

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Seven, 1941—1947

G Santayana

To Clifton Paul Fadiman

[1941] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

[...] It was a curious occasion, that lecture of mine in Oxford. I was entrusted to the care of a scientific Don, doubtless of the committee for the Spencer Lectureship; and when I called at his house by appointment an hour before the time for the lecture, his wife said he was so sorry but had been called away to receive 4000 butterflies that had just arrived for him from South America. He turned up later, however, and took me to the Natural History Museum, to a lecture-room with a deep pit, and large maps on the walls, and instead of introducing me he only said, "Oh, you might as well begin." The audience was small, a few ladies, and a good many Indians and Japanese: However, I recognized old Professor Stewart of Christ Church and F. R. S. Schiller. This audience, however, was most sympathetic, didn't mind the length of the lecture, and applauded heartily at the end. But there was nothing Oxonian about the occasion: might have been at Singapore. [...] I think it is one of the most reasonable things I have written, reasonable yet not cold, and I am encouraged to find that it has not been altogether forgotten. [...]

To Ezra Loomis Pound

4 January 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Grand Hotel, Rome, 4.I.1941

Dear E.P. Aren't you wasting your time in looking for proofs? Proofs must rest either on tautology, because you have granted the conclusion in conceiving your premises, or on stupidity, because you are incapable of conceiving anything different from what happens to suggest itself. Mathematics and logic are tautological; any given essence has essential relations which are seen to be inevitable when once pointed out. Proofs there are therefore interesting because the deepen apprehension; but they prove nothing about matters of fact. I don't know how you define "substance": Spinoza could prove that there was only one substance because he conceived it as the essence and truth of all things lumped together. If there were two universes or two attributes the true universe and the total essence would evidently be the sum and system of those two universes and of those two attributes. But in calling this inevitable totality God or natura naturans, he identified it with a dynamic unit or source; something not subject to proof or argument of any kind, but imported into the system by religious tradition or vitalistic myth.

I can't reply to your suggestions and diagrams because I don't understand them.

Existence comes in pulses, in strokes. I see no reason for not stopping, or for stopping, anywhere in that flux. Existence has as many centres as it happens to have, as many moments, feelings, assumptions, questions—all in the air and with no power over one another. But if we have time and patience to study a natural world, posited as the source and common continuum in all this existence, we assume that it has dynamic unity: otherwise from one point in it we could never justly infer or posit any other point in it. This is my argument for materialism. GS.

To George Sturgis

7 January 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Jan. 7, 1941

Dear George: I have been kept in the house and eating in my sitting-room for the last week by an attack of my usual bronchial catarrh: it gets more or less into the lungs, but preventive injections and other treatment keeps it from becoming bronchial pneumonia. I feel perfectly well, except when a fit of coughing comes on; and I haven't had more than a touch of fever. This morning I ventured to go in a taxi to the Credito Italiano, and got the money, with the favourable exchange, which is not to be expected in future. I shall now have enough for my probable expenses up to February 15th Send me another \$500 then; if I don't hear of its arrival during the following week, I will telegraph; perhaps this letter will be stopped like the one I wrote before. It is a foolish interference, since it merely imposes on us the expense of telegraphing, without any advantage to England or disadvantage to Italy.

I feel very well after my little outing, although the day has been damp, and I think I may be regarded as convalescent. I am writing a beautiful chapter on Avila for my autobiography. The book is not a life in chronological order, but a series of portraits and episodes; and it promises to run into volumes.

Have you received, by the way, vol. XV. of the Triton Edition of my Works? Cory says the post-card photo of me in it is most life-like. In any case, it is the latest, taken in Venice in September last. A happy new year to you all.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

9 January 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Jan. 9, 1941

Dear Mr. Wheelock: In previous letters I have expressed my satisfaction at your project of publishing Realms of Being in a single volume. Now, in your letter of Dec. 6, 1940 you broach the question of including Scepticism & Animal Faith in that volume. Certainly, if the purpose is to supply a single text-book for college classes studying my philosophy as a system, Scepticism should not be left out; it is the link between Realms and the history of modern philosophy, which such students might be supposed to have some notion of to begin with. But your proposed volume might have another use. It might be a work for general or desultory reading, for the general public, especially for ladies; and then it would be a positive advantage to omit Scepticism. Such readers look only for separate thoughts, to compare them with their own feelings; and the author's further opinions do not concern them. As a work of belles lettres, The Realms would be complete enough, and more in one key than if Scepticism, with its paradoxes, were interposed. It might be read as people read Montaigne or Nietzsche or Chekov, as a pleasant stimulus. If also used in classes, the professor might be expected to supply the technical background and Scepticism might be consulted separately.

Now there is another "Introduction" to my system, the new Apologia Pro Mente Sua in Schilpp's book about my philosophy: Living Philosopher's, vol. II. Ultimately you might wish somehow to get hold of that production. It is only 100 pages, and directly addressed to the American academic public so that perhaps for classes in colleges it might be much more useful, and certainly much easier, than Scepticism & Animal Faith. That book will be in every College library, and is not dear even for the private purse, being a subsidized publication; so that it might

supply the absence of Scepticism in your proposed edition of Realms of Being, and supply it with practical advantage.

All these points considered, I think I should not advise you to add Scepticism to the Realms. It would be a difficult beginning, and not a sufficient one. Better leave the Realms to speak for themselves, like some entirely independent or ancient work, and leave Scepticism and the Apologia to serve as technical introductions, to be studied separately, by those who wish to criticize my philosophical position as a whole.

I had no intention, in writing all these books, to become a subject in college classes. That is not a sympathetic way of approaching those books. I was only thinking aloud, with presuppositions of which I was not always quite conscious, and which in any case I should not impose on anyone else without his consent. But America is looking for things to do, and turning me into a “subject” may momentarily be one of them. It is in one sense an immense honour, but also in another sense a misunderstanding.

Do, then, whatever seems to you best about the proposed volume. You are in a position to see what purpose it can serve.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 January 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Jan. 11, 1941

Dear Cory. Very glad to have your letter of Dec. 15 arrived today. There is no indication of its having been opened. Wheelock has also written about the “great pleasure” of lunching with you, and about my “Autobiography”. Five long chapters are done. I. Place Time and Parentage, II My Father, III. My Mother. IV. The Sturgises, V. My Sister Susana. They all describe chiefly things that happened before I was born, but given as I heard about them, so that I am the narrator, though not the theme. There are a few pages in Chap. IV that ought not to be published for the present, since people are made fun of whose children are still alive, if not they themselves; but I am marking such passages with a red pencil—Warning!—and there is nothing scandalous in any case—it is not a book of “confessions” but only of satire and gossip. When I am dead, even the marked passages might pass muster or you and Wheelock could replace them with a few asterisks, reserving the full text for curious inquirers, if any turn up. I am now at work on Chapter VI. Avila, a different kind of essay, more poetical and philosophical: also shorter. It borders more on the themes in Dominations & Powers; but I will try not to wander too far into political philosophy. After that, with Chapter VII, I begin my personal reminiscences: Childhood: First Impressions of America, School, First Friends (already rewritten and typed) Harvard, etc. Much of this is written; but I expand and recompose, so that the whole will be well nigh endless. If I don’t finish, you must regard yourself as free to select the good parts and suppress the rest. I think it better that you should do that, than that I should leave out details or subjects that interest me, although they may not interest other people. They might be the best things.—I have had an attack of cough, ten days in the house, but am well again. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

29 January 1941 • Rome, Italy

(Cablegram: Houghton)

CDU556 VIA RCA = CT ROMA 13 29 1207

LC GEORGE STURGIS =

111 DEVONSHIRE ST BOSTON MASS =

SEND LIRE MISTE = GEORGE SANTAYANA.

111 LIRE MISTE.

To George Sturgis

31 January 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel Rome

Jan. 31, 1941

Dear George The Credito Italiano telephoned this morning to say the lire miste had arrived, and awaited my convenience. Unluckily I had a relapse, complicated by a colic (something antedeluvian in my history, but perhaps this is one form of a second childhood) and although better and quite comfortable I am still confined to my rooms. I get up and have my meals and receive my doctor in my salotto or sitting-room. For six nights I had a nurse who gave me my medicines and much conversation. She says there are too many children. Her two boys, being a widow, bring her no end of work in order to provide for their superior education. Evidently society is in a fluid state. I hope the end of this war will bring a new organization that may last, in fundamentals, for a thousand years. I mean in all countries.

I had never heard of lire miste, nor had my doctor (although he is a Jew, and a very nice person). From what the man at the Credito Italiano said

this morning, I gather that a non-Italian bank is involved in the issue. In any case, the better exchange will partly take the place of the 20% that I got these last two times from the government.

Thank you for sending Pepe my Xmas present for the children. Pepe's daughter Josefina and his son Eduardo have written. She has two babies and he is expecting one. That is all they write about. Too many children!

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

8 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Feb. 8, 1941

Dear George, This morning I went in a taxi to the Credito Italiano and got 12,820 quite ordinary lire; the mixed character of the lira is apparently an ens rationis, a matter of exchange-value, not a new currency. This exchange for the dollar is more favourable than the official rate, even with the 20% bounty that I received on the two previous occasions. With this I have enough money until the middle of April; but as I shall have a doctor's bill, let us call it April 1st (with no fooling) as according to my original schedule. In March I shall need nothing.

My illness has been somewhat different from previous attacks of the same bronchial catarrh; less stuff to spit out, but a more persistent cough, and more weakness. The catarrh gets down to the bottom of my lungs behind; but I have had no fever to speak of. I think the doctor doesn't like

the condition of my heart, and thinks the blood-pressure insufficient. He has left here a syringe and some camphor for injections, as if he expected some sudden trouble in future. Naturally my resistance must decline with years, but I feel very well, walked back by the Quirinal this morning in the sun, and had a chocolate and a bun on the way by way of viaticum. However, you shouldn't be startled if you hear some day that I have collapsed altogether like the one horse shay and become a little heap of clean dust. It would be a very decent way of disappearing. I am still eating in my sitting room, but have resumed my usual life otherwise. Yours affly

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

11 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, Feb. 11, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

You may be wondering why I don't send you more manuscript. I have been ill all the month of January with my usual bronchial catarrh, and am still only convalescent. My pulse and temperature are rather too low for flights of fancy, or for hard thinking; but I hope soon, with better weather, to recover my spirits and to finish another chapter, if not in my Autobiography, perhaps in some other direction; because I have a lot of unfinished stuff that I should like to put into shape, if possible

I write only to explain my silence. If you prefer not to wait, send me the last batch (with your account) and a day or two later your man may come again, when I hope to have something ready, however short.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

14 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Feb. 14, 1941

Dear Professor Schilpp: Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving, in perfect condition, your presentation copy of *My Philosophy*, i.e. volume two of the Library of Living Philosophers. It looks very formidable, and the bits I have had time to read here and there make a better impression in print than they did in the type-written form. There seems also to have been some revision. For instance, Brownell does „not“ end here as he ended in his manuscript; so that what I say about his proclaiming me an American in large capitals now falls flat, and may seem an uncivil exaggeration on my part, which it is not when you know how the original was phrased. Vivas also reads better; but I am not able to say whether this is due to any modification in the text or to my accidental apperception.

My instinct was to turn to my Apologia and read it through, to see what it sounded like in its official form, and whether there were errors. I have found some minor ones, due evidently to copyist errors I had overlooked in the manuscript or to printer's mistakes. Only one, I think, could cause any doubt in the reader's mind as to what was meant, but I send you a list of all, so far as noted by me, in case of reprints.

Let me thank and congratulate you on the happy issue of your devoted work.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

17 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Feb. 17, 1941

Dear Professor Schilpp, This morning I have received a number of letters from America, all speaking well of Vol. II of The Library of Living Philosophers.

Among these letters is one from Scribner's saying that they are considering printing my Realms of Being in a single volume, and that it would greatly help the sale of the book if I wrote a new introduction for it. Naturally I should like to co-operate, especially as it is for my advantage (though more ideal than practical) that the proposed book should find a public. But there is a General Introduction already in The Realm of Essence, and I have just laboriously composed another for your volume. What more can I say by way of re-introducing myself on positively my last appearance in public? It occurs to me that I might repeat, in other words, a part of what I say in my Apologia. I see you have copyrighted it. Would you mind if I repeated certain expressions, in a fresh context, for this new edition of Realms?

I forgot to say, in my letter of a few days ago, that the enlarged photograph for the frontispiece does, indeed, make a good impression. There are no wrinkles in it. An open air snap-shot in the sunlight, like the one in vol. I, would have shown a far more battered individual. But let us call it the effect of art and not of flattery.

I have come upon one more, rather unfortunate misprint in vol. II, page 600, last line of the first paragraph, where "and" should be than. Perhaps a slip with the errata discovered might be inserted in copies not yet bound. I am sorry that distance and war should have led to these small imperfections in so fine a book.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Feb. 18, 1941

Dear Cory, Schilpp's book had arrived a few days before your letter of Jan. 19, which came yesterday. The big book makes a good appearance but my Apologia is studded with misprints, some of them annoying. I have read a little here and there in the criticisms, and like them better than I did originally. Yours in particular is beautifully written; I don't feel now the doubt as to its tone that I felt at first. Have you revised anything, or is it simply my mood that has changed? I am in a soft mood, partly due to the long siege of my catarrh. I had a relapse and my heart seems to have become feebler; but I had no fever to speak of, even when the cough was at its worst, and later it [^]my pulse[^] got down below 60 and my temperature down to 36; Sabbatucci has been attentive. I had a nurse for six nights. She talked a lot (I coughed less when I talked) and complained that there are troppi bambini: she had to work hard to give her two boys a start in life. I have been reading Terence, Latin with an Italian version on the opposite page. Lovely, lovely feeling, to bring tears to the eyes, but not much wit. If Shakespeare had taken up The Adelphi he would have made something exquisite out of it. By the way, I must have this new book of Russell's; I am asking George Sturgis to send you \$100 to spend [^]on occasion[^] in books that I may ask for ~~and~~ that you may think I should like to see. Of course, they must not be objectionable to any of the censors; but evidently they can arrive safely. I have four or five big American books sent this winter, I believe via Siberia.

It is a bore that Scribner should insist on a new Introduction to Realms, but I don't like to refuse and am trying to conceive a fresh approach.

I discovered only yesterday, in the papers, that King Alfonso is living in this hotel, and dangerously ill.

[*across*] I am now eating in my sitting-room, and like it, although it makes my day somewhat more monotonous, especially in bad weather, when I don't venture to go out. Do send me R's book. Yours affly GSantayana

To George Sturgis

18 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Feb. 18, 1941

Dear George: Many thanks for your year's account, which is most satisfactory. If other people were writing my biography, instead of myself, they might point out how truly philosophical^{ly} my money-matters are ^{managed}. Reducing your account to my own terms, and counting the ^{London} bank account and the royalties that don't appear in your books, I come to this rough result: that I have saved half my income, lived on a quarter of it, and given away the other quarter. Of course, such things are possible only to a thoroughly selfish old bachelor, with money he doesn't have to look after, and no social engagements or dependents. And this ^{while} living in the lap of luxury. I discovered only yesterday that King Alfonso lives in this hotel (it was in the papers) and ^{is} dangerously ill. And certainly it is an excellent hotel; now that I have my meals in my sitting-room, I am in one way more comfortable; but when the weather becomes truly Spring-like, I shall probably go down again, at least for luncheon.

I have received books recently from America I believe via Siberia. Russell has just published one that I want to see. Will you please send \$100 to Daniel M. Cory 26 First Street, Riverhead, New York? I am writing to him asking him to get Russell's book sent to me, and any others later that I may ask for or that he thinks I should like to see.

I am practically well, although a little weak after my long spell of catarrh.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

18 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Feb. 18, 1941

Dear Mr. Wheelock, I have before me your letters of Dec. 31, Jan. 3, and Jan. 13, chiefly concerned with the proposed edition of Realms of Being in one volume. You already know that I am—how should I not be?—gratified at the project, and ready to agree to any arrangements that you may think advisable in carrying it out. The only question for me regards the new Introduction that you so decidedly demand. There is the great introduction, in Scepticism & Animal Faith, the general Preface in The Realm of Essence, and my new Apologia in Schilpp's vol. II of The Library of Living Philosophers. What more can I find to say? How shall I re-introduce myself to the public at positively my last appearance? However, I have not now the excuse for refusing that I had last year in the case of the new edition of Egotism in German Philosophy. I have nothing on hand except my Autobiography, which is a leisurely matter in any case, and can be interrupted. It has in fact been interrupted for some weeks by an attack of my usual bronchial catarrh, which it has taken me rather longer to recover from than in other years. However, that too is cleared away, except for a certain lassitude, and nothing materially prevents my sitting down to a fresh essay about myself & my philosophy. It remains for the spirit to blow favourably; but I think it will not refuse to do so, especially if you allow me until August. The thing may be done very much sooner, and would not be long. Perhaps 20 or 30 typed pages. I have written to Prof. Schilpp asking if he would object to my reproducing some expressions out of my Apologia in this new apology. But my idea is to make [*across*] an entirely new beginning, as if from the mind of the savage, and showing the relation of my philosophy to that, and to other philosophies. But this idea is not yet developed; it may not do.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

27 February 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, Feb. 27, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

I was beginning to feel fit when a fresh demand came from my New York publishers, that I couldn't very well ignore, as they say it affects their interests as well as my own. They wish to reissue Realms of Being in one thick volume, and for helping to sell it, as newness is a great requisite in America, they want a new introduction. I am therefore plunged into a difficult work, when I am not in a good condition, and shall have to go cautiously. When this Introduction is done I will write to you again, so that you may send your man for it. It will probably take several weeks. Meantime I enclose a new instalment, to reestablish my credit in your account.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

6 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 6, 1941

Dear Professor Schilpp

It is too bad that, overworked as you are, you should be troubled by having to write to me any more. Our joint task is done. Let me congratulate you on Dewey's congratulations. There is inevitably something fulsome in such praises, inspired partly by nearness, partly by kindness; but in America you can accept this cordiality without difficulty. It is warm and honest, though it keeps one eye closed. I don't know whether you should also be congratulated on getting Whitehead into your team; it means redoubled work and hurry for you, and I am really sorry you should be so overworked. But there is glory for the enterprise, and that will reward you.

As to contributing to the Croce volume, the reasons I gave you before hold good; I really don't know Croce's books well enough to write about them; besides, Scribner's wants an Introduction to the edition of Realms of Being that they are proposing to issue in one volume, and the easy writing of my Autobiography has had to be dropped. The worst of it is that my

health is beginning to fail me. Besides the catarrh & cough, always latent, I now seem to have a bad heart and a treacherous dyspepsia—things new in me; so that you caught me just in time for vol. II of your series. I can't accept any more engagements; but as long as life lasts, at intervals, I shall no doubt continue to potter over writing of one sort or another.

You have been very kind and encouraging in all this business towards me and my work, and I am grateful to you for your sympathy as well as for the honour of the thing.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

6 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 6, 1941

Dear George, Your letters of Jan. 31 and Feb. 13 arrived almost together, the latter with enclosures about Cook's cheques and with Onderdonk's note. I have never told O. that I am disgusted with some of his ways; why should I? He is officious, as you may gather from his offers of "help," and his business in Vienna, until the Germans took possession, was of a questionable sort, not in the interest of the Austrians, ruined by the war, whose property he would buy cheap for his New York clients. At least so they say: and he had no real feeling for Austria, because his mother, though a Viennese, was a Jewess. When he was in college I liked him, and he was open to ideas, besides being then nice-looking. Now he seems common; but I am faithful to all my friends for what they were when I became attached to them, no matter what they may turn into later. I am answering O.'s letter directly.

My health is not very secure, but I am beginning to go out, in good weather, and the sun is shining at this moment into this room with a spring-like strength. I wasn't able to leave my rooms, however, to see King Alfonso's obsequies. He lay in state in a hall in this hotel, as you may have read in the papers, and crowds marched in and out all day. This hotel is now crowded, every room taken, I am told; but I have my meals in my room (very nicely served on a table that is rolled in already completely supplied with the victuals) so that I see nobody except the doctor, who comes now and then, and an occasional Italian professor of philosophy; because I am beginning to be known here. Never mind about not understanding my philosophy; you are happier as you are. Yours aff^y
 GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

6 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 6, 1941

Dear Onderdonk, George Sturgis has sent me your letter, and I am glad to know that you and Mrs. Onderdonk, with your brother (alone, or with his family?) are safe in the shades of old Cambridge. What an ugly place it was, and yet we had pleasant times there. Now I daresay it is more presentable in spots—the “Houses” by the river, for instance—but also larger and more crowded. I should hate to live there again. But everywhere, now, I feel that things are provisional. The old Bristol is rising into the modern-style tower-of-Babel form, with retreating upper storeys, that people affect now: it will be very clean, I suppose, all glass and white metal, as far as possible; but I doubt that I shall be able to move into it, because my health is not what it was. Besides a chronic bronchial trouble that reappears every winter, I seem to have a bad heart and (would you believe it?) a bad digestion. I am on a sort of diet; but I had a most excellent chicken pilaff yesterday, only the (imitation) curry source had to be left almost untouched,

for fear of dyspepsia. Yet I eat with as much pleasure as ever, and drink also, but with moderation.

When the editors or publishers of my books leave me in peace (which is only at intervals) I amuse myself now writing reminiscences, which needn't be consecutive or complete. I am calling them: Persons & Places, or Fragments of Autobiography. It is great fun recalling old things and seeing them in the mild glow of sunset.

Best wishes from your old friend

GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

15 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 15, 1941

Dear Professor Schilpp: I am sorry to trouble you with another letter, but I see that I forgot to answer your inquiry about copies of vol. II of the Library of Living Philosophers to be sent to me.

Personally, I have quite enough with the one that has reached me. The second one you say you sent me has not arrived. But if you think it is safe, or later when it become safe again, I should be glad if you would send copies to the two following:

Prof. Michele Losacco

18 Via Aurelio Saffi, Florence

Prof Michele Petrone

Venta Padovana, Padova

} Italy.

I have discovered four more small errors in my Apologia, which I give below.

With best wishes

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Library of Living Philosophers, vol. II.

page 548, line 18, insert in after "only"

569, 15, for "even-" read evan-

576 6th from bottom, insert comma after "meaning"

580 5th " " for "prompting" read prompting

To George Sturgis

15 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 15, 1941

Dear George,

If at any time you have serious reasons to think that it will be impossible to send funds to me in Italy, telegraph to that effect and I will go to the Swiss consulate or (if necessary) to the Swiss legation and ask for a visa for my passport. If nothing occurs earlier, I should prefer to wait until June, when I shall have a fresh passport good for a year; and then, before leaving Rome for the summer, I could ask for a Swiss visa, so as not to be caught far from Rome, without a means of leaving Italy, in case my money was cut off. I shall be careful always to have enough cash for the journey to the frontier; beyond that I am well provided with my Cook's travellers' cheques.

My health is practically restored, although I have passed into another phase of old age, distinctly feebler than the previous one. I am no longer what one expects to be at sixty but what one really is at eighty. However, I am perfectly comfortable and content; only I walk and write more slowly.

Mercedes writes that you sent her only \$350 instead of the usual \$500 in January. How was that? The rest of the Spanish affair seems to be settled all right

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

18 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 18, 1941

Dear George: Yesterday the Credito Italiano paid me 12,658 lire, and I am amply provided with funds for the present; if nothing happens to prevent, you might send me the same sum on May 1st; but in respect to the next remittance on June 15th the question arises whether, during the summer I shall be in a place where I can cash it; / your drafts. My idea at present is not to go far from Rome this year, probably to Fiuggi in the hills, not far but not easy to get to without a motor. It would be a nuisance to have to return to town in August for money, so that if you could send me \$1000 on June 15th it would suit me better, as then I should have enough for the whole season. Fiuggi is a watering-place surrounded by woods, with a good hotel called Palazzo della Fonte. It would be much warmer than Cortina, but now I prefer to be warm than to be cold, and it would be well-provided with doctors and nurses, in case of need.

The Bristol—I suppose it will change its name, since English names are now taboo—has now risen to its full height, seven full storeys and then others receding. A lot of building and pulling down and park-making is going on in Rome. There is a perfect desert in front of St. Peter's, and here from my windows I see them working desultorily on the new park round the Baths of Dioclesian and the great new Station. No thought, apparently, of earthquakes or bombs. Yours aff^y

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 25, 1941

Dear Cory: Scribner's royalty report has just reached me, and I have renewed the order to them to pay you the amount due on June 1st \$690— $\frac{22}{100}$. I have received one or two other reports of small quantities „due, but no cheques: when the latter come, I will send them on to you. I am sorry that altogether they make a slender and uncertain allowance for you. It will be your war-penance; but if you are hard-pressed, I can always, however unwillingly, ask George Sturgis to send you money. My account with him is favourable; I can afford to spend more; but you understand the family scruples that make me dislike to draw unnecessarily on what is, in one sense, a family fund.

I am still a good deal confined to my rooms. The catarrh is gone, but I have developed gout or rheumatism or lumbago in my right hip or knee, which is not painful, but keeps me from going out, since I can only hobble with a stick. I have not felt like working. The introduction to the proposed new edition of Realms hangs fire, and so does Persons & Places; but the fire still burns under the ashes, and I am confident that it will break out before long into a modest flame of sorts, if not into any great illumination.

Italian professors come to see me. Prof. Guzzo of Turin has been here twice; he is an idealistic Catholic. A pupil of his has sent me a very interesting Doctor's thesis on Jaspers. Do you know about Jaspers? I had never heard of him, but he seems to be an important person, highly symptomatic, if not sound. Banfi has written, quite unruffled by my retorts, that he is coming to see me, that the Italian translation of selections of mine has had a vivo successo, that he means to publish more translations, and wishes me to write for his review, Studi Filosofici. Ah, no! Ezra Pound has also been here: he is speaking through the radio for the government! Quite tame now with me.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

25 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 25, 1941

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Yesterday I received your letter of March 3, with the royalty report for the half-year ending Feb. 1. Please pay the amount due on June 1, as already arranged, to Daniel M. Cory, 26 First St, Riverhead, N.Y. I am now having no difficulty in receiving money from America from my nephew, but the future seems uncertain; perhaps, if these remittances are stopped by the war, I shall have to leave Italy, which would put me to great inconvenience, even if I could get out. But my nephew is active, and he would discover some way of getting funds to me. We could even appeal to President Roosevelt. He knows who I am; I have a letter of his (not addressed to me, but to Mr. Harrison Reeves) in which he calls me "dear old Santayana".

I notice in the royalty report that various books of mine (all, apparently, published only in England) do not appear in it. Does this mean that not one copy of Dialogues in Limbo, for instance, has been sold in America, or should the report for such books come through Constable & C^o on occasion of sending you the sheets, so that you have no direct account with me in regard to them? As I am now cut off from England altogether, I hear nothing of such sales. Dent owed me £103, at the beginning of the war, on Egotism, the new edition, which we agreed to let him keep for me until peace returns. When will that be, and will Dent, or shall I, or will the £103, still exist?

I have been under the weather with various minor ailments, and not fit for work. The Introduction for the one volume edition of Realms of Being is begun, but not finished. I must wait for a spell of good health and good spring air to finish it properly, as I don't want it to be inferior in quality to the rest of the book. The Autobiography is put aside for the time being.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Santayana's Realms of Being

Errata

in The Realm of Spirit to be corrected before reprinting.

Page,	line	
ix.	2	for "and" read an
28	17	insert comma after "Leibniz"
49	14	for "stupidity" read stupidly
180	2	insert comma after "that"
202	7	for "sublimation" read sublimations
203	30	insert comma after "Liberation"
213	15	" " " "is"
266	16	" " " "persons"
287	33	" " " "upon us"
289	17	omit " " "fecundity"
293	3	" " " "capacity"
301	1–2	insert: Alain, 207, note

To Nancy Saunders Toy

27 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 27, 1941

Dear Mrs. Toy: Your good letters of Jan. 27th and Feb 11th I fear are still unanswered. I have been laid up with my catarrh and other complications—dyspepsia, a weak heart, lumbago, gout, cramped fingers, loose teeth, and a limp in the leg—none painful, but altogether fatiguing and not good for sprightly letter-writing. The Spring sun at this moment is shining on this page, and I feel better. Yesterday I looked up the passages in Schilpp's book that you had marked. In some cases they represent real friendliness and appreciation, for instance, in Sullivan and Hartshorne, because these two evidently are alive to philosophy of the great tradition. On the other hand, others like Vivas, think they are very generous in praising me for daring to be independent in 1899, and writing books that for that date were remarkable. It is curious how insulated the intellectuals have become in all countries: Banfi is just as limited as Vivas & C^o in another way. I should love them to be young, but they are ill-educated, they are common, they are mere professors. It is impossible to breathe in their seminar air. Banfi, however, is quite unruffled by my retort, wants to publish translations of more of my things, and is coming to see me! He also asks me to contribute to his review, Studi Filosofici, which is a sectarian publication. I have had visits and gift-books from Italian philosophers of a better School, however: people who are in the Catholic tradition, even if not believers. How incredibly blind, by the way, is Schilpp's review of my Realm of Spirit! I know nothing of him, and of most of these writers, but he has been very diligent and effusive; only he promised to read the proof of my Apologia carefully, and it is riddled with printer's errors! The poor man was worked to death.

I was sorry to hear, but glad to know, the death of "Elizabeth." Have you read her last book "M^r Skeppington"? It should have been a short story, the motif of a pretty woman growing old is repeated too much, but the end is dramatic with a sting in its tail. She had absolutely no religion and said life was a "very bad joke." But it is also a love-affair. She knew it, only had stopped loving. Could only hate.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Nancy Saunders Toy

28 March 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, March 28, 1941

Dear Mrs. Toy: I must send a postscript to my letter of yesterday, to thank you for yours of March 9 with extracts from Judge Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock about the Life of Reason. It is sweet flattery after my Schilpp critics; but by chance, at the same moment, I find the antidote in Montaigne: “Ils [Chrysippus and Diogenes] disoi_{en},t qu’il n’y avait point de plus dangereuse voluptez ... que celle qui nous vient de l’approbation d’autrui.” But that was in 1905: what annoys me is that now people should still talk about the Life of Reason as if it represented my whole philosophy, or was the best part of it. That is because Dewey’s disciples make it a subject in their courses, and criticize it for not raising or not solving the questions that they propose to their classes. It is not me they are considering, but the convenience of having a readable book to use as a stalking horse, their own books not being readable. And another annoying thing is that they criticize my concepts and the absence of definitions for them, as if I were talking about essences, when I am talking about history,

psychology, and morals, that is, about things; and a man who thinks concepts can be substituted for things, and that by defining concepts he sees things truly is, to be frank, a fool. The more freedom and variety there is in our terms, the more adequately we may hope to besiege the reality of things, and to do justice to their influence upon us.

I hope there is no reason to fear that this letter of yours need be the last. If correspondence between Italy & the U.S. becomes impossible, it will also become impossible for me to get money, and I shall have to leave for Switzerland or Spain. It would be a horrid nuisance, but I am recovering my normal health and should be able to manage.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

20 April 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

^x of April 2 nd
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Grand Hotel, Rome, April 20, 1941

Dear George: A curious thing has happened to your last letter^x. The envelope arrived yesterday, containing two letters from Miss Daphne Adams of Philadelphia, one to her dear “Orietta” and the other (in French) to her très chère “Ada”. The censor had evidently got the wrong letters into the respective envelopes. And to be sure, this morning the telephone rang

(and it hardly ever does for me) and a woman's voice, in Italian, began to explain that a letter for me had reached her by mistake. I asked her to send it here to the porter, and get her own letters in exchange. She did so today, and by the address on this other envelope (exactly like yours in form and coloured margin) I learn that the young person has the distinguished name of Donna Orietta Doria Pamphili. Daphne and Orietta! What nice names. If you had had a daughter would you have had the sense to call her Orietta or Daphne?

I seem to have scared you about my health; but you all seem to be thoroughly scared in general. Life is quiet in Rome, but perfectly pleasant: few motors, and darkness at night (no bombs yet!) but plenty of weddings in this hotel, and briskness in the people, food quite sufficient and good enough, and news exciting enough in the papers. But the winter has been cold and the spring, they say, late: it has seemed late for to me, and even now there are few really sunny days. My catarrh is well, that is, I have no cough, but it is always latent and ready to reappear, and I have had other old men's ailments: a touch of gout (what athletes call water-on-the knee) involving a little lameness, so that although I can get about, I am not good for long walks. However I can take a cab and go to the Pincio to have a camomile and read the paper in the sun, after lunch. In the morning I work as usual, but only for an hour or two. Tell those who inquire after me, that I am all right and don't mind the war as much as you do.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

23 April 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, Rome

April 23, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

At last my Introduction to Realms of Being is finished, and I also have some additions to a chapter of my Autobiography that you have already copied. I will leave these with the porter on Monday next, April 28th and any day after that your man can fetch them.

There is less hurry than ever because my New York publisher writes that my Realm of Spirit has sold so well—3000 copies—that he doesn't want to interfere with that sale by offering all the Realms in one volume for the present. The new edition is put off—like so many greater things—for 1943!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

28 April 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, April 28, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

I found that my “additions” had better not be added to the chapter on “My Mother”, and have made this separate chapter out of them, to be put in much later in the book; but there is no harm in having them copied now.

I will let you know when I have more manuscript ready

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

30 April 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Grand Hotel, Rome, April 30, 1941

Dear Professor Schilpp: Since you wish to go on with our correspondence, even if business no longer makes it necessary, I write again at once, to say that I am almost well again,—quite well of my most disagreeable trouble, the cough,—and to thank you for your warm words about my Apologia. The occasion naturally stirred me up, and I wrote with more spirit than if I had had no criticisms before me; yet as a reply to criticisms, I feel that my Apologia was very defective. I hadn't the patience to take up point after point in order. Dewey also didn't do so. I therefore rather left my critics in possession of the field, while I took flight at a tangent into an independent exposition of my philosophy. This perhaps makes the composition better and more interesting in itself, but does not contribute to the proposed plan of bringing philosophers together, except as two rams

butting against each other. My critics, I think, were often guilty of the same self-centredness. They criticized only the bits that they perhaps had assigned to their pupils to read, and ignored all the rest of my work. If, for instance, they had considered my Dialogues in Limbo, they would have come much nearer to facing my real philosophy than by complaining, as so many of them do, because I did not answer questions that arise in their own theories but that do not arise for me at all. All of them, except Cory, are teachers of philosophy (or is Rosenthal also a layman?) and all but two are Americans, and Americans of a younger generation than mine. There is therefore less direct contact and more irrelevance in the discussion on both sides than was perhaps desired.

I have read by chance an Italian book about Jaspers. Is he much thought of in America? I was rather impressed by his [*across*] heroic speculation and sacrificial pantheism, although I think it a religious disease.—My complaint about the change in Brownell's paper was that readers would wonder why I said that he proclaimed in large capitals that I was an American, when he says now modestly that he thinks me American; and of course I am American in several important aspects. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

2 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, May 2, 1941

Dear Cory: Russell's book has arrived, many thanks. It seems to contain none of your usual notes and scorings: that is a little disappointing. Also the 10 pages on Dewey that I have turned to and read at once. Russell is right, of course, but he is not so incisive as he might be. However, I should postpone judgment until I have read the whole.

Since this book has come through in little over a month, I am encouraged to ask you for more, as I am rather limited in the matter of reading. I always have some good book at hand, I can get all Latin & Italian classics, and Prof. Guzzo in particular has sent me two very interesting works of his, on Giordano Bruno and on S. Augustine. But I hear nothing of

what is been written now. For instance, I can't get Céline's new book, Les Beaux Draps, not because it is anti-Semitic but because no books are now imported from France and I have no one in Paris to send it to me privately. I dote on Céline, not for his anti-Semitism especially, but for his Rabelaisian language. If you could send me Les Beaux Draps, or any book he may have previously published later than L'École des Cadavres, I should be very glad to get it. I expect to remain here until about June 20, and then to go to the Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi; that is, unless my money from the U.S. is cut off, in which case I shall have to go to Switzerland or to Spain. I hope, however, to be spared that great inconvenience. I have asked my nephew to send me enough, on June 15, to last for the summer, so that, if that date is weathered safely, I am safe in Italy until September. If I had to leave at once I think I should go to Glion: later I could move down to the Trois Couronnes.

My health is better, normal except for a gouty knee unaccountably developed. No pain, but no long walks. I am going down again for both meals.—The Introduction for Wheelock is done, and goes today with this letter.

Yours affly GSantayana

To George Sturgis

4 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, May 4, 1941

Dear George: Yesterday I went to the Credito Italiano and received lire 12,600 and odd, which with what I had on hand gives me ample funds for two months more in Italy in any case, counting doctors' bills, and possible journey to the frontier. This in case communication with the U.S. should be interrupted before you send me the next draft. I asked the now amiable gent at the Credito Italiano whether he thought the interruption was likely to occur, and he said no: that it would not be in the American interest. But people so seldom do what is for their own interest that I am not at all confident, and wish to be prepared for the worst. If all goes well until June 15 and you then send me \$1000, I shall be all right until October at least; so that I should be able to spend a peaceful summer writing my amusing Autobiography—amusing at least to myself.

I am now practically well, except for a gouty knee that keeps me from taking long walks; but I can walk well enough for short distances, and take a cab when I wish to go farther. Cory has sent me Russell's new book, which I am now reading with interest; and I can always fall back on the classics, Latin or Italian, which are to be had here; but being cut off from current books in French, particularly, is the most disagreeable effect, for me, of the present restrictions. Those in food do no harm: although beef, veal, and pork are limited to two days a week now, we can still have mutton, chicken, ginea fowl, partridges, tongue, liver, sweetbreads, and fish at all times—enough for an abstemious philosopher.

I hope you_r flight to Mexico was successful, and I suppose you will go camping later with the boys. Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, May 13, 1941

Dear Cory: Yours of April 22 arrived this morning. I am glad to hear of that accumulated sum that might be assigned to you by the Trustees of the Fellowship. If not, or besides, there is a chance that you may get

\$791=more (beside the June royalties) from Scribners, if they succeed in getting Constable's consent that it should be paid by them directly rather than through Constable. It represents the sales of The Realm of Spirit in America, which have amounted to about 3000 „copies„. Moreover, if I am obliged to move to Switzerland (or to Spain: I have not yet inquired as to the possibilities of visas and of travel) I may be able to send you cheques on B. S. & C^o as formerly. I had £2000 in their bank; I don't know how much sterling is now worth in New York; but it would no doubt be enough to help you out if all else failed.

I have now almost finished Russell's book. The position he arrives at, considering his starting-point, seems sensible; but I can't help thinking his starting-point artificial, and also his method and play with algebraic symbols. Is this more than a pedantic affectation proving nothing that could not be stated in simple English and judged by common sense? R's illustrations are always witty; but they become a bit monotonous in their intentional every-day realism. If he had more variety of tone, when it came to analysing the implications of "You are hot" his argument would gain in force and pungency. On the whole, I am a little disappointed not in R's position but in his work. It is not first class philosophic writing, but only interesting current controversy; a contribution rather than a conclusion; and he is now old enough to settle his accounts and give us his testament.

My plan is to go for the summer to Fiuggi, if I continue to get money until June 15, when my nephew will send me enough to last me till October. I have now enough to last till July: so that if communication [*across*] stops before June 15, I can comfortably get to Switzerland for the hot season—to Glion, probably, as you suggest and as I indicated in my last letter. Yours aff^{ly}
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

16 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Grand Hotel, Rome, May 16, 1941

Dear Clemens: Your card of April 6, forwarded by Scribner through the ordinary mail, reminds me that I have not thanked you for one or two others previously received, or for the unexpected present of one dollar, which

was reduced only to a good intention on your part by the impossibility of cashing it in the present circumstances. So far, save for delay on some occasions, I have been able to get money from my nephew in Boston, who manages my earthly goods; but this may become impossible at any moment, so that I live with one foot in the stirrup, and may have to take refuge in Switzerland. However, if I can obtain a permit of residence there for the rest of the war, the change would have its advantages; but I fear the cold in winter. This last season has not been good for my health; however, it has now become normal; and as my principal work is done, it really matters very little what now becomes of me. I spend the morning writing a voluminous book to be called Persons & Places or Fragments of Autobiography in which I put everything that occurs to me, and which may stretch to any length, according to that of my life. I have written reams, and have not yet got to my birth.

You mustn't expect me to keep up a correspondence. I write to only one or two relations and very old friends, and that chiefly on business. You are rather a public personage, and writing to you is like writing to the newspapers, with the imminent danger of starting false reports. Not that false reports, or true ones, do me any harm: I feel they are not about me at all but about a fictitious person imagined by the reporter. However, it is pleasant to be remembered and—I hope—prayed for. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

21 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, May 21, 1941

Dear Mr. Wheelock: I have your letter of May 6, with the cheque from Simon & Schuster. It is not necessary for you to be bothered about it, as I can endorse it and send it directly to Cory. It is no great addition to his income, but he might as well have it, as it is impossible for me to cash it here. The form in which I now receive funds from America is this: My nephew buys lire miste in Boston, and has the purchase telegraphed to the Credito Italiano in Rome. They telephone to me that the money has arrived, and the next morning I go and get it. Now that they know me, no

documents or explanations are necessary. But this easy method threatens to become impossible in the near future, and then I seknow no alternative except to leave Italy for Switzerland or for Spain. I prefer Switzerland, if I can get permission to reside there for the rest of the war. If I can get my June money, I shall stay in Italy until the autumn (to see what turns up: I might not have to go at all, then); if by June 15, the break has come, I shall go then at once, probably to my old Hotel Victoria, at Glion-sur-Montreux. In the winter I could move down to some less exposed place, Vevey or Lugano.

Spring—almost summer—has come at last and I am feeling much better, quite well, except for a little less than the normal energy. I have also returned to my Autobiography, and am finishing a long chapter on Avila. You know I call the book Persons & Places: Fragments of Autobiography. You can call it Autobiography simply, if that is advisable; but my experience of persons & places is the real subject. Avila comes in in that way.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome May 22, 1941

Dear Cory: I send on this small cheque, which I can't cash here. It comes from a reprint of Brief History of My Opinions in an anthology called I Believe. Wheelock, who forwarded it to me, seems to be anxious about my health. It has not been a good winter for me, but I am all-right now, less fat (which is a gain) but at the same time less energetic. My only anxiety is about having to leave Italy in case my money from America is cut off: but I hope now that it may not happen before June 15, in which case I shall be in funds until the autumn, and intend to go to Fiuggi, Palazzo della Fonte.

Ezra Pound was here yesterday, quite mad; I offered him some tea, not very good, which he drank uncomplainingly to the dregs, without milk and sugar, although both were provided. He complains of people's utter ignorance of economics, and says that is the root of all trouble. And half

his speech is undecipherable to me. I wonder if he is understood when he speaks through the radio. Why does he talk in that way? Is it incapacity, or inspiration? Perhaps nine tenths the one and one tenth the other.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, May 26, 1941

Dear Cory, If I were sure of living until after the war, I should prefer not to write to the President of Harvard about naming you for my future Fellowship, because until then we cannot be sure 1st that you may not get Strong's Fellowship in some form {if the Fund is reduced in value the nominations might be made successively to the three nationalities instead of simultaneously}; 2nd that no industrial revolution in the U.S. has reduced my own resources or confiscated all college endowments. Busy officials like Conant hate to be needlessly disturbed by hypothetical questions: and Conant in particular is now a violent partisan and was never a personal friend of mine. After the war, my intervention might be better received. However, as I may very likely die before these troubles come to an end, I will write a letter to Conant on this subject and send it to you to keep and to present with your application for the Fellowship as soon as I am gone. You would still have to wait some time before the income was available, but I think even without my recommendation you would surely get the appointment; you are just the sort of person indicated in my bequest, and the collapse of the Strong Fellowships would be a further point in your favour; and meantime you would get \$2500 by my Will to bridge the interval and enable you (perhaps later) to come to Italy for my books and manuscripts.

The question now is what you can do in the interval. You will continue to get my Scribner royalties and other American cheques (if not seized by the blockade) but these will be much reduced after the Triton Edition has been paid for in full by the subscribers; and you will get the MS of my Autobiography, as it becomes available. With judicious omissions, there is no reason why it shouldn't be published at once, like a serial novel, and there may be money in it. However, to fill out your income I think you

would do well to find some employment, more interesting than secretarial work. Couldn't you give public lectures, say on T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Russell, & me? Or on *An American in London*, in Paris, in Florence, in Rome? And what has become of your novel and of your book on Perception? This last would not bring in any money, but might help to get you some academic post. Such posts, at least occasional, or in Libraries, might easily come to you after you have your Fellowship, that is, if you remain in America. My Fellowship, by the way, rather implies that you should reside at Harvard, as it is intended to add freshness to the atmosphere of Cambridge, Mass. That might be unwelcome to you: I had had in mind someone more like myself, who liked academic life. No teaching is involved, but there are many formal and informal gatherings at which such a person might play an interesting part.

I will think over the exact terms in which my letter to Conant should be expressed, and send it to you before long.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

P.S.

I am now well, and Sabbatucci has ceased even his weekly visits.—He asked me the other day whether Lincoln or Washington was the more recent. Such is international knowledge.

To Evelyn Tindall

27 May 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, May 27, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

If you will send your servant here on Monday next, June 2nd, or any day after that, he will find more MS waiting for him. It will be the last for the present, because I expect to go to Fiuggi for the summer (unless I have to leave Italy for lack of funds, in case communications with the U.S. should be cut off). But if all continues as at present until June 15th I shall have [^]funds_^ enough to carry me over the summer, and I hope to have more [^]work_^ to send you when I return here in September or October. So please send me your account with this new chapter, and the day after your man can come for the money.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

6 June 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, June 6, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

Please let the nest-egg remain as usual for our encouragement. I hope to bring more fragments of my new book from Fiuggi in September or October; but if relations between Italy and the U.S. were broken off, I should have to think of quitting the country, as no more money would reach me here. In that case, a pledge of better days to come would be comforting. There is also the former Bristol Hotel become almost a sky-scraper, to which I had hoped to return as soon as it is reopened. Sig. Pinchetti, the proprietor, is keeping all my books for me and it will be a happy day when I find myself again surrounded by them.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

11 June 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, June 11, 1941

Dear George: They have just now telephoned from the Credito Italiano that fresh money has arrived for me. Thank you for anticipating the date we had agreed upon; I had thought of asking you to do so, in order to be without anxiety as to my movements until the autumn; but I considered that you were in a better position to judge, and that in any case I had plenty of money to defray all expenses, if it had been necessary to leave Italy now. Tomorrow is a holiday, but on Friday, June 13, I will go and get the money, and I expect to move to the Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi on the 19th or 20th of June.

My doctor's bill, which I have paid, was less than I had expected, 2600 lire, for 49 visits to the hotel and 7 injections made at his office: about \$150. I shall have 5000 lire left, to add to what you have just sent me, enough in all for four months and a journey, if need be, to the frontier. I also have a fresh passport, for which I had to have a new photograph taken. It came out as from a beauty-parlour, all wrinkles and puffiness removed by magic, and I send you one that you may see that my bad winter has left me as pert as ever.

In my Autobiography I have now got beyond my birth and am gathering my "Earliest Memories," (which is Chapter VII) some of them from old notes. The other chapters are typewritten (in two copies) and corrected, so that they could be published (with a few omissions) if I should abscond. They are entitled: I. My Time, Place, & Parentage, II. My Father, III My Mother, IV. The Sturgises, V. My Sister Susana, VI. Avila. There are later short chapters also ready: "My First Friends"; "Elvira"; and "We Were Not Virtuous;" but these should come eventually where they belong chronologically.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

16 June 1941 • Rome, Italy

(Cablegram: Houghton)

RADRXB6 13 VIA MACKAY=ROMA 16 1215

LC GEORGE STURGIS=

111 DEVONSHIRE ST BSN=

FUNDS RECEIVED NO TROUBLE=

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 June 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, June 17, 1941

Dear Cory: It is pleasant to know that you have given a brilliant lecture at Columbia and drawn the enemy fire. You can't persuade a philosopher against his will; but you may feel a wind of doctrine blowing through his defenses against him. Opinions get very rapidly stale in our time. In reading Russell, it seemed to me that he was losing ground, seeing in places the weakness of his ancestral position. It is so here also. I am now beginning to learn something of contemporary Italian philosophy. The living part of it is post-Crocean. Banfi (who is not exactly a Crocean) is himself spent, always says the same thing, is always "open", and never lets anything in. Other professors, if less accomplished, have more life. Guzzo is a pro-Catholic: I mean he approaches Catholic philosophy from the point of view of idealism, feeling the moral sham in the latter. And there is another professor at Turin, Abbagnano, who belongs to the "Existentialist" school: Kierkegaard, Barth, Jaspers, & Heidegger. The last is the only one I had studied, but Jaspers seems to be an even greater force, a thorough thinker, _^like_^ Spinoza. Kierkegaard and Barth are Protestant mystics, but they seem to have played (unintentionally) into the hands of the impartial analysts. Do people know Abbagnano in America? Schneider no doubt does. Ask him (with my regards) what he thinks of him and of Existentialism in general. I am taking Abbagnano's book La Struttura dell' Esitenza with me to Fiuggi, to study at leisure. It is very concise and deep, but not confused (I think) when you once catch his drift.

But he has the idealist foible of representing a point of view, a moral perspective, as a constitutional “structure” of the world. Yet Abbagnano is hard-headed in regard to matter, death, finitude, the relativity of morals, etc. so that his idealistic “struttura” or trope of moral life and personality spreads over a naturalistic foundation. He is an enthusiast.

I got \$1000 from George Sturgis just before the suspension of credits to Italy, so that I can spend my summer [*across*] quietly at Fiuggi and see in September how matters stand. I may then go after all to the hotel Bristol at Lugano. Do you approve?

Yours aff^{ly}

Would winter be better at Vevey?

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

17 June 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, June 17, 1941

Dear George: I replied yesterday to your radio-message so that you shouldn't be worried about my comfort for the moment. I have now 30,000 lire, which I must spend before leaving Italy, so that there is no hurry about making further decisions. I leave for Fiuggi (Palazzo della Fonte) in two or

three days, meaning to return here in September. Then we can see what it is best to do.

Meantime, unless actual war comes on with the U.S. you might see if it isn't possible to obtain a special licence for me to get my money, say \$5000 a year, as usual in Italy. Considering my age, health, and long residence here, I think it ought to be allowed.

Even if this fails, there is nothing tragic about my situation. I could go to Switzerland or Spain, or even Portugal. I assume that taking a census of foreign property in the U.S. doesn't mean "freezing" the income. If it does, or if it came to that later, you might still advance me what I needed, in hopes of a thaw when peace returned.

The death of Mrs. Toy is sad, but only as all death is sad. Her health was insecure, she was very brave about it, but at eighty (she must have been about eighty, though she would never confess her age) the future holds nothing new, except more illness and incapacities. I shouldn't want to live longer myself, except for unfinished or unrevised books that I should like to leave in order; and also for a certain excitement and interest in seeing how the world is going. I think this is a real crisis in history, not a "dog-fight" like the other war. Perhaps, in future, our modern society will be more organic and incorporated, as it was in the middle ages, and not so much, as it was in our day, a scramble of commonplace people after commonplace things: at least not merely that scramble.

Yours affly GSantayana

To James Bryant Conant

July 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Palazzo della Fonte
Fiuggi, Italy
July, 1941

To the President of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Conant,

The question I am concerned with in this letter may never arise, and in any case not till after my death; yet if it does, you may be glad to have a word from me about it. I am therefore writing now, but in order not to

trouble you unnecessarily, I am not sending you the letter directly but committing it to the person it chiefly interests, to be sent to you if events should render it advisable.

You may remember that I have made provision for a Fellowship to be established at Harvard for a graduate pensioner or free lance whose presence might be welcome at Harvard, or his work useful, without his being a regular member of the teaching staff. Just such a person exists. He is Mr. Daniel M. Cory, who for more than ten years was a disciple, assistant, and companion to my late friend Charles A. Strong and to me; and Strong, in establishing an International Philosophical Fellowship Fund, arranged that Cory should be the first American incumbent for life. The war, however, has intervened, and the Fund, being established in England, has been held up, both principal and interest, by the British Government. It has become doubtful when or to what extent it may be available. Should it never materialise, or prove insufficient, Cory's interests would suffer unexpectedly, and Strong's benefaction would be annulled.

If this mischance occurs, it might be countered in part if Cory were appointed to my Fellowship at Harvard. Reports about him will easily reach you from the Philosophical Department, especially from Lord Russell, who is Chairman of Strong's Fund, or from the same Department at Columbia. I will only add that Cory would certainly be the man for the place, if it were thought appropriate that the first incumbent of my Fellowship should be a personal friend of mine and an authority on my philosophy.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

2 July 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi, Italy,
July 2, 1941

Dear George: Today I receive yours of June 16, with notices of the deaths of Mrs. Toy and of Herbert Lyman. The latter died (and lived) just as one should according to commonsense standards, doing honest business and dying in perfect health. Mrs. Toy suffered more, physically and morally, as most women do, and I am not surprised that she should wish to die, there was nothing but illness for her to look forward to; but the method of

it was rather tragic and unseemly. She had no religious comforts or scruples; but she had never, to my knowledge, been hysterical or desperate. It is too bad.

I am relying on you to find out what can be done in my case about getting funds. If “all credits of European nations and their nationals” are frozen, does that mean that, no matter where I lived, even if in the U.S. or in South America, I couldn’t get any money because of my Spanish Nationality? I can’t think the government would wish to prevent me from drawing my income from my earnings saved or my inheritance; it is not like a foreign firm doing business in America and sending the dividends to Europe. The other day I received from W^m Phillips, the U.S. ambassador here, a very friendly letter, enclosing two other from our Class secretary, that had been forwarded by diplomatic channels, although they were only silly notices about Class reunions. Both the President and the Underscretary of State know very well who I am, and I am sure would arrange matters, if it wasere a question of granting a licence already legally permitted.

The practical question for me in the Autumn will be whether to stay in Italy or try to go to Switzerland or to Spain. Should I be able to get funds there? Should I be able to cash the \$1,400⁰⁰ that I have in Cook’s Traveller’s cheques? If not, I might as well starve, live on credit, or borrow money here in Italy, where I am beginning to be known and am well treated. Or would it be possible to send a lump sum, by special licence, say \$10,000 or \$20,000, for me to live on until the end of the war? It could be deposited in my name at the Credito Italiano, and I could draw cheques on it, as I needed.

The Russian complication hadn’t occurred when you wrote. Will this make any difference? It may have some tendency to render Spain a less neutral country; besides you know the financial difficulty that might arise if I went to Spain more than as a tourist. The government might want me to deliver all my foreign securities, giving me Spanish government bonds in exchange. That wouldn’t be serious for me at my age (unless there were another revolution) but it would be a nasty business for you. My plan is therefore to ask for a visa and permis de séjour for Switzerland, at the Swiss Legation in Rome andø go either to Lugano (Hotel Bristol) or to Vevey (Hôtel des Trois Couronnes). This if I can obtain money in Switzerland but not in Italy. If the thing is a matter of favour in either case, I should rather stay in Rome, and avoid all journeys, frontiers, custom-houses, and inspection of passports.

What I may have said about the first six chapters of my Autobiography is that they have been typewritten, corrected, and got ready for the press, although some omissions would be necessary, especially about the Sturgises. But the book is not a handy little biography, in one small volume. It is a complete rambling, endless, philosophical and satirical stream of recollections. I am now at the year 1872, when my father first took me to Boston. There will be no end, as I shall not be able to describe my own death.

Fiuggi, so far, is cool and satisfactory and I am well. Yours aff^{ly}

G Santayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

3 July 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi, Italy

July 3, 1941

Dear Lawrence: A long time ago, I think before this war began, I received a letter from you that was particularly welcome, because you promised to come that winter to see me, as well as Rome. I replied urging you to come; and have never heard from you again until now, when your letter of June 12 reaches me here. We have been unlucky, because most letters come through, in at most two or three weeks, sometimes sooner.

I am very well now, for my age (77) although I had a rather bad winter and am much less active than I used to be, taking short walks only, and

rather liking days on which I have some excuse for not going out at all. The books I had planned to write are now finished and published, besides others that I never meant to write but that have been interpolated by pressure from outside. This does not mean that I am idle, for besides my autobiography (of which the proper title is Persons & Places, among which you will be included when I come to your period, but I am now at the year 1872, before you were born, and I may not live to reach 1895, when I made your acquaintance in mid Atlantic, was it on board the Werra?) besides that, I say, I have a book of short reflections on politics and history, to be called Dominations & Powers. But these books are elastic and endless. My biography never can be finished, since I shall not be able to describe my own death; and the other also hangs fire, as there are also new wars and revolutions to give one fresh food for thought.

I see by your note-paper that you are a bona fide professional architect now, which sounds more serious than your love-making or even your music. I am glad you keep up all these humanistic interests. The great satisfactory thing about you as a friend (as I will say if I get to you in my Memoirs) has been that you are always the same. Most men—this is less true of the ladies—in America lose their youth and their liberty at 25: they are thereafter just what a German philosopher named Jaspers pretends that we all are: our situation personified. But you young men were such nice company in America because you were not your situation personified since as yet you had no situation: you were yourselves and you had Lebensraum about you: athletics, music, society, books: and the nice ones, like you, also religion, friendship, and family life. You have kept more of this freedom than other men of your time; and you would be as good company now as you were in 1898; whereas your contemporaries, almost all of them, would be, from my point of view, ciphers. Of course I know they might personify an important situation. But I don't want to talk to a situation. I want to talk to a man in that situation.

My situation at this moment is rather strange. I am rather well off, but threatened with starvation, because it seems that all credits belonging to foreigners, at least to Europeans, have been “frozen”, and all my money is in America! I have enough on hand to last into the autumn, and I hope that by that time my nephew will have got a licence to send me funds as usual: otherwise, Goodbye.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

21 July 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi

July 21, 1941

Dear Boylston: Herbert Lyman came to see me two years ago at Cortina d'Ampezzo; I hadn't seen him or heard much about him for many years, but I found him the same as in the old days. He was on his way to Salzburg for the music, with his wife and daughter, but didn't bring them, wise man, to Cortina. We had a very pleasant time, at meals and during a long daily walk. We spoke of Ward Thoron, and Herbert was very frank about him, to my complete satisfaction. I loved Ward at first, as if he were a younger brother; but after his marriage I didn't sympathize with his ruling motives, and let him see it, so that our friendship, with out being changed as to the past, was cut short for the future. Herbert was faithful to his background to the end, and probably that is best for anyone who hasn't a special vocation.—You speak of reading The Last Puritan. I am now absorbed in writing a sort of companion book, real Memoirs this time, but covering the same ground, with the addition of Spain, which plays a prominent part here, but which I have ignored in my other books. This one I call Persons & Places: Fragments of Autobiography. No confessions or diaries, but pictures, gossip, character sketches, and philosophic reflections. There is a long chapter about The Sturgises, including a section about the Grews. I should like you to read this, and tell me if you find anything amiss as to the facts or comments. I tell the story of Jack and Jessie Morgan's love-affair, as I heard it reported afterwards, for I was then in Germany. I don't think there is anything, even if not accurate, that would displease anybody; and it would be very simple to change a word here and there, or to suppress the whole thing—at least for fifty years. For I shouldn't wonder if this book and the Last Puritan were consulted long hence by antiquarians for

Kulturgeschichte. —I am threatened with having my funds cut off. George Sturgis is attending to the matter; I may have to leave for Switzerland or Spain in October, when the cash I have on hand [*across*] will be exhausted. Otherwise I am without any troubles in health or spirit.

Thank you for writing. You are now the one person with whom I feel any real inner accord, save that I am much less perplexed than you about the present and future. Yours ever GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

24 July 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi

July 24, 1941

Dear Clemens: I have two cards of yours with complimentary suggestions. I am sensible of the compliments, but I think the suggestions had better not be carried out, at least not at present.

First, you propose a book to mark my 78th birthday. I am sure nobody wants to contribute to such a book and nobody wants to read it. Why should you employ your undoubted abilities in order to get the unwilling to write and the unwilling to buy, if not to read? Put it off at least until my death or until my 80th birthday, when perhaps the air will be purer.

Secondly, you propose to dedicate your “new book” to me. I don’t know what book this is to be, and whether it at all requires or suggests such a dedication. Wouldn’t it be better at present to let me remain in the background?

You know, I suppose, that I am not an American citizen, but have always retained my Spanish Nationality. There is therefore no reason why I should be driven from Italy, except that my money has been stopped or “frozen”. If I can get it more easily in Switzerland or Spain, I may have to go soon to one or the other country. Until October I am all right here.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

29 July 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

July 29, 1941, Palazzo della Fonte
Fiuggi

Dear George: I have your cablegram saying you are remitting (beginning August 1st?) \$100 monthly, the maximum permitted, and that you are writing fully. When I receive your letter, the points I am going to touch upon may be already answered or rendered futile, but I write at once nevertheless, in case any of them is still open to consideration.

1. If I went to Switzerland or to Spain or to Portugal would you be able to send me more than \$100? I gather from Mercedes’ case that you would not: but there might be a difference in that her allowance is a gift and mine is part of my own income, for which I pay taxes in America

And must I pay taxes for what I can’t receive?

2. If the U.S. should be at war with Italy, could you still send me the \$100 a month? Probably not. So that if that event is likely I might as well leave Italy now and settle down elsewhere. I will inquire, when I return to Rome about the possibility of getting a visa for Switzerland, or of travelling to Spain. Portugal need not be considered unless Spain should also

become embroiled in the war, or unless the sending of larger sums were possible in the case of Portugal.

3. As you know, I have \$1400 in Cook's American cheques and a considerable sum in the B. S. & C/o's bank in London, now "frozen". I think they would be equally "frozen" if I were in Switzerland, Spain, or Portugal; yet the original ground for refusing to cash my cheques (in favour of Mercedes, for instance) was that I "resided in an enemy country". Had I then resided in a neutral country, apparently I might have cashed them: but restrictions are tighter now. The only use of my "frozen" assets would be to help me to get credit, in case of illness, for instance.

I could live on \$100 a month quite decently at the Hôtel de la Ville in the Via Sistina, a charming situation. But I am troubled about having to leave later

Yours aff^{ly} G. Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 August 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi,

Aug. 14, 1941

Dear Cory: Yesterday, in exactly a month, I got your letter of July 13. Since you wrote you have probably heard that I am to be reduced to \$100 a month by the new government regulations. On that, all talk of Switzerland lapses. My only resource in Switzerland would have been to have plenty of money, so as to have a good sitting-room with a fire, freedom to travel, and to go to nursing-homes or employ nurses if I were ill. On \$100 a month (half of what you used to have) I should be helpless in some third-rate pension. George Sturgis is writing to give me all the information he has obtained, and his letter will reach me, I hope, before long. Perhaps it may be possible to get a special license for me to receive a more suitable sum, by appealing directly to President Roosevelt; and I have good friends, like Beal and Wheelock (not to speak of Morgan and Rockefeller) who might move in the matter: but I don't know how active or influential George Sturgis would be in that direction. He has no tact, a bad trait in asking favours.

My feeling now is (awaiting further information) that I had better go to Spain, where I could live with Mercedes (who is 84 years old and dependent on my family) or with relations in Avila, (a good place all the year

round) or as a single boarder with some respectable old maid or widow. The proprietor of this hotel tells me that it is possible to go to Spain by land. Late in October, in good health, I could easily undertake that journey, if I could buy my tickets here for the whole trip. I have plenty of Italian money, but no means of getting funds elsewhere, unless my Cook's \$100 cheques could be cashed. If they could be cashed in Spain, or my London account drawn upon, I should be at once out of the wood.

No books have arrived. I mean to return to the Grand Hotel, Rome, on Sept. 13. George Sturgis will always know my movements. Yours aff^x

GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. Glad to hear of prospects at Barnard College.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 August 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi

Aug. 17, 1941

Dear Cory: A word to say that I have just received a telegram from George Sturgis saying: "Five hundred monthly permitted you in Switzerland. Hopeful of increasing Italian remittance. Writing."

This completely changes the scene described in my letter of two or three days ago, and I write to relieve you of anxiety about me, if you have already received that letter.

For the present, I will return to the Grand Hotel, Rome about Sept. 13, and see how things stand

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

22 August 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi

Aug 22, 1941

Dear George: Your telegram received on Aug. 17, saying: “Five hundred monthly permitted you in Switzerland. Hopeful of increasing Italian remittances. Writing.” completely changed the prospect opening by your previous telegram, recived on July 29, and made me less impatient to receive the letter then promised, which has not yet arrived. Meantime I have heard from the “Americana Espressa: Società anonima Italiana” in Rome, that there is a sum awaiting me there: and in reply to an inquiry of mine, they tell me that they can pay it only in Italian money, although if I am going to leave Italy they might obtain permission to pay it in foreign money. Now, it seems clear that I had better go to Switzerland. Even if my allowance in Italy were increased it would probably be insufficient for me to live on comfortably; and what is more, it would stop if there were actual war with the U.S. Now, if I am to leave Italy this autumn, I don’t need any more Italian money. If you do, send more, I shall have to stay on and spend it here, as I am not allowed either to change it or to carry it out of the country, unless by special leave, as the “Americana Espressa” suggests.

Mercedes was overjoyed to find your \$100 awaiting her in Vigo. I am afraid she doesn’t understand how much she is losing by the new arrangement. When it seemed that I too was to be reduced to \$100 a month, I seriously considered the possibility of going to live with her at least in winter, in Madrid. I could have given her \$80 a month, restoring thereby her old allowance; but she would have had to give me board and lodging. But the change and the endless great and little troubles that Spanish families are always having, would have shortened my life and prevented me from finishing my Autobiography. Scribner would have been distressed! Now, unless you suggest something better, I shall probably go for the winter to Lugano, Hotel Bristol, as I had intended three years ago. I think, with the evidence that I can count on \$500 a month, I think the Swiss authorities will not refuse me admission. I will see to this in Rome.

Thank you for your energetic and successful action in this matter.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

P.S. I expect to move to the Grand Hotel, Rome, on Sept. 13. Address there.

