

The Letters of George Santayana

Book Eight, 1948—1952

G Santayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

7 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 7, 1948

Dear Rosamond

Your astonishing flowers came on Christmas eve, and for a moment seeing such profusion of roses and double carnations, I thought of sending them to the Chapel, where they would have on their five altars that night and the next morning a long series of Masses; for each priest on that occasion says three. But on second thoughts I selfishly kept them for my own decoration, because if I had sent them to the Chapel the whole Community would have begun to whisper that I was converted at last and they would have spread all sorts of rumours, which might even have got into The Rome Daily American, where one of the editors is a friend of mine, and thence would have flooded America with proofs that my wits were turned, and my whole philosophy invalidated as being that of a Jesuit in Disguise. Whether these fears were grounded or not, I can't say; but the flowers meantime made a great show in my small room, and some of them lasted in good condition until New Year's.

The box with mayonnaise, marmalade coffee, raisin biscuits, glycerine soap, etc., has arrived also, and will be duly appreciated as the contents reappear gradually from Sister Angela's pantry. But as I think I have written before, you mustn't feel obliged to keep me in stock of all these things, because if I am really short of anything I can now order it, through an arrangement with Mr Wheelock of Scribner's, from the "Vendome" grocery in New York, who send me as it is a regular monthly parcel with tea, coffee, cocoa and biscuits, and I see by a list of delicacies they have sent me that they can also provide "bitter-sweet orange marmelade", which is precisely the sort of "jam" that I prefer. However, I don't mean to discourage your good habits; and if at any time you feel like sending me something there is a small but precious thing that I can't yet get here again namely "Vapex", which gives me pleasure and apparent relief whenever my catarrh threatens to become a cold in the head. Ordinarily my nose and eyes are quite dry, and it is only from the throat that I have to clear away the nasty sticky stuff. My doctor gives me preventive injections and a syrup called Bronchiolina which brings relief,

although not immediately. But innocent girlish Vapex is an immediate help, and pleasanter than any scent I know of.

The central heating is in full blast, and hot baths in order, two important additions to our comfort in this house. Winter as yet has been mild here, with soft rain.

Yours affectionately G. Santayana

To Josephine Sturgis and Raymond Brewer Bidwell

13 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 13, 1948.

Dear Josephine and Raymond

Your joint letter of weeks ago ought to have been answered at once, as you reproached me a little for silence: but I don't carry on any regular correspondence, my life and my ideas being all hopelessly settled and monotonous and my old friends all dead; and besides strangers or occasional acquaintances claim a good deal of time with letters that need answers; and I answer them with pleasure when they raise some interesting question. Besides, writing being my work I am often materially tired of pen and paper, and must ventilate my fancy a little by reading some book on a wholly impersonal subject. I ¶ now get plenty of books, both as gifts from the authors and from Blackwell, the Oxford bookseller, with whom my old relations have been renewed, by sending money to him

from America to keep my account always showing a credit and not a debit. Otherwise there are still impediments to getting things or money from England.

Moreover, I had an excuse for putting off answering your letter, because you announced a new box of good things coming and I wished to report its safe arrival, which has been delayed until today. I was having my midday dinner when it was brought by Maria the housemaid, and dropped with a heavy thud on the floor at my side—for I eat in my own room, not in the dining-room, where there is a *table-d'hôtes* of aged, decrepit, and pietistic invalids. On opening it I found a great variety of things, all in good order, especially two large boxes of Krax and a jar of marmalade (two things I particularly like) and other welcome food-stuffs, as well as a lot of soap which will be useful in the house, and for me eventually, although I happen to have a great supply at this moment. Trade is becoming slowly more normal again, and if we don't have a revolution we shall be soon able to get every thing necessary in the shops. I have even discovered my old English tailor, as a servant or clerk at the British Consulate, and he has made me two new magnificent dressing-gowns. I need no other clothes, as I dress up only when I am going out, which is not often. And unless it be only to get something at the local post-office, I now always drive, taxis being again procurable.

From what I gather from responsible Italians, I judge that there is little danger of political trouble. People are warned and sick of agitators.—Tell me something about Arthur and David when you write. I am interested in their choice of careers.

[*across*]

I won't say to send me no more parcels; because I love to get them, but don't feel obliged to do so, because we are no longer in any real need—except the eternal poor

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

16 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 16, 1948

Dear Cory

I have looked-up the passage on p. 7 of my Some Developments of Materialism and I agree that it is very badly put together. I mix an illustration with an opinion, and both are confused. Make the change in syntax that you have in mind, if that solves the difficulty, or substitute the half-paragraph which I enclose, which at least is clear. It is two or three lines longer than the present page but if you type-write the passage carefully I think you could paste it to the upper half of p. 7 without making too long a sheet. A quarter of an inch could be cut off the top if necessary.

You may imagine that I am pleased with your approval of Alcibiades, partly for myself, a sop to vanity, but also on your account, because it shows that you are sensitive to remote sentiments and beauties. But of course, you always have been subtly sensitive where you were touched; but many things did not appeal to you.

What is the matter with Wheelock? He writes: "Cory seems to think you might be finished with it by August 1st." I will explain to him that Dom. & P'rs (which are the "it") must supply me with work for the rest of my days, and that I feel like living for years.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To John McKinstry Merriam

17 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 17, 1948

Dear Merriam

You ask me to write you, for your Class Luncheon, something about the political state of things in the world, and you tell me what the Marshall plan is. I know all about that and the views current here (I mean in Europe, not Rome or Italy) about it, whether it is prudent charity, to prevent Western Europe from being Russianised, or sheer enterprise, to secure larger markets and military outpost for American expansion abroad, now that the home lands have filled up. I don't know whether this second motive exists, consciously or unconsciously in any American circle, but if it does, my philosophy would at once dismiss it as a mere make-shift. For in a century or two (nothing for a philosopher) when Asia and Africa were filled up with men and industries up to the brim, the question would recur as pressingly as at present, and the real problem, not one of how to enlarge business but how to lead a rational life, would impose itself on the cosmopolitan government that we may suppose would then exist. Why should not this real question be put and answered now in each country and community, without looking for outlets or resources beyond its accidental borders?

As to what is likely to happen, I have no inside knowledge or divine revelation. I think the communist area, under Russian control, may be extended over continental Europe, perhaps without a great war, by the aggressiveness of the communist party everywhere and the apathy and disunion of conservative forces. If this process is resisted by force of arms, supported by America and England, there will be a great war; the character of it would be very like the Napoleonic wars, one side with its home strength beyond the risk of invasion and with undisputed command of the sea, and the other with determined unified leadership but an insecure possession of its conquests. The ultimate result, I think, would be the emancipation of the conquered countries, as it was after Napoleon; but

passage under a far more destructive social revolution would leave the European (and Asiatic) countries in a condition radically different from what it was in the Golden Age of Queen Victoria.

The great change, however, might be in the other camp, where a willing union of the Americans and the British Commonwealth of Nations, with perhaps some clients beyond, would form what Toynbee, in his “Study of History”, calls a “Universal State”, not all-comprehensive but supervening over a crowd of small nations.

I don't think there is any cause for alarm about the future of mankind: but Europe may be knocked to pieces by the way.

Best wishes for the remaining fragments of '86

from

GSantayana

To Francis Henry Appleton Jr.

23 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 23, 1948

Dear Mr. Appleton

It was very friendly of you to send me these photographs of matters connected with the Hasty Pudding Show on its hundredth anniversary. Mine goes back more than half that distance, and certainly seemed to us then a quieter affair than this seems to us now, but I daresay the performance was more creditable from a technical point of view than anything we were up to. This year, too, many of the young men are older and more travel-worn than we were in our provincial innocence; and this sort of fooling must be less spontaneous for them than it was for us. I see that I am reproduced among the relics, and don't know whether I am flattered or ashamed at being unearthed in that guise.

The imbroglio about my '45 royalties or gift-taxes seems to take long to unravel. It is too bad that you and Mr. Salmon should be so much pestered with it. When I die you may be plunged into the same kind of troubles, but I have done all I could to make my will unambiguous. All my manuscripts and literary assets are to go to Cory, both past and future. The Three Dialogues on Alcibiades that are to appear in the Spring in the Atlantic Monthly, for instance, are his property and have been given to him here, so that the proceeds will not be any part of my income

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

27 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome, Jan. 27, 1948

Dear Raymond

Your letter of Jan. 8 answers some of the family questions which I asked the other day in thanking you and Josephine for the large box of eatables and soap that had then arrived. It was all useful and welcome, for the house even when, as in the case of soap, I already had a good provision. Even shaving cream can now be had here again, of which I remember three very big tubes came from Weston long ago sent by Arthur.

You tell me that he is thinking of studying architecture, which was what most attracted me at his age; and I should have gone to the Institute of Technology to prepare for that semi-scientific profession if I hadn't been given a softer job at Harvard. You also tell me that David is engaged (which I didn't know) although he seems to be still at Harvard. Wasn't his occupation during the war of some special technical kind? I had formed a picture of him as a government expert in some important branch of the service, not necessarily the atomic bomb.

As to the danger or need of bombs here in the near future, I know nothing. The politicians are restive, and get up strikes, but I think the people are tired of nonsense and that nothing serious will happen.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. I forgot to thank you for the pictures of the Pudding Show. They are gross, as all newspaper illustrations are now. People aim at the violent. We were more simple in my day and seemed younger.

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

28 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 28, 1948

Dear Lowell

After your letter, your two new poems, your reasons for refusing to join the army, and for joining and leaving the Church, and your choice among my writings, I can think of you only as a friend and not merely as a celebrity. In spite of the great difference in our ages—I could be your grandfather—in our background and also, no doubt in our characters, there is a notable parallelism in our minds. For instance in being attracted to the Church, feeling its historic and moral authority, and yet seeing that its doctrine is not true you have placed yourself in exactly my position, though reaching it by a different path. And so too about this late war. The bombing for the sake of “frightfulness” (an imitation of the Germans) and the insolent demand for unconditional surrender, and the blind policy with Russia were all blunders as well as wrongs, and have produced a stale-mate where materially there was a clear victory. If you had been a Catholic at that time your confessor would nevertheless have advised you to submit to the regulations of the established government of your country; but your refusal to do so marked the idealistic absolutism of the Protestant conscience which does not respect matter as much as the Church does, as I think, wisely. I had made inquiries about you in various quarters, and had heard that you had been in a “working camp” for “conscientious objectors”, but not that you had been in prison or scrubbing floors; also that you had been to College at Kenyon, but not that you had been first for a year and a half at Harvard. Both these points are important in explaining what has puzzled me a little in your poems, a certain animosity (against King’s Chapel, for instance). You have not merely found these things irrational (as I did) but you have been made to suffer by them, as I never did, because they didn’t belong to me nor I really to them. You, ^r_λ position, if not your independence, was not like mine. You were more deeply involved, and more rebellious by nature; for few things seem to me worth rebelling against. I say, “Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa” The meanness of that additional day in your sentence shows how prepotent authorities have become even in America, and public opinion how intolerant. In my youth New England was horrified at

anything “emancipated” in fact, but everybody was “liberal” in theory. But in general I feel that America has grown up and improved immensely in these last fifty years and deserves the leadership it has acquired in material things (which require human virtue to manage them): insight will come later.

In view of the dreams you can have when you go to sleep over Virgil, I don’t think you ought to regret the time you have spent over Latin. The Aeneas of the later books of the Aeneid, not as a theme in himself but as a witness and observer, has evidently left you full of strong images and tragic perceptions. Virgil is no doubt too mild for your taste and you transmute his Trojans and Italian barbarians into something more like Red Indians. The pious and correct Virgil had to regard them as sacred ancestors, and he would never have called Venus a whore. She had lovers, no end of lovers, including the young Anchises, because she was the goddess of fecundity and beauty. Perhaps you don’t feel the sacredness of nature in paganism. Yet you do feel it in Catholicism, which in its fundamental perceptions, Jewish as well as Greek, is I think a form of paganism (fear, respect, and love of the fruits that mankind can gather from nature) on which an ascetic discipline of the will has been superposed philosophically. The Latin prayer which you quote at the beginning of Lord Weary’s Castle expresses this very well, and shows that your time, in this direction also, was not wasted over your Latin.

You mention my old counterblast to Browning, and you may not like what I am going to say, but I think you might do for New England (at least) what Browning meant but failed to do for the Italian Renaissance. Your Mother Marie Thérèse is conceived like one of Browning’s dramatic monologues; and elsewhere you show the same power of revealing all sorts of incidental secret relations that cross a troubled mind. You have the same penetration into unguided wanderings in a moral labyrinth. But you have pity (which Schopenhauer thought the essence of virtue, and I should say was evidence of understanding the truth).

The versification of these two new poems seems to me a real triumph. You have dared to return to the “heroic couplet” but manage it so naturally that there remains no trace of “monotony in wire” or of rhetorical epigrams, and the rhymes seem to come sponte sua, et quod temptabas dicere, versus erat.

Three new Dialogues in Limbo of mine, on Alcibiades are to appear in the Atlantic Monthly, beginning in the March number. I will not attempt to send them to you, as no doubt you can easily look into them

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if you are interested. They ought to be read consecutively, because they form a respectful criticism of Socrates' philosophy.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To William Gerber

31 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Gerber)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6,
Rome, Jan. 31, 1948

Dear Mr Gerber

Your list of “problems” suggests pregnant subjects for essays or sermons enough to fill a life-time. If you wrote any one of these, for instance on Suicide, voicing your sincere sentiments without any thought of a system or a first principle of morals, probably a critic would be able to infer from it to what authority you appealed in your judgments, such as conscience, revelation, prevalent opinion, utility, etc, etc. The instinctive choice made by you in that appeal would solve the “problem” for the other “problems” also; so that philosophically it would hardly be worth while to raise them, although if you did the discussion might bring out many interesting remarks.

I am writing a book on politics (which is a moral subject, as I conceive it) and there I have reduced the authority to which we may appeal rationally (if we wish to be rational) to a combination of two factors, Circumstances, and Primal Will. That both these factors are different in

different cases does not seem to me to change the moral principle concerned, which is Integrity or Will rationalized, although of course the actions so recommended would vary with variations in those natural factors. I say this, because I am not sure what you understand by “univocal meaning.”

Yours sincerely G Santayana

To Augusto Guzzo

31 January 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 31, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

I have received from Heath & C^o of London, who are agents for translations from English into other languages, a proposal from “Edizioni Comunit” of Milan for a translation into Italian of my “Idea of Christ in the Gospels”.

It occurs to me that you wrote some time ago that you had made some translations from the second part of that book, and I don’t like to agree to the preparation of another translation if you, perhaps with the assistance of some of your pupils, had any plan of continuing that version. I know that this is improbable, and would hardly trouble you about the matter, except that I am also in doubt about this Milan publisher. Would you kindly send me a line, telling me if you would advise me to accept that proposal, or whether you would think it in any way inadvisable?

A dreadful Spanish translation of that book has appeared in Buenos Aires made by a person who does not understand English idioms, and makes me say at times the contrary of what I mean!

With best wishes and regards

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Otto Kyllmann

5 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Temple)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 5, 1948

Dear Mr. Kyllmann

I am glad to learn, by your letter of Jan. 28, that a revision of the Spanish version of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels is possible; and to show the editors how much such revision is needed, I have made the enclosed notes on three consecutive pages of the book, taken at random, showing various degrees of failure in catching the meaning of the text. Please pass on these notes to the editors.

I have no doubt that the translator, Prof. Nañez, can translate French books excellently, for as I already said in my last letter, he is accurate when he understands the text, as for instand in the line quoted from Seneca in these very pages, which he expands, losing its terseness, but giving its full meaning faithfully, in a way which would be useful for a person who knew little of Stoic philosophy. But unfortunately he often does not understand English idioms, and does not see the point. Someone who is English or has a real command of the language is required to make the revision.

As to the drawing of Christ, there are two on the cover, a little full-length figure on the back, which has an ancient Byzantine air, and is not grotesque, and a large head (not accurately repeating the other) which can never have seen Byzantium. However, that is a minor matter.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Augusto Guzzo

8 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 8, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

I feel greatly honoured and obliged by your willingness to undertake the translation of my book and that your joint names will give the edition a good name that the author alone could not have secured. I have written to the agent Heath & C^o (or rather to Mr. Brooks, the partner with whom I have usually corresponded) telling him that you and your lady who had already translated portions of the book, are willing to complete this work, and that you are friends of the Ingegnere Adriano Olivetti, of the Edizioni Comunità; and that if the latter agrees, as he certainly will be glad to do, that you should be the translators, we will at once sign the contract on the terms he had proposed. I think there is no need that I should write to him. It would have been more natural that you should have written to him to recommend me. Luckily it was not necessary.

I have had a pleasant visit from Guido de Ruggiero, brought by the young Prof. Dino Pasini, who has become a good friend of mine. The distinguished critic was less formidable than I feared. I had recently read his history of European Liberalism, and liked its fairness although perhaps it is all too smooth and simple to represent la vérité vraie.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

8 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 8, 1948

Dear Rosamond

Amory's book on The Proper Bostonians came long ago and I read it at once but for some reason haven't yet thanked you for it. In part it revived all my most youthful and tender feelings about things and people in old Boston; but on the other hand I felt that he treated them all in the wrong spirit, like a newspaper correspondent who is very well informed at second hand, and not scrupulous about not rounding out a story to please himself. For that reason I didn't read the part about old murdered_λ Parkman. I was myself corrected by Morrison for trusting gossip on this subject; but I was writing a novel and not borrowing more from history, real or apocryphal, than I chose. And I gave George Parkman some traits of Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth, and a younger brother, Peter, to peter out.

This point about petering out I was interested to see confirmed by Amory; and he tells many things about the Great Merchants, as I called them, which I didn't know. For instance, that there was, and apparently still is, a Merchant's Row designed by Bulfinch by the water's edge at the foot of State Street. I have never seen it, and always regretted that there was no waterfront in Boston, to remind us that it was a seaport.

The other part that interested me most was the chapter about Harvard Clubs. It was naturally brought down to a date much later than my observations; yet on the whole it seemed true. There is a newspaper man's sort of error about the Gas House or Delphic Club of which I believe I am now the oldest living (honorary) member. He attributes its foundation to J. P. Morgan (who no doubt was the principal financial supporter of it) and to the year 1889: whereas its founder was my intimate friend Ward Thoron, in 1885 or 86. My other two best Boston friends, Herbert Lyman and Boylston Beal were also charter members; but I myself was only elected later, when I was an instructor, in '90. It is of no importance as

history to get such a trifle right; but it shows the love of turning a thing the wrong side out, if you are not in sympathy with it.

I have finally got a letter, two letters, and two unpublished poems from Robert Lowell, and we have struck up an epistolary friendship. He is in Washington, appointed for a year to be adviser on poetry at the Library of Congress. Your information about him was all correct, but incomplete. He had been for a year and a half at Harvard before going to Kenyon, and in prison, not a camp, for a year and one day, for seven months scrubbing floors.

[*across*] I don't sympathize particularly with people who make themselves martyrs to discredit a government; but evidently all war-governments are alike in the thirst to make martyrs and be discredited.

Yours affly GSantayana

To Arthur Allen Cohen

9 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6,
Rome, February 9, 1948

Dear Mr. Cohen:

Your letter about Kierkegaard raised in my mind more questions than it answered. Does existentialism assume that we are all Christians? Is Angst about “Salvation” that of the Jews at the time of Christ or that of later Christians of avoiding hell fire after death? Is not such ANGST a disease, an emotion produced by Protestant theology after faith in that theology has disappeared? And what is this self that feels the Angst and leaps heroically, for salvation into the Unknown? If it were the transcendental Self, or Brahman, it could feel no anxiety because it can be only transcendental, on THIS side of the footlights; it may have interrupted experiences, but it cannot die in the sense of not being capable of having more; and more of them can hurt it if it is purely transcendental, like the comfortable rich man in the stalls watching a tragedy and then a comedy. If, on the contrary, this self is the concrete human psyche or person we know perfectly what its circumstances are and what it needs to be anxious about. There may be wise or foolish decisions made by it, but no leap into the unknown. The whole thing, from this point of view, seems confused and gratuitous.

There is another approach to Existentialism, from Husserl, that interests me more. Husserl, in the earlier form of his Pure Phenomenology, came upon what I call essences; and the counterpart of these, considered

as given phenomena (which they need not be) would be pure transcendental spirit, or Brahman, mentioned above, which is all that I can get satisfactorily out of Kant. But Husserl afterwards reverted to Kant, and confused (as I think) the spirit with the animal psyche, which might be anxious, precisely because it is not transcendental spirit, but the life of an animal that can fall into all sorts of traps and suffer all sorts of collapses.

Besides Husserl I have read more or less of Heidegger, and liked his analysis of “pure” ideas, such as Nothing or Death. He sees perfectly that the intrinsic vacancy of these notions lends them the function of repeating or framing-in positive objects, as death, by terminating a life, makes a biographical unit and moral finality of it. This seems to me much more enlightening than leaps or shipwrecks of the Soul in the Infinite Unknown.

Could one say, in the spirit of Kierkegaard, that the total Object confronting a life or personal existence was Circumstances? And would God be a religious name for this? If so, I could see the inevitableness, for our animal psyche, to fear, love, and grope for God. And in so far as the Kingdom of Heaven (i.e. the Reign of God) is just this Object in the measure in which its operation affects us, I can see how the Existentialist revives the Christian problem of salvation. But why revive the problem without reviving the concrete beliefs that would explain and solve it?

I am about to read a new Italian account of Existentialism by Prof. Castelli, who is a serene Catholic and a man of the world, who may make things clearer to me.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ginn and Company

10 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 10, 1948

Ginn and Company
Boston,

[For the editors of “American Authors Today.”]

I have today received with much pleasure a copy of “American Authors Today,” and have looked it over with a feeling that it reflects very well the specifically American character of contemporary writing. This is interesting, but not fair to all that America contains. Much there is simply human. What you have quoted from me belongs rather to that other part which was not exactly your subject. I am flattered at being counted as an American writer, although I am not an American citizen; and the two poems you quote under my name are, one a translation from Michael Angelo: “Gli vecchi miei vaghi delle cose belle,” and the other an expanded translation of a phrase in the Bacchae of Euripides, “τὸ σοφὸν οὐ σοφία,” made when I was a sophomore at Harvard in 1884. They are not very American or of Today; but I am glad that you should have not felt that they were foreign. I am a little embarrassed, however, at being credited with them as if original and recent.

Yours sincerely,
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

10 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 10, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Your letters of Jan. 13 and Feb. 6 are before me, and I must explain more precisely what I thought you (and especially Cory) had well understood about Dominations & Powers. I do not expect ever to finish the book, in the sense of exhausting what I should like to make clear on the subject and dismissing it from my mind. It is not likely that I shall live long enough to do that, and if I did, I should be left without any serious work to do. Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie which I sometimes say I would write later, if I lived on, is only a fancy, as I may write an article some day, if inspired, on that subject. What I may have said to Cory about getting done during the coming summer is only this: I am already in sight of such an arrangement and correction of my manuscripts (already typed) as to compose a book that, though incomplete, or rather with gaps in the midst of it, could be published and in style and in thought would be good enough to convey the gist of the whole intended work. But there are developments and illustrations that I should still wish to work out, and discarded parts from which I should like to extract and rewrite the serviceable points. There would still remain plenty to occupy me for the rest of my days, even if as I hope the MS will be in good order at the end of this Summer.

There is another reason for not expecting or wishing to publish Dom. & P'rs during my lifetime. The book is to serve as a legacy for Cory, together with the rest of my MSS. If I were alive when it appears the ambiguity about the proprietor of the work would subsist, just as it recurs now in your last letter in regard to a new edition of Dialogues in Limbo. There can't very well be an edition copyrighted by Cory when the book is already copyrighted by Constable. It is Constable, I think, that ought to re-issue it, with the new Dialogues included, in the same type, between "The Philanthropist" and the two Dialogues with Avicenna. This order is important; because the Dialogues contain a summary history of philosophy, duly criticised, first physics, then morals, and a glance at religion between, in the "Autoloquiesgus". These three Alcibiades Dialogues are

my critique of Socrates, as the first is my critique of Democritus, and the last of Aristotle: but these “critiques” are not condemnations: far from it. They are readjustments to the truths of nature. [– Just what Dom. & P’rs is in the historico-political field.]– Now, that the profits, if any, of a new edition of the Dialogues should go to Cory could be easily arranged if I am living, and would be secured by the codicils already made to my will. I don’t think more is needed; but if the lawyers say it is, I am willing to sign any document sent to me with instructions as to necessary witnesses, etc. But I don’t think you ought to undertake a new edition of all the Dialogues yourselves. You could get the sheets from Constable as usual.

I have received the last vol. of the Triton Edition: many thanks.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

P.S.

| | | |
|-----------|--------------------------|-----------|
| My friend | <u>Herr Horst Wiemer</u> | } Germany |
| | 24 Markgrafenstrasse | |
| | Baden-Baden | |
| | Französische Zone, | |

tells me that now it is possible to send books to him from America and that he would be much obliged if you would send him the two of mine that I had formerly asked you to forward to him when you found that it was not yet possible

I suppose the books were the one volume edition of Realms of Being and The Idea of Christ in The Gospels

He also is anxious that you should reserve for him (he is now a publisher) the rights to a German translation of Dominations and Powers, and not arrange with any Swiss firm for such a translation; because a Swiss translation has little or no sale in Germany, on account of the exchange and the price. I have told him that he must arrange that with Cory, not with me: but the warning against Swiss editions is worth conveying, since it would be a shame not to let the Germans have the book if they wanted it.

To Augusto Guzzo

15 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 15 Feb. 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

Your tremendous book has arrived and I have read the Introduction and the Summary. How I wish that you could have sent me this book fifty years ago, when I was writing my superficial “Life of Reason”. Now it comes at a moment when I am absorbed not in the critical or dramatic elucidation of conscious existence, not in my Self or in a rational conduct of my beliefs or duties, but in the fate of Mankind, conceived or found as a race of animals living in a material world. And as it is too late in my life for me to recast for myself the transcendental problem, or any problem of Existence or knowledge, I don’t dare to drop the train of thought that I am engaged in: “les moments me sont chers”. So I am afraid I shall never do justice to your profound revision of things from within outwards. Except that I know how that problem imposes itself on the self-questioning mind,

and how dramatic is the order of evidence, the causa cognoscendi, that reflection can construct by intense criticism. However, I come in my descriptions of “Dominations and Powers” upon distinctions between “vital liberty” and “empty liberty”, between “growth” and “militancy”, between “economic” and “liberal” arts, and many other logical or moral questions; and I shall not forget to consult your pages on these points when I find myself in a difficulty.

The fact that you are at work on so vast and important a system of philosophy, even if the outlines of it all are already clear in your mind, makes me wonder all the more that you should be willing to give your precious time to translations, even with such good help as you count upon; and I am all the more grateful that my book on the Idea of Christ is to profit by that willingness. I suppose during the summer holidays you may like to turn to lighter occupation; and I know how fascinating the search often is, in translating, for a word or phrase that will convey the author’s intention. In any case, I have today signed the contract with the Edizioni Comunità for the Italian edition, in which article 8 runs as follows: “The Publishers undertake to use the translation of the said work made by Professor Augusto Guzzo”.

I hardly find words to tell you how much I appreciate this favour, as well as the gift of your new book.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 17, 1948

Dear Cory: No wonder that Ryle riles you with his contemptuous repetitions of “pet dichotomy” “sham-question,” and “unsophisticated” “assumption”. Dons used to be old fogeys, but now at Magdalen they seem to be cultivating modernity. Father Benedict here keeps bringing me books by a certain lay theologian Lewis (a convert to Christianity,

apparently) whom I should have never supposed Magdalen would tolerate. He has the same cheap way of summing things up in two words, and announcing that all else is effete. However, I find his [^]Ryles[^] handwriting quite legible “semantically,” each word is a hieroglyphic to be recognised as a whole, not an aggregate of letters. This is good psychology; but I don’t know what “semantic” is intended to mean now. Is it anything like “Self-transcendence?”

I am very sorry that your paper is refused by Mind, but perhaps you can publish it elsewhere. Weeks, of the Atlantic Monthly has written me another complimentary letter, and sent me proofs of “The Hidden Soul”, which apparently is to appear first. I took it to be the second Dialogue, but this makes little difference when they are issued at a month’s time from one another. In the book, however, “The Libertine” must precede; it begins with a touch of landscape for a background, a reference to Limbo, and an echo of Plato’s way of making someone relate the dialogue. Besides, there are one or two references to it in “The Hidden Soul”. Essentially, of course, there is nothing serial or consecutive in these pieces; they are chips of the same block.

The great event for me since I last wrote has been the solution of the Robert Lowell mystery in a blaze of glory. A long letter (in Roman Capitals) with an account of himself, confirming what I had learned from others, but adding that he had been a year and a half at Harvard, and hadn’t liked it, before going to Kenyon, where “unfortunately” he spent most of his time on Latin. Then that he was condemned to a year and one day in prison, the day being added in order to make him a “felon” and deprive him of his rights as a citizen, I don’t know for how long; and that he actually spent ~~three~~ five months in prison and then seven in a hospital, scrubbing floors. He is now “Adviser for Poetry” at the Library of Congress, a sinecure for one year. And, to cap all this, and saying that he had no words to say what my letter had meant for him, two longish new [^]type-written[^] poems in heroic couplets, very good, different, clear (comparatively) and full of colour and emotion.

In the letter there were also explanations about his going in and out of the Church. What Catholics believe in “true” (he means justified under human conditions) but not “the truth”. This is virtually my own position reached by a different path. He also expressed a preference for some of my books which coincided in part with my feeling, for instance, on Browning: yet his two new poems reminded me of Browning in being dramatic monologues, only genuine. I told him so in my reply, which he

says brought him “tears of joy.” So you see we are fast friends. There are political matters also on which we agree, about Franklin Roosevelt, for instance, and the policy of the Allies.

[*across*]

Other good news is that Guzzo has volunteered to complete, helped by his wife, his translation of The Idea of Christ, to be published in Milan. What goes on very slowly, however, is Dom. & P’rs.

Yours as ever GSantayana

To Augusto Guzzo

17 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 17, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

There is a curious repetition, on page 247 of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels of three lines from page 244, where it seems that they more properly belong. The repetition of these lines on page 247, at the end of the long paragraph, must have been an accident; and I have never understood how neither my secretary Cory nor I nor the readers at Charles Scribner's Sons publishing house never noticed it.

As it would be trouble and expense to change this page and the next after the plates were cast, but a passage of equal length can be substituted for the text without much difficulty, I composed a passage for this place which I believe has now been inserted on page 247. It expresses the same possibility of attaining moral harmony privately as well as socially. It is not absolutely needed, and you might simply end the paragraph, in your translation, nine lines from the bottom of page 249, with the words: "to fly blindly from our true good". The first nine words at the beginning of the next paragraph, four lines from the bottom of the page, would then have to be omitted too, and the paragraph would begin: "the choice of any stage ...". But I send you the three lines substituted in the original, in case you prefer to include them.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

17 February 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome Feb. 17, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

This is only a line, to acknowledge the receipt of The Royalty Account on Feb. 1, and to say, in answer to your question about the MS. of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, or rather the typed copy of it, that it is of no interest or value for me, and that you may do anything you like with it. Why not throw it away?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. It may interest you to know that an Italian translation of this book has been arranged to be done (already partly done) voluntarily by Prof. Augusto Guzzo of Turin and his wife. It is a great honour that they should be willing to do it all, and their name will ensure a certain consideration for it in Italy, as he is well known, and very religious. Whether he is an Orthodox Catholic I have never made out. Probably not quite. Perhaps a Valdençian?

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

1 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 1, 1948

Dear Lowell

Your note with "Thanksgiving is Finished" came this morning, and I have been reading it over and over, but still would rather wait a bit, and read it again, before talking about it. I am very stupid about catching cues and suggestions, and not used to it, so that it takes me time to fill in the

background of dramatic pieces like yours; but I feel that the drama is there and little by little gather the elements and see the perspective in which they are presented in the speaker's thoughts. My first impression is mainly this: Why so sad and so obsessed by sordid visions? You see, I belong to an age that I hated but that was fatuously in love with itself and materially flourishing, every day mayore comfortable, self-satisfied, and luxurious; so that to study things that are not "nice" seems to me paradoxical, unless it be, as Dickens did it, mixed with fun and full also of the milk of human kindness. Of course your way of seeing life is deeper and truer to the secret texture of it. And the surfaces, often lovely, exist too, and exist also in your presentation; but the disintegrating force of the subject-matter drowns this at first sight.

Now that you and I are on the comfortable basis of friendship we mustn't stand on ceremony about writing or answering letters. We must write only when we feel like it and about whatever at the moment is on our respective minds. And there is something, in continuation of what we were saying about the classics that I have been wanting to add. I saw with pleasure that your reason for regretting the time you spent at College on Latin is that you didn't spend it on Greek. Just what I most regret in my own college and school studies, that I didn't master Greek, because it was hard for me, and I never make efforts. Later, when on my first (and only) Sabbatical Year I went to Greece, I made a feeble attempt to learn a little modern Greek, to see if in that round-about way I couldn't render ancient Greek friendly and familiar to my ear, as Latin is. But it was too late; I was too old; my proposed tutor not the right man; and I had only two months in Athens. The result is that I never read a Greek author unless I can get him with a modern translation on the opposite page. That does well enough for philosophy, as I make no pretensions to scholarship; but it is useless for poetry, because the sound and savour of it never reaches me: and my sensibility is auricular. But you are only thirty years old. Why shouldn't you learn Greek now? Hardly the moment to go to Greece, but you could get a Greek tutor in America, perhaps an Orthodox ecclesiastic, who would set you on the right track, from Byzantium backwards, and fill you with enthusiasm. I have just been reading a little popular book by a learned lady, Kathleen Freeman, "The Greek Way", an anthology of characteristic bits from all periods of Greek literature, nicely translated. Unfortunately the original is not given; and some modern illustration, added to those from vases are a blemish. But she says: "Learn Greek ... With good help one can learn to read easy

Greek in a year or less.” Much less, I think, if you already have the elements and will devote a long vacation to it.

Now another thing that I have been wishing to say to you regards Latin poetry. You mention the poets you recognize as worth reading, and leave out Lucretius! And in your “Lord Weary’s Castle” you translate (very nicely) a macabre passage from Propertius. Propertius is also Ezra Pound’s favourite. Why is this? I got some years ago a beautiful edition of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius which I have often in with great pleasure. I knew that Catullus was charming, but I discovered that Tibullus (whom I had thought little of) had things I liked much more profoundly, Especially, in the Third Elegy, the beginning and the end, the first ten and the last twelve lines. They connect beautifully, and if you would make a poem out of them it would be noble, tender, witty, and unaffectedly passionate. Look it up!

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

7 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 7, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I must tell you of an unexampled event in my life: the other day I received a cheque for Lire 37,000 = for the right to translate “The Idea of Christ in the Gospels” into Italian: and independently it has been arranged that Professor Augusto Guzzo of Turin (who is a good friend of mine) and his wife are to do the translation, on which he had begun spontaneously before the Edizioni di Unità of Milan had proposed to publish the book. This payment is an advance on imaginary future royalties: a very hazardous proceeding, it seems to me, but I suppose they are in the habit of making such advances because hungry Italian authors could not give up their MSS without some immediate cash. This cheque represents 25 pounds Sterling, minus 10% for the agent’s commission, which Heath & C^o of London who intervened, give their Italian correspondent, getting the same sum themselves, in this case, out of a Swedish payment for the same book. 37,000 lire = about \$65. The dollar last month brought 566 Italian lire.

I enclose an order for a book I have a personal reason for wishing to have as the author is an old friend of mine, born in Calais, Maine, who used to talk to me about his part of the world with a charming interest.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

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Please send me a copy of the above book, charging it as usual to my account as an author.

G Santayana
Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Italy.

March 7, 1948.

To Thomas Nolan Munson

12 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 12, 1948

Dear Father Munson,

I have spent an interested day reading your thesis and being sorry to have been the cause of so much irritation in your study of my books. The latter parts of your paper are much nearer to the facts about my philosophy than the earlier, although even here you are a good deal misled or misinformed about me. I don't know who the interviewer was that said I preferred to be called an aesthete: it is an instance of the mendacity of interviewers. More important is the use you make of a sonnet written when I was twenty as the "final" expression of my philosophy. And where do you suppose, even then, I drew the inspiration that prompted me to write it? From the Bacchae of Euripides who says τὸ σοφὸν οὐ σοφία, which I translated, watering it a good deal in the second line of the sonnet, building the rest round that sentiment. But it is true that I prefer the play of imagination round natural sentiments and natural scenes to any "explanation" of them. They all have natural causes, no doubt, but the interesting thing is what those scenes and sentiments are, and how they develop.

As to the technique of my philosophy, I find most of your exposition out of focus, and most of your criticism irrelevant. You don't understand my interests or my methods. If you had trace my works either chronologically or logically, you would have seen better how I came to disinter

my system: because I did have to disinter it under the alien vocabulary and alien problems that were imposed upon me by my alien education. You are right in saying that from William James I got my strong sense of the “contingency” of all facts and of their primacy in the order of discovery; but he thought momentary feelings were the ontological basis of the universe, in the order of genesis and causation: and this I wholly rejected having always been a naturalist in belief (even when I was thinking speculatively on Catholic or on solipsistic lines): for it is possible to be interested in a play at the theatre, without forgetting that we are sitting in the stalls. When I describe a stage-setting, you say that I have abandoned my materialism. That is not true: I have turned my thoughts to something else, but this stage-setting, far from contradicting its sources in real life, gives real life its human form and reflective interpretation. You are absolutely just in saying that I care little for “explanations” (not often finding that they explain anything or make things clearer) for I like interpretations, because those express the tastes of the mind and its affections.

There are some odd assignments of influence, and odd omissions of it, in your account of my sources. For instance, Hodgson I saw once at a meeting of the Aristotelian Society in London in 1887 (long before “essence” had come within my horizon) never spoke with him, or read anything of his. Essences I gradually unearthed, like the rest of my personal grammar of thought, helped by various suggestions. One was the idea clara et distincta Cartesii: others the “infinite attribute” of thought, with its infinitude of modes (or instances) of Spinoza, and all the “possible worlds” of Leibniz; then Berkeley’s “inert ideas”; except that he confused these with existing acts of apprehension, which are not ideas at all, but moments of spirit, or “intuitions” (not in the Bergsonian or feminine sense of this word, but in the Kantian). Capital of course were Platonic Ideas: especially an undeveloped suggestion in the first part of Plato’s Parmenides about “ideas” of filth, rubbish, etc., which the moralistic young Socrates recoils from as not beautiful, making old Parmenides smile. That smile of Parmenides made me think. But the most exact anticipation of my “realm of essence” I found in a quotation from an Arabic philosopher whose name I have forgotten, in the Life of Avicenna by the Baron Carra des Veaux, a French Catholic of perhaps a hundred years ago. My ideas were also much sharpened in 1897 at the English Cambridge in talks with Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore.

There are two points that I should like to clear up if possible in your criticism. The first is about the meaning of “knowledge”. Are pure vision

or hearing (in a dream) knowledge? Or must this datum be assigned as a predicate to a substantial object, and will this be “knowledge” (as in Berkeley) even if no such object exists? Or would this belief be then an illusion, and true only if there is an object on which the datum is projected? Or will this projection be still an illusion if the object has not, in itself, that character, although such an appearance may serve, conventionally, like a name, to mark the presence of that object and to induce in the observer the appropriate action in its presence?

I may not, in my earlier writings, always have avoided the use of the word “knowledge” for what I call “intuition of essence”; this is cognitive in intent, since the essence is an object which intuition may repeat, and memory may identify: but that object is ideal. Mathematics, or acquaintance with definitions and relations between them, is a teachable science and must certainly be called a sort of knowledge. Yet it is not knowledge of natural facts or their interaction in the world except when the mathematical calculations are found applicable to material facts in the heavens or in machinery: and it is in such cases that knowledge is transcendent, i.e. reveals an object other than the datum or definition or calculation concerned. Locke and others reasonably distinguished these as knowledge of fact and knowledge of ideas; but occasioned great confusion, since properly ideas themselves are the knowledge, or the terms of knowledge, in designating and recording facts. I can’t help thinking that the distinction of essences from existent things greatly clarifies this imbroglio.

The other point that I wish to make regards the psyche. You say that I can’t define it, but that Aristotle explained it by saying it is the form of the body. He has a fuller and clearer description of it than that where he says that the psyche is the first entelechy (or functional perfection) of a natural organic body; and further he distinguishes the first entelechy for instance of the general’s psyche when on the eve of battle he is asleep in his tent, from the second entelechy when in the morning he is mounted on his horse and giving orders in the midst of battle. The functional perfection, ready to act or acting, of a natural organic body is precisely what I take the psyche to be; so that if Aristotle is right your cavils about what you attribute to me on this subject fall to the ground. You say that the manifestations of the psyche are not “knowledge” of it. it is unknowable (or something of that kind). But the organic constitution and organic action of the body are the psyche. You know that I do not make it any more than Aristotle, an independent angelic soul that can quit the body or migrate from one species of animal to another, as Plato tells us in his myths.

I will send you back your thesis, on which I have marked two or three passages, as far as possible packed as it came.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

P.S. I have forgotten to mention that what I quote from Leibniz about God choosing the best of possible worlds is not my opinion. I meant it as a reduction ad absurdum. You have not read Voltaire's Candide? Or Molière about Cur opium facit dormire? It is a pity.

To Frank O'Brien

12 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 12, 1948

Dear Mr. O'Brien

I read your "Story" when it arrived yesterday and have read it again today. I like it. You flatter me profoundly without seeming to do so, and your way of breaking up a subject, saying something else, and then returning to the old one and adding something more interesting than the first part is very clever and restful. It is like conversation when motoring with a friend who drives, has to interrupt himself, or does so voluntarily because of something new visible by the road, and then turns back in a leisurely way to what was being said at before. Is this an accepted trick or a discovery or unconscious instinct of your own?

I particularly like what you say at the end about Lowell, and I think he will like it if he sees it, and I am glad of it because I suspect that he is not very happy. His last poem "Thanksgiving is Finished" is a picture of unhappy sordid life in Third Avenue, N. Y.

P.S. I have marked
two or three small
inaccuracies in
your text.²

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome—March 13, 1948

Dear Cory,

I returned the cheque for \$10 of which I don't remember the occasion, but assume that it was due and that you won't despise the widow's mite. Don't be troubled about the contrary fashions in philosophy. They don't last, and they give the independent critic an external point of view from which to criticise himself. And I approve of your plan to study the English standard authors if you are not afraid to find them still harping too much on the strings of Strong and Russell. I should suggest, however, that you begin with Locke's Essay, and mark in your copy (I have none now) every instance of the word "idea", and record in a note-book the place where it occurs, and whether it mean "essence" or "perception", understanding, by the latter not "percept" but a moment of Spirit; what I call an intuition. With that scholarly "investigation" or "creative research" you would be respectably armed to point out the tragic consequences of that ambiguity, and the fallacy of thinking that ideas (essences) are "states of mind" or "events." Such a study could be published in England and meet with recognition. It would be a hint also in favour of my views which are beginning in America to be taken more seriously than at first.

I have received (for 1,000 lire) the first volume of the proceedings of the late Philosophical Congress in Rome, where my paper on Some Corollaries (so named originally by me) of Materialism appears, in English, being the only contribution in this language and classed as "American". There are several in French, two in Spanish, and one in German. The Italian contributions are much better and more important, especially one by a man name Del Noce, which makes me laugh; because Noce, in Spanish (noche) means "night" and is feminine, so that this means to a Spanish ear should be either La Noche, the night or De Noche, at night: but bright light shines in it. He is a sympathetic expounder of Marx (preferring him to Lenin) and maintains that his materialism is purely scientific and correct, since matter for him is no hypostasized image or concept (metaphysical or vulgar idealistic materialism) but critical and called dialectical because every idea or theory of matter is open to revision, and all its manifestations are unstable and

insubstantial. Just my view! Banfi, professor at Milan, has a rhapsodical paean proclaiming the Communism is about to make us intelligent, just, beautiful & happy. Will it? Anyhow, it certainly has a “good press” in Italian academic circles.

The second volume on Existentialism (1,200 lire) will be very instructive for me, as I have not a secure understanding of that theory.

“The Middle Span” has been announced again by Constable, but I don’t know whether it has appeared.

Yours as ever
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

14 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 14, 1948.

