14 concerning the proposal of the Ernst K&lett Verlag in Stuttgart to translate my Soliloquies in England into

German, I can only say that I have no objection, and that I leave the details for you to arrange. Nothing of mine except The Last Puritan has appeared in German, to my knowledge. In regard to that book, your agents made all the arrangements, which to me were satisfactory. They might attend to this also.

Yours faithfully GSantayana

To George Sturgis

18 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Sept. 18, 1938

Dear George

Four days ago I came back here from Cortina, without stopping in Venice. It is more comfortable in these quarters than in a hotel where I have to go to the dining room for meals, and have no private sitting-room or reference books. But my summer, if less adventurous than your trip to Hudson's Bay, was pleasant enough. I had two visitors to break the monotony, Herbert Lyman (who was in my class at Harvard, and a very good friend) and an Italian professor at Berlin who is an admirer of my books, with whom I had a week of long talks (in Italian!) about philosophy, politics, literature, etc.

As to your success in sending money to Pepe direct, I am much relieved, and hope you may be able to send Mercedes' money in the same way. Her address is

Bayona

Vigo, Spain

the words "de Galicia" after "Bayona" are not necessary, but sometimes put in to avoid confusion with Bayonne, in France, which in Spain is called Bayona also, and is better known than the fishing village in the bay of Vigo where Mercedes has her little house. I mention this detail because your typist made one word of Bayonade Galicia, which might prove fatal. There is another point of greater importance, and rather troublesome. Letters are

opened by the censorship, and have to be presented at the bank, together with the cheque. Apparently there is a heavy discount on income from abroad; whereas money received as a gift escapes this tax. Mercedes is therefore very anxious to thank us profusely every time for our generosity and to make it appear that she has no rents or property in America, which at bottom is true. What we send her is not even the income of a legal legacy (except your father's part) but only a friendly arrangement made in our family so as to provide for her. As now she has nothing else and is supporting friends on it, I think we may speak of the remittances, as if they were a family allowance [—"auxilio familiar" in Spanish]. In any case, don't say, "I send you your money."

As I have received \$800+ lately, of which I have still about \$300, I will send her [across] another £100 about Oct. 1st and then, when you have fresh funds for her, you can send them direct.

Yours affly G. S.

To George Sturgis

20 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 20, 1938

Dear George

To reinforce my recommendation of the other day, Mercedes writes a tearful letter saying that they gave her only 1,060 pesetas or \$212 for my cheque of July 29th for £100, on the ground that my letter enclosing it suggested that it was income from abroad and not a gift. I had merely referred to the delay in cashing the previous cheque: but perhaps, being a little sick of the whole business, I made my letter too business-like.

I am sending her a longer epistle today with another £100, which more than covers all I have received for her from you; and I tell her that in future you will send her money direct from the U.S.

This is a boon for me, because if you manage it, I needn't keep writing, and when I do I can truly refer to what I may send her as a little present or slight remembrance

Yours affly

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 24, 1938

Dear Cory

As there seems to be serious danger of a general war, that may stop direct communications between us, I hasten to send you your allowance for October. I suppose that via America I could always send you remittances, but I should prefer to draw them from my London account. Perhaps when you cash this cheque you will ask B. S. & C^o what they would advise us to do in such a case.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Roger Theodore Lafferty

26 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 26, 1938

Dear Mr. Lafferty

You recall very remote memories, and I shall be glad to reburnish them if you care to come to Rome at this rather agitated moment. I have no engagements, except that I always give the morning to an attempt to work. Perhaps the best time for us to meet would be the late afternoon, if you are making the journey by day. If you come by night and prefer to see me in the early afternoon, leave a note to that effect here before one o'clock, and return about that hour, when we can go to lunch somewhere together.

Otherwise, come here at above 5.30 p.m., when I am always at home. I shall expect you then on Wednesday, unless I hear to the contrary.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S.

You speak of "us", and if Mrs. Lafferty comes with you I shall be all the more honoured

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 September 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Sept. 30, 1938

Dear Cory

After posting my last letter, a simple way occurred to me of solving the problem of letting you have your allowance in case of war, and I wrote at once to B. S. & C^o. Their answer, enclosed, will show you what my idea was. It had first occurred to me to send you your cheques through my nephew—whose address you had better note, in case of other complications—but that would have involved letting him know the exact state of our affairs, which I dislike doing. He is a nice person, but not very perceptive, and he has a professional desire to keep people's money (for their own good) in his hands. Also, in my case, he approves of strict economy and the transference of income to the capital account. I therefore don't inform him, if I can help it, of the state of my bank-account or of my personal expenses.

It would have been better to send your allowance through your brother, and I am keeping his address, for the same reason that I suggest that you should keep George Sturgis's: 111 Devonshire St. Boston, Mass.

However, it seems that all is normal again for the moment, and we can jog along as we had intended.

Yours aff^y
G.S.

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

4 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Riverside)

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

Rome, Oct. 4, 1938

Dear Mr. Hartmann

You ask for a word of sympathy, and I can sincerely send one to a hermit building his own cell. You seem to be the Thoreau of the Pacific. Yet,

from other indications, I suspect that you are not so true a solitary as I, in the midst of a great city where all roads meet. America is not tolerant of insulation. It is too cordial.

With best wishes from
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

4 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 4, 1938

Dear George

Will you please send a cheque for \$100 to the old wreck of a poet—half Japanese half German—to whom the enclosed is addressed, together with the letter?

He is an old beggar, but Hamlet says we should treat people much better than they deserve, or who would escape whipping?

Yours aff^y

G.S.

P.S. The address is on the back of the enclosed letter.

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

October 4, 1938

Dear Strong

The change of diet from raw spinach to carrot-juice is worthy of the old satirists. Every philosopher his own Doctor Sangrado, Berkeley with tar-water, and Miller with carrot-juice: and that when both deny the existence of matter and live face to face with God. But there may be a subtle consistency in that. When all is but a symbol, why shouldn't one vegetable nourish as well as another? Pure air ought to suffice, with faith!

Apropos of old satirists I am re-reading Tom Jones, and finding that I had forgotten almost everything. The stock characters—garrulous maids, wicked parents, etc. seem to me the best done. The stock sentiments of the Eighteenth century intellectuals appeal to me less.

Yes, it is a great relief to be left at peace. I had written to Brown Shipley and Company, asking them to let Cory have his monthly allowance until further notice, in case communications with Italy were stopped: and I had thought, if things got too oppressive here, to go to Lugano, from which (if I didn't like it) I might get round to Montreux, which ought to be well enough in winter. But, as I say, it is a relief to be able to continue here as usual. ~~For~~ Yet I am not sure that people's minds are pacified; and things in Spain are not improved. I am having a lot of trouble in sending funds to our friends there. The authorities keep the greater part as a tax on foreign investments!

Yours ever

G.S.

To George Sturgis

6 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 6, 1938

Dear George

I am sorry to pester you with so many messages, but now I have a reassuring letter from Mercedes, who by advancing a counter-claim, and making a sworn statement that she has no capital invested abroad has been

able to recover another 1000 pesetas + on my penultimate cheque; and I suppose the same will hold good for the last one of Sept. 20th

She is very anxious, however, that you should confirm as far as possible this interpretation of her allowance, as a gift from our family, and not a payment due on any investment of her own. You see, apart from war taxes, these new national governments are anti-capitalistic, and regard wealth as fundamentally public property. The age of idle rentiers is coming to an end, but luckily Mercedes and I are old enough to hang on a bit to the old system, and disappear before the final house-cleaning.

She wants me to ask you not to send a cheque without a letter, because such a letter, explaining the remittance, is demanded by the authorities, and wishes the letter to be short, in Spanish, and using or suggesting the official terms, "donativo" and "auxilio familiar". I enclose a draft of what might be your first letter. The others, with suitable variations, might repeat the same thing.

It would help, I think, (this is not mentioned, of course, by Mercedes) if you would make out your cheques for round sums \$300, \$500, or something of that kind, since an odd sum, with fractions, would suggest an investment. If you could send \$500 four times a year, I should be glad to have charged to my account whatever might be in excess of the fund already put aside for Mercedes. I think only your father's legacy has a variable return. We must consider her age, and the fact that friends with children are more or less dependent on [*across*] her. Her friend Pilar's husband, who is a prisoner in Madrid, is now employed there in a hospital (being a doctor) but watched. Yours affly

G. S.

To Logan Pearsall Smith

11 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 11, 1938

Dear Smith

No wonder your reminiscences should have had a great success with the public; they are most interesting and humorous. The picture of Walt

Whitman alone would suffice to justify the book, but for me, of course, there are many other points of interest. Only I wish you had been more specific, about Harvard and Oxford, for instance. Who were your real friends, and what were they like? What was their philosophy? Of course, you couldn't be frank about living or recently dead people, who may have loving families idealizing their memory. I hope, for the sake of posterity, that you may be writing a more detailed autobiography. You are a person exceptionally well placed and qualified to record the mental fashions of our times, and the relations then existing between "cultured" England and America.

You may say that Henry James has done it once for all: but he, you, all Americans in print, are too gentle, too affectionate, too fulsome. The reality requires a satirist, merciless but just, as you might be if you chose.

At odd moments I have myself written down various reminiscences about my family and friends—Persons and Places, I thought of calling the collection, or Fragments of Autobiography. If I survive the writing of The Realm of Spirit I will devote the rest of my reprieve to that amusement. But I have not seen much of the polite world. Only an individual here and there really interested me, and the intellectual and fashionable Anglo-America that you have moved in has been out of my range, and not attractive to me. If I had had a little money when I was young I should have doubtless taken a house in England, like you; but I think I should have kept only to a few friends, and not felt, with them, any foreignness in myself at all. I have been a little surprised at your sense of your Americanism surviving after so many years, and at the exaggerated importance you give to other Europeanised Americans. Lapsley (who also keeps up a culte for his American connection) is more at home in England than you seem to be. Howard Sturgis (whom you don't mention: didn't you know him?) had more my relative feelings for America on one side and England on the other: only that, beneath his wit and humour, he was helplessly affectionate; whereas I should have kept bachelor's hall in quite another spirit, and probably migrated in the end to Italy, as I have actually done.

I have been reading Henry Adams's Saint Michel etc. There is another perspective of the same world, but again fulsome, sugar-coated; beneath which manner one feels a most terrible bitterness and utter misfit with reality. My materialism, after all, is more buoyant.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

15 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 15, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

Your cry of distress for our friend Miller ended by bringing him \$200 from Strong and, as he says (in a letter that I have seen), unexpectedly and in the nick of time. He accepts with thanks, but says it will be for the last time, as brighter prospects (not described) are opening before him. I wonder if this is truth or illusion.

I wish I had some other book with pencil annotations to send you, since the last seems to have proved interesting. I had one at Cortina, entitled "The Gothic Age" but about Yale in the 1890's and 1910's, by Mr. Canby, the editor of the Saturday Review of Literature. Unfortunately I gave it away in an absent-minded moment. Not that it is a good book—very soft and indistinct, in young lady's Victorian water-colours; but there is one idea in it that seemed to me just, namely, that the "college life" of those times (I understand it has largely disappeared) was an excellent preparation for life in the American world. It trained people to be enthusiastic in team-work, competitive, ambitious, and keen, without questioning the value of their ultimate object. A more scholarly or intellectual atmosphere would have unfitted them for business.

To return to Miller, it appears that he has abandoned raw spinach and nourishes himself now on carrot-juice. It clears away the poisons in the system: you begin with a few spoonfuls, and when you can absorb a quart, you are in perfect health and vigour. I thought of Berkeley and his tar-water. Since all material substances are but words in a divine language, these variations seem perfectly consistent with idealism and trust in Providence. But why not try living on pure fresh air? That symbol ought to be quite as efficacious, and even more economical.

It is too bad about your troubled and disappointing trip to Virginia. You had such ill fortune, I remember, when you went to England after the war. Perhaps the first impression is too strong, the sudden accumulation of shocks too exhausting. Wouldn't things grow peaceful and cousins less multitudinous after a time? However, I hope Garden Street (I can't quite remember where it is) may prove agreeable and free from plutocrats and riotous servants. Your account is almost like the things I am now reading in Tom Jones, and not what I associate with Cambridge, Mass.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

21 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol
Oct. 21, 1938

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is a part of my summer's work: I am tangled up in another chapter which I will bring you when you have done these, about which, as usual, there is no hurry.

The mottoes and the addition to the Preface are, I hope, not too confusing. I assume that you are used to Latin, and I have copied the Greek for you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol

Oct. 22, 1938

Dear Cory

The Miller episode ended well, as Strong tells you; but he characteristically left out the most interesting points. He sent Miller \$200; Miller accepted with thanks, for the last time, because his prospects were brightening (heaven not far off?); and added that carrot-juice (no longer raw spinach) was admirable nourishment: when you could absorb a quart, you had recovered perfect health. In his letter to me, enclosing Miller's, Strong said that now we might agree better about politics; to which I prudently replied that people's minds were not yet pacified, and that affairs in Spain had not improved. He has not written again and there is no sign of a trip to Rome at present. I am glad his "work" is so absorbing, as that will keep him from being hopelessly bored.

From your previous letter I gathered that you found it hard to make both ends meet in London. I can well understand it, and I am sending you a somewhat larger cheque somewhat earlier. There is no reason for not doing so, once we are living on the present terms. We are both growing older every day, and you having more and better occasions for doing things worth doing, and I having fewer occasions and less tempting. We will call these £10 half your Christmas present and I will send you the other half for December. My bank account is flourishing and prospects in America is are sufficiently good not to cause me any inconvenience.

Miss Tindall is copying four more chapters of Spirit. Only four more, out of ten, remain to be done.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Llewelyn Powys

25 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 25, 1938

Dear Mr. Powys

When I was reading your “Somerset Essays” —which I wish had a map attached, and better illustrations—in one of Blackwell’s Catalogues I saw a nice copy, announced, of your “Verdict of Bridlegoose” and sent for it. My only disappointment is that it needs no apologies. You are not quite so sugared and fulsome about everything as Americans themselves are, but you very rarely allow your probable real feelings to show through, as is quite possible without making oneself liable to be sued for libel. You do betray some disgust with Amy Lowell and Scofield Thayer—the only two persons in America, except Arthur Ficke, mentioned by you with whom I had any acquaintance. Your visit was ten or fifteen years after my time, so that both persons and things had perhaps got a little riper. Thayer I knew in Oxford during the war, after I had left the U.S. for good, when he was very self-conscious and affected, spoke (people said) as if English were a foreign language, and he had only intense radical silent sentiments. Ficke too was affected. It was in Athens, in 1906, that I saw him. He showed me some of his youthful verses; I suggested a more rhetorical turn to one of his final lines, which he said was “just like me”; and then he turned wistfully to me and asked imploringly “And whom would you like for your biographer?”

It is a problem that sometimes puzzles me why Anglo-Saxons, who hate lies, love shams. I think in nice Englishmen it may be for the sake of the protective colouring so secured. People have delicate unhatched feelings, that must not be exposed to the bleak air; and sham religion, friendship, patriotism, etc., help to screen those feelings conveniently, or even to express them in an impersonal figurative way that is not so embarrassing as the truth would be. But in Americans the cultivation of shams is a form of ambition. They must make believe they are well, happy, cordial, witty, optimistic, and music-loving because that is what they think they ought to be: and they insist that other people should help them to keep up the illusion. You succumbed, and helped them to do so. Isn’t it for that reason that the eclipse gave you such pause? It was proof that reality existed. But even cocktails, which foster illusion, are themselves realities, working mechani-

cally and, said Lowes Dickinson once when we were drinking [*across*] one, “the only good thing in America”. No: not the only good thing, but a great help to the goodness of other things. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

28 October 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Oct. 28, 1938

Dear George

Here are the cheques paid in Spain, or rather in London, the last of which I have just received, with B. S. & C^o's account. Pepe's cheque dated March 1st was paid in London on April 8th and Mercedes' cheques as follows:

Sent Jan. 4th, paid Feb 14th

‘ March 14th ‘ April 16th

‘ July 29th ‘ Aug. 29th

‘ Sept. 20 ‘ Oct. 19th

It has thus taken about a month to get the payment made in London; I don't know how much longer, perhaps another month, for Mercedes to get the cash. She has never told me how much she gets except in a letter of September 11th when she received only 1,060 pesetas for £100. I understand that eventually she got as much again, after her sworn statement, and my solemn letter of Sept. 20th in which I went back in our family history to Manila in the year 1847 when your grandmother went to live with the grandparents of Mercedes; so that our allowance to her was really family assistance. If 2120 pesetas is all they give for £100, the pound Sterling is below par, which ought to make 2500 pesetas for £100; but although to

be sure the pound and the dollar have been watered, the peseta, I should have thought, must be reduced to very little indeed with such a war, and all the gold in the bank of Spain in Madrid spirited away to Paris or to Moscow. However, they are perhaps bolstering up the peseta artificially, and also making a heavy discount on private drafts from abroad.

I hardly understand the machinery of finance, but I don't believe an order from you on the Madrid branch of the Banco \$Hispano Americano can be of any use to Mercedes. If that bank still exists in Madrid, it would be in the hands of the Barcelona government, and how should Mercedes, in Nationalist Spain, get anything from it?

I will send Mercedes a little something as a Christmas present, about Dec. 1st, to help her tide over the gap until she is able to cash the cheque you mean to send her on Jan. 1st. As I said in my last letter, I think you had better remit \$500, without fractions, each quarter, and charge me with the amount that may exceed what is ear-marked for her in any case.

The time for my letter of credit expires on Jan. 1st 1939, but I shall have \$1000 to spare. Shall I draw it on Dec. 31st or cancel the letter and have it sent back unexhausted? Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

3 November 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Nov. 3, 1938

Dear Miss Tindall

Of course I shall be glad to inscribe our names for you in your copy of our novel. In a few days I hope to leave another chapter of Spirit at your place, and you could bring the book here when you return the manuscript, unless you would rather do so earlier.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Alyse Gregory

10 November 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 10, 1938

Dear Miss Gregory

It was inexcusable of me to write unkindly about Scofield Thayer when I ought to have remembered that you were associated with him and might be offended at my levity. "Affected" wasn't the right word for what I had in mind. When you say "harassed" you come nearer to it. I meant that he didn't seem spontaneous and natural; he found life difficult, and wasn't at home in this world. That quality, if I had known him better, ought to have appealed to me. It is not the only one he had in common with the hero of my novel; except that instead of forcing himself to be an athlete, and a philosopher, he became a patron of art and adopted a sort of intellectual radicalism which I didn't like. I like young men to love the ancients and the Church and the great commonplace poets. It seems as normal and healthy as liking to walk or ride in the country, or to dance with pretty girls. But when a young man has a deeper nature, and finds that the times are out of joint, it requires very strong traditions to keep him afloat. I knew that Thayer had had "mental trouble", but I had heard nothing of his

condition for many years and didn't know whether he was still living. I am used to thinking of the world as swept clear of all my generation, and even of most of my younger friends.

If you have read my novel "The Last Puritan", you must have seen that I am all sympathy with the difficulties that young American's of Thayer's time came up against. Although I didn't know him very well—hardly at all in America—I remember his mother at Worcester where I sometimes went, at the invitation of the Unitarian minister, to give a lecture to the Art Club. And this glimpse of Worcester "culture" left an impression on me, so strong that I thought for a while of putting my hero's birth and home in Worcester, Mass. But the topography of the place, as I knew it, didn't fit my plan, so I invented "Great Falls, Conn." instead, where between a Cemetery and an insane asylum my hero might enter this best of possible worlds, in the best of ages, and the best of countries.

I do not admit that I "disdain" America. Most of my friends have been Americans, and I have great trust and confidence in American capacity and kindness in material things and human troubles. But intellectual light and freedom is apt to go out in them at the age of twenty-five: the world is too much with them, and too much for them. However, I am a materialist and think that with health and practical knowledge the fundamental [across] impulse of life is carried out. It is our fault if we care more for the frills.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Miss Evelyn Tindall

20 November 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Nov. 20, 1938

Dear Miss Tindall

At last I have finished this chapter—by leaving out half of it.

When you have copied it, you might let me have your account up to date (as well at The Last Puritan) as I am afraid it will be some time before I have other work for you.

I will return the book when I come for the other matter, so you needn't trouble to come and fetch it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

22 November 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 22, 1938

Dear George

The simplest thing to do about my expiring letter of credit will be to send it back at the end of December, cancelled. I shall have enough cash on hand to last until February, so that there is no hurry about it the new letter. If it is to run only to Jan. 1st 1940 (that date sounds prodigious, as if we were going back to the times of Louis Philippe) \$5,000 will be enough. If it is to run on into that year, make it out for \$6,000 like the last. I hope soon to finish the last volume of my system of philosophy; when that is done, if I am still fit (and I feel very fit now) I may like to travel a little and have a change of scene. After 75, however, it would be pleasanter not to attempt or pretend to manage perfectly all by myself. A companion, who can see where things are and knows what is going on, would be desirable. It would be Cory, quite suitable and sympathetic; but his expenses would have to be paid. Therefore, the \$6000 would not be too much, although, in my ordinary routine, I hardly spend so much in a year. And please have the letter of credit sent to Wagons-Lits-Cook, Via Veneto, Rome.

I have written again to Mercedes, sending a Christmas present, and explaining our plan of \$500 from Boston every quarter in future. I don't know how your letters travel: via Gibraltar, Lisbon, or England—Bilbao? Any such route ought to be safe. Of course, if it they tried to go via France, it they would not arrive. They would go to Barcelona, and stop there.

(One more word about business. You know that I am anxious about the personal fund, remaining from my \$25,000 as best-seller. I don't like to have it sink below \$15,000, as then my last Will and Testament might strike a void. Therefore I should like, if there should be more than \$5,000 to go from my general income account to my capital account on Jan. 1st 1839, that you would transfer half that surplus to my personal fund, and only the

other half, as usual, to the capital of the Trust. If the amount saved this year is less than \$5,000, let it go to the Trust Fund, as in other years).

I rather dislike to air my views about politics at present, especially in regard to Spain. I am not indifferent, and I am not well informed; whereas a philosopher should be well informed and dispassionate. Certainly I do not sympathize at all with the sentiment that seems to prevail in the U.S.A. It is entirely fantastic and based on prejudice and cant phrases. But these things go back very far, to the Reformation, the Renaissance, & the Revolution. You will find my views, free from momentary flurries, in my "Genteel Tradition at Bay".

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

P.S. I am tempted to send you the enclosed cutting, just received from Mrs. Toy. By her note in pencil at the top, she means that I am, against my will, defending democratic government. Lippman (he had dropped the second n in mann) was a real pupil of mine, and my "remarks" are drawn from the last chapter of "Character & Opinion in the U.S." Please notice: 1st he translates my words into "what we now use." 2nd he ignores the first and principal point, that a government by majority vote is possible only when majority and minority wish to maintain the same institutions and to move (perhaps at different rates) in the same direction of what was called progress. This condition is not fulfilled in Spain or in any European country except England (as it England formerly was). Even in England, the opposition is now revolutionary. Civil war is everywhere latent now.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 November 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Nov. 25, 1938

Dear Cory,

I have got the works of Rimbaud, father (at eighteen) of all the crazy poetry and crazy painting since perpetrated. But he is a great and true

genius, with a heart. I have copied out for you a very simple piece, which I have learned by heart, and have added to the things that I say over to myself at night, when not sleepy. It fits not only my boyhood, but my feelings now, to a certain point, also perhaps yours,—and even Strong's.

I have heard nothing from him since our exchange of notes about Miller. It is for your interest to see him and do what is possible to encourage him in his philosophy and in establishing that fellowship. You needn't trouble about me for the moment, because I am feeling very fit, and am absorbed in the R. of S. I find snags over which I waste a good deal of time and paper; but on the whole the thing is taking shape of itself in a satisfactory manner. But it will hardly be finished this winter—perhaps I shall go once more to Cortina and finish it there, as I did the Platonism many years ago. I am no Wordsworth, but the mountains do help a bit.

What you suggest about another book on the Ideas of God is interesting, but superfluous. All I have to say on that subject will be in the R. of S. There is already a careful analysis in Chapter II (On Cosmic Animisms) about Brahma, and the different realms of being he falls into according to the various acceptations of his name. Also a long passage about Christ and "The Father" in Chapter IX. (Liberation) to show that spirit is sent into this world, does not make it or govern it, and carries a "spiritual body" with it, on the "resurrection" into its own realm: that is, under the form of eternity each person's life remains a phase of spirit, such as the world imposed at that place and moment. And there will be other [*illegible*] passages where the functional meanings of the deity in the inner life will be described. I am reading the Bhagavadgita, and have sent for two of Anthony Trollope's novels to redress the balance. They seem to be now no longer regarded as vulgar trash, and I have never read any of them. I didn't read novels in those days, not even Merideth's and Henry James's, which were thought the right thing.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

2 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 2, 1938

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Herr Horst Wiemer, of the Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, of 9, Wilhelmstrasse, Munich (the publishers of the German translation of The Last Puritan) writes that he is informed of a plan for publishing a German translation of my Poetry & Religion at Amsterdam, (Verlag, Pantheon) and expresses the wish of his firm to keep all practicable translations of my writings into German in their own hands.

I have replied that I know nothing of the Amsterdam project, and agree that it would be more convenient and natural that any further German versions of my work should be published by them, in Germany.

I am writing merely to make sure that there shall be no misunderstanding on the point; but I have little expectation that either at Munich or at Amsterdam any miracles will happen.

The Realm of Spirit is advancing slowly, under the difficulties that I have previously explained; but I hope that it may be completed some day.

With best wishes for the New Year

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

4 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 4, 1938

As you see, my residence is unchanged in the winter, but I was away as usual for three or four months in the summer, which may have led to the loss of some letter.

The copyright of my books, as far as translation is concerned, is (for all the later ones) in the hands of Constable & C^o, London; but they have an agent who acts for them in the matter, to whom your Egyptian friend should apply. He is:

A. M. Heath & C^o

188 Piccadilly, London, W.1

I suppose by, "Egyptian" you mean Arabic. I should be proud to have The Last Puritan appended to the Arabian [*across*] Nights. In "Dialogues in Limbo" I imitated them [*across text*] in one passage

G. S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Unknown)

Dec. 6, 1938.

Dear C. Glad you like the Rimbaud. He says, "Songer ... est pure perte", planning, anticipation; which doesn't imply that a thousand happy moments may not come of themselves, by the grace of God. The writing of these verses was itself one of them.

G.S.

To Harold Ordway Rugg

6 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Dartmouth)

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

Rome, Dec. 6, 1938

Dear Mr. Rugg

Something—cold reason or a cold heart—has always kept me from caring for relics, even for my own. For years I regularly destroyed, or left at the printers', the manuscripts of my books. And it would have been, if anything one of those early MSS., that might have deserved to figure in your collection, because although I was never legally an American citizen, I lived and wrote at Harvard, and my work might have passed for a New England product. Now—without going into the rights of the matter—I am not able to offer you anything, because my manuscripts have been given away or promised to friends. But perhaps if your collection is strictly American they would in any case have been excluded by the rules, so that there is nothing lost.

I am none the less gratified that at Dartmouth, of which I have pleasant memories, you should have wished to possess the fossil of one of my works.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

6 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 6, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

The "Simple Prayer" can hardly be translated in two ways, but I have put it into the obvious English equivalent. Perhaps in the fifth line it would be better to say "faith" instead of "the Faith" although probably it was the latter that Saint Francis meant.

I am not sure of all the corrections (only 3) which I have made in the Italian, not having any other text at hand, and the original being naturally in archaic form. It is ricevere in Italian now, however, and it was always eterna.

It is a beautiful prayer, and truly evangelical. Galilee and Umbria have something in common. Writing about spirit, as I am now, it strikes me as an example, on the side of sentiment, of living in the moment; because no hint is given about the objects or results of charity; all is the inward quality of the feeling. Just as it is purity of intention that fills the mind here, and banishes all selfish cares, so I think in intellectual moments it is purity of intuition that spiritualizes knowledge or belief. The truth of itself does not spiritualize the heart, but truth, or even error, are spiritualized when the heart is pure and the mind absorbed in intuition.

I have never seen Llewelyn Powys, but if you like his book I can send you another that tells something about his youth and family, and in which I have pasted a Walt Whitman-like photograph of him sitting amid the snows of Davos. He is consumptive. Miss Alyse Gregory, his wife (but still called Miss) was secretary to the Dial in the days of Scofield Thayer.—A happy new year! Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Simple Prayer

Oh Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace:
Where there is hatred, may I bring love,
Where there is offence, may I bring forgiveness,
Where there is discord, may I bring union,
Where there is doubt, may I bring the faith,
Where there is error, may I bring the truth,
Where there is despair, may I bring hope,
Where there is sadness, may I bring joy,
Where there is darkness, may I bring light.

Grant, oh Master, that I may seek not so much
to be comforted, as to comfort,
to be understood, as to understand,
to be loved, as to love.
For it is thus: In giving, we receive,
in forgiving, we are forgiven,
in dying, we rise again to eternal life.

Saint Francis.

To William Rose Benét

9 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

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

Rome, Dec. 9, 1938

Dear Mr. Benét

For the last few days I have been deep in your Anthology of American Literature, and have still much to learn from it, both at the beginning and towards the end. But I have looked first at the middle part, where people of my own time are mentioned, and especially at the notices in the Appendix. It would take too long to enter into the questions that arise in my mind: How far by "literature" [*illegible*] you understand pure belles-lettres, such as Chinese poetry would be for us, or how far the adequate expression of a phase of society, etc. I feel as if you had been guided in your choices and judgments a good deal more than perhaps you intended by the democratic value, at least potential, of various productions, rather than by their pure aesthetic charm. For instance, not to trespass on other people's preserves, you select my sonnet on faith, certainly the most popular thing I have written, but the work of a schoolboy, with a yard of string between each word, which can't be called pearls. It is only the sentiment that recommends it; and that sentiment has not guided my life or work as a whole. You might have chosen instead the lines on Cape Cod, which Moody said were the only ones in which I had ever been inspired, and which besides would have shown that I was not indifferent to the American Scene. But they were pessimistic! However, you have treated me very handsomely both in the selection, and in the notice. In the latter there is a slight error about the date when I finally left America. It was in January, 1912.

All this, however, is not what leads me to write to you, further than to thank you and the publishers for sending me the book. It is rather a very small question of punctuation in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. You print, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" etc. Now the first comma turns the phrase from a thought, which it surely was in the

beginning, into a liturgical formula, which it has become in every body's mouth. But if "of the people" is a possessive, not an objective, genitive, the words mean exactly the same thing as "by the people"; whereas what Lincoln meant to say was, I presume, that the people should be governed by themselves (or a majority of themselves) for their own benefit. You say you have used the best texts. I wonder if in the original manuscript that first comma appeared?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

11 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 11, 1938

Dear Rosamond

One of the great disadvantages of wisdom, at least of my sort, is that it is useless except for keeping wise, especially when wisdom is combined with advanced age. If I were forty years younger there is nothing I should like better than to take Bob about myself all next winter—not to Sweden and Norway, he could go there in summer with other friends—but to France, Switzerland, Southern Germany, Italy, and Greece. I could, at that age, have gone about with him so that he shouldn't have got into trouble, and given him hints or even lessons in French or Spanish or Italian—enough for a beginner—to help out what he would pick up for himself among the natives. As it is, however, I can't move, never go out at night, and must keep my time and mind free for finishing my last book of philosophy. You understand that, of course, and know that I am a good many

years older than the old man you saw here when you were in Rome in this hotel. I don't go to restaurants any more, and hardly ever to the Zoo. Yet I should love to see Bob, and if he couldn't come as far as Rome, he might go to see me at Cortina—it is the old Tyrol, almost Switzerland—where I shall probably be again next summer from the middle of June to the middle of September.

The only place I know in Switzerland is the Hotel Victoria, at Glion above Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva. It is in a French Protestant canton, and there must be a lot of worthy families who would be glad to take in a nice young man for a boarder. Unfortunately, I know nobody there, nor in fact anywhere else, because I never make acquaintances or speak to anybody in the hotels I frequent. You must ask your friends in Boston for information. In old days, the Crafts (Mrs. Russell Codman and her sisters) would have been just the people, as they had been brought up in Geneva; but now they are probably dead, or so old, as to be almost as much cut off from the living world as I am. Isn't there some family or some member of a family of your relations or of the Sturgis tribe that is going to spend next winter in Europe, and with whom Bob might go? There is sure to be a number of young teachers or professors doing their Sabbatical year. They might expect to be paid something as tutors or travelling companions, but the right man of that sort would be invaluable, and it would be jollier for him too than going alone. Unfortunately all the people I know of that sort now are Jewish Communists whom I wouldn't recommend either for manners, morals, or enlightened views of human society. Europe is a wonderful lesson for a boy properly prepared, but Americans and Europeans of the Left are apt not to see anything but modern surfaces, and might as well stay at home.

The mention of Sweden and Norway makes me think of a curious thing that has happened to my Last Puritan. It has been translated into three languages; but which do you suppose? German, Swedish, and Danish. Why, I asked the Swedish editor who came here with his wife to see me, why do you, who all know English so well, need to translate such a book of mine into your language? Because, he said, English books are too dear for us to buy. A translation in paper covers is much cheaper, and can be sold. But that is only one point. There is also the problem why these Nordic people alone are interested in the Last Puritan. And my inquiries lead me to think that it is for two reasons. First, they are interested in America politically and sociologically, and they think my book is a document. Second, they are interested in the Nordic soul, their own, which they can't understand;

and they wonder if a semi-outsider, like me, mightn't throw some light on the subject. And one or two German reviewers have actually taken my poor Oliver Alden as a scientific or psychoanalytic problem, growing hot about it, and even angry with me for not really understanding him, or understanding him too well! I suppose and hope that Bob is not so much of a Nordic as to be a metaphysical riddle to himself. If he is, let him come straight to me, and never mind the languages. This may just reach you for Christmas or at any rate for the New Year which I [*across*] hope may bring you all happiness

Your affectionate uncle G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

12 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

December 12, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

Your note of Nov. 25 is not like your usual letters, but sad, as if you were not well. I know you hate conventional inquiries or good wishes about health: they are sous-entendu among old friends. And your mood may have changed now, so that the old note might jar.

As to depositing the Cardoza book in the library—in the Inferno, I suppose, with my old copies of Royce, etc—of course I am flattered and amused. Do as you think. In time the librarian himself will remove superfluous deposits to the cellar or the top shelves, and meantime some candidate for an A.M. or Ph.D may do “research” work by getting down the volume and copying a pencil note of your humble servant’s! How small and accidental the learned world seems when one catches it, like this, in its witches’ kitchen!

I am reading a ponderous^x Anthology of American Literature by Benét & Pearson of Yale. It is called an Oxford Anthology, but it has nothing Oxonian about it, only it is published by the Oxford University Press in New York. It is modern, and therefore, to me, instructive, and it may actually lead me to reconcile myself with some authors that I could never stomach, Melville for instance. The recent poets at the end, however, still

baffle me, and I don't know whether to blame my old age and prejudice, or to suspect that after all there is a lot of mystification and bluff about these geniuses without a back-ground, a principle, or an audience. The book has short critical & biographical notices at the end, too favourable usually, in my opinion, except in the case of Longfellow, treated too much as if being old-fashioned were not a merely fashionable imputation. I appear, and am well treated, The anonymous critic says I perfectly represent the genteel tradition in my own person and writings. Is he right? I think Lewis Mumford came nearer the truth when he spoke of the "Pillage of Europe", except that in my case it was more the driftwood of Europe, I didn't go about buying museum pieces, but expressed, as soon as I became at all my own master, [*illegible*] my native affinities to European things. Pity, when some right judgment is passed, that it shouldn't be accepted, but that fresh critics should feel obliged to think up something different and wrong. Van Wyck Brooks, for instance, is perfect on Longfellow. Why do these "Oxford" critics go back to common-places about him?

[*across*]

This will be too late for Christmas good wishes, let them be for the New Year.
Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across page two*]

^x1700 pages in double columns.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

16 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 16, 1938

Dear Mr. Schilpp

On one condition it would be possible for me to accede to both your requests, and this is if you were willing to use a criticism of Dewey and an autobiography of mine that have already been written and published.

I think I could undertake to reply to the criticism, to be passed upon my philosophy, as this reply could be as short as I chose to make it. I have already in mind a brief quotation from Spinoza that, in substance, would answer them all. It is that Peter's idea of Paul expresses the nature of Paul less than it does that of Peter.

As to a bibliography, a complete one is to be found in my "Obiter Scripta", (Scribner, 1936) which you could reproduce. There is only one item, I think, to be added.

The same book contains the criticism of Dewey which I should have to offer; but I should like to shorten it, and perhaps to add a phrase here and there. It would be utterly impossible for me to write a fresh appreciation; and there would be this advantage from Dewey's point of view, that he wrote a reply to my article at the time, and he could use that in his rejoinder without taking any further trouble.

My autobiography has appeared in several places, the last being in Irwin Edman's Selections from my writings (Scribner, 1936). I might make a few changes or additions, for which there is plenty of time. I will, however, re-read my Dewey article at once, and send you a revised copy—

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

16 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 16, 1938

Dear Strong

I shall be very glad to see you when you come in January. There are often moments when I say to myself, I must tell Strong that, or I must ask Strong that. And it will be all the pleasanter if I feel that you are coming for a change of scene, and for your own purposes, and not expressly to talk with me; so that we shall both be free to go our own ways. You can stay as long as you like without feeling that you are distracting me from my work, and I can come to join you for coffee whenever the weather, physical or moral, is favourable, without feeling that I have an engagement to do so.

The Aragno, by the way, is now in good order again, although the inner and back parts of the building are still in the workmen's hands.

I have various books that I can lend you when you come such as [*illegible*] Rimbaud's Works and an Anthology of American Literature, 1700 pages in double columns, in which the Symbolist Nonsense School is largely represented, and I am also included!

Yours ever

G.S.

To Alfred L. Coester

20 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Dec. 20, 1938

Dear Mr. Coester

Your Spanish article on The Last Puritan particularly interests me, because it shows, between the lines, how well you have understood my intentions in writing the book.

I hadn't exactly a note-book, but I did have an early draft of some episodes, and a later one of others (the New York scenes) written in Toledo in 1920, when I resumed the plan of writing the novel which I had dropped 25 years earlier, as not having any proper plot or unity. The war gave me a hint as to how the double fortunes of Oliver and Mario might be developed and brought to a proper conclusion.

I have written an explanatory Preface, printed in the big edition of my works published by Scribner. It is a limited and very dear edition; but if you ever come across it in some library, perhaps it might interest you to hear something about the origin of my idea, and my notion of Oliver's character. I think you have understood him very well.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

21 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 21, 1938

Dear Mrs. Toy

Certainly, I shall be glad to read Whitehead's new book, and make marginal notes if anything occurs to me worth saying; but of course the innocent frankness of the thing is lost when you know beforehand that your comments are going to be seen, criticized, and perhaps repeated to

the author. Besides, I know beforehand, from the review you enclose, what I shall think of the book in general. A view, which might be stated quite simply and philosophically, is put forth as uplifting. That is a trick of all Protestant philosophers, even of those rationalists that are Protestants only by tradition, not by belief. For instance, it is effusive in Walt Whitman; see “Message to India”, included in my “Oxford” Anthology, which I have been reading lately. It seems to an outsider annoying and hypocritical; but I am enough a friend of the family to feel that it is spontaneous, a sort of unattached affectionateness running over into things in general; and it does not prevent the sharpest analysis, e.g. in Berkeley or Fichte, or the most genuine speculative insight. So I expect to admire and agree with the sober parts of Whitehead, and not mind when he gets a little fuddled with spiritual drink.

I wonder if Mr. Toy ever mentioned to you an Oriental habit or practice called ketmân? A French book on Persia that I have by me says it is very favourable to diversity of religious opinions, and toleration of them. It consists in never saying what you think, but if necessary saying anything else that may serve to avoid disputes, or ill-feeling; and it is recommended as giving a man a great superiority over his interlocutor. So my book says; although if the interlocutors are also addicted to ketmân, it would seem to secure the same advantage all round. This of course is not at all the same thing as the uplift served up as sauce with one’s opinions; but it serves the same purpose. The Orientals probably practise it because they are very old-minded and know exactly what they think, so that it is easy to avoid saying it; but our honest groping philosophers can’t dissimulate, because their views are nebulous; they are young-minded, and feel that what there is to discover must surely be something splendid.

I think that perhaps, without knowing that the thing had a name or was recommended by the wise men of the East, I may have indulged in a little ketmân in my earlier days. I was very proper in The Sense of Beauty, and in many places, in my other books, although I had no thought of hiding my first principles, only at most of being sympathetic and persuasive in my way of putting things. My sonnet on faith (N^o 3) reproduced in this same anthology is a case in point. It was suggested by a phrase in the Bacchae of Euripides, τὸ σοφὸν οὐ σοφία, “Knowingness is not wisdom,” and was accordingly as sceptical as it is possible to be, since it fell back on Bacchic instinct, or animal faith, because that went with life, however completely it might fool us: [*illegible*] although really we were practising ketmân, and lending ourselves to

illusion on purpose, without in the least succumbing to it in our hearts. That was what my sonnet grew out of; but it passes into the religious calendars and anthologies as vindicating Christian faith, or some faith very nearly Christian. My own Catholicism, which I must have had in mind at the age of twenty, when I composed it the sonnet, was deeply tinged with desperation. You had better hold on to that, because otherwise there was nothing to hold on to.

I share your feeling about Pearsall Smith, but I don't believe that he despises or avoids Americans, although he may have said so. Sincerity is not his Strong point, or rather, he has the sincerity of the fancy: says anything that occurs to him and sounds well in the ear, for the moment, and lets it go at that. But, as to his Americanism, I was struck by the rootedness and persistence of it in this very book. Terribly conscious of not being at home in England, although he has lived there most of his life, and reverting to his sisters and his family oddities with a sense of comfort and safety at last. No doubt, he knows that reminiscences of America and Walt Whitman are acceptable now to the English public; but they prove that he is not inclined or hopeful to lose himself in the British atmosphere, and forget that he is American. He is intensely so, only of the expatriate tribe. If he were young now he would return and live in Greenwich Village. England itself is no [*across*] longer comfortable or congenial to the would-be aesthete of 1890. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

24 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Christmas Eve, 1938

My dear Clemens

All you do and say seems to illustrate a theory which, in my intention, applies only to the last and highest reaches of the Spiritual life, and which I myself am incapable of practising. The truth no longer interests you unless you can turn it into a pleasing fiction. This interview with me I suppose is the same of which, years ago, you sent me a rough draft, where I suggested some corrections in view of that lower and servile criterion, truth. But probably in the interval the force of inspiration has been again at work, and you have produced a sheer poem.

Thank you and the Society for the promised Magazine. It will serve to give me some notion of how the American climate has changed, for I am sure it has changed, I mean morally, in the last ten years.

I return your Foreword, as I keep no files, the extreme modesty of my apartment (it's not very cheap) precludes anything but a waste-paper basket.

I am at work on my last volume of formal philosophy, The Realm of Spirit; but if life lasts even longer, I daresay I shall find it impossible not to keep on writing something or other.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Christmas, 1938

Dear Cory

Strong has written that he is coming to Rome in January, and saying conciliatory things that are not tactful or sincere. I have replied that I shall be very glad to see him, that I often think of things^{or} that I might say to him or ask him (which is perfectly true: for instance, as he reads The Times he would know whether it was Prince Arthur of Connaught or the Duke that died a while ago: not important cosmologically, but a safe subject for conversation). And I added, that (as he suggested) it would not be necessary that we should meet every day, and that I would join him for coffee at the Aragno when the spirit moved. If he is to stay a week or ten days, I could go almost daily: if his stay is indefinite, ~~once~~ or twice a week, I think, would be enough, and for something less than an hour. We shall see how it works, and I am far from troubled about it.

As to your plans, you know best, and what you propose seems reasonable: only I thought you were to be at Rapallo, not in Florence itself. There is no need of troubling about seeing me. If you were still in Florence towards the end of May I might stop there on my way to Cortina and see you (S. also, of course) for a few days, but without going to stay at the villa. I should like to see you, otherwise we shall become unrecognisable persons to one another, but I don't need you to help me with my book. For pleasure, I should prefer to have you come to Cortina rather than to Rome. There are now through trains via Calalzo which make it unnecessary to go via Venice. You had better, diplomatically, not join me before or during your visit to Strong; but afterwards, if the Fellowship is settled, there would be no harm.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Sturgis

28 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 28, 1938

Dear George and Rosamond

I am very glad you sent me these photos of the boys instead of flowers. They are just as pleasant to look at, and last longer, and as to smell, I ask for nothing above neutrality. However, I will confess that I have a sort of scent that I put on my handkerchief, which may seem voluptuous and effeminate in an aged philosopher. But it is an English scent (unless it was originally American) which ought to render it moral and wholesome. It is called Vapex and really is wholesome, a cure for colds, or at least a great relief, and recommended by my old doctor. But to return to the photos. You say, Rosamond, that in the group (which I like particularly) Bob is not flattered. Now I should say that he looks older and more prepossessing there than in the big portrait, more of an individual person, and not just a solid smiling boy. But this may be all wrong, because likenesses and indications of character can't be judged without knowing the original—I mean, in photographs. For in a portrait by a good artist the truth to the model doesn't matter, since the artist creates a character, as a dramatic poet might, and that is enough in itself for the observer. But in portraits of our friends and relations we don't look for ideal characters but for remembrances of real persons; and of course I can't do that with these portraits. I can see, though, that all three boys are good healthy straight lads, with that nice grin of universal confidence and satisfaction which is so American and so enviable—if it doesn't come up against too many contradictions later in life. I see too that the three boys have different characters, but I am not telepathic and won't try to read them.

The new letter of credit has arrived, and the old one shall be sent back in a few days, when it expires. I have today drawn my last monthly allowance on it, but \$1,000 remain undrawn.

It is very cold here also, and we have had much rain and grey weather, but all very mild relatively, and not dangerous. Vapex and a wood fire are enough in this climate.

[*across*]

Best wishes to you all for the new year from your affectionate
Uncle George

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

29 December 1938 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Dec. 29, 1938

Dear Professor Schilpp

Under a separate cover I am sending you my old paper on Dewey, in case you are willing to use second-hand stuff. I have made no changes in it, save a page or two omitted.

I also enclose my autobiography, in case you can accept that for a possible volume devoted to my philosophy.

If (as I can very well conceive) it is essential for you to have fresh matter, written expressly for your publication, I am sorry, but I cannot supply it in either instance.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome. Jan. 5, 1939

Dear Cory

Yesterday evening I had a visit from—Ezra Pound!