To George Sturgis

29 August 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi,

Aug. 29, 1941

Dear George: Today I receive your letter of July 30. The substance of it has been superseded by your telegram of Aug. 17 (date of receipt) announcing your success in regard to Switzerland. A few days ago came a second notice from the *Americana Espressa* in Rome, to the effect that they had Pesos Arg. 417.⁵⁰ to my credit, in addition to the \$100 previously received. I don't know what the value of a Peso Arg. is, but it used to be about half a dollar: in that case it would look as if you had been allowed to send me \$200 instead of \$100; or even \$300 a month, if the second remittance was simply a supplement to the first. With \$300 a month I could remain for the winter at the Grand Hotel, as I have a reserve fund still of more than 10,000 lire, in case of illness or other accident; on \$200, I could easily live at the *Hôtel de la Ville*. But please tell me if you think it wiser to go to Switzerland in any case, because all remittances and communication with Italy may be stopped. However, it is not necessary to decide this. A journey to Switzerland, especially to Lugano, could be made at any season. It is a matter of one night in a sleeper to Milan, and an easy journey to Lugano the next morning from the same station. I can stay in Rome while my Italian money lasts, and then go to Switzerland, at any season.

I am sorry you are having so much trouble about these remittances to all of us, and thank you and congratulate you for your success in the matter—

Yours aff^y G Santayana

[*across*] P.S. As I said in my last, address Grand Hotel, Rome.

To Boylston Adams Beal

4 September 1941 • Fiuggi, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi

Sept. 4, 1941

Dear Boylston: On receiving your letter of Aug. 18, I have re-read my whole chapter on the Sturgises; and I find that there are two whole sections, the one on the Parkmans and the one on the Grews that had better be left out entirely from any present edition, and a part of other sections. It is not what I say about Jessie's marriage that is most questionable, but what I say about her parents and the family as a whole: precisely because it is here that the Kulturgeschichte comes to the fore. The page about the love-story is idyllic, and though it would be impertinent to publish it during the life of the persons concerned, I feel sure that their children would positively like it. However, it comes in at the end, precisely to end on a happy note, and shall not be published except, say, in twenty years, when we are all long dead and buried. There is enough not too personal stuff in what is now done—16 chapters, ending with 1886 and our going to Germany—to let a first volume appear before very long. Scribner is anxious to issue it (he hasn't seen it yet) and there is another reason for doing so, which I needn't go into. But it is much better to leave out indiscreet parts than to change them, because frankness and realism are the soul of these Memoirs. The truth or nothing; and as all my immediate family are dead, and all the principal persons I mention, I think the publication will not offend anyone.

I am returning to the Grand Hotel in Rome next week, but I don't know whether I shall remain there or go elsewhere in Rome, or to Switzerland. George Sturgis has obtained a special license for me to be allowed \$500 a month in Switzerland—more than I ever spend: and I think I am to be allowed more the \$100 even in Italy, but I don't know how much. It may not be enough for comfort, in which case, when the Italian money I have on hand is exhausted, I will move to Switzerland, probably to Lugano, Hotel Bristol. It may not be until November or December. There is also the question whether it would be worth while to stay in Italy, if communications with the U.S. are likely to be cut off altogether at any moment. However, I will stay on, if they let me have enough money, and wait for developments.

Yours ever

GSantayana

P.S. Do you happen to know anything about Bentley Warren or Edward B. Bayley? They were my best school friends. Are they living?

I remember going to Nahant in 1872, but only that “Aunt Susie” put great lumps of butter on her bread, and swallowed them whole. This is not mentioned in my book.

To Evelyn Tindall

13 September 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Grand Hotel, Sept. 13, 1941

Dear Miss Tindall

I returned last night from a very industrious holiday at Fiuggi—I have written more than 200 pages of my Autobiography, reaching the moment when I went to study in Germany in 1886!

I will leave a part of this with the porter here, as usual, on Monday evening, Sept. 15; so that if your man comes for it on the 16th or any later day, he will find it.

When you return the MS (and there is not the least hurry, I expect to be here at least for six weeks) will you please inclose a dozen sheets of your thin paper? I find that the first volume may be published in New York before my death—the publisher thinks it may rival The Last Puritan with the public—and in that case I shall have to leave out some passages—10 whole pages of the Sturgises—and I need pieces of the same paper to patch up the sheets.

I don't dare merely to direct the passages to be omitted: I might die and they might publish them when the dear people are still alive. I will cut them out myself.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

17 September 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Sept. 17, 1941

Dear George: I went this morning to the Swiss traveller's office, and learned that absolutely no permits are granted to foreigners to stay in Switzerland, but only visas for transients.

I went next to the "Americana Espressa," and learned that payments for Argentine pesos had been suspended this morning; that possibly tomorrow or later the order may be modified.

I went finally to Cook's, and asked about travelling to Spain. One may go easily as far as the French frontier at Vèntimiglia; but they can't give me a ticket beyond. I should need French money, which I can't get here. It seems that I should have to go by air, which I dread, not for fear of death but of sea-sickness and general disturbance.

I send you this variously unfavourable news at once, in case communications are stopped. If they are stopped already, it is simply as if I had not written.

If I hear anything definite I will telegraph. I have money enough to stay here as I am until Nov. 1st and longer if I live more economically. But what am I to do then?

Yours aff^{ly}
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 September 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Sept. 18, 1941

Dear Cory: In your letter of Sept. 6, just received, you ask about Fiuggi. It is a nice place, cooler than I expected, and the hotel excellent and fashionable. I should go there again if I were here next summer, although I should prefer Cortina in normal times. But I can't stop to describe the place because I must at once tell you that the dream of \$500 a month in Switzerland has vanished. I went yesterday to a special office that the Swiss Legation has set up in the Swiss tourist agency (next to the Aragno) and the very civil official explained that absolutely no permits for a stay in Switzerland could be issued to foreigners, and visas only for transient travellers. So that if I have to leave Italy (as seems inevitable, because soon all communication with the United States may be cut off, and I should have nothing to live on) there remains nothing but Spain. I could live there on \$100 a month with Mercedes, at Serrano 7, Madrid in winter, and with my relations in Avila (where Avila would be a sufficient address) in Summer. I mention this now, in case I can't write to you directly in future. I have over 10,000 lire, quite enough to remain here as usual for a month and then go to Spain. Sabbatucci, whom I saw this afternoon, said it would be dangerous for my heart to go to Spain by air; and I think so too. The journey by land is possible, but there are difficulties, because through tickets can't be had nor foreign money to procure fresh tickets at each frontier. However, I think perhaps the Spanish consul could arrange this for me. I should go late in October, a good time

Yours aff^{ly} G Santayana

[*across*] P.S. I have now done 16 chapters of my Autobiography, getting as far as my graduation at Harvard, and departure to study in Germany. It might make one volume. I will send you the carbon copy if possible from here or from Spain.

To George Sturgis

26 September 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel Rome, Sept. 26, 1941

Dear George: Your telegram saying funds are blocked by Argentine regulations, and advising me to go to Spain or Portugal arrived this morning. I had already come to the same conclusion on both points. That the \$August and September remittances should be lost doesn't disturb me, as I have plenty of lire still. The difficulty is that for the journey to Spain and my first expenses there, I have no way of getting money. Lire can't be taken out of the country (except 250, worth about \$10) and I am told that Spanish pesetas can't be taken into Spain: so that I need French or Swiss or American notes; and it seems hard to get them. Cook here has advised me to telegraph to you to send \$100 to their office (Wagons-Lits Cook) at Geneva, with instructions to send me the equivalent by cheque in Swiss francs, here to the Grand Hotel. Apparently such a cheque could be cashed here in lire (which I don't need) or possibly in foreign money: but there seems to be some doubt about this. Perhaps I might cash it in France. I have written to Cook in Nice (also at Cook's suggestion here) to ask if they would pay me one of my old Cook's Travellers' Cheques for \$100 in French money at Nice. If they could, I believe I could reach Madrid on that without trouble, as I can get a ticket here, paid in lire as far as the Spanish frontier at Cerbère or Port Bon; and there, with my French notes, I could get Spanish money for the ticket to Barcelona and Madrid. The doctor says going by air would be dangerous for my heart, and I think so too. The journey, if the question of various currencies were solved, would be almost pleasant late in October. I could stop over night, where there were no wagons-lits. I may telegraph in a few days asking you to try this Geneva route; but probably you would have thought of it if it were practicable. In Madrid, I should of course go to Mercedes', at 7 Serrano.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

29 September 1941 • Rome, Italy

(Cablegram: Houghton)

B.ND433 LM355 N 24 VIAMAC

KAYRADIO=ROMA

29 23 10

NLT GEORGE STURGIS=

111 DEVONSHIRE STREET BOSTONMASS=

TRANSMIT OCTOBER ALLOWANCE THROUGH WAGONS LITS COOK
GENEVA INSTRUCTING SEND ME CHEQUE IN SWISS FRANCS=
GEORGE SANTAYANA.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 12, 1941

Dear Cory: I have waited before answering your letter of Sept. 19 until I could give you definite information about my plans. The journey to Spain, that seemed inevitable turned out to be so difficult, complicated, and uncertain, that I became nervous about it, and consulted Sabbatucci, who advised me to give it up. And he approved of my idea of moving to the Blue Sister's establishment here. Living in a Nursing home will be evidence of my inability to travel in these times. Yesterday I went to see the house and interview the Superior. She showed me a very large sunny bed sitting-room with a good bathroom, which I can have for 100 lire a day, including service. This is cheaper and more interesting than what they can offer me here, and I am moving the day after tomorrow. The address is

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Roma

On the financial side, I have received nothing since June 13; George Sturgis telegraphs that he can send me 250 dollars a month to Rome, but I have as yet had no notice of its arrival. I still have 8000 lire, so that delay is not inconvenient, but I should like to be sure that the money is coming. Anyhow, it is impossible that they should let me starve.

Now as to your troubles and disappointments, I am extremely sorry. I am sending you today the carbon copy of Persons & Places, 280 odd pages, and you can have it published serially in some magazine, as

Wheelock suggests, so as to get some return almost at once. I am writing to him about this, and won't repeat what I tell him, as you compare notes. Get my royalties, due on Dec. 1, earlier, as soon as you need them, and I will ask George Sturgis to send you a Christmas present, since I am as superfluously rich in America as I am inconveniently poor in Italy. I will write again before long to give you my impressions of Convent life.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

12 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Grand Hotel, Rome, Oct. 12, 1941

Dear George: If my reply to your telegram asking for my whereabouts was a little vague, the reason was that I hadn't yet decided what to do, except that the proposed journey to Spain, on detailed inquiry, had rather upset me. I haven't the strength or endurance, nor the sharp ears, eyes, and wits that would have been needed to go alone, at my age, through those two nights in the train without sleeping-cars, those four customs houses, and that insecurity about money, since one is neither allowed to take Italian money out of Italy nor Spanish money into Spain. I consulted my doctor, and he agreed that I hadn't the health necessary for such a trial, nor for making the journey by air. As at the same time I can't stay in my present quarters at the Grand Hotel, because they are too dear, it occurred to me to move to the Irish Sisters' Nursing Home, where I knew that they receive persons not definitely ill, but old or delicate and requiring attendance. I went yesterday to see the place and interview the Superior. She showed me a very large pleasant room with a good bathroom, that I can have for 100 lire a day, including service as well as food,

and as this is better and cheaper than anything I can get at this hotel, I am moving there in a day or two The address (which I am telegraphing to you at once) is

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome.

The Sisters' official name is "Little Company of Mary", but it is not necessary to put this down. Of course they speak English, which makes it easier for me, and my doctor goes there constantly and approves of my decision. He has written to you about my state of health. I am well and can take good walks, but the catarrh is always knocking at the door, and (as this decision shows) I feel much less capable of looking after myself than I was before last winter.

As to money matters, I still have 8000 lire, and am glad to know that you will be able to send me 250 dollars a month to Rome. I shall save on that, in view of the possibility of a total stoppage, although I am hopeful that it may not occur. If it does, you must appeal to head quarters either to let me have money in Italy or to obtain leave to reside in Switzerland, where I could go without trouble in my present state of health.—A part of my Autobiography is already gone to New York. Yours aff^{ly} G.Santayana

To Evelyn Tindall

12 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

October 12, 1941

CIGA
GRANDE ALBERGO E DI ROMA
ROMA

Dear Miss Tindall

Today I am sending the thin-paper copy of the first 16 chapters of Persons & Places to New York. They may appear in a magazine before they make a book.

For reasons of money and health I am moving to the "Blue Sisters" nursing home, N^o 6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo. It may not be so convenient for your servant, but when I have fresh "copy" I will write again and you can decide on the method.

Instead of a nest-egg, unless you protest, I will leave a debt to remind you of me for a while, as my finances are low for the moment.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo, Rome.

October 17, 1941

Dear Cory: I am truly sorry to have to shut off one more hope of relief to you in your predicament. The manuscript of Persons & Places was returned to me, before I left the Grand Hotel, with the information that no manuscript or printed matter whatever was accepted by the post-office any longer—I suppose for foreign parts. I expressly asked if this referred only to “air-mail” parcels, or to all parcels: and they said the latter. Only letters are now transmitted. So that you and Scribner must abandon all idea of getting anything out of my autobiography until the end of the war. —I am distressed at having this means of helping you cut off; but I will do what I can to tide you over. You know the insufficiency of my ordinary royalties, and the dislike I have to ask George Sturgis to send you a regular allowance. You will get a Christmas present, and perhaps I may be able to shift to you my brother’s legacy and some other small sums. It would be better for your peace of mind to find some little job to occupy you and help you out.

For my own part, I don’t regret the forced postponement of this publication. I will go on writing my memoirs, as if to be posthumous, not only to me but to all the persons concerned; then, when it comes to publishing them some day you can use your judgment about omissions. I myself exclude all scandals and all sexual matters, but do not exclude satire and fun. It is this that I had regretfully cut out of the chapter on the Sturgises, after consulting Beal; perhaps the omissions may be restored in a few years.

You know what a Blue Sisters’ establishment is. I am tolerably comfortable, only fearing the cold to come, with limited fuel; however, such difficulties are inescapable now, and there is great peace of mind in having decided to stay here and attempt no journeys. I could, materially, get to Switzerland, if a permit to reside there were obtainable: but I prefer sticking here.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

17 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo, Rome

October 17, 1941

Dear George: I have now been three days in this “Nursing Home”, and feel as if I had miraculously been transported to Avila. This top of the Caelius is like the old rustic ruinous Rome of a hundred years ago, and the house and the Sisters, all Irish, have the quality of provincial good people in Spain—the Sastres, for instance. It is a complete change from the international first class hotels that I have been living in of late. Morally, I like it better; I am interfered with more, because I am attended to more. I am surrounded by women: one old Irish priest, a patient, and my doctor Sabbatucci are the only men I have seen in this establishment. It is a nice place, with grounds; you come in through an old gate and a well-planted avenue; there is a church and several large buildings, and the old Santo Stefano Rotondo is next door, overhanging the terrace. Food is also of a new type, not first class food, but in some ways better, and I have it in my room, as the table d’hôte, which I tried the first day, is dismal. What I most dread is the cold. Fuel is limited, and my present room has the sun only in the morning; but I can move to a sunnier room if I like, only I shouldn’t then have my own bath-room.—As you may gather from all this, I am not ill, but I am helpless; too old and threatened by too many difficulties to look after myself successfully. The attendance I have here, although I should prefer not to need it, really is a safeguard, and it may become indispensable at any moment, if my catarrh, etc., returns.

Your telegram, addressed here, reached me on Oct. 15th. It is enough to put down the street and number, without the title of the house; especially as it is almost the only one in this old walled lane—again very like Avila.

As yet I have heard nothing of the remittance; the idea of sending it through Cook in Geneva was suggested by Cook's agent here, as if direct transmission were impossible; but you will be better informed about the latest regulations. I still have 6000 lire of the June remittance.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

22 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome

October 22, 1941

Dear George: Having got notice from the Credito Italiano, I went on Oct. 20, and received lire 1785. On inquiry later, it appeared that this sum represents \$100, the rest of your remittance being withheld, presumably to be paid to me for the following month and a half. The man at the Credito Italiano said they had assimilated me to the Italians, who can receive only \$100, whereas Americans may receive \$500 a month. The Exchange is no longer for lire miste, 24 lire + to the dollar, but the official exchange, apparently 17 lire +. As you may imagine this arrangement will leave me a pauper in a few weeks; so that when you receive this, it will be urgent to find some more radical way of helping me out. I shall be making inquiries here meantime, but it is hardly worth while to discuss mere possibilities

when at any moment everything may be upset by a change in the political situation.

Another disappointment is that the MS of my Autobiography (up to 1886) was returned to me from the post-office with the information that nothing but letters is now accepted for the mails. Scribner will have to patienter till the end of the war. What I regret most is that Cory, who as you know is my literary executor, and the person to whom I am leaving my MSS, will not be helped out by this one, which I was sending to him direct. He has been cheated out of the Fellowship that Strong left expressly for him, because capital and interest of the Fellowship Fund have been “frozen” by government action; and he is left without means of support. Please send him \$500 for Christmas from me. His address is Daniel M. Cory, 26 First St. Riverhead, New York.

I am not ill, but much thinner and generally feebler. The particulars of the proposed journey to Spain got on my nerves, I couldn't sleep, and felt just as when your Aunt Susie died, and I had to give up going to Avila, although I had already taken my ticket as far as Paris—and travelling was easy in those days. This “Nursing Home” is a good refuge for me in this crisis, although not very cheap; and I shall be nicely nursed if I fall ill, as is probable, during the winter. My usual doctor frequents the house, and is very friendly. This Order—“The Little Company of Mary”—has a house in Chicago. I wonder if you couldn't pay my bills for me there, if I become bankrupt here? Yours affly G
Santayana

[*across*] P.S. I have just had an interview with the Mother General, who agrees with this last idea. You can communicate with Rev. Mother Dunstan, 95th St. & Californian Ave. Evergreen Park, Illinois. I suggest a round sum, say \$1000 to begin with, to cover my expenses here for a period.

To John Hall Wheelock

29 October 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo, Rome. Oct. 29, 1941

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Unless you have heard it from Cory, I have a bad piece of news to give you in regard to Persons & Places. The MS was

returned to me from the Post Office with the information that no manuscript or printed matter was accepted any longer for the mails, but letters only. This seems to preclude all possibility of publishing the book, or anything else of mine, until after the war. I am very sorry to disappoint you and Cory in this matter, and possibly, if I went later to Switzerland or to Spain, I might be able to despatch the MS (which I have kept unopened and ready for the post); but the journey to Spain is beyond my strength and courage under present conditions, and the Swiss government refuses permits of residence to foreigners. If you are annoyed at this delay and can exert influence on the Swiss authorities to give me a special licence to live say, at the Hôtel des Trois Couronnes, at Vevey, I might be able to go there in the Spring: in fact, I should be glad to go there (or to Glion, just above) if communication of all sorts were interrupted between the U.S. and Italy, since this would leave me penniless and cut off from most of my remaining friends.

However, the financial problem for me seems to be solved, in essentials, by living in this Nursing Home. The Order, called the “Little Company of Mary”, has a house in Chicago; and the Superior or “Mother General”, who lives here, has agreed to let me pay my bills in Chicago, which George Sturgis can easily do by cheque, so that I am provided with food, lodging, and attendance, including nursing, apparently gratis. The few hundred dollars that I have on hand will suffice for my personal expenses for the winter, but not for ever; so that if I receive nothing from America and the war lasts, I shall be reduced to begging. However, I am confident that through some channel, like this of the Irish Sisters, I shall be able to obtain enough to get the daily paper and pay postage on my letters.

This establishment is rather complete: there is even a library with English books, and the prospect is quite rural towards the south, over the valley of the Tiber; and I write this by a wide-open French window, with a balcony. If there were no war I should be quite happy—but if there were no war, I shouldn’t be living in a convent of nuns. Such are the contradictions of hope!

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

8 November 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome

Nov. 8, 1941

Dear Boylston: Many thanks for your letter of October 9th with its news of various friends and relations. Two things have changed since I wrote last, my residence and the fate of my Autobiography. The manuscript of this—up to 1886 and our remove to Germany—has been returned by the post office with the information that no manuscripts or printed matter ~~is~~are any longer accepted for the mails—I suppose for foreign parts. This will disappoint Scribner, who hoped to make a good thing of the publication; but he might have been disappointed ~~in any case~~; and as for me, it is rather a relief to put the thing off. The more time passes, the juster the perspective and the less chance of offending anyone’s feelings. But I have put away the manuscript unopened, with all the dangerous passages cut out of it, which may be published as it stands at the end of the war.

There has been great irregularity and uncertainty in the receipt of funds from America, and I thought seriously of leaving Italy, first for Switzerland and then for Spain. But the Swiss authorities would not give me a permit for residence; so that possibility was discarded at once. As for the journey to Spain, air being excluded by the doctor as dangerous for my heart, I found the land journey full of difficulties, especially as to money. You may take only 250 lire out of Italy, and you may bring no pesetas into Spain. How then are you to get from one frontier to another or from the Spanish frontier to Madrid? At the Spanish consulate here they gave me an announcement of a conducted trip to Spain from Turin, meant for fugitives from the East, bound to Lisbon and South America. It involved terrible experiences: two nights sitting up in trains, and four long delays at customs-houses. I couldn’t face the prospect; became almost ill about it; and after consulting the doctor, decided to remain in Rome, and put up with the consequences. I have a respectable sum in Italian money, and have received some remittances since from George Sturgis; but the possibility of soon being cut off altogether from any means of support had to be faced.

I had thought at various times of this Nursing Home of the “Blue Sisters”, or “The Little Company of Mary”, as a possible refuge in time of illness. My doctor happens to be one of their regular physicians, and encouraged me to consider the matter. I walked up to the Celius, and found the place, which I had never seen before, close under the walls of Santo Stefano Rotondo, and a

step from the Villa Celimontana or Mattei, which is now open to the public. They agreed to take me in and give me a good room with a bathroom for half what I was paying at the Grand Hotel: but I had an idea in reserve which, after an interview with the “Mother General” who lives here, this being their first foundation, has proved feasible. The Order has a house in a suburb of Chicago called Evergreen Park; and it occurred to me that George Sturgis might pay by cheque to Chicago the amount of my expenses here in Rome—or a periodical donation that should amply cover those expenses. “I agree to that!” cried the Mother General at once; and seemed not to mind the possibility of not receiving that money for the present. Thus I am living here, in a sort of nunnery, gratis. Even if the United States comes formally into the war, I can continue here, with all necessities covered; and what cash I have or may receive can no doubt be made to suffice for my personal expenses, now almost nil. The food is as in Spain, not always very appetizing; but there are enough good simple things, and the spirit of the place is pleasant and reassuring. I have thus recovered great peace of mind about external matters, and I already had it about things internal.

I am delighted with what you tell me about Bentley Warren. I had an impression of that kind, but no distinct information of recent date. He may not know my other school friend, Bayley, because Bayley was not at the Latin School but at the English High School, then in the same building. He was Colonel of the School Regiment when I was Lieutenant Colonel, and that was the occasion of our becoming friends; and he went into business at once, and not to College. I was very much attached to him at that time; and am afraid there may be some idealization or illusion in my memories of him; for that reason I wanted a hint from outside. Herbert Lyman knew him and spoke of him highly.

Yours ever GSantayana

To George Sturgis

8 November 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome

Nov. 8, 1941

Dear George: Your long telegram arrived yesterday. The address above is quite sufficient for telegrams or letters. There is no other house in this street except barracks and churches; but across the new main road is a lovely park open to the public, the Villa Montecelimontana or Villa Mattei, with terraces overlooking the country and box-hedges ten feet high, not to speak of old broken statues, obelisks, cypresses, and umbrella pines. It will be a nice place to sit in in dry weather; now we are having a lot of rain.

If you have received my last two letters, you know that there is no great pressure on me now for funds, since by the arrangement made with the Mother General of this Order (the "Little Company of Mary") you can pay my expenses indirectly by sending a cheque at intervals to Rev. Mother Dunstan, at 95th Street and Californian Avenue, Evergreen Park, Illinois [I repeat this in case my other letters are delayed or lost; also that I wish you to send Mother Dunstan \$1000 at once, and the same every four months while I remain in this house.] Nevertheless, I shall be glad to get any sums that you may find it possible to send me, large or small, to lay by for personal expenses and an outing in the summer. I am comfortable here and nicely treated; it is a largish establishment, clean and quiet; but of course life is monotonous, and I am not near enough to the centre of the city for keeping my up my habit of going to cafés. The food is not as in a first-class hotel, especially inas regards service; but it is homelike, and I eat in my own room, so that I don't have to see or talk with the other inmates. I am perfectly ready to remain here as long as the war lasts: it is like being in quarantine; but I have my own writing to occupy me; and at my age time passes very smoothly, if unprofitably, in slowly repeating the routine of the days.

If we are prevented later from communicating directly, I suppose we may still do so through Mercedes or Pepe; perhaps even through the Spanish consulates in Boston (or New York) and in Rome. If it becomes a question of petitioning for a special licence to send me money, I think perhaps Boylston A. Beal, 60 State Street, Boston, and John Hall Wheelock, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave, New York, would be the

most likely persons to be willing and able to help you: but there must be many others who would not wish to starve me. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

4 December 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome

Dec. 4, 1941.

Dear George: I have your letters of Oct. 23 and Nov. 6, (the latter received on Dec. 2) and your telegram received on Nov. 26, which shows that your ^xheroic efforts succeeded in getting the November \$250 through, and presumably the December remittance will come through also. I have [^]now[^] had confirmation of the first from the Credito Italiano, and expect to go and get the money tomorrow morning. Many thanks. I am sorry you are having such a hard time on my account. The war-experiences that you think I might write a book about seem to come more to you than to me. Of course this difficulty about getting money has given me some anxiety: but this is much relieved by the arrangement with the Mother General, which I trust by this time you have heard of and approved. It does not altogether relieve me of expense, because I pay about one dollar a day here for service, washing, medicines, postage, and newspapers—all of which are supplied to me by the office here. Service is the most important item, 10 lire (about 50 cents) a day; but it seems fairer for me to pay this, as otherwise probably the servants, who are not nuns, would have got nothing from me. The nuns get the [^]expected[^] benefit to their Order, which ought to be enough to satisfy them.

As to war experiences, for me (after the first evening at Venice two years ago which I described to you) I have had none properly so called; and some of the indirect effects make life more peaceful, for instance, the rarity of motors; and this also makes me walk, when formerly I might have taken a taxi. There are also horse cabs, but not easy to find unengaged. As to bombs, there have been none in Rome so far: three alarms last autumn, and three again this autumn, when there had been raids on Naples. I don't pay any notice, but sleep on. Any one person is most unlikely to be hit; and for me at my age it would be a dramatic solution if I were the target for a direct hit and spurlos versunken. My life here, though it lacks some comforts, is most cheerful; you ought to see the park where I walk, filled

with people and children sitting, knitting or reading the newspapers and playing in the sun. I am writing at this moment by a wide open french window into which the sunshine comes, and with a wide horizon stretching in front of me, perfectly [*across*] clear and rural. The only trouble is that electric cars make a horrid noise coming up and going down the slopes of this hill. At night there is the slow sound of the two-wheeled carts, loaded with casks of wine, trudging in from the country.—It is as well that we can't air our political views, because events are likely to stultify them. Yours aff^{rly}

GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

4 December 1941 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome.

December 4, 1941

Dear Mr. von Hagen:

Your letter of October 9, addressed to the Hotel Bristol, has just reached me here, after travelling a good deal, for that hotel was pulled down two or three years ago, and though the shell is now rebuilt in a sky-scraper style, the place is not yet reopened. If I live long enough I shall probably return there, because the proprietor has all my books in storage, and the situation is convenient for my purposes. Being driven from there, just when the war was preparing, has unsettled me unpleasantly. The first winter I staid in Venice—a terribly bleak place at that season; the second winter (i.e. last winter) I lived at the Grand Hotel here in Rome; but this year I have come from there to the top of the Caelius, to a nursing home kept by an English Order of Sisters called the “Little Company of Mary”, not that I am particularly ill, but that I am short of funds, not because the source is dried up but because the conduit is stopped up, not yet entirely, but very seriously. These Sisters have establishments all over the English-speaking world, besides three in Italy. This is their Mother House, and a complete hospital, convent, and guest-house; and the Mother Superior has made a special arrangement with me, in view of my strange situation, by which I live here gratis, while a donation will be made for me, more or less

equivalent, to their place near Chicago. I shall therefore have food and lodging even if my funds are blocked altogether. I found insuperable difficulties in the attempt to move to Switzerland or to Spain; this arrangement suits me better, in spite of some discomforts involved.

Your letter followed all these migrations of mine; but I doubt that the others will ever reach me, or the book. Of this I am very sorry; because the longer I live the more I lean on Nature at Large, and the less on the conceits of human beings, and “Jungle in the Clouds” would express both the naturalistic and the visionary side of my philosophy. One book has reached me from America this winter, and I hope yours may be a second.

This war affects me, morally, much less than the other, although I think (and hope) that the consequences may be far more important and lasting: a really new era in human history, but not at all what people, on either side, think they are fighting for. Words and things were never further apart than in our uneducated times.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Mercedes de la Escalera

[1942] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Unknown)

Many thanks for your having given me the message from George. When you write to him, tell him that I continue in good health, that I received (with seven months' delay) the letter that came in care of the Spanish Embassy and that I am grateful for his efforts. I do not need money at present, and if I should need some, I believe that there would be means of getting it here as I have relations with some Italians who are familiar with my situation and who could supply me with the modest sums that I would need. In spite of everything I am contented, so much so that I believe that old age is the happiest part of my life.

To Adelaida Hernández de Sastre

9 January 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Roma
9 de Enero, 1942

Querida Adela: Si mas adelante me fuera posible volver a España, no olvidaré el cariñoso ofrecimiento que me haces de recibirme en tu casa. Lo agradezco en el alma, creyendolo sincero e inspirado por sentimientos nobles y cristianos, cómo fueron siempre los de Rafael y los tuyos; y en la situación angustiosa en la que me veo ahora seria un consuelo encontrarme entre personas queridas, y en Avila, que tiene para mi tantos recuerdos. Pero tuve que renunciar a ese viaje por varios motivos, y al mismo tiempo se presentó una solución providencial del problema principal, que era el de vivir sin tener dinero a mi disposición. Me he trasladado a este convento-hospital de una orden que se llama “Pequeña Compañía de Maria”, en donde se admiten personas ancianas o delicadas, aunque no esten enfermas, como en una “pension”. Las Hermanas son en gran parte irlandesas, y todas hablan inglés, y la Orden tiene casas en los Estados Unidos y en otras partes del mundo. Pero ésta en Roma es la residencia de la Superiora o “Madre Generala”; y despues de pasar aqui quince dias, y ver que todo marchaba bien, tuve una entrevista con la Superiora, y le propuse un arreglo, que me permitiria seguir en su casa aunque las comunicaciones con América se interrumpieran del todo—cómo ha sucedido posteriormente. Mi sobrino Jorge, en Boston, mandaría una cantidad a la Superiora de la Orden en los Estados Unidos, para cubrir el gasto que yo hiciera aqui; y en el acto la “Generala” dijo que sí, de modo que estoy viviendo de valde. Me queda algun dinero, lo bastante para los gastos menudos por algun tiempo, y confío en que Jorge encontrará el medio de mandarme algo por conducto diplomático, o de conseguir la licencia del gobierno suizo que me autorizara a residir allí.—De salud estoy bien, mejor que el año pasado, y no me falta ocupación, ni libros. Como tú dices, no falta la tranquilidad y lo suficiente para remediar las necesidades de la vida—Me despido con un abrazo y con la esperanza—algo vacilante—de volveros a ver a todos.

Jorge Santayana

To Adelaida Hernández de Sastre

16 February 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 16 de Febrero, 1942

Querida Adela: Me dejas confuso y sumamente apradecido con este nuevo ofrecimiento, no sólo de tu casa sino también de algún dinero, si llegase a faltarme. En este asunto estamos a la merced de mil reglamentos que cambian de día en día. Por el momento creo que conviene esperar, pues es fácil que se presente una ocasión de mandarme algo de América, quizá por medio de la legación a la Santa Sede. Las monjas de esta casa se valen de ese conducto para mandar recados—no se admiten cartas—a su convento en los Estados Unidos; y no dudo que el consulado de España en Roma me ayudaría en el caso de una verdadera necesidad. Inútil apurarse por lo que pudiera ocurrir más adelante, si no terminara nunca la guerra y si yo no tuviera 78 años.

Mercedes y Pepe se quejan de no tener carta de mi parte. He escrito a ambos repetidamente, pero parece que se pierden las cartas, no sé porqué, pues no se trata mas que de asuntos de familia.

Tantas cosas a Adelita y a Maripepa, a quienes deseo conocer ya crecidas, y un abrazo de tu agradecido tío

Jorge

To Evelyn Tindall

10 March 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo, Roma

March 10, 1942

Dear Miss Tindall:

You are very good to adapt yourself so easily to my circumstances. My London account is blocked for cheques sent to my friends in Spain, and the reason given by the bankers was that I was residing in “an enemy country.” Possibly in the case of a cheque to be merely transferred to a British subject at another London bank, they would view the matter differently. Certainly the money would then be less likely to be used in favour of “the enemy”. I therefore send you a cheque for £10, which in any case will serve as the acknowledgement of my debt. Heaven knows what the relative value of currencies will be at the end of the war; but, ^{if} I am living then, or my nephew George Sturgis, of 111 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass, will try to come somehow to a fair settlement; I mean, in case this cheque should then be worthless or inadequate.

It is easier for me, while manuscripts are in my hands, to have only one copy, because then I can make corrections in that copy, and not have to bother with repeating them in the others. Also because it minimizes the bulk of the papers to be looked over and packed. For those reasons, as well as not to pile up new debts, I will put off having things typewritten until better times.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To José Sastre González

4 April 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 4 de Abril de 1942.

Querido Pepe: En este momento recibo tu carta del 24 de Marzo, en la que repites la comunicación de Jorge sobre el asunto del pago de mis gastos en esta casa. Está bien, y en efecto me tranquiliza tener esta noticia, aunque la Superiora de este convento ya la había recibido, en forma menos precisa, por medio del Vaticano. No se trata de saldar cuentas, sino de un donativo en reconocimiento del favor que me hacen estas Religiosas, alojándome y manteniéndome en Roma.

Siento mucho que tantas cartas se pierdan, parece que las que dirijo a Adela tienen mejor suerte que las demás. También he escrito a Teresita, y a sus hermanos, en contestación de la cariñoso carta que me mandaron con el saludo de Navidad. Espero que se haya recibido. Pero en definitiva poco se pierden aunque se extravíen mis cartas, pues siempre digo lo mismo. Sigo bien de salud y contento, entretenido como siempre escribiendo y leyendo los periódicos, y alguna otra cosa de mas provecho. Salgo a paseo diariamente, si el tiempo lo permite, siempre a pié, aunque vaya al centro.

Este barrio me recuerda a veces de Avila, y de vosotros, y mi pensamiento os manda un saludo que la radio no alcanza a transmitir. Ahora, cuando llegue el verano, supongo que los hijos casados volveran a pasar alguna temporada con vosotros en Avila. ¡Sois abuelos! Ya sabeis lo mucho que os quiere vuestro tio

Jorge

To Ezra Loomis Pound

29 July 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Beinecke)

Clinica della Piccola Compagnia di Maria
(non adolorata) Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 29, 1942

Dear E. P. In reading the R. of Spirit (if you go on with it) please keep in mind that I don't believe anything existent can be defined, only indicated; so that all sorts of different fingers or words pointed at it are better than any one name. So when I say "form of life", the expression is casual and might have been "kind of life", or "zone", as you suggest. I meant merely that life in places issues in spirit, and that spirit is not an independent substance or centre with a persistent individuality: only a spark of light.

I have now read Brook's Adams' book, and am a bit disappointed at not finding more ideas in it. The end of the "Preface" is the most interesting part, and seems a sort of historical materialism, with which of course I should agree: but the book, and even the "Preface", don't seem to illustrate that principle, ~~and~~ but rather anti-clerical propaganda—out of date even in 1886!

I have learned a good deal about Boston colonial history—much more agitated than I imagined it.

If the motive power in history is always industrial, why doesn't Adams explain the industrial motive of his liberalism? Surely it has one, as much as the conservatism of theocracies, which are often (though not in New England) rather sleepy and content with a primitive economy.

If you have a theoretical book of Brooks Adams's that you can let me see, I should be glad of it, although I am not very hopeful of finding him philosophical.

GS.

To José Sastre González

2 September 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 2 de Setiembre, 1942

Querido Pepe: Tu carta del 13 de Agosto llegó el día 24; lo que no se puede llamar retraso en comparación de otra que acabo de recibir, por el trámite de las embajadas de España en los Estados Unidos y en Italia, con fecha del 28 de Enero: siete meses. En ella Jorge me da cuenta de las diligencias que ha hecho para poder mandarme dinero, sin conseguirlo, pero hasta ahora funciona bien el arreglo que hemos hecho con estas monjas, y no me hace falta.

Veo que habeis tenido en casa el barangay (como decían mis padres) de los nietos: no creí que fuesen ya tantos y os felicito. España todavía necesita mas brazos y mas ingenios, y conviene que la nueva generación sea de la mejor estirpe.

Las noticias y recados que me refieres de Jorge tambien me interesan. Estas monjas, por conducto de Irlanda y del Vaticano, no dejan de tener alguna noticia de allá, por ejemplo de ese Padre O'Neil, que fué párroco de la iglesia de Santa Susana en Roma, y desea volver a ella cuando vuelva la paz.

Yo sigo bien de salud, y contento. He pasado el verano en Roma sin sentir ningun inconveniente.

Tantos recuerdos a Isabel y a toda la familia y un abrazo de tu tío
Jorge

To Adelaida Hernández de Sastre

3 November 1942 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 3 de Noviembre, 1942.

Querida Adela:

No me ha sido posible contestar antes a tu carta y a la de Maria Josefa, recibidas precisamente en el día de su boda, porque mi pasaporte estaba en la “Questura” para la renovación del permiso de residencia, y ahora se debe presentar el pasaporte en el correo antes de franquear cartas para el extranjero.

Mucho me hubiera gustado estar presente en esa ocasión, pero ya sabéis la situación en que me encuentro y la dificultad de viajar en estos tiempos. ¿Se quedan los recién casados en Avila, o deben vivir en otra parte? Siento mucho no poder saludarles en persona, y desearles toda clase de felicidades.

Aquí no hay novedad. Sigo bien de salud y contento en lo que cabe con mis recuerdos y con los libros que me prestan las Hermanas, y con la lectura de los periódicos. Paso las mañanas, como siempre, escribiendo,

y estoy ya terminando mi Autobiografía. No debe publicarse hasta despues de mi muerte.

No escribo a parte a Maria Josefa por no repetir lo que te digo a ti, y confio en que tu le darás las gracias de mi parte por su cariñosa carta. Con mil recuerdos para toda la familia, inclusa la de Pepe, te abraza tu afectuoso tío

Jorge

To José Sastre González

27 January 1943 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 27 de Enero, 1943.

Querido Pepe: Me alegra tener noticias de toda la familia, tanto de la tuya como de la de Jorge y saber que todos siguen sin novedad. Lo que siento es que os preocupe mi situación, por estar yo solo a mis años y aislado; pero los viejos estamos siempre solos, soñando de cosas que ya no existen, y noándonos cuenta de lo que pasa en la actualidad. Esta guerra, por terrible que sea, no me da el cuidado que me dió la otra. Apenas leo los periódicos, y estoy muy bien de salud, mucho mejor que cuando vivia en fondas. Tengo una habitación alegre, donde me sirven las comidas a parte; doy mi paseo todas las tardes; y ahora además de los libros excelentes que me prestan estas monjas, tengo toda un biblioteca a mano pues

he recojido los libros, nueve cajones llenos, que habian quedado en el Hotel Bristol. Jamás he estado mas tranquilo ni mas contento. Díselo asi a Jorge cuando le escribas. Dile tambien que todavia me queda bastante dinero, pues no compro nada, y creo que esto contribuye a la libertad y tranquilidad del ánimo. Las monjas me tratan con mucha consideración y veo que están satisfechas del arreglo que se hizo para pagar mi pensión. Que siga Jorge remitiendo la misma cantidad a la Madre Dunstan, y a mi amigo Cory, y que me diga, si el manuscrito de mi autobiografía ha llegado al editor Scribner, y si se ha publicado.

No he vista esa traducción del Ultimo Puritano, y dudo que sea completa. El original tiene 700 páginas.

Cariñosos recuerdos a todos de tu tío que te abraza

Jorge

To José Sastre González

14 March 1943 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 14 de Marzo, 1943.

Querido Pepe:

Siento que ese buen señor, que yo no conozco, te haya molestado con el asunto de sus versos y de mi filosofía. En las actuales circunstancias, yo no puedo contestarle desde aquí, pero si tú le contestas, haz el favor de decirle que eso de expresar en una página toda mi filosofía es cosa difícil, y a mis años imposible; pero que con mucho gusto le autorizo a citar en su libro cualquier frase de mi carta anterior; y sobre todo, que no intente mandarme dinero, ni poco ni mucho, pues no vale la pena, ni puedo yo ahora recibirlo.

Aquí, sin novedad. El invierno ha sido muy templado, y lo he pasado sin ningún contratiempo.

Cariñosos recuerdos a todos de tu tío que te abraza

Jorge

To José Sastre González

13 August 1943 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 13 de Agosto, 1943.

Querido Pepe,

Hoy, día del segundo bombardeo de Roma, recibo tu carta del 25 de Julio. Comprendo que penseis en “los malos ratos” que habré yo pasado aquí, pero no, yo sigo sin novedad y tranquilo, sin cambiar en nada la rutina del día. Hay que darse cuenta de que vivo en un convento que es a la vez hospital. Todo está en regla, y si ocurriera alguna desgracia en esta casa, no podía el auxilio estar mas a mano. Este barrio no es ni céntrico ni industrial, en gran parte compuesto de jardines, al mediodía del Coliseo y del Laterano. Si cayera alguna bomba por aquí sería por casualidad, y yo confío en que saldremos ilesos de la guerra.

Naturalmente, el ánimo sufre de oír hablar de tantos horrores, pero a mis años, conociendo que soy inútil, yo me consuelo con mis libros y mi filosofía, como si se tratase de la historia antigua. Además, todo lo que ahora ocurre en el mundo es impresionante. Muchas veces recuerdo las ideas de mi padre, y me figuro lo que él hubiera dicho de todo esto.

No hay que pensar en viajes. Eso me agitaría mucho mas que el ruido de las bombas, o de la artillería contra-aerea, que es la que mas hiere los oídos.

De salud, bien, y con esperanzas de llegar a ver como termina esta tragedia.

A ti y a toda la familia un apretado abrazo de tu tío

Jorge

To Evelyn Tindall

9 June 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,

Roma. June 9, 1944.

Dear Miss Tindall,

Are you still here, and are you not too busy ~~to~~ to do some work for me?

I have written a book of theology, most unforeseen; also the second volume of my Autobiography which, however, I do not mean to publish during my lifetime. The first volume, I don't know whether you have happened to see, appeared in New York on the first day of this year; but, of course, I have not seen it, nor the proofs. The type-written copy on thin paper was sent to America through the kindness of the Vatican authorities.

Enforced frugality has kept me in excellent health, but I have lost the reserve of fatness that I possessed, and am less active. I am waiting to discover whether it is possible now to communicate with England or the United States, or to obtain funds from there. Books, which I should most wish to receive, I suppose we shall have to wait for much longer.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 June 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome.
June 23, 1944.

Dear Cory: Today I have had the great pleasure of receiving your letter, delivered by hand, together with one from Mr. Wheelock. I had already got indirect messages from him, and sent verbal answers; for during the last week I have seen more people than in the last three years, including War Correspondents and photographers; and one of them left his copy of "Persons & Places" with me, so that I have had a chance to read the book in print. It makes a smaller and handier volume than I had anticipated; I am much pleased with the general effect that it seems to make—pleasant, in spite of skirting dangerous susceptibilities. There are very few printer's errors, and the one or two changes or omissions that I have noticed in the text are discreet and judicious, especially the softening of the tragic end of my college friend Sanborn. But on p. 72 the point about the Boston fire is spoiled, by substituting Chicago for London: which also makes the reference to Wrenn that follows unintelligible. Am I wrong in thinking that the Boston fire of 1873 was earlier than the great Chicago fire? If I am, it would have been better to leave out the whole passage.

But before going on about affairs, let me congratulate you on your marriage. It doesn't surprise me. When you said your books were at Mrs. Batten's I at once felt that your future was there also. Will you come to live in England when the sky has cleared, or will you stay in New York?

As to the question of your royalties, of course I wish you to have whatever windfall there may be to profit by. The Fellowship, even when you get it, will hardly be enough to keep house on, and a small fund, treated as capital, will give you more ballast. I am sorry George Sturgis should have intervened; but the arrangement that Mr. Wheelock tells me has been agreed upon between you three, is excellent for the moment. When I have heard from George Sturgis and know the state of my private finances I can speak more intelligently about details. I wish you to have all the royalties for "Persons & Places"; but when it becomes possible for Scribner to send me my general royalties by cheque, so that I can deposit them at Brown Shipley's or here in Rome (I shall make inquiries first as to the possibility of transferring money after the war) the reason for turning all my royalties over to you will have lapsed: so that it will be a good thing that you should make a little hay while the sun shines.

Since I came to this house I have been very well, without any catarrh or indigestions, and I have lost a lot of superfluous fat—as I did during the other war. But I will not boast of my spiritualized aspect, lest the flesh should have come upon me again before you turn up here, as I hope some day you may.

As to the second volume of “Persons & Places” I am in grave doubts. It is complete, and longer than the first, but would require even more severe cutting down; and I hate to mutilate my memories for the sake of giving the public what they might like only, or what is good for them to hear. However, if you will lead me to hope that eventually a complete version of both volumes shall appear, I might bring myself to omit ^λfor the present^λ a great part of what I have written.—I have finished another book since: “The Idea of Christ in the Gospels or God in Man”. But I can’t find Miss Tindall and nothing is copied. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana.

[*across*] P.S. Your sonnet might have been written by any Poet Laureate.

To George Sturgis

3 July 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 3, 1944

Dear George: I have had the unexpected pleasure of seeing Bob—a big strapping handsome fellow, not without a mind ~~of~~ his own. He spent two whole afternoons here, and won the hearts of the Sisters as well as my own. As he is thinking of studying architecture, I hope that after the war, if I am alive, he will come to Rome again and let me show him my favourite spots. Unfortunately my stupid form of deafness—I hear the voice but confuse the articulation—caused me not always to catch what he said. Perhaps too at first he was a bit shy, and his way of speaking not very clear. On a longer and less agitated acquaintance I think we should understand each other perfectly.

Letters from Scribner and from Cory have reached me through the kindness of Mr. Taylor, the American Envoy to the Holy See, and one of the innumerable soldiers who have come to see me left a copy of Persons & Places with me. I had heard by chance that the book had appeared, but had not seen it or known that it had been well received. Naturally, I am pleased. Meantime, I have rediscovered Miss Tindall, who type-writes my books, and she has now the second volume of Persons & Places in hand, but will take some time about it, as they are now “frightfully” busy. As I am still alive, and very well, although thinner, you need not trouble yourself about the business side of it, this, or its relation to Cory. The arrangement that Mr. Wheelock has made with him will do very nicely for the time being. When you send me your account (without details, please) and I see what is the state of my finances, and how much I am allowed to draw, I may explain to you my reasons for acting as I have done in the other matter of my royalties.

I have weathered the storm with little physical or moral discomfort and am glad I stayed here

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To George Sturgis

2 August 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 2, 1944.

Dear George: This morning Lieut. Stude has given me your letter of July 7, together with the lawyers' Memorandum and a letter from Mr Wheelock of Scribner's. If you have received my last, sent through the post, you know that I have seen Bob and been delighted with him. Of your domestic troubles and divorce he did not breathe a word. I am sorry, but understand that an estrangement within the household was not a tolerable state of things in the long run.

You must be cursing my unbusinesslike habits with these complications in regard to my royalties and Cory. Cory has been a problem for Strong and me for many years. He too is not a business man, and between us three we managed to land him, at the age of nearly forty, in no man's land. I feel a certain responsibility for him, as it was as my ~~disciple~~ and secretary that he first turned to philosophy: but I never meant to make our connection permanent. He has finally got his appointment to Strong's Fellowship [left expressly for him) but can't get the money. I am glad that Persons & Places will supply him with a lump sum. It must not be limited to these \$12,000 and to this year, unless the war comes to an end at once and I am able to draw checks as usual on my London bank. Then Cory can fall out of reethe reckoning until it comes to executing my will. As you know I leave him \$2500 and my MS. & books, which may not be worth much

You must pay up when you can what is due to the Little Company of Mary in Chicago. As to the future, I expect to remain in this house, which on the whole is comfortable, even under war restrictions, and will be much more so when food becomes normal again and there are public vehicles to take one in town. I feel very well, being thinner, and hope not to recover my superfluous fat. I think \$250 a month would cover my expenses in Rome, if my account in London could be drawn on as formerly, and if I

could replenish it by simply depositing Scribner's cheques there, when they begin to come to me again. Or will there be difficulties in transferring money even to England? For the first year or two, in any case, I am in funds there as I have a considerable sum to my credit at Brown Shipley & Co's, and credits also at Constable's and at Dent's, and at Blackwell's, the Oxford bookseller; and as you may remember, I still have \$1,500 in Cook's Travellers' cheques that ought to be cashable before long. I don't know what my pension here will amount to after the war, but in any case should be less than in a good hotel, and I have hardly any personal expenses. My clothes, though not closely fitting to my new and reformed figure, still cover my nakedness; hats, boots, and overcoats are still fresh enough for an old dandy; and the only thing I mean to buy at once is a pair of bookcases in which to arrange my books conveniently and ornamentally.

The flood of visitors from the American forces continues to flow: some are interesting fellows.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

2 August 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, August 2, 1944

To George Sturgis, Esq.
111 Devonshire Street
Boston.

Dear George:

My purpose throughout this affair of my royalties and Mr. Daniel M. Cory was this: that as royalties could not be sent to me in Italy during the war, they should all (for all my books) be paid to Mr. Cory in New York, not with a view of receiving them from him later, but in lieu of the allowance (not a fixed salary) that I was in the habit of giving him.

The unexpected fact that the royalties for Persons & Places are likely to be large does not change my intentions in this matter.

What I wish, then, is that Mr. Cory should receive everything earned by my books in America (British royalties not included) during the time when it is impossible for me to receive the money.

The provisions in my will, and with the fact that I was not able to give Mr. Cory the manuscript by hand in Italy, belong to the region of my intentions, and are not effective gifts.

Your affectionate uncle

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

6 August 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 6, 1944.

Dear George: My two letters of some days ago, sent through Lieut. Stude, were written in haste, as he was waiting for them. Now I have had time to reread your letter and the Memorandum and I can sum up my impressions.

The question whether I made a gift to Cory is only verbal. There was no deliverance of MS either in Italy or in the U.S. What I meant to give him was the profits of the publication, not a keepsake. But if the law assigns the royalties to the author even if he has made a present of the MS, and if the law even in that case assigns them to his residuary legatees if he is dead, then both the intended gift of MSS and the bequest of them in my will are purely nugatory. Is this the case?

The suggestion that I meant Cory to “receive” my royalties in order to keep them for me until after the war may be lawyerlike but is contrary to fact and to reason. The person who might have kept them safely for me, if not Scribner, would have been you; and you would have added them, of course not to the capital account in the trust, but to the minor temporary fund which you manage for me as attorney. But my only object in asking Scribner to pay all my royalties to Cory was that he should get the money and get it now, when he needs it and I can’t help him otherwise. Mr. Wheelock understood this and seemed to foresee no legal difficulty.

That the proceeds of Persons & Places promise to be unexpectedly large, and that I am still alive, are lucky circumstances which will enable Cory to get a tidy lump sum to put by, just when vexatious legislation or the “act of God” is likely to make further aid from me impossible.

It does not frighten me to have to pay both an income tax and a gift tax on this benefaction. [Cory or his lawyer should not have called it a debt.] The first reduces in any case the sum available and the second should be discounted from what Cory is to get. I lose nothing by either.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

8 August 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Your message of March 8 received today, August 8. Thank you for news of friends. Happy to have seen Bob. ~~Have sent letters to you through him and through Lieut. Stude, also through post. Continue in good health and spirits.~~

G. Santayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

4 October 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: YIVO)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 4 Oct. 1944.

Dear Kallen: Your letter of June 15th reached me today, in less than four months, and I answer it at once, to wish you a happy new year.

I have weathered the war very nicely in this hospitable establishment, grown less obese on rations and written my Recollections (3 volumes) and

an unforeseen book on The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, or God in Man, which last I hope you will like. Persons & Places, on the contrary, will seem to you, perhaps, a caricature of the philosopher that you kindly wish to think me: but, except in the ancient sense, I am perhaps as little a philosopher as I am a poet. It was without much understanding that I read the criticisms contained in Schilpp's book about me, and had to abandon the task of replying to them in detail. After all, the purpose of the volume was to explain my philosophy; so I tried to do that afresh. And the book on the Idea of Christ will do so again at a different angle. Being in a religious house, without many books of my own, I read the Sister's select library; many novels, including much of Dickens again (as during the other war) and all Jane Austen, and a lot by Benson about the English Reformation: but besides I reread the whole Bible, most of the Summa of Thomas Aquinas, and most of Newman. This set me going, and you will see the consequence/s.

I have had many pleasanter American visitors than Matthews, including one of my brother's grandsons.—I have often thought of you, now that my thoughts have reverted to Dominations & Powers and am glad to know that you are also thriving.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Mrs. C. F. Lama

10 October 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 10, 1944

Dear Madam

Several photographers have come here to take my picture—something that never happened to me before, and I have had the pleasure of seeing a great many young soldiers and airmen including a grandnephew of mine, who took me back to the days when I lived in college. This is my reward for having finally written a book or two fit for the public to read.

I don't know what photograph was reproduced in Life, but since you were pleased to see it I infer that it corresponds to what you think I ought to look like. That is not ever the case with me now. I still think that the only true portrait of me was drawn in the year 1896 by Andreas Andersen, by the firelight in my room in the Harvard Yard; because like a true artist he caught the evidence of several sides of my character. The instantaneous photographs now in vogue are violent and good only when strung together in a film, so that the eye may compose its own synthetic image out of a lot of them, as it always does by nature. Andersen's drawing was reproduced by Scribner in Vol. I of my collected works, and I dare say it will appear in Vol. II of Persons and Places which covers those same years.

With many thanks for your kind note

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

11 October 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 11, 1944

Dear George: Your letter of Aug. 18 has just arrived. It bears no mark of having been opened by the censor and has taken less than two months to reach Rome. This is encouraging for our correspondence. I continue to receive visits from American army men and from an occasional English officer or two: the last was Professor T. V. Smith of the University of Chicago, who seems to be an important person politically, and left me a book of his in which he writes very favourably about me, among other persons: it is entitled: *The Philosophical Ways of Life in America*. Col. Poletti, who has been practically governing these parts, also honoured me with a visit—but it was a lady-correspondent who made him bring her in his magnificent motor. I have been interviewed and photographed: I daresay you have seen some of the results. Instantaneous photos are not true to nature, they are violent, and good only when strung together in a film, because then the eye has time to combine them and make its own image, as a painter does. In the life I should not look to you as these pictures do, but more quiet and philosophical. I made these observations to the last man who photographed me, and he took the hint and let me remain quiet while he touched the button: but I have not seen the result. In any case, I assure you that I am in excellent health and spirits, and continue my usual way of life. The second volume of Persons & Places is now typed and revised. I have cut out the passages that might be objected to for personal or political reasons, and am ready to send the thin paper copy to Scribner, but know of no means of conveyance. Two letters I entrusted to Bob seem not to have reached their destination. One was for you and the other for Cory.

The mistake about my having seen Bob the day he was born was probably due to the presence of the Mother General. I was telling her that I had seen you the day after the night of your birth and touched the soft spot on your head; but as I said his head, Bob thought I was referring to him. If his cranium was soft also, it seems to have hardened as successfully as yours.

This brings me to your business report, which makes me feel like Sancho Panza when he was governor of his Insula, and the magician touched and sent away every smoking dish that was put on the table. I am

rich, and can't have any money. However, I have seen in the papers that a sum not exceeding \$500 a month will now be allowed to residents in the parts of Italy occupied ~~no~~ by the Allies. If this is true, you will have heard of it and will no doubt act upon it. I spoke to the Mother General about the stopping of your remittances to the Hospital in Evergreen Park, Ill., and asked if she would prefer to have the large arrears paid to her directly, when that became possible. She said no: because what came through banks suffered seriously in the exchange, and the Sisters at Evergreen Park (who now have a second house in Indiana, not far away) had better receive it. She has also offered to supply me with pocket-money if what I still have gives out. Evidently this establishment is prosperous, and now that they know better who I am, and have seen Bob as evidence that I really am myself, they don't mind keeping me here for nothing. But of course, I should like to have some money as soon as possible, although the uncertain value of Italian currency now makes prices and costs erratic. Please, then, send to Evergreen Park, as soon as you are allowed, all the amount due, and keep up the payments, as agreed, until I can get a full income here.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To David Page

1 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 1, 1944

Dear Mr. Page: Your letter of September 3rd, received yesterday, pleasantly reassures me of your survival, of which I had some doubts, as you may have had of mine. As for me, I am in good health and spirits, less fat but no less contented. I have finished all but one of the books that I had hoped to write, and have interlarded another on an unexpected subject: The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, or God in Man. This does not mean any change in my naturalism, but only a critical meditation on religion, as it might have turned to Brahmanism or Buddhism. When I was preparing The Realm of Spirit I procured complete versions of the Upanishads and Dhammapada; but I hardly feel able to write anything objective on this foreign religion: it exists for me only as a stimulus to my private speculations. As writing for two or three hours in the morning has now become an inveterate habit which it would be dangerous for me to break, I shall now revert to Dominations & Powers, my unfinished political work, for which this war has supplied more fresh matter than did the war of 1914. It consists principally of short chapters on specific points; and one of these might serve for the article that you ask for for your proposed Quarterly. Of course I shall be flattered if you borrow a motto for it from me, and pleased if the Review is faithful to naturalism in its politics, ethics, and criticism. Write to me again, if I am still living, when your first number is about to take shape, and send me a prospectus, if there is one, so that I may see clearly what its character is to be. Perhaps it would be better for me to write a special non-theoretical paper, say on The American Troops in Rome. I have seen a lot of them, been interviewed and photographed, and also once or twice examined with suspicion: but the young men, in spite of their youth or because of it, have taken me back to my old Harvard.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 4, 1944

Dear Cory: Did you ever get my reply to your letter of June 15? I have been expecting to hear from you again, now that letters can come through the post, and to know whether the affair of the royalties for Persons & Places, vol. I, has been settled satisfactorily. George Sturgis now seems to understand what my wishes were, and to withdraw all objections. He had previously sent me a long memorandum drawn up by his legal advisers in which there was a suggestion that rather alarmed me: namely, that in leaving ~~my~~ manuscripts to you by will, just as in giving them to you by hand, the law does not allow me convey to you the royalties that may eventually be due on such writings, which come legally still to me or to my residuary legatees. If this is the case, I was leaving or giving you only a keepsake, and no possibility of cash. Is this the law? And how long, if at all, is a publisher expected to pay royalties on a dead man's books? Perhaps the only use you could make of my MSS. would then be to sell them for a lump sum. This matter is important for me, apart from the question of my Posthumous Poems and other trifles and unfinished books; because the third volume of Persons & Places will certainly remain over, to be published by you eventually. Or must the profits for it, then, go to George Sturgis and his sister, Mrs. Bidwell, who are my residuary legatees? In that case, I should be compelled to publish it during my life-time, in spite of moral scruples. Vol. II. is ready to be sent, but I have no means of conveyance. If Scribner's can work Mr. Myron Taylor again, let them do so. I have a qualm even here about Russell, though I speak only of things that in their day appeared in all the papers: but I am afraid Bertie may not like it. He is the only person left who could care. I have changed the names of

all the females who were not brought to public notice in Russell's law-suits, and have said nothing about the Oxford scandal: that is, I have left out all that I had written about it. It remains in my original MS. not in the typed copy to be sent to Scribner. This division between the part to be published and the part to be suppressed is like the Judgment of Solomon. The real mother would prefer to suppress it all; but the false mother—the publisher and the public—see no objection to getting one murdered half. I wanted to tell the whole truth, but I find that circumstances will not allow it.

The first half of The Idea of Christ is now in Miss Tindall's hands; but I am rewriting the second half, which was confused, and not properly brought to a conclusion. I expect this will take me all winter: but incidentally I write things for Dominations & Powers, when an inspiration comes to me in bed.

I have had two or three visits from Lt. Col. T. V. Smith of the Univ. of Chicago, who has given me various books & MS of his own. In his book The Philosophic Way of Life in America every chapter is headed by a poetical quotation from your humble servant: even the final chapter on the supreme moral authority of the American Congress. Incredible, but true. It is from a sonnet of mine about a piece of tapestry!

Another military friend has given me a lot of English and French reviews. Very interesting after years of incommunication with the literary world.
Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To George Sturgis

4 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 4, 1944.

Dear George:

Since my recent letter we have had fresh assurances from the papers that we are to enjoy further privileges in Italy, the latest being that parcels may be sent to us by our friends in the U.S.—and this just before the Christmas season! Perhaps it will have occurred to you to send me something; if so, many thanks in anticipation. But now I write expressly to tell you what two things I particularly want, even if you can send me funds as well. They are Tea and Shaving Cream, of the kind that requires no shaving brush. I have both at present, but they are not to be found easily; and they will soon be used up. One of my visitors asking repeatedly if I didn't want anything, finally led me to ask for tea; and after a week or two he brought me a large square parcel of it, which I am now enjoying every afternoon. The Sisters also get presents of tea, and sometimes let me have it, but I should like to be able to return the favour and to offer them some of my own. A tin of substantial biscuits (not soda crackers) to go with it would also be acceptable. As to shaving soap, an old Italian acquaintance, who had been an employee at the Bristol, got me some; but I am always

glad to have a little in store. I ask without ceremony, because you will please charge these things, if you are able to send them, to my account. As to money, it won't matter if you are not allowed to send me more than a little, because the Mother General would prefer to have my contribution go to Evergreen Park. They are rebuilding their hospital there and have to raise half of the \$360,000 that it will cost. The government—I suppose the Chicago Government—will pay the other half. So I shall need only pocket-money here.

I don't wish to be indiscreet about your family affairs, and can well imagine good reasons for what has happened, but I should rather like to write to Rosamond about having seen Bob, and for that purpose had better know her address and whether she or you have married again. And with whom are the boys supposed to be living?

Other family matters, in another quarter, also interest me. I have heard nothing from Spain for years. Is Mercedes still alive? Has anything happened to the Sastres? And this leads me to say that my will—I mean in the Deed of Trust—no longer seems in harmony with the facts. Roberto is dead, and his brother Eduardo is married to the daughter of a Marquesa; while the five children of Luis, and the girls of Pepe's and Rafael's families will get nothing. It would now be more suitable if I could leave, say \$5,000. to each of the three families of Celedonio's children. I no longer feel any personal bond with any of them in particular, but only a wish to acknowledge past ties and favours. Do you think that this, and the desirability of making the Trust absolute (although surely I shall never now go back to Spain) would justify making a new Trust or adding a codicil, if that can be done, as in a Will? I am thinking more of your convenience and of other people's feelings than of any difference that the matter makes to me now; in fact, it makes none. One possibility that might simplify matters for you on my decease, occurs to me. All bequests, except the Fellowship for Harvard, might be abolished; and I might send gifts, perhaps through Brown Shipley & Co., to the persons I wished to remember, saying that it was instead of legacies. Think the question over, and tell me what you advise.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

10 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. Nov. 10, 1944

Dear Onderdonk: I am very glad to have news of you, and of your Mother and of your wife, and to gather from the general tone of your letter, and from the appearance of your letter-paper and fashionable address, that you are prospering in the midst of the business vortex of Chicago. I too am prospering—in health and on paper: but as yet I get no money. However, I don't need it here; and it is rather books that I long for, as my own and those the Sisters lend me are almost exhausted. This will probably be the last thing to come through the post. Meantime, I have received welcome presents from some of the young soldiers—dozens of them—who have come to see me, to have a sight of the oldest inhabitant of the village, and to get his autograph. One of the first brought me a copy of Persons & Places which I had not seen, or known to be published; and army light literature also was offered me, and even some British and French reviews by an English friend. Others brought me tea, soap, cheese, and condensed milk. The Sisters also receive presents of tea, so that I now have it every afternoon: you may imagine with what pleasure; and sometimes I remember how you used to take it with me in Prescott Hall.

I expect to remain permanently in this house. Westenholz used to ask me if I didn't need Pflege: and I used to scorn the idea; but now I rather like the feeling of having a lot of good women, whose vocation is to be charitable, but who are not meddlesome within reach, and to have all material things provided without having to bother about them, or dream of travelling Summer here is, at my age, even better than winter.

With best wishes from your old friend
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

10 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 10, 1944.

Dear Mr. Wheelock:

Your letter of Sept. 26 arrives today. I am glad the imbroglio about my royalties is cleared up. Cory writes by the same post and seems to be contented; but he gives me no hint as to what he means to do in the future, or where to live.

Volume second of Persons and Places is ready to be sent to you, but I know of no means of conveyance. It would be easier for you, perhaps, to find one, either diplomatic, as before, or through the military. I don't think MS is as yet accepted by the Post Office. My conscience is still uneasy about indiscretions in this volume. There are many about Earl Russell; but he was a public character, and I avoid the most scabreux episodes, and have changed the names of such ladies as were not publicly mentioned in the law courts. Still, I am a little afraid that his brother Bertrand may think I might have been more reticent. But these complications were the most exciting that ever came even vicariously into my life; and I can't leave them out. The alternative could only be to postpone publication until all who can object have disappeared. This is what we must do about volume third, which intrudes even more into people's private lives.

And here a question arises that I wish you would answer if you can. In a memorandum that George Sturgis's lawyers drew up about the affair of the royalties, it seemed to be stated that the law would compel a dead man's royalties to go to his residuary legatees, even if the MS had been given as a gift to a third person. It would then be impossible for Cory, to whom I am leaving my papers, to get any advantage from anything published after my death. Is this really the case?

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

12 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 12, 1944

Dear Mr. Wheelock: In regard to your note of Oct. 4, I see that my expressions about the Jews, if taken for exact history or philosophical criticism, are unfair. But they were meant for free satire, and I don't like to yield to the pretension that free satire must be excluded from literature. However, in this case and at this moment, when as you say the Jews are supersensitive, I am glad to remove anything that may sound insulting or be really inaccurate. Now for me to speak of "most" Jews, is inaccurate, since I have known only a few; and "squirm" and "fawn", if not taken for caricature, are insulting words. I propose, then, that you delete those three words and let the passage read as follows:

This preserves the spirit of what I said: a certain suggestion of a vocation missed. For that reason I prefer it to the emendation suggested by you, which

If the Jews were not worldly it would raise them above the world: but many of them court the world and wish to pass for ordinary Christians or ordinary atheists.

concedes too much. The Jews have become of late not only sensitive but exacting. I wish to be just, but I don't want to "squirm and fawn" on my side also.