Dear Lowell

A correspondent of the Associated Press, Frank O'Brien, has had two long interviews with me and has written a "story" as he calls it, about me which I have read and liked, making only two or three slight corrections in it about matters of fact. It is mainly about my green old age and the book on politics, "Dominations and Powers" that I am at work on. But at the end there is something about my interest in your verses and in your history, which I hope you won't think indiscreet of me to talk about, but I have no family or Mrs. Grundy to censure my conduct—I mean none for whom I have any respect—and let myself out freely, as in "Persons and Places." I might not have thought it necessary to excuse myself for this to you, had not the method of composition, in O'Brien's article struck me as perhaps akin to that of modern poets, and a help to understanding them. He divides his "Story" into very short paragraphs, like the verses in Scripture, and changes the subject continually without warning; but then he is apt to revert to a subject broached before and add something more interesting and important than what he had said at first. Is this a well-known trick? And is it something like what you do in "Thanksgiving is Finished" and elsewhere? I have now got the elements of this poem (which interests me particularly, although I don't like it so much as the two you sent me before) as clear as I think they are meant to be. They are tragic and realistic elements; what still remains uncertain in my mind is how they hang together. And on that point O'Brien's article suggests a possibility. This is all reflexion after the fact, as poetry should be; and in reflexion episodes pop up and phrases cross the mind from different quarters or strata of memory. You know the accent and locus of each: but a verbal rendering of those shreds and patches does not easily convey their background to the reader. I don't want you to explain your poems to me, as T. S. Eliot explains his to the public. No. It is like stained glass, which to an imperfect eye-sight like mine, presents a harmony of colours and trceries, without making clear the objects, and much less the scenes depicted. I think the thing should be felt as a whole, like music, and analysis carried on later, so far as the musical magic remains in the parts, but

no further: for more analysis would be grammatical parsing, not intuition. Am I right?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

20 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 20, 1948

Dear Rosamond,

The “Vapex”, in a shape new to me but very convenient and efficient, arrived safely in its little box and white cotton wool. It works, and I have it now always at hand as it seems to check the flow of mucous stuff in the throat no less than the ordinary symptoms of a cold in the head. Thank you very much for it. Also for the large parcel of eatables or drinkables that has arrived also. I think I really don’t need anything now, because the Sisters can get things in the market, “black” or white: but if it doesn’t annoy you too much I should like now and then to get gifts of tea and coffee and cocoa, in order that my consumption of them daily and abundantly may not deplete the quantity supplied for guests in general. Really, I think I don’t consume more than my share; as I don’t have butter or sugar and very little bread or meat (because I prefer biscuits and vegetables, and just one egg a day, for supper. And they have lately raised the price of board here, to 2000 lire per day. The lira is now worth between 1/5 and 1/6 of a cent or between 500 and 600 of them to the dollar, 2000 lire is equal to about \$3.50, which is reasonable for a first class nursing home. But our new Australian Head or “Mother General” has grand ideas and we have had central heating and running hot water all winter, for which we pay extra, 300 lire a day. All together, however, my monthly bill here is not more than half of what I get from Mr. Salmon, so that I have plenty of pocket money.

A real anxiety, however, is hanging over us now, in the form of a general election. There is a “People’s Front” composed of Communists and most of the Socialists, although a part of Communist ~~latter~~ party has turned against Moscow and joined the Catholic (“Christian Democratic”) party which is in power, supported also by the Liberals, the Right, and other minor parties. If these moderates win the elections, we shall breathe freely at least locally and for a time; and this would perhaps have a decisive influence over the course of events in France, and consolidate the proposed West-European Union which the American Government is trying to help ^{along} Governments, however, are not very clever (except superficially the Russian government); and I don’t think even in Russia they see very far ahead. That system may collapse before it spreads; and I think is sure, if it spreads, to change its character. I don’t think America has anything to fear if it [*across*] doesn’t go to war, or even then, except for the loss of life, time, and money. Of course, I should hate to see Europe overrun, especially Italy and Spain, but nothing lasts for ever. Yours aff^{ly}

GS.

To Winifred M. Bronson

26 March 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Berkeley)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. March 26, 1948.

Dear Miss Bronson

It is pleasant to hear that one’s recollections may awaken others that are of perhaps more importance and no less fit to keep old age green. I have enjoyed writing “Persons & Places” (all three parts will eventually form a single book) more freely and unreservedly than I did the episodes themselves, when it was always doubtful what might come next, or how one’s appreciations might prove mistaken. My association with Houghton, as you know, was confined to our student days at Harvard and in Berlin. His affairs in business and politics carried him far beyond the range of my academic life and modest travels. I admired but did not

envy him. The astronomer can survey things better if he doesn't become a planet.

Please give my regards to your father and tell him that I was glad to hear from him, and from California, a word about my old College friend and about his other friendships.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 10, 1948.

Dear Cory: Your letter with those from Mr. Weeks and his Vermont correspondent have made me laugh; and I was pleased to see that you (I suppose) had got them to publish The Libertine before The Hidden Soul. I had not mentioned this question in writing to Mr. Week's because I didn't want to seem fussy and fault-finding when we were in the honeymoon of our literary relations, but I am glad you straightened the thing out. I have not received any copy of The Atlantic Monthly.

In view of the request for more "copy" from the Atlantic, I have reread Chapter I of vol. III, "Metanoia", and I think it would make a readable article if, as you suggest, we made some omissions. For instance, from the last line on p. 8 of the typed copy to p. 13, line 9, those too personal matters might be left out; and the text of lines 13–14 might be changed to read as follows:

Eventually four thoughts merged their currents and carried me—etc, etc.

Then again, at the end, I think it would be better to leave out the passage on page 17 about Stendhal, from line 3 [Stendhal ...] to line 9 from the bottom [... perfection]—and then resumes: This presupposes etc.

instead of [–It ...]– But use your judgement in both cases as in other passages. The last chapter I think is all right as it stands.

Yours
G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

10 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
April 10, 1948

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are ten more short chapters for *Dominations & Powers*, less than 100 pages, about which please take your time.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

10 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 10, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory has sent me a letter from Mr. Weeks asking for more contributions, and enclosing one from a schoolmaster in Rutland Vermont who has been feeding his rustic swains on The Libertine, with the result of producing I don't know what dangerous revolutions in their ideas. However, he says that this will cure them of "materialism." I am touched by these testimonials and will encourage Cory to publish one or two

chapters of vol. III of Persons & Places to supplement his somewhat scanty finances and to keep the ball rolling in the young brain of Vermont.

I am glad to learn by this that The Libertine was published first*, as was desirable because that opening gives the reader a picture of Limbo and of the somewhat dejected condition there of the Shade of Alcibiades. Readers of these Dialogues could not be expected to have read or remembered the book from which they were omitted because unfinished.

I enclose an order for books of mine to be sent to a friend and to a stranger who ask for them.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*in left margin*] *I have not received any copies of The Atlantic Monthly.

Rome, April 10, 1948.

Please send the following books to
Monsieur J. R. DURON
Directeur du Service des Lettres
Ministère de l'Education Nationale,
53, rue St. Dominique, VII,
PARIS, FRANCE

By G. Santayana { Realms of Being (1 vol. edition)
The Idea of Christ in the Gospels
Persons and Places
The Middle Span.

And to
Herrn Clemens CORMAN,
Haagstrasse, 3
ERLANGEN, BAVARIA, GERMANY.

By G. Santayana: The Last Puritan
and charge all five books to my account
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

12 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 12, 1948

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

Your letter and the selections enclosed make me very hopeful of the value of the whole collection proposed. They also give me a salutary view of my own foibles, because many of these sayings show a bias which I had forgotten that I ever had. I mean that they are preponderantly anti-traditional and anti-clerical. I still agree with what I say there, yet I shouldn't now say it in that tone; and I now feel too ignorant of "science" and too much puzzled by it to appeal to it, in the 19th century way, as to a well-known fountain of truth and light. However, littera scripta manet, and it is right that you should choose these old jibes, as they seem to please you and as they evidently pleased me. I should make only one suggestion: Don't include anything merely for being true. It must not be commonplace. You have some selections that I cannot place, but think capital in point of saying the truth tersely, and a not generally recognised truth; for instance (at the top of page 5) the passage about "malicious psychology" and making ideas objects of knowledge instead of knowledge of objects. This seems to me just as well as pointed, and the sort of epigram worth selecting. I was also much pleased that you took things from "The Last Puritan" and from "Persons & Places". The longish passage from Mr. Boscovitz's mouth about religions, jewels, flowers and women makes me feel hypocritical; those are distinctly his sentiments rather than mine. But I wrote them and like them better than my own usual feelings. Do put that passage in. And if you have not chosen it already, please put down Mario's where he tells Oliver that he doesn't "make up" the stories he relates but that "we must change the truth a little in order to remember it." That is cynicism without bias, and psychologically exact.

I have counted 55 extracts in these pages and you say you have made over a thousand. Probably if we had the whole collection I should not feel what this 20th part of it has made me feel, namely, that you brought out my materialism more than my Platonism. The philosophers say these two sides of my philosophy are incompatible, but I find them perfectly harmonious, because Platonism is poetry and materialism science and faith is not to be absolutely given to either. Both employ ideas only as signs or

myths; and it is not ideas of either sort, but our insides that form a part of the inside of ~~the rest of~~ reality.

I am still writing: this time a book on politics; but I am afraid there are fewer plums in this aged pudding than in my candied works of younger days.

My friend Daniel Cory, to whom I mentioned your plan, suggested a title for it from some lines of mine, to be published later, called "The Poet's Testament": namely, "Atoms of Light". But perhaps "Atoms of Sense" would be better for the positivistic bullets. Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

To Francis H. Appleton Jr.

16 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 16, 1948.

Dear Mr. Appleton

The elections here are the day after tomorrow and I thought for a moment to postpone answering your note until the result was announced; but on the whole it will make, I understand, no immediate difference, unless civil war should break out. They tell me that even if the Communists get in, legally or cavalierly, we shall not be disturbed at first in this establishment, and I certainly sha'n't move from it unless I am compelled.

I don't know what I may have said to justify the interviewer to say that I "was considering" going to Switzerland. I may have said that I tried to do so seven years ago, before I came to this house; or that if compelled to leave Italy I should incline to go to Switzerland now, probably to the Lake of Geneva, where I have been often and now have some friends. But it would be a great nuisance and would separate me again from my books.

For my remittance from The Old Colony Trust Company for April, for about \$500 I got Lire 283,707, which amounts to about 560 lire to the dollar. The new arrangement, by which banks pay the average rate prevailing during the previous month in the open market is a great improvement on the old method from our point of view.

I will certainly cable to you if I move anywhere.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Augusto Guzzo

16 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 16, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

I am greatly obliged to Signora Guzzo for being willing to work so long as so hard over my book, and even more for liking to do so. If she will send me a list of the obscure places, I will try to clear them up or even to translate them into my own best pipiu Italian. As to reading the translation, I should be delighted to read it all and should do so in any case when it is printed, as translations give me a new sensation about the character of one's thought. It is sometimes a salutary lesson. You learn to be like *Le Misanthrope* in Molière:

Et ses propres sentiments sont blâmes par lui
Lorsqu'il les retrouve dans la bouche d'autrui.

If you have parts of the translation typed that you could send, I would return them in a few days: that is, if peace and pleasant weather prevail after the 18th instant.

With best regards from
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

29 April 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 29, 1948.

Dear Lowell,

The useful and indispensable note at the head of Thanksgiving is Finished was a sufficient guide from the beginning to the surface chronology of the drama: there was a scene at the Church door at midnight, with the French sailors and the “She” parking her motor and whistling to the lay Brother; then there was a troubled night with indigestion and a dream with a ghost in it; and then in the early morning there was another scene in the church, with the snapping of the rosary, and another voice from Beyond, and a smile from “Him”, beyond the altar lamps assimilated to bedside veilleuses. That was all right, wasn’t it? But during the disturbed night there were several scenes and speeches about the order and reference of which I remained in doubt. Some things were Michael’s half-waking memories, like seeing his wife jump from the window; and other things were parts of her ghost’s reproaches. Here my love of objective truth—out of sympathy with modern poetry—left me puzzled. This I recognize to be due to my age, race, and dullness. But I felt at once the analogy with Cynthia’s ghost in Propertius: and this rather explained your choice of that rather non-pagan passage for reproducing. Yet the self-reproach of Propertius for not treating his old girl better and turning her down after she had inspired so many of his verses, is almost decadent Christian, rather than decadent pagan: might be Baudelaire. Your Michael, I understand, had nothing to reproach himself for. He was “wild” and didn’t know the shady side of the world or of the heart well enough. But he had “tried”. That is Bostonian.

Although we are “friends” you are still shy, on account of my venerable age to tell me where I go wrong: but not all modern young talent has such scruples. A young Russian, become a Canadian, came to see me the other day in an open brown flannel shirt, round goggles, and dirty yellow hair brushed back from a forehead already very high and like Josiah Royce’s: and he began by demanding what I recognized for my principle in ethics. While I hemmed and hawed, his eye caught, some three yards off the title “Lord Weary’s Castle” on the narrow back of your book, which was lying in a heap of others on the table. And he relieved me by asking if I read that. I pleaded guilty, and told him why I was especially interested

in it, and mentioned that you had sent me three more of your poems. He asked to see them, and I showed them to him, where I kept them under the flap in the paper cover of your book. He immediately seized them, and without asking permission or excusing himself, began to read them one after the other to himself, without once lifting his eyes from the pages as he passed from one to the other, and leaving me to wait, as if I didn't exist. When he finished the third, very quickly, he murmured, "Yes. That's all right." I said I admired the intensity of his attention, and his speed in reading. "Yes," said he, "I can read 600 words a minute, and I always read poetry fast once, to see if it is right; if the end picks up the beginning. Then I study it in detail." But he didn't proceed to put your poems in his pocket for that purpose but put them back quite accurately in their places, and said he was a Neo-Kantian, that everything was a part of everything else, that this could be proved, and that he had found some difficulty in interviewing Croce. And before he went he offered to leave me a copy of a list of some fifty men of science that he meant to visit before returning to Canada, which list I declined with thanks.

But the joke was that while I taught him nothing, he taught me something: namely, that I ought to have said to myself, in reading your poems, respice finem, and thus your last lines, as I had already noticed, are particularly important.

I like the two book reviews in the Atlantic by Maugham, but the rest seemed a bad climate for my little sprouts. You shall have the new book of Dialogues when it appears

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. Your box of food has not yet arrived, but it is kind of you to think of sending it. I will write again when it arrives and explain that I really don't need anything, and can order anything I want through Scribner's, who are very obliging.

To Arthur Tisch

[May 1948] • [Rome, Italy]

(MS: Tisch)

[...] Science is neither a method nor a body of knowledge. It is a body of changing, learned opinion, aspiring to be true. There are certain facts about nature and history; our grasp of those facts is constantly changing. [...]

To Augusto Guzzo

5 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
May 5, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

Your letter with the translation of the “Conclusion” of my book came this morning and I have read both with almost unmixed pleasure. My only regret is that I gave you the trouble of typing your manuscript. What led me to ask for a typed copy, if I was to read the whole book before it was printed, was this: that my eyes are weak and I should have strained them if the handwriting was difficult to decypher. But your letter today is

perfectly clear to read, and for short “specimens”, as you call them, I could perfectly read the manuscript. Of course I wish to read the whole for pleasure after it is printed; and a solution of my difficulty might be found if you could ask the publishers to send me a proof when that is ready. I can see (what I foresaw) that there will be nothing of any consequence to criticise in your rendering, and far from disowning my own sentiments dressed in their Italian lucidity, I shall only convince myself that they were more beautiful than I knew. There are only two places in the “Conclusion” where the exact or full sense of the English is not quite reproduced. I have marked the words with a red pencil. The first (next to the last page, 15 lines from the bottom): “Già” seems to me not to serve the purpose of “Yet”, which here suggests rather “none the less” or “on the contrary”. The other troublesome word (of which our friend Prof. Petrone complained) touches “irrelevant”, occurring twice at the top of the last page. “Irrelevant” = mal à propos, incongruous, out of place, not belonging to the context or the argument. What I call “irrelevant excitements” are random or accidental excitements, “distractions”. When people have no aim in life, no master thought, all life is a medley of things for them “irrelevant” to one another.

As to the important question of the meanings of “God in Man”, I see that I should have been more explicit. According to Catholic dogma, in Christ himself, in Jesus, God existed as in no other man. But I am not discussing that doctrine, but only the teaching of the Gospel (especially in John) that God and Christ himself will come to dwell within others, Christ’s disciples. Here it is evident that God and Christ are forms of thought and with which may be infused into other spirits. God is an ideal in them; whether he exists also hypostatically in himself, is a question of fact, objective information conveyed by faith and dogma, not a question of the complexion of spiritual life in a man when he or others say that God is dwelling in him.

I therefore say decidedly that it is the second of the three meanings you suggest that the phrase “God in Man” is the one to assign as my subject in this book. When I say that Christ, being God, can reflect the whole divine nature, I am talking of the idea of Christ as conceived by Christian faith. I think that a myth: what I think real is the ideal and partial presence of divine will and knowledge and love in human beings.

What you mean by “God humanised” is not clear to me. The divine nature in Christ, according to Christian faith, was not humanised: it remained simply divine. But it was conjoined with a human psyche, so

that the latter became sacred, utterly united in intent, by faith and love, to the divine nature, yet preserving the temporal, successive, limited experience proper to a human being. And I should add, proper to existence itself. For the life of God in eternity is an idea only: it has moral reality, but does not designate an actual fulfilled existence. But this is an endless subject.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

6 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 6, 1948

My dear Dick

I indulge in this sudden familiarity because you are only twenty-one, live in Texas, and have struck the bull's eye, as far as my heart is concerned, by saying that you especially like my Dialogues in Limbo, and the idea of "Normal Madness." That was a challenge: and such critics as have noticed it all, as far as I know, have coldly remarked that if normal it cannot be madness and if madness it cannot be normal. Now you (as the excellent style of your letter shows) are no odd or wild young man. You like good form, and take to it naturally. Yet you have felt the force of that paradox which I have attributed to Democritus. If we could reproduce the mentality of a spider, and beside it, that of the fly [*illegible*] caught in the spider's web, we should see, shouldn't we? that ~~both~~ ~~were~~ each was normal, yet if taken by them, as it normally would be, for miraculous literal knowledge of the world as it is, they would both be illusions. Normal illusions; and not illusions but normal valid signs, if we catch them accurately and know that they are subjective. Why then not accept our images gladly, without suffering them to deceive us?

I know there was no need of rubbing this doctrine in; when you have understood it even in the playful form that it has in the Dialogues; but old men must be excused for repeating themselves. And that is the only qualm I feel in encouraging you to come to Rome to see me late in

August. Of course, I should be delighted to see you; but I can't, living in this clinic, do what I should have done ten or twenty years ago when I lived in hotels, namely, invite you to come and stay with me; which, in a hotel, would not have interfered with your freedom nor with my routine. I should have kept to my room and work the whole morning, and at one o'clock we should have gone to lunch in one of the attractive restaurants that then abounded in Rome; after which we could have gone sight seeing or simply walked and sat in the Pincio Gardens or the Villa Borghese, as I used to do daily. But I can't invite you to come and stay in a konvent-hospital, nor even ask you to lunch or dinner, which I have alone, on a tray, in my bedroom. Tea you could come to when you chose: but you would have to live somewhere by yourself or with other friends. That would be expensive and the journey also, not comfortable except by air.

Then besides I must forewarn you that I am deaf—can't catch the words, although I hear the voice loudly enough. This, however, is not a real impediment when a single person is with me, who has learned the trick: it is simply to be near, speak clearly, and in a quiet place. There is also the fact that I am so old that much walking or talking tires me, and I seldom go out except when I have something to do or to get, and then drive in a taxi. Would it repay you to come all this way to see me? No: I think it would not: yet coming to see Rome (and me by the way) is another matter. I don't know whether you are in college or otherwise have fixed dates. As to expense, if time were at your disposal, I think it could be arranged so long as you are in Italy. But I don't want to encourage you to come exclusively, ^{ly,} on my account. It might be a disappointment, and you have already got at the best of me by yourself. Write again in any case and tell me frankly what the circumstances are.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

8 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 8, 1948

Dear Mr. Cardiff

It is too bad the Scribner's take this view of the prospects of your project, but from the point of view of their interests as eventual publishers, I can't help thinking that they are prudent. I have too many books already on the shelf, and selections, which would not recommend themselves to teachers as text-books for their classes would have only the scanty demand that slender books of moralizing poetry find as presents for the farmer's wife's parlour table. I wish the laws of copyright did not condemn us to pay the original publisher for every sentence quoted from his publications. We might then find a modest firm to undertake the work, or might even guarantee them against loss. But Scribner's, who have almost all my copyrights, are not generous in small matters or to free individuals. Perhaps I ought not to say this, since they published my first book that everyone else had rejected: but they have a keen eye for business, and good business enables them to carry a certain amount of unprofitable merchandise for prestige. They are going to reissue my Dialogues in Limbo, with the three new ones that have just appeared in the Atlantic Monthly; which is certainly not a book to sell: yet it conveys the radical foundations of my philosophy in a playful form, which pleases some people more than dry arguments, and which is really, perhaps, a safer medium.

This, with the observation that I made to you in my previous letter about the bias of your selections, suggests an idea, perhaps too farcical, of what might give both spice and unity to a book of selected maxims. In Reason in Science, towards the end, I have a paragraph about pre-rational proverbial wisdom, with a list of authoratative sayings contradicting each other. If in reading my books you have marked with some sign of protest the sentences you didn't like, could you not divide the whole into two hostile bands, to illustrate the contradictions of wisdom or "Left Hand, Right Hand"—to quote the title of Sir Osbert Sitwell's Autobiography. Or you might have a plurality of legions, like those of the angels, Diabolical Doubts, Philistine Facts, Chestnuts, Fallings from

Us, Vanishings, Misgivings of a Creature Moving about in Worlds not Realized. [Or the exact words of Wordsworth, which I may misquote].

If you have any more serious suggestion to make or plan to carry out I should be very glad of it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 11, 1948.

Dear Cory

I am not sure whether Mr. Wheelock has or has not asked for a preface to the New edition of the Dialogues. The original has none only a beautiful half-line from Lucretius on the title-page, and I have written this page and a half which may help the critics. If you approve of it, send on the typed copy and preserve the MS. as a document of legal import.

I am revising 10 newly typed chapters of Dom. & P'rs. Many repetitions which I try to eliminate, but some good pages. I hope, by the end of the summer to have one good copy of all that I ready in good shape so that you could publish the book if I should leave it on your hands without warning.

I have a lot of trivial interruptions that make me despair sometimes. On the other hand, if I have a clear day, I sometimes feel quite empty and

accomplish nothing. One has to leave it to what Aristotle calls chance, i.e. irrelevant efficient causes, like the brick dropping from the eaves.

I have read Robert Boothby's "I Fight to Live!" with mixed feelings. He might be a great man, but doesn't quite fit and is rash. Very good on Renaissance & Reformation. Am quoting him in a note. Have finished Toynbee's vol. VI, but am going back to read the Appendices.

Atmosphere of general relief here & Spring weather with needed rain.

GSantayana

To Augusto Guzzo

14 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 14, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

Our publisher in Milan had mentioned in his letter to me some time ago that he would like "a few lines" of preface for your translation. I have written a few remarks, as much to the point as I could, without adding more than a page and a half to your labours or to the length of the book. Here they are.

I forgot in my last letter to explain the phrase, really not strictly logical, "a recollected moment". This might seem to mean, "remembered moment", but that use of the word "recollect" is not now very good English. I use the word in its etymological sense of gathering up a harvest, raccolta, and storing it in oneself in moral perspective. In other words, a recollected moment or moment of recollection, means a synthetic moment, a comprehensive moment, when things appear in their ultimate moral perspective. Un moment de recueillement.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S.—A French translation of The Last Puritan has just reached me. It is very good at first sight but the lady misses the point in irony as in metaphysics, as it becomes her Christian heart.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 21, 1948

Dear Cory,

It makes no difference whether the little Preface for the Dialogues goes in or not. I had an idea that Mr. Wheelock had asked for something of the kind, and wrote one only from the point of view of the bewildered critic. I had nothing to add of the same kind as the text.

As to a Christmas poem for \$750, I am afraid I can neither pass off any old rhymes, nor compose any new ones. The offer is certainly tempting, but it would be another interruption, and also another step into an unhealthy climate. I don't like that of The Atlantic Monthly at all: so little, that I haven't read the Dialogues, nor anything in the May number, seeing that Maughan this time was writing about Jane Austin. I had liked what he said about Stendhal. It explained to me why Rouge et Noir had stuck in my throat when I tried to read it. I had read La Chartreuse de Parme through, but not liked it. But the medley in the Atlantic Monthly makes me feel that I ought not to appear in it. This does not mean that I don't want you to publish the two chapters of Persons & Places III, if Mr. Weeks wants them. That is a business matter and agreed upon. I only tell you frankly that I feel out of place there. And that repeated false portrait!

I will answer the "Associated American Artists" directly, because the proposal is generous and these people are all well meaning and deserving of respect. I will excuse myself as civilly as I can.

Don't think from the tone of these remarks that I am out of sorts with the public or with my various publishers. On the contrary, most of my news lately has been most flattering. The French translation of The Last

Puritan has appeared—a nice thick volume in which I have been reading with pleasure and new lights. The translator, a woman, does the domestic scenes—Oliver and the Baronne, for instance—very well; but Mrs. Darnley loses her local colour, which Mrs. Alden, on the contrary retains. I have not yet looked up her Edith and Rose and Mrs Van de Weyer. Her Irma is splendid. Were the American critics right in saying all my women were “impossible”? I begin to doubt it in this translation. And Lady Russell said that I had been reading Irma’s letters over her shoulder!

Constable’s Middle Span also pleases me very much. I see how well they managed the new insertions, and I think the passage on pp. 77–8, instead of that about the “Billings Girls” is an improvement in tone and just feeling. I hope you will have this correction retained if there ever is a standard complete edition.

I also had a new admirer in Texas, named Dick Lyon, who prefers “Normal Madness” to all my writings, is 21 years old and threatens to come to see me! I am made happy by things like that; and that British philosophers [*across*] dislike me is perfectly natural. I belong to a different phase of reflexion, and glad rather than grieved at not being in the spirit of my times. Toynbee, however, seems to me my contemporary in history. In philosophy he is simply a time-server. GS.

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

21 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 21, 1948.

Dear Rosamond

I have waited for the camphor to arrive, as it does today, before thanking you also for your letter and for the large photograph of Chiquita in her (or your mother's) wedding gown. She does look lovely in it; but not on account of the gown but of the simple and very youthful and appropriate expression of her face and attitude. I can understand that you like her so much; and it occurs to me that when Bob has finished his elaborate studies at Cambridge you might wish to ask them to come and live with you. I don't know how your finances and theirs stand, but in any case, at least for a time, it might be convenient as well as merry for you to club together: and so much the more if there was a baby banished from "apartments" in modern residential hotels. But to return to the photograph: your mother's wedding dress was evidently very grand: the stuff seems magnificent, and the cut (which I remember perfectly in the 1880's) also had a grand air, in the sense of being elaborate and complicated, expensive, and suggesting receptions at court, even if not quite in that of Louis XV and Madame de Pampadour. In remodelling the dress for Chiquita I can imagine that there was some difficulty in deciding how far to go, and any possible compromise would be in some respect unsatisfying. A wedding isn't a fancy-dress ball; and you and Chiquita I feel were hardly the women to seize a pair of scissors and ruthlessly to cut and rip everywhere and turn the costume of the last century into an ultra modern artist's model of today. I am sure that the pouf at back was the great difficulty, and you showed yourselves wise philosophers by not attempting to solve a problem that didn't ask to be solved but only to be left as it was.

As to more paper or other gifts which you kindly ask about, as yet I need nothing more. Without sending a large parcel (although tea and coffee are always welcome) you might later send me another tube of vapex.

This new form is convenient, but doesn't preserve its strength so well as did the liquid that I used to pour a drop of in a handkerchief which was good for the day, ~~in~~ and the rest, in the bottle kept its strength for years. But my tube is still efficient, and summer is here, so that it will serve every purpose for months.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. The camphor is not late. We have been having cool and rainy weather until this time, and I have not yet put away my winter clothes. The scent of last year's camphor is still perceptible in the wardrobe, although the pieces have disappeared.

To Richard Colton Lyon

23 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 23, 1948

My dear Dick

Even if you had not mentioned it I should have gathered from your second letter that you are not "predominantly pensive", but are ready to volunteer to work all July in the East End of London, and to pay your way as a newspaper correspondent and no doubt by other expedients. That you should when still so young have found life a hard struggle is a thought that, personally, would frighten me, because I have always been more willing to get on without things than to work hard to get them; and although I began modestly and had to earn my living by "teaching"—when I was aware of knowing almost nothing—yet I had in my family circle some remnants of luxurious life, and in later life have never had to worry about money. But as a philosopher, I am aware that working one's way up is good discipline, especially in America, and that though it might

sound unfeeling, it is really true that it is not to be regretted. Still, there is no need of having a hard life on purpose, and I hope and believe that you may find the path smoother as you go forward. And it is evident that you have the ability and inspire the confidence that will ensure your success.

As to coming to Rome in August, there is no need of making a decision before the moment arrives. In London you will hear reports of many young Americans who have been here, and you may find some other opening that will tempt you more for the moment. In other days the trip would have enabled you, without added expense, to see a great many interesting places; but now the kind of rambling journeys that I used to make when I was young, going short distances second class (in France, etc) third in England, of course, and stopping for two nights at each Cathedral town, so as to see that thoroughly, as well as the country from the train on alternate days, has now lost its charm, everything being crowded uncomfortable, expensive and slow. You could come from London to Rome by air in one day, with a stop at Marseilles for lunch, very comfortable; but ~~it~~ costs about \$100; and the return trip has also to be paid in Sterling. This is the quickest way if you are pressed for time and don't care to lose yourself in little towns where you don't (probably) know the language. That is a question of taste and of the direction in which your interests lead you. August in Rome is hot and close, perhaps not hotter than Texas, and it may have begun to cool off at night. But you must think twice of this, and of your health. After six of seven busy weeks in London at that season you may need a rest. But if you have time to remain in Rome for a week or two (I assume that you are returning to College in Austin) you might rest ~~there~~. As I hinted to you in my first letter, I should be glad to relieve you of all expenses while you are in Italy. I can do that without any inconvenience at all, having a bank account in Italian lire; but unfortunately it is hard for me, and takes time, to obtain dollars or sterling. I have to write to Boston or New York to have the funds sent over, and people don't always do it quickly, or like to do it. Besides it advertises one's affairs. I had a bank-account in London, but it was blocked during the war, and I have not yet succeeded in getting it released. I therefore will leave you to your own resources and preferences for the journey, if you decide to make it, but you needn't worry about expenses in Rome, as I will look after that. And I think at that season you had better not attempt to find a cheap boarding house or to eat in crowded Italian restaurants, but go to a quiet hotel, for instance, Hôtel de la Ville in the Via Sistina, and take a room with "pension" there. In the morning you can see sights, and after lunch come and

see me, and stay for tea. Send me your address in London, and let me know how you get on.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Augusto Guzzo

26 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 26, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

There is hardly anything to say about your translation except that I am delighted with it. It seems to me clearer, purer, more limpid than the original (doubtless because Italian is a clearer, more vowel language) and you have been so absolutely faithful that I feel you have conveyed the spirit in which I wrote, not wishing to refute but to clarify and not to prove, but only to reecho certain words. But let me reply to one or two points that you raise.

As to the word changed in the Preface I think the one you substitute “pleasure” is certainly right; but the one I wrote, “honour” was right also. I was not making any hierarchy of rank or dignity between you and me; the only difference is that I have the unfortunate privilege of being twice as venerable in years. But the honour comes from the willingness to give so much labour to a translation. Do as you like about this point, but I think it would be fair to have both words, “honour and pleasure”. I see no reason why you should send the English text of this to the publisher: but I don’t want it. Please do as you like about this also.

On the second part of the Preface, where I have marked a +, I had a feeling that something was missing, and needed to make the statement less positive, something like “perhaps”.

At the top of the second page of “Il concetto della creazione” there is a blank. The text says: “as if by deputy”, and I see that after the word “recita” this was troublesome, because if Good recited the part, he could not do it by deputy. But I was thinking of God as Shakespeare and not as Hamlet, and by the word “enacted” I meant “put on the stage” rather than acted in person. If he acted all the parts in person, he would be the God of pantheism. The God of “monarchical theism” acts them all “by deputy”. He is the stage-manager or author or both.

I thought there was another place where you left a blank, but I can't find it. My memory was that the word in the text—a long Latin adjective—had the same meaning in Italian. But this may be a false memory. If not clear, please let me know and I will explain it another day. There is no hurry, and I hope neither of you will feel burdened by this long task.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

29 May 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 29, 1948,

Dear Raymond,

When on April 30th I got your letter of April 8, I wrote at once to David, to wish him joy, and enclosed the letter, marked per posta aerea (although I usually don't do so, having eternity before me) [*illegible*] and one for Mr. T. P. Salmon at the Old Colony Trust C^o asking him to send it on to your house at Weston, 93, with a present for the happy bridegroom, who I don't doubt is happy enough without it. But until today I had had no reply from Mr. Salmon, who now, writing about business, says nothing of my previous communication. I infer therefore that my letter was lost, or possibly that the Sister who stamps and sends the letters, didn't notice the label air mail, and sent it by ordinary post, so that it might possibly still arrive. However, I have written today to Mr. Salmon asking him to send David his present in any case: and please tell him that I asked him to send me his photo and that of his bride, and to excuse my not writing again, today, things being still uncertain.

I am sorry about this little contretemps, but hope you will forgive my apparent silence.

As to things here, there is a feeling of relief for the moment; but we are living in what Toynbee (great man!) calls an “age of troubles” to be followed by a “universal State,” which let us hope may be one of felicity, in this world or in the other. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

4 June 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 4, 1948

Dear Cory:

Shane Leslie has been an invaluable unknown friend to me on account of his Eton Story The Oppidan from which I drew details of school life at just the date of Mario’s and Oliver’s presence there. My real Etonian friends, beginning with Howard Sturgis, The Babe, and Robert Bridges were of earlier generations and would serve for general moral effects, but not for details of School life. I was therefore much interested, and a little afraid, of his review: but not on account of Eton, which doesn’t appear in The Middle Span, but on account of his Catholicism and Irish blood, which I thought might have been offended by my treatment of Lionel Johnson. But no: he positively approves. Does he confess that faith is often “histrionic”? The rest of the review is also friendly, as I should have expected. He is an Etonian who understands Eton.

I am reading Sitwell’s Great Morning, which Leslie mentions and compares pleasantly with my book. Sitwell is another thankless) Etonian, like Percy Lubbock: but Sitwell is charming in many ways: and this volume is well illustrated as my other two, in the American edition, are not. For Desmond MacCarthy’s review I don’t care, and he is careless. My mother was not a Puritan but a Stoic and not, as he implies, a New Englander.

GS.

To Page Smith

8 June 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, June 8, 1948

Mr. Page Smith
President of the O.K.

Dear Prexy,

It was pleasant to receive your letter and poem, informing me that the O.K. has been resurrected. I was not aware that it had died, except as in the course of fifty years such a gathering, even if it retains the same name, must more than once give up the ghost. The spirit of Harvard, undergraduate and official, seems to one of my generation to be changed, in the

sense that it has carried out completely the ideal of President Eliot, to make it an integral part, and a servant, of the contemporary world. But in my time there still stirred in some of the Clubs and in some literary circles, like the O.K. and the Harvard Monthly, a certain speculative and moral freedom. We still dared to prefer the end of life, realizable in every free and happy moment, to the means of keeping the world going faster and faster in an unknown direction. Of course, it must move on, and we with it; but we may sometimes look out of the window from the aeroplane.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

9 June 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 9, 1948.

Dear Clemens,

For some time I have been feeling guilty for not replying as they deserved to your various occasional letters, questions, and publications, but this last notice that I have been unanimously elected a “Knight of Mark Twain,” and this accompanying cheque for \$1.⁰⁰ really puzzle me. Is it a joke? Or should I write a formal letter of thanks, as if it were serious?

You must remember that I am old, in my 85th year, and concentrating my time and energies, such as I have, to getting a last book ready, even if

not complete, for my literary executor to publish after my death. I can't work for more than 2 or 3 hours a day, and the rest of the time, when there are no visitors, I give to reading books that either I know to be rewarding, or hope may prove so. But they must be, directly or indirectly useful for my work and stimulating to my mind. The newspapers tell me enough of current events and celebrities. I have read the six volumes of Toynbee's *A Study of History*, I am reading the third volume of Osbert Sitwell's autobiography, and I have been attracted, as you know, by Robert Lowell's poetry. But I have had many disappointments with books I have ordered and then found more commonplace or deceptive than the reviews in the *Times' Literary Supplement* had led me to expect. For instance, I find little or nothing to my purpose in Boothby's "I Fight to Live" or in Laswell's "Theory, Analysis, of Political Behaviour" — a promising title. The French "Existentialists" also are hardly worth reading. We seem to be crossing a foggy swamp of intellectual and political impotence. You will think this simply an old man's incapacity to keep up with the times. I am indeed not trying to keep up with them but to look to the end and to the whole.

As you and your interests are distinctly contemporary, I think you ought not to expect me to follow your publications, because I really have no time or inclination to attend to matters that I forget at the next moment, as they have no relation to my interests. Please, then, do not send me more books or questions; and I return the check lest it should dangerously increase my taxes for unearned income.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Melvin L. Sommer

12 June 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sommer)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 12, 1948

Dear Mr. Sommers

Many thanks for the photographs; I am sending those you wished autographed back to you in the envelope intended for them.

Many years ago two Frenchmen, brothes, named Doumic (which the profane pronounced De Micks) made an observation which I always remember about nationalities. Germans and British, they said, were races; but France and the United States were milieux. Now my long residence in America having been exclusively in Massachusetts, I might almost say, at Harvard, and my friends a special type of Harvard men, I feel the American essence much more in other Americans, who represent the great milieux or active society of the U.S. with its cordiality and ease; whereas the inhabitants of my corner of Boston, though certainly Americans, had a racial and social quality of their own, American topographically, but not American historically. That is what made me say (was it rude?) But are you “real” Americans? I should have said, “~~B~~But did you come in the Mayflower in 1632?”

As to feeling a difference in Jews, I feel it I think, only if they do; and then it doesn't signify a preference or the opposite, but only a diversity. My best pupils were Jews, as was my only modern “master” in philosophy, Spinoza. But many are not happy, and that is a pity. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

19 June 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 19, 1948.

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

It is encouraging to see how constant you are in your purpose about this collection of tit-bits from my books. I had given up all fond expectations of seeing it, because I supposed that every quotation would be charged at a fancy price. True, one half of that exaction would have been credited to my account by Scribner; but I never scrutinize that account, so that I should not have felt the sum charged as a profit, but you would have been loaded with twice that sum before any probably trifling profit accrued. I am surprised to learn that quotations are now officially recognized to act as advertisements and propaganda in favour of the book quoted. I always thought that they ought so to serve, and that it was an outrage to prevent reviews from “reproducing any part whatever of this book” without paying toll for a special permit. Has this ceased to be the copyright law?

I am afraid that the Christopher Publication House will say that they were not aware that I was the “Boston’s most celebrated citizen”, for although for nine years of my boyhood I lived there and sponged on the City by attending gratis the Boston Latin School, after that date I have lived in Brookline, [*across*] Roxbury, or Cambridge, Mass. or in even remoter parts unknown. However, let us hope these clouds also \wedge may \wedge clear and let through our atoms of light.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

24 June 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 24, 1948.

Dear Lowell

Today, to honour la festa della Natività di San Giovanni Battista, your generous box of food has arrived. I am at this moment munching the chocolate, but feel that on the whole you are taking at Washington too tragic and charitable a view of the state of things in Italy, at least in establishments like this of the "Blue Sisters". We have everything we need to eat, not always (the bread, for instance) of the best quality, but no scarcity of the stock things like butter and sugar. It is true that at my age I don't ask for much in the way of meat, which is not of good quality always; so that I feel the shortage less than would a normal person. What I feel is the disorder of international policy and the absence of competent leaders in all the nations. But I won't go into this because my information is not good and I don't want to antagonize anybody. Let them boil in their own broth.

Is your_r engagement at Washington coming to an end? What are your plans? And when shall we see more poems? Don't send me any more boxes but come yourself if you can and want a change of air.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

9 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 9, 1948

Dear Dick

I am delighted with your two letters of June 8 from Austin and of July 5 from London. They give me many lights on you and your antecedents, surprising me by the variety of things you have seen and done, working and going to school and speaking through the radio to the public at home

and from San Francisco to the Navy in the Pacific. California, where I spent my last summer in America in 1911, seemed to me in its atmosphere and spirit more like Southern Europe than like the rest of the United States; but it is true that I have never been south of Washington and Baltimore. No doubt, in the way of business, life is as tight in California as in the rest of the country, and what I saw at Berkeley, in the Summer School, was business; but I moved as soon as I could to the University Club in San Francisco, and dined every evening in Italian restaurants in what they called the Barbary Coast, after walking in the Park among the eucalyptus groves: and people too seemed to me more easy-going and happy than in New England.

Your first impressions, at Plymouth, of the English countryside and its neatness were exactly like mine on first seeing the British coast near Cardiff in 1872, except that the little white sailboats moving through the blue water attracted my wonder even more than the emerald-green hills and toy cottages. Narrow lodgings between two houses being reconstructed are not in harmony with that first impression, and your work, whatever it is, in the East End of course doesn't show you the soft, rural, aristocratic yet simple charm of old-fashioned English life. I am afraid you will see nothing of it this time, unless in clerical circles; but you will have begun by a plunge in cold water, and next time you go to England you may feel how clement its climate is, both physically and morally.

I am glad to see that you mean really to come to Rome; and if war or something else does not prevent, perhaps you will allow yourself a little leisure here, where at least materially the war has left no trace. It occurs to me that, if your return voyage is not prearranged, you might find it much more economical to sail from here, perhaps to New Orleans, which would save you the expensive return passage from Rome to London. You need not supply yourself with more than 1000 lire (10 shillings or so) of Italian money before you reach Rome (if you come by air) as I can at once supply you with a little pocket-money when you turn up here. I hope very much that everything will go smoothly with you

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

17 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 17, 1948

Dear Clemens,

No, THANK YOU, both for the Knighthood and for the books.

We seem to be again on the brink of war more or less everywhere, and I shall hardly be able in future to profit by these generous offerings

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

21 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 21, 1948.

Dear Lowell

You would be surprised at my surprise when I read in your letter received today that you had never been in Europe! That is of course the best of reasons for coming now, although Europe has lost in the last few decades a good deal of its distinction and picturesqueness. Come by all means; and Rome is one of the places which though partly modernized has gained by the change, because only slums were cleared away, and only one secondary church hit by bombs, while immense vistas were opened which nobody had seen in all these centuries, including the front approach to Saint Peter's. And the climate is good at all seasons. But as an intellectual novelty or stimulus the place of chief interest for you, I should think, would be Paris; and Paris, and France generally, would be better from the point of view of people, lodgings, food, entertainments, exhibitions, and all modern winds of doctrine. Also for language, if you know more or less French and not Italian (which, however, is easier).

However, assuming that you decide to come to Rome, I don't know, what sort of arrangements you prefer by way of lodgings and meals. At your age, I should have liked a single room for lodgings, and taken all my meals in restaurants, of which there was a great variety in Rome formerly,

and there may still be, but with troublesome restrictions, dearer, and very crowded. Lodgings, too, I believe, are hard to find, as the city is terribly overpopulated. But I really know nothing of all that now except by report, since I hardly leave my cell (where my meals are brought to me on a tray) and see nobody except passing Americans who know less about it than I. This house, by the way, is not possible for you, unless you are ill (*senectus ipsa morbus*) ; it is a hospital, although this wing, called the *Ospizio*, contains reception rooms, and bedrooms where guests and a few permanent lodgers are received. Besides, it is not well situated for a young man loving his freedom, far from the centre, with doors closed at 9.30 p.m. and modest food (there is a dining-room, but melancholy, only decrepit people at a *table d'hôtes*) which I went to on [*illegible*] my first day but have not entered since. For me, it is just the refuge I needed, with nurses and doctors at hand, and a nice view from my room, and moral and social quiet, although trams and motors make a good deal of noise. The thing for you to do would be to go to a hotel (if you come by air from London, which is the best way, they will take you to the door of the Flora, which is a favourite hotel for Americans) for a day, and look about for whatever kind of accommodation you fancy. You might begin by coming to see me here and we could talk, and if you came early in the afternoon, I could take you about in a taxi and show you how the land lies.

These wars and rumours of wars are a nuisance. If we were in the good old times of Edward VII, you might enter Europe by the Pillars of Hercules, in a good Italian liner, for Genoa; Gibraltar and Ceuta, if you could see them would give you your first sense of the Old World, and Genoa, of the same modernized, and thence you could go comfortably, in short day journeys through interesting country, to Pisa, Florence, Siena, Orvieto, and so to Rome. That would have been a real introduction to Europe. If you come by Southampton and London you will merely feel foreign without being charmed by the strangeness of the sights.

As to the money required to live comfortably, I don't know how things stand. I used to have an apartment, sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom in a good hotel (The Grand, for instance) and go out to the best restaurants, often with guests, and to the best English tailor, and not spend more than four or five thousand dollars a year. Now I have more and spend less, half being swallowed up by taxes, trustee's, etc.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Francis H. Appleton Jr.