He is taller, younger, better-looking than I expected. Reminded me of several old friends (young, when I knew them) who were spasmodic rebels, but decent by tradition, emulators of Thoreau, full of scraps of culture but lost, lost, lost in the intellectual world. He talked rather little (my fault, and that of my deaf ear, that makes me not like listening when I am not sure what has been said), and he made no breaks, such as he indulges in in print. Was he afraid of me? How odd! Such a dare-devil as he poses as! I had just been reading his article, and the one about him, in the Criterion, so that I felt no chasm between us—"us" being my sensation of myself and my idea of him.

We mentioned Rimbaud, and he immediately (was it telepathy) said "L'Auberge Verte! He never got to anything better than that."

His beard is like a painter's and his head of hair (is it a wig?) like a musician's. On the whole, we got on very well, but nothing was said except commonplaces.

Do you know anything about the real reasons why The Criterion is stopping publication? And your essay will have to go elsewhere, and perhaps not bring £8! The British "Philosophy" review I should think would be the one to send it to.

I am sorry The Criterion is defunct, because although it was most uneven, there were often interesting articles and reviews, and its French side answered my own interests very well, and suggested many a book to read. I can't think what to do now for a little information about what is going on in the intellectual world. I suppose the Times' Literary Supplement would do nicely for English books. Would you mind finding out how much it is a year, and how I should address my subscription and make out the cheque?

As to your movements later, and coming to Cortina we can talk when the time comes. Would you like staying so long in Italy? I don't go to Cortina before June, and then the place is almost empty. Only August is the full season. You must arrange as you like, but I had thought that you would come to the Savoia. We could lunch and dine together—it would not "distract" me, if you let me eat early; that would not bind you not to come later if you had been detained by sports, or anything else. In the evening, I go up to my room straight from the table, so that I should leave you quite free to join any friends you might have made when they came out from dinner. After 75 it is easy to play the grandfather with a good grace, and my eluding society would seem natural.

Nothing as yet from Strong.

Yours aff^{ly}
GS.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Jan. 11, 1939

Dear Cory

I am expressly authorized by Strong to inform you that he has signed his new Will, which is safely deposited at the Farmers' Trust Company in New York, by which he leaves \$150,000⁰⁰ to be transferred to the control of the Philosophical Fellowship Fund to be established in England. This Fund is actually established in so far as the three Trustees are concerned, all three having accepted; and I have seen Russell's letter in which he takes note of Strong's desire that you should be the first American Fellow appointed, and says he will communicate that fact to the other Trustees. English solicitors have prepared a legal document establishing the Trust, which all have found satisfactory, although I understand it has not yet been formally signed.

When Strong told me all this yesterday, I said you would be relieved to hear of it, and he replied that he meant to mention it when he wrote to you again. As that seemed to be a vague possibility, I asked if he had any objection to my writing to you at once about it; and he said pleasantly "None whatever," evidently not seeing what was in my mind. Not the first time this has happened!

We then talked about your movements, and Strong said that he wasn't particularly expecting to see you, that he would like to have you lunch with him in May as you did last year: and, in fact, would rather not have you come before, because he would have to see you every day and that would interfere with his work! So, voilà. He is rewriting his retort to Montague's review of his Creed for Sceptics, and says that may take a month, after which he has another important essay to write, I didn't quite catch on what point. The zeal to save your soul is apparently in abeyance; but don't be too sure, it may revive.

If this mood of Strong's holds, there is no reason why you shouldn't stay in England until May, and then it would be quite easy for you to join me in Cortina in June, if you cared to do so. But of this in its season.

So far, all is well between Strong & me. Today I am playing truant. "Have to go [*across*] to the doctor for an injection." Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To George Sturgis

15 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 15, 1939

Dear George

Indeed your yearly account is most satisfactory and more favourable than I expected. I boil it down to the following:

Income	\$ 16,500	+
Spent	4,500	
Taxes & Com ⁿ	3,000	
Saved	9,000	
Value of special fund		
for Will . . .	\$22,500	
Value of property.	350,000	+

I have really spent a good deal more than \$4,500 because there is my London bank account, with innumerable cheques drawn on it; yet apart from books from Blackwell's in Oxford—not more than £20 worth—that has been mainly gifts and charities; so that I may be truly said to live, as a philosopher should, on less than a third of my income: not because I wish to get richer, but because I have no occasion to spend more.

It will not be necessary to convey any more funds to the special account, if things remain as they are, since that sum, with my London balance, amply covers the provisions of my Will.

Today I have got a very nice letter from Rafael, in acknowledgement of my Christmas present for the children. The family is all well. The two boys Eduardo, who is at the front in Catalonia, and young Rafael who is 15, are both very tall and big; and Rafael's girls are both nurses in the hospital. He says there has also been a movement forward on the Avila front towards Madrid, which I had not learnt of from the papers here

Yours affly

G.S.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

16 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 16, 1939.

Dear Professor Schilpp—

The more I think of your scheme and the more I learn about it, the less confident I am that I ought to have agreed to take part in it, either as critic of Dewey or as protagonist on my own account. These things, ideally, are very tempting, but when it comes to carrying them out, the world confuses us with contrary currents.

However, I will assume that, even if imperfectly, the project can be carried out, as far even as my part in it is concerned. But you must not ask me to make any changes or additions in my essay on Dewey or in my “Brief History.” If Dewey is 80, I am 75; and 15 years for us, at this end, add nothing to our abilities or insights. If I tried to patch up my comments on Dewey, I might say something unjust or silly. I have not kept up with his school, and can’t possibly study his “Logic” for this purpose.

As to the commentators you suggest for the volume on me (about which I presume there is no hurry, so that we can return to the subject if the plan goes forward) there is only one name that pleases me absolutely, if you can secure it, that is, Russell. Edman and Lamprecht are friendly but not incisive writers: they would repeat things I have said without improving on them, and their appreciations would not be important. Dewey and Lovejoy are in a higher class: but can you secure them? Strong is a personal friend of mine, but he is not interested in anything that does not immediately touch his theory of perception in its technical details, and never criticizes books or systems in general. However, if you can get him, (he too is 76) I am perfectly willing. So with Perry, Sellars, and Prat: they are just professionals, and good fellows. The great success of the book would be the communication from Marcel Proust, if you can find a suitable medium: but alas, the first thing he would say when summoned from the vasty deep to discourse about me would be, “Who is that? I never heard of him!”

A competent (rather friendly, but independent) critic would be my disciple and sometime secretary, Daniel Cory. He lives in Europe, and you might address him, if you like, care of me. Very few English or Continental writers have noticed me. Besides Dean Inge, There is Collingwood in

Oxford, and there are three or four Italians and one Spaniard; but on the whole they are literary people exclusively or religious, idealistic souls, and they would not contribute to the clearness of the impression left on the reader.^x

Perhaps all this is unnecessary as yet. Let me repeat that I should not be disappointed, rather relieved, if you found that my old contributions were not suitable for this fresh enterprise.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

^x The names I have in mind, if you care to consider them, are,

Banfi, professor at Milan

Vivante, private (Jewish) idealist

Losacco

Marichalar } Catholics.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

S. left last Saturday; No complications. I showed him your letter and he said it was very well written. I was a bit in doubt at first whether you meant that the causal theory of perception must be wrong, or that human sensations cannot be expected to resemble their outer occasions. The latter, I suppose.

G.S.

Jan. 22, '39.

To Harold Ordway Rugg

27 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Dartmouth)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 27, 1939

Dear Mr. Rugg

Not long ago I came for the first time upon the enclosed lines of Rimbaud, and was impelled to learn them by heart and translate them. The thoughts of a young scamp of 18 appealing to an aged philosopher of 75!

Your second appeal reminded me of them and I send you a copy. My version has never been printed

Yours very truly

GSantayana

Comédie de la Soif

IV

Le Pauvre Songe

Peut-être un soir m'attend

Où je boirai tranquille

En quelque vieille ville,

Et mourrai plus content;

Puisque je suis patient!

Si mon mal se résigne,

Si jamais j'ai quelque or,

Choisirai-je le Nord

Ou le pays des vignes?...

—Ah, songer est indigne,

Puisque c'est pure perte!

Et si je redeviens

Le voyageur ancien,

Jamais l'auberge verté

Ne peut bien m'être ouverte.

Rimbaud

The Comedy of Thirst

IV

A Poor Man Dreams

(From the French of Rimbaud)

Perhaps some evening yet,
At peace in some old town,
I'll drink my troubles down
And die with less regret:
Time owes me such a debt!

If once my fortunes mend,
Shall I go breast the North?
Or, having gold to spend,
Dwell in the vine-clad earth?
Ah, what is thinking worth?

'Tis but an idle sin.

If I became once more
The wanderer of yore,
Never would the Green Inn
Unlock for me the door.

1938. GSantayana

To George Sturgis

28 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Jan. 28, 1939

Dear George

Will you please send \$25 for the Campbell Scholarship Fund (an old Head Master of the Boston Latin School) to

Mr. Norman J. Adams ¹ 22 Eliot Road Lexington, Mass
--

with the enclosed letter and card?

Maria Luisa del Rio writes me that Mercedes is much weaker, her heart affected (although she doesn't know it) and that they are anxious about her. 82 years of age, constant agitation and emotions, are bound to tell, and I suppose this message would not have been sent us without good reasons

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Norman J. Adams

28 January 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Florida)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, Jan. 28. 19389

Dear Adams

I am asking my nephew who looks after my affairs to send a contribution to the Campbell Scholarship Fund. Although, as you say, I didn't know Mr. Campbell, any head master is linked for the future with the school, just as we all are.

I wish you had given me some hint other than your name of your personality, because I have long had amnesia for names, and have besides known so many Adamses that my memory is confused. We couldn't always have sat on opposite sides of the aisle, because we changed about every month. I was usually in the third row from the physical back and moral front of the class; very low for a boy with pretensions; but I have always been recalcitrant about studying what doesn't interest me. Even now, I can hardly bend my attention to my chosen work, when the spirit goes woolgathering in some other quarter.

Of the survivors you name Smith (Weston) and Osgood are those I best remember. I used to see Osgood's beard for years, on rare occasions, in the Harvard Yard, or at Faculty meetings, but there, too, I was remiss, and we seldom had any conversation together. Dick Smith had been one of my special friends in the class, Bentley Warren being the other; but they too went into other things afterwards, law and marriage, and I lost touch with them in my perpetual academic towpath, like an old horse pulling a lazy canal-boat at two miles an hour.

With best wishes

Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

1 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Feb. 1. 1939

Dear Cory

This morning in bed it suddenly came over me that I had forgotten to send you your cheque for this month. I think it is the first time this has happened, and it is a bad sign. It may have been the exciting news from Spain and also a book by Howgate (about me!) that has preoccupied me during these days, and broken up my routine a little. Howgate's book is excellent, especially on the literary side; he is a professor of English (or was) at the Univ. of Penn. I will have it sent to you if you want it, but there is nothing in it that you don't know, and perhaps you would rather not be burdened with it at present. My copy will serve you later perfectly well, if you wish to look up any criticisms that he makes.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 3rd 1939

Dear Cory

I am relieved by the calm tone of your note of Feb. 1st which suggests that you are in no particular hurry to leave Bournemouth, so that the delay

in getting your allowance will not have seriously disturbed your plans. The hotel will have trusted you, if you had an unpaid bill, and if you had absolutely no cash (not likely, but anything may sometimes happen) you will have found somebody from whom to borrow ten shillings. Otherwise, the series of accidents that caused the delay would have been exasperating. My memory is treacherous about details, but I now think that ~~one of~~ your letters dropped out of my memory; I had the one of Jan. 15th in mind, in which you said you were going to London; and I forgot the other, in which I believe you said you were going to stay a while longer in Bournemouth. And the approaching end of the month never occurred to me! I can explain this only by the reasons I mentioned the other day: and also that I have three troublesome letters to write, which may have obscured my sub-conscious sense that an easy letter to you was due also. Then, when on Tuesday morning I finally remembered about you, I hurriedly sent the cheque by air to London: and the letter was ~~too~~ late for the air post that day, and your telegram, which came later, reminded me that you were not in London but still at Bournemouth! Well, let that matter rest, and I think next month, or rather this month, I shall not forget you.

I am very slow with the R. of S. and the order of the points treated gives me trouble, as usual: but I think individual passages are up to the expected standard and that probably the thing will be finished within a reasonable time, say, well within ~~this~~ year. Nominally, I only ~~have~~ a chapter and a half remaining, unwritten: but much of the rest needs to be rearranged and corrected

I shall be glad when it is done, because I am inclined more and more to turn to things belonging to my early days, to Persons and Places, and also to the Hellenistic Plays. Dom. & P'rs, in spite of events, are now rather in the background

Yours af^{ly}

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

6 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

Feb. 6, 1939

Dear Miss Tindall

Would you mind copying the Preface pp. VII–XV in this volume in the usual way? As you were away, it has never been typed and the original manuscript was kept by Scribner in New York as a sentimental (and perhaps saleable) souvenir. Now a young man asks me for a copy, and I can't well send him the 14 volumes of this edition, which are not sold separately. So it occurs to me to appeal to you after all

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Alyse Gregory

7 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 7, 1939

Dear Miss Gregory

Now that I have finished reading your book and Mr. Powys'—for which I am doubly obliged—it seems to me that they are beautifully complementary. You supply the tragic truth of life and he supplies its lyrical essence. Being presumably a devoted wife and utterly unselfish you won't mind my saying that I think his contribution is the more profound; because every living thing and every passion in itself is joyful, and the fact of transitoriness is unimportant and even imperceptible to the active mind, which sees what it sees as present, and under the form of eternity. But that happens only when intuition is pure and the spirit disinterested. Usually one vague bungling passion runs up against another and we have that conflict and failure which you describe so truthfully. Only you sometimes seem to think that the fountain of life is poisoned by this disorder: and that, I believe, is never the case. Liberate the impulses that embarrass one another, and they will all seem both innocent and successful.

On the other hand, as I have written to Mr. Powys apropos of his other books, all the other things that he denounces for not permitting us to enjoy pure love, are just as lyrical and just as legitimate as love itself. And this exclusive praise of natural love easily becomes bitterness, because love finds so many hindrances. And his “[*illegible*]Glory of Life” is full of invectives against life, instead of joy in it. It is as if somebody proposed to write about Baby-Worship, and devoted more than half his space to abuse of dolls and of lap-dogs. The machinery of civilized life carries spirit on its back no less than does the machinery of the body. Religion, for instance, is full of it; and it seems arbitrary to exalt the senses and imagination in the one case and condemn them in the other.

I wish I had something to send you as a thank-offering, but I am pumped dry by the Realm of Spirit which I am trying to put into a printable form, and can only repeat my thanks.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

14 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 14, 1939.

Dear Mr. Schilpp,

After carefully reconsidering the whole matter of my possible participation in your Library of Living Philosophers, I think we had better divide your proposal, as far as it concerns me, into two distinct parts, and decide about them separately.

First, as to my contribution to the volume on Dewey. This is a simple question, for you to settle as you think best. If you prefer to reprint my article on “Naturalistic Metaphysics” as it is, you may do so. There is no copyright. It first appeared in the Columbia Journal of Philosophy, and has been reprinted in Obiter Scripta a book to which no copyright is attached.

I see no need of your mentioning where it had appeared, unless you think the date should be given in fairness both to Dewey, and to me. I quite understand that this infringes your intended plan of having original contributions only, and I shall not take it in the least amiss if you simply don't include me in the Dewey book.

Second, as to a possible volume on me. Here I see there are going to be many difficulties and perhaps misunderstandings, and I feel that we had better at least postpone that project. I am now at work on the Realm of Spirit, my last word, as it were, and find it a most difficult book to put into proper shape, partly no doubt because my power of synthesis and system, never very great, has diminished with age. While this is pending, I can't promise to do any other considerable task. If and when it is done, I might feel differently. As to the copyright on the "Brief History of my Opinions", as you will see by the off-print I have sent you, it appeared in "Contemporary American Philosophy", published in London by George Allen and Unwin. It has been reproduced at least twice, so that permission could be easily obtained to do so again, and they might not mind its being done without acknowledgement, as their book is now a back number. But that would have to be looked into. It has occurred to me since I last wrote to you that the Preface to vol. VII of the "Triton Edition" of my "Works" could be appended with advantage to that Brief History; and a part (the end) of the general preface to that edition could be added as a footnote to the same Brief History. But Scribner, I daresay, would claim a copyright to these Prefaces (which are recent) and he is rather jealous about borrowings. However, if you thought it worth while, and I was free to attend to the business, I think the matter might be arranged. However, let us put off this second project to some later time. You doubtless have a sufficient list of living philosophers to occupy you for a year or two, and then, if I am still alive, you can reopen the question.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

15 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 15, 1939

Dear Boylston

Thank you very much for your extraordinarily kind, sympathetic, and clear-sighted letter about Howgate's book. Naturally I feel at least as much as you do the lack of any inward understanding. Perhaps the way one man feels the world and his own interests is not communicable beyond a very few friends and contemporaries who lived in the same places, and thought in the same way. We belong to the 1880's and 1890's, and that, for the men of today, is a long time ago. I have been reading a book of E. Beresford Chancellor's about the Regency, and early Victorian times in London; it is thoroughly well informed and good-natured, yet I am sure Beau Brummel and George IV and the rest would not recognise one motive or one sentiment of their own in these portraits. And if a great novelist, not a mere retailer of anecdotes like Chancellor, took up the task, of course he would merely create plausible (or as they say, living) characters of his own, entirely unlike, inwardly, what the real people had been. This is so patent to a reader of history or philosophy, that I often wonder why the ancients cared so much about fame, and talked as if it could rescue them from death and oblivion. It rescues only their names, and some reports about events in their lives; but the quality of life, as they knew it, can't be recreated. Considering this, I think the marvel is that Howgate has done so well. I haven't read every page of his book; but as far as I know he has made no important errors about matters of fact, and has shown a wonderful diligence and patience in reading and appreciating everything to the best of his lights. He is a nice quiet person—a Philadelphian, I think—and many years ago when he had already taken up my writings, he turned up here in Rome, and we had several walks and talks together. I let him read the manuscript of my "Realm of Essence", then just done, and he gave me a piece of advice which I adopted, I think wisely. It was to leave out my first chapter (on the meanings of the word *Is*) as being in a different key from the rest of the book. The thing has now been published separately, in Obiter Scripta, and I think it is technically one of my best pieces of work—the whole foundation of my system. But it is scholastic: and Howgate didn't see that it was fundamental, only that it wasn't appealing to the lay reader. As you say, that is his defect; he doesn't work from the inside outwards but

from the outside inwards, so that he misses the life of the whole and sometimes, as in my sonnets, finds two ladies who were not there. As you say again, he has little sense of humour, little dramatic sense. He is a professor of English, I believe; certainly not a deep philosopher, although competent in a commonplace way; and he studies my style and its defects very earnestly and judiciously, revealing things to me that sometimes I had never perceived. You know that I don't regard myself as a poet in the English sense of the word: but I have always written verse easily and with great gusto, Latin fashion, and one can put into that kind of rhetoric very genuine thoughts and feelings. But here again, they are imagined thoughts and feelings, spontaneous fictions, not reports of convictions or facts previously arrived at. So that the merry, the artistic, side of such poetry is missed by a critic who expects personal self-revelations or religious conclusions only, to help him write the biography of his author.

George Sturgis, who oddly enough was a friend of Swelly Bangs, had written to me of his death. I wonder if he retained his heartiness and jovial aristocratic tolerance for mankind, through so many later years and so much contact with the dominant currents in the world. Hardly possible. But he was a jolly young man, and wise in his mind and temper in those early days. I shall never forget the evenings when he and Bob Barlow took me to supper at the Zeta Psi, in the old house in Church Street, where the dining-room was like the cabin of some old frigate, and the songs and stories were worthy of Captain Marryat and his crew. This, and other glimpses of mannish society which I had in those days, helped to enlarge my sympathies; and something may have filtered through into my novel.

I wish you could turn up here. The depression and dismay which seems to fill the rest of the world are not to be felt here. I don't know what difficulties there may be beneath the surface; but to a casual observer like me everything seems prospering and joyful; old things being pulled down—ugly old things—and new things built, which if not beautiful are at least frank, clean, large, and solid. I was never happier than I am here and now. The Spanish cloud seems to be receding rapidly. My friends in Spain are most enthusiastic, heralding a new dawn, and full of courage and confidence. One of my sister's step-grandsons has been killed; but several others in the army are doing well, although of course everybody has suffered financial loss and great anxiety. But we are not afraid of the Jews or the French or even the Eng-[*across*]lish, who like America seem to rule the world but are having hopeless troubles at home, even in Palestine! Yours ever G.S.

To George Washburne Howgate

15 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Howgate)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 15, 1939

Dear Mr. Howgate

Your book about me is so appreciative—apart from the great compliment of writing a book about me at all—that I wonder you didn't send it to me, and am a bit afraid that perhaps you sent it, and it went astray. This is one reason why I write, lest in that case you should think I was somehow displeased and refused to thank you. I am most highly pleased, and have to thank you not only for the boost you are giving to my reputation, but much more for your diligence and sympathy in reading everything, and doing such generous justice to everything I have written. I haven't read every page of your long book: Narcissus himself couldn't look at his image uninterruptedly without wishing to forget it; and your criticism is too objective and steadily just to be exciting or to reserve surprises to the subject of it. As far as I have seen there are absolutely no errors about matters of fact—none at least of your own. You quote some one who says I learned English at the age of thirteen: but as you indicate elsewhere, I was under nine when I began to learn it, and at ten went to a common school with boys of my age, and as far as I remember was not handicapped by the language. You also quote a ridiculous invention of Miss Münsterberg's—or rather, it must have been, her mother's—to the effect that I felt more at home at the Münsterbergs' than at other Cambridge houses. I didn't go

about in Cambridge society, but more in Boston, except for one or two real friends; but the Münsterbergs took things sometimes into their own hands, and one had to go to their parties. ~~But~~ Yet Miss Münsterberg herself has recorded, I believe, my consternation when I once found that I was in the same ship with them; and indeed, although I had another friend I had planned to sit with, Münsterberg came officiously to tell me that he had secured a place for me with them, at the Captain's table. What was I to do? But this is stale gossip, and the matter is of no consequence.

As to your interpretation and criticism of my philosophy, I have nothing to object. What you say is not what I should say: if it were, why should you say it? But it is all reasonable and natural. If I were to demur at anything it would be at the excessive attention you give to my poetry. I am no poet in the English sense; and the function of my verses is simply to betray the under-currents of my mind in the formative period; or else, as in Lucifer (and ~~tsome~~ some finished but unpublished plays of that period) to do fantastically what my novel has done realistically: study moral contrasts & possibilities. But as a whole, you are wonderfully intuitive and correct, [*across*] and I don't see how I could have had a better interpreter. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

19 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 19, 1939

Dear George

I have read the letters and cuttings* you send me regarding Pepe's securities, and am sorry that I can't offer any advice about the best way to meet these complications. Naturally it is impracticable for you to consult Pepe—not to speak of the Spanish government—every time you sell or buy stocks in his name. These regulations are made in view of cases altogether different from the exceptional one of your aunt's Susie's heirs. They are framed

to fit Spanish capitalists or bankers who have exported Spanish money and invested it abroad, and who are required, as a war measure, to surrender their foreign investments to the government, at a valuation probably not very favourable to them, so that the government may be provided with funds suitable for its necessary purchases abroad. I have read the regulations with rather a keen eye, to see if I was also concerned. It would have been an amusing predicament, to be expected to hand over to the Burgos treasury all those American stocks and bonds which you specify in pages and pages of your yearly account of my property. I should have to refuse; and as I am not (and don't ever expect to be) in Spain, they could not imprison me; and the punishment, specified in the decree, would be loss of my Spanish nationality! That would not be, materially, a great deprivation, although sentimentally I have always wished to retain my original allegiance; but practically, remaining without any nationality would be rather awkward, although there are plenty of Russians, Jews, Germans and Italians about nowadays in that case, and they seem to be able to exist. But it seems that I am not included in these provisions: they apply to Spaniards living in Spanish nationalist territory, or temporarily residing abroad. As I always reside abroad, it seems that my foreign money is not demanded.

Pepe will reply to your (rather angry) letter** and tell you, I hope, exactly what he wishes you to do. If he really needs previous government authorization to affect any sale or exchange of securities, it would be impossible to continue managing his property for him, or for his five orphan nephews and nieces, Luis's children. I can't see what you could do except give up the job; and even that might not be so easy. I suppose you might transfer everything to one investment, say U.S. government bonds, and then send them to Spain to be delivered to the authorities. But perhaps, now that peace seems to be near, matters may be simplified again. However, the tendency towards government control is universal, and the capitalist's life is no longer a [*across*] happy one. Except in my case, thanks to your help.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.[*end across*]

P.S. I have received a note of thanks in Mrs. Bang's name for the flowers, and she says she is so much pleased that I should have thought of her. As I have never seen her, my thought would in any case have been rather vague. You ought to have been thanked; but you were quite right in feeling that I have always remembered "Swelly" with pleasure.

No, thank you. I can get on perfectly without an American paper to enlighten me about what is going on in Europe. If I had time to waste, I should read the London Times and the Paris Temps, both of which are obtainable here; but I have enough with the Italian paper, and what it quotes from foreign sources. Yesterday there was (in brief) a speech of Mrs. Roosevelt's. I like extremist views best, like radical insights in philosophy. They are more apt to be honest, and they reveal the tendencies and standards of the writer and his school, which may be important as forces, however ridiculous they may be as opinions. Here, I often see quotations from the Daily Herald, for instance; and it is more interesting to me than the ponderous timeserving hypocrisy of the London Times.

To Lawrence Smith Butler

24 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 24, 1939.

Dear Lawrence,

It was a real pleasure to get your affectionate letter and I hope you will be as good as your word and come to see me soon. I am static and not dynamic (as Bergson would say) and the first law of motion keeps me still in this hotel, for lack of external forces to drive me out of it. However, in summer I go away, and if you should be delayed until the middle of June, you would find me (probably) at the Hotel Savoia in Cortina d'Ampezzo; rather a better place than this to make me a visit in, because there I go down to lunch and dine, whereas here I have all my meals in my sitting-room, where it wouldn't be easy to serve two persons: and meals are the best moments for natural conversation (a little wine reviving one's decayed wit); except perhaps walks in the country; and those too we could have at Cortina better than here. However, Rome has its splendour, and there is enough verdure, for my taste, in the Villa Borghese, etc. besides the constant invitation to think of ancient and higher things. The relative absence

of tourists, England & American having gone poor and anti-Fascist, makes the place all the more real and serious. At Cortina everybody is a tourist, but mostly German and modest, and not out of harmony with the Tyrolese background. However, in either place I should be delighted to see you, and you wouldn't disturb me at all. I am struggling with my last book of philosophy, but only work in the morning, so that during the rest of the day a friend would be a great and a rare blessing.

Mrs. Potter wrote about the same time as you, out of a clear sky, and I was much relieved, because I had a vague feeling that she was offended with me for something, perhaps because I had said something suggesting that her boys seemed to me standardized, and not so interesting as we all had been in the 1890's. However, it seems to be all right. Only she won't cross the sea again, and we shan't see each other to be shocked at how old we both look—and are! You, however, are naturally young and I timeless like my “essences”, so that we can ignore the years.

Yours affectionately,
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 24, 1939

Dear Cory

If I were you I shouldn't take Strong's suggestions too seriously. Sometimes he improvises and afterwards forgets them, and he often says things merely as a kind of society talk, to be kind or “careful”. He told me that he had a second important essay to write; so that in a few days his alleged readiness to see you at once may have evaporated. Unless you

prefer to arrive earlier, you are perfectly justified in sticking to May, when you can have luncheon in the Piazza.

What you say about Howgate's book is just what I think: it is a remarkable performance, showing great industry, sympathy, and fairness. I didn't read every page. Even Narcissus would be bored at last by his own image, however nicely reflected; and I sent you my copy with a sense of relief, at not being able, for the moment, to look further. Perhaps I felt instinctively what my old friend Boylston Beal has written in a very nice long letter to me about the book. You know Beal was in my class at Harvard, we were at the same boarding-house in Berlin later for a winter semester, and afterwards, again at Harvard, I saw him constantly, for six years, at "the Club" to which we both belonged. So that he knows me thoroughly; and I forgot to say that he married a cousin of my family's, and has heard, no doubt, as well as seen, everything that is to be seen or heard about me. Now this is what he says: "Howgate ... shows his knowledge and admiration for your work in every line that he writes, but at the same time he seems to me to have missed the real Santayana—the Santayana of long walks and talks ... In some pages of the book he seems to show that he realizes that there is something which he cannot find. He never seems quite sure whether you are Spanish or American ... His tendency to look at your work, particularly the poetry, from a purely workmanlike point of view ... is distinctly annoying. He strikes me as wanting in a real understanding, not only of the Latin temperament but also of the real Boston of the end of the last century. ... When it comes to what he says of the novel, he seems to me to have missed a great deal ... I suppose it is difficult for an American of today to understand Vanny's charm. Probably his prototype, which you and I knew so well in the old days, has ceased to exist. ... [Boston people] could not even see the kindness of the criticism [of themselves] and neither they nor Howgate could see the genial smile with which it was done."

Howgate perhaps couldn't, but I think many nice people, who don't write reviews or books of criticism, perfectly felt what I meant. The other day I had a visit from Trevelyan, an old acquaintance at King's, who said he had found the end of my novel very affecting, that he had been sorry for my young man. Now I myself had cried over that end, especially "The pity, not the joy, of love;" but the Jew critics in New York—at least one of them—said the whole last part was to be skipped: I had evidently been tired when I wrote it. So with the language. Critics who have never heard cultivated people talk, at least people of the last generation, think I make

all the characters—Vanny, Mrs. Van de Weyer, Mrs. Darnley, Jim, and Irma—talk as I write. It is simply the outside insensitive judgment of a person who doesn't know the world and doesn't know the English language. Howgate is a professor and very intelligent: but as Beal says, he misses a great deal. Even in the poetry, which he makes so much of, he isn't à la hauteur. He discovers two ladies in the Sonnets. Now the "Lady" in the Sonnets is like the characters in the novel: there are real people in the distance; but the point is the expression of different possibilities. And in minor matters, he notes that "A wall, a wall around my garden rear" is better than the line as corrected, (having lived little in the English country). Also "Your bark is anchored in a peaceful bight," doesn't make him smile out of season; and he thinks the metaphor of the ship trite and thin, not knowing that Warwick died in a yacht in the harbour of Brest, from complications following seasickness. Of course, he couldn't know that; but the thing illustrates the impossibility of real understanding where there is a different background to people's feelings and words.

I write all this to you, partly because it happens to occur to me, and partly because it may give you a hint if you want to review Howgate, or some day to write a book of your own about me. In "Persons & Places" you will find (I hope) a good many fresh facts and indications that lie beyond and before your own acquaintance with me; but for a man forty years younger, you have had occasion to see me very much as I really am, and was. It is easy to be frank and natural with you, and you have an intuitive mind, that easily conceives possibilities that may not be latent, and may never have come, to the surface. There is my sister, for instance, certainly the most important influence in my life, psychologically my mother, and one might almost say, my wife. Not that any incestuous idea ever entered my mind or hers; but Freud might have discovered things unsuspected by ourselves. She was once a novice in a Carmelite convent, and I much admired and liked her resolution to turn her back so completely on Boston, on the family, and on me. When later she married, I didn't like it, nor her husband, although he was an admirable person in his way. [*across*] Such things are obscure and unpleasant; but they give body to sentiments that, verbally, might seem unsubstantial. Yours aff^y G.S.

To George Sturgis

27 February 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

Feb. 27, 1939.

Dear George

I am [^]sorry_^ you are having so much trouble over this affair, but since we are in it, I suppose we have to go on. Please, then, write to the lady, saying that your client informs you:

1st That he fully realizes that greater quiet is needed for doing Lord Russell's best work.

2nd That he would be glad, if all goes well, to renew the same payments in 1940, ^x (March 1st & Sept. 1st); but

3rd That these payments may be stopped at any moment by death or hard times, and that it would be imprudent to count on them after 1940.

You were very clever in explaining the delay in your final answer; but nothing is more natural than that your philanthropist should be travelling in India, and I don't think they will have any suspicions about the real source.

It is customary to address a countess (in England) as Countess on the envelope and as Lady R. or whatever, in the letter or in conversation. No harm done.

Yours affly

G.S.

* If these are convenient dates, and represent a year's interval. Suit yourself about this

To Nancy Saunders Toy

5 March 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 5, 1939

Dear Mrs. Toy

Yesterday, at last, I sent you back Whitehead's book, covered with hasty notes. I liked him better than the tone of most of these might suggest. He is a dear old man, full of knowledge and originality; and I felt rather sorry for him (as for Russell, too) that he should have found it inevitable to give this kind of lectures, in this semi-flattering, semi-propagandist manner. Not that he abstains from being profound or obscure, in places; but that the whole is conceived as a sort of spiritual cocktail—concentrated stimulation—to promote conviviality of thought. But genuine thought is solitary, and as Emerson said, we “descend to meet.” That is, in the direction of comforting opinions and the latest thing in science, gossip and not truth. We might ascend to meet, if we were in pursuit of repentance and not of self-congratulation.

As to Whitehead's general philosophy, there is one whole side of it which appeals to me, and in him is rather heroic. He has turned his back on British philosophy, Berkeley, Hume, Mill, and Russell, on “ideas” and “sense-data”. He asserts (a great truth!) that they are superficial lights on a great dark ocean of existence. Our animal nature, and all nature, is at work beneath. They, the ideas, are like the bell-sounds heard coming from the engine-room when a steam-boat stops or goes full steam ahead. The passenger, the spirit, learns very little from them about the ship, the crew, or the voyage. Very well: we return to common sense, to naturalism, to materialism? Not at all! For there is another side of British philosophy that Whitehead sticks to, and that renders his naturalism, by a contradiction, subjective, literary, and nebulous. He is sure that “experience” equals “reality.” The ideas, though superficial when clear, when confused are the very heart and substance of the universe. We are therefore everything and everywhere, although not so intensely as we are here and ourselves. And all other persons and things are in us, though less intensely than they are

in their own places. A perverse way of saying, it seems to me, that things arouse ideas, or other effects, in one another, so that the ideas or effects of each may be in the rest, not the parts of each, diminuendo, in all the universe at once.

This denial of the difference between thought and its object also totally invalidates Whitehead's criticism of other philosophers, of Descartes, for instance. Not that Descartes' physics was adequate. No physics can be adequate. For the terms of a science are not parts of things, but only ideas of things; and just as one sense gives us one idea, say colour, and another sense another idea, say hot or cold, so one science may give us a classification into genera and species and another science a mechanism of a geometrical or atomic kind. These sciences may all be true; they will none of them be the whole or even a part of the material reality. They will be theories, just as our experience will be ideas or sensations. And both science and experience are only languages in which, for human purposes, nature may at times be described.

Whitehead has entirely missed the moral of the fable when he complains that men of science may accept modern technique and yet hold on to ancient common sense in their beliefs. Of course. No harm in the modern technique as a language: but to suppose that Einstein or Bergson or even some philosopher not a Jew, like blameless Whitehead himself, can "sweep away" the old world by inventing a new technique for calculating its movement, is to mistake ideas for things, words for objects, and "life" for matter.

I should have finished this little book sooner if I hadn't been absorbed in another, very much more instructive and exciting. It is by a Swedish Lutheran theologian named Nygren (new green?) and is entitled Agapè and Eros, in 3 vols. All to say what Oliver said in one page of his college thesis! Christian love, agapè, is unselfish, it rushes downwards to those in need. Eros, or aspiring love, is selfish and only wants satisfaction with good things. So that (though Newgreen doesn't say so) Martha was a Christian but Mary was not.

This is enormously instructive to me, although, in the person of Oliver, I knew it before. *[illegible]* The book is very learned, fair, and clear (in a good English translation) and full of admirable quotations from St. Augustine, Luther, etc, which rejoice my heart. But good Nygren's theology limps, because if God is love and pours down upon sinners through good men, two things seem to follow: That God is only brotherly love of

one man for another; and that the evil in the world must have existed before agapè (=God) could come down to mitigate it. So that both Manicheism and atheism are involved.

This is a very argumentative [*across*] letter. Please excuse it. You brought it on yourself by sending me Whitehead's "babblings of green fields."

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Max Fisch

9 March 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Illinois)

Hotel Bristol

March 9, 1939

Dear Mr. Fischer

It seems to me that you are to be congratulated that circumstances should have compelled you to cut your book short at the year 1900. Much straw, that you might otherwise have harvested, will have blown away when you come to your second volume.

You know that I am obliged to keep out of society altogether, and at this moment I am particularly immersed in my work and a bit under the weather. If in a week or two I see a clearing, I will write again and suggest some place of meeting.

Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

14 March 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 14, 1939.

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Professor Edman is a friend of mine, almost a disciple. He has actually published a book of selections from my writings (not so readable as our friend's Mr. Pearsall Smith's) and it would be unpardonable in me to say anything about him or his book that might not quite please him. But although I like him as a companion, I don't like him as a writer or a philosopher. I should have to use polite false phrases; and even that might ring hollow and be detected as secretly unfriendly. Besides, his quasi-discipleship might make praise on my part objectionable in another way, as being indirect praise of myself. So that I must ask you to

excuse me from sponsoring your proposed edition of “A Philosopher’s Holiday.”

I have read parts of the book in another copy and I can see that it might be liked by many people. It is like the books of travel written by ladies or by newspaper correspondents.

But in the parts I read I found nothing particularly memorable. All my life I have read French books when I wished to be merely entertained or introduced to interesting objects or ideas, apart from their truth or value. In French, they do that sort of thing admirably, but in English—and much more in “American”—the medium is more refractory, and I seem to require genuine feeling and genuine thought.

I am sorry not to be of any use, but you will understand. Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

15 March 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 15, 1939.

Dear Mr. Schilpp

I see no objection to the proposals you make in your letter of Feb. 25th. In a year I shall certainly have finished The Realm of Spirit, and if I have not altogether vanished into that realm, there will be nothing on my mind to keep me from considering the criticisms that might be offered to my views by the other contributors. With the stimulus of their remarks, I think I should find enough to say in reply to fulfil the plan of your “library”.

Do you wish me to write to Scribner’s about reprinting the new Prefaces? It seems to me that, as it is a matter of business, you are the person best qualified to make the arrangements, and you may say that I suggested the plan to you, and (if the volume on me is to appear at all) wish very much to include those prefaces, as I think they will forestall many probable objections.

You ask me who G. W. Howgate is. In one sense, I don’t know; that is, I know nothing of his antecedents. But I have seen him and had some correspondence with him. He was a graduate student and perhaps professor of English, I think, at the U. of Penn. His book is a marvel of industry and

understanding, up to a certain level; but he is not very incisive in philosophy and perhaps doesn't understand me, as a man, as well as he understands my writings. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 March 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 26, 1939

Dear Cory

I return for the moment to your usual allowance (although I think in London you had better have a little more for cakes and ale) because as you mean to come to Italy before the end of April, you will require a fresh remittance for the journey. Let me know how much you will need and at what date. You might also make inquiries as to the possibility of cashing my cheques on London in Italy. I think it will be all right, but am not sure; in any case I could send you Italian money, although that is a little less convenient for me, as I haven't an Italian bank-account.

There is nothing to report. My health is good, the work goes on very slowly and with a sense of rather wandering in the labyrinth, and the political atmosphere seems less threatening after the repeated little German thunderbolts. Gott im Himmel doesn't seem to be seriously disturbed.

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

27 March 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

March 27, 1939

Dear George

Your letter to Lady R. was perfect, and I am glad you made clear the doubt about any future payments, and also that you put in the compliment to R's genius and right to choose his own course. This compliment was sin-

cere; but I won't conceal from you that I am a bit disappointed in the result of this affair. He evidently had no very clear or urgent work in hand, and couldn't shake himself [*illegible*] free of politics and academic engagements, which will bring his white head of hair (you know what he looks like) to the grave without any further contribution to pure philosophy. Not that his philosophy would have been sound: he is a born heretic or genial madman, like John Knox or Giordano Bruno: yet he is preternaturally intelligent, penetrating, and radical; so that the more wrong he is the clearer he makes the wrongness of his position; and what more can you expect a philosopher to prove except that the views he has adopted are radically and eternally impossible? If every philosopher had done that in the past, we should now be almost out of the wood.

However, there were many personal reasons for helping R. in his predicament, apart from what he might have done for philosophy, and I am very glad to have done my bit.

I am also glad your remittances to Pepe were realized successfully, and I hope the one to Mercedes also worked. I have had no news of her since Maria Luisa's letter.*

[*across*] *Letter from M. dated March 19th, just received. Yours arrived after some delay and she got the money on Feb. 14th. She is well enough to go out, walking with a stick.

You ask whether I mean to write an autobiography. Yes and no. I have a pile of MS which I call "Persons & Places" or Fragments of Autobiography. But the pieces are disjointed; moreover they are mainly about other people, and I appear throughout but chiefly as narrator, as in those novels which are written in the first person, like David Copperfield. When I have finished my Realm of Spirit (which is well advanced) I shall feel freer to amuse myself with my recollections, and I rather hope to make them tolerably complete, that is, descriptive of all my principal friends and haunts. But there will be no "Confessions" or discussion of ideas or opinions. Chiefly portraits.

Yours affly G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

4 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 4, 1939

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

We live in an age of propaganda, and must beware of believing the things we hear.

There is no Autobiography, nor likely to be during my lifetime, but the rumour from South America has this foundation, that for years I have been scribbling notes and reminiscences that I call Persons & Places, partly about myself and my family, but chiefly about friends and old haunts. There are no confessions or consecutive events, so that, even if ever fit for publication, theyose fragments will hardly compose an Autobiography.

I am at work on The Realm of Spirit, which I hope will be ready to send to you by the end of this year.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

7 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Duke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 7-IV-'39.

The report that I am to lecture in America (or anywhere) is without foundation. So is, to the best of my knowledge, the idea that I ever said that “a university should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning.” Does the platitude, the alliteration, and the style seem to you like me? As to Howgate’s book, I feel flattered that it should have been written at all, and admire his thoroughness, accuracy, and appreciation. However, he is not a personal friend (though I have had some talks with him, and some correspondence) and perhaps he doesn’t understand my spirit as well as he does my writings. Then he has little sense of humour, and (naturally) doesn’t know my background, my Spain, my Harvard, my England, or now my Italy. Even in my poetry (which he has studied so minutely) he misses the point, sometimes. For instance, where he regrets one or two corrections, he doesn’t notice that I had to avoid saying “the bark . . . & . . . the

bight” and a “garden rear”. The original may have sounded better, but only until you noticed. But these are trifles and his book is a tribute to which I can’t be insensible.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 8, 1939

Dear Cory

Life is rather interesting at this moment everywhere, and in Florence—I don’t mean at Fiesole—you may see another side-show at the Fair from that now exhibiting in England. I am much relieved at the end of hostilities in Spain, and hardly think there will be anything very serious elsewhere for the moment. But plenty of side-shows!

Certainly you might stop in Venice, at the Lido, and do some swimming before you come to the mountains. The motorbus to Cortina is excellent, leaves at 8 a.m. and arrives at 1.15 p.m, in time for lunch. You can get a return ticket for 150 lire, or a single for 100, if you would rather go back to England by way of Germany. It would really be worth your while to get a glimpse of the villian in the melodrama; but you are curiously incurious about countries and towns and cathedrals—the things that I pined to see, and loved to see when I was young. It is one of the points about you that I don’t understand and regret a little; not that I think it important or necessary in itself to be an aesthetic wanderer—*si je redeviens*

le voyageur ancien,

jamais l’Auberge verte, etc

—or romantic historian, but that in our particular case it would be a further bond of sympathy.

Yours aff^y

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

11 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

April 11, 1939

Dear Miss Tyndall

I find I need copies of the *last* six paragraphs of the Preface to the Triton Edition, at the beginning of this volume, with the omissions indicated. Could you make them in the usual way?

I take for granted that you will be in Rome during June, when I hope to have got ready about 100 pages of M.S. for my new book. Please let me know if you are leaving earlier.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

13 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 13, 1939

Dear Mr. Schilpp—

I have your letter of March 28th and also the one addressed to “Dr.” Daniel Cory, which I will forward to him in a day or two. He is at this moment on his way from London to Florence, and I am not quite sure what his address will be in the latter place, but he will send it to me as soon as he settles down. He is not a doctor, nor even a college graduate, but when a very young man, taking some odd courses at Columbia, he came across my Scepticism & Animal Faith and was very much taken with it. He began, therefore, in what I think the right path; but his philosophic innocence is now lost, and he has departed in various ways from my highway. However, he understands my views, and knows me personally very well; he is also (more than I) an expert in the theory of perception and knowledge, having been thoroughly and painfully drilled in it by my friend C. A. Strong.

Under a separate cover I am sending you typewritten copies of the pieces from the Triton Edition which we are agreed to use in the proposed

volume about me. I have made the necessary corrections. As you suggest a change of title for the "Brief History of my Opinions" it occurs to me that, especially with the three pages added (I think they will go perfectly as a continuation, not a footnote) the whole might be called "A General Confession". Or is that too facetious? You know it is the phrase used by Catholics when, on great festive occasions, they make a review of all their past sins.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 15, 1939

Dear Cory

It seems to me quite reasonable that you should put off your journey, and perhaps give up coming to Italy this year altogether, as you could meet Strong in France whenever he chose to go there. As you say, I believe the tension will be relaxed before the breaking-point, because the game isn't worth the candle for anybody; but those who have least to lose and most to gain are pushing hard, to see how much they can get for nothing. This is a dangerous game, and may end in blows. I should remain in Italy unless it seemed difficult to get money here from the U.S.; in which case I should go to Switzerland. I will in any case take a complete copy of the R. of S. with me, so as to be able to send it to London when finished, which I now think may be during this summer. After that, if there was a war, I could keep my thoughts on distant things by writing my recollections, I mean, Persons & Places. Dominations & Powers will again lie low to be reviewed after the new object-lesson, in case of survival.

The enclosed documents explain themselves. I agreed to contribute to the Dewey volume, and to have one on myself, provided they would accept stuff already published for both books, except the proposed answers to comments on my philosophy, which I think I could compose without too much trouble. My part will consist of "A Brief History of my Opinions," with three pages from the general preface to the Triton Edition, and the "Unity of my Earlier & Later Philosophy". You see, no technical-

ities: but you might go into them in your criticism, and give me a chance to sharpen my wits.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

I have told this johnny that you are not a "Dr".