There is a delay about "The Idea of Christ" because I have decided to rewrite the second part, something that will occupy me all winter. It also occurs to me that I should like this book to be printed and bound like my old ones of somewhat the same sort: I mean Dialogues in Limbo and Soliloquies in England, and that Constable should publish it. You could of course publish it too if you thought it worth while.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Sturgis

22 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Nov. 22, 1944.

Dear George: Your letter of Sept. 6 arrives today, with enclosures. I return the two Powers of Attorney, signed, and also send you a reply to my unknown correspondent at La Plata, as I think this may be the safest way to reach him. Since his two letters and photograph came through you, this thin sheet ought to meet with no obstacle, if you will kindly have it posted to him, to the address indicated.

I knew that taxes were high, but they still would leave me an ample margin if I could only get it here. As I wrote you the other day, the Mother General prefers that my “pension” for the present should be paid to the Hospital at Evergreen Park, Ill. rather than to this one in Rome. Especially if remittances sent to Italy have to come in Lire, the value of which is now uncertain, it would be better to send me even for pocket-money only modest sums, since they may evaporate on the journey. Eventually some steady currency will have to be established, and then I could begin to attend from here to all my obligations.

As to Cory, you are quite right in understanding that I wish the taxes, including the gift tax, to be deducted beforehand from what he is to receive. I don’t see why so much trouble and so many lawyers are involved in doing that. My income tax on royalties is paid by Scribner at the source. What is the tax on gifts of money? So much in proportion to the amount, perhaps? Each time Scribner makes a payment, a little calculation could easily determine how much ought to be assigned to Cory, so that this sum, plus the gift tax upon it, should equal the total I should have normally received. I don’t see how you need to trouble about the matter at all.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

25 November 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Roma
Nov. 25, 1944.

Dear Mr. Wheelock: In your last letter (about the Jewish protests to some of my indiscretions) you spoke of corrections to be made in the text of Persons and Places. Volume I is remarkably free from printer's errors, but there are two or three things that I should like to correct in it. On page 17 is an alleged quotation from Quintilian. I am sure that my father sometimes quoted Quintilian; but I have lately been rereading Latin poets (the Sister's library being limited in range) and have come upon a passage in Juvenal that says in verse what I quoted in prose; and I am afraid my father, or more likely I myself, must have confused his memory of this with the name of Quintilian. It is a matter of no importance, but curious, and might be noticed (in a note) in the future complete edition. Also in the mess on p. 72 about the Boston fire, which I don't understand the reason for, the point ought to be restored, as I have indicated in the enclosed list of errata. The Index suffers from misunderstanding Spanish custom (and law) about family names. In the first page you will notice that my mother's first husband's name is not mentioned, only her father's and mother's names. This would seem odd, seeing she was a widow when she married my father; but it is correct according to Spanish usage. And she ought to appear in the Index under Borrás, not under Santayana. However, these are trifles, and the Index on the whole is very well done, and consoled me for the absence of the marginal notes, which I suppose would have made trouble, and may be needless. It is a habit I have fallen into, in part for my own guidance against too much rambling.

I am glad the matter of Cory's royalties is cleared up. The gift tax, if levied, should be deducted from the gift. It would be too much to ask George Sturgis to pay it out of the funds in his keeping.

Yours sincerely G Santayana

Persons & Places: Errata

Page

17 Add a note to the Latin quotation as follows:

Probably a confused memory, mine or my father's, of Juvenal, Satire XIII, 159–60:

Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
Sufficit una domus.

- 72, line 13. For “Chicago” read London
14. Should read: Unluckily for Boston Chicago soon
15. had an even bigger fire, etc.

74, line 18 For “. So” read , so

112, line 15 “ “allow” read allows

142, “ 18 For “hours ~~and~~the seasons and” read
hours and seasons the

171, note. 2nd line of Italian: “èsser può” should be esser puote
3rd “ “ “volèm” “ “ volem

176, line 24. “of” should be or

179, “ 8 “had” “ “ have

213, “ 11 “dèl” “ “ del

230 “ 10 “La Vernia” La Verna

231 “ 21 “men” “ “ man

Index Carcassone “Cathedral” should be Church (in the Citadel).

“Castillo” should be Cánovas del Castillo

London, 98 “ “ 72, 98

Russell, 2nd Earl should not be referred to Stanley, Russell being his family name as well as his title and Stanley only his mother’s family name used as a “middle name”

Santayana, Hermenegilda: This is right according to English usage, but Spanish women do not take their husband’s surame, so that this person’s name was Zabalgoitia, wife of Manuel Ruiz de Santayana.

Furthermore a man takes his mother’s family name after his father’s; but this second name is not inherited by his children, whose second surname is their own mother’s. Therefore in the Index my mother should not add “y Bufurull” to Borrás. Her mother’s surname was Carbonell, but women never add even that. Had she been a man, she would have been José Borrás y Carbonell. And she should appear in the Index under Borrás, not under Santayana or Sturgis, her husbands’ names

To Lawrence Smith Butler

1 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 1. 1944

Dear Lawrence: It is a great pleasure to receive your letter: both Mrs. Potter and Cory, who have written lately, mentioned you, knowing that I should be glad to hear that you were well and still leading the life of a young man about town. But you must be getting on, and much as I should like to see you, I shouldn't advise you to come to Italy until you hear that things have returned somewhat to the normal. In Rome, as you know, there has been little damage done to buildings: but the country has been thoroughly pillaged by the two friendly foreign armies that have passed over it; communications and victualing are difficult; and people have no work and no means of carrying on their trades. Food is scarce and bad, and the value of money and the price of everything are uncertain. We also lack coal, and electric light shines decently only every third day. Life would therefore not be comfortable or easy for a traveller. I myself have been lucky in being taken in by these Sisters. They have a nicely furnished house and nice English ideas of food and comfort, and we manage very well, in spite of all difficulties. Of late, too, I have received various presents, as well as many visits, from American army men, and am revelling in the lost luxuries of tea, marmalade, cheese, anchovies, shaving-cream, and even peanuts. I have been photographed and interviewed to exhaustion; but I am happy like a sky without clouds, and still at work with the pen.—In the second volume of Persons & Places, you are commemorated

among “Americans in Europe”. I hope you won’t be angry at the past tense: but I write of everything as if it were ancient history. Motto: Veritas.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To George Sturgis

4 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 4, 1944

Dear George: Your letters of Sept. 29 and Oct. 6, enclosing one from Neville, are at hand. I think I understand why the U.S. Treasury declined to let you send the \$7000 of my debt to the Hospital at Evergreen Park, Illinois, but consented to let you send it to Rome. The drafts have not yet arrived and I don’t know how they are worded; but I suspect that they will be payable only in lire, at the rate of 100 to the dollar, established by the Allies, and paid in the special banknotes that they have issued for the troops. In this way the Treasury will pocket the entire sum: and the purchasing power of these notes in lire will merely drain the resources of Italy still further, without any compensation for the Italians. The value of the lira is now uncertain and erratic. A newspaper costs 1 lira or one cent, which is what a half-sheet of printing may be worth; but a good pair of boots costs 5000 lire, or \$50, which is due to the scarcity of leather and the dislike of everybody to receive a depreciating currency in payment for substantial goods. The Mother General shares this dislike: and unless her \$7000 are payable in dollars or pounds, as a draft would have been before the war, and she could deposit them as such in an international bank, they would not meet my indebtedness. It was because the dollars remained dollars in Chicago that she wished the money to be sent there, and not to Rome. When the drafts come I will telegraph to you to send me no more of them so long as they are payable only in lire, as I fear will

prove to be the case. My debt to the Sisters will hang over, and I will keep the hundreds of thousands of lire for my running expenses until they are spent or lose their value altogether. I am afraid we have made a bad bargain.

One of my visitors, Mr. Freidenberg, has proved even more attentive than the others. Beside twice bringing me large parcels of canned eatables, he has taken the manuscript of the second volume of Persons & Places and sent it off by air to New York, at the slight expense (to him) of 25 cents. He is in the Post Office department, not very young, and apparently a rich man. He offered to buy one of my manuscripts, but I told him they were all promised, and that I would give him one if I wrote another book.

Neville's impressions of London are characteristic of a young traveller. Seeing, in an intelligent sense, depends on preparations: it is apperceiving. Neville was pleased to see that London, at least, was "something big". In that second volume of Persons & Places there is a chapter on my impressions of London, beginning in 1887 and running on, at frequent intervals, for many years. Of course it was not then the London of today, I mean intrinsically, apart from casual effects of bombardment. That Neville liked the view of the Houses of Parliament from the River shows that he has an eye for landscape. The beautiful effects in London are aerial effects.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Asta Fleming Whiteside

8 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Santayana)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Dec. 8, 1944

Dear Mrs. Whiteside: Plato in one place compares the mind to an aviary: "The Arches", from which you send me your "Miracle Letter," must be like that: a perpetual twitter of snatches of song. I am flattered and embarrassed to think that old and new chirpings of mine are audible there,

among so much wit and wisdom that is out of my reach—out of my reach materially, because of difficult communications, and also intellectually, because your new world of letters bewilders me. However, I felt comparatively at home when I came to Mr. Cram, although I find his words obscure. I liked his cream-green Perpendicular churches; and I respect his Catholic philosophy, but do not find its firm structure in his words as you quote them. I felt even more at home when I discovered that “Charlie” Walker, as we called him, is your “landlord”. In the second volume of Persons & Places he will find a good many reminiscences of his Harvard friends. I am surprised and delighted to think that you can pick out bird-notes even out of this book, which I supposed and almost intended to be a humdrum chronical of faits divers for some future antiquary to dig up to illustrate the low state of society in my time. You, of course, have changed that. Time has moved since the 1890’s, which I feel to be my spiritual and chronological home. But you have the art of finding the beautiful in unexpected places, and to that I owe the pleasure of having received your letter, which for a moment has turned this monastic cell—I am living in the guest-house of the Little Company of Mary, or “Blue Sisters”—as I said, into a musical aviary.

With many thanks & best wishes

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

10 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 10, 1944

My dear Clemens: You are very good to remember me, and the scarcity of “chicken-feed” in Rome at this moment. Unfortunately, cheques cannot be cashed, nor would money be always able to procure what we want, but I understand that now it is possible to send us parcels, not containing perishable victuals, once a month. If this is the case, it would be most friendly of you, instead of your cheque, which I might as well tear up, to send me a little tea! I am asking everybody for tea or for marmalade—the luxuries being always more welcome to a man of taste than the necessities; and I am not afraid of getting too much tea or too much marmalade, because the good Sisters here, who are all English-speaking, would always appreciate such things for themselves or for their patients. Let me then thank you in anticipation for your gift, so transsubstantiated.

A great many army men have come to see me, as the oldest living inhabitant, and some of them have interviewed and photographed me or given me various presents of books and eatables. I am very well, still at work, and better for being thinner, on account of the diet to which we are reduced. But at my age such restrictions are not unpleasant, and I tell the Sisters that I was never happier in my life than I am here, and hope to remain with them for the rest of my life. The Celius is a beautiful place; I have a view with a sea-like horizon of greenery, and when cabs and taxis return the only objection to this place—its remoteness from the centre of the town—will be removed—

With many thanks

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Thomas Munro

10 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 10, 1944

My dear Munro:

Your letter came to me in the midst of an avalanche of Army visitors, most of them very young and raw, but characteristically looking for something they had heard of at home, or from home, very recently. Others came to photograph or to interview me, and some simply in search of a modest autograph. A few distinguished persons also honoured me, including Col. Poletti (who was our ruling authority) and Prof. T. V. Smith of Chicago, full of the only right way of governing the world. In this society, I put away your letter to be answered when the rear guard of war had begun to pass on. It has now thinned a good deal (like me on rations) and I return to the pleasant memories of you in Paris, and your enthusiasm for African figurines. There is a theme for your Society to investigate philosophically and scientifically. I am glad you are approaching the vast subject of the arts from that side, rather than from that of precepts and taste. The philosophers have written a good deal of vague stuff about the beautiful, and the critics a good deal of accidental partisan stuff about right and wrong in art. If you will only discover why and when people develop such arts and such tastes you will be putting things on a sounder basis.

My seclusion here for three years, with few books and only meagre newspapers, has been good for my health and for my work. Besides Persons & Places, 3 volumes, of which the last will not be published for the present, I have written a Theological book, and am turning now, well instructed by two great wars and their effects, to my old Dominations & Powers which will, if I live, represent the wisdom of my old age. I have outlived most of my contemporaries, all my family and early friends: but I have not lost them. On the contrary, reliving my life has been pleasanter than living it. In hopes of some day seeing you again.

Yours sincerely, G. Santayana

To Evelyn Tindall

20 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 20, 1944.

Dear Miss Tindall:

Many thanks for the voluminous MS. The second part will not be ready for some time. I had received your previous note about the continued embargo on my London cheques. This morning I went to the Banco di Napoli and drew my first installment of money from America—in lire!—since the year '41. There are still complications, but if you prefer to receive what I owe you now in lire to waiting for it until cheques in pounds or dollars are current again, I think I could cancel my debt very soon, when I expect to have an account open at the bank here.

It is very good of you to think my theology appropriate to the season. There are pious passages: but there is a Spanish proverb that says: Detrás de la cruz está el diablo. However, I admit only a polite devil, shorn of horns and hoofs and evil intentions.

I write now in bed and sometimes with gloves on, to avoid the cold, so that I fear next time you will not find my handwriting as clear as it used to be. Old age also contributes, and I trust you won't find too much difficulty.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Sturgis

22 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6. Roma.
Dec. 22, 1944.

Dear George: On December 19th I receive a card asking me to present myself at the Banco di Napoli, which I did on the following day, and received the first installment of my new income, 50,000 lire. I had to go round the corner to the Spanish Consulate to obtain a certificate that I lived alone and had no family: because it appears that some families

attempt to obtain the maximum sum allowed for each of their members, whereas the intention of the U.S. Treasury was to allow \$500 to each family. This errand was easily done, and I had no further trouble. But they informed me that all remittances came from America in lire: so that when the large one comes, there will be no possibility of transferring it to the Mother General in dollars. As I wrote you in my last letter, I had thought, in that case, of keeping the 700 000 lire for myself, opening an account at the Banco di Napoli, as they said would be readily done. It would be equivalent to 14 month's allowance, and I should telegraph to you to suspend my monthly allowance for that period. But now, thinking the matter over, I am afraid that the authorities would suspect that this had been a trick, to get an inordinate sum sent to me under false pretenses of paying a debt. I mean, therefore, to explain matters in a letter to the Banco di Napoli and to abstain from cashing those 700 000 lire at all. I suppose the money can't be sent back to you: but I shall await your advice as to what to do with it. As to paying the Sister's, I think I can manage that without troubling you further. They are willing to wait for the old debt until my London bank account is available; and meantime I shall be paying my way here, from Dec. 1st 1944, just 3 years since I began to live on credit. They seem pleased at the thought of getting something from me at last. I don't know what their scale of prices is now: but anyhow with \$500 a month, if the lira doesn't lose all value, I ought to have much more than enough. I will inform you about this later: and I shall continue to be economical in my personal expenses until money matters are definitely cleared up.

I am told that, while as you know the legal value recognized by the Allies and the Italian government is 100 lire to the dollar, if you want to buy a dollar in the open market, you would have to pay more than 200 lire for it. If the Sisters accepted payment of my debt in lire they would be getting, at the present international rate of exchange, less than half what I had agreed to give them. They are an international order, under Irish protection and have ten hospitals in Australia, and others in Ireland, England, Malta, South Africa, New Zealand and the Argentine, beside the two near Chicago, and the head, R^d Moth^{er} Mary Ambrose O'Donnell is of course an Irishwoman. They naturally want "good" money. In Italy they have only this house and the two in Florence; one of which (just above Strong's villa at Fiesole) has been completely plundered by the Germans. We must also remember that they are a charitable Order—nurses who get

no pay and have no amusements: only a little pious gossip and visits from distinguished patients and friends. It is charity de luxe.

I needn't say Merry Xmas or Happy New Year. You are old enough to know that the year begins every day. Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

31 December 1944 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome

Dec. 31, 1944.

Dear Rosamond: In my last letter to George I asked him for your address, in order to write to you about having seen Bob and tell you how very much I had liked him and hoped to know him better. But the other day he turned up again in person and told me that you were living on in the same house. Suddenly, yesterday, I received a telegram from Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's giving me the terrible news that George was dead. For you it must be doubly tragic, bringing up as it must old conflicting feelings and memories. George never gave me any explanation of the estrangement that had arisen between you, and of course I respected his discretion and asked no questions. But I could well imagine that, like his father, he might prove hard to live with in the long run. In fact, when you came to Rome, I couldn't help wondering how you ever [*illegible*] decided to marry him. He was very good, very useful, and very able in many ways, and for me he proved a treasure (literally) in the management of my affairs, as his father had been too. But there was never a responsive chord. In Bob there is.

During his last visit Bob told me that one of your brothers was a professional socialist (those were not his words, but I am putting it in my own way) and that you had become interested in that work. Alas! I am a desiccated individualist and perhaps in consequence of constitutional idleness and selfishness, I think that to meddle with other people does more harm than good. But you are lucky in moving with the times and having the dominant faith; only I wondered whether you were very happy in living up to it. Now, this misfortune (I think Bob will feel it deeply) may have the effect of making the boys gather round you more simply and wholeheartedly than was possible as things were; and that may be a comfort and an interest for you. I love solitude, but I shouldn't love it if I had no memories of society and of real friends, and I am a philosopher, which luckily

for themselves, and for others, most people are not. The truth is not always kind.

I suppose I shall soon hear from whoever is taking charge of my affairs. I have plenty of Italian money now on hand and want no more for the present.

Always affectionately yours

GSantayana

To Eugene Rodman Shippen

1 January 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Dear Shippen: The first feeling and regret that occurred to me on reading your letter and your poem was—How came it that Shippen and I were not friends in college? ... Yours is the second poem that has been written about me. The other was Lionel Johnson's "To A Spanish Friend." I prefer yours. It is more flattering, and at the same time truer, which makes the flattery more flattering. Thank you for the gift that comes on New Year's Day, and encourages me to go on with my senile compositions.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

13 January 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Rome
Jan. 13, 1945

My dear Rosamond: A week or two ago I wrote to you but now on receiving your Christmas card, rather belated, I see that I didn't address my letter properly, and perhaps it hasn't reached you. George had told me that your house had been assigned to a new postal district and was now in South Avenue, Auburndale, and I wrote to that address. What led me to write was the telegram I had received from Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's that, after some business matters, added: "Deeply regret death George Sturgis." This is all the news I have had of this distressing event; and a letter by air mail that Mr. Wheelock promised has not yet arrived. I will not repeat what I said in my letter to you about this: you may imagine how unexpected a shock it is to me, and how much uncertainty it throws into my placid existence. I have no notion who is to take charge of my affairs I suppose I shall get official news later. I believe the trust that I had established, instead of a will, lapses with the death of the trustee, who was George, so that I am now intestate. In that case I should like to know roughly how you and the boys stand in George's new will, and whether there is any indication of a child of his new marriage. I have written to Josephine, who is disinterested in this matter, because in any case she will get half of my estate: but the half destined for George might now go, if I died intestate, in a manner that would not correspond to my wishes.

I had been meaning to write to you in any case since I had the really great pleasure of seeing Bob. He has made me several long visits, and I am in hopes that he may be able to come on leave again to Rome, and that I may have further talks with him. Unluckily I have an impediment in my hearing, in that one word trips up the heels of another in my head, and if anyone talks fast or loud everything gets telescoped together, and I can't follow the conversation. I do my best guessing what people must have said. I am afraid that Bob must have thought me rather stupid in not responding more apropos to what he said: but he knows, I hope, that the reason is my partial deafness. I understand English people better than Americans, because there is less wind and gustiness in their talk and a clearer more even articulation, which I can follow: also a lower voice, which makes less echo. In spite of this stupid incapacity of mine, Bob and

I got on very well; and I have gradually gained a more and more interesting sense of his character. He is a very appealing and charming person; he does not complain, but one feels that he is not very happy. I hope he will soon be able to pick up the old threads, and if he devotes himself to architecture, that would be a bond between us. He will feel the loss of his father sadly: but it is a stroke that falls on everybody sooner or later, and must be borne.

Please write to me. Whatever you say, you may be sure of my sympathy.

Yours affectionately G. Santayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

20 January 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6, Roma

Jan. 20, 1945

Dear Onderdonk: This morning, as I lay writing in bed, one of the Sisters came in with a piece of paper in her hand. There was a message by telephone from the American Consulate, that a certain Andrea had telegraphed his condolences to me on the death of my nephew. I gathered at once that it was from you, and sent back my thanks to the Consulate for the message.

I have as yet no further news of this unexpected death, except in one message that it had been “sudden”—which I presumed. I dreamt one night that George had committed suicide because he had lost all his money and all that of the rest of us. But in reality, he had just succeeded in getting me out of quarantine, so to speak, and in sending me ample remittances, so that I now have a bank account here, and have begun to pay my way at this hospital like an honest man. But for this financial relief, George’s death would have left me rather in an obscure position. As it is, the loss is reduced to its human pathos. The matter is complicated by the fact that he had been recently divorced and had married again being, as he wrote,

“very happy”. Another circumstance is that I have had repeated visits from his eldest son “Bob”, who is in the Mediterranean Air force—a handsome, strapping fellow who is now the only person I feel that I know among my blood relations: one eighth, if my calculation is right, of our blood is the same. I may have to make a new will, as the Trust which I had established seems to lapse with the death of the trustee. You who are a lawyer might tell me if this is the case. It will be a great nuisance. I thought I was rid of laying up treasures where moth and dust do corrupt and thieves, including death, break in and steal.

You are very good to take so much notice of my little vicissitudes. Perhaps the years since we last saw each other, and the many since we saw each other often—34!—have made me more inhuman than ever; but public and private tragedies move me now much less than they did. I think of all the empires reduced to filthy little heaps of ruins; of all the battles and sieges in the histories, and all the horrible fates of potentates, tyrants, patriots, and saints; and what now happens to us seems almost a matter of course. But the advance of the U.S. to the full glare of the footlights, and the corresponding moral and intellectual effects to be expected in the American character, interest me very much. I almost wish I were young and could live to see this development. But no: I am glad I am old, very old; and I hope to leave the scene with gentle emotions and good will towards everybody.

Best wishes for you and yours in particular.

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 January 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 21, 1945

Dear Cory: I am distressed to find, by your letter of Dec. 28, that you have received none of my letters. I have not written you many, but they covered all the essential points about the book and the royalties and also congratulated you on your marriage. I said, I remember, that long ago

when I heard that your books were at Mrs. Batten's, I foresaw that your future was there also. But will it eventually be in England or in New York? I see you are faithful to the shadow of Columbia. Is there any substance in that shadow?

As to George Sturgis, it is one of those numerous blows not to my heart but to my peace and sense of security which events have inflicted on me in these last years. I tell the Sisters that I was never happier than in their house, and this is true in the sense that I was never more at peace with myself and with the world, speculatively considered. But in action, dynamically, the world has inflicted some rebuffs on me that I hardly expected, making me trouble about money, trouble about politics, forbidding me my little comforts and indulgences: sitting in the sun, asking people to luncheon, getting interesting books, and living in a well-ordered country. Having George Sturgis to look after my money was a feature in this little garden of Epicurus; a hedge that cut off the vista over the dung-hills and the cabbages. All that is sadly fallen, and I hardly expect to live to see it restored: perhaps that sort of thing is not destined to return to earth for a thousand years. That is a bit sad, but good for me. It forces me to lift my eyes a little higher, to a more distant horizon. Incidentally, it has made me thin, and very much older. You may have seen some of the photographs that these Army men have been taking. They have come to see me in great numbers, most of them very simple and kind, some real treasures, like Freidenberg, who got vol. II of Persons & Places to Scribner; and that is not the only favour he has done. He has made me presents of good things to eat, and of tea! And the religious book (very insidious!) that I have been writing also has raised my spirits. We must see heaven in the midst of earth, just above it, accompanying earth as beauty accompanies it. We must not try to get heaven pure, afterwards, or instead. Christ is essentially a spirit of the earth. He is a tragic hero. Basta.

Yours aff^{ly} G Santayana

To John Hall Wheelock

21 January 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 21, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Yesterday Sergeant Freeth, on behalf of the invaluable Master Sergeant Freidenberg, brought me a copy of your letter of Dec. 26 to the latter, and one of Cory's to me. Previously I had received your kind telegram reading: "Manuscript received. Sending funds. by air mail. Deeply regret death George Sturgis." This was the only news I had for a fortnight or more of this sad event. Later I got several messages through the American Consulate here to the same effect, but no details, which I am still awaiting. Cory tells me in the letter brought yesterday and dated Dec. 28 (the very day that your telegram reached me) adds that the death was due to heart-failure, and that he, George Sturgis, had been married but four weeks to his second wife. This is the sum total of my information so far.—I replied to your telegram by another; but weeks later I received a notice that it had not been sent and that the post-office would repay the money on presentation of the receipt—which of course I had not kept. Uncertainties and changes of regulations must be one cause of so many letters being lost. Cory says he has received none from me, which I am sorry to hear. Probably I said things that the censor, in one country or the other thought indiscrete. Some of my letters to you must have been lost also; and what you say about not being free to divulge how the first volume of Persons & Places was conveyed to you last summer throws light on what may be the cause of these lapses in our communications. And these in turn have led to some misapprehensions of little facts, for instance, about my lack of funds. I received nothing from Dec. 1941 to Dec. 1944; but I had a good deal on hand, and never was penniless in the interval; and now I have received three installments of a monthly allowance of \$500, for October, November, & December 1944, which George Sturgis had got permission to send me. This is more than I spend; so that although now I have begun to pay my monthly bill in this establishment like an honest man, I shall have enough for some time to come until the monthly remittances can be renewed by the new attorney at law that may fall to my lot. I think George Sturgis told me he had named a successor: otherwise his sister, Mrs. Bidwell, will probably recommend the right person. As she

is my other principal heir, the matter, at my age, interests them more than it does me.

I wrote you lately about some qualms I feel concerning indiscretions in vol. II of Persons & Places. Could you let Cory see the galley-proofs? Perhaps he might soften some of my words. This book was meant to tell the naked truth, but I see it is imprudent and not worth while. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

8 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: YIVO)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 8, 1945

Dear Kallen: I have your letter of Dec. 4, '44 together with four or five interesting articles of yours, for all of which many thanks. I am especially pleased with your account of Jefferson and the Arts, and shall not forget the passage on page 280 where he says: "It is a singular anxiety which some people have that we should all think alike". That is the sort of vital liberty which I believe in, as distinguished from vacant liberty. I think, as you probably know, that moral as well as physical evolution is centrifugal: it radiates in all available directions, each ideally terminating in a different perfection. But there will be no vital freedom in this diversity if the individuals or classes concerned possessed no particular potentialities, but were all alike naturally and diversified externally only by being scattered over different climates [*illegible*] in unlike circumstances. In this case every growth of art or culture will sit on men's souls like armour or wigs or strait-jackets, and they will all pine for vacant freedom, or being left alone in a vacuum. But then they will all revert to their original seminal identity, and liberty will be manifested in uniformity. Also perhaps in intolerance of idiosyncrasies, because when everybody is alike anything different seems shocking. Jefferson evidently loved vital liberty, since he expected it to flower into diversity.

I have been reading a great deal lately about the U.S. as it is now, the army men who come to see me having given me many books and reviews such as I had not seen for years. They produce a certain bewilderment in my mind, especially in regard to the new avalanche of literary talent that is said to have fallen on the country since I left it. I have read something

of the authors most often mentioned: but I do not see that any of them is dominant or that there are distinctive schools, publics, and clear developments. It all seems a sort of snow storm of undirected flakes, an effect of liberty in a vacuum. And I thought in reading your own article on liberty in the arts that while you did justice to individual inspiration, expecting vital liberty, you said nothing about artists ever being pupils of masters, or serving particular circles and belonging to particular schools. But at least in architecture there has surely been a collective movement and a rapid development of styles, for example in sky-scrapers and I should suppose also in detached suburban "homes". If every young genius wandered alone like the rhinoceros, would any memorable and progressive movement ever arise in literature or the arts?

You ought to read my "Apology", or answer to my critic's, in Schilpp's book. It will show you the hard (but not bitter) crystallization of my philosophy in old age.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

17 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 17, 1945

My dear Raymond: I am sorry that the first direct communication between us should be on this sad occasion; but such common troubles are often the beginning of new friendships. You were very kind to take so lively an interest in reaching me, and the information you give me about business matters is just what I needed to know. I suppose I shall hear in time from Mr. Francis H. Appleton, Jr.; I would write to him now if I had his address, merely to tell him that I am in no present need of funds, having received \$2,000 lately in four installments from George: this will suffice to pay my way here for many months; and moreover, I have a much

larger sum at my disposal, although in one sense not sent me to defray my future expenses but to pay my past debts. For I have lived in this house on credit for three years. When I first came I made an arrangement with the Head of the Order (Little Company of Mary) to have \$3,000 a year sent to their hospital at Evergreen Park, Illinois, in compensation for my board and lodging at their house in Rome. \$2,000 were actually sent in this way; but then, for some reason, the U.S. Treasury authorities interfered: and I remained owing them \$7,000. When Rome was occupied by the Allies, George petitioned to be allowed to pay these \$7,000 to the Sisters at Evergreen Park: this petition was refused, but with a suggestion that if he asked to send that sum to Rome, the petition might be granted. He at once did so, and sent me the money.

But there was a fly in this ointment. The money came in Italian lire, 700,000 of them, in brand new paper: and as you probably know inflation has made the value of this currency very uncertain. The Sisters do not want to be paid in lire, and I can't ask them to accept them instead of dollars, most of their establishments being in English speaking countries. Thus I have 700,000 lire in the bank here, without knowing what to do with them. When peace comes I can find other means of paying the debt. In London I have a bank-account that has been "frozen" all this time, but that has now, I believed, been freed again. Would not the best plan be to let me stop all further installments of \$500 a month, as now allowed me, and to use up gradually this fund that I have at the Banco di Napoli in Rome? Meantime, through London, or directly from Boston, if permitted, I could send the Sister's their \$7,000 in sound money.

You and Josephine, and George's heirs, are more interested than I, at my age, in my property being well managed. Therefore I sleep secure.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 17, 1945

Dear Cory: Today—together with a batch of letters from my niece (Mrs. Bidwell) her husband and Mr. Wheelock (also one from “Fra Paul the SINNER” at San Gabriel, California, who says he prays God to prolong my usefulness)—I get yours of Jan. 5, with the proposed codicil for my will. As to this, I am not yet informed whether the Trust in which most of my money was included expires or not with the death of the trustee, who was George Sturgis: but he had appointed, with my written consent, in case of his demise, Mr. Francis H. Appleton, Jr. to be my attorney for the care of my property. When I hear from him, I may have further information as to the need, o meno, of a new will or Trust, and advice about the way to manage it.—There are many complications which I should like to clear up, this one about you and my royalties being one. I don’t know clearly, although I infer, that a dead man still earns royalties, and can bequeathe them. In that case, I shall be glad to leave all my royalties to you, either by legalizing the codicil you send me or having it incorporated ⁱⁿ my new will. As to the contradiction you find in my old Trust, it comes from this: my heirs were to have ^{the} royalties payable on my published books but you were to have those earned by the works I left to you in manuscript. The reason for letting you have my present royalties was only that the war prevented me from ^{send}ing you any allowance, and the royalties on Persons & Places promised to be sufficient to compensate you for that. The other royalties were thrown in too, as I couldn’t receive them, but they never amounted to more than one or two hundred dollars. As soon as things are settled in international exchanges, I can go back to the old arrangement. I have held on so long to life that there won’t be much in the way of M.S to leave you, except the fragments of Dominations and Powers, which are in a dreadful mess. If I live, I still hope to bring some order into that chaos. The war has quickened my interest in that subject. But for the moment, I am busy with the final revision of The Idea of Christ. It is nearly done.

The death of George Sturgis makes me feel freer than I did when the manager of my affairs was also my heir. That is why he interfered with

your royalties. Now I shall not be embarrassed in the same way. The fabulous profits on Persons & Places don't seem to have materialized. You have been helped to bread and butter, with some anxieties, and apparently nothing more. I hoped you might get a little fund for capital, such as a married man needs. I am afraid vol. II will not be much liked, but I should be glad if it turned out otherwise and you could get something substantial. Scribner will not be able to send me anything until war legislation is rescinded. I am now allowed \$500 a month, which is more than I need; but that allowance will preclude any other remittances. Of course, when he is able to send me a cheque for any amount, like the \$25,000 that I got in a lump for The Last Puritan, I can either endorse it to you, or deposit it at Brown Shipley & C^o and use it to pay you an allowance, as in the old days. The trouble is that I can't live to give any permanence to such an arrangement. Now, it is safer for you to get a lump sum, if at your mature age you may be trusted to think of your own future.

The winter here shows signs of turning into Spring, and we shall emerge from the discomfort of being cold or afraid of being so. I have been writing in bed in the mornings: it will soon be possible to write by the open window in the sun. That will be an aid to the spirit.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

17 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 17, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: My life is so uneventful that I fear my letters only repeat one another. Let me say first, as you are kind enough to be concerned about it, that my health is good; this morning I drove to town in a large motor, originally a taxi-cab, that is more or less at the disposal of these Sisters, added a new installment of \$500 to my bank account at the Banco di Napoli, did a little shopping and returned in little over an hour. I am now writing this by an open French window in the sun, already springlike here at this season. So that although we are deprived of many

old conveniences or luxuries, we are not more uncomfortable than everybody used to be always two hundred years ago. My experience of life in Avila has made the little privations of the war seem quite tolerable

In your letter of Jan. 2, received yesterday, you speak of having read vol. II of Persons & Places and found it interesting and apparently unobjectionable. I am much relieved at this. What new title are you thinking of for this volume? "On both sides of the Atlantic" occurs to me, with "In the Old World" for volume III. Or is this too cheap? I assume that the final standard edition in one volume, with some of the suppressed passages restored, will retain Persons & Places for its title.

I am sorry that you were anxious about my being penniless, and took so much trouble about sending me funds. George Sturgis had done his best all along to communicate and to carry out the plan by which I was indirectly to pay for my board and lodging here. He was not allowed to do so; and there is still a problem about my past indebtedness, which we can easily settle when normal conditions are restored. The Sisters are not in a hurry, since it is not for this house in Rome, which is prosperous, that they mean to use the money. But I have received from George Sturgis \$2000 in four installments, and am now paying my monthly bill here like the other guests. My pocket-money just lasted me to the time when remittances began to come again. You see by these details that you have no cause to worry about my financial condition. You will not be able to send me any royalties until after peace is restored, as I am now allowed by the U.S. Treasury the maximum \$500 a month that can be sent to persons living abroad. I suppose Mr. Appleton of Boston, who is the person left in charge of my affairs, will be able to continue these remittances without much delay.

The Idea of Christ is not yet quite ready, but I hope the revision will be finished before long.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

23 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 23, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: I send you the enclosed at once, as I understand that George Sturgis's death has caused an unfortunate delay in settling the matter concerned.

Your letter of Jan. 8 was brought at the same time by a sergeant sent by our good friend Freidenberg, and I was glad to see that the correction about the Jews seems to you sufficient and is to be made in vol. I. of Persons & Places. As to a title for vol II, I don't think either "The Middle Years" or "The Middle Span" describes the real character of the book. I begin at my birth and end at my old age, because that is a natural scaffolding for my subject and establishes a sort of method: but the true subject is the impressions left in me by the various persons and places I came across, and I don't hesitate to skip about chronologically, and say on each occasion all that I have to say on that theme. I also return in some cases, or anticipate. I have already suggested "On both sides of the Atlantic" for vol. II although it fits vol. I also: only vol. III is all on one side, except for the frequent references to the other side, and the many Americans that figure in it. But I should prefer a local to a temporal reference if a suitable phrase could be found: unless, indeed, a temporal phrase like "The End of a Century" could carry a moral meaning. The 1890's, I see more and more, were really my decisive time. "King's College", which is Chapter II of vol. III, for instance, was my scene in 1896-7; I was still in America for fourteen more years, so that if we conceived a chronological record of events, and not an arrangement of memories, "King's College" ought to be in vol. II. But "King's College" was a first stage in my eastward migration, material and moral, and for that reason I put it in vol. III, between chapters on "Metanoia", and "Travels" (to the East): then follow two chapters on my life in England during the other war, "Farewell to England", and "Old Age in Italy" and a final one on "The Idler & his Works" or perhaps a different title to express the distance between myself as a person and myself as an author. I mention this to explain what I mean about the parts of this book being only externally chronological.

The re-writing of "The Idea of Christ" is almost completed, and I shall soon have Part II type-written, when after a final revision I will take the first opportunity to send you the MS. It doesn't really matter about the

aspect of the book: that was simply a whim, when I thought the book would be briefer than it has turned out to be. Now, it belongs distinctly to my philosophical works. Give it whatever form you think best. Mr. Kyllmann wrote much in the same sense as you about the best means of publication.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 25, 1945

Dear Cory: Your letter of Jan. 9, with enclosures, and Mr. Wheelock's letter, came by hand a few days ago; and I immediately signed the order about your \$8000 and sent it by ordinary post to Scribner, thinking as they had to sign it, that might be the most expeditious way. I am also not sure whether it is best to address you at your father's or at your new domicile. The other enclosure, about your rights to my royalties after my death, is a duplicate of the one you sent with your letter of Jan. 5, which arrived on Feb. 10—sooner than your second letter sent through Sergeant Freidenberg. I have put those two blanks aside to be signed later, or incorporated in a new will, when I hear from Boston about my affairs.

I have received three separate gifts of eatables, etc. by parcel post, one especially swagger one from New York, with tea coffee chocolate and cacao, but anonymous, so that I don't know whom to thank for it. I have thought of Mr. Wheelock, Lawrence Butler, and Mrs. Potter, but I don't dare write to any one of them, lest it should seem a hint of what they might send me. If it was you, don't send any more, for they are now going to send me something every month from Boston, but be sure that it was, and is, greatly appreciated.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

25 February 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 25, 1945.

Dear Onderdonk: A day or two ago I brought back proudly from the local post-office (it is just outside the Porta San Giovanni in Laterano) a compact but weighty parcel that came from you: and on opening it, and rolling up the long soft string with which it was tied, I was delighted to find wholesale provision of nice soap for the rest of my life. It was very kind of you to think of the little difficulties we are having about procuring the customary luxuries—customary for us, clean plutocrats—such as tea, coffee, marmalade, and above all, soap. Heat and hot water are also suspended: but I have hot water brought me in a jug in the morning; yet the absence of it in the pipes makes me wash my hands less often than I used to during the rest of the day. Your good soap will last all the longer for that. It is much appreciated by the Mother General and some of the other Sisters to whom I have given a sample. We have never absolutely lacked soap, but it was sometimes not of a superfine quality.

I have now had letters from the family in Boston with more details about the death of my nephew George Sturgis. He was found dead in his bathtub one morning, in a bachelor apartment that he had in town (because he had bought a farm in New Hampshire, where he spent most of each week) The autopsy showed that he had died of thrombosis or a clot in the heart, for which they say there is no known remedy. I am awaiting business letters from the new person, a Mr. Appleton, who is left in charge of my affairs. But I am not anxious. The family is more interested than I, at my age, in preserving my property, and they will look after it. But I may have the nuisance of making a new will: and it is very hard now, with such taxes for legacies, to arrange the bequests that I wished to make, especially to my connections in Spain. I hadn't expected to live so long, much less to outlive the Sastre boys, all but one; and the younger generation are strangers to me. It is almost so with my Boston relations too, except for Bob Sturgis, George's eldest son, who has been repeatedly in Rome and is a big and good-looking fellow.

Life in Chicago must be very different from what I think of as your environment, in Cambridge or in Vienna. It has crossed my mind that you

might now return to Vienna in some official capacity: is there anything of that sort in the wind?

I was forgetting to thank you—or Mrs. Onderdonk?—for the two nice combs: but Sister Angela, the housekeeper here, who is Irish, said: “Here are the combs: now look for the hair.” But I still have eyebrows and a moustache, and a nice clean comb is a pleasure. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

3 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 3, 1945

Dear Rosamond: Your nice letter of Jan. 9 arrived some ten days also, and at the same time notice of a parcel waiting for me at the local post-office, beyond the Lateran Gate. It is a short and pleasant walk from here: and I had, on my return, all the excitement of a Christmas tree or child's birthday in opening the package, which had not been examined, and guessing what each thing would be. Everything was most welcome, even if (as in the case of sugar) I don't take it myself: but it is scarce, and it is a treat for the good Sisters. Don't think that I haven't a sweet tooth: I like marmalade, for instance, very much; but in liquids sugar seems to me to take away from the thirst-quenching freshness of the drink, and I like the accompanying solids sweet, to make me more thirsty. If I went on in this way, I might be taken for a glutton and epicure, and not a philosopher: I will be silent, and not spoil the reputation for austerity that I hope to acquire now that I have grown thin. Tea I am now getting from everybody, because it was the thing I most missed: now I have it every afternoon without fail, and this without feeling that I am depriving the Sisters of theirs. They are most of them of Irish or British extraction, and dote on tea: so that I am glad to get all that comes. The raisin biscuits I have gobbled up already and found excellent. Tea is my favourite meal, and always happier than the others, because it seems more casual: you can be reading at the same time; and the fact that liquids prevail in it over solids makes it seem less gross.

Letters have now come from Josephine and from Raymond Bidwell; also from Mr. Appleton, who is to be my Trustee. I have already written

him a long business letter, and no doubt we shall be able to disentangle my somewhat mixed affairs in time. I have abundant funds in the bank here, so that I need no monthly remittances of money for the present, and not for more than a year, unless the Italian lira should lose its value altogether, which I understand the authorities are bent on preventing.

I am sorry not to be able to write to Bob. Tell him that I have wished very much to do so, both on account of his loss and for the pleasure of being in communication with him. I count, if I live long enough, on seeing him again in Rome after the war. There is now a very spacious automobile more or less attached to this establishment, an old but low and long taxi, that takes me to town when I have anything to go for; if Bob were here we could go in it on architectural tours of inspection to the spots and vistas about Rome that I like best.^x

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

^xP.S. The thought suddenly comes to me: Why shouldn't you be of the party?

To Myron C. Taylor

4 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 4, 1945

To the
Hon. Myron C. Taylor
Personal Representative of the
President of the United States
to His Holiness the Pope

Dear Mr. Taylor,

It is very kind of you to send me a copy of the letter of January 10 from Charles Scribner's Sons about sending me funds. It adds to much evidence that I already had of Mr. Wheelock's friendly interest in my comfort and peace of mind. But his information was inaccurate: and my nephew George Sturgis, who had charge of my affairs until his death on December 20th last, had already sent me, for the last four months of 1944, the maximum remittance allowed of \$500; so that Mr. Wheelock's petition to send me as much again must have been duly refused. If by any chance funds

intended for me should be sent you, I beg you to return them if possible to their source. Through accidents which I will not trouble you about, I am more than provided for in Italian lire, and wish other assets to remain in dollars in America for the present.

With best thanks for your renewed kindness, Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

10 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 10, 1945

Dear Raymond: I have your very interesting letters of Jan. 12 and Jan. 18. You have the knack of telling me just the things that I like to hear about. With the slow mails of the day, particular answers to particular points are likely to be out of date when they are received. I have now heard^d from you and Josephine, and from both George's wives about his death and matters connected with it. "Carol" is very philosophical: but it is impossible to get a fair impression from a first letter written to an old man and a stranger. It was nice of her to write to me spontaneously and I have answered her with a feeling of sincere sympathy. Rosamond I know and have always liked, and we are on confidential and affectionate terms. Bob and I also have cottoned at once. To me it was a great pleasure to see him, in spite of the nuisance of not always catching what he said, as I am hard of hearing, and feeling that I often didn't reply intelligently to what he may have said. But I see that he speaks kindly of me, and that reassures me. If any of the other boys, Arthur Eldredge or Neville Sturgis, should turn up in Rome, I should be delighted to see them. The fame of your young David had already reached me. I suppose, with such a good head for science, he will be an engineer or a professor. The age seems to be turning to experts for government posts also, so that perhaps he may dazzle us some day in politics. That is now the top thing in America—as it was not at all in my old days.

As to business, I have received a nice letter from Mr. Appleton, and answered it at some length, explaining two matters that are on my mind:

1st the allowance, \$2000 a year in all, that George was sending our old family friend Mercedes Ruiz de la Escalera in Madrid. I suppose Mr. Nash, who I trust has recovered when you receive this letter, will attend to this matter; but I mentioned it to Mr. Appleton because the legacies left by my brother Robert and my sister Josephine for Mercedes don't quite come up to \$2000 and I was in the habit of making up the balance. She is 89 years old, and has no other resources, so that she will be anxious about her annuity.

The other matter that I wrote to Mr. Appleton about was the affair of the \$7000 that George sent me here to pay my three years' debt to the Sisters, but which came in Italian lire, not desired by them for so considerable a sum. Since in consequence I find myself with 700,000 lire in the bank here, I asked Mr. Appleton not to send me more monthly remittances of \$500, as George had done for the last four months of 1944 (received, of course with two months' or more delay) but as soon as it was allowed by the authorities to send \$7000 to the Hospital of the Little Company of Mary at Evergreen Park, Illinois, where the Sisters wish it to go.

Incidentally, I mentioned you in my letter to Mr. Appleton, but didn't ask him to place his order through you, because he had written in his letter to me, as follows: "What I would propose doing, if I am to be Trustee, would be to use {the Old Colony Trust Co.'s} Trust Department ... not only to care for the Trust Securities, but to keep all accounts, records, etc. including necessary tax matters. I would also have the advantage of using their investment knowledge". In view of this, it seemed to me inadvisable to cross the old gentleman's plans by any contrary suggestion at the very beginning of our business relations. In general, I avoid interfering in the management of my own affairs, especially at my age now, when any arrangement made is not likely to stand for many years.

I was glad to infer, from this transference of the Trust that it remains valid in spite of the death of the Trustee. I had been afraid that we might have to begin all over again. With affectionate greetings to all Yours

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 14, 1945

Dear Cory: I see by your letter of Jan. 29th, that you have been officially debasing my pure and legitimate English to conform with the vernacular. The substitution of on for in has been going on for ages, and no doubt is bound to go on further. We all say “on earth”, but King James’ Bible says “in earth;” and the immense difference appears more clearly in a line of Cary’s Dante: “I was a virgin sister in the earth.” That is lovely: a good translation of Io fui nel mondo vergine sorella. Imagine what a come-down if he had said “on earth”! As to passengers in ships, the Prayer Book prays only for them, not for those on ships: and I confess that, though we say “on board” and “on deck”, when I am in my cabin with perhaps three decks over my head, it seems absurd to say I am on the ship and not in her. But in ^(why not on?), ^ America I suppose they would say that Jonah was three days and three nights on his whale and not in her; and she might confirm that view by complaining that he had got on her stomach. I remember once throwing away a book that I had ordered from a catalogue. It was about the Greek Islands, and I had imagined a sensitive poetical description by some learned Oxonian: but the author was an “assistant professor” somewhere, and the first thing my eye fell on was the phrase “The temple on Delos.” I read not a word more. Islands have gone the way of ships in this respect, and in time we may have books about “The Cathedrals on Great Britain.” I hope at least you have allowed me to live and walk in streets and not on them. However, even the worst degradations of my diction will find me patient in this case. I regard this edition of Persons & Places as a mutilated victim of war, and dream of a standard edition, which probably I shall never see, in which the original words, the omitted passages, and the marginal comments (not headings, as in the Triton edition) shall be restored and the portraits and other illustrations shall be well reproduced. I don’t know why the class photograph in vol. I. though better than the beastly copy of it in the Triton volume, is still entirely different

in effect and expression from the original. In Avila they have a lot of old photographs that, if a decent reproduction were possible, might be interesting. There are also two miniatures (my mother's mother and her first child, Pepin) and some oil portraits: my father, Susana, Susana & me. I have an excellent photo of Russell in 1890; a good one of Westenholz, and a snap shot or two of Bob Potter. Also one of the interior of my room in Stoughton, and of the view from its windows.

Thank you again for the parcel, which came from you after all. It was the first to reach me, and the best so far; but now I expect them regularly from my relations, because I had written to George Sturgis, telling him what I wanted, and asking him to charge everything to me. They pay in any case, since anything charged to my account reduces their inheritance. This was the secret of our trouble about your royalties.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

17 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo
Rome, March 17, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Your kind letter of Feb. 9 has just arrived, giving me the news of your illness, from which I trust you have entirely recovered. Incidentally, it explains something that had long puzzled me; why you or Cory had rewritten the passage on p. 72 of vol. I. of Persons & Places. I had got a matter of fact wrong; I am afraid there may be dozens of such confusions in the book, because I rely on very few documents—only my father’s letters and Russell’s—and my memory is what in modern cant might be called “creative”. It seems to me very exact; very clear, and no doubt that illusion helps me to describe things vividly: but alas! not with historical truth. At bottom, I don’t much care to discriminate history from poetry: good history is unintentionally poetical, and poetry is inevitably a capital. historical document concerning the poet’s mind. But of course the false memory that the Chicago fire followed the Boston one ought not to have passed uncorrected, because it would have spoilt the fun I was making for those who knew the facts. Still, I am not reconciled to the omission of London, which makes the reference to Wren uncalled for: and I think I see a simple way of putting things right without violating the moral duty of telling the truth. Why not read: People wouldn’t speak of the London fire any more; they would say the Boston fire. Unluckily for Boston, Chicago had had an even bigger fire; etc?

As to the quotation from Dante in the note on p. 171, what strikes me as impossible is the accentuation: esser never is written “èsser” or volem (a dialectical form) volèm: if you_r copies have these accents it must be for some musical or didactic reason. Può is good modern Italian: but Dante here, according to my two different copies has puote. This second point doesn’t trouble me. I am not a Dante Scholar, and the verse reads well enough either way. But those accents attract attention, seem pedantic, and are not needed, to say the least. They are not wrong to guide the oral

accentuation: perhaps that is what they were meant to do, but it is not usual.

I am surprised and pleased at the news that you are publishing vol. II, this month. It seems very quick work. Did you ever get out the one volume edition of Realms of Being? It seems odd not to know whether one has published a book or not, and not to have seen it if issued.

I had promised Mrs. Potter a copy of vol. II in which she and her husband and several of their friends are mentioned. It may be too late, but I will ask you in any case to send her a copy to the address below.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

A copy of vol. II of Persons & Places, with the Author's compliments, to
Mrs. R. B. Potter
Smithtown Branch, Long Island, N.Y.

To Mary Potter Bush

21 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 21, 1945

Dear Mrs. Bush: Memory has always been like the radio, it equalizes all distances, and receiving a gift from you takes me back to our early acquaintance in New York, when you lived in Brooklyn and had a magnificent view of Manhattan just lighted up, while the evening light still showed the great blocks of buildings in perspective. I have been, as you doubtless, know, reviewing the past not so much sentimentally as egotistically, for my retrospective pleasure: much purer than was the pleasure of living through the actual events. This war disturbed me much less than the other: this was not a competition between rivals for the same things, but a shock between people with different objects in view. And the end seems to promise a more enlightened reconstruction than followed upon the other war. Besides, I have had the curious and agreeable experience of seeing young America pouring into Rome. A lot of army men have come to see me, as the oldest inhabitant of the village, and overwhelmed me with presents and other favours. And this brings me back to thanking you for your

parcel, so variously and thoughtfully filled with sweets and socks for the old body, without forgetting the professional interests of the old mind. I hear that Irwin Edman is at Harvard—I suppose temporarily only. I hope that, like me, you are finding the evening of life the pleasantest part of it

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 21, 1945

Dear Cory: This afternoon, immediately after lunch, I walked to the local post-office and received your second gift, this time not anonymous, of good things to eat and, above all, two welcome packages of tea. They now give me tea every afternoon without fail: it is the greatest fleshly comfort of my life; the body alone may take more pleasure in finding a hot-water-bottle in bed, when the feet are cold; but the soul does not participate in that pleasure with the same perspectives with which it surrounds afternoon tea. As the other meals are not very substantial, tea becomes relatively more important than ever. If you mean to send me more parcels—and I suppose the present facilities will be discontinued when the Allies retire their forces—please always include tea or coffee; and perhaps occasionally marmalade or biscuits, not sweet fancy biscuits but substantial plain ones. I beg the same from my relations in Boston, because I am afraid of gobbling up all the poor Sister's gifts of tea and coffee, and should be glad on the contrary to be able to contribute something for their use. Soap I have been able to give them, because Onderdonk, who is living in Chicago, sent me a box with twelve cakes of a superior toilet soap which I was able to pass on to them. We have never been absolutely without soap, but for a time it was not plentiful nor very good. Now it is better: also

water and electric light and gas for cooking: but coal and heating in winter are still desideranda. Figs and dates also come in nicely, because we have hardly any desert now, not even fruit, and these dainties are an excellent substitute for pies and tarts and milk-puddings. There is something of another kind altogether that perhaps you could send me—a pair of lined invalid’s slippers, for the winter. In the morning I have this year solved the problem of keeping warm by staying in bed. I can repeat that next year; but towards evening my feet and hands get cold; and it is otherwise more convenient to sit up at least until after dinner.—I mention these things-I-should-like freely, because I hope that soon our financial relations may be cleared up, so that in begging something of you I shall not seem to be reducing your allowance, but simply giving you a separate commission, as I should have done for books, had you been allowed to send me any. When will the royalties for vol II of Persons & Places begin to come in? I wish you to receive them directly, if they can’t be sent to me in a form that will permit me to use them freely, for instance, in giving you an allowance, as I did before the war. If you had an allowance, the cost of any thing that I asked you to send me, would be of course added, and sent to you separately. But for a time I am afraid such cheques will be interfered with, and you had better have the whole of my royalties—minus taxes—in lieu of a fixed allowance. If it is a largish sum, so much the better for you. I don’t need it. I have a large sum in the bank here, and have asked Mr. Appleton [*across*] not to send me any more monthly remittances for the present.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Myron C. Taylor

25 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 25, 1945

To the
Hon. Myron C. Taylor
Personal Representative of the
President of the United States
to his Holiness the Pope

Dear Mr. Taylor:

Once more I beg to thank you for your kindness in transmitting the order in my favour, from Charles Scribner's Sons, on the Banco di Napoli.

I had thought that permission to send me this money would be denied by the Treasury, since they had already granted such permission to my nephew; but his death having interrupted the remittances, apparently good Mr. Wheelock has succeeded in having his petition granted. I am grateful to him for his good will, although, as I explained in my letter the other day, I now need no aid.

Thank you also for sending him a copy of my letter to you, which may reach him sooner than those I had written to him directly.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

29 March 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
March 29, 1945

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is the second part of my book. As usual, there is no hurry about it, please take your time. I like to have a certain distance intervene before I look over the typed text: it gives me a chance to notice errors and useless repetitions into which I may have fallen.

I now have an account at the Banco di Napoli here, and should be glad at any time to discharge my old and new debts to you in lire if that satis-

fied you. If not, I am in hopes of soon being free to draw on Brown Shipley & C^o but as yet have heard nothing.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Philip M. Hayden

5 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbiana)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 5, 1945.

Mr. Philip M. Hayden
Secretary of Columbia University
New York,

Dear Mr. Hayden: Your letter announcing the award of the Nicholas Murray Butler medal is the more gratifying for being unexpected. I have always felt that Columbia looked at my philosophy with a benevolent eye; but I am especially pleased that this generous recognition of my work should regard Realms of Being in particular, which might be expected to appeal less to the spirit of the times than some of my earlier books. The honour coming at this moment and in this form gives me the deep satisfaction of feeling that I have been understood.

As to the disposal of the medal, I am in a position of some difficulty. It can hardly be sent to me here: perhaps you had better keep it until some one you can trust offers to bring it to me. Eventually, as I have no near relations, I think it had better go to the Treasure Room of the Harvard University Library, where they have various relics of mine.

I enclose a photograph taken by the Army men here last summer, in the fashion that I believe is preferred by the public, as informal as possible.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

7 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 7, 1945

Dear Clemens

Your letter, and your present of most welcome little luxuries have arrived safely: but I am afraid books, as being only ghostly goods, cannot yet reach us. We ought to send these to you in exchange, but I am afraid, we are reduced to importing them also. However, a very lively young man named Viereck left me yesterday a copy of a small Italian review called Mercurio in which there are some good articles, and much evidence of “liveliness” in the intellectual sector.

With my best thanks and wishes

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

7 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 7, 1945

Dear Mr. von Hagen

More than one kind letter of yours has reached me, but no books as yet, I think, are accepted by the post-office for transmission to Italy, unless addressed to the American forces: and through them, and through one or two English friends, I have received a number of books and reviews: Fontaine, Mercurio, and Horizons. Of yours, I am afraid nothing will

reach me as yet. If later, when things become normal (if they ever do, according to our old easy standards) I should be delighted to see anything you write about savages, birds, seas, and islands. About Spanish adventurers, I am less sure of your sympathies. There is still a good deal of prejudice against things Spanish in the tradition of English-speaking people, especially when in the Westward Ho! and No Popery! atmosphere. You had better not send me anything in that key.

I have never seen so many people as have come to visit me in this nursing home; I have become the oldest inhabitant of the village, that all strangers are taken to look at.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

8 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 8, 1945

Dear Cory: Yours of March 27, through Freidenberg, must have come by air; I received it some days ago, and replied at once to the Secretary of Columbia University. In his communication I notice the extreme old age of those who have been getting the Butler Medal. They began with Bertie when he was comparatively young, but now they seem to find nothing new and revert to the crop of the 1890's! ^But who is Thorndike?^ What you say in compliment to the Realms surprises me. I thought you had moved in some other direction and didnt like to say much about it to me. Have the Realms appeared in a single volume?

As to Persons & Places I am afraid Mr. Wheelock is irritated with me about my complaints, or perhaps about the failure of the Book Club to take up vol. II. I think I had better not write to him for a while, until there is something definite and new to discuss. For instance, apropos of the Index, he says, if Russell's family name was Russell and not Stanley, do I

wish the footnote on p. 139 to be cut out? No: it won't mislead anyone who knows that R. was the grandson & heir of Lord John Russell, and the elder brother of Bertie. But I won't trouble Mr. Wheelock about such a trifle. He says too that there will be English spelling in vol. II. and that ultimately all three volumes will be bound in one. That is not at all my dream of the final illustrated and complete edition! But I see that it would make an economical standard edition for the general public. You must manage to have, some day, an édition de luxe, to appease my Shade. But how is the English spelling in vol. II. to be bound together with the American spelling in vol. I. (which I confess I didn't like at all, but said nothing about, because I thought officially or unofficially it might be a consequence of the war)? All this, however, is entre nous. You might some day broach the subject, as coming from you; but I don't want to hurt Mr. Wheelock's feelings, when he has been working so hard over my book and over my supposed need of money. Until December last, in fact, I had received nothing; but even then I had a few thousand lire left for trifles, and the Mother General, far from dunning me, offered to lend me whatever I might need. There was therefore never any cause for anxiety about pocket-money. And this winter I have avoided any serious discomfort from cold, and the vegetable diet agrees with me and at least morally improves my aspect.

The Idea of Christ, part II, is being typed.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 15, 1945

Dear Cory: Two robust sergeants, send by Freidenberg, who tomorrow becomes a Warrant Officer, have just brought me your letter of April 4, with the enclosed order for the remainder of the “escrow” in the Bank. I hope it will be enough to pay for your holidays in Maine. I have written to Mr. Wheelock, saying that I wish all my royalties to be paid to you for the present, since international banking seems to be impossible, and is likely to remain difficult for some time. My own account with Brown Shipley & C^o has been “transferred to the Custodian of enemy property,” according to an inscription in red across an old cheque in favour of Miss Tindall, which she has returned. She is now willing to receive lire, so that I shall clear all indebtedness to her as soon as she returns Part II of the Idea of Christ, which she is now copying.

Your father’s sentiments about English speech prove the relativity of morals and aesthetics. He might object to an English accent in you, if it were noticeable, but in Mrs. Cory he ought to regard it as an interesting and agreeable natural fact, like bird-notes. And in this case they are so much lighter and sweeter!

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Myron C. Taylor

25 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 25, 1945

Hon. Myron C. Taylor,
Personal Representative of the
President of the United States
to his Holiness the Pope

Dear Mr. Taylor:

I beg to acknowledge your note of yesterday, enclosing a registered notice from the Banco di Napoli, Rome, dated April 10, 1945 (N^o 7585) showing the deposit of Lire 48,896, desposited there to my account by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Let me thank you also for your letter of April 14, enclosing copies of letters from Mr. John Hall Wheelock, addressed to you and to me, which I was glad to see.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Dino Rigacci

29 April 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Rigacci)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma. 29 Aprile, 1945

Amico Dino : La Madre Generale, e anche la Marchesa Origo, che ha avuto la gentilezza di farmi una visita, me hanno dato notizie da Fiesole, ma non tanto precise e interessanti come quelle di sua lettera, che mi tranquillizzano alquanto sullo stato della villa, e le vicende della guerra per Lei e sua famiglia. Qui a Roma, e in questa casa, siamo stati lasciati relativamente in pace. Io sto bene, ma invecchiato, e non penso più a viaggiare. Più tardi, quando le comunicazioni saranno rese normali, e si potranno spedir dei libri, la pregherò di mandarmi qualcuni dei miei— Le Mille e Una Notte, il Chisciotto (in Spagnuolo) e forse qualqu'altro: ma ancora è presto per parlarle di queste fantasie. Ma come oggi dicono che è finita la guerra, è permesso di farsi qualche illusione

Tante grazie per la bella lettera e la cura che ha avuto di tutto. Dai Marchesi di Cuevas non ho avuto notizie per molti anni.

Saluti alla famiglia e auguri da

GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

9 May 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 9, 1945

Dear Raymond: Josephine's letter of March 27, yours of April 4, and one from Mr. Appleton of the same date have all arrived together, and clear up what I didn't understand about the annuity for Mercedes Escalera. I didn't know that ~~that~~ that small Trust of my sister Josephine's in Mercedes' favour had become inadequate and had been dissolved, and that the capital was being sent to her instead of what I supposed was the income of that Trust. But I ought to have contributed half of that \$1000 as well as the part of the other \$1000 not covered by my brother's legacy to Mercedes; because I inherited one half of my sister Josephine's money, and ^{your} Josephine and George together the other half, as representing their father. It may not be worth while now to correct that error: but it can be balanced by letting me pay the whole annuity (save my brother's contribution) for the future, as I asked Josephine to see should be done. It won't be an arrangement for a long period, as Mercedes is 89 and I am 81. But if ~~I~~ I should die first, she mustn't be left with nothing to live on. I must arrange some way of providing for that eventuality, which doesn't seem probable, yet might well occur. What would be the simplest way of managing it? A codicil to my will?

Mr. Appleton has sent me a power of attorney, such as you speak of, which I will sign and send to him, or rather as he recommends to the Old Colony Trust Company “for the attention of Mr. S^T. P. Salmon, Trust Officer, account #4-4450” with whom I am to communicate in future in business matters. It sounds very systematic, regimented, and official to a person like me who never has had anything to do with business, lawyers, or government. But the organization of liberty is a grand thing, a little like a steam-roller. I am willing to be rolled, if enough to live on is squeezed into me in the process. I am content that it should be only in philosophy that, as the Upanishads put it, I wander alone like the rhinoceros. I have to go to the American Consulate or Embassy to have the document legalized, and it may not be possible this week, on account of Ascension Day tomorrow, and peace celebrations and holidays on the other days; especially as I have to wait until the taximan who takes me to town (for sundry hundreds of lire) and he is not always disengaged. It is not an official taxicab, but private property of the driver, and is more or less in the service of the Sisters: and his old spacious machine is often out of order. Regular conveyances are not yet available in Rome, with any comfort for a man of the age of your affectionate uncle GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

9 May 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 9, 1945

My dear Rosamond: The new parcel from you has duly arrived. The tea and sugar have been committed to the guardianship of Sister Angela, the housekeeper, who says that I have now tea enough for all summer and all next winter: but that may be a pious prophecy. Anyhow, I am now assured of always having my afternoon tea, which as I have written to you is my greatest fleshly comfort. And now it is turned also into a luxury by your rich and solid Festive Fruit Cake, which I keep among the bookshelves in my room, and cut slices off horizontally, with a sharp knife, after my gross appetite has been quieted by some jam or pâté-de-foie-gras sandwiches.

You may take it for granted that the jam in this case is not jam and the pâté-de-foie-gras not genuine either: but I call them so out of courtesy and because they are really very good. The big cake is lasting splendidly, and I still have enough left for the rest of this festive week—since it is the week of the peace in Europe after our five or six years of war.

The first thing I thought of when the sirens and churchbells began to sound was that you would be relieved of most of your inevitable anxiety about Bob and Neville; but what they probably most want is the end of their time of service, and a return home. Bob, at least, I suppose will be allowed at least a holiday soon, as he has been in the fray for years. Let me congratulate you on their duty done and their safety.

I have now taken up an old piece of work that I have had hanging over me for many years—since before the other war—on politics: and that reminds me of what you say about your brother and your sympathy with his views. You mustn't think that, because I am an individualist in the matters that most concern me and my philosophy, which are rather speculative and religious matters, I am blind to the artificial and often cruel conventions of society. I think "the world" is terribly mismanaged. My ideal would be a much simpler material and social life; and I have no illusions about the happiness or sanctity of home and family; nor does private property seem to me a blessing to the private soul. What perhaps justifies it, and also monogamy, and family life, is rather that it seems to offer an incentive for work and enterprise and economy useful to the material welfare of the State. But my ideal would be a communistic public life, as in the Spartan upper class or as in a monastery, if it went with perfect liberty in thought and in the arts, like painting or writing. And I should limit all the luxuries to public gardens, libraries, churches, theatres and clubs, where each member might satisfy his own taste and develop his own vocation. I have lived myself as far as possible on that plan, and found it satisfactory. But I dread uniformity imposed upon mankind; that is a waste of opportunities and a dull slavery. That is what I dislike in democracy and social pressure. But I mustn't write a third page, until some other day. Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

9 May 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

May 9, 1945

Dear Miss Tindall,

Very well, if you are sure that you have counted every thing since Æ March, 1942; but it seems to me very little for so much work—and paper—during such difficult times. My wits, however, are not now to be trusted implicitly, and I content myself with rounding out your total a little, and hoping that you are not cheating yourself.