25 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 25, 1948.

Dear Mr. Appleton,

The fame of young David Bidwell had reached me, through his father, some years ago, for getting nothing but A's at Harvard. That did not convince me that he would prove a genius, but perseverance and being chosen as an all-round man are good signs. You know he was married to Miss Carol Jones of Minneapolis, fresh from Smith College, on June 18; and I had a letter from him saying that they were thinking of (incidentally) coming to see me. This early marriage is true to the desire of all Sturgises, but not all were able in my day to satisfy it so conspicuously, at 21, or even to satisfy it at all. The line this boy takes in scientific, and he was kept in Japan, I think, during the war, on technical work, so that, as I told him, he may turn out to be the distinguished member of the family in his generation.

I saw, by the way, in your School Bulletin, that "Clip" Sturgis is your oldest graduate: must be about 90. He wrote me offended at my remarks about his father's Evangelical household I forget that anyone is still alive.

GSantayana.

To Whit[ney] [Ewing] Burnett

25 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6
Rome, July 25, 1948

Mr. Whit Burnett
The Story Press
116 East Thirtieth Street
New York

Dear Mr. Burnett,

I am pleased to hear of your proposed book, in which something of mine is to be included. You do not speak of the length that would be suitable. [*illegible*] Some of the pieces you mention are of considerable length, and might prove heavy to the average reader. There is another which I personally prefer, namely, in “Dialogues in Limbo”, the third Dialogue entitled “Normal Madness”. I have rashly lent my copy to a friend, and have only the reprint in the Triton Edition, where it fills 15 pages. But it could be abridged to advantage, without touching the three themes that I think in depth and variety reveal my philosophy better than any other selection could in the same compass. The book has been out of print, but is to be reissued soon by Scribners together with the three “new” Dialogues that have recently appeared in The Atlantic Monthly. In case you approve I suggest in the enclosed the possible cuts.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana.

Normal Madness
A Dialogue in Limbo
Persons in the Dialogue

The Shades of
Democritus
Alcibiades
Aristippus
Dionysius the Younger.
The Spirit of one still living on earth, called
The Stranger.

Passages that might be omitted.

Paragraph 2, 3, and 5 lines of 4. From “There is little philosophy” to “dictate these judgments” (inclusive).

“ 5 and some 10 lines of 6, from, “What Aristippus” to “Not so, however” (inclusive), resuming with “These closed systems” and omitting the words “those systems” on the next line.

“ 7, after the first 7 lines, ending with the words “What is false,” omit everything from “If ever appearance” to “talking or thinking.” (inclusive).

“ 10 } From “Such is the origin” to

“ 11 } “religion among nations” (inclusive).

“ 12)

To Peter Robert Edwin Viereck

27 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Viereck)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 27, 1948.

Dear Viereck

You are very good to send me this little drift of hay from your threshing floor. It smells of fertility and cheerful work, but I can't say that for baking bread it supplies much substance. I have read it all—except the Theological Cradle Songs which I knew already: The review of Ivan the Terrible; the Old English Ballad, properly very French, and the Growlings of the Two Decrepit Lions, Classicism and Romanticism, which make a learned pot pourri but hardly a manifesto, at least to my slow intelligence. Let me confide what I should say on the subject, if I had to make a manifesto. Archaism in both directions is necessarily still-born (see Toynbee on

that point) but the principles are both required for any good thinking or writing. Romanticism must lie beneath, in the sense of vital irrational facts and feelings; but Form, Measure, Clarity of some kind must be approached in the expression, or the work will have no memorable communicable essence, and be mere sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Eric C. Parsons

28 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 28, 1948

Dear Mr. Parsons,

I am much touched by your anxiety to help me—not out of my evil ways, as some benevolent persons are—but on the contrary in order to pay an imaginary debt. But fortune and the public and my many friends have always been so kind to me that I should have been amply repaid for any effort or sacrifice that I might have made to please or to correct them. But I have never made any efforts or sacrifices, so that according to old-fashioned morality I have deserved nothing. I have only been enjoying myself in a way which luckily has extended at moments to a few sympathetic spirits, of whom you are evidently one. That ideal sort of friendship is its ideal reward; and it becomes a positive satisfaction when it is discovered. So that I think it is I that owe you some real debt for telling me that you owe me an ideal one, for having been an unconscious partner to some of your pleasant thoughts.

Let me then thank you for your most friendly letter, and assure you that I have everything that I need materially, and all that at my age I can enjoy socially.—With best wishes and regards from

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

31 July 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 31, 1948

Dear Cory: It is a long time since we have written; probably we were both a bit uncertain about things in general and the tone to take about them. Here the weather has been unusually cool, cloudy, and even rainy for the season; only in these last days of July has it become warm enough to sit in my blue pyjamas. By the way, I am going to have two sets of winter pyjamas made by Plank at some fantastic price in lire, which really is not extravagant, considering that I need no other clothes. I have been well, except that my cough, without ever becoming severe, has remained persistent, especially for a while in the middle of the night. The least change in temperature brings it on; but on putting off or putting on the proper garment it dies down. This perhaps has tired me a little; and the confusion and threatening revolution in Italy and in Europe has “distracted” me a good deal. That, or other causes, have reduced the amount of work I could do and spoilt the result of most of it, so that although I have scrawled a lot of pages, and thrown away severely, a good deal of old stuff, the total result has been disappointing; so much so that during this last week I have deliberately stopped work, like a striking communist, partly to see if a recess would do me good and partly because I had an interesting new book on the Evolution of Mankind by Sir Arthur Keith an old Darwinian whom Strong used to swear by, and who is really a “sound naturalist” although a prosy writer, given to vain repetitions: would he were the only old man with that foible! However, I profit by that bad example and at least in reading him skip all the summings up and introductions to each “essay” (as he calls his chapters) originally evidently lecture notes. But I have learned some thing important for Dom.

& P'rs, namely, that inbreeding, in a healthy race, brings out all its potential virtues. This is something that Toynbee ought to have been told.

Another thing that has happened to me this winter is that I have wandered from the subject of my book into ramblings proper, not to politics, but to Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie, and have actually put aside some twenty or more pages as possible contributions to that other book! I know it is folly; I don't mean to indulge in it; but when a good idea strikes me, why should I not make a brief note of it? Perhaps some day you might use it as a text for a yearly essay of £500.

I infer from what you say in this last letter that the first and the last chapters of vol. III are really to appear in the Atlantic Monthly. I am glad of it for you, and to keep the ball rolling before the public eye. But I hate the vulgar aspect of the Atlantic Monthly now; and I hope they at least won't re-publish that dreadful pen sketch from my dreadful photograph. Is there no other paying review that would publish my articles? I could ask Miss Tindall to copy chapters from Dom. & P'rs that might be intelligible by themselves, and send you these extra copies, reserving the corrected one that I keep in as my official copy, which is the one on stiff paper, heavier, but better for rehandling and correcting than the carbon copy.

As to coming to Rome, on the whole I think you had better not do so this autumn, unless there is a marked change for the better in the political outlook. I don't think the Russians want a war; they think they can absorb the rest of continental Europe by underhand saturation and opportune advances. I dreamt last night that they had occupied Berlin in a night attack and published a proclamation, saying that they would advance no further, if the Allies did not attempt to retake it; but that, if they did attempt it, the Russian forces were ready to overwhelm them and to liberate the rest of Germany where every patriot was calling to them for help. On reading this proclamation, however, all the people of Berlin had risen and burnt the City; and the Russians had backed out. Not likely: yet who knows what will happen?

G.S.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

6 August 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 6, 1948.

Dear Professor Schilpp

It was a pleasant surprise to receive the richly bound volume of the book about my philosophy which gave us so much trouble in the early days of the late war. I have transferred to this choice copy the corrections which I had marked in the old volume, whose place it has now taken in the first shelf next to my other books. I remember that Prof. Dewey said that this account of my philosophy would be the one to be most convenient for any student who wished to understand it; and I think myself that my part of the book is a more lively and intelligible exposition of my views than my other versions of them: so that, as Prof. Dewey also said, it was to your enterprise that I owed the occasion and stimulus to explain myself best. These are not his words (in either passage) and perhaps he meant that the other critics had helped me to clear up my thoughts: but that was not the case. I find that at present I am better understood than I was at that time, the self-confidence of modern philosophy having yielded a little in the public mind with late events.

With many thanks,
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 August 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Aug. 13, 1948

Dear Cory

Your letter about my escapades into Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie is a great comfort; it encourages my weakness by reinforcing my secret conviction that what I feel like writing will be better than what I write under a certain alien pressure: although in this case the pressure is not that of the College bell, making me lecture when I have nothing to say, but the pressure of an old inspiration of my own: because the new plan of Dom. & P'rs, and the new points to make in it, really interest me more massively than anything else at present. Yet this major interest, being a long-term affair, demands occasional holidays.—I had already returned (before getting your letter) to the main line, and begun to revise the chapters in Book III (The Rational Order of Society) about “Government of the People by the People and for the People”, which will attract most attention in the U.S.—When these are done the general outline will be complete, although I hope to fill out the “Militant Order” much more fully.

In fine, my slack feeling is gone, helped no doubt by the rain and change of weather that we have had here. It has been the driest summer I ever have known in Italy.

A casual (American) visitor the other day, when I mentioned the difficulty I ~~„(or you)„~~ found in getting articles into reviews that would pay for them, said he knew of two very nice ones The Partisan Review and The Kenyon Review. You might inquire or look them up when you return to London, and see what they are like. Of course stick to Mr. Weeks if he is willing to pay handsomely; but I have a feeling that he will fall between two stools, and miss the popularity of the grossly popular illustrated “Life”, etc, and miss the respectability of an old fashioned academic literary review.

How is it about the British publications?

As to coming here, do as you like. Italy is quiet and seems increasingly safe internally: but of course if the international forces came to blows, there might be attempts to overthrow the government here. The Communist now say that they want Italy to be neutral; but they would rise and join their friends if the latter were successful elsewhere. Sometimes I

suspect that the Russians are insecure; but would they find solid resistance if they attacked?

If you decide to come to Rome, you may count on me for your expenses while here, as last year, but I think it would be better for you to be independently lodged in town.

Yours as ever
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

16 August [1948] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 16, 11 a.m.

Dear Dick

Your letter from Vevey has just come. I have spent many months at different times at Glion above Montreux, a little further up the Lake from Vevey, so that we can compare our old and fresh impressions about it. You will find the journey by rail from there to Rome a very good introduction to Italy, especially if you are coming by Genoa and the coast line.

You will need a good night's rest after your journey; do whatever you like in the morning, and then, after you have had your luncheon in the hotel, say at about 2.30 or 3 o'clock, come here.

This place is not easy to find, and the hour will be the hottest of the day, so please take a taxi^x, and keep it when you arrive here, because I should like to take you to tea somewhere else, in the Giardino del Lago, not far from your place, and be safe there from interruptions, as here I often have unexpected visitors.

Don't worry about ignorance of philosophy or anything else. The only thing that is annoying is set opinions when they are not one's own and are asserted without good arguments.—I shall be very glad to see you tomorrow.

GSantayana

[*across*] ^xEither below your place in the Piazza di Spagna or at the foot of the Via Sistina, in the Piazza Barberini.

To John Hall Wheelock

24 August 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 24, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Many thanks for your letter of August 18th with the welcome news that the new edition of Dialogues in Limbo is to be issued on Sept. 13th and that you have sent me an advanced copy. I will write again when I have received it and had time to browse a little in it, because this is one of the very few of my books that I can reread with pleasure. The others are The Last Puritan, Persons & Places, and my “General Confession” in Schilpp’s book on my philosophy: all recent things. I think I have not changed my opinions since adolescence, and yet I can’t swallow my old ways of expressing them.

I also have to thank you for the accounts enclosed in your kind letter of August 9th. You need not take the trouble of giving letters of introduction, or notifying me in advance, if any young (or old) man (or woman) wants to visit me. I receive them all with pleasure; they will be disappointed if they wish to recommend their own views to me, as I am too deaf to make out what [^]they[^] say, but if they wanted a whiff of mine they can get it for the asking.

As to the accounts, they are satisfactory and I am glad to see that there is a credit in my favour; but I wish you would tell me frankly if it troubles you to send occasional sums to people in the U.S. as you did last Christmas—because if not, I would ask you to do the same for me next Christmas: namely, to send \$500 to Cory, and \$500 to Mrs. Rosamond Thomas Sturgis, Weston, 93, Mass. My Boston Trustees have been bothered by the authorities in doing such favours for me, and even in sending me \$500 every two months: it must now be \$250 every month, and addressed to a particular bank in Rome It reminds me of the song an old

lady sang in Berlin in 1888: Wie dumm Sind die Leute von heute! —only it is truer now.

I have another favour to ask in a matter of business. My friend Prof. Michele Petrone received long ago a set of the Triton Edition of my works, which he lost, in whole or in part, in the Berlin bombardments; and he never received vol. XV., the Realms of Truth and of Spirit. He modestly asks if he can obtain that volume now; but as he has lost the others, or most of them, I imagine that it is a whole set that would be appreciated? Is such a set available, or even more than one—because there is another person who I think wants one? Prof. Petrone is at this moment homeless, the Italian government, for economy, having suppressed the Italian Institute in Geneva where he officiated; but if you could send reserve one or two sets (one for abroad, the other for the U.S.) I could later send you the addresses. This would help to cause that little credit of mine with your firm to circulate, as I understand money now ought to be kept doing, it having been proved that saving is primitive and capitalism criminal.

I will put the order for author's copies of the Dialogues in Limbo, complimentary or to be charged to my account, on a separate sheet, which may be more convenient.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Dialogues in Limbo, by G. Santayana

Please send, and charge to the Author's account,

2 copies, besides the one already posted, to

G. Santayana, Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Italy.

1 copy to The Widener Library, Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

1 “ “ The Delphic Club, 9 Linden St.
Cambridge, Mass.

1 “ “ Mr. R. C. Lyon, 2516 Wooldridge Drive,
Austin, 21, Texas.

1 copy to Major Philip Lane, 314 St. Benedict's, Rd.
Small Heath, Birmingham England.

1 copy to Mr. Robert Lowell, Congressional Library,
Washington, D.C.

To Enrico Castelli

27 August 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Castelli)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Aug. 27, 1948

Dear Professore Castelli,

Yes, I shall be most happy to read your new book and to write a few lines about the light which I am sure the translation of your work, even in part, will contribute to the American outlook. Apart from any person sympathy or divergence in our personal opinions, I think your traditional roots combined with your active participation in contemporary intellectual life will open a vista for many American ~~men~~ readers into regions of which they had no knowledge.

An old book of mine—"Dialogues in Limbo"—which has been out of print for years is to be published next month in New York, with some additions: when I receive my copies, I will take the liberty of sending you one, in acknowledgement of your many attentions

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 August 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome. Aug. 27, 1948

Dear Cory

Just a line to say that I myself have felt that "Metanoia" was a trifle pedantic. It can be readily translated into "A Change of Heart" Wouldn't

that be attractive to the general (feminine) reader? “At the Crossroads” would be another equivalent, but I think not so good.

Europe before the lights go out would be a tempting sight if the lights had not been half extinguished already. But you may not feel this so much as I did even in 1932 and 1935, the last times I went to London and Paris respectively. Rome, as you know, looks as nice as ever, but is not happy.

Yours as ever
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

31 August 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 31, 1948

Dear Lowell,

I had just answered your letter about the possibility of your coming to spend the winter in Rome, when your present of books came; and now I see I am just in time to catch you in Washington before your time there is up. Let me say first that perhaps in discussing small obstacles, I forgot to express my joy at the thought, not only of having you here, but even more of having you plunged into this atmosphere. The other day I took a young man from Texas in a taxi round about Rome, and I was myself filled with wonder at the beauty of it and the pleasant modern life, not too anxious or hurried, that goes on in that scene, where things long past cast such luminous shadows. My young friend, the tallest person I have ever seen, 6 foot 7 inches, was much impressed, especially, to my surprise, at the “astonishing” high altar of Saint Peter’s.

As to your books, one—The Treasury of Modern Poetry—was familiar to me already. Mr. Wheelock of Scribner’s was so proud of it that he sent me a copy when it was first issued, and then the compiler Williams had two more copies sent me, I suppose because there were two pieces of mine included, and I think still another copy or two reached me from other persons, who were anxious to cure my blindness to the lights of the modern mind. But they didn’t enlighten me much, although I read the whole attentively, especially everything quoted of Hopkins’s and Eliot’s,

who seem to be the most esteemed, although they are the least obscure. It was you who first really interested me in the modern condensed method of being dramatic and profound. Besides I had a hint, from your leaning to Catholicism, of the spirit of your discontent with the world as it is: and modernism that opposes modernity has all my sympathy.

Of the other two books I liked “North & South” especially for its delicacy. If it were not for the Darky Woman who is looking for a husband that shall be monogamous, I should have thought that Elizabeth Bishop had little sense of reality: but I see that she sees the reality of psychic atmosphere or sentiment in their overtones, and prefers for the most part to express that. It is very nice, but a little elusive. As to William’s play, part 2, it seemed to me Ezra Pound clarified. The alternate themes or voices are realistic and clear; but I can’t think the whole attractive. I like to be shown something worth seeing, not something that simply happens to be so.—Let me hear further of your plans—

GSantayana

To Enrico Castelli

4 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Castelli)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 4, 1948

Dear Professor Castelli,

My best thanks for your “Fenomenologia della nostra Epoca” which I have read with exceptional interest and pleasure. I wish it were longer and, although the theme is evident throughout, more systematic in arrangement. I say this because I am afraid that the succinct and informal

way of making your observations may lead some readers to take it more lightly than it deserves. And the public in England if not in the United States is now ready to be convinced that something has gone radically wrong at least since the Reformation or at least since the French Revolution. Toynbee, in his great "Study of History" says since the 13th century.

Modern "idealism" or "psychologism" which reduces reality to appearance, and, in America, truth to opinion, removes all conception of external control or preformed standards: and the acceleration of action, without a purpose has turned subjective frivolity into compulsory nightmare. Looking back to the 13th or even to the 19th century we feel that mankind has lost its way.

You say that it is impossible to turn back and recover the circumstances and sentiments of the past. Of course it is impossible in the concrete or pictorially: we can't dress or fight or speak as in the 13th century. But many of us can retain or recover the faith, supernatural and moral, that animated that age: although even the Church does not hope to convert the whole world: so that the best that can be aimed at in that special form is that a Catholic community should always survive, scattered or concentrated in particular places, until the day of Judgement. As to what may ensue then we may have different expectations. I think that a revelation of supernatural control and destiny is not necessary to secure a valid principle of order in morals and politics. This would be secured if scientifically we made out clearly two things: 1st The real conditions of life on earth, and 2nd, The real needs and potentialities of human nature in each man or group of men. The Greeks had a rational view of human existence. We, with more experience and modesty, might frame various social systems, realistic and humane, by which to live according to our variable natures.

The paper I hope to write for the translation of your book will not be on these lines, but expressly written for the American public.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

5 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Sept. 5, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It was mere carelessness in me to imply that Cory was returning to New York before Christmas. He can't very well do so as his Fellowship is payable only in the "Sterling Area". I had in mind, gifts to Americans, as the main trouble the Old Colony Trust Company seems to have is in sending money to Spain or even to me here. Their tone may be judged by the following expressions in a letter, just received from Mr. Appleton, dated "8/27/48."

"I was delighted ... to hear at last that your accounts are now apparently unblocked. It is a great relief to all of us here, much more than you can realize. We all felt that outside legal advice was needed, and though the bill is not in yet ... I feel whatever it is well worth it. ... We consulted Ropes, Gray, Best, Coolidge and Rugg."

He adds that he hopes I shall feel as they "all" do, but my relief would be greater if the unblocking were not merely apparent and the bill for it had actually appeared

You seem to sail in calmer waters, and seem to see no ghosts barring the way of sending a Christmas present for me even to England. I have written to the "Vendome" about sending me parcels every month if possible, as had been our idea at first; but of late it seems to me that parcels arrive more rarely: and I noticed that the charge for them in your last account was very modest. And I don't know whether that and the rest of the accounts were for a year or for 6 months.

The idea of writing imaginary social lectures on "Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie," which ought to be in French but will at least have the title Of The Faux Pas of Philosophy, came to me long ago. It is not the "Errors" or "mistakes" that I mean, because that includes not only the whole of philosophy but all perception, history, religion, etc. {See Dialogue on Normal Madness} It is a normal illusion that the sky is blue and vaulted. That is not a faux pas, but a first step in science. But when modern philosophers say that astronomy is knowledge, but that there is only an idea that there are stars, I call that a faux pas, because it leads not

to science and normal madness, but to being wilfully wrong without necessity.

I have hardly written anything on this subject, and probably will not attempt it, as I am now fit again to carry on Dominations & Powers. I have, however, a project that I have mentioned to Cory. It is to send him a copy of selected chapters of that book that could be published separately or in groups (they are short chapters not more than 5 or 6 pages each); and these selections, if I never got the big book into decent shape, might make a suitable abridgement for the public: really perhaps better for their digestion than the impossible saurian I had planned, which even if it had not proved unfit to live would have overtaxed their appetite.

I have been reading "A New Theory of Human Evolution" by Sir Arthur Kleeith, who says in-breeding, when people are healthy, brings out all the potentialities in the race and makes progress go by leaps and bounds. This, taken with a grain of salt, fits beautifully with my views of politics, and I am going to adopt it. Let us have small societies, all different, and perfect each in its way. The wholesale business can be relegated to the "Universal State", as Toynbee calls it, which according to his theory should follow this "Age of Troubles."

I will write again when the Dialogues arrive

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Augusto Guzzo

10 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 10, 1948

Dear Professor Guzzo,

Your nephew Orlando made me the other day a very pleasant visit, and left me the typed copy of your version of chapter IV, which is as beautifully done as the parts I had already seen. It is a pleasure for me to read them, but I am afraid typing them may cause you some delay or

annoyance. If you could trust your manuscript to the post, I am sure that I should be able to read it easily: but let me not bother you to send the other chapters if it adds to your labour. It is hardly necessary as a control for your translation.

There is only one passage in this chapter where your rendering seems a little obscure. On page 199 of the original, 6 lines from the bottom, the words: “Where tenderness and forgiveness are found at all, it is usually in the mother”, the first clause is conditional “If or whenever”, and “at all” means “affatto”, and the sense is, Se si trovano affatto, è generalmente nella madre, etc.

This does not touch any profound question of theology, and the other words I have marked with a red pencil raise even more trifling questions of choice of words and shades of suggestion. For instance, in the first line of the first paragraph (and again in the last) the word “bounty” is an old term with regal associations in English, such as “Queen Anne’s Bounty”—a fund to succour impecunious clergy men; and in general it suggests more the cornucopia overflowing rather than the sentiment of the giver, or the mind of the River God. I feel therefore that “munificence” or “abundant gifts” would be more what I meant than “generosity”.

At page 196, 6 lines from the bottom, I felt that “any” required some such word as qualunque, ogni or tutte. My point was that dialectical, or rather logical, relations may be surveyed reversed, since they are not relations in time, but between essences. Even relations in time or development are reversible in the mind, since they may be surveyed dramatically or forwards, or else backwards in retrospect, seeking the cause rather than reading the news.

I am sending your copy back at once; I suppose it will be safe if registered.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

20 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, September 20, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

“Dialogues in Limbo” arrived the day before yesterday—one copy—and smi—imultaneously I had letters from Cory and from Robert Lowell saying they had received their copies. Cory and I are much pleased with the carefully designed front page of the jacket. The colours are particularly well chosen, and the Greek border not too pretentiously Greek. I have a lingering prejudice against large lettering, especially for the author’s name: but the letters in themselves a very nicely drawn and edged, and I cannot really find fault with them. No more can I find fault with the laudatory judgments quoted on the rest of the cover: they sound fulsome, but they will have a salutary effect on shy critics who might not dare to take the Dialogues seriously without some reputable pace-maker. I am glad this time there is no portrait of me. Do you know of any of Alcibiades? A Socrates could be easily found, and there is probably some spurious Democritus that could be rigged out in a long white beard. I like to imagine this book illustrated. Alcibiades gazing at his image in the fountain, with Socrates coming up behind would make a lovely one. Also Avicenna sitting in the Suk on the saddler’s doorstep, and reading by a lamp.

I have promised the two more copies that I am expecting to two Italian professors, Guzzo and Castelli, and I should be much obliged if you would have two more sent me, as I shall have occasion to give them for Christmas presents. Also, if it is not bothering you too much, to have a copy sent, with my compliments to

Dr. Ira D. Cardiff,
709 North First Avenue,
Yakima, Wash.

As to anticipating the publication of chapters of Dominations and Powers, I see the justice of your view. We must not take the wind out of the sails by prematurely satisfying the public appetite by a family dinner before the banquet. But perhaps a bite “at the cocktail hour” may keep the illusion up. Anyhow, I am having a few selected chapters recopied, to send to Cory for his consideration. I know that he is not interested in the book on its own account, but think there is a chance of his waking up

when he sees what it is like. He has become suddenly an admirer of the Dialogues. These lazy intuitive-fellows have to be allowed to take their time.

The matter of “Vendome” was a misunderstanding. I suggested only occasionally sending not whole parcels but “Mrs. Bentzen’s Danish Cookies”

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

21 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 21, 1948.

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

The paradox of “Washington” by the Pacific evidently does not settle into my aged Appercepziomsasse easily, and Idaho substituted itself there as lying in the right direction. But there could evidently be only one Yakima in the world, and my blunder was duly corrected.

You practice the supernatural virtue of hope (against evidence) in the case of Christopher, as the Western Powers do in that of Russia. There is a Spanish proverb, not mine, that runs: Piensa mal, y acertarás: “Think evil, and you will guess right”.

I have asked Scribner to send you a copy of their new edition of my Dialogues in Limbo containing three not in the old edition which you may have seen. In glancing over the pages I came upon the following which I thought might appeal to you: (p. 120)

Socrates: Those who worship the statues of gods, rather than the gods themselves, are called idolaters? ...

The Stranger: Yes

Socrates: And if a man worshipped an image of some god in his own mind, rather than the power that actually controls his destiny, he would be worshipping an idol?

The Stranger: The principle would be the same; but usage among us applies the word idol to the products of sculpture, not to those of poetry.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Sept. 22, 1948

Dear Cory, The Dialogues in Limbo reached me the other day, somewhat after your letter. There is no need of thinking that one of one's books is "the best", but I feel as you do now about the Dialogues: it is one that I can reread with pleasure: also The Last Puritan and Persons & Places. These are still the expression of my living thoughts and tastes. Yesterday—a nice visitor having said that he had been forced by Prof. Parker to read my "Reason in Religion," and found it "dreadfully hard,"—I fished out the book and read a few pages at the beginning. What a horrible tone! I agree entirely with the doctrine, but the apperception and the diction are so cheap and common! And yet at that very time I was writing these dialogues, which breathe such a different air! It was life in America and the habit of lecturing that dominated one half of my cerebral cortex, while England, Greece, the poets, and my friends dominated the other half, and they took turns in guiding my pen. How I wish I could erase all that cheap work! Yet there are sentences and even paragraphs in the Life of Reason that are good, and I like them when I find them quoted; but I can't put up with the paedogogy of long-winded stretches.

Materially I can't quite share your satisfaction with the volume Scribner has produced. The front page of the cover is carefully designed, and good, although I don't like the large lettering, especially of my name; the letters themselves are excellent, also the modest Greek border, but there is a rage in America for large letters, large faces, and crowded pages, the whole elegance of a design being dependent on space around the inscriptions and the portraits. If you ever can get out an édition de luxe of Persons & Places do see that the illustrations—including my class portrait—are at least kept "refined" if they originally were so. Especially, too, Russell's photo of 1890 or '91.

I hope Mrs. Cory will weather the operation easily; and it doesn't seem to me that you lose much by not coming to the Continent now. Next year, if the sky has cleared, would be better; and I have a feeling that I shall survive this winter.

Today I left 20 chapters of Dom. & P'rs at Miss Tindall's who had been on a holiday in England. 10 of these chapters were already typed, 3 (out of 7), from "Preliminaries", and 7 (out of 16) from Book One, First Part. I will send these to you when copied, and you can see if anything seems printable.

G.S.

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

23 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,

Rome, Sept. 23, 1948.

Dear Rosamond

It is a long time since I have written and owe you thanks for both the camphor and the Vapex. They are both very useful. My laziness has had no definite cause, as I am well; but the whole summer and autumn have been unusually cool and cloudy, which perhaps has affected my catarrh, which has troubled me a little, especially at night, all through the season when by rights it ought to be in abeyance. However, I have managed to do a little writing and much reading, and have seen a stream of strangers who now insist on looking me up. The other [^]day[^] I even had an offer of marriage from a lady in California whom I knew in 1911. She tells me her husband is dead, that he died smiling, (at the change?), calls me George and says now is the time for us to put our heads together. I have replied, feigning not to understand, and congratulating her ^{on} being so happy with her painting and her friends and the eternal music of the Pacific Ocean. She may still write me another diplomatic note, as the allied ministers do to Molotov.

I have had a letter from Mr. Appleton, greatly relieved that my account ~~ha~~ has been "unblocked" by the Treasury. I replied making various suggestions as to what to do with this property which seems now to be again

in our hands: suggestions which he won't like. But at the same time I have written to Mr. Salmon, who really looks after my affairs, asking if this release means that I may now dispose at will of my whole income, which on paper is considerable, although I live on a very small part of it. They say now that it is wrong to save, that money should circulate, and that nobody should be allowed to have a large unearned income: so that if I don't spend the income I have and increase my capital, I am in danger of being black-balled and reduced by taxation to the semblance of democratic equality. But how am I, at my age, (unless I marry my California sweetheart) to spend all that money? I might go back to live in a hotel, as I did when you and George came to the Bristol; and then I could invite anyone I chose to come to visit me. But it is wiser for me to stay where I am, and perhaps I could make money circulate notwithstanding.

What are your views on this subject? Not being in Boston the right thing to do may not occur to me.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

29 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Sept. 29, 1948.

Dear Dick, It is pleasant to know that you have got home safe and sound after your first "World"-voyage; that London and New York are nothing to you now but the same old places; and that you were ten days at sea (you told me nothing about your eastward crossing of the Atlantic) which if I may judge by my own experience is an important experience. The sea is four times as extensive as the land, probably the element where life first

appeared, and more “normal” (though sometimes “mad”) than the partly rigid and partly sticky earth. Just as the night sky, when starry, opens one’s eyes to the place of man in the universe, so the sea opens one’s eyes to the conditions of special forms of existence. Plato inserted in Heraclitus.

Your visit to Rome was a sort of holiday for me, and after getting over the surprise of seeing you so tall, I didn’t feel that you were at all a stranger. You must have behaved perfectly to make me entirely forget that you were so young and that I was so old. Certainly this was an unusual and picturesque adventure for you, and you will remember it, as I did and do my first travels to foreign places. I hope it may be possible for you to come here again.

Congratulations on your scholarship. Write to me about your studies when anything interests or troubles you, and we will discuss it.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. Scribner has replied that [*illegible*] a set of the “Triton Edition” is available and I am asking them to send it to you, so don’t order it on your own account!

To John Hall Wheelock

29 September 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Sept. 29, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I forgot in my last letter to report that I have not yet heard anything from Professor Michele Petrone about his new appointment, probably not yet made.

But since you have at least two sets of the Triton Edition still available, may I ask you to send one complete set to

Mr. R. C. Lyon,
2516 Wooldridge Drive,
Austin, 26,
Texas.

It is a present from me; but as the young man (who came to see me recently all the way from London) wished to order one set for himself, although a poor chap comparatively, relying on scholarships, I think it would be unfair for you to charge me less than he would have paid, if I had allowed him to do so. Please charge it, then, to me as if ordered by him, and at least I shall make \$15 in royalties.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

To Evelyn Tindall

[c. October 1948] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Friday

Dear Miss Tindall

As usual, your account seems to me rather too closely reckoned, and I enclose a cheque for a slightly rounded sum. You have been wonderfully patient and quick in this troublesome work, and I enclose a single page which I should like to have recopied with the revisions and additions indicated.

This, as far as I know, brings the whole first "Book" of the whole work into good order for the press.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

4 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 4, 1948

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

The copies of your letters from and to the Christopher Publishing House in Boston confirm some impressions that I have been gathering for some time, and decide me to tell you frankly and fully what my feelings are about this project.

In the first place Christopher evidently does not think much of Harvard, of Boston, or of me, and fights shy of your proposal. He is estab-

lished in Columbus Avenue, in the “South End,” not a fashionable place, at least in my time. In a word, he is a second rate or third rate publisher.

Now you know I have long had some thoughts of arranging for a book of Pensées or Epigrams from my writings: but I should wish it to be a beautiful book externally and internally, in its tone and spirit. But would Christopher, even if he finally undertook the publication make a handsome thing of it? Or would it be as scrumpy and cheap as possible?

What you say in your reply to this last letter of his, that you have made your selections partly for your own pleasure and for the pleasure of eventual readers, has recalled to my mind what I wrote to you on first seeing the part of your collection which you had sent me as a sample, namely, that your choice was biased in favour of the naturalistic side of my philosophy and neglected the Platonic side. You replied that this would recommend the maxims to the public and that you yourself could not see how I made the Platonic part consistent with the other. In other words what I had called your bias was only your good sense in selecting the wise things that I wrote and leaving out the nonsense. Now, if your complete collection is made on this principle, and published in a cheap form, perhaps with a “biased” title or comments on the jacket, it would not be at all a book I liked, but a sort of sectarian pamphlet. Nor could I satisfactorily redress the balance by getting some “spiritually” minded friend to make a counter-collection; for that would only emphasize the dualism or rather incoherence alleged to run through my philosophy. In reality it is merely the dualism in point of departure or interest between physics and morals in any clear mind. The moral actions of a man are events in the natural world to be accounted for only naturalistically; but the moral feeling or loyalty in the most radical materialist are sentiments and perfectly immaterial in their being and in their themes. That a materialistic should love the beautiful is an accident of his physical disposition, but is no contradictory or inconsequence to its own natural cause.

I should very much prefer, therefore that a selection of my thoughts should not only include The Platonic part of them but should combine this part with the scientific understanding of their natural basis, shown in other passages. If Christopher, therefore, does not finally accept your collection, and you give up the idea of publishing it, I should very much like to buy it, if you were willing that I myself, or some other friend of mine, should use it, or a part of it, in making a collection without this “bias”, and giving their place to the moral and aesthetic interests which after all count for more than the natural sciences (not for “truer”) in my own mind.

Your selection would save half the work involved in such a supplementary arrangement. The whole "Life of Reason", for instance, might not need to be reviewed.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

6 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Oct. 6, 1948.

Dear Professor Schilpp,

I have not yet got over the pleasant surprise of suddenly seeing you in the flesh, and now you appear again in the spirit in your so-called "Lamentations on Christmas". But they are not lamentations, but explosions of wrath. One of the "Beatitudes", which you quote is "Blessed are they that mourn;" so that if you were a really blessed Christian you would be mourning joyfully and full of expectations of soon being comforted, not by the "human Jesus", but by The Divine Christ coming with "more than Twelve legions of angels" to put an end to this evil world. You seem to me very unregenerate in wanting to have no enemies to love, and no footpads to steal your coat, to whom you could give your trousers also. And you ought to expect tribulation and persecution (and you don't seem to be persecuted) so that you might be truly Jesus-like and not resist evil. You seem to me not to have understood that the "peace" that Christ is the Prince of is not the absence of wars in this world, but the absence of revolt in the soul to any temporary trial or martyrdom. You seem not to like to be martyred. Can it be because you have nothing to be martyred for? Christian peace is like that of St. Laurence who said to his executioners, "Turn me over on the other side, for on this I am already roasted"

Yours sincerely G. Santayana

To Melvin L. Sommer

8 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sommer)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6

Rome, Oct. 8, 1948

Dear Mr. Sommer

I am very much pleased to see Hook's criticism of Toynbee and hope other critics will not hesitate to show the worthlessness of Toynbee's philosophy, disguised to the unguarded reader by the extreme interest of his classification and analysis of social movements. I was surprised when I came to the simile of the Cliff at the silliness of it, compared with passages of genuine history which I had come upon here and there on receiving the first three volumes, before I sat down to read from the beginning. After a while, I saw the need of skipping where he preached. It is prosy, commonplace, and a blot on his better work.

There is one point of in Hook's criticism where I think he misses the point, not so much of Toynbee's theory as of the idea of a Civitas Dei, or Society of the Faithful. The 13th century was, on the whole, a "time of troubles", but it contained the flower of Christian life, social, artistic, and spiritual. What happened to it in conflict with Saracens, Heretics, or corrupt powers, or with the beginnings of the Renaissance, does not destroy the preeminence of that age, any more than the fatal Peloponnesian War destroys the Athenian pre-eminence in the 5th century B.C.

The Christian political theory does not prophesy any universal peace or agreement under its auspices before the Day of Judgement. AntiChrist will be rampant always and especially towards the end. But there will always be a Civitas Dei more or less concealed behind the disorder of the world, in which the peace that Christ gives—an inward personal peace—prevails among the elect. The Jewish expectation of universal dominion for the Chosen People is transferred in Catholic theology to the life of the saints after the Day of Judgement, in a "heaven" which will be on a transformed earth, with no more revolutions (even of the sky!).

When I heard that Toynbee had published a one-volume edition of his work, I smelt a rat, or rather a pot-boiler. This new apparently worthless volume is another pot-boiler. But I will read the future volumes of the big work with undiminished interest because they will help me to feel the vicissitudes of things. How Toynbee can be a Christian when he calls the Gospels the work of "the internal proletariat of the Syriac civilization"—

with borrowings from the Hellenic proletariat as well—I do not understand.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

12 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Oct. 12, 1948

Dear Cory,

The enclosed will explain itself. I have answered briefly, saying that I am sending you his letter, that all arrangements and payments for possible publication of advanced chapters of Dom. & P'rs. are to be made

with or, to you personally, and that I think it likely that during the coming winter you may submit to him the chapters that have Lincoln's words for a text.

These chapters are not quite ready, but they will be in the next batch that I send you. I am working well now: have formed a new habit of working between tea and dinner, when no visitors turn up, and that helps me on, because I am often interrupted by urgent letters, etc. in the morning

Hope all goes well with Mrs. Cory.

Yours GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

17 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotundo, 6

Rome, October 17, 1948

Dear Cory,

Miss Tindall has been quicker than I expected and has already returned the twenty chapters. In a few days, when I have had time to revise them, I will send you the carbon copies, retaining the other copy in case of miscarriage or other accident. I may even include a few carbon copies of chapters from Book III, suitable for the Abraham Lincoln Association. \$50 is rather little for 5000 words; but my chapters are often only about 1000 words; and I think they would please more published separately than two or three together, because they require attention. However you can judge for yourself: but it occurs to me, that considering the fitness of at least the three chapters on "Of the People", "By the People" and "For the People", you might bargain for \$50 for each, although they are not, I think, any of them as long as 3000 words. Or perhaps another more popular review, like The Atlantic would do better later.

I enclose a cheque (smaller than last year) for Three Philosophical Poets and hope it may help if you are having extra expenses at this moment.

Yours as ever GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

29 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. October 29, 1948.

Dear Lawrence

I was shocked to learn that you had been so ill, but living as I now have for seven years in a hospital, and in good health for a man of my age, I picture illness less distressingly than it used to be when it went on in the bosom of a hushed and anxious family, even if a nurse was called in to take charge at night. And you are in your own establishments at Garden City, with all the advantages of home added to those of a professional and scientific calm on the part of your attendants. I suppose your sister and her family, and other relations are within easy reach, as after all, with motors, New York must be now for most of your friends. I hope you are now quite well again and able yourself to move to town and have the pleasure of seeing and hearing a lot of entertaining things.

As for me, I don't want entertainments and have quite enough excitement with the papers, morning and evening now, on account of the critical condition of all these moribund European nations that used to think themselves boiling over with progress and prosperity. I don't expect another war soon, because Stalin counts on underhand conquests (which he calls peace) and these will now be resisted by the western countries in their own territory, as France is doing at this moment. When a fight may really come I think might be if any of the "satellites" became restive (Tito's rebellion doesn't count because his is principally an Orthodox or Byzantine people) and Russia, who may not feel perfectly secure at home, feels obliged to crush the "war-mongers".

You are very good to think of sending me another box of eatables, but I have more than enough solids. It is the drinks—tea, coffee, and cocoa—that I like to relieve the Sisters from supplying, and I also like some trifles like mayonaisse sauce and "vapex" (to inhale for colds) which my niece sends me sometimes but they are soon used up. But nothing is urgent now, so don't trouble about me unless you like to send something and I

assure [^]you[^] I shall like to receive it. You (as I have recorded in print) are one of the most satisfactory of friends, always the same, never growing old, or minding that other people do so. You know the Greeks had three kinds of love ἐρως, ἀγαπή, and φιλία, of which the last is the best, the most durable and the least sticky. With much φιλία, then.

Yours as ever GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

30 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6,
Rome, October 30 1948

Dear Rosamond

Mr. Appleton and Mr. Salmon have changed their tone, and far from worrying me about possible troubles ahead, now thank me effusively for telling them which of the Spanish people mentioned in my Will are dead (almost all, and Mercedes 92 years old) with the addresses of the survivors. And they tell me there is no difficulty whatever in having a large income—no legal limit, “we are not in Russia yet.” So that I needn’t mind how much I don’t spend; they will be pleased to look after no matter how encumbering an amount; and they don’t say anything about the advantages that there might be (for me) in drawing a larger sum every two months. So tranquillity has returned to my bosom, and there is no need whatever that I should ask them to subscribe in my name to any of the worthy charities that you mention. In fact I should have to leave it for them

(or for you) to choose the worthiest recipient, and also the amount—not stingy, and not ostentatious, which Boston would think right. What a relief! And of course, nothing is lost for those deserving objects, because the less I spend the more there will be for my heirs, who would be better fitted, living on the spot and congenitally unselfish, to dispose of the right sums for the right things.

The fact is I never thought of contributing to public charities. That is now the business of socialistic governments. It is to “rich” people when they are in difficulties that I sometimes have given something, and if I returned to a freer way of living I should like to invite friends (you for instance) to come and visit me which at a good hotel (better than the old Bristol) would be pleasant for them, leaving them free to spend their time as they chose, and not disturbing my habits, except that I should see them at meals, unless they chose to go elsewhere. But I am getting too old and deaf for much society, even of this informal kind, so that these possibilities had better remain in Limbo.

I am full of politics, contemporary and philosophical, but can’t go into that.

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Peter Robert Edwin Viereck

30 October 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Viereck)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,

Rome, October 30, 1948

Dear Mr. Viereck

Every day brings evidence of what I prophetically said to you when I gathered that you were the author of the war-book you had lent me, and

which I had read with mixed feelings. You may not remember, but I can still hear the words I impulsively offered as an excuse for not having understood your name: “Oh, then you are a great man. You will be a professor”. Now you are not only a professor and a great man, but distinctly a great man of your time, just what I had vaguely felt in your political book: that you had taken pains to dominate your subject and wrote like an authority, but like a voice of the time: and that is what I meant by my mixed feelings. You were intelligent enough to be fair and see matters philosophically. There was one page in your book that showed that you could express the fascist mind: but in your book as a whole you had not the time to consider it. Your voice was an official voice of the moment.

Your new poems show an extraordinary variety of observations and moods. I don't see how it is possible to digest and turn into poetry so many different impressions, even in the course of eight years: and I don't find “Terror” or “Decorum” emerging clearly as the burden of the whole. What struck me most was the vim with which you touch repeatedly on lust. Naturally that is a passion, suppressed by “Decorum” which peeps out in a military campaign. I remember some French book treating that point very frankly, but in a detached philosophical way; you, in the modern poetic manner treat it hotly, not at all as “recovered in tranquillity.” I suppose nobody, except me has time for tranquillity now. Yesterday I spent most of the morning at the requiem mass sung by the choir of the English College and the priests of the Beda in the chapel of this house, at the funeral of an old Scottish priest (a convert) who lived here and often came to see me. It was tranquillity in view of life and death and of all things, for the service might have been Byzantine or Egyptian or pagan of the remotest times. But of course you have no time for such things in the modern experiment, for life has now become an experiment not the old old story that it used to be. Congratulations. It is what you were born to do and you will be great at it.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

5 November 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 5, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock,

Without saying ditto to everybody about the Presidential election, which leaves me calm, let me stick to business. Cory has received 10 short chapters of Dominations & Powers, 3 from the “Preliminaries”, and 7 from Part I of Book I entitled “In the Jungle” which treats of the bio-psychological beginnings of morals & government. He seems to be impressed favourably, but has no definite plan about publishing them or any of them, in any particular review.

From my young friend Lyon, of Austin Texas, who has received the set kindly sent by you of the Triton Edition, I hear the following: “A friend asked me: “Will you cut the pages? The books will be much more valuable if you don’t, you know.” He is now an acquaintance.”