To William Lyon Phelps

16 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
April 16, 1939

Dear Billy

For two or three days I have been buried in your Autobiography. It is an avalanche. All hasn't fallen on me, because knowing you and seeing the 1000 pages, I instantly decided to pick and choose. I would leave out everything about your childhood, your travels, and those of your friends whom I haven't known; and they are the greater number; but I would read (besides what you say about me, naturally) your account of your undergraduate days at Yale, your experiences at Harvard, and, about, those of your friends that I knew a little, so that I had something to back up or qualify what you described. Your impressions are truly impressions, effects produced on yourself; not that they are not perfectly fair and unbiassed except by kindness and exuberant humanity, but that you don't pry, you don't analyze, you don't penetrate, you don't sum up. Take the case of Barrett Wendell. If I were to mention him ~~in~~ my autobiography (and I may yet write something of the kind, for my Realms of Being are almost finished) the first thing I should ask myself would be: How far was Wendell a fool and how far was he a martyr? That he was a mixture of both seems to me certain. But you make no such beginning. You describe his voice (why not his red beard, and twirling watch-chain?) and mention the peculiar character of his learning and of his academic position.

Externals, my dear friend; just what a casual stranger might report about him, and you knew him intimately and were truly fond of him, as we all were, who had any feeling. Now I ask again: Why did Barrett Wendell talk like that? It was not an attempt to be English. He was not an Anglo maniac, as he himself said quite truly. Nobody in England then talked like that. How, then, did he fall into that strange habit? Now, I knew him only slightly, and have to make a hypothesis, but I should explain the matter to myself in this way. Wendell loved New England, but the N.E. before the Revolution. He would have wished to be a Cavalier, all courage and elegance. His speech was a failure as a mark of elegance but it was a success as a proof of courage. Anyhow, it was a profound constant protest against being like other people. He felt he belonged to the London of Beau Brummel; and even in my day there lingered in Boston a faint echo of those days, again not in their elegance but in their mannishness. "Rum and deco-rum!" he exclaimed once in an after-dinner speech: that was all we needed in this world. A horrible pun, but an interesting mixture of recklessness and propriety as an ideal of character. Then, saturated with this pathos of distance, and being warm hearted and affectionate, he was intensely sentimental, yet heroically kept his sentimentality in check, and put up with things as they were. That was his martyrdom. And he married Mrs. Wendell.

But this may be all wrong, and I must come down to safer ground, viz., what you say about me. It is all very kind and almost true, but again quite external. Do you think the essential thing about me is that I am "an atheist and a pessimist"? By the way, you can't be accurate in your language; you report the second or third edition of your stories as edited by your own memory. Lady Ritchie, for instance, couldn't have spoken of being on a train; and I, at the very most, might have said that I was what people would call an atheist or a pessimist. In reality I have never been either. Early Christians were called atheists and Buddhists are called pessimists: that only means that they reject the kind of God or the kind of happiness that the critic is accustomed to conceive. But I believe in the reality of Truth, the denial of which by Nietzsche, James, Dewey and a lot of Evangelicals and Idealists is, according to Lutoslawski, genuine atheism. And I believe in the possibility of happiness, if one cultivates intuition and outlives the grosser passions, including optimism. But this play of dialectic with concepts may seem to you forced. God and happiness seem to you proper names for distinct facts. God either exists or He doesn't exist. A man is either happy or unhappy. But can you seriously maintain that? The

idea of God has infinite shades: even in the Hebrew tradition it is most ambiguous as an idea. It is only as a verbal idol, as a formula in a ritual, that the object is distinct. Would the God of Aristotle be God? Would the God of Royce be God, although avowedly not a power? And how about Brahma, or the God of Spinoza? These things are not so simple, if you stop to think a little.

By the way, again, I have come upon a book by a Swedish Lutheran theologian, Nygren, on Agape & Eros which has interested and instructed me very much. It is fair and steady in its learning, but the moral of it (expressed in my words) is that Martha was a Christian but Mary was a Hellenistic Platonic egocentric minx. Is that your view?

I heartily agree that old age is, or may be as in my case, far happier than youth. Even physically pleasanter. I was never more entertained and less troubled than I am now.

Best thanks & best wishes from

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

21 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 21, 1939

Dear George

More trouble, which is not altogether unexpected in my own mind, but which I am afraid will annoy you.

Mercedes writes, April 15th, from Bayona asking me to ask you to “lend” her three thousand dollars. Everything in her house in Madrid has been pillaged, but that, she says, wouldn’t matter; the worst is that her friend Pilar, who lives in another flat in the same building, has also lost everything, including her husband’s equipment as dentist and his laboratory (he is more than an ordinary dentist, being a surgeon specializing in all operation in the head) and ~~that~~ he can’t begin work again without a new outfit. Pedro—I forget his surname, as surnames are rarely mentioned in Spain—has been in Bayona to see his family, after a long captivity in Madrid, having lost 32 kilos in weight; they hope to recover not only a part of this but bonds of theirs in the bank which have disappeared but which may be replaced eventually by the authorities; and with that money they will be able to repay the loan made to them now. This is of course poppycock; we shall never see the money again, and I shouldn’t wish to have it back. Take it from my account, as may be most convenient, from my personal one if you prefer; but it will be pleasanter for them as well as for me to keep up the pretense of a loan.

The cheque is asked for by Mercedes, and should be in her name; but in the accompanying letter I think, although she gives no instructions, that you had better mention that it is a loan (préstamo) for refurnishing their two apartments, including Doctor Pedro’s ~~odontological~~ office and laboratory. (gabinete odontológico y laboratorio) This may facilitate cashing the draft, although perhaps Mercedes’ silence means that the rules about receiving money from abroad have been relaxed since the end of hostilities.

It is very Spanish to be over-effusive about what you do for people willingly and then to ask for more, that you didn’t mean to supply. But que faire?

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 April 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

April 22nd 1939

Dear Cory

Switzerland is a good place for cooling the blood after a spell of war-fever, and if after all nothing happens, you can at any time move to Venice, bathe at the Lido, and later join me at Cortina. As I said, I shall have the whole R. of S. except the last chapter with me, type-written, and you can read it in preparation for your essay for Schilpp, Professor Schilpp, I think he is. I don't expect to get to Cortina before June 15th, so that there is plenty of time for things to happen and minds to change before deciding to move.

Strong will tell you why he hasn't gone to Valmont. Remember me to him, and ask him if he would like a book on the Adams family by a man not belonging to it but named James Truslow Adams. I found it interesting and not too cloying and should be very glad to send it to him. I am now reading a very well translated Russian book by Leo Chekow entitled "In Job's Balances". which I will send to you when I have finished it. It is modern, mystical, and refreshing: a little Nietzschean, but with a latent belief in the supernatural, in death a great revelation, which perhaps you might like after too much scientific positivism.

Yours affly

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome, 3•V•'39

I will send you Chestov's book in a few days, when I have finished it. His history is weak, and his views of other philosophers out of focus and arbitrary; but I like him for being unworldly or anti-mundane, as apparently Russians are. Sorry I haven't anything else, but nowadays I don't send for philosophy-books, and get only some American ones sent me by the publishers. Would you like "Dewey's Logic?" I see The Times Lit. Sup. calls it a major work, I find it utterly unreadable. Perhaps it is important, at any rate it is a ponderous tome, and you shall have it if you want it.—I am reading Guignebert (a professor at the Sorbonne, but apparently not a Jew) on the origins of Christianity, a series of volumes. He seems to be a pupil of Loisy's, the same general point of view, but a better temper. If you care to read such things, I should be delighted to send them on as I read them. You wouldn't mind their being cut up. It is what I take in my pocket to read on the Pincio and at tea.—I still preserve calm about the danger of trouble. People like excitement—at home. G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

May 9, 1939

Dear Cory,

Your two emotional—not too emotional—postcards make me suspect that you are not happy in your Swiss retreat, and that your thoughts are turning (as Plotinus would say) ἐκεῖ, there thither, yonder, over there, là-bas my Jewish translation calls it, when it ought rather to be là-haut. Well, emotion and unhappiness are psychic, they are _λnot_λ pneumatic, (as again

Plotinus would say). They prove that one is made of good stuff, of hot stuff, but they don't necessarily lead to the truth in philosophy. I don't know what Leonardo himself would say to your head of Christ; it is modernized; and the desire to fly into that bosom would require much interpretation before I could feel that it was identical with the tendency to Union which all love and all mysticism contain. I think I have made a note in Chestov (before seeing your card, of course) to the effect that spiritual union cannot be union with another spirit, but union between spirit in one instance, at one moment, and all things as felt from that point. These "all things" may of course include other spirits; but in conceiving them there is already a sense of separation, such as I feel at this moment, between you and me; and agreement even in everything would not remove that duality, because it would have to be an agreement by confluence, an agreed agreement, and might lapse at any time, or discover itself to be illusory, since two real persons were concerned. So that it seems to me that utter and perfect union has to be momentary and internal to the life of a single soul. It is then not properly union but unification. One becomes really one.

I am sending you Dewey (hope he won't make you more unhappy, as he might if you believed what he says) and I will not send you Guignebert, though he is not a sentimentalist, like Middleton Murry, for instance, who tries to retain the emotions of Christianity without the dogmas. He is simply a historian; and I can make a cynical laughing philosophy out of his reports. I have always liked understanding views with which I did not agree—how else could one like the study of philosophy? But the emotions incident to that study are not those of the persons or beliefs described; far from it. They are dramatic, tragic, or comic emotions at seeing their fate.

I rather hope you may take to Chestov more than I did. Although at bottom I agree with his irrationalism (the contingency of all existence!) I can't be comfortable with an irresponsible jumpy mind. And I suffer when I feel that a third person is being misrepresented, as Chestov constantly [*across*] misrepresents everybody. It is subjectivism run wild. Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS postcard: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome, 14•V•'39

How soon you have read and digested Chestov! It took me a long time. I am glad you found him “a child of light”, and he is certainly like Ohio and Omaha in being undisciplined and learned only in spots: but how different those spots! Plato, St. Paul, Plotinus, Luther, Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. The American spots would have been rather Dewey, Einstein, & the Vienna Circle. I wonder if you will find Dewey as stimulating.

If S. goes home or to Saint Germain and you would like to go back to England at once, don't hesitate to do so on my account. I should love to see you later at Cortina, but I shall have plenty of company there, “Settembrini” is coming for six weeks or more, and you know I can be happy alone. I could send you the whole R. of S. when I had finished the last chapter and had it copied, on my return to Rome. Perhaps you don't know who “Settembrini” is. That's not his real name; he is an Italian professor in Berlin, but a furious anti- in both places and a fervid admirer of your humble servant. At least, it will be a lesson in Italian.

GS.

[*across front of postcard*]

P.S. Had not heard about Bertie. Glad of it. Cal. is nice.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Bristol Rome

May 20, 1939

Dear Cory

The enclosed have been sent to me from Boston. Interesting to see that Howgate's book finds unsatisfied critics. I was satisfied with it myself, beyond anything I could have anticipated. Yet I think the critics are right, if you demand adequacy.

Let me repeat what I said in my last post-card about doing what you really prefer in regard to your movements. Go back to England (let me know if you need more money) if you feel that it would be best. Next year, when I shall have nothing on my mind, we might make a tour together in Switzerland even if there were a war!

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*across*] Dent & C^o write that they wish to reprint my Egotism in German Philosophy. Hell Hitler! I am to write a new preface for it.

To William Haller

21 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, May 21, 1939

Dear Mr. Haller

This long delay in thanking you for your book comes from wishing to read it all before saying anything about it, and I have finished it today. At first I was a little frightened at your sending me a true account of the first Puritans, perhaps to rebuke me for my false account of the "last" one; but I was soon relieved. You study them all, up to Milton, with great deference and zeal; yet intentionally or unintentionally you don't leave a pleasant impression of their character or their ideas. Doubtless you are more attached than I am to the liberty of thought and faith into which you feel that the whole movement empties; but it does empty there; and what I had

in mind was something that I imagined inspired that movement from the beginning and the challenge to every fact or precept, not by some uncriticized prejudice in oneself, but by pure spirit. The awful question whether one was damned or saved was a mere obsession; and the hatred of prelacy, etc., was positivistic; all that rigmarole was useless in business. Uprightness was not useless: be converted and you will soon be rich. But your comfortable sufficiently virtuous and absolutely self-satisfied positivist is not what the spirit can rest in: yet what else does reality offer us, when we have got rid of all foolish historical dogmas and obsessions? That was the problem for my last Puritan, to which he found no answer.

Severity in your real Puritans was nominally justified by the notion that we are on the brink of hell-fire; but this notion, unless taken as a symbol for the danger of real troubles, is gratuitous and insane. My well-educated little last Puritan had no such notion (as Emerson hadn't); it would not have shown true severity. Didn't the original Puritans, behind or within their Calvinistic theology, nurse true severity? And if they did, where would it have landed them? That was my problem.

Though I found your numerous early worthies a bit monotonous, I gathered a great many gems of pungent old English and a better picture than I had in my mind of that whole epoch. But was Milton such a prig? You speak of him in the highest terms, and then show him to have been a monument of conceit and artificiality. I have always felt that his strong point was his magnificent diction and cadences; but I didn't know that the substance beneath was so poor. Or is it poor only in my estimation, because I am not a Puritan?

How much I have been interested in your book would appear to you if you saw my comments on the margin: I often scribble them, sometimes in doggerel, on the books that I find "life-enhancing". For instance, there is this on your page 65:

With learning Perkins head was crammed,
Hell trembled when he shouted "Damned!"
The godliest were on tenterhooks,
And the shelves groaned beneath his books.

or on page 88:

Don't let the flesh be without sin,
Else spirit has no fight to win.

This I think shocking morality, but it is Calvinistic and Hegelian. Spirit is a witness, not a fighter. The fighter is the animal psyche.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

21 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome
May 21, 1939

Dear George

I have your letter of May 9th with the copy of Lady R's about Bertie's appointment. I told you from the first that he is an absolutely honest, fanatically honest, man, and has got into this mess partly by his brother's polygamous habits and partly by his own, curiously acquired late in life. They both inherited nobility, genius, and madness, and a decent fortune, £4000 a year each, which they didn't know how to preserve. Los Angeles will be less trying than Chicago, and we may regard this episode as terminated. I see no reason why you should reply to Lady R's letter, unless a brief acknowledgement seems to you more civil than silence.

I agree entirely with what you say about Mercedes and her demand, but I meant my former letter to be "instructions" for you to send the \$3000 asked for. We must remember that Mercedes is 82 years old, and has been suffering from great anxiety and excitement for three years. As to the money being for Pedro to start again in business, that is not going beyond her household. In Bayona Pilar has been living with her, and in Madrid the two sisters, Maria Luisa and Pilar, have apartments in the same house with Mercedes and act as if they were her daughters or at least nieces. They have all lost their savings and their belongings. Some Communists, when Mercedes last wrote, were still camping in her house. They had ruined everything, carefully breaking the pious pictures, but curiously sparing some Chinese lamps and other objects that Mercedes preserved

from her parent's heirlooms in Manila. They were far more delicate and valuable than her religious ornaments, but luckily were heathen!

By the way, on May 1st she had not yet received her quarterly remittance from you I daresay it arrived soon after, as she has not written again. It is annoying to be so persecuted about money, but from their point of view, it is intelligible. Maria Luisa's husband is in the army, and must be now at least a major or colonel, so that they have some pay; but they also have five children, and Pilar, her husband, and two children have nothing for the moment. I am very glad to be able to help them—what more suitable charity for an old man in my position, without responsibilities?—but the incidental worry and nagging is regrettable.—Yes, I shall probably go to Cortina in a month, unless the political situation should become more threatening. My landlord here assures me that there will be no war, and he is a leading Fascist & member of parliament and ought to have inside information; but my American friends, Strong and Cory, are in a panic and think I ought to go to Switzerland for refuge. I should rather remain in Italy, Cortina would be perfectly safe and quite, also Venice; but would it be possible to get money through my letter of credit if communications were interrupted between England and Italy? Should war break out, you might, I suppose, send me my \$500 a month directly from America, assuming that the U.S. will keep out of it. Or would financial transactions with the wicked totalitarians be interrupted? In that case I have already thought what to do. I should go to Lugano or Locarno, in Italian Switzerland; and if I found that unsatisfactory, I could always ~~go~~ get round to my familiar Hotel Victoria at Glion-sur-Montreux. It would be colder in winter than Rome, but I think I could weather it.

I am glad you enjoyed your flight to the West Indies, but don't envy you.
Yours affly

GS.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 27, 1939

Dear Cory

If Strong has shown you my answer to his letter, you will have gathered that I have not as yet absolutely decided to go to Cortina, but have been studying Baedeker's Switzerland in search of some other haven in case of a storm. I haven't found anything to rival Cortina in combining height with habitableness, and if I went away from Italy at all it would be with the idea of remaining away until peace returned, so that I should have to think of the winter also. As far as my present knowledge goes it seems as if Locarno were the best place for the winter, and Lugano the best for all the year round; and I think I should begin by trying the latter, if I decided not to go to Cortina.

I mention these possibilities, which are uninteresting in themselves, simply to show you that it might be premature for you to come to Venice early in June, if your principal object was to see me. I shall probably be staying in Rome somewhat later than usual, without making any arrangements for travelling until the last moment. I find that the good train to Cortina with wagons-lits isn't put on until July 1st. If I go earlier, as I probably shall, I should have to stop in Venice for a day or two, and if you were there, I could prolong my stay. It would therefore not be necessary for you to go up to Cortina at all, unless you really wished to. If your principal object is (as I suspect) to get away from Vevey with an excuse that Strong has to accept as valid, you would have accomplished your object, and you would be free to do what you chose.

I have written to "Settembrini" explaining that I might not go to Cortina so that he shouldn't be alarmed if he found me absent when he arrived. I call him "Settembrini" after a personage in Thomas Mann's novel The Magic Mountain (about a nursing-home at Davos) who is a Freemason bursting with eloquence about the principles of 17~~89~~89, and the rights of man and of reason. My friend's real name is Michele Petrone, and he is professor of Italian literature at the University of Berlin; but in spite of his humanitarian principles he bitterly hates almost everything that human beings do. He is a dreadful bore, but so appreciative of my philosophy (he is translating Platonism and the Spiritual Life) that I have to accept his soci-

ety with thanks; and as we speak Italian together, I get lessons gratis in that language which I am more and more clumsy in every day.

If you go to Venice let me know whether you prefer to receive your next month's allowance there, or a smaller sum in Italian money which [*across*] I could send in you (in a Cook's cheque) from here. After we met, I could supply you directly.

Yours aff^r G. S.

To Evelyn Tindall

30 May 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

May 30, 1939

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are two long Chapters, not at all tidy, but I hope clear. I find it easier now to scratch and to patch than to copy a whole page.

There is no hurry, but I shall be leaving Rome about June 15th so that you had better enclose your account for this winter.

It has more than once troubled me that you charge so little for this hard work, much harder than typing from dictation. Lire, too, have declined in value. Wouldn't it be fairer to charge 50% more? Please do.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To William Lyon Phelps

1 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Rome, June 1, 1939

Dear Billy

The postscript to your letter makes me forget all the things that I had meant to say in reply to the rest of it. Philosophically, we can't complain. The time has come for separation, and you and Annabel had had a long life of perfect union. The years that may remain, at our age, in any case involve the soft pedal, and however sad your material solitude may be at certain moments, in your thoughts you will not be alone, because you will be always conscious of what Annabel would have felt and said or done in the presence of whatever may be occurring. It is very hard to think of her except as a part of you: I never have known husband and wife who seemed so unanimous, except perhaps some very old couples, creatures of common habits. But with you it was not that; you were both lively and individual, with different minds, yet so harmonious, that as I say, you seemed treble and bass in the same piece of music. There is only one shadow that people might think they saw in your lives, the fact that you had no children; but the absence of this added bond, which in so many marriages is the only permanent and effective one, in one sense concentrates the affections, when they are genuine, and prevents them from being dispersed and perhaps disturbed by absorption in the young people, and plans for their future. Children are on a different plane, belong to a generation and way of feeling properly their own; there is seldom complete understanding between them and their parents, so that affection here suffers from some strain and uncertainty, all the more painful the greater the affection is. A childless marriage is sometimes more secure. Besides Eros and Agape it can include the third (and to me most beautiful) bond of love, Philia. Friendship is not so warm as Eros and not so spiritual as Agape, but it is freer and more intellectual. It chooses in the friend the side with which it will sympathize, and it brings an unstipulated, independent contribution to that common interest. Now this intellectual partnership and give and take prevails more easily between two persons than in a family: a crowded home is not favourable to friendship. That is why friendship has to be sought outside. But I felt that between you and Annabel it existed and

completed your lives in a different and subtler way. But perhaps my fancies are impertinent, and I ought only [*across*] to assure you of my complete sympathy, not only in your losses, but in your eternal gain.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 3, 1939

Dear Cory

I have decided to go to Lugano, and enclose one of the advertisements sent me by the hotel to which I had written, guided only by Baedeker and by the map of the town.

Lugano is, as you see, of the same type as Montreux, but the lake is 100 metres lower and south of the Alps, so that I am afraid it will be rather too warm there. But that has been one of my reasons for venturing to try the place, since I now rather like warmth (if there are no flies and mosquitoes) and besides have an eye to a place good all the year round, and Lugano might be that. I mean to make myself as comfortable as possible, having a sitting room (but I shall go down to meals) and living all day in pyjamas, as I am too old for basking in beaches. There is bathing at Lugano, which you might like if you come to see me.

Other reasons for my decision are: that I avoid "Settembrini". (He can't go to Switzerland because he can't take his money there). Also that the town is largish, Catholic, and Italian fundamentally, so that it will be more human than Montreux or Cortina. I also hope that the hotel may not be crowded, as Italians are kept out for the same reason as "Settembrini".

I expect to reach my strange abode either on the 16th or on the 20th of June. I will let you know when I get my ticket for the wagon-lit. I go by night to Milan, change there, and reach Lugano in an hour and a half more, or something like that, anyhow, in the morning.

I hope you will be tempted to look me up, but you must do just what you feel like doing. They will tell you what is the best way of getting round but the northern all-Swiss route by the St. Gothard would be (I should think) very picturesque and would avoid customs and changes of money. I may eventually thread that path myself and go to Glion, if I find Lugano too warm or otherwise objectionable.

I am glad you see your way clear in Dewey and hope you will tell me what he really means.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

6 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 6th 1939

Dear Mrs. Toy

The depressing tone of your last letter would have alarmed me had I not received the enclosed almost at the same time from my nephew. In itself a return to Virginia has always seemed to me the natural and consoling thing for you to do, and I have wondered why you didn't do it sooner, or gave it up so quickly when you actually tried it. Perhaps it is that you don't need what I call "consoling", but as George says, are so young in spirit and so full of life that you want a field for give and take and for moral excitement. That your relations in Virginia won't talk about the things that are now uppermost in your mind, would seem to me restful. You could discuss them so much more pleasantly with yourself. And unless they are aggressive people and talk too much (which I don't think probable) they will form part of the picture, like the river and the ships. At least that is what I like now for an environment, and am giving up going to Cortina this summer because of "Settembrini" with whom I should have to have long conversations (and in Italian!) every day for six weeks. If you have read Thomas Mann's Magic Mountain you know what "Settembrini" is; my friend has that character and those opinions, and though he says he lives on my philosophy, I am wearied by the reflection of it in that fierce mirror. I don't like mental fierceness, even on my own side in philosophy, and this "Settembrini", in order to make it fierce, has to leave out at least one half of it. Strong and Cory, who are together at Vevey on the Lake of Geneva, think I ought to go there, so as not to be caught in Italy in case of war. I don't think there will be a war this year, but the mere talk about it is disturbing, and I want to be as quiet as possible, to write the last chapter of the Realm of Spirit, and other things that have turned up incidentally. So I am going to try Lugano, but if it proves too warm for comfort, I may go round to my old Hotel Victoria at Glion-sur-Montreux, not far from

Vevey, but not too near. Solitude is my defence. It may be selfish, but it makes me kinder, because it enables me to think of people as they are in themselves and not as they affect me, or judge me. Well, I hope you may not suffer too much tearing up your roots in Cambridge, flying to Virginia, [*across*] or settling down into your new nest there.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 8, 1939

Dear Cory,

Capital. I shall expect you to turn up at the Hotel Bristol, Lugano, on the afternoon of the 20th, or later. It is arranged that I am to go there for the moment, but information about other places—even Lucerne—will be interesting.

I send you your next cheque in case it may be convenient for you to present it before the 20th

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S

To Joseph Auslander

10 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

Hotel Bristol, Rome

June 10, 1939

Dear Mr. Auslander

I send you a relic for your shrine. It is an old sonnet never published; it has been retouched, but still may represent the “ideals and aspirations” of some of us in the 1890’s. I should hesitate to offer it, if you did not seem to regret those less “darkened” times. They were enlightened, but they were decadent. Perhaps the world may be approaching some new era of faith, not so wistful but more normal.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

At Arles

where a picture of the Crucifixion
hung in the museum above a bust
of Antinöus.

I see thy likeness in all beauteous things
So much are beauty and thy likeness one,
Thee in the painted death of Mary's Son,
Thee in the marble loves of pagan kings.
Each day, each hour, its drop of trouble brings
To swell the flood of sorrows long since done,
Till down earth's cheek the loosened waters run,
Darkly foregathered in her frozen springs.
What wealth of tears were this, to weep today
When he's a god, who was Antinöus?
Why mourn for Jesus? Christ remains to us.
Cruel Perfection! Every lure is thine,
Ours every grief, till Love shall pass away
That made us wretched all, and thee divine.

1895

G. Santayana.

To Evelyn Tindall

10 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Bristol

June 10, 1939

Dear Miss Tindall

It seems to me that you have been very quick in copying 28,000 words.
There was plenty of time as I am not leaving until the 19th

We will leave yet another small nest-egg until the autumn.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

16 June 1939 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

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

Rome, June 16, 1939

Dear George

Here is Mercedes' receipt for your cheque. She writes in her most excited exaggerated style of thanks, but adds that you forgot to sign the letter, and that food is very dear, and many things are hard to find, in consequence of the after-war condition of business and finance. She has got the cheque, and hopes, by the help of influence, to get it cashed soon and favourably.

I am going in two days to Lugano, a new place for me; but I had reasons for not returning to Cortina this summer, and Switzerland is safer for communication with London (where I have a new edition of an old book in the press, viz. "Egotism in German Philosophy") and also with America, in the improbable event of war. But I have chosen Lugano with forethought, and a double intention. It might be a good place all the year round. I have never seen it, but know what it looks like: a pretty lake _{region}, where palms can grow, and Italian is spoken, and where my hotel will still be the "Hotel Bristol." I might, therefore, return there eventually for good. The other day I saw my landlord Pinchetti; he is half paralyzed with arthritis—if that is the word) and the clerk, afterwards assured me that it was _{serious} and that _{presently} all would be over: which tragic thought he expressed by imparting his blessing to the hotel ledger. So that apart from wars and rumours of war, I may before long be compelled to change my quarters; because I assume that on Pinchetti's death this hotel will be pulled down, the whole new street now being of quite another character.

Cory, and perhaps Strong, are coming to see me at Lugano; but I may find it too warm there for my work (I have the last chapter of "Spirit" to compose) and may go higher up into the Alps.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 June 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia

Cortina d'Ampezzo

Friday June 22, 1939

Dear Cory

It is very nice of you to be concerned about my misadventures. The first day was really trying, as I will tell you more in detail later; but I rested one day in Milan rather comfortably and one night—last night—in Venice. Here it is cool and most peaceful not to say death-like. I am the only person in the hotel! But my old room is engaged for later to another person, and they have given me a better one, a south-east corner with windows on both sides and a bathroom with a third window, so that I shall have the sun all day, from the moment when—not very early—it gets up over the mountains.

Do come here, if you feel like it. For me it will be a return to youth and nature; but I am afraid you will find it dreary. Foreigners have abandoned Italy, except cheap Germans in troupes, and the Italian season is short, from the last week in July to the last in August. Except at that time Cortina is very quiet indeed.

Another disturbing thing lies ahead of me. The Hotel Bristol is to be pulled down beginning in August, and will take two years to rebuild! But Pinchetti has been very nice, and is keeping all my things in his own storage-place where he says I can always get at them. So that I am living on three bags. I have got a copy of the R. of S. (all but the last Chapter) for you here, either of the two typed copies, whichever you prefer.

Yours aff^{ly}

GS.

To John Hall Wheelock

16 July 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

C/o Brown Shipley & C^o

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

Cortina, July 16, 1939

Dear Mr. Wheelock

The title Triton Edition has become historical in an unexpected way. I don't mean that the whole edition has been sold, although I understand that such is practically the fact. I mean that Pinchetti, the proprietor of the Hotel Bristol, who is a personage of note and said to be rich, has decided to pull the house down and rebuild it in the latest style—no doubt seven or eight storeys instead of three, and severe concrete, brass, and glass architecture, to suit the spirit of the age. So that I shall no longer see the Triton of Bernini from my windows; at least, not for two years, because Pinchetti says that he hopes (unless heaven is then my permanent mansion) to welcome me back as the first guest in his new establishment.

Meantime, as I don't yet know where I shall take lodgings, you had better regard Brown Shipley & C^o in London as my only address.

Dent has thought this a good moment to reprint my old Egotism in German Philosophy, and I have spent the last few weeks writing a Postscript or New Preface for the book, to bring it up to date; but I avoid all controversial politics and stick to pure philosophy. However, I have read a little of the new official German stuff and a book by Professor Vermeil of the Sorbonne on the "Doctrinaires de la Révolution allemande", and have some notion of the present "ideology", which I compare with that of the Germany of a hundred years ago.

Further literary events, in my little world, have been Howgate's book on me (as if I were already dead) and Schilpp's project to get out a volume of my philosophy, with criticisms by various hands, and my rejoinder. You will have seen or heard of these books. I am a little bewildered by such interruptions to my fixed ideas, and by such a variety of publishers (I would rather you had charge of everything) but I daresay it all helps to wake me up and to keep my name before the public.

Talking of the Triton Edition I have now received word from my unknown but faithful friend Don Antonio Marichalar that he received (after the end of the war in Spain) the set you had sent him, which had been detained by the French authorities. He thinks that now it might be

feasible to send to Madrid the other set which I asked you to retain for me. I put the address on a separate piece of paper for your convenience. You doubtless know how best to despatch the books; and please pre-pay the charges, at my expense, as far as that is possible.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

Please send a copy of the Triton Edition of Santayana's Works to the address below, charging it to the author's account.

Spain

Ex^{mo} S^t D. Eugenio d'Ors,
Jefatura Nacional de Bellas Artes,
Ministerio de Educación Nacional,
Madrid.

To George Sturgis

17 July 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Cortina, July 17, 1939

Dear George

You probably got my postcard saying that I didn't get to Lugano after all, but came here instead. Perhaps it was for the best, as here I feel at home, and am well known in the hotel, so that no one interferes with my old habits. I think I haven't told you of the change that I am forced to make next winter. Pinchetti is going to pull down the Hotel Bristol and to rebuild it. He expects the work to last two years, after which he invites me (if I have not acquired a permanent mansion in the skies) to be the first guest in his new establishment. But meantime, at least, I shall have to look for other quarters. I am going to write to three hotels in Rome, the Grand, the Majestic, and the Hôtel de la Ville (in the Via Sistina, at the top of the Trinità steps) and see what they offer me, of the same sort as I had at the Bristol, and at what price. As my serious work is now nearly completed, I could, in strictness, try some other place than Rome, Capri perhaps or Taormina; but I should miss my books and my familiar gardens, and probably shouldn't be any happier for the change.

I hope Bob will manage somehow to come to see me. Rosamond wrote to me about his plans some time ago, and it seemed as if, on his way from

Greece to Lausanne, he might very easily pass through Rome. They say the air route from Greece to Italy is very interesting, and a matter of a few hours.

Certainly don't regard Mercedes I.O.U. as an asset. It was merely a way of saving Dr. Pedro's face, but I meant the thing as a present. Keep the receipt as a letter, or tear it up, if it might eventually create any claim.

I am pleased to see that income is flowing in well in spite of Roosevelt and the war-scare. Here there is perfect tranquility, but some murmurs among hotel-keepers in view of the total absence of rich "democratic" travellers. There are plenty of Germans and Swiss here, but impecunious, and the Italians are beginning to troop in, but only for a month's holiday.

Cory is here, and has his meals with me, although he has his room in a more modest house not far off. I have also had a visit from a young German belonging to the publishing house in Munich that [*across*] issued the German translation of *The Last Puritan*. Reviews flattering, sales small. G. S.

To Milton Karl Munitz

23 July 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Munitz)

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

Cortina, July 23, 1939

Dear Mr. Munitz

Your letter and your beautiful little book have reached me here. I am deep in the last chapter of the Realm of Spirit and expect before long to have to reply to various criticisms, in a volume to be issued by Prof. Schilpp of the North Western University. It would please me, and I think it very likely, that you should be one of my critics in that book. In any case, I must reserve any detailed comments for a later moment. I don't like re-reading expositions of my work, even Narcissus must have been soon bored, looking at his watered image; but I like criticisms, and I have looked at the pages that promised to contain your chief objections. They are familiar to me already, and you know the answer that I should make to them. You would perhaps feel better what balance I strike between (let us call it for a change) politics and religion, if you substituted your own politics and religion for mine. You would not think them identical, and you would not

think them incompatible, except in the sense that you would banish (I hope) politics from the pulpit and religious reflections from the platform. But in your heart, for your philosophy, the two would be in equilibrium, and would support and qualify one another. You would not favour a political system that suppressed religion, or was hostile to its inspiration; and you would not tolerate a religion that subverted the state, or that did not give you something better than politics to adjust you to the universe. I admit gladly that religion (= the “Spiritual life”) is a natural interest, to be collated within the life of reason with every other interest; but it is an interest in the ultimate, an adjustment to life, death, science, and politics; and though cultivated specially by certain minds at certain hours, it has no moral or natural claim to predominance. The races and ages in which it is absent will inevitably regard it as unnecessary and obstructive, because they tend to arrange their moral economy without religion at all. Those to whom religion is absorbing (e.g. the Indians) will on the contrary think a moral economy inferior in which no place and no influence is given to the monition of ultimate facts. I think you would not find my two voices in harmonious (I agree that they are different in pitch) if you did not live in America in the XXth century when the “dominance of the foreground” is so pronounced. The dominance of the distance or background would impose a different synthesis.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

29 July 1939 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia,
Cortina d’Ampezzo
July 29, 1939

Dear George

Will you please send \$100 once more to this old beggar, whose address is on the slip attached to my note, and post the latter to him with the cheque.

We have not been disturbed here, not being in the province of Bolzano. Cory keeps me company at meals, and I have an Italian admirer, a furious anti-Fascist, with whom I take a walk every other day. Politics and war-talk do not disturb me; there are few foreigners in Italy now. But a real disturbance awaits me when I return to Rome, because Pinchetti is pulling down the Hotel Bristol, which will take two years to rebuild, and I shall have to look for quarters elsewhere. However, I may be able to find something better than my old rooms. Accidents often help. I am glad I never got to Lugano, as Cory, who was there, does not give me very good reports of it, and here everything is satisfactory.

Yours aff^y
G. S.

To Charles Augustus Strong

8 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina
Aug. 8. 1939

Dear Strong

I knew through Cory that you had returned to the villa, and now that the heat has abated you certainly must be far more comfortable and freer there than in any hotel.

The annoying incidents that kept me from going to Lugano seem to have been fortunate in the end. I was never better satisfied with Cortina and with my quarters and life here than I am this year, and in spite of the presence of Cory and "Settembrini" (which though pleasant might have been distracting) I have done a good deal of work. First I despatched the long "Postscript" to the new edition of "Egotism"; then I did Chapter X of "Spirit" which is a general review of the Realms of Being as a whole; and now I am well advanced in Chapter IX, on "Union", which terminates the part on Spirit proper. A great many things occur to me in putting the old materials together, and condensing the argument, and I have such a pile of old MS on the subject that sometimes I almost despair of getting anything finished; but experience with other chapters and other books tells me that it will be managed somehow; and I am confident of getting it

ready for the press before the end of the year, so that the book may appear in 1940.

Meantime I am to have a little excitement of another sort. Pinchetti is pulling down the Hotel Bristol, which will take two years to rebuild, so that I am obliged to look for other quarters. I have written to the Hotel Majestic, the Hôtel de la Ville, and the Grand Hotel. If the answer to none of these should seem promising, I have two or three other places in mind: if the worst comes to the worst, I will go anywhere in Rome for the moment, and look up suitable permanent diggings at leisure. Pinchetti has been very obliging in taking charge of my 9 cases of books and 3 valises, so that I am in no absolute need of settling down at once. In fact, when the "Realm of Spirit" is done, and in Constable's hands, I might take wing from Rome for the rest of the winter, going perhaps to Capri or Taormina: but that is a sort of dream and perhaps more safely allowed to remain harmlessly decorating the realm of essence.

As to war, I have never believed that it would come at present, but the panic can't help being contagious when one has no authentic private information. In any case, I should be content to remain in Italy, where my Spanish passport is respected, unless it were impossible to get money here from America. Let us hope that may not happen.

Yours ever

G.S.

To Matthew Hoehn

10 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Cortina d'Ampezzo
August 10, 1939

Dear Father Hoehn,

I was christened in the Church and profess no other religion, so that from the point of view of the census-taker I am unmistakably a Catholic. My Protestant and Jewish critics also discover a good deal of Catholicism in my writings; but I have never been a practising Catholic, and my views in philosophy and history are incompatible with belief in any revelation. It would therefore be wholly misleading to classify me among "Catholic Authors".

This is a sufficient answer to your inquiry, for the purpose of your book of biographies, in which I ought not to be included. Yet I may add, in case you are at all interested in my real relation to the Faith, that a well-

grounded Catholic student might find my philosophy useful (like that of some of the ancients) in defending the moral, political and mystical doctrines of the Church. I think that all religious ideas are merely symbolical; but I think the same of the ideas of science and even of the senses: so that the way is cleared for faith, in deciding which set of symbols one will trust.

Sincerely yours
GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

16 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

c/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

Cortina, Aug. 16, 1939

Dear Mrs. Toy—

In a month it seems that you will be leaving Cambridge and that this may be the last letter I shall address to you there. It seems very strange, after so many years when you have been, whether I was there myself or not, the focus of all that was pleasant for me there. And for you, it must be both troublesome and sad—a sort of secondary mixed grief, as at a funeral, where one has to mind externals, under the public eye; whereas the pure grief came earlier, when the mind realized in solitude that a life-long bond was snapped and a change had become inevitable. I hope the material side of this funeral will not tire and distress you too much. The moral part is less intrusive, and can be considered and disposed of at leisure.

Do you remember in Thomas Mann's Magic Mountain the old Mynherr Pepperkorn, who ended his speeches by crying: Erledigt! That word often occurs to me now-a-days, and expresses a great sense of relief. To dispatch something, to have it settled and done for, is a blessed consummation.

By a coincidence, I too am compelled to change my residence—not the town, but the house—because the Hotel Bristol is to be pulled down and rebuilt, the operations being expected to last two years. I expect to go about September 15 to the Grand Hotel—good but old-fashioned, and not

one of those frequented by fashionable foreigners; but I may not remain there, and my address had better be ^C/_o B. S. & C^o in London, until I settle down in permanent quarters.

I have been having (for me) a great deal of company this summer. Cory has been here for six weeks, taking his meals with me, although living at another hotel; and an Italian admirer of my books, whom I call "Settembrini" (again after the Magic Mountain) walks with me every other afternoon. He is a professor of Italian in Berlin, but a sworn enemy of both governments, and a person of exactly Settembrini's mentality. How he takes to my writings is a mystery, but he does. This amount of society has not tired me as much as I might have expected, and has not interfered with my morning's work. There is to be a new edition of Egotism in German Philosophy, for which I have written a short new Preface and a long Postscript. The book is announced for October, and I will have a copy of the English edition sent you, as Scribner is often late with his publications. I am in the midst of the last chapter of the Realm of Spirit: it is difficult, partly on account of the accumulation of old versions that have to be compared and almost always rejected; but there is a good deal of substance concentrated in the book, and some new developments. It will have to do; and in any case it will be a great moment when here too I can say Erledigt!

The war-scare is not so much cultivated in Italy as in France and England, but foreigners have almost ceased to come here: not altogether a disadvantage for the lover of distinct milieux, but a woe for the hotel-keepers. Cortina, however, is crowded at this moment (the peak of the season) with Italians and transient Germans, and there is plenty of motoring, mountain-climbing, ladies in trousers, and good cheer.

My nephew's son, Robert Shaw Sturgis, named after my brother, has finished his school-days at St. Mark's but is too young to go to College, and is to be in Europe this winter learning languages. They talk of letting me see him in Rome, which would awaken in me a grand-fatherly emotion never yet experienced.

May you be content, if not happy, in your new home. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Cortina, Aug. 26, 1939

Dear Cory.

I was glad to get your two cards and to know of your movements.

As things are so threatening (although I rather expect the unexpected again) I am writing to B. S. & C^o, as I did last year, asking them to supply you with £40 pounds on Oct. 1st and on the 1st of each month following, in case of war; and I send you your allowance for Sept. 1st at once, so that it may not be intercepted if there should be a crisis in a day or two.

I am also asking the postal clerk at B. S. & C^o's to send my letters, etc., to you, if it should become impossible to forward them to Italy. You will thus become my secretary in office, as well as in title. You may open everything and reply when a reply seems necessary; and in the case of private letters that I ought to see, you must discover how to make them reach me. The ultimate way would be rather round-about, but permanently available, namely to send them ^{C/o}

Mr. George Sturgis,
111 Devonshire Street
Boston, Mass.

I shall have to discover some means of getting money from Boston, if my letter of credit becomes useless in Italy. Obviously, the thing would be to go to a neutral country. But what countries will be neutral? And a belligerent League of Nations country might reject my Spanish-Italian passport. Spain? Greece? I rather incline to the last. Now, with Russia neutral, Greece and Turkey will want to remain neutral too; and I should like to be in Athens once more, even if the climate is not so good as that of Rome. Nous verrons

Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

p.t.o.]

P.S. About Sept. 12th I mean to go to Danieli's in Venice and, if war is on, to stay there for some weeks, to see how things go, and make up my mind as to the respective merits (as if I were a Plutarch) of Greece and Rome. From Venice I could go by rail to Athens, having procured a visa!

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

Aug. 26, 1939

Dear Strong

Aldo writes me about your misadventure in having to go on alone from the frontier to Vevey. It is extremely hard and inconsiderate of them not to consider your absolute need of assistance, but I suppose their orders were imperative and the local authority had no option. At the same time I receive a card from Cory saying that he "may leave for Vevey on Tuesday", and doubtless he has heard from you since, and may have started earlier. He can look after you for a while; but if you are to remain all winter at Vevey, I think you ought to have a regular nurse, if you are absolutely set on not going again to Valmont, which would seem the obvious thing to do under the circumstances. But let us hope that the trouble will blow over, and that you may be able to return to Fiesole, or alternately that Aldo may be able to come to look after you.

It is not a time for us old men to knock about the world, which has become so full of impediments to circulation, physical and mental. My own movements are uncertain. I shall leave Cortina about September 12, and if war has broken out, I will stop a while at Venice, at Danieli's, and see how things present themselves. I am not obliged to go to Rome, and have even thought of Athens, which can be conveniently reached from Venice by rail. The three hotels in Rome that I wrote to about rooms have replied, and all three offer me apparently suitable quarters at prices that seem reasonable—I don't mean cheap, but such as one might expect. If I go to Rome—and all my books, papers, and winter clothes are there—it will probably be at first to the Grand Hotel, from where I can look about for something permanent. I should like to find a sitting-room that I could keep all the year round, so as to spread out all my books, and even perhaps a few photographs or personal furniture, and not have to pack them every year when I leave for the Summer.

This presupposes peace, which I hope may still be preserved or quickly restored. When nobody wants to fight it seems a strange fatality that everybody should feel obliged to do so. It is a kind of bedevilment, and if Aristophanes were alive he might make a terrible comedy of it. I am afraid you are not detached enough to take that view, and suffer [*across*] morally as well as physically more than is inevitable. It is a great pity. Yours ever
G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 30, 1939

Dear Cory

Since your card from Lugano of the 24th I have been waiting to hear from you again, as you suggested. Together with your card I got a very civil letter from Aldo telling me what had happened, that S. had had to go on alone from the frontier to Vevey, but that he Aldo had at last heard by telephone that Strong had been helped out of the train properly, and was all right. I supposed you would go at once to Vevey to look after him.

Meantime, before your card or Aldo's letter had reached me, I had written to you in London, enclosing your September allowance, and putting on the envelope "To await the arrival of Mr. C." As you are probably still in funds, not having had to pay your ticket to London, I hope you will be able, by writing to the Kensington Hotel, to get your cheque back and cash it in Vevey without too great delay. I should send you a duplicate except that I think this may reach you more quickly without any inclosure.

I have also given an order to B. S. & C^o for your allowance to be paid regularly on Oct. 1st and on the 1st of each month following, in case of war.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*across*]

P.S. I expect to go to Danieli's in Venice on Aug. 12, and to remain there indefinitely, asking Pinchetti to send my valises with my winter clothes, etc. from Rome.

To Charles Augustus Strong

30 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 30, 1939.

Dear Strong

I am glad to know that you are comfortable and that Cory is to be with you for the present. Your suggestion that I might go to stay at the villa is extremely generous and kind. I will keep that possibility in mind in case I am driven from Venice or elsewhere by physical or moral difficulties; but I should be without the visual society of town life, to which you know I am used, and the luxury of the villa, with utter loneliness, rather frightens me. My plan is to go on Sept. 12 to Venice, at Danieli's, and see how things are, and make inquiries about the possibilities of getting to neutral countries. Possibly, if there is a Swiss consul at Venice, he might give, or procure, a visa for my passport, and then I might get to Lugano after all, or to Locarno, or even to Vevey. But I would rather put that off until the Spring or summer and then go, not to Vevey, but to Glion. I quite understand that Les Trois Couronnes is a superior place, but it is too superior for my Dago nature. And I will also inquire in Venice about Athens. That would be morally perfect for me: but what should I do in Summer? Go to Stambul and admire the mosaics? If I were younger! Yours ever G.S.

[*across*] P.S. I have asked Brown Shipley & C^o, in case of war, to send my letters to Cory, and not remembering his address in Vevey, I have given Les Trois Couronnes. Will you kindly tell the porter to let Cory have them, until he can send B. S. & C^o more accurate instructions? I am afraid to wait, as the mails may be stopped.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

31 August 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

Aug. 31, 1939

Dear Cory

Will you please send the enclosed to G. J. P. Dent, Esq., J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 10, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2. with a note of your own explaining that I have sent him another copy of these items but fear it will not reach him, and therefore avail myself of you as an intermediary.

Put "Production Department" on the envelope or in your letter.

When you get my original note back from London, you will see what a mess I got into thinking you would now be at the Kensington Hotel. I asked the postal clerk at B. S. & C^o's to send my letters to you there in case of war. I countermanded that order almost at once, and asked him to forward my letters to you at the Hôtel des Trois Couronnes, Vevey, Switzerland, instead. Yesterday, in replying to a very kind letter of Strong's I explained this in a postscript, as due to my not remembering your old address at Vevey nor being sure that it was your address at present.