Also that you will have a refreshing if brief holiday in England. How I should like to be transported there, too, if only I could find my legs, my friends, lodgings, and travel such as they used to be twenty years ago!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

25 May 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome. May 25, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Let me add a postscript to my letter—with enclosures—of the other day. The MS of The Idea of Christ was called for yesterday and committed to the care of Captain—(I never catch the names people announce themselves to possess when I first see them)—and may have reached you before these letters. And yesterday I received your note of April 19, with Christopher Morley’s review of “The Middle Span”. I wish I could see also his review of the first volume. His detailed appreciations are penetrating and sympathetic, except that he emphasises too much, in my own attitude, the penetration at the expense of the sympathy. In his collection of notices entitled The Powder of Sympathy, (1927), he said very subtle and perceptive things about my “Character & Opinion in the U.S.” But his comments are all in one key; he hardly sees the wood for the trees, and I don’t think, although he understands me so well in every part, that he feels the direction of my own feeling on the whole.

However, one cannot be a judge of oneself, and so much appreciation must be appreciated. Thank you for sending me the review.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

5 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 5, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Today I have the pleasure of receiving your letter of April 16, with two good reviews of “The Middle Span”, two copies of which, as I think I have already written, were brought to me by our friend Freidenberg, in his brand new officer’s uniform. He also brought me a large can of marmalade, which has become the bright spot in my afternoon tea. He is invaluable. He has been moved, however, to a more lively military centre.

This morning I had been to the bank and cashed your third remittance Lire 48,490. I enclose the draft, that you may see the form in which these remittances reach me. This one was addressed simply to the Vatican City, but found its way to Mr. Taylor’s office and to the American consulate, from one of which it was addressed to me here. With this I hope your kindness will not be abused any more about these business matters.

This is a great moment in American political life and history: not quite the moment for relishing my cool way of talking about the America of thirty to fifty years ago. But I couldn’t change my memories: I might at best have abstained from publishing them. But ...

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I enclose also a letter about reprinting two of my sonnets in a school reading book. You are better able to answer for me than I for you. Of course I agree, if you have no objection.

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

7 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 7, 1945

Dear Raymond: I am writing to Josephine today to say that your two parcels, with tea, coffee, marmalade, and two different kinds of crackers have arrived in perfect condition. I am much obliged, only think you are taking this matter of sending packages too seriously, and putting yourselves to a great deal of trouble. It is not a necessity to have these condiments, but it makes one's meals pleasanter. You will end, if you go on like this, in making me fat again.

You ask me to be frank, and in regard to food-stuffs I have suggested some little variants to Josephine, though what you have been sending has been exactly what I most wanted at [*illegible*]first. But don't trouble to send me newspaper cuttings because, I don't understand the jokes and have never heard of most of the notabilities photographed and referred to as if their names were household words. You must consider that it is thirty-three years since I was in America!

Mr. Appleton has relieved my mind about Mercedes by writing (on April 26th) that \$1000 had already been sent her this year. I had just got a letter from her saying she had received nothing since October 24, 1944. She will be comforted.

The season is lovely here now, but the political atmosphere remains rather unsettled.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

8 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 8, 1945

Dear Onderdonk: You know how weak old men's memories become for current events. I can remember or rather reconstruct old scenes most vividly; but what happened last week or last month is lost in the fog. For this reason I can hardly remember whether a second parcel from you, containing only tea, has reached me or not. Such a parcel, once or twice, has actually come; but some have arrived anonymously, so that, if I didn't write to thank you, it either didn't get to me at all, or did so without your name. In any case, let me thank you now for your kind intention. But don't send anything more. The family have now begun to attend to my little wants regularly.

That same forgetfulness of recent things makes me wonder what I can have said in my last letters to suggest that I was "submitting" a legal question to you, so that you have consulted colleagues about it, and sent me a long letter of legal advice. Did I say that I was in doubt whether I had better make a new Trust and Will or not? I am still in doubt about it, but only for family and moral reasons. The legal side will be amply looked after by Mr. Appleton and the Old Colony Trust C^o who had been appointed beforehand by George Sturgis and me, to succeed the late M^r Gardiner in case of George's death. I have had nothing to do except to get a new Power of Attorney legalized at the American consulate here.

I am glad you refrained from sending me the review in Camby's paper about the second volume of *Person's & Places*, [entitled "The Middle Span" without my knowledge or consent for commercial reasons: but it is an integral part of the whole book, and will ultimately, I hope, appear, with volume third, in an edition with illustrations, marginal comments (omitted, I suppose, for economy) and the suppressed passages: but I shall not see that edition, so that I can indulge in the illusion that it will be magnificent.] Such selected reviews of vol. II as I have seen have shown more tolerance than I had expected, especially in this time of political ardour and glory. The most appreciative is by Christopher Morley: he understands my spirit perfectly; only my philosophy is ignored, which is better than if it were misrepresented.—By the way, I am not in the least "Beyond Good and Evil"; you meant perhaps beyond praise and blame: and even

that is not true when the praise or blame are intelligent. Certainly mere anger doesn't affect me. Anger always has a cause, and in that sense may be important; but it never has a reason, and therefore should be disregarded in correcting one's own sentiments.

My next book, on "The Idea of Christ" will surprise people by being entirely different, and will make a different set of people angry. But it will please the High Church party, when they are not really believers.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

9 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 9, 1945

Dear Mr. Kyllmann,

Thank you for your letter of May 7, with the enclosed note from Avila, which I will answer directly. If you did so from your office, it will have relieved my friends there of the fear that I had perished in a bombardment.

Thank you also for keeping copies of your edition of Persons & Places for me; when it is possible for you to send them it will interest me very much to see them. The American edition was issued without my seeing the proofs, or even knowing that the MS had reached Scribner until one of the American army men who have been coming to see me (as the oldest inhabitant of the village) presented me with a copy. Scribner took pains

with the book and there are not many printer's errors; but one or two unfortunate corrections or misunderstandings of my text crept in, especially in regard to Spanish and even English names in the Index. The printer's errors and American spelling you will have had a chance to correct, but I send you a short list of the mistakes that I should like to have corrected in any future issues; for I dream of an eventual complete edition, with some illustrations and suppressed passages, and the third volume complete. It [^]vol. III[^] is written, but I don't wish it to appear for the present.

As to volume second (which is entitled The Middle Span without my knowledge or consent) I remember the fears you had in regard to The Last Puritan, lest the landlord of The King's Arms at Sandford should sue us for libel. Here, in the chapter on Russell, there [^]are[^] some really scandalous things reported. What concerns Lady Scott and her daughter was public property since the trials, and I suppose her descendents, if any, would not care to ventilate the matter further. In regard to the sisters whom I call the ^{^^}"Billings"^{^^} girls (that is not their real name) I know nothing; but you can judge better than I whether, at this date, and their quarrel with Russell having been settled out of court more than fifty years ago, they have any legal ground for complaint. I should have preferred for these reasons not to publish my recollections until all the persons mentioned and their children were dead: but then I should have been dead too, and I confess that I feared to leave my work entirely in the hands of others, who might not regard it, as I do, from the point of view of eternity.

Scribner has just telegraphed that they have received the MS of "The Idea of Christ in the Gospels", conveyed to them in person by an obliging officer on leave.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

9 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome, June 9, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Yesterday Mr. Taylor sent me your cablegram announcing that you had received the MS of The Idea of Christ. Thank you for relieving my mind of all doubts on the subject; but the truth is that I was not anxious, having developed, under American influences, an extraordinary amount of confidence in mankind and in fortune generally: my “animal faith” extended to human society where science might justify it less than in regard to the material world. Besides, I have two other copies in reserve, the original manuscript and the other typed copy, in which I have made all the corrections and omissions that are indicated in the thin paper copy that I sent you. I hope you had a chance of thanking the officer who took it to you: really a kindness from a stranger I had never seen before and whose name I don’t know! But I have learned that trust is the secret of success in life—when one isn’t a fool.

Will it be possible to send me the galley proofs of this book? Even if there were not time for me to send them back I might now telegraph any correction that seemed to me really desirable. Clearly printer’s errors or accidents don’t matter, but ambiguities or false notes in the composition are worth correcting to prevent needless misunderstandings. Thank you for telegraphing. Yours sincerely

G Santayana

To José Sastre González

10 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Roma, 10 de Junio, 1945

Querido Pepe: Poco despues de la [*illegible*]muerte de Jorge Sturgis me escribió su viuda (Carolina no Rosamunda) incluyendo copia de una carta tuya dirigida a Jorge con fecha del 8 de Marzo, 1944; en ella dices tenías

noticias de mi, despues del primer bombardeo de Roma, y que al parecer yo no tenía intención de salir de Roma por eso. Ni hubiera sido posible, a mis años y con mis achaques, Aquí todo ha pasado como los truenos y relámpagos en las nubes; y desde que entraron los aliados, me vienen a ver muchos soldados americanos, algunos oficiales y hasta algunas señoras, como si yo fuese una de las ruinas o monumentos antiguos de la ciudad eterna. Es curioso, pues cuando yo vivia en los Estados Unidos, nadie se ocupaba de mi ni leia mis libros. Ha debido ser efecto de mi novela.

Ahora Constable & C^{ia} de Lóndres me mandan una carta tuya del 8 de Febrero, 1945, pidiendo noticias de mi paradero. Pues ya lo sabes: sigo aquí, contento y con buena salud. Se puede dirigir la correspondencia directamente: tengo carta de Mercedes del 11 de Abril: tardan dos meses, pasando por Inglaterra. Cariñosos recuerdos a Isabel, y a [*illegible*] toda esa familia, de
 Jorge

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

12 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
 Rome, June 12, 1945

Dear Raymond: By way of postscript to my letter of the other day, let me add that a third parcel has now arrived, containing all kinds of crackers and wafers, honey, chocolate, etc., all complete. Thank you very much.

The trouble with foodstuffs is that they tempt one to eat them up, and then you miss them; whereas the ascetic abstinence involved in not having [^]choice[^] foodstuffs accustoms one not to expect them. However, this is only a seesaw between two combinations of plenty and want, and it is nice to change from one to the other. I am now in the age of plenty; so much so that I begin to choose, and to look the gift-horses in the mouth. Having plenty of marmalade, I have given your honey to the housekeeper, for sweetening pastry, etc. which nuns are good at making, only that now they have no sugar. If you send me more jams, this is the order in which I prefer them: 1st orange marmalade, 2nd apricot jam, 3rd strawberry jam. I am thinking of what I have been used to in these parts. Perhaps in America there are other choice things that I don't remember: somebody spoke to me lately of tomato jam, which I had never heard of. In general I prefer sweet things to have something bitter or sour or ginger-like in them—this applies to love also—and currant jam (if there is such a thing) ought to have this contrast in it, which is what philosophers call dialectic. That is why I don't relish honey so much. It has no dialectic in it. It is too dogmatically sweet.

This postscript threatens to become a treatise on the contradictions of the human palate: I was once a professor, and the habit is hard to throw off. However I will stop my lecture here—until next time!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 17, 1945

Dear Cory: I am glad you have made such a satisfactory beginning as a public lecturer; and I hope that this may open a path—not necessarily in the Presbyterian Church—for you: although if you are too successful you will stay in America, and it will be harder for you to come to see me, as I still hope may be possible. And you could then take away with you such of my old MS as you thought worth preserving, or as I regard as fit for publication after my death. It would prevent delay in getting them to you, if other people had them in hand when I disappear.

As to the Realms of Being, evidently the publication of them in one volume was a happy thought on the part of Scribner's: and \$4, as things go, is not a prohibitive price for such a book, as the price of the four separate volumes would be for most people. I havent seen the book yet. When it comes I will reread it, not only for errata, but to gain a clearer perspective of the whole in my own mind. The Idea of Christ, I hope, will help to make people understand the Realm of Spirit better. Your friend Swami is right in saying that there is nothing new in my conclusion: but the point is that it is reached by a modern approach; and again by a Christian approach in The Idea of Christ.

Yours affe^{ly} GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

21 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 21, 1945

Dear Rosamond: Another parcel from you has arrived safely, containing tea, marmalade, and fruit biscuits. It is just what I most care to have, as my afternoon tea is my daily feast, which I can more or less control, while in a big religious establishment regular meals have to be taken as they come. On the whole this system has proved excellent for my health, in spite of the limitations imposed by scarcity of almost everything in the markets; still, things are not always as appetising or as varied as I could wish. But afternoon tea comes from the housekeeper's private kitchen in this same passage, and she, Sister Angela, usually brings it to me herself, instead of the housemaid Maria who serves my other meals: and we have a friendly talk about things ~~in~~ in general, and of course about food in particular. She is Irish and motherly: sometimes she wants to give me brandy or whiskey, (as the Mother General, also Irish, does too) but I draw the line at that, being a Dago. At meals I drink the local white wine, or Marsala, a kind of port. As I have asked everybody for tea, Sister Angela says that I have enough for a long time to come: so that if you send me anything more, I suggest that it be coffee for the present instead of tea, and more fruit biscuits or perhaps another big festive fruit cake such as you sent me before,

which keeps beautifully and makes one feel that one is always at a wedding. But my conscience reproaches me for abusing your kindness in all this, and you must let me at least pay in some way for my victuals. My finances are now almost in running order; and before long I hope to be in easy communication with the Old Colony Trust Company, that now looks after my money. There are some troublesome points about my debt to the Sisters for the three years during which I paid them nothing, and about Mercedes' allowance (she is now 89, and active); but when those pressing matters are settled, I am going to consider the question of a new Trust or Will, since my present provisions are no longer up to date, and it may be better for me to rearrange everything in harmony with the altered circumstances.

I am sorry not to be able to communicate directly with Bob. Please give him my love, and tell him that I would have sent him the second volume of my Persons & Places if I had known how to address it. I have as yet got copies only through army men now in Rome. [*illegible*] I could have had it sent from New York by the publishers, only they were too quick for me.

[*across*] Do you stay in Weston all summer, or are you and Nat somewhere at the seaside or in the mountains? Rome is becoming warm, but I spend the day comfortably in pyjamas. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To David Page

28 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 28, 1945

Dear Mr. Page: Did you ever see an article of mine on "Many Nations in one Empire" published in 1934 in a review that a young man named Otis, who seemed to have an independent mind, had founded, and which had, I believe, a short career? The review was entitled "The New Frontier" and printed at Exeter, New Hampshire. I have a copy of that article somewhere, but can't find it. It has occurred to me that it might be resurrected, in part rather than as a whole, and might seem to have some actuality, while the fact that it was written more than ten years ago would clear it of

all appearance of being provoked by any contemporary criticism or contemporary event. Criticisms and events pass away quickly: requiescant in pace. But my article considers ideal possibilities; observes that material cooperation and organisation are evidently demanded in the world: it seems to have been what both sides in this war have been proposing to establish. And, admitting that, I asked what power would be competent to direct such an economic reorganisation. And I suggested that Russia, if it really allowed each minor nation to preserve its Kultur, would be the best, because it had the requisite military tradition and capacity, with no political commitments beyond the economic sphere. Now, of course, when the U.S. have become the leading military and economic power, it might seem that it was for the U.S. to control the general international economy. It may so turn out; but I should not myself subscribe to it as an ideal, because “Democracy” is apparently to be imposed as a condition for partnership in the materially co-operative society. The Russians also talk of “friendly” politics being imposed as a condition; which I excluded in my reflections as incompatible with vital freedom in nations and in individuals. But if the Russians abandoned their sectarian propaganda, their “historical materialism” would prepare them to guide material interests fairly, for the moderate benefit and peace of all.

See what you think of my article, if you can lay your hands on it. My notion is that you or somebody else should envelop quotations from it in a fresh article of your own. Otherwise I am afraid it will not be possible for me at present to offer you anything.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

29 June 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 29, 1945

Dear Mrs. Bush: It is pleasant to know through you that you see the Corys and the Kallens. I didn't know Kallen was married, but I have once seen Mrs. Cory and got a favourable impression of her. Cory also has written about seeing you and enjoying your conversation as well as your excellent dinners. I should be glad if he made his way in literary circles in New York, as his career is somewhat on my conscience. Strong and I detained him too long in Europe, without attracting him decidedly enough into the magnetic field of our technical philosophies.

You mention my old little book about German Egotism. You know that this war has caused it to be reissued in England and much more appreciated than it was originally: and here in Italy, I find that my thesis about the historical background of philosophic egotism is current—not by any connexion with me—in Catholic circles. It all goes back to Luther, through German idealism. But national egotism and voracity is not confined to Germans. The big trees cannot help overshadowing the little ones.—With best wishes and recollections

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To John Hall Wheelock

9 July 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 9, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: I have not replied at once to your letter of May 21, received on June 16 (for I believe nothing comes by air as yet for the general public) because I wanted to look at those old things of mine in verse

before deciding what to say to you about them. In any case there would be no occasion to send you the original manuscripts. I could send you a typed copy, as in the case of Persons & Places, and The Idea of Christ: Miss Tindall, who is employed at the British Legation to the Vatican, has gone for a holiday, but will be back in August. Meantime I may be able to cut out or rewrite some feeble passages in the two plays: and when you have seen them, if you think they will not shock the public, they might be published. But the Posthumous Poems (not more than twenty short pieces) cannot appear while I am still above-ground; they end with a Poet's Testament and an Epitaph. In fact, I had an idea of not printing them at all. They are written on stiff paper, in [*the next five words are printed neatly*] clear formal script like this, and contain some pen sketches or decorations; they might be photographed and published as reproductions of the manuscript. But this will be for you and Cory to arrange when the time comes. There is another reason, besides the implication in the title, for not letting Posthumous Poems out of my hands while I live, and that is that I often add to them, not original pieces, but translations of bits that I like and have learned by heart in other languages. Learning them by heart is a prerequisite, so that the translation may come as a fresh plant grown out of the old seed and not be a pedantic patchwork. I am now trying to hatch such a translation of the beginning and the end of the third elegy of Book First of Tibullus. I had neglected Tibullus, thinking him feeble in comparison with Catullus: but now having reread both, I have felt a certain brave spirit in him which deepens his love affairs and makes him perfect. Here isare the genuine young man's feelings, on a noble background, which appeared for me, somewhat out of focus, in Alfred de Musset or in the Shropshire Lad. But the thing is almost impossible to convey, and there are difficulties in finding a suitable metre and vocabulary. However, this is a source of entertainment and pleasure which I don't want to cut off.

Has there been a change of tone in the critics about old-fashioned English versification? A contemporary of mine, Shippen, and one or two unknown correspondents, have given me that impression. Your own interest in my poetry is most flattering. I have never hated all my verses: only thought prose a better vehicle in my case. Yours sincerely G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 July 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 15, 1945

Dear Cory,

Petrone has turned up here. He was transferred from Berlin to Buda-Pesth before the worst bombardments, and so escaped with his life, but all his books, which he left in a cellar supposed safe, were afterwards destroyed by a giant bomb. In Hungary at first he taught at the University, but afterwards was interned for not adhering to Mussolini's Republic. How he got through to Italy he hasn't told me, but here he is, and now wants to find a place in America. I don't think his English is really good enough for a lecturer, but he says when he brushes it up, as he did once when in England, it does very well. Nothing will come of this. They will make him a village school master somewhere for I suppose he has some "pull" with the new government: but if you know of any pamphlet, or can get one at Columbia, about foreigner's in the U.S., their admission into the country, on what conditions, and about places for foreign professors (now many of the old refugees must be going back to Germany, etc.) I should be glad to have it, so as to head him off from his project.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

24 July 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 24, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Today I receive your letter of June 25 (there is no air-mail as yet for private correspondence) and am glad that those little documents about Cory's affairs have reached you, and him, safely. Thank you also for the information about royalties paid to one's heirs after one's death. The perpetuity of them after the copyright expires seems rather strange; but I suppose after some decades, even if a book is still reprinted and sold, it would seldom be by the original publishers; so that the occasion for distributing a dead author's profits among hundreds of his descendents would seldom arise.

Mr. Appleton writes that he has received the power of attorney that I had sent him, so that now he is fully qualified to act for me. He says that he will still have to employ Mr. Nash, George Sturgis's executor, to communicate to him "the taxes, if any" on my royalties. Why should you not now communicate directly with Mr. Appleton on that subject? I am suggesting this to Mr. T. P. Salmon, who is in special charge of my account at the Old Colony Trust C^o P. O. Box, 2016, Boston.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 July 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 28, 1945

Dear Cory: The parcel containing lined slippers was picked up yesterday by me—or rather by two Sisters who accompanied me in a motor on an excursion to town. The slippers are just what I needed—not now, for it is

the hottest time of the year—but next winter. The parcel had been opened and was rather crushed, but all was well with the contents. The card with the description of the contents is a new feature and makes it harder for rascals to tamper with what is sent, as has often happened. This encourages me to ask you to send me two pairs of pyjamas, of the largest size, here N^o 4, because I can easily shorten the legs and sleeves and like the width elsewhere. I have been living night and day for years in pyjamas. I had three good pairs, two made to order, and they have lasted four years. Poplin seems to be the most durable stuff, and does not shrink. I prefer even colours, not stripes, anything that is quiet and will do for a shirt by putting a black tie on with it. In this way, with a scarf over, I can go out in pyjamas even in winter. If you will always put down the price paid, I will make a note of it, \$7.50 this time, and eventually, send you the money.

I have been rereading Vanbraugh's plays. The comic scenes are as good as Shakespeare, but the polite conversation, sentiment, and morals are luckily out of date.—I am glad those little documents reached you safely. Let me know something about how you spend your time.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

17 August 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 17, 1945

My dear Clemens: I haven't the least recollection of the letter to you that you refer to; but if I said anything wise in it, you are welcome to reproduce it in your Memoirs, with or without acknowledgements. It is really a great compliment to think that what one is quoting is of one's own inspiration; and it discourages the love of flattery in one's neighbour, which is a true benefit, as being mentioned may not be. I have lately come upon things of Chesterton's, for instance his little book about St. Thomas

Aquinas, that raised my estimation of him as a critic: as a wit, I find him tiresome, as is too much punning.

My next book—which is a religious one, or at least about religion—will come out probably early in 1946: it is now in the press; but it is not the third volume of Persons & Places, which I don't intend to publish in my lifetime.

You ask if I have had many visits lately from Americans. I have had a surprising stream of them for a year or more, with free “rides” in “jeeps” and presents of chocolate, tea, soap, marmalade and other rarities, including copies of my own books, that I had never seen. The young men seem wiser than in my time: perhaps it is the war.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

17 August 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 17, 1945

Dear Rosamond: I owe you thanks for your letter of July 20, and for your last parcel, containing two most welcome jars of peach and apricot jam (one ^{now} already consumed!) in perfect condition, unopened, in their bed of wood-shavings. The new method of giving a list of the contents, with prices, works very well. Nothing any longer is missing, one learns how far one is sponging on one's friends and relations, and (another improvement) the parcel is sometimes delivered at one's residence for a fee of ten lire = ten cents. I blush to suggest any more things to send: if you can't resist the spontaneous impulse send me more of the same; and tea and coffee are always welcome.

The trouble with correspondence in time of war has been the delay, so that one was answering a letter about things long past; and sending news that were no longer news when they arrived. I hope now that peace has returned and censorship (I suppose) abolished, our letters will be more like

actual interviews. Bob by this time has probably told you that on his way to Naples he spent a night or two in Rome, and was able to make me a flying visit, turning up one evening unexpectedly, and when he went away, before ten o'clock, having to get the gates and the front door unlocked for him, as if he were escaping from a moated castle. The worst of it may have been that he may have found no conveyance to his camp, and have had to walk five miles at night (and the roads romantically infested again by brigands) after a tiring and very hot day. Please ask him to write to me, if he hasn't done so already, and tell me whether he is going to the East (or rather to the West from America) in spite of the peace, or whether he can now, after all, remain at home, and connect with his old life and his old friends. When I was a young man I should have seized any opportunity to see remote countries and peoples; but it ought to have been by wandering about alone, or with casual acquaintances, not under military discipline; and if Bob had a passion for travel or for architectural exploration, he could probably satisfy it now after he left the army better than by remaining in active service. But I daresay his mind is filled with other things, and I am glad to think that at last he will be free, while still young enough, to choose his own way. I was never free until I was nearly fifty.

I have been spending a lazy summer, hardly doing any work, but receiving a good many visits from army men still lingering in Italy. One of the latest has been Mr. Matthews, correspondent here of the New York Times, who without intending it, gave me some light about the state of affairs in Spain. He was there, with the republican forces, during the civil war, and naturally takes a view of things entirely different from mine: and he reassured me about the prospect for the immediate future, saying that nobody wanted to renew the civil war. That is just what I feared his friends wanted to renew. Most of my visitors, however, are not interested especially in politics, but rather in literature, so that we are not led into dangerous controversies. And apart from books that some of them have given me, I have lately been having a literary treat. I have bought a large bookcase—or rather the “Mother General” has found one for me to buy—and have unpacked and arranged all my old books, some in my bedroom, and the rest in the new bookcase in the adjoining parlour, and have begun rereading old French books, my favourites, that had been out of reach for years. Meantime my new book on The Idea of Christ is in the press in New York, and Scribner promises to let me see the proofs, as publication will not be until next winter.

Your affectionate Uncle George

To Evelyn Tindall

17 August 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 17, 1945

Dear Miss Tindall

It is satisfactory to know that you have had a good rest in England and are willing to begin work for me again. I have a lot of MS uncopied, and Scribner in New York keeps urging me to get what I can ready for the press. But little of it is really fit for publication, and I am very slow in revising or condensing or completing this old stuff. However, I have a play in verse written in the 1890's, that may be called finished: only it is written in five small note-books, in a small hand (but in ink, and tolerably clear) and I think you would not have any serious difficulty in deciphering it. When I have a chance, I will send it or leave it at your place; as usual I am in no hurry, and if this job is annoying, I may soon be able to send you something more like my usual productions.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Carl Byron Dickson

26 August 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Dickson)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 26, 1945

Dear Mr. Dickson: Your letter of July 27 and Mrs. Hendrick's poetic epistle are among the most satisfying comments or reactions that have ever come to me from my work: not on account of your too flattering estimate of it—that is an effect of propinquity, and pressure of the present—but because essential sympathy and understanding are joined here with vital freshness and independence of judgment. Even when you and Mrs. Hendricks say you are repeating my words, I feel that you are not repeating them but are seeing for yourselves the very thing I saw, and seeing it,

as is inevitable, in a somewhat different light: Now that is precisely what I like in my friends, and should like to imagine in my readers: not verbal or doctrinal agreement, but confirmation of the same truth by a different perspective, by an independent observation taken from a different point of view and bathed in a different personal sentiment. Mrs. Hendrick's "Woodley" is like what I wished my "Last Puritan" to be: Someone entirely distinct from me in his psychic nature coming to the same rational conclusions that I had reached. Such coincidence is at once a joy and a mystery.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To David Page

30 August 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Aug. 30, 1945

Dear Mr. Page: Your letter of Aug. 6th, reached me yesterday by ordinary post, as there is as yet no airmail to Italy for the general public. My previous letter, however, which I hope has already reached you, gave a sufficient answer to yours, in anticipation. The MS of Dominations & Powers is in the greatest confusion, and I have not yet begun a complete revision and arrangement of it, which will be necessary if it is ever to be published; and I have not the energy or clearness of mind to write anything new at this moment.

If you find it possible to follow my suggestion of recalling my article on Many Nations in one Empire, perhaps you would like to know how far

events have changed my view of that subject since 1934. The emergence of the U.S. as a leading military power suggests a pleasing alternative: but the requirement that all nations should have a “democratic” government would need to be abandoned if the authority of the international control were to be safely and justly established. My fundamental principle is that control is rational and economical where material interests are concerned, but should leave moral and social order as free and various as possible. The control exercised by the ruling power would be beneficent if it could organise trade rationally without attempting to impose uniformity in manners or morals. The question would therefore be which of the great powers would be best able to limit its supervision to material interests. England has hitherto done so most spontaneously, except that the material interests fostered were those of Great Britain alone, not those of the whole world, as would of course be required in a universal international government.

That only one power, not a league or a council of three or five powers, must take charge seems already obvious. And it seemed to me that Russia, by the appeal to the proletariat of all races had a better chance of establishing a universal dominion than any other nation: if only it could allow mankind, after clearing away all material perversities and rivalries, to enjoy a genuine liberty in its arts and in its pleasures.

However, I rather hope that you will find something better to fill in your first number. What you sketch in your letter leaves me without a clear sense of its tone and character. Is your naturalism anti-ideological or has it an ideology of its own?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

6 September 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 6, 1945

Dear Rosamond: I have been a long time intending to answer your good letter of Aug. 7, when you had just got the news that Bob was landing at Hampton Roads. You probably have been impressed by his bigness. I daresay he was nearly as tall before, but three years of discipline (including obedience, which is so new a thing to an American boy) and being fed up officially like a fighting cock must have made him a good deal heavier.

He gave me the impression sometimes that he felt a little bored and dulled, as if he had had too much of the routine of service, and was vaguely longing for something else. I hope he will get it now. If he has time, or when he has it, I wish he would write to me and tell me, not only what he thinks of doing in the immediate future, but something about what he was interested in before, besides architecture, or what he likes (or doesn't like, which you don't tell me) in my books. When I get a hint or two about those points I am sure that I shall have something to write to him about. I don't like to do it about commonplaces.

I have finally got a large bookcase, and rearranged all my books and papers after a fashion. This has a double advantage for my work and for my entertainment: I can put my hand on anything I want, and I can reread my old favourites, principally French books, which had been for years packed away in cases. Things are not perfect, because the bookcase is so large that there was no space for it in my room and it had to be placed in the large parlour next door. But it is only a step, and I always spent half an hour there in the morning, while Maria the housemaid does my room; so that I have a daily occasion to pick out fresh books, and return old ones to the shelves, when there is sure to be no one in the parlour, for I go at twelve o'clock, when the Sister's dine; and they live in the opposite wing of this large establishment. On the whole I am comfortable, and mean to remain here for the rest of my days. The Sisters are now tamed, on the subject which might have proved the greatest nuisance, namely, the scandal of my being a Catholic who has never been to confession or communion in his life, and never goes to hear mass in their chapel. That being understood and digested, and my soul being left at peace in God's hands, the small discomforts of the place disappear in comparison with the immense advantage of having everything provided for me without question or discussion; and even being treated with respect now that I actually have a bankaccount and am visited by dozens of strangers, as if I were one of the ruins of Rome. Besides they know that I am a good theologian even if a bad Christian; and if that has a slight odour of brimstone, it at least makes one a personage in the spiritual world. My new book on The Idea of Christ will appear early next year: it is very different from Persons & Places; but it may be talked about, which is the important thing for one's reputation. I will have the book sent to you. I don't know what your feelings are about religion, or those of the boys; but you needn't read it; or if you do, you can set it down as one of the thousand contradictory views that are requisite to keep the modern Babel going full blast. The interesting thing now is that we have a

triumvirate trying to govern and partition the world, so that there shall be no more wars. It is like Roman history in the first century B.C. Time for a universal empire and the “idea of Christ” to reappear! Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 September 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 7, 1945

Dear Cory: You have no occasion to worry about my condition in summer now; at my age, and not going out much (which I don't find necessary for the intellect or the bowels) I am very comfortable indeed all day in my pyjamas. They say it has been an unusually warm summer; it has been very dry; only one slight shower; but I remember only one oppressive scirocco day, without any sun. The only bad effect of the weather or food has been laziness. I have hardly made any progress in Domination, & Powers: yet now I feel as if the clouds were clearing. For one thing, I have got a large bookcase (had to be placed in the parlour next door.) and have brought out all my books: I also have a place for books in my bedroom, and can arrange different parts of the MS in different piles, to avoid confusion, and help me to keep the order of the whole in mind. It is an imposed order; but I hope to discover a real order in the subject matter by imposing it, because for a naturalist the real superposition of things depends on their genesis, not on their essence. But here, when I was hoping to rearrange the political universe as if I were the Big Three, Mr. Wheelock intervenes with a tearful demand for more poetry. He wants my Hellenistic Plays; is afraid they and Posthumous Poems may be lost (when I die, I suppose), and wants to print them now. The posthumous poems at least can't be published before I am dead, and they are very few: but I am thinking of having Philosophers at Court type-written. Miss Tindall has returned from a literally flying visit to England, and I am going to ask her to copy that. The other play, The Marriage of Aphrodite, has to be

revised or at least cut down in places; but I am willing to have it copied and will try to correct those flat passages, or to omit them. However, I don't let that interfere with Doms & Prs when I am inspired; and it is the latter that really interest me now. Do you object to Scribner's, if they like, having those two plays printed, or would you prefer to let them wait, until you could perhaps publish them together with Posthumous Poems? They have also asked to have The Idea of Christ published under contract with me, rather than with you, and I have agreed, because the confusion in having you appear as owning the books seems to be incurable: and now that there is peace it ought to be possible for me to let you have the proceeds of the sale, or an equivalent in the form of an allowance, without so much legal red tape. Mr. Appleton has written that he is obliged to employ Mr. Nash, George Sturgis's lawyer & executor, in order to straighten out (or mix up?) the matter of my income tax; and Mr. Nash is also in charge of my brother's trusts (for Mercedes & me) and the money (originally my sister Susana's) that one of her stepsons still has in America. I hate the name of Mr. Nash: it was he that managed to upset everything in regard to Mercedes and you; but I don't like to annoy Mr. Appleton just when he is beginning to represent me; I have, however, written him a long private letter, complaining of the way George Sturgis and Nash behaved in the last years and asking him to watch Nash, and not to let him manage my affairs in a way to defeat my intentions. I discovered sometime ago that the fund set aside from my sister Josephine's estate to supply Mercedes with \$1000 a year, had disappeared: the interest had proved insufficient and the capital had been used up instead. I was just able, this winter, to come to the rescue of Mercedes, who was receiving nothing!

However, I must be patient until I receive some sort of account; also from London, and can decide whether to [*across*] let the Trust and my Will stand as they are, or to make a fresh Trust or Will more up to date. There are complications due to George Sturgis's second marriage that seem to require this.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

12 September 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 12, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Mr. Kyllmann, of Constable & C^o has sent me the enclosed, asking me to tell the Italian firm here that they must write to you, since you have the copyright for translations; but I think it simpler to send you the Italian request. If Mr. Kyllmann had done so he would have saved at least two months in getting an answer to Rome. Of course, my consent (or in this case Cory's) may be presumed; but you know I have little faith in translations being done, or if done, being profitable to the publishers. But I should mention, when you reply, that there are two volumes; and I think the second would interest Italians more than the first, on account of the thicker quality of some of the incidents and criticism: of Harvard for instance and of English matters.

I have just come upon two errors (of mine, probably) one old and one new. On page 400 of Realms of Being, in the last line of the quotation from Clough, "wander" should read: perish. And on p. of Chapt. II of Persons & Places, the first word in the Spanish verses quoted should be not "Nos" but: No. An American officer kindly gave me a copy of Realms of Being; it is splendid; and this edition has evidently done a lot to make my philosophy known. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

9 October 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 9, 1945

Dear Miss Tindall,

Here at last are my five little note-books. I have gone over the text, trying to make it decently clear, but the writing remains small and in places rather dim. I hope you won't have a hard time copying it.

When this is done, I shall have various chapters of Dominations & Powers to give you, written in my usual way, to which you are accustomed

As usual, there is not the least hurry, as I doubt that when Scribner sees this play he will be at all anxious to publish it, and I am not. I had intended it to be kept as a posthumous curiosity, to appear in a small edition for the curious only.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Martin Birnbaum

12 October 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, October 12th 1945

Dear Mr. Birnbaum

I have a clearer recollection of Grenville Winthrop's name than of his person, for although I remember his figure I think we never spoke to each other. He had gone from Harvard by the time that my relations with the undergraduate world were renewed; but his name often recurred in the talk of many of my young friends afterwards, as well as in Frank Bullard's, whom you mention. He moved just behind the scenes, when I watched the play, as an exemplary person that everybody knew and admired: and in later years I heard of him, no doubt at the Bullards', as a collector. But both he and I seem to have cared little for miscellaneous society, and our particular circles only touched at the circumference, in the persons of our common friends.

As to Sargent, I once made a voyage with him (by accident) from New York to Gibraltar, and then (by spontaneous agreement) we went together, in company with Dr. & Mrs. William White of Philadelphia, to Tangiers. I have a faded photograph of us four in a group, watching him sketching some picturesque corner of the town. Then, in 1893, the place was most primitive and he was chiefly interested in procuring genuine costumes for his Prophets in the decorations he was planning for the Boston Public Library. He was afterwards going to search in Spain for a characteristic image of the Mater Dolorosa, which he meant then to introduce into the same composition, but at the other end. I looked for it later, but could see nothing that corresponded to what, on board, he had explained to me was his project. We both felt the force of what might be called the impure wealth of Spanish art, passion in black velvet and seven gold daggers. I never saw Sargent after that trip, but always felt that I had a private cue to a certain side of his work.

I am glad to know that Grenville Winthrop bequeathed his collection to Harvard. That fact, which I had not heard of, explains perhaps the great expansion of the Fogg Art Museum—or is it no longer called the “Fogg”? For many years now I have had no true friend at Harvard, who could tell me about the changes there that really interested me. But Mr. Lowell’s “Houses”, to judge by the photographs, have been an architectural success.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

13 October 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, October 13, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Your letters of Aug. 29 and Sept. 5 have arrived together: I believe there has been a stoppage of traffic, on account of accumulation of stuff; in any case letters are again delayed and parcels, on which the Sisters and I count for our luxuries, have ceased to flow altogether. Perhaps the proofs of The Idea of Christ may be delayed for that reason: but it won't take me long to run over them, two or three days, before I send them back. There are some verbal changes that I have already marked in my other typewritten copy. They will not disturb the paging, if that has already been made.

I see that you take kindly to my ugly ducklings. This morning I left at Miss Tindall's, the MS of one of the two plays, Philosophers at Court, which is long, in blank verse, and represents the visit of Plato to Sicily, to reform the government of Dionysius—the Younger, in my non-historical arrangement—and his discomfiture there. I am satisfied with the form this play has now taken, and will send you a copy as soon as Miss Tindall has typed it. I don't think it will be much liked, although symbolically it is not without application to the present state of affairs: it is pessimistic—but gaily pessimistic, which perhaps makes it worse. I believe I have already written to you about some complaints I have received about Persons & Places, to the effect that I don't say how good all my friends were, in spite of small defects in them which I ought not to have hinted at. Lyon Phelps made the same criticism about The Last Puritan, that there was not a single good person in the book: and this, by the same criterion, will be doubly true of Philosophers at Court. And somehow the same fatality—the absence of goodness in everybody—pursues the other play: The Marriage of Venus. This is short, and in rhymed verse after the manner of my Lucifer. The plot and the principal scenes seem to me all right: but there are horrible lax, flaccid passages and superfluous “poetic” expressions. I think, however, that without trusting to any positive new inspiration at my age, I can trust my experience to make negative corrections, chiefly omissions, and substitution of terse for conventional “poetic” language in various places. For instance, I can make these Olympians call one another you instead of

thou and thee; and I can change their names from Greek to Latin, which is more intelligible in English, and lends itself better for comedy. I mean, then, to rewrite this play: otherwise I should be ashamed to publish it. You must therefore be patient, if you want the two plays to appear together. Meantime I shall be curious to see what you think of Philosophers at Court.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 October 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 21, 1945

Dear Cory: As you probably know, Nash is again on the rampage. On July 19th Mr Appleton wrote to me a friendly little letter from the seaside saying that the matter of my income taxes was on his mind, and that he had commissioned Mr. Nash to “follow it up” for me. I immediately replied giving him some facts about the previous raid by George Sturgis and Nash, and telling him that while I didn’t wish to interfere with his (Mr. Appleton’s) convenience, I had great apprehensions that Mr. Nash would always work in my name against my interests, and that he must be watched, especially in the affair connected with you. To this I have had no reply from Mr. Appleton; but now I receive a long and furious letter from Nash, telling me that I have put myself in a most dangerous position by getting those \$9000 out of the escrow for you and by signing that other little document which seems particularly to enrage him and which shows, he says, that I signed it in complete ignorance of the federal tax laws, and

deprived of my trusted George, and without any legal advice—until this happy moment when he comes to rescue me—except that of “the adverse interest.”

This last phrase is precious; in replying to him I did not refer to it, because I was brief, and didn’t wish to embitter the quarrel; but if I have to write to him again, I will tell him that this is a mistake; that your interest and mine in this matter are identical; that I wish you to benefit as much as possible, and when you require it, by this lucky accident of getting a prize in the literary lottery; and that if we have to argue the case of how large my taxes ought to be, or yours, we shall appear before the commissioners on the same side and unanimous. My purpose always was that you should profit by this book as much as if you had written it: but I am afraid that the assessors (I should have called them) will strain every legal point to pile up the taxes, especially against a foreigner who lives in an “enemy country”, and ~~that~~ very little indeed will be left for you in the end. Nash says you should draw only 15% of the royalties as they become due, because 85% will surely be demanded by the assessors, and I shall have to pay it—you having spent the [*illegible*] whole—“out of my own income or capital, if I have it” This last is any other precious phrase and shows the temper in which Nash wishes to serve my interests.

I have written to Mr. Wheelock, begging him to take his own counsel’s advice and [*illegible*] follow his own judgment as to laying up something in view of back taxes to be required later: but not to pay the least attention to Nash; and at the same time I have written to Mr. Appleton explaining the origin of this hostility to us on Nash’s part: namely, George Sturgis’s hope, when the Book Club took up *Persons & Places* and I was cut off from all communication, to turn the royalties on that book into my family fund, half of which would ultimately go to his children. George himself afterwards wrote to me in this sense: he cared, not for himself, but for his boys’ sake. But I have been saving half my income for years and turning it into that family fund: that is why I am so well off on paper, and my fresh earnings are subject to such an enormous surtax; but in interfering with you and Scribner’s, and causing that compromise to be agreed upon about the escrow and your maximum of \$12,000 George was trespassing beyond his own domain. He was acting as my executor. Perhaps I was dead: and even in I bothered him by turning up alive again, I would wish to take ^{back} my promise to you because I had never meant to give you so much. George—a Sturgis, without any imagination—imagined that I was

like a gutter-snipe saying: “Look here, I gave you the good apple by mistake: I thought it was the rotten one. Give it back, or I’ll lick you.” And Nash is now trying to lick me.

If I were younger, and at home in the New York dialect and ways, I should write another novel, The Trustee, on this theme. Why shouldn’t you do it? A divorced Babbitt, wooing a youngish widow with a young daughter, has a rich old bachelor uncle in Mexico or Cuba, who he hears has got the million dollar prize in the lottery. Babbitt, Jr. flies to his uncle’s arms, to see that the million is duly left to him, but finds that the lottery-ticket had been given to his uncle’s secretary. “Not fair! cries Babbitt, Jr. You never thought it would get the prize. That chap mustn’t steal the money from me—I mean, from you: because I am acting for you, against the adverse interest.” Then you could embroider on the young widow who falls in love with the secretary who however, marries the daughter instead: Cf. Lady Scott and Mabel Edith.

I am awaiting with interest to see what Mr. Appleton will do.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

27 October 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, October 27, 1945

Dear Bob: Your uncle Ray Bidwell, who writes me very businesslike letters, friendly and full of exact information, had already told me that you were out of the army and again at Harvard. It was great news, because I felt you were what the English call “fed up” with the war and the army, and needed to be free to give your mind to something entirely different. Harvard has grown out of what it was in my time, so that even if you gave

me details of your life there now it would be hard for me to place you and to imagine your milieu. Are you at one of the Houses, and eat in Hall? Have you any old friends there? Or have you new friends studying the same subjects, and going to be philosophers and architects? And what do you do for exercise, and where? As for studies, I don't know what you had been doing before: you mention philosophy. I should like to know what you read, and what impression the professors and instructor left on your mind. One young Harvard instructor in "Government", Edgar Helmer, came to see me here, and seemed a charming person, who quite understood that by "moral" I don't understand well-behaved, but everything that involves a distinction on any grounds between the better and the worse, as between good and bad architecture. I should like to know whether Helmer is now at Harvard, and if so what is his address, because I want to send him my book on The Idea of Christ, which I am now reading in proof. It will come out, I believe, in January or February next, or later, since Scribner is apt to be dilatory; and I am sending you and your mother distinct copies which you can pass on to any transcendental friend, if the book doesn't interest you.

Your letter in spots seemed at first enigmatic, as when you say that the atomic bomb ended your usefulness for the army. I suppose it didn't strike you: was it that your type of air-plane was no longer needed? I didn't know that the air force was so finely differentiated as that; but in any case I congratulate you on being free at the very age when a young man needs freedom and can use it to advantage if he is not a fool. And I was really non-plussed when I read that among the things new to you was "of course, Dad's eldest son". Did you mean that you had discovered your true self, undergone a metanoia, and become a different person? But a little further on you say that Carol's daughter is illegitimate so that she (Carol) had that in common with your father. That proves that you were not playing with figures of speech but meant what you said quite literally. I had no inkling of anything of that sort, and am very sorry for you, because it will be a delicate matter to deal with all your life, especially if your elder brother lives near you and is not successful in life. He has a handicap that at once excuses the trouble he may give and makes it inwardly embarrassing. Everything depends on what sort of fellow he is; something too on whether his mother is living or is out of the picture; also on how he has been educated. As I shall not speak of this to anyone, unless others bring up the subject, I wish you would find out, if you don't know the facts, whether this

young man has the same legal rights as your father's other children. In my Deed of Trust I made your father and your aunt Josephine residuary legatees to all my property, "and if either . . . shall have died before me, the issue, if any, living at my death of the one so deceased shall take his or her share by right of representation." Nothing is specified about illegitimate issue. What does the Common Law prescribe? In the Code Napoléon which is followed in Latin countries, an illegitimate son, if legally recognised by his father, has a right to his surname and, I believe, to some if not an equal share of his estate: children by that Code being obligatory heirs. By the Common Law a father may certainly disinherit any child, at least he always threatens to do so when they prove rebellious in novels; and it would seem congruous with that that he should need to specify a bastard expressly in his will, if the interloper was to get anything, not having figured as a member of his father's "home". When your father died, I anxiously looked up my Deed of Trust, of which I have a copy at hand, to see if I left my money to the heirs of my nephew and niece, if either of them predeceased me: and I was much relieved to see that the document referred to issue, not to heirs: for otherwise Carol, who has already made a good haul, would get about half of what I hope to leave to you three boys. In that case, I should have been tempted to revoke my Deed of Trust, and leave my money to you individually as I freely chose. And this temptation might recur now if your elder brother was not a deserving person, and was going to share equally with your mother's children, for whom as such I have a kindly feeling, apart from the Sturgis relationship.

This leads me to say that I have had a quarrel with Mr. Nash, or rather he with me, about the management of my affairs, and Mr. Appleton, who is now my Trustee seems rather to support him, and may wish to give up his trust. Now he has mentioned, and I independently have thought of, your uncle Raymond as a possible substitute, for the incidental business if Mr. Appleton doesn't desert me, and to act for the whole as Trustee, if Mr. Appleton resigns. What are your feelings about this? Is your uncle a person you would like to see in charge, and that you think would understand me? I have never seen him, but his letters seem to me frank, simple, and straightforward, and if you thought well of it, I should be inclined to turn to him at this crisis, particularly to show that my feelings towards the family are in no way changed by the stand that your father and Mr. Nash took about my royalties.

Give me your Cambridge address. I feel somehow as if it would be more friendly to address you there. GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

30 October 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 30, 1945

Dear Raymond: For the moment I am afraid it is useless to talk of jam, soap, or marmalade, because no more parcels are arriving from America, I don't know whether on account of some dock strike or because the whole business is suspended. To me it is not a serious matter; the Sisters always have something to serve up, and goodies on feast days, and the fundamentals are better and more regular than they were; light, water, bread, potatoes, rice vegetables, and an occasional old fowl or pork chop. I continue in good health and am reading the proofs of my next book—which I have ordered Scribner to send you—on The Idea of Christ in the Gospels.

But books suggest another subject on which perhaps I ought to write to you and Josephine, namely my quarrel with Mr. Nash—and possibly also with Mr. Appleton, although I hope not—in regard to my royalties. It appears that because I gave beforehand my autobiography called Persons & Places and the royalties that might come from it to my old secretary Cory, I am in danger of having to pay all the rest of my fortune in taxes. To me it would make no difference, if enough were left to pay my “pension” here during the rest of my life. I have 700,000 Italian lire now in the Roman branch of the Banco di Napoli, which if the lira doesn't collapse, will suffice for more than three years: and I may not live as long as that. But as Josephine, together with George's sons, are my chief heirs, and I promised her to leave her her share in my sister Josephine's legacy to me, I ought to explain to her and to you how such a danger has arisen.

It all comes from the existence of a good-for-nothing fellow, like an unsuccessful poet or actor, named Daniel Cory. His father—still living at 26 First Street, Riverhead, Long Island, N.Y.—seems to be a cantankerous old provincial American with a small competence: but he was married to a lovely Irish girl, who had two boys by him, one now a Congregational minister in Brooklyn, and the other the hero of this romance. After a few years the lady eloped with a friend, leaving her two little boys, married her lover, and never saw the children except by chance when they were grown up: for she too lives in Brooklyn. This Irish blood and this wayward temper seem to have been inherited by Daniel. He was irregular at school, clever but never learning anything thoroughly, didn't go to College, but was attracted by out-of-course classes at Columbia in poetry and philosophy. At twenty he married a woman older than himself, inordinately fond of lovemaking at all hours; until his family—he has a handsome aunt, his father's sister, married to a British Colonel—packed him away to England to be reformed by his fashionable aunt.

At Columbia Cory had read my very technical book, Scepticism & Animal Faith, and now, in the quiet of English gardens, he wrote an extraordinarily sensitive and appreciative article about it, which he sent me, together with his photograph—being his mother's son and his aunt's pupil. I was delighted with the article, from a young man of 22, and pleased with the photo, representing a refined-looking youth, stooping a little, and beginning to be bald. I wrote to him suggesting that he should come to Rome, and sent him money for the journey, there and return. But he spent it all in coming by sea to Naples—for he had and has no interest in seeing new places. I found that he spoke or read no foreign language, but his English was very good, and his poetry not very bad; even in languages, though he would never open a grammar, he soon got on with the common people better than I. Above all, he understood my philosophy, in those days, twenty years ago, when nobody paid any attention to it. So I asked him to stay in Rome for a winter and help me with The Realm of Matter in which I was finding myself in difficulties and losing heart. Together we managed to finish the book; but it is not well composed, although on the whole I think it is good enough to fill its place in my system.

Now another personage enters into the drama, my old friend Charles A. Strong of Rochester, N.Y. We constantly saw each other in Italy, and in summer I lived at his house in Paris. When he saw Cory, he said: "I envy you your Secretary", and I replied, "Take him, then, because he is not really very useful, although he is great fun as a companion." Strong did

take him, but being a very severe regular person and didactic, he bored Cory, and only gradually drove his “correct” views into him. At times, Cory would return to me; and I would always ask him to revise my manuscripts, point out the repetitions, etc. In this way Strong and I kept Cory dangling and almost idle in our circle. He never saved money or finished any book of his own: he never learned any foreign language well. It was so much the fault of us, his elders, that we both felt the responsibility of having encouraged him in these courses and made him hopelessly ineffectual: and yet, on occasion, he would show extraordinary interest, and understanding of the most difficult problems.

It was under these circumstances that Strong died, having established some life-fellowships, one of which was explicitly intended for Cory; and then the war broke out, and Cory had to find his way back to America, while the Fellowship, established in England, was held up by the authorities, as was my own bank account there, out of which Cory was habitually fed. I couldn’t let him starve; and I saw no means out of the difficulty except to ask Scribner’s to let him have my general royalties, so long as the war barriers held up communications and financial exchange. And as I was then writing Persons & Places I promised Cory to let him have that book, and all the profits of it, as a sort of inheritance, as I was leaving him only \$2500 in my will, to defray the expenses of his journey back to Rome to get my manuscripts: for I am making him my literary executor.

That is the whole story. I neglected the technicalities requisite to make it clear that I gave that one book to Cory outright: and now I am keeping the third volume in MS to go to him, and be published by him, after my death. But the status of vols. I and II (the latter called “The Middle Span”) seems to be legally doubtful. If Mr. Nash had been concerned with my personal interests, instead of interfering with Scribner and Cory, he would have joined the latter and his lawyer in trying to establish that Persons & Places was as much Cory’s book as if Cory had written it: and then no complications or super-taxes on my other income would have ensued. But George who prompted the first intervention, had another interest in mind. He thought that if I were still living when communications with Italy were restored, I should agree to take back my promise to Cory, because the royalties on that book had been larger than was expected. That idea has now been given up: but the threat of huge taxes, which may swallow up half my other money, or the whole of it, looms up instead.

As I said in the beginning, I don’t care about that threat on my own account; and I resent extremely the spirit and tone of Mr. Nash’s communications and above all the arrogance of his actions and proposed actions.

Scribner and Cory are not “the adverse interest” to me. Our interests are identical: but I agree that Cory will not have saved up enough to pay the super-taxes on my combined income; and I also agree that the assessors will probable insist, as Mr. Nash does, that I am the owner of The book in question, and of the royalties for it, and shall have to pay a gift tax in addition to losing all I thought so safe in Mr. Appleton’s care. If I am to be represented in the courts in this affair, I would rather be represented by Cory’s lawyer than by Mr. Nash. Meantime I have asked Scribner’s to use their own judgment about withholding funds [^]with Cory’s consent[^] in view of future exactions. It must not be Mr. Nash’s veto that does it.

Let us hope we may survive.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Francis Gardner Clough

4 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome

November 4, 1945

Dear Mr. Clough:

Poetry of the reflective moralising kind practised by your namesake, by you, and by me is out of fashion among poets, and those who like it like it only for the sentiment it expresses; but that might have been as well expressed in prose. For that reason I long ago gave up trying to versify. I was twenty when I wrote the sonnet you mention. The one of yours that you enclose is recent, and I suspect you are not very young. Of course I sympathise, but—

At the same time as your letter I have received a booklet by a young Argentinian, in Spanish and bad English, who is a poet but writes without meter or rhyme, and says he is full of “adolescents” (sic) coursing through his body; that he kisses the barks of old trees, as he used to kiss the stones, but ends by kissing warm flesh.—Such is the poetry of today. Morituri vos salutamus.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Nov. 4, 1945

Dear Cory: Your generous collection of pyjamas and shirts have arrived: many thanks, and regrets for the large expense. I now owe you \$30 on this parcel business, and may not have counted the early gifts, because the prices were not given. But we are so mixed up now in debits and credits that we may leave it for the recording angels to balance our accounts. Of course, I regret the absence of collars in the pyjamas and also the white colour, which will soil, or seem to soil, more quickly. But Sister Angela and Maria both say that it is very easy to put on collars to the jackets, and I may have that done, or use the shirts (which look very nice) as jackets, by day at least. My niece-in-law (divorced) Rosamond Sturgis and her son Bob, whom I saw here repeatedly, are sending me a sweater: with that and an undershirt, I may not so much care for pyjama jackets in the very cold weather. As yet we are having a splendid warm St. Martin's summer.

I gather from your last letters that the vast sums that you were supposed to be gathering in from Persons & Places have hardly sufficed to keep your head above water, and that the Fellowship, with the hypothetical unpaid arrears, begins to tempt you. I should be glad to have you nearer, with a better chance of having you turn up here some day, and a less distracting atmosphere; but perhaps a girl's college in America may capture you, and anything that gives you employment and a salary would be a good thing for you, both materially and morally. I am sorry that the idea I had nursed of a little fund, a nest-egg, that you might have gathered on this occasion has evaporated: it would have been ballast for your cockleshell.

But a girl's college and the Fellowship together (and they are not incompatible) are the thing to dream of now.

My memory is treacherous in regard to recent events, and I don't remember the exact terms of that Codicil which I signed for you last winter. It didn't promise you, did it, all my royalties while I am still alive? It was to insure you against claims from the Sturgis side after my death that I felt that document to be valuable. It has enraged Nash, and that is a good sign. But the reason for keeping my royalties (except for Persons and Places) in my own hands while I live is not that I want the money they may bring, but that I want to avoid the nasty uncertainty and complications that have arisen in regard to P. & P. Do you think for a moment that your cousin will be able to establish his claim that that book is yours as if you had written it, and that I have nothing to pay in regard to it? Hasn't 30% been actually paid in my name for a part of the royalties on it? They will regard that as proof that the royalties were mine, and that therefore I must pay my tax, on them, plus a gift-tax, and you your income tax besides for receiving them. This will recur in the case of The Middle Span: and it was urgent that it should not recur again in the case of The Idea of Christ. For as you know, besides high taxes on the two volumes of P. & P. their gross returns would be added to my income from my regular property: \$42,000 (as I understand it) to the \$24,000 that my regular income amounted to in 1944. And what would be the tax on these \$66,000? On \$24,000 they were \$10,000 or about 40%: very likely on \$66,000 they would be 75%. Evidently I should have to revoke my Trust and pay for my income tax out of my capital. And how long would my capital last, if all my books were taxed in this way? This is the situation.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Conrad Hensler Slade

4 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo; 6,
Rome, Nov. 4, 1945

My dear Slade,

You can't imagine what a pleasure it was to see your name on the envelope, and then to read that all was unexpectedly well with you, that your boy had recovered, and had taken you and his mother to the Yosemite Valley in his own motor. This transforms the picture I had of your later years. Perhaps it is pessimistic of me to take the worst for granted, in order to be as happy as possible no matter what happens. Everybody says I am so cheerful! And I reply, "Why shouldn't I be. I have all I need." I am too old to make plans for the future; but for your own sake I hope you will find your way soon to the Old World. It is impoverished, but still beautiful; and the ruins have included the ruin of some very ugly things like La Troisieme Republique. I hope and believe that La Quatrieme will be nobler and wiser.

Can't you send me at least a photo of your good pictures, and better still of your statuettes? I want to see if your "Nordic" genius has taken a consistent shape.

Another pleasant surprise, like receiving your letter, came to me a while ago when Iris Cutting (Marchesa Origo) came unannounced to see me. People, strangers, now flock to look at me as if I were the oldest inhabitant of the village, and even leave me little presents of marmalade or chocolate or books. Iris didn't (thank God!) bring me anything but good news. I had supposed them to be living in New York: but no. She and her husband had weathered the war at his farm La Foce near Chianciano, in central Tuscany; and they had had two little girls, of whom she showed me a photograph. I had said a word about her in my book, ending on a sad note, as in your case. Evidently I am a false prophet in matters of sentiment. I like to anticipate the worst, so as to be able to bear it if it comes.

Here, with the Sisters, I feel settled. They are reconciled to my seeming a bad Catholic, and look forward to my deathbed repentance. But I say to myself the words of Walt Whitman: "Words cannot express how much at peace I am about God and about death." So are you, no doubt. You were always "Nordic" in these matters, or perhaps Hellenic, like your old friend

GSantayana

To David Page

6 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome: Nov. 6, 1945

Dear Mr. Page: This will probably reach you when you are anxiously watching the birth of your Review, and I hope the little one will do credit to its paternity. You take very amiably my incapacity to appear personally very amiably on this occasion. I have found and reread the original of Many Nations in one Empire, and only wish I had added what I have in mind about the British Empire: as for the American candidacy for, or almost enjoyment of, the primacy, it is so recent that I naturally could say nothing about it when that article was written. Now there might be some omens of what it would be if fully realized. I hear that the Italians, under foreign occupation, have quickly discovered a great difference between American and British ways: the Americans, they say, are more friendly but more meddlesome; while the British are more like the Germans, keep to themselves, but are cold and more rigid when contact is inevitable. What I wish I had said about British domination is this: that the British are admirable overlords, simple and worthy and high-bred, and they fulfil the requirement I was making in my article, of leaving natives alone in their traditional customs, and protecting one shade of natives from another. They also exemplify my notion of a legitimate international government in caring only for material interests, trade, irrigation, railways, and public health; but in all this, as in the establishment of industries in the colonies,

they think only of the interests of Great Britain, not of that of the colonies themselves: and this is fundamentally contrary to a just universal government. The Romans remain the best rulers of alien peoples because they represented, as Romans, only a government and an army, not a particular nation, say Italy; and though they may have pillaged Sicily or even the Italian provinces for the benefit of the Roman plebs or of their own private pockets, they laboured openly wherever they ruled for the prosperity of that region, not of another a thousand leagues away. The presence of the British, as masters, in the Mediterranean is not a blessing to that region, as that of the Romans was; it is only a point of pride and convenience (in the last hundred years, since the Suez Canal was opened) for British communication with the East: and all Mediterranean peoples want to shake that British domination away forever.

You are very kind to offer to help me with Dominations & Powers, but there is no need. My MSS when ready are copied, I mean typed, by a lady who works for the British Legation to the Holy See: she has done everything of that kind for me admirably, since The Last Puritan. Before that I used to send my original MSS to Constable in London without ever losing one of them: but now I should be nervous if I had committed a book to the post without preserving a copy. The trouble with clearing out the accumulation of miscellaneous little articles about politics is rather my own laziness and preoccupation with other things: for instance, until the other day, when I sent the corrected proofs back to Scribner, my attention was fixed on The Idea of Christ (of which I will have a copy sent to you). And now I am occupied with rewriting an old poetical comedy (of 1896), The Marriage of Venus, as a sort of necessary relaxation. But Dom. & P'rs remain anchored in harbour, and dominating the scene.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John McKinstry Merriam

15 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Antiquarian)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 15, 1945

My dear Merriam:

Senex ad senem de senectute scribo: yet we are much older than Cicero ever was and also much more recent, so that we have a double chance of being wiser, having more experience of life, individual and collective. And the charm I find in old age—for I was never happier than I am now—comes of having learned to live in the moment, and thereby in eternity; and this means recovering a perpetual youth, since nothing can be fresher than each day as it dawns and changes. When we have no expectations, the actual is a continual free gift, but much more placidly accepted than it could be when we were children; for then the stage was full of trap doors and unimaginable transformations that kept us always alarmed, eager, and on the point of tears; whereas now we have wept our tears out, we know what can pop up of those trap doors, and what kind of shows those transformations can present; and we remember many of them with affection, and watch the new ones that still come with interest and good will, but without false claims for our own future.

So much for the philosophy of old age. As for current events, state of health or decrepitude, etc., I have little to say. I seem to be perfectly well, but like the One Horse Shay I am undoubtedly a little feeble all over, and less than an atomic bomb, if it struck me, would probably reduce me to a little heap of dust. Meantime I continue to write more or less every day, and have weathered the little discomforts of war and muddled peace without serious trouble. The Sisters here look after me nicely, I have a pleasant corner room with extensive views over green country and mean to remain here for the rest of my days. As to society, I have never received so many visits as the American soldiers in Rome have made me. It has been very pleasant to see so many young faces and to autograph so many books, which is what they usually ask me to do. As to memories of 1886, I have written them out, and need not repeat them, but wish the survivors a happy and peaceful sunset.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

17 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 17, 1945

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Enclosed is one copy of the contract between us for The Idea of Christ, duly signed and witnessed. My witness is an interesting character, a Neapolitan who reads every language, has been professor of Italian literature in the University of Berlin, has had a rough time during the war, losing most of his books and papers, and now dreams of migrating to America. He is now translating The Idea of Christ and also some other things of mine into Italian, and I mention him, because you may soon hear from him in that capacity.

Monsieur et Madame Maritain came to see me the other day; they were both very amiable, and he in particular much more simpatico as a person than I had expected. His books are rather rigid.

I enclose also an additional list of persons to whom I should like our new book to be sent. Of course I should like one or even three copies if it is possible to send them, and Cory should have one too, counting as one of those assigned to me. By the way, is not the fact that he signed the contract for Persons and Places a strong point against charging me with the tax for it?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

18 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 18, 1945

Dear Rosamond: Your letter of October 20th was received on November 1st and the parcel with the glorious fruit cake and the delicious coffee a few days later. I should have thanked you sooner for both, but the idea of an actual sweater (?) which you held before me made me think I might as well wait and thank you for that at the same time. But the delivery of parcels has become irregular; I understand there have been dock strikes and delays in shipping. I trust the sweater will arrive before the cold weather; as yet we are having a pleasant autumn; plenty of sunshine after a week of rain, which was much needed; but when the sun doesn't shine, my room becomes cold, and I can be comfortable only by remaining in bed, or putting on all kinds of wraps, as if I were going sleighing. It is then that this desirable sweater will come in.

There is no change in my life here, except that I have read and sent back the proofs for my next book (The Idea of Christ) and that soldiers have almost stopped coming to see me and getting me to autograph their books. The American troops are evidently going north or leaving Italy altogether. On the other hand I have had a visit from an ambassador and his wife, which seems to take me to the other pole of the social sphere from hobnobbing with enlisted men: yet this ambassador and his wife are not grand people at all; he is M. Jacques Maritain, a French Calvinist who years ago became a Catholic and writes not very pleasing controversial books; while his wife, converted with him, was a Jewess. They are very simple people, and speak English, so that I am not compelled to brush up

my very long-neglected French; and he is only ambassador to the Vatican, from the new French government, which seems to have given up the detestable anti-clericalism of the Third Republic. However, they have a first-class motor, and promise to come some sunny afternoon to take me for a drive.

In my letter to Bob the other day I mentioned that I am having trouble with your neighbour Mr. Nash, and possibly also with my new trustee, Mr. Appleton. Is Mr. Nash a great friend of yours or of the Bidwell's? And if I have to find a new trustee, do you think Raymond Bidwell would be at all the right choice? The trouble is I know absolutely nobody else now in Boston, Bob himself being too young and not, I fear, a man of business? All my old friends are dead.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

22 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 22, 1945

Dear Mr. von Hagen,

“The Aztec and Maya Papermakers” reached me some time ago, most carefully packed in several papers. There is much confusion and delay in forwarding parcels, and only one or two altogether have reached me at all (beside your treatise on Paper) except through the kindness of army men, who have supplied me with various books and magazines current at the moment. It is a comfort that at least letters and money as well as parcels of things to eat or to wear, can now come through.