My account at Blackwell’s is approaching the point where my credit would be exhausted. Would you be so good as to send a cheque from me, for another \$100= to B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., 48–51 Broad Street, Oxford, England? I have recently got from them two lovely eighteenth century editions, one of Lucretius and the other of Ovid. In the latter I have discovered^{ed} that the end of Romeo & Juliet comes from that of Pyramus and Thisbe!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

7 November 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Nov. 7, 1948

Dear Dick—or Reincarnation of Oliver,

It had never occurred to me while you were here that you are like Oliver; but now that you suggest it, with your introspective letter to back you up, I see it clearly. I didn't know you had so much psychological atmosphere—"vapours"—in your mental landscape. It is very romantic, northern, and you must be of Scandinavian descent; but don't let the delicate mists thicken into fog. Spiritual pride and independence are like Oliver and the American transcendentalist of a hundred years ago; and in your letter you are more like Oliver than he was like himself in my book; because it would have been impossible in a novel to reproduce the actual flux of half-formed thoughts and images that floats down through the mind. Even in the two places where I pretend to quote Oliver's compositions—the "thesis" on Platonic love and the verses about Rose Darnley—I make his style more terse and mature than it could have been, even when he was older: for he had the same difficulty in landing his fish ~~that~~ you complain of. But don't worry about it. Angling is a sport; you don't go fishing for the fish, but for a healthy foolish game in the fresh woods and the stream full of lovely reflections. It is a bit cruel—unintentionally, but nature always is so by the way. I don't think there is anything mysterious or defective in images and thoughts being elusive and dissolving before they are quite formed. Nature, again, is everywhere wasteful, and breeds a hundred seeds for one that ever flowers—You mustn't mind that. A choice selection of lucky ideas, that actually could take shape, will be enough to show what you were after.

I don't like the word "attitude" to describe "the young philosophers ~~that are~~ trying to be born" as Molière calls [*illegible*] it. I should say possibility, potentiality (when the possibility is already latent in the seed or the organic habit) or impulse. It is not you, complete, turning towards an object, itself complete, which would be an "attitude", but a confluence of movements in the organism beginning to form an idea which fails to become definite.

Berkeley, by the way, like an eighteenth century man of wit, in the wake of Descartes, thinks only in crisp, clear, conventional terms, and is entirely artificial in his psychology and radically confused in the first principle of his philosophy: that “ideas” are the only “objects of knowledge.” They are knowledge only if they are indications or descriptions of other objects, existing whether noticed or not: and when regarded in themselves, as in logic and mathematics (or decorative art) ideas are not properly cognitive, but our acquaintance with them is a free possession of the imagination, like poetry. But don’t gather from this that I dislike Berkeley. I love him. Read my essay on him in vol. VII of the Triton Edition. It was great fun to write. Also the one on Locke in “Some Turns of Thought.”

Now as to “solipsism” and the “transcendental ego”, these are not well-chosen words for what is probably meant, or ought to be meant if we mean to be scientific in regard to the facts. There is a transcendental function or relation between any witness and what it or he perceives; it should not, however, be called transcendental, but ciscendental (as I used to say to my classes) because the relation or function signified is that of any and every spectator, in the dark on this hither side of the footlights, seeing only the phenomenal play on the lighted stage. If the play is not a dream, but one actually written by a playwright and acted by players who are not at all, in real life, the characters in the play, then the author and the performers, and the theatre and audience, are transcendent (not transcendental, i.e. or ciscendental) realities, conditioning the spectacle, but rooted in a much larger “real” (or dynamic) world.

Now, as a matter of fact, the transcendental function or relation of the witness is exercised by a material man, part of the same transcendent world in which the author and the actors have their dynamic places. If, then, I say that “I” or the “ego” am something dynamic and self-existent, but that the play is all make-believe or a dream in me (which view would be real solipsism) I am contradicting myself; because my natural person and power are a part of nature transcending all phenomenal presence to thought or dream; and it is absurd that a part of the material world, by going to a material theatre and seeing real actors perform fictitious parts, turns them and himself, as a man, into a mere phenomenon in his mind. Solipsism, then, understood strictly, is absurd; even “solipsism of the present moment”, because the visioned scene is not a self, and if there is a self that has that vision, this self is part of a transcendent world, and not alone in existence.

What I think a more correct way of speaking is to say that “transcendental” is only spirit (or attention) in anybody: a spirit (or attention) which can arise only in animated bodies, as they receive impressions and prepare reactions on other bodies or natural agents. Spirit (or attention) can never be disembodied: therefore it is never solipsistic in fact; yet it is, in each intuition or feeling, a focus, transcendental and invisible, for whatever it sees. The Germans confuse this transcendental function with dynamic mythical “spirits” existing in a void.

More another day from

G. Santayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

12 November 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Nov. 12, 1948

Dear Clemens

Does this suggestion of a Nobel Prize come from you or from some American source, or does it possibly come from Sweden, where a version of my “Idea of Christ in the Gospels” has appeared recently in a very appropriate form? This would make a great difference in my feelings about the proposal; but in either case there are obstacles to such an award (besides the improbability of it) that I think are insuperable.

1. I am not able to travel to Sweden or to make a public appearance there.
2. I am not, as is often supposed, an American citizen, yet cannot be classed as a Spanish author, since I write only in English.
3. I have no need of the prize; but perhaps the money could be diverted by the Swedish authorities to some worthier object.
4. In what science or art could I be said to have accomplished anything? Literature? Philosophy? It is doubtful.

Therefore I beg you, if the idea is yours, to drop it at once, and not to undertake anything of this kind in my favour. I might seem bound to express overwhelming gratitude for your interest, but I do not feel that it is interest in anything that I care for. It is your love of action.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

15 November 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 15, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It would be very mean not to let Peter Viereck (or Quadangle, as I call him in my academic thoughts) to make the best of my compliments. I was evidently in a humble mood, thinking that this pot-luck accepted in life and in poetry is the strong side of the rising generation, and that we back-numbers had better back out gracefully. In the temporal world, that is; for how (even if we tried) can we quit our pigeon-hole in the realm of truth? I saw Viereck several times when he was with the army in Rome, and read his book about Fascism which was professor-like, but, except in one page, didn't see the non-official reality. I advised him to rewrite it some day when the dust of battle had settled; but he will be busy then about other things.

Thank you for sending \$100 to Blackwell at Oxford. I still have a credit of £5 there but am ordering old books, and new ones, freely, and reading them. But your kind offices in regard to victuals have not yet brought any more parcels from "Vendome". What can be the matter?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

[16] November 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 15, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

A word to correct at once my letter of yesterday in respect to “Vendome”. A box, strengthened with wire, arrived this afternoon with the desired contents. All is well, if it is kept up.

May I also trouble you to order the books below to be sent to the given addressed and charged to my account?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Please send a copy of

Santayana’s “Realms of Being.”
“The Last Puritan”, and
“Dialogues in Limbo”

to Mr. Robert T. Smink,
1421 Arch Street
Philadelphia, 3, Pa,
and charge the book’s to the Author’s account.

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

27 November 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, November 27. 1948,

Dear Lowell

On the day that I received your last letter (of Nov. 14, from Yaddo) I also received a visit from Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had preannounced themselves as friends of yours; and they did give me a closer vision of you

in body and temper than I had got from your poems and letters. And this, by the way, seems to me a sign of your real vocation, because with a strong individuality and big physique you forget yourself intellectually and artistically; which signifies that you speak for that intellectual side of human nature which enables us, when most sincere, to forget and transcend ourselves. The Fitzgeralds have made me feel a little afraid of you, or rather a little afraid of what you would think of me, if you came here. Of course, I am in my last years, but perhaps only just reaching maturity in philosophy, which I began under a heavy handicap, in that my times and my surroundings were deadly for my vocation. Now this vocation has asserted itself; and I wonder how far it would chill you or seem to you contemptible if you came to close quarters with it. You are exclusively American, although you transcend Americanism—not only in your rational judgments but also (like all your distinguished predecessors of a hundred years ago) in your partly unconscious or rejected traditions. And America has been my Schoolmarm, not my mother and grandmother.

The vivid picture you give me of Yaddo and its inhabitants, together with what you tell me of your work on this great new poem, confirms and broadens what the Fitzgeralds told me about you: it was very little, they did not gossip at all about your adventures, but for me enlightening. I am curious to know what the subject and inspiration of this long poem are. In the present state of the world they can hardly help being political, in the broad sense of this word: just as what I am at work on “Dominations & Powers” is a broad political subject and if finished would make a big book. Some chapters may be published by Cory (my old secretary and future literary executor) at intervals in *Reviews*, as he is now publishing in *The Atlantic Monthly* the first and last chapters of the third part of my autobiography I should have these articles sent to you if I had a convenient way of doing it, but I have no direct means of paying any small bills in the U.S. or in England, and have to trouble my Trustees or Scribner to pay them for me, which I don’t like to do. But *The Atlantic* is probably at hand in Yaddo, and you can read them if you like. They will explain what I mean by my “vocation”, and indirectly perhaps even by yours.

Your previous letter, which I have not answered, set me thinking on the meaning of “agreeing to differ”. I don’t like the stock phrase: it is ambiguous. We must all differ more or less in everything because we are complex unique compounds of different parents and different circumstances: even brothers or twins are wholly individual and irreproducible. But there is also a sense in which “differing” is a disappointment, not a

sign of integration on both sides. It suggests that we hoped to agree and ought to have done so, only one or both of us was perverse or blind; and we have to put up with these faults in one another. Now I don't feel that this is at all the case in regard to the contemporary poets that you appreciate and I don't know or probably should appreciate if I did know them. I might learn to understand what it is that you appreciate in them. That is what I read them for, but fail to accomplish unaided, just as I don't appreciate much of the best music because uninstructed in the art: whereas I can understand the merits of architecture of many styles, even if I don't like them all equally, and perhaps don't like some of them at all. What you might help me to see is the quality of the merits in this cryptic poetry; but that need not compel me to esteem or enjoy it, except as a curiosity, in that people can come to produce and to like that sort of thing.

That which I call the "Spirit" is potentially omniscient, being the pure faculty of apprehension; and in the exercise of this faculty (which is an animal activity like any other, and not emotionally indifferent) we may take a certain pride; but love of the object so discerned or the mental process so executed is a personal matter. The indulgence may disturb the harmony of your life; it may be, for you, a waste of energy or a vice; so that even the mere cognizance of its possibility may not be worth while for you personally, although "Spirit" in you would a priori wish to be omniscient. But spirit incarnate cannot be omniscient nor absolutely impartial; and therefore there are things (as Aristotle says) that it is better not to know. I think Aristotle would have been speculatively wiser if he had said "better \wedge not to know \wedge for a particular natural creature"; but he was wise only as a moralist.

Now, as to the concrete case of Contemporary poetry, painting, music, and sculpture, my interest in history and in the future of mankind makes me wish not to miss the values, if any, that the coming age will appreciate: to miss, I mean, understanding them. As to sharing those, or any other interests if alien to my nature, I am not concerned. Nothing is worth loving, unless you are already secretly in love with it. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

12 December 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 12, 1948

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your good impressions on reading the proofs of the two chapters from the third part of Persons & Places are most comforting, as I am always afraid of offending by my indiscretions in print. I shall be glad to see these chapters in print myself, as that will give me a new impression of my own work.

Weather, circumstances, visits, and confusion in my papers on account of confined space for them and short memory have all contributed to make me very slow in finishing another set of chapters from Dominations & Powers, Book III, (The Rational Order of Society) which discuss Lincoln's well-known formula in the Gettysburgh speech—or rather take that formula for a text for sermons of my own.

My old friend Professor Michele Petrone asks me to send you his (enclosed) temporary address in Naples (it is his Sister's house) as his future destination, probably Heidelberg, is still uncertain, and to ask you for the two books, published by you long ago, which he has wanted to see. If they are obtainable, please send them and charge them to my account. He also would like a complete set of the Triton edition, having lost his in the bombing of Berlin, but I understood from you that the set you sent for me to Austin, Texas recently was the last to be had. Prof. Petrone has most of my books separately, so that I am not altogether anxious to send him a complete set, although if you have one I would like to please him by letting him have it. In any case, we will wait until his address is permanent. He is a little overpowering, but enthusiastic, and borrows things that I sometimes miss. He has my original copy of Dialogues in Limbo in which the one or two misprints were marked; and I was annoyed not to be able

to have them corrected, if possible, in the new edition. Many thanks, by the way, for the two extra copies of this, just received. One will go to the irrepressible Petrone on his promise of sending me back my original one, with the errata marked in it.

I have discovered a historical blunder in one of the new Dialogues. Socrates had not reached Limbo before Alcibiades, but six or seven years later. Changing two words (on different pages) would correct this mistake; but I understand that corrections are almost impracticable in this form reproduction.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

20 December 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec 20, 1948

Dear Rosamond

My Christmas present was not meant to acknowledge your various gifts nor to encourage you to send more (though there would be no harm in that); but from long meditation on death and on last Wills and Testaments, it has been borne in upon me that it is a pity that you, who are my best friend among my relations in America, should get nothing when I die; yet that is the result of a “fortuitous concourse” of events. All my property, apart from a few legacies, including a Fellowship for Harvard, will go half to Josephine Bidwell and half to your three boys, representing their father. This is the strict legal order of distribution if I had died intestate; and I wanted to make my Sturgis heirs receive their conventional lots, without showing any bias on my part, because it was Sturgis money, and Sturgis administration that had formed my fortune, with the contribution of my savings which were always a good part of my income. I am afraid Robert’s six grandchildren will get very little, after taxes and expenses have been deducted: and it looks, with their early marriages and uncertain plans, that they will not be free from sordid cares, as I should have wished, especially if they were artists or literary men, who ought to be independent of official awards or public favour. Now, I have a source of income quite separate from the Sturgis fund, namely, my royalties from publishers; and

as I don't need this earned income, I can devote it to the objects that please me personally, without regard to heirs or trustees. Mr. Appleton has charge of this private fund, as well of as of the Trust, and that rather keeps me from making free use of it. Mercedes' allowance comes out of my general income, and Mr. Salmon (was this once Salomon?) sends it regularly for me without any protestation: but I feel in my bones that he disapproves. Cory is taboo; so that if I wish to help him I must do it through Scribner; Mr. Wheelock luckily is a friend of his. And although I don't know why my agents should have any prejudice against you, I feel that it is better to keep your name out of their accounts: so I appeal, while I have a credit with Scribner's, to their assistance and send you a small legacy by anticipation of its unfortunate absence at a future date.

"Dave" and "Carol" Bidwell have been here and I have seen them often and found them charmingly childlike. He is less intellectual than I expected, but affectionate and tactful—Happy New Year to you

from G. S.

[*across*]

P.S. Your card for my 85th birthday was amusing with its revolving wheel of dates from 61 to 100. I have not felt any older since the 16th.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 December 1948 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Christmas Eve, 1948

Dear Cory,

I thought that you might find a prize in the lottery ~~might be~~ convenient for you at this time, and Mr. Wheelock is always obliging in sending small sums for me for objects, like you, that are not especially favoured at the Old Colony Trust Company. The tone of these magnates, however, has

changed lately for the better, and they sent a wedding present in my name to the second of my grand-nephews, David Bidwell, to be married, who graduated last June from Harvard, summa cum laude, in physics, after being 3½ years in the army, doing electrical work during the war on the Pacific front. He had entered Harvard at 16: and these facts had led me to suppose that he must be an Einstein minor; but marriage at 21 was a sign of the contrary, confirmed on his recent appearance here with his wife. I took them one day to the Pantheon and the Forum, and another day to the Zoo (which was a better success) and they came repeatedly here, always staying a long time: and I must confess that I found them charming, although their speech was not always intelligible to me. Youth and simplicity are so attractive! He is going into the soap business.

As to the “Lincoln” chapters, I had not expected that you would send those that you had on hand to the Abraham Lincoln Quarterly, but only, eventually, those directly referring to the Gettysburg speech, on which I am still at work. Early in January I mean to take several of them to Miss Tindall (four are already to send you, but I prefer to send them all at once, so that you may make a choice). Some copies of this Quarterly have reached me. They are dry and academic. One long article in each about Lincoln’s birthplace, or his relations with Dick or Harry; and then notes on Lincoln publications. I don’t think that more than one or two of my chapters are really suitable for it; but it is perfectly respectable (more so really than the Atlantic) and you and the editor may do as you like.

My cough is sometimes troublesome and also visitors and letters to answer or worthless things to read. The result is that I do very little work. I feel cramped in this little room and often can’t find what I am looking for. This is due partly to crowding and partly to old age. My father used to say: “In this house even the stones have wings” when he couldn’t find a paper-weight which was a small slab of marble. I feel the same way, but am silent.

Yours as ever
GSantayana

To Lino S. Lipinsky de Orlov

14 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lipinsky)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan 14, 1949

Dear Mr Lipinski

I shall be very glad to sit for you any afternoon for the sketch that you wish to make of me.

I have not sat for anyone since 1896, when Andreas Andersen did a charcoal drawing of me by the firelight in my room in Staughton Hall at Harvard, which to me seems the only real portrait that was ever taken of me.

I do not usually see the Atlantic Monthly, and should be glad—not that it is necessary as an introduction—to see a photograph of anything that you have drawn

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

14 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 14, 1949.

Dear Lowell

Your letter of January 5th is full of things that I am very glad to know. First is that T. S. Eliot is publishing a selection of your poems, no doubt with a flattering introduction. He is the Matthew Arnold of the 20th century, and this delicate attention on his part will establish you as the most interesting of American poets (he himself, of course, being the most important); and I don't know why I say American, for now since the death of Paul Valéry, I see no other interesting poet in any country. And those

selected poems will sell enormously and ease your finances, which is always a good thing for one's peace and liberty. What you tell me of your new long poem also pleases me immensely. Incest and suicide may be romantic; they certainly express the Spirit rebelling against Fate and taking the law into its own hands. But they also involve coming up against the ultimate; and that is classic rather than romantic. But Spirit, according to my view, should never attribute power to itself; and if it recognizes its dependence, as Christ in the Gospels does continually on the Father, the spirit becomes the spirit of observation and worship, rather than of adventure. You will see, when you read my Dominations & Powers, how I conceive the predicament of militant action between the natural growth of things and the rational order that might arise if the children were all good. Those who rush into incest and suicide are brave and self-justified, but they cared too much for things that are not worth while. As to your method, I think sticking to what you know is a good plan, and the device of letting your heroine describe how she imagines her lover fighting is capital. You kill two fools with one bullet. I see that your poem is almost a novel: perhaps in later years you will write a novel describing your youth.

I have reread Paterson, Book II and found more in it than on a first reading. There are truly poetic passages, and a general sense of commotion on the poet's part. All the vulgar and tiresome things he finds—including that woman's endless letters—excite, exasperate, and bewilder him: why are they all like that? But what is the matter with him, I should ask, that he can't take the world for granted and pick his own way through it without being angry?

I agree with all you say about the curious personal relation between us, without having met. My philosophy is not urgent or "militant": you can manage perfectly without it, but you will find a quiet solidity in it at the end. And it is not urgent for me to understand modern poetry, except your own, because of very special elements that appeal to me profoundly, like your having tried Catholicism, and not stopped there. And while some of your verses are difficult, they are not perverse or ill-bred, like so many of your friends' medleys. Certainly if you came here and cared to do it, you could teach me to see the intention of many "cryptic" passages. But is it worth while? The subject-matter is not common property, like that of Shakespeare or the Latin poets. To catch the "illogical associations" in their private minds would not teach me anything pertinent, would it? Besides, I am too old to learn or at least (as a teacher of Italian once said to me) I am too old to remember what I learn. It is not for that that I hope you will

come some day to see me, but because I feel that you have a kind of strength and of experience that I never have had but that I have admired in some of my friends, especially in Russell (Bertrand's elder brother) and that brought me into contact with a powerful current in nature, the élan vital, which excites me without making me envious. I want my pagan and Indian philosophy for myself; but I prefer an impetuous force in others. You sign yourself "affectionately", and that gives me great pleasure and confidence in you. But as yet it is not exactly affection that I feel towards you but a sort of reliance in spite of uncertainty. I can't count on living much longer, although I am well for my years. What are you going to do next summer, if your poem is finished? That ought to be done in America, where I see you have been having interesting and profitable rencontres. It will mark the climax of your recent adventures there. But after that is done, wouldn't a season in Europe be a pleasant and enlightening change? Please consider yourself invited to spend a month with me here, whenever you like. All the months from April to November, inclusive, are pleasant here, if you don't mind the hot sun, or are willing to avoid it, which in Rome is comparatively easy. I have now spent seven summers in this house and found them comfortable, not to say luxurious, for I live all day in pyjamas. But it is not to this house that I invite you. As I wrote to you before, this is not a good place for a visitor unless he is ailing or aged. But I can very easily supply you with funds for living in a good hotel, and also, if you need it, for your journey from America and back. Although I live simply, I have plenty of money, obtainable both here and in America. So don't put off coming for reasons of economy, if you have to think of that. Consider only your work and your inclination, and remember that you will never be younger and have not seen the most interesting parts of the world. For, according to Fitzgerald, you were never at Stambul, although your book seemed to come to me from there, and I inferred that you were at the American Embassy, and envied you for it. G.S.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

17 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 17, 1949

Dear Mr. Cardiff

I am not sorry that your negotiations with “Christopher” are broken off. His manner from the first made me feel that he was out of sympathy with our project, and his extravagant demands for an advance of 1,580 dollars shows that he meant to wreck it.

As to the other unreasonable demand from Scribner’s for \$1000, I think that if you found another promising publisher, we could liquidate it. They have usually given me one half of the fees payed for quotations on a small scale. If this were their intention in this major case, \$500 would come to me, and could be at once cancelled, as I should not accept it. I never count on royalties, usually small, and use my credit with Scribner for paying bills or making presents in America, where I have now no bank account. I could in this case ask Scribner to release you from any payment, and to deduct the \$500, which would be their share of what they demand, from my royalty account for other books. It would not be a “present” to you, but only intervention to redress an abuse of privilege on their part. I should do it gladly, because they are very considerate to me now, and this way of theirs of “spurning patient merit” has never been employed against me directly by them, but only on marginal undertakings by others—e.g. the compilers of “Obiter Scripta”—who were disturbing their peace. They grumble like the Wurm in Siegfried: “Ich lieg und besitze: lass mich schlafen...”

You said in one of your letters that you liked the suggestion of “Atoms of Light” for a title of this collection of sayings. It may be a bit too poetical for some of your selections, but if you think it appropriate, you are at liberty to use it. It comes from one of six stanzas in a “Posthumous Poem” called “The Poet’s Testament”.

Blow what winds would, the ancient truth was mine
And friendship, mellowed in the flush of wine,
And heavenly laughter, shaking from its wings
Atoms of light and tears for mortal things.

The “tears” are mostly confined to my verses, which of course are not included in your survey; but there ought to be some “pessimistic” observations. In any case, do as you think best. If you chose the title “Atoms of Light” you might also quote those four lines in your preface by way of explanation.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

21 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 21, 1949.

Dear Clemens

Why do you force me to write twice, when my first answer was perfectly clear, with all reasons given?

As to any definition of mine for “democracy”, I have no recollection, but if it has been already published, it belongs morally (I abstract from copyright) to the public. Only, if it comes from an early book of mine, it ought not to be said to represent my views today, after all the lessons that events have given us. But, as you know, I am at work on a book on politics, in which the matter will be treated—that part is already done—in an elaborate philosophical way, which wouldn’t lend itself to discussion in a “symposium.”

Don’t be surprised if I don’t always answer your letters. If you stop to think a moment, you can supply my answer and save yourself the trouble of writing. But you seem to enjoy it!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

26 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 26, 1949.

Dear Lowell

That you should mention The Pillars of Hercules in speaking of your eventual journey to Europe seems a kind of telepathy, for I had been doubting whether to mention them or not in writing my last letter. Now that I understand better how things stand with you: that your poem will not be finished, that you will not leave America before the autumn, and that you think of staying two years, my reason for insisting on the Pillars of Hercules is reinforced. If when already a man of experience and an accomplished poet you come to Europe for the first time and land in England, your sense for that country will be that it is odd, small, somewhat annoying in being different from the United States; and it will take time, which perhaps you will not care to spend there, for you to feel its charm. If on the contrary you sail into the Strait of Gibraltar (and your steamer will probably touch there, so that you could “take in” the Rock, the port, and the Spanish coast, as well as the spurs of the Atlas on the African shore) you would receive an impression of grandeur with details in the foreground of an original simple ancient truly human civilization. This would be increased, if you stopped at Gibraltar, in order to go from there to Tangiers and perhaps inland into Morocco. I don’t know how profoundly things may have changed since I was at Tangiers in 1893; but then Tangiers was barbaric beyond words, the Moors thoroughly Moorish, camels, donkeys, and sheep resting on the bare ground of the vast market amid pools of urine, and on a rock that emerged in one corner, a minstrel, looking like Homer, reciting at intervals to a sparse audience, all sitting on the ground. He was repeating, I was told, old tales of chivalry, like The Romance of the Cid. I won’t say more: but everything was as remote non-Christian, savage, and yet tightly established and dignified as the Old Testament. If instead of going to Morocco you made a short trip into Spain, the scene say in Ronda, Cadiz, and Seville, would be less antique but just as incomparable with anything in America as Africa itself. You might not like what you saw, but you would not think it, like England, an irrational variant of things at home, and annoying. Even if you came straight to Genoa or Naples your first impression would be of

the Mediterranean, blue and tideless, with streets and houses down to the water's edge, and the manners and colours of a beautiful world. As you went on to Rome, Florence, Milan and Venice your comfort would increase with your appreciation of the glories of art and nature, and now-a-days you would hardly feel that you were socially among barbarians. At certain moments, in certain places, you would feel the opposite. If then from Italy made your way to Switzerland, Paris, and perhaps Flanders, you might be fascinated by the order and justness of things, and their pleasing quality, like well-cooked food and refinements of art and manners. If from this then you finally reached England, you would cry at Dover: Almost like home! England then would have to make no apologies for not being American enough, and might seem, especially if you went into the country, the most perfectly home-like of places, more than anything since ancient Greece on the human scale clement, quiet, and friendly. By all means come if you can by the Pillars of Hercules, let Europe sink into you in chronological order, without comparisons with America, as it grew and as it was gradually overpowered by modernity.

Thucydides was a political observer, not a poet. He saw Alcibiades as the embodiment of civic disease, like a sort of Mussolini if remodelled physically and socially into a Byronic god. I take Alcibiades, not as a demagogue and a rash general, but as a first outburst of romantic egotism, to balance and complete in vice, the egotism of Socrates in virtue. My Alcibiades is young, not yet debased, but already perfectly free. Compare what he says to Democritus on p. 55 and what Democritus replies. It is this self-annihilation succeeding vanity and insolence that makes me love and respect him.

I don't understand what Eliot's selection of your poems is for, if he doesn't tell us why he has made it and is not thereby going to introduce you to the British as well as to the genteel American public: which I supposed involved a vast sale. I am sorry if I was wrong. I have perhaps not studied Eliot's poetry or criticism as thoroughly as they deserve. I have not even seen his "Family Quarrel" which I only learned the other day, by chance, was a pendant to Oedipus. I agree with you in admiring his sensibility. He has caught that from the French critics who almost by heredity seem to voir juste. But I think he is timid, mincing, too content with non-radical views. All views should be radical, but not absolute; an opposite radical insight should redress the balance. But he is refined and safe in his indecision. Eliot was once in one of my classes, and perhaps it was I that gave him his first start in Dante; but he has gone far beyond me in studying him and using him. It is his approach to Catholicism, which I

didn't need. Perhaps because his Catholicism was so blameless and purified, he decided to sing on that perch. You and I know better, don't we? the entrails of that angel.

I shall hope to be still here when you arrive. The back of this winter is already broken, and I feel very well

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

27 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. January 27, 1949.

Dear Lawrence,

Your nephew William Huntington came to see me the other day and gave me good news of your convalescence, and today your box of presents has arrived, which is a sign that you are about and felt like stretching a hand in the direction of Rome. The black tie especially shows that you remembered an old fancy of mine. The first black tie is still in daily use and in spite of hard usage looks smooth and (to my eyes, at least)

stainless. Now it can be replaced by the new one on the days when I wear a white shirt instead of pyjamas in order to look respectable on an excursion to the bank, the apothecary's and the stationer's—my constant round when I go in town (in a taxi, because it is beyond my range on foot at present). The glorious large jars of mayonnaise sauce are going to transform my suppers, on the days of hard-boiled eggs and salad—even if potatoe salad—beginning with this evening, particularly apropos, because there is a strike of gas workers and a stoppage due to repairs at the electric works, so that hot dishes are temporarily abolished. However, in the big kitchen down stairs they have a coal or a wood fire; but for my minor meals Sister Angela provides in the ladies' kitchen in their corridor, and the Italian maid Maria brings them to me on a tray, because the dismal atmosphere of the table d'hôtes on my first arrival here—seven years ago—appalled me, and I have all my meals in my room. Your "Irish" tea will delight Sister Angela, a native of Eire, but I suppose it is not green tea, now that the Eirish colours have changed. All the other things are equally welcome and just what I need. "Need", as I think I said in my last letter, is not an accurate expression, because we are now provided with all the necessaries, but I like to get tea and coffee, so that my daily consumption of both may not cut into the Sisters' share. Being most of them of Irish extraction they like tea, and like it strong.

I wish in the Spring you might come and make us a visit, but perhaps you might do well to get a friend, a young friend if possible, to come with you and look after details. I know you are twelve or thirteen years younger than I, but what is that at our venerable age? In my case, deafness, bad eyesight, and general vagueness about what people are up to make it impossible for me to think of travelling, especially as the doctor forbids airplanes. You are probably all right in that respect, and Rome is not in ruins, but lovely. Nothing could give greater pleasure than to see you to your old friend

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

28 January 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. Jan 28, 1949.

Dear Rosamond

It is a mystery to me why I have let more than a month pass without thanking you for your Christmas flowers and the two inhalers. Perhaps the Bidwell's visit had interfered with the normal direction of my thoughts towards Weston, Massachusetts; or that I had a false dream-impression that having just written to you before the presents arrived I had virtually thanked you for them in advance. Never mind the cause: the facts are that everything arrived and was appreciated; but I was suffering a good deal, especially at night, from cough, which didn't let me sleep; and I had a great number of visitors and letters, so that I was tempted to postpone everything that was not urgent. Of late, things have got better. I feel as if the back of the winter were broken; there is more sunshine, and the callers and letters have fallen off in number. Moreover, the Benzedrine Inhaler which I had not used at first has proved most useful on a fair trial. It is not so pleasant, and like cologne or a nose-cocktail, as the old liquid Vapex used to be; but for about an hour it actually arrests the flow of mucus and consequently the cough, so that it is a great comfort, allowing me to read or to sleep for a while untroubled almost at any time. The directions suggest that it may be used continually, saying, not oftener than once an hour, which would allow 24 doses a day, and that it lasts for two or three months. I use it at much longer intervals, and hardly ever at night, as I have a sирrup that is supposed to heal as well as relieve; and this carries me over the night fairly well. My catarrh is chronic, and I don't expect to be cured of it; but often I forget that I have it and pass days and weeks without any sign of trouble. This winter, however, has been trying, although in Rome not at all cold, but unusually dark and rainy: and although now the "central heating" works it does not help as much as the sunshine. Now at last we are having clear weather and I can work in the morning by my open French window. Moral of all this invalid letter: Please send me more of the "Benzedrine Inhaler", in case my tube should be exhausted.

The political "cold war" seems to have settled down into a sort of normality, and the Chinese, who are being whipped seem not to mind it very

much. I am less worried, since Truman and also the French and English seem to have realized that Russia cannot be reconciled. They don't want to risk a war, and hope to annex Europe and Asia by stealth. But in the light of day, this will be difficult.

[*across*] We may have a long peace.—I am going to write one of these days to Chiquita, in answer to her Spanish letter, but in English.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

10 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, February 10, 1949.

My dear Dick

Since your short letter of Jan. 15, which reached me on the 22nd, I have been wanting to reply, but putting it off until I could announce the arrival of your Christmas presents, which have been nearly two months on the way. This is not exceptional, the parcel post even from England being very slow. What is exceptional is the superior character of your package and all its contents. I never had such a choice and luxurious combination of things sent me, and especially the handkerchiefs in a red silk holder, which I think must have been your mother's idea. Please thank her for me. It happens that handkerchiefs, and minor articles of dress generally, are things I always need and forget to get for myself, as if a sort of sub-conscious prohibition were holding me back. And I am touched by the affectionate words of your message; which leads me back to what I wanted to say in reply to your last letter. Don't think that if you are writing to me, it must be in a literary style with profound thoughts and wise conclusions on every subject. You need not write to me at all, unless you feel like it, and then, if you do, it will be about what interests me to hear, namely what you yourself are doing and planning, and what, if any, books you have been reading that appeal to you. In another letter you mentioned Means, and seemed dissatisfied with his way of philosophizing. I have barely heard of him and never read him, but I understand that he is a psychologist of the statistical school, who study mankind medically, with a view to making them into perfect economic machines. Think, if you could learn to do everything in half the time that it takes now, how splendid! You would have twice the time in which to do twice

the number of things at equal speed, without a single error in spelling or typing! If I am wrong and Means is an idealist full of Christian tenderness, I beg his pardon. But not long ago—I think after I saw you, but if before, I have probably mentioned him to you—Professor Laswell of Yale’s latest book on psychology came in my way, and I was impressed. It showed me how things were moving in academic America. And since then I have had another sign. My grand-nephew David Bidwell graduated last June from Harvard magna cum laude, and got a Guggenheim travelling scholarship, on which he and his bride, fresh from Smith College, came on a lightning tour through all Europe, and were several days in Rome. I took them once to the Forum, and another day to the Zoo, and they were very good in coming on the other afternoons to see me in my cell. He is nice looking and reported a genius in modern science, and I asked him what he was going to devote himself to after such a brilliant beginning. He said he didn’t want to be a professor, that theory interested him less than actually running machines, and that he was going into the top office of a first class soap-making company. And I had thought of him as a second Einstein, who would reveal it me the real constitution of matter! But the uses of soap are external, and what would be the use of knowing what is of no use for anything?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana



To Francis Gardner Clough

11 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 11, 1949

Dear Mr. Clough

In recent times I have received a considerable number of volumes of recent American poetry, of which for many years I had completely lost the traces; and a few of them are like yours, in the versification and with the religio-cosmic questionings which we all had in the nineteenth century; but I am afraid we are destined, even if brand new, to seem nothing but back numbers. That does not remove the intrinsic interest which such verses possess; it only deprives them of public attention. A man would have to be a positive genius, with a vision of old truths and a great technical competence to seem a modern poet today if he were clear and rational. Most of those who honour me with thin copies of their cryptic visions are all for economy of exposition and concentrated pellets from which the miraculous intuition of the reader is expected to elicit vast cloudscapes of tumultuous but silent passion. We are not in that competition, and must be content with a few old-fashioned uncritical admirers. I long ago abandoned verse for prose, and I suppose you reserve your verses for private sympathy only. Your portrait, unless the Italian love of violence misrepresents you, suggests hard usage and struggles. A novel, perhaps, would be the surest means of getting a hearing for such an experience.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

17 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 17, 1949.

Dear Raymond

Your letter of Feb. 3, received some days ago, is as full as ever of interesting facts about the family and the state of the country, except for the cryptic document of “Procter and Gamble” in which I can make nothing out but _λget_λ the suspicion that it contains a diabolical invitation to gamble and prosper. To which I oppose an old motto from the London Punch of the 1890’s: DON’T! And you don’t happen to mention one bit of information that I have been wishing to have, namely, Dave & Carol’s address during their wanderings. I had a nice letter from them when in Milan, saying how much they enjoyed the opera at La Scala, which is indeed the home of Italian opera, and I was glad that they found something first rate here that was not a ruin or an antiquity. The opera companies here have hardly learned to travel so that each large town has only its local artists to count on; and this winter in Rome we are having no opera, because the deficit of the last season was more than the city government liked to pay up. It is too bad, but makes no difference to me personally, as now I don’t go even to matinee performances; I used to do so regularly on Sundays when I lived at the Bristol, and always took Stall N^o 17 third row, end seat, from which I could slip out at any moment by the side door when I had had enough.—But I haven’t been told how letters to the young Bidwells should be addressed, and it seems ridiculous to send them to America when they may be only an hour or two from here by air: for I suppose they will not stay in Scandinavia long; that is one of those places where first-rate human beings are manufactured (according to the ancient authority of Tacitus) but from which they like to migrate to less heroic places. Paris is the natural Mecca of young travelling Americans, and the foreign place in which they can at once feel at home, and I don’t remember that they said anything suggesting that they had already been there.

I found them charming to be with, and wish they were always to be here. I had only one disappointment, not due to them, but to you for starting a false expectation in my mind that Dave was to be a second Einstein. But he said that theory didn’t particularly interest him, and he preferred

to plan and to run machinery, which I discovered was what he was busy doing when in the army, with electrical appliances for discharging guns at a distance. Imagine my disappointment when I had been hoping that he would at last explain to me how matter doesn't exist, and how every portion of it is everywhere. That is more like what the catechism taught us about God.

It is very kind of you to take so much trouble about sending me another box of provisions. Every thing will be useful, but I feel that you are being imposed upon, as we really do not need anything now. It is merely a matter of getting better or more special things or to lighten the Sisters' burden in looking after one's particular tastes. Yours affectionately G. S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

21 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Feb. 21, 1949.

Dear Clemens

How indefatigable you are! Little did I foresee, that afternoon when I took you and your mother to tea at the Pincio, what I was letting myself in for in the way of unmerited publicity!

You know, or ought to know, that I detest publicity, and that if publicity there must be, I like accuracy, although I find that even in well-intentioned interviewers' quotation of my words, accuracy cannot be hoped for. Much less from you, who seem to gather reports from the four winds of heaven with perfect innocence. I see that your proposed publisher demands misrepresentation of my feelings on the matter of "Americanism", and the Catholic bee in your bonnet would inevitably lead you to misrepresent me in regard to religion. Howgate, long ago, published a book about me in which all the facts of my life up to that time were recorded accurately, and he also was a fair, if not profound, critic of

my philosophy. He consulted me, and I helped him. You are not in so good a position for figuring as a biographer. If I have any legal or friendly claim to prevent you from writing such a biography, here goes my prohibition, request, or prayer NEVER to attempt such a thing.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

23 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

February 23, 1949

Dear Miss Tindall

Here are the last two chapters ~~of~~ the group on Lincoln's formula for democracy which I am sending to Mr. Cory for possible appearance in Reviews. It has been a tough job to get them arranged, and I shall now go on more freely to filling gaps in other parts of my endless book.

No hurry.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 27, 1949

Dear Cory,

Miss Tindall, who is prompt, will probably return to me in a few days the two last chapters of my book on the text from Lincoln. They are ten in all, and I will send them to you at once. The first would probably excite The Abraham Lincoln Review; but as the chapters are short, I think it might be better to submit some or all to Mr. Weeks. They are not about Lincoln, but about the nature of government in general, and would gain very much in weight if they were read more or less together.

I also will include one (the next to the last) page, revised, of The Marriage of Venus, which I wish you would substitute for the corresponding page in the manuscript that you have. I don't know whether you have read these old plays; if you have, you will have noticed the obvious patches of new stuff sewn on to the old garment, contrary to the advice of the gospel. But I have done it in full consciousness of the danger, because it is the moral, rather than the literary quality, of these pieces that I care about, and I have now a much firmer conception of this moral than fifty years ago, when I wrote them. But what I wish to avoid is shockingly bad lines, either in the old style or in the new, and there were several such in this important page of The Marriage of Venus. I hope this revised version is passable in form, at least enough to convey the force of the moral. So, too, in the last lines of the other play.

I am now reading Russell's "Human Knowledge" but amid so many other books, letters, and visits (although the last have luckily become rarer) that I am making slow progress in it, and will not tell you my impressions until I have read the whole book and can control them rationally. But comparing it with the "Philo of Alexandria" two thick volumes beautifully printed, that the author, I think once a pupil of mine, Wolfson, and now a professor at Harvard, has sent me, I feel how much the human mind has descended in dignity as it has increased its miscellaneous information; and I sympathize with your impatience of the meanness of contemporary views. I also have two books of Indian philosophy to restore my tone, sent me by Swami Nikhilananda, who visited me here lately, and was very sympathetic. I follow the Indians in their notion of Brahman, Spirit, in its essence, but of course not in its absolute status as the root of all things. It is the root, in an animal psyche, of the universe of appearances; but the real universe, with its movement and competition, must first have produced the psyche with its interests and powers: of which the cry for liberation is one.

I am glad you are thinking of coming in this direction soon. If you can manage the journey, and whatever stay you make in Switzerland, you may rely on me for your expenses in Rome, or elsewhere in Italy, where my Italian cheques can be cashed, and you need not limit the length of your stay. I hope this summer to finish my Dom. & P'rs. provisionally, giving it a presentable form, beginning, middle, & end, but leaving parts open to future developments, if circumstances permit.—I am better now that Spring has come.

Yours affly GSantayana

To Ervin Paul Hexner

28 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Pennsylvania)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 28, 1949

Dear Mr. Hexner

The pieces that have been appearing in The Atlantic are not “essays” but fragments of books, the one you refer to being the Epilogue to my autobiography. Others have come from Dialogues in Limbo, and some may follow from Dominations & Powers. They have appeared because my publishers think it advisable to keep my name before the public, and my books are long-winded and I am now slower than ever in finishing them.

If you have dipped at all into my philosophy, you know that I am not a dogmatist in morals. It is for each man’s nature—not for his consciousness or opinion—to determine what his “true” interests are. It is what I call his “primal Will”, which is unconscious, that decides the matter, and then the possibility of realizing this Will is determined by circumstances. This unconscious nature or Will may well be unselfish or social or, as the Indians maintain, mystically negative, so that every mans “true” interest is to become Brahman, or the Absolute. I think this is the “true” interest only of a very special Will, which if dominant would destroy all Will or life, and so would not justify itself to itself. There are forms of natural happiness that do so.

I meant to answer your letter in a few words, but the subject has made me run on automatically. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

28 February 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome. February 28, 1949

Dear Rosamond

Your letter of a week ago brings unexpected news and it has taken me a few days to digest it. I see what a completely new and actively social life your marriage will open before you, and how this, added to the warmth of a new affection, will bring you. But my idea of your domestic life to come is still incomplete. Apthorp House is a familiar sound, but calls up no image. I must often have seen it in my undergraduate days, because Ward Thoron lived where the Delphic Club stands now, and in the years 1883–5 I used to go almost daily in the afternoon to see Ward. Neither of us played games, but we took a walk or read French books aloud. To the present clubhouse I think I went only once, to inspect it after it was built; but I then knew none of the members. I have of course never seen your brothers who were members long after my time. I have looked up the Adams House in a map I have of modern Cambridge, and it seems to stretch rather between Plympton and Bow Streets, and “Squash Courts” seem to separate it from Linden Street, but Apthorp House itself is not marked in my plan. I should like to see a view of it, some day. Of the Adams House I have a picture which shows only a glimpse in a rather crowded knot of streets or courts, but showing a nice lantern tower.

More important than the setting is to have some idea of your future family circle. As to Mr. Little himself, being master of a House in Cambridge and being Secretary to the University are both positions of which I have no first hand knowledge, but they suggest administrative and executive duties rather than teaching, and you don’t tell me what Mr Little was before there were Houses at Harvard. Garrick and the 18th century sound like a speciality in English history or literature. And then of his

four children, which are boys or men and which girls or women? That must make a great difference in the ease with which you can slip into your new position. I have some experience of this sort of problem, as my sister Susana had six step-children as well as a middle-aged husband with fixed habits. Anyhow, give him my compliments and congratulations; and I can understand how you too can feel a fresh glow of youth and excitement at the prospect of this new life. What I cannot sincerely congratulate you on is the procession of visitors and official functions which will demand your time and attention. But I am an old bear, and could never feel the charm of society where it went beyond real friendship or a real feast to the eye and to the gullet.