Let B. S. & C^o know where you are, and tell me if you have recovered the cheque sent to London.

As I have written already, I expect to go to Danieli's in Venice about September 12th and wait for developments.

Yours aff^{ly}

G Santayana

Settembrini is gone, and I am enjoying perfect peace and perfect weather, a sarcastic background to events.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

1 September 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Cortina, Sept. 1, 1939

Dear Cory

I am leaving for Venice on Sunday, as the stopping of private motor traffic has suddenly emptied Cortina and I feel that they want to close this hotel.

I am sending you Collingwood's Autobiography, and should like to hear what you think of it.

Egotism has been giving me a good deal of trouble, but I have sent off what I hope will be the last proofs today. It is hard to do anything steadily under so much "distraction". But according to both Dandrea, the banker here, and B. S. & C^o in London I shall have no difficulty in getting money, which is one comfort.

Nature is lovely now in Cortina and I am sorry to leave.

Yours affly G.S.

To Charles G. Spiegler

2 September 1939 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Spiegler)

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

Cortina, Sept. 2, 1939

Dear Mr. Spiegler,

The sonnet about which you say "there has been rather heated discussion" was written fifty-five years ago, and I should hardly trust myself to say now exactly what interpretation, if any, might exactly correspond to what may have been in my mind when I wrote it. I say, if any, because at twenty the mind is susceptible to momentary lights, and my sonnet wasn't written at one sitting. When I came to "the soul's invincible surmise" I was probably thinking simply of Columbus; but when I came to "the λ light λ of faith," I was probably thinking of the Catholic Church. And neither of these possible thoughts had much to do with the origin of the sonnet,

which I can vouch for distinctly. In the Bacchae, of Euripides I had come upon the words τὸ σοφὸν οὐ σοφία, which had made a great impression on me (I was just beginning the study of philosophy) and which I translated into the line: “It is not wisdom to be only wise”—or too knowing as one might say in prose. Nietzsche had not then been heard of, but the Bacchae is Dionysiac, and I was not blind to that romantic inspiration. The rest of the sonnet was built around that line, which became the second; but I daresay my interest was not exclusively literary; this was, I think, the first of my sonnets (among those published) and, though it seems to be the most popular, it is certainly one of the thinnest in rhythm and diction. But I was certainly in a state of emotional flux in regard to religion, not having yet reached the equilibrium which the twenty sonnets of the first series are meant to lead to. The process, however, took several years.

All this, however, seems to me of little moment. When once anything is given to the public, it belongs to the public, and they are at liberty to find in it what meanings they choose. Whether the author appreciated or not the possible suggestions of his words is a biographical question of no importance in the estimation of the extant work. He may have put into it, unawares forgotten or potential perceptions, or even pure collocations of facts or ideas that only a later point of view could disclose to the mind of some other person.

If your interpretation is that my way of seeing and writing is intellectual, I think you are right; but it is intelligence about emotion—intelletto d’amore—so that your critics may be right too

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 9, 1939

Dear Cory

Your two letters, and one from Pinchetti in Rome, are the only ones I have received since I reached Venice: absolutely nothing from B. S. & C^o or Dent or from America. As it is not likely that communications with the U.S. or even with England are cut off intentionally, I suppose the stoppage is due to trains being interrupted and censorship of letters established. Not, however, between Switzerland and Italy, since your letter of the 7th from Vevey reached me here today, the 9th apparently unopened. We are at peace here, and quite cheerful, although keeping a sort of Lenten vigil: two days a week without meat, moderate lighting, no shrill motor-boats, (Deo gratias!) and shorter newspapers (Deo gratias again).

I wrote to Pinchetti to ask whether the Bristol was really being pulled down, whether in any case he thought it better for me not to return to Rome at present, and whether, in that case, he would allow me to give his name as a reference (in case I asked again for a visa to Switzerland) and finally whether he could send me my three valises with M.S. and winter clothes. He replied affirmatively to these two requests, said that the Bristol was closed, but work awaiting government instructions, and that I could perfectly well return to Rome, that he would get me a nice apartment at the Royal (I had thought of that place myself) or elsewhere, but also suggested Taormina, Sorrento, or Perugia. These are eventual possibilities; but I prefer to stay here for the present. My friend the second secretary is going to show me rooms in the other part of the hotel which he says are warm, light, and sunny, and I shall probably move to them in a few days, when they are free. For the moment I am in N^o 7, next to my usual room, in the entresol, and it is very intime and yet gay, almost in the very midst of the passing crowd, gondoliers, children, and pigeons flocking on the quay. It is very warm, but I don't mind it, work in my pyjamas, and know it will soon be cooler—too cool, perhaps, but I will take every precaution to avoid colds. The food is excellent and well served, not in the usual dining-room but in the great hall by the door: so that I have the feeling of feasting in a palazzo^x. There are a dozen #tables set out, and perhaps two dozen people, mostly Italians and transient.

I hope you have now got your money, and in any case you are better placed than I to make inquiries of B. S. & C^o if the interruption should be prolonged

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

[*across*]

^x I am living en pension, because food now is less excessive, and it is simpler for every day than going to restaurants.

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

12 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Danieli, Venice,

Sept. 12, 1939

Dear Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz

Your letter of August 11 has reached me here today, delayed by being examined by the British censor and sent to Cortina by Brown Shipley & C^o, my contrary instructions evidently not having reached them.

I am not returning to Rome for the present. The Hotel Bristol is closed, in view of being rebuilt (if political circumstances permit) and old people are advised to leave large cities exposed to raids. I mean to remain in Venice for the present. It saves journeys and leaves me in easy reach of Cortina, where I like to go in summer.

As to your quarrel with Scribner, I am very sorry. Your initial complaint about the reproduction of pieces that had appeared in Obiter Scripta may be legal, but seems to me far-fetched. All those things had appeared before, and I don't know exactly what you mean by their being reprinted "as edited by you". Were there some omissions or a note or two copied from your text? It seems no great invasion of originality. On the other hand, what you add about Scribner having retained the royalties on that book, offered to me, but transferred to you at my request, the thing seems to me inexplicable, and I am puzzled to think what view they can take of the matter. Since you are in litigation with them, this seems to me your best claim to make on them, and you may count on my continued desire that you should receive whatever royalties were offered to me by Scribner on

Obiter Scripta, which you prepared entirely on your own initiative, and with great judgment and care.

A new edition of Egotism in German Philosophy is in the press in London. I have written a short new preface for it and a long Postscript, on Egotism and Political Ethics. Scribner expects to issue it in New York. That Postscript may give you a taste of my so darkly suspected political views; but I have purposely avoided all discussion of recent events and kept to pure theory. Dominations and Powers will not be ready for years. This new war, and other causes, will lead me to keep the thing back until a calm retrospective view is made possible. But I am finishing the last chapter of The Realm of Spirit, which I hope to send off before the end of the year. It may clear the air a little in regard to my new feelings concerning the life of reason.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

15 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 15, 1939

Dear Strong

You say we are very close together in our views, which is evident if you compare us with idealists or theologians; but those large views are not the subjects which nowadays you like to discuss. Now, for technical discussion, we are not close together at all, because we use different categories and a different language, and also have a different spirit. You are intent on establishing scientific truths that all competent persons ought to accept as you state them, whereas I am only reflecting at large and dropping this or that aperçu, without any desire to coerce anyone to agree with me. Of course, I like agreement, it warms the heart, but I don't expect it; and I like disagreement too, when it is intelligent and carries a thought further, rather than contradicts it a priori, from a different point of departure. These different points of departure make discussion futile and unpleasant. In our case, they make it extremely hard for me to follow your arguments. The terms you use—such as sentience, projection, sense-datum, points at

instants, etc.,—don't represent distinct realities that I can take for granted either in fact or in logic; and your presuppositions—such as what can and what cannot excite consciousness—are not such as I feel any need of making. It is therefore wiser not to traverse these arguments, by others, that would not really be apposite or enlightening. There is one point, however, which I felt that perhaps we might use as a sort of switch to pass from your line of thought to mine, or vice versa. You say essences are data of thought. Yes, that is what they are, data for attention, themes, clarified, recognizable terms. A sense-datum is a datum of awareness, isn't it, and what is awareness but thought, pensée, intuition? The particular event involved is not the datum but this intuition, which has its roots in the psyche, and the animal organism in general. Whether a datum of thought is a datum of sense or of fancy is perfectly accidental to the spiritual reality; it might be either and be internally exactly the same datum.

But you say you reserve this subject for fuller treatment at another time, and perhaps then I shall find other points of contact.

I am going to send to Rome for my winter clothes and a valise where I have my unfinished (or finished but unpublished MS) and shall have enough to occupy me while I stay here. But I have no books. If you or Cory have any that you don't want, or are willing to lend, and that might interest me, I should be grateful for them.

Yours ever GSantayana

To George Sturgis

15 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Sept. 15, 1939

Dear George

It is sometime since I got your last letter, and I am not sure that I have replied to a question you asked in a previous one about money-matters. You are right in thinking that I don't like to have my personal fund too much reduced—say, below \$20,000. If it has fallen below that amount, I should like something to be added to it, if I have more than \$5,000 at the end of the year as a surplus in the Trust account. In that case you might add one half of the sum exceeding \$5,000, in that surplus, to my personal

account and the other half, with the \$5,000, to go to the Trust capital account.

My memory is so short now, for recent things (I remember, or think I remember, old things very clearly: perhaps it is half imagination) that I am not sure whether I told you that the Hotel Bristol in Rome is closed, and the proprietor, Pinchetti, wants to pull it down and rebuild it: but that may not be practicable now, with the uncertain state of politics. In any case, I am adrift, and as old and otherwise useless people are officially advised to avoid large cities, especially on the western side of Italy, I think of remaining here on the eastern side. They assure me there will be no difficulty in getting money, and I[^] drew enough before leaving Cortina, to last for a month more. If you should hear that my letter, which though in dollars is issued by B. S. & C^o in London, might not be accepted (say, if Italy should join the war) you might send me a wholly American letter, or drafts, as you think best. No need of telegraphing the money, as they know me well at this hotel.

I was wrong in my confidence that there would be no war this year. I felt that this government, [^]the Italian,[^] was bent on peace, and didn't imagine that the Germans would go ahead alone. It seems madness, or have they something more up their sleeves? I see the British government is making a crusade of the matter. They feel as they did 100 years ago, or more, about Napoleon, and earlier about Spain and No Popery. But the world is in a different phase, and it is England now that is fighting for tradition. Perhaps, if they win, they may find that tradition undermined at home by the very effort to defend it, and impossible to restore abroad. However, we shall see, or you will; because if they are to fight to a finish, I may not be there to celebrate. However, I am well and cheerful. I even have thought of perhaps going to Athens and seeing Bob there. But has he carried out his plan? Or has he returned home? Yours aff^{ly} G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Sept. 22, 1939

Dear Cory

I was about to send you a cheque for October when I see that your September one has apparently been lost, and I enclose a duplicate, as you suggest. I am not expert in these matters, and perhaps have unnecessarily added the number of the old cheque, with a few [^]words_s of explanation; but I trust this will do no harm. It is too bad that you (and Strong too) should be left so long without funds; the moment of mobilization in France no doubt confused all ordinary communications. I have received, in three weeks, four or five letters from or through England, but many others must have been lost, and the proofs of Egotism went astray, and Dent is going ahead with the printing without my final corrections, and I fear, [^]with_s some erratic punctuation. But he received my final letter, and also the one you sent, for which many thanks.

Brown Shipley & C^o has kept sending my letters (these few received) to Cortina. I wrote yesterday again, giving again my address here. Evidently my last directions never reached him.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

P.S: I will send your next cheque in a day or two.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

25 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Duke)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Sept. 25, 1939

Dear Clemens

Here is the Spanish newspaper cutting that you wished to have returned. I hope it may not be lost in the now very insecure mails.

It is almost certain that I shall not venture to cross the Atlantic again. Only starvation, if no money could come from America, might compel me to do so; and then I might go to the Argentine for a change. But don't repeat this, or you will soon be hearing a report that I am actually there, and I should have to contradict it.

The Hotel Bristol in Rome is closed: to be rebuilt, if a license can be procured. Meantime I am homeless, and may stay here all winter, or go to Riva on the Lago di Garda, which they say is a sheltered climatic station, fit for aged and useless people not now wanted in the large towns. Physically and morally I am not seriously affected by the war, especially so long as Italy & Spain are out of it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 26, 1939

Dear Cory

Here is your cheque for October. If there continues to be any stoppage or great delay in cashing my cheques you know that B. S. & C^o have an order to pay you your monthly allowance in the event of communications with Italy being interrupted. I could ask them to send you the money to Switzerland, if that would work better: yet the difficulty seems to lie in getting from London to Vevey rather than from Venice, so that perhaps this expedient would be useless. I expect that it was a momentary confusion that caused the trouble, and that now things will become relatively normal

Yours aff^y
G. S.

P.S. I sent you the book about the Arabian philosopher El Arabi, not that I thought you would care for it particularly, but that I wanted to get rid of it and didn't like to throw it away. Towards the end I marked a passage, A Daniel, not meaning you: but it expresses my complete ethics, & you might show it to Strong, [*across*] i.e. if you ever got the book.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice.

Sept. 28, 1939

Dear Cory

Hans Reichhardt has given me the belated news that my friend Westenholz killed himself on August 5th; also that Hans' mother died a week after he and his brother had been called away (for military service, I suppose) from home. We live in old-fashioned tragic times. Westenholz was an extraordinarily well-educated and intelligent person, omnivorous and tireless in following every intellectual interest, but hopelessly, neuresthenic and psychopathic all his life, which had become of late a protracted nightmare. At my age the death of friends makes little impression; we are socially all dead long since, for every important purpose; but closing a life is (as Heidegger teaches) rounding it out, given its wholeness, and in one sense brings the entire figure of a friend more squarely before one than his life ever did when it was still subject to variations.

My last letter in part anticipated yours of today. Arrange with B. S. & C^o about your allowance, and I will write to them confirming any arrangement that you and they think convenient. Meantime I enclose the duplicate for my last cheque, in case that is to be used.

My winter clothes and all my unpublished MS have arrived and this morning I had the first injection against bronchitis. No plans. Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

[*across*]

Thank you for George Sturgis's letter. They seem to be in a dreadful state of excitement and mental confusion. He says they have four radios going at once in their house, don't understand what is happening anywhere, and have no news of their son, aged 17, who is lost in "Europe". How quiet and simple life is in Italy—though now without coffee!

To George Sturgis

28 September 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Sept. 28, 1939

Dear George

You and I were once in Venice at the same time without being aware of each other's presence. I hope this hasn't happened again, or is not happening, in the case of Bob and me. If I see any likely youth accompanied by a person that might be Mr. Mansur, I will politely address them; but I am afraid they may have left by this time. Nothing prevents going on from here to Athens; the Orient Express is running from the French frontier to Athens and to S^αtambul. As I have written to you before, I am tempted, being adrift this winter, to go to Athens again myself: but the Spring is the conventional time for going to Greece. There is a strange instinct to adopt the view of everybody when everybody (probably without knowing anything about it) says that such a time is right or is impossible at such or such a place. But just now I am tempted to defy hearsay and see what Venice is like in winter. The natives say it is quite pleasant, barring an occasional storm. The last days have been unseasonably cold, but bracing, and like being at sea, with a stone deck a mile long to walk on. I am enjoying it, and have already had the hotel doctor give me a precautionary injection against bronchial catarrh.

Italy is perfectly peaceful and cheerful; it is only mails coming through France and England that have been interrupted or delayed, as was natural at the outbreak of war. I daresay things^α have become more normal, and that you have now heard from Bob; but B. S. & C^α don't seem to be very good at forwarding their letters. However, yours of Sept. 5th reached me on the 25th

I have ideas about what is going to happen anent the war, but I won't communicate them, partly because you wouldn't think them reasonable, and partly because I might prove a false prophet. But this is not a gay confident war, as that of 1914 was at the beginning. It is something people have been too stupid and stubborn to avoid, although they hated and feared it so much as to be entirely upset at the thought of it's actually overtaking them. It is a result of bad government by good men more than of

good government by bad men: although there is something of this too. And now Russia!

Yours affly G.S.

[*across*]

P.S. I will see if Dr. Morejón writes to me again, and may send him another cheque if there seems some possibility of his really being out of pocket on account of Manuela. His letter to you doesn't suggest that she had property in your charge.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Oct. 9, 1939

Dear Cory

Today I receive a letter of Oct. 2^a from Brown Shipley & C^o, who have finally begun to address my letters here, in which they say:

“In reference to your standing instructions” ... “we applied to the British Treasury for a permit. ... but regret that this has been withheld”. [*illegible*]“We have written advising Mr. Cory of this and asking him to nominate a bank in this country to which the payment can be made, otherwise we shall be unable to affect the payment for the time being.”

You probably understand what this suggests better than I do. If I asked them to transfer a larger sum, say £500 to your name, say at Barclay's Bank, would you be able to get your own cheques paid when you remained in Switzerland or when perhaps you returned to Italy? And is there not the same objection on the Treasury's part to pay you, in Switzerland, cheques drawn by me on B. S. & C^o?

Let me know how you view the matter. My only desire is to let you have your allowance, without having to ask George Sturgis to intervene: in other words, out of my London bank account and not out of my American funds.

Yours affly

G. S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

10 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Oct. 10, 1939

Dear Mrs. Toy

You probably had not received my letter from Cortina, addressed to Garden Street, Cambridge, when you last wrote, with the tragic feelings of a person condemned to exile. It is impossible for me to be sympathetic on that subject, since I am hardened to exile, and like it. If I had not always been an exile, I could never have had a good time. Now, in one sense, I am freshly an exile—from Rome, and I have never felt freer and more comfortable. I have a top corner room in the new part of this hotel, with a magnificent view of the long curved sea-front, the Basin of St. Mark, the Lagoons and the Lido; at one end are four grey destroyers drawn up in a row; at the other, the two training ships, three-masted and full-rigged, the Cristoforo Colombo and the Amerigo Vespucci—to remind me of America at its birth and christening, when it promised to be quite Latin. Yet if it had remained quite Latin, there would probably never have been this hotel for me to come to, and certainly I shouldn't have had the money to come to it, and to have my meals in the sunny corner of the great Venetian hall with its Gothic windows and marble columns, such as any millionaire in Chicago might have in his house. My friends (who are not very sympathetic), tell me Venice is impossible in winter, and tell me I shall soon be exiled again. Very likely: but the natives say it is quite habitable at all seasons, with dampness in the narrow canals and lanes, but splendid sunshine, most of the time, on this open sea-front. I am ready to go if necessary, and have picked my place of refuge, Riva at the head of the lake of Garda, where I could stay until it was time to return to Cortina; but I mean to remain here, and avoid all changes and journeys, if it can be managed. My doctor gives me injections against catarrh, and approves of my idea.

These are trivial matters, occupying the first place in one's animal mind, while the spirit ought to be exercised by great public and moral questions. But the questions of the day are of the same kind, on a public scale, as the question of my exiles and my lodgings. There is no greatness about them, only habits, and whims, and petulance, and Egotism. I take refuge in my philosophy, and work away at my last chapter which seems to be recalci-

trant, and refuses to be completed and dismissed. But everything comes to an end somehow, and when this chapter is done, and the whole book revised, I shall be free to amuse myself with politics and reminiscences. Unfortunately, I have no books to read, and Venice is not a learned place. However I have picked up, in the shop windows, a volume of Jacques Bainville, Histoire de Deux Peuples, and a French translation of Nietzsche's Gaia Scienza, both admirable; and no doubt I shall find other things at a pinch. I also have all my unpublished manuscripts (sent from Rome with my winter clothes) to revise and correct—or burn—in view of not leaving too much to the decision of my literary executor.

The other day, awaking from absorption in the newspaper, whom should I see before me but Berenson! We had one good talk; but the second (and last) already flagged and made me feel how little sympathy there is at bottom between people who don't like each other but like the same "subjects" or have similar professions. These "subjects" become different objects to two minds that have grown old and have grown apart in considering them. Berenson surprised me by talking with juvenile enthusiasm about "art" (as if we were still in the 1890's). There is an exhibition of Paolo Veronese here, where he said he was spending day after day rapt in wonder, and always finding fresh beauties in the pictures. I haven't yet been to the exhibition (I mean to go tomorrow: I am not deliberately wicked) but it is impossible for me now to regard "art," any more than traditional religion, as a supreme interest in itself. It is an illustration to history, and a positive joy when it really reveals something beautiful in the material or in the spiritual world. But the social world, the world of convention, to which the criticism of art belongs, has come to seem to me rather a screen that keeps the material and the spiritual worlds out of sight. This is because my philosophy is not humanistic or psychological, like that of most people nowadays, but combines old materialism with old Platonism: babylonisch über Einander getürmt systems, as Goethe said of the churches at Assisi. But this comes of trying to penetrate and not merely to "experience" this world, and to penetrate it in every possible direction. I may be wrong, but I find great comfort in Nietzsche. He is not explicit, he is romantic, but he implies my world of two or more storeys, if he does not draw its plan and elevation, as my architectural propensities lead me to do—without, I admit, any technical accuracy; because I am really a self-indulgent impressionist, like Nietzsche himself, and wish to sketch my buildings in perspective.

In order to keep up the game with B. B., however, I mentioned the constant pleasure I find in the light in Venice and in the aspects of the sky. “Yes,” said he, “they were wonderful at catching those effects, due to the reflected light of the lagoon in the [*illegible*]atmosphere. Paolo Veronese was supreme in rendering them.” I thought of Titian and Tiepolo, but said nothing, because I don’t really know or care who painted or who saw those harmonies most perfectly. Each probably saw a different effect, and painted it according to his own convention. What I care about is the harmonies themselves, which can’t be had at second hand; they are strictly momentary and incommunicable; if you can get them out of a book or a picture, very well: but it would be an illusion to suppose that the same harmony had been felt by the poet or the painter. He had merely worked in a material that could offer such harmonies eventually to the properly prepared mind; and his own interests—think of Shakespeare!—were probably much more mixed and hurried than those of a devout modern reader or connoisseur. It is lucky for B. B., in one sense, that he keeps the old flame alive; but I can’t help feeling that it was lighted and is kept going by forced draft, by social and intellectual ambition, and by professional pedantry. If he were a real poet, would he turn away from the evening sky to see, by electric light, how Veronese painted it?

My last letter was sent soon before the outbreak of this Second German war, expected to settle again what was supposed to be settled for ever by the first, and to settle it in exactly the same way. The mails, at first, were naturally at sixes and sevens and you may never have received that letter. But things are going more regularly now and I trust this will reach you and find you as content in your exile as I am in mine.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Arthur Davison Ficke

14 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Oct. 14, 1939

Dear Ficke

I have not written to you all this time because I was expecting to receive your book; and now, on re-reading your letter, I see that you asked me to send you my address first. Such is the muddleheadedness of old age, and of the age in general: because the muddleheadedness of the politicians no doubt contributed to the outbreak of war, and the outbreak of war increased muddleheadedness in me. However, nothing need be lost in the end. I am more than usually homeless this year, because the Hotel Bristol in Rome is closed, and will be rebuilt if political conditions allow; and as there has been so much talk of bombs, and we have been publicly advised, if old and useless, not to remain in the large cities in the west and south of Italy, I am trying Venice for a residence, and so far find it excellent; but I may be driven away by the winter. Where I am, at the sea-front, it is much like being at sea, and pacing a stone deck a mile long—the quay is now continuous all the way to the public gardens, and makes a splendid promenade. If I go, they will forward my mail, so that if you wish to favour me with your novel, I shall be much obliged if you will send it directly to Venice, avoiding the British censor, now active and suspicious.

I remember our meeting in Athens, and Joe Stickney, whom we talked about. It is possible that I may go to Athens again this winter. I haven't been there since that remote date, 1906.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Oct. 15. 1939

(Feast of St. Theresa, with
a great procession in Avila.)

Dear Cory

I am writing today to B. S. & C^o asking them whether it would be possible for them to transfer a sum (I don't specify how much) to your name, and open an account with you directly, and whether you would then be able to cash your own cheques in Switzerland or Italy.

Alternately, I ask them whether it would be possible for me, without leaving Italy, to transfer a part of my deposit with them to Brown Brothers, Harriman & C^o in New York, or to any other American bank. If so, I could send you cheques on New York (allowing time) wherever you might decide to go.

I am rather depressed at the fact that Strong has had to go to Valmont. He must be discouraged and unhappy. What a blessing that he should be able to comfort himself with those illusions (perhaps not really trusted by him) about the "unique sentiments" borrowed by Chamberlain from A Creed for Sceptics! It is like the return of faith on [*illegible*]one's death-bed.

I have had good news from Dent. My last proofs finally reached them, and the book is to be published in London tomorrow. I have ordered a copy sent to you, and another to Strong, but when, if ever, will they reach you?

I have also had a letter from Wheelock, received just a month after posting in New York, and sent correctly to Venice by B. S. & C^o, without having been opened by the censor or even post-marked in England. He sends me my account of royalties up to August 1st (not to be payed until December). They amount to about \$1,600⁰⁰; and it has occurred to me that, if uncertainty continues about your allowance, I might endorse that cheque to you (in December?) and you might open an account with it wherever you expected to remain. It would cover your allowance for 8 months at \$200 (not £40) and allow you a breathing spell. Many different things might happen in the interval.

Have you heard anything more about Russell's health? And is the Philosophical Fellowship Fund actually established?

Since I came to Venice, especially since I moved to my new quarters where I have a sitting-room and a magnificent view, my work has gone better, and I think it is better in quality as well as in quantity. The summer, with the war, was distracting. Now, with peace in Italy, I am curiously calm and abstracted. And is not everybody a little dazed? Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

15 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice.

October 15, 1939

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Weeks have passed since I received your letter asking for a new photograph; but that request, combined with the unsettled state of politics, peace, and war, led me to put off replying. I was at Cortina, where there are many photographs, but as far as I know no professional photographers, and Venice on a grander scale is in much the same case. I think you will have done well in using (if you must have one) an old portrait. I am not now more beautiful than I was, and sub specie aeternitatis one photo is as much like me as another. The one I ~~like~~ prefer is not a photo originally, but the charcoal drawing by Andreas Anderson which you used for the first volume of the Triton Edition. Of course, I know the public expects the latest aspect of the decrepit to be recorded: better be nearly dead in the present than thoroughly alive in the past. That is not my feeling, and I should wish to ~~stop~~ arrest my public appearance at 32 as ladies do at 28. My unknown but distinguished friend Marichalar (I say unknown, because I have never seen him) says that that drawing is “still PreRaphaelite”, and seems to be dissatisfied with the Triton Edition for being too magnificent (he got it for nothing) and not complete. But Andreas Anderson had studied in Paris and was perfectly French in his affiliations as a painter: Degas, Renoir, etc. Is there anything PreRaphaelite about that? Perhaps there is, in the sense of not being indiscriminately realistic, but choosing the side of

truth to be depicted. That is what I like in his drawing of me. The sides of truth chosen. If, by the way, you had, or could have struck, a few copies of that front-piece, where the drawing is smaller than in the original, I should be glad to have them. Two or three persons have expressly asked for it, and I should like one to go to the National Library (or is it the Congressional library?) at Washington, where, on request, I sent last year an unpublished sonnet of 1895, very decadent, which was gratefully accepted for their Poets' Corner, or permanent exhibition of relics; and as often happens when you give anything, thanks came with a request for more, in this case, a choice photograph, to be exposed to public view together with the 1895 Sonnet. Now Anderson's drawing *is* of 1896: nothing then (especially if it be really PreRaphaelite) could match the sonnet better, and exhibit the choice poet both in body and soul.

This last summer has not been fruitful for my work, and the last chapter of The Realm of Spirit is still unfinished, though more than 50 pages are in printable shape. Egotism was one interruption, complete for a month or two, and more or less intermittent since: I understand the London edition is to appear the day after tomorrow. The delays in the post were annoying, also the printers' demands for index, headlines, etc. However, that is done, and since I came to Venice I have been doing better. I mean to stay here until the weather drives me away (if it does) as I have no particular object in returning to Rome this year. Here I have an apartment with a magnificent view of the sea-front, San Giorgio, and even the Lido, and am otherwise comfortable.—I enclose a short list of persons to [*illegible*]whom I wish you would send copies of Egotism when your edition appears. None for me, as I have no room for books here.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

Please send a copy of Egotism in German Philosophy, with the Author's compliments, to the addresses below, and charge them to my account. The copies assigned to me may be used for this purpose, and none need be sent to me direct.

G. S.

The Robbins Library, Emerson Hall, } Cambridge, Mass.

The Harvard Union } " "

The Delphic Club, 9 Linden St. } " "

Prof. Herbert W. Schneider, 20 Claremount Ave, New York City.

Mr. George Sturgis, Auburndale P.O. Mass.

Mrs. C. H. Toy, ^{c/o} G. R. Parrish, Esq., 52 Court St. Portsmouth, Virginia.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli Venice

Oct. 26, 1939

Dear Cory

This is very serious about Strong. You will have to bear the brunt of the worry and responsibility of helping him and trying to make suitable arrangements in every way. The war and these difficulties in getting money complicate the matter. See if Strong won't accept the cheque I enclose and give you Swiss money for it at once. That would relieve you, personally, for the moment, if your October cheque is still unpaid. I have received no answer from B. S. & C^o about my various questions and proposals: there seems to be still great confusion and delay about these matters in England. If you are in a tight place for any reason, and my London cheques not accepted, I could always telegraph to George Sturgis to send you (or Strong) whatever you needed from America. A single payment in an emergency wouldn't raise the same objections in his mind as a regular allowance to be paid to you, for which it would be hard to give clear reasons; and, besides, this sum sent because of Strong's illness or incapacity would be refunded—eventually. I believe Margaret and George is are in America, but I am not sure, and in any case haven't got their address. Pincent is in England, isn't he, and somewhat out of the picture now, like myself. I am very sorry that neither from England nor from Italy it should

be possible to send money to Switzerland in the normal way. But perhaps Cook here could give me a cheque of theirs, payable at Montreux, and paid for by me in dollars out of my letter of credit; and that would be paid to you in Swiss money without difficulty. This method had not occurred to me before because I don't like to supply you out of my letter of credit meant for my regular expenses, instead of out of my London account, which is my private fund, representing my earnings. But in case of need, for once, it would be all right.

I have now "finished" the chapter on "Union" in the sense that I have copied and put into it all the stuff that I had selected as worthy of that honour: but the arrangement, omissions, and necessary links or complements still have to be looked to. However, this is a step towards the real end; and then I will begin the general revision of "Spirit", consulting your notes. The last chapter, or "General Review of Realms of Being" also lacks marginal headings. However, I am now confident of having everything done by the end of the year.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Carl Sadakichi Hartmann

30 October 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Riverside)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Oct. 30, 1939

Dear Mr. Hartmann

I see you are a year younger than I and very much less fat, and I hope you may have many happy returns of the day.

"Alain", if you know who he is, among his many interesting "propos" says that at whatever age we may find ourselves we should look forward to living for ten years, but not more. That is a healthy outlook, without being too presumptuous. But "Alain" (who is a professor of philosophy at some Liséé) is now under a cloud for being an advocate of peace, and I gather that the police are after him, if he isn't in prison already. Ten more

years of life in jail would be doubtless produce ten more volumes of "Propos" about the evils of government.

I am pleasantly and literally stranded here, being on the sea-front with all the liveliness of the port of Venice under my windows. My old hotel in Rome is closed; old and useless people were officially invited to avoid large cities in the west and South of Italy, and therefore from the Dolomites I stopped in Venice, which has always been a favourite place with me but it may be trying in winter. If so, I can quit: especially as it now looks as if Italy were decidedly out of the war.

I will ask Scribner to send you a reprint of my "Egotism in German Philosophy" which is to appear presently. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 2, 1939

Dear Cory—

I didn't send you a duplicate of your last cheque because there had been a suggestion that you would get cash for it from Strong when a duplicate would not have been necessary. I am also aware that these amounts since the war began, are not what they were before in Swiss money: but I had a feeling that, since I had given B. S. & C^o a conditional order for £40 a month, it would be better that the cheques coming in to them should be for that sum. If you are hard up, say so, and I will send you an extra remittance, and in December, I hope, Scribner's cheque as promised. But I can't tell when that will arrive.

A letter from George Sturgis, of September 25th reached me today, November 2nd. It had been opened by the British censor and two lines cut out from the text, very neatly.

There is not much to hope for for poor Strong. If he should recover enough to travel that, or the mere anxiety of doing that, might only intensify his distress. ValMont is a place he used to have recourse to with confidence. Confidence is a great anaesthetic in moments of danger. I am glad

he is there and that you are with him. I regard you as partly a representative of me, and much more useful and agreeable to Strong than I should be at the present time.

Yours aff^{ly}
G.S.

To George Sturgis

2 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 2, 1939

Dear George

Your letter of Sept. 25 reached me today It was marked “opened by Censor 1141” and a part was neatly cut out, as you may see by the enclosed. A Spanish proverb assures us that a fool knows more at home than a wise man at his neighbour’s; and I don’t want to blame anybody. Blame is not a philosophical category. Yet I can’t help wondering at the hysteria that possesses England, and even the U.S. in some measure. It is like No Popery in other times. Here everything is brisk and cheerful, except that there is a sort of crushed bean instead of coffee; and we have two fish days a week, and only fish or meat at any one meal. The Italian papers (and I also) are beginning to tire of the war-news and talk more of Italian undertakings, and the football matches. Yet things are moving and the balance of forces establishing itself behind the war. I don’t know whether it is instinct or knowledge in well-informed circles (I don’t mean in The Times or Le Temps which are mere window-dressing) but I have a feeling that no very terrible or long war is probable, but one of these days there may be a recognition that the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations were a mistake, and that a business-like peace, on the basis of positive general interests might be concluded. I may be wrong, and a League of Nations with America in it may be set up again, with an allied army to back it, and an allied committee to govern the world: and I am afraid blood would have to flow, before or after, in torrents, if such a thing were attempted.

It is too bad that Bob couldn’t stay in Athens or in Lausanne. I doubt that the Greek government wished him to leave, and certainly the Swiss government would be only too happy: but there is hysteria in the Anglo-

American air, and probably they were deafened by rumours and propaganda.

My old friend Strong, catching the hysteria in question, left his comfortable villa at Fiesole near Florence, when war began, and went to Switzerland, first to a hotel, and then to a clinic at ValMont where he had often been in former years. He is now there, very ill, and no one with him but Cory, his daughter and grandchildren being in New York.

So far, I am quite happy here, in comfortable rooms with a great prospect, and I hope soon to have finished "Spirit." Very likely I shall turn to what you call my autobiography next, but it won't be published soon, so don't nurse any false gilded hopes.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

14 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 14, 1939

Dear Clemens

Your letter contains a little revelation that interests me. Some years ago Lady Ottoline Morrell wrote me a nice letter, out of a clear sky, about the part on Dante in my Three Philosophical Poets, and I was puzzled to understand how she had come upon that book. Bertrand Russell who had first taken me to lunch at her house in Garsington, near Oxford, would not have recommended that book to her; and he, as I supposed, was her chief spiritual director. But now I remember that on another occasion I found Lytton Strachey at Garsington, apparently very much at home; and if he liked the Three Poets, the source of Lady Ottoline's appreciation was probably there.

I never saw Strachey at any other time.

As to Florence and Papini, they are not in my line. You don't know very much about me*. I avoid literary people and Anglo-American centres, like Florence; and I am not "America's" this or that. I have never been an American citizen, but still travel with a Spanish passport, though I seldom go to Spain, my relations there being all dead as are my best friends in England. Yet I still love them all; and now that my Realms of Being are finished at last, I am turning to writing recollections about them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*]

* But you are right in feeling that I sympathize with Peacock's point of view. ~~¶~~Yet I didn't like the one book of his that I have read, except the Latin in it. Witty at times, but fault-finding & inconclusive.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 16, 1939

Dear Cory

I am very sorry for you in all these trials.

I had meant to send you your December cheque (with duplicate) and will do so as soon as I hear that you are actually back in Vevey, or stranded in Florence.

Telegraph if you need Italian money now naming the amount. I would send something, but am in doubt whether you want it, or how much, if you are really returning to Switzerland at once.

G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 17. 1939

Dear Cory

I am glad to hear that Strong stood the journey so well, and is appreciative and generous. It will be a greater relief to you to feel that you leave him at home and in a tolerable state of mind.

The Dewey volume of Schilpp's series has reached me. It is ponderous, but seems very good. The quality of American writing and criticism has

improved vastly since my time. There is an admirable sympathetic paper by W^m Savery, which caught my eye at once, although it is the last of the set and rather long. I have also read Russell's: very entertaining and sparkling, but hardly worthy of the author or the subject. I have also read Dewey's retort to me and to Russell. He is irritated with both of us and rather irrelevant, repeating old tags of his, without any incisive thinking. I am a little ashamed of having allowed my paper to be reprinted, not because I don't think it good enough in itself, but because it is explicitly a translation of Dewey into my own categories, which naturally don't fit, whereas this book ought to contain only criticism of his views in their own setting and purpose.

If Schilpp doesn't send you a copy, I will gladly send you mine.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 20, 1939

Dear Cory

Since it takes so long to collect cheques I send you yours for December, with duplicate and what you may call either "reparations" or a Christmas present. I will send you the like for New Year's, because even if Scribner's cheque arrives soon, it will have to go the America and it, or notice of it, to return before your bank account is opened. Perhaps after that we may give B. S. & C^o a respite for some months. Indeed, I may receive other American cheques which I can turn over to you in lieu of drafts on London.

Schilpp's book is not uniformly good. There is an insufferable German and a dainty Frenchman, and several prosy Americans; and I haven't read Dewey's disciples, which are doubtless the worst of all. But in Dewey's replies I have found some light. I begin to see how he conceives the con-

tinuum of physical and mental qualities all in one flux. It is not far from my own view, if you add the transcendental spirit looking on and the matter distributing and connecting the qualities. I will send you the book in a few days. Also (if you haven't seen it) The Times Supplement with two notices of Egotism, very friendly, and prudent. These reviews are really publisher's advertisement. The book itself hasn't yet reached me. Yours aff^y

G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

25 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Albergo Danieli, Venezia

Nov. 25, 1939

Dear Miss Tindall

At last the last two chapters of The Realm of Spirit are finished, and I should like you to copy them in the usual way. But before sending you the MS I wish to make sure that you are able and willing to do the work. You might have left Rome, like me, and it would be dreadful to have the MS go astray, as I have no other copy.

For the same reason I should be much obliged if you would acknowledge the receipt of the MS, when you receive it, as although my "spirit" is not alarmed, my "psyche" is always a bit nervous when an unreplaceable MS is in the post. Also, for the same reason, please send me back only your two copies and keep the MS at least for a few days, so that in case of accident it could be copied again. There is no hurry whatever about doing the work, as I shall be employed for some time revising the other parts of the book before sending it to the publishers.

I am taking a year off, but mean to return to Rome next year, and settle down somewhere comfortably for good

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

26 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

This address is better than B.S. & C^o for the present, as letter can come without crossing the war area or being retained by the censor

Hotel Danieli, Venice, Italy.

Nov. 26. 1939

Dear Professor Schilpp,

Two copies of The Philosophy of John Dewey have reached me, and a hint of two others not delivered. The two are more than sufficient for me at this moment, when my hotel in Rome being closed and my books stored, I am taking a year off, and living from hand to mouth. Still, I am able to work quietly, and at last have finished The Realm of Spirit, so that when the criticisms of me begin to arrive I shall be able to give them undivided attention. In fact, I have already begun my reply; for Munitz' excellent book and many other scraps of comment that I hear have given me a good idea of what most of them will turn on. Would Apologia Pro Mente Sua be too affected a title for my rejoinder? I don't want to be controversial; I ask nobody to think after my fashion; I only wish to be as intelligible and reasonable as possible, and to say nothing offensive to other minds, especially not about themselves. If they hate me for being as I am, that is their affair, and perhaps a loss to them rather than an injury to me; but if they have reasons for saying that I misrepresent them, the balance turns to my disadvantage.

On this account I am almost sorry that I allowed you to print that old review of mine about Dewey. I say in it that it is a transference of his problem into my own terms and categories, and I am not ashamed of it in that capacity; but that was not the sort of thing proper for this book. His irritation at me and at Russell is legitimate: but we are too old and too busy to become apprentices at another man's school, or perhaps even to think in another man's idiom. However, this book has been very useful to me: if I could have read it before contributing to it, and had had time and energy then to write about Dewey again, I should have been more sympathetic. I agree with him in his own field: the difficulty is that I find that field framed in, in my own mind, with much nearer and much wider realities—the spirit, the truth, and the universe. Allport's and Savery's papers helped me very

much; also some of Dewey's rejoinders, not to Russell or to me, (for there he falls into precisely the bad habit that he condemns in us, of telling others how they should have said what they didn't mean) but in his straightening out of his own friend's difficulties, e.g. in the case of Geiger.

It is too bad that those who are writing about me have not seen The Realm of Spirit and that my Preface to vol. VII of the Triton Edition of my Works is not more easily obtainable. Munitz had evidently not read it when he wrote his book: perhaps it was not yet published. But it answers beforehand many of the points these critics are inclined to raise, and so, I think, does The Realm of Spirit. But I suppose your plans forbid you to wait for another year.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

26 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Nov. 26, 1939

Dear Strong

Cory kept me informed of your illness and of your safe return to Fiesole, but I am glad to have this direct evidence that you are so well and happy. You now have your own house to range over, your own excellent servants, and probably a doctor more accommodating than the specialists at Val Mont. This war too is comparatively less devastating than the last one, at least so far; or is it that I am less concerned at the turns it takes? In England in 1914–18 I was terribly preoccupied with the news and casualty-lists every morning and evening: now, I seldom read the details, and feel as if it were rather one of those normal old-fashioned wars that could go on for ever in the distance, and one never expected that the temple of good old Janus should be closed.

My Realm of Spirit is finished; but the last two chapters have to be type-written and the whole revised before I send off a copy to the publishers. I

mean to send one first directly to Scribner in New York, as they are in a hurry to get out vol. XV. of the Triton Edition; and I will write to Constable asking whether they want another copy (I could send them the carbon one) or will wait for Scribner to send them theirs or their proof-sheets. But there is the trick they have played with the marginal headings, printing them in capitals as titles to the paragraphs; and that certainly must not be done in the regular edition of this last volume.

You may imagine what a relief it is to have this terrible undertaking complete. It isn't satisfactory in quality, but at least materially it has been carried out—in sixteen years! I might even feel a little désœuvré; but I have plenty of other work to attend to. Has Cory told you about Schilpp and his "Library of Living Philosophers"? I don't know much about it, but suspect that some rich old lady is backing the enterprise, for at the Northwestern University, where Schilpp is, they can hardly have funds for such a publication. There is to be a life or exposé of doctrine by the Philosopher; then a dozen criticisms by various hands; and finally a reply to them by the protagonist. When Schilpp asked me to contribute to the first volume, just out now, on Dewey, and to collaborate at another volume on myself, I replied that it wasn't possible unless he were willing to accept stuff already published in both cases, except, of course, for the rejoinder to criticisms which would have to be new. He agreed: and in the Dewey volume there is my old review of his Experience & Nature, and in my volume there is to be the Brief History of my Opinions and two prefaces from the Triton Edition. This engagement will give me plenty to do later on: now I am going to amuse myself with writing reminiscences [*across*] and bits of Dominations & Powers. I have all the MS. here, and should winter weather drive me away, I can easily take them with me, as they are not bulky. — I hope your convalescence and good poetic humour will continue. How is it about motoring? I hope they allow you some petrol, in view of your lameness.

Yours ever GS

To John Hall Wheelock

26 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Nov. 26, 1939

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of Nov. 6 reached me on the 21st, and I have waited a few days before thanking you for it (and for the copies of my old portrait which arrived with it) until I could say that The Realm of Spirit was actually finished. The last two chapters—150 MS pages—are now ready to be typed, and the whole volume will need to be revised for typographical errors and small amendments; but certainly before January 1st I shall be able to send you a complete type-written copy. There are two reasons, for letting you have this before, or independently of, Constable. You are in a hurry about issuing vol XV of the Triton Edition; and communications with the U.S. are better (when direct) than with England, where the Censor and the postal arrangements cause great delay, if not loss. There is one little difficulty in using your proofs as copy for Constable; that they must keep the marginal headings marginal in the regular edition of Spirit, to match the volumes on Essence Matter and Truth, while you, I suppose, will continue the variation made in the Triton Edition and print them as paragraph headings across the page. As I have written to you before, I don't dislike this change and see that it has some advantages, making the summary more conspicuous and the paragraphs more tempting to read as if they were little essays. In an édition de luxe those are good points. But in a students' standard edition the other arrangement is more serious and suitable. No doubt it would be easy for the proofs to be marked so that the British printers might understand where to put the little headings: or you could send Constable the type-written copy that I shall send you and which in any case I don't care to have returned to me with the proofs—for I suppose in this case you will send me proofs to revise, the book being a new one.

I see that The Times' Literary Supplement has two favourable notices of Egotism, avoiding all cavils. It is very amusing to see this change of tone in the critics since the other war: there is less solemnity in the British mind and more exasperation, because ideas have been challenged as well as interests, and it is so annoying and so unnecessary to have one's ideas challenged. But perhaps not all critics will be so accommodating. The Jews,

twenty-three years ago, were on the German side: now of course, they are anti-German. They will approve of my book—unless they understand it! I have tried, in the new part, to give them a hint that they are included in the indictment of egotism, at least historically. Will they take it?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Many thanks for the pictures.

To Ezra Loomis Pound

30 November 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Beinecke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice. 30–XI–'39

Having got here on leaving Cortina and not having any particular objective, I have stayed here, and very likely sha'n't move till I go to Cortina again. They say Venice is "impossible" in winter, but so far I have found it quite tolerable. It is like a sea voyage, and nothing would please me more than a long sea voyage, if I could be safe from sea-sickness and other passengers. Here I am safe, and the sea-mists and brisk air rather suit me. I have finished my opus maximum The Realm of Spirit and apart from proof-reading shall be free to amuse myself with other things.—I had thought possibly of going to Rapallo, with a prospect of seeing you and perhaps getting Cory to go there also. He is at Vevey, but Strong has returned to Fiesole, after a rather severe illness in Switzerland, and now he says he will never leave this country again, and that the ersatz -coffee is excellent! If the Hotel Bristol is rebuilt, and I am alive, I shall return there in '42: but I shall be glad to see you anywhere. G.S.