Your book is curious and interesting, especially the chapter on the religious ceremonies and sacrifices. The technical parts about the kinds of bark and the ways of manufacturing paper were less in my line: and I am sorry that your other two books have not reached me. How magnificently your books are got up, in spite of war-regulations! I remember with pleasure the beautiful illustrations of some of those you sent me before. It is astonishingly kind of you to send them to me. Is there any of mine that you

would like? I hesitate to send you anything, wondering what you do with your books in your constant migrations. With many thanks.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

26 November 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 26, 1945

Dear Rosamond: Two more parcels from you have arrived almost together, one with the most desirable sweater (which I should call a wollen waistcoat) and thick wollen socks, and the other with S. S. Pierce's regulation ideal groceries for all normal persons. I have already had the coffee and the tea, although the festive fruit cake is still holding out bravely: which is the sort of over-lapping of good things that Goethe used to value so much in his love-affairs, saying that he liked to see the moon rise while the sun was still shining. That is certainly a comfort to the stomach, although I should think it might be embarrassing for the heart.

Army men have almost stopped coming to have their books autographed: I suppose they are leaving these parts for home, or at least for Germany. But there is a Mr. Gowen at Mr. Myron Taylor's office who brings notabilities to see me, I don't know why, except that people who are used to being busy need to be doing something or other when they have nothing to do. Last week he brought Monsieur et Madame Maritain; he is a Catholic philosopher now Ambassador from France to the Pope; and this week he has brought the Marchesa Marconi, a distinctly beautiful woman, not in her first youth, but we may say in her second, since she is a widow. That, however, cannot be the reason why she should come to see me at my age, and there was really nothing that we could talk about with a real interest. But she was very amiable, and so tall—a good deal taller than I—that I couldn't help being impressed and ashamed of myself for not being younger, taller, and more a man of the world.

From these social bitter-sweets it is rather a relief to plunge again into my books and manuscripts, and I am feeling very fit and interested in work, of which I have two or three varieties: revising old stuff, revising

new stuff, and trying to think out something new. But I wish I had the stimulus of more new books: as yet nothing reaches me except now and then by special favour through some army man. Politics, however, is in a most interesting phase; and that is just what I need for my present work, which is on an old project of a book on politics to be called Dominations & Powers.

Best wishes for Christmas from your affectionate uncle

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 December 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 9, 1945

Dear Cory: Mr. Wheelock is very pressing on the subject of my two plays, but I have decided (and begun) to rewrite the Marriage of Venus, and that will be an excuse for not sending the MS of Philosophers at Court, which in fact is not quite ready. Miss Tindall has sent it back, but made a consistent mistake throughout in placing the second half of a line, when it begins a new speech, at the left-hand edge of the page, instead of half-way to the right. This can be easily marked for the printer to correct, but I have not yet done so in both copies. There is besides a serious reason for following our original plan of leaving these plays to be published (if at all) after my death. When one is dead one has passed into eternity, and is no longer either young or old. To print a man's early work then does not cast any slur on his later mind; but to print two rather licentious or at least non-moral plays after The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, by an octogenarian, seems

decidedly in bad taste. I am going to give this reason, besides those excuses, to Mr. Wheelock, and ask him to be patient.

I have had a curt reply to my business letters from Mr. Nash, in which he gives up the fight, apparently hoping to remain employed in my affairs, which I will endeavour to prevent; but from Mr. Appleton I have not yet heard. I have also written scouting letters (to see how the land lies) to Rosamond, George Sturgis's divorced wife, and to her son Bob, and to Raymond Bidwell, my niece's husband. You see, if Mr. Appleton does not back down and honestly take our side in this business, I am thinking of revoking the Trust altogether, and looking for a reliable man of business to take charge of my whole property, simply as attorney-at-law. In that way my whole capital would be fluid, and I could rearrange my bequests to my Spanish friends, bringing them up to date, and unify the bequest to Harvard (which is now in two parts) as well as remain free for any emergency, in case the Treasury demands vast sum^s for back taxes. And it has occurred to me that Raymond Bidwell, whose letters are clear and straightforward, might be the man for the job. By appointing him, I should also prove that my quarrel with Nash has not affected my goodwill towards my relations. The thing for my representative to do is to back up your case—that you are the absolute owner of Persons and Places, as much as if you were the author—which would ward off all taxes and supertaxes from me for that book; and when that case is lost (as it doubtless will be) to pay up cheerfully whatever dues may be imposed. This capitalistic economy is a sort of algebraic manipulation of unknown forces, or miser's kaleidoscope, where anything may turn up.

Mr. Wheelock has given me some figures which show that you have a decent amount to your credit in their books: that is well for the moment. But some day I should be glad to see a clear summary of what has been earned, paid in taxes, spent on lawyers, and finally left for you to spend. It would be an edifying document, I am sure, and a warning against great expectations.

After your present of lined boots—which I have on, as well as gloves, which explain my cramped handwriting—and some thick woolens received from the Sturgises, my covetousness is turning towards food once more, and towards toilet articles. When you can and will please send me: 1st tea, 2nd shaving cream, not requiring a brush, 3rd coffee, 4th ordinary toilet soap. Parcels have lately been delayed, but they seem to arrive finally in straggling groups.

I have been ill with an indigestion and high fever for two days, and then with diarrhea and a weak heart; but after just a week I am all right again; and my spirits have not been affected. Maritain, who had come to see me, and again to take me out to drive, is more amiable as a person than as a writer; but we have not had any interesting conversations.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 December 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 18, 1945

Dear Miss Tindall

I have been laid up with bronchitis, else I should have answered your note sooner.

As usual you seem to me to reckon too closely in making up your account. There are not only hours of work, but quality and difficulty of the text and the fact that your help has a value for me that comes from the confidence in appealing to it and the problem it would be to find help anywhere else: and I can't trust MS to the post now without retaining a copy. I therefore round out your account a little, and wish you a happy Xmas.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen

26 December 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: YIVO)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 26, 1945

Dear Kallen: Your cornucopia was the first parcel of the new weight and size to reach me, just on my birthday, although it was perhaps meant for Christmas. Unluckily, it caught me when I was being caught again with a bronchial catarrh that has dogged me for years, but that I had escaped during the four previous winters in this house in Rome. But it has not been a bad attack, although tenacious, and has not prevented me from enjoying particularly both the material and the friendly comfort of your gift; coffee,

which I didn't have, was a great luxury in the morning, and the chocolate at all hours, while the new proof of your interest in me came when philosophy proves most inadequate to infuse a perfect serenity and happiness. However, I am not abandoned here, although no old friend is within reach. I like the professional charitable attentions of the Sisters and the doctor. There is one tall young Irish Sister who is now doing night duty, and I often ring for her in the small hours, and ask her for a glass of warm milk. Such attentions give one the feeling of being looked after not by chance or by favour but by an impersonal benevolent order of nature and society, not infallible, of course, but spontaneous, and blessedly independent of one's private merits or demerits. I am more drawn by the *Zeitgeist* now towards communism than I was towards liberalism in the old days. Communism would turn the world, physically and spiritually, into one vast monastery, giving the individual sure support and definite limited duties while leaving him free and solitary in the spirit. That doesn't seem to me a bad ideal, even if certain selective forms of society might have to give under while the universal brotherhood prevailed. It would not, in any case, prevail everywhere equally, or for ever.

An English military friend has sent me a lot of numbers of *Horizon* and *The Unquiet Grave* by "Palinurus". They show me how the world has moved while I was isolated here: and "Palinurus" has somehow, by some wholly different path, reached very much my own conclusions. These books were brought to me by hand. When will the post-offices accept books and MSS?— With heartfelt thanks and best wishes, Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Francis Henry Appleton Jr.

27 December 1945 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 27, 1945

Dear Mr. Appleton: Your letter of Dec. 7 reached me yesterday. I am very glad that you are willing to continue to carry on the Trust and also the Agency account. The letter that had previously arrived from Mr. Salmon gave me very favourable figures for both accounts and mentioned your kind efforts to secure a solution for the problem of my debt to the Little Company of Mary. You tell me you have had no luck as yet in this matter. Is the objection raised by Federal Reserve Bank to this payment a secret? I am curious to know what it can be based on, the transfer being within the United States and the use to be made of the money a public and charitable one. Is it because the Little Company of Mary is an international Order now under the nominal protection of the Irish Government? What troubles me is that, if I should die before the payment is made, which was merely promised verbally, there might be no legal way in which the Sisters might be compensated for having given me board and lodging gratis for three years. It would be a disgrace that a man who is told he has \$600,000 should cheat his benefactresses of their due. Yet how willing would my heirs be to redeem that moral obligation?

This point brings me back to Mr. Nash, who you say is “out of the picture”, although in the brief letter I have received from him he spoke as if now that my wishes were known he was ready to carry them out. If it becomes necessary for you to employ another lawyer on my behalf, in regard to the taxes on Persons and Places, I hope it will be a person willing to defend my real interests in the matter, which are identical with Cory’s, and to try to secure my total exemption from taxes upon the royalties on that book, the contract for which with Scribner’s was signed by Cory, to whom I had previously given the book with the object of securing for him a means of living when, on account of war and interrupted communications, I could not send him his usual allowance.

That the gift of this book, written by a foreigner in a foreign country—upon foreign paper, and sent to an American friend for the above purpose, should involve the payment on the foreigner’s part of a gift tax to the U.S. government, seems to me a strange paradox. However, I will write today

to Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's, quoting verbatim what you say in your letter, and leaving it for him and his legal advisers to act as they think proper. There seems to be a metaphysical impossibility of fixing the value of an unpublished manuscript and if we waited until the actual sales and royalties on them were exhausted, we might all be dead before the total could be given. And why don't they levy a gift tax on the \$1700 or \$1800 that I send yearly to Mercedes? Or why not on any charities that I may make here in Italy? In all these cases the money originally comes from the United States, if that be the ground on which a right to levy a gift duty is legally based. However, as I said in my recent letter to you, I do not grudge the U.S. Treasury any sums that they may extort from my nominal property, which, with the single exception of these very royalties which are earned by my real labours, has come to me undeserved by virtue of good management by my brother Robert Sturgis, his son George, and now you and Mr. Salmon. It is others, my heirs, whom the matter chiefly touches; and I should think their interest lay, like mine, in avoiding incalculable and uncertain taxes and letting me dispose of my earnings, in contrast to my family Trust money, in my own way. I had of late years saved half my income, which had gone to swell the capital in trust. Is not that enough benevolence for a sort of half-uncle? Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. There will not be any royalties payable to me from Scribner's for 1945, those for Persons & Places going to Cory, and the others' not being sufficient to cover the \$1500 that, in a moment of panic, they sent me, having heard that I hadn't money enough for postage stamps. But for 1946 there will probably be something, since The Idea of Christ will appear in February.

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

1 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. January 1st 1946.

Dear Bob: I am writing this first letter of the new year to you, to thank you for your Christmas card-letter, with the Chinese dragon-planes, and also to acknowledge your mother's card and letter. Tell her that the photo

of the Park Street Church corner seems to represent something much newer and tidier than the old corner so well known to me seventy years ago. The church was then all painted or whitewashed a dingy grey; now it seems to have been scrubbed to show the red brick—I hope pink brick—and the pure white belfry and trimmings. Very good. There also seem to be fewer trees; and the high building in Tremont Street to the right is new. I wonder if the Boston Museum is the edifice with columns visible there? It had a curious entrance hall, with galleries and stuffed birds, etc, which you didn't stop to look at in going to the theatre within: but you couldn't help noticing a large cast of the Apollo Belvidere dominating the scene. Talking of Boston architecture, I have looked up Leverett House in a book of Harvard Views that an old friend sent me some years ago. It looks pleasant, and the arrangement of most of the Houses with courts open to the south, to let in the sunshine into their depths seems reasonable, especially as the buildings had to be higher than the courts in the English colleges were originally meant to be. In some of these, now that a third storey has been added, the courts look cold and dingy. The river fronts here remind one inevitably of the Backs at the English Cambridge; but the Cam is like a canal there—a Venetian effect—except that the banks are green and wooded, as perhaps the banks of the Charles are meant to become in time. Or is the openness and the meandering line of the water's edge an effect intended to be permanent? I should like to see the colour of these Houses—red brick and white? Pink brick and yellow? Anyhow the scene will always be much brighter and less poetical than the Backs, with their crumbling grey stone and towering dark verdure.

I have had an attack of my chronic catarrh, lasting the whole month of December, and probably through the winter, but it has not been severe, and I have been able to be up every day and to read a lot: only [^]the [^]writing [^]of anything more than letters has had to be suspended. Luckily The Idea of Christ is finished and you will probably get a copy soon after this letter. I have nothing pressing to do, and I don't mind being interrupted, since that gives me something positive to look forward to, other than reading the papers and such books as reach me. My very attentive English friend, Major Lane, by the way, has sent me by another officer a most interesting volume called The Unquiet Grave, by "Palinurus". "Palinurus" is thought to be Conolly, editor of the review "Horizon." Get the book if you can, and tell me what you think of it. I have read it twice, which I seldom do except with the classics; but this means only that I wished to make out the author's position, a very characteristic one in our day, not that I

think it important in itself, although his conclusion coincides in a way with my own, though reached by a different path.

Two of the young army men who have come to see me in Rome remain in my mind and both may now be at Harvard. One is an instructor in the department of Government, named Edgar Hemler. If the Harvard catalogue is out, will you please look up his name and, if you find it, give me his address, because I want to send him a copy of my Idea of Christ. He said something very intelligent about the dialogue The Philanthropist in my old Dialogues in Limbo, in which there is a first sketch of this same subject, and I want him to see how I have developed it. The other young man may be, he said, in the Law School this winter. His name is Charles Anderson. He comes from Chicago and I have his address there, only I am curious to know if he is now at Cambridge. If you like to see new people, different from the common run, you might look him up and say that I sent you to inquire about him.

Mr. Appleton has now written that he is willing to continue to be my Trustee, and that Mr. Nash is “out of the picture”, but I am not yet sure that we shall get on well together in the end, so that I shall be interested in your reply to my question regarding a successor.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 3. 1946

Dear Cory: I have your letter of Dec. 16, with the copies of two of your cousin's letters to Nash. They are very politely phrased: were the answers so too, I wonder? My position is just what Washburn represents it to be; but if it would be of possible use eventually, I could write out a statement, with dates, of what my intentions and acts were in the whole business. If the assessors or judges have any decency I think they would understand

that I was guided throughout by the same simple motives, and trusted to the willing cooperation of everyone in the matter: in which trust I was disappointed, and chaos created for me when I was not in communication with my legal agents: otherwise I should instantly have stopped or reversed their action.

As it is, I have already written to Mr. Appleton that my true interests in this affair are identical with yours, and that I hope, if he eventually has to employ a lawyer to take the place of Mr. Nash, it may be somebody who is ready to embrace and defend these true interests of mine, by endeavouring to establish that I had long before promised to give (which is morally giving) to you the complete ownership and profits from Persons & Places, all its volumes; that accordingly it was you who signed the contract for the two volumes already published and are liable to all taxes and entitled to all royalties accruing from this book. If we fail to establish this position, and I am taxed and super-taxed for an income which I had resigned and abandoned beforehand to another person, it will be time to consider how I can meet that unrighteous exaction: and of course I should do it without feeling, in consequence, at my age and with my modest way of living, any personal inconvenience. It would be only my heirs, from whom the trouble came, that would then suffer the results of their folly.

This last I have not said clearly to Mr. Appleton, but I suggested it when he was about to become my Trustee and Agent. If he proves recalcitrant now, after seeming to yield, there will be no reason for me to be reticent. I am indignant at the confusion in which George Sturgis, in his last phase, left my three pending affairs: the pension to Mercedes, the payment to the Sisters, and your rights to Persons and Places. I don't think he had any evil intentions: but he was as mad as a march hare, and for the same reason.

As to my pyjamas, if you have kept the letter in which I asked you for them, you will see that I spoke about the colour, saying I didn't want stripes (because I wear pyjamas all day, with a tie like a shirt) but some plain colour, grey or dull blue or khaki. I never thought of white, but aesthetically it is just as truly a colour, and you were within my specifications in choosing it. The only objection is that it soils more visibly, and my linen being always scanty, I like to make it serve as long as possible. I am already wearing the shirts (with short sleeves!) and the trousers of the pyjamas, after making a broad hem at the bottom. The combination does very well, and is comfortable, the collar being large and loose, fit for an artist. The low-necked jackets to the pyjamas, even without collars; will do very well too in mid-summer. But do send me other pyjamas with collars that

will serve for next winter (if I am alive): all the better if they are not too thin, but not flannel, because it shrinks uncomfortably.

Your idea of Burmuda seems reasonable. Is it an expensive place to live in in winter? In summer I it must be less fashionable, people preferring a place not involving a sea voyage. I had thought of Ireland for you. You might fall in with Dublin intellectuals, not too austere. But, I hear that taxes are high there, as in England, although food is plentiful and very good. This the Mother General of the Little Company of Mary writes me from Ireland, her native land, where she has gone on a tour of inspection, as also to Scotland and England. I have learned to my surprise that they have three houses in London, and a fourth in the environs.

Have you heard of The Unquiet Grave by “Palinurus”, who is Conolly, the editor of “Horizon”? My friend Major Lane has sent me the book (by a military channel) and I have found it most interesting. He [^]Palinurus_^ is ultra-modern yet his conclusion is very like mine: nature the beer and spirit the froth, or nature the meter and spirit the poetry: He knows Latin and French well, but has no other inspiration. A little cheap and promiscuous, Montaigne and Flaubert too much exalted, nothing Greek, nothing Catholic, yet very instructive. Read the book, if you can get it.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

3 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 3, 1946.

Dear Mr. Wheelock: This is a short letter on business, yet carries my best wishes for the new year.

Mr. Kyllmann of Constable & Company has asked me to ask you to send him two copies of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, so that he may judge whether it is possible for him to reprint that book; and he politely adds that he hopes so, but I suspect that he is rather discouraged about

everything. I asked him some time ago whether there was not some danger of actions for libel in reprinting vol. II of Persons & Places in England, with its indiscretions about Lord Russell's love affairs; and he has never replied. Perhaps fifty years suffice to turn gossip into history. What interests me in this request of Mr. Kyllman's is that it implies that books can be sent from the U.S. to England, though not to [illegible] Italy. If this is so, I will make another request on my own account.

Have you, or could you procure at second hand, a copy of my Dialogues in Limbo? I hear that it is out of print and unprocurable in England. If you have such a copy, and the post office will transmit it, will you please send it to Major Philip Lane, Collett's Farm, Wormingford, Colchester, Essex, England, and charge it to my account?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To David Page

7 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 7, 1946

Dear Mr. Page

I feel guilty at having unintentionally delayed the publication of your Review, but I think the inclusion of my old article, with these additions, will certainly be less ambiguous, and less open to misconstruction, than would an indirect discussion of my views. I enclose the proposed additions, with one or two small corrections of printer's errors. I also enclose a part of the envelope in which your letter has come, that you may see that the long delay was not due wholly to my action; although I am sorry not to be able to send this reply by air, because the anomolous condition of Italy makes it possible to send letters here by air, by not from here.

I wish you every success in your undertaking, and hope you may find a way of getting a copy of your first number to me: perhaps through someone in the army. I have recently received in this way several copies of "Horizon" from an English friend, and also The Unquiet Grave by "Palinurus", a remarkable book which you ought to review.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

8 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 8, 1946.

Dear Rosamond: Yesterday they brought your package sent on November 10th containing tea and coffee and a pair of lined slippers—just what I might have needed for this winter weather, when we have no coal and no central heating. They cook with gas—not always available—and I have a portable electric stove in my room, but I have not yet lighted it. I prefer the sun. I am writing at this moment, 10.30 a.m., by a wide open window, with great comfort, wearing lined boots and a great winter coat, as well as a rug over my knees. A hot-water bottle in my couch or in bed solves the problem when the sun is not shining. There was a tragedy, then, about these nice warm slippers. I didn't need them. However, I tried to try them on; but although long enough, they were so narrow that I couldn't get my foot into them. Evidently providence was against us; but then I thought how lucky this really was. Here was an opportunity to make a good present to the Sisters, who I know suffer from chillblains: so I sent them to the Superior to bestow on the nun who might need them most. The tragedy thus ends tutti contenti. The slippers were luckily black so that the nuns could wear them.

My lined boots came before the beginning of winter from Cory, whom I can ask for anything I want, as he has money of mine: and I do so freely. Yet everything doesn't come quite right. These boots were much too large; but the Doctor gave me a pair of felt soles to put into them, which have made them feel quite tight and warm. Pyjamas, which I had asked for also, came without sleeves or collars; but Cory knew enough to understand that I shouldn't like that, so he sent "shirts" as well: these have nice broad collars, but still no cuffs, only short sleeves. This will do nicely in summer, and for the moment I get on with my old duds, pieced out with the new. Cory can send me only one parcel a month, and doesn't always do so, because he knows I should ask for things if the need were real. It is the extras and the little luxuries that give one the pleasant excitement of receiving all these presents. Tea and coffee now count as luxuries here, though I get them daily; but sometimes I feel that I may be sponging on

the Sister's own gifts, and being Irish they love tea, and love it strong. Yours affectionately and [*illegible*]gratefully GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

18 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 18, 1946.

Dear Rosamond: Your letter of Jan. 5 arrived this morning together with Bob's beautifully long one of Jan. 7, which last I will answer another day. I have been more or less troubled all through December by a recurrence of my chronic bronchial catarrh, which still drags on mildly. I had escaped this for the last four years, ever since I came to this house; but somehow this time it has reasserted itself, gently but stubbornly, in spite of injections and other precautionary measures. It hasn't kept me in bed, but it has intefered a good deal with my usual writing, since when the weather is cold and there is no sun, I stay in bed in the morning. But the sun is now on its upward course, and I am almost well again.

Thanks for speaking frankly about the choice of a possible Trustee, but Mr. Appleton has expressed his willingness to continue in office, and that is a relief for the moment. The trouble has been that he and Mr. Nash have acted and spoken as if I were a tool in the wicked hands of Cory and his lawyer, and needed to be warned of the dangers which I was running of being entirely ruined. In fact, my action had been entirely of my own devising; the war occasioned it, and at the same time cut me off from communication with both Cory and George. [*illegible*]Yet all would have gone smoothly, if the royalties for the first volume of Persons & Places, which I had resigned to Cory beforehand, had not threatened to be unexpected,ly large. George then interfered; Scribner and Cory partly yielded; and a confused situation arose. When I later heard about this, I condemned immediately George's intervention, and Mr. Nash's "memorandum" addressed to me; but I am not sure that George ever saw these replies of mine. Certainly Mr. Nash, if he received them, paid no attention, but went on with his policy of intervention and persuaded Mr. Appleton, at least for a time, to sanction it. That intervention is now abandoned; but some strain and some opposition in feeling may still exist between me, Cory, and

Scribner on the one hand, and Mr. Appleton, with the ghost of Mr. Nash, on the other. Isn't it ridiculous? I demand that my lawyer, if he has to act at all, shall support Cory's case, and in that way clear me, if possible, of all taxation in regard to that book. But they insisted on regarding Cory—and myself!—as “the adverse party”.

What you say about Raymond Bidwell falls in exactly with what I vaguely knew or imagined. But considering my age, and that Josephine will inherit half my money, it seemed to me that her husband's interest would coincide with mine. If he is not clever or safe in his investments, that would be a pity: but I suppose he would manage Josephine's part eventually in any case; and he wouldn't be likely to delapidate the other half altogether before it came into the boys' hands. In any case, with the present scale of taxation, I am afraid nobody will get much. The net profit from my books, too, however successful they may be, is now reduced to a half or a third of the nominal royalties—and that when we don't count legal expenses!

I am glad you sent these cuttings, because Walter Lippmann was a pupil of mine; really a pupil, in that I feel that he learned something from me. He is always forcible: the trouble only is, in all political and journalistic writing, that a false finality seems to be given to one's ideas, without ever looking round the corner.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

19 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 19, 1946.

Dear Mr. Wheelock: In reply to yours of December 17, I should say that what you have done in sending the correction to Constable & C^o, to be made if possible in the plates of The Realm of Truth, is quite sufficient. It is a question of literary conscience and piety towards dead poets, and not

otherwise important. In one way, I am ashamed to have misquoted Clough; in another way, I am not averse to showing that I quote only what has become a part of my own mind, corrupted yet in another sense authenticated: because I shouldn't have quoted this maxim if, in my mind, it had been a contrast between my perishing and the permanence of the truth. I felt it as a contrast between the truth and my opinions. Mortality does not seem to me to diminish the dignity of mind, but error and partiality do diminish [*illegible*] that dignity.

My physician, Dr. Sabbatucci, has asked me if I could procure this "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary" for a son of his who is employed in translating technical American books. I have now received two or three odd volumes by post from America. If this dictionary, or even a secondhand copy of an earlier edition, is obtainable, would it be too much to ask you to get it and send it to me, charging it to my account? If so, please do not mention the price, as I wish to make a little present of it to my doctor, who has done me various little favours for years without special acknowledgement.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

28 January 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Jan. 28, 1946

Dear Bob, Your long letter of January 7th leaves me with a desire that it were much longer, because it gives me a panoramic view of what occupies you now but leaves many points of interest unexplained. You see, although I feel that I know you intimately and that in spite of the immense difference in our ages we understand each other easily, in fact most of your life you have been only a name for me, and two days or three that we talked together (under the handicap of my deafness) were not enough to fill a blank of twenty-two years. As to this extreme contrast in age, however, I rather think it is less an obstacle than one would expect, because a

^xHe came to the Harvard Graduate School from Princeton and had a latent religious feeling more Calvinistic than the air of Cambridge. Later he sometimes read the prayers at morning Chapel. This helps to explain him.

very old man is out of the scramble of contrasting plans, friends, and likes and dislikes that separates each generation from those immediately before and after it. Especially when the old man is a philosopher who believes (as apparently you do also) in the relativity of morals, and besides has been living with young friends almost all his life. So that it is quite natural for me to catch young people's interests and follow their lives with the same lively [*illegible*] participation as would their contemporaries and with more fairness: because I am not playing the same game.

For instance: you tell me that the Houses are being used merely as dormitories, and that you have two young chums, apparently not known to you before. Does this mean that you do not have your meals in Hall but have to go out for them? And where? In my day all that region was a desert, and the only restaurant south of Main Street (that is, Mass. Ave.) was the tiny Holly Tree in the basement of the tiny Lampoon building in the middle of Mt. Auburn Street. You can't very well be all eating beefsteaks and eggs on toast there exclusively. And were you booked with those two boys in your room without having seen them? I realize that after the war promiscuity is a matter of course; but it is something unstable, even in love or marriage. Time is selective, and so is any decided vocation or interest. A classless society _^would_^ be impossible if people were to practise any arts. Professions create classes; but unfortunately they do so often against the grain, and the ideal would be to be guided in friendship by instinctive self-knowledge, so that society should help you, rather than hinder you, to be yourself. I gather that this agrees with your own theory of morals.

Certainly I have heard of Perry: he was once my assistant, and he was a good young man^x; but I am not surprised if people go to sleep when he lectures. He once wrote a book on Nietzsche in which he systematically left out the middle letter of the author's name and the central idea of his philosophy. He also has written a standard book on W^m James, whom he naturally knew better; yet he makes him quite anodyne, which is just what James personally wasn't. Your other lecturer, whom I had not heard of, is apparently an advocate of what I call "moralism"—the opposite of relativity in morals: but it is excusable to fall in _^with_^ that party when moral conflicts are vocal and angry

Another point: how is it that you have been flying for three years and had now to learn flying? Of course I understand that in your wing you were highly specialized, and you „yourself, were not a pilot; yet I should think all airmen would be taught to pilot a plane, as all sailors learn to swim. But I am glad to hear that you are part owner of an airplane. It will give you a large radius for travel. Your father used to like going to Mexico. You might go there, or to Cuba, for some holiday, and observe the old Spanish architecture—an interesting adaptation of the baroque. I like a profusion of ornament in spots with a severe featureless wall for background, like a fortification: it expresses inward passion with indifference to the world. This is Spanish, and many people—your father and grandfather, for instance—don’t understand it, even if they like Spanish girls. Architects also don’t understand it, when they repeat their design like wallpaper.

You will make architect friends next year. Working in a studio, or something of that kind, is stimulating to discussion. I am surprised to hear that you have “a debate or a fight” wherever you turn. Haven’t you talked too much to opinionated, largely ignorant people, who know a little and think nothing else worth knowing? Better avoid them, and trust to good books. Aristotle, for instance, is not dull. He is brief and sententious, and may seem obvious because he has been so much quoted and followed: but he sees first principles. However, for that very reason you may find him more interesting when you have read a lot of one-sided egotistical modern theories, and can appreciate by contrast how sound he is. But he is not critical psychologically, in the modern way. The ancients usually thought like fathers of families, or magistrates. They took human interests and laws for granted.

In the Triton edition Egotism in German Philosophy appears in its original form. There has been a new edition, issued by Dent at the beginning of this second German war (as I think it might be called: there may be many “world wars” in future); and in this new edition there is a short preface and a long postscript added to bring the thing up to date. The postscript is more philosophical than the book; I have found that the Germans understood the transcendental nature of spirit less clearly than the Indians; and this is why they are politically aggressive and egotistical, whereas the Indians are truly detached and spiritual.

Your mother has mentioned the possibility of sending me books. They now seem to come freely from America: I have received not only the Terence that I wanted but anthologies from the works of Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Dorothy Parker. These are interesting social documents,

but not (to me) satisfying companions: not things to be read a second time, as Terence is. Please tell your mother that I am getting books enough, but love to get more tea and coffee and chocolate. If, however, The Machiavellians, by James Burnham (an English book) is available, I should be grateful for it.

There is much more that I should like to say in answer to your letter, but must stop for today. Aff^{ly} GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. You might send me a copy of the *Crimson*, marking any contribution of yours that there may be in it.

To Martin Birnbaum

4 February 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 4, 1946

Dear Mr. Birnbaum

I write to thank you very much for your reminiscences of Sargent, including those of Henry James and the plates of some of Sargent's paintings and drawings. I wish that you had gone more systematically into the problem of naturalistic versus excentric or symbolic painting. It is a subject about which my own mind is undecided. My sympathies are initially with classic tradition, and in that sense with Sargent's school; yet for that very reason I fear to be unjust to the excentric and abstract inspiration of persons perhaps better inspired. Two things you say surprise me a little: one that Sargent was enormous physically. I remember him as a little stout, but not tall: and I once made a voyage by chance in his company, and thereafter a trip to Tangier; so that I had for a fortnight at least constant occasions to go about with him; and being myself of very moderate stature I never felt that he was big. The other point is that he saw and painted "objectively", realistically, and not psychologically. Now, certainly he renders his model faithfully; but in the process, which must be selective and proper to the artist, I had always thought that, perhaps unawares he betrayed analytical and satirical powers of a high order, so that his portraits were strongly comic, not to say moral caricatures. But in thinking of what you say, and quote from him, on this subject, I begin to believe that I was wrong, that he may have been universally sympathetic and cordial, in the characteristically American manner, and that the satire that there might seem to be in his work was that of literal truth only: because we are all, au fond, caricatures of ourselves, and a good eye will see through our conventional disguises and labels. And this would explain what to some persons seems the "materialism" of Sargent's renderings; his interest in objets d'art for instance, rather than in the vegetable kingdom or in the life of non-sensuous reality at large. Crowding his house with pictures, and his memory with innumerable friends and innumerable anecdotes about them, shows a respect for the commonplace, a love of the world, that prevents the imagination from taking high flights or reflecting ultimate emotions. Is there, I wonder, any truth in such a suspicion?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Francis Henry Appleton Jr.

9 February 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 9, 1946

Dear Mr. Appleton,

Your letter of Jan. 29th has arrived in good air-mail-time: most of those I receive, although sent by air, take about two weeks. There is no reciprocal air-service from Italy, as I discovered when I last wrote to you and marked the letter, at your request, per via aerea. These matters are in great disorder on account of war legislation persisting when there is peace with military control: three incompatible systems. We must be patient until things are cleared up.

You say there is no mystery about the refusal of the authorities to let you send those \$7000 to the Hospital at Evergreen Park, but to me it remains mysterious. No money is going to leave the United States. The fact that I am living in Italy doesn't seem relevant. But as I said in a previous (early) letter, I think George Sturgis had the notion, and gave the impression that the money was to be sent through Chicago to Rome; and further that it was "to pay bills" I owed for food and lodging for three years. I am not (as you are too well aware) a man of business. I keep no accounts, and like to get on without formalities. So that what I did when I came to live in this house, and could no longer draw any money from Boston or from London (where I still have about £2000 in the bank, not available) was to suggest to the "Mother General" that in lieu of regular payments, I should have the lump sum of \$3000 a year sent to their Hospital in Chicago. It was more than an equivalent for my probable "bills"; and as it happened that they were extending their hospital in Chicago, the head of the Order was glad to accept my proposal. I had some cash on hand, and was able, until fresh remittances came from America in 1945, to pay something monthly here

for service and washing and sundries. After December, 1944, I have been paying my way here like any other guest or patient.

What I owe is therefore not for unpaid bills in Rome, but rather a compensation for having been lodged and fed gratis, or on trust that the promised counter-favour would be done in Chicago. It was in one sense, and partly, meant as a donation: yet if the matter were regarded strictly as a payment of bills never presented, the surplus would be partly cancelled by the interest that might be claimed for undue delay in settling the account.—Excuse me for dwelling on this. I will prepare a letter to Mrs. Bidwell and the Sturgis boys about the matter and send it to Mr. Salmon to be presented in case of my [*across*] death before it is settled. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

23 February 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 23, 1946

Dear Onderdonk: I have to thank you for your Christmas card and now for the large size calendar with views of old Harvard. Le Christ de Dijon is not like my “idea” of Christ, because it is resisting suffering, while my Christ is choosing and transcending it, like the Christ rising from the tomb by Piero della Francesca which you may remember I used to have in my room. However, many sides are to be found in the idea of Christ, as in the reality of Old Harvard. But as to Harvard, I think the album of photographs you sent me of the new Harvard is more attractive than old Harvard ever was: I mean to the eye. Harvard was terribly ugly; but we could be tolerably happy there notwithstanding. I am afraid, if you come back to live in Europe you will find it uncomfortable as well as ugly. Things seem destined to be brought down to a lower level all round, as at the fall of the Roman Empire. Better stay in Chicago. I read in the paper yesterday of a person asked if he came from Austria. He did, but his reply was: Vengo dal Purgatorio. Don’t gather from this that I wish I were not here. I am quite happy here, and cheerful. But I have given up demanding luxuries.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Lieutenant Garcia

26 February 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6

Rome Feb. 26, 1946

Dear Lieutenant Garcia

That you should think Plato good but not true, and should at the same time follow Darwin with approval would seem to indicate that you instinctively think as I think. This, and your Latin (or Greek—for Calabria is very Greek) blood don't apparently suffice to make you feel at home in my Weltanschauung. What is the difficulty? you don't tell me or give me any hint of where it lies. Why is Plato good in spite of being wrong? I should say because his ethics and politics are right in principle, but his cosmology is mythical and made to fit his humanism miraculously, having been planned on purpose to produce an ideal Athens and a perfect set of Athenians. Now, this is contrary to Darwin, and must be abandoned: Although the Platonic myth may be excellent parables, illustrating the growth of human virtues, I therefore stick to Darwin (or in my case—rather to Lucretius and Spinoza) in my cosmology; but when I turn to the realm of Spirit (which has its perfectly natural place in animal life) I drop Darwin, Lucretius, and even Spinoza and stick to Plato, or rather to the idea of Christ. I have lately been writing a book on this last subject, which may show you what I mean, and how I graft this Christian morality on the naturalistic stalk. Of course, if you hanker for a physically real good world, you will never find it, and it may seem to you discouraging spiritually that spirit should not rule the universe. That would seem to me a pity, and a lack of caution in not keeping truth and imagination in their respective places. Is that what makes you uncomfortable?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

27 February 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 27, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Today I drove to the post office and got your gift of four books on sublime politics. You ask whether they are what I want. Yes, exactly, at least three of them. I am less sure about Churchill's war speeches, although they may be what I need, even if I don't like them, in order to give me a victorious thrill and a sense of being a good fellow surrounded by a nation of other good fellows, guaranteed to beat any other set of good or bad fellows on earth. Being in doubt about the possibility of getting my organism, at its age, to react properly on this alcoholic stimulant, I have for the moment lent this one book to Mother Hilda, acting head of this establishment (the Mother General being on travels of inspection in foreign parts), who is an ardent Englishwoman and speaks of "Mr. Churchill" with a hush of reverence. She sends word that she is much obliged, and will take great care of the precious volume and return it soon for my improvement. Meantime I have begun on "The Anatomy of Peace" by Emery Reves, which attracted me most; and I began with the last chapter to see what he was after: for the "jacket", if that is what you call the paper cover, gave me no clear idea of the author, who didn't proclaim himself to be a professor or even a Ph.D, and was not described in any of the comments quoted by the editor as belonging to any party. That fact encouraged me; and indeed I have found the last chapter splendid. Just what I think myself! Only, of course, I should add a word or two that might materially transform the issue. We must have law or suffer conquest:

agreed; but if we have law, somebody must enforce it, and we should have to submit just as if we had been conquered. Apparently the establishment of this control is to be left to circumstances—as it always has been hitherto. I may get more light on that point when I have read the book properly, beginning at the beginning.

The book by the nice little good-looking Brazilian-American on Spanish America naturally attracts me also; it will tell me a great many things that I am interested in knowing, and ashamed to be ignorant of; and it probably will not tax the intellect too severely. This may be the case with the Harvard book on “General Education”: I will keep that for Sunday reading.

Altogether I am delighted, and only wish I could read all the books at once. The weather is also getting brisker, and it is pleasant to begin to shed one’s winter garments.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

8 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6
Rome, March 8, 1946.

Dear Mrs. Bush: Your Christmas box, promised in your kind letter of November 16, has come (rather inappropriately) for Ash Wednesday, the only fast day, except Good Friday, now left for doing „prescribed,“ penance by the pious, since they are understood to do it every day „unprescribed,“.

I don't have to do any fasting: the only inconveniences are qualitative: that water only flows occasionally in the pipes, or that gas for cooking is supplied only at certain hours, and chiefly that we have no coal for heating the house or the running water, even when it runs. I can therefore begin feasting at any time on the good things you send me to eat, not to mention the two packages of tea, the stockings, and the reviews of Bertie Russell's latest performance, of which I hadn't even heard. But in the matter of books my isolation is now over, since I get them again from America and also from England. The Times Literary Supplement to which apparently I was subscribed when war broke out, has spontaneously begun to arrive again: I don't know how they discovered my new address, which they give exactly: and I have written to Blackwell in Oxford, where I had an account, asking for particular books and catalogues. This removes one of the greatest privations that I, personally, had to put up with during the war. You see, therefore, that you have chosen the sort of things to send me that I really need: they give me tea every afternoon, knowing that it is my favourite indulgence; but I have qualms sometimes, fearing that what my friends have kindly sent may have given out and that the Sisters may be depriving themselves of what is sent to them: and being chiefly of Irish extraction they dote on it and, unlike me, take it strong. It therefore comforts my conscience as well as my stomach to get it at all times. The other provisions, even coffee, I regard as luxuries, and am glad to have them to reinforce human nature's daily stimulant.

Why is New York "abominable"? I thought it now had outdone Paris in variety of attractions and as a centre of cosmopolitan life. Not that I should want to live there myself. I am now not fit for society, having grown deaf in a partial but disturbing way, in that voices deafen me and the more they sound the less I can make out what they are saying. With one clearly speaking person near me, I get on nicely, but a person across the room, or two at once, confuses me completely. Nevertheless I have received a great number of visitors, more than I ever did in my life; chiefly army-men who had read "Persons & Places" or "The Last Puritan," and in one or two cases I have actually made new friends, as you say you have the gift of doing. It has been a great pleasure. But no: I am not going to leave Rome for the summer. I have been living uninterruptedly in this house since October, 1941, and don't expect to leave it during the rest of my life. Summer here, on the brow of the Caelius, with a green outlook and a horizon as broad as at sea, is quite tolerable: much pleasanter now than the winter. I live in

my pyjamas—this being a hospital, undress is allowed even in the corridors—and have an awning in front of my window to the south, which is a French window with a balcony; but I shut blinds and shutters of my West window until the evening, as the sun from that quarter is too potent.

It is pleasant to know that some others of my friends come to see you, and renew our old conversations. But now, I am afraid, the present is too much with us, and not very pleasant company.

Many thanks for everything from your old friend GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

9 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 9, 1946

Dear Cory: Your letters of January 6 and 30 are still unanswered, and the heavy parcel, which arrived a week or more ago, unacknowledged. The fact is I have not been very well, and not inclined to sit down to anything in particular. Since the beginning of December I have had a return of my old bronchial catarrh, with fits of coughing; and lately I had another attack of heart failure, or the threat of it, with a desire to vomit on an empty stomach, which Dr. Sabbatucci explained to me for the first time intelligibly, although in all I have had it four times since the winter at the Grand Hotel 1940–41. The heart being weak, he explains, the circulation is arrested, or partly arrested, at the neck (precisely where I have on two of those occasions, but not this last time, felt a sort of seizure); and this somehow provokes nausea and the false effort to vomit: also panting for breath. It is a bad turn, and might I expect be easily fatal; but thanks to injections I have recovered quickly—in half an hour—in all the cases so far: and this time, after a two-hours sleep, I at once felt perfectly well again, and was about much a usual the next day. But of course, such an attack leaves me weaker, and disinclined to make any effort. However, I have been reading

book upon book: first those sent to me by Lane (I think I mentioned The Unquiet Grave in my last letter) and then those sent from America by Charles Andersen (a new friend of mine, made here, now at the Harvard Law School) and by the Sturgises; as well as others sent me by their authors. Andersen's books were pure literature, the Sturgises' pure politics, including a Harvard one on "General Education in America," by a committee of professors. All this was informing, but little of it philosophically of any value or memorable in itself. But I have received again, as if by miracle, The Times Literary Supplement, and I have written to Blackwell in Oxford asking for anything new of Russell's or Collingwood's, and for catalogues: also for Le Mythe de Sisyphé by Camus. Blackwell hasn't yet replied, but doubtless will do so; don't therefore trouble to send me any books, unless you come upon something that you know will really interest me. Russell's History I suppose has been issued in England also, and that will come from Blackwell.

The contents of your parcel, especially the tea were most welcome. The only thing I now lack positively is shaving cream; but I think I shall manage with one expedient or another.

Yours as ever GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I received Mrs. Bush's "Christmas" parcel two days ago, and wrote to her yesterday.

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

15 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 15, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Your parcel of groceries sent from S. S. Pierce on January 10th arrived yesterday, in a little over two months. Everything was most acceptable, especially the generous quantity of coffee, which when I have it in the morning instead of the ordinary extract of brown-beans,

stimulates my imagination and probably improves the quality of my writing for that day. I wish we had a medical thermometer for style, so that I could take my literary temperature when I sit down to write, and be reassured when it indicated blood heat, or average rationality, and be warned off and take a rest or a glass of something strong if it indicated dangerous fever, involving bad language, or vitality lower than 36° threatening platitudes and imbecility. Yet in the absence of scientific diagnosis it is a resource to take some good coffee which will probably do good; or at least make foolishness unconscious.

I have now read three of the four books you sent previously, Churchill's Speeches not having been yet returned to me by Mother Hilda, although the other day she made me a nice visit. I didn't skip a single page of the Harvard book, remembering that you believe firmly in education and not, like me, in inspiration or drink—and I wanted to inform myself a little on that important subject. And I have gathered a good deal of interesting information about American schools and about the present ways of Harvard: but I am afraid this book, written by nobody in particular, doesn't do justice, at least in style and in novelty of thought, to the Harvard geniuses of this generation. Frankly, I thought it a dull book, and full of needless repetition; but at least I was relieved to find that “general” education did not mean education in general (Kindergardens being excluded) but meant what I should call essential education, or learning the things that are most worth knowing, not for their utility in making a living, but in giving us something to reward us for being alive. I like the proposed reform, insisting that everybody shall know something of good books and important facts and ideas. It will be a return, mutatis mutandis, to traditional education, even if the Latin and Greek are administered, only diluted in the cold water of translation. But there is another point in that book that interested and rather surprised me. This committee has acquired a totalitarian view of society: there is an orthodox system of life and thought, called apparently “democracy” which must be made the basis and criterion of right education and [*illegible*]right character. This is new to me in America. In my time Harvard wasn't at all inspired in that way. Not that anyone was hostile to democracy, but that we thought enlightenment lay in seeing it, and all other things, in the light of their universal relations, so as to understand them truly, and then on the basis of the widest possible knowledge, to make the best of the facts and opportunities immediately around us. But now education is to be inspired by revealed knowledge of the vocation of man, and faith in our

own apostolic mission. Perhaps the war has made this view more prevalent than it would have been in uninterrupted peace.

The book about Latin America disappointed me a little. I wished his the author's interests might have been more Latin and less commercial. The Anatomy of Peace is the one I liked best. The criticism of the plural sovereignties seems to me sound: but a general parliament would never bring peace. It must be a dominant power. However, I mustn't go into this [*across*] here. It is too big a subject.—Best thanks for everything from your affectionate uncle GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

20 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 20, 1946

Dear Clemens

Thank you many times for your life of President Truman. It is a living picture of the scene and sentiments of American practical politics; and I think you have managed to be thoroughly sympathetic and realistic in your treatment, without perfunctory rhetoric. Particularly good, it seems to me, is the admission that Truman is, and really had to be, a practical politician, if he was ever to become a possible statesman and man in power. My family in the U.S. have sent me other interesting books about politics, such as The Anatomy of Peace by Emery Reves and The Latin-American Front by J. F. Privitera (a St. Louis Man). These are, I suppose, books by free lances not representing official opinions; but they begin well philosophically, only they don't seem to me to see the real difficulty in establishing a universal peace. It is not a question of votes or meetings or public opinion, but of the force that will impose any decisions that may be agreed upon verbally. Thank you also for your card

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

20 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome, March 20, 1946

Dear Cory: Today comes your large parcel with quantities of tea, coffee, soap, and other good things. Thank you very much. For a long time now you mustn't think of my greediness; but if you are going to leave the U.S. there is one more thing that I should like you to send me, as it is something rather expensive which I don't like to ask the Sturgises or Bidwell's for, as I have no means of returning the favour—until I die, when I shall not be thank^{ed} for it, as being involuntary. It is to send me two pairs of pyjamas for the winter (not flannel, however, which shrinks, and I have begun to do the opposite). I hope that before long my London bank account may be in running order; so that if you are in England there will be no difficulty in settling accounts with you and also with Blackwell for books, with whom I am already in communication. The Times Literary Supplement is most welcome: this week there is an excellent article on Kierkegaard.

My health is better with the better weather that has set in after the long delayed rains.

I have finished revising or rather rewriting The Marriage of Venus, and will have it type-written soon. Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

22 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,

Rome, March 22, 1946

Dear Raymond: Your letters of Feb. 23 and 27 arrive today together, when I had, a day or two before, written to Josephine to acknowledge the Christmas parcel, just received, which she had sent on December 5th. Mails are irregular. You say nothing of a long letter I wrote you—addressed to your office—about the trouble I had had with Mr. Nash and Mr. Appleton (started originally by George) in regard to Cory and the royalties for my

Persons & Places. I feared at the time that Mr. Appleton would desert me, and I wanted you and Josephine to understand my position in the matter. Now the storm seems to have passed, although officially the affair is still pending. I have heard that Mr. Washburn, Cory's cousin and lawyer, is a friend of yours. He might be able to give you his legal view of the question. If it comes to litigation, I shall insist that my representatives shall support Cory's contention. I quite understand that the authorities may not accept it: but it represents my true interests, financial as well as personal, and we should all do our best to have it prevail. From rumours that have reached me, I gather that a myth has arisen about Cory, as if he were an adventurer after my money, and I had to be defended against his machinations. As I said in my letter to you, he is "a good-for-nothing fellow;" but that is to be taken humorously, in that he never has made any money or written any successful book or obtained any lucrative post. But this is as much my fault and my friend Strong's as his own. He is half Irish, pleasure loving, and shiftless; but he has a very good mind, and is an excellent friend and entertaining companion; and he even has a sort of religious or poetic enthusiasm which invades him at certain seasons, and is utterly remote from worldly motives. It was this side of him that made me originally engage him as a secretary, partly in the hope that he would turn into a distinguished writer; and Strong later tried to convert him to his own system of philosophy, with only partial success. Not that Cory follows me particularly: Bertrand Russell is the one with whom he agrees most in technical matters: but he has Catholic leanings also, which Russell would despise. Strong left Cory an appointment to a Fellowship that would yield \$2500 a year: but the war caused every thing to be blocked. It was for this reason that I (whose money was also blocked) gave him my book to help him through.

As to my debt to the Sisters, I still hope I may live to pay it, and have never been told on what ground I have been forbidden to do so. Here too there may be some myth as to my motives or the destination of the money. But at Mr. Appleton's suggestion I have sent to Mr. Salmon a letter addressed to my heirs (like a previous one about the allowance to Mercedes) to be presented in case of my death while the matter (in each case) was still pending. I took for granted that Josephine and the Sturgis boys would gladly attend to these engagements, if they knew clearly their nature: but it might have been forgotten or delayed. In my letter about the Sisters, I go into some details that it would be well for you to know, if the matter was still pending when I disappeared; because the sum I promised

was not based on bills actually presented but was a rough equivalent, rather more than my actual eventual expenses: and I meant it to be a little more in recognition of the favour received in being supported gratis for three years. However, I am still in hopes of clearing up the business myself.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

22 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 22, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock: Today your letters of Feb. 21 (with royalty reports) and Feb. 25 arrive together, and I am afraid there are two or three earlier and very kind letters of yours unanswered. I have been less well this past winter than on the other winters that I have spent in this house, and also more interrupted by letters and visits; all of which has made me slack and remiss in correspondence and also in regular work. However, the revision of the two poetical plays is now completed, and I think satisfactory. The patches in The Marriage of Venus may be easily detected by any expert critic; but I don't mind, because they are virtually what I meant to do in 1896, but hadn't quite the vocabulary requisite for doing it: I mean, to introduce reflections, maxims, and personal philosophies into my characters. I find it done in Terence (whom I have been reading a great deal lately) and like it very much there: and the gods of Olympus had longer to make their personal philosophy articulate than any senex in Terence or Menander. In the other longer play, Philosophers at Court, written a few years later, the patches, I think, are not noticeable, as they concern the style less than the plot, which seemed to me the weakest point, and which, by adding or replacing a very few speeches, I think I have brought more to a head. This play is type-written, and I mean next week to take the other also to Miss Tindall to be copied. But here I have a confession to make, which is that I don't think these plays ought to appear soon after The Idea of Christ. They are ultra-pagan and somewhat licentious, not in language, but in temper and doctrine; they perhaps reflect my prevailing sentiments more than does The Idea of Christ, but they belong before not after the latter: in my youth and in what I deliberate think is the

natural common inevitable texture of life: the spiritual reconsideration of existence being something optional and rare, though more satisfying in the end. This order of things can be easily established and cleared up after one is dead: but it would be misleading to the public, and unbecoming in extreme old age, to bring out the epicurean side after the ascetic. So I will ask you to be patient, and let Cory bring out these plays (if you think it worth while) together with the Posthumous Poems, and I should think in the same volume, under that title. For wouldn't that attract the public more than "Hellenistic Plays"?

As to the business side of your letters, I certainly don't want you to send me any funds for the present. When the debit in my account has been paid, please keep whatever may accumulate until the financial situation is normalized. Lately, as you doubtless know, the official exchange for the Italian lira has been raised from 100 to 225 to the dollar: so that I have lost more than half the supposed previous value of my money here in the bank. My "pension" here has been raised, but not to the same extent, and it will ultimately have to be raised more; so that next year, 1947, I should probably have to ask Mr. Appleton to begin to send me something: and then if you had anything to my credit, I might like to have that too. But I may not be alive; and if I am, it will be time enough to decide what should be done according to circumstances. I have not yet written to Brown Shipley & Co in London to inquire about the fortunes of my deposit with them, which was considerable: but I have got into communication with Blackwell in Oxford, and have begun to receive again, as if by miracle, The Times Literary Supplement. Hurrah!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana.

[*across*] P.S. Yes, I should very much like to see some reviews of The Idea of Christ: and if you don't mind adding to my indebtedness, I should like a copy of Bertrand Russell's History of Philosophy, which seems to have appeared first in America. [*end across*]

Please send copies of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels with the compliments of the Author, to the following, and charge them to my account.

GSantayana

Mrs. R. Burnside Potter, Smithtown Branch, New York.

*Mrs. Wendell T. Bush, Park Avenue, New York " "

Mr. Lawrence Smith Butler, University Club, " " " "

Prof. Irwin Edman, Columbia University " " " "

Rev. G. Adolph Zeltner, 26 S. Madison Ave. Spring Valley, N.Y.

Harvard University Library, Robbins Collection, Cambridge Mass.

The Harvard Union, Quincy Street - - - - - " "

The Delphic Club, 9 Linden Street, - - - - " "

Professor V. T. Smith, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill

1st Lt. Charles C. Anderson, Jr. 1917 Warren Boulevard, " "

Mr. & Mrs. Raymond B. Bidwell

Mrs. R. Thomas Sturgis } Weston, Mass.

Mr. Robert S. Sturgis }

Prof. Augusto Guzzo, Università, Torino.

Prof. Antonio Banfi, Università, Milano } Italy.

Sig. Luciano Sibelle, Corso Montenero,
Auld, Susa }

*Please look up the number

The Idea of Christ in the Gospels by G. Santayana

Please send a copy of the above, with the Author's compliments, in addition to the list already forwarded, to the following:

Prof. Herbert Schneider, Columbia University, New York City.

Prof. Horace M. Kallen, New School of Social Research, New York City.

Mr. Witter Bynner, Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico

{for ^{c/o} John Day C^o if Mr. Bynner is no longer in Mexico.}

His Excellency Jacques Maritain, French Ambassador to the Holy See,
Vatican City, Rome, Italy.

To Evelyn Tindall

26 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 26, 1946

Dear Miss Tindall,

Let me apologize for sending you another play to copy, but I hope this one won't give you much trouble. It is shorter, without Greek names or many long speeches, and the words in Italics, which are simply the names of the characters, may be typed all in capitals. I have placed them between the speeches, as in my copies of French plays, because the lines on my page take nearly the whole space, and this arrangement makes clearer the relation of the two parts of a line when they are in different speeches. But a line, in your copies, leaves a good broad margin, and you would save paper if you placed the names, as is more usual, at the left hand of each speech, in the margin. Do as you like about this. The publisher, if this play is ever published, will have his own ideas on the subject, and in any case will have his own way, as these old plays are to appear, if at all, only in my "Posthumous Poems".

As usual, no hurry.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To David Page

28 March 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 28, 1946

Dear Mr. Page:

"The New Satyricon" is a curious name for a review published in old Boston, and I tremble at the anticipations that your Review will arouse and disappoint. Not every word, I suppose, will be an aphrodisiac. The quotation that explains your choice of a title, for the public at large (and for Boston) who wouldn't knowingly have read Petronius, may do very well as a motto for a return to naturalism, but does it describe the "novel" in question? It is not (the novel, I mean) complete, cleanly, or particularly

graphic. It is entertaining, particularly in some tales and episodes, and a document in the description of the supper, the baths, the witch at the temple, and the provincial society that lives on the hope of imaginary inheritances. But I don't think it makes one wish to live in the world it represents, which is very artificial and decadent, and not healthily naturalistic. Vice is common, but not a spontaneous expression of nature: rather a deviation caused by suppressing nature or overworking it. For genuine naturalism, which has a tragic side, I should look to Homer rather than to Petronius; or on the social side, with town life, to Terence, whom I have been reading lately with great pleasure. His old men are so savoury, each with his private philosophy, and his young men so young, so helplessly in love, and so loyal. And the outlook is truly (not sentimentally) naturalistic: contented with limitations, bourgeois life, fixed principles, a fixed income, and parents who were just like their children and children who expect to be just like their parents, and respect them and themselves all the more on that account. That is what I should present to old Boston, and call it The New Athens—(of Menander).

I seem to remember a review of Persons & Places by Edmund Wilson, but I liked one of vol. II (called The Middle Span without my leave) by Christopher Morley. It has been a pleasant surprise that both volumes have been so well received. The "liberal" ill-will doesn't matter: they have to be like that.

I am reading "Leninism" by Stalin, in an excellent Italian translation by the leader of the Communists here. Isn't that a genuine form of naturalism? Of course the roots are not everything in nature: the flowers are just as natural: and for that reason levellers and anticlericals are not good naturalists. Don't be the enemy of anything, nor the dupe of anything!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

5 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 5, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Yesterday came your parcel with heat pads and soap. Thank you very much. Soap is always in season, and not to be bought here except (I suppose) in the black market. The heat pads are late for the winter of this year, but will be useful when the autumn comes and interesting as a mechanical novelty—an application, as it were, of atomic bombs for the home and for the stomach. My critics used to upbraid me, when I said I was a materialist, by urging that matter was something passive and dead, but I hope they are now discovering that it is surprising^{ly} explosive. When I warm my feet or my stomach with your pads, I shall meditate on the kindly way in which iron particles can communicate their secret vitality to torpid old age and to a lazy spirit.

I am reading a book in two volumes by Stalin on Leninism, in an excellent Italian translation. There are a lot of interesting books to be had in Italian cheap if one only hears of them. Stalin is very clear and frank. We are all to be liquidated. The question is whether somebody won't want to liquidate the liquidators.

Spring has come, trees are green and blooming, and I am working nicely on my next book

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

12 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 12, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Another box has arrived from you with tea, coffee, cocoa, fruit-cake, milk, onion soup, and minor luxuries. I think the time the things take is very unequal; and for some reason there are three different places where they are to be claimed, if they are not delivered at the place of the address, as sometimes happens. They may arrive at the Central post-office, at the local post-office, or at the custom house at the Central Station. Sometimes I go to fetch them on foot, sometimes I drive, and sometimes a person is sent for them or the Sisters pick them up on their peregrinations. As they are nuns as well as nurses and seldom go out, I believe gadding is a great treat for them. One day, when I was looking for a book case, two of them drove out with me in a taxi (one never goes out alone) and they kept me going up and down the Via Babuino, where the furniture shops are, for an unnecessarily long time; and finally we got nothing, and the Mother General had to go another day without me, so as to be able to reach a decision. This, by the way, shows the reason why meetings of foreign minister and other deliberative assemblies take so long to settle anything.

With thanks as ever, your affectionate Uncle GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

13 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 13, 1946

Dear Mr. von Hagen

This morning I receive your book Sudamérica los Llamaba, which I see at first glance is full of interesting matter and throws reflected light also on the state of various European countries one or two centuries ago. This is very much the sort of curious glimpses of the world that it interests me nowadays to obtain. It will be a pleasant contrast from a book—very satisfactory in its own way—that I am reading at present: Leninism by Stalin, in an Italian translation by Togliatti, the leader of the Communist party here.

It is very good of you to remember me and send me your informing books: I wish I were younger, so that the seeds so sown might have a chance to produce something. But I am not too old to profit by them in the way of pleasure and an amused sense of the variety of nature: for instance, here, the Patagonians!

With best thanks

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 21—Easter—1946.

Dear Cory, I think I have thanked you for your last pacco, which was like the horn of Plenty, but not for your letter of March 19, in which you speak again of going to Bermuda. I wonder what the state of your finances is, or will be in future. Even if you get your Fellowship won't 10 shillings in the pound be levied on it, and won't it be quite insufficient to live on? I don't know whether I shall ever be allowed to dispose of my money: on paper I am richer than ever, but I can't pay my old debts! And I owe Scribner about \$500! The exchange for the lira has risen to 225 to the dollar, officially, and it is higher in the free market, so that my fund here in the Banco di Napoli has been reduced to half—less than half—its nominal international value: but the Sisters have not yet raised their prices in the same proportion, and I still have enough for more than a year's expenses. I have not yet got a cent from the Appleton regime, but shall eventually be obliged to ask for \$3000 a year which will turn into a million lire! After Scribner has got back what I owe him, if there are other royalties, I should be delighted to have you get them, through me, as before, when they flowed through Brown Shipley & C^o. All is still deathlike in that region. But

I have got my first consignment of books from Blackwell's in Oxford, much to my delight Two new books by Collingwood, who I see has died: but his New Leviathan is very interesting and important, and a good check on my Dominations & Powers, the philosophy being opposed to mine, yet the inspiration sympathetic. I am also reading Stalin on Leninism, two volumes in an Italian translation by Togliatti, the leader of the Communists here. It is excellent, and refreshingly dogmatic.

My own book has arrived. I have read it through in search of errors and have found very few. The cover or jacket or whatever it is called is dreadful, and the title-page (which I am told is in the latest fashion) looked to me like a tombstone with a sprawling inscription. Otherwise the book, though modest and poverty-stricken, is inoffensive. But I dreamt of something else. As to the text, I find some repetitions, and the first part less satisfactory than the second, which is just the contrary of my original feeling. But such impressions are variable. Let it be as it has become

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

P.S. My health is much better, as is the weather. Only mankind is incorrigible.

To Ervin Paul Hexner

21 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Pennsylvania)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 21, 1946

Dear Professor Hexner

The proposed book on politics which you ask about is amorphous; like some others of mine (now all published, thank heaven) it has been on my hands for many years—since before the other war. A mass of manuscript exists, and I have now imposed a plan on it which, though an after-thought, I think will help me to arrange and rewrite the whole, if I live long enough. It was always called “Dominations and Powers”, the point being to distinguish beneficent from vexatious government. This evidently

involves defining first who is to be benefitted or vexed; so that much philosophy precedes and accompanies the parts that ought to be, but are not, learned. If you have read the late Professor Collingwood's "New Leviathan" you may have some notion of the sort of book mine would try to be, although of course our philosophies, temper, and style are very different.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

22 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 22, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Since I last wrote another package from S. S. Pierce has arrived with the usual ingredients, and now I have your letter of April 16, only a week ago, announcing another box, with the exciting foundation of Bob's literary works. I am delighted that he has been elected President of the Crimson. That proves two things that I daresay were well known, but which I hadn't been told about. One is that he is given to writing for the public. That is excellent, if the public consents; otherwise far from keeping one's mind sane and in sympathy with the age, it confirms one's irritability. The other thing that being elected President of anything proves is that a man is able to recommend himself to others and to take practical responsibilities. I was never elected President of anything, and never learned to write for the public, although so many of my things, written to make myself conscious of my own opinions, have been thrust before the public *on spec*. This is what is called the producer's economy in literature: but now it is the consumer's economy that is desirable. Better then begin by writing for the newspapers. Write something people will read!

If Bob devotes himself to both literary composition and architectural design he will have two strings to his bow easy to play together to advantage. It is an old maxim that you shouldn't choose your first or best love for a wife, but rather your number two, after mature consideration or even

experience: like David Copperfield choosing first silly Dora and afterwards wise Agnes, who was the right one. So an architect may have a legitimate second profession in literature: he may even write about architecture, so that his second wife will only prove his greater fidelity to his first one. I might have written this to Bob; but for the moment he had better be left to attend to his Presidency as well as to his other engagements, and you can show him this letter when he comes home. I sent him a separate copy of my new book, not to be read, now, but perhaps when vacation begins in June, and, I suppose, he goes somewhere into the country. But please destroy the paper cover.

I am myself reading Stalin, in Italian, and a lot of books about politics. Also some good philosophy that I hadn't been able to get hold of until now when I can order books from Blackwell's in Oxford. Don't trouble about books for me, unless [*across*] you hear of something special. Scribner can also send me any that I want from America.

Yours affectionately G. Santayana

To John Hall Wheelock

22 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 22, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock:

The Idea of Christ arrived some days ago, and at the same time Webster's Dictionary, for which many thanks. My new volume—when the dust cover has been taken away and destroyed—makes a neat and modest appearance, imposed by the rules now in force; and the pages are pleasant to read. I have gone once over the whole and found only four little points to correct:

p. 54, 4 lines from the bottom, omit comma.

p. 62 10 “ “ “ “ for “deviations” read: derivations

p. 82 line 14, for “or” read: of

p. 242 “ 2, for “noumenal” I had originally written “numinous”; this is a new word that I had found in several places recently and liked: but I dare

say it has not become current and may seem obscure and affected. Let us say, then: magical

The word “noumenon”, invented by Kant is well enough pronounced in German, no-umenon, following the Greek νο ούμενου; but the English pronounce it now menon and in America I heard ~~it~~ always pronounced noomenon. Now I am no great scholar; but when I know a Greek word I like to hear it making sense—Besides, the idea I wished to convey in this passage is hardly that places have an intellectual or conceptual power, but that a vague aura or magic hangs about them: they seem sinister or charming. This is the opposite of intellectual; rather uncanny or mysterious or sacred. So that “noumenal” won’t do, although it might be credited with meaning something.

As to the substance of my book, on reading it print, my first impression was that there were needless repetitions, and that I had said in the first part much of what I pretended in the second part to be new matter. Yet on coming to the second part I found it more cogent than I expected, and am content with the repetition of the doctrine (perhaps useful) when it reappears in a more connected argument. I am curious to see what the critics say, not that I can hope for much new light on the subject itself, but that I am concerned about the degree of timeliness in putting forward such a view as mine. I used not to expect any agreement or sympathy: of late I have begun to find something of both, together or separately: and of course this is a pleasant change. Will the same soft winds blow in regard to this book? The only review I have yet seen, in “Time”, is very fair, non-committal but respectful and not angry.

I have received the first batch of books from Blackwell’s in Oxford since the outbreak of the war, including two by the late Professor Collingwood, whom Cory and I admire; they are The New Leviathan and The Idea of Nature. He is a disciple of Croce, but enriches that point of view by different sympathies. For instance, he once wrote a lovely review of my Realm of Essence; yet when in other places he has incidentally and curtly mentioned me it has always been with a kind of resentment: he thinks I have committed “an egregious blunder” in falling back from idealism in regard to knowledge, or scepticism, to what I call animal faith, and belief in matter. Matter, he says in these new books, is only the idea of matter reached up to date by science; and science can never reach a literally true idea of it. I agree with this last, but think it a consequence of the human character of science, not of the non-existence of matter. Egregious

blunder! Because British philosophy is empirical and won't transcend itself.

Excuse this excursus.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. Please send me another copy of "The Middle Span", as the one I had has not been returned by whoever borrowed it.

To Evelyn Tindall

25 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 25, 1946

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are five new sections for the first part of Dominations and Powers, which I am attempting to rearrange and fill out for publication by my literary executor.

I leave it at your hotel because I happen to be driving by on another errand

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 26, 1946.

Dear Cory: My letter of some days ago had just gone when I received yours of April 14 (postmark April 16) which got here in the record time of

four days; and the day before yesterday came, in just one month, your splendid parcel of March 23 with quantities of tea, coffee, dates, prunes, peaches, shaving cream, and soap. I am now provided with everything, and if you leave the U.S. and are not able to send me anything more (after those needed pyjamas) it will not matter. The Sturgises and Bidwells are untiring in sending me things, and I can appeal to them if tea or coffee give out, which thanks to you will not now be for some time.