Your parcel with eatables and also magazines arrived duly, was appreciated, and I don't know why I didn't thank you for it at once. Spring has now set in and I am feeling better and working with more pleasure

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

1 March 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 1, 1949

Dear Dick

I had put off answering your letter of Feb. 6 until I should feel quite clear in my own mind about what to reply, and now your "paper" has come treading on the letter's heels, and giving me new light as to your abilities as the letter did about your disposition. I feel that I now know you much better than before; because being with you revealed your personal character—that that was all right; but partly on account of my deafness, I remained somewhat in the dark in regard to your philosophical

vocation and affinities. Your having caught on to “Normal Madness” had made a great impression on me: it was so unexpected and cut so deep. Or could this be a sort of accident and would it not signify much to you when you had studied the great philosophers? The letter explains clearly that (as fits your physique) you are naturally a Nordic in reflection: you stand on the Self and the rest is the not-Self; and you at once recognize your attitude in Fichte. That is splendid, because Fichte, though not a very weighty or sound philosopher, is radical and fearless and defends an ultimate position. If you had approached German idealism from the British side, because Kant had said that Hume had roused him from his “dogmatic slumber”, you might have got entangled in the psychological net that keeps people like Bertrand Russell, for instance, from being clear either in their naturalism or their theory of knowledge. Fichte is consistent in the latter; and he is not a dogmatist (though a wilful fanatic) in morals; because this too is merely the Will of the Self asserting its right to autonomy. And your difficulty in distinguishing essence, unless it be the essence of existence, in the depths of consciousness or introspection, is in perfect harmony with the romantic idealism of all these non-Platonic minds. They are looking for fact substance, support: looking for foothold, not for the pleasure of seeing. Therefore there is all this struggle and ambiguity of Selves, and psychological existence attributed to the image or thought, which to a Platonist, is only aesthetic or logical. This clear position of yours made me think of recommending you to look into the Existentialists or the Indians. But with your allegiance to a relative and therefore not catastrophic or Apocalyptic moral sense, you would not care for Kierkegaard: perhaps Jaspers would interest you more. But the existence of the image (spirit for him is a substance) appears also in Berkeley: and this brings me to your paper.

Naturally I appreciate your wish to find me in the same boat with Berkeley, and I stick to my contention that his “ideas” are essences having only the status of words; yet, though he says this himself and it makes the whole beauty and wonder of his treatment of the world as an air-castle in the imagination, as our idea or knowledge of the world really is, he nevertheless takes his “ideas” to exist. This I should attribute rather to intuition (a moment of life, of spirit, and of keenness and synthesis in the unconscious currents of the psyche and the body). The element of existence belongs to the self and leaves the “idea” to be, as in Plato, ideal: a visionary term or a form. Spirit, I said just now, was a substance for Berkeley, who in this respect was scholastic, Christian, and Cartesian, not

a transcendental critic, like Fichte; yet grammar or logic would not allow him to say that spirit was the subject and the idea the predicate in vision, so that when you admire the “velvet lawn” it is your spirit that is green. No: the “idea” itself is green. Berkeley, as I remember him after fifty years of separation, didn’t say much about spirit, assuming, I suppose, that it was like an angel or more technically, like l’esprit in Descartes, for whom it was identical with actual thinking or consciousness, but who also called it a substance, in as much as it existed in itself, without any bodily organ and could affect the body only by miracle, in man, not in the animals, who were bêtes-machines. You, who are fresh from ϕ Berkeley, can perhaps tell me how he conceived the relation of this existing angel-soul to an existing psychological idea or perception. It seems to me that a perception (which in so far as it is spiritual I call an intuition) is either, behavioristically, a reaction in the body to a physical stimulus, or a moment of spirit, spirit for me not being a substance but a flash of feeling in a psyche, intermittent and immaterial. This psyche or self in its animal life, when especially attentive, emits this immaterial cry, and sees this immaterial idea. A pure sound, as heard, and a pure light, as seen do not seem to me to be anything but illusory phenomena, signs for the spirit of the body and the world in which it is incarnate. They do not exist except as features or qualities in its own moral, immaterial, volatile life.

My philosophy as a whole, and in its form of wisdom, is therefore very different from Berkeley’s, although in the matter of nominalism I think I am more radical than he turned out to be in the end. At first, of course, he was a young hound after the fox of abstract ideas. But my essences are not abstract and \wedge even \wedge when they are concepts or “laws” they exercise absolutely no control over the course of events, either in the world or in the mind. They are therefore as multitudinous, separate, and “inert” as any nominalist could desire, and functionally they are just words. The mature Berkeley, on the contrary, was obliged to discover tar-water and other efficacious “ideas” quite Platonically ruling the world and the destiny of spirits. In this respect my essences are not Platonic at all but very like the ideas of sense in Berkeley and Hume, only less material, thinner, and not mistaken for dynamic elements of existence. They are only dramatic elements in the moral life of spirit, who lends them all their momentary deceptiveness, while they possess in themselves only an ideal timeless identity. Words, in every phase of their evolution, have this logical reality and this material non-existence. Plato’s Ideas are for me just as “nominal” as any sensuous term.

But these are useless repetitions, and what I wish especially to say is that your paper seems to me splendid, mature and professional. It shows that you are ready to become a professor of philosophy, as far as intelligence and ability go, and at ease also in criticising and quoting your authorities aptly. Did your instructor refer to Bergson in connection with Berkeley, or was it your own idea? In any case, it is very illuminating, because Bergson said that Berkeley did not deny the existence of matter, but gave a fruitful new view of it—i.e. Bergson's own, for whom matter is the pack of which "ideas" are the cards. This shows how completely subjective Bergson's conceptions were. Matter = any theory of matter—All you need is to complete your study of the great philosophers, beginning not with me but with Thales. So there you are! G.S.

To John McKinstry Merriam

[1 March] 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Merriam)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, February 29, 1949.

Dear Merriam

When I read in your letter that Fraser was dead I felt a distinct emotion, more of sudden recovery than of regret. That name carried me back suddenly to the schoolroom in the new building on Warren Street that we occupied during our last two years at the Latin School, and I saw him sitting quietly in his dark clothes in the right hand corner seat of the back row, N^o 1, for he was always at the head of the class. And I didn't see him often, as I always sat one or two rows in front of him, and he never made himself conspicuous among the boys. I hardly remember any incident or conversation connected with him; nor did I ever meet him in College, even at the Phi Beta Kappa where, as you say, we were elected together, but it must have been for very different reasons. I was an interloper, and he born to be a Charter member. But there I saw him yesterday for an instant; and it confirmed me in the theory that time is a great illusion, when it makes us think that it brings or destroys anything. Everything is eternal, except our attention.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 March 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 15, 1949

Dear Cory,

I am very glad to know that you are coming so soon, and approve of your choice of an English pension near the Porta Pinciana. The tram Circolare interna stops there and can bring you, in either direction, as far as the Colosseum, if you don't feel like going down first towards the attractions of the Via Veneto and the ϕ Corso, to take your favourite bus to the Lateran. As to the price, 200 lire a day is what I now pay here; you

will have 10% extra, I suppose, for service and something for wine, washing, and stamping letters, let us say 250 lire a day: or 75,000 lire a month. I will give you a cheque for 100,000 when you arrive; if you feel virtuous and economical you can make it do to cover pocket money as well, as you don't want to get books here. If it is not enough, I can give you a petit supplément at my other bank (you know I now have two bank accounts, one at the Banco di Napoli, and another at the Banco di Roma. We can then begin the second month with a nest-egg, to relieve the sense of too great exactitude in the budget for ~~that~~ next month. You can stay on this system as long as you like, but I suppose you mean to stop in Florence and in Switzerland, still in good weather, on your way back.

I suppose by this time you have received my 10 chapters on Democracy and have seen whether, they, or some of them, will do for Weeks. (We are having such a dark Spring that at 3 p.m. I can't see to go on writing where the last word left off. Of course, it is partly my blindness, although I still see perfectly to read, if I have a good light.)

I have been reading on in Russell's book, although I have several other things half-read that really interest me more. I saw the rather unfair article about it in the Times Literary Supplement, but I can understand a general feeling of disappointment at the medley of special points that interest the author especially, or that are the latest to be talked of in some special circle without preserving proportion ~~ing~~ and a natural hierarchy in the subjects to be treated. Of course, many details are good; but yesterday, on reading the chapter on Space in Psychology, I was really exasperated. This is more artificial than anything in the Scholastics. I never felt so clearly what a fatal error the British School made in setting up "ideas" or "percepts" or whatever they call them, for constituents of the cosmos.⁷ They are appearances: and from the beginning animal faith (which Bertie calls animal inference (is it an improvement?)) takes for a sign, a call, an aspect, even if at first faith \wedge (or intellect) \wedge it has nothing but the casual appearance to describe it by. But it is a dynamic thing a force on the same plane as our total action. No: Bertie has missed the bus, for all his talent and omnipotence. G.S.

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

30 March 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 30, 1949.

Dear Raymond

Yesterday came your large and well-filled package, announced in your letter of weeks ago. The three boxes of Crax have stood the journey nicely. In the one I have already opened, which was the most exposed to crushing by heavier cans and pots of marmalade, etc, had only a few crackers broken, and just as good to eat as if whole; the only damage was in a pot of jam, which had been smashed and bits of the glass fallen into the preserve inside, so that Sister Angela, the Irish-born housekeeper from Chicago, sadly condemned all the contents as dangerous. Probably the servants in the big kitchen down stairs thought better of it, and have made a feast of the jam, without fear of atomic glass. All the rest will tend to keep me plump for some time, against my ascetic purpose of growing thin, as more suitable for an old hermit: but such ideas of propriety can always be put off until the contrary temptation has disappeared. This I say to remind you that there is no need of sending me more eatables. I have five meals a day, like an Englishman, and they feed the furnace little by little quite well enough to keep the philosophy warm. I am in hopes of finishing the big book on hand during this coming summer, not so that certain parts may not be filled in afterwards, if I am still alive, but so that the book may be ready to publish. This is a great satisfaction for me, as I was afraid that the task would prove to be beyond my strength.

As soon as I got your last letter, I wrote to Dave at his Oslo address, and I have had since a nice letter from him, in which he says nothing about Einstein or the constitution of matter, but asks me what I think about the power of resistance in Western Europe. I haven't answered him yet, as he says they are to stay, or at least be in communication with their present address until they sail for home. Besides, I don't know anything about the situation from the inside. It is all a matter of conjecture: but I

think this Atlantic Pact is a great improvement on the United Nations, because it has somebody at the head of it. That has been until now the principal advantage of the Russians. Perhaps the mere existence of a definite power and policy on the other side may be enough to check them now. But from a military point of view they have an obvious advantage everywhere. Still they honestly prefer peace; that is, non-resistance to communism.

It was a great pleasure to see Dave and his nice bride, and to see them, at least, from your side of the family.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

9 April 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 9, 1949.

Dear Clemens,

No: I have no long-distance (or short-distance) radio, and no desire to listen to any broadcasting, which with my deafness I should not understand.

It is not in my [*illegible*]power to regulate what people may say or publish about me, but I have repeatedly begged you not to busy yourself about me. I don't think you are the right man to do so; but I suppose publicity is your profession and you are willing to take up any subject that seems to supply "copy".

It is the same with visitors and interviews. People come to see me without asking leave or needing introductions, and between 5 and 7 p.m. I see them, and occasionally feel that perhaps it has been of some interest, and not merely a passtime, like going to see the oldest old woman in the village.

If you write me more letters and get no answer, please understand that, as far as my consent is required for any useless project, I do not give it, but that the thing may nevertheless be realized if the essor vital in the

persons concerned is irresistible. I like to be quiet, but do not undertake to stop the steam-roller of modern enterprise.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

18 April 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 18, 1949.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have received various short notes, with enclosed letters from Strangers, which I have not thanked you for at once, as they required no immediate answer.

Yesterday I gave a visitor, Mr. Peter Russell, my last copy of Dialogues in Limbo, because he expressed regret at not being able to order it from England; and I am writing to ask you to be good enough to have two more copies of this book sent to me, as being my favourite child, I don't like to be parted from it for long.

Cory has come to Rome and seems happy in a Danish "Pensión" that he has found near the Pincian Gate; and he comes almost every afternoon to have tea with me here. Under his instruction I am undergoing a re-education in the works of (my pupil) T. S. Eliot, especially in Four Quartets, which Cory especially admires, and confesses that he would like to imitate. I am making very slow progress in this; and materially in Dominations & Powers also: although morally I am much encouraged and hope this Summer to get it (if not completed, which it may never be) at least well-ordered and publishable, in case of accidents.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Wincenty Lutoslawski

20 April 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 20, 1949.

Dear Sir,

It was a pleasure to hear from you after so many years, and to know that you, too, have weathered these times of war and ruin. As for me, I had already retired from “the world” when troubles began, and was put to no great inconvenience, and to no positive loss, by events; I merely moved from the hotel in the city, where I had lived for many years, to this hospital-refuge kept by an Order of English-speaking Sister, called the “Little Company of Mary” or “The Blue Sisters”, from the colour of their veil. I am happy in my cell here, and do not expect to move again.

The just impression that you got of me in the first instance, that I was a sceptic and sincere lover of beauty, I think is still true of me in spite of the pretentious titles to some of my books. My system is only a system of categories or grammar of human imagination, not claiming any scientific or literal or exclusive validity. But modern philosophy was always alien to me, and I could never accept the dogmatic side of Platonism or Hinduism or Christianity as anything but a moralistic mythology. But I am perfectly content that language and thought should remain symbolical and merely human, even in the most objective possible science. “Reality” can take care of itself, and of us.

Writing has been a pleasure for me, not a means to any other end than that of a poet and I have doubtless written too much. Nevertheless, I can’t stop, and I am still at it, composing a big book about Government. I will very gladly send you (from the publishers’ in New York) any one of my books that you may care to see: but which? There is even a novel, “The Last Puritan” and two short parts of a kind of autobiography, called “Persons & Places” of which the second part, published separately, was given the temporary title of “The Middle Span”. These books would give you the best account of my life and religious opinions, if they interest you. But I have properly no religious opinions, only historical and psychological views about religion. Nevertheless, in my own terms, I could accept your conviction about pre-existence, in that, without any belief in transmigration of souls, I do believe in a profound existent potentiality in psyches; not indeed, in my view, infinitely old or infinitely transmissible, but

like Karma, dominating our passage through human society, which is not at all a favourably environment for the spirit which the psyche is capable of developing. I have even written a book about "The Idea of Christ in the Gospels, or God in Man", a piece of psychological Christology, not a "Life of Jesus." Perhaps the best book to send you would be the one volume edition of "Realms of Being" containing the four volumes on Essence, Matter, Truth, and Spirit. My own favourite, however, and best written book, is "Dialogues in Limbo" of which there is a fresh edition.

If you will send me word, on another post-card, as to which of these you prefer, I will ask Scribner to send it to you at once.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

27 April 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 27, 1949.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory and I have read your letter of the 22nd instant (how quick things are now!) with much pleasure, and smiled at the considerate way in which you write to me about procrastination as something about which you know YOU ought to be patient, instead of cursing me out frankly for a dawdling octogenarian. But I hope (we are in a hopeful mood today about the blockade of Berlin, and emotions spread in an irrational way from one thing to another) that your patience may be rewarded. I work slowly, but advance somewhat, and feel stimulated by what happens and what I read, so that the book is being enriched as well as brought nearer to a conclusion. The conclusion, by the way, is written, partly by introducing and supplementing an essay of 1934 about "Many Nations in One Empire" published then in a Review called The New Frontier, edited by a young man named Otis. Do you know anything about him? I have heard nothing since of him or his Review.

My re-education continues, and I am sending to Blackwell's for a copy of "Four Quartets" since Cory will take his away, to keep under his pillow, and for Prof. Bowra's The Creative Experiment, reviewed in this

week's Times Literary Supplement, which seems to cover the whole aerea of synthetic obscurity, including Spain and Egypt and the Gipsies.

May I trouble you to pass on the enclosed slip to your book-selling department? Lutoslawski [*across*] is an old wandering Pole who published a good book many years ago on the chronology of Plato's Dialogues. He now writes to me, with Slavic civility, saying he cares nothing about my opinions but is interested in my life and character, as the opposite of his own. GS.

Please send a copy of my { Persons and Places
and The Middle Span

to Prof. W. Lutoslawski,

10 SZWEDZKA,

DYBNIKI-KRAKOW,

Poland

and charge them to my account.

G Santayana

April, 27, 1949.

To Richard Colton Lyon

8 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 8, 1949

Dear Dick,

No wonder that I blundered about your supposed “Nordic” descent because as you say the trouble is with one’s vocabulary. Genealogy also, especially pre-historic genealogy, is very unsafe being full of lies as well as of fables. What I should have said, with becoming English understatement, is that your descent can’t be largely traceable to the little Black Men or Pygmies. I have sent for a new History of England from the earliest prehistoric times to the 13th century, and perhaps I may learn from it how the Highland Clan of Lyon came to Britain with the Conqueror and was originally from Southern France. Lyon is certainly in that direction, and the Normans eventually got to Sicily and Constantinople and Palestine, so why not to Southern France? If I get any light on this subject when the book comes, I will let you know. My notion could be sufficiently justified, mutatis verbis, by saying that you must be a Norman.

On the philosophical side this could produce only a predisposition to subjectivity or idealism, not a system; and I didn’t mean to say that you did or would accept the German transcendental idealism on the whole or as Fichte or Hegel or Schelling understand it. You are too good a disciple of mine for that; and in this last letter of yours which touches on so many incongruous systems, you almost always end by adopting a benevolent satiric solution of my sort, reducing Subjectivism suavely to the Subjective “point of view” (all “points of view” are in the observer) and retaining the comfortable orthodox conviction that the whole phenomenal world, as it appears, is “música celestial” in the human head.

Your course in the philosophy of religion must be capital celestial brain-music of this kind. The trouble will be at the end, when all the tolerant and sympathetic appreciation of each religion will be in great danger of one of two disasters: either, a quick emotional proof that one of the religions is absolutely sound, if you don’t remember the others; or else a sweeping conclusion that the history of religion itself is the true religion to end religion. I leave it to you to suggest here, as if it were well known, that salvation lies in the fact that religion is poetry and poetry is truer, in a Pickwickian sense, than science: for in regard to matter it is not more

symbolic or metaphorical, and in regard to moral allegiance it is superior to worldliness.

My old friend and secretary, Daniel Cory, of whom I believe I spoke to you, is now in Rome and has been cramming me on the subject of modern concentrated poetry, especially T. S. Eliot; and I have reread, or read for the first (5 or 6) times all his poems except the plays. I think I have made progress, and if my great but yet unmet friend, Robert Lowell, (like you before you came to Rome) makes me a visit in the autumn, as I hope, I shall be better able to get a C in my examination. Pray for me when the time comes. There is a special patron for people passing examinations, Saint Expeditus, a young martyr.

Don't overwork: it's like overeating.

G.S.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

13 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 13, 1949.

Dear Mr. Cardiff

Your inquiry of April 21st has lain under a pile of other papers, and I am sorry to have forgotten, among “the forty thousand things” that caused Lao Tse to sigh, that it had not been acknowledged.

The lines in question belong to the elegy on King’s College Chapel, and may be found on page 109 of my collected Poems published by Constable in 1922, and reissued by Scribner with their own title-page. It is reprinted in the Triton edition of my works also, vol. I. The lines must have been written in 1897, when I was for a year a member of King’s and lived for a part of that time, the “Long Vacation”, in rooms from which I had a view of the whole north side of the Chapel in violent perspective, which made it look like a cliff. I would often go in to hear the Vesper service, which in that summer season was little frequented, and of course with no sermon, so that the scene and the music could be digested in peace.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

13 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 13, 1949

Dear Rosamond

Many thanks for the two inhalers, old and new, that arrived yesterday in a neat parcel. I wonder, in writing, whether this will find you in your

old home, or pursue you in your flight to pastures new. I was rather expecting a more definite announcement of the date of your marriage, which is to be this month. Perhaps, when you are away on your trip of six months, which suggests rather prolonged stops at various places of perhaps chiefly at one, you will have more leisure than in these last busy weeks to send me word of your whereabouts and plans. I wrote, as I think I have told you, to Chiquita, wondering whether Bob and she were included in “the boys” who are to keep your old house. I don’t feel quite at home in the way people have now of being employed out of their own families—I mean women—after they are married, and before, when they are not obliged to earn their living. But perhaps they are obliged to earn something if they want to live in the way they like. Yet this seems a contradictory state of things; because they can hardly be very free or gay or studious, if they have to be in an office at nine every morning for the best of the whole day, especially if they have no servant to look after the house and dinner. But I see the tendency that modern conditions encourage, and which I yielded to all my life in what people then thought a very selfish and unsocial fashion, always in hotels or rooms and restaurants. But it is of course the realization of socialism, which leaves the individual alone in the tight network of economic semi-public duties, with only a chance and variable set of comrades in business or pleasure. Is this tendency quite human? I have managed well enough on that plan, but only because I was fatally a Stranger, not only in any particular place but in the world at all; and I think normal people, living in the socialistic way, will take their revenge by multiplying their societies and, besides the big economic and political one, forming all sorts of clubs, teams, secret societies, and mystical religions, where they will enjoy segregation and distinction from the hoi polloi that envelop them. I seem to notice this already going on. The less home, family, and country signify for the imagination and the moulding of a man’s interests and affections, the more he is absorbed in sports and “ideologies”, parties, or religious societies, not for religious progress in the mind, but for a sort of social bond, like singing in a chorus or rowing in a boat. Everything is too much to care for: we need to take pride in something choice. I am now being re-educated, so as to join the Bacchic rout of contemporary wild poets—luckily I am too old to go into a frenzy myself but I want to be let into the Mysteries of the Cult.

Best wishes from your affectionate uncle

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas Bennett Sturgis

17 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 17, 1949.

Dear Rosamond

Chiquita writes me that you are to be married on the 26th, only nine days ahead, and this wakes me up from a stupor into which I had fallen in consequence of not knowing what to do to celebrate the event. You know that I have two separate funds at my disposal, my earnings for my writings, and the family money, inheritance and savings, at the ~~Bo~~—Old Colony Trust Company, which I don't feel so much master of as the other, but which luckily has not the same way of being depleted at the wrong moment. Now, under the sense of having dawdled, I have suddenly decided to send you a wedding present from the Old Colony Trust Company, contrary to my usual custom, because this is a single occasion, and the gossips will not mumble anything if they get wind of it. Besides, my account at Scribner's is getting low, as I have not published any book this year. I hope you may receive it in time; if not it will somehow accompany my best wishes for all the rest of your days.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Allison Delarue

24 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 24, 1949.

Dear Mr. Delarue

Your kind note and Eugene Berman's designs make me think of Paris and the Russian Ballet of fifty years ago rather than of Italy where I live pleasantly but far from all artists and festive shows.

They also make me think of an old friend who I understand has become a sort of patron emprensario for ballets in New York, George de Cuevas. His wife is the daughter of Charles Strong, with whom I had my pied-à-terre in Paris for many years; and I took his place (he being at a sanatorium in Switzerland) at his, her daughter's, marriage. You see how modern the existence of an old recluse may become in this "age-of-troubles".

The Russian ballet was, of all modern novelties, the one that seemed to me to set the arts really on the highway again. But [*illegible*] have they kept to it?

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

26 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 26, 1949.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have spent this whole day—the feast of the Ascension, which is a crowded day for the Sisters, when my own routine is interrupted, especially this year when this vast establishment is being repainted from a

dubious brick-colour to cream-white walls and bright-green blinds—in reading Miss Isabel Bolton’s The Christmas Tree. Cory, who is off next week to Florence and Siena, had carried off the book on T. S. Eliot, which arrived with the other book, and which I shall read attentively when he is gone. As to The Christmas Tree, I have read it with curiosity rather than pleasure, because novels do not interest me as plays, for their own living interest, but only for their documentary human or historical value. What kept me reading this book (beginning at the end, and skipping where I felt I had caught the drift of the argument, was the picture of New York, as a scenario and a social atmosphere, both now obviously very much changed from their character in my time 1890–1910. Not long ago I read in the Times Literary Supplement that American Novelists are now depicting the Freudian themes that British novelists affected after the first general war. Abnormal eroticism does not seem to me a good theme for feminine treatment: they are not able to be frank and philosophic enough, but if they are shy (like Isabel Bolton) they are vague, and if they are sympathetic (as she is in spots) they are sentimental. Proust and Gide (not to go back to Petronius) are both definite and free, and unblushingly sympathetic (Gide) or scrupulously scientific (Proust). I don’t think Isabel Bolton’s treatment worth the pains she takes with it: but I am glad to have read her book. Apart from the dramatic force of the final scene, which I suppose will prove a great success, it represents a degree of moral “emancipation” which astonishes me; can it be anything but an extreme and rare thing in America? I know that speech is freer now: but do manners show such a great licence?

In addition to the copies of my Dialogues in Limbo which I asked you to send me recently (and which perhaps are now waiting for me to fetch them from the P. O, for I have received a notice of something there) I should be much obliged if you would have 2 copies of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels sent to me also. Somehow, the feeling that these volumes are obtainable makes me generous in letting yearning visitors carry them away, and I never seem to have a copy of my own when I want to look up something.

My memory is so treacherous that I am not sure that I have not got the above titles mixed, and that it was the Idea of Christ that I had asked for, and the Dialogues that I need to add now.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

29 May 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 29, 1949.

Dear Lawrence

I am delighted to know that you are well and are coming in July! All my life I had assumed that only “four cats”, as the Italians say, could remain in Rome during the summer, and I would go to Cortina or to Switzerland, like any tripper; but now, since I came to this house, I have spent seven whole summers without moving, and found them very tolerable—in fact, better than the winters when, during the war, we had no central heating and often not enough light. However, I live in pyjamas and seldom go out, so that it is easy for me to keep cool and to profit by the comparative quiet, as far as curious strangers are concerned who come to have their copies of The Last Puritan, or of Persons & Places autographed by the author. It may be different for you who naturally will want to go about; and it is very hot in the sun until the evening, when both temperature and landscape are perfect. If you and your friend find the heat in Rome oppressive, I can recommend a really cool place within easy driving distance if you have a motor: there is a train, but it is likely to be slow and crowded. It is Fiuggi in the Appennines, at 700 metres, where there is a good hotel, Palazzo della Fonte, on the top of a hill—there are wooded

hills all round, and excellent air; but I found little to tempt me in the way of walks. From there you could come back to Rome after August 15th as the Italians do, in the belief that the “canicula” heat is over: and certainly the sun is not so high or so broiling, but there is not much difference in the temperature until October. I don’t know whether you have been much in Italy before, or at all, and whether you are a sightseer or would prefer a fashionable watering place, gaier than Fiuggi, like the Venecian Lido. I used to stay in Venice for some weeks both in early and in late summer; but of course stayed in the town, where there was often music in the Piazza San Marco in the evening, and I dined regularly in one of the restaurants in that square. I shall be grateful for a chance to see you at any season, and am sorry that my gadding days are over, else I would urge you to come to Venice and Cortina with me. Here I am deep in work; but the afternoon is always free, and on some days we might drive when the sun begins to go down, and the light is at its best, for a sight of the City and the Villa Borghese and the Giardino del Lago, where we can get an ice or a cocktail!

You probably have been advised about hotels in Rome, but there is time still to give you a hint if you want one and tell me what sort of atmosphere or situation you prefer. When the Bristol, where I lived for years was pulled down, I spent one winter at the Grand: it is good and more diplomatic and European than the Excelsior. The Hassler and the Hôtel de la Ville are in the best situation, and the first, just rebuilt, the most select.

Yours affectionately,
G. Santayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

4 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 4, 1949

Dear Onderdonk

It seems to me only the other day that I received and answered your last letter; surely it must have been this year, and a year at our age is little more than a wink. Anyhow, there is nothing new to report. I do the same thing every day, and see people who seem to me replicas of the same pattern, produced in series. My book—*Dominations & Powers*—will

be old and worm-eaten before it is brought to light. I make some progress, working every morning, except in case of force majeure, but gaps seem to open in one place as soon as they are filled in another, and I despair of ever coming to an end—except my own.

Sometimes, I am set up and encouraged by my “distinguished” visitors. A man named Max Eastman, who said he had received “delightful” letters from me, has been here twice; and the second time, with two other people in my tiny room, I rambled into talking about translations of poetry, and how I wrestle at night with some lines of Tibullus that I have learned by heart in the wish to translate them, and when I recited the first line, in the original and in my version there was spontaneous approval from all three listeners, and one cried “That is epic!” Such are the rewards of tilling the sands. I now hope to finish my translation!

Yours sincerely G.S.

To Robert Stuart Fitzgerald

5 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Fitzgerald)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. June 5, 1949.

Dear Mr. Fitzgerald

On Palm Sunday Lowell wrote me a short note in telegraphic style, saying: “I can’t at this moment tell you . . . how I’ve been having rather tremendous experiences . . . I’m in sort of the same kind of place you are.” (sic) This gave me the idea of some confusion, but I thought of a love-affair or a flight to the seashore for solitude, not at all of any public or moral crisis. Your absorbing letter—so very clear and fair in every way—has given me facts, of which I had heard nothing. I think I see the ground-swell of public opinion, at least among the intellectual proletariat, rising now into sympathy with communism and then into a sacred horror of it, and lifting or sinking the “innocent” individual who thinks himself an independent thinker—spirit and a “creative” centre of life. The howl raised by the “alumni” of Yaddo shows that the place was formerly recruited by uncivilised people, and the alarm of the spy-hunting police shows that when people become professionals they must, if at a loss, invent occasions for exercising it. This has become an age of intolerance and terror all round and these are things that impose themselves on those who attempt to suppress them. As you say, people do not admit “the massive ungeneracy of mankind—its sheer preoccupation”.

Lowell had written to me earlier about his presence at the “Cultural” congress of literary lights, and seemed to have been pleased with it. I had no hint of any change in his own mind, much less of this revulsion against the world in the midst of warring impulses to reform it and to defend himself against it.

I am going to write to him, at least to express my concern at what he has had to suffer and my profound sympathy with the call he feels to another order of values. He must have felt it before, when he was first converted; but neither in his poems nor in his letters have I found any clear expression of the motives that guided him then. I was only attracted by the wonder that a Boston Lowell should have become a Catholic at all: it proved so clear, so radical, a sense both of the inadequacy of Boston and of the sphere in which adequacy might be looked for. And I was hoping that, if I could persuade him to come to see me, we might spontaneously

compare our sentiments on this subject. I feel the revolt of spirit against facts; but I doubt whether any different facts, if they were equally temporal and particular, could be more acceptable. What the Church announces seems to me only in fact liberation, not substitution of facts for facts. I fear that our friend may not have come to the end of his troubles.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

5 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 5, 1949

Dear Lowell

Your friend Fitzgerald has sent me a long account of your experiences during the last months, of which you had given me a vague hint, which I had misinterpreted. You smelt a rat at Yaddo: the anti-spy police also did; and your zeal for the beauty of the Lord's house, dedicated to the nurture of artists, carried you and some of your companions there to denounce [^]to[^] the Directors of the Institution what seemed to have been an abuse of confidence and trust. I gather that Communism had been the fashionable thing to sympathize with among liberal intellectuals; but now the official mot d'ordre is reversed, and Communism must be hunted down. The old emancipated Spirits, however, dislike this change; and your effort for reform was resisted on the ground that it was a fantastic denunciation of a mare's nest. All that was unfortunate; and you were not only

attacked unfairly by the chronic enemies of discipline but by some of your old friends.

Here there comes a change of key that Fitzgerald seems to explain by your fresh perception of human and public corruption. Your feelings turned again towards the Church, as to the only safe guide and just authority. This is the only point in Fitzgerald's letter that does not seem to me adequately presented. Those intrigues about Yaddo were surely too trivial, after all that the war and the peace have shown us of human folly, to make you suddenly despair of the world. I may be wrong; because as I never at any age imagined that the world was rational or decent, fresh scandals seem to me a matter of faits divers such as one expects to find in the papers. You, a Lowell, a Bostonian, a descendent of Jonathan Edwards, have a strong conscience that cannot endure the thought of acquiescing in evil by letting it alone. Your morality must be militant, even when it cannot be victorious or when the victory won here would breed a greater evil there. I quite understand that, and try to do justice to it in the book I am at work on, where "The Militant Order of Society" is one of the chief divisions. And I know that what is imposed by force or authority for a season, say in education or training, may grow into the flesh, possibly (indirectly) even into the heritage of the race, so that the practice of that kind of virtue will become a part of the "Generative Order of Society" instead of a part of the "Militant Order". In other words what was tyranny may become free virtue.

But now, this way of passing from forced and painful virtue to natural goodness is the way of evolution, summed up by Bergson at the end of his Deux Sources by announced that men are destined to become gods. But this, for a Christian, is blasphemy. Supernatural grace may sanctify natural powers when they are exercised expressly for supernatural ends, like St. Paul "eating and drinking for the glory of God." But human nature can never become divine; it may be at best, as in Christ, humbly obedient to divine control, always against the natural will, as in Christ praying in the garden. And the moral preference for effort over joyful conformity and for progress over perfection is characteristic of liberal Protestants and modern Jews, and utterly un-Catholic. I think, therefore, that your quarrel with the Spirit that seemed to prevail at Yaddo, and strong proposals for reforming it, or even your disgust at seeing friends misunderstanding your motives, could have been only incidental occasions for reviving your faith in the Church. I have often wondered what your line of approach to that faith could have been originally. I saw, and dipped into, a book by the young

Dulles, whom you must know, in which his approach was described in a very interesting and normal way—just the way, we might say, that philosophy took in becoming Catholic, through the moralism of Socrates and the conceptualism of Plato and Aristotle, against the Naturalism of the older Greeks and even of the Stoics and Epicureans. Now that, I should guess, could not have been your path, because you would not have noticed my philosophy, or taken any interest in my criticism, if you had already left my point of view behind in your development. More probably you felt it as an escape from the moralism of your own background. Some day I hope we may be able to talk this over at leisure. Now what I should like to do is to assure you that in any case my intense interest in your mind and in your welfare will be unchanged. I am not a believer in anything, science, religion, or common sense, except in the measure and in the sense in which existence compels me to believe: and even then my trust is provisional and qualified: I can't help assuming, and so believing, that the sun will rise tomorrow, but it is not certain, not even unlikely that it may not rise tomorrow for me; and even if it does, the image of the sun and the categories by which astronomy conceives it and its properties are all merely human impressions received from that source, determined in their quality by the spontaneous reaction of my organs, and only in their occasions by the Sun itself. All knowledge, even the most immediate and physical is poetical, a child of the psyche, and not a reproduction of its object but only a human name for it, a word. So I am full of respect and admiration for the wisdom of poets and confident that they see further than merely learned men; only it seems to me to spoil and to materialize their faith to regard it as revealing facts of the same kind, and continuing time and space into unexplored regions. It should be rather a transference of all temporal events into eternity, with liberation, on the soul's part, from anxiety about them.—Let me know how you are and what your plans are and if there is anything that I can do for you. Do you know Bowra's "The Creative Experiment"? There are good critiques in it of Eliot, and some poets of other nationalities. Shall I send it to you?

G. S.

To Brooks Otis

6 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

6, Via Santo Stefano Rotondo,
Rome, June 6, 1949.

Dear Mr. Otis,

You may remember that in the days when you edited “The New Frontier” you published a long article of mine entitled “Many Nations in One Empire”. Once or twice during these years, I have thought of republishing that article, or parts of it, on which events have cast a new light, but I was never able to discover your address to consult you on the subject, and the article, to my knowledge, has never reappeared. Now I am at work on a general philosophy of government to be called “Dominations and Powers” in which I should like, at the end, to include the principal parts of that article, to be followed by another short chapter treating on the relation of the United States to that problem. I mentioned the fact that I had lost track of you to Mr. Wheelock, of Scribner’s, and he very kindly has made inquiries, and found that you are now a professor

at Hobart College. It is with pleasure that I profit by this information to send you my greetings, as the spirit in which you managed "The New Frontier" has left me with the desire to know what you have done since and how far events have corresponded at all with your views. I suppose it is hardly necessary now to have your permission to use that article, but perhaps it may interest you to know of my plan.

Yours sincerely

G. Santayana

To Peter Russell

6 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 6, 1949

Dear Mr. Russell

Your letter and Hulme's "Speculations" have arrived together and I am much obliged to you for both. A philosopher new to me who appears under the auspices of [*illegible*]Epstein and Bergson would not have ordinarily attracted me; but in this case the bust of the author by Epstein reproduced on the frontispiece reconciles me to Epstein and the definition of Bergson's position given on p. 177 (that he insists on the fact that all "pictures of reality" or so-called "laws of nature" are products of the human psyche and not factors in the constitution of the world at large) reconciles me, not to Bergson, but to Hulme's version of him. And I have seen elsewhere, in dipping into the book, that the style is clear and precise, and more sceptical than romantic. I expect to like Hulme very much on further acquaintance.

As to my translation from Tibullus, it is not yet complete, although your encouragement may end by helping me to surmount the obstacles which have arrested me for so long. If it is ever finished, I see no reason why it should not appear in your new Review, and the same is true of short chapters from Dominations and Powers, there or in The World Review. But I relegate making any arrangements of that kind to my old secretary, Mr. Daniel M. Cory, whose permanent address is ^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, S.W.1, to whom I send copies of anything that seems fit for immediate publication. (The proceeds are his perquisite.). Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

9 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

June 9, 1949

Why take any notice of a little joke of this kind? I hope you won't do so.

GS.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

11 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

June 11, 1949

Dear Cory

I am very glad you are again in love with Florence and have also liked your trip to Siena. Almost together with your letter came Laughter in the Next Room, the most civilized book, to open at least, that I have ever seen. I have given up the whole afternoon till now to look at the illustrations. The portrait of the author, a photograph, in a grey topper and a very high turn up collar and puffed tie is the most perfect image of a London Swell, and satisfies all my Platonic thirst for perfection. There is another, however, of him in his study, grown fat and puffy, but surrounded by an

enviable abundance of folios, one of which he is taking notes from through his goggles. There are also two amusing caricatures of him and his brother by Max Beerbohn, and lovely glimpses of other high class vistas and interiors. This, with what may be expected of the text will give me more pleasure now than could a return to Florence and Siena.

Your idea of coming to Rome for the winter months suits me very well. The financial question can be arranged easily: but I am glad to know of your plan beforehand because I may possibly have a visit from Robert Lowell, whom I have invited, but who now is plunged into a sea of troubles, physical, mental, and perhaps financial. He is in retirement in the place called Baldpate, Inc. at Georgetown, Mass, an asylum or nursing home, having collapsed after an unsuccessful crusade against the old lady who kept "Yaddo", on the suspicion (shared by the Government detectives) that she neglected artists and poets and harboured Communist agents. All the radicals, pro-communists, some of them his old friends, attacked him publicly, and caused the Trustees of Yaddo to dismiss the charges against the management. This rebuff, for so high-spirited and violent a young man as Lowell caused a brain-storm; with the incidental effect of converting him again to the Catholic Church; but apparently too late to console him, since the report I have from his friend Fitzgerald (who had been here some time ago) says he "broke down" and is "in retirement". This was, however, previous to the telegraphic note from Lowell that I showed you, which at least was not insane, though evidently excited. I have written at length to both Lowell and Fitzgerald and hope to have further news soon. This is a tragedy in which I might be of some use, as I am equally appealed to by the conversion of a man like Lowell to the Church and by his subsequent perception that there are flies in that ointment. If he is inclined to come to Rome, and in a state to look after himself morally, I will encourage him to come and help him if he needs money (he has something of his own) but I can do it in America before he starts, so that my bank account here need not be depleted.—I should be glad if you were here to look over some parts of Dom. & P'rs and advise me about omissions, etc.

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

21 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6

Rome. June 21. 1949

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Disappointment does not seem to discourage my unfortunate friend Prof Petrone from asking for more blessings, and yesterday after making me an interminable visit, he left the enclosed little list of books that he wishes you to send him. He had the Triton Edition but it was smashed during the war, and he has been disappointed at not receiving a fresh set, and wants to make his collection good, as far as possible, by sweeping up the separate editions. I might have been tempted to expostulate, if I hadn't considered, and warned him, that many of these books may be out of print, and those published by Constable not easily procurable even if available in England. May I then, trouble you to have such of these books sent to him as may be at hand? Of course, to be charged to me

I am busy tying up the loose ends in various parts of my big book: there is still a great deal to do, but I am not discouraged because I feel well and flatter myself that, although slowly, I succeed in putting the argument into better shape. I have availed myself of the information you were kind enough to get for me about Otis the old editor ~~the~~ who published my article on Many Nations in One Empire, and have written to him telling him that I mean to use it, cut in two, in my book. I wonder if he has become a Communist? I receive various invitations to make war for peace and to help found The Science of Peace with its Mecca at Vienna. From Pasadena I got a letter today in praise of Togliatti!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome June 26, 1949.

Dear Cory

My enthusiasm at seeing “Laughter in the Next Room” has been sadly chilled on reading it. Only once or twice did I really laugh aloud, and the wittiest bits are the letters from Henry Moat, the butler; the folly of the old man, the author’s father, is comic but monotonous, and there is mixed with it a certain discomfort at the deceptions practiced by his sons upon him. Then, as the author becomes a man, the limitations of his sympathies, and his opinionated temper, contemptuous systematically except regarding the most modern artists and poets, become tiresome. As I read on, I began to lose my respect for him as a character and a mind; he has not really the independent genius and insight that he thinks he has. This appears even in his style when he turns from describing beautiful gardens and ridiculous people, to a long solemn account of the aesthetic musical farce that he and his sister with a musical genius in his teens gave their whole heart and soul to producing for months and months. For children it would be intelligible, but from superior persons of thirty you expect more sense. And so in another long chapter about the “General Strike”, not told so as to be dramatic, but only to describe how agitated he was buzzing about Lord and Lady Winbourne to inspire them to do something about it. In this chapter he is no longer an aesthete but writes and thinks like a newspaper correspondent. In the last chapter, about his

father's last days, in Italy, with the butler's letters, he becomes interesting again, and the closing long soliloquy representing his father's (imagined) last thoughts is capital tragi-comedy.

Perhaps the most important point about this book is Sitwell's own complete sense of defeat, enlarged to cover the state of the world in general but so hopeless and extreme that I think it must rest mainly on his own sense of futility, in the midst of his literary success. He ought to become a communist (he has many of the requisite blind spots) and then he could at least feel that he was being carried gloriously on the top of a great wave, as he feels or felt about modern painting when that was his mania.

The proofs of the Italian translation of The Idea of Christ in the Gospels have been sent to me with a request for suggestions if I find any thing not satisfactory. There are a few slight misunderstandings, and I have been reading it for two days. I hate to be interrupted in this way, and also by visitors. Prof. Petrone was here for hours the other day: but I can't help it.

From Lowell I have had no further news.

How about those chapters you sent to Weeks?

G.S.

To Augusto Guzzo

29 June 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, June 29, 1949

Dear Professor Guzzo,

Some days before your letter I had received the proofs of your admirable translation, and had read a great part of it for pleasure, without especially looking for printer's errors, or for correspondence with the original words: in fact, I could not do this, because I find myself without

a copy of Scribner's edition, having given away to some casual visitor the last one I had and not yet received the fresh one I asked for from New York. I suppose I have a manuscript or typed copy somewhere; but my papers are so crowded and in such disorder that I should never find it. Luckily it is not necessary. There are very few passages where your version was at all different from what I knew I had meant to say, and then I could recall easily what my text was. Only in one place, at the top of p. 284, I can't remember just what I meant to say. Marcus Aurelius, as intelligence, sees the vanity of things and of his own efforts: but what does it mean that he "copre" his own transcendental intellect in seeing all that? Did I try to say that he retreated to the absolute point of view, yet found there no comfort for his empirical trials? Of course, it could be only a refuge: yet that refuge was where a Stoic tried to live—against nature!

Your version, and that of Signora Guzzo as well, throws new light for me on my own ideas: I found some passages strangely moving, as I had not imagined that they were. You have been wonderfully sympathetic and faithful to my sentiment, which most readers will not think I had any right to indulge in, from my sceptical point of view. But I am willing that they should not be sceptics, if they find scepticism incompatible with understanding spiritual harmonies. I don't find it incompatible: on the contrary, I find it a support for appreciating natural harmonies as well.

You don't know how much your appreciation of this lame duck of mine encourages me in reviewing the work of my life. It makes me hope that at least in the end, after so much rambling, I may have got somewhere.

And my Dominations and Powers is also well advanced and more interesting to me than ever, since events help to make those questions alive.

I have marked such few printer's errors as I noticed, in spite of your saying that you had corrected them, because I know how easily the mind, prepared for sense, overlooks details that, if noticed, would turn it into nonsense.

With immense thanks for your friendly labours, from
GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

10 July 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 10, 1949

Dear Lawrence

I should have written yesterday to be sure to welcome you to these shores but I couldn't find your letter in the mess of my papers, and this morning, in despair, I am trusting my memory and writing to the Hotel Continental, on the chance of being right. If not, I await word from you as to your arrival in Rome. I am afraid the hottest weather has set in and that you will find Capri and Pompei oppressive under the midday sun.

I think I made a mistake in the name of the new "select" hotel which you said you would come to here. It is properly the Hôtel Hassler-Roma, Trinità dei Monti. It is at the top of the grand stairs leading up from the Piazza di Spagna to the level of the Pincio Gardens, and central enough without being in the midst of crowded streets.

Au revoir,
G.S.