To Arthur Davison Ficke

2 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 2, 1939

Dear Ficke

“Mrs. Morton of Mexico” arrived some time since, and has been filling various pleasant intervals, so quiet at this season, between Sunset and dinner. You are a Capital story-teller; have you really never written fiction before? I am ashamed to say that, since your book on Japanese Prints, written (morally at least) in the last Century, I have seen nothing of yours, although I have heard of your activities, for instance in Llewellyn Powys’ little book about his life in America. I am not a great reader of novels, and feel rather cheated when they move or harrow me, that is, when they are good, I suppose, from the professional point of view. But I enjoy the observation in them; and your book has given me vivid glimpses of Spanish America, about which I know very little. My family was in other days a colonial family, but in the Philippine Islands, and so long ago that the unrest of the present age had not yet penetrated to those idyllic regions, and both my father and my mother spoke of Manila and of the East generally as of a more human and natural world than the one we live in now.

By the way, in the flattering mention you make of me in your book, there is a slight and very natural error, which in spite of its littleness, is strangely significant and shows how little the public really knows about its members. You speak of my half-Spanish blood. If you had said I was half-Spanish or half-American, it would have been true enough, because my dominant language and associations are American and I have lived little in Spain; but I am wholly Spanish in blood, and have always remained legally Spanish in nationality. My mother also lived little in Spain; but her blood was wholly Spanish, or more specifically Catalanian, her father being José Borrás of Reus and her mother Teresa Carbonell of Las Palmas. But she married, in Manila, at the age of 22, George Sturgis of Boston, and promised him to bring their children up in America, in case of his death. This occurred in 1857; and she then moved to Boston, where she stayed until 1861, when she went to Madrid, where she married my father. But later she returned to Boston; at first my father retained me in Spain, but in 1872 he decided to take me also to Boston and leave me with my mother and her Sturgis children. [*illegible*] Still, our family life in Boston

was wholly Spanish: I never spoke any other language [*illegible*] at home; and you can't imagine what a completely false picture comes to the mind if you suggest that my mother was an American. Then, too, she and my sisters would have been Protestants, and my whole imaginative and moral background would have been different.

Excuse these details; but I have just finished my last philosophical book, and feel free to be reminiscent. With many [*across*] thanks for your Mrs. Morton

Sincerely yours
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

2 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 2. 1939

Dear Miss Tindall

It is very kind of you to take so much interest in the safety of my MS. I don't seriously think there would be any danger, except possibly of delay, if they suspected that something sinister might be contained in the parcel, to be exported under diplomatic protection. From this point of view, I should have thought it more prudent to direct the MS to your lodgings, rather than to the Legation; but I will do as you suggest. The worst that can happen is that the parcel should be delayed for examination: but that would soon convince them that, at least politically, it is harmless.

I will have it sent off on Monday, and you ought to receive it on Tuesday or Wednesday; but I sha'n't be really troubled if it takes longer. I have never lost any registered or unregistered parcel or letter in the post, even when a cheque was included.

By the way, you had better include your account with the typed copy. If you preferred a cheque on London, it would be even easier for [*across*] me to send, as I haven't an Italian bank-account.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

3 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 3rd 1939

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

My "Realm of Spirit" is finished at last, completing the series of "Realms of Being". Naturally, I should be glad to have it published to match the other volumes, and I trust you will be willing and able to do so. Yet I hesitate to send you the MS directly, because my experience with Egotism in German Philosophy, which Dent has just brought out in a new edition, shows me that there are great difficulties and delays in transmitting MS and proofs at present from Italy to England, or vice versa. Besides, Scribner is in a hurry to get out vol. XV of their big edition of my works, which will contain the Realm of Truth and the Realm of Spirit. I am therefore thinking of sending them the latter at once, and leaving it for you to arrange with them to send you their proofs, or my type-written MS, as soon as they can conveniently do so. I expect that from the U.S. to England the post is reasonably safe and frequent.

If this suggestion is not satisfactory I could send you the second or carbon copy of the Realm of Spirit, after making in it the necessary corrections. But if you are in no particular haste (as I expect you are not) it would save me some labour if you could wait for the first copy to come from New York. It is on stiffer paper and more clearly typed, and I should think, unless they make it very dirty, would be more convenient.

There is one point to be noted, if Scribner should send you their printed proofs rather than my type-written MS. In their edition they have adopted the plan of turning my marginal summary into headings in capitals running across the page at the top of each paragraph. This has some advantages in a book that will be opened and skimmed, rather than read. But it won't do at all for a standard edition, like yours, that may be used by students. So that all such headings, if found running across the page, must be relegated to the margin, or to an indentation near the margin, as in the other volumes.

I am staying in Venice, perhaps all winter, as my old Hotel Bristol in Rome is closed, and to be rebuilt. So far, I find Venice comfortable even in winter, but if I leave, letters will be forwarded.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong

4 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Rockefeller)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 4, 1939

Dear Strong

Yes, I think your analysis of our two minds is accurate, and also your observation that when you “insisted” I was “bored”. But it is hardly true that I was bored “soon”. That came after daily hammering for weeks, on many successive years, without any widening of the view, always the same points, never any toleration for criticism of presuppositions, general principles, or alternative possibilities.

Had it not been for that, the difference in our minds and interests would have been rather an advantage, as making our ideas complementary, and mutually instructive. I think this really was the case often, especially in the earlier days. Now we are too old to learn or to have interesting new impressions to relieve the eternal tangle of technicalities; and I think the thing to do is to let all discussion alone, and rely on the many other matters that we have had in common, in America and in Europe, to keep our old friendship alive.

I don't know why you mention “envy”, as something that might be imputed to you, certainly not by me. “Success” in an old friend, at first so much less fortunate than you in every respect, would if anything add interest or even glamour to his person, and render him in turn more amiable. Why doesn't this happen? But in reality, beneath the surface, I have had no more “success” than you in convincing anybody. Even Cory now has become instinctively quite disaffected, and lives not exactly on your principles but rather on Russell's with a mysterious (and ill-informed) Catholic side that perplexes me. It is true that I am perfectly willing to stand alone, and don't expect agreement, because my public and even my friends have loyalties which are not mine and different aspirations. I feel an enormous backing behind me in what I call human orthodoxy, whereas the public literary mind in Europe and America, since the Reformation, has been heretical; that is, has not recognized the true conditions and nature of human life, as the ancients did philosophically, and the Catholic Church symbolically. This heresy infects politics, and we are now seeing the consequences.

My experiment in staying in Venice, so far, has worked very well. I have a nice apartment, a great view, an accommodating doctor, a scientific dentist, and haven't as yet had the least suspicion of a cold or other illness. It is a grayer, mistier scene than Rome, like a long sea-voyage, and I am not quite so comfortably settled, being without books and going down to meals in the dining-room. I have a sitting-room, but prefer to eat downstairs: the service and food are better, and I get a glimpse of the better class of people, while in my walks I see only very common crowds, nice enough in their way, but monotonous. The walks, or rather the walk to the Giardini pubblici and back, are monotonous too, except for the sea and sky, and the shipping, which to me has always had a romantic evocative effect, and here I daily pass fishing-boats such as Homer saw, and two frigates, the Cristoforo Colombo and the Amerigo Vespucci, training ships full rigged and painted to look as if they had rows of guns on the broadside. The light and the clouds are an inexhaustible source of wonderful effects—more beautiful, I think, than [*across*] in Summer. I get up early, and see the sunrise as well as the sunset. However, Venice is only for once: next winter I shall go back to Rome and try to find permanent quarters. — I am glad you are busy on a new book. Make it longer and compare your view at length with Spinoza & Leibniz.

Yours ever G.S.

To Charles Scribner's Sons

7 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 7, 1939

Dear Mr. Scribner

I have never seen Mr. Buchler or Mr. Schartz and know them only as the very diligent and accurate compilers of Obiter Scripta and of the Bibliography attached. I supposed them to be poor young students and naturally wished to do what I could to help them. The phrase Obiter Scripta was used by me in the letter I wrote them when they sent me the MS of their proposed book, but it was itself an obiter scriptum and the idea of taking it for the title was their own.

Before Mr. Wheelock had written to me about the suit they were bringing against you, one of them had written to me on the subject, not making any complaint against me, but alleging that you had, in your contract with them, promised not to reproduce the matter in their collection. I replied that whatever might be the legal state of the case it seemed to me far-fetched to object to the reproduction of papers that they themselves had merely reproduced, with a trifling note or two, and some omissions. If it had been a question of reproducing their Bibliography, which must have cost much labour, it would have been another matter. It had never occurred to me, in welcoming their collection, that I was debarred by it from using those essays again. Can a composition be copyrighted that has already been published without copyright? You say you think there was no fault on the part of either of us. I certainly think there was no fault on my part, and Buchler and Schwartz have not, to my knowledge, made any complaint against me or shown any "ingratitude". They do, however, make a further complaint against you which, however groundless or explicable it may be, might have a marked effect on a jury; and perhaps it was this complaint that led your counsel to fear "considerable damages".

Now, if I understand the purport of your letter, which is not very clear to me, in order to avoid this danger of damages, you have agreed to settle the matter by paying them \$690⁰⁰ and suggest that this sum should be deducted from the royalties of about \$1,600⁰⁰ that I was to receive this month. I confess that this suggestion surprises me, and since you say that you will be governed by what I think proper, I will say frankly that I do not think it proper that I should be charged with any amount whatever in consequence of this litigation, in which I already feel that I have been a victim rather than an offender.

In any case, I should much rather not hear more about it; and if I am legally in debt for the whole or a part of those \$690⁰⁰ I should be much obliged if you would ask my nephew Mr. George Sturgis, 111 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass. to pay it for me, and if you would send me, if not already sent, the cheque for \$1,600⁰⁰ that I was expecting, and for which, in consequence of the war and difficulties in drawing on my London Bank account, I have a particular use. I am writing to my nephew authorizing such payment.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

7 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 7, 1939

Dear George

I was very glad to hear that Bob had got home again after an unconventional voyage that probably will make a pleasant memory. I remember with pleasure a voyage I once made in 16 days from London to New York in an empty cattle-ship. My money had given out, or nearly, and I went to some agency to ask which was the cheapest 1st class accommodation to be had for America, and they suggested this, price £10. So I took it, was never sea-sick, and had to walk all day on deck, because there were no deck chairs, and I had neglected to bring one. I also made an interesting acquaintance with a man who had been before the mast but was a nice person and knew French. Something of him and of his experience of the sea went into The Last Puritan.

The Realm of Spirit is finished, the last two chapters are being typed (in Rome) and I am reviewing the earlier parts for small errors, before sending the whole to the publishers—to Scribner first, because communications with England are made slow and doubtful by the war.

Scribner, by the way, has today exploded a bomb under me, most unexpectedly. Two young Jews, a few years ago, got out a collection of articles and lectures of mine called Obiter Scripta; and most of these were included in the big edition of my works. Now they have sued Scribner for reproducing their book without leave; and Scribner, fearing “considerable damages”, has settled the matter out of [*illegible*]court by paying the Jews \$690⁰⁰. Very well; but now comes the explosion. Scribner says that I am to pay those \$690⁰⁰ or whatever I think “proper”. But there is a seamy side to this matter. Being pleased[^] with the care and diligence of those two students, I asked Scribner to pay them whatever royalties might come to me from the book: but, according to them, Scribner never did so! That, I suppose, is why Scribner settled out of court. And now, I am to pay to get them out of the scrape! I have today answered Mr. Scribner as politely as I could, saying that while I do not, frankly, think it “proper” that I should

pay for any part of that settlement, if I am legally in debt for the whole or a part of that sum of \$690⁰⁰, will he please ask you for it. I hardly think he will have the face to do so, but if he does please pay whatever sum he names. There is a particular reason (besides putting him to shame) for doing it in this way, but too complicated to explain here.

I am well; Mercedes was pacified by her regular allowance, and I am sending her a Xmas present. Also, without bothering with presents, my best Xmas wishes to you all, G.S.

To Ezra Loomis Pound

13 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS postcard: Beinecke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

13–XII–'39.

Unless some physical or physiological cataclysm removes me I shall certainly be here on the 26th & 27th instant, and much longer. Now that winter has shown his face I am no longer afraid of him. But you must not count on my philosophy to answer your questions, because questions are apt to imply a philosophy and don't admit of answers in terms of any other; so that you had better find your answers for yourself. But you might show me some of the beauties of Venice, which I have very likely missed all my life. The other day Thomas Whittemore showed me the Treasury of St. Mark's: YVery Byzantine. Aurevoir G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

14 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 14, 1939

Dear Clemens

Thank you for your good wishes and for the news of the birth of your son Samuel, a name that I suppose is not given him in honour of Uncle Sam, or of the many Samuel_s of the Puritan tradition, but directly invoking the patronage of the ancient Priest and Prophet; something that points to an ecclesiastical career for the little one. Perhaps there may be some day a Cardinal Clemens, or a Papa Clemente.

I had seen some of these characteristic observations of Jack Chapman's about me—more characteristic of him than of your humble servant—but amusing. In justice to both of us it should be noted that a long time must have elapsed between his first impressions—probably of the 1890's—and his criticism of Egotism in German Philosophy, which appeared in 1916. Dent has just brought out a new edition of this little book to catch the new war fever.

If you have actually read The Last Puritan you must have perceived that I had put everything I know into it, and shall certainly not write another “novel”. But as now I have finished The Realm of Spirit, I may revert to old memories and write some reminiscences of real people.

Venice in winter is like a ship at sea, only the decks don't move and are a mile long. Probably I shall stick here until I return to Cortina in June.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rafael Sastre González

15 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Hotel Danieli, Venecia,

15 de Diciembre, 1939

Querido Rafael: El hotel Bristol en Roma ha desaparecido, o casi, pues lo están derribando, con intención de volver lo a construir. Dicen que la obra durará dos años, de modo que yo estoy sin “domicilio.” Había pensado tomar una habitación en otra fonda de Roma; pero al estallar la guerra, cuando se temía que se extendiera a Italia, avisaron oficialmente a los ancianos y personas inútiles de evitar las poblaciones grandes del mediodía y oeste de Italia. Como yo estaba en Cortina y tenía que pasar por Venecia, se mi ocurrió quedarme aquí, donde me conocen de muchos años en esta fonda, y donde siempre lo he pasado bien. Tengo una habitación con vista al puerto y al mar, y no encuentro ningún inconveniente en que el invierno aquí sea algo más húmedo y frío que en Roma. No lo es tanto cómo en Boston, ó como en Inglaterra, y a pesar de mis 76 años, que cumplo mañana, espero poderlo resistir.

De España ahora se habla poco, y yo no tengo mas noticias que las que me da alguna vez Mercedes. Ha vuelto a su casa de Madrid, con su amiga Pilar y sus hijos. Asi, y a toda la familia en Avila deseo un feliz año nuevo y mando el recuerdo desiempre a la gente jóven con un abrazo de tu tio
Jorge

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

16 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Dec. 16, 1939 (AET. 76)

Dear Mr. von Hagen

Your charming book arrived three weeks ago and I have read it with great pleasure and much admired the illustrations. You know how to combine instruction in natural history with the excitement of adventure and with human sympathies. As to the juvenile character of the book, I find it only in the large print, which is also welcome at my age (indicated above). Perhaps it is another case of extremes meeting. I remember an aleluya such as were current in Spain in my childhood:

Dos niñeces tiene el hombre:
una es vida, otra es muerte,
pero en ambas se divierte.

There was a suitable illustration. The child was running with a hoop, but I forget what the old man was doing. In my case, so far, it has been writing books of philosophy; but now I have finished my last one, and may have recourse to something more usual in old age, repeating old anecdotes, I mean, writing a sort of autobiography.

My hotel in Rome is being rebuilt, and I have stopped here, on my way from Cortina as the most convenient place from which to go back to Cortina again. Brown Shipley & Co. 123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. is my permanent address, now somewhat insecure.

With many thanks

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 18, 1939.

Dear Cory

Today I have received from Miss Tindall the double copy of my last two chapters, and will revise it during the next few days. If you care to see these chapters in view of your contribution to Schilpp's book, I can send you the carbon copy. I have revised the rest of the book already, and was much pleased to see that when you got to the chapter on Liberation, you woke up, and actually corrected not only the punctuation but also in places the arrangement and choice of words. I wish you had done more of this, as your suggestions are almost always good. At least they show me that there is something wrong, which I may straighten out in one way or another. But the best thing is that, towards the end of this chapter, you seem to have made the argument your own for the moment and wished to express it better. Of course I am old and tired, and although there are good

things, often old things, in this book there are bound to be lapses and platitudes also,—and repetitions!

However, it is not for corrections that I would send you the MS, because I mean to despatch the copy on stiffer paper to Scribner as soon as I have corrected it. He has not yet become manifest in the hoped-for cheque, but perhaps it may come for Xmas.

Yours aff^y G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

18 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 18, 1939

Dear Miss Tindall

The double copy of my two chapters arrived today in good order. Apparently the parcel hadn't been opened.

As to the MS, if it isn't in your way, the simplest thing would be for you to keep it until next September, when I hope to return to Rome. The earlier chapters are stored there, with my books, so that the MS of the whole could then be assembled. Not that I have any use for it, but there are collectors who might pay my heirs five pounds or even more for it, so that I hesitate to throw it away. If I should disappear before September, you may consider yourself my heir to the extent of these two chapters, and perhaps some collector would relieve you of the burden.

I send you what, as far I can gather, is the approximate equivalent of your dues in pounds. If there is a nest-egg all right: if there is only a vacuum, I think it will soon be filled, because I am booked to write a long paper this winter for another volume by various authors, and I will send you the MS perhaps in March or April. With best wishes for the New Year

Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

25 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Xmas Day, 1939

Dear George

Yesterday afternoon the man-servant on this floor rang my bell (for I have a complete diminutive apartment) and presented me with a bush of white lilacs in a large glass vase. I guessed at once they came from you, and the card pinned to them confirmed my suspicion—not very shrewd, since there is absolutely nobody else who sends me flowers by telegraph, or by some other magic prearrangement. I am so old, that I can't get over my surprise at radios aeroplanes and even motor-cars. In Venice one is less aware of modern inventions than in most places. The really nice ones, electric light and clean bathrooms, are here, as good as anywhere, and there are telephones (which I avoid) but there are few aeroplanes and no motor-cars, and the radio and cinema don't come within my cognizance.

I have absolutely finished my philosophical book, and am sending the type-written copy—made for me by a lady employed at the British Legation to the Holy See, and sent on from Rome—tomorrow to Scribner in New York. But a professor in the Northwestern University, in Illinois, is getting out a big volume about my philosophy (such is fame, if not with money attached) and I have to contribute a reply to all the criticisms passed in it on me by twelve different people. These criticism haven't yet been supplied to me; but I know what they will be in the main, so that I am already at work on the reply to them. Such is divination, and promptness, in the philosophic mind. I shall therefore not be doing much on the autobiography that you wish me to write and that Mr. Charles Scribner wishes me to take advantage of in order to defend his business methods in dealing with poor young Jews.

Well, thank you for the highly decorative flowers and the good wishes of all the family, which I heartily return. I hope Bob in particular has found something (harmless) to do, and that he has carried away pleasant impressions even from his abortive journey. At his age I should have been very glad to have seen Athens, Venice, and Seville.

Yours aff^{ly} GS.

To Baker Brownell

26 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Northwestern)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 26, 1939

Dear Mr. Brownell

The fact that you are booked to contribute to N^o 2 of Prof. Schilpp's Philosophical Series makes me think that it must be to you that I owe the pleasure of reading your "Art is Action". You evidently belong to the American or pragmatic School, which has its dangers; but I see that (like Dewey, only more emphatically) you escape by "consummation" into a clearer air. "Consummation" is what I call spirit, the rest being all "action," or matter in motion; and on p. 191 you indicate the theme of a possible book which is very like my "Realm of Spirit". I am sorry that this book wasn't finished a year ago, so that you and my other critics might have seen it before rounding out your judgments on my philosophy. I see that you propose also to describe me, "the man". Have you been my pupil, or do you otherwise know anything about me? If you infer the man from the books, you may go seriously wrong, because only a part of my nature has gone into my writings, and not all my writings have been published. Mr. Howgate, who once paid me a visit, and has been extraordinarily accurate in his exposition of my views and in his biographical notes, has not understood the spirit of my life, either when I was young, or later. He doesn't know Harvard or Boston or England or (most important of all) Spain: I don't add Italy, because although I have now spent many years in this country (the nearest to antiquity that I could find,) I was too old to be much changed by any environment, and had already retired deliberately from society. But my double undergraduate experiences at Harvard—for I had a fresh set of friends there in 1890–1895—and my yearly stay in England, and my friends there, are all-important in considering my background and tastes, and the point of view from which I philosophize. But you probably have intuitions of what I ought to be, and if they are not true of "the man" they may be penetrating criticisms of the writer. In any case, I shall have a chance in my rejoinder to protest my innocence, if you make me out too bloodless or too misanthropic.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

30 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 30, 1939.

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Your letter of the 21st instant about "The Realm of Spirit" confirms what Mr. Wheelock (of Scribner's) had written to me about it a few days earlier (the 13th). I had been waiting for your reply before answering him, and now I can do so to "both your houses" at once.

As you both incline to have the book printed in America, in the same form as you, in England, have issued the other volumes of Realms of Being, I bow to your preference, and am writing to Mr. Wheelock to that effect. The MS was despatch a few days ago, so that it ought to reach New York at about the same date as my letter, and they can set to work at once on what they call the "trade edition", leaving the Triton edition reprint to be made later. My only concern in this matter regards the appearance that your issue will present, if you take sheets from the American edition, instead of vice versa. Will the paper be light and not glossy, and will the edges remain naturally cut and not squared and reduced to a block-like precision? The other volumes, in their purple binding, were so pleasant to touch and hold, that I should be sorry to have this crowning volume, which is rather long, wear another aspect. Can they find or import your kind of paper in the U.S.?

Apart from this, I am entirely satisfied with your proposals, especially about the terms on which you offer to fix my royalties. The book, as I say, is rather long, more than twice the length of The Realm of Truth, and the price will have to be correspondingly higher, and the sale, perhaps, even smaller, especially in these times when modest people can afford no luxuries. I am afraid, therefore, that you may suffer a loss, rather than make a profit, by this publication, and I should be perfectly content with a more modest royalty, say 10%, if that would somewhat protect your business

interests in the matter. Ultimately I believe the book will be regarded as important, I mean among my writings, but it may take years for the public to discover it, as has happened with Egotism in German Philosophy.

I infer, then, that there is no need of sending you the duplicate copy of the MS. The last two chapters are now in Cory's hands, at Vevey in Switzerland. I understand he has made your acquaintance, and profitted by it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

30 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Dec. 30, 1939

Dear Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz

Your congratulations arrive a bit late for my birthday but in time for Newyear's, and find me in good health and spirits. I have finished The Realm of Spirit and sent a type-written copy to Scribner's. Both they and Constable prefer, this time, that the book should be printed in America and the sheets sent to London for the English edition. I understand that there are solid financial reasons for this, and agree to it, although I fear that the paper may not be as light, soft, and pleasant to the eye as that which Constable has used for the other volumes.

As to your settlement with Scribner's about Obiter Scripta, I had a letter from Mr. Scribner (it is Mr. Wheelock that ordinarily writes to me) about the matter. He said among other things that they had paid you "the full royalty of 15%"; and this makes me wonder whether in your contract with them 15% was stipulated for your share (and 5% for mine) or whether the 15% were conceived by Scribner's to include the 5% which at first they had offered me. I should be much obliged if you would tell me how this stands, because I am not content that you should be deprived of the token I meant to give you of my appreciation of the way in which you conceived and carried out the work of Obiter Scripta and especially the Bibliography. It would also help me to decide what I ought to do in the matter, if I knew how much 5% of the amount of the sales came to. If it was not more than

the \$690⁰⁰ that you have now received, I should feel that you hadn't been entirely deprived of your due, because the infraction of the contract in reproducing those essays in the Triton Edition seems to me a pure technicality. It is true that you must have had legal expenses also. If it is not indiscreet to ask for such particulars, I should be relieved to know them, so as to feel sure that, as far as I was concerned, you had not been cheated of your just expectations.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I have seen your article, M^r Buchler, about Charles Pierce in "The American Scholar," and liked it. I have not read Pierce much, but indirectly, no doubt, have come under his influence. Tychism seems to me logically acceptable—"contingency of all fact"—but rather futile cosmologically, because we have to expect regularity, and find it on due investigation.—

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

31 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Dec. 31st 1939
Hotel Danieli
Venice

Dear Cory,

You tell me that, in renewing your passport, the State Department requires evidence regarding your reasons for residing in Europe. The chief reason, in your case, is that Charles A. Strong, formerly professor at Columbia, and I, jointly or alternately, have provided you with the means of living here, whereas in America you would be unemployed.

Your work with us, who are two very old men, consists partly in helping us in revising, arranging, and discussing our writings, and partly in acting as a companion and looking after us when we are ill, travelling, or otherwise in need of assistance. Strong, in particular, requires this, as he is partly paralysed.

We have encouraged you to remain near us also for another reason, namely, that we believe you have marked ability as a writer and philosopher, and wish you to develop this talent. You could not do so in America, except by obtaining a position at some university, but this is almost impossible, because you are not a college graduate and have not the required degrees.

When Strong and I disappear, which must be before long, you will be free to return to America, and provision has been made to render that easy for you.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana.

To Carl Byron Dickson

31 December 1939 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Dickson)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Dec. 31, 1939

Dear Mr. Dickson

Your letter has reached me safely, although somewhat delayed by the fact that I am not in Rome. In September, when I should normally have returned there, there was a panic in people's minds about the war, and we were advised (if useless and old) not to be in large cities in the exposed areas. I happened to be in Venice (coming from Cortina) and as this is as far as possible, in Italy, from the expected firing-line, I remained here. Moreover the Hotel Bristol in Rome is being rebuilt, and for two years will be closed, so that in any case I should have had to find new quarters. Here I have a nice little apartment with a great view, and am weathering the occasional cold weather and fogs very well. It is like a winter voyage: and I liked winter voyages, when it was not rough. Here the deck is stone and doesn't move, but forms a promenade a mile long, with ten little bridges over the canals that run into the town from the sea-front.

Isn't Lewisjohn a Jew rather than a German? In any case it is egotism, not religion, that I dislike in Protestant (and Jewish) philosophy. Both the rejection of myth and the inward religion of Protestants seem to me admirable, when „self-critical and„ completed; but a partial rejection of myth takes myth too seriously, and a total reliance on inwardness tends to

insanity. I won't enlarge on this: you can imagine what I should say about it, and may soon find it said again in the Realm of Spirit, now finished and on its way to the publishers.

What is excessive in your praise of my philosophy is balanced by your sincerity. Things are perhaps, after all, simpler than people think.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Charles Scribner Jr.

6 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 6th 1940

Dear Mr. Scribner

I am much obliged for your promptness in sending the cheque for \$1,612.³⁵, which I have just received.

I am endorsing it to a friend, Mr. Daniel M. Cory, to be deposited by him in a Swiss bank, and I mention this circumstance in case any inquiry should be made in regard to the legitimacy of the transfer

Awaiting your further letter I remain Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

10 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 10, 1940

Dear George

I am weathering the winter here quite successfully. There are some blustering cold days, but others very beautiful.

Marie, Strong's *bonne* in our old apartment in Paris, hasn't received my letter with the usual Christmas present. I am afraid cheques are intercepted at the French frontier, although they go all right to Switzerland and, with some delay, to England. May I ask you to send her husband, Edmond Chassarant, a cheque for \$25 with the enclosed letter. The cheque to be

made out to him, and the envelope to Madame. At the same time, for the same reason, will you please have \$100 sent to Onderdonk, with the other enclosed note? He writes that he is about to marry a young person whom I have found travelling with him for years. She is very nice, speaks only German, and deserves to be made an "honest woman".

Mr. Scribner has sent me my whole expected remittance for royalties, saying he will write later more at length. The two young Jews have also written, saying that including me in their suit would be "absurd." Hope your Mexican excursion went off well. Yours affly

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

13 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice.

Jan. 13, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am sorry to trouble you about an oversight of mine, but I find that the two pages enclosed have dropped out of the manuscript of *The Realm of Spirit* which I despatched about a fortnight ago and which I hope you have received.

Will you kindly see that they are restored between pp 49 and 52 of Chapter IX, "Union" where they belong?

With best wishes

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ezra Loomis Pound

15 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice, Jan. 15, 1940

Dear E. P. Fenollosa's article has given me my first glimpse of what Chinese hieroglyphics are and how they are composed. I wish there had

been more about them and less romantic metaphysics. I retain especially the three signs for

Sun rises East

and I observe, in the first place, that they are highly conventional and calligraphic. The hand has mastered the eye, as when Roman black capitals yielded to black-letter. If we translate the calligraphy back to visual images we should get something like this %*[sketch]*% for the sun rising above the horizon. I observe that instead of classic Sol we have a sort of broken rail fence, the strokes of the brush taking their cursory way regardless of the original picture. I observe next that to signify rising-sun, not setting-sun, it wouldn't do to have merely the horizon added: the direction must be indicated, as by my vulgar arrow. An up-shooting stalk would certainly be more poetical, and I suppose that is what the symbol stands for. But now comes my greatest difficulty, to make a picture of the east. The east, functionally, as Fenollosa wishes us to think, means simply where the Sun rises, so that a third sign is superfluous. Physically, no doubt, the east is the land lying in that direction, and perhaps the trees, emphatically in the foreground, might express that intervening ground, so that our three symbols would make a cumulative series: Sun, sun rising, sun rising behind the land called the east. But I am afraid this is unpoetical and unromantic. East ought to mean oriente essentially, and not the Levant.

Fenollosa seems to have forgotten the Laocoön, I mean, Lessing's. If action is all—im Anfang war die That—ideograms would be a most unfortunate medium of expression, since they are static. Spoken words would do better, and inflected and elaborately corresponding words, as in Latin, would do best of all. Substances and pictures are there but terminal points in a mesh of developing relations—just what romanticism loves.

This, and your Confucius, makes me think that the Chinese are not romantic at all, but only highly refined prosaic sensualists. What could be more platitudinous, as an abstract thought, than “be good and you will be happy”? But the illustration may be beautifully simple and pregnant. So much does this proverbial eloquence dominate, that truth itself is sacrificed to moral monition. Marcus Aurelius didn't, by his virtue, make Commodus virtuous or the Roman empire. He wasn't dethroned or assassinated, but he was conscious of being a dismal failure as a prince, and hid to compose his meditations in the Greek language. I should be inclined to think that the inner virtue that Confucius made so fruitful and fundamental was rather the reflection inwards of an outer order. The monarch or father would be good if he were pure father or pure monarch, that is, if he

was lost in his art and shaped by it, without either private vices or private aspirations. Is this wrong? His beneficent influence would then be tautology, because he would be simply a focus where influences met, in so far as they were good.

You see I am floundering in your philosophy, badly but not unpleasantly.
I am sending you Fenollosa back in the same envelope

Yours sincerely

G.S.

To Otto Kyllmann

17 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 17, 1940

“The Realm of Spirit”

Dear Mr. Kyllmann,

On the whole I am glad that you prefer to have this last volume of “Realms” printed in England like the others. It ensures the regimental smartness of our file of purple soldiers.

I have written for the two last chapters of the book, which Cory was reading, because he is contributing to a book to be published in America about my philosophy, and his special field is precisely my later phase. As soon as that part of the manuscript arrives, I will send you the whole. The corrections have already been made. I made them simultaneously in both copies, foreseeing that for one reason or another, both might be needed.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Ezra Loomis Pound

20 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 20, 1940

Dear E. P.

This mustn't go on for ever, but I have a word to say, in the direction of fathoming your potential philosophy.

When is a thing not static? When it jumps or when it makes you jump? Evidently the latter, in the case of Chinese ideograms, you being your thoughts.

And these jumps are to particulars, not regressive, to general terms. Classifications are not poetry. I grant that, but think that classifications may be important practically; e.g. poisons; how much? What number?

There is another kind of regression towards materials, causes, genealogies. Pudding may not suggest pie, but plums, cook, fire. These are generalities that classify not data but conditions for producing the data.

When you ask for jumps to other particulars, you don't mean (I suppose) any other particulars, although your tendency to jump is so irresistible that the bond between the particulars jumped to is not always apparent. It is a mental grab-bag. A latent classification or a latent genetic connection would seem to be required, if utter miscellaneousness is to be avoided.

As to the Jews, I too like the Greek element in Christendom better than the Jewish; yet the Jews, egotistically and fantastically, were after a kind of good—milk and honey and money. fThat gives them a hold on reality that can't be denied. Reality is not miscellaneous sensations, but matter generating everything else under specific conditions. The Jews made a mistake in putting Jehovah instead of matter at the top: but now they have corrected that.

Yours G.S.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

20 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 20, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

The manuscript of The Realm of Spirit ought by this time to be in Scribner's hands in New York, but I have no notion when they will have the proofs ready. There are to be two American editions, one "trade" edition and one in vol. 15 of the Triton Edition, and a third English edition. This last may easily be the first—to appear; Constable has usually been much quicker than Scribner, because he is not waiting for time and tide, having no illusions about profits. However, I don't think you ought to wait for proofs of this book to reach my critics. fThere is nothing fundamentally new in it. It reverts to Platonism and the Spiritual Life on the positive side, but on the negative side, developed at length, it rather reverts to the Life of Reason, turning out its seamy side. It would not, I think, render my critics more amiable, and they can review it afterwards if they feel inclined. (Cory has read it.)

As to circulating my letter to you, or parts of it, I suppose you wouldn't propose it if there were anything improper in that epistle; but I can't remember what I said in it. Do as you like. That recent facts drop out of my mind is proved by that very letter, where (as you remind me) I regret that the Preface to Vol. VII of the Triton Edition shouldn't be more easily

obtainable. I forgot entirely that this is the second part of my own "Confession" in the forthcoming volume: and I suppose you send that part to the other contributors.

I don't think there is any need of adding anything to those two autobiographical essays. What more occurs to me can be put in in my Apology, on which (as I think I mentioned) I am already at work. I am starting with Royce's and James's criticisms of myself, and think [^]that_^ what will now be offered may be treated as developments or variations on those objections.

As to writing on Croce, I would rather not. The fact is that I don't read him. I read and reviewed his Estetica when it came out, but the stray things of his that I have come across since have not given me any desire to read more. He is (granting his prejudices) a good critic and historian of thought; but a very limited thinker. I suppose you will ask Collingwood to contribute. His recent Autobiography is on Crocian lines, strangely conceited but instructive. I saw him in 1932 (when I was last in England) he seemed a very young man, but now he is "Professor of Metaphysical Philosophy" at Oxford!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 23, 1940

Dear Cory

Together with your letter of the 19th I received yesterday one from Aldo of the '20th in which he tells me that Strong is lying at the Blue Sisters at 1 Via Venezia in Florence, suffering from ____ (I can't make out the word)

in his right groin, from spells of fever always above 40° and from a ____ (ditto) in the Scrotum, and that he, Aldo, watches him at night and Dino by day, besides the regular nursing by the Sisters. He doesn't say either how serious Strong's condition is, according to the doctors, or whether the operation has already taken place; but you assume or know that it has. In this case, at least there is a good chance of his recovery, as he has withstood the principal shock. Please tell me also, when you have seen him, what is his state of mind, and whether you think he would like to see me. I can't move at this moment, because in spite of every precaution I am down with my usual bronchial cough and catarrh; but it isn't severe; and after three snow storms and sharp cold, I hope we may again see the sun soon, and that I may recover.

Your paper for Schilpp sounds very interesting and will make a beautiful contrast with most of the others.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*in margin*]

My doctor has come and says the 1st word should be decúbito (from lying down) the second edema, watery swelling.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 23, 1940

Dear Cory

At noon today I received a telegram from Aldo, saying Strong was “gravissimo”, and they announced a few minutes later a telephone call from Florence, that I knew must mean fatal news. As soon as the connection was established, which took a few minutes, Dino spoke, saying Strong had died that morning. I asked if you had arrived (although I almost knew that it was impossible) and he said no, that he had sent you the news, and also to Margaret. I explained that I was laid up with my bronchial cold (with our fourth snow-storm raging outside) and couldn't go out, much less travel, but would supply anything they needed for expenses. He replied that Margaret's agent was looking after that, and the Sisters after funeral arrangements; but I didn't quite understand his answer when I asked if the

Lubbocks were at home, and if Strong had retained consciousness to the end. I believe he said yes, to this; that he had been conscious in the morning, but I am not sure.

Now, dear Cory, we are faced with a great change in our little world, and you more than I, practically, although for me this is the end of a very long chapter of friendship, life together, family complications, tension, irritation, and partial estrangement. Strong was never a dear friend to me. Ours was always a friendship of convenience, common interests, and common tastes in practical things, without deep personal sympathies. But I always respected his character, and his single-mindedness in philosophy, until, with old age, this became narrower and more aggressive. Requiescat in pace.

I want one of these days (not today) to write to Margaret and George. Can you give me their address? I suppose they will come later to take possession of the villa, but probably not at once.

And how does this affect your immediate plans? Are you coming to Florence at all? Why should you? Perhaps I don't see all the circumstances in their true light, but it seems to me that you are now free, except for war-restrictions, to do just what you like best.

My catarrh is not worse, in spite of the vile weather, and the doctor makes light of it: but he suggested that I should get a clinical thermometre, which I have now procured. But I am longing for sunshine, and the chance to take a long walk.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

24 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 24, 1940.

Dear Mrs. Toy

My old friend Strong died yesterday at the "Blue Sisters" nursing home in Florence. No member of his family and no friend was with him at the end, only his two servants, Aldo the chauffeur and Dino, the cameriere, besides doctors and nurses. He was well looked after, but only by professional persons: a very significant fate. He was strictly professional himself, although without professional duties. He regarded himself as a philosopher whose duty it was to philosophize and to discover truth along the lines laid down by his science. All else, his daughter, his country, his friends came in either as subordinate regrettable commitments, or as possible helps. I had come in for years as a possible help; then I became a possible field for propanganda, and finally a sad disappointment. The person with whom he got on best of late years was Cory, and it was Cory who was with him during the first part of his long last illness. At the time when war began to threaten, last Spring he fled from Fiesole to Switzerland, to Vevey on the Lake of Geneva. It was there that Cory joined him, and used to have luncheon with him every day, followed by a long philosophical discussion, for which Strong prepared the agenda, sometimes on paper. Then he fell ill, with persistent fever, which added to his partial paralysis, brought on bed-sores and other troubles of the sick-room and of extreme old age. He had to move to Valmont, above the Lake, a hospital where he had staid for long periods in former years. Then a change came over his sentiments; he reconciled himself, in his mind to Italy, decided to return to Fiesole, and (as he wrote to me) never to leave the country again. He found even the chicory we now have instead of coffee remarkably good. And in his joy of finding himself again in his own house he wrote in a few weeks a complete new exposition of his system of philosophy. But alas, he had a relapse, more bed-sores, more difficulties of every physical sort; until specialists had to be called, and an operation was declared urgent. I am not sure whether it took place or not: but in any case, he had to be removed to the nursing-home, where the end soon overtook him. Requiescat in pace.

Of myself (although I am down again with my bronchial catarrh in the midst of five successive snow-storm and no sunshine for two weeks) I have better news. The Realm of Spirit is finished, typed, and sent to Scribners in New York. Another copy is to go to Constable in London, who will print a separate edition. This would seem to leave me with nothing to do, but no: I am booked to write a long reply to twelve or fourteen critics, whose animadversions are to be collected in a book, with my rejoinder. The criticisms haven't yet reached me; nevertheless I have begun the reply, beginning with the objections that James & Royce used to make to my early works. It is entertaining work, and really a part of my so-called autobiography, which is what I mean to put into shape next, Deo volente.

Why haven't I written to you for so long?—I think it is because your return to Cambridge puzzled me: not in itself, who might not prefer Cambridge to any other focus of light and virtue? But Cambridge being so admirable, and you so accustomed to life there, and so important a part of it, you must have had grave reasons for thinking of leaving it. You had been to your friends in Virginia before, you could make comparisons; and once having taken flight (literally as well as rhetorically) it seems strange that you should give up your plan. No doubt, it is not really strange. You rather choose the ills you had, than fly to others that you are less used to. And I see you have the old address, probably the same apartment, and we can dismiss the excursion to Virginia as a troubled dream.

The four destroyers and the two full-rigged training-ships, that you speak of as if they would be hideous reminders of war, now seen through a veil of snow-flakes look decidedly like painted ships upon a painted ocean. No scene could be more silent and peaceful. The war itself, seen from here, only through the newspapers (which here are of moderate size, without sensational features) looks unreal: most interesting and novel; a war that nobody wanted, and in which for the most part, nobody fights. It may be an effect of old age and of being in Italy instead of in England, but the atmosphere of daily anxiety and daily bereavement that we breathed in 1914–18 no longer surrounds us. It is rather like the plot of some intricate novel, where the issues and even the characters are not yet made out, and keep surprises in store for us. The appearance of Russia was one coup-de-théâtre, the appearance of Finland as a David slaying Goliath is another. Meantime, All Quiet in the West.

Venice is not a literary place, and there are not many books to be had that would interest me. But, with long delays, I get them still from Blackwell in Oxford, and with others that come to me from America, I

have more than enough to fill my time. By the end of the season, when I leave for Cortina again, I shall have to have one more case made to hold them, and then the question will arise: Where send them? I must really get permanent quarters in Rome next winter, with a sitting-room that I could lock up in summer, leaving the bedroom and bathroom to be let by the hotel to transients. In this way I could have book-cases, and avoid packing and repacking every year. Projects at my age?—Never mind: they are entertaining.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 28, 1940

Dear Cory

The MS of the two Chapters, with your article for Schilpp, arrived safely, also your letter of the 25th. About your article I will write another day. Do you want it back?

I have had another nice letter from Aldo about the arrangements made for Strong's funeral. The body has been embalmed and buried provisionally at the cemetery degli Allori (I suppose the Protestant cemetery) to await instructions from America about the cremation (ordered by Strong in his will?) and the removal of the ashes to his native land. Do I remember that we spoke of these rather un-Strong-like provisions at Cortina?

Yesterday no less than three cablegrams came from New York. One, in emotional Spanish, from ~~[-Margaret &-~~ George, saying that now I was all they had left in the world and that I mustn't abandon them. The next from the Bankers' Trust demanding street and number of my home and of yours. I replied that we had no homes, and gave my two addresses. The last, in reply to this, insisted that Strong's Will couldn't be probated without your address. So I sent them your present address, which I hope will satisfy them.

Aldo would be dreaming awake if he imagined that I should want a chauffeur. I don't want to move about. That is the only reason for my remaining this year in Venice. I mean to stay here until June, then move to Cortina, and in September, back to Rome where I shall settle down, unless prevented by force majeure. I may some day need a servant or nurse, but I think the Blue Sisters (in Rome) would do nicely, or some young man they could recommend.

I am disappointed at not having Margaret's address. I have written to them this morning notwithstanding, addressing the letter to the Bankers' Trust.

Miller, some time ago, was living at 69 Pinckney St, Boston, Mass. Probably they would forward your letter if he has left. I understand he is no longer at the "Cathedral."

I have no doubt the Bankers' Trust or their lawyers have already informed every one connected with the Fellowship Fund. I should ~~not~~ write to them, if I were you; it would seem officious. That is, I take for granted that Bertie and the other trustees are mentioned in Strong's Will. "Mind" probably is not mentioned, and there would be nothing out of the way in your informing them, or even writing a short obituary notice, if they are in the habit of printing such things. You might certainly write one for the J. of Ph.

My catarrh is no better, the stuff I spit out is rather more troublesome & sticky; but the weather has improved. I have been out and feel confident that there is nothing serious, only I must be patient. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

To George Sturgis

29 January 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Jan. 29, 1940

Dear George

Your yearly account has arrived today “opened by the censor” (which explains the delay) and surprising me by its favourable balance. \$80,000 more than last January! I know the paper character of these ups and downs: nevertheless these “ideas” stand for “things”, and make life more or less pleasant in prospect as well as in act. You are certainly a “good and faithful steward” and I hope will get a suitable reward on earth, not to mention heaven.

Otherwise this last fortnight has not been a happy one for me. We have had extreme cold, no sunshine, and five successive snow-storms. Skiing is naturally not possible in Venice, and the snow was quickly removed from the narrow lanes, and dumped into the canals; but in spite of the precautions I had been taking I had an attack of my bronchial catarrh, which is not yet cured, although not a very severe one. In the midst of it, however, came distressing news. My old friend Strong died on Jan. 23rd at the Blue Sisters’ nursing home in Florence; his daughter and her husband were in New York, I here laid up with my cough, and Cory at Vevey in Switzerland, not able to move for want of money, his monthly allowance for January not having arrived from London. Strong had been very ill in Switzerland last summer, décomposition générale, the doctor had said, and his last illness, though short, had been accompanied by all sorts of discomforts and helplessness; so that the end, at the age of 77 was not unexpected or perhaps regrettable: but there was a sort of unkindness of fate in being alone. His servants and I daresay the doctors and Sisters did all that was possible; he appreciated his chauffeur Aldo, with whom he always ate when he travelled, and was used to living alone; but it seems a desolate end.

A telegram came after a day or two from his daughter and son-in-law in New York. You know he is a Chilean (or now a Spaniard, since Don Alfonso revived an old title of Marquis for him) and the telegram was in Spanish and most eloquent. They say I am now all they have left in the world and that I mustn’t forsake them! Margaret’s \$26,000,000, you see, are absolutely nothing in their eyes compared with my affection. {—She hasn’t really that: it has evaporated in taxes and trusts and management;

but I repeat the nominal sum, in order to show you how much I am esteemed.]-

Mr. Scribner sent me my full royalties, with a long letter saying that he wouldn't press the matter, that we might regard it as closed, and that I needn't answer his letter. This, I think, was put in, lest I might touch on the question whether or not the young Jews had received my 5% on Obiter Scripta or whether it was fructifying in Scribner's pocket. So it is all right. Yours aff^y
G.S

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

1 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Feb. 1. 1940

Dear Cory,

I am glad that you are at last ~~on~~ an independent basis financially, and we must try to keep this new bank account going. I may be able to send you an occasional American cheque to replenish it, even before the eight months elapse, and after you begin to draw your Strong Fellowship, which may not be for a year or more. I suppose you would ultimately like to settle down in England, unless the call of the U.S. is stronger, as it well might be in the end; but I hope you won't go to America permanently while I am still living, as I count on you in case of a prolonged illness or incapacity. Not that I think such a thing imminent. My catarrh is not yet cured, but is yielding to treatment and time; and you know I recover quickly when I do recover, just as I sink quickly when attacked. This points to a sudden end, which would be a blessing, when the time comes.

Thank you for Margaret's address. I mean now to write them a second letter, more freely than was possible in the first under the first impression of our bereavement.