I am also happy about books: they have begun to reach me from Blackwell's in Oxford, as of old. They have still to get a special permit as "trade" with Italy is not yet allowed, and I am not allowed to get any money either from my old bankaccount or my credits with Blackwell, and with Constable and Dent: all are blocked and in the hands of the Custodian of "Enemy Property." Blackwell, however has got permission to receive £5 from Constable to be drawn from my royalties, and expects to have the permission renewed when that sum is exhausted. So far I have got two books by Collingwood, who I am sorry to see is dead: The Idea of Nature and The New Leviathan. The latter will be invaluable as a sort of pace-maker for me in rewriting Dominations & Powers. The former, which I have read already, is less satisfactory than his old Essay in Metaphysics, which you must remember. The incidental ideas are better than the general system; and the historical criticism, while learned and in spots very enlightening, is vitiated throughout by chronological egotism: I mean, by judging the ancients and the moderns alike as stepping-stones to the latest view of science or of "historiography." These views are Crocian, and themselves now old fashioned; but Collingwood is much better than Croce on contemporary natural science—better than Russell, even—because he admits matter or things-in-themselves, reducing them, however, to Platonic Ideas or divine purposes which the historian must discover in the secret depths of nature. It is frank mythology, which I don't mind in itself; only it should be forgotten in studying other people's views. I have also some good things on Politics, including Stalin (in Italian) but you don't care for politics.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

27 April 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 27, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

A line by way of postscript to my letter of the other day to ask you to send me, if possible two more copies of The Idea of Christ.

Also, if copies of my old indiscretion, The Hermit of Carmel, isare still available, to send a copy to the boy of seventeen who writes to me, under the address attached below, that he has read all my works, except that one, from The Sense of Beauty to the Middle Span and pays me mature and measured compliments about them. I send the address as he gives it because I am not sure about the number 339 or 3339, St. or Av. Perhaps your postal clerk will be able to decide.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

3 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6,
Rome, May 3, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Another box has arrived from you—you are indefatigable—with a jar of apricot jam and a large fruit-cake. In the bottom was a newspaper—the Crimson, I supposed, with Bob’s articles: but no: it looked rather crumpled and the title was The Christian Register. What a disappointment! Perhaps the Crimson will come next time. I don’t understand what it can mean to register Christianity. What Christians are expected to register is their sins, or if they are very old-fashioned, their miracles; and I can’t imagine a Boston publication registering either. Besides, I have been busy of late, in my own way, about Christianity, and I am afraid it has

been too much for me at my years, for I have discovered in my book on The Idea of Christ the almost exact repetition on page 247 of three and a half lines from page 244, where they belong. How did this happen? And why didn't the proof-readers, who included Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's, Cory, and I, never notice it? Or did they think it was intentional? It was simple witlessness and fatigued attention in my case: it would be a good joke if anyone took it for a burst of eloquence. You know Demosthenes said three things were essential to the orator: repetition, repetition, and repetition. It may be essential to oratory, but it is also found in the talk of old menfools.

We have had the much needed rain, and with May summer weather is upon us. I feel well, and encouraged about my book on politics, for which I have invented—ex post facto—a logical arrangement: 4 ~~H~~Books or Parts: 1, Preliminaries (which is almost complete), 2, The Generative Order of Society, or The Order of Growth, 3, The Militant Order, and 4, the Rational Order. Under these heads I am going to distribute so much of the stuff, accumulated for thirty years, ~~that~~as seems worth preserving, adding what I have learned since or am learning (from Stalin and Collingwood) that may bring the subject up to date. I don't expect to live to finish this work, but that doesn't matter. It will keep me occupied, innocently for the rest of my days.

Yours affly GSantayana

P.S. If you have any photos of yourself or the boys, I should like to have them very much.

To Francis Henry Appleton Jr.

10 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, May 10, 1946

Dear Mr. Appleton

It is a great relief to know that at last you have obtained a license to send those \$7000—to the Hospital of the Little Company of Mary, at Evergreen Park, Illinois, and I am much obliged to you for your perseverance in pursuing the matter and to Senator Leverett Salstonstall for helping us.

As to my recent letter on that subject to Mrs. Bidwell and the Sturgis boys, it has now lost its raison d'être, and it might as well be destroyed.

I wrote a few days ago to Mr. Salmon, in reply to his communication about my expenses, and he said incidentally that there was just enough balance in my Trust account to pay my debt to the Sisters, if permission were now obtained to do so. I am glad that it so happened; but as I wrote to Mr Salmon, even if no balance had existed in the Trust account, the payment could have been made out of my free fund or Custonianship account, as he calls it, which I am anxious to feed as much as possible, in view of eventual requirements. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To David Page

12 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 12, 1946

Dear Mr. Page: Thank you for your kind letter about the Idea of Christ. There is a natural tendency to be non-committal about it. People don't want to say anything inconsistent with their habitual opinions, yet find that these hardly supply a ready way of dismissing what I say. Scribner—Mr. Wheelock, rather, who is the partner I correspond with—had promised to send me some reviews, but none has as yet arrived from him. From various sources I have got four reviews: one in "Time", unsigned, another in I forget what paper^x by George Genzmer, very short and good, a third by the Rev. Robert O. Kevin in a Philadelphia paper, and finally Edman's in the New York Times, which you complain of. No: I shouldn't complain of it. It is not easy for Edman now to make up his mind about me. He was at first a decided admirer, almost disciple of my more highflown opinions, but then he stuck at "essences"; still worse, at my desertion, as he and the other New York Jews thought it, of Pragmatism, Dewey, and America;

and finally at my Fascism and Phalangism or (as I call it more accurately) my Toryism. Yet in the midst of his alienation, he was half won back by The Realm of Spirit, because he is by nature a poetical enthusiast, and a New York radical Jew only by fate. So you must expect a certain embarrassment in his criticism of a book like The Idea of Christ He didn't dare say what he liked, what he feared, and what he disliked in the book: yet he couldn't give up writing a long review of it, because it was his business to do so. But he was considerate and friendly, and above all, prudent. I have had a nice letter about the book from another Columbia man, Schneider, more in regard to the relation of what I say to his own religious feelings. He is unhappy—his wife has left him—and he inclines to be reconverted. Evangelical piety was his starting-point.

I am waiting expectantly to see the first number of The New Satyricon. If my article and letter about Many Nations in One Empire appear in it, they may serve as a second counter surprise to my friends and enemies, who think it so odd—(is it Conversion?) that I should write about Christ in my dotage! They little suspect that I am deep in the works of Stalin, and much impressed. It is a pity they should be cruel. If they were home-staying and peaceful, like Quakers or Boers, they (the Bolsheviks) would be admirable: so clear, so strong, so undazzled by finery!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*] ^xThe Book of the Month Review, I now remember.

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

14 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. May 14, 1946

Dear Raymond: I am glad to know, by your letter of April 15, just received, that you had received my old long one about Cory and the affair of my royalties. On this subject I have heard nothing for some time—it seems to be quiescent like the treaty of peace; but Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's, with whom I correspond, tells me that they have laid up what they think a sufficient sum for all reasonable claims that may be made later for back taxes.

The other affair, of my debt to the Sisters, has at last been settled, so that you and Joesephine and the Sturgis boys need have no more trouble about it. Mr. Appleton writes that he has now, with the help of his cousin Senator Saltonstall, obtained the necessary licence to pay the \$7000 due to the Sisters, to their Hospital at Evergreen Park, Illinois, and that he was sending the money there at once. This relieves me of a troublesome burden.

I had just heard from Mr. T. P. Salmon of the Old Colony Trust Company, who is the person that actually looks after my affairs, that there was just a little over \$7000 balance to my credit in my Trust account, so that they could pay that debt if only they were “fortunate” enough, as he says, to get permission. It is curious how Capitalism is being bled to death by its friends, where it is not been executed or “liquidated” by its enemies. I am supposed to have an income of about \$25,000—but after a year and a half, during which I have drawn absolutely nothing from it for my

expenses (since I am living on the \$7000 that George sent me, in Italian lire, for the Sisters) I have to my credit just enough to pay those \$7000 to them in dollars, as promised. Where have the \$37,500 income for that period gone? Half in taxes, a part in Trustee's percentage, a part in lawyers' fees, a part in the pension to Mercedes. Total, a perfectly balanced account with nothing for the capitalist owner! Certainly, this was an exceptional period, owing to unusual charges at the end of the previous year: George had sent me \$9000 in all, ~~in~~ at the end of 1944. But much the same happens with my royalties, and no doubt happens to everybody. Your young people must expect to make their own way in the world, and not to live on the income of any nominal inheritance.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

18 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 18, 1946

Dear Onderdonk:

I see that your good letters of Feb. 21st and April 30th are still unanswered, but our friendship is of such long standing that the measure of time doesn't apply to it as to current affairs.

The sonnet about the three poets has been printed, or at least reproduced in facsimile of the manuscript, in the volume of my collected works that contains the book on that subject. I don't know whether it has been printed elsewhere. Scribner knows me well enough not to bother me with requests they may receive for reproductions or quotations. They charge a fee, and tutti contenti.

Your box of stationery—a gentle hint to improve my bad paper (a magnificent present from a young soldier) and bad pen and ink; I had an untried fountain pen that I have attempted to adopt, but it won't work!—your box of stationery hasn't yet reached me: I will let you know if it does, and in any case I am much obliged for your solicitude.

Reviews of The Idea of Christ have been sent to me from various quarters. They are more like the paper-cover to the book than like the text: I mean they talk about me—more or less kindly,—and not about Christ. I

tore up that paper cover as soon as I saw it; but the aspect of the book, due I suppose to war regulations, is modest enough. The title page surprised me. I have never seen one of that kind, like a tombstone with a sprawling inscription. However, the proof-reading has been careful. There is one inexplicable oversight of my own: the repetition of three or four lines, almost without change, in the chapter on “Self-Transcendence”. I wonder that Mr. Wheelock and Cory who read the proof, as I did myself, never noticed it. My own vagueness is due to old age. I forget what I have just done, and remember what I did sixty years ago.

Travel seems to remain difficult and would not be rewarding at present. Rome, however, not having suffered perceptibly from the war, has not changed its aspect materially, and people must have something to eat, since they are alive, brisk, and (being Italians) well-dressed. It is a mystery since business is at a low ebb. Still, I hope some day to see you here

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To José Sastre González

23 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Roma, 23 de Mayo, 1946

Querido Pepe

He recibido, con el gusto de que sea un recuerdo de vosotros, el número del ABC que me envías. El autor de ese artículo, D. Carlos Sentís, es un joven sacerdote, bastante alegre y despreocupado, y cómo todos los periodistas en busca de un asunto para llenar una plana, escribe a la ligera, pero en este caso sin mala intención. Cuando estuvo aquí, yo no me di cuenta de que pensase dedicarme un artículo, y hablé con franqueza; y se conoce que también ha ojeado, sin fijarse mucho, la primera parte de mi autobiografía, pero cuenta las cosas a su modo, cómo le conviene, inventando cualquier detalle que le parece gracioso. Esta costumbre es general entre los “reporters” que escriben “interviews” y no tiene importancia.

También Mercedes, que acaba de cumplir los 90 años, me ha mandado ese artículo dentro de una carta, en la que me refiere la fiesta que cele-

braron en esa ocasión las familias de sus amigas. Yo sigo sin novedad ocupado con mis cosas y con la correspondencia que me veo obligado a despachar.—
Cariñosos recuerdos a Isabel y a toda la familia, de tu viejo tío
Jorge

To John Hall Wheelock

24 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, May 24, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

I am sorry to have to transmit to you an unpleasant surprise that I have just had on receiving a note from Mr. C. H. Brooks of A. M. Heath & C^o, Ltd, Princes House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. I had been having some correspondence with him about translations into Italian to be edited by Bompiani in Milan; but I was not prepared for the following:

“You will remember that you recently signed an agreement for a French translation of The Last Puritan with Janin. We have heard that Messrs. Scribner of New York sold the French rights in this book to Gallimard about twelve months ago ... I should be very grateful if you would kindly let me know whether you have any knowledge of it, as naturally Janin and Gallimard are very perturbed at this complication.”

I have replied that I have no recollection of that previous agreement, but that my memory is treacherous and that very likely I consented to such an agreement, as I am in the habit of consenting to any proposal for translation or quotation that is submitted to me. In this case, however, I ought to have remembered that The Last Puritan was first published by Constable, and that European rights normally went to them, when a book is published both in London and in New York. It was with this preconception, and with no memory of a previous contract, that I signed recently the agreement with Janin, submitted to me by Heath & C^o acting for Constable.

I also asked Mr. Brooks to consult you as to the facts and rights of the case; but at the same time I tell you directly how the matter has come to my notice. I need not say that I am extremely sorry if my forgetfulness and carelessness about business matters have caused loss and annoyance to these French publishers: and I solicit advice from him, (Mr. Brooks), and now from you, as to what I ought to do in the matter.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. Could you have a copy of The Middle Span sent to Prof. Augusto Guzzi,
Piazza Statuto, 26,
Turin, Italy,
and charged to my account.

The Idea of Christ in the Gospel by G. Santayana
Corrections.

Page	line
54	3 from the bottom: omit comma after “authority”
62	10 “ “ “ for “ <u>deviations</u> ” read: derivations.
82	14. for “or” read: of
227	9 from bottom: for “ <u>initiation</u> ” read: imitation
242	2 for “noumenal” read: uncanny
247,	8 to 4 from the bottom. Instead of these four lines (which repeat passage on p. 244, lines 3–7) read:

{And why should}

not spirit, whenever it dominates the other movements of the psyche, bring the agitated themes of experience to a head in a supervening vision, where they may unite their force and cancel their injustice?

To Francis Henry Appleton Jr.

25 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 25, 1946

Dear Mr. Appleton

After your welcome letter of May 4th telling me that the licence to pay my debt to the Hospital at Evergreen Park, Illinois, had been granted, I receive the previous one, with the long review of my new book, and the report of your efforts to obtain that licence and to enlist the good offices of Senator Salstontall in that business. I am sorry to have caused you so much trouble with this affair; but I had found myself in a difficult position when the war broke out, and this private arrangement with the Sisters was the best solution I could find.

As to cuttings in general, I should rather not trouble you to send them because I am rather out of contact with the larger public and don't easily place fresh events or opinions in their proper setting. This particular review, however, was exceptional; and I was very glad to see it. Thank you very much.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

26 May 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 26, 1946

Dear Onderdonk,

Your box of letter-paper arrived the other day, and I should use it festively for the first time (is there an English word for this, like the Spanish,

estrenar?) but that, while there is airpost to Italy, from Italy there is none, and your paper is so decoratively designed to go by air that I will keep it until it really can do so. Thank you very much. These little things are beginning to be obtainable again in Italy, but slowly and uncertainly, when some consignment reaches the shops from some enterprising maker.

We are in the midst of a political crisis here which may become disturbing, although I hope on the contrary that it may serve to settle matters and give us a period of steady peace, at least internally. It is hard for a mere spectator like me to estimate the strength of the various movements concerned.

In America, in another way, you are also having trouble. Doesn't everything point to state control of industry and trade? I am reading Stalin, and like his honesty and frankness. But he paints like the Chinese and Japanese, without shadows. In a picture that seems all right to your old friend GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

7 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 7, 1946

Dear Mrs. Bush

Your last large box with tea and coffee and other welcome things has arrived safely: I am sorry if others have been lost, but as you say in this democratic age we mustn't grudge a certain toll taken illegally by the poor people through whose hands our luxuries pass. Happiness ought to be more differentiated, so that each class might have its own without envying the others. When we are unhappy because we can't do as richer people do, it is often through a double illusion: we should not be happy if we could imitate them, but we might be happy if we set our hearts on something else. There might be less dissatisfaction in the world if there were more personal independence and self-knowledge. Sameness is incompatible with liberty.

The reviews I have seen of my new book are benevolent, but I see that I embarrass the critics, and they all talk more about me than about my book. Ideas are now conceived to be parts of the person who has them and

not alleged descriptions or knowledge of anything impersonal. And this just when “things are in the saddle and ride mankind.” However, there seem to be signs of revolt against uniformity and dispersion of mind. Harvard is reforming its curriculum, and a young American here has just given me a book—he calls it a “work”—still only typewritten in which he proposes a “Guardian State” with a hierarchy of official classes, all based, however, by selection according to ability and disposition from the mass of public school children. At the same time there is what you say in your last kind letter about the disappearance of servants. My niece Mrs. Rosamond Sturgis (divorced from my late nephew George) tells me that she too does her housework and likes it, except that it takes up time that she would like to give to other things. She has three sons but no daughters. If she had two or three daughters still unmarried perhaps the matter would be more easily arranged, since the young are more lively and merry and would despatch the housework in a giffy. I myself shouldn’t mind doing my room, just as I like mending my clothes. Such things don’t interfere with head work but freshen it up. My solution for this problem would be to establish a sort of communism (with financial equality) in material things, but with enough leisure for other different specific societies to be superposed freely on the common background. Perhaps America may lead the way in this direction, if the uniform business order doesn’t absorb and standardize the spirit too much. What you say about the resources of New York now seems to point in this direction. If the climate were gentler I might sit happy on some of those public benches in the parks and listen to the public concerts. I used to do so in Rome: but now the population has increased, the parks are crowded, and the benches often stripped of the wooden bars on which you were expecting to sit. People come at night and carry them off for fuel.

Thank you for everything. What you say about my book is particularly interesting. Reading about Indian philosophy, and reading the Latin poets has taught me to read the Gospels in the light of what Bergson called la fonction fabulatrice: but this name must not be taken censoriously, but sympathetically.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

9 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 9, 1946

Dear Rosamond,

Now I have really got news about Bob and the Harvard Crimson, both from your letter of May 4th with the enclosures and photograph, and from the entire number 1 of the Crimson, with Bob's two articles, which came in the last box from you—for which many thanks. I am ashamed to receive so much, and so often things that one ought to provide for oneself, but I assure you that it makes a great difference to be provided with these luxuries, most of which are hard to find here at present. I have begun to go shopping here and there. Things are not so very dear, if you remember that officially a dollar equals 225 lire, and rather more in the black market; but the objects are not of good quality, just as the meat and fish are not; at least not for people who obey regulations and have modest habits, like the Sisters. And I like this and prefer it; especially as there are also nice dishes, simple or festive, every now and then, to celebrate some feast.

Bob's history of the Crimson is a first-rate piece of work, interesting, and well written, without frills. It is the kind of thing that would be liked by superiors in a government office and would help a young man to get confidential posts and a reputation for ability and willingness to work. I think now, even in America, government is bound to be the leading career—not at all as it was in my day, when everybody of consequence was set on making a large private fortune. I said this to Raymond Bidwell when I heard that his boy David had so much ability: he ought to go into the government service rather than stick to a university, although a professor of some natural science might perhaps pass in time into public life: but he ought to do so early. Now the same idea strikes me about Bob. I see that he has, and is felt by people to have, real ability to lead (something that I never had)

and perhaps something more social and political than architecture might occupy him to advantage. Could it be literature?

That question takes me back to his leading article. That was a hard thing to tackle: something that involves sentiment and requires tact. Bob manages very well, without becoming too commonplace, or insincere, or sentimental; but I feel as if he were not quite comfortable (as he seems in the history of the *Crimson*) but like a good horse bothered by a bad harness, checking himself, and making new starts. I notice that he uses a good many epithets, like a poet, and chooses them carefully; as if he had something to convey that doesn't quite come to the surface. Understatement is a favourite resource for many minds that feel more than they wish to express: and suppressing emotion is an excellent way of proving that you have it; only it doesn't reveal the exact quality or cause of that emotion. But in order to do that you might need a larger canvass, so as to begin by describing the facts unemotionally, and arousing the emotion in others spontaneously. In the last paragraph, Vag changes the key. I was amused by the new word "helluva", strange to the eye but familiar to the ear. The *Crimson* as a whole is quite intelligible to me. I mean in its language. Of course I often don't know the facts it may refer to. This letter is meant for Bob also.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

13 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 13, 1946.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

I have discovered that on p. 247 of [The Idea of Christ in the Gospels](#), at the end of the long paragraph, the last four lines repeat almost verbatim a passage near the top of p. 244. How did we all overlook this repetition?

In my case I can explain it by the fact that my memory for the immediate past is quickly gone, so that while I had a vague feeling that this passage was an old story, I had no idea that it came shortly before in the same chapter. You and Cory, if you noticed it, may have thought I meant to repeat myself for emphasis. But no: it was some confusion in arranging the text, which you know had been twice written. If it is not impracticable I should like the passage on page 247 to be replaced by a different text, which I send you on a separate sheet. I think this helps the exposition of my guiding idea: and I have counted the words and letters to be almost equal with those printed at present, so as to fill and not exceed the present space occupied by the text.

Let me thank you for offering to send me parcels. I accept this kind offer at this moment with special pleasure, because Cory threatens to leave the U.S. and I should have nobody to whom I could say frankly what I most wanted. This I will do to you and Mrs. Wheelock, on condition that you promise to charge the cost to my account. That I hardly like to do to my relations, because if some article is a little expensive it might annoy them to send it. For the present Cory does my commissions: but tea and coffee are always welcome.

Speaking of accounts, I have no means of paying the bills from your book-selling department for Webster's Dictionary and for Russell's History of Philosophy. Could you arrange to have these somehow paid and charged to my author's account? Also the following two books for an Italian student who seems to seek the light?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

A copy of Realms of Being and one of
Obiter Scripta to be sent to

Sig. Ernesto Bozzo
 Ateneo Salesiano
 Piazza Conti Rabaudengo
 Turin, Italy.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

19 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 19, 1946.

Dear Cory: Your letter of May 26th and another large and well-stocked parcel, have arrived almost simultaneously. I suppose this box—with a lot of tea, coffee, and shaving cream—will be the last I shall have from you if you go to Bermuda, except for the blue pyjamas that you announce, but that have not yet turned up. For two reasons I can face this end of gifts with equanimity: first, that you have supplied me so well; second, that Mr. Wheelock has offered to send me something, saying that Mrs. Wheelock is an adept at sending such parcels, and I have seized the opportunity to say that if he will let me tell him frankly what I want, and will charge the cost to my account, I shall be immensely obliged to him and Mrs. Wheelock for their kindness in taking this trouble. And I add—in case he wants,—like the convert on a new life,—to “begin today”, that tea and coffee are always welcome.

I understand that Bermuda is a tropical island with black servants. It may prove restful, but I doubt that, unless peace with Italy is finally declared, you will be able to send me, or to receive much by way of books or clothes, or that you'll get your Fellowship without an income tax of 10 shillings in the pound. But I hope I may be wrong. In any case, I shall be glad to hear details about your impressions and plans.

As for me, with the pleasant June weather that has set in after good rains, I have had a decided turn for the better in health and spirits. The ominous political outlook, and the birth of an Italian Republic do not disturb me. I think things had as well move at once in the direction in which they seem fated to move: some good may come, in a direction that I don't care for; but I shall be out of it, and I wish the world joy in having its own way. Besides I have had a great relief. Mr. Appleton, by the help of Senator Saltonstall, his cousin, has actually paid the Sisters at Chicago their \$7000; and the receipt has been acknowledged both to him and to the Mother General here. Besides, I have finished the revision of the two old plays, and started with élan on the final version of Dom. & P'rs: 52 pages are already marked with red pencil, in the heavy typewritten copy, and fit for

the printer. You must come some day and gather up all these posthumous works.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

28 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 28, 1946.

Dear Lawrence:

It is very pleasant to have a letter from you in your still boyish handwriting and unaffected style. Why should people be affected or put on a ferocious personality when they sign their names? I suppose it is to vent the ferocity that they are too amiable or prudent to let loose on other occasions. Unfortunately our distracted politicians are prolonging the state of war and discomfort in the world, and I am afraid travelling will never—at least in our time—be easy and comfortable as it was in the 1890's. It doesn't trouble me, since I should hardly be able to travel in any case: to go to Fiuggi for two summer months is the very most I should think of, if there were a good motor-bus to take one there pleasantly: but even so, I should miss the comfort of eating in my own room, without having to dress up. I live in pyjamas and a dressing gown, except when I go to the local post office for parcels containing books or other presents. It is very kind of you to offer to send me something. So many people now are doing so that I hardly know what to ask for, but I am always glad of tea and coffee: or you might send me biscuits or wafers of some sort, to go with my afternoon tea, which is my favourite repast. You know I don't smoke, and I don't take sugar: but marmalade, if it were easy to send, would take me back to the days of English breakfasts, when England was not a "democracy" and life there was so agreeable for an impecunious aristocrat like me. But I believe marmalade comes only in glass jars that require, for going into a parcel of the required sort, to be encased in a tin cylinder; and as this is heavy and troublesome my nieces have given up sending me any. Another lady has

supplied me plenteously with socks for winter and summer: but, if you like, you might send me a black tie, of the ordinary four-in-hand kind.

My religious book is reviewed kindly, but nobody seems to be interested in the subject. They talk about me.

Yours as ever GSantayana

To Mary Potter Bush

29 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 29, 1946

Dear Mrs. Bush

Another box of yours, despatched on May 4th, has now arrived, with two tins of tea, two pairs of stockings, very welcome now that summer makes the thick kind uncomfortable, and four cakes of Castile soap. Thanks to you and to a few other friends I am now well provided with everything for a long while; and perhaps before long the market here will be better provided, and our begging season may come to an end. Thank you very much, especially for the feminine tact that makes you choose soap and stockings, besides the tea that I have pleaded for from the beginning. I am now assured of these things, as well as of coffee—which I got on without very easily, yet which when it presents itself certainly makes the morning more cheerful and the brain more active.

Have you heard of an unattached German writer, Rudolf Steiner, who has written a lot of theosophical books? A friend has sent me his Das Christenthum als Mystische Thatsache which I find strangely like my last book. He is almost clear.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

30 June 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 30, 1946

Dear Clemens: You trouble my conscience by asking whether I received your “Santayana Number”? I did, and should have thanked you for getting it up and sending it to me, except that I was embarrassed about how to express my feelings about it. Of course, its existence is a great compliment, but at the same time you are such a butterfly in your appreciations, like La Fontaine: “Je vais de fleur en fleur et d’objet en objet,” that the thing becomes rather a graceful pirouette of yours than a bow to oneself. Besides, Howgate’s article didn’t altogether please me. He wrote a biography of me prematurely, when there was no excuse for writing one and when my work, as it happened, was far from complete, as it still is. Yet that book was remarkably accurate as to matters of fact, and on the whole just in its criticism. But now he has not followed my career with the same care, and seems to let himself go without much reconsideration of his subject. I know that business is business and that publicity is a part of it. But I am old fashioned, and should like people to consider what I say rather than me or how I say it. Is this ungrateful?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To David Page

10 July 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 10, 1946

Dear Page: I leave out the “Mr.” with some emotion, because I see that your devotion to my reputation has cost you much trouble and financial loss. My reputation makes no difference to me. For many years I had none with the public and not a friendly one in my accidental social circle, but I had numerous true friends. When a kind of reputation, very dubious and half-hearted, began to be formed I felt that it was formed automatically without much relevance either to my true person or to my real opinions. People passed the words of some pages of mine through their minds, and let them breed there a set of more or less perfunctory phrases, which formed their criticism. This is still the way my books are judged, especially at first: that is, they are talked about without being read, if we accept the saying of “A Superfluous Man” in his Memoirs. [Here is another book you ought to review.]. That saying is that most people cannot read: they pass the words of a book through their minds, but can’t afterwards tell what was said, unless it painted pictures or told stories. Now nobody—not even good critics—seem to gather what my books say: even what The Last Puritan or Persons & Places says. They report what they themselves dreamt while their eyes perused the pages. This is particularly true of The Idea of Christ. This book is a perfect illustration of the view of religion that I formulated in 1900 in the Preface to Interpretations of Poetry and Religion, in the first paragraph: “Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life, and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry.” Please quote this, or have it quoted, if you have a review of The Idea of Christ in your first number. The people who say that this book marks any change in my opinions have never learned to read. They have passed some of the words of my early books and of my later ones through their minds, without listening to what I say.

Dominations & Powers, in spite of many interruptions by visitors and by letters to write on business, etc, has begun to make good progress. If I retain tolerable health for a year or two more, enough will be ready to convey my political views to those who know how to read. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

13 July 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 13, 1946.

Dear Lawrence

Your box has arrived, adding a lot to the luxury of life for a while, the variety of things—especially those Basle cookies—being a danger to the idea of asceticism that is appropriate to a monastery. I feel a little ashamed to have sent you any suggestions for a second box: don't bother to send it unless it is fun to do so. For me it is childish fun to open a box and see what Santa Claus has provided. Nothing is wasted, because this establishment is not austere—for a religious house—and there are sometimes children attached to invalid parents, and always young Sisters and young lay nurses who have not vowed abstinence from sweets.

My days seem short. With nothing apparently to do, I seem always to be called away by visits, or letters, or meals, from what I had set myself to work upon. However, it is of no great consequence. I wish one of these interruptions might be caused by you. Your old friend GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

16 July 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 16, 1946.

Dear Rosamond: Yesterday, in just a week, came your letter of July 8th with the boys' photographs. [You know, by the way, that while letters can come from America to Italy by air, at least a part of the way, they can't yet be sent by air from Italy to America.] My first impression was, How old

Bob and Neville look! You tell me that Bob was 24 on the day you wrote: but in a quiet healthy society 24 is still youth, and Bob looks as if he had passed through all sorts of experience. That wasn't the impression I got when he was here. I thought that he was bored with the length of his army life, or with the nature of it: but he says that is a mistake, due to some trick of his features, that makes him look out of sorts when he is perfectly placid. Now these photos suggest something less accidental, as if his bigness made him feel a sort of weight not easy to carry. But this may be mere fancy. Neville also looks surprisingly old, but in a different way, as if he were a very serious person. Is he? I had asked Josephine also to send me photo's of her family; and I had a little surprise here too in seeing how mature Arthur Eldredge looked, and how serious, like Neville! Now I can understand why the two cousins are particular friends. The rest of the Bidwells seemed perfectly normal and standardised, as is now the way in America; but Neville and Arthur seem less dominantly exuberant, rather [^]feeling_^ highly responsible. Nat, in your brood, is the one who looks distinctly young and untroubled; haven't the complexes that you told me of got out of him and gone into his brother and cousin? But I am afraid that I am writing nonsense, and will stop.

Someone sent me a book by Nock entitled Memoirs of a Superfluous Man which I found interesting as a document, although the man is prosy and conceited, and his literary tastes rather arbitrary. The Unquiet Grave by "Palinurus", an English (and very French) book of the same kind, goes very much deeper. Recommend this to Neville and Arthur, if they are as thoughtful as I think them.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Ezra Loomis Pound

19 July 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo 6
Rome, July 19, 1946

Dear E. P.

I am glad to hear directly from you. What people told me when I inquired was meagre and contradictory. Now that I have your address I

can ask Scribner to send you my new book, or any other obtainable book that you may want. In an anthology sent me I find your ballad about Christ quà gangster: it is a nice contrast to my new book on the idea of Christ as pure spirit in the flesh. Mine would perhaps turn your stomach, yours only makes me laugh.

My copy of the Realm of Spirit has not been returned, or was lost on the way, but now it doesn't at all matter because I have another version in the big single edition of Realms of Being that Scribner has issued and which is a success both as an imposing volume and as a means of diffusing my speculations, now precisely when so much romantic nonsense has lost the hypnotic power.

I hope your health and prospects of returning to Italy are improving

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 July 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, July 23, 1946

Dear Cory: This morning at eight o'clock I have walked to the local post-office beyond the Lateran Gate, and brought home your blue pyjamas, coloured as if on purpose to match the virginal blue of the Blue Sisters. I have put on a pair, turning up about eight inches at the wrists and ancles. This can be easily corrected. Other wise the suit is delightful, smooth, and light (I have preferred it on this warm day to the white pyjamas that I was wearing and that I think have a stouter texture for winter). By the way, I discovered that the white pyjama jackets, which I had not worn because they have no collars, do have long sleeves, so that they will do well, for

sleeping, in winter under a worsted jacket. All together, I can now manage very well, and am much obliged for your care in looking after the matter under vexatious circumstances.

I suppose you will have sailed for England when this letter reaches New York, but I wished to acknowledge the receipt of the pyjamas in case this reached you before I have news of your arrival and address in England when I will write you a serious letter.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

31 July 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 31, 1946

Dear Rosamond

Yesterday I received this cheque dated March 1, which had been wandering from one military hospital to another, English and Italian, until some clever chap thought of sending it back to the address printed in the corner of the envelope, directing you, if not delivered, to return, etc. It was addressed to the Mount Celio Hospital, Rome, which is a vast military establishment, Italian originally, of course, but recently occupied by the British forces as their general hospital. When I saw this cheque I at once thought of endorsing it to you, as a symbol of affectionate indebtedness for all your parcels and all your tact in choosing the contents. I couldn't in any case cash it here, and my London account is still blocked, although I hope if the, finally patch up, some sort, of peace in Paris, it may be reopened, when I shall feel much more independent in money matters. I still have over 500,000 in the bank here, in Italian lire, of uncertain value, but certainly good for another year's pension in this house, where I now pay 700 lire a day. From Mr. Appleton I haven't as yet drawn a cent; but I am content with his having at length paid my old debt to the Sisters and sent Mercedes regularly what we were in the habit of giving her. She has now celebrated the 90th anniversary of her birthday, with a great banquet and other emotional extravagancies among her intimate friends.

The source of this cheque—to return to that—is the royalties due me by Harvard for an old book, “Three Philosophical Poets” which they published forty years ago. These are the royalties for three years, 1943-5, minus 30 percent deducted for income tax. Not bad that after 40 years a book should still sell yearly, on the average, 227 copies. I daresay it is used in some classes in some girl’s College—bless their innocent hearts!

Should you send me another box before the winter, it would be a comfort if it contained one or two pairs of knitted worsted gloves to wear when reading, or even writing; because it is hard then to keep my hands warm.

Politics is exciting at the moment but comments useless.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Margaret Jane Bates

6 August 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Roma, August 6, 1946

Dear Miss Bates:

You have done me a real favour in sending me your Doctor’s Thesis on Discreción in Cervantes. I don’t know when I have had so much pleasure in the savour of so much good Castilian speech and sentiment. Your method is discreet: you let the authorities speak for themselves, and amply prove, by the way, that you have superabundant learning to be, as they call it here, a Dottoressa.

If your study grows into a book, as it well might, you will have leisure to revise the errors that inevitably slip in (as I know only too well) when English printers and proof-readers deal with foreign languages. Sometimes, not being a philologist, I wondered whether a spelling was an error or an archaic form, particularly in the concordancia in gender and number when one word was in the subject and the other in the predicate. For instance, on p. 54, 7 and 8 lines from the bottom, shouldn’t “gusto” be justo and “lo” la?

There is one general observation that occurs to me about discreción. It means savoir vivre, not savoir régler le monde; it is a question of tact and

breeding, of knowing how to face a difficulty and making all right something that was in danger of going wrong. But wrong in any situation, on any occasion, for any purpose. It is therefore a virtue in form or method, not in substance or will. So on next to the last page, I feel that the question whether Don Quijote was discreto or not does not arise. He was singularly and brilliantly discreto, as Hamlet was, on the hypothesis of his madness being sanity. He kept his seriousness, explained his giants turning into windmills to rob him of his victory, and behaved always like a knight and a Christian, no matter how burlesque the occasion might be. I have often felt, for instance, when visiting English public schools, that breeding and education and sport of every kind were training in how to do, feel, speak etc., not at all in what you ought to do, think, or work for. That has to be the fruit of a second or a prior education in the world or in self-knowledge.

Excuse this moralising on my part: it is only a proof of the real interest I have felt in your book.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

11 August 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 11, 1946

Dear Clemens:

I return your generous cheque for five,three, dollars. I can't imagine what led you to send it, and in any case it is not possible for me to cash it here, and my London bank account is still blocked.

No: please don't sent me any book to autograph. Together with your letter I got another from somebody who wanted to know how much I charged for an autographed photo of myself. I am put out by so many unintelligible and unnecessary demands. What is the matter with people in America?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 August 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 16, 1946

Dear Cory: I am very glad to have your note of Aug. 7, announcing that on the next day you were sailing for England. I trust you are now there, and I congratulate you. If you were not yourself I should advise you to take things easily, and let the comfort of English ways soak into you gradually: but I know that you will do so without being told: unless, that is, you have become unadaptable with the years; because I always think of you as 22 years old and care free without any grounds for trusting to fortune or intention toof making great effort to change yourself or the world.—I had been waiting for a word from London, which no doubt will arrive soon; but meantime I owe you a second letter of thanks for your second parcel—I mean after the blue pyjamas—which will be the last. However, I have other persons to rely on in your absence. Mr. & Mrs. Wheelock are going to send, and to charge to my account, anything that I may ask for: and my niece Rosamond (George Sturgis's divorced widow) has received a gentle

encouragement to persevere in her good works. For I received not long ago a cheque from Harvard for \$180⁰⁰, three years' royalties on Three Philosophical Poets; and first I thought of sending it to you, but then it occurred to me that in England you might not be able to cash it, and that, arriving now, it should normally fall under the new régime of cashing my royalties myself. So I sent it to Rosamond, I am not forgetting, however, that your receipts may be coming to an end and your expenses by no means diminishing, and I will find some way of helping you along. I had hoped to recover my London account by this time: I had £2,000 there to my credit: and I am not yet in need of drawing anything from Mr. Appleton or from Scribner for my expenses here. But I should prefer to rely, for you, only on Scribner and on my London account: if I have to ask for anything from Appleton, for you, it had better pass indirectly, to me here or to me in London. I have some small credit now at Scribner's for my new book, 10,000 copies had been sold, also something at Constable's and at Dent's. But when will English regulations allow me to get it? And Appleton writes that the Government is "incompetent," i.e. stocks are going down. Yours affly
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

21 August 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 21, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Yesterday came the second copy of "A Little Treasury of Modern Verse". I have read a good deal in the first copy, trying to educate my taste; but even Hopkins fails to win me over. Poetry should be "numbers," metre. You might turn it into prose to understand it better: but what these contemporary poets say does not often seem to me good sense I have reread all the T. S. Eliot in the volume. I see that he dares say things that were formerly not said in household hymn books. But, as compositions, are they impressive enough to be memorable? Mrs. Bush had meantime also sent me a copy: so that I have three instances of one essence. But I

reflect that in the Trinity the Persons have distinct characters. I shall therefore disperse this triad to such young people as come to see me.

It is materially an attractive little volume, tight and solid, like a tug-boat or a porpoise, and even the jacket is pleasing: but the rogues' gallery at the end will shatter many illusions. Perhaps the trouble with me is that I expect illusions, and poets have now given them all up.—My friend Prof. Petrone clamours for books, some of which I ask for on the enclosed sheet, as well as two for myself. My health and work are going on well.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

Rome, Aug. 20, 1946

Julien Benda,

La Grande Épreuve des
Démocraties.
Éditions de la Maison
Française, New York
1942

Oswald Sitwell

The Scarlet Tree
Macmillan, London, (or N.Y.),
1946

To
G. Santayana
6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo
Rome, Italy.

G. Santayana

The Idea of Christ in the
Gospels, Scribner.
The Genteel Tradition at
Bay, Scribner.

Irwin Edman: The
Philosophy of George
Santayana

George Howgate

Book about George
Santayana

To
Professor Michele Petrone
Hôtel La Résidence,
Geneva
Switzerland

Please send such of [*illegible*] the above as may be obtainable, charging them all to my account.

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 August 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome, August 24, 1946.

Dear Cory: The first-page of your letter from Wimbledon gives such a perfect account of one's feelings on returning to England, that I feel as if, in a dream, I had got there again—and found it just as it used to be! This would not be the case however, to judge from my two last visits, in 1923 and 1932—the last of which you may remember, with that horrible last lecture at the R.S. of Literature, which spoils the lovely memory of what should have been my last public appearance in the Domus Spinozana at the Hague. Your account of your father-in-law's views on America is also capital. Do buck up and write something—not necessarily philosophy, but a story or sketch on anything. It would be much better than what I read now in *Horizon* or the *Observer* or the *Times Literary Supplement*. You might, by the way, send me any magazine that seems to be what *Scrutiny* was promising to be.

I am delighted to hear that my bank account can be recovered, and I am writing to B. S. & C^o asking just what is required, as I don't like to present myself at the British Consulate with a vague notion of what I have come for.

There were two cheques of mine in your favour in 1940, one on May 18, for £50 and one on June 3rd for £100, which was meant for your travelling expenses to America. I believe neither was cashed, but I don't know whether they will turn up now. If they should I should be very glad to have you cash them, or add them to your own baby account, as a christening present. In any case, if my own money becomes available I shall be able

to help you easily, if you are short, so long as you remain in England. I have no other use for my English money now than to pay Blackwell for my books, which will not amount to more than £20 a year. There is still some difficulty in getting what I want; but things are improving.

Yours

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 August 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 30. 1946

Dear Cory: This morning, at the British Consulate in the Piazza di Spagna I signed the requisite documents for releasing my bank account from the Custodian of Enemy Property. I am writing to B. S. & C^o acknowledging their letter and asking them to continue to remit my letters (if any) to you. B. S. & C^o are no longer put down in the American Who's Who, etc., as my permanent address, but Scribner has been burdened with that office, without any indication from me or permission from them. This is instructive: you see how things arrange themselves automatically, according to what I call in my new book The Generative Order, or Order of Growth and Derivation. When the other, the "Militant" order intervenes, through reformers and busybodies, there is trouble. Perhaps your distinguished father-in-law might approve of my sentiments in this matter.

Whom do you suppose I found as office boy at the British Consulate? Our tailor, old Plank: his younger brother is restraining Italian prisoners in some camp or other: I hope he does it intelligently. He seemed to understand Italians. Plank says that he looked about to see if there was a chance to reopen his business, but saw no opening. However, this morning, when I consulted him about a comfortable dressing-gown, lined like

the one he made for me years ago, he said he would try to make me one like it himself, and I tacitly gave him carte-blanche in the matter, because the old gown is in pieces, though I still wear it and have it on at this moment over your lovely, but very light, blue pyjamas, and the gown the Sisters got for me is unlined, and pulls in the wrong places.

I had just written to you when I received the enclosed cheque, which I don't know whether you can cash in England. If not, endorse it to anybody you like in the U.S. In the last resort endorse it to Mr. Wheelock; and if you have no account with him any longer, ask him to credit it to mine. He has not yet sent me any parcels, but I have ordered various books, especially for "Settembrini", who is always asking for things. He is now Director of an Instituto Italiano di Cultura italiana, at Geneva. If you go to Switzerland later, you can look him up, or avoid him, at the Hôtel La Résidence. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

3 September 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 3, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Many thanks for your note of August 13, in which you renew your kind offer to supply me with little extras to eat, etc., now that Cory is gone from the U.S., now the fountainhead of all benefactions and of most of the news. I now read no newspaper daily, except the Osservatore Romano, which reports foreign news copiously, especially the articles of Mrs McCormick in the New York Times, and the opinions of Walter Lippmann. He was once a pupil of mine and she paid me a visit here accompanied by Col. Poletti, who was then the ruler of these parts. There seems to be a sort of circular movement of spirit in this, as if the world had become aware that it is very small and revolves on its axis.

I have had two letters from Cory since he reached London. He was living in Wimbledon, at his parents'-in-law, and tells me that his father-in-law

confesses to a dislike of Americans in general, especially of those “rude mongrels” of whom they had been seeing rather too much; also that he feels there is something “fishy” about a Philosophical Fellowship: it sounds “almost communistic”, “But “my mother-in-law”, Cory adds, “adores me”. In such uncertain conditions of the moral weather he was thinking of taking lodgings where he formerly had them, in West Kensington; and I don’t doubt that if circumstances permit he will move later to Switzerland and perhaps come here in the Spring. We could then arrange about letting him have all my MSS, except the Dom. & P’rs on which I am at work with a good deal of relish and some new lights, but with doubts as to the likelihood of ever finishing the book—it will be a big book—as I should like.

As to the contents of possible parcels, there are a few things that are always welcome, viz.: Tea, Coffee, cocoa or chocolate (to make into a beverage) and any kind of biscuits, wafers, cookies, or crackers that will do to go with tea or chocolate. The Sisters supply me with the regular meals, which are good enough, in spite of some limitations. My general health is good, and my relations in Boston supply me with various warm things to wear which will be necessary later, as we shall probably have to spend another winter without coal. I have a small electric stove, however, that I can light when I am working.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 September 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, September 13, 1946.

Dear Cory

It is very pleasant to get these frequent letters and feel that you are at hand. Especially I like to think that you are going to Cambridge. You know that Cambridge for me never had the magic of Oxford, but you have Russell and Moore to open the doors for you; you will meet younger people and perhaps catch more of the quiet depth of English sentiment than you have come across yet. Go to vespers one afternoon at King’s. I am not

sure that without a gown you will be admitted into the Choir; {but you will at Christ Church, because that is the Cathedral—Dear me, my mind is wandering, that is in Oxford—} I always went in, being then a member of the College in a Bachelor's gown (without strings): yet even from the antechapel you can see the beauty of the place, and hear the music; and I believe you like English Church music.

Mrs. Chetwynd's letter came this morning. You did well to send it on: it would have been dreadful to have you answer it or go to see her. She is an invalid and has to be treated like a child. I have just written her four pages on paper like this, and feel that I have got fairly well out of a difficult position. It goes against the grain with me to put on sentiments that I don't feel: and yet in the case of a silly old friend, but a real friend, as her brother was too, something has to be done: you must somehow play up to the lady's lead. I began by describing in detail what I had done this morning: driven to town to leave a MS with Miss Tindall, etc., That answered the questions about my health and occupation; I also mentioned the blue Sisters, the blue pyjamas, and my work by a long open window and a view. Then, turning to Persons & Places, a happy thought struck me. She, her brother, and her family are not mentioned anywhere. I said they were not going to be mentioned. That Boylston Beal had begged me to be silent about his family and his wife's; and that I had expressly left out many of my best friends. It was a gallery of memories in old age, not a history of my life. My life was over. Do you think she will take that for a confession? Anyhow, it was the best I could do.—You mustn't think of sending me anything. It is less easy from England than from [*across*] the U.S. The only thing I want from England now is books, and I am ordering them from Blackwell's. They, slowly, come.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To José Sastre González

15 September 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Roma, 15 de Septiembre, 1946

Querido Pepe: Me entristece profundamente la noticia que me das del fallecimiento de Isabel, esposa y madre ideal, que parecía representar todo lo que hay de mas bueno y sano en esta vida, y tanto mas por haber ocurrido despues de enfermedad tan larga con tantos sufrimientos. Es la segunda desgracia que os aflige en esa familia que en general parecía gozar de excepcional felicidad y buena fortuna. No sé porqué, me acuerdo ahora de mi hermano Roberto, que tambien os quería mucho, y se había interesado en vuestros amores cuando erais novios. Han pasado muchos años y los que nos quedan ya tienen menos importancia

Yo escribo poco por no tener nada que contar. Estoy relativamente bien de salud, y sigo ocupado con mis cosas, y la correspondencia inevitable.

Recibe muchos recuerdos, con el sentido pésame para los hijos y un fuerte abrazo de tu tío

Jorge

To Lawrence Smith Butler

19 September 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Sept. 19, 1946

Dear Lawrence,

The parcel from you arrived this morning, full of just the right things. The jars of marmalade were safe, only a little had leaked out of one of them through a crack in the cover. I have not yet tasted the contents, but they look inviting, and please thank the lady who sent them; it will be a treat. The only objection is that I get used to luxuries, and the memory becomes a sort of temptation of Saint Antony when I find myself in the wilderness again without even the wild honey that St. John the Baptist allowed himself. Perhaps the same pious ladies supplied it. The Gospels don't tell us everything, but they do somewhere mention this charitable practice of good ladies in all ages and countries, in compliment to hermits. By the way, I have read a most charming story, written by St. Jerome about the visit of St. Antony to St. Paul the Hermit in the Thebaid: and I have found a photograph of a magnificent picture by Velazquez—his most beautiful one, I think; for his subjects don't often lend themselves to poetic treatment, which I have the vulgar taste to like in painting—representing the scene. I remember the original, with the most lovely landscape, a raven bringing a loaf from heaven, and a tame lion digging the grave for St. Paul, more than a hundred years old, to occupy when he has finished the sublime prayer which he is evidently saying. Look up this picture, and tell me if you don't like it. I have it in a book on Velazquez, which I will give you as a memento if you will come to see it and me.

Thank you especially for the black tie, which is splendid and will last me—if I live—for years. I feel very young and well, and buoyed up by the thought of perhaps finishing my book on Politics, which will be more useful than any of mine hitherto, usefulness never having been a dominant trait in your affectionate old friend

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

22 September 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. Sept. 22, 1946

Dear Miss Tindall

I hope you didn't force yourself to work over my confused MS when you were not well: there are no signs of it in your copy.

You must not desert Rome: change will some day be regulated, and no doubt become very favourable for those of us who draw funds from abroad.

As yet my bankers have not sent me word; when they do, I will send you an installment of sterling. There are more fragments of my book almost ready, about which there is no great hurry, except that when I am lazy the thought troubles me that I may never finish my job. That also contributes to my dislike of having debts pending. If I died, it would be a nuisance to recover debts from my executors, whom I have never seen. But this is my Trustee's address: Mr. Francis H. Appleton, Jr., 25 Cypress St. Brookline, Mass, U.S.A.

This does not mean that I am ill, but only dangerously old, according to the calendar.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Wallace J. Maclean

23 September 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 23, 1946

Dear Mr. Maclean

A person who calls himself my disciple and takes the pains to write an interesting letter, deserves an answer; but I am sorry you went out of your way to copy that article Alfred Kazin's from the New Republic, nominally about Aldous Huxley but not telling me anything intelligible.

That my "Idea of Christ" should be disappointing does not surprise me. What might have pleased would have been a fancy life of Jesus, showing that he was a Democrat and not a Totalitarian. I think some one some day may write a Life of Jesus that could be called historical, not in its episodes and person-ages, which would be traditional, but in the picture of the Soul of Jesus, torn by incompatible ideas and affections. But the author would have to know all about the times and the various sects in conflict; and he would have to dislike the Christian Idea of Christ, or God-in-Man. Now, my book is written in sympathy with that idea, and prudent reserve about the life of Jesus, which I feel was very tragic. But God-in-Man is an eternal theme, not a problem for historical guess-work. That is why it interests me.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

6 October 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 6, 1946.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Your good letter of the 25th ult. and the reports about royalties of the same date, have just reached me. As to the ultimate disposal of the \$2500 to my credit, I am at a loss to decide now. Let us wait in any case until December, when the money becomes due, and perhaps by that time international exchanges will be less erratic than at present. I still have about 500,000 lire in the bank here, and my monthly expenses are not more than 30,000 lire; so that at this rate I should be provided for the rest of this year and the whole of the next, 1947: but exchange will probably fall further and charges will increase, perhaps to astronomical figures, and I must be ready to call for funds from America at any time during the coming season. Of course, I should call on Mr. Appleton for this, and have already warned him and Mr. Salmon of the Old Colony Trust C^o (who really does my business) of that probability. My royalties are therefore not needed at all for my use here.

What I should have liked would have been to deposit them in London and at the advice of Brown Shipley & C^o I have been to the British Consulate here and made out the requisite papers for getting my bank account out of the hands of the Custodian of Enemy Property, and reopening it with B. S. & C^o. But I do not yet know whether I am really to get my money back, or whether, if I sent fresh funds to London, I should be able to draw cheques as before, good internationally, or only cheques good to be cashed within the Sterling area. My London account used to serve admirably not only for paying sums in England—for books principally—but also for presents or charities to Spain, and remittances to Cory. If this is not going to be possible in future, I think I may close my London bank account altogether—with a pang!—and then I should wish royalties to be kept in the U.S. until wanted, either with you or, if that was not advisable, at some bank in New York: by all means not to be sent to Mr. Appleton to be merged in the Sturgis melting pot! This must remain my money, for cakes and ale.

Talking of modern poetry, I was interested in finding in your Little Treasury a poem on Christ by Ezra Pound. It happens that I had recently

had an enigmatic letter from him from Washington, DC, and in answering it I mentioned that I had been reading his poem on Christ as Gangster, and had been amused to think how he would despise my Idea of Christ, while his delightfully amused me. Now I get a reply from which I gather (it is partly in Chinese characters) that he wants my book. Would you kindly have a copy sent to him? I will put the order with his address ~~at the bottom of this~~, on another, page.

I have been much interested in reading "The Open Society and its Enemies", by Popper, a German now teaching philosophy or Sociology in England. He writes very well, knows all the recent German authors, and has interesting views on politics, useful for me in writing my new book, which is going on well, only that I am driving too many horses abreast and shall have some difficulty in keeping thing in their places. But I am very much interested and, in spots, feel inspired. It will be, I think, the most original of my books, with contrasts between "Generative" and "Militant" societies and between "Vacant" and "Vital" liberty.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Rome, Oct. 6, 1946

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,

Please send a copy of my book, The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, to the address below, and charge it to my account.

GSantayana

Mr. Ezra Pound

Saint Elizabeth's Hospital,

Washington,

D.C.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 October 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano. Rotondo, 6

Rome, Oct. 7, 1946

Dear Cory: I am very glad to have your article from the J. of Ph. not that the subject now interests me very much; my own conclusion has long been reached and I am absorbed in other matters, which no doubt rest largely on the solution of that question; but my solution being virtually, though not technically, in harmony with common sense, I feel able to go ahead without perpetually reverting to the old puzzles. I have just finished Popper's two volumes on "The Open Society and its Enemies", which I had seen reviewed in the T. Lit. Sup. and obtained from Blackwell. Do you hear much about it? His attack on Plato and Hegel is that of a positivist, with a lower-middle-class conviction that he is a Christian because he says all men are of equal value, and that the Church is not Christian at all; but he is an honest fellow, with German earnestness, and admires Schopenhauer and Democritus, which for me is a bond. And in reading him I have come upon excellent quotations from Toymbee, author of a voluminous "Study of History", which I will send for as soon as I can get money to Blackwell because my present credit there (from Constable) is insufficient for a work of that calibre. Have you heard anything about this Toymbee? And what does Price defend now? High Church Hegelianism like Collingwood? His "Leviathan" on the whole disappointed me, especially at the end, which is abrupt and unphilosophical. People now, even the best, are terribly "tribal" as Popper would say: they are hypnotised by the present and by the panic of the herd.

Sorry you can't go to Cambridge now: this is the right season. During the Xmas holidays you might find lodgings, but perhaps your distinguished friends would not be in residence; and the weather might be beastly. That you have been twice to Oxford "for the night" surprises. I have wished you would go to Oxford ever since I knew you. Of course now it is too late, both on account of your age and of the changes there, material and moral. Was it to see Price that you went? Your article (except for the repeated mention of me, which is gratifying) seems already written in an English atmosphere. I feel that you like that scholastic debating

manner, with punctilious arguments and local points. All right. Go ahead. Write something more.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. Scribner has sent me the first returns about the sale of The Idea of Christ. My net royalties, income tax and other debits being subtracted amount to \$2,512.07. due Jan. 25, 1947. I have asked Mr. Wheelock to hold this for me until further notice. If you should be short, it could be used instead of my bank account, still unheard from.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 October 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Oct. 12, 1946

Dear Cory: I have just received the enclosed letter, which explains itself. It is disappointing, when I was counting on being free to order anything I wanted from Blackwell's; and I had set my heart on a particular very

expensive work, namely, A. J. Toynbee's A Study of History, from which I found nice quotations in Popper. At the same time, I have a bill from Blackwell showing that (owing to the same dear Popper) I owe them £1-8s.-0d, which suggests that they were not able to get a second £5 from Constable. I therefore can order nothing from them until things change. It would be useless to ask Mr. Appleton or M^r Wheelock to send funds to B. S. & C^o since I shouldn't be able to write cheques. It occurs to me that you, if you are remaining in England, might get books for me (read them first) and send them on to me in small parcels. Unfortunately, Toynbee is to be in 13 volumes, at least 6 of which have appeared, and I suppose they are at least a guinea each. But of course I should ask Mr. Wheelock, who has volunteered to advance me anything I want on my royalties, to send you \$500 or \$1000 on my account. I suppose that from the U.S. the money could be sent to you without difficulty. Let me know how this is, and how your finances stand in general. I should have let you carry on with The Idea of Christ as with Persons & Places, except that the Sturgis front was in arms, and it seemed more prudent socially, if not financially, to take back my royalties, although I should be very glad to let you have the proceeds through me, in the old way, and this affair of getting books for me in England would serve as a link, until my bank-account with B. S. & C^o can be reopened, when I should ask Mr. Wheelock, as I have already informed him, to make all payments to me in a form that would enable me to deposit them in London.

A little book you might get, read, and send on to me is

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON: *Jesus: Myth
or History?* (The Thinker's
Library, No. 110.) Watts. 2s.

Yours aff^y

GSantayana

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

21 October 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 21, 1946.

Dear Bob: Soon after getting your letter of Sept. 6 I began an answer, then tore it up and decided not to bother you with a correspondence, since in writing to your mother I could tell you anything that I wished, even more frankly, without laying on you, who are already over-busy with urgent matters, the needless weight of having an unanswered letter from an aged relation hanging over you like an unpaid bill. Besides, I thought the points you touched upon, about what people said of my indiscreet truth-telling or about politics would clear themselves in your mind in time without discussion. But now after receiving the two numbers of the *Crimson*, and reading your leading article (which I didn't do at once, because the other number, with the Class lists took my eye at first) I really have something that I want to say. You needn't feel obliged answer at once or at all. I am writing for my own pleasure or impulse to let out what strikes me as true.

You seem to be beset by pessimistic people in regard to public affairs and the future; and as responsible editor and representative of healthy public opinion, you feel bound in any case to be hopeful and encouraged. Now what I feel is that there is never any occasion to deprecate bad omens or unpleasant possibilities. If the apprehension is groundless, it may be disregarded or laughed at—refuted by good sense; but if it is well-grounded, that fact does not undermine your moral principles or opportunity to live up to them. You can do just as much good in bad times as in prosperous times, perhaps more. There is no occasion, therefore, for being confused by the uncertainty of the future. You may be able, when things threaten to disappoint current hopes, the better to revise your borrowed opinions and discover what you really value, even if it should not be destined to prevail.

There is something else, perhaps, in your feeling: a sort of obligation to believe certain matters of fact, about the triumph of democracy, for instance, even if the evidences were against it. In a little book written by Julien Benda (a French Jewish philosopher) in New York during this war, I have found a clear statement on this point, given in a quotation from our Harvard sage Perry. Democratic principles, says Benda, are dictated by the conscience, not by experience or custom. And he quotes Perry to the effect that a 100% American cannot admit the possibility that democracy should

disappear. Any suggestion to that effect causes “bitter resentment.” This, I should say, is particularly true of those in whom (as in Perry, a Princeton man, and Pres. Wilson, another) Puritan and Jewish sentiments are still prevalent. Politics rests on a “Covenant” with God, so that fidelity to a special revealed law and everlasting, prosperity and victory are inseparable. This is what in the book I am now writing, “Dominations and Powers” I call a militant as against a generative society; that is, one intentionally chosen and imposed, rather than one that has grown up by an unintended concourse of circumstances and interests. In this respect democracy is intolerant and totalitarian: that is, it claims exclusive rightness for its system regardless of natural growths and diverse ideals. Benda, who is a doctrinaire, doesn’t mince matters on this point. Nor do the Russians.

I am very happy with a lot of new books, but my work advances slowly.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

21 October 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 21, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It was a real pleasure the other day to receive “The Scarlet Tree” and “La Grande Épreuve des Démocraties” from your book-selling department. I have dipped into both: very differently. They are both important from my point of view: Benda, because his Conceptualism sharpens one’s categories, and radical views even if not acceptable are always instructive; and Sitwell (of whom or his family I had never cared to read anything before) takes me back to the intellectual luxury of the 1890’s, and I love to reindulge in it retrospectively and with a clear conscience, because I feel that I have outgrown all that (have I?) and am too old and petrified to be recorruped. I am enclosing an order for the first volume of Sitwell’s Memoirs; which I hope has the same nice appearance as this second one, in Little & Brown’s edition, and also for a book on School and College life in the Middle West, reviewed favourably in The Times Literary

Supplement, where I now get ~~in~~ my information. It will be something to contrast with Sitwell's Eton and with my Last Puritan.

The new pleasure of ordering books freely from England has been cut short for me by a notice from the British Consul in Rome, to the effect that my petition to have my London bank account released cannot be proceeded with at present; but that if, I should leave Italy or when peace is finally officially reestablished, I might renew my petition. As we don't know when this will occur, it has occurred to me to ask Cory to send me such books as I may want, reading them first; but as some of them may be expensive I don't like to draw on his present resources—I wonder how sufficient they are, as he never tells me—and I want to ask you, if it is possible for you to send him funds to England? He seems not to be hard up yet (I have already consulted him on this matter) so that perhaps it would do to wait till my new royalties are due in December, and then, if it is legally possible, to send him \$500 from me, to cover past and future consignments of books that I may have asked for. These war regulations are a nuisance, and I can't think them reasonably administered.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Rome, Oct. 21, 1946

Please send me, and charge to my account,
Sir Esbert Sitwell: "Left Hand, Right Hand"

Little, Brown, & C^o Boston.

Also

William Maxwell: "The Folded Leaf"

(a book about School and College life in the Middle West)

GSantayana

6, Via Santo Stefano Rotondo,

Rome, Italy.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 October 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 23, 1946.

Dear Cory, Your two letters of the 20th and 21st arrive together this afternoon. It is very good of you to be so quick about sending me Toynbee, and three volumes of him; you don't tell me how much they cost; and I didn't yet know that you were actually drawing your Fellowship stipend, no doubt reduced to less than half of what Strong intended you to have. One day when he was telling me about his plans, I asked him if he had assigned anything for expenses to his trustees. The idea seemed to surprise him: I don't believe he could very well add anything to his trust by that time, so that probably office and legal expenses have to be charged to the Fellows' account, as well as the income tax, now crippling. You are discreet about telling me what your actual position is. I have already written—some days ago—to Mr. Wheelock, and thinking that he might prefer not to advance the payment of my royalties and that you seemed not to be in immediate difficulties, I asked him to send you, if it is legally possible, \$500 from me, for books etc. past and future, that you were getting for me. The payment is due at Christmas, so that you would not get anything until January next; but if you would rather get it sooner, I will write to him again and ask him to advance the remittance as he had volunteered to do to me.

As far as I am concerned, getting Toynbee's three volumes later is no objection; on the contrary, at this moment I have a plethora of reading-matter. A life of Mr. Atlee by Cyril Clemens, *Storia del Liberalismo Europeo* by Guido de Ruggiero (Croce's pupil), *Following the Plough* by J. S. Collis (who opted for agricultural labour instead of military service during the war, and who writes charmingly) *The Scarlet Tree* by Sir Osbert Sitwell, and *La Grande Épreuve des Démocraties* by Julien Benda: this last, being in long lost French and a small volume, I am just finishing. I have also ordered from Scribner the first volume of Sitwell's autobiography and another book about School and College life in the Middle West. I had never read anything of the Sitwells', but the few pages I have read in *The Scarlet Tree* take me back especially to the London I describe in *The Middle Span*; he speaks of it in the 1900's; and describes perfectly my first impressions in 1887. The change had not begun till later. Yours aff^y

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 7, 1946

Dear Cory, Yours of the 4th and the three volumes of Toynbee arrived today. The parcel with vol. III was sent to the Appia post-office, outside the walls in this quarter of the city, and the parcel with vols. I. & II to the central post-office in the Piazza S. Silvestro. However, I had taken a taxi, so that I drove comfortably from one place to the other and home with the double prize. I have read 20 pages, and liked them, as well as the general aspect and scheme of the book. I suspect some limitations, but admire the breadth and depth of the perspectives open. This book will be a great help to me in my present work, as a stimulus and as a corrective to any ignorance of almost everything. The print is rather small, and I shall read it only at odd times by daylight; especially as I have another big book^x [*in left margin*] [^]Present from an army-man; George Salerno, half Italian half Spanish and wholly American who comes to see me often, [^]in two thick volumes, Bertie Russell's "Amberley Papers", the biography letters and journals of his parents, Lord and Lady Amberley. Amberley was a soft sentimental ultra-consciencious youth, but egotistic and even cruel on occasion. The way he carried on and then abandoned a very nice middle-class girl, saying he "trusted that time would make her stronger" and that they "parted with the same trust, clinging to one another, the same pure loyalty to our sacred friendship"—she died a year or two later, while he married another girl—reminded me of my friend his son with his various lady-loves. But of course the book is rich in pungent foot-notes in the Voltarian or Gibbons-like tone that Bertie delights in: but yet I feel how

inhuman these high-principled self-righteous people are, and how troubled was their life in spite of their advantages—the greatest of which they didn't appreciate. I have finished—that is, I have got to the end—of Sitwell's book, after being cloyed with too much landscape and too much absurdity in the way of living described. This aristocracy deserved to disappear more than did the French, which didn't go in so much for nominal virtue and superior judgement. Sitwell is an extreme example of the rich liberal who despises everything in his world except himself and the scent of flowers. But as you say they often write very well.

I am glad to know about your finances, and hope to be able to help you regularly; but I wish my bank account were open.

Yours aff^y

GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. Do you object on principle to send_xing_a me the 2 shilling book on “Jesus: Myth or History” of which I forget the author—is it Robertson?—and the publisher. It would entertain me.

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

23 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome, Nov. 23, 1946

Dear Rosamond

A magnificent bouquet arrived from you this morning, intended for Christmas. It serves just as well now, and I am sure that your good wishes are not confined to feast days any more than my leisure. Every day is a

holiday and a birthday and a possible last day for a philosopher. What troubles me is that some parcels with food stuffs, etc., which I know have been sent, and perhaps one from you also, have not yet arrived. There seems to be an interruption in the mechanism—perhaps, dock strikes. It will be all the more festive if everything arrives for Christmas or for my 83rd birthday, a few days earlier.

You don't know how surprised I was at knowing of the mistake I made about which boy was which, not because they are like two Dromeos but because in those photos Nat seemed so much the older. Apologies for rushing in where angels fear to tread—I mean in indiscreet conjectures.

Merry Christmas to all from
GSantayana

To Dorothy Shakespear Pound

24 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 24, 1946.

Dear Mrs. Pound,

I have much appreciated your husband's letter telling me that p. 6 of my book had reconciled him to the frivolity of the rest. I know he is very selective and "subjective"; and a ray of mutual understanding is of value with such a person. I have also received his new Canto, and should have written to him about it if a ray of light from it had been able to pierce my thick skull. But really I can't catch the drift of his allusions.