To Richard Colton Lyon

11 July 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 11, 1949

Dear Dick

Your letter on getting out of "school" (I thought it was a "college") and having a glimpse of fashionable society, and settling down to broadcasting would make me sorry for you if it were not all just the thing to keep you fit and not feeling too much alone with the problem of your own "existence". I have had to make an effort to understand "Existentialists", at least Kierkegaard himself, with their Angst as if it were unnatural to exist, to have bones in your body, eyes in your head, and accidental occasions for knocking about in the world. It is all natural, stale, and a matter of course, and not anything to be "anxious" about. But if I had even been half as much caught up in circumstances, tasks, commitments, and plans as you are, I should have been made sick by it all, and seceded somehow

from human society. But I was driven with very loose reins, and very much in the directions in which I should have wandered if wholly free; only I should have wandered much further afield. And that is what I wish it could become possible for you to do, because your present outlook, though full and varied and healthy enough, is, or would be for me) too pragmatic. It doesn't leave you enough "Lebensraum" beyond "life". But you mention one thing that I am delighted to hear: that you are going to learn French thoroughly. That will not be at all unprofitable for your philosopher: because although there are not many great French philosophers, they all write good French; and why? Because they know how to see and to judge the world. They are not so good in the heights and the depths, because these can't be written about, in good French, and they don't talk inflated nonsense about those super- or infra-human things, because the French language will not permit it. Yet they do manage to say quite clearly what is intelligible about the greatest subjects, for instance, Descartes about "spirit", and Pascal about "existence" and its irrationality. There is a whole class of clever French sophists, who reason well without first principles, Montaigne, Rousseau, Voltaire, etc; but what is far superior in true understanding in human affairs is the wit and sentiment of French poets like Lafontaine, Racine, Molière, and (in his short comedies) Alfred de Musset. Let me know (if I am still alive) when you begin to enjoy reading French, and I will send you these old standbys, or such as I can get hold of, to encourage you to think and feel without Angst, but with good humour and just feeling. And I forgot Leibniz, whom you ought to read some day, and who wrote in French, though not a Frenchman, and his philosophy is technically first rate, but absurd, because like Pascal, he was too good a mathematician to be a man of the world. Descartes, also a good mathematician, saved himself by stopping always at the edge of the precipice. I think, nevertheless, that he was artificial in speculation in the hope of being exact: a false ambition in that sphere.

I am working harder than usual myself because I feel that my book (Dom. & P's.) is getting into shape at last and that I may be able to finish it. My work is mainly revising, which I do on the principles of a wise Frenchman, derided as a fool:

"Ajoutez quelque fois et souvent effacez.

Add sometimes and often rub out.

With best wishes for the rest of the season from
GSantayana

To George Grady

25 July 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 25, 1949.

Dear Mr. Grady

It is not worth while that I should make any comments on your poetical technique because it baffles me entirely; and your reference to Greek and Latin prosody being not a matter of ictus, like that of modern European languages (not exclusively ictus, of course, since alliteration, and euphony of all sorts count also) does not seem relevant, since the great foundation of all dance-music is rhythm, and that exists and dominates the tonic accent in Greek and Latin, as it does in the modern Romance languages too. But I find little or no consecutive rhythm in the new poetry. That single phrases or periods, as in prose, often have an

impressive rhythm, does not turn them into poetry. Prose may be poetical in sentiment: but that is another matter.

As to my position in regard to Catholic dogma, it has not changed in the least since in 1900 I published *Interpretations of Poetry & Religion*. The ~~first~~ last sentence of the first paragraph of the Preface reads as follows: "Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry."

The people who have talked with you about my acceptance of the idea of Christ as a model for the ideal presence of God in Man, evidently have not read a work of my book on that subject. I would gladly send you a copy if I thought it could help you in your apparent perplexities: but you say something that keeps me from doing so. You believe in forming a religion to suit America; a dogmatic naturalism, with miracles interspersed, and a supernatural, but temporal and spatial, world above and beneath it, seems to you out of date. It could not be out of date if it were true, as the Church maintains, and it must always have been out of date for a clear-sighted philosopher, if it were ~~true~~ false. Your proposed American philosophy will apparently not be concerned with truth at all, but only with popular appeal, for the time being: because even America, especially America, will not be slow in transforming its ways of feeling.

An ethos (for isn't that all that your American "religion" would be?) would be an interesting thing to formulate: but it ought to have been formed first spontaneously in the people. Now, is there or is there likely soon to be a uniform ethos in the American people?

My impression—not worth much, since I have not felt the American pulse anywhere but in Boston and Harvard, and that not for these 37 years—my impression is rather that the unison of American life is external only; and that those for whom a spiritual allegiance seems necessary are profoundly different and mutually opposed in their judgment. Some Americans might always be ready to be good Catholics. But how long would the great majority follow, for instance, the lead of John Dewey?

Therefore the choice of a person like Lowell, though it is not my choice, seems to me to cut much deeper than any "religion" without historical and cosmological dogmas; that is, without any allegiance to a supposed truth. I myself am a naturalist: i.e. I believe in commonsense and natural science as the normal and nearest possible human approach to the truth.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

28 July 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 28, 1949.

Dear Lawrence

Your account of Garden City has given me a lot of information on points of interest in regard to your family which I had got more or less wrong, basing my fancy on stray remarks dropped by you or your Mother in the old days. I still don't quite understand where, in your family, tree, the Stewarts stop and the Smiths begin and leave off again. But a more interesting matter is the Cathedral. I thought you had built it and were the architect; and it was on that account that I called it a "toy" cathedral, supposing that it was rather an ornament in a park than actually the Anglican Cathedral of all Long Island, and built in the 1880's! Of course Gothic of that date is something altogether different from what you would have designed, even if you chose that it should be Gothic. I don't know how you feel on this question of archaistic art. The trouble is that we hardly have any church style that is not archaistic. However, the extremely "pointed" effect of your spire, and the pointed large windows and very pointed gables above them in the upper part of the tower, where the bells would naturally be, do not seem to me natural. There are two well-known spires that I thought of at once, St. Stephen's, in Vienna, and Salisbury's which is a landmark in a wide plain like yours. A single very high spire is just the thing for such a site. And the model of St. Stephen's might authorize what otherwise might seem inartistic, namely, the conical effect of the uninterrupted sloping lines from the ground up to the cross. It is just so in Vienna; but then that is an immense, very elaborate and sculptured tower, where the genuine up and down tension of the masonry, which is heavy and broken into stages, relieves the sliding or tent-like character of a cone that the mere outlines have. You gain much more in height and beauty if you vary the storeys, from square to octagon, from octagon to twelve faces, etc, perhaps even ending with a pure fool's cap

or extinguisher at the top, as in St. Giorgio Maggiore in Venice, which I like immensely, in spite of its being on a small scale, perhaps because I have so often lived facing it from my window at Danieli's. This does not detract, I am well aware from the magical effect of a slim high tower, especially at night, even if not lighted from below. Think of almost any minaret by moonlight!

I am delighted to hear that you may come to Rome again next year; if you could come earlier or later in the season we should be freer to walk about the old streets and study architectural details with a professional eye.

Best regards to George Rauh and many thanks for your overflowing cornucopia and general kindness—from your old friend

GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

30 July 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 30, 1949

Dear Mr. Cardiff.

Congratulations on having your exemplary patience rewarded at last and you and I rendered immortal in compendium.

The title "Atoms of Thought" (now that atoms are so complicated and dynamic) seems to me a good title. "Light" was excusable only in a poetical epitaph.

As to copyright, Constable & Company, of 10, Orange Street, London, W.C.2, originally had it for everything^x between "Soliloquies in England" and "Persons & Places," but Scribner has reissued even _^that_^, which he hasn't reprinted, so that he must have some legal agreement with Constable about such matters. Ask him, or let "The Philosophical Library" do so.

[*in margin*] ^xI forgot that “Winds of Doctrine” & “Egotism” were published by Dent.

Two and a half per cent on the sale price seems to me very little: I have always got at least 10%. but as in this case everything must properly go to you, who have had all the work involved, and you are satisfied, all is well. As to Scribner’s \$10 for 1000 words I feel flattered; and as I suppose half this wealth is destined for me, and I don’t want it, I can ask Scribner to charge the other half to my account, as I expect to profit by the advertisement of these “Atoms” or “Pills”, so much ^{more} easily to take in than my folio pages; and Scribner will profit by the advertisement, too, without having taken any new risk.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

1 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, August 1, 1949

Dear Dick,

Your letter of July 24, just received, is not egotistical, except verbally, as the trouble seems to lie rather in the confused usage of words than in a nervous Angst in your real psyche, and I feel like writing you a schoolmaster’s letter on this confused use of words—not yours, but that of the various schools of philosophy. To begin with “existence”, this word is used in French, and I daresay in Continental philosophy generally, for “life” as a career no less than as a momentary state of motion or consciousness in an animal. The Existentialists probably have in mind the history and continuity of a man’s life rather than the pure, minimum, analytic “constatation” (another French term) of something going on. On such constatation what is caught existing is consciousness, not its object, which might be an essence only: but the fact that this essence is considered, reviewed, contrasted with something else, at least with its absence just before, introduces existence into the fact of observation or “consciousness”. So that existence is a natural varying reality of being in time. Even in Berkeley’s “Spirits” existence and consciousness would have to be in time, a survey,

not an unchanging stare; for the latter would be sucked up into the realm of essence, without life or individuality through a continuous “existence”. As to the proof of existence from consciousness, Descartes is perfect if you notice that by “constatant” thought he infers the existence not of the thought in its logical essence but of himself who thinks. If thought were not a process, a phase of natural life, its being would not involve existence either for it or for its object. [–I worked this out in the new Preface to “Egotism in German Philosophy”, 2nd edition. I believe this is included in the Triton edition.]–

On the dialectical or ideal (not biological) relation of life to death I think Heidegger is splendid. Hegelians are all historians at heart; history for them is the truth even of pre-history and futurity. Now a life is conditioned and bounded by the dates of its beginning and end, and by what happened in its day. Until a man dies, the picture is incomplete. [–Hegelians forget that it is never correctly drawn afterwards]–. Death frames life in, completes its dramatic essence, and so “conditions” it; i.e. the truth about it. This has nothing to do with life insurance or reunion in heaven. It is pure “objective” or “conceptual” idealism.

As to Angst my quarrel with it is temperamental ~~in~~ and you must not take it seriously. The reality is what Schopenhauer calls the Will, the Will to Live. It makes the child anxious to get the breast or the bottle, the lover his girl, the workman his Saturday-night wages, and the invalid to get well. You can’t help caring. But these natural cravings and fears are occasionally, they can be modified or placated, you may “care” about something else, Latin poetry, for instance, which carries no Angst with it, though it is rich in interest and in reassuring knowledge of life. What I dislike about calling Will Angst is the suggestion that it is mysterious and non-natural. It is fundamental but can be appeased. It need not end in Collapse but may be transcended throughout by charity and reason.

The existentialists’ reaction against inhuman philosophy and politics is healthy, but they do not seem healthy themselves. And egotism is not cured by becoming personal. It is simply made easier to practise. It is naturally prevalent and won’t cause any wars or totalitarian tyrannies. Meno male!

G.S.

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

5 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 5, 1949

Dear Rosamond

Your letter of August 1 comes to wake me from a sort of telepathic lethargy—I mean, unconsciousness of anything at a distance, and you in particular seem now to be nowhere in particular and everywhere in general, which seems to make letter-writing useless. And this when I ought to have thanked you long ago for your last box of food and drink, which contained some of the soluble coffee you mention. But coffee making goes on out of my sight, so that I never know what kind I am drinking, and the same with tea. Very likely I sometimes get Convent tea or coffee instead of that which comes to me from America. But I am not very sensitive to quality, if things are not too hot (easily remedied) or too cold, too salty, too tough, too oniony, too greasy, or too nasty in some other way. The greatest difficulty is the meat, which is not often good here. At the old Bristol the great stand-by in that department was “faraonja” a savoury dark sort of fowl which I believe is guinea-hen—but they seldom give us that here. I don’t really mind at all, as I don’t eat much in any case and the spaghetti, etc, especially rice are what I count on to support life, and for good things to taste I rely on fruit, deserts (often very good) and tea-things. To-day, with my tea, with plenty of cream, I had a big segment of Sister Angela’s home-made apple-pie. She is Irish from Chicago.

This summer has been unusually hot, and still is so; but I am in good health generally, and have no end of interesting things to read, including a German Review published by the American authorities in Berlin, which is very good. They send it to me by way of compliment, and talk of translating the chapter on Germany from vol. II. of *Persons & Places* (“The Middle Span”) Very clear-headed things by Germans or Swiss appear in it, also by Jews about Russia. About Italy and Spain they are less impartial, because they don’t mix with the best people, and are less at home generally than in Germany or France.

Don’t trouble about sending me more boxes. You must be busy now about what Lao Tse calls “the forty thousand things”—and some of them new, which must be even more exciting.

Love to all the family from
GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

8 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, August 8 1949.

Dear Raymond,

You do write very interesting letters, like what the French call a journal d'information, with the cream of the facts from everywhere without any political comments. I am much obliged for yours of the 4th instant, and ashamed to have been so negligent for so long especially in not answering a letter I had long ago from Dave in Norway, a good deal like your letters, only not so impartially distributed over all vital facts. But you see, in my life there all not going to be any vital facts except my death, of which I don't see as yet any immediate signs Not that my days here are in the least dull. I hardly have time to work with two Italian papers, one morning and one evening (on account of the ticklish state of the political world) and five meals to digest, however light, and new books to examine to see if they would be worth reading, if I had time for it, and receiving all the visitors that fall from heaven, and whom I am at least sure of never seeing again: with all of which it is impossible for me to do more on *Dominations & Powers* (my big book) than correct the errors in what I wrote on the day before. I have nevertheless made some progress, especially in tearing old manuscripts and deciding what to leave out in the more recent ones; and besides, this is a little like Penelope's weaving. I don't want to finish it, because there are always a thousand things that I should like to tone down or to brighten up, and others that I should like

to add. For instance: I now receive, and read in great part a German review called Der Monat sent to me (as a compliment!) by the American Army who publish it. A part consists of translations from the English or French, but much is by Germans or Swiss; and I find it instructive and refreshing, so that sometimes it sets me writing a fresh chapter for Dominations & Powers (the chapters are very short, five or six pages usually) and they are not strictly consecutive, but only collected and touched up a little so as to fall into groups and develop the points of my grand general plan, which ~~is~~ gives the essential thesis or doctrine of the book: namely: that there are three Orders of Society: the Generative, that grows up of itself: the Militant, which is imposed on mankind in all sorts of contradictory ways by bandits, conquerors, prophets, reformers, and idealists; and the third, the Rational order, which doesn't exist except in the imagination of philosophers. These Orders are treated in the three Books into which the whole work is divided; but Book I. is divided into 3 parts, Growth in the Jungle; Economic Arts; and Liberal Arts; and Book II. is divided into 2 parts; Faction and Enterprise (which is where you would come in). Book III. is not divided into parts, but contains a minute analysis of government of the people, by the people and for the People. This portion is finished, and may appear separately earlier. You see how easily a new idea could be slipped in wherever it fitted best in this scheme. I have got a hint from Der Monat, for instance about what the mistake was in settling the German question after the war, and also (from another writer) what is the fundamental situation in France. The first illustrates the error of Militancy, the second the strength of Generative Growth. Love and best wishes to all
from GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

14 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 14, 1949

Dear Mr. Wheelock

This is my first attempt to write with a stylographic pen, which after years of protests at my blots, wasted time, and stubbornness the Sisters have at last persuaded me to let them get for me. I realize that it will be a great convenience, especially in winter or if I am ill, as it will enable me to write comfortably in bed.

Thank you for the half-yearly account received a few days ago. I see that my first book, "The Sense of Beauty" remains my "best seller": I had a shock on reading that "The Last Puritan", for 3.50, had not sold any copies at all; but at the foot of the page I found that "The Last Puritan" for \$5.00, had sold several hundred copies. I do not understand these mysteries of the trade, but decreately bow to them. The total credit remaining for me being still about \$2500.00 I shall be encouraged to repeat—if you don't mind the trouble—my request of the last year or two to send Christmas gifts of \$500 to Cory and to my niece Rosamond—but no longer Sturgis. I don't know whether you have heard that she, the divorced and (if that is legally possible) widowed first wife of my nephew George Sturgis has recently married Mr. David M. Little, secretary to Harvard University and Master of Adams House, so that while cheques should be made to Mrs. Rosamond Thomas Little, letters should be addressed now to Mrs. David M. Little Appley House, Plympton Street, Cambridge, Mass. You needn't trouble to make a note of this request now, because I shall send you word again when the time approaches; but I have mentioned it here, because in Cory's case, I expect that he will be in Rome when Christmas comes; but may be hard up now, because he "has been in bed for a fortnight with a duodenal ulcer in the liver" and as disclosed by x rays, "the barium somewhat deflected". And the worst of it, for his spirits, is that the doctor cheerfully tells him that he probably will not have a relapse if he gives up nicotine and alcohol. If you would send him—^{c/o} Brown Shipley & C^o 123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1—\$500 from me it might cheer him up now and accustom him to a milk diet. In Rome, at the Danish pension where he was quite happy last year he can recover on spaghetti and beer.

The project of Mr. Cardiff, as you may have heard, has at last been launched. “The Philosophical Library” has accepted “Atoms of Thought” and arrangements seem to be on the way. Of course I don’t wish to make any profit out of Mr. Cardiff’s work and persistent efforts to get it published, and I am sorry that he should have to pay us anything for selections that may serve us as an advertisement in circles that my regular books hardly reach. But I understand that “The Philosophical Library” is satisfied with the fee for quotation that you charge; only he is getting only 2½% on the possible selling price. I do not pretend to know anything about business ethics in these matters, and I see that Mr. Cardiff is director of various North Western Companies; so that apparently he is well off, and the matter has no importance for him either. But at first he gave me a different impression. The main defect of his book, as I imagine it, is that he has quoted too many of my positivistic materialistic outbursts and few of my etherial flights. “The evil that men do” etc. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. August 14, 1949

Dear Cory

[-I am struggling—but give it up and fall back for the moment on prehistoric ways—with my first fountain pen.-]

Very sorry to hear of your “duodenal ulcer” and “deflected barium”, which last I had to look up in the dictionary “barium, heavy earth,” etc. When you recover you had better not remain in a nice hotel where there is an attractive private bar, but return to London—the hot weather now has yielded to distinct coolness—or come here as soon as you can. On receipt of Scribner’s account for six months, I see that I still have a tidy credit on their books, and I have written to Mr. Wheelock (the fountain pen still flowed) asking him to send you your Christmas present now, in case you are short for doctor’s bills and for coming to Italy.

But before you leave England, please subscribe for yourself (you can pass it on to me each time) to “NINE” as per enclosed circular. I don’t

remember whether you were here on the day when this Peter Russell was in my room with two or three others and I recited my favourite passage from Tibullus and parts of my translation, which Russell afterwards asked me to let him have for his future Review, which then was to be called "Forum", I think (or I may be confusing this with the German publications). Anyhow, the way that translation was praised has spurred me to finish it and I am going to send it to him. But as I can't subscribe to it directly from here, I will tell him that you will do so for me.

I have kept well in spite of the unusual heat, but rather relaxed and have not done much work. However, I have looked over the various parts of the MS already in place, and I am encouraged as to the possibility of arranging it all soon. If you will come and take a hand in advising me about what to leave out etc. it would be a great help, because my chief difficulty is that I can't remember what each chapter contains, so that I am at a loss to decide, without rereading everything, what ought to be kept, or put in another place, or left out altogether. Yet this would be too much for you to decide alone, since after all the important point is to develop the doctrine of the whole consistently and so that the leading principles are respected and enforced throughout. And too much rereading also dulls my judgment, and perhaps makes me too impatient of repetitions and things that seem to me stale.

Der Monat is going to publish the article you sent to the "American Scholar" about "Some Developments of Materialism"

Have just read a well-written light book about South America by G. S. Frazer, one of the NINE. G.S.

To Peter Russell

15 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 15, 1949

Dear Mr. Russell

The announcement of NINE has reached me and prompts me to send you a copy of my translation (with some variations and padding) of the fragments of Tibullus that we talked of when you were here. I have finished it, at the risk of doing violence to the text, encouraged by your good opinion of it. I gave up, in particular, the roseate horses of the dawn, and looked out of my window at sunrise instead for inspiration. Of course you need not feel in the least pledged to publish it if the NINE do not approve.

I happen to have just finished reading G. S. Frazer's "News from South America" which paints society in that part of the world much more flatteringly than I had ever imagined it, and instructively, too, in the contrast naturally always in the author's mind with England. I think, however, that the mature humanism which he attributes at the end to Europeans as contrasted with Latin American awe of the cosmic flux and its fatality might be reversed. The South and certainly the North American is full of his own possible and actual achievements, overestimating the cosmic importance of both; whereas in the fixity of his personal allegiances and sense of honour, excluding all fundamental compromise, the Spanish mind, in both hemispheres, is less subject than the Anglosaxon to the sense that he ought to swim with the stream.

My friend Daniel Cory will subscribe for me to NINE. I can't do so because of blocked bank accounts.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

21 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 21, 1949

Dear Mr Cardiff.

“The disreputable Russell trial” to which I refer and in which I was a witness was that of Lady Scott and others for libel; and the plaintiff was Bertrand Russell’s elder brother, about whom there is a whole chapter in “The Middle Span”: also another chapter in the third part of my memoirs, not yet published. It, the trial, was held at the Old Bailey in London, in 1897.

As to a photograph for our book, you put me in an unpleasant position, because the only portraits of me that I am not ashamed of (except perhaps when they are enlarged in reproduction) are early, one my college class photo, of 1886, badly vulgarized in the Triton edition of my works, and the other reproduced nicely (reduced in size) for vol. I. of the same edition, from a charcoal drawing of 1896. I have another, almost as little to your purpose: because although taken in 1923, when I was nearly 60, it is touched up by the Photographer, Elliott & Fry, to look as young and spry as possible, and belongs to the old-fashioned formal dressed-up variety of conscious photography which every one now detests. I have nothing else; and the snapshots of me in this house, in dressing-gown & pyjamas, are all violent instantaneous shots, that I dislike and do not wish preserved. I am helpless in Scribner’s hands, knowing that they are strict business men, and I put up with their jackets and frontispieces with only a feeble groan.

My preference in this new case would be no photo at all in the book; in the jacket, if there must be one, see if you can find something to suit you. I will not interfere, but I will not be an accomplice.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

31 August 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

August 31. 1949

Dear Miss Tindall,

I am not now writing much new stuff for my book but only revising what I have on hand, much of it already typed by you, so that I shall not have M.S ready to any extent for some time, and the corrections or additions to the old chapter ~~are~~ can very well wait ~~untill~~ till your return in November. I may later, however, if you are [^]not_^ too busy, ask you to copy large portions of the entire work, so as to give the whole a tidy appearance, as much of it has been defaced with erasures and additions.

I round out your total a little, as I always feel that your fees are too official: and it may interest you to know that I have received an official invitation to petition for the return of my London bank-account, and have done so, signing the necessary papers at the British Consulate here. Now I am awaiting news from Brown Shipley & C^o to whom the papers were sent.

With best wishes for your holiday
from GSantayana

To William Bysshe Stein

1 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Sept. 1. 1949

Dear Mr. Stein

When you ask what my position is in regard to literary criticism you seem to be thinking of the set of contemporary critics with which I agree; whether I agree or disagree, for instance, with T. S. Eliot, who at one time was a pupil of mine. Now I agree in general with his tastes in literature; just as I disagreed radically with the taste of the admirers of Browning; but I don't agree in taste at all with Ezra Pound, whom Eliot once thought the "best of workmen", quoting Dante about the most artificially laboured of Provencal poets. As to being a perfect workman, I remember the judgment of my friend Robert Bridges on Shakespeare: "He is the greatest of poets and the greatest of dramatists, but he is not an artist", i.e. he did not

take pains to exclude everything low or improper from his plays, but wrote professionally to please the pit. I myself am not distressed at the bawdy jokes in Shakespeare; they are part of the fun and of human life, and he was pouring out his riches from a cornucopia, carrots and onion with the lilies and violets. It was the Renaissance. Matters of taste are matters of sympathy: people who have no taste except for onions sin from ignorance and insensibility, not from liking onions, which is not a sin. I remember a pilot in the Rhone who when asked what he would like for dinner said bread and an onion, and when asked if he wouldn't like a steak or chop besides, said, No, thank you. He did not pretend to criticise the French cuisine, but he was a true lover of bread and onions. I do not share his tastes, but I like him.

This touches a different point, my position as to the place of literature or the plastic arts and of criticism of them. This is a broad philosophical and moral question. Religion may decide it for us dogmatically if we are believers, the place of literature and the arts and of everything would be to save men's souls or to serve the Church or to strengthen morality, or whatever you said was the highest good. Now in morals I am not a dogmatist. I think the centre and criterion for moral preference is, in each case, the endowment of the psyche, and its capacities. You must do seriously what Socrates did perhaps ironically, ask your pupil to give his answer, and then question him further to see if he knows his own mind or not. Socrates, up his sleeve, had a narrow dogmatic theory of morals, the right code for an old-fashioned Greek city, not the dissolute changing ideals of Athens in [*illegible*]his day. But the structure of society, and the balance of human faculties changes from age to age and from place to place; so that while I follow Socrates in making the psyche, or primal Will in oneself, the source and judge of morality then and for that kind of psyche (of course public morality has to be social, but that is not final, only conventional for the individual), I depart decidedly from his parochialism, though it has the same homely "piety" in it as the Rhone pilot's fidelity to raw onions.

Does this make you see what my position is in literary criticism? I have personal tastes, like everyone else; but I assign no authority to them for being mine. It is simply impossible and would be artificial and ridiculous for people to insist on everyone's having the same tastes. And I am a naturalist in philosophy, not assigning an absolute authority to any particular form of morals or government, none, for instance, to "democracy."

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

2 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, September 2, 1949

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

Your request for a preface did not find me instinctively so refractory as your request for a photo. On the contrary, I at once thought of something I should like to say. And as the text of your selections is not necessary for this, and I felt ready to write the preface at once, I have devoted two or three days to it entirely, and send it with this letter. I am sorry that it is in manuscript, but the lady who does my type-writing is on her holiday (in England) and I don't know of any one else that could copy it for me at once. Perhaps you or the Philosophical Library can have it copied; and, as my handwriting has become rather shaky, perhaps you could send me a thin paper copy of this Preface, or of the proofs of it, in case its "baroque" quality has misled the typist or the printer.

I assume that you will frankly say so if you think this preface would do more harm than good. I know I was rather in a playful mood, and may not have said the correct thing. A thing may be all the worse for being good of its kind, if it is the wrong kind. But I refuse to ~~right~~ write a ~~good~~ bad preface of the "right" kind.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I am hoping that you are writing an "Introduction" of the right sort, with a recipe for the number of pills a day that it will be safe to swallow.

To Peter Robert Edwin Viereck

8 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Viereck)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, 9, September 8, 1949

Dear Viereck

You may not remember it, but after reading some years ago your first book on the late war, without suspecting that you, the blond young man who had lent it to me, were the author, I told you on discovering your identity, that you would be a great man and a professor, and that then I hoped you would rewrite your book, which showed great industry in gathering information but not yet a sympathetic insight into the European mind. Now you have proved me, a prophet, as prophet usually are proved, by being partly right. You have now taken in fully the wisdom of Metternich, Disraeli, Burke, and (unknown to me) Melville and finally Winston Churchill. This list, and some incidental remarks in your text, make me doubt whether you ought not, another ten years hence, to write a third book. Of course you will; but will you have caught on to the European mind in its Continental forms? Metternich and Burke were philosophic statesmen, Disraeli and Churchill clear-headed politicians who could see the drift of things in their own day and from the British point of view, Disraeli humorously and Churchill passionately; only Melville, apparently was a pure universal philosopher, although until now I thought he smelt strongly of Martha's Vineyard or Nantucket: but I have not read his South Sea books; perhaps he restores the balance there.

Now as to your position, it seems to me quite well-informed and fair retrospectively, although the intrigues and the undercurrents of such a troubled time can hardly be unravelled yet by anybody: in Der Monat (which they kindly send me and which I read parts of with great pleasure) I have found very good things especially Crossman and Lüthy in Nos 8 & 10, on "Democratic Realism" and on "The Fourth French Republic". This last is new and penetrating. I recommend it, if you want to know what I mean by "insight into the European mind." The author I believe is Swiss, but more French than Swiss German without the incurable French national egotism.

As to your outlook and "Conservative path to liberty" I should agree in the abstract heartily, for that which liberty sets free is the psyche, that

is, the conserved, largely [*illegible*] hereditary demands and powers of a man or a society. If you are nothing liberty to go any where can't do you much good. Reform cannot begin by destroying yourself. The question is how much of yourself you can preserve and develop (for the psyche is a bundle of potentialities) without running up against destructive agencies. Can these be destroyed without hurting you much (that is the totalitarian solution) or must you fight to the death rather than yield an inch (this is the martyr's or hero's solution) or must you bargain for a compromise (this is the mercantile tradition, natural to England and America). I think the trouble with this is that it does not distinguish ends from means. Compromise is [*illegible*] rational in regard to means, but dishonourable in regard to ends; unless indeed you can remodel your ends themselves and constantly become a new man or society to fit your changing surroundings. But this is martyrdom by inches to suit the timid. You should not demand it from everybody

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

15 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome Sept. 15, 1949

Dear Cory

I am making a desperate effort to make my new fountain pen run: c'est le premier pas (rather coup) qui coûte.

Here is a cheque for "Three Philosophical Poets". You might use it for coming by air instead of in the stuffy everlasting trains. I used in the old days to love looking out of the carriage window at the landscape and the stations; but that traveller's passion is spent, and as you know in the end I travelled only in the wagon-lits.

I have had a letter (from Venice) from Robert Russell, very flattering to my version of Tibullus. He says, "the diction is old, but the poem is a modern "poem".

From Robert Lowell, no news. Either he is ill, mad, or absorbed in mystical experiences which my infidelity would disturb. If this is the end of this affair for me, I shall be disappointed but also relieved. It would have been a worse disillusion if he had turned up and proved a wild red Indian (he admires them) and a rugged reformer.

GS.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

22 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome Sept. 22, 1949

Dear Mr. Cardiff.

I had been hoping to receive word from you of the arrival of my letter with the desired (or possibly undesirable) Preface enclosed. It had taken me three or four days to write, and I especially charged the servant here to send it by air mail at any price. It contained only four sheets of paper,

but the three of the Preface were written on both sides, for which I had chosen my usual manuscript paper which is a little heavier than this letter paper which I write on now. Possibly they refused to accept it for air-mail, or you have now got it by ordinary post; or it may have crossed the Atlantic by air, and then gone by rail, because I suppose it would require extra postage to cross the U.S. by air from New York. Something of this kind may explain the delay, or else the letter is lost altogether, which would be annoying as I have no copy to send you. I could rewrite it after a fashion, but I am afraid I should miss the fun which I had writing the first version.

If when this reaches you, nothing has turned up, and you care to wait for a second version, please telegraph simply, “Rewrite”, and I will do so at once, as briefly and pointedly as I can, summing up the old (somewhat playful) Preface, and send it on at once.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rimsa Michel

22 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6,
Rome, Sept. 22, 1949

Dear Mr. Michel

Since I seem to be responsible for turning you into the wilderness of philosophy, I suppose I ought to help you to get out of it, but I am not sure that there was ever any “Humanism” in me that I have given up. Certainly I have given up talking about the superiority of rational to inspired poetry, or vice versa. I am not a dogmatist in morals, which for me include both aesthetic and political judgments; and in judgment or love or taste I am entirely a humanist in the sense of thinking that the human psyche is, in each case, the only possible judge; and naturally each psyche the only possible judge, for its own satisfaction, of the satisfaction that it finds in the satisfactions of the others. But what I don’t believe, or seriously ever did, is that any human authority, private or social, has any absolute control or jurisdiction over what “ought” to be done or praised. In fact, I have been attempting, in my old age, to re-educate myself in the matter of poetry, so as to be able to appreciate the “modern” forms of it. But I have never so much enjoyed and admired the old Latin poets as of

late years: and have actually translated, at great expense of sleepless hours, a bit of the 3rd Elegy of Tibullus, Book I, which will come out in a new English little Review which will begin publication before ~~Y~~long. The editor writes that my diction is still traditional but that the poem is a modern poem. So you see I practice what I preach.

Edwin Edman is a sour-sweet friend of my philosophy, but was (before this last war) much offended at my Toryism which he felt to be Fascist. He appreciates some parts of my philosophy—the “spiritual” or religious radiations of it, but I am not sure that he respects the respect I have for matter or “Will” (according to Schopenhauer).

Ask him what he thinks of my “Idea of Christ”. My own opinion of it is that I was never more religious in insight and never less religious in opinion. The Catholics s like and condemn it. Prof. Guzzo, of Turin and his wife have beautifully translated it into Italian; [^]they_^ think I am more truly Christian than any of the Fathers; but I hear that an American Catholic Bishop has said that not one sentence in that book could have been written by a Christian. I agree with both judgments, if by being a good “Christian” you understand being a disciple of Christology or worshipper of God in Man.

I don’t think I have moved, ever, either to the Right or to the Left. I have radiated, and now feel more at home than in my callow youth in both camps: but I don’t agree at all with the Left about the Right or with the Right about the Left. It is only where they love that they are intelligent, both of them, in regard to what is good in their object; neither sound, however, about the cosmological importance of their interests.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

23 September 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. September 23, 1949

Dear ¶Rosamond

Two letters, a box of provisions, a magic bird's eye view of the Harvard Yard in two parts, and numbers of *Life* and *Time* full of innumerable coloured pictures of happiness, abundance, youth, travel, and laughter have transported me to a sort of dream-world where everything is a merry-go-round. Is America really like that? No: I know it can't be. But you are having a splendid holiday after a good many years of comparative seclusion, and there is really a sort of youthful gaiety, as if everybody were dressed in brand new clothes, and rushing from one "delightful" thing to another. Is this really so, or are people putting on a public smile as soon as they come in sight of anybody else, and do public prints reproduce the same appearance of joy as a professional duty?

I am perfectly happy myself in the absence of any gaiety or variety; but I feel that the world is very shaky indeed and morally lost and drifting among shams which it doesn't believe in, but can't give up. And I think most Europeans feel as if the end of the world were at hand. Even the late Mr. Whitehead, the mathematical philosopher who was for years professor at Harvard, but was an Englishman (I knew him in 1897 at Trinity College, Cambridge) one of whose books I happen to be reading is full of this feeling, although, writing in America, he veils it in a haze of cordiality and religious hope. He is an excellent philosopher in spots but there seems to me to be a contradiction between his physical science, which is straightforward, and his philosophical and moral reflections, which are all subjective: history, for instance, or the past, when he speaks of them, do not signify the "concrete" events but the feeling, memory, or imaginative view of them that people have taken or now take_{on} about them. The social world is a novel, like Balzac's; and the scientific world seems to disappear. However, he does recognise that this century, so far, has been catastrophic: which would seem to me to show that the philosophy of the nineteenth century was fatal sophistry; yet that is just the substitution of a novel for a science as the truer picture of the world.

Excuse me for running into these depths, or shallows; if you don't see what I mean, you might show this letter to your husband, and give him

my best regards and congratulations. I was surprised at seeing him looking so young, sturdy, and solid in his picture. He will perhaps tell you that I am all wrong, which may turn out true, because of America

Yours affectionately GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. Don't bother about my needing anything. Supplies of everything reach me, and I don't need very much now-a-days.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

16 October 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6
Rome, October 16, 1949

Dear Mr. Cardiff

Yesterday I had the immense relief of knowing that my delayed letter and Preface had arrived at last, and that you were not rubbed the wrong way by my tone in that effusion. I thought more than once in my dreams that the passage about "pin-pricks" and shutting the thick album of moral gems had better be ruled out; and you must do so for me if you think it worth while. There was one amusing misreading of my shaky and perhaps crowded handwriting "pavilions" had become "pair-lions"! There were a few slight changes of a word that seemed to me advisable and I have sent the copy you enclosed to the Philosophical Library in New York direct, in case they were already printing it.

Your own Introduction is admirable, except that at a first reading it seemed to me too fulsome in its praise. On rereading it today and trying to be absolutely sincere, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one phrase of yours that would be excusable only in an obituary notice, since it is positively attributing to me a virtue conspicuous for its

absence, where on p. 3, 10 lines from the bottom you say I am a citizen of the world, AS WELL AS ITS BENEFACTOR. It is misleading to call even a good writer or philosopher a benefactor; and in my case there was no such motive. I write for fun or by impulse. At best it is art, not benevolence.

There are a few other passages where you quote things that seem to me excessive, as the comparison with Plato. But this is said by an American (to me unknown) and it is evidence of appreciation which is genuine. He was not actively conscious of Pascal, Descartes, Hobbes, Berkeley, Bacon, Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, to mention only professional philosophers: there are a lot of others, like Rousseau and Voltaire who are masters of style. On the whole, I think comparison and giving grades to authors is a mistake. The just criteria are different in each case.

You also seem to misunderstand what I say about poetry being the reality of religion, but not vice versa. Poetry “intervenes in life” when fables are acted upon as if they were facts, when people fear hell, for instance. Hamlet talks of that, but doesn’t act upon it. The slaughter at the end is general. The absence of religion in Shakespeare appears where he is speculative, Macbeth’s last speech, Jaques, Prospero; what he seems to admit is if anything superstition, witches, prophecies, etc.

About my considering myself an American, ~~eon~~ there is some ambiguity. I am not legally an American citizen and travel with a Spanish passport: also pay the U.S. 30% of my income as taxes proper, to a non-resident foreigner. But socially and as a writer, I am an American in practice, and almost all my friends have been Americans. Many of my books, however, were first published in England, by Bent and by Constable. These are trifles, and your presentation of me is in the right spirit of a well-wisher to my reputation, to which I have perhaps been too indifferent. I did not feel that I was doing good

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across page one*] P.S. I appreciate particularly your references to the Soliloquies. They, with Dialogues in Limbo and The Last Puritan are my favourites.

To Bryn[jolf] J[akob] Hovde

18 October 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, October 18, 1949

Dear Dr. Hovde,

Your request for a contribution to the book of tributes to John Dewey reaches me too late. You evidently did not know that I have been living in Italy for many years. Moreover, in spite of repeated suggestions to the contrary, I have thought it better not to figure among the many admirers who have arranged this demonstration for Dewey's ninetieth birthday. It

is not the sort of thinkg to which I am naturally drawn, and there are particular reasons in this case why I should abstain from any expressions of regard and admiration that might seem perfunctory, or inadequate

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

25 October 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Oct. 25, 1949

Dear Cory,

You can imagine the satisfaction it is for me to have my London bank account again active, after ~~four~~ ten years of torpor. It will make my arrangements with you in particular much easier. What an “Italian account” exactly means for B. S. & C^o I don’t know, and am inquiring in acknowledging their letter.

“Nine” is modest in appearance and, as you say, contains some good things.^x I compared yesterday the translation from the Paradiso with the original. It is a good translation and in part an honest unaffected effusion, as if poetical only by chance and without being able to help it, as Dante himself is; but to make a good English poem of it would require, I think, to be recast in the translator’s mind so that it should seem, as the original is, a natural composition, most of it simply telling the story, but in two or three places rising into devout rapture: It is a very fine passage that I had never especially noticed before, but requires some preparation of the reader to understand its allusions. I was floored completely, at first, by the barbarous word “aguglia” (which I read with the accent on the second syllable) until I suddenly saw that by putting it on the first it became almost identical with the Spanish águila, common or garden eagle. I read the whole canto and part of the preceding one, to recover all that Saint John says and looks like. He is only a light, like an electric star, because he has not yet his body back: but neither has Beatrice, who looks human.

I am writing with my new stylographic pen, obtained for me (for 5000 lire) by the Sisters, and I find it a great convenience, only that the pen is too fine and the ink at first at least too thin, so that I can hardly see what

I have written without dropping the pen and picking up the magnifying glass. The ink gets a little darker in time, but I should have preferred a larger ~~one~~ pen altogether, with a heavier handle containing more ink, so that refilling is not so frequent. I have learned to refill it myself, and now spill less ink about.

I have almost finished the revision of all the parts of Dom. & P'rs that were typed but not satisfactory. When you come, I think it would be possible for us, together or separately to re-read the whole work from the beginning suggest what might be left out, or needs to be added, and have Miss Tindall recopy the whole as revised. You might then take away with you an ~~entire~~ copy, on thin paper, and (if you approve) send another to Mr. Wheelock for safe-keeping. I sometimes have dreams, or semi-dreams, of a communist revolution breaking out here, and the Sisters and I being driven out. It would then be better to have everything valuable on the west side of the iron curtain

There is something I need that you could get for me in London: a strong good pair of scissors to cut my toe-nails. The big one on one foot has become so thick that I can [*across*] hardly manage it with my old shaky instrument. Come whenever you think best, without counting too much on the future. G.S.

[*written across left margin of page one*] ^xBut is Robert Russell a wild communist? And is Ezra Pound dead?

To Mrs. Walter F. Fauerbach

4 November 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Pennsylvania)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, November 4, 1949.

Dear Mrs. Feuerbach

You were right in thinking that your interest in my youthful verses, and this translation of “Solipsism” into German would give me pleasure, and I thank you for your kindness in writing and sending me Mr. Fritz Hemmann’s version.

Simple sentiments translate very well from German into English and vice versa, because at the roots they are the same language, but the difficulty begins when grammar and thought become more complex, because then the genius of each language is unlike that of the other. So in this version, the first stanza verse is almost identical, in effect, with the original; but the last verse stanza is more cumbersome in the German, and loses the naïveté which the original attempts to preserve.

It is curious to see that gentle minds can still accept kindly the effusions of my boyhood, when I naturally copied the facility of Spanish and Italian poets, and did not feel the horror, that English poetry now has, for clichés and sentimentality. If I wrote something, even in prose, on Solipsism now it would be less appealing, because I should imitate the Indian sense of identity underlying all transitory differences—which is the only tenable kind of solipsism: “Thou art that.” It would be a stale thought and my diction would be condemned as obsolete.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

8 November 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 8, 1949

Dear Dick:

This, of November 2nd, is the most interesting letter you have written me, the richest in matter, and it would take more time and paper than I can fill up with writing letters at this moment to reply to all your suggestions. I admire your omnivorence and hope you are not overtaxing your strength with so much work and so much thinking at double quick marching time.

For one thing, at least in one subject, essence, you think you are in more trouble than you really are. I am sure that you can catch what Husserl called the pure phenomenon. Of course there is a lot of other things involved in its presence, so that looking about at once gives you existential subject and existential objects implied in it presence here to you. But when you play chess, and in deciding on your next move you trace the possible moves that your opponent might make in answer to each possible move of yours, your very intense (though not properly anxious or forced) perception of those various developments, though it involves you and the chessboard existentially, does not contain them intrinsically. That is all that is needed to distinguish pure essence, in this case, the series of each possible move, response and further move, etc. Those are timeless and place less series of positions in chess, with their essential relations according to the „rules of the,“ game, but not positions or relations in the existing world

But the most interesting thing in your letter is what you say about love, which seems singularly mature for your age. But I think, in regard to marriage, that what you say does not preclude true love or true happiness in that relation. Love, in English, is a very wide term. What poets and philosophers, at least of the classic school, talk about is the passion of love, the madness, divine madness, of Plato. But attraction, confidence, mutual delight, and complete devotion to a chosen mate is not madness at all: it is a phase, a settlement, of the sane affections of one human being to another, where all sane possible bonds, physical, domestic, social, intellectual, and religious bind the two together for life—common material interests and children being strong material buttresses to such a complete

union in after years. More than once, at friends' houses in England or in hotels, I have found myself divided only by a frail closed door from the bed in which an elderly pair were exchanging confidential judgments and ideas; and I have been impressed by the perfection of friendship and sympathy in such a union. The only advantage—for me important—that the ideal friendship has over such a happy wedlock is liberty. Friends need not agree in everything or go always together, or have no comparable other friendship of the same intimacy. On the contrary, in friendship union is more about ideal things: and in that sense it is more ideal and less subject to trouble than marriage is. But I am not a lover of life; I prefer it at a distance, or in the distances pictured in it. When it is actually tumbling over itself I feel that it is spoiling its own treasures.

I too, by chance, have been just rereading the whole of Byron's Don Juan. Some parts bored me, the invectives especially; but as you say, he is witty and his rhymes sometimes surprisingly clever. But he did not respect himself or his art as much as they deserved. GS

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

22 November 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, November 22, 1949

Dear Clemens

You and your friends are very kind to wish to celebrate my 86th birthday by sending me something. I receive regularly parcels and of course money from America, but apart from cryptic modern poetry, or books by cranks, asking for a word of endorsement to figure on the dust-jacket of their first work, I receive little that is beautiful; nor have I any place in which to put any object of any value. It occurs to me that I almost ordered the first volume of a monumental history of Thomas Jefferson that has begun to be published, and which I suppose has illustrations and details about his ancestry and youth. I desisted, thinking how casual my reading is in the few good editions—except a Lucretius, an Ovid, and a volume

with Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius together, that I possess. But Latin poets are not the characteristic things to ask for from Missouri. Jefferson is at least nearer; and if you and your friends could send me that first volume of his life and works, it would certainly open a new scene to me that is not only important but also beautiful Or send me anything small that you may prefer. I say small, because I have only one small room of my own; and even my books have overflowed into the adjoining public reception room. With grateful regards from

GSantayana

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

22 November 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 22, 1949

Dear Onderdonk

I have been in bed for some days with a complication of my catarrh, and four little bottles of penicillin have been injected into me and set me again on my legs, or rather in my armchair.