Your Schilpp paper is very nice. I like especially your two illustrations of essence in spontaneous intuition, the sunset and the billiard strokes;

they are anti-pedantic and hit the nail on the head. Also your (or our) old argument for matter in apple-sauce and in flour. This last, however, is not the only or perhaps the most important proof of matter, or function of that category in conceiving nature. There is also continuity and derivation, distinguishing true genesis from succession of phenomena. I may possibly refer to this in my reply; also, certainly, to your objection at the beginning to my assumption of knowledge of babies and animals and in general of the pre-history of the mind. This is a good point: you will see by my reply that I accept it, and mean my pre-historic lore only as a fable, or analysis expressed in myth.

Your first page, and, passages, later where you quote yourself and refer to an article of your own in Analysis, may not produce a good impression. The tone is too personal, and you bring yourself too avantageusement before the footlights. Each of these passages (and there are others) might pass as a little pleasantry if it stood alone: but all together they suggest the parlour-lecture to ladies. I should cut them out, or change the wording. If you keep page 1 as it stands, you might at least correct “25 years ago” to 28 years, [–from Jan. 1912 to Feb. 1940–]. I know that this personal manner is current nowadays, and [*across*] it may be old-fashioned in me not to like it. You must use your own judgment. But I mention the point in your own interest, lest you should be taken less seriously than you deserve. Yours affy

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

8 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Feb. 8, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It is always a relief to know that a manuscript has arrived safely at its destination, especially in these unsettled times, and I am glad to see by your letter of Jan. 18th that you have found The Realm of Spirit interesting and useful in throwing light on my philosophy as a whole. It ought to do

so, since it has been revised and edited, when not actually composed, in view of all else and as a funeral oration, if not a tombstone, on my opinions.

As to the arrangements for publication, I already had an intimation from Mr. Kyllmann, of Constable's, that your original plan had been changed, and that, except for the reprint for the Triton Edition, you had decided to follow the same course now as in regard to The Realm of Truth. I had written to Mr. Kyllmann that I had a second carbon copy of the type-written text which I could send him, and he asked me to do so. Accordingly, about February 1st I despatched the carbon copy to him, and it should now be in his hands, although as yet I have received no notice of its safe arrival. The British censorship is careful and slow, and if the poor official had to read the whole, faintly typed, Realm of Spirit, in order to make sure that it contained nothing treasonable, I am sorry for him, and prepared for any delay. Your proofs for the Triton Edition are therefore likely to reach me before Constable's proofs; and it will not be an unpleasant task to read them, as one's words take on a new meaning when seen in print. This revision will be all right as far as any slight changes that may occur to me, to make, in my original phrasing; but as to correction of printer's errors we must rely rather on your own lynx-eyed proofreaders, because an author, who knows what he meant to say, reads it into the text, without focussing the particular letters, especially when his eyes are tired, as mine are, and never were very good. I think that I had better have Constable's proofs also. There is no special hurry, I suppose, about the British edition, or your trade edition based on it, so that I can revise this second proof at leisure and perhaps ask Cory to read it too, so as to let as few errors as possible escape our notice. This will not have prevented me from following your suggestion, and sending a corrected set of the Triton proofs to Constable, if possible before his text is printed.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

13 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice,

Feb. 13, 1940

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Here is the contract for The Realm of Spirit, I hope duly signed and witnessed (by my Venetian doctor).

I infer that the copy of the book has arrived safely, I mean the type-written carbon copy which I sent you.

Mr. Wheelock, of Scribner's, has written suggesting that I send you a corrected proof of their Triton Edition version, when I have received and read it. If you are having the printing done from this typed copy perhaps you won't need that American proof at all. In any case, I should like to see the proofs of your edition, which will be the one generally used. As there are now delays due to the Censorship, it may be better to address the proofs to me here, to the Hotel Danieli, Venice, directly, rather than to Brown Shipley & C^o in London. I do not need the type-written manuscript, only the proofs.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

15 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Feb. 15, 1940

Dear George

This is only a word to ask you for a favour. Some years ago you sent me the list of your great grandfathers' children, 12 Sturgises, but simply their names in chronological order. I am now writing my "Autobiography" in which there is to be a grand chapter on the Sturgises; don't be alarmed, it won't get down to you, except at most for a passing compliment. I need fuller information, if I am not to get wholly confused about second and third marriages, and deaths and births; so that I should like a complete copy, on two or three sheets of paper, of the genealogy of the two generations before yours—your grandfather's and your father's. About the children of your father's cousins, such as the Philadelphia Sturgis, for instance,

I needn't trouble, because I don't know them, and in my book I limit myself to things seen, or suggested by things seen; so that the fortunes of people much younger than I don't enter into my drama.

It is great fun recalling and adorning these old memories: of course I adorn a good deal; but even formal history is more than half poetry or fiction, how much more legitimately when one is expressly reporting only what interested and excited [*illegible*]him.

Yours aff^{ly} G. S.

To George Sturgis

19 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Feb 19, 1940

Dear George

There are still \$2000 to my credit in B. S. & C^o's letter, which runs until June 30th Unless I have unexpected expenses I shall then still have \$1000 to spare, which I can either draw at the last moment, for my Summer expenses, or leave undrawn, and cancel the letter before returning it to Brown Brothers & Harriman, in New York. Your concern about my possibly being short of funds was therefore groundless.* Besides, I have a bank account in London which I can draw cheques on, although now there is much delay in cashing them. But Mercedes and the Sastres got my Christmas presents all right. The cheque for Marie or rather for Edmond Chassarant, which I thought lost, was stolen, the endorsement forged, and cashed, and the matter is now being investigated in Paris, apparently with prospects of getting the money back.

We have had another snow-storm, but my catarrh is nearly well, and the weather is now improving.

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

[*across*]

*I sha'n't need another letter until July in any case, when it had better be sent to Dandrea & C^o Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Feb. 24 1940

Dear Cory

Here is an American cheque that will help to keep your new bank account afloat; and in June I shall have another from Scribner that I will send you for the same purpose. This is just the occasion for you to establish a little reserve fund for emergencies; because even if your hoped-for Fellowship works smoothly, it will be inelastic; while I am alive and prosperous I could always come to the rescue, but later you ought to have something of your own to fall back upon.

In a few days I mean to send you a little book on St. Thomas Aquinas by Chesterton which I never should have thought of reading had I not seen a quotation from Gilson, to the effect that it is a work of genius and the best account ever given of St Thomas' philosophy. In spite of this, I found the first chapter Chestertonian and silly; but further on it becomes really instructive, as well as stimulating.

I shall have plenty of extra proofs of the R. of S. and will send you one to keep, as well as the corrected one to revise and to send on to the publisher. But you will have the book itself, I hope, before very long. Constable is not given to long delays. As to the Triton edition there will be only one more volume containing the R. of T. and R. of S. I will ask Scribner to send your copy ^{C/o} Banque Fédérale, Vevey. I am a little puzzled what to do with Strong's copy, also with Westenholz's. They ought to have the complete set at the Villa (not to read, but as a memento), but I shall have to ask Hans what is being done with W.'s library, and whether vol. XV would be desirable. The whole list (I think there were only half a dozen presentation sets) will have to be revised. Marichalar has now changed not only his address but his name; he is gone back to live in Madrid and uses his title: Marqués de Montesa. He doesn't like the Triton Edition: it is incomplete, without index, and too dear; and he is displeased that "Overheard in Seville" should be included and the Introduction to Spinoza left out. No doubt that is wrong; but he seems to have no sense of humour. The Introduction was over looked because Scribner hadn't

published it. They would have left out Egotism if I hadn't protested. Now a Higher Power has rehabilitated that little book.

Yours affly G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

24 February 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Feb. 24, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have your letter of Feb. 7th with the royalty reports up to Jan. 1st, for which I am much obliged. They are perfectly satisfactory from a business point of view, and even as evidence of the attention that my books still receive from a limited public. I see that The Sense of Beauty still heads the list, followed by The Last Puritan. It might be said that it was a sign of literary longevity that my first little book (also my first sonnet) should be the most popular: the public, in time, might catch up with the others. But my cynical mind (a German friend shook his head at my novel, saying it was tsynical) can't forget that The Sense of Beauty is studied in Girls' Colleges. It might profit them more if it were cultivated by the men.

I am awaiting the proofs of the Triton Edition version of The Realm of Spirit, and will revise them at once and with pleasure, because it always is

reassuring (and new) to see one's writing in print. At Constable's request, I sent him the carbon copy of the MS, which he has received and I believe is proceeding to print. It therefore will not be necessary, I should think, that I should send him a corrected copy of ~~my~~ your proofs; in any case I ought to revise his proofs also, as they are to be the student's text. Cory will help me with the proof-reading, so that I need not be too much fatigued by it.

If you have a note of the persons to whom the Triton Edition was sent at my request—I think they were Eight in all—I should be glad to have them, as they require revision for vol. XV. Two of my friends are dead, yet it may be better to send the concluding volume to their heirs, so that the set may be complete as a memento: in other cases the addresses have changed. Please do not have these volumes with the Author's Compliments sent, until you receive a fresh list from ~~them~~ me.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ezra Loomis Pound

7 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 7, 1940

Dear E. P. No, it is impossible for many reasons that I should accept the honour of collaborating with you and T. S. E on a subject about which I have no ideas. It is impossible materially at this moment because I have seven critical essays about my philosophy to reply to, nine more coming, and the proofs of the Realm of Spirit, in two editions, to read. And it would always be impossible morally because you and T. S. E. are reformers, full of prophetic zeal and faith in the Advent of the Lord; whereas I am cynically content to let people educate or neglect themselves as they may prefer. Would your ideal education be for the U.S. or for all mankind? And would it be identical, say up to the age of 16 for all Americans? Or are you contemplating only an ideal that you might like for a son of yours, or might have liked for yourselves? I can't frame even that conception. I

should like to have learned Latin and Greek better; but a Spanish proverb says that is impossible without the rod, without blood—la fletra con sangre entra— and I don't like blood. And it is so with all Utopias

I don't remember my Henry Adams anecdote further than that he said history couldn't be taught. If I have embroidered on that, you or Eliot are welcome to use my fancy-work as a text. But you, you must preach the sermon.

G.S

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

7 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 7, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp,

Your letter of Feb. 1 has only reached me today, after five weeks! It came via England, and underwent the delay of the censorship, as well as the two papers, by Boas and by Lamprecht, that arrived with it. If it is possible to cause letters to come by American or Italian ships straight to Italy I think time is saved, even if the sailing_s are less frequent

I according_{ly} now have received papers by Cory, Sullivan, Strong, Boas, & Lamprecht and have read the first four and half of the fifth. They are all pleasant and friendly. Sullivan's so far, is the one I like best, and I have already written a long reply to it.

By the way, you kindly offer to do anything you can for me in this connection, and I am going to take you at your word. I am here without books or easy way of getting them, and in my reply to Sullivan I have, from memory, referred to what (I think) Plato says in the Xth Book of the Laws about the punishments to be inflicted 1st on those who deny the gods 2nd on those that acknowledge their existence but deny that they rule over human affairs; and the latter are to be punished by death, the former (I think) by banishment. Could you ask your secretary (since you have one) or some diligent advanced student, to look up the passage⁺ and let me know if I am wrong? I know by experience that the clearest recollections on such

points are often inaccurate, if not positive dreams, and it would ease my conscience if I were reassured.

Cory was much pleased by your commendation of his essay, and so am I, since I led you to ask him to write it. To me, I confess his paper had caused some qualms: I like very much what he says about me, and agree with his one criticism; but I felt that he talked too much about himself.

I don't know if you have heard that my life-long friend, Strong, whose remarks you send me, died in Florence on Jan. 23rd. Perhaps I might say a word about him at the end of my Apology, although his points will have been amply met in other connections.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*]

⁺(in Jowett, the Greek is not necessary)

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 11, 1940

Dear Cory: I have received two letters from George de Cuevas, in reply to my two. They are at Palm Beach. He says Margaret is florissante and the children well but a problem, and he much worried and in bad health; that in spite of the newspapers they have only fifty thousand a year to spend, and that it is hard to avoid getting into debt. No thought apparently of coming to Italy, and nothing about the villa or the books or the desirability that we should find and publish, if possible, Strong's last version of his philosophy. If Strong has left me his philosophical books, he has practically left them to you, since my books go to you by my Will: although perhaps there is a provision that books of mine in Strong's house should go to him or his heirs. My object was merely not involuntarily to give trouble by dying; but if there is anything you would like to secure, we could

take possession of it while I am alive. I have a project, if I can find a suitable apartment in some hotel in Rome, to take the sitting-room for the whole year, so as to be able to set up all my books in shelves or bookcases, and lock the place when I go away. In that case, I should like to remove from the villa a few of my old books, and possibly a few of Strong's and these would descend to you automatically. I will write to George de Cuevas, and if you are going to Rapallo and Florence soon, we might ask him for a permit to enter the villa and remove some of the books. I could stop in Florence in September, when I return from Cortina on the way to Rome.

Rapallo reminds me of Ezra Pound. You know he came to Venice (with his daughter) and made me a series of long oracular visits, I don't know why, I couldn't hear or understand half of what he said, but carried on as well as I could, by guesses and old tags. Now he and T. S. Eliot have asked me to collaborate with them in a book to be called The New Paideuma. I have declined, having no ideas on education and not being a reformer.

Of Schilpp's people I have now five on hand. Only Lamprecht, so far, is at all contentious, and even he is guarded and polite—really so, I mean, not verbally only. Strong's remarks are brief and funereal, but not aggressive. I have already written a good deal for my reply, but it will all need revision.

[*across*]

I have had a relapse, after thinking I was well, and having fresh "preventive" injections. This time I haven't called the doctor or stopped going to the Piazza for coffee (there is coffee again) after lunch, and I am recovering slowly. Yours affly G.S.

To Sterling Power Lamprecht

11 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Better address

directly to:

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 11, 1940

Dear Mr Lamprecht

I have been reading your essay for Schilpp's book about my philosophy, and you will see by my replies in two places—for I am not making my rejoinders individual, but according to subjects—that I have taken your comments to heart. I may say privately, however, that the interpretation of my views which you are ready to accept is verbally the right one, but that nevertheless you really disagree with me profoundly, because your lines of cleavage are drawn in different places from mine, so that we seem to be in the presence of entirely different worlds.

There is one small point, however, that really puzzles me. At first I thought the phrase “art of intuition” simply a copyist's error for “act of intuition,” but the expression occurs so many times that I am in doubt. Is it “art of intuition”, and if so what makes you call intuition an art? No doubt intuition is a vital movement of the psyche, but absolutely automatic; you might as well speak of the art of blushing; although I admit that some people blush more and more pleasantly than others. What is your view? It might help me if you would be good enough to explain it.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To David Wapinsky

11 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 11, 1940

Dear Wapinsky

Your letter is not one that can remain unanswered, and yet there is not much that remains for me to say in reply to it. That you are so young explains the exaggeration of your good opinion; in time you will see limitations and faults that you don't see now, and you will also see, what is not a loss to me but a gain to you, the sources from which I draw: because my philosophy, though spontaneous enough and lived by me, is not original

in the world, and I prefer that it should not be. You will then find why you thought mine a great philosophy: it is composed of great philosophies, and only the composition or synthesis is personal to me.

The novelist in question is indeed “Elizabeth”, but I can’t compare her to the other you name, because I haven’t read the latter. I am not a great novel-reader, even in French; and novels in English seem to me generally too heavy for what is in them. I never should have discovered “Elizabeth” as an author, but her second husband was an old friend of mine, and when she married him,—he had had two legitimate wives before, and others less legitimate—I continued to go to stay with him under the new Sultana. She was eager to conciliate me, and did so easily because she is most amiable and clever; and then, of course, I read her books. I had advised her husband not to remarry, not to divorce his good homely wife for a new love, which I knew would end tragically. He had shown her my letter: this was the reason for her desire to win me over; and she did, easily. But later, she had too much reason to admit that my counsel had been wise. Her husband is now dead, and I seldom see her. She is disappointed, has a garden in the French Riviera, and sums things up by saying that Life is a very bad joke.

I don’t know why I tell you all this; but let it serve as a token of friendship not at first sight, but before all sight, and although I should be glad to see you if you turned up, for you it would be better, perhaps, that sight should never follow, because I am really very old and live more in the past than in the present. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

12 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 12, 1940

Dear George

I have received the enclosed, about Strong's will. Ought I to do anything about it? I believe the mention of my name among the beneficiaries refers to a bequest to me of Strong's "philosophical books". As it is not easy to say how far philosophy extends, and as far from having a library of my own, I have many of my books deposited in Strong's villa, this bequest is more nominal than real. However, I prize it, because it gives me a right of admission to the villa, and an opportunity to take away any books, at least of my own, that are there. But Margaret and George de Cuevas, Strong's daughter and son-in-law, who are now the owners, are at Palm Beach, and seem to live in New York most of the time, so that I don't know when it will be feasible to visit the villa with predatory intentions. If I can find a suitable apartment in a hotel in Rome, my plan is to keep the sitting room all the year round, so as to be able to leave my books, etc. there during the summer without packing and unpacking them.

No more has been heard from Mr. Charles Scribner. He has agreed to drop the matter of Buchler and Schwartz damages.

I hope your trip to Mexico went well. Several people have recently sent me books about Spanish America. It seems to be a very second class place, except for a very few vestiges of old Spanish dignity or religion. But of course, in an Americanized hotel, you will enjoy the tropical warmth and vegetation and like the atmosphere of "moral holiday" that prevails there—like it, I mean, for a change. Is it true, as an unknown correspondent has written to me, that the stage in America has become "immoral"? This person had sent me a dramatization of The Last Puritan, in which my "Nathaniel" (George Parkman) and his old father both try to rape the young Caroline, their step-sister and step-daughter, while Nathaniel beats his wife. I protested that these were not the manners of Beacon Street in my time, and that he mustn't use my name or the title of my book for his production. He now says he is going to burn it! Meno male!

Yours aff^{ly} G.S.

To Justus Buchler and Benjamin P. Schwartz

13 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 13, 1940

Dear Mr. Buchler and Mr. Schwartz

Your letter of Feb. 1st (which only reached me today: a month and a half on the way, without passing any censor!) explains all I wish to know, at least it does so indirectly. My only desire was to make sure that you had not been deprived of the small advantage of receiving my royalty for your book as well as your own. Scribner says he paid you a full 15%, which according to your contract would have included my 5%: and this tallies with the \$674.76 that, jointly, you received as royalties, if the price of the book was \$2.00 For 2000 copies at \$2⁰⁰ would yield \$600 at 15%; and the \$74.⁷⁶ would represent the extra copies sold. If, however, the price of the book was \$3⁰⁰, the \$600 you jointly received would be 10% percent only of the total sales, and my 5% would have been withheld, as you think it was. On this hypothesis, I further ask myself how much you would have been deprived of, and find that it would be \$300, jointly. This is very nearly little more than half of λ what you eventually obtained in damages: so that on the whole you are not out of pocket. But in future you ought to receive 22fi% of the sales total. See that you do so. It will be a very small sum, but probably will trickle on for years, as my books do.

The Realm of Spirit after all is to be printed, in the ordinary edition, only by Constable, and photographed by Scribner, who will have it reprinted only for the Triton Edition where, with The Realm of Truth, it will make up vol. XV. I am glad this has been arranged so. Each can publisher now has a typewritten copy in their his hands but I have not yet received any proofs.

I am hard at work on Schilpp's book, which you doubtless know of. It is vol. II of the series that began with Dewey. I have already received five of the criticisms. They are innocuous; but the heavy guns have not yet been brought into action.

The winter here, as elsewhere, has been extraordinarily severe: six snow-storms, continual fog, and occasional biting winds from Finland. Now that peace seems to be returning at least there, we may hope for more balmy weather. I have not been altogether well: my chronic bronchial catarrh asserted itself; but work has not been interrupted seriously by it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

15 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
March 15, 1940

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I write to ask you for a favour.

It seems that in the copy of The Realm of Spirit which I sent to Scribner, some pages are missing in Chapter II, on "Cosmic Animism", apparently pages 29, 30, and 31A.

Unfortunately I have no copy at hand, the original manuscript being packed away with my books in Rome and I can't supply the missing passages in the "galley" proofs that have already reached me.

If your proofs are ready, or likely to be ready soon, would you kindly send a proof of this chapter directly to Scribner in New York? Or send the type-written chapter, if the printers have finished with it: for I don't need the copy with the proofs that you will send to me?

I write, instead of waiting for your proofs to reach me here, because the post is so slow now, that I am afraid Scribner will be annoyed at the delay my carelessness has caused.

With apologies for giving you this trouble I remain

Sincerely yours
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 17, 1940

Dear Cory

Glad you are to have these \$1000. It will help to ballast your bank-account. I don't think Margaret or George de Cuevas can grudge you that modest sum. They are generous and careless by nature, and that is the cause of their perpetual money-troubles. The Fellowships (which probably they don't associate at all with your name) are doubtless what they don't like; but S. told me that he had informed them of his intentions and that they had concurred only asking that he should leave them enough to cover the expenses of keeping up the villa. But I see that the children get something besides, for they appear (and George himself appears) in a list of persons notified, which includes me and the servants at Fiesole (not Marie) and not you: perhaps they had communicated with you otherwise. I have sent the notice, which was not a summons, to George Sturgis in Boston, in case he thinks it requires an answer or some suitable action.

I was flattered, on the whole, by Ezra Pound's visits, only a little ashamed at not understanding what he said and not being able to reply rationally. He gave me his Guido Cavalcanti, and various Chinese tracts. Apparently he has come in his "Cantos" to the part corresponding to the Paradiso, and thinks Scotus Erigena and I might give him some hints about it. We must send him the R. of S. in return.

The proofs, galley-proofs, of the first hundred pages for the Triton Edition have reached me. They are almost flawless, but there is a snag. Three pages of Chapter II. (cosmic animism) were missing in the typed copy: the carbon copy is in London, and my original MS packed with my books in Rome. I can't at all supply a fresh text; a part is precisely the passage about Leibniz that you liked; so that I have written to Kyllmann asking him to send a proof of that Chapter to Scribner as soon as it is ready. Very likely it is ready now, and little time will be lost.

Nothing more from Schilpp.

I will write some day soon to George de Cuevas, not asking exactly for a permit, but inquiring whether the villa can be visited. You ought to have that last version of S.'s philosophy. You might [*across*] annotate it, with extracts from his other versions, and I might write a little Memoir of Strong,

half philosophical, half personal (a part of Persons & Places) and we might get Scribner to publish it. S. made a mistake in having his books published in England

G. S.

To Max Forrester Eastman

17 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 17, 1940

Dear Mr. Eastman

Whatever idea may have prompted you to send me your “Stalin’s Russia”, it was a happy one for me; I have seldom read a book with more interest or, in the matter of the “Moscow Trials” with a more sudden increase of tragic light. It is wonderful that in our day men can be so won over to “a cause” as to dishonour themselves and abandon their own memories and reason in order to believe that, after all, that cause must be victorious. I understand it, like the feeling of those Calvinists that thought hell edifying and were willing to be personally damned for the glory, and at the sheer will, of God.

As to your book and your politics in general, I suppose you know that I am not in your camp: but for that very reason your so conscientious and enlightened difficulties interest and instruct me. They belong to the fatal consequences of some first false step. It surprises me to see how completely you liberals in America have been shaken out of your “dogmatic slumber” by recent events—I mean, those of this century. I was never myself in the liberal tradition, and have not felt the same surprise at events

or need of reconsidering my assumptions. It ought to be a most wholesome cathartic, if you will only drink it to the dregs.

With many thanks for this excellent lesson to an old teacher,
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

17 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
March 17, 1940.

Dear Miss Tindall

My new disquisition or Apology won't be ready before May. I have received only five of the sixteen onslaughts on my philosophy that I am threatened with: they are very mild; but I must wait for the last before declaring myself victorious. If you get back safely at the expected date, you will be in good time for this little job.

Best auguri for your journey.

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

19 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
March 19, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your last letter of March 1st, with the galley proofs 1–39 of The Realm of Spirit arrived in just a fortnight, which is good time as things go now. I am sorry, and ashamed, that some pages were missing in the copy in Chapter II, “Cosmic Animism.” The worst of it is that I can't supply them at once, the other type-written copy being in London, and the original MS

packed away in Rome. I have accordingly written to Mr. Kyllmann of Constable & C^o asking him to send you a proof of that Chapter as soon as possible. When I get his proof, I will also send you the missing parts, in case his should be delayed by the censor. There are hardly any errors, or corrections to be made, in the galley-proofs I now have, so that I am keeping them for a few days longer, in hopes of being able to return them complete. In a few days however, even if I receive nothing from London, I will despatch them as they are, for you to add the missing parts later.

I inclose a single correction for The Realm of Truth, which ought to be infallible.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

The Realm of Truth
by G. Santayana

Triton
Edition
vol. XV

Erratum

In the mottoes opposite the title page, in the last line,
for: "though I wander"
read: though I perish

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 21, 1940

Dear Cory

Here is your "citation", which I think requires no answer and is merely a warning, in case you had any objection to make to being honoured with a legacy. It seems a little unnecessary, and I may not understand the real motive. The notice I received had precisely the other list of interested parties, George de Cuevas, the two children, the servants at Fiesole, and myself. I suppose this means the minor gifts, as to not heirs proper.

It is all the better if you are inclined to write a critical exposition of Strong's philosophy. I could then limit my Memoir to the personal side, which I should rather do. This would not exclude a characterization of his

philosophical interests and views, but without technicalities. You could be the editor of the book, as Strong's literary executor, and I merely a contributor of a sort of Preface or Biography. Of course, this is if your "critical exposition" is not to be a work by itself, developing your own views. I should think that might be better done independently, without Strong's views as a starting-point. His presuppositions are not his best side.

More galley-proof has arrived from Scribner, but nothing as yet from Constable nor anything more from Schilpp.

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

23 March 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

March 23, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today I receive your letter Feb. 21st with a copy of one to Constable & C^o and two copies of the Memorandum of Agreement between your firm and me concerning The Realm of Spirit.

I have already signed and sent an agreement to Constable & C^o about this book, but I don't remember its exact terms (not having a legal mind or a great interest in the rival projects) and can't refer to the document, because the corresponding copy to be sent to me by Constable has not arrived, either because of the uncertainty or delay of the mails, or because Constable too is in doubt about the arrangement to be made with you. Mr. Kyllmann, in his letter to me, said he was awaiting your agreement before beginning to have the book printed. I understand that the important point for them is the sum they are to receive for the reproduction of their edition by photographic process, and the sale of it, in the United States. They do not need your galley proof or my corrected copy of the same, because they have a type-written MS of the book, the carbon copy of the ~~ms~~ MS ¶ that I sent you. On the other hand, owing to the fact that some pages had fallen out of your set, it is on that carbon copy in Constable's possession that everything hangs, or on a proof of Constable's founded on that copy. I have asked Mr. Kyllmann to send you such a proof as soon as he has it: but I am afraid that nothing may have been done about it, as on Feb. 21st you were still withholding your agreement with him until your letter of that date should be answered.

I am very sorry to have contributed to this confusion by sending you an imperfect MS. You must lay it to my age and imperfect eyesight, and to a certain impatience to get the thing off my hands. The delay makes no difference to me, the book being once done and ready for the press; but I realize that it may be well to issue the XVth volume of the Triton Edition as soon as possible, before purchaser_s have forgotten that they wanted the other 14 volumes, and consistently ought to want the 15th.

As things stand, I don't know whether I ought to sign the Memorandum of Agreement that you have sent me. As it does not concern the Triton Edition I suppose there is no hurry about it, and I will keep it, awaiting further information. Of course, I am perfectly willing and happy to sign it, if it represents the arrangement that you have finally come to with Constable & C^o. This is not done by my "instructions", but according to the policy of your two firms in agreement.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

2 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 2, 1940

Dear Mrs. Toy

Today I receive Miss Hopkinson's letter about your accident and its unhappy consequences. Your ill luck always calls forth your courage, and your courage carries you through until all seems well again, and then comes a fresh stroke of ill luck. That is because you love life too much. William Lyon Phelps says that I don't love life; and here I am enjoying life almost uninterruptedly, in spite of old age with its little ailments, in spite of solitude, and in spite of the alarms and inconveniences of the troubled times. I ought to love life and you ought to hate it, but la raison n'est pas ce qui règle l'amour whether of life or of anything else. And we have to suffer for loving. I say in my new book (I am now correcting the proofs) that the spirit prefers to suffer rather than not to care; and that happens to you for having too much spirit—I mean more than can nestle comfortably in our mediocre world. Well, let us hope that after this accident you may have an uninterrupted run of good luck, and that life will make amends for having suddenly treated you so shabbily.

My whim in spending the winter in Venice couldn't have been more ill-timed; the winter has been horrible. I haven't been able to avoid my bronchial catarrh, more or less dogging me through our six snow-storms continual fogs, and piercing cold winds. The sun has hardly shown its face: and what is Venice without sun-light? However, I have stuck it out and on the whole have done pretty well: better than last summer. I have finished The Realm of Spirit, written a [*illegible*]good part of my contribution to Schilpp's book (about my philosophy) and also scribbled away at my autobiography, describing the Sturgis family in the old days. But this entertainment is now interrupted by proof-reading and the gradual arrival of the critical articles that I must reply to in Schilpp's symposium. I have also not had much to read: little but war books announced in the Times Literary Supplement; but in the shop windows here, although Venice is such a non-literary place I have spied and fished out Montaigne and Nietzsche's Gaia Scienza (this in a French translation), both excellent stop-gaps. Montaigne is of course a capital rogue: prose still decorative and eloquent; but Nietzsche on the whole inspires more respect: more incisive, braver, more unhappy.

Wolfgang von Hagen, whose bird-book I sent you, is a friend of mine whom I have never seen. He sends me all his non-scientific books, and there is a lot to learn from them about animals. He is attached to the U. of California, as a sort of travelling naturalist. I could send you a book of his about Ecuador, if you cared for it; but the bird-book is prettier. I am replying today to Miss Hopkinson also, and hope to have [*across*] news from you directly about your convalescence.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

3 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice,

April 3, 1940

Dear George

Mrs. Toy has had a fall (I suppose on the ice in the street) and broken her arm near the shoulder, a triple fracture which they say is very interesting to the surgeons. She has been at the hospital, but now has returned to her old rooms at 19 Garden St. where she has a nurse in attendance and is in “very poor shape.” (She wasn’t long in Virginia.)

This revives the question which you will remember troubled me some years ago when Mrs. Toy had another long illness. We then corresponded with Mrs. Jack Ames. Mrs. Ames is dead—such is the way of fate—and all this information now comes to me from another old friend of Mrs. Toy’s and one of my first pupils at Radcliffe College in the 1890’s, Miss Leslie W. Hopkinson, 2 Channing Place, Cambridge, Mass.

I am naturally writing to Miss Hopkinson, and I lay the question before her whether a collection is being made by Mrs. Toy’s friends to help her in her extraordinary expenses, and in any case to whom such help should be addressed; and I ask her to be kind enough to communicate with you on the subject.^x It may be too late, this time also, for me to do anything; but if she, Mrs. Toy, is still alive when you receive this, I wish you would find, with Miss Hopkinson’s aid, the best way of sending her \$1000, as we had intended to do on that other occasion.

I know you won’t mind taking this trouble, since you now know Mrs. Toy and can feel why her friends are anxious to help her.

The weather here has now become seasonable and I am quite rid of my cold, and reading proof of my new book; but there are a good many little worries in having two books in the press at once and at a distance, with the bad state of communications, and my bad memory for details. But I hope before long to dismiss all care, and return to describing the charms of your ancestors.

Yours affly G.S.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

4 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 4, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Last night I received your letter of March 21st with Brownell's essay, and the extracts from Plato's Laws. These last are very useful since they prevent me from falling into an inaccuracy. It is impostors, not Epicureans, that are to be most severely punished. I can easily correct my reference without affecting the force of what I wished to say in reply to Sullivan.

This morning I have read Brownell's paper. It is mature and penetrating, as well as highly flattering (except where he says there is no life in my novel) and there is hardly anything for me to say about it. Perhaps his use of the term "naturalism" may deserve to be noticed and commented upon: he understands by it something that I might call moral vitalism or vitality: it is more akin to German idealism than to real Naturalism. But if I am allowed to be a materialist, I don't care whether I am called a naturalist or not.

I have not received any copy of Banfi's essay in Italian: I am not in active communication with him; but I should like to see it as well as the translation that is being made. I might perhaps offer some suggestions about the latter, if you would kindly send me the two together.

You shall have the MS of my reply as well as a typed copy: it will be messy, but I suppose that is what may seem interesting to the public. I will send the two separately, as you request, although I don't think there is the least danger of loss at sea, through warlike operations; at least, I have heard of no loss.

As to a photograph, I have none, formal or informal, but I will have one taken, as informally as possible, and I daresay Scribner too might like it for vol. XV. of their Triton edition. I am very glad that they have been tractable about the Prefaces. They are quite tamed in their relations to me; and, besides, the big edition, I believe, is almost sold out so that, as they are pledged not to reproduce it, the Prefaces are of no further use to them.

As to the bibliography, I am afraid I can do nothing. My memory is treacherous and my collection of translated articles (mostly Spanish) is packed and stored in Rome with my books, which I can't possibly get at

before September next, and perhaps not even then. I have had a letter, which I have duly answered, from Miss Terzian on this subject.

I will acknowledge the receipt of the other essays as they arrive.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Alyse Gregory

11 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 11, 1940

Dear Miss Gregory

You have my best sympathy in the loss of your admirable husband. I hadn't heard of it; and yet, apart from the resignation which an old man and a philosopher feels at the thought of death, the most natural of things, and the great solution to everything, I feel that a mind so attuned to life as his was, is also attuned to death. I remember a grandson of Emerson, who was a friend of mine at Harvard, who one day showed me some artless verses he had written, the point of which was this: A young man, in a dream, is asked by two Goddesses, Life & Death, to choose between their gifts; and after a moment of reflection he says: Life! But on one condition, that afterwards I may be able to choose Death.

As to letters from your husband, I remember having received several, but none with "detailed appreciation" of anything of mine. If I were in Rome, I would look over my old letters (I don't keep many) to see if my memory was playing me false: but my old hotel there is being rebuilt and I have been spending the winter in Venice—never do that!—where I have none of my few books or papers. I am sorry; but I think there was really nothing of the kind you describe.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

12 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 12, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today I am sending back the last few slips of the galley proof of The Realm of Spirit. There are hardly any misprints, and I have made hardly any changes, none of more than a word. I hope the rest of the pcorrected proof has reached you safely. Everything has arrived here in perfect shape, but at odd intervals, doubtless on account of irregular sailing,s.

Nothing as yet from Constable in the way of proofs; but Mr. Kyllmann has promised to send you the missing pages of Chapter II, which I trust he will do. In any case, as soon as his proofs reach me, I will send you the missing passages in some form, either his proof or a manuscript copy.

I notice that The Realm of Truth is attached to the end of The Realm of Spirit in this galley. Of course that is not the order in which they must appear; The Realm of Spirit, with the general review in the last chapter, must come at the end.

The weather here has at last become seasonable, and I have got rid of the bronchial cough that I am subject to and that has been persistent, though not severe, most of this winter.

I have had to suspend my reminiscences in order to prepare my reply to my critics in Prof. Schilpp's volume. It is a terrible job; I believe they are to be 15 professors up in arms; but the six I have so far encountered have not been very combative, and I hope to escape alive.

Prof. Schilpp insists on having a new photograph of me, "as informal as possible", and I shall have to have one taken here. If it is at all good, I will send you a copy. I wish you could think of something more spiritual and less psychical for the front,s, piece of your Triton volume. There are too many portraits, and not very good ones, in that edition; but you might like ~~the~~ a new photograph for general advertisement. I will try to look as much like Gandhi as I can, as to the forehead: but I am afraid the figure may rather resemble Chesterton.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 19, 1940

Dear Cory

Today Constable's proofs have arrived—I had to go to the Customs House for them, but they were very civil and charged nothing—two sewn dummy volumes and the type-written manuscript.

As soon as I have read the extra copy, and transferred my corrections from it to the copy that is to be sent back, I will send that extra copy to you; and if you don't find many more corrections to make, besides those I shall have marked, you might keep the dummy and simply let me have a list of your corrections. Letters come through more quickly than books. Let me know whether you are staying longer at Vevey; else your address at Rapallo.

It is very nice to see the Realm of Spirit actually in book form—just 300 pages, not excessively long. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

I have a new novel by Elizabeth, very entertaining. Would you like it?

To John Hall Wheelock

19 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 19, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Today I have received the dummy proof of Constable's edition of The Realm of Spirit, together with the manuscript, in which I find the two missing pages of the copy I sent you. I hasten to enclose them, in case you have not received an equivalent from Constable himself.

There are just 300 pages in the new volume, which I find already announced in Blackwell's Spring Catalogue, at 16 shillings.

The text is not so correct as yours, for the Triton edition; it will take a little time to read the proofs, and while Cory reads his copy (I have two dummies) I will compose the index. You don't put in the indexes into the Triton Edition, I believe, so that this will not delay you. And with your careful proof-reader, it will hardly be necessary for you to send me proof of these two belated pages, unless you have time to spare.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

22 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 22, 1940

Dear Mrs. Toy

Your note in your secretary's hand and two envelopes with cutting's about Bertie Russell's appointment in New York encourage me to think that you are getting well, and keeping up with the excitements of the hour. I am not absolutely sure on which side your sympathies may be in this Russell affair; but as mine are on both sides, I hope you won't be altogether displeased if I tell you what I think. You know perfectly well what sort of [illegible] mind and conscience Russell has: those of a rebel or reformer. He feels no loyalty to dominant things but enthusiasm for possible ideal contrary

things. Now this seems to me legitimate in a pure philosopher. There is no reason why “spirit” (I am full of this now, re-reading the proofs of my new book on that subject) should be human; there is no reason, even when it is human, that it should be attached to one age, religion, or moral code rather than to another. Plato proposed community of wives and children: there was a theoretical excuse, if not reason, for that idea; and in the same way Bertie proposes his trial marriages in colleges, etc. It is an excursus into mere possibilities, made vital for him by his hatred and contempt for convention. Perhaps what he proposes might do very well, if it could be established. But nothing can be established in this world merely because it is ideally possible: it must flow from what precedes, it must be derivable from physical forces actually afoot. This is what idealists overlook; and it is only by a happy chance that sometimes they propose something feasible and capable of forming a living morality. Generally, by proposing only that which is underivable from the real state of things, they waste their enthusiasm, and merely irritate practical people and deceive and demoralize other idealists like themselves. And here the rightness of the conventional moralists comes in. It is a political, not a philosophical or ideal rightness. Society is established: its morality may be modified in some, not in any, directions; and good reforms must not disconnect the future from the past. Society therefore is right in defending its morality. This does not imply that Plato & Bertie, or even their books, ought to be publicly burned. Possibly, in a very well-settled civilization, idealists may be allowed to lecture, and be laughed at. Or they may be wept over: Bertie (and his brother) certainly have had dreadful lives: heroic in their way, but misguided and tragic; and it seems unnecessary to persecute them, when they have so conspicuously discredited the principles which they preach, by living up to them. I hope Russell will get some other appointment, beside the Harvard one, and be able to carry on; but it is a terrible pity that in his old age he should be harassed by poverty, as well as by immersion in a stratum of society that he really doesn’t belong in. His second wife, Dora, mother of his son and heir, he now recognizes to have been—the wrong sort of person. Apparently he is happy with his third wife: congratulations, but fears! But this experimental system of marriages in his case (and in his brother’s) is a most eloquent warning to all observers who desire that so English thing, a decent life with decent people.

The English edition of The Realm of Spirit is now in proof. I have the dummy, sewn like a book, but not bound, and am correcting it. The American edition—the Triton one—is already corrected. Meantime I am

waiting for the remaining essays of Prof. Schilpp's book. They come very slowly—stopped at Gibraltar I expect—and I am afraid the thing will hang on all summer. Not that it matters to me when the book comes out; only that the editor counts on issuing it this year, so as to leave the field clear for the next "Living Philosopher"—Croce—before he disappears.

Spring has come at last and Venice has resumed its familiar colouring

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

24 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 24, 1940

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Thank you for your letter of April 16, with the signed agreement about The Realm of Spirit

I have also received the two unbound copies of the book, with the manuscript. In the latter I found the two pages that were missing in the manuscript I sent to America, and have sent them to Scribner, in case they had not already received them from you.

I will send back the corrected proofs as soon as possible, but I am asking Cory to read them after me, as I often miss the most obvious misprints, being carried along by the presumption of what the text must be.

I will also make a short index, like those in the other volumes. I was relieved to find that the book extends to just 300 pages. I was afraid that it might be longer.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 26, 1940

Dear Cory

George de Cuevas—who wishes to be addressed as Marquis de Cuevas, which is not Spanish nor English nor Chilean, and how can an American be a marquis?—has sent me two big books of photographs of the picture show at the late Wordsld's Fair in New York; and in his letter he says that Dino at the villa and Nerone Bandini, Via Oriuolo, 30–32, Florence, have instructions to “unseal” the house and clean it, so as to be ready to receive you and me when we come! We don't intend to live there, I suppose: but this may be Spanish ofrecimientos or laying everything at your feet on the express understanding that you will not pick it up. He also says that they tried to raise the rent of his apartment at the Strozzi palace from 1,500 to 100,000 lire on account of Margarets inheritance from her grandfather, and that he is trembling about what they may be up to in taxes, etc, for the villa. No doubt, there will be trouble: but why seek it by having so many houses, when the American tax on income is 75% after the inheritance tax of 75% had been levied on the capital?

I am not surprised that you like Geneva after Vevey. Towns are always more civilized than the country; and I see no reason why you shouldn't stay in Geneva as long as you are happy there. The season, says my doctor, is a month late this year, and probably bathing at Rapallo would not yet be tempting. Let me know your movements, if any. I haven't quite finished my proof-reading, because I tire of the old stuff after an hour or two. It reads very well for a while; then I begin to think it is monotonous and mannered; and finally I drop off to sleep. When I have finished, and transcribed the corrections on to the copy to be sent back to Constable, I think I had better not wait for your corrections, but send this proof back while I prepare the index out of the other. I will ask them for a second proof: and so there will be time, with the slow mails, for me to do the index and for you, if you like, to revise the proofs afterwards; and your corrections can be put into the second proof. I don't think there need be many, and chiefly, no doubt, in punctuation—which is often quite wrong (the reader not understanding the sense). Otherwise there seem to be few errors.

I have ordered Collinwood's new "Essay in Metaphysics", which you shall have in due course. Yours af^{ly}

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

29 April 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

April 29, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp,

Today I have received a letter from Prof. Banfi, with a copy of his essay, so that it is not necessary that you should send me either the Italian or the English version of his contribution.

I have read his paper, and think it is only in part relevant to me; but in that part he makes several points that I shall be glad to consider in my Apology.

No other essay, after Brownell's, has yet reached me.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

1 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 1, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

In continuation of my note of yesterday, let me say that I have today received and read P. B. Rice's essay, on "The Philosopher as Poet & Critic". It is excellent, and I have nothing to oppose to it. This is not to say that I should exactly concur in all his judgments; of course not; but that I see that they are reasonable and well-grounded, and that in a large way he sees things as they are.

People who are much younger naturally don't know how unlike the present the intellectual world was fifty years ago, when I wrote my verses. For instance, I had hardly heard of the "metaphysical" poets, and have not read them even now, except in quotations here and there. Rice is perfectly right in his conclusion that when my mind became poetical, I ceased to write in verse. My verse was youthful effusion, not art. Latin facility, not depth.

In writing my reply I am a little troubled about people's titles. I should like to give each person mentioned the style and title he is legally entitled to the first time his name occurs, and after that to refer to him merely by his surname, as we do in conversation. But I don't know exactly who are professors, who doctors, and who plain Mfisters (except Cory): shall I call everybody professor, so as to be on the safe side? Or could you tell me which, if any, are still too young for that distinction?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Constable and Co. Ltd.

4 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

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

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 4, 1940

M^{essrs} Constable & Company, Ltd.

London

Dear Sirs

In regard to the credit to my account which you are holding, I am not sure whether it would be possible for you to transfer it to Messrs. Brown Shipley & C^o at their Pall Mall office, where I have an account. This account is rather dormant, as I don't use it for my ordinary expenses but only for making [*illegible*] occasional payments in England or in other countries. So far, cheques payable to my friends in Spain, France, & Switzerland have been paid without any other difficulty than a certain

delay. If this is not possible, I am perfectly satisfied that you should continue to hold the amount of royalties due me until after the war, when I suppose these difficulties will be removed.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

P.S. It may be useful for you in this matter to know my exact status. I am legally a Spanish subject, with a Spanish passport issued by the consul in Rome (where I usually reside); but my money comes almost entirely from the United States. I have no property in England, except that bank-account.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

4 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
May 4, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

A second postscript to my note of the other day, to say that Munitz's essay also has arrived. Munitz and Banfi, so far, are the most controversial and disparaging of my critics; ~~so far~~; but they serve excellently to provoke explanations on fundamental matters.

The season is advancing, according to the calendar, although climatically we might be still in March; and in five or six weeks I may be leaving Venice for the Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo—in the Dolomites just north of Venice—where I have already spent many summers agreeably. You might address me there; although anything sent to me here would be forwarded without much, if any, loss of time.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

9 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 9, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

This is merely to report that I have now received Friess & Rosenthal's essay, or rather dialogue. I am astonished to see how thoroughly these critics have read and pondered my rather casual effusions. It is only recently that such consideration is shown to me; formerly I was disregarded, and got quite used to it.

This is a lighter paper, in some ways, but I think the writers have got at the key to my philosophy better, for instance, than Prof. Banfi, where they say it lies in my materialism.

The only paper announced by you as ready to be sent, that has not reached me, is Eliseo Vivas!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

11 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 11, 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

I am glad to know that you have got back safely, just before the thick of the storm.

As to my reply to my critics, it is far from complete, only two thirds of their number having yet made themselves heard. It may take another month, or more, before I can send you my manuscript, perhaps from here, perhaps from the Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, where I hope to be later on.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 12, 1940

Dear Cory

Tomorrow I mean to send you my dummy of the "Realm of Spirit" in which all my corrections, some not made in the copy I sent to the publishers, are indicated in pencil. If there should be trouble in communicating with London from here, and my second proofs should not reach me, I will rely on you to give the finishing touches to the book, based on this copy, with any other corrections that you may see ought to be made.

I am also writing to Brown Shipley and company giving them your address, C/o Banque Fédérale, Vevey, in case communications with Italy are interrupted. Of course, we shall be able to arrange this between us, if the occasion presents itself. I take for granted that you will stay in Switzerland for the present. Yours af^{dy}

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

13 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 13, 1940

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

Here is the Index to The Realm of Spirit

I also enclose a list of further corrections, that have seemed necessary on re-reading the book for the Index. If you are sending me a second proof this list may be disregarded, as I have a copy, and can make the corrections in the text when it arrives. But I send the list now, in case there should be difficulties in sending a second proof to Italy. In that case, if you think it might be useful, you might, ~~send the see~~, send the second proof to Daniel Cory, Pension Ryffel, Vevey Switzerland, who has agreed to read the proofs after me, as I fear much may have escaped my imperfect eyes.