I am interested to here that a sister of Lionel Johnson is living and active. I spoke just now of being "subjective". That is also the character of my "Persons and Places"; merely recurring images and reflexions after many years have intervened. I have written this book almost without documents or notes, only a few old letters, to keep me from merely dreaming. If my facts and comments are not exact, in regard to their subject, it doesn't matter for my purpose, which is only to recount my recollections as they come to me now.

With thanks for your kind letter
Yours sincerely GSantayana

To David Rubio

27 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Roma, November 27, 1946

Dear Father Rubio:

It was very kind of you to send me your little book on The Mystic Soul of Spain. The soul of Spain, mystical and non-mystical is not at all understood among English-speaking people. It is well that an authoritative voice like yours should be raised to enlighten them, and I hope you will write other books developing the details more. For in a brief summary you can't do more than propose some generalities. Neither your "Spain" nor your "Mysticism" exist in rerum natura. They are essences. Now you probably know that I am a friend of essences and I would rather understand your ideal non-existent "Spain" and your ideal non-existent "mysticism" than understand the existing medley. But your American audience will think that you are a Don Quixote mistaking the facts rather than a contemplative spirit discerning ideal essences. I am afraid the real soul of Spain at present is rather disintegrated. Yet we are all capable of being disinterested and disillusioned. That is not enough, I quite agree, but it is the beginning of deliverance.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

27 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Nov. 27, 1946

Dear Mr. von Hagen

Your South American Zoo is a lovely book, both text and illustrations. I am reading it with the combined pleasures of a child and of a naturalistic philosopher; because the mixture of innocence, courage, and monstrous cruelty in these animals throws such a clear light on human affairs. I am reading a learned work in 13 volumes by Toynbee entitled "A Study of History" in which he shows how virtue is everywhere bred by danger and hostile pressure. I neglect his theory. Any one can have a theory. But I am instructed by his facts and delighted by the quotations from sources which are like the illustrations in your book, and throw a veil of beauty and satire over the hard truth.

It is very good of you to send me your books, especially when they show you up as a naturalist. Nature brings a relief from human nature and an excuse for it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

27 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 27, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

A number of your letters have remained unacknowledged because I was waiting for the parcel that you had already announced, in order to report its arrival, but there has been a long stoppage and neither the Sisters nor I have received anything until yesterday, when things were brought for us, including a very belated parcel for me from my niece (George Sturgis's first wife) but nothing as yet from you. I hope things will now mend, and I will write again as soon as they do. Meantime there are only

two things that I would say on this subject: one parcel a month will be quite enough, as I receive others normally from Boston: and please don't hesitate to send me boxes of biscuits, crackers, etc., in spite of your salesman's warning, because none of the boxes that I have previously received, have been crushed en route; at most sometimes a few crackes broken in the corners, but no real damage. Fruit cake is excellent, and keeps well, but is a little rich for every day at an hour when my appetite is awake.

I am glad that Cory is to get a thousand dollars more for my autobiography; the \$500 from me is a gift, although he will be expected to use a part of it in providing me with books. He has already sent me three volumes of A. F. Toynbee's "A Study of History," which interests me very much in detail, although the philosophy that guides him seems to me negligible. However, it does not spoil the liveliness of his reflexions on the relation of historical events to one another; and his quotations are very instructive. There are ten more volumes expected, of which only six, I believe, are as yet announced.

I have received another bill from your book department, which I neglect, relying on you to see that it is charged to my account as producer from my account as consumer. I had a commercially-minded friend in Boston who had a farm and kept a horse and a "carry-all", and charged his family or himself, so much a trip for conveying them to the station; but he lost money both on his stable-business and on his farm. I hope to be more fortunate

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 November 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Nov. 28, 1946

Dear Cory: Your letter, accompanying Robertson's "Jesus—Myth or History," certainly represents just what I think on that subject, and I am pleased to see how clearly you put it. But there is the other side of the question, the positive history and appeal of the Idea of Christ, which Couchoud feels much more adequately than Robertson, and I was a bit

disappointed in finding that Robertson had nothing to add in that direction; nor do the other recent writers he mentions seem to have any new lights. Couchoud is warmer; but on the other hand he does not inspire any confidence, whereas Robertson at least is cautious and reasonable in his conclusions. If I were younger I should be tempted to write a companion volume, or counterblast, to my "Idea of Christ in the Gospel", in the form of "Probabilities about Jesus in the Real World." There is hardly any evidence but there are suggestions that could be sifted and combined, to make a tragic picture. Somebody will doubtless do it some day: but will he be able to be both critical and inspired?

I have now read the first and half the second volume of Toynbee, skipping a little, because he is prolix, repeating himself a good deal and reverting to ideas that he has already explained and illustrated. But the illustrations are very interesting and to me often new; and he quotes a great variety of sources and authorities. I shall want the whole book eventually, but I already feel that I know his philosophy. It is negligible—in one sense a truism and in another sense a superstition: namely, that civilisation is a fruit of effort, the greater the stimulus the greater the result, and the greater the obstacle the greater the stimulus—when the obstacle isn't fatal! However, I had better postpone talking about him until I have read more.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

P.S. Nov. 29th I reopen this to ask you if you have heard anything of John Wild and his book published by the Harvard Univ. Press on "Plato's Theory of Man", which he calls "an introduction to a realistic theory of culture." Is he a professor at Harvard? In any case, to judge by the review in my last number of *The Times Literary Sup^t*, he is in the good tradition. I will ask Mr. Wheelock to send it to me, as it is an American book and costs 28 shillings in London.

To John Hall Wheelock

4 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 4, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Parcels seem still to be held up by unspecified causes, but the Sisters received some the other day from their friends, so that I am in good hopes of getting yours before long.

I am deep in Toynbee's A Study of History where I have found interesting quotations from Lybyer's book, published in 1913 by the Harvard Univ. Press, which I had never heard of. Nor had I ever heard of a philosopher at Harvard called John Wild, whose evidently admirable book on Plato is reviewed in the last number of The Times Literary Supplement. I write simply to ask you to have these two books sent to me, and enclose a formal order.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

A happy Xmas and New Year!

To Charles Scribner's Sons

4 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Rome, December 4, 1946

To

Charles Scribner's Sons (Book-Selling Department)
New York.

Please send me a copy of

Plato's Theory of Man by John Wild and of The Government of the Ottoman Empire in the Time of Suleiman the Magnificent by A. H. Lybyer, (both published by the Harvard University Press) and charge them to my account.

I am not able to pay the bills you send me directly, but Mr. Wheelock has kindly arranged to settle them by debiting the amount to my account as an author.

GSantayana
6, Via S. Stefano Rotondo,
Rome, Italy.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

6 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 6, 1946

Dear Clemens,

I have been putting off thanking you for “Attlee” until I had read it, but for the first time in my life I am really busy. I am trying to learn something about politics, and have been reading all I can find trustworthy from Aristotle to Stalin, especially now Toynbee’s “A Study of History”, which is to be in 13 volumes of which 9, I believe, are already published. And I have just heard of a book published by the Harvard Univ. Press on “Plato’s Theory of Man”, which to judge by the review in The Times Lit. Supplement is excellent. The author, whom I had never heard of, is John Wild. Is he a professor somewhere or—happy man?—a free lance? Your “Attlee”, like your “Truman” will fall in well in my re-education, but I am too deep at the moment in the migrations of Nomads and the decay of prehistoric civilizations to read about the present, which seems not itself to know what on earth it is.

With best wishes for the New Year

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Arthur Jacob Goldsmith

6 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano 6
Rome
December 6, 1946

Dear Mr. Goldsmith,

I am sorry that the fog of the classroom divided us when you were in it and prevents me from retaining a clear image of your person. As to this interview, it represents fairly the sense of what I said (though the diction and grammar are not mine) and the spirit of it. Naturally I recognize the good intentions of your movement, but it is not one in which I can take part personally, first because I am not legally an American, and then because it does not seem to me that your methods are applicable to any society beyond the Anglo-Saxon area. Discussion does not lead to agreement but to the discovery of disagreements that perhaps were unsuspected, latent, and harmless. No form of government can be final, or the "right" form for ever and for everybody. I think it possible that in the organization of industry the near future may make great progress, and that wars in the service of trade may be prevented for ages. But the pressure of population always returns, the world is already well-peopled, and nobody knows what solutions or what an equilibrium may impose themselves on future generations. Meantime, we can refine our own lives at home, according to our several traditions.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

7 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 7, 1946

Dear Rosamond: Your parcel finally arrived yesterday, containing coffee (especially welcomed, as what I had was giving out) tea, abundant chocolate candy, and other useful or appetizing things, including soap: but the worsted gloves were not in it. As a matter of fact, I don't now need them, since I procured a pair here, foreseeing that there might be some delay in getting them: but we are told at the local post office that we may expect a lot of delayed parcels before Xmas. What you say in your letter of Nov. 16 about customhouse duties suggests that you were sending at least the last pair by post or at least not in one of the regulation parcels. Don't do that, please, as it would involve going to the postoffice or custom house and perhaps waiting in line at a counter for our turn to come, whereas the regular war-parcels are now brought to the house and the Sister in charge signs the receipt for me, so that I have no trouble at all, only the fun of opening the box when it comes and giving Sister Angela back everything that involves cooking. You mention a lot of things that it has occurred to you I might need: but there are several other persons sending me parcels, so that I am well provided with most things, such as socks, soap, shaving-cream, handkerchiefs, and even a fountain-pen, (which I don't use) and I have a good supply of steel nibs. What I should be glad to have in that connection would be a box of plain white writing paper—thin, but not too thin, with envelopes. You may have wondered why I write on such bad paper: it was a splendid gift from a soldier, an immense quantity of it, and I have got used to it, and somehow don't like to give it up, especially as the sorts I used to have are not now obtainable here. But my stock at last promises to be exhausted, perhaps in a month or two; and I don't like to write letters on the square-ruled "commercial" paper that is sold here for business people and which all my philosophical manuscripts are written on—much more legible and less scratchy than this letter and all my others of late.

In general, tea and coffee remain the greatest and most constant desideratum: also biscuits, crackers, or cookies—anything substantial to have with my tea. Some raisin biscuits that you sent me once or twice long

ago were excellent. Fruit cake and sweets I like, but on the whole they become a bit cloying, and then (such is human vice) I miss them when they are all eaten up. Plain nice biscuits or wafers are more satisfying for every day. The paste you send, good for sandwiches, also goes splendidly at teatime, when there is no cake, biscuit, or marmalade. I don't ask for this last, because I know there is trouble in sending glass jars that may get broken and make a mess in the box, although this has not happened in most of those that have come. Now I have three fresh jars sent by a Mr., Miss, or Mrs. Thompson whom I don't know, but who is here in Rome.

Here is a long letter all about food, but as it happens my mind is now earnestly intent on study, especially on "A Study of History" in 13 volumes by A. J. Toynbee—a great work, fundamentally sophisticated, but crowded with interesting facts and ideas and a good corrective for me in my "Dominations & Powers" on which I am now at work.

Ask the boys if they have heard of Toynbee or of a certain John Wild whose book on Plato has been published by the Harvard [*across*] University Press. I have seen a review of it which made me at once send for it from Scribner. Mr. Wheelock, of Scribner's, not only sends me books now, but also parcels, by agreement to be charged to my account! A happy New Year to you all.

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

9 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 9, 1946

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

On Dec. 29, 1946 you wrote to me: "We shall hold here to your credit the \$2,500 in royalties, payment of which is due in December." On Dec. 2, 1946 you write: "Now, as a result of certain advances and charges against your account, as well as the deduction of thirty percent withholding tax, the balance in your favor, as of Aug. 1, payable today, is about \$280." You add that this is somewhat less than the \$500 that I had asked you to send to Cory, but that you are sending him a cheque to that amount notwithstanding, and the matter will be straighten on my next account.

I feel like Sancho Panza when persuaded that he was governor of a whole “Insula”, and was served succulent dishes at table, which however the Magician who was his Physician in Attendance touched one after the other with his wand, and had removed untasted.

It is true that, of the charges you mention, I have actually tasted two books, and ordered others for Prof. Petrone and for myself, and that you have kindly ordered (as I had understood) two parcels for me, which you thought were about \$9.⁰⁰ each. I can’t think of any other deductions to be made from the \$2,500–30% = \$1,750. There are actually \$280 left. Where are the other \$1,470 gone? All in books & parcels?

I never kept accounts, so that my arithmetic is doubtless at fault or my memory: but I never have had debts, and if I had imagined that my credit was exhausted I should never have asked you to send presents for me, or even to supply me, with parcels and books. Please countermand those biweekly parcels, which in any case are, I think, more than the regulations allow. One parcel a month from each person to each person, I believe, is the maximum. Even that is more than I want, in addition to what the Sturgises send me. Parcels, by the way, are still blocked. I have received one only for several months, but they say at the post-office that a lot will be released before Xmas, and yours will, I hope, be among them.

Best wishes for the New Year from
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

10 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo
Dec. 10, 1946.

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are some more fragments of my new edifice.

I am sorry to say that the British Consul, some time ago, replied to my formal petition to have my London bank account released, that it was not possible for the moment to proceed with it, but that if I “did not elect to remain in Italy” or when a formal peace was announced, I might renew my petition. The prospect of sending you a cheque in £. s. d. is in the

vague distance; but perhaps I could have one in dollars sent to you, to your London bank. I have not made inquiries, but will do so if that possibility seems to you worth investigating.

With best wishes for the season

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. No hurry whatever this time.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santa Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 17, 1946

Dear Cory—: I am glad you have got your \$500 safely and that Wheelock says there is no tax on it for any of us; but Wheelock's good news is rather at a discount with me now, because he has played me a nasty (verbal) trick by writing first that he had \$2,500 clear for me, and a month later writing that owing to "certain charges" and to the 30% tax due, my credit (before the \$500 were sent to you) was reduced to \$280—"somewhat less" than the 500 that you were to receive; but that he would send you that sum notwithstanding, and things would be settled in my next account. I daresay it is only the desire to be agreeable and encouraging that makes him write in this "diplomatic" way: but though Scribner has always been a little close and mysterious in money-matters, I never felt so cheated as on this occasion, and have written (facetiously) describing my feelings, and asking for an explanation. I had ordered books freely from Scribner, and he was sending me parcels to be charged also to my account (none of which have arrived yet) but the total as I conceive it would still leave me with a thousand dollars margin to my credit, instead of a debt of \$220! It is ridiculous that I should be left in debt when T. P. Salmon (my real agent, under M^f Appleton, at the Old Colony Trust C^o) informs me that \$10,000 have been added to my personal fund—which is independent of my Trust, and can be tapped to at any moment. However, I don't want to suggest any fusion of my business affairs in Boston with those in New York. And, by the way, I was very glad to hear, both from Salmon and from Appleton, that they had had a pleasant and clarifying interview with your cousin Washburn about

the royalties for Persons & Places. The revision of my income-tax returns for 1944 has not yet been made, so that the possibility of unpleasantness still hangs over us. But I think we can weather the storm, if it breaks, and I have told Mr. Appleton that I hope, if anyone is to represent me at the hearing (if there is to be a hearing) he will do so in the same sense as Mr. Washbourn, since your interests and mine in this matter are identical—

In regard to Toynbee's book, I am less enthusiastic than I was, but still think on the whole that I ought to have the whole work eventually, since it is incidentally full of information, and since even its weaknesses are useful for me to have in mind in my own work. He repeats himself annoyingly, in the manner of a lecturer reviewing what "We saw last time"; and he is bent on tracing "laws" in political events where, as we may see in the world now, there is only a chaotic concourse of interests and persons. But he intends to be historically fair and realistic, and has no superior airs in treating Asiatic or ancient things. The trouble, I fear, will be rather when he comes to European history, where his British Y.M.C.A. position will somewhat limit his sympathies. Send me some day (there is no hurry) the next three volumes. I have other things to read, including most of the "annexes" to the first three volumes, which are often better than the text.

I had received and answered this communication from A. J. Goldsmith already. I have written an article for the Philosophical Congress here (which I did not go to personally) ~~which~~ and I may send it to you when I get the English original back.

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

17 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 17, 1946

Dear Rosamond

Most opportunely your festive little box with the black worsted gloves arrived yesterday, the 83rd anniversary of my birthday. They are just the right kind of gloves, and shall soon replace the grey pair that I am wearing

and that is beginning to have holes in it, at first easy to mend but ultimately fatal. The usual parcel in which, as I understand, you had put some other gloves has not yet come, but is expected before Christmas, according to what they tell us at the local post-office.

The small tube with nibs of various kinds in it is very tidy, and will do for pills: the pens I have put in the place where I keep my old ones, and will do when I want to inscribe or sketch something special—because I sometimes amuse myself with such things; also with making lampshades out of bright papers or coloured pictures such as I find in presents, like yours of yesterday, or in American Magazines.

I will write again, when the delayed parcel arrives.

Best wishes to all for the New Year from your affectionate uncle
GSantayana

To Christopher George Janus

19 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Santayana)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 19, 1946.

Dear Janus,

Several inquisitorial reporters, disguised in the lamb's clothing of soldiers, have inveigled me into "interviews" which I took at first for innocent conversation. No great harm came of it, as far as I know, except that my English was transformed into the dialect of day. You can't catch me so easily in writing. If people really cared to know what I think about politics in America, they would read the last chapter of my old "Character & Opinion in the U.S.," actually quoted recently in an article in the part of the N. Y. Times about books. But people only want "copy", and I think I might make them wait until the book on "Dominations & Powers" which I am at work on sees the light. I may not live to finish it, but enough is already written to make my position clear. It is independent of all parties, nations, or epochs: and this is easier for me than for most philosophers because my native Spanish attachments are [*across*] not close (although I have scrupulously retained my legal Spanish nationality) and speculatively I am a naturalist.

Yours sincerely G Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 December 1946 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 27, 1946

Dear Cory, Just a word to ask you to send me, before the next three volumes of Toynbee, the following book, reviewed in the Times Lit. Sup which seems to be in theme and doctrine very much like Dom. & P'rs.

CHARLES WATERMAN: *The Three Spheres of Society*. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

I am now reading de Ruggiero on Liberalism, and find it nicer than I had expected. He is a doctrinaire and not realistic in speculation, but like Hegel, he often depicts the sentiments of various epochs & parties very justly.

Yours as ever

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

1 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, January 1st 1947.

Dear Rosamond

Yesterday, the last day of 1946 (not a year of good omen) came your box with three jars of varied jams in perfect condition. I am very glad to have it at last, and hope it means the recovery of normal traffic.

I was amused by the pleasant dream, in your last letter, of a flight of mine to America and a sort of Christmas gathering in your house, where I should sit by the chimney corner (if you still have chimney corners) in a big arm chair with round goggles and an ear trumpet, to play the grand-uncle in benevolent imbecillity. It would be interesting to see you all, and also the extraordinary sights on the way and in the new America. Last night I sat up until eleven o'clock looking at the pictures and advertisements in the three numbers of "News of the Week" which you included in your box. There is a sort of fascination in all this multiplicity of motor-cars all enormous and brand new, and people all well dressed alike and wearing the same broad and fixed smile, all the men brimming with happiness and cordiality and all the women in an ecstasy of self-love. But the result is monotonous and unconvincing. It must be a selected front, put forward as a sort of business propaganda. I have no doubt that there is much else in the anonymous individuals that would sound a different note. But at my age and with my deafness I should not be able to get far beneath the surface, except perhaps by reading, which I can do better here.

Dreams apart, however, it is utterly out of the question for me to move from here. Although I work very little, never more than two or three hours a day, I am reading hard on history and political theory in order to stimulate my own intelligence and bring me more up to date in the revision I am making of my old unfinished work on "Dominations & Powers". I am now reading especially "A Study of History" (to be in 13 volumes) by Toynbee, and "Storia del Liberalismo Europeo" by de Ruggiero, a pupil of Croce's. They are both doctrinaires; but I can discount that, and profit by their learning and technical intelligence. I am still somewhat hampered [I go on writing with one of your nibs, which will make my hand seem steadier] by having my London bank-account blocked; but Cory, who has begun to receive his Fellowship, is now in London and orders books for me, for which I can pay him through Scribner. My personal earnings will always be sufficient for that, as several of my books, besides the Three Philosophical Poets, continue to have a small but constant sale.

A happy New Year to you and the boys from your affectionate uncle

GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

2 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan 2, 1947.

Dear Raymond,

Your letter of Dec. 4 arrived in good time (Dec. 24) with the Xmas card from the whole family. Of course I wish you a happy new year, as well as enjoyable holidays sprinkled over it as public and private arrangements permit; but I lead such a regular life that every day is a holiday and I scarcely know one day of the week or month or even year from another. The parcel that Josephine sent on Dec. 4th may perhaps arrive for next Easter. There has been an interruption in sending or rather in forwarding these parcels, but now after a long interval they seem to be moving again.—One was brought me the day before yesterday—after months since it was announced. That makes no difference in the value of the gifts, and I always want the same things, tea, coffee, and cocoa or chocolate (to drink) especially: also biscuits or crackers of any kind. Food here is slowly becoming better and more varied, but the fall inof the value of the lira is confusing markets and bank accounts in a troublesome way.

Since I began to have money again two years ago I have received \$9,000 from George (sent in the last months of 1944) and \$1,500 from Scribner, by mistake, because they heard that I hadn't money to pay for postage stamps, and it took months for my counter reports to reach them. That money all came in lire, and as the Sisters had been promised dollars, (lately paid to them at last in Chicago by Mr. Appleton) I kept the \$7000 or rather 700,000 lire for my expenses, and still have 311,000 in the bank here. That would have been enough for another year if prices hadn't mounted remarkably: 1,050 lire for taxi, the last time I drove to town for an hour on little errands; 44,500 lire for a new (first-rate) dressing-gown made to measure by my old English tailor, who has begun business again here, after six years' holiday: and the Sisters' monthly account at 800 lire a day, with some two hundred lire each for washing, wine, and postage. Alarmed at these figures, I have written to Mr. T. P. Salmon at the Old Colony Trust C^o who looks after my affairs asking him to begin to send me \$250 a month as soon as possible: and somehow I shall manage. The trouble is that the official rate of exchange is still 225 lire to the dollar, which is less than half of what a dollar brings in the open market, as I am told.

The banks and the governments swallow up the difference. However, I am willing to be taxed, feeling that I have no real right to my income as it is on paper: my actual expenses and way of living are not grander than what a good communistic administration would assign to an aged philosopher.

I see that your boys, as well as the Sturgis boys are returning to Harvard. Bob sometimes writes to me or sends me copies of the *Crimson* and also from other quarters I get new impressions of what is going on there and in America generally. It is tremendous compared with what it was in my time, but less peaceful and free from problems. You are living hard if not “dangerously”, as Nietzsche advised, and I hope it will lead in time to a healthy equilibrium

Yours affectionately

G Santayana

To John Hall Wheelock

5 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 5, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

At last one of the parcels ordered by you arrived yesterday, very well packed, and containing 2 boxes of tea, 2 cans of coffee, 1 of fruit-cake, and 1 of cocoa, to my great satisfaction and also that of Sister Angela, the housekeeper, whose stock in hand of these articles I suspect was getting low. We shall now be provided with coffee in the morning, tea in the afternoon, and cocoa at eleven, which helps to bridge the interval between breakfast at 7.30–8, with only bread and café-au-lait, and dinner at 1 or 1.15, according to the flow of gas used for cooking, and for keeping the principal dishes warm which come up from the main kitchen in the basement. This house is built on the southern edge of a steep hill, so that this level, which forms the ground floor on the north front where the entrance is, is up two flights of stairs from the garden at this south-west angle which I inhabit. The kitchen and beneath it the laundry are thus between me and the ground; and the descent continues more gently down to the street and to the city wall at the Porta Metrona.

Of the dangers that we are said to be threatened with only one is acutely felt in this retirement, namely, the fall in the value of the Italian lira which causes prices to go up nominally to extravagant figures. For a drive to the city on a few errands, which took less than an hour in all, I paid more than a thousand lire. At the official exchange this is about \$4.50; but I understand that in the free market the value would be half of this, not therefore excessive considering the scarcity of petrol here. My modest “pension” fee has now gone up to 800 lire a day; very reasonable if turned into gold coinage, but having the effect of reducing my bank account here so that I have asked the person in charge of my affairs at the Old Colony Trust Company in Boston, Mr. T. P. Salmon, to arrange to send me a monthly remittance as soon as possible. Little things can be arranged in this world, which must console us for incapacity to arrange greater matters.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

7 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 7, 1947.

Dear Cory: Probably it is, as you say, legal expenses that account for the disappearance of my supposed credit at Scribner’s. We shall see; but it doesn’t matter. I have now got parcels again, two from Rosamond Sturgis and one, very well stocked with tea and coffee, from Wheelock, and another from a sentimental Polish widow, friend of Lawrence Butler. I have also got a whiff of something intellectually different—I mean not Anglosaxon—in the shape of four numbers of a little Italian review called Humana, tintured with occult nonsense, but partly very good. I have subscribed for it for one year, delighted to find a review of my old “Indian” sage, René Guénon, who has a new book about contemporary international politics. Will you please see if you can get it and send it to me? It is: R. Guénon: La Crise du Monde Moderne, Gallimard, Paris. 1946.

Never mind Toynbee for the moment. It is vols. IV–VI that I shall want eventually, not the last three published which I believe are vols. VII–IX.

We had a snowstorm yesterday!
Yours a seveer GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

13 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Jan. 13, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

Could you copy this article, which is written to be translated into Italian and to appear in a little review called Humana? And could you send the two typed copies to the address below? The MS you can keep until I send you more, which will be soon, I hope, and then return it to me with the rest.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana.

Rag. Federico Spirindelli,
Via Castelfidardo, 47,
Roma

To William Gerber

14 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Gerber)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 14, 1947.

Dear Mr. Gerber,

You probably know that it is 35 years since I was in America, and during the war have been cut off almost entirely from books and letters from my friends there. Your thesis (which I began to read at Part Two, but afterwards turn_^ed_^ back and read the whole) interested me particularly for the

evidence it gives of the vast change that has come over the spirit of philosophy there since my day, not only in quantity of study, but in quality. You have become scholastic; and your personal work in particular shows the tendency to treat subjects dispassionately, accurately, with a careful eye to the definition of terms and to the possible variety of opinions. If you ended there, it would mean at least having got rid of the incubus of Hegel and the timidity of prejudices, moral and religious; but the formation of a common technical language may do much more. It may unify philosophy, like a science, and prevent sects from existing in ignorance of their rivals.

What you cull from me here and there does not touch the spirit of my philosophy. I never liked being a professor: it seemed sailing under false colours. I try to use language significantly rather than consistently, and the “context”, to use your own words, must lend “reality” to my phrases. Besides, since *The Life of Reason*, my analysis has become much more distinct; also used with greater awareness of its being optional. If you were here, I should like to discuss these terms—and others, such as a “phenomenal” and “dynamic”—with you, and I think we should agree about the subject-matter, even if we preferred different terms.

I was particularly amused by your picture of the quarrel between Munitz and me: but there was a trick practised behind the scenes which you could not suspect. The paper that appeared in the book, by Munitz, was not the same that the editor had sent for me to reply to: so that none of the phrases I quote from him appeared in the text before the reader: and one of Munitz’ corrections was particularly clever: “essential being”. I couldn’t deny that I attributed “essential being” to essences; yet the reader would understand that phrase to be equivalent to the original “metaphysical existence” or “hypostasis” which I objected to. This was not the only instance of my replies being rendered pointless by changes made by my critics in their text without my knowledge. The act was doubtless not malicious; communications were difficult and very slow; and it is natural to improve one’s text if possible during proof-reading. But these incidents, and the innumerable misprints allowed to stand in my “Confessions” rather disgusted me with the whole experiment. It was one of the small trials of being marooned by the war.

I hope you will send me anything else that you may publish.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 16, 1947.

Dear Cory,

Yesterday I went to the District P.O. and got "Three Spheres of Society", for which much thanks. I spent the afternoon looking into it. It is pleasantly written, in colloquial language, with apparently harmless principles, drawn from Springer, that I already knew, but not especially in regard to politics. Do you know anything of the author? He seems to be a pious radical.

My paper for the Philosophical Congress was purloined, apparently from or by the translator, and appeared in a first class Italian weekley called Fiera Letteraria; but I have not seen it. Castelli, who was in charge of the whole business, now thinks of publishing the English original in his Review. Someone sent me a copy of the Fiera Letteraria in which there was a long article by T. S. Eliot on Ezra Pound, very laudatory and somewhat enlightening on the general subject of the new style of "poetry". Wheelock has also sent me a new edition of Pound, all but the Cantos; while he scrawls unintelligible letters to me from Washington.

Yours asever GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

16 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Jan. 16, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Your letters of Jan. 9 & 10 are at hand: also a big book of all Ezra Pound's poems except the "Cantos", but no further parcels. Don't worry about these: I believe some have been lost by shipwreck, but most of them are only delayed; and besides for the present I think you had better send me no more. I will ask for books whenever I see one noticed that attracts me, but for the moment there is nothing further. From Ezra Pound I continue to receive communications: the last was stark mad: a few scattered unintelligible abbreviations on a large sheet of paper, and nothing else. Yet the address, although fantastically scrawled, was quite correct and intelligible. His madness may be spasmodic only.

My work, which you ask about, is going on well enough, but slowly, because of late the weather has rather interfered with my working hours in the morning. We have had a snowstorm and much cloud and rain, and unless the sun shines, I can't do much. But the back of winter is now broken; and morally the task is prospering.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. Is it possible to obtain a complete set of "The Triton Edition"? A friend wants one, and I should be much obliged if you would retain one for him, if possible. I will send the address later, as he is now in Egypt in the British army.

To Martin Birnbaum

22 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 22, 1947

Dear Mr. Birnbaum

Yesterday, almost exactly six months after the date of your letter of July 24th '46, I received your beautiful book on "Jacovleff and Other Artists". The parcel was weather-worn, but luckily so stoutly wrapped and sealed that no damage was done to the plates. You must have thought from my silence that the book was lost or that I had forgotten to thank you for it. But it was not that. Other parcels have taken as long, and I deliberately waited to answer your letter until I could announce the receipt of your interesting gift.

I have spent all yesterday evening and this morning over it, first looking through all the plates and then reading your text on Jacovleff, on Aubrey Beardsley and on Behmer. I will not venture to say anything about contemporary painting. I am incompetent to judge, having never been much thrown with painters or with connoisseurs, nor a frequenter of exhibitions, even when I lived in Paris. What you say about Jacovleff, and the variety of the plates reproducing his works, only fill me with wonder at the intensity and the confusion of artistic life in our day. I feel as if it were necessary to let the storm pass and the wreckage sink out of sight before we could survey the result and distinguish our veritable surviving treasures.

But there is a semi-philosophical point that kept coming into my head as I read what you say about Aubrey Beardsley and also about Behmer (whom I had never heard of!). You seem to be troubled about the impropriety actual and suggested of their compositions. Now I see that it would be shocking to exhibit an obscene drawing in Church or in a lady's drawing-room; but I do not see anything painful in an obscene drawing because it is obscene; if it is seen at a suitable time and place, and is not a bad composition in itself. Now I think in Aubrey Beardsley there often is bad taste, like bad taste in the mouth, because his lascivious figures are ugly and socially corrupt. The obscene should be merry and hilarious, as it is in Petronius: it belongs to comedy, not to sour or revolutionary morals. It is the mixture of corrupt sneers and hypocrisy with vice that is unpleasant to

see, unless it is itself the subject of satire, as for instance in old English caricatures. But in Beardsley the charm of the design and the elegance of the costumes and of the ballet character of all the movement seem to recommend the vice represented: and that is immoral. But licentiousness is natural in its place, and the fun of impropriety is also not vicious; and I don't see why the books or pictures illustrating these things should be regrettable. The Arabian Nights, in Mardrus, seem to me purely delightful. Robert Bridges, who was a good friend of mine, used to deplore the sensuality in Shakespeare, and say he was the greatest of poets and dramatists, but not an artist. I think that some of the jokes in Shakespeare are out of place; for instance what Hamlet says to Ophelia in the play scene; but in a frank comedy, the same and much broader things would be excellent, as in Aristophanes: and the public would soon select itself that patronized such shows. But I am afraid I am a hopeless pagan. Aubrey Beardsley, converted to Catholicism, might beg to have his naughty drawings destroyed, and perhaps they were not all in themselves beautiful or comic: but I should not destroy anything aesthetically good. The beautiful is a part of the moral; and the truly moral is a part of the beautiful: only they must not be mixed wrong, any more than sweets and savouries.—Excuse my sermon and believe with heartfelt thanks

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

23 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 23, 1947.

Dear Cory: Profuse apologies from Mr. Wheelock about my credit and debit. All "his fault": "most misleading" way of putting the facts. The deficit regarded only my account on December 25th last; the credit of about \$2,500 was to become due on February 25th next, in virtue of the sales of The Idea of Christ only. So that my ship is to get off the banks in a month, and there is no occasion to countermand parcels or books.

Two parcels, with copious stores, have arrived from him, and others from my relations, but not yet any books either from you or from Scribner's. However, there is something at the local post office that I am going to get this afternoon. I will not close this letter until I get back, so as to acknowledge anything received from you.

I am not in the least short of things to read. On the contrary incidental matters turn up constantly, both from America and from people in Italy. There is a first class weekly review called Fiera Letteraria published in Florence, where I have seen a long article by T. S. Eliot on Ezra Pound, really throwing some light on the mystery of their kind of poetry; and my paper for the recent philosophical Congress here has also appeared, filched by or from the man who was translating it; but they didn't send it to me and I haven't seen it. Father Benedict Williamson, who lives upstairs, brings me British political stuff every week, and Mother Hilda, an Englishwoman, sends me her "Observer", which reads nowadays like an American newspaper. I am in the middle of Waterman and of de Ruggiero, and have not yet read the notes in the three first volumes of Toynbee. But send me anything you read that you think would enlighten or amuse me. I have just received a modern art book from Birnbaum in New York, édition de grand luxe. And Sitwell awaits me. Moreover I think I have not told you of the lovely present a young American (half Italian & half Spanish) in the army here made me some time ago: The Amberley Papers, "by Bertrand and Patricia Russell." It is the history, letters, journals, etc. of Bertie's father and mother; and I found interesting things about his brother also, in his first years. It is a curious document to the explanation of British liberalism with its shifts and its obstinacies. Now that you are going to see the Russell's social circle in London, you must store your

impressions. I never had the patience to study them in the life, e.g. at Lady Ottoline Morrell's, near Oxford. It was too great a strain. But I like to know about it, if only I can avoid the personal shamming involved.

Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

P.S. No: it was
only two Italian
philosophical
pamphlets.

To John Hall Wheelock

23 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 23, 1947.

Dear Mr Wheelock,

A second large parcel, with everything in order, arrived yesterday. This proves that communications have been reopened; especially as a long-delayed small box from my niece Mrs. Sturgis arrived at the same time.

Your letter of Jan. 13 explains the matter of my credit in your books. It was a misunderstanding on my part, as I didn't suspect that the deficit was only in relation to my previous royalties, while the credit of \$2,500 was due in February for the sales of The Idea of Christ only. This restores my sense of having an Insula in your keeping; and as when you receive this, February 25th will not be far distant, I will ask you at once, if it isn't too much trouble, to renew the order for monthly packages for me, containing tea, coffee, cocoa, and biscuits of some kind; and also to send me another copy of Realms of Being in one volume, as I now have none of the Realm of Spirit. I had lent the one volume on Spirit, I originally had to Ezra

Pound, and the one volume edition of Realms to a soulful and pretty young woman from Milan, who wants to become a dottoressa on the fruits of my field_s; and I don't expect to see either again. And by the way, you know I have never seen the Realm of Spirit (or Truth also) in the Triton Edition. My set ends with the volume on Essence & Matter If possible, I should be glad to have whatever else has appeared.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

24 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 24, 1947

Dear Rosamond

I now have your letter and photograph with the news that you are off to Arizona. Your determined frown in the picture, and commanding gesture suggest that you are desperately determined to drive yourself all the way to the Grand Canyon with_out_o stopping to rest. I hope at least you will rest comfortably when you get there, because you look tired. Bob and Neville I know are at College, but is Nat going with you, or is he a philosopher like me and wants to remain at home and explore the fourth dimension? All things have one, if that is only a scientific name for the side they prefer to hide.

Parcels have begun to arrive spasmodically and among them your neat box with two excellent pairs of gloves—I am writing this with one of them on, as it is an unusually cold day—and two pairs of thick stockings. Thank you very much. Nothing could be more welcome and opportune.

You know that I am reading hard about politics, and yesterday I received a book commemorating the 60th anniversary of our Harvard Class, 1886, with a pamphlet by my school friend Dick Smith; now Robert Dixon Weston, in which he pitches hard into the blessed memory of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, especially about the New Deal. I am curious to know how strong the reaction against state interference is in America. In Europe everything yields to it, and it makes little difference whether it is Fascism, Labour, or Communism that seizes the reins. I think

reform was needed, but that the remedy is proving worse than the disease. What are your feelings about it?

Best wishes for your trip from your aff^{te} uncle
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

24 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 24, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

I had scarcely sent my letter of this morning to be stamped and posted when I had a visit from a young Italian, Luciano Sibille, who some time ago had made a translation of my "Sense of Beauty" and who in the course of conversation said that the publisher (a friend of his father's) Ugo Guanda, of Modena, was ready to publish the translation, with two pages of apologetic introduction which I had written for it, only that he had received no answer from you to his request for permission to issue it.

In the late troubled state of communications it is easy that his request or your reply should have been lost or waylaid. In any case I should be much obliged if you would communicate with Editore, Ugo Guanda, Modena Italy, on the subject. It is hardly a commercial one, as so old a book on aesthetics will hardly find a public; but it is matter of personal interest to young Sibille (who has just got his degree of Doctor on a thesis about my "Realms of Being") and to me.

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Evelyn Tindall

25 January 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Jan. 25, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

Please accept my apologies for sending anything by a person who doesn't know how to behave.

My letter was inside the same large envelope, addressed to you, that contained my MS; and he had no business to open it or give you further directions.

He seemed a decent person, said he was going to make the Italian translation himself, and I thought by leaving the MS at your office he would spare me the trouble of driving to town.

I hope you refused to give him three copies even of the English. We haven't spoken of copies in the plural at all.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

2 February 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Feb. 2, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Only a line to have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of

On Jan. 31st Sitwell's Left Hand, Right Hand?

Maxwell's The Folded Leaf.

On Feb. 1st A third large box containing
tea, coffee, and Fruit Cake.

This seems to show that things are moving better.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

16 February 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 16, 1947.

Dear Rosamond

Yesterday I drove to the place where the American Relief for Italians is distributed and got a large box, bound in iron strips, which one of the young men kindly carried for me to my taxi, else I should have hardly known how to manage. When we got here, it was opened in the house-keeper's kitchen, and revealed a vast assortment of jars and boxes; those that had biscuits in them were transferred to my room and the rest left in Sister Angela's pantry. Very nice tight boxes of (Type IV), "Biscuit Neutral" from the J. B. Carr Biscuit Co Wilkes-Barr, Pa. which I have been having for tea this afternoon with some of the jam that came also. Thank you very much. You see there is as much delay by this conveyance as by the ordinary parcel post that you had been using; and the latter is more convenient at this end because they bring the parcels to the house.

We have been having a severe winter with cold rain and little sun since Christmas; but I have kept very well. It is only my work that has suffered because without the sun I felt more like lounging in my chaise longue, well wrapped up, and reading, than like sitting up to write. But there is no hurry about my political book which must last me until my wits give out, as this is the last number in my programme. However, if the lights don't go out when it is finished, I have an impromptu ready for the audience, who being only future readers, can't run away visibly. It is a set of afternoon lectures for imaginary ladies on The False Steps of Philosophy: would be better in French: Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie. She began her deviations from the straight path very early, with Socrates, whom I should show not to have been such a sound moralist as he is reputed to be, and really a rogue. After him, I should expose (pleasantly of course) the errors of Saint Paul, in preaching total depravity (while dear Saint John was preaching universal love) and making Christ the Scapegoat instead of the Lamb. Then I should skip to Descartes who misled the whole chorus of modern philosophers, except Spinoza, by making them fall in love with themselves. But all this is a waste of time, because I shall never get to it. —I hope this will find you well & rested after your trip. Yours aff^{ly}

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

16 February 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 16, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

“Do I Dream or Wake?” at first rather disappointed me, as it seems to describe the adventures of a silly woman on the loose all over the tourist world—something a bit old-fashioned and characteristic of opulence and vulgarity before the last and even before the previous war; but when the author forgot her personage and began to write directly about Proust, etc., I realised that she was a satirist, perhaps a moralist in ambush, and I liked the rest very much, in that light. But I can hardly believe that people in New York are as distracted as in that cocktail party. The drift of frivolous experience is made to appear very like a dream, as if life had become a sort of automatic madness. I wonder if you have ever read Diderot’s “Le Neveu de Rameaux”? I thought of it while reading this book, and of the mad rush of unharnessed feelings before the French Revolution, when passion was playing the clown tragically, for want of a real vocation? In America now it seems that a real vocation has appeared, but nothing of it is indicated in this book, which ends somewhat vaguely.

I am sorry if I gave you the impression that I was in any financial difficulty, or hadn't enough to eat. This is a nursing home de luxe, and I have been buying a new tea set and a new desk.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. What hasn't arrived are the two Harvard books I asked for one by John Wild and the other about the Ottoman Court.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 February 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Feb. 22, 1947.

Dear Cory: The last two days have been spent devouring Guénon's book, which has not disappointed me, although he leaves the reader rather in suspense about the nature of the "First Principles" or "Superior Knowledge" on which he makes everything hang. To digest him I have to reverse him, making the "first" last and the "superior" ultimate. In that way I can follow almost all his steps. Of course, he is a doctrinaire and shows no sympathy with sinners and jolly fools: but if you are thinking of spiritual liberation and the beatific vision, certainly modern life is a sad mess. Father Benedict here has given me (to read) a book by a Don at Magdalen, Oxford, named Lewis, about the machinations of the devil and his police against the soul of a young Anglican. The picture of society is much like Guénon's: and Mr. Wheelock has sent me a novel about New York life,

“Am I asleep or awake,” to the same effect. People are calling for the Last Judgment as in the time of Christ.

Yours as ever
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

3 March 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 3, 1947

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Prof. John Wild's book on "Plato's Theory of Man" has arrived, and also a notice from your book-selling department that the other book I had ordered about the Court of Suleiman the Magnificent is out of print. I am sorry, as I need to turn occasionally to something distant and romantic, in order, not to be swamped altogether in contemporary talk. That is the trouble with Wild's Plato: the interest is all in modern problems. But on that ground it is refreshing to find so decided an advocate of tradition as Wild is. What an easy time I should have had in holding my own at Harvard if there had been in my day a professor there who swore by Plato, Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas!

On the back cover of that book I find an announcement of a work in three volumes, 16 dollars for the set, by Prof. Moore of the Harvard Theological School, on "Judaism, during the first Christian centuries." May I ask you to have that sent to me? It seems to be a standard work, and it will refresh me. I say "refresh me", because I am also reading a life of Einstein that the publishers have sent me, asking for a review, or at least a "puff", but it arrived too late for that purpose. I find it absorbing, although translated from ponderous German into bad English. However, through the fog of words I seem to catch the faint light of very distant stars, and that is exhilarating. Einstein's theory regards vectors, practicable paths for bodies in the world, not a static background for the journeys.

My young friend Luciano Sibille was here yesterday, and asked if I had heard from you about the leave to publish his translation into Italian of my old "The Sense of Beauty". In case you have not yet done so, could you signify your consent to his publisher, Ugo Guanda, Editore, Via Cantelli, 18, Parma, Italy? It is hardly a matter of business, but simply an encouragement to Sibille at the beginning of his career.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 March 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 15, 1947.

Dear Cory— In writing to you I believe I have as yet said nothing about your interviews with Bertie Russell and about your coming paper for Mind! Both points interest me and I have thought a good deal about them. In regard to Russell I had the further stimulus of reading his History of Philosophy and his Amberley Papers, although in the latter it was rather his father and his brother that interested me, although partly in the light which they cast upon him. In what he says in his History about me, in connection with William James he is less sympathetic than you report him to be: and Petrone, who talked with Russell about me at Geneva, told me that when he asked Russell why I was not included in his History, Russell said it was because there was nothing original in my philosophy: all came from Plato and Leibniz. This is a very interesting assertion; it shows that R. was considering me as a logician only, which of course I am not, and disregarding the real influences that have affected me. Besides, I never wished

to be original, so as to contribute to the growth of science. All I care for is to sift the truth from traditional imagination, without impoverishing the latter.

As to your promised article I am delighted that you are at work on it, and shall be most interested in seeing it, as I am not quite clear as to how far you agree with Russell about "sense-data" and how far with me. I did wince at your title, profoundly on account of the suggestion that "sense data" are substantial elements, and not compounds of physical impression_s, or processes with intuition of essences existing nowhere. But I also winced, I confess, at the word "located" in your title. It is ugly, and in this case unnecessary: "Are Sense Data in the Brain?" is enough. My answer, as you know, would be that their organ, or at least the ignited end of it (for the total organ would be the whole psyche with the external stimulus and theoretically the whole physical world) would be in the brain, but that the feeling or image present to intuition is an essence "given" as a quality of the object, and retained as a symbol for that object in the memory and in the literary imagination.

I am running out of reading-matter and should be grateful either for the next three volumes of Toynbee or the two books (one in German) on the enclosed slip. Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 March 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 27, 1947

Dear Cory,

I have your two letters of March 20 & 23. As to my books, there is no hurry. I still have things to read, since books come of themselves from America: one on Einstein, dreadfully translated from ponderous German, was interesting and enlightening, the quotations from Einstein himself being very good. He says his theory is only “semantic”, a set of signs, a path-finder through the cosmos, I should call it, not meant to be a picture of the material world. But he is a realist and a believer in matter, though some of his words are treacherous. “Substance” & “force” are outgrown words, yet at the end the most ethereal notion of matter is that it consists of “centres of force” extending, each of them, throughout the system in a rapid diminuendo. Very pretty, and acceptable, the “moral impact,” as you call it being still naturalistic.

I should much prefer vols. IV–VI of Toynbee to the condensed new volume, which retains (I have seen the review in the Times Supplement) all the popular weak generalities without the interesting detail.

As to your proposed visit, I think there are still more difficulties and discomfort involved than I should care to face if I were in your shoes; but that is for you to decide. Of course, I should like to see you, the sooner the better, as at 83 one is not in a position to count on the future. But I feel well and confident of being likely to weather the next winter, this having been an unusually hard one which has not upset my health, although the absence of sun for weeks has dulled my interest somewhat in doing my work. If I were sure of living until next summer, I should rather advise you to put off your trip, not only because next year travelling, etc., will probably be easier, but because my own situation would be more what I should like. I want of course to pay your expenses, and I could perhaps get Scribner to send you another \$500 or more—I have not broached this subject with Mr. Wheelock. But my London bank-account—over £2000—and my Cook’s Traveller’s cheques—\$1400—are not yet available, and my bank account here is getting low, as charges have gone up nominally for everything. I have asked Mr. Appleton (or rather Mr. Salmon) to begin at once

to send me \$500 every two months. That is more than I shall spend normally, so that by next year I should have a good balance at the Banco di Napoli here, even if the other frozen funds were not available. Then I could easily defray your expenses here in Rome, and your return tickets, if you had not taken a round trip. Another point is the condition of the manuscripts that I want to give you if you come. Vol. 3 of Persons & Places is ready in my MS but not copied, and there are things I should like to revise or add to here and there, among them some passages about Bertie Russell. Three good Dialogues in Limbo, which existed only in their first draft, I am at this moment copying and correcting; and Miss Tindall could be asked to copy them, although I think the MS. would not be heavy for you to carry as it is. There is a fourth Dialogue, The Virtue of Avicenna, about which I have had grave doubts, and I have already cut out an extremely amusing passage, which on the whole I felt was out of place and out of harmony with my tone as a whole, though not with my philosophy. I am thinking of writing a “Prefatory Note,” forbidding this Dialogue to be published, but asking whoever has it (you and I suppose eventually the Harvard Library) to keep it to be consulted by the initiated. I think it is very good, of my best period, but out of keeping with the other dialogues, and probably undesirable to publish at all, so long as my reputation as a philosopher interests any section of the public. I am not concerned about my ultimate reputation, if I have any at all in future; but if, as is likely it is only a question of being more or less well spoken of in America for a few years, it would be fatal to publish this Dialogue, for reasons which you will understand at once when you read it.

My “Dominations & Powers” in any case will not be ready this year or probable even next year: but if I give all this summer and next winter to the work, and am in good health, next summer you might be able to carry that off too, all typed, (as most of it is already) and you could publish it at once. It would probably have a good sale for a book not a novel or a biography, since politics now is so much the preoccupation of everybody.

An economical way of living in Rome now would be to come to this Nursing Home. I haven’t spoken to the Mother General, but I think they would take you in for a week or two if you didn’t mind the confinement—no evenings out!—and the bad food without a choice of dishes.—I hear that the “Magestic” is being released by the Americans, also the “Flora.”

Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

8 April 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome April. 8. 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

Thank you for your note. The state of my MS is ambiguous. On the one hand I have a good deal that might be typed; but hardly anything that I expect to publish. Both my latest articles—for the Italians—seem not to be destined to see the light. Perhaps, when you return at the end of May, I may give you some old Dialogues in Limbo which I have been rewriting; I am afraid they are rather full of obscure Greek names and other pedantic words, but if you are not busy during the summer you might not mind; and you could take months over them if you chose.

Domination and Powers also may supply materials. But I am troubled still about bank accounts. If you can cash an American cheque in London, I could have one sent you, I think; but there would now hardly be time to let it reach you there. Mr. Cory, my friend, is now in London, and I could ask him to give you £20 if it is more convenient for you to receive the money there. If so please let me have your English address.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

8 April 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 8, 1947

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have now received a reply from the friend to whom I wished to send a set of The Triton Edition. He is in the British military or rather Intelligence Service in Egypt, but rather expects to me moved to the Balkans. Therefore he asks me to have the books sent to his mother's house in England, to await his return and ultimate "settling down."

The set will be a present from me, but as he wished to order it for himself, I feel as if I were cheating you by intervening and causing the price to be halved. Charge it therefore as if sent to an ordinary purchaser, but charged to my account. Also, of course, the postage. I suppose it is possible to send even rather a heavy consignment of books now to England.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Set of the "Triton Edition" to
Captain Philip LANE,
314, St. Benedict's Road,
Small Heath, Birmingham,
England.

To John Hall Wheelock

9 April 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 9, 1947

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Could you send Cory another \$100 from me without depleting whatever credit I may have in your hands? I am, by the way, somewhat afraid that I have no right to use your firm in this way as a New York Bank. Please tell me frankly if it would be better for me to make a small deposit somewhere from my royalties and other small earnings, so as to be able to send orders or write cheques on it at will. I don't like to ask the Old Colony

Trust Company in Boston to send small sums abroad or to pay casual bills for books, etc., because there are critics behind the scenes, who watch my expenses; and The Trust officers themselves I feel don't like to be troubled with small matters

My reason for wanting to send Cory this money is that I have a long-standing debt with the lady who types my manuscripts. She is employed at the British Legation to the Holy See, but doesn't want Italian lire and wants Sterling if possible. She is now going for a month's holiday to England, and it seems a good chance to serve her convenience by getting Cory, who is still in London, to pay her my debt. I shall write to him about it as soon as I have her exact account.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Cory's address is

C/o Brown Shipley & Co

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

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 April 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, April 14, 1947

Dear Cory: Your plan to come to Rome in the autumn is excellent. That is a good season here, shorter hours of daylight for sightseers than in Spring, but more sunshine and steadier mild temperature. I had already spoken of you many times to the Mother General (who will probably no longer be in office when you arrive, as they are soon to have a general congress of the Order in this house, with overdue elections of a Head) and she, as well as Sister Angela, the housekeeper are ready to receive you at any time.

I have answered the Jewish Encyclopaedia in Jerusalem, regretting delay and impossibility of contributing an article on "Essence-Value", so you can dismiss that nuisance from your mind. I trust your own Russell articles are going on well, or finished, and I am curious, as I said before, to see how you put the matter exactly, after so many refinements fathered by Strong & Russell.

Miss Tindall wrote not long ago that she was going on a holiday to London. As I owe her long arrears for her work, and she won't take Italian lire, I thought I would ask you to pay her for me, and wrote at once to Mr. Wheelock asking him to send you \$100 for that purpose. But now Miss Tindall says that I owe her only £7, and that she can always cash cheques from England or America at the Vatican, so that her objection to lire seems to have vanished just when their remaining value threatens to vanish also. Therefore, if you get the \$100 from Wheelock, add them to your bank account and don't trouble about Miss Tindall. I have myself received a cheque—a first cheque—from the Old Colony Trust Company for \$498.⁶⁰, to be paid in lire by the Banco di Roma. I have not cashed it because I still have over 200 000 lire at the Banco di Napoli, and prefer to keep my dollars unchanged as long as possible. \$500 cheques will now come regularly from Boston every two months, so that I shall be amply provided with funds.

The Dialogues in Limbo are now all ready for you, three Socratic ones, and the “naughty” one on Avicenna. But I will re-read and revise the MS of vol. III of Persons & Places before you come, so as to have that ready for you to take away also. Besides there are the two plays in verse, and a few other “Posthumous Poems.”

I don't mind Toynbee being delayed but shall be glad to get the German book, also the translation of De Civitate Dei, and also Monsignor Knox's [^]N.B. [^]New Testament in Modern English, to see if I can understand [*across*] the epistles better. It will also be a good present to make to the Sisters—next Christmas. Yours aff^y GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

15 April 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 15, 1947.

Dear Rosamond

About a week ago came your letter of March 30, with enclosure about current feeling in politics, and today, almost in a good time, comes the box with this letter-paper, tea, coffee, and various excellent kinds of biscuits. The paper is thin but strong and easy to write on, as I find on this first trial and on almost succeeding in scratching out a misplaced letter in the word biscuits. Thank you very much. I am particularly glad to have more tea and coffee, as that is what I shouldn't like to have give out; probably the Sisters would supply tea, but I might have to fall back on beans for coffee with a discouraging lapse of confidence in myself in my own genius. There is a small thing that I had meant to ask you for, and that I think could be sent in a small parcel by mail: it is a small quantity of camphor. Someone last year sent me a slab of it two inches square done up in oiled paper and a red ribbon; I cut it in two and put one half in a closed drawer at the bottom of my wardrobe, and the other half in a closed valise inside; and the result was a lovely scent permeating the whole wardrobe for a year! It is only a fancy; because in previous summers I had nothing to preserve my winter clothes, and there never were any moths or other trouble: but being a careful person I had always had camphor or naphtha balls spread among my clothes, and got used to the scent and to the sense of security. We are curious psychic organisms. I have been having a long series of connected dreams about an old gentleman, very rich, with an adopted son who was always late for everything and gave the most delightful excuses; and when his adopted father or his sensible young wife lost patience, which they were very slow to do, the young man would repent and say the most touching things about his own folly. What is the reason for these dreams, and where do I or rather my psyche, get those ingenious excuses and those Christian sentiments all round? It would make a lovely comedy if I could write it down, but I can't, because I can't remember the details or the words when I awake.

I was once at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona: 120° in the train on the way back!

Yours affly G.Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 April 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 25, 1947

Dear Cory—

The German book by Alfred Weber on saying goodbye to history as hitherto written is the best thing I have seen about the present state of the world. I have suspended all other work for a few days in order to read it, devour it rather. Unfortunately, towards the end, as happens with things written in haste, it peters out into a debased Platonism—debased because it keeps the mythological taint of Platonism while discarding its moral definiteness and inspiration. But the historical part, and the honest sentiment in the whole are superior to anything I have seen in English or Italian or French.

Today, I have read a review of the book pasted below, and feel that I must read it, especially as I am writing the part about “Liberal Arts” in Dom. & P’rs. Will you please send it? I have now a prospect of getting £25 from Heath, who is Constable agent for translations for a version of The Idea of Christ into Swedish. I mean to send this, when I get it, to Blackwood in Oxford, so as to be free to order all sorts of illustrated books as well as the ordinary ones without troubling you

Yours affly G.Santayana

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY: *Figures of Speech or Figures of Thought*,
or “Normal” View of Art, Second Series. Luzac. 10s. 6d.

To Miss Stark

4 May 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 4, 1947

Dear Miss Stark

Many thanks for your note informing me that you have sent to Mr. Daniel Cory a cheque for \$100, as I had asked Mr. Wheelock to do on my account.

Today I have also had the pleasure of receiving the three volumes of Prof. Moore's "Judaism".

Could you have a copy of "The Idea of Christ in the Gospels" sent to the address below, and charged to my account?

If Mr Wheelock has returned will you please give him my best regards and wishes that he has enjoyed his trip which besides being a matter of business must have had the value of a little change of scene at a nice season.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Please send λ and charge to the author's account λ a copy of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, by G Santayana, to

Monsieur N. Poddereguine,
21. Rue Jean Mermoz,
Paris, 8
France

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

10 May 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 10, 1947.

Dear Clemens

Mr. Thomason, unless I confuse the persons, came to see me not long ago. He seems a troubled person, with religious needs. He ought to become a Catholic.

The disgust with “literature” and “aesthetics” is common now and I welcome it as a return to realism. They will tell you that I am “literary” and “aesthetic”; but only in form, because I belong to the 1890’s; in substance I laugh at all that as much as any saint or any Philistine.

No: I have not seen your Roosevelt, and don’t send it to me. He is too near in time and too far off in philosophy.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 May 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 12, 1947

Dear Cory: I have yours of April 25, and the Indian book “with no rights reserved.” It is fundamentally right in its way, but of course doesn’t see round the corner. He also repeats himself too much, and has a woolly rhetoric. However, I am pleased to see how pert and daring all traditional philosophy, except Hegel’s, has now become. The radical empiricist critics themselves are on the other side of a very thin partition: if they only made a hole in it, we might kiss each other like Pyramus and Thisbe.

Today comes a catalogue from Constable’s with the lovely notice of The Middle Span which I enclose; the first time that I see anything just and good about my treatment of Russell. This forms the first page of the catalogue; I am so pleased that I have written to Mr. Kyllmann to thank him, supposing he has written it himself.

Did I tell you that I have received my first draft from Mr. Salmon, and expect another in June. I have not cashed it yet, as my account in the Banco di Napoli is not yet exhausted, and it is better not to be rich in lire at this moment. The exchange is now made variable, but I understand it is at 500 lire to the dollar.

Yours affly
GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. Could you send me a “Penguin” book: Wood Engravings of Thomas Bewick, by John Rayner? They call it a “King Penguin”, so that it may be more than a shilling, but in any case a small book and lovely, to judge by the quotations.

To Evelyn Tindall

2 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 2, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

I am glad to hear of your return and enclose the MS of three Dialogues in Limbo and four short chapters belonging to Dominations and Powers. More of these will, I hope, be ready during this summer.

Your note from London dissuaded me from asking Mr. Cory to see you about my debt, as you seemed not to mind the delay. Your accounts never seem to me to represent the service adequately which your work for me represents. It is not ordinary typing, but presents special difficulties, and ought to be charged at special rates, or in round numbers. As you know I now have an account at the Banco di Napoli in Rome, and if you were inclined to change any eventual cheque from America into lire, I could at once let you have the same sum in lire direct. Only you must not count £7 only for the previous work, and a correspondingly small sum for this new

copy. I think twice as much would be fairer; and then we could see what that would amount to at the rates current in the open market in lire.

No hurry for this installment.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 6, 1947.

Dear Cory, It was a happy thought to send me the Penguin book on Heraldry as well as Bewick's. It interests me, in a semi-hypnotizing way more than the engravings, which are nice; but I had expected Bewick's own text as well, and there is only a sort of collection of appreciative comments. Here is another Penguin book that I should like. I have been reading Giano's Diary, and the facts about the "atrocities" committed during the war would complete it nicely. It is an important book for me, because it shows me the seamy side of Fascism from the Fascist point of view, which is a much better bit of information for a philosopher than declamations about the same from the enemy side.

Did I tell you that I have got a volume of Camus that I long ago asked for and one of plays by Sartre from Paris? They are clever but nasty. Everything now seems to be rotten. But I suppose people would say that I am like the old German Spinster who would sing nothing at her piano save "Wie dumm sind die

Leute—Von Heute!

Yours affly

GSantayana

R. W. COOPER: *The Nuremberg Trial*. Penguin Books. 1s.

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

8 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 8, 1947.

Dear Rosamond: Your note of May 15th the camphor, and the “Renaissance Man” all arrived the day before yesterday. The camphor is perfect, and I had put off putting away my two great coats and my new heavy dressing-gown on purpose, to see if it came before the heat and the moths: and it did. Yesterday I shook and brushed and put away everything—a stiff ~~piece~~ piece of work—and, guarded by the two ~~slabs~~ slabs of camphor as if by two sentinels, I am confident that they will all be in good condition for next winter. The grey gloves also: only one pair was worn last winter and kept not only without tearing or wearing away holes, but without getting dirty. That mixed material is wonderful: the dust can be rubbed off as if it were a solid substance and not woven stuff. As to the gay papers for making lampshades, they are most jolly, and Sister Angela, the housekeeper is going to let me cover a small old frame that she has for their dining room. My own two lights have shades for the moment, made by me; but being paper or Christmas cards, they will not last very long, and as soon as they begin to look shabby, I will make others with the festive new materials.

Please tell me what Bob and Neville ~~is~~ are planning to do next year: I suppose this year they will regard their college course as completed. The views you send me of Siena and the Pinturicchio frescoes take me back to the day when I was daft on architecture and the arts generally—the 1890’s—and when Pinturicchio in particular graced the space over my fireplace with a large Arundel print full of lovely horses, costumes, and early renaissance decorative architecture. It was a sort of breathing-tube to the

old world from the depths of the flood. But since I left America I have become less “aesthetic”; the times have become less aesthetic also; everything is war and business and moral stress. I have been too old to mind or to feel the contagion, either of corruption or of political zeal; but intellectually I like the present atmosphere better, because people are less conceited less optimistic and more sensible of the weight of destiny. Two new French authors have just come within my Lebensraum, Camus and Sartre—both what they call “existentialists”—a sort of non-religious theory of personal salvation but a complete change of heart. Very interesting but is it necessary? My heart is content as it is.

Yours aff^{ly} GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 14, 1947.

Dear Cory, I am sorry you couldn't send me the first of your articles first, because my memory of Russell's exact position is not distinct, and I was not quite prepared to follow sympathetically the first part of your argument. Later when you write wisely about virtual and literal knowledge, I quite agree. It is a return to le bon sens.

It is splendid that you should really have finished your essay and that Russell should approve of it so warmly. I feel an initial difficulty in the preoccupation with Moore's way of talking about parts of the surface of material things being perceived just as they are. They are perceived just as they appear to each observer, according to his eyesight and other senses: and this is known to everybody without optics or epistemology. That there is a dynamic or material reality, on the same plane as one's self or psyche (not

transcendental spirit) is assumed and required, as you say, in action: and action includes any movement of alarm, attraction, or attention. Animal faith posits the rat in the hole, by smell, in the dog. That the smell, as a datum, is “in” the brain, I should not say, because in that capacity I think it is an essence, and non-existent anywhere: but the feeling or inarticulate intuition of it exists, and its organ is no doubt in the brain; although the intuition as a living act belongs to the realm of spirit, and is not in space. This old analysis of mine, which I don’t think it worth while to reconsider, makes me feel that your position is unnecessarily paradoxical, resting on what seems to me the radical error of British empiricism, namely, having turned “ideas” from being essences, into being perceptions. The knowledge we have of the world is a system of ideas; but it is not our psychological life, which is only feeling diversified. It is the function of parts of that life, in its vital alertness, to be the signs of existent objects and of their virtual character in terms of our own possible experience. We live in imagination, which we regard, often virtually with sufficient justification, as knowledge. But it is all theoretical, poetical, vaguely and floatingly sensuous; and it is science, as you say, that refines and consolidates it into literal exact abstract knowledge of the “skeleton” of dynamic-nature.

Returning your past faithful services as secretary, I will suggest ~~three~~ corrections in your diction or type-writing, 1st At p. 16, line 4, I felt a little jolt in passing from “best” to “our purpose”. Don’t we usually say either “best for our purpose” or “best serve our purpose” or “serve our purpose best”? 2nd p. 28, line 2, Caruso seems to be confused with Robinson Crusoe: and if “Rigoletto” means the opera, it is Verdi’s; and if it means the [*across*] personage, Caruso’s rôle would not be Rigoletto’s but the Duke’s, with La Donna è mobile. All which “concomitant variations” could be avoided by saying “of Caruso in Rigoletto.” “In”, by the way, I observed is duly honoured by you in the rest of this paper.

Yours affly, GSantayana

To Thomas N. Munson

15 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, June 15, 1947

Dear Father Munson,

Your difficulties in understanding my philosophy do not surprise me, and I think they are insurmountable so long as you reason on Scholastic axioms such as nihil dat quod non habet. Since the “quod” or “quid” is defined as an essence—nothing existent is definable—the system of the world becomes entirely a system of essences, and their connections logical: that makes the system meta-physical. But I have no metaphysics: essence, truth and spirit are indeed non-physical; but for that very reason they are not to be invoked at all in physics or cosmology, which deals with common sense facts—assumed to exist by themselves—and studies their factual relations without pretending to explain or understand them. The perfect innocence of genuine men of science in this respect is admirable and touching.

Now, I leave all matters of fact to be catalogued in this unexplained way by the natural sciences: and my epistemology and psychology are radically and wholly biological, not conceptualistic or metaphysical at all. Naturally they do not meet the requirements of a metaphysical system. But does any fact do so? Are smell, sound, and light impossible data of sense unless they exist first as such in camphor, bells, and etherial vibrations?

Yours sincerely,

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

19 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome June 19, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

Thank you for this batch of copy, and your account, for which I enclose a cheque. It is a relief to feel that this long-standing little difficulty is settled and we shall begin next time on a clear slate.