I received your copy of the Dewey supplement to the New Republic; but having been pestered with a lot of notices, as well as demands for a testimonial, on occasion of Dewey's 90th birthday, I put it aside, to look over later and see if I could find any thing not of the after-dinner or obituary-notice character of selected exaggerated praise. Dewey has been an opportune leader for those who demanded a special American philosophy; but I don't think America is, or can long pass for being, what he represents; and his importance is not philosophical but only incidental in the history of American opinion. Moreover, I have come lately on something of his that I liked very much, at least in part: an article, translated into German, in Der Monat, a review published by the American authorities

in Berlin. That article begins with a sketch of the natural history of society (very much like parts of my “Dominations & Powers”); but when it comes to moral directions for the future (apparently of all mankind) it seems common Comtian positivism, and stale.

If I weather this winter (as I think I may) Dom. & P’rs will be ready for publication. Parts are beginning to appear as articles.

Best wishes from GSantayana

To Peter Robert Edwin Viereck

[Late] November 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Viereck)

Sunday, Nov. 1949

Dear Viereck

You had better not come on Monday or Tuesday, as I have still some mucus stuff at the bottom of my lungs, which has to be spitten out; but I feel much better after having four bottles of penicillin injected into me to prevent a development of pneumonia. I think I shall weather this, and hope to see you when you return to Rome in December.

Your attack on the cryptic poets crosses the sincere attempt I have been making to understand them, especially now that some of them consent to write almost traditional verses. The translation from Dante in N^o 1 of the Nine is creditable and free from absurdity, as the best of them hardly are. But the point is to discover what the good thing is that they are trying to introduc. In drawing it is clearly caricature, which is a form of idealization. If you will send me this N^o 1 I shall be much obliged,

because perhaps some one of the nine may prove genuine, and I should like to trace his progress.

I envy you your visit to Athens and Istanbul. There is much now to admire in both that was not unearthed in 1905, when I was there.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cornel Adam Lengyel

8 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: New York)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 8, 1949.

My dear Lengyel

The heavy autumn rains, much wanted for public reasons, seem to be depressing to me now, in my last years, and have kept me from answering your letter to me (and to yourself): for this can't be an ordinary note of thanks. You have invented, as far as I know, a new form of verse, the blank-verse Sonnet; and from the beginning you have made it seem a natural and powerful instrument. The steady sure way in which you carry it through, without a hitch or any faltering in force or clearness, shows that it can be made to serve, as the traditional Sonnet did in its day, almost any form of reflective or discursive poetry. In stripping the sonnet of its rhymes you have freed it from its chains and its too conventional music. It will be possible to write modern verse in that form. And where did you get your mastery of the single line in blank verse? You write these single lines, almost without a lapse in tone or quality, like Shakespeare in his early plays. And you avoid obsolete or affected language without falling into contemporary commonplaces or positive colloquialisms, as [*illegible*] the "modern" school does. The horror, for instance, of passing in Ezra Pound, who can write good verse, into the most vulgar journalese, and the most insolent irrelevance does not threaten your readers. In one or two places you do use technical expressions, like "to contact", which surprise a man of the old school like me; but I think the principle of turning nouns into verbs or slang into good usage is good to keep language fresh; only particular instances may not

be fortunate. On the other hand there is one inexpert quality in Shakespeare's earlier blank verse which you have retained, and that is, to compose long passages wholly of single lines. This came, I suppose, from having always formerly rhymed; but even in rhymed sonnets it was a great improvement to break the line occasionally in the middle with a full stop, and often to carry on the sentence into the next line; which was done by Racine and other poets in a way that broke somewhat the artificial monotony of their versification. Now you, in your blank-verse sonnets, ought not, I think, to neglect that improvement. You are still free to have a monumental single line stand up by itself, when it sums up a thought or contains a great [*illegible*] truth in itself. But then the current should begin to flow again in a meandering flexible way, as the landscape and the lay of the land may require.

I indulge in these school-master reflections, because I have said enough in praise to let you feel how much I admire your performance, and what hopes and possibilities I see before you. The first "sonnet" about me is faultless, in form and in substance—much too exalted to represent my whole person, but true to what I should like to survive me of myself. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Stefan Schimanski

8 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Pennsylvania)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 8. 1949

Stefan Schimanski, Esq.,
Editor of "World Review,"
London

Dear Mr. Schimanski,

Ill health has prevented me from thanking you sooner for your letter and for the insertion of my two little chapters from "Dominations and Powers" in your Review. They are very well presented, and I should be

glad if other parts of my book, which is a sort of mosaic, might appear later in your pages.

Mr. Robert Peter Russell's interview, on the other hand, is a surprising travesty of what I said to him, especially about Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Ezra Pound, and in various trifling matters said by the way—as that I draw my money all from “Scribner's”, when I said from America—which are amusing or annoying. He was very affable and gave me a more favourable impression of himself than I get now from his interview, which must have been composed some time later, when his own ideas had been confused with mine. The photograph, too, though he is not to blame for its ugliness, is not pleasing. Curious how the passion for realism in representation defeats itself and abstracts effects that, being instantaneous, are never seen by the living mind, whose units are composed.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

9 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, December 9, 1949

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Many thanks for your letter of the 6th instant, which I answer at once to wish you and Mrs. Wheelock a happy Christmas, and to send you the enclosed card which contains what I think is the best of the snap-shots taken recently of me here; and even the inscription, if not authentic is to the point. Wouldn't this do nicely for the third volume of *Persons & Places*.

I am still playing the invalid, but not worse, and encouraged by the interest that Cory suddenly shows for the work in hand. In this mood, he

could be trusted to make the book presentable even if I should not give him,
or he me, a helping hand

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

13 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 13, 1949.

Dear Rosamond

Yesterday, four days before the eighty-sixth anniversary of my birthday (as the English Court Calendar expresses it, quite correctly) I received your card of good worldly advice with your good wishes. At this age it is inevitable to go one's own way, for after making so many choices, no choice remains but to take the last step in the path you have chosen. I think sometimes what a fool I am to live in such a confined way, with "lower-middle class English furniture", as Edmund Wilson described my quarters, and the hospital fare and hours, when I might live, as when you visited me at the Hotel Bristol, in three good rooms instead of one, with my own bathroom and, on occasion, an open wood fire in my study, and where I could invite people (you and George were not my guests, as you ought to have been, but I actually had various members of the Chetwynde family for guests later, and two or three stray friends not to count Cory. Cory is now in Rome, and for the first time in his life is proving really useful, as well as [*illegible*]stimulating. For he has had, in England, a rather severe illness—ulcer in the bowels or [*illegible*]something of that sort—after which his doctor recommended total abstinence from ~~drink~~ alcohol, and nicotine—and he seems actually to [*illegible*]have followed this advice, with the result of making him clear-headed and ready to work. We are reviewing, one after the other—for he is living in a hotel-pension at the other end of Rome, and comes here to afternoon tea three times a week only—the whole of my MS (typed already) of Dominations and Powers; after which I shall have a new set of copies made by the ever-younger Miss Tindall,

who since The Last Puritan has copied all my work; copies ^{one of} which will be sent to Scribner's in New York for safe keeping, in case we should have another war in these parts. This does not mean that the book is actually finished; if I live on I shall want to add and subtract to it in many places, following the advice of Boileau, which I have taken for my motto:

Polissez-le toujours, et le repolissez,

Ajoutez quelquefois et souvent effacez.

Still, the thing is complete enough to be published as it is, with some final pruning, which Cory will do after I am gone. Meantime he is getting stray chapters (they are very short) published in various reviews. Two appeared this month in the (London) "World Review", and other will appear soon, I believe, in "The Atlantic".

You have received, I hope, or will soon do so a Christmas present from me via Scribner's, as last year. These are not really Christmas presents but, as I explained to you then, a small substitute for the legacy which, as my best friend in the family, you ought to receive; but it is not practicable under the circumstances, just as it is not practicable for me to move from this house. Every alternative would be distraction and total confusion and helplessness. Here at least I am at peace and mentally free from interference.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To John P. McKnight

22 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 22, 1949

Dear Mr. McKnight

In the preface to “Interpretations of Poetry and Religion, publish in 1900, in the first paragraph, you may read these words: “Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life; when it merely supervenes upon life, it is seen to be nothing but poetry.”

This is exactly the point of view from which my “Idea of Christ in the Gospels” is written, after fifty more years of reflection on the subject.

I quote this so that, if you mention me at all in your book, you may not speak of my now coming to a position close to Christianity, or in general treating my career as a transformation of opinions. Of course, I have changed in range and in tone, and should qualify differently many of my early expressions, especially in regard to “ideas” and the literary or autobiographical way of conceiving the mind. That is egotism; and interesting enough if sincere; but it is a confession of one’s illusions not a discovery of the truth about oneself. The real agent, in mind as well as in body, is what I know call the “psyche”, i.e. the life of the organism. And this organism, though modified by contact with the world, is essentially hereditary, so that its reactions will express the same bent in all the different reactions it may make. In other words, we do not essentially change, but show on different occasions different sides of the same nature or Will. At least, this has been the case with me. My genuine judgments as well as affections are what they always were.

As to the public questions which you will necessarily touch in your account of the Pope I have no inside knowledge. As you suggest, the confused and shaken condition of the public mind after these two wars, and this crop of successful dictatorships (they ordinarily ^{they} don’t last more than 20 years) puzzles those who believed in “Progress”. I never believed in it, because the criterion of excellence changes with each civilization; and what seems ruin in one direction may be budding in another. Toyinbee is excellent on this matter, although his general philosophy seems to me feeble. There is a “time of troubles” such as ours, normally followed by a “universal State” or empire—just what we are working for here and dreading as if it meant death there. I don’t dare form an opinion as to what will

happen. From the Pope's point of view there is a fair hope of numerous scattered conversions, as old faiths dissolve; but there will not be for ages any "Catholic countries" or armed religions. But I see no impossibility as in a whole Zoo of religious cages into which, however, each variety of believer may freely enter or which, if born there, he may leave at will. I think of each large city as a collection of ghettos, each commercially associated with the others, and subject to the same imperial military authority, but within its bounds preserving its own language, costume, religion, marriage-laws and fine arts. That combination would not last for ever, but nothing does.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

29–30 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 29, 1949

Dear Lowell

No Xmas present could have been more welcome or New Year's wishes more inspiriting than your letter, because I was unhappy at what seemed your unhappiness and the suspension of all that you had brought in the way of fresh interest in poetry and in religious alternatives, as you had been writing it and undergoing them. Our friend Fitzgerald had told me the chief facts about you in these last months, but the cheerful tone of your letter, and what you say about finding yourself in the condition of my poor Oliver, throw more light upon them. I seem to see how you are now in Oliver's position; you are held by circumstances to a kind of life which does not correspond to your real possibilities and vocation; but his case was hopeless and yours, as I see it, is not. He was held by his money and by America; but your America, as I feel it in you, is a part of your inspiration: you don't need to go far outside of it for your images or your

problems and though you are severe about some sides of it (King's Chapel) you are heart and soul a part of it in its radical mission or sentiment. So that, for you, is not an inhibition, as for modest Oliver, but a theme to develop. To match Oliver's money, you have a comparative lack of it; and this again is not a hopeless weight (as for him) but a perhaps temporary and partial necessity of teaching in a college, which is not incompatible with your writing poetry, which I take to be your clearest gift and true desire.

This touches a point which neither you nor Fitzgerald say anything about, and that is, What has become of your great Poem?¹ Are you going to finish it, or is it finished, or are you discouraged or disgusted with it after these interruptions? The other point that principally disquieted me was the effect of your "mystical experiences." Now you say they were pathological, which in one sense had to be the case; but the question that troubled me was whether they would leave a religious vocation in addition to firm faith, or only confirmed faith, or (as I understand is the case) a reversion to the more or less radical disillusion about the Church into which you had previously fallen. None of these possibilities would have prevented you from continuing to be a good poet; but as a philosopher I should have felt a little less at home with you, beyond a certain range of subjects, if you had remained a good Catholic, especially having been a convert. With born Catholics I never feel cramped because I can follow all their sentiments as I should those of a pagan or moslem (religions that I like, whereas I don't like Protestant piety, much as I often like Protestant character.) But converts to the Catholic Church never are quite at home in the language; you never can say anything in fun to them. They want arguments and edifying explanations. If you wear your Catholicism with a smile, or put it off quietly with a smile, I am with you. As you said once that you had liked my "Idea of Christ in the Gospels" I assume that you are not troubled by my attitude on this point.

As for me, my health has not been so good during the last year and I have been saved, apparently, from an attack of bronchial pneumonia only by copious injections of penicillin. I am also having trouble with my eyes, the "beginnings" of a cataract in one and the old astigmatism in the other, so that I am not able to trust myself in the crowded streets, or in shops where the light is not strong. The result is that I don't go out at all, even in a taxi, unless it is necessary. But I can still read and write with pleasure in a strong light, and am busy making a general review of the extant chapters of "Dominations & Powers" assisted by my old secretary, Cory, who

is spending the winter in Rome for that purpose. He is now very useful and seems to take a real interest in this (my last) book, the subject of which is not exactly in his line, but to which now he shows a due respect. I myself (it may be dotage) am much pleased with it and am trying to remove blemishes and platitudes as far as possible. Cory (who is to be my literary executor and heir to my MSS) has already been sending some chapters to various reviews. Two chapters (they are all short) appeared lately in the (London) World Review and others are to appear now, I believe, in The Atlantic. I let him manage all the business for himself as I am not fit for such work and hate it. On the other hand, the completed version of 22 lines from Tibullus (Elegy 3 of Book I) the beginning and the end, with bold variations of my own, is to appear in a new little Review in London called "Nine", from the Muses and the nine "modern" poets who run it. They said that my translation "although the diction was traditional, was a modern poem." I will have a copy sent to you to see if you also say so.

I have been reading Ezra Pound's "Pisan Cantos" and have received a letter of his (which I didn't expect) with a Chinese character in the middle of the page, and below, in "traditional" English the maxim: "Respect the intelligence of a cherry that can make cherries." I am touched by his remembering me, as I have not answered one or two earlier letters that were wholly unintelligible. But it is a pity that he prints so many mistakes in his foreign languages, even in the Greek alphabet. I thought some passages in these "Cantos" very good; but why so much trash? I must write to him too. VALE GSantayana

P.S. December 30th

On rereading this letter this morning, to correct illegible words written in semi-darkness as the afternoon declined, I see that I say nothing about your bride. Indeed, after what you say of her, there was nothing I could add, except that I should like to see a novel of hers, the one you like best and that will give me the clearest idea of her character. There has been only one woman novelist of our time that I have known personally and admired also as a writer, "Elizabeth of the German Garden", who was first Countess von Arnim and then Countess Russell, on marrying my friend, Bertrand's elder brother. We read The Mill on the Floss at school (the Boston Latin, about 1880) and I afterwards read Middlemarch & Romola, not liking the last, and finding the others heavy. But "Elizabeth" was light and detached, with trenchant views of character, sometimes overdone, as

in regard to Germans and to her second husband. Your marriage makes me give up all hope of seeing you; unless I live longer than I expect and you can both come to Rome on a visit to your adopted “uncle”. In view of this title, which I adopt with pleasure, I am asking Mr. Wheelock of Scribner’s, with whom I carry on my business correspondence and who, as you know, is a “traditional” poet, to send you a wedding present in my name, which I hope may be convenient for you in your proposed migration to the West.

GS.

To John Hall Wheelock

30 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 30, 1949

Dear Mr Wheelock

I write today to ask you to repeat the favour you have done me several times and to send a wedding present of \$500.= in my name to

Mr. Robert Lowell

29 W. 104th St.

New York City.

I assume that there is sufficient credit to my account, and also that you know of the curious telepathic friendship that has arisen between Robert Lowell and me in the last two or three years. Lately our correspondence ceased, because he had fallen under a cloud, a compound over-excitement and profound depression. Yesterday I received a very calm letter, in the old manner, telling me of his marriage (I had heard of it from his friend

Robert Fitzgerald, who had visited me here with his wife, and had afterwards written to me about our friend's troubles and illness; also, recently, of his recovery. But the direct renewal of communications with Lowell direct has been a real satisfaction to me, and I want to do something to express it.

I am writing to him separately, so that he will understand your missive when it arrives.

Cory and I continue our work merrily.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Harold Witter Bynner

31 December 1949 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 31, 1949

Dear Witter Bynner

This is the first time I address anybody in this form; but since you adopt it I am convinced that it must be the right thing not only for bohemians but for all free minds.

My address is as above, and I shall be glad to see you at any time, preferably after 4.30 p.m. if you decide to pass through Rome. You will find me rather deaf and a little blind and otherwise showing marks of decrepitude, but appropriately retired to a Nursing Home of the "Blue Sisters", where English is spoken and nurses and doctors always at hand

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Peter Robert Edwin Viereck

[Late 1949 or early 1950] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Viereck)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome, Thursday.

Dear Viereck

Any day between five and seven I shall be very glad to see you; or if that hour is preempted by official duties, you may come any day at any time, because I am now not working under pressure and could take a holiday, for a good cause like that of renewing our acquaintance, and getting hints about the spirit of the hour.

Your reviews are not good, the Times one a scandal. But that Paul Elmer Moore was a disciple of Irving Babbit is a “howler” of the first order. It seems that all American critical writers or super-cultured intellectuals are classed as a contemporary order of angels no matter what may be their dates or sources; and Moore’s sources were essentially Platonic and Christian. Babbit would have been his disciple if he had been a believer: but he was a vaguely international humanist with an early Buddhistic finish. Moore had a more “standard” conservative learning. I have not read much of him. Those things can be drunk nearer the fountain-head; but I hardly felt that he was a modern American. Might have been one of 100 or 150 years ago. They will not do you justice on your best side, but you may be able to float on your social and academic activities and sympathies, while your Metternich studies are thrown in by the way.—But we can discuss all this viva voce

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Perrigo Conger

[1950–1951?] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Minnesota)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Thursday

Dear Mr. Conger

My old practice of seeing everybody who chose to come has had to be given up by the doctor's advice and my own confusion of people and faces; but I still see old friends, and am expecting a special one tomorrow or Saturday. If you could come some day next week, as you say, in the late afternoon, you will probably find me alone, and in any case very glad to see you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

3 January 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. Jan. 3. 1950.

Dear Mr. Wheelock.

The moment has come to confirm my request that you would do me the favour of sending a cheque for \$500.⁼ to my niece Mrs. David M. Little (Rosamond Thomas Little) at The Ledge, Weston, 39, Mass., where they are going to spend Christmas in the old Sturgis house, as Mr Little's official residence in Cambridge is under repairs.

Cory is here, and we have begun the revision of Dominations & Powers: I read the text and make the corrections I decide upon first, and then he will make his, and submit them to me; whereupon the text will be recopied by Miss Tindall, and after revising that again we have agreed that it would be safer, in view of the political and for me dangerous eventualities, to send one copy, in installments, to for safe keeping to you, while Cory keeps the other, and I the revised text from which Miss Tindall took them. I will ask Cory to address and post the installments to

you, as they are ready, in with his own hand, so that the provenance of the book from him will be confirmed.

Two important but brief chapters have appeared in the “World Review” for December, and others, I believe, in “The Atlantic”. Cory is slow but judicious in finding proper means of advertising the book, and keeping my name before the public. What I like less is the photographs and the interviews that also appear. The latter by Mr. Robert Russell is a complete travesty of what I said to him, especially about Ezra Pound, and you will be pleased to learn that I live exclusively on what I receive from Scribner’s! What I said was that my funds came exclusively from America (although since that day my old London Bank account has been returned to me and reopened).

I have not been well during this last year, 1949, and my sight is affected as well as my heart and lungs. But I take every precaution, have aid of every kind at hand, and hope to be able to bring this last work to a conclusion.

With best wishes for the New Year from
GSantayana

To Corliss Lamont

6 January 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 6, 1950

Dear Mr. Lamont

It is pleasant news that another professed philosopher has arisen in the younger generations of the “Gashouse,” and that he is, on the whole, a man of my own persuasion. On opening your book and seeing its full title “Humanism as a Philosophy” I feared that this sort of agreement would not exist, as in my mind “Humanism” is a taste rather than a system, and those who make a system of it are obliged to explain away what is not human in the universe as a normal fiction; as Croce when one day he asked himself, “But where can the idea of nature come in?” and replied, “As a postulate of ethics.” And in Europe humanism as a philosophy is

rather identified with Auguste Comte and the British radicals (as you point out speaking of Bertrand Russell) who are psychological socialists, with the idea of nature absent, except as a social convention. On reading on in your book, however, I was soon relieved of that apprehension, and saw that you are as much a naturalist and materialist as I. I particularly like what you say of F. R. S. Schiller, who (like Dewey at first) wanted to annex me to the pragmatic heresy, and gave me some trouble in consequence.

You regret the later developments of my philosophy, and I notice that you quote only from my earlier “American” books. Let me assure you that Essence and Spirit in my sincere view are perfectly naturalistic categories. Material things and sensuous ideas have to have some form, which might be qualitatively identical in many instances, and therefore capable of logical and dialectical treatment in logic, grammar, mathematics, & aesthetics.

Without bothering you with technical arguments, let me suggest this natural status of immaterial forms and systems of relations in the case of music. Music accompanies savage life as well as that of some birds, being a spontaneous exercise of motions producing aerial but exciting sounds, with the art of making them, which is one of the useless but beloved effusions of vital energy in animals. And from the beginning this liberal accompaniment adds harmony and goodwill to dancing and war; and gradually it becomes in itself an object of attention, as in popular or love songs. In religion it also peeps out, although here it ordinarily remains a subservient element, inducing a mood and a means of unifying a crowd in feeling or action, rather than a separate art. Yet it is precisely as a separate art, not as an accompaniment to anything practical, that music is at its best, purest and most elaborate. And certainly the sensibility and gift of music is a human possession, although not descriptive of any other natural thing.

Apply this analogy to mathematics, logic, aesthetics, and religion, and you have the naturalistic status of ideal things in my philosophy.

“Humanism” has this moral defect in my opinion, that it seems to make all mankind an authority and a compulsory object of affection for every individual. I see no reason for that. The limits of the society that we find congenial and desirable is determined by our own condition, not by the extent of it in the world. This is doubtless the point in which I depart most from your view and from modern feeling generally. Democracy is very well when it is natural, not forced. But the natural virtue of each age, place, and person is what a good democracy would secure—not uniformity.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

10 January 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, January 10, 1950.

Dear Clemens

Your note of Jan. 1st has relieved a fit of misanthropy which had been started by the disappointment of receiving from you, instead of the first class first volume of a great book about Jefferson, the soiled proof-sheets of a Unitarian tract about Religious Toleration, disguised by the name of Jefferson and a photograph of his Statue in Washington, which has a great air, and made me wonder whether the sculptor was inspired by the Charioteer of Delphi. Well, that disappointment is past, and I shall await the real gift from you with hope and patience.

One of the things that worried me was how the critic in the Times Literary Supplement (where I get my notices of what new books might be worth reading) could have mistaken these stale platitudes for a great final presentment of Jefferson. How could he be so taken in? But yesterday, in the last issue of the same Review I found something even more extraordinary. In the long leading article, about the dethronement, not to say disclosure, of Browning in our time, I found that the chief benefit we were getting from Browning now was that he had inspired the early poems of Ezra Pound. He, who was as good a dramatist as Shakespeare and a better (because more cheerful!) moral guide than the Sermon on the Mount, survives only as a contributor to the poetry of Ezra Pound ...!

The only book about me that I know of is Howgate's published one or two decades ago. It is accurate about the facts and not bad in most places in criticism, but of course does not cover my later books. In

Schilpp's volume on me in his Living Philosopher, vol. II, is my [*across*] own summary, and other comments about my life; and finally my "Persons & Places" continued in "The Middle Span"

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Corliss Lamont

22 January 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lamont)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo 6,
Rome, January 22, 1950

Dear Mr Lamont

It is always a compliment to be quoted and I see nothing in the passage you cite from a letter of mine of 1935 that I should wish to retract. And I should be glad if, when the new edition of The Illusion of Immortality comes out, you would send me a copy, where I might read your own reflections on the subject with which I foresee that I should generally sympathise. The Nicene Creed ends by asserting belief, in "resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi saeculi." Translate saeculum by the word "age" rather than "world", insist on the temporality of life, and keep in mind that the resurrection of the dead means that of their bodies, without which the shrewd old Jews did not think immortality a genuine good, and you have the Illusion in question avoided, and the miraculous but naturalistic resurrection of the body in its place. Plato, and the delay in the second coming of Christ were apparently to blame for the mythical notion of the immortal soul to take root in Christian speculation.

Please present my compliments to Dr. Runes and tell him that I would much rather not see the proofs of my book, as Mr. Cardiff with surely read them carefully, and my eyes are scarcely able to do the reading of indispensable stuff.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To George Rauh

31 January 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, January 31, 1950.

Dear Mr. Rauh:

Your splendid gift of White's Dante arrived some time ago, but I have been kept by a bad turn in my health from reading much in it, and wanted to wait until I had examined at least a few well-known passages before saying anything about it. White's own short preface gave me the impression that he had not attempted to make more than a readable contemporary version, and that perhaps the use of Gustave Doré's Illustrations was not entirely the publishers' doing, but also looked to producing a popular gift book. Those Illustrations are dramatic and catch everyone's eye; and they add vastness to the perfectly definite dimensions of Dante's landscapes; but they are not in the spirit of the original, except in some figures in the Inferno—not those of Francesca and Paolo. White is clear in giving up the rhymes which are impossible at any length in English; but the way he jumps at once into blank verse seems to me hasty; especially as he does not free himself from the other terrible fetter of translating line for line, and not profiting by the chance that blank verse gives of breaking lines up and not padding them, as you have to do often in a line for line translation;

since 73 syllables in English, or even 70 contain more words on the average than 11 Syllables in Italian. Then there is the grave difficulty of passing in English from the sublime to the homely, as is current in Romance languages. English has two vocabularies. It has occurred to me sometimes that a man with a full command of 16th Century English, like that of Shakespeare and the English Bible, might render Dante magnificently in verses, like those of the Psalms, each for a triplet in the original, in terse prose. Dante's language is simple, but learned, like Church Latin; and his poem is a procession of basses, altos, and sopranos three abreast, holding candles, but so arranged that the voices would link the trios to one another like the Terrarima; so if B stands for bass, A for alto, and S for soprano, as follows

B A B
 A S A
 S B S
 B A B
 etc.

and the language should be simple and good for any subject, yet a sacred language, not at all like loose common talk in the vernacular.

The translation is faithful and often literal, but it does not produce this ritual effect proper to the original, and of course gives no idea of the sweetness and limpidity of the Italian. However, White begins by making that sacrifice, and evidently hopes to attach the reader by assimilating himself to him in language, as far as possible, and no doubt he gains an important point in avoiding "poetical" words, now tabooed by the young poets. I am an old man, and have versified sometimes in the traditional English lingo; for that reason I can't help missing here, for instance, the distinction of Cary's blank verse, and even some phrases of Longfellow, neither of which White mentions in his preface. But let us be thankful for this devoted effort, without dreaming of any endless procession with candles, basses, altos, and sopranos.

With penicillin I have been pulled through my recent relapse and am hopeful of reaching the summer and the end of my new book. Best wishes to you and to Lawrence Butler from

GSantayana

To Ezra Loomis Pound

7 February 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, February 7, 1950

Dear Pound

Two messages from you are awaiting an answer. The first, besides being a compliment to my naturalism, or to the generative order of nature (as I call it in my new book, now nearing completion) exemplified $\lambda\iota\kappa$ in a cherry-stone able to produce cherries, after going a long way round, and facing a good many risks of perishing on the way. And it would be fussy to object to your word “intelligence” to describe that potentiality in the cherry-stone; somehow it possesses a capacity to develop other cherries, under favourable circumstances, without getting anything vital wrong. That is “intelligence” of an unconscious sort. I agree in respecting it.

The other message comes today with the observation that there has been no philosophy in the West, at least since Pythagoras, but only philo-epistemologia. That is true of English and even in part of German speculation, but not of traditional philosophy which has never died out, in the Church and in many individuals. My friends Lucretius and Spinoza were not especially epistemologists but had theories of the nature of things, putting human “knowledge” in its place.

It was very good of you to remember me I have not been very well, but hope to last long enough to finish my book. Cory, who is now in Rome, is helping me EFFICIENTLY!

Yours GSantayana

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

11 February 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome Feb. 11, 1950

Dear Raymond

I sent a long letter to Dave and Carol yesterday; luckily I had their address in a Christmas card that they had sent me.

You are very good to be concerned about my ailments; they are almost inevitable when one has the impertinence to outlive the age allowed even to those who “by cause of strength” reach fourscore, especially when strength is not at all conspicuous in their appearance or in their exploits. However, I am now much better than when I wrote to Josephine; fever has not returned, and I have needed no more injections of penicillin; but I take that medicine every other day in the form of inhalations, which have had a splendid effect, in that I now have hardly any cough, and spit nothing that does not belong etymologically to “catarrh” which our Greek teacher at the Latin School used to define, after the Greek words that compose it, as “copious down-flowings from the upper regions of the head.” Even this is now very slight and occasional; and as the sun has begun to shine, and I have to let the awning down outside my balcony, we may regard my normal health as restored.

My eyes are not better, but not perceptibly worse; and I can still read and write comfortably enough

As to sending me eatables or other things, please don't trouble. I get a box from "the "Vendome", so called, in New York once a month regularly, which Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's pays for out of my account with them; I also now have an account again with Brown Shipley & Co in London, my funds having been restored to me after ten years, during which they were held by "the Custodian of Enemy Property" This, however, is good only within the Sterling Area; but I have several regular charges that I can now pay in England, like books ordered from Blackwell's in Oxford, without asking to have money sent from America; for my Rome bank issues cheques only good in Italy, and besides I draw a very modest sum from The Old Colony Trust Company, as I have few expenses here other than my monthly bills in this house, which with medicines and all, hardly amount to \$4 a day. I could be more comfortable, as to quarters, if I lived as formerly in a hotel; but I should not be so well attended, especially at night, when I can always ring for the Sister who is doing the night watch and get anything I want, often a cup of hot milk.

Let me congratulate you and Josephine on being grandparents, and so young!

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To John McKinstry Merriam

11 February 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Merriam)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, February 11, 1950

Dear Merriam

It is weeks, I am afraid, since your box with all the ingredients for making buckwheat cakes arrived safely; but I was, and have been this last year, far from well, with complications of my chronic catarrh, and beside

with a cataract which threatens blindness; but the advantages of a hospital for residence, where my old doctor comes every day, have appeared all the more, and thanks especially to penicillin, first in injections, and now in a new form that is inhaled, and that has almost stopped my cough, which was particularly trying, as it kept me awake and made it hard to do any consecutive work, I have been restored to normal old age. As to the eyes, I can read and write (as you see) almost as usual (I write without eye glasses but for reading, I need a hand magnifying glass, which I prefer to spectacles, and which the fashionable oculist, called Professor Doktor Neuschüler (though an Italian) says is not at all bad for me.

By ill luck, soon after your present came, Sister Angela, an Irish child brought up in Chicago, who is our housekeeper and a good old-fashioned cook and great friend of mine, went for 2 or 3 weeks to Malta, where this Order has a large establishment and has not yet returned. When she gets back, I hope to renew the feast that Mrs. Burnett, of 60 Brattle Street, used to give me (with pork and beans first) on Sunday mornings in 1900–1905.

My old secretary, Daniel Cory, is now in Rome and is helping me to put in order for the press the overgrown manuscript of my last book, "Dominations and Powers", which I have been working on, off and on, since before the war of 1914–18. It is a more mature and less abstract treatment of "Liberty, Society, & Government" than the second volume of "The Life of Reason" which I began to displease me as soon as it was published.

I see by your circular letter received today that you are only six active members now of the Class of 1886. In America I have one niece, Mrs. Raymond B. Bidwell, and six grandnephews (one a grand ~~niece~~) one of whichom has just had a first baby. In Spain, I have an old family friend, with whom my sisters and I sometimes lived, who is 94 years old. But I feel really more sympathy with the younger generation of today, and they also with me, to judge by the visits and letters that I receive from them.

This establishment is being enlarged, renovated and set up to date by a new Superior from Australia. The world is evidently determined not to come to an end.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Hamilton Vaughan Bail

20 February 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 20 February, 1950

Dear Mr. Bail

The first thing that it occurs to me to say about the glimpses of Harvard life that I give in The Last Puritan is that they are probably not exact chronologically. My two heroes' short residence at Harvard is supposed to fall in the days when you were in college, and you must know exactly what was characteristic and what impossible there then. But my intimate acquaintance with the ways of the place was gathered long before between 1882 and 1886, when I was an undergraduate and from 1889 to 1896 when I again lived in the Yard and had much intimate acquaintance with what went on in the college, especially at the Delta Phi, now the Delphic Club. After 1898, when I returned from a year at King's College, Cambridge, I lived in rooms in the town and only saw a few collegians who were my pupils. By January, 1912, when I left America, manners and customs at Harvard may have changed a good deal, and my recollections, inevitably colouring my descriptions and characters, must have been often out of date

Of other books that profess to picture Harvard life I can only remember two by Flandrau, not to be trusted. My own original plan to write a college story proved impossible to carry out for want of a suitable plot, and the eventual Last Puritan was built round the mere theme of a good boy and a bad boy their friendship proving of equal advantage to both. But the centre of gravity of my project had meantime shifted from Harvard to the international society in which I had found myself in later years.

Mr. Morrison has informed me that the story of the Dickey initiation involving purloining the College Bible, is not accurate. That it was not the Dickey but an earlier Med Fac that was concerned and that the watchman was not killed. That, of course, does not change the dramatic propriety of my inaccurate version to explain the character and subsequent life of

Peter Alden, in whom I was as much interested, and perhaps more successful, than in the case of my two young heroes. There were in my time several Harvard men living more or less in Europe who could supply models for that sort of helpless character. Neither Oliver nor Mario were "Harvard men," so that their respective passages through the place should be regarded as intrusions by outsiders.

I found, when after long periods I turned to the theme of The Last Puritan that my "bad" man, Mario, was not nearly bad enough to cause a fundamental revolution in the dogmatic Puritanism of my hero, and for that purpose I introduced Jim Darnley, from a different country and traditions. To judge by my experience I should say that Harvard yields no good materials for fiction.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

26 February 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Monday Feb. 26, 1950

Dear Cory

Sorry you are laid up in this cold spell, but the sun ought to shine by Wednesday. I enclose what I hope will cheer you.

My portrait was finished on Saturday and, as far as I can judge, it is rather good. I showed Wood my only previous portrait by an artist, Andreas Andersen's carbon of 1896, and he looked at it intently for a long time and seemed to appreciate it. He said it still looked like me, which was a compliment to Andersen as well as to me.

“Nine” has arrived this afternoon, and contains 70 pages, including other much longer pieces from Tibullus, in blank verse and an article on T. S. Eliot’s “Cocktail Party”, which, as far as I have gone, is not sympathetic. Are the Nine too advanced to respect the Master?

My own verses don’t make a good impression on me in print.

I have found things to correct at the end of the chapter on the roots of Spirit in Matter and have not yet straightened it out. But I like this revising, only the dark cold days have rather benumbed my wits, although I have no cough Arivederci—

GS—

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

10 March 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6,
Rome, March 10, 1950

Dear Onderdonk

It is sad but inevitable that such moments as you have passed through should come, and you have had the satisfaction of keeping your Mother, and being her chief comfort for many years. I remember very clearly the day we dined at the Régence in Paris and went afterwards to the Théâtre Français. It was not a good play, but it was a pleasure to see your mother so cheerful and enjoying the little occasion as if it had been a great one.

I have been rather ill, with a complication of my bronchial catarrh, but have recovered entirely—in fact am almost free from cough—thanks to penicillin, first in injections, and later breathing it in; but the doctor is very prudent, and stopped the cure as soon as he saw that it had a good effect—keeping it unimpaired, I understand, in view of future need). I am in hopes of finishing the revision of *Dominations & Powers* this summer and then singing, Nunc demittis.

Best regards from
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

12 March 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 12, 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

I enclose a short chapter, already copied by you, which I hope it will not annoy you to recopy, with the usual two copies, and to return at your convenience. I found it full of intolerable commonplaces and have tried to bring it nearer to its alleged subject, corrected.

With what you have already done I shall have enough to occupy me, and may make other changes involving partial recopying during the summer. We hope to send Part First, with the Preface and Preliminaries to New York (for safety) before Mr. Cory leaves Rome, probably soon after Easter.

As you have worked so hard for us and there is now likely to be a lull until I have had time for my revision of Parts II and III, you might send me your account, up to date. I don't like the feeling of debts piling up when it would be so simple to discharge them at once

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Alan Denson

23 March 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

6, Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo,
Rome, 23 March, 1950

Dear Sir,

Although I never saw A. E. or knew much of his writings, I once came across some verses of his about Mother Nature which pleased me for their philosophy, and which I quoted in a book of mine, making some remarks about the last line which I evidently misunderstood; because he

wrote me a short letter in which he explained what he had meant, quite differently from my interpretation. Possibly you came across this yourself, and it led you to enquire if I had any other contact with him. If so, you now know more than I about this point; for I have forgotten what it was, and even in what book I had quoted his poem. You must forgive a very old man for not remembering incidents of this kind, that had not further developments and did not bring even a clear impression of what it was in A. E.'s last line that I had misunderstood. His letter had no special interest other than that, and I am not sure that it still lies among the bundles that have survived my many changes of residence, and the absence of a "home". I wish I could have been of some service to you in your work, and hope to hear some day of your poetry.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

23 March 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 23 March, 1950

Dear Mr Schilpp

I am sorry, but I have never read any of Jaspers' books, only some quotations or extracts, and a book by an Italian candidate for a Ph.D. about him. The author was then a pupil of my friend Prof. Guzzo of Turin, and a Catholic, who, however, was well trained in fair exposition of bedevilled philosophies, including my own; for Guzzo and his wife have done a beautiful translation of my "Idea of Christ in the Gospels" which surely is the most insidious heresy possible; but they are wonderfully appreciative of that book in these parts, whereas it seems to baffle Americans.

I have been rather ill during this last winter and though better, have no more vitality left than I absolutely need to get my final work, "Dominations and Powers" ready for the press. It is therefore absolutely out of the question for me to undertake any other work.

My impression of Jaspers' philosophy has been favourable, and I admire his sincerity and thoroughness; but all the present movements—Logical Positivism and Existentialism—and even Jaspers, seem to me rather attempts to seize some floating spar from the wreck than to build a fresh habitable log cabin on terra firma. Am I wrong?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

26 March 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 26, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff

I am sorry if I left you anxious about my health in my last letter. We sometimes like to expatiate on our ailments, not to excite pity, at least not

in my case, but simply to let out the thoughts that preoccupy one at the moment. The little crisis of last winter seems to have been a turning point for the better in my health, due at first evidently to the penicillin; but the injections were not kept up after the second day, and the inhalations that I took afterwards only lasted every other day for a week. But that seems to have made a permanent change in my condition, as I have since had little cough and without the effort that had begun to prove exhausting.

My book has profited by this change. 235 pages have already been despatched to Scribner, and we (my old secretary Cory & I) hope to have finished the revision of the rest before the winter.

I shall be glad, and curious, to see my Book of Proverbs, and hope it may sound edifying. My book on the Idea of Christ, now beautifully translated into Italian, has been well received here, and very kindly by the Catholics, even when they understand how insidious it is.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Victor Wolfgang von Hagen

26 March 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 26, 1950

Dear Mr. von Hagen

You are such a constant (invisible) friend that I am truly sorry to have left your interesting book so long unacknowledged, but I was not well when it arrived, and only slowly, thanks to penicillin, have got back to my normal reading and writing habits—still under some handicap, as my eyes are beginning to fail somewhat as well as my heart, lungs, etc, etc. It is all, however, painless, and I am hoping this summer to finish the revision of what is to be my last book, Dominations & Powers. After that I have no particular reason for remaining alive, although I shall certainly not be bored if I go on living.

Your book reminded me vividly of my father's books, memories, and adventures, as he was himself a somewhat pictorial observer of tropical life and people, though not in Yucatan but in the Philippines. The architecture so well drawn by Catherwood is more decorative than constructive, and it suffers from apparently not surviving in any complete form. I like to see things at their best, and it is hard to reconstruct in fancy the

colour and the sounds of an ancient American civilization. But you are an expert, and don't ask for stage-effects. With best thanks for every thing from
GSantayana

To Frances I. Brickman

17 April 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Kansas)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 17, 1950

Dear Miss Brickman

It was very kind of you to write to me about the recent death of my friend in the spirit Mr. David Page, and to mention the interest that I know he felt in my writings, which you and his family, as I am gratified to know, also share. I had been long in doubt as to what could have happened that made Mr. Page no longer write to me, especially when there was a matter of literary interest pending, namely, his project of editing a new magazine, in which he had wished to include an old article of mine on the subject of a possible universal government. But the review also had failed to appear; and I was afraid I, or rather Mr. Page's loyalty to me, might have been the cause of that disappointment to him; and that perhaps for that reason he hesitated to tell me about it. Or it occurred to me that he might have fallen ill, and that when he recovered the explanation of the suspension of that review would come from him. Months past, I made inquiries without learning anything to the purpose, and finally that mystery lost itself in the fog that conceals all the other mysteries without solving them. I am glad to hear at last that Mr. Page has lived on until this year surrounded by his family and friends and apparently in good health, and I feel much obliged to you for the thought of writing to me of the fact. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

17 April 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 17, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff

My health has remained normal (for me) since the little crisis when I seemed to be suddenly cured by penicillin; but I have recovered my normal ailments and consciousness of being not far from ninety. However, I am in good spirits and hope to finish revising and patching the typed sheets of *Dominations & Powers* before the winter threatens.

As to the British request for the rights to *Atoms of Thought*, it is for you and the publisher to act as you think best. I suppose the publisher who asks for the rights is neither Constable nor Dent, the two previous publishers of books of mine. I am in good relations with both and would be pleased if this book went to them also, but it is only a fancy, of no practical importance.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 April 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome. April 29, 1950

Dear Cory

Mr. & Mrs. Weeks came punctually on Monday morning, he loaded with my Chapters and she will a thick coat of rouge and white. He was amiable but vague, fingering the MS and referring to this or that phrase, which was good; I remember only the surprise he expressed at the title, "Who Are the People?". He had never thought of asking that before. I got the impression that he was not clear what it was all about, or whether

it was acceptable or all wrong at bottom. Perhaps his incoherence and her toilette were due a little to the excitement of being bound that morning to a real castle, a real palace, and a real celebrity, also a real Baronet.

Since you left, I have been having a wonderful spell of industry or inspiration. Eight chapters, several of them all new, are ready in [*illegible*]Book III, which I see no way of dividing into parts; I shall be next week in the midst of the well-digested field of the Lincoln series, and soon after that, if all goes well, at the end of the whole work! Unless there is some unforeseen trouble, all will be done and freshly copied when you return.

I have heard nothing from Mr. Wheelock. Why is he so slow? Has he felt bound to read and ponder all those 235 pages?

The weather has been wintry, wet, and dark until today, with one bright day at Easter. My health as usual. Many visitors.

GS.

To Richard Colton Lyon

29 April 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome, April 29, 1950

Dear Dick

All seems to be going reasonably well with you, and I write only to answer your question about Duron's book. I have known Duron for many years but only seen him at rare intervals, and have no knowledge of his antecedents. Is he a Jew by descent? He seems to be a Catholic by education, yet is, or has been, a functionary at the French Ministry of public instruction (in charge of correspondence) which precludes any pronounced clericalism on his part and favours the suspicion of his Jewish origin. His interest in my writings, beginning with "The Life of Reason", has been constant; but he was for years a lecturer at a Lycée in Metz, which of course taxed his energies and absorbed his time. That he should have carried out his plan of writing a full length account of my philosophy, and getting a publisher to accept it, has surprised and pleased me; and the first volume, covering my work while I remained in America, is

well done in the academic manner. I have read only the part on difficulties and objections, which rests on traditional academic views in official France. Whether his Second volume, covering my free and maturer work, will have a wider horizon for its criticism I don't know. So far he shows no signs of seeing the uncritical character of the rationalistic assumptions on which he bases his objections to my earlier writings, in which there was the same naturalism, but no adequate revolt against British and German subjectivism or psychologism; so that my naturalism itself might seem arbitrary to the modern professorial mind. He has read the "Realms of Being", and I have sent him "Dominations & Powers" to complete the picture, and I hope that he will make an adequate exposition and a fair criticism of my philosophy as a whole. The fact that he is academic rather than independent, while it deadens his style, makes his book useful for freer critics, like Cory and you, for instance, who may not care to review all the unnecessary books I have written, but may use Duron as a sort of "crib" in regard to them. His French is good enough without being distinguished, and it will be easy and helpful for you, where you may want to consult it. It was businesslike for you to send for it. I did not know it was obtainable in America.—What a moment of suspense this is in every direction! G.S.