It was a great satisfaction to see this last volume actually in print, and my too ambitious work actually finished, however different it may be from what I should have wished

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sunday May 19, 1940

Dear Cory

Russell's letter is splendid in every way; besides appreciation of your articles and a kind word about Strong, there seems to be an air about it as if your Fellowship were going to materialize at last.

As to your plans, Lisbon would be excellent if you were seeking adventures, and it is really not impossible that I may be obliged to take refuge in Spain (if money couldn't be got here from America) and then I might join you in Lisbon (which I don't know, though I was once in Oporto) because Avila, where I should go, is peopled by too many relations. But this event is unlikely; and I should think a return to New York decidedly advisable for you under the circumstances. You would see Russell and other philosopher_s, and you might find yourself regarded as a distinguished and important philosopher_y yourself; something harder in England unless you are a good Churchman, a good Greek Scholar, and an idealist. By the way, I have been reading Collingwood's Essay on Metaphysics. It is full of light: I want to read it again, and may insert some pencil notes, before sending it on to you. Let me know your address: I have both your father's and your brother's in New York. Which would be better, if you go there?

There remains the question of money, of which you say nothing. Ocean voyages now are very dear, and I don't know how much of your Vevey account remains, or whether you wish to leave a nest-egg there for the future. I expect to receive a cheque from Scribner in June, for about \$1000, and to turn it over to you. That would do for a nest-egg in New York, and in any case it might not come in time to be forwarded to you before you

sail. I therefore send you a cheque on B. S. & C^o which is worth only \$150, but might be cashiable at Bordeaux, if you were short when you got there.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

23 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 23, 1940

Dear George

In about a month I expect to move to the Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo, and remain there until September. My passport is being renewed for another year by the Spanish consul at Rome, very obligingly, without my having to present myself, as there is now no Spanish consul in Venice. This makes my official position easy; even if the war extends to these parts, I can always find a quiet comfortable place, if Rome isn't safe, or warm enough (they are limiting the coal for furnaces) like Sorrento or Rapallo, where I now have a friend, the ultra-modern American poet Ezra Pound. The only difficulty would be if I couldn't draw money from America. I have thought out all the possibilities in that case. You may remember my solid reasons for not wishing to go to Spain, and indeed the journey may easily become impossible. But it might be possible for you to send money to Spain (which is sure to remain neutral) say to Rafael or Pepe, who might forward it to me in Italy. Or if that is impracticable, and you think the U.S. is coming into the war, you might (in time) send me a largish lump sum, say \$6000 or \$10,000 to be put in a bank here, or kept in a stocking, to pay my way until peace returned. These may all be crazy and unnecessary fancies of mine; but I report them so that you may be stimulated, if the occasion arises, to think up something better. Or I might simply draw out the whole of my new letter of credit when it arrives. ^

I am very well and happy (in spite of the war) at having my final book safely in print, both in England and in the U.S. and only an entertaining answer to my critics to finish for Prof. Schilpp's big book about my philosophy. That done, I shall be free to amuse myself with my autobiography.

I am sorry for the alarm and anxiety that the war is causing to you all in America. Here the atmosphere is different, and I personally have my philosophy (not merely theoretical) to prepare me for such things and make me put up with them. My old friend Mrs. Potter writes and writes that I must take refuge in America, and I daresay Mrs. Toy thinks the same thing although she knows it is useless to propose it. [*across*] I have had a letter, written by her nurse but signed by her own hand. She seems to be recovering bravely.

Yours afly GSantayana

To Elizabeth Stephens Fish Potter

26 May 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

May 26, 1940

Dear Mrs. Potter

You don't know how much I am touched by your constancy in thinking of me in these troubled times, and wishing to let me take refuge in a safe place. But I am afraid that, morally and perhaps even materially, you are suffering more from the war in America than I suffer in Italy. We have three meatless days_s a week, but "meat" does not include ham, tongue, bacon, sweetbreads, brain_s, liver, or sausage, so that there is no lack of animal substance provided for us; and coal is going to be rationed next winter, but I shall have a sitting-room with a fire-place where I can burn wood, if the central heating proves insufficient. The summer I expect to spend at Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites, as far as possible from any military front; and in the winter, as I have no settled abode, I shall see what the circumstances are, and choose my lodgings accordingly. And although it is announced that Italy may come at any moment into the war, people seem perfectly calm and cheerful; and my own state of mind is infinitely calmer than it was during the other war, when I was in England, and so distressed that I couldn't work—at least in the last two years—but only read Dickens and walked in the country, having bread and cheese and a pint of "bitter" in some country inn for luncheon—there was nothing else to be had—and

writing melancholy soliloquies in a small notebook. Now I can go on with my regular occupations undisturbed, and don't expect to hear any bombs dropping, as I did in London during the first Zeppelin raid. All this is horribly casual and egotistical: yet if I went to America I should be distracted by the hysterical excitement which seems to prevail there, and my work—for I actually have prescribed work to do for a book of joint authorship to be published in America—would be interrupted and embittered. The only danger for me is that the U.S. should come in and I shouldn't be able to get any money: but there are ways of circumventing even that difficulty, if it arises. My Spanish friends also urge me to join them; but there too I should be terribly disturbed, and the journey alone would seriously upset me. So don't worry about me, dear Mrs. Potter, but hope for the early return of peace.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

5 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

June 5, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp,

I have now received and read Vivas' paper as well as Edman's, the latter sent to me directly by the author. If Ried's paper is not expected any longer, there remain, according to my reckoning only Dennes, Hartshorne, and Russell to be heard from. I am going ahead with my reply without waiting for these late-comers. There is to be a section about "data" "neutral entities" etc. which will concern any criticisms that Russell may make on the basis of his own position; and I can insert in other sections, already half written, anything that Dennes and Hartshorne may bring up requiring elucidation. I am quite happy about the result of these criticisms quoad me, in that they give me a splendid chance to explain myself; but I am rather disappointed with them as compositions or reviews on their own account. Both the tone and the insight in many of them seem rather second-class. I have reread Banfi, in correcting the translation (which was blind in places and generally inelegant): I hope you have received it, or will soon receive it. This second careful reading has given me a pleasanter and more sympathetic sense of his position, and I hope to make a suitably civil and radical reply. It seems the best of the criticisms

so far. Russell's, from a different point of view, ought to be at least as good. Russell has the advantage of being a very old friend, apart from philosophical interest, and we have always been good friends in spite of divergences in speculation and in politics. We can at least always laugh together. I trust his agitated affairs have not kept him from writing something for our book.

I send you two rather cheap photos, but I went to what is regarded as the best photographer, and explained as well as I could in Italian that something informal was desired. The man at once suggested taking me just as I stood, on coming in from the street, and you see the result. I hope one or the other of these postal cards will serve the purpose

My movements are not yet determined on. You can address me here until you hear to the contrary

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

5 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

June 5, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Here is a rather cheap photo on a postcard, but I went to what is regarded as the best photographer's and explained as well as my Italian allowed that it was for the frontispiece of a book and that the editor—Professor Schilpp, I had in mind, not you—desired it to be as informal as possible. The man at once suggested taking me just as I stood hat in hand, having come in directly from the street; and you see the result. He took some heads also, but they were ghastly, so I hope either that you will find

this picture good enough or that you will find something better than one more photo to adorn the Triton Edition.

The state of communications (and alarm) between England and Italy is now so bad that I hardly know how Constable's edition of the Realm of Spirit is getting on. I asked for a second proof which has never come; but I made an index, and in making it discovered a dozen or more small matters to correct, of which I also sent him a list. Foreseeing possible suspension of communications, I asked Mr. Kyllmann to send the second proof to Cory in Switzerland, if that were easier. Cory had a copy with all my corrections marked, and was to read the proof for himself and correct any further misprints that he might discover. But now Cory has had to sail for the U.S., so that if he is to intervene the process will be rather roundabout. We shall have to be patient. Anyhow the book is doubly in print and safe!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
June 7, 1940

Dear Cory

Things are getting very thick, but at any rate you are having as lively and unpleasant an experience of war-time, as we old people had twenty-five years ago. I hope your voyage and first impressions of your native land after fifteen years, however, were predominantly pleasant or at least interesting and memorable: I should think they must have been so.

As for me, all is slowly turning out nicely. There is nothing you can do for me about the New York edition of the R. of S: but I haven't got the second proofs of the English edition; so that if you could send Mr. Kyllmann a list of the corrections (or the dummy itself) including any you may have found necessary, it might be a help towards making that—the essential—edition correct. I expect, with the flurry they are in in London, printing and publishing will be very slow; but I don't mind, so long as the result is good in the end.

I have got my passport and certificate of registration renewed by the Spanish consul in Rome, without having had to go there. There is now no Spanish consul in Venice, and for a moment I feared I might have to make

a long journey, two nights in the train, simply to get my papers straight—essential at such a moment, even in this quiet region; but I wrote to the consul in Rome, and he consented to renew my passport, if I sent it on by post. That is now settled: also the possibility of having my old room at the old hotel in Cortina, where they say they expect a good season, as the sea-shore will be less attractive this year.—All the essays but three have reached me for Schilpp's book. Russell's is still missing. They are second-rate for the most part. Munitz and Edman very inimical, and Banfi (of Milan) also severe, but polite, and giving me a splendid chance to explain myself. The rest anodyne. But shall I be able to get my MS type-written, or will communications remain open with the U.S. for reading proofs, etc.? I will appeal to you to do this for me, if I can't; and in general I may need you as a secretary to receive and readdress my letters. Little comes now through B. S. & C^o but there might be some interesting things. If you get anything, open it, and send it on only if you think I ought to see it. Reply yourself to all ladies. Yours affly

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

9 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(Cablegram: Houghton)

NA85 19 CABLE VIA COML=VENEZIA 9 1100

GEORGE STURGIS=

=111 DEVONSHIRE STREET BSN=

PAY COOK BOSTON TWOTHOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE
TELEGRAPHED COOK VENICE URGENT=

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

111 SANTAYANA

To George Sturgis

12 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

June 12, 1940

Dear George

Your telegram, and the \$2000 at Cook's arrived safely, and your promptness has made it possible for me today, after 48 hours of uncertainty and delay, to get the \$2000 into my pocket in the form of Cook's Travellers' cheques. This does not solve my difficulty, but it relieves it very much and makes me independent of my old and my new (not yet received) letter of credit.

Now for an account of what has occurred. ~~Three days before~~ ~~yesterday~~ ~~ago~~, the young cashier from Cook's unexpectedly made me a visit. As I had drawn \$500 a few days earlier, I was afraid he might come to get them back, on the ground that his draught could not be passed. But no; he said that was all right, but that he came on his personal initiative (he had nothing to do at his office, there being now no travellers) to say they had had order, ~~s~~, not to pay any cheques or letters of credit in dollars (as well, of course, as in sterling) in the future; and that he came to suggest, if I expected to draw more money soon, that I should telegraph for it at once, as the order would not become operative until the following day. On getting further explanations, I gave him your address and authorized him to telegraph in my name. He would then let me have half the amount in Italian money and half in Cook's cheques, which would be good if I decided to leave Italy later.

So that was arranged for the moment, and I had no trouble further than the disturbance to my philosophic peace of mind concerning earthly things.

That was on Sunday, June 9th; and on the Monday afternoon (morning in the U.S.) came your telegram to me. At half-past five I showed it to the cashier at Cook's; and he said they too had had your reply (from New York) and that the money telegraphed had been sent for inspection to some head-office. It was just when the Piazza San Marco was filling with a great crowd gathering to hear through the radio and loud-speakers Mussolini's speech in Rome announcing war. I went and had an orangeade in a quiet café round the corner, in the Piazzetta, looking at the

domes of St. Mark's, with their jolly gilded crosses sprinkled with gilded balls, not yet bombs.

Yesterday was discouraging: the money could not possibly be converted into Italian currency, and Cook's cheques would be no good, because they too would not be cashed. But the cashier would if—see if through Switzerland, perhaps, he might not manage it.

This morning he sent a message, please to come at once to the office. I did so, and he said he could do nothing through Switzerland, but could give me the whole \$2000 in Cook's cheques, or have the money sent back to New York. I took the cheques, incidentally getting a thousand more lire in settling for the telegrams, etc: so that I feel happier, although uncertain whether I can go to Cortina or must attempt to leave Italy in whatever way may be possible. Inquiries are being made for me, and I will let you know what is decided. Yours aff^{ly}

G.Santayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

14 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

June 14, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

During these last five days we have had various alarms, moral and physical, but nothing to interfere seriously with our plans. In a few days, as soon as I can get things ready, I expect to move to Cortina d'Ampezzo, as arranged, and there, at the Hotel Savoia, I shall doubtless find Pepper's essay and perhaps also Dennes. Am I to await Russell's, or to proceed without him?

Once in Cortina, which is in a sort of lunar landscape, I shall be able to give undivided attention to my Apology, which is already well advanced in composition and complete in plan. There may be some delay and uncertainty about getting it to America, as the military barriers are extending on all sides, but there remains the air route to Spain, and hence directly

or indirectly to New York, and the mails through Switzerland, or even through Jugoslavia and Greece or Turkey—perhaps also via Kamschatka!

My greatest personal difficulty might be in getting money to live on; but so long as the United States remains non-belligerent, and Spain (my legal government) also, I can manage; and even in the worst case, the hotel proprietors who know me well, the one here, for instance, would be willing to accept my securities, even if not negotiable until peace returns.

I may make another attempt, in September to secure permission to settle down for a while in Switzerland; but it would be morally more agitated than Italy. My relations keep urging me to return to Spain, and my friends to return to the United States; but I am too old to travel except under compulsion, and in my Italian haunts I have the advantage of fixed habits, that allow my remaining energies to be employed in my writing.

It may be impossible for me to get my Apology typewritten. The lady who typewrites for me is employed at the British Legation to the Vatican. The Minister is now domiciled in the Vatican City itself, but I doubt that his typists are, and my friend may have gone back to England. In that case I will keep a complete copy (the rough draft) of my Apology and send you the corrected manuscript. Should this be lost, I could write you another, or perhaps by that time war will be over, and we can live more at ease. Yours sincerely

G.Santayana

To George Sturgis

14 June 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

June 14, 1940

Dear George

My affairs are now settled. I find that it is possible to get drafts paid on a letter of credit by waiting until the notice of payment made in New York gets back to this country. I have therefore signed a draft for \$750 at the Banca Ambrosiana in Venice, and got a receipt for it; and the Italian money for it will be sent to me by cheque to Cortina.

Moreover, the management of this hotel (and it is one of a large syndicate) volunteers to take my security, even if cash cannot be obtained until the war is over. This will probably not be necessary, but it is something to fall back upon in case of need—if America and Spain, for instance, should both cease to be “non-militant”, on opposite sides!

That would be a difficulty for me if I were in Spain, as it would be for Mercedes, who is lachrymose over not having received her April allowance. I have sent her £100 to stop her cries, by cheque on B. S. & C^o, but it may be long before she can cash it.

Last night we had a first class show here, but not restful or conducive to sound sleep. First, lurid moonlight with drifting clouds; then a violent thunder-storm with sheets of rain, and in the midst of it, an air-raid. The bombs didn't fall in Venice but some miles away, in the new port on the mainland, but we could hear them, and the anti-aircraft guns, and see the flashes. It reminded me of the first Zeppelin attack on London, when I was quietly going to bed in my lodgings in Jermyn-Street, when I thought a very large tray of crockery must have been dropped in the pantry: but as it happened several times, and then there was rapid-firing of many small guns, I realized it must be a raid, and dressed again and went into Piccadilly to see the fun. But it was over by that time: and the next day I, being a peace-lover, I moved to Oxford. So now I am moving in a few days to Cortina, which is too remote and Alpine to be worth bombing. In September, I will review the situation, and see what I had better do. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

19 June 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Cortina d'Ampezzo

June 19, 1940

Dear George

If you have received my letters of the last few days (two letters, I think) you know that my financial predicament is not serious, as I have over 5,000 lire in my pocket, \$1800 in Cook's Traveller's Cheques, and \$750 expected to reach me through the Banca Ambrosiana in Venice perhaps in a month. The manager at the Hotel Daniele accepted one of my Cook's Cheques in payment of my last bill (which was for about 10 days) and even was going to give me the change (about 400 lire) in Italian money; but he

was troubled about it, and we agreed that he should keep the change, giving me credit for it, until he himself got the cash, when he would send it to me at Cortina, or keep it against my next visit to Venice in September.

The most intelligent or intelligible answer to my inquiries on this subject has come from Pinchetti, the proprietor of the Bristol in Rome. I translate his letter:

“You may always have money sent you from America by telegraph through one of the banks established in Italy (Banca Commerciale Italiana, Credito Italiano, Banco di Napoli, ect.)”

This is an alternative to the method actually proposed by the Banca Ambrosiana and which I agreed to in respect to the \$750 still to my credit in my letter of credit, that is, the method of drawing money but having to wait for it until notice of its payment in New York came back to the Italian bank. In case of need, therefore, the best way would seem to be that you should pay whatever I asked for to the New York branch of an Italian bank, asking them to telegraph it to their Italian head-house, which would then (I understand) immediately pay it to me. For the moment, however, I think my Cook’s Cheque’s, though payment be delayed a month or more, will serve because the hotels that know me are willing to accept them in payment of bills; and I have hardly any other expenses. In September, however, we may have to review the situation.

My journey here (To Cortina), was old-fashioned the motorbus and the best train not running, and I had to come in ordinary trains with two changes; but all went well in the end. Or rather, not seriously not well: for on arriving here at the Station the proprietor of the Savoia (and of two other hotels) was waiting for me and said his two best houses were not yet open, and that he had taken a room for me at the Ampezzo, where I write this. It is modest, but all right, and I am pleased with the contrast to simplicity, quiet, cool air, and real solitude.

Yours affly

G. Santayana

[*across*]

P.S. I forgot to say what I had to say in particular, that today I have received your air-letter of June 11th. Your promptness in acting on the telegram, sent by Cook’s agent in my name, was most kind and useful. It secured those \$2000 which are my mainstay for this summer.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 June 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia

Cortina d'Ampezzo

June 26, 1940

Dear Cory: Your letter of the 15th arrived yesterday, having been "opened by the Censor". I suppose it came by a steamer from Lisbon and was stopped at Gibraltar for inspection of the mails by the British authorities; however, ten days in all is not making bad time.

Scribner's cheque has not yet reached me. I will wait for it a bit longer, and if it doesn't come, I will write to them asking them to stop payment on it, as probably lost, and to pay you the money instead. But this will take some time. I send you a cheque on B. S. & C^o, the only thing I can do for the moment. My account there is dormant, as I cannot communicate directly with England; if you can cash cheques on it, I can continue to send them to you for some time, as I have a sufficient fund there, even if not replenished by new deposits, and it is perfectly useless for me otherwise, and dwindling in value.

I am not, as the heading of this letter suggests, at the Savoia, which is not yet open, but at the Ampezzo, near the Station, which is very second class, and the weather rainy and cold. However, I shall move to the Savoia as soon as possible, and hope for sunshine. All Schilpp's essays have reached me except two, including Russell's; but it is comprehensible that he should be late. I work every morning on my reply, but often with little interest. Most of these essays are like this hotel, very second-rate. Still, there are moments when I wake up and like the job: only such inspiration doesn't last long. I am also without books, and am reading Balzac in an Italian (very good) translation that I find here in the book-stalls under the arch. It is very much like my finding refuge in Dickens during the other war: but there is this difference. Then I was in Oxford, with all the books in the world at hand, but too distracted to read anything serious. Now I am not distracted at all; what is happening interests me like ancient history, and illustrates the same truths. But I am without books materially, and inclined to fiction or memoirs, as really more interesting than official philosophy.^x When I have finished with Schilpp, I shall draw a deep breath and turn to "Persons & Places" which I have the MS of here. With that, Balzac and the very interesting newspapers, I hope to be quite happy.

I understand your state of mind. It is what I should feel. Yours aff^{ly}
GSantayana

[*across*]

^x I sent you Collingwood's book from Venice, but fear it may not reach you. A second reading did not altogether confirm my high opinion of it. It is eccentric, egotistical, self-willed: but full of learning and lively thinking.

To George Sturgis

2 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(Cablegram: Houghton)

MF B104 CORTINAMPEZZO 17 2 1610

LC GEORGE STURGIS

111 DEVONSHIRE STREET BOSTON MASS

FUNDS RECEIVED WILL WIRE WHEN MORE NEEDED

GEORGE SANTAYANA

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

6 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Savoia,
Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy.
July 6, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Today I receive your letter of June 27, the copy on thin paper sent by air-mail. Nine days from Evanston to Cortina in wartime is doing very well.

Professor Dennes also sent me a copy of his essay, on thin paper, folded like a letter, by air-mail; but I have not received the copy sent by you, nor Hartshorne's, nor Pepper's. If these came in your large envelopes, I can understand that they should have been detained at the Italian frontier, where they may not have time to read metaphysical essays in English to make sure that they contain nothing poisonous. Perhaps, if you have Russell's paper when you receive this, you might have my copy typed on

thin paper and send it in an ordinary envelope by air-mail; it might then reach me without arousing so much suspicion.

I am sorry that my residence in Italy brings you so much trouble, but it is only a question of time, and in a case like this, of force majeure, you have a good excuse for any delay. There is no strain whatever for me in remaining here, so long as the United States is neutral and I can get my money regularly from Boston, where a nephew of mine has charge of it. There is no excitement here and no controversies, and except for darkening windows and seeing no foreigners, we might forget that anything was wrong. There are also restrictions about food-stuffs; but living in hotels I eat what is served, and find it more than sufficient. You know, I suppose, that I am a Spanish subject, not an American citizen, so that my passport and my permit to reside in Italy are obtained without any difficulty or ominous warnings. It would be much more disturbing to my peace of mind if I were in Switzerland or even in Spain, which swarm with refugees.

The end of hostilities with France is certainly a great relief, because it removes all fear of invasion (except by air) and of heavy casualties in the army.

I continue to work every morning on my Apologia, but not always with equal interest. Some of these problems and questions rather bore me: and that is perhaps the reason why I said tactlessly that these essays as a whole seemed second-rate. I like some of them, as you will see by my replies, which I keep benevolent, if frank. I write to you without reserve, and you mustn't take my words too solemnly.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. When I leave Cortina about Sept. 1st I shall go back to the Hotel Danieli, Venice. You can address me there at any time, as I shall keep them "posted" about my whereabouts.

To Rafael Sastre González

8 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Hotel Savoia

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italia

8 de Julio, 1940.

Querido Rafael: tu cariñosa carta me encuentra en Cortina, lugar ahora mas tranquilo que nunca, pues no hay extraneros, y los italianos se contentan con pocas semanas de veraneo. No eres tú el único que se acuerda de mí en las circunstancias de este momento, y es verdad que estoy algo aislado. Mi antiguo amigo Strong, con quien vivía yo en otros tiempos en Paris, ha muerto, y las demas conocidos americanos e ingleses que vivían en Italia se han marchado; pero yo estoy bien de salud y muy a gusto haciendo vida de hermitaño con sala de baño. Sigo trabajando, en parte por tener ocupación y en parte por compromisos con varios editores, y esta guerra no me pesa como la otra, de hace veinte años. Me parece que leo historias antiguas, ilustrando las mismas verdades eternas. Mercedes, que tiene 83 años, tambien me anima a volver á España y me ofrece su casa, o sus casas, pues tiene dos, y yo ninguna; pero eso es por ser yo filósofo. Y en los Estados Unidos aún quedan algunas personas que se agitan, pensando que lo debo pasar muy mal aquí, entre invasiones y bombas: pero ocurre todo lo contrario. Sería allí que no me dejarían vivir en paz. Ademas los viajes por ahora son imposibles, y en Italia nadie me molesta, y los propietarios de las fondas en donde acostumbro a parar, tanto aquí como en Venecia y en Roma, estan muy atentos, y hasta ofrecen fiarme el pago de la cuenta hasta que se haga la paz, si fuese necesario. No creo que lo sea, pues no faltaría medio de girar dinero de los Estados Unidos indirectamente, aunque éstos no permanecieran neutrales, cosa poco probable. Sí llegase el caso de tener que marcharme, sería sin duda a España que me dirigiría, y a tu casa; no olvido las largas temporadas que he pasado entre vosotros, y aunque falten personas queridas quedan otras que lo son tambien, y gente jóven para recordarnos que no se acaba el mundo con nosotros.

Cariñosos recuerdos a todos, y un abrazo de tu tío que te quiere
Jorge Santayana

(Pongo el apellido por la censura)

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 12th 1940

Dear Cory,

Your letter of July 5th arrived here yesterday—in six days from New York! I am writing to Mr. Wheelock, enclosing an order to pay you the amount of my June cheque, cancelling [^]other_^ payment on it as lost. If you have received it from Vevey, all the better. I am sending this, and my letter to Wheelock, by air-mail.

My memory for recent minor events is very treacherous. I sent B. S. & C^o formal instructions about forwarding my letters to you at the Banque Fédérale, Vevey; but not (if I remember) to Riverhead, New York. I can't write to them directly now, but you might write and explain that you have left Vevey, and ask them to forward my letters to you at Riverhead. And

you might enclose this letter as authority, if you think it necessary. I don't think much will come through that channel now. My active correspondents know where I am, and the others don't matter. Yet there might be something of interest from unexpected quarters.

Other things I leave for another day.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

12 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Savoia

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

July 12th 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory writes me from New York, on July 5th (by airmail) that he has seen you, and that, among other things, you spoke of having sent on June 1st, Care of Brown Shipley & C^o in London, a cheque for me. It has not reached me, and can hardly do so, but it may get back to New York via Switzerland, where I had asked B. S. & C^o to send my letters if communication was cut off from England to Italy. That was when Cory, who was to act as my secretary, had an account [*illegible*] at the Banque Fédérale in Vevey, and could be addressed there. I intended to endorse this cheque to him, to be deposited in his account; and now that he is in America, waiting for an appointment to a Fellowship and for a small legacy left him by my friend Strong, he ought to have that money as soon as possible. I should therefore be much obliged (if that cheque in my favour is returned to you, or if you can stop payment on it as lost) if you could pay it to him instead. I enclose a formal order to that effect, in case these words are too informal for the purpose.

I am sorry that war has come to render more troublesome the communication between us; but apart from being cut off from my London bankers (not seriously inconvenient, except as an intermediate permanent address) I have not suffered any annoyance by it. Fortunately the last volume of the Triton Edition was already in shape, as far as my cooperation was concerned, except for the little photograph which I sent you before leaving Venice and which I hope you have received. Professor Schilpp has

received his copy, and seems to be satisfied with ~~him~~ it. It is he that is suffering from the effects of this postal blockade; yet, apart from some delay, most of our letters and manuscripts have come through all right. The Transatlantic Airmail, via Lisbon, is a great help, and not dear. I have received letters from Evanston, Illinois, and from California, in little over a week, here in the Dolomites. Nothing could be quieter than this place is now. But my movements are uncertain. In September I expect to return to the Hotel Danieli, Venice. You had better regard that as my address until I send some other.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Hotel Savoia, Cortina, Italy

July 12th 1940

To

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

Please pay the amount of the cheque sent by you to me on June 1st 1940, which I have not received and is probably lost, to Mr. Daniel M. Cory.

George Santayana

To George Sturgis

14 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

July 14, 1940

Dear George

Your letter of July 3, sent by airmail, reached me here yesterday, in ten days. There is no sign of its having been opened by a censor. I suppose there is some necessary delay at Lisbon, in connecting the Transatlantic Air Mail with the Littoria Airline, which I believe goes only twice a week from Rome to Lisbon and vice versa via Barcelona and Madrid.

Mercedes finally got your April remittance on the same day as my cheque, so that she is afloat again for the moment. Your letter took two months to reach her. I am entirely cut off from England; but the final proofs of my Realm of Spirit, for the English edition (which will be the ordinary edition in America too, being reproduced photographically) had already been corrected and sent to the press: so that I am not troubled much about the interruption. Cory, who is now at his father's, 26 First

Street, Riverhead, New York, can serve as an intermediary between me and London.

As to funds, I have written and telegraphed since the last letter you had received from me on July 3rd, and I suppose you have got my messages. I have now some 3000 lire and \$1800 in Cook's cheques on hand, and am expecting the payment of my last draft on my old letter of credit, for \$750, which will make about 14,000 lire, from the Banco Ambrosiano at Venice. They took my draft on June 14th, just one month ago; I daresay they took no special measures to ensure promptness, but it makes no difference, as Dandrea, the banker here, has promised to cash Cook's cheques, "for me", at sight: so that I can pay my hotel bills as they become due, even if I have to wait for the \$750 until I return to Venice on September 1st I shall then look about, and see where I had better go for the winter. I might stay again in Venice; but it was rather bleak last winter, and I should like more sun and more variety in the matter of walks. The armistice with France has made things quieter for Italy in the north and in the interior; no invasion possible now, and air-raids not likely except on the coast. Mercedes and Rafael (who is now chairman of the Diputación Provincial or Legislative Council of the province of Avila) have written repeatedly urging me to go to Spain: but it would be a dreadful nuisance. Italy is morally and (for me) materially quite comfortable. If the war is still raging, and Rome uninviting, I may go to an old Austrian winter resort (now in Italy) called Riva at the head of the lake Garda. It would be very remote and quiet, but magnificent pictorially, with a first-class hotel, and doctors. I could write my Autobiography.

You needn't send any money for the moment. I will cable, if need should arise.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

15 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 15, 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

It is a great satisfaction to know that you are still in Italy and ready to copy my new "Apology," as it is to be called. I had feared that I might have to copy it all by hand, as in the present circumstances I could not risk sending my only version to America. The delay in the post—although there is

an airline from Lisbon—and the difficulty in getting thirteen professors to do extra work on time have prevented those thirteen essays from reaching me yet—three of them are still to come. My own laziness also has interfered; nevertheless I have some sections of the reply completed, and as you are hungry for occupation, I will send them on singly or two by two; and if there are additions or corrections to make later, we can make a new copy of the corrected parts.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 18, 1940

Dear Cory,

In reading Balzac (I am now in my fifth volume) I am struck by the immense and dramatic importance that he gives to money. French people are no doubt more frankly and passionately governed by this interest than other nations; but the thing, in different disguises, is universal. Please, on my authority and Balzac's, to consider it an axiom that money is the petrol of life. Of course Moore and Huxley and even Russell would like to get rid of being Trustees for the Fellowship Fund. Strong neglected to provide any compensation for his Trustees (not for the Banker's Trust, who saw that they got something) but for his Committee. When I pointed this out to him, he seemed surprised, and after a while said perhaps there might be \$100 a year for clerical expenses. I wonder, if he put that in! You must therefore expect the greatest lassitude and indifference in these eminent men, even if they don't quite venture to throw up the job openly. One ought to be a philanthropist especially if someone else has supplied the funds. But it is a dreadful nuisance even then. And as to Margaret and George, you must realize their fury; and I wonder if writing to them on the subject would have a soothing effect. Only the tyrannical power of the law, will silence them, or rather, limit their opposition to loud laments. They will never be your friends. You can judge better than I about the temper of the officials at the Bankers' Trust Company, but probably they too have an instinctive preference for not paying rather than paying, and will be more obliging if not dunned. It is too bad that you should be without

funds, and I hope you have received my [*illegible*]second, cheque and been able to cash it, as well as the old one for £50 that you took with you. At least, if Scribner pays you the amount of my royalties you will be afloat for a few months; and, as I wrote to you, if you can cash my cheques on B. S. & C^o I shall be able to go on supplying you with the necessary money for some time, as I still have more than £1500 in that bank, whatever that may now be worth, or later. Conceivably they may stop payments; and in that case I should be sorry to have to ask George Sturgis to help you, because he is my heir and would, like the others, become your enemy for life. This is worldly wisdom from Balzac, and not encouraging, but it is better to be prepared for the worst, or at least forewarned.

I am now really at the Savoia, very comfortable and happy. Miss Tindall is living at the Città del Vaticano, and anxious to do typewriting for me. Russell's essay for [*across*] Schilpp's book has not yet arrived and two others are missing, but I am slowly putting my "Apology" into shape, and sending it in sections to Miss Tindall.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

23 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
July 23, 1940

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I am cut off from direct communication with you, but send you this via Cory in New York.

If, or when, The Realm of Spirit, has been published, please have copies sent, with the author's compliments, to the following persons, and count the books as those you would normally assign to me. When the post begins to run again normally I will ask you for a copy or two for myself.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Please send copies of Santayana's The Realm of Spirit, with the Author's compliments to:

The Librarian, King's College, Cambridge,
Leone Vivante, Esq. Meriden Bungalow,
Boar's Hill, Oxford

Mr. Philip Lane

314, St. Benedict's Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Prof. Herbert W. Schneider

21, Claremont Avenue, New York, N.Y.

B. A. Beal, Esq. 60 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Daniel Cory, Esq. 26 First Street, Riverhead, New York.

Dear Cory

Please forward this to O. Kyllmann Esq
Constable & Company
10, Orange Street,
London. W.P.2

To John Hall Wheelock

26 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

July 26, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I send you an imperfect list of the persons to whom I should like vol. 15 of the Triton Edition to be sent. My friends Westenholz and Strong are dead, but in both cases vol. 15 should be sent eventually to complete the set preserved by their heirs. The heir, in Strong's case, is myself, as he has left me his "philosophical books" in his Will; but it is not possible at present to send valuable books either to Italy or Germany. Mrs. Toy and Cory have changed their addresses, but may be reached. Two Spanish addresses, and my own, are in suspense, and I will send them later, when they are settled. I don't yet know where I shall spend next winter, but undoubtedly in Italy, where everything is very quiet. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

The Triton Edition of Santayana, Vol. 15

Mrs. C. H. Toy
19 Garden Street
The Delphic Club
9 Linden Street
The Robbins Philophi-
cal Library
Harvard University

} Cambridge
Mass.

Daniel Cory, Esq.
26 First Street
Riverhead, New York,
George Sturgis, Esq.
Auburndale P.O. Mass.

Please reserve four other copies for the Author, to be sent to addresses to be supplied by him later.

These should be charged to his account.

Santayana's Realm of Spirit
(trade edition)

Please send copies with the Author's Compliments to

Prof. Herbert W. Schneider
21 Claremont Ave.
Mr. David Wapinsky
325 Crimmins Ave.
Mr. Daniel Cory
26 First Street
Riverhead, New York

} New York
City

[-These may be counted as 3 of those normally assigned to the Author. The other 3 may be sent to him, or at his request, when he gives definite addresses, not available at present.]-

To Evelyn Tindall

29 July 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Cortina, July 29th 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

According to new police regulations of which you may have heard, I am obliged to leave Cortina, and on August 1st expect to arrive at the Grand Hotel in Rome.

If you have received and copied the first section of my Apology you might send it to me there. I will let you know if, and when, I leave for some other place, perhaps Fiuggi.

I have other sections now ready. Is there any porter's lodge in your part of the Vatican where I could leave them for you?. I am not sure that it is expedient to send long manuscripts by post.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

2 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

Aug. 2, 1940

Dear George

Your letter of May 13th including a note about Mrs. Toy from Mrs. Moors reached me here two days ago—in about two months and a half, having been opened by the British censor. I was very glad to get it, since your previous letter on the same subject is still on the way, and I didn't know how the negotiations about helping Mrs. Toy had terminated. I am glad that she finally got something from me, I was a little ashamed to have contributed nothing on the previous occasion, when I was probably the oldest of her friends at hand and the best able to help her.

Now that is finished, I have (much to my regret and annoyance) to ask you to send another considerable present in my name. If you have received my recent letters you know that I sent ~~M~~Mercedes^x a cheque on Brown Shipley & C^o for £100, which she received (and cashed at once) on the same day as her belated (April?) draft

from you. Well now the Banco de Guipuzcoa at Vigo notifies her that payment of that cheque has been refused in London, and that she must return the money she had received for it. Imagine her distress, and her hypotheses as to my having nothing at the bank, or having stopt payment, etc.. What has happened is that the British government will not now allow any money to leave the country. I suspected it when I sent Mercedes that cheque, but I could do nothing better, and risked it. Even Constable & C^o my London publishers who owed me £103 on royalties, were refused permission not only to send me the money, but even to transfer it to my account at B. S. & C^o They therefore are holding it to my credit until the end of the war. How much will the pound be worth then?

In fine, as we cannot let Mercedes go to prison for debt, I must ask you to send her \$500 as soon as possible so that she may repay her bank, and preserve our good name all round.

My own finances are rather slack but if I get the money for my last draft of \$750 on my old letter of credit before I leave Cortina, I shall be all right. There is also the first annoyance I have had from war-regulations. I [*across*] may not be able to remain here or to return to Venice. In that case, I will go to Rome. And I will telegraph my address, of course, when I telegraph for \$500 for myself.

Yours aff^{ly} G.Santayana

[*across page one*]

x Mercedes is at Bayona de Galicia
Vigo, Spain.

To Nancy Saunders Toy

8 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
August 8th 1940

Dear Mrs. Toy

Your good letters of June 27th and July 10th are before me. I was particularly glad to receive the first (on July 25th) with the news of your complete recovery and pleasure in going to dinner-parties! Think how much younger you are than I, who have not had evening-clothes, not even a dinner-jacket, for more than ten years! Your other letter arrived today. They take about a month, unless they go by Air Mail, when with luck they come from Evanston, Illinois to Cortina in some ten days. You may wonder what correspondents I have in Evanston, Illinois. It is Professor Schilpp and his secretary, who are getting out a volume, second of a series entitled "Living Philosophers," the first being devoted to Dewey and this to me, by

order of seniority. Croce is to follow, and then Brunswige and Bertie Russell. It is honourable company, and my mind now is entirely devoted in the morning hours to answering the criticisms that are to be contained in volume two. It is a good long-range distraction from war-news and from the small uncertainties about letters, money-drafts, and permitted places of residence that are involved in belligerency. Since I came to Cortina, without any books, I have found another distraction of an imaginative kind for the afternoon: it is the complete works of Balzac in an excellent Italian version which I get for 30 cents a volume in a book-stall under an arch in this mountain town. I feel as I did in Oxford, where with all the books of the world at hand, I found solace from war-news in Dickens. Balzac is deeper in worldly knowledge, but never humorous or moving, and he would not serve for much comfort if I were as distressed now as I was in 1917. This picture of the world keeps politics, finance, and human perversity in general well in the foreground, without any real allegiance to any ideal compensations other than the artificial happy dénouement of some of the stories. But he gives me just what I need now, clearness in judging men and events. He is not cynical, he can even convert his villains on occasion, but he has no illusions and no prejudices, and can see the nobility or at least the humanity of all classes and parties. It is a support to philosophy at this moment when the public mind is subject to hysteria. I hope that events will soon bring us not only material peace, but the peace that comes from understanding.

I hope I may be inspired to write the verses you ask for, but poetry is even more [*across*] remote from my habits than is a dinner-jacket. You wouldn't want your little friends to laugh at me as an old dotard, who thinks he can sing.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

9 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Albergo Savoia
Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 9, 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

It was a great relief yesterday to receive your note of July 26th post-marked at the Vatican City on the 30th which had been, in all, two weeks on the way. Doubtless it was detained for inspection, although there was no sign of its having been opened.

I had feared that my innocent manuscript had never reached you, and I had finally asked the porter here to reclaim it from the post-office. Now all is well. Please keep both the original and the copies for the present. I am here on suffrance, pending the official reply to a request made in my favour by Signor Pinchetti in Rome: but in any case I expect to go to Rome before the 1st of September, at least for a few days, and then we can arrange for the remaining batches of copy.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

15 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo
Aug. 15, 1940

Dear George

This morning I got your cablegram saying that my draft for \$750 at the Banco Ambrosiano in Venice had been paid, and the payment notified to that bank by cable. Very well: I had given up any definite expectation that the draft would arrive at all, and was ready to do without it; but if I now get the money, all the better. It will save me from having to cable to you for funds until October or November. We might agree beforehand that, whenever I telegraph, "Send money" it will mean \$500 by cable: and I sha'n't need so much every month, but we may skip a month when I am in funds. You know I still have \$1400 in Cook's cheques, which my old hotel proprietors, here and at Venice, are willing to accept, although they

have to wait a long time for the cash, which comes by the central Banca d'Italia.

The only question now is where I shall go when I leave Cortina about Sept. 1st and where I shall spend the winter. There are new regulations excluding foreigners of all nationalities from military areas; but the definition of these areas is not clear, at least not to the uninitiated. The province of Belluno, where Cortina is situated, is included, and I was notified that I was expected to leave. But my landlord got leave from the Prefect of Belluno (by telephone) for me not to hurry: and meantime he and Pinchetti in Rome (the proprietor of the old Bristol) asked for exemption in my favour at headquarters in Rome, and got it. But the order not to disturb me was sent only to the Prefect of Belluno; so that I must find out before I go anywhere, whether [*illegible*]the place is in a military area or not. Venice, for instance, and the province of Trent, where Riva is, I have been told are forbidden: but I have now written to the Hotel Danieli asking them to inform me of the truth. If I am free to go to Venice, the Hotel Danieli there will be my address again during September. If I can't go there, I will make straight for Rome, at first to the Grand Hotel (now called the Grande Albergo) and see if that or other quarters in Rome look promising for the winter. If not, I might go to Florence or to Perugia (both rather cold in winter) or see if they would give me a visa for Switzerland, and try Lugano, as I meant to do a year ago. Write to Danieli's Venice, if no other address is sent.

I am very well and working still on Schilpp's book. Yours affly GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 18. 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

I haven't sent you any more manuscript because I was half expecting to go to Rome at once. But kind friends—my old landlords here and in Rome—have got special leave for me to remain here for the moment; and I find that Venice is not prohibited to Spanish subjects. I therefore expect to move there, to the Albergo Reale Danieli about September 1st and you may consider that my address until further notice.

I don't like to send more manuscript to you through the post. The British Legation is "enemy" territory, and we must expect great delays even if the parcels come through. Of course, my philosophy has nothing to do with politics or nationality, and it is to be published in America, not in England. Yet how should the poor censor know that? And how can ~~we~~ we expect him to wade through long manuscripts in English? Unless I go to Rome, and we can communicate more quickly, I think I had better send my manuscript directly to America. They want my handwritten copy in any case, in order to reproduce a page for the book, and it occurs to me that, to save time, you might send them my original manuscript of Section I at once, keeping your two copies as hostages in case the original should be lost. From the Vatican City the formalities involved ought to be simpler.

The address of the editor is
Professor Paul A. Schilpp,
Northwestern University,
Evanston,
Illinois.

The best way would be by posta aerea to Lisbon and then by the Trans-Atlantic Air Mail to New York; but I don't know whether my manuscript would not be too heavy to send in that way. It might also be rather expensive, and I should have to ask you to lend me the money until you sent me your account. But please send it by air if possible, as it is much safer as well as quicker.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 19, 1940

Dear Cory

It was very pleasant and reassuring to know that you had got Scribner's cheque and also the money from the Bankers' Trust. This will keep you going, I hope, until the matter of the Fellowship is settled. As the fund is in America I see no reason why the war should prevent it from being arranged, unless the Trustees in England are too preoccupied to attend to matters not of immediate life or death. I am sorry that my bank account is blocked. I knew it before you informed me, because my poor old friend Mercedes, now 83 years old, had a trying experience. I had sent her a cheque to help fill the yawning void caused by a delay of two months in the receipt of her annuity, which we send her from America; and such is my financial standing—or was—that the Spanish bank gave her the cash at once. But alas, a week or two later they wrote to her that my cheque had been refused in London, and please to give them the money back! Of course, she being a lady accustomed in her youth to satisfy her caprices and to help her poor relations, the money no longer existed, and she wrote to me again in tears for explanation and for help. Well, I can't send you more cheques on B. S. & C^o but I will pass on any American cheques I may receive—they may amount to \$1000 in a year—to help you replenish your new bank-account. When the war is over, if I am alive and the pound is still worth something, I shall be able to pay your extra expenses (assuming you have your Fellowship) in coming to Italy, and doing Strong's commission, and if need be looking after me. I have put in a note, in Schilpp's book, about Strong, as I think I have told you. That will do as a tribute from me, and you can take the whole responsibility of publishing Strong's last manuscript, and writing any introduction you choose for it. My part can be limited to guaranteeing the cost of publication, if such guarantee were required.

There have been some small difficulties about getting money and about authorized places of residence; but I have not been left at any moment without funds or disturbed in my movements. My plans are not settled, except that I mean to move back to Danieli's in Venice about September 1st. You may address me there until further notice. Probably I shall go to

Rome, possibly to Riva on the Lago di Garda, for the winter; but the next six weeks may modify the political situation, and there is no need of deciding for the moment.

“Settembrini” is here, but I have docked our daily walk and he only comes for coffee after lunch, when after an hour or an hour and a half I regally dismiss him, saying I must rest a little. Meno male!

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

19 August 1940 • Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d’Ampezzo, Italy

Aug. 19, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Some time ago I received Pepper’s essay, and with those of Vivas and Dennes, which I think I have already acknowledged, this leaves only Hartshorne’s paper lost and Russell’s not arrived.

My reply is well advanced. My lady typist turns out to be living in the Vatican City and anxious to have something to do. I sent her (with some trepidation) the first section of my Apology, and for some weeks heard nothing of it, and feared it had been stopped by the censor. I had just ordered it to be reclaimed, since it was registered, when Miss Tindall (that is the lady’s name) wrote that she had received the MS and that the copies were ready; but her note had taken two weeks to come from the Vatican to Cortina! I have not sent her any more MS, but I will ask her to send you, from the Vatican, that first section in my handwriting, keeping her copies until I ask for them. This will enable you to choose a page for reproduction and to get an impression of what my Apology will be like. How long ought it to be? I am writing it as the spirit prompts, and it may extend to a considerable length: but it would be easy to cut it down, if longer than is suitable for your volume.

I am moving back about September 1st to the Hotel Danieli, Venice. In Venice I may be able to find someone to copy my MS. That would be safer and quicker than to risk sending it to the British Legation to the Holy See, which is like sending it to England. I could then send you a thin paper

copy of the rest of my Apology, perhaps by air, and you might have the whole in hand sooner than if it all went through Miss Tindall.

Yesterday I received a note from Miss Terzian and the bulky MS of her Bibliography, which had come safely by air from New York in 10 days. She asks me to “correct” it and send it on to you. I have no books here and no means of correcting dates or references. I will suppose the body of the Bibliography to be correctly copied from the one in Obiter Scripta; but I will look at the parts added at the end, and see if there is anything I can suggest about it: them. Such detailed records seem to me uncalled-for: who cares for my old lectures as noted in some student’s scrap-book? However, that is for you to pronounce upon. I will send you the Bibliography in a few days, when I have examined it.