It was also a pleasure to see you again the other day

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

21 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 21, 1947

Dear Rosamond,

Yesterday they brought me your parcel with a lot of coffee, a jar of jam wrapped up safely in swaddling clothes, like an old-fashioned baby, and two boxes of raisin biscuits. It is very good of you to keep up this stream of presents; they are more varied and better suited to my taste than those I now get from New York, ordered by Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's, and paid for (unconsciously) by me, out of my account with them as my New York publishers. But you see I am now in the position to order what I want; so that your presents are real presents and not obligations imposed by the humane feeling that I should not be allowed to starve, in spite of already having eaten more than my just share of meals since I was born. I ought to return your presents with interest, seeing that I am an old bachelor uncle without family commitments and (according to a (Jewish) paragraph in some newspaper) not a real philosopher but "a wealthy aesthete" who likes to play at being one. According to my yearly account, I do appear to have a lot of money; but in practice I live by preference on a modest income—(now \$3000 a year)—and ought to be able to give rather than to receive. Yet somehow it is made almost impossible for me to give

anything, without government licence and the use of private influence on Senators in Washington, as Mr. Appleton had to do in order to pay what I owed the Sisters for having kept me gratis for three years; and there seemed to be a general mobilization against me when I tried to provide something for Cory. However, I want to do something for you, and am watching for a chance: meantime I send you, as a sign of life, an insignificant cheque which I have just received. Don't be offended at its smallness, it is what happened to come, and I couldn't change it: not a formal present. The British authorities are particular "nasty" about foreigner's money: they won't let me have my bank-account back from the "Custodian of enemy property," because I "elect" to live in Italy, which is still an "enemy country". The result is that I can't order English books, or get my old and my new royalties from my two English publishers, who must owe me respectable sums. With sterling I might feel more like the "wealthy aesthete" that I am reported to be in Zion.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 June 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 30, 1947

Dear Cory: What you say in your letter about the analysis of data is reasonable, and it is better (also inevitable) that you should find a way of your own in this maze. My analysis is not intended to be an anatomy of facts, but a grammar of human apprehension, including a Platonic interest in the distinction of the moral dignity of the various elements and relations concerned. Yet I agree with you and Russell rather than with Plato; because I do not think that the rationally superior or eternal element, essence, is ~~the~~ ^{at all} a dynamic and governing element in events: so that to distinguish this element sharply is dangerous in the natural history of events, and ~~had~~ better be avoided by scientific psychology.

Together with your letter I got one from the University of Illinois; no, no, not a letter but an article from a review about Plato's Parmenides in which the writer, Maximilian Beck, gives exactly my interpretation of that dialogue (never published apart) without mentioning me, but evidently

realising that I should be pleased to see that he had come to my own conclusion. It was precisely that moral element in Platonic ideas that kept Socrates, in the Dialogue, and Plato in his whole system, from taking essences as I do, as pure ideal elements. I have written to this Beck to express my satisfaction with his thesis.

Volumes IV and V of Toynbee arrived the day before yesterday, and what is doubtless vol. VI with the “Penguin”, has been announced and I am sending for it, as the heat has become disagreeable to face in the middle of the day without necessity. I have already read 156 pages of vol. IV, with great pleasure. The refrain of Toynbee’s theory is tiresome, and he evidently has to squeeze the facts severely to make them always fit it: but he mentions a lot of interesting points and makes suggestive comparisons between widely separated political revolutions, and his book is a wonderful treasury of universal politics. Just the thing to feed my ignorance with the semblance of knowledge: and the illusion of knowledge doesn’t matter for my purpose, as my book is not historical but political and moral, so that possibilities and relations concern me more than exact facts. Besides, I have my own sense of reality to keep me sane—saner a good deal than Toynbee!

From whom do you suppose I have had a long letter? From Horst Wiemer! He was in the war, wounded and a prisoner in Russia but now has a bookshop at Baden-Baden. His letter is in German, else I would send it to you. You shall see it when you come.

Yours affly
GSantayana

To William Gerber

6 July 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Gerber)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 6, 1947,

Dear Mr. Gerber,

The idea of a topical history of philosophy seems a good one, if opinion were so thoroughly disciplined that it recognised a certain number of precise problems, stated in unambiguous terms. Scholastic philosophers might make such a synopsis to their satisfaction. But isn't the great difficulty today that no two persons or schools have the same problems or the same terms?

For instance, you suggest the old question of freedom of the Will or necessity. But now-a-days "necessity" and "causation" are ambiguous concepts. I should say, for instance, that no fact was or could be necessary, all existence being by definition contingent. Would it follow from this that I believe in freewill? Not at all. ~~Because~~ The ways of nature, ~~though~~ are, contingent in that logically they might just as well have been different or not to have been discernible at all, if no trope had ever been repeated. But tropes are repeated more or less: events to that extent are predictable on the assumption that these chance repetitions will continue regularly. There is therefore no traceable problem of freedom or necessity in the history of philosophy, but only confused contradictory talk on uncriticised presumptions.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Enrico Castelli

21 July 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Castelli)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 21, 1947

Dear Professor Castelli

Let me give you my best thanks for your interesting article on your second visit to Germany, especially for your last shot about the danger of being too late in Europe as a whole. A government by a coalition of powers in profound disagreement among themselves is evidently incompetent to meet radical urgent and complex problems. The greatest single man of action could not cope with all these problems at once; but he might solve some of them and let the others solve themselves. As it is, a coalition of mutual enemies, each of them sovereign, is incapable of settling anything.

I happen to have received today a letter from a German friend who was formerly in a publishing house in Munich, and now is in the same trade at Baden-Baden, who tells me that they are issuing editions of 100,000 copies of standard works at cheap prices which the public eagerly takes up. It is a sign of a desire to be faithful to the past.

With renewed thanks

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

25 July 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 25, 1947

Dear Mr. Lowell

Your name, the aspect of your book, the discreet inscription, and the form of your verses, even before I had read them, made a strong impression on me, evoking at once three questions or memories. The only Lowell (besides James Russell Lowell, and President Lowell of Harvard) who had been a friend of mine was Guy Lowell. Could he be your father? I had not heard that any of these three Lowells had any sons. The next

impression, on a first reading of your pages, was that this is the first book of poems, since those of my friend Trumbull Stickney, in the 1890's, that belonged at all to my moral or poetical world: even his, and naturally yours, are not in my conventional style; but they are in verse and not entirely cryptic. There are things in yours that I can't make out clearly. I seem to need to know your personal history and the circumstances and the books that you had in mind. These requirements are harder for me, at my age and after 35 years of separation from America (though not from Americans) to supply than they will be for most of your readers.

A third initial impression that came on opening your Lord Weary's Castle was that the small print and the general discretion of your presentation was like what my friend Robert Bridges practised and recommended. There ought to be, he felt, something intimate and like a prayerbook in a book of poetry—a Vita Nuova. And this leads me to the principal question that I ask myself after reading the book with attention. The flashes of Catholic piety that appear repeatedly, contrasting with the Bostonian and Cape Cod atmosphere of the background, interest me particularly. They come a bit suddenly: and here again I feel that to appreciate the whole depth and delicacy of your verses I need to know more about you. If you have written other things that you could send me, I assure you that they would be read with a special interest and sympathy.

The echoes of the war, and the fact that you are now at the embassy in Istanbul add vistas which naturally appeal to me, although I belong to a past period of the world, and see these things rather than feel them.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

26 July 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 26, 1947

Dear Lawrence,

I am writing to thank you for the new box of good things to eat, American, Danish, and Swiss which apparently comes from Saint Gal; but there was no card or address of the sender brought here; they only asked the Sister at the office to sign a receipt. You see I am beautifully protected here from little interruptions and nuisances: they stop them at the outer door. But in this case I am left without your address in Switzerland, if you are there; and I am sorry of the delay in having to write to New York, because possibly you are thinking of coming to Italy later, and I should be so very glad to see you. Cory is coming from London (so he says) in September: if you could come then you would find him here, and it might be pleasanter for you, if you had few or no friends in town, as also for him, if you were both in Rome at the same time. But everything is unsettled, politically and touristically, and I oughtn't to urge you to come, if you are not assured by the people who know that everything would be all right.

It is not necessary to say that I am getting a little older every day; the trouble is that this involves getting deafer and stupider. However, second childhood, or as I prefer to think it, second adolescence, makes it easy for me to keep myself vastly entertained. My writing is slow, and I throw away most of what I compose on rereading it and finding it very dull and commonplace. Something, nevertheless, passes muster, and my new (old) book, "Dominations & Powers", grows slowly, like a big tree. What really keeps me awake is reading, and I find lovely things in plenty. There is Toynbee's "A Study of History", six thick volumes in small print already,

and seven more to come; a very useful book for my work; and there is Ciano's Diario, most enlightening, and now I have received from Robert Lowell who is at the American Embassy in Istanbul, his remarkable poems: "Lord Weary's Castle". It is hard for me to make it all out, and I find a lot of words that I have to look up in the dictionary, and don't always find there: but gradually I am learning to understand him, and it is worth the trouble, as most of the other cryptic poets have not seemed to me to be. He is very severe on Boston and on Convention: but he is no Communist or Atheist: on the contrary, evidently a Catholic, and a sort of Voice Crying in the Wilderness. Do you know anything about him? I have written to thank him for his book; but even if he replies, I expect he won't tell me much.

Thank you for the parcel. It was very kind of you.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

31 July 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 31, 1947.

Dear Cory: The sooner you come the more likely you are to find me alive; [^]but I am quite well; [^]and as to convenience, all days and months are equally full and equally empty. The question is one of your preference, not of mine, and Sister Angela assured me, when I spoke to her about you, that they could always find a room for you somewhere. If you are not quite well and want special food, you might see Dr. Sabbatucci (who comes every other day) and get a room in the Hospital wing: although if you are sensitive to noise what you had better try to get would be a room on the north side of this Ospizio wing. You know the Mother General, Mother Ambrose, who was my friend, and had heard about you from me, has been superseded (she had already outstayed ~~hers~~ [^]her [^]term of office, like Roosevelt, because of the War) and a new one is now installed here as Mother General. She has come once to see me, but we are not yet on easy terms. She is an Australian; but I have only to write to her, when you decide when to come, to ask her permission again. As to the food, it is economical; plenty of vegetables, meat and fish bad—I hardly

eat them—although today I happened to have a leg of fowl, boiled and then roasted a little, which was not bad. But you get no good food of this kind. Pasta and rice almost every day at one o'clock: in the evening one e.g. with vegetables; and at both meals there is always fruit or a sweet, sometimes excellent in both cases. But I think if your stomach is rebellious, you probably [*illegible*] could get better morsels from the black-market, to which the Sisters have no conscientious objections.

As to the date, early September is still summer here—this year, so far, unusually warm—and you must consider whether this would be good for your digestion. If you wanted to leave London even earlier than September 1st couldn't you stop for a week or two in Geneva or Vevey? Would this tax your finances? I am sorry that I can't at the moment offer you immediate help: but I shall have plenty of lire when you arrive; and, besides looking after you while you are here, I could pay your return ticket, if you don't have to get it at first for the round trip. Sometimes I wonder whether you wouldn't be happier here all winter than in London. If there is a war we might all be in difficulties. But I have a prophetic feeling that if war comes now Italy will keep out of it; and be ready to make friends with whoever wins. The Communists are not shy, and they could smoothe matters with Russia if necessary. But money might be impossible for us to get then; and God knows where we could find refuge.

I have discarded, on revision, the last chapter of vol. III of Persons & Places and am rewriting it on a different plan. It will be done before Sept. 1st Would it be better for me to have the volume typed? Or do you in any case want the original M.S.? Even so, it might be as well for me to preserve another copy, as in the case of the plays and Posthumous Poems.

Speaking of poems, I have received from Robert Lowell his "Lord Weary's Castle, actually in verse! What I understand of it, I like. Do you know anything about him, what relation if any he is to the other Lowells, and what is his history, and what do people say of his views and of his poetry. He seems to be Catholic and to hate modern society.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

1 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 1, 1947

Dear Rosamond

Your interesting letter of July 28, posted at 5 p.m. arrived this morning, which I think is the best time yet made for anything coming by post. Let me answer it at once point by point.

As to wanting anything in particular for the winter, I think I am provided for facing the chill in the house—it is never really cold—with my new very heavy dressing gown and heavy soft rug that the Mother General brought for me—of course it belongs now to the house, but I have the use of it—from her native and beloved Ireland. She has finished her term here, another Sister, an Australian, has become the head. She is less enterprising, which in one way is an advantage, since she won't meddle or come to see me too often; but she is placid and smiling, and I have no doubt we shall get on. I really have nothing to do with the ~~H~~Head; my dealings are with Maria, the house-maid (with whom I talk Italian—Sister Angela, the housekeeper, who brings me my cholocate and tea, and cooks little extras, and very good pie, puddings, and jellies, and Mother Canisius, the secretary and Treasurer, a lively young ~~S~~cottish woman, who no doubt will be Head some day. You see I am well taken care of. But talking of Sister Angela's ministrations, it occurs to me that some little jars of mayonnaise, like one that you or someone else sent me not long ago, would be splendid, because I have one egg every evening for supper—other things thrown in, besides salt—and there is no form in which I like it better than hard boiled with a salad or cold vegetable and mayonnaise! I can't at this moment think of anything else to add to the perennial tea, coffee, and chocolate or cocoa. The three pairs of gloves you sent last winter were more than was needed. Those grey ones, specially compounded, are a treasure, very comfortable and warm and easy to clean by simply rubbing them a little together. They shed the dust as if it were dry sea sand; and the pair I wore all last winter is as good as new for the coming year. The other remains untouched in reserve; and seeing that I had more than enough, I gave the third black pair, which had long wristbands attached, to Sister Angela for when they go out. I don't think gloves are included in their

nun's trousseau; but when they are black and presents they are allowed for cold weather.

As to Bob's engagement—I suppose it is practically an engagement: at least they are novios—seems suitable and quite in order. “Chiquita”, however, is not a “Christian” name, but only Spanish for “little one” or rather “little girl”, and won't do if she becomes tall or fat or a grandmother. Has she another name, perhaps, or would that be too old-fashioned? I can't get used to the costumes and embraces in the photos in American papers. I see they are innocent: the creatures are not attractive; but I can't get used to the publicity. Besides being in love evidently Bob is very busy and deep in his architecture. Building houses in series is no doubt useful training. When I thought of being an architect, I looked forward to finding an engineer for a partner, and doing only artistic work myself. But those were the days of individual enterprise and amateur art. Now everything is of standard democratic thoroughness, a matter of training and not of caprice. Training is the pragmatic side of education, which I lack and feel the want of even in languages and history which are things I like and have picked something about en passant; but I see that the old apprenticeship in the dirty work of any art is necessary for solid result. Please give [*illegible*] Bob my love and congratulations. Perhaps you could also send me a photo of the charming Chiquita, and tell me what sort of family she belongs to. Are they rich or fashionable or simple or especially cultivated. When the wedding is arranged and I have got further impressions, I will write to Chiquita in Spanish and suggest that she take Bob to Avila on their wedding trip and visit some nice relations that I still have there.

I am sorry about Neville being (as he evidently must be) out of sympathy with his work at Harvard. It is not unintelligible when a young man returns to books after military service, unless he is by nature a bookish person. Do you think it is worth while for him to peg away in order to get a degree? A degree is of no value unless he aims at being a professor, which evidently is not the case. If I knew him ~~instan~~ his instinctive tastes, I should perhaps see some opening for him in another direction; because he oughtn't to waste his best years on useless working against the grain. Now ~~that~~ America is so active all over the world there must be many kinds of jobs open to a young man, such as explorations or newspaper work or a place in some government department. I have just received from the author, Robert Lowell, a lovely book of modern poems actually in verse; and it comes from “Istanbul” (Constantinople) where he is in the American Embassy. Now think what an interesting life that must be! And

there must be many such places now good for young men who are gentlemen without being poets.

It is interesting, but not exhilarating, to see what an ugly commonplace person Sartre is, at least in the snap-shot in the clipping you send me. But his book of plays and the other book by Camus had already disillusioned me about French Existentialists: but from all I have read about Kierkegaard (the founder) and of Husserl and Heidegger (the German representatives.) I know there is better stuff hidden in the movement than appears in the popular reports. It is a reversion to the sense of being a spirit in a strange and dangerous universe: a sort of religious revival without any dogma or leader: but the working out of the sentiment is different in each member of the sect; and in some it has lost the religious element and become simply chaotic impulse.

Here is a very long letter. It is very warm now in Rome, the warmest long spell that I remember; but I sit and doze in thin pyjamas all day and (when awake enough) write letters or read the news, which gives one enough to think of at this moment.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

4 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 4, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It is pleasant to have your letter of July 30; I was waiting for a word although there is nothing urgent in the way of business. I had some polite letters from your secretary during your absence. I hope the various parts of The Triton Edition sent to England have arrived safely, but have not yet heard from Captain Lane (now promoted to Major) but this is not strange ~~promoted~~ since he is in India (I think) and his mother, to whose house in

Birmingham they were to be sent, is old. That is also Major Lane's legal residence, since he is not married and has no house of his own. I have not received, however, the copy of my "Realms of Being" in one volume to replace the two unreturned copies of The Realm of Spirit which I had lent.

As to "Dominations and Powers" I go on slowly, rejecting much old and also much new stuff; my great difficulting now in composition is to be consecutive. I want to begin afresh each time I sit down to write. But the accepted MS is already voluminous, and it may grow too much if I don't die soon. Whatever happens, you see, we may have cause for congratulation.

Cory talks of coming early in September. Now it is very warm here & he may put it off.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

Note for "Vendome"
regarding the monthly package to be sent to Mr. GSantayana, 6 Via S. Stefano Rotondo,

Rome, Italy.

Besides the tea, coffee, chocolate (for a beverage) or cocoa, received regularly, as ordered, Mr. Santayana suggests:

Mrs. Bentzen's Danish Cookies, occasionally, but not too often; good when there are guests that take only one piece.
"Gingerettes", White House Cookies, Ivins,
"Snappies", Koeppens, Oradell, N.J.
"Frutana", the Raisin Biscuit, Nat. Biscuit C^o

To Evelyn Tindall

12 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Aug. 12, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

If I am not oppressing you with too heavy a load in this oppressive weather, could you copy these 5 chapters, say, by September 15th? I find

that Mr. Cory, who is to be my literary executor and will carry away probably the original manuscript, is coming next month, and there are three more chapters, one of which I am rewriting.

If this is too much for holiday work, please do what you can. He may stay on for a long time, and in that case there would be no hurry, and in the last resort he could carry away the MS and send me a copy from London.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

13 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 13, 1947.

Dear Clemens,

You ask me questions not worth asking; I try not to think of things that pass through the mind without leaving any trace. But now I am going to ask you a question that really interests me, and that I should think must interest you more than Presidential candidates, Jonathan Swift, Thomas Hardy, or Robert Frost. What can you tell me of Robert Lowell? He has sent me his little book of poems (in modern cryptic style, but in verse!) from “Istanbul” where he is at the American Embassy; he is evidently a Catholic and not a satisfied follower of Thomas Jefferson or an enthusiastic Bostonian. I thought everybody in America now was alike, and beyond being more standardised by Communism. But here is an exception: because he is very American and very poetical; although I can’t say that I understand all his verses. But his existence is very important in my eyes; much more important for the spiritual diagnosis for the day than five American Cardinals.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S.

Please do not quote or misquote what I say here for the press. I write to a Catholic.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 15, 1947

Dear Cory: Five of the eight chapters of vol. III of Persons & Places are now in Miss Tindall's hands. I found things I wished to put differently in Chapt. 6, and am now revising Chapt. 7; while Chapt. 8 is in the process (suspended for the moment) of being rewritten. This "distraction" rather pleases me as after all reminiscences, at my age, are more congenial than pure theory. However, when this rewriting is done, I shall no doubt return to Dom. & P'rs, and to Toyntee, with fresh zest.

The weather continues very warm, but I am well. And I have had an unexpected excitement. Have you heard of Robert Lowell and his "Lord Weary's Castle"? I had not, when I received from "Istanbul" a copy of this little book of verses, nicely inscribed; and saw by the cover that it was the third edition of a book published last year, and was taken seriously by the reviews. "The most notable event since T. S. Eliot's Prufrock", etc. It is modern in style and hard to decipher, but in verse, even largely in rhyme. In substance it is revolutionary, very anti-modern and anti-Bostonian and Catholic, but at the same time thoroughly American, in themes and in allegiance. Moby Dick is in the background. He seems to have been in the Navy during the war, and is now in the American Embassy at Constantinople, and (I am told) not yet thirty.

It is all right about your coming here whenever you like. I am awaiting for your next letter for details, and will then speak to the Mother General about it.

In The Times' Literary Supplement, I see there is a new book by Bertie Russell, but it seems not to contain anything new. There is also a book against him by a certain Maurice Cornforth, "Science versus Idealism", which we might be interested in if it is well written. Reviewers are so timid

that they seldom dare say: this is trash! Of course in that case they ought not to notice it at all: but I have no confidence that ~~it~~ routine doesn't lead to advertising a lot of rot.

Yours aff^y
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Aug. 18, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

Mr. Cory writes that he has the Airways Reservation in his hand for Sept. 18. As I suppose he will stay at least a fortnight, that allows us the whole month of September, & probably longer, to get the M.S. ready for him to take away.

I am very glad that you need not be ~~in~~ any special hurry over this work. It is also more convenient for me for various reasons.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

18 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 18, 1947

Dear Cory: I am very glad to hear that you have in your hand a reservation by Airways for Sept. 18. If there are more obstructions caused by Dominations and Powers running amok, you may say that you are coming to Italy as a guest, and need not spend a penny of your Fellowship money after leaving the sterling area (which I suppose includes the aeroplane). Four o'clock, if you are punctual, will be an ideal time for your arrival, and you shall have tea or a glass of Marsala to relieve the fatigue of the flight. As to a room for you, both the one across the corridor from mine, S.E. exposure, and the one over mine, S.W. ditto, have been suggested. The Mother General is too exalted a personage, her powers being oecumenical and extending over Australia, South Africa, Malta, Italy, England, Scotland, the Argentine, and the United States, for her to be fussy about single rooms. I believe they are all about the same size; but you used to be troubled by noise, and this S.W. corner of mine, the choice position for view and sun, is terribly noisy, all day. Even at night there are occasional terrible whistlings or screechings from the railway, invisible but not very distant. I don't mind noises. They don't keep me awake or interfere with work: but they are dreadful when one takes notice of them.

I have written to Miss Tindall at once, so that she may not force herself to work too much (or too hastily) over my MS, which is rather voluminous.

Have you heard of Robert Lowell or read his book of verses: "Lord Weary's Castle"? He sent this inscribed to me (only with discreet initials, as you shall see) and I have received a strong impression from them. They are cryptic; but when you make them out more or less, they are powerful. He is a Catholic; how this can be in a Lowell, I am curious to know. He is absolutely American in theme (Moby Dick in the background always) but radically anti-modern and anti-domestic in feeling. Hates father and mother and King's Chapel, Boston. Seems to have been converted by picking up a little old crucifix in a curiosity shop. No theology; all miracles, and sudden prayers. Much, too, about the sea. He was apparently in the Navy during the war and is now at the American Embassy in "Istanbul".

Yours affly
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

18 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 18, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Yours of Aug 10, with the account of royalty returns to August 1st '47 has just reached me, and is most satisfactory. What I regret is that what I regard as my best books should be out of print: Scepticism & Animal Faith and Dialogues in Limbo I know that with the critical state of finances in England, Constable wouldn't entertain any project of reprinting them. But I know have three more "Dialogues in Limbo", of about the same period as the others and in the same style, except that philosophically they make a point, to me at least, of importance. They extend to Socrates the criticism that is made on Aristotle in the last of the printed Dialogues: this of course without in the least ignoring Socrates' fundamental rightness in his own field. Cory, whom I expect on Sept, 18th, will take these three new Dialogues with him, and it occurs to me that perhaps you could arrange with Constable for an American edition of the Dialogues complete. Of course it can't be a popular book; but it would pay its way, and I think might perhaps awaken more interest than it did originally.

I am led to say this by a great impression that has been made upon me by Robert Lowell's "Lord Weary's Castle." I had never heard of him, but he sent me these poems from Constantinople or rather "Istanbul," where he is at the American Embassy. I am asking everybody for facts and comments about him. The verses are modern—cryptic or "thematic"—and I don't make them out easily: but they are verses; and they have undeniable power and originality. How a Lowell could everybe a Catholic is itself a problem crying for solution. What do you think of him or know about him? I should be much interested in knowing if the high opinion expressed in the notices on the paper cover is at all general; and if so, why.

It is nice to have a credit of nearly \$3000 with you, if it is not abusing your kindness to ask you to keep them. I don't need money here, as now I draw a regular "allowance" from my own Trustees in Boston. But besides

the books & parcels that I am glad to get through you, I should be glad, if possible, to let you send some presents for me: e.g. a Christmas present of \$500 to Mrs. Rosamond Thomas Sturgis^x, (George Sturgis's first wife) who constantly send me very nice parcels; and in another direction, a cheque to B. H. Blackwell, Ltd, Broad St, Oxford, if it will enable them to send me books. I am writing to them, inquiring: if the answer is favourable, I will write to you again about it.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*in left margin*]

To Benjamin F. Hazen

21 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 21, 1947

Dear Mr. Hazen,

Your article about my philosophy—not about The Last Puritan—in Cronos goes very much into the heart of things and represents my views accurately: the only side of my sentiment, if not my doctrine, which you neglect is the enthusiasm for Greece and for England which I felt in my middle years, and which appeared principally in The Life of Reason and Dialogues in Limbo, as well as in Soliloquies in England and the Last Puritan. I have outgrown that enthusiasm, so that you, standing at the end, do well, perhaps, to ignore it; yet the sentiment remains an ingredient in my humanism. It keeps me from being a cynic about the possibilities of mankind. You were lucky to strike upon my Introduction to Spinoza; it set you out on the right key: whereas many of my American friends, who strike the key of The Life of Reason, never understand my true meaning. You have chosen the better part, and I am much gratified at what you say about my last book, and about the analogy between “Realms” and the Christian Trinity. If I am able to finish the book I am still at work on you will get a different final impression, however, more naturalistic and humane.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

23 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 23, 1947

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I return your legal advisor's notes with the required comments. As you say, I was apprehensive of libel actions in England, and even in America, although Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's thought there would be no trouble in either country, since the Russell trials had made all the most dangerous points public property. However, writing as I do with an eye to philosophy, I have suggested a few things that did not appear in the courts: but they touch long dead persons. I changed the names of Russell's young women, not known to fame, so that their children and friends should not identify them, unless they already knew the facts. Of course they themselves, if living, would recognize themselves. Is a pseudonym a sufficient protection for an indiscreet author? This applies also to the French Marquise, whose name is not given.

Jepson is the one who, if he is alive, might be annoyed. I wrote these memoir's intending them to be posthumous; when circumstances led me to publishing them, I made some excisions, but perhaps not drastic enough in places

I am very sorry that you have printed so large an edition before ascertaining what liabilities we might incur. I suppose the publication could be postponed even longer, if people were found to be still alive who might bring an action. There is a third volume which I am retaining on this account. Cory will publish it, I hope, after my death; or there might be a complete edition of all three volumes in one, with the suppressed passages and some illustrations. This is what I always dreamt of, but war and its consequences have intervened.

Can the British authorities bring an action for libel against me when I am a Spanish subject living in Italy? Or should I be simply bound by our contract to indemnify you for any damages that you might be condemned to pay? I should certainly do so if I could, but my London bank account is blocked and most of my American money is in trust, and if the damages were considerable I might not have the money at my disposal. I think, therefore that you had better not publish before making sure that it is safe.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

C O P Y

RUBINSTEIN NASH & CO.,
5/6, RAYMOND BUILDINGS,
GRAYS INN, W.C.1.
18TH AUGUST 1947.

DEAR O.K.

“MIDDLE SPAN”

AS MENTIONED TO YOU ON THE TELEPHONE, THERE ARE SEVERAL PASSAGES THAT SUGGEST LIBEL DANGERS, BUT AS THE PERIOD COVERED ENDS IN 1905, IT IS LIKELY THAT MOST IF NOT ALL THE PEOPLE CONCERNED ARE DEAD. HERE ARE SOME POINTS:

PAGE 59. REFERENCE TO LADY SCOTT, WHO FIGURES ON LATER PAGES. SHOULD SHE BE ALIVE, IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE DANGEROUS TO PUBLISH THESE ALLUSIONS TO HER PART IN THE RUSSELL LITIGATION.

Lady Scott and her daughter Mabel Edith, Countess Russell have long been dead.

PAGE 60 ET SEQ. THE REFERENCES TO BURKE OF TRINITY AND [^]EDGAR_^ JEPSON OF BALLIOL CONTAIN ACTIONABLE WORDS, AND EITHER OF THEM MIGHT PROVE TROUBLESOME, UNLESS YOU CAN BE ASSURED THAT THEY ARE NO MORE.

Burke long dead. Jepson I am not sure about. Would be over 80, & in the London Who's Who

PAGE 70. REFERENCE (IN A LETTER FROM EARL RUSSELL) TO “ELIZABETH” —PRESUMABLY A WIFE OF RUSSELL’S—WHICH WOULD BE HIGHLY DEFAMATORY OF A LIVING PERSON.

“Elizabeth” is dead.

PAGE 72. MRS. RICHARDSON IS STATED TO HAVE SAID SHE WOULD PERJURE HERSELF FOR RUSSELL. IT MIGHT DO HER HARM WERE SHE STILL LIVING, IF THIS WERE TO BE PUBLISHED.

Mrs. Richardson, wife of a master at Winchester, may be alive, but would be at least 90.

PAGE 76-77. REFERENCE TO EMMA AND JENNY BILLINGS ON THESE AND SUCCEEDING PAGES MIGHT PROVOKE EITHER OF THESE WOMEN TO BRING A LIBEL ACTION, IF STILL LIVING.

The names have been changed. Their real names were Kate and Nelly Williams. They maybe living.

PAGES 79/83. FURTHER REFERENCE TO LADY SCOTT AND HER DAUGHTER MABEL (LATER COUNTESS RUSSELL) AGAIN HIGHLY DANGEROUS, IF THE PARTIES SHOULD BE LIVING.

Both dead.

PAGE 125 ET SEQ. HOWARD STURGIS, IF ALIVE MIGHT CONSIDER HIMSELF LIBELLED ON THESE PAGES.

Dead. There have been no complaints in America about any of these persons.

PAGE 132 ET SEQ. LIKewise MRS. GARDNER ON THESE PAGES.

Dead.

PAGE 137. AND JUDGE HOLMES ON THIS PAGE (ALL THESE BOSTONIANS BELONGED TO A BYGONE AGE, AND WOULD PROBABLY BE VERY ANCIENT IF THEY HAVE SURVIVED).

Dead.

PAGE 146 ET SEQ. THE STORY OF MARGARET STRONG AND THE MARQUISE MIGHT BE CONSIDERED DEFAMATORY, PARTICULARLY ON THE MATTER.

Margaret is living but wouldn't mind. The Marquise (whose name is of course changed) might be living.

PAGE 156. THE REFERENCE TO ANDREW GREEN AND HIS NEGRESS MIGHT BE DANGEROUS IF THE FORMER WERE STILL ALIVE.

Green is dead. His "wife" & son may be living.

APART FROM THESE LIBEL POINTS, I SHOULD MENTION THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT. HAS PERMISSION BEEN OBTAINED FOR PUBLICATION OF THE LETTERS REPRODUCED IN THE VOLUME?

YOURS EVER,
HAROLD.

O.KYLLMANN ESQ.,
CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.,
12, ORANGE STREET,
W.C.2.

I think no letter is quoted from any living person. Is authority required from heirs? If so Bertrand, the present Earl Russell, might be consulted. He is a friend of mine, and I have heard no complaint. The American edition has long been out, and he must have seen it.

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

28 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Aug. 28, 1947.

Dear Miss Tindall

It is a pleasant surprise to get the MS back so soon. I hope you received my note about Mr. Cory's not coming until Sept. 18th and didn't make haste unnecessarily.

Here are two more chapters. There will be one more, the last, which I am entirely rewriting on a new subject; I am very slow and constantly have to throw away what I have written; but when it is done, I will bring it at once. There is at least the whole month of September before Mr. Cory leaves so that you need not feel pressed in copying these three seechapters.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Aug. 29, 1947

Dear Cory,

Congratulations on having seen Oxford at last in a pleasing light. I lived once at 60 The High, almost exactly opposite the entrance to Magdalen, and I used to take The Morning Post and a book after breakfast into the part of the walk round the meadow called Addison's Walk, where at an elbow in the path there was a comfortable bench, and hardly any sightseer came beyond the other end of that stretch, because they could say truly that they had seen Addison's Walk, and what more could Addison's Walk do for them? Your cicerone reminds me of Old Higgs, whom I describe

in Vol. III, of which, by the way, seven chapters are already typed, two more in Miss Tindall's hand, and the last still being slowly composed. You will have your choice of three copies; but perhaps you will prefer to have it sent by post, as it will be heavier, perhaps, than Cornforth's book. Don't bother to bring this on my account, I don't need to be converted and the only thing that might interest me would be how he reconciles Marx's Dialectic with his Materialism. There is a formula for this combination in Stalin's book, but it is very brief and good for a ~~Chr~~ catechism, but doesn't broach the real difficulties.

I don't wonder at your taste for Bergson, although I don't share it. He is accomplished; and you like accomplished writers, like Pater {and me!} rather than incisive or profound ones, like Spinoza. The intolerable thing about Bergson is his blindness to definite concepts, to the tout fait and the "static". There is flux enough in the world; but the mind arrests essences (which can have all degrees of articulation) and in those terms is able to distinguish events and objects. Just to flow is never to be anywhere or to be anything. Toynbee has the same superstition as Bergson, and it would spoil his work if he were a mere historian; but the interest for him is to see the hang of certain political movements, and that is to find "static" forms or types of motion in the flux.

Your cab from wherever your aeroplane lands will cost you perhaps a thousand lire (about \$2); if you have no Italian paper it doesn't matter, as I, or Mother Canisius (Canisia in Italian) who presides at the office can pay your taxi for you.

Yours affly
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

30 August 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 30, 1947

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Together with your letter of Aug. 25, I have word from
B. H. Blackwell, Ltd.
48–51 Broad Street, Oxford, England

saying: “If we may receive a cheque on your account in dollars, I understand that we shall be able to send you books to Rome without any difficulty.”

Would you then be so good as to send to that address a cheque for \$100 on my account with Blackwell (to whom I owe some £2 on my last order) and to be charged on my account with you? This will be enough for a year or more and it will obviate bothering Cory or troubling you to send him funds for this purpose.

Captain [now Major] Lane is now going on leave for two months to England, and writes saying the he has news from his mother that The Triton Edition arrived safely and that he was looking forward to reading “the volume on Truth” as soon as he got home. This was a bit unfortunate, so I wrote at once to him—explaining the suspension of the publication in the middle of Realms of Being, and wrote also to your book-selling department asking them to send the same, in the one volume edition, to Major Lane, to remove any obstacle to his discovery of “Truth.”

Cory has been in Oxford with his wife, and writes that the place is clear, and no possibility of getting lodgings in term time: but at last he writes with enthusiasm at least about the “Water Walks”, especially in Magdalen College: but for charm I used to prefer Mesopotamia and especially Christ Church Meadows. But he must have seen these also: and Mrs. Cory, who probably had a guide-book and independent native notions of what is most to be admired, may be trusted to have led him to St John’s Garden, and Vespers in the choir of the Cathedral; and if Cory had true “pietas” (has he?) he would also have gone on a pilgrimage, [^]there are busses, in my name, and in memory of The Last Puritan, to Iffley and Sandford. I had two letters from natives praising the veracity of my description of those places, including the shadow of the trees, by moonlight on the Iffley Church tower—scene I had constructed entirely a priori.

I have been absorbed for a week deciphering and digesting Robert Lowell's "Lord Weary's Castle" sent to me from "Istanbul" by the author, who is there in the American Embassy. I have been writing to everybody asking for facts and opinions about him. Although I only half understand the meaning I am for the first time enthralled by the desire to do so and the feeling that it would be worth while. What do you think? Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

4 September 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 4, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Will you please reply to the enclosed as you think best. My own feeling, as you know, is always that such requests are both a compliment and an advertisement and that they ought to be granted gratis, or at least at the most favourable possible terms.

Or if this request should have been addressed to Constable & Company, will you please pass it on to them, with the repetition of what I say about it.

Mr. Kyllman, by the way, is having an anxious moment about the publication of his edition (a very modest one in appearance, but well done, and printed in a large edition, and already bound; he has sent me two copies) of The Middle Span, which swarms with libels! Most of the libelled people are dead, so that they can receive no painful ones impressions, or at least no more painful ones than they deserve; but two or three may still be alive at the age of 80 or 90: and he is looking up the matter—it is illegal now to put detectives on private inquiries (what a change) and it is hard to discover the facts. I tell him that at least Edgar Jepson, if living, would be in Who's Who. Meantime publication is suspended. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

19 September 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6

Sept. 19, 1947

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is the MS of my last chapter, which Mr. Cory is leaving for me at your place.

He speaks of staying only a fortnight; it would be very nice if he could take a copy with him, but if that is hurrying you too much, I could send him one easily by post later.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

20 September 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Sept. 20, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

What you say of Robert Lowell and his work confirms my own impressions, and what seems to be the general feeling on the subject; but my curiosity or rather desire to understand, is not satisfied. Further re-readings of "Lord Weary's Castle" make me see a little more clearly the Puritan or Jansenist element of religious horror and warning of hell-fire in it; also the presence of *Moby Dick* and the *Leviathan* in Lowell's sub-consciousness. How far he and why he hates the nice American world so much, especially King's Chapel in Boston, where my excellent friend and model Bostonian, Herbert Lyman, was a leading Elder, or whatever it is called, is a mystery to me: also why and how he became a Catholic. His Catholic piety, though admissible, is not like that of any other Catholic: more like that of some capricious Anglican.—I wrote what seemed to me an appreciative letter of thanks for his book, and hoped he would reply: but no reply has come.

If my memory does not play a trick on me, I have already written to you about Blackwell's consent to send me books on receipt of a cheque in dollars, and asked you definitely to send \$100 to B. H. Blackwell, Ltd.

49–51 Broad Street, Oxford, England. If I am wrong, please send such a cheque now, as well as one to Mrs. Sturgis at Christmas, for \$500.

Cory arrived here the day before yesterday and seems much like his old self. We have not yet gone into the question of choosing the MS. or copies that he will take with him. There are one or two articles, besides the Dialogues in Limbo, that might be published at once in some review. But he will communicate with you directly when the occasion arises.

A French translation of The Last Puritan, I understand, is soon to appear

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. Will you please reply to the enclosed communication according to your judgement.

To J. T. Nolan Jr.

23 September 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Sept. 23, 1947

Dear Mr. Nolan

All Spaniards, at least in my time, were Catholics, and I have never called myself anything else, from the point of view of society or the Census taker. But now-a-days, perhaps “being a Catholic”, especially in Protestant countries, is understood to imply a personal positive adherence to the doctrine and discipline of the Church; and to class me, and much more to quote me, as militant in the Catholic cause would create a misunderstanding. I certainly have no other religion: but my philosophy and habits are not specifically Catholic, so that it would be better for you not to include me among your contributors to “Catholic Literature.”

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Peter Robert Edwin Viereck

1 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Viereck)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 1, 1947.

Dear Mr. Viereck

Three months ago, on receiving your funeral oration on “modern” poetry, I wrote you a letter of thanks and by some confusion addressed it to the place to which, at the same moment, I was writing to another friend. The letter has now come back to me, and I must apologise for having seemed to neglect your exposition, which threw much light on what to me has always been an obscure subject. But while I bow to your information that the cryptic-way of writing has gone out of fashion, I am not confident that simplicity or clearness will return to poetry for some time. The worst, however, does seem to be over; for I have received from the author “Lord Weary’s Castle”, a book that continues to be enigmatic but is poetry again in verse! I have been much interested in its inspiration: the conjunction of Boston and Catholic piety in a Lowell being a miracle and a sign of who knows what marvels to come. At the financial crises of 1929 I thought I saw signs of a change of heart in America. The idea was laughed at by my friends; yet here, after twenty years, comes a case of it that seems to have caused a stir. What do you think of it? Congratulations on your work and best wishes for it from GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

3 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 3, 1947

Dear Rosamond

I don’t know why I didn’t answer at once your good letter of August 30th about Bob’s engagement and other matters; perhaps because it left me with a desire for more news, a photograph of “Chiquita” Joan Eleanor (which would be Juanita Leonor in Spanish) and of the circumstances. Will it be a long engagement, until Bob is a practising architect, or have they

means enough to set up house-keeping and a nursery in the immediate future? Perhaps they might come to Europe for their wedding trip, and (as I think I suggested before) go to Spain and at Avila (which is worth visiting) they might still find some of my Sister Susana's step-children or grand-children, who have various family heirlooms, of no money value, but of some interest to me, and which I had meant to use to illustrate "Persons & Places", if I could have had a complete and more or less *de luxe* edition of it, as I had hoped: but the war prevented: also my long life; because I counted on dying, so that my indiscretions would all have acquired the impersonal authority of historical documents. I rely on Scribner to issue such an edition eventually, if they think they can make money out of it. My idea had been, on the contrary, to help finance an edition that would have been a work of art.

Yesterday they brought me the parcel from you with coffee, cocoa, mayonaisse sauce, and jam, all most welcome; and a few days earlier I had gone to the local post office to get a large roll containing two numbers of "Life", with mediæval pictures. The reproductions of Venice suffer from not having the right colours, which are so remarkable there; but I am always glad to be reminded of the place, where for years I made two visits, one in June and one in September, often lasting six weeks, on my way to Cortina. I should miss those quiet pleasures, if I didn't have others here, more attainable at my age, that now are pleasanter to me than the old ones would prove if I went hunting after them.

We have a new "Mother General", elected in September, an Australian, who seems more reposeful and less inquisitive than her Irish predecessor; and she tells me that they already have some coal for this coming winter. We have had none for two or three years, and even if not much of it comes to these parts of the establishment (as I suppose the hospital proper will have it first) it will be a resource in any particular^{ly} cold spell, and will make it easier for me to work at my last book, which I begin to hope not to leave unfinished. With contragulations to Bob,

affectionately yours GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

4 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 4, 1947.

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I am sorry that you feel compelled to make such troublesome changes in your edition of The Middle Span, and it hardly seems to me that they are necessary. I changed those sisters' names on purpose to prevent those who were not "in the know" from tracing the story to the present old ladies, if they are still alive, while showing by the character of the change that I knew the real people concerned, if any of my readers had previous knowledge of the case. This piece-recationseemed to me to remove the like_{li},hood of giving anybody pain. It was all so long ago that I can understand the difficulty in tracing the sisters from Teddington, where the elder one was employed by a dress-maker or milliner (as "Little Emily" was) unless by chance they had married and settled in that town. Would it be impossible, if you printublished the book as it is, and there was an action, to settle it out of court, as the original action for breach of promise of marriage was settle_d, by Russell himself, at less expense and with less trouble than will be involved in making the changes you propose?

I don't say this in view of my own part in the matter. I could easily write a paragraph to replace the one on pp. 76, 77. It would make no mention whatever of any girls at Broom Hall in 1888; so that the phrases on p 80. lines 7–9 could not be suspected to refer to them in particular; and no change would be required there. The changes on p. 81, lines 13–18 could be easily made, without altering the rest of that paragraph, which does not refer to the Williams's but only to the Scotts, about whom your legal advisers do not seem to be alarmed.

On the whole I was relieved rather than troubled by your letter; what you say about your communications with the present Lord Russell removes a doubt which I had about his feelings in regard to my indiscretions. If he is not vexed by them, my own qualms are removed.

I will try to have the corrected passages that you ask for ready in a few days, and will send them on to you in manuscript, although I hope that on second thoughts you will decide to publish the book as it is.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I suppose the solicitor that Russell himself mentions in his “My Life & Adventures” is Withers. If he were alive, he might well know something about the Williams sisters.

To Otto Kyllmann

5 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 5, 1947

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I have amused myself today in straightening out the shady passages you had marked in The Middle Span, and send you the result at once, although I hope it may not be necessary to make these changes.

If you decide to do so, I think you will find that I have covered all the essential points, and have not sacrificed the essence of what I had at heart to record about Russell’s character. Perhaps I have prepared the way for a fairer view of it than most people take, as it appears in vol. III, of Persons & Places where he still plays an important part.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

The Middle Span by George Santayana

Passage to be substituted for the paragraph on pp. 76–77, if the latter is to be suppressed. _____

~~In view of subsequent events,~~ Broom Hall has acquired in my mind an ominous aspect, like that of a smiling landscape about to be overshadowed by lowering clouds. Here were treasures piously gathered, as if Russell meant to pick up the threads of his family traditions and of his own chosen interests. Here were his father’s books, many of them uniformly and richly bound, lining the upper shelves ~~in the library~~; not probably to be

much read, for they were too intentionally edifying in their virtuous adherence to a pure old-fashioned liberalism. Yet they seemed, by their mere presence, to shed, as if they had been ikons, the simple and ardent spirit of the young Lord Amberley, for whom his son retained a profound affection. Lower down ~~and more miscellaneous~~ were ranged school classics and the latest scientific and engineering manuals, to keep his yachting and mechanical tastes enlightened and allied to public and intellectual interests. Yet all this, compared with his masterful person, seemed rather a false background, put there according to plan and intention, but disregarded in the talk of the day. Sometimes, indeed, a paragraph from some address at the Royal Society would be read aloud for my benefit or some ponderous platitude, maliciously, from The Times. Sometimeshing else, however, would blow in, something less definite but more alive, a breeze from the climes of Venus, a call from the open that made those walls and those relics seem strangely sombre and frigid. I saw only a casual intrigue; but something more serious and fateful lay hidden behind which later was revealed to me.

As it was, I sailed for America with vague misgivings

{Etc., etc, p. 77, line 7.}

At page 81, lines 11–20

line 11. He was already threatened with two nasty lawsuits: one brought by a young person claiming a promise of marriage, and the other by Mabel Edith for a legal separation on the charge of cruelty.

Russell never wished to abandon his old loves, but could not help being charmed by ~~the~~his new ones. In a society that excludes polygamy, he had to seem fickle against his will. So now, when captured by Lady Scott, he settled his first compromising affair out of court; yet some points in it were mysterious and pathetic, and a [*in left margin:*] |line 20| field remained open here

{Etc., as printed}

To William Elton

7 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, Oct. 7, 1947

Dear Mr. Elton

It would not have occurred to me spontaneously that there was any affinity between Montaigne's way of thinking and mine; but when you say you feel that there is, perhaps I can see where it might lie. We are both Mediterranean-blooded Menschen, and we take a low familiar view of human nature. It does not shock us, but we do not respect it or ask much of it. Where we certainly part company is in the inner reaction to those observations. Montaigne has no ideals, except a sort of anticipation of Rousseau and moral democracy. I am not a democrat in my affections, but interested in perfect even if simple things.

As to influence, I don't think Montaigne ever had any on me. I have never studied or read him much; what I like best in his Essays is the Latin quotations. The sixteenth century had vulgar tastes, and they satisfied him, although he was fair-minded enough to know that there was something better, and kept a door open for others in religion and for himself in friendship. Perhaps I am really a little like him in that last respect. One can hardly judge oneself; one looks through one's prejudices.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

21 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 21, 1947

Dear Mr. Cardiff.

Your little project is one that has sometimes enticed me, but I have been kept from attempting the thing by two considerations: that I had new things to do, and that a good critic had observed that my epigrams were better in their context than in themselves, when they might seem arbitrary or frivolous. If you have actually made your selection, I should be very glad to see a copy of it, and then give you my impression about the wisdom of publishing it. The technical obstacles or at least preliminaries might be troublesome. I am old, and am leaving all MS and rights as an author to my literary executor, Mr. Daniel M. Cory; and the copyright belongs for most of my books to Scribner in New York or to Constable in London; but for two or three things to Dent & Sons in London also. These official difficulties, and the question of publishers and royalties could, however, be solved good-naturedly, if the selection in itself was such as could at once appeal to the general public and do justice to the subject-matter concerned.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Philip Roddman

27 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, October 27, 1947.

My dear Roddman

I have read almost the whole of Les Temps Modernes not only with pleasure (it being for the most part in good French) but also with a sense of being instructed as to facts and feelings that are remote from me by

chance, not at all because I have any hostility to them. It is only hostility in those alien quarters to what is more familiar to me that I should like to abolish, not affection on their part for their own ways or resentment at ill treatment which they may suffer. This was especially clear to me in the story or tract about the poor in Madrid. It is life-like and just to its own sentiments—not violently exaggerated; but of course this does not justify anticlericalism as a general policy. The roots and effects of clericalism must first be considered from its own side: since it is just as human as anything else in human society. Everything is bound to take up room and to shove other things aside in some measure: the question is to understand justly what hold each thing has normally in nature and in human nature, and how great is the ascension or flowering of life that it is capable of producing. On this ground I liked especially the conclusion that Merleau-Ponty comes to in his article, which I neglected at first, taking the title too literally. His position is, in principle, just that which I should take even if, by chance, we might have different preferences.

Sartre made a better impression on me in this long rambling article than in his plays; he seems to be less bedevilled (endiablado) here; but I feel that he is weak in his first principles, and that, among other things he does not understand America. The articles on Heidegger seem to be right in their technical criticisms; but the whole controversy rather dampens my interest in Existentialism. Jaspers—whom I know only at second hand—with his cataclysm seems to be the most respectable philosophically of the whole lot. If a man wishes to take the universe for a feature in his autobiography, and as nothing else, Jaspers' analysis and his solution seem to be well justified. But why build philosophy on childish vanity?

Thank you very much for this review, also for your visits here, which stirred me up very pleasantly. If you come again, as I hope you will, attack me with objections, which may prove a help to both of us. You clear up the respective positions, without being rudely summoned to give them up.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

31 October 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 31, 1947.

Dear Cory, I did begin to get up steam for a fresh trip in Dominations & Powers, and seemed to get under way on the very morning of your departure; but that night I had a troublesome cough and have been suffering from it more or less ever since. This morning I found a carpet and bright sun in the small locutory, and with what seems steadier autumn weather, I feel distinctly fit again. I passed the time reading and writing letters, and finishing Ciano's Diary. If all goes well I shall soon return to Toynbee, of whom I have a volume and a half still to read. My last Jewish friend, Philip Rothman, sent me a ~~f~~Review of his party, Le Monde Moderne, in which there was a long rambling article about politics by Sartre and another very good one by someone I had never heard of, together with propandandist fiction and impossible poetry. But I was glad to have French to entertain me when feeling seedy.

Your visit leaves a satisfactory feeling that our relations are unchanged, and we both unchanged, in so far as it is possible in a world of flux. You are not older in the sense of being heviavier company or threatening to become a burden, as old friends and relations generally do. On the other hand, you are not more settled or out of the wood of your own velléités, as maturity suggests. Your maturity will doubtless begin at 50, as did my emancipation.

I am sorry that you find it hard to make both ends meet, and wish it were more convenient for me to help you more regularly, because it is better for you, I think, to be able to lead a pleasant life externally. If you were really poor, shabby, and bored you wouldn't do more work, but perhaps get into scrapes. I don't think, however, that a rich wife would have solved the problem: philosophically she might have simply eliminated it, and morally vulgarized you.

Mr. Wheelock writes that The Idea of Christ in the Gospels has appeared in Spanish in Buenos Aierres, and he is sending me two copies. If there is any profit for this, it will be credited to my account. But what would be the legal status of royalties for the Spanish translation, already published, of Persons & Places? Evidently they should go to you; but perhaps the simplest thing, if they are credited to me, would be for me to pass them on to you? Or is Scribner crediting them to you to begin with? The same question would arise in the case of Alcibiades, if published separately; and a new edition of the Dialogues complete would involve you, me, Alcibiades, Mr. Kyllman, and Mr. Wheelock in a vortex of dialectic. I am sorry: but what can þve do about it?

I enclose a testimonial letter about the MSS. given to you here.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

5 November 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Nov. 5, 1947

My dear Clemens,

Since I inquired of you about Robert Lowell, I have received from Boston the following information about him.

Robert T. S. Lowell, Jr., is the son of former Commander Robert T. S. Lowell, U.S. Navy and of Charlotte Wilson whose mother was a Virginian.

The parents live in Boston.

The son was at Kenyon College, Ohio, and afterwards at a Civilian Public Service Camp for Conscientious Objectors. A few years ago he married the novelist Jean Stafford and became a Catholic.

It is rumoured that he is leaving both his wife and the Church and is working for the Library of Congress.

The book of poems that roused my interest in him came from “Stanbul” and gave his address there as the American Embassy. This not unnaturally led me to suppose that he was in the Embassy staff. But it is perfectly intelligible that he should be employed by the Library of Congress to make researches at this time in Turkey, and that he should be informally attached to the Embassy, like Mr. Whittemore the restorer and connoisseur of mosaics.

The Conscientious Objectors’ Camp, the marriage to a novelist, and the entrance & exit into the Church have somewhat dampened by curiasity about Robert Lowell, but he is an important figure in any case. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

8 November 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Nov. 8, 1947.

Dear Mr Wheelock

I shall be very glad to see the Argentine version of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels. The translation of The Middle Span, which is the only Spanish translation of my books that I have seen, is excellent, and reads so easily that I said to myself: “You almost might have written the thing in Spanish yourself.” But no: even when I have to write Spanish letters I get terribly stuck for the right word or the proper phrase, not too vulgar nor too literary.

I have word from Blackwell's in Oxford that they have received your cheque for \$100 and, after deducting what I owed them, have credited me with a balance of £23,7.0. But I have not yet received from them any of the books that I had ordered in anticipation of this, and shall have to remind them of the fact.

Both from Cory and from Major Lane I have lately learned that The Realm of Truth and the Realm of Spirit were actually published in the Triton edition, something I had not suspicion of. At that time we were not in communication, but if you can dispose of a copy for me, I should be very glad to see it, and to complete my collection of the Triton Edition which decorates the Sisters' best parlour, visible through the grated doors (prudently locked) of a bookcase which they got for me when I unpacked the cases in which they had come from the Hotel Bristol.

There is another reason why I should particularly like to have this volume, in that Cory has lost a part of his edition in the bombardment of London, although the cases were supposed to be safe in an underground refuge; and he relies on getting my copy for the uncertain time when he will settle down in a sea-side cottage of his own. During his visit here he showed more self-knowledge than I had ever noted in him, and described his own incapacity to save money or to stick to work or to resist the charms of the fleeting moment; and this reminded me of the extraordinary power of self-diagnosis possessed by my friend Westenholz, who was absolutely scientific in his view of his own obsessions and illusions; except that Westenholz was deeply troubled by his own disease, and Cory seems to think it an amiable if sometimes inconvenient poetical habit. He is older and less irresponsible, however, than he used to be and showed great patience and simplicity, during his five weeks here, at only once going out in the evening to dine with an English acquaintance living in clover at the Palazzo Borghese, and in calling the food good and getting on the right side of the Sisters. But it grieved me to see him getting a bit shabby and worried about money; both those things are sadly out of character with his vocation. Would it be possible for you to send him a Christmas present of \$500 in my name? That with the \$500 for Mrs. Sturgis, may go beyond my credit in [*across*] my account, and may also be abusing your kindness in acting as my banker. If so, please disregard Cory's present for the moment. He does not expect it, and it can just as well be sent later.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

25 November 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, November 25, 1947.

Dear Rosamond

Just a calendar month from today will be Christmas, and I send you this letter by air mail, as you all do in America, because I wish it to reach you before Bob's wedding and before you receive from Scribner's in New York a Christmas present that I have asked them to send you. This, like the air postage, you know is exceptional with me—Dates have nothing to do with my philosophy and hardly with my life or letters; and although in subterranean ways I give away a good deal of money, I dislike the fuss of sending, choosing, and being thanked for small occasional favours. But I have for a long time been gathering a sort of sense of guilt in receiving so many parcels from you, and giving practically nothing in return. The attention on your part may reward itself by the interest and fun that goes with doing kind things, but I am troubled about causing you constant small expenses when I understand that your income is limited, whereas I don't spend half of mine. And there is the further circumstance that the rest of the Sturgis and Bidwell families are my heirs, but you now I am afraid will get nothing when I die, to be a sort of posthumous acknowledgement of favours received. Moreover, at this moment you must have had unusual expenses due to Bob's wedding, and perhaps divided feelings about it. So I have screwed myself up to send you a little gift, to signify that I remember you with affection.

Please notice, too, that this cheque of yours comes from Scribner's, not (like the larger one I sent to Bob for his wedding) from the Old Colony Trust Company. This different source is full of significance in my own mind; because what is in the Trust, although partly accumulations of my earnings and savings, was fundamentally Sturgis money, and much increased by the good management of George and of his father, so that I feel that it is mine only by favour and literally on trust. But what Scribner's

have of mine is current earnings from my books, not Sturgis at all in origin, so that in general—and not in regard to you only—I feel that I am free to dispose of it all according to my inclination without any family claims upon it. That is why I resented so much the interference of George, Mr. Nash, and even Mr. Appleton in regard to my royalties ceded to Cory.

I liked the photos you sent in your last letter. But snap-shots are apt to be taken when people are grinning. Grinning is a biological act, in which personality rather disappears by social contagion. However it belongs to the period. Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

2 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
December 2, 1947.

Dear Lawrence

Your new cornucopia arrived yesterday and has richly replenished my own shelf of eatables and the private kitchen in this corridor where my special dishes come from. Thank you very much for taking such pains and choosing the things that I might especially like. But it is becoming easier now to get biscuits here and other things, including taxis, when one wants them, and if we don't have a communist revolution we shall soon be living as much in the free nineteenth century as it will ever be possible again in this vale of tears. And even travel, if you go by air, is said to be convenient and of course, wonderfully quick for long distances. Cory was here for six weeks lately on a visit to me, lived in this house going out only once in the evening (the gates are shut normally at 9 o'clock) and being as entertaining as ever; except that having past the age of forty, or the watershed of life, he has begun to look downwards instead of upwards in matters of wealth, health, fame, and wedded bliss. But he enjoyed his six-hour trips from and to London, with a halt at Marseilles for déjeuner at midday. He was very politic in praising my newest compositions, saying they were as good as anything I ever wrote.

Dear Mrs. Potter has written clamouring for news of my welfare, as she fears for my safety in the troubled state of Italy. I have replied painting an idyllic picture of the peace and safety of Mount Caelius, and the Blue

Sisters surrounding me with their Christian affection. In fact, I never had a quieter mind than I have now about events. A communist revolution will be as easy, if it comes, as the Fascist revolution was. Everybody, except property-holders (not numerous in Italy) will go over to the enemy, and we shall have a quiet time, freedom of speech being abolished even for women and politicians. But they tell me no revolution is likely. The tide seems to be turning in the direction of safety first. In any case I am resigned to die a romantic death if I am compelled to leave my refuge for Switzerland, where I understand foreigners are now welcome if they are solvent.

Perhaps by next Spring you will feel tempted to come (by air) and see how pleasant life is in Rome. In any case, I hope you will have a happy New Year.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

4 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6,
Rome, Dec. 4, 1947.

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

In regard to the proposed contract for a Spanish translation of Realms of Being by Mrs. Whitworth, the terms seem to me very favourable. As you know, I always agree to any translation proposed and expect no profit from it.

My only qualm in this case regards the translator. Is Mrs. Whitworth an Argentine and is her command of English adequate to render into Spanish (where modern philosophy hardly is represented) a difficult book like this?

I have two translations at hand printed by the "Editorial-Sudamericana": one of my "The Middle Span", translated by Pedro Lecuona, in which I found only one failure to understand an English idiom, and otherwise an admirable rendering. The other translation is of my "Idea of Christ in the Gospels", by Demetrio Nañez, which (except for a Caricature of Christ on the cover) is beautifully presented, as is the other book also; but here the translation, though careful and exact where the

translator understands the text, swarms with blunders in regard to the meaning of the English text. ^{original} This makes me doubt whether this publishing house is careful in the choice of translators. I hate to think of Realms of Being appearing in a Spanish that continually misrepresents my thought.

Could you perhaps reply to the Editorial Sudamericana directly, and mention the hesitation I feel about Mrs. Whitworth's competence, in view of what has happened in the case of The Idea of Christ; or quote any part of this letter that you think to point?

If this suggestion is not suitable or business-like, please disregard it, and we will let the possible (not certain) version of Realms of Being take its chances in this confused world

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

8 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, December 8, 1947.

Dear Mr. Lowell

The ~~l~~enclosed letter, which explains itself, was returned to me today, marked "Has not called" at the Istanbul Embassy. Following a rumour that has reached me, I send it on to Washington, in the hope that it may not miss you the second time and leave you with the impression that I had not thanked you for "Lord Weary's Castle".

Since July last I have read your book many times and made rather futile inquiries about you in various quarters. Your meaning has become clearer with familiarity, and with patience in looking up all the words I didn't know, not all to be found in my delapidated Oxford dictionary. But I can repeat what I wrote you at first, that knowledge about your history and ideas would very much clarify the general force of your verse. That it has power, obvious and latent, greater than any recent poetry that I have read

in English, was clear to me from that beginning. But I am temperamentally not content with energy in motion: I need to see what it all comes to.

In reading you more at leisure I have notice beautiful passages which at first I had hurried over in search of the prosaic sense.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

14 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 14, 1947.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am much obliged for your letter December 5th, arrived some days ago, as well as the two copies of the Spanish version of The Idea of Christ. They have a nice appearance—if the effigy on the cover may pass for innocent Byzantine symbolism and not for caricature; and the translator, though he has no gift for style, or for the tone of the original, is very accurate and careful where he understands the English text; but unfortunately on almost every page I have read there are “howlers” in the misunderstanding of the English, especially in current idioms. “Ever”, for instance, he finds in the dictionary, means “always”; so if I write: “When did I ever say such a thing?” he will translate, “When I always said this very thing.” You may imagine what havoc this method works in the delicate business of describing the ideal presence of God in man.

Just in time, Mr. Kyllmann of Constable has consulted me about a Spanish translation of Realms of Being translated by a Mrs. Whitworth to be published by the same Editorial Sudamericano. Warned by the fate “The Idea of Christ” I have asked Mr. Kyllman, to write directly to the proposed publishers explaining what has happened in the case of the two versions published by them, one so good and the other so bad, and questioning whether Mrs. Whitworth (who had herself made the proposal, as London agent for the House at Buenos Aires) would be competent to translate properly a difficult English text like that of the Realms. I had had some correspondence with this lady before, which did not leave a

favourable impression, but I am not sure that she is not an unsinkable, and that my philosophy will not suffer a South American change into something new and strange.

We have had a confused two days' strike about which you were better informed than we here, since we had no papers: but it seems to have blown over, thank Heaven, more quickly than in France.

A cablegram came yesterday (in spite of the strike) from Mr. Weeks of The Atlantic Monthly saying that they accepted my three new Dialogues in Limbo for the Spring. This has been Cory's doing. Thank you also for sending those Christmas cheques.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Wallace Ludwig Anderson

23 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 23, 1947.

Dear Mr Anderson,

Your problem is one of great interest to me on its speculative side; but in respect to Moody and the decline of interest in his work, I should not be able to add anything to what you know much better than I: It will be 36 years next month since I was last in America. About that time, 1912, a great change seems to have come over American intellectuals. From leaning on Europe and the classics, as even Trumbull Stickney did, who was the principal link between me and Moody, interest seems to have turned to a different native kind of romanticism which I have never followed, but which now, if I may judge from the startling reaction of Robert Lowell's poetry, seems to be veering in a new direction. Your information about all this is so much better than mine, that it would be foolish of me to make more comments.

As to Moody's poetry in itself, I was attracted at first, when he was a raw proud youth just arrived at Harvard, for its sensuous and technical excellence. His later developments belonged to the new American School which I refer to above, and have never followed with special sympathy.

The psychology and morality of these waves of feeling would be a great subject for more than a Doctor's thesis, and I should be interested, when yours is published, to know what you make of it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

23 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 23, 1947.

Dear Clemens

If I have not already thanked you for the information you kindly sent me about Robert Lowell, let me do so now, as well as for your good wishes on my birthday. The news about that new poet rather shook my faith in his philosophical importance; for marrying a (doubtless mature) lady novelist becoming paradoxically a Catholic (not compatible with being a "conscientious objector") and then abandoning both his mature wife and his mature new religion, rather suggests wildness than wisdom. However, my mind remains open on that subject, and curious. The letter of thanks that I had written to him has been returned to me from the American Embassy at "Istanbul", with the note: "Has not called" appended to Lowell's name. I have re-sent the old letter with a short new one, care of The Congressional Library in Washington. If it returns a second time, I can still send it care of his publishers, for I am anxious to see what tone he would adopt in writing to me.

The tone of your conversational article about Maurice Baring, with its side-lights on Chesterton and Belloc confirms a feeling that Bunsen's Catholic novels had given me, that English converts are faddish. Or is it that modern converts in every country have to be like birds escaped from cages? [*across*] Catholics to the manor born may be apostolic like you or sceptics like me, but we feel at home in any case and don't ride hobbies.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana.

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

28 December 1947 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 28, 1947

Dear Bob

It was very nice of you to write to me on your wedding day, including me in that way in the immediate family that stood behind you at the altar.

It is too soon yet to make any plans for spending the summer holidays which I suppose will be your first real occasion for a journey. Europe is not tempting this year, and there is at the moment no special reason to fear that I may not live a little longer, and that you could not still find me by Santo Stefano Rotondo in 1949! 1848 was a year of revolutions and 1948 may repeat the performance; but I think it will probably fizzle out, as it did a hundred years ago. Institutions are harder to destroy than sentiments, and manners, if not cabinets, are comparatively stable in France and in Italy, and tend to restore the modus vivendi.

Did you ever hear of an eccentric gentleman, Mr. David Page, of Pinkney Street, Boston, who was about to start a "Naturalistic" Review, in which an article of mine was to appear, but from whom I have had nothing for a year or more? Is he dead? Perhaps when you are in Boston again, you could look him up in the Directory or inquire of any likely person, about him. Possibly your father-in-law might know who he was and what has become of him. As for my article, I have another copy, and mean to introduce it, revised, into my new political treatise.

The papers—now full of American news—report a record snowstorm in New York, and it occurs to me that you and Chiquita may have been caught in it if you went to New York—as might be natural at this season—for your bridal journey. Snowstorms are very cheerful things to watch or even to play with, when one is happy; so that being caught in one would probably have entertained you at such a moment.

I have received a great bouquet of roses and carnations, for Christmas, from your mother; tell her that they came safely, were, or rather are, magnificent, and that they have been much admired by the Sisters, by Father Benedict, the Doctor, and my other stray visitors. The procession of American army men has stopped, but one or two civilian friends remain, and also some philosophical Italians who occasionally visit me. But my chief company now is Toynbee's A Study of History, only 6 volumes as yet published. Best love to you and Chiquita from

GSantayana