To Evelyn Tindall

7 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

May 7, 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is the whole of Book Third, except Chapter 30th which you have already copied, and the last chapter, "Conclusion", which I am still trying to make suitable for a finale. During the first week in July I will bring it to you, with any other scraps that may need copying. There is one Chapter earlier in the book, about "Needs and Demands", which I have long wished to rewrite, but have not dared to stop and fuss over it when the rest was unfinished. Now I am relieved of all pressure as the season is

still only becoming favourable (to my cough) and what remains to be done will be only a pleasure.

I wish this might be the case with you too, but I fear you will be taxed with so much routine work in the warm weather. Don't force yourself to finish everything before you leave; we could do our last revision on the chapters as they stand, and you could finish your clean copy after your return

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, May 10, 1950

Dear Cory, Your twin letters arrived together and I had previously received one of the same tenor from Mr. Wheelock, which I enclose but you needn't return. It is exaggerated praise without mentioning any real merits; "highest-type of music" is nonsense. But I think, to be frank, that the book is good and will make an impression, not always favourable, but strong enough to inspire respect and perhaps some penitential misgivings.

As to the time of your coming and the publication, I don't think there will be any difficulty. In order to give you time to read Book Second before Book III is copied, I have this morning taken the MS to Miss Tindall. It had been finished long ago, and I am in sight of finishing with Book Third, the last chapter being at last written, the necessary inspiration for the last paragraph having come suddenly from reading, Tarn's Life of Alexander the Great. I am confident of having everything ready, as far as my part goes before September, and I think Miss Tindall will have done her part too as she means to go about that time for her holidays in England. I have informed her of the publisher's haste, and I think in these four months she will easily finish her job.

I also took my May remittance from Boston today to the Banco di Roma, driving there myself, but asking Pietro to take in my letter to the Ufficio Portafoglio Estero, thinking that it was well to train him to do it for future occasions. There will be no difficulty about your usual cheque for as many months as you like in Rome; and I will send you your Xmas

present, on B. S. & C^o (not Scribner this year, as my credit there is dwindling) in time to provide for your journey. My impression is that Mr. Weeks will take months if not years to farsi vivo.

A very old friend of the Boston 1890's turned up the other day, having come to Rome for the Holy Year; a Catholic with a French mother. She has been married but is now bereft of all relations and lives in a skyscraper in N.Y. where she has a "perfectly lovely" view from the 30 oddth storey. She said she had been many times to hear T. S. Eliot's "Cocktail Party" and that it is "perfectly lovely", the language "too beautiful" and the audience "rapt." I had to suppress my doubts and yours about its transcendent merits; but evidently, somehow, he has touched a responsive nerve in the supersensibility of the moment. What is it exactly?

A photograph of my portrait by "Harry" Wood has come, and looks rather coarse, but he says every body—Berenson and his secretary—recognized ~~it~~ once and [^]said[^] it was a good likeness. Evidently Berenson didn't consent to sit for a similar document for posterity.

I had written to Schroederer, who asked for a special portrait for his collection, with a Sonnet, so many by so many inches, to match that perhaps Wood would sell him his oil picture; and he wrote to Wood asking him to [*across*] "donate" it to his museum! Collectors and founders of "intelligentzian" societies are militant dominations indeed!

GS.

To Evelyn Tindall

10 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 10, 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

Here in Book Second of Dom. and P'rs. Book Third is also almost ready for transcription; but as you are very quick as well as accurate in your work, I think you will have time to do this at leisure before I send you Book Third, and last.

Mr. Cory talks of coming back early in the autumn, and then we can consult on the omissions and changes that should be made before sending these two parts to the publisher in New York, who as you know already has Book One and the Preliminaries, and is lyrical in his enthusiasm about them, and wants to publish, if possible, in the Spring of 1951.

It would therefore please him if we could finish our revision early in the autumn, which would be possible if we have everything copied before you leave for your holiday in England.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

12 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 12, 19450

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letters to Cory and to me about Dom. & P'rs. are very encouraging, and making allowance for your partiality, I think they are not unfounded, and that the book will justify itself in the long run, even if it arouses hostility in some quarters for the moment. I didn't know you were so naturalistic in your views as these poems, which you enclose make you, although you do put into nature a more intentional or sympathetic side than I see there. There is analogy in life with life, in automatism with Will; but the degree of animation seems to my apprehension very different in the different parts.

“Animation” brings me to your letter of May 5th, just received, about Wood’s portrait of me. He is a young professional and Bohemian, and had only two sittings, though each filled a whole afternoon. It is not, to my eye, a good composition, either of the canvas or of the personage; when I asked him if I put him out by talking all the time, he said on the contrary that animation was what he wished to catch especially in the eyes. And I think he has succeeded in that better than any of the snap-shots taken when one is in an unguarded moment. He did compose the animation of a person thinking while he talked. But it is not like Andreas Andersen’s drawing, a synthesis of character; animation reflected in tranquillity, as a really good portrait must be; it is a snap-shot of animation, without suggestion of its quality or subjects. But Andersen knew me at long range as a friend of his own great friend and protector, eventually brother-in-law, Howard Cushing; whereas Wood didn’t know me except for those two afternoons. But I showed him when he had finished, Andersen’s drawing of which I still have one of the copies that you kindly sent me long ago; and he said at once that it was a superior work. It had taken many sittings, as well as the social perspective in the artist’s mind.

It is for you to judge whether the thing, as reproducible in advertising, would be attractive or not. My only feeling is that Wood is a real artist that ought to be encouraged for his sake, if possible, but I am thinking of other things that he may do, rather than of this sketch.

I think Cory and I can get the MS of the whole of Dom. & P’rs. to you in the autumn. If he should not decide to come to Rome I could send him yours and his copies together to England, from which he could send you yours.

As to legalizing the gift, it would be easier for me to do it when he comes and can find the right authority. Is it the American [*across*] consul? I purposely have the minimum of official relations and business here—

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Harry Emsley Wood Jr.

12 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Smithsonian)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 12, 1950

Dear Wood,

The photograph of your painting is easier for me to take in than the original, and under a strong light and magnifying glass, I can see the twinkle in its eye. It is unmistakably a living figure. In so short a time and with no previous acquaintance, also with the rather tired and neglected aspect which I had for good reasons of health and of preoccupation with my unfinished book, you could not paint my “animation” indirectly, I mean by the potentiality of it suggested in tranquillity, which I suppose is what a long acquaintance and many sittings might have enabled you to convey. And I also, for that purpose, ought to have been more silent, more decently dressed, and less worn out generally. If you come back to Rome while I am still on deck, you must paint me again more at leisure, more in my normal and more abstracted state of mind.

Schroeder is a person with a self-imposed mission to spread culture by collecting bits of MS, portraits, locks of hair, and (why not?) old clothes belonging to all persons whose names are in the newspapers, to enlighten posterity on our present brilliant existence. He recently asked me to compose a poem in praise of his dead wife, as little known to me as himself; and as he seems to be rich, and was demanding a description of myself together with a new photograph, so as to have an oil painting, supposed to be me, produced to order for his gallery, it occurred to me to tell him of your painting and suggesting that he ask you for a photo of it, and perhaps buy the original. And now it seems that he has commanded you to “donate” it to him, in view of our intimate friendship. That is all, in essence, that I know of him.

Meantime, Mr. Wheelock of Scribner’s writes that he has received a photograph of the same picture from you, and asks me if I wish to have it used for the usual purpose of publicity; and he adds that he thinks it an interesting work, but does not see me in it. He has never seen me at all, so that his standard must be ideal. But he means, I think, that it is not quiet and respectable enough for a professor of philosophy, retired, and ancient Sage. He is right. But all the portraits people care to see are snap-shots taken of a man unawares, with his mouth open and his weight not

visibly balanced because he is caught between possible poses. I have told Mr. Wheelock that I leave the matter of using your work to his expert knowledge, but that I think you are a genuine artist and ought to be encouraged. Your sketch was necessarily impressionistic—all except the ear, which is evidently by Il Greco.

Yours sincerely GSantayana.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

20 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 20, 1950

Dear Clemens

Your last sample of works on Jefferson is certainly an announcement of the same standard work of which, in reply to your request about a present that would please me, I suggested that it might be volume I of that work. But I see by this announcement that it is not a work about Jefferson but his Papers in endless volumes and there is no sign of a description of his life and views or of his architecture, which I had especially dreamt of. I think, then, that we had better call this whole matter of Jefferson off: but your repeated remittments have not been wasted. In fact, the little volume of letters and speeches collected by the circumcised and unchristened Saul—Saul K. Padover (is it German for Padova?) although the print is small for my weak eyes, has interested and instructed me. It contains what really is important for me to know (although I don't mention Jeffersen (I think) in my new book); and I have already, having read about half, reached one important Conclusion. That the American Revolution although ~~almost~~ almost more than twenty years earlier than the French was not at all the source of the French; but that Jefferson, whose views were very radical and who disliked the British good sense of the American Constitution was a Jacobin with Arcadian notions of democracy in idyllic villages with thatched roofs and Cincinnatus returning from the corrupting influence of even one year of power to sweat virtue at the plough.

I don't think "ideologies" particularly worth studying, but it is instructive to contrast the pictures they paint of the ideal with the facts.

Humanitarians have an intense hatred of mankind as it is. Jefferson says somewhere in this little book—I wish I could quote the passage verbatim, but I can't find it—that he would like to exterminate all non-democrats [*illegible*] from every country, and fill them ~~with~~ all with Americans after his own heart. This is the principle on which Stalin acts.

Let us then drop this matter of Jefferson and stick to the geography and arithmetic of our tender youth.

You would be impressed with the pilgrimages that are crowding Rome this year and with the endurance shown by the Pope in undergoing all these feasts and functions. But the Church was certainly never more alive than now. Not being taken for granted has a stimulating effect on ideas.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S.

Excuse bad eyes and pen out of order.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

22 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 22 1950

Dear Cory

Only a line to say that I find “Government by the People, III”, “Ethics of Compromise,” which makes Chapter 30 of Book III, very much mixed at the end, from p. 5 to the last, both in arrangement and, in places, in languages. If you have sent this chapter, which is important from the

American point of view, to Mr. Weeks, I wish you would ask him not to publish it as it stands. I gathered that nothing was to appear for the moment, but if he should wish to have this chapter appear soon, I will send you at once the corrected version or rather rearrangement (for nothing new ^{is} introduced) so that you may forward it to him. It becomes much clearer and also less open to verbal objection.

G.S.

P.S. You see that I have got more than half of Book III revised, and the rest is mainly already corrected for the Lincoln series. I shall have time to go back and rewrite the chapter on “Needs and Demands” with which I was never satisfied.

To Dagobert D. Runes

26 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 26, 1950

Dear Mr. Runes

“Atoms of Thought” have reached me without exploding, and I have read in it with interest, and will write to Mr. Cardiff about it at length.

You and he both belong to a politico-philosophic school that is not mine; and even the binding of this volume has a strange air; those patches of labels in a different colour are not familiar to me. Are they of German origin? Scribner’s also in their anthologies, have employed it, and I dare say it is liked and appeals to the public eye, as do the paper covers, but this, in “Atoms”, is comparatively sober.

This book emphasize anticlericalism, which in me is qualified; and my complete disbelief in any revealed religion carries no animosity of a political or racial stamp. This book will not give an unprepared reader a fair view of my philosophy, but only a part of my opinions, chosen in a spirit of propaganda in which they were not written. But this may have a good effect on my American critics who say I have, or had, abandoned my Naturalism, and on gossip about my having become a convert to militant Catholicism. American public opinion is extraordinary at sea in matters

of this kind. Here in Italy my book on “The Idea of Christ” has been beautifully translated and warmly praised by Catholic authorities, while of course making the necessary reservations. But they understand perfectly that “faith” is entirely separable from understanding or even admiration of religious sentiments.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

26 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

May 26, 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

Could you please interrupt your other work for me for a moment, and copy this 30th chapter of Book III, (you see I am getting on fast in my revision) so that it may be sent as soon as possible to The Atlantic in New York where I am afraid the unrevised version may appear and display sundry defects which I now have discovered in it? It is hard to keep one’s critical sense alive in the routine of rereading one’s own familiar words.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

27 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome May 27, 1950

Dear Cory: Here is my revised version of the peccant chapter. If there is danger that Mr. Weeks may publish the other version, and if you think this an improvement please send it on to him to be substituted for the other.

To me, in a somewhat confused state of mind with so many words and phrases repeating themselves in it, it seems at least to avoid exaggerated language.

“Atoms of Thought” has reached me. It is a selection of “Left” utterances of mine for propaganda of anticlericalism. But, although I am rather ashamed of being compared, to my honour, with Tom Paine, I think it

shows an essential stage in clearing up one's mind. Only it is a by-gone stage for those in the van, and Cardiff and Runes are retardataires. I am going to write to Cardiff in as friendly and conciliatory a spirit as possible, because he has done the work well in many respects, and his bias is so obvious to anyone who has a fair mind notion of my philosophy as a whole, that he ought to be passed over with a smile.

One thing that surprised and pleased me is that he begins with three of four pages from Lucifer, of all things, and later quotes other verses. They are not bad of their kind, and do speak for my real feelings when younger.

GS.

To Mary Ambrose O'Donnell

27 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Calvary Hospital
 N° 6, Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo
 Rome, May 27, 1950

To the Reverend Mother General

In case of my death or serious illness the persons to consult about my affairs are:

1st Mr. Francis A. Appleton, Jr.

307 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass. U.S.A.

who is the Trustee for most of my property.

2nd The Old Colony Trust Company

1 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

who are in charge of the same

3rd Mrs. R. B. Bidwell, Weston, 93. Massachusetts
who is my niece and nearest relation

4th Mr. Robert S. Sturgis and his brothers Neville and Nathaniel, at the same
address as Mrs. Bidwell, who are my grandnephews and the eldest
of whom was here during the war.

5th Mr. Daniel M. Cory, C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1,
who is appointed my literary executor and to whom I leave all my
manuscripts, books, and other personal effects, and whom you have
seen here frequently.

GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

28 May 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 28, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

The first impression I received on opening “Atoms of Thought” was surprise at seeing verses under the heading “Luc”. I had to turn to the Index; and had my second surprise. “Luc” meant “Lucifer”, and you were quoting dead and forgotten oracles among “Atoms”! It prepared me for finding your treatment original and your taste independent of all dates, fashions, and orthodoxes. Also original in your interpretation of me and independent of my hints and suggestions, and even inventive. After several days’ browsing—I must now have read almost all the text as well as your Introduction and Foreword—I have come to the conclusion that your patience in gathering “texts” must be a sub-conscious heritage from some Puritan ancestor of yours who picked “texts” from the Bible in order to quote them against the minister’s sermons. Your interest was not at all to choose beautiful passages or passages that contained the key to my philosophy or to my idiosyncrasies. I was out of the picture, just as the real history and doctrines of the Jews and the Christians was out of the picture for your text-collecting ancestor. You both already had your complete philosophy apart from anyone else’s books: but texts might be pungent; and when they tallied with your views, they might be employed to assert them boldly under another’s masque, for greater apparent modesty. So you have collected all the anticlerical texts in my books, no matter in

what context, satirical or historical or even dramatic, whether it be Zeus or Lucifer or Mephistopheles, or Hermes or Aphrodite that says them: my cynical father's saying, or my own, if cynical in the right direction, will do for texts as well as the soft sentiments of a rich Polish-Jewish jeweller; and what I have said expressly to you and in print about myself that I am not and never wished or meant to be an American, is flatly contradicted. And when you say that I suggested the danger of spoiling a dictum if shorn too closely of its context, you forget to say or remember the danger I felt of being quoted only on the Left side; and you do not seem to feel that what you do quote about the pity that Bertrand Russell should waste his powers in repeating anticlerical commonplaces (although he did it only for pot-boilers) you do not feel that it is a pity that you should make me do the same thing in this book gratuitously. When I wrote *The Life of Reason* criticism of all non-naturalistic philosophy and religion was inevitable; and I did it and do it to bring out, if I can, the beauty of naturalism, not to insult the beliefs of other people. The cream of those beliefs, pagan, Indian, and Catholic especially, are just the baroque ornaments with which I like to adorn, and to vivify, my opinions; because Positivism without "post-rational" detachment is deadly and hypocritical. My anti-religious side is only a part of my pessimism; those myths are materially false, and a philosopher should not flirt with them; but they are the tragedy—Hebraic and Christian as well as Greek—of human illusions and vanity. Tragedy, the tragedy of existence, should be transcended, but it cannot be decently mocked.

I wanted to tell you frankly what I feel on this subject: but I do not regret that you should have taken the pains to make this collection. It is not a fair representation of my philosophy; but it is a fair record of one strain in it, and if it stimulates or entertains the public, so much [*across*] the better. It would be unreasonable to expect the public to read us if we wrote only long books that bore them. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 3, 1950

Dear Cory

Page 3 of “Ethics of Compromise” was not one in which I thought I had made any changes; but I see, as you point out, that there is something wrong with that long sentence, besides its length. Some verb has evidently dropped out. I have recast the sentence in my copy as follows.

“When the ^{two} disputants meet in some committee, or private conversation with the agents of a rival interest, the flat contradictions at first shouted across the table may eventually be shown, with goodwill, not to involve unsurmountable difficulties. [~~omit four words here~~]
~~When~~ Each may consent etc.

This description isn’t very good. If you can enliven it or make it witty, do so. It was the ethical doctrine in the last pages that had preoccupied me, as I am anxious to get my criticism of politics into a rational order.

Yesterday I finished reading Tarn’s Life of Alexander, and am trying to compose, in my mind, a lively page, based on his plan of government, for the last chapter of Book III, “Conclusion”, which is otherwise ready.

G.S.

To Corliss Lamont

8 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome. June 8, 1950

Dear Mr. Lamont

Your book on Immortality has made me think of what I thought of William James’s Religious Experiences, that he had been on a slumming

tour in the New Jerusalem. His New Jerusalem, and yours also, seem to me so very new! You dwell on ideas and sentiments that I never heard of and that hardly seem worth considering. It comes, perhaps, from the fact that among Protestants there is more theological independence than I am accustomed to, and they find arguments or proofs of their own, and what is more significant proofs or arguments for something different under the old name of “immortality.” What you say about Resurrection is to the point: if Christians had reflected that this is the Christian doctrine—*vitam venturi saeculi*—and not immortality of the soul, except in theology to reconcile the Platonists. But immortality, logically, suggests pre-existence, and the Church could never accept that (pace Leibniz).

I wish you would write another book on the Confusions about Immortality. Besides Resurrection, which implies that the soul and body can live only together, and temporally, so that when recalled to life they ought not only to remain married, but after a long life, ought to die again, and so for ever. This would be like the Indian immortality, without a final Nirvana. The argument from the simplicity of the transcendental ego is good, I think, but does not touch the “soul,” the psyche, or the person—and the crowning argument in the *Phaedo* about the number 3 being immortally odd (which you don’t dwell on in your summary of the arguments there) is also good but tautological: Socrates conceived as existing can never be (conceived as) dead; but it has nothing to do with time. This play between time and eternity in the more intelligent discussions of the subject has always interested and exasperated me. You have noticed, I see, what I think about Dante’s people in Purgatory and Paradise (in Hell they are more repetitions or continuations of their life on earth) that they are only the truth or the lesson of their existence in time, and evidently will never do anything or learn anything new. They are living monuments to themselves. But Dante could never have acknowledged that this is all that salvation can be, or union with God, who is non-temporal, because a material “other life” is required by the Jewish-Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh.

Has the belief in heaven been more often a longing not to live, than to live forever? I almost think so. And you know the verses of St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross: “Muero porque no muero.”

With best thanks for your book

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

10 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome June 10, 1950

Dear Rosamond

At last I put pen to paper to answer your various kind letters. I have been well enough to write, except for two or three days in midwinter when I was snatched from the abyss by penicillin; but instead of being busy with a new life like you, I have been driven by the fixed idea of getting my big final book, Dominations and Powers into shape. The last part, all but the last chapter, is now being typed by the tireless Miss Evelyn Tindall, secretary to the British Minister to the Holy See, who has copied all my books since, and including, The Last Puritan. She has white ringlets and youthful flesh-coloured stockings, and produces the most beautiful faultless pages to the eye; but there are little matters wrong here and there so that everything has to be reread as if it was printer's copy. This, however, I shall not have to do, as Scribner's assistants are very good at standard proof-reading. It is only some philosophical terms that sometimes floor them. I am now doing this proof-reading on Part II, which Cory will read afterwards, and we hope to get these parts—the first is already in Scribner's hands—to New York in the Autumn. This is an immense relief.

You mustn't trouble about sending me anything; but new kind of Benzedrex Inhaler is excellent when I am troubled at night, immediately on going to bed with the usual cough, which it helps to stop better than

the old form of it did; and the Vapex which came with it is so strong that I have to be quick with it: but I very seldom have any cold in the head, which is what it relieves best. Both these inhalers are still very efficient, as I seldom need to use them. My worst catarrh is in the throat and lungs, from which it is sometimes hard to shake up the mucous stuff sticking there. I am sorry about the camphor, because my mind is reassured by it, although I am not sure that the clothes really need it. I have never found anything moth-eaten even during the war, when nothing could be procured that resembled naphtha—needed for ammunition.

What I had written to Mr. Murphy was a request to send Arthur Eldredge a wedding present; and I had written to Arthur, at the same time, what I thought a very nice letter; and he acknowledged the present to Mr. Murphy, but I have had no answer to my letter. No doubt he sent it without an air-mail stamp, and it will reach me soon. He is coming, I understand, to see me here as did his brother David.

The portrait of your David, by the way, are excellent. So is the snap-shot of me that you enclose—and very flattering!

Yours affectionately GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. I liked the idea of “Atoms of Thought”; but the Execution has given me a shock. It reads like an anti-religious tract of the Rationalist Society: and Cardiff has the impudence to compare me to Thomas Paine, and not to Thomas Aquinas!

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

17 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 17, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff:

I too am sorry if my letter seemed to ignore the patient work and excellent presentation of all these months that you have spent on this anthology; and it was doubtless egotistical of me to complain of the shock that I felt at being coupled with Tom Paine instead of with Thomas Aquinas, not only explicitly in your introduction but implicitly by the prevalent antitraditional tone of the quotations about religion, drawn from all places, without any counterpoise. It is true that you mentioned Paine and my Americanism in the first draft of your introduction, and I ought to have expressed myself more sharply in my comments at that time: but I had two reasons—besides a dislike of meddling—for not giving more than a general hint of the feeling that your choice of opinions (rather than thoughts) rubbed me the wrong way. They were, and are, my opinions; but they give a false impression of my sentiments and total philosophy. One reason for not speaking out was that, just because I felt that your aim in gathering this anthology was not what mine would have been, I did not wish to be in any measure responsible for it; and the other reason was that I rather expected that you would tone down your introduction and make my views seem, as they are and were, historical but not militant. I love a great deal of what is Greek, Catholic, English, and American, but without fighting for or against it.

From your letter (of today, dated June 12,) and the notices you have taken the trouble to copy, I feel that you have no reason to mind my grumbling (which was, I am afraid, too self-indulgent and ungrateful) because you have succeeded in accomplishing what you had in mind; to attract attention to my emancipated opinions, and to make a popular book. On this second point, we must wait for time to justify our ambition. Personally, I don't feel at all neglected as an author, never having expected popularity nor permanent fame. In American academic circles I am now well known, and have some influence over the younger students of philosophy, also in South America: but in England and the Continent I have only a limited number of [*illegible*] readers. I never

wished to be a professional or public man. Nor do I want disciples: I want only a few sympathetic friends, and I have them.

“Dominations and Powers” which we hope will appear next Spring, may make some difference in all this. It is closer to reality than any of my other books.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

18 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 18, 1950

Dear Dick: It was a great pleasure to see your two thick envelopes even before opening them, as they proved that the wire between us was again, after I don't know how long, open to communications. I have been, first, not very well during the winter, and, second, very busy getting Dominations and Powers ready for the press. A part of the MS is already in Scribner's hands, and the rest we (Cory and I) expect to have ready early in the autumn, so that the book may be expected to appear (and to reach you) in the Spring of 1951. This is a great relief for me, as I have no “duty” hanging over me after this is despatched, but can sing Nunc dēmittis with a cheerful voice. I am surprised (by the way) that you, who expected to be a clergyman; should speak as you do about this grave subject of “duty” and also of “sacrifice” as intrinsically evil; and I hope it was not I that put these dangerous notions into your head. In a dago and a materialist they would not surprise but only grieve: but in you!

However, let us approach this subject in the respectable company of Milton; and although, as you suggest, speculation, even about “the good” is not his strong point, yet “moralism” oozes from his every syllable or organ-gran. I have never been a great reader of Milton and I may misjudge him: but I suspect that if I had read him more I should like him less, so that it is as well to give you only my superficial impressions. I don't at all agree with Ezra Pound in hating him. I used to know Lycidas by heart and to delight in saying it over—E. P. might say that this explains how bad my verses were, for that was just the misguided period of my life when I wrote them. But in *Paradise Lost* it is not the absence of a philosophy but

the evident sub-presence of a sort of mummified Old Testament philosophy that fills his sails. I admit that he is sublime in his poses: but it is the sublimity of terror not of joy. And he doesn't understand at all the position of a real angel rebelling against a monarchical God. It would be the position of Berkeley rebelling against matter. He would not choose evil rather than good. That is only the nursery-maids "naughty" and "nice". He would be choosing the immediate, the obvious, the inescapable, the Schopenhauerian "the world is my idea", for faith of any sort which is only an impulse to bet, to jump in the dark. I am very glad to see that at the end of your essay you suggest the question what Milton understood by "the good". He understood by it what the Calvinistic catechism calls good: the nursery-maid's "nice" translated into the cry of superstitious escape from terror. "Duty" also needs to be analysed etymologically. It means what is owed, what you are bound by contract to perform. Yours GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

27 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 27, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

The matter of copyrights for my books is very complicated. For instance, not only Lucifer but the first two editions of my "Poems", entitled "Sonnets & Other Poems" were not published by Scribner, and the

much later “Poems: Revised & Selected by the Author,” was first published (with a special number in an édition de luxe, by Constable; and I dare say Scribner got the American rights from Constable for that, as well as for some others of those which come out with Scribner’s title-page prefixed to the British sheets or else, as in the case of “The Last Puritan” reprinted in America a year after it had appeared in England. Constable also published all my books later than “Three Philosophical Poets (which was copyrighted and published by Harvard University) until “Persons and Places” (“The Middle Span” was copyrighted by Daniel M. Cory) and “The Idea of Christ in the Gospels.” As to “OBITER SCRIPTA” I am not sure whether the copyright is not the Editors who made the selection with some hints from me; but Scribner published it first, and Constable’s edition was later. Of the booklets, “The Genteel Tradition at Bay,” was wholly Scribner’s but “Some Turns of Thought,” was Constable’s. “Winds of Doctrine” and “Egotism in German Philosophy” were Dent’s. The whole series of “Realms”, including Scepticism and Animal Faith” were Constable’s.

The complexity of these cross publications, especially where parts had appeared first as articles, is beyond my business capacity to clear up. But I think only my earlier prose books, ending with “The Life of Reason” and then lately (on account of troubles in England and war) “Persons and Places” and “The Idea of Christ in the Gospels” are clearly and wholly Scribner’s for the purpose in question.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 June 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, June 29, 1950

Dear Cory

Today Miss Tindall has returned Book III entirely copied, except the last chapter. The last chapter of Book II, (to which I have added several pages, because it was evidently unfinished) as well as the last chapter of all, I will take to her next week when I go to leave the remittance, which I expect then, at the Banco di Roma I will ask her to let me have the chapter of Book II at once, and the other when she chooses; but as she

may not mind doing both, the whole will probably be in my hands next week. Of course, I have still the 43 chapters of Book III to read for proof-corrections; but if you like I can send you one or both of the Parts of Book II as soon as your reply to this reaches me. Do you want the carbon copy of Part I or of both Parts of Book II to distract your thoughts from Corea at Bexhill-on-Sea? Will that be more or less bomb proof than Rome in case the liveliness reaching us? Without much reason, I feel that it won't.

This pen is a present from Sister Angela in exchange for the one she had got for me.

G.S.

To Corliss Lamont

4 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome. July 4th, 1950

Dear Mr. Lamont

I am very glad to hear that you are coming to Rome, and you will find me here every day at all hours as I go out only when there is some business to do, and that in the morning. August is a month in which the natives and I too, until I came to this home, fly from Rome; yet the latter half of that month is often autumnal and quite bearable if you are not too pressed for time.

Since the American Army first came to Rome, I have received more callers than ever before in my life, and they still straggle in, newspaper correspondents especially, with photo graphic intentions and instruments but a treacherous memory in reporting one's words. And they do not come to discuss immortality but only to observe that I am dressed only in pyjamas and live in a shabby room in a lower-middle-class English establishment

(according to Mr. Edmund Wilson) where the Sisters have painted veils. So you will find me uncommonly glad to see you any afternoon.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rimsa Michel

8 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 8, 1950

Dear Mr. Michel

Your well typed Essay, in its flexible black leather binding, added to certain melancholy notes in your letter, made me feel at once that you were a young man of feeling, who liked to work like an artist: and I began to read with a little apprehension that you might be only that—or perhaps a sentimental lady: (your name not being decisive (for me) on that point) and that you might really be impossibly mystical or poetical, like the theosophists. I have now finished reading the whole and find nothing of the sort, even at the end. You detach the meaning I give to “essence” clearly and soberly. In reading, for some thirty pages, I found only a faithful enough echo of The Life of Reason, as conceived in New York, and was uneasy only at what seemed an exclusive acquaintance with that and with my works in general, as if I were not a man but a text-book. This misgiving was corrected afterwards, as far as sympathy with my later writings is concerned. You not only know them all well but you are the only critic I have come upon who understands the character of the change that came over my manner. I have explained this, with a reference to my circumstances and uncongenial philosophic teachers, until I went to Germany, in the Preface or Introduction written for the one volume edition of Realms of Being

This leads me to the first jolt which I felt while so pleasantly conveyed in your carriage: your sharp objection to the word “Realm”—because it is not republican. Have you never heard that natural history, until the other day, divided nature into the Mineral, Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms? I didn’t know that this word, like the word “essence” was taboo in America.

I braved the inevitable prejudice in the case of “essence” because it is the only proper word for what I had in mind, and traditionally opposed to “existence”, like “form” to “matter”. But the reading that is now done, beyond “majors” in colleges, or at home, is very limited in proportion to what everybody was expected to know a hundred or even fifty years ago. “Culture” is collapsing into compendia and school-books, as at the beginning of the “dark ages”. (You must consider that I am very old.)

It has been only in the middle of your essay, especially at p. 44, that I have come on what approaches a serious misunderstanding of my position. You speak of matter needing the assistance of spirit, as if it had to see where it was going before it started. My view, as you must be tired of reading in my pages, is that spirit is a result, not a cause, of material events.

The chief point that has arrested my attention in your interpretation is the relation, discussed at the end, of the good to the rational or moral. You understand perfectly how I get “beyond good and evil” not by abolishing or even modifying their commonsense reality, but by transcending them in view of their relativity. The last words of Dominations & Powers, the book—my last book—just finished, are these; “Comparison (of values) presupposes a chosen good, chosen by chance. The function of spirit is not to pronounce which good is the best but to understand each good as it is in itself, in its physical complexion and its moral essence.”

The quality of your essay is so unusually good, and good in the higher insights, that I should like to know more of your “other failures” and of the circumstances that can have occasioned them. Why should you be unhappy with so much capacity for discernment? And I should judge that it has not been material difficulties that have stood in your way.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, July 13, 1950

Dear Cory

This morning I sent off Book Third, the two parts, in the carbon copy. There was a little delay because I left the MS that had to be copied by Miss Tindall only on Saturday morning (my remittance from Boston not having arrived until the Friday, six days, because of week-end summer laziness in Trust Companies and banks. Then I mislaid the first three pages of the last chapter of Part II, and have sent you the other copy instead; but I first took a morning to copy those three pages (making a few changes in the words) for my standard copy, which is the one I had intended you should send later to Scribner. But my handwriting has become legible again, with this new pen which makes a dark and broad enough script for me to see what I am writing, so that even as the text stands it would serve well enough

I see no reason why you should come earlier than you would like on account of sending off the MS of Books II & III to New York. I shall have done my part of revising Book III early in August, as it is in good shape, and I have nothing else to do: and I could send you the carbon copy, with my corrections, as in Book II, sent off today. I should not expect to re-read either Book when you were here, except the passages where you have marked the text as needing correction. And I could even send you both the standard and the carbon copies to England if, for instance, there was war in Europe and it was not easy for you to come to Italy. You could then add your corrections, and send the standard copy (or the other, as you chose) to New York. Your coming to Rome may therefore be dictated by your “vital liberty” and not by the “domination” of militant politicians.

I feel a great relief at having finished the book, the re-reading of Book III being good fun, when I have forgotten what exactly I had said in it: and the last chapter I think is original but safe; somewhat like “On my Host, the World”, mutatis mutandis. The last paragraph is not now about Alexander the Great: that was not in place there, and I have stuck to philosophy. But there is a satirical fable, before the end about how people would hate it if ruled by a universal government in economics and local or party governments in education and “culture”. You will see

and I may not approve myself when I return to the "Conclusion" in cold blood.
GS

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

13 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 14th, 1950

Dear Rosamond

Your letter has come, I hope, to stop a series of nightmares that I have been having about Arthur Eldredge and my wedding present. Not a word from him or the family. My first theory (I think that was not a dream) was that my letter to him had been lost, and that they were offended at my dropping a silent penny in the box without any good wishes or hopes of seeing them in Rome or message to Roselle (whose name I hadn't been told. But I have never lost a letter to Weston, and this one had no enclosures and a full address copied from one of Josephine's letters.

Then came the first nightmare. Not satisfied with that full address, I had put in the number of the family P.O. Box as well, but had written 39 instead of 93 (fearing that this was what I feared [*illegible*]my age might [*illegible*]be soon, and that what I felt it was, spiritually now. And the postmaster said that only this morning they had opened Box 39 and found this old letter to Mr. Arthur Eldredge alone in it, for that box had not been taken for a long time until today, when it was assigned to a fresh resident. You see this was a real dream, with characters and plausible events such as I could never invent, if I were trying to write a novel. But it was a false oracle, because if the letter had been found in box 39, it would have been forwarded to Arthur and he would have written to explain his silence. Second nightmare: Arthur is offended because I said I supposed he had a motor (to carry him from Cambridge to Wellesley, where they were to go on studying separately); but no. They were ~~now~~ all poor now, and I was thinking of old times before they were born. Perhaps my little joke was not in good taste, but old men's jokes are not expected to be good or novel, so why be angry at that? Third nightmare: Some one came and informed me that Mrs. Bidwell was furious, because my letter was so false and showed that I preferred the Sturgis boys to hers, and that my present

was only half of what she knew I had sent years ago to Bob. But how unreasonable, I tried to explain to my visitor. I had never seen Dav Bidwell or Arthur Eldredge, and had sent them both the same sum; as to Bob, he had made me three long visits, I had liked him very much, and it was a case not of a family formality but of a token of affection. Besides, I had liked Dav Bidwell very much—except for his soap business! But my visitor had vanished and there was no answer.

Now it is you that give me a partial explanation, that Arthur has been laid up with trouble in his back which requires treatment, and that he seems to have given up the trip they were to make to Europe. †This point, however, had been already conveyed to me telepathically in nightmare 1. apropos of poverty. They had heard that airlines were very dear and had given up Europe. † But does this mean that the marriage has been postponed, or did it take place on June 18th as announced? I got no formal invitation, or any other missive, which is curious, since Raymond is usually very full of family news. This silence must be due to something seriously wrong on my side. But what? Isn't Neville a great friend of Arthur's and hasn't he heard anything about my misconduct?

My book is now finished and all typed, and only the third part to be revised for copyist's errors, punctuation etc. Part II is being revised by Cory; and he will revise Part III also after I have finished with it, either here if he comes to Rome, or in England if travelling should be discouraged.

Not having any "duties" as a faithful workingman any longer I read all that my two papers, Il Tempo and the Osservatore Romano say about Corea and the mess elsewhere. It is really shocking to see how dispersion of power makes action impossible. Better one people in hand than fifty-six nations in a parliament. The U.S. is playing up well; but the more you do in Corea the less you will be able to do when Germany's turn comes—for exactly the same aggression by German communists, armed and trained by the Russians, may be expected at any moment in West Berlin and Western Germany. Isn't this obvious to everybody? Yes, but action is impossible in view of minor political entanglements and lack of leadership. What a lovely chance for a strong man if one could be discovered and trusted!

Next year is a date for which I can make no engagements, but it is pleasant to think of your turning up here. Speriamo!

Yours affectionately

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. July 18, 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

I have not hurried in answering you note and thanking you for the final parcel of manuscript, because it will be more than a month still before you can cash the cheque on B. S. & C^o which I send with my best wishes for your holidays

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Lino S. Lipinsky de Orlov

21 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lipinsky)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 21, 1950

Dear Mr. Lipinsky

I am glad to hear that you are in Rome and am at your service really at any hour of any day, since I seldom leave my cell here. But it is rather a hole, and you will find it a little more quiet in the afternoon than in the morning. It has large windows to the South and west, more sun than is welcome in this weather but you will judge at a glance what will be the best hour and position for your drawing.

I live in pyjamas: but if that is beneath the dignity of your art, I can dress in a moment to look decent.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

28 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, July 28, 1950

Dear Cory

Dominations and Powers are now finished, as far as my workshop is concerned and I can send you immediately the carbon copy of the 43 chapters of Book Third, including the Conclusion, on which I have been at work for change of words here and there and some obscure passages that either Miss Tindall or I; in a trance, had made nonsense of. There may still be things to expunge or correct, but my feeling is too raw as yet for me to be able to get a clear fresh impression by reading it. As you have said always there will still be time for the last touches in the proofs, even after you have passed these chapters in your revision, in which I expect you to remove anything that is troublesome, but not to substitute anything else without consulting me

The carbon copy here too is clearer than the standard copy on heavier paper, so that if you think Book II can pass as it stands you might send the carbon copy to Mr. Wheelock at once; and if you like, ~~I~~you could send Book III also in that form, after you have revised it. You could take the standard copy of both Books, with you when you return from Rome. As to the date of your coming, arrange that as circumstances dictate. October 15 would be a good time in regard to the weather, which here has been oppressively hot without respite since July 1st I see in this morning's Tempo that the Russians are returning to the ONU; this will prevent anything further being done in its name, but I suppose the other Powers will go on as they now see they must. War need not necessarily follow. Perhaps Russia is merely correcting the false step of retiring in order to let Communist China in, and thereby allowing the Powers to act freely in regard to Corea. Having shown her teeth there, Russia may be

satisfied with the prestige of victory for the moment, and return to the cold war.

Shall I send you Book III? It will make a parcel little heavier than Book II.

I am now going to reread and probably rewrite chapter IV of "Growth in the Jungle", on "Needs and Demands" which is an important subject for my general position, but not done well enough: only I have felt for some time hurried and afraid of making things worse by trying to improve them. Now I can take my time, having nothing obligatory to do. G.S.

[*across*]P.S. Miss Tindall returns to Rome on Sept. 1st so that if there is something for her to recopy she will be at hand here after that date.

To Fraser Bragg Drew

28 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Vermont)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 28, 1950

Dear Professor Drew

Your letter reached me when I was at fever heat finishing the last chapter of what will be my last book, under the pressure also of unusual heat even for Rome in midsummer. But all is finished now, and I turn with pleasure to your request for autographs on slips of paper, so much simpler than receiving and returning heavy books.

The motto from the Bacchae that I am putting on the slip for your copy of my "Poems" is one I have often used for that purpose because it was the real source of Sonnet III built round the rather prosaic translation of that maxim in the second line. That was in my Sophomore year at Harvard when I was studying the Greek tragedians under Louis Dyer. You see that my appeal to faith in those days included pagan faith, if not yet reduced to its origin in "animal faith."

The rest needs no explanation—Your interest in the awakened imagination of your young men appeals to me, as it has always been a lively stimulus to me also.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

28 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 28, 1950

Dear Dick

You end your long letter, just received, with a pleasing suggestion (as ladies used to do in postscripts) which I mustn't leave unnoticed. I didn't send you Cardiff's book because I was disgusted with it and have not sent it to anybody, not even to Cory.^x When he sent me half a dozen pages, I smelt a rat at once, but didn't wish to discourage him, because the project of a selection of maxims or thoughts or epigrams had always tempted my vanity, to show the water-lilies that might be picked in the stagnant pools of philosophy. But I told him that I felt that his selections, though good, were not diversified enough: too much commonplace rationalism (when I am not a rationalist) and not enough cynicism or scepticism or psychological malice: and I gave him a sample of what I wished he would include, what Mario says about our "having to change the truth a little in order to remember it." When the book arrived I saw that the old rascal had left that out! He also represented me as merely renovating Tom Paine, instead of Thomas Aquinas! Cheap and witless criticism of religion, without all the pages of sympathetic treatment of it, for instance in "The Idea of Christ in the Gospels." I was furious; but in time, and on looking at other parts of the book, I have reconciled myself to it somewhat. But I am delighted to hear that you have had that project in mind, for some distant future entertainment. And you, who before you had seen me, chose that passage at the end of the Dialogue on Normal Madness, may be relied on not to miss the strong and really radical things. And that egregious Cardiff actually quotes the last few words, which seem, alone, a melodramatic piece of verbiage, when it is all the profound philosophy

(not mere physics) of Democritus when it comes after the picture of Alcibiades winning the chariot-race at Olympia and his dismay at thinking it all dissolved into atoms. If Weep, my son, if you are human, but laugh also, if you are a man.

This might lead me back to the body of your letter and the question of the moral sense. But I don't feel like going into it. I read lately in the Times Literary Supplement a review of a Scottish philosopher who maintains the mysterious absoluteness of what is "right" as distinguished from what is naturally good. I have always wondered at the aura that hangs about the word "duty". It means only owed. If you have pledged yourself to pay something you are bound in honour to pay it—if you can. The propriety of this conduct is obvious; but the mystic awe that hangs about "you ought" is superstitious.— Very glad you are deep in French. Tell me what you are reading. Yours
GSantayana

[*across page one*] *Cory understands most of my philosophy very well; but he doesn't want to pledge himself to it, where English academic opinion disappears; so that sometimes he allows himself unbecoming language.

To Andrew Joseph Onderdonk

31 July 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 31, 1950

Dear Onderdonk

Let me congratulate you on being at Bad Ischl; here we are bathed only in sweat. I am well, however, and in spite of feeling that perhaps the world is on the point of going to pieces, I am more than usually content, because at last Dominations and Powers is finished and ready for the press. If you give me your address, wherever it may be, during next Spring, I will ask Scribner to send you a copy. It is a much more well-stocked, stuffed or rag-bag book than my others and although long it

need not oppress you It is composed of little chapters, many of them written long ago with no thought of such a systematic book—for it is a complete view of human life and politics—a little, in that respect, like Nietzsche’s Gaia Scienza. You can read a chapter, a paragraph, or a sentence, and rest until the next Sunday.

The review of the book on Pearsall Smith (which I have, but have not done more than look into) is very just, as far as I can judge. Smith was a pleasant friend to me, and I never noticed any cruel or malicious behaviour in him; but his house and conversation wasere a fountain of gossip and of false assertions even on purely literary matters. But I was never on intimate terms with him or with his other friends, and perhaps he treated me ~~very~~ exceptionally well. Think of the “Little Essays” that he selected from my books when, especially in England I was entirely unknown. Of course, I don’t know what he said of me behind my back; but I don’t care. A writer, even a professor, is public property. It was at his house that I saw Henry James on the only occasion I ever had of doing so. You know that one of his (Smith’s) sisters was married to Bertrand Russell and the other, the elder, to Bernard Berenson.

Here is a long letter of gossip that proves that I am having a holiday for the rest of my life. Dotage is appropriate at the age of your old friend

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

4 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, August 4, 1950

Dear Mr. Wheelock

It is a long time since I have written to you, knowing that you had news from Cory on the most interesting points that I could have touched upon; that I am still alive, that Dom. & P'rs was making progress, and that he himself had been getting some scattered chapters published in various Reviews. I am not very enthusiastic about the result: the only unexpected satisfaction I have had from those publications is that one young man had cried over the first chapter of the third unpublished part of Persons and Places, about "A ϕ Change of Heart", in which I had supposed there was very little heart and very little change in it. But perhaps I am hardened to disillusion of that remote period, and find life so much pleasanter without them that I have forgotten how important such discoveries seem when they are going on.

That which makes me write to you today is that I have just sent off to Cory the carbon copy of Book Third of Dom. & P.'rs, which completes the whole work, so that I have no further responsibility or need to keep alive on its account. I have been working hard this summer, in spite of the unusually oppressive heat, but I am not tired