The next six weeks may be decisive as to the probable course and length of this war. That consideration may affect my movements; but I expect to return for the winter to Rome, as Venice last year was rather bleak and cold. You may however address me at the Hotel Danieli in Venice: they know me very well and would forward anything that arrived for me. Of course I will let you know as soon as my address changes, if it does; because I might spend the winter again in Venice if for any reason it seemed advisable. Danieli’s is well-warmed and pleasant and I am at home there.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I reopen this letter to say that I have just received the proof of my “General Confession”

To George Sturgis

26 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina

Aug. 26, 1940.

Dear George

Today I have received a cheque for lire 14,764⁷⁵/100 in payment of my draft of June 14, for \$750. They charge 65 lire for commission. All's well that ends well. I cashed the cheque at sight this afternoon at Dundrea's bank. But it has taken two months and half to get the money.

In time I expect to get about 4000 lire more for two Cook's cheques still voyaging; so that I can pay my hotel bill here (as I have not done for two weeks) and have enough left for two months' expenses. If you will send me \$500 by telegraph on November 1st, it will be soon enough. I expect then to be in Rome, probably at the Grand Hotel; but you will get notice of my movements as they take place.

It turns out that there is no obstacle to my going to Venice and staying there as long as I like. The police officer who said the contrary to me here was "talking through his hat." It is a thing officials do sometimes when they are tired of people's questions. I therefore mean to move to Venice, Hotel Danieli, next week and stay perhaps through September.

Thank you for sending her sop to Mercedes. Your letter about the family and your Chess Federation was most interesting. [across] I have replied to Herbert Lyman, without having got his letter addressed to me. How do Bob and his chum tell each other apart?

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

27 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina d'Ampezzo

Aug. 27, 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

Your letter, and other things, put the question of the copying and despatching of my Apology in a new light. I find that Lord Russell's criticism of my philosophy is not yet ready, and won't reach me before the middle—perhaps the end—of September. It is the most important, and I

can't complete my own part without reference to it. Moreover, even the sections I have finished after a fashion require revision and especially cutting down.

The result is that, if I go to Rome about the end of September, it will not be too late to entrust all the rest of the manuscript for you to copy; and I know you are always prompt about doing the work, even when I repeat that there is no hurry. The fact that I might leave the MS at your old place, with the porter, for your Chancery Servant to call for, makes everything much easier; and the copies might be left there by the same messenger for me to pick up. I think, then, that everything can be arranged satisfactorily.

I expect to move to Venice, Albergo Reale Danieli, next week and to remain there for three or four weeks. Should my work approach completion sooner, I will move sooner to Rome, and send you word of my arrival.

Thank you for sending Section I to America and for suggesting the new form of address.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

29 August 1940 • Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Savoia, Cortina
Aug. 29, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Yesterday I received your letter of July 27, with Professor Schaub's essay. You need not have feared that I should mind his criticisms or have any difficulty in reading the manuscript. My eyes are blinded by any light in front, but otherwise, when I can have a fair light on the paper and nothing glary outside, I can read easily and without fatigue. As to Schaub's paper, I think it innocent and very easy to answer. You will see how; and I have already composed the greater part of my reply to it, which will be short, and not angry.

I have found other misprints in the proof of my "General Confession", which I will send back in a day or two. They are, in addition to those sent the other day, all in galley 9. I list them in case the proof should be lost or delayed.

Part II, paragraph 1.	line 2,	read a for "an"
' ' 2.	6-7	' ' primarily for "principally"
' ' 3.	5	read my for "by"

As I said in my last note, Hartshorne's essay has evidently been lost, and Russell's has not yet arrived. I expect to move next week to the Hotel Danieli, Venice.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

12 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 12, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Yesterday, on arriving here, there was presented to me on a silver (?) tray your letter of Sept. 4, Russell's essay and the proof of Hartshorne's!

All is thus complete, and I have only to ask you to be a little patient with me, as these two essays require a rather difficult reply, which I think (I have not yet finished reading Hartshorne) I can make in a single section on Substance; and there is still a good deal to do in various other sections. As soon as I see the end approaching I will move to Rome, to the Grand Hotel, and have the thin paper copies made, noting that only 13 or 14 pages of my hand-written MS have reached you. This was Miss Tindall's doing. I meant her to send the whole of Section I.. But there may have been postal difficulties.

I am very glad that it will not be necessary for me to read the proof of my Apology. You relieve me of a great labour & responsibility, as well as of anxiety about the mails.

However, this air-mail seems to work well, just a week for your last letter from Evanston to Venice; and by sending the thin paper copies as MS, not as letters, the expense becomes trifling.

Russell, being a friend of almost fifty years' standing naturally treats me kindly; and Hartshorne is the most metaphysical and religious of my critics, and although I dissent from his dogmas, I am very glad to have them

brought forward, as they make my position seem comparatively naturalistic and sceptical. These two make me feel less dépaysé than the others do.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

13 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 13, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Today, at the Customs House here, I obtained your letter of May 24, together with the type-written heavy copy of Hartshorne's essay. There were also the two enclosed cards, which I sign and send you, as they may be more suitable for your purpose than the rather bad signature I sent you on an odd piece of cardboard.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Albergo Reale Danieli, Venice
Sept. 18. 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

Your plan that your Chancery Servant should come to the hotel for my MS will be most convenient for me, and I suppose the same process can be reversed when you send me your copies. I expect to arrive in Rome during the first week of October, and I will send you word beforehand, as I shall surely have something ready when I arrive.

Professor Schilpp has received the MS of Section I, which you were kind enough to send him, but there seems to be some accident about it. He says he has received 14 pages, including page 2, J, but not the rest. Did you perhaps send it in two parcels, and had one not arrived? In that case, it will

be necessary to send the carbon copy, or at least the latter part of it, but I must revise it first because I am to receive no proofs, (a great blessing!) so that it is important that any corrections or changes desired should be made ~~in~~ the copy we send [*illegible*]now. It had also better be on the thinnest paper possible as it will go by air. Schilpp is in a great hurry. The poor man has to begin editing the next volume of the series.

There will not be any lack of MS for you when this troublesome American book is done. I have a lot of old and new stuff to be copied.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Albergo Reale Danieli, Venice

Sept. 20, 1940

Dear Cory

Your letter of Sept. 10, with the enclosed cheque has come together with Scribner's account up to Aug. 1st which shows a net royalty of \$742⁴⁷ due in December. I will ask Wheelock to have that paid to you when the time comes; but this will probably be the last largish sum that I shall get from them, as only \$187 come from the sale of my ordinary books, and \$702 from the Triton Edition, which must now be almost disposed of. But possibly my London account may become available next year, if anything remains. The American tax on foreigners is also increased from 10% to 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ %.

I am well, and very hard at work on Schilpp's book. The poor man is in a dreadful hurry and flurry (partly no doubt war hysteria, which I don't see here) and no doubt wants to get rid of my volume so as to be equally distracted in publishing the next. Russell's paper, and all the others, have arrived and I am bringing my reply to an end as well as I can, but it is still incomplete and I don't want to be stampeded, in finishing it badly, as most American books finish. The last page was written long ago, but other important parts are still in curl-papers. Auguri for your new life as a student Yours affly

GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. I am going to try the Grand Hotel at Rome, leaving here during the first week in October. You will hear if I go elsewhere.

To Evelyn Tindall

22 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Sept. 22, 1940

ALBERGO REALE DANIELI
VENEZIA

Dear Miss Tindall

There is nothing to worry about. Your copy is complete and only a page or two of the MS can have fallen out at the end, probably when opened by the censor somewhere. I leave my parcels open on purpose so that the absence of money, etc, may be seen without undoing the whole.

I will send your carbon copy to Prof Schilpp at once, and also a part of the M.S. because he is in great haste to go to press. I still have a good deal to do to finish, but I will leave what is ready on Oct. 3, in the morning with the porter at the Grand Hotel in Rome, so that your messenger can call for it there at any time after that. If I work very hard next week I might even have the whole ready.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

23 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Hotel Danieli, Venice
Sept. 23, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Your letters of Sept. 7 and 11 arrived together two or three days since, and I am much relieved that there is no need of a new photograph.

I wrote to Miss Tindall about your having received only 14 pages of the 1st section of my Apologia. She says she despatched the whole, and she has sent me the carbon copy made by her which is complete in 9 typed pages. Only one or two pages can have dropped out according to my calculation. However, I will send you this section I complete, together with more than

half the whole Apologia which I have found a young man in Venice (Cook's cashier) willing to copy for me. You will see that he does it very neatly and with hardly any evidence that he is an Italian. The rest will be copied by Miss Tindall as soon as it is ready, and I will send it by air from Rome at the earliest possible moment. But it cannot be before the first or second week in October. I am sorry to delay the printing so much, but I can't do this job hastily; it is one of the most difficult things I have ever attempted, and I am very old. Moreover, the text must be carefully revised, as there are to be no proofs sent me—something for which I am grateful, although it adds to my responsibilities at the present moment. I expect to move to the Grand Hotel Rome in just a week.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

23 September 1940 • Venice, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Hotel Danieli, Venice

Sept. 23, 1940

Dear George

I am very sorry about your French friend but it is utterly impossible for me to send him money. Italian notes can't be exported or sent by post, and a cheque on Brown Shipley would not be paid in London, if it ever got there. If you can't send money to occupied France, Marie also (our old servant in Paris) will have to go without her Christmas present. I don't know, in fact, whether she is still in Paris or alive. I hope you will be allowed to send my usual presents to Mercedes and the Sastre children for Christmas. Of course; otherwise you couldn't send them their regular remittances or mine to me.

I am puzzled about the two young Robert Shaw Sturgises. I could swear that you had said in a previous letter that Bob was going to "room" with his namesake, grandson of Charley Sturgis of Philadelphia, later of Chicago. Did I dream this? It amused me to fancy how they would manage getting letters—possibly love-letters—mixed, or how their two cards would look on their door, if cards are still stuck on them. It occurred to me that the proper way would be to add (Boston) and (Chicago) respectively to their names. But if they have never seen each other the chumming is

probably out of the question—unless people now chum together by lot or in alphabetical order. Everything is possible.

I am moving next week to the Grand Hotel, Rome. Yours affy
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

3 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grande Albergo e di Roma
(Grand Hotel) Oct. 3. 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are two parts of my Apology. Two more are to come, not quite finished, as these things always take longer than one expected. If you can send me the copies in a week (not earlier) I shall have the two final parts, or at least one of them, ready for your servant to take to you. I hope very much to have both done, as they are in a hurry in America and I am myself longing to be rid of a task that has proved hard and troublesome.

Then we shall be able to turn to pleasanter matters—without any Professor Schilpp in the offing.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

9 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grande Albergo

October 9, 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

I have succeeded in finishing this job, and send you the last two parts. When the copies are ready, please send your account with them, and the following morning, your messenger can come again for the money (I suppose that is the way to get it to you) and perhaps also for a fresh manuscript; because now that I have nothing urgent to do, I will look over my old papers and see if there isn't something ready to be copied.

I am sorry to give you so much trouble with these communications. If leaving things for you at 11 Via Vittoria Colonna, with the porter, would make things simpler, I very easily could do so, and then we should not need to fix dates beforehand for each parcel.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

1

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

10 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 10, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp.

Before leaving Venice, about a fortnight ago, I sent you, registered and by air-mail, the first half, or rather more, of my Apologia; and in a few days I expect to send you the remainder. I finish it yesterday, and today the last two sections go to Miss Tindall to be typed. She is very quick, so that by the 15th all may be ready.

Yesterday I received a letter of yours dated May 3rd! It had been "Opened by the Examiner", I suppose at Gibraltar. On the other hand, I received two letters on the same day, Oct. 9th, one from Boston of Oct. 3rd and the other New York of Oct. 4th, both opened by the military censor here, but not stopped, like yours, for five months! I am a little afraid that my MS may have been stopped at Bermuda, and shall be relieved when I hear that you have received it.

I will sign and date the Apologia as you request. Rome, October, 1940.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

10 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grande Albergo e di Roma

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 10, '40

Dear Rosamond,

Please ask George to give you \$100 out of my account for your young protégé, or \$50 now with the expectation of the same sum each year while he is in college—whichever you think wiser. This is your charity, not mine, because as you probably know, George puts a respectable sum every year into my capital account from the income, and this money will simply reduce a little what George and Josephine will get when I die. It won't make the least difference to my pocket. For this reason I think you had better not tell the boy that it is a gift from me; say it comes from an old friend who dotes on you; because it would upset him to have to thank me by letter, and I don't like to be thanked. Only God should be thanked (or protested with) for anything. Besides, to [^]tell you the whole truth, I don't like to give in charity to the deserving; it only encourages them to make greater demands on life, to strain, and to increase the half-educated proletariat; whereas the undeserving merely get a drink, are happy for half an hour, and no worse afterwards than they were before. However, it may be the American ideal to increase the half-educated proletariat until it includes everybody; but would that be a happy result?

I too was sorry that Bob had to return so soon and so adventurously, steering a ~~str~~amp steamer, and that I didn't see him. However, people were and still are hysterical about this war; not here, here we are as calm as possible, with opera every other day at the judicious German hour of five in the afternoon. I have been too busy to go, but expect to begin soon; it is cheap and at present all Verdi, my favourite.

[*across*]

Yesterday I finished writing my part of a book on my philosophy—my reply to the rest of it by furious critics, and I am returning to my (comic) account of the old Sturgis family. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

14 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Oct. 14, 1940

GRAND HÔTEL—ROMA

Dear George

You may remember that on June 9th last I got \$2000 in Cook's Travellers' Cheques^x in Venice. Cook's cashier took one, the Hotel Danieli took another, which I am told they still retain, and A. Dandrea & C^o of Cortina took four others in July. These were numbered E490,732, E490,733, E490,734 and E490,735. These have never been received in New York, and it is presumed that they were intercepted at Bermuda, as they went by the Trans-atlantic "Clipper."

I am now advised to request my "American banker" (i.e. you) to communicate with Cook's Office in New York, so as to have payment stopped on those four cheques; and I understand that, with due guarantees, they might refund the \$400.

Your affectionate uncle
GSantayana

P.S. I cut this letter in two so that you may send the first part if necessary to Cook or to Brown Brothers & Harriman. There is this private complication, that Dandrea kindly but too trustfully paid me 3,800 lire on the first two cheques, nothing, however, on the other two, until they should be cashed. Now, as he can't get his money, I owe him those 3,800 lire. But it would deplete my pocket too much to pay him before I get more funds from you. Will you then send me \$500 by telegraph as soon as convenient, with out waiting for me to telegraph? I understand that it must come through the Banca Commerciale Italiana (or any other Italian bank having offices in New York) who will notify me here on receiving it.

I am comfortable and well, but not yet settled down for good. It may be as well, perhaps, to remain movable. G.S.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

17 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Oct. 17, 1940

GRAND HÔTEL—ROMA

Dear Professor Schilpp

It was a great relief to know that the first half of my Apologia had reached you safely. I hope this will have the same luck. A few days' delay in sending it off has been caused by the typist (who is not a young person) having an untimely attack of influenza.

If there are any obvious errors or inconsistencies in the text—for instance in spelling such words as “hypostasise”—don't hesitate to correct them according to your own judgment.

Your review of The Realm of Spirit hasn't yet arrived, and I think I had better not attempt to reply to it. If you think I ought to have the last word, you might end by a quotation from the book that seems to you to express its spirit. All the better if it is not controversial.

I appreciate your interest in writing a notice yourself when so extraordinarily hard pressed with work. 2½ months is not long for a book of that kind to wait for review. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

21 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome

October 21, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp

Your review of The Realm of Spirit arrived yesterday. It is at once friendly and remote, and I think it was as well to have decided beforehand not to attempt to reply to it. You have more than carried out my idea of quoting from the book, and the Glossary of Terms alone makes, to my mind, an ample reply to your chief criticism. Would anyone not immersed in a particular contemporary movement think my terms not clear? This is the first time I have heard that allegation. Certainly they are much clearer

than the scraps of Logical Realism that I have read, that needed to be translated into ordinary language to be at all intelligible. You yourself indicate the cause of this divergence in criteria, but perhaps without seeing how deep it runs. It was in the second part of your paper that I was confirmed in thinking that you are interested only in concepts, not in things; for you select transcendence as the chief character of spirit, actuality and moral intensity seeming to you meaningless. Now transcendence is proper to intent; intuition does not transcend the given; it is not faith but sight. And transcendence, intent, or intelligence (all names for the same thing) is inconceivable except in spirit; so that there you find a trait of spirit that begins to give you a notion of what the concept of spirit might be. But the concept of spirit doesn't interest me, except as a technicality: it is the life of spirit that I am talking about, the question, what good, if any, there is in living, and where our treasure, if any, is to be laid up. It is a religious question. It is not a question of words. You seem to feel this, yet it takes you a long time to discover it.—I hope the rest of my Apologia has reached you safely. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 21, 1940

Dear Cory,

Today I am writing to Wheelock, sending a formal order to pay you the royalties due me on Dec. 1st and further royalties, as they accrue, until normal communications with Italy are restored. It wasn't cheeky of you to ask me to do this, seeing that I had previously said I meant to do it.—At this moment I am having a lovely feeling of relief from distraction. Schilpp's book is done and despatched and finished, as far as I am concerned. No proofs, even, to be corrected! He made an effort to prolong my agony by writing a very uncivilized borné review of The Realm of Spirit, to which at the last moment he wanted me to write a reply. But I sent away my last batch of MS (copied by Miss Tindall, who is interned at the Vatican, but sends their Legation servant here for the parcels, and sends them back) and now that his review has reached him me, I have written him a letter, confirming my decision not to write any reply. I am not sure that I have actually mentioned all the sixteen or seventeen contributors in my Apology; but if not, my silence expresses the feeling that, on the whole, the

whole thing has left in my mind: they are a set of half-educated children let loose. Bertie's paper is good, but not remarkable except for a phrase here and there. Nevertheless I am glad that Schilpp included me in his rogue's gallery. It has caused me to write an exposition of my philosophy very different from the others, and perhaps better. I shall be glad to hear what you think of it.

As to Strong's letters, he sent them to me: at least, I recognise the passage you quote, although I can't compare it with the letter I received, because I don't keep letters, as a rule, after I answer them. Do you think his desire for "reconciliation" was genuine? He was not at peace about me, that is certain. But was he at peace about anything? There was nothing to be done, except to live and let live. I am sorry that he was not content to do so. I am happy here, very well, but not established permanently, and with no books. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

21 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome

October 21, 1940

Dear Mrs. Toy

Yesterday I received Mrs. Henderson's letter of the 7th forwarded from Cortina, telling me that you had another attack of bronchitis, and had asked her to acknowledge the receipt of The Realm of Spirit. I hope by this time you are well, and have had time to look into the inside of the book, where you will find your old friend in all his incorrigible playfulness upon serious subjects, including Brahma and the Holy and Undivided Trinity. As to the outside, I don't know how it looks, for I haven't seen a copy, except in proof; and that dummy, sewn but not bound, I sent to Cory in Switzerland, so that he might send it with my corrections to Constable, if necessary. Since then communication with England has ceased, and books hardly can come by air from the U.S. I don't mind. In Cortina (as probably I wrote you, I read Balzac; and here, when I want to read, I still have two thirds of Montaigne and half of Nietzsche. My time and mind have

been occupied with Schilpp's book about my philosophy. My part is now finished and in a few days will be, I hope, entirely in the Editor's hands. You will be surprised at the violence and the number of attacks upon me. If I am so worthless, why make such a fuss about me? There is hardly one person except Bertie Russell, who shows any sympathy or understanding; but I suspect the selection of critics has been made in the American radical camp. There must be minds of a better type in America. But I have written an unperturbed reply, and rather enjoyed doing it. You will find [*across*] it much more readable than The Realm of Spirit.

I am quite happy to be in Rome again, and entertained in writing about the old Sturgises—part of my Autobiography.

Please thank Mrs. Henderson for her letter.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

21 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel—Rome

October 21, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

In due time I received your letter with the report of the sales of my books for the previous six months, and of the royalties due in December next. As there are difficulties in getting money to Italy (I have managed it so far without personal inconvenience, but actually running into debt here, for the first time in my life!) I think it would be better if you would pay those royalties to Cory; and also future royalties that may become due until the war ends. I enclose a formal order to this effect.

Thanks (for the XVth volume of the Triton Edition and for copies of The Realm of Spirit) begin to reach me, and I am happy to feel that those matters are well settled. Schilpp's book, too, is done and despatched, as far as I am concerned, and I am now having parts of my Autobiography typed; but I warn you that most of it will not be publishable for 50 years!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

26 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 26, 1940.

Dear George

The day before yesterday I received your cable and this morning they telephoned from the Credito Italiano, to ask me to come at once, (it was past eleven o'clock,) if I needed the money, as they closed at half-past eleven. I grandly replied that I was in no hurry. Benissimo; then the Signore may come on Tuesday next. Apparently Monday is a holiday or washing day. I asked if I might come in the afternoon. Ah, no, no, no: the cassa is open only from 10.30 to 11.30! Apparently during the other 23 hours the cashier sleeps on his laurels. This afternoon, came a printed notice, filled out in type-written words, repeating that something that would interest me existed at the Credito Italiano, in the Corso. So that everything points to my receiving the money on Tuesday next, though I shall have to break my routine of not dressing until noon, and sally forth in the morning on that business.

Thank you for arranging everything so quickly. There was not ~~any~~ hurry on my account as I still have 5,000 lire, and my bill here, as I have no sitting room, is less than 1,000 lire a week, I could still pay my way for another month; but it is Dandrea at Cortina that must be pining for his money, advanced to me in July. I will ask them at the Credito Italiano to give me a cheque for what I owe him, and send it to him at once.

It was not a wise transaction to get those Cook's cheques, but it was done under the pressure of uncertainty, on June 9th when Italy was declaring war; and it has not been wholly useless, since Danieli took \$100 and Dandrea advanced funds on \$200, helping me [*across*] to bridge the chasm until the draft through the Banca Ambrosiana in Venice was finally paid, at the end of August.

I have done up the Sturgises, but only your grandfather's generation (in my memoirs)

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

29 October 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 29, 1940

Dear George,

In a taxi, because it was raining hard, I went this morning to the Credito Italiano and got my money. It is an imposing bank, the foreigner's reception-room by the entrance being a palatial room with a lot of leather chairs, and other luxuries. The gentleman in attendance at first was a little grave (I had never been there before) but after a while *il s'est déridé* or (as Tinta Codman used to translate it) he derided himself and was most obliging. Next time everything will be plain sailing.

This year I have given you a lot of trouble and drawn more money than usual, but you know that I still have \$1,400 frozen in Cook's cheques, that some day ought to be negotiable, unless Cook fails. I have really spent less than usual, and given less away, as my London bank account is frozen also. On the whole, I have weathered the storm, so far, very comfortably, kept well, finished all my serious work, and not suffered nearly as much as you do in America in worrying about the war.

And this reminds me of Spain, and the Christmas presents I can't send there. When you write next to Pepe will you please send him \$130 from me for the children, as usual. They are 13, including Roberto, whose share goes to Isabel for charities in his name. Don't mention this: they all understand. As to Mercedes, as I sent her \$500, \emptyset lately. I think \$100 will be enough, added as from me, for Christmas, to her next draft. I will send her from here—a Christmas card.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantanyana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

8 November 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Nov. 8, 1940

Dear Mrs. Toy

You say in your letter of Oct. 24 that I have not written to you, but I had written on Oct. 20 so that about a week later you probably received my

letter. There is really very little for me to say because I see no one and receive no books, while my own doings are reduced to the same daily routine, no matter where I am living. The only ups and downs for me—my health being excellent—come from uncertainty about the receipt or delay of communications with Spain and with America. With both there is good fast air-service; but the trouble comes when manuscripts or money are concerned. I have had some annoyance about getting funds, but now the proper method has been found. George Sturgis telegraphs the money through the Credito Italiano, and I get it here, at the bank of that name, in two or three days, with 20% advance on the legal exchange for being so long a resident of Italy. This will solve every difficulty, unless the U.S. become less neutral.

You ask if I am comfortable. You see from what I have just said that there are little difficulties sometimes. For instance, Miss Tindall, who does my type-writing, is interned at the Vatican. She is employed in the British Legation to the Holy See, which now has retreated into the Vatican City, and can't get out or receive visitors; but still we manage. They have an old legation servant to do their errands for them, and he comes here, gets my MS from the hotel porter, and leaves the type-written copies when they are done. I have now done four or five chapters of the Autobiography, since Schilpp's book was finally despatched. Of course, it is partly old stuff, but now arranged so as to be printable

Who is Robert Hellyer? His lines say the truth except about nature or life "lacking skill." It is I who [*across*] lack skill in the natural arts; but there are compensations. Cory also picked out the passage you say you understand, but as being dense with implications so, I should suppose, difficult. But perhaps it gives the key-note.

This hotel is good, but I am not yet in definite quarters. Yours sincerely
 [*across text*] GSantayana

To Ezra Loomis Pound

19 November 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Grande Albergo

già “Grand Hôtel”

Rome, Nov. 19, 1940

Dear E. P.—You see where I am, and when you return to Rome I hope to be established in a little apartment, larger than the one I had in Venice, and promised to me for mañana three weeks ago, and it will be interesting to hear what the sequence of your mental planets has been since last winter. Mine hardly move, except that I lose sight of them when asleep or distracted by Care (about getting money) and Clouds (about getting MS safely to America, for publication at Evanston, Illinois). Both Care & Clouds are now gone, and I am writing a sort of autobiography to while away the time and turn old memories into compositions.

If the sequence to which Mencius reduced causation was physical, like that of the position of planets, it would be a different reduction from that of Hume, who reduced causes to sequence in ideas. If the sequence remains physical, it does not remove derivation from the total cosmos. [—Interrupted by telephone. New apartment ready at last. Removal effected.]— Day and night follow one another; but they do so for a physical reason, namely, that the earth, constantly bathed by the light of the Sun, constantly turns on its axis. Would Mencius have acknowledged sequence in this case to be a result, and not a primary fact? Hume, if consistent, would have had to say that the sequence of day and night had no possible explanation, the astronomical one being due to a tendency to feign (a cause?) innate in astronomers.

How much pleasanter this war, seen from Italy than the other useless one seen, as I saw it, from England! I feel as if I were living in great days, and witnessing something important. Or is it a mere sequence with no causes and no promise?

G.Santayana

To George Sturgis

25 November 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Nov. 25, 1940

Dear George

I have now been established for a week in a nice apartment, with a south-eastern exposure, so that I have the full sun (when it shines) during the whole morning, while I do my writing. It is of course dearer than the single room and bathroom that I had before, but more comfortable, and more suitable for a man of my age and standing. I pay 160 lire a day, all told; which with 11% for service and 2% for war-tax, and with wine, washing, and small extras, comes to about 200 lire a day. That means 6000 lire a month; and we must allow something for pocket-money and occasional purchases. However, I now receive nearly 12,000 lire for \$500; for there is a 20% bonus in favour of foreigners of long residence, and for your last draft I got almost 2000 lire, besides the 10,000 that represented (roughly) the official exchange. It appears that the real exchange, however, is now about 27 lire to the dollar, and I get 24; so that the government still makes a little profit on the exchange.—You will see by this that \$500 is much more than I need monthly. Let us, then, make it do for a month and half; that will leave me a comfortable margin. You sent the last draft a few days before Nov. 1st; please send the next, in the same way, about Dec. 15th, the next about Feb. 1st, and so on. Consider this as instructions, and I am saved the trouble and expense of telegraphing each time.

I had a letter with a photo from Mercedes. She felt affectionate, because she had received your remittance. I have replied. She is now in Madrid, Serrano, 7. I tell her to go to Portugal, if it should become impossible for you to send funds to Spain. If the [*across*] embargo should ever extend to Italy, would it extend also to unoccupied France? I might prefer to go there, if admitted, than to Switzerland.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Frank Jewett Mather

29 November 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Nov. 29, 1940

Dear Mr. Mather

Your letter gives me particular pleasure because you notice something central and radical in my views, not as most critics and correspondents do something accidental if not merely imputed. Spirit, both as an evident reality discoverable by analysis in the fact of experience and as a plane of moral life, lies too near to be clearly seen, when attention is called to external events, as it necessarily is in daily life and in science. We must be patient with those who deny spirit, or confuse it with psychic forces or historical movements. I never knew Paul Elmer Moore, and have not read much of him; but I sympathize with his return to Plato and to the Fathers of the Church. Isn't the intellectual world much in the position it was in during the Roman Empire? Won't it move towards similar issues? People like T. S. Eliot or like Prof. Collingwood (have you read his interesting Essay on Metaphysics?) are calling people back to spiritual interests and spiritual judgments, even if they relapse, in so doing, into mythology. I don't mind that. It is so transparent a fiction that it can hardly distort the truth, however poetically it may express it. And a correct and economical definition of the concept of spirit, however desirable, is of little importance compared with the presence or absence of spirituality in the lives of men. Probably you detest idols more than I do; you have been surrounded by ugly ones. If people will only make their idols beautiful, I would not take those idols away from them for the world. It is the beautiful that they are really worshipping through those forms, which is what I worship also.

What has become of Corbin? It is almost 30 years since I was last in America, and I lose track of people and things. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

29 November 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Nov. 29, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of Oct. 9 reaches me today, only a day or two after M^f Perkins's of Sept. 17. The "Air Mail" via Lisbon is now the only quick means of communication between the U.S. and Italy, and even that is not sure, as things are sometimes held up or even confiscated at Bermuda. But my MSS for Prof. Schilpp have passed through in reasonable time, so that his publication—which has absorbed most of my attention recently—is now proceeding, and I am entirely rid of that care.

As to your proposal to issue an Edition of Realms of Being in a single volume, what can I say except that it gives me great satisfaction, being a sign of much readier and more general recognition than I could have expected? I hope you will go on with the project and find it successful. The royalty of 10% you propose is ample; I should be perfectly willing to forego all royalty on this work, if that were necessary.

By the way, I have received no answer as yet to a letter I wrote you some time ago, asking you to pay the royalties that come due to me on Dec. 1st, and all future royalties while communication§ with Italy remains difficult, to Mr. Daniel M. Cory, as you paid the royalties due me on June 1st last. Perhaps there has not been time yet for your reply to reach me, but I repeat my request in case my more formal order has gone astray.

Mr. Perkins included in his letter a cutting from the New York Times containing Prof. Edman's review of my Realm of Spirit. It is very warmly written, and excellent for the sale of the book, although not "objective" in the presentment of it. It is very hard for philosophers to put on one another's shoes.

I am comfortably settled in the Grand Hotel, Rome, for the winter.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

5 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 5, 1940

Dear George,

I am very sorry to trouble you once more with Spanish letters and requests, but today I have received an irresistible appeal from a poor lady of whom your Aunt Susie was very fond, and as I can't send her anything directly I have to appeal to you, and also to Mercedes. I enclose a note in Spanish, with the lady's name and address at the top, and I wish if possible that you would send it to her with a cheque for \$50. But as letters, and especially money, sent by the Air Mail are now likely to be stopped at Bermuda, and even this may not reach you, I am asking Mercedes to provide Doña Dolores with 200 pesetas urgently needed; and of course I want these, or an equivalent in dollars, to be sent to Mercedes sooner or later in addition to her usual allowance. Say that it is for the gift (regalo) that I had asked Mercedes to make to Doña Dolores at Christmas in my name.

It is now some time since I have had any air-mail letters from America, although I have reason to think that some have been sent to me. The last I have received came by ordinary post in one or two months, but they arrived at last. I fear that this air route, at least to Italy, has become useless, but hope you may still find it works for letters to Spain.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

[*across*] Merry Xmas & Happy New Year to Rosamond & the boys.

To George Sturgis

6 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 6, 1940

Dear George: By way of postscript to my letter of yesterday, let me say that today I receive yours of Nov. 7, exactly thirty days by air from Boston. With it, comes a letter of Nov. 9 from Scribner. The latter is marked as "opened by the Examiner, N^o 5107," evidently at Bermuda. Your long air-mail envelope bears no sign of having been opened; but I understand that there is a way of opening and reclosing letters that is not easily observable,

and that is practised by some censors. In any case, the long delay cannot have occurred in mid air, but in some government office on land, here or at Bermuda.

Your description of your week's trip to Nevada and California is very interesting: it characterises you and the age we live in and American ways of having a good time. If Charles Inches Sturgis is your father's first cousin of that name, he is just Eighty years of age: or is it a son of his, of his own name, that you dined with? As you lunched with his son, and you wouldn't be likely to lunch "down town" with a School-boy, I rather imagine that the father must be our original Charlie Sturgis, very tall and very good looking, as I remember him when I last saw him, at the Inches' house in Charles Street, Boston, when he was seventeen and at St. Mark's School. I am full of these reminiscences at present, as I am writing my life—I have written reams but haven't yet got to my birth.*

[*across*]

* Your copy of the family tree is invaluable. It straightens out many mixed memories and gives me guiding dates, even for my own life.

[*end across*]

Thank you for the letter from Thos. Cook & Sons. I will take it tomorrow to their office here, as I rather think it is here that they have the necessary documents to refer to; but if not, I will send it to them in Venice.

Yours aff^{ly}
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

6 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 6, 1940

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of Nov. 9 arrives today, having taken almost a month by air from New York. It is marked "Opened by the Examiner 5107," evidently at Bermuda, but no great harm ensues if things arrive at last. I am glad that the arrangement about paying my royalties to Cory can be carried out, and I am much obliged for your kindness in offering to help if I found difficulties in getting funds. Last winter and until recently there was some delay and uncertainty about this matter, and I was actually living on credit for three weeks at Cortina; but the hotel proprietor knows me of old, and I received a remittance before I left, so that I was able to leave no debt behind me. Now a quick method has been discovered that works perfectly.

My nephew in Boston pays the money to the Credito Italiano, and they telegraph to their head office in Rome, that sends me a polite message to come and see "something that interests me." Besides, I get a favourable rate of exchange for having been so long a resident of Italy. What you might do for me, if you have a private wire to the seats of power, is to keep the U.S. out of the war, and the hand of the Bermuda Examiner 5107 out of the mailbag. It would be awkward for me, if these telegraphic remittances became impossible. But I always keep enough cash on hand to get out of the country if necessary, and I might easily go to Switzerland, Spain or Portugal, if it became inevitable: but I am comfortable here, and busy. I have written reams of my autobiography, and haven't yet got to my birth.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. If it is feasible to send books by ordinary post to Italy, would you kindly send me a copy of The Realm of Spirit in the trade edition? I haven't seen the book yet, and it matters comparatively little if a copy should be lost.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 8. 1940

Dear Cory: Yours of Nov. 9 arrived yesterday, at about the same time as several others of nearly the same date. I hope by this time you have got your money from Scribner's. There will be another cheque, much smaller, on June 1st and in the interval I may be able to send you small remittances, like the Harvard cheque for \$40 odd which I returned to you; but not in all making much more than \$1000 in a year. I hope you may begin to receive the Fellowship, or earn something otherwise soon, because these cheques of mine are insufficient to live on; and you know why I don't like to ask my nephew for money for extras. I have bothered him a lot this year; it seems, however, that he is to get \$400 from Cook for the four cheques that were lost, and payment on which has been stopped. I think I told you that now I have an apartment with a nice warm little sitting-room, and a large bedroom and bathroom. It is comfortable, but I still go down to lunch and dinner. The hotel is gay, with a lot of people, most of them

transients, and it rather amuses me to see them; and there is passable music at dinner. It all costs no more than my usual budget: hardly more than Cortina.

That Strong's essay should not be very good is intelligible, and the hang-over you complain of doesn't seem to me accidental. He has always been an idealist in thinking that feeling is a substance and the only substance; and images for him are masses of existing feelings. He never saw that the unit obtained by "summation" is unsubstantial and not the substantial units simply stuck together. But you understand his view better than I do, or ought to understand it better. It would be a pity if you didn't write something about him and his philosophy. Couldn't you collect extracts from all his books and arrange them systematically, with suitable comments? Then the weaker parts could be left out.—Schilpp wired that he had received my MS, but his letter has not reached me.

[*across*]

But Wheelock has sent me Edman's review of the R. of S. It is warm; he was evidently impressed; but he has no speculative intelligence and misses the logic of the System. Dewey's philosophy is a part of that America which, as Caleb Wetherbee said, is "the greatest of opportunities and the worst of influences"

Yours affly G.Santayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

18 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 18, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp, Since I receive your kind cablegram about the receipt of my manuscript, I have been waiting for the letter that you were writing on the same day, but it has never reached me. I am disappointed, because I wished to hear what you would say about my criticism of your review of the Realm of Spirit and also what your impression was of my Apologia as a whole. I was so absorbed in writing it that I hardly know what I think of it myself. Perhaps I did not reply expressly to enough definite points, but I have always detested debate, where what seems most successful is whatever gets a laugh from the gallery.

Communications seem to be worse than ever now, and I suppose it will be impossible for you to send me a copy of our volume; but there are a few persons in America to whom I should like to send it. I give the

addresses separately, and should be much obliged if you would have a copy sent to each, and the bill had better go to my nephew, Mr. George Sturgis, 111 Devonshire St, Boston, Mass.

Rome is quiet and peaceful, but so dark at night that social hours are revolutionized and the opera begins at 5.30 in the afternoon, as it did in Germany in my student days. I am quite comfortable, and writing a sort of Autobiography, at great length.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

19 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel
Dec. 19, 1940

Dear Miss Tindall

Tomorrow I will leave a further chapter of my new book at the Porter's here, which you can send for when convenient.

Perhaps it is also time to let me have your account, but do as you like about this. If you are not inconvenienced, I should wait in any case until the next batch of MS to send you the money, which might mean another whole month.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

21 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 21, 1940

Dear Professor Schilpp: A day or two after I had finally given up expecting your letter of Nov. 16, it arrived, on Dec. 20, "opened by Examiner" 6063, P.C. 90.

Let me now add, by way of postscript, a word about each of the points you mention. Probably this letter will reach you together with my last, but

there being nothing urgent to say, the date doesn't much matter. Lucky that things went faster by Air Mail last summer.

If I had known that you would print my letter with your review of The Realm of Spirit, I should have revised and shortened it; but perhaps the public would prefer this first draft, as more spontaneous. The point about concepts is worth making.

Thank you for the proposed gift of a copy bound in leather. By all means do not send it now. Send me an ordinary copy, via Siberia or as you think best. Yesterday, together with a batch of American letters, I received two heavy American books that had taken two months on the journey from New York; but they were in good condition. Yet even if conveyance were sure, I should rather not have the good copy now, because I have my books all packed away. The old Hotel Bristol is now being rebuilt, and by the time the war ends it will probably be finished and I shall then move into it for the rest of my days, and set up my books in book-cases. That will be the moment for the show-volume to decorate a table. Thank you in advance; it is prudent to do so, as who knows if the event will be as expected?

I should congratulate you on having the book about me finished, except that I suppose you will have as much trouble with the next. Is it to be about Croce, and, if so, are you able to reach him more easily than me? Perhaps he is not in Italy?

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

21 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 21, 1940

Dear Mrs. Toy: Your letter of Nov. 28 arrived yesterday together with several others and three heavy American books, in perfect condition after being two months on the journey, probably via Siberia, Russia, and Germany! One of these books is by Max Eastman, an old pupil of mine, now white-haired; and I have put away my Italian translations of LeSage and of Nietzsche in order to read about Karl Marx by an independent American radical. One of the other books is about the dreams of Miss Georgina Sime, an English lady living in Canada (in the Mount Royal

Hotel, Montreal, like me here!) described by herself; and she incloses a letter about her fondness for my books very much less discriminating than your proposed review. But haven't world affairs and war-fever affected my critics (including you, in that eventual capacity) far more than they have affected me or my "metaphysics"? (You know I protest that I have no metaphysics.) This war leaves me cold, in comparison with the other. Yet I think this one is far more important historically, especially for the United States. You are consciously assuming the defence of the whole New World; and bits of the Old World will no doubt enter into that protectorate, namely Australia, New Zealand, and the British Islands. (I mean that Australia and New Zealand belong geographically to the Old or Eastern World, and that the British Isles are going to belong morally to the New or the Western one.) Bertie Russell says one very nice thing about me in Schilpp's book, which, by the way, I have asked ~~them~~ him to send you. You will see what thing I mean, because I take it up warmly in my reply, in next to the last chapter of it. My Apologia pro Mente Mea may be clearer, as an exposition of doctrine, than the Realm of Spirit. It is more general and external.—Best wishes for the New Year from your old friend

GSantayana

To Mr. and Mrs. George Sturgis

25 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Christmas, 1940

Dear George and Rosamond: Thank you for these Christmas flowers, which make a great addition to my little sitting-room, just on the days on which I have to stay indoors, owing to a touch of my old cough combined with a snow-storm. There is a coating half an inch thick on everything, and the sun, although it has been shining all day, has not had strength enough to melt it. Very seasonable, yet I wish it were Spring. I used to prefer winter and grey days and a moist cool atmosphere as in England; but now pre-

fer warmth and bright sunshine; and I don't doubt that we shall soon get round to them again.

My quarters here are rather nice, and the hotel in general is excellent, but they are not exactly suitable for my way of life, and I have seen with pleasure that the old Bristol is rising from the dust; some day I am going to Pinchetti's office—I have been invited—to see the plans, and to suggest what I should like for my corner. I want to have the same outlook as in my last rooms—those you, George, have seen, not those I had when you, Rosamond, were here; but I shall probably be higher up, as the whole building will be more tower-like than before, though no sky-scraper: seven or eight storeys, no more. From the fifth or sixth I could have a view of the Janiculum over all the low-lying part of the town, and the sun early, rising above the Barberini palace. And the hotel will perhaps be called the Albergo Barberini; since now foreign words like Bristol and like Hôtel are taboo. My dream is to set up bookcases and display all my stored books, as well as some that I can bring from the villa at Fiesole, partly my own, and partly some of Strong's: because he has left me his philosophical books in his will. But all this can hardly come until the year after next, if then the war is over.

When that happens, I hope you will come to see me again, and bring all three boys with you. They will all be old enough to be interesting then, and not so old as to be standardized and sunk in business. One of the things I regret, now that foreigners don't come to Italy, is the absence of any young people: and my definition of "young" has shifted, so that, for instance, it includes both of you, and will always do so, as however many years may pass, you can never catch up with me, and I can always deride you as not really old or disillusioned. This belief in education, for instance, would be all right if you meant really what the word means—bringing out the potentialities in a person. But if it means acquiring degrees as luggage acquires labels, it makes little difference to the value of what lies inside.

I have lately received three large books from America. I believe they come via Siberia, Russia, and Germany, and they certainly take two months on the way: but I am glad to have them, as I can get none from Blackwell's in Oxford, as I used to.

Best wishes to you all from your affectionate uncle

GSantayana

To Adelaida Hernandez de Sastre

29 December 1940 • Rome Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Grand Hotel, Roma,

29 de Diciembre, 1940

Querida Adela: Recibí tu carta con algun retraso por estar yo en Roma y no en Venecia desde el mes de Septiembre, y contesté en el acto por telégrafo, no sé en que términos, pues fué penosísima la impresion que me hizo esta desgracia; y ademas estaba yo en cama con un poco de calentura, de resultas del catarro crónico que me persigue desde hace muchos años. Estoy ya mejor, y casi bien; pues conozco el mal, y me repongo con facilidad.

No cabía pena mayor para ti y para tus hijos, y el golpe es mas rudo por caer asi inopinadamente. Para mí tambien es muy triste ver desaparecer una persona tan querida cuando ya quedan tan pocas ^{que lo sean} en este mundo. Rafael desde muchacho me ha inspirado mucha simpatia, por lo sencillo y bueno que era, ocultando con modestia y buen humor su inteligencia y sus virtudes. En fin, hay que conformarse con la voluntad de Dios, que no quiere que estemos del todo contentos en esta vida.—Quisiera ser mas jóven para poder volver a Avila y abrazaros a todos. Jorge

To George Sturgis

29 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome

Dec. 29, 1940

Dear George

Your cablegram reached me the day before yesterday, and this morning the Credito Italiano telephoned confirming it. I am to send them tomorrow a letter authorizing them to change the dollars into lire, and to ask for the special rate of exchange allowed to residents. Unfortunately, this special rate is abolished for after the 1st of January, so that I shall lose 20% in future. But that won't make me exceed my usual budget. I had written to you about sending funds earlier, but evidently my letter was confiscated by the censor.

The day before yesterday I received a letter from Adela, Rafael's wife, which I translate for you:

"Very dear uncle George: You cannot conceive with what great sorrow I write to you, because on Saturday, the 14th, at three in the morning, when we were least expecting it since on the Friday he had felt only slight discomfort, my very dear Rafael died, leaving us as you may imagine entirely desolate.—We did not telegraph so as not to break the news to you too curtly.—We all hope that by God's mercy he is now with our beloved dead in God's glory, since he had all the goodness that it is possible to have.—You know, Uncle George, how much we care for you, and how glad we should be to see you again."—I have telegraphed and written my condolences. If you care to, you might do so to Pepe, who also writes me. The way to address Adela on the envelope would be S^{ra} D^a Adelaida Hernandez, Plaza del Ejército, 4, Avila. It is very sad, but in the course of nature.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Max Forrester Eastman

31 December 1940 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Dec. 31, 1940

Dear Mr. Eastman: Thank you very much for your letter of Oct. 30, and for Marxism: Is it Science? The book has been especially welcome, as I am now cut off almost entirely from current publications, even from my own. That Marxism is not science, for me is a truism. It is a last revision of Hebrew prophecy, as Hegel's system is also. One evidence of this may be found in the fact that such a view of evolution has a beginning and an end. Nothing cosmological or physical can have a beginning and an end: so that we are concerned here with a particular moral perspective, from the point of view of some special local and temporary interest. That fact makes Hebrew prophecy easy to turn into supernaturalistic religion, but unfit to figure as science. Each man's personal life and ambitions form such a trope, but natural existence flows on beyond those limits.—As to the materialism of Marx, you suggest in one place just what I should say of it, that it is not materialistic dogma or science at all, but an idealism that prefers material images, sense data and physical phenomena, to logical or ideal terms in formulating its dream: but all is still nothing but dream and language. A genuine materialist may use poetic language, like Lucretius invoking Venus and Mars; but an idealist who uses mechanical or economic or pragmatic terms remains a dreaming idealist. I therefore agree heartily to that part of your argument that which exposes the mythical nature of the views adopted by Hegel and Marx. They are like Spengler's. There is another side of your argument, however, that seems to me misleading, where you enter the speculative field, for instance, about determinism. Nature and history have a physiognomy that a philosopher may portray speculatively, again like Lucretius; this picture may contain an image of the philosopher himself and of his influence in the world; and there is no contradiction in conceiving this picture to be both incidental as an occurrence and true as a representation.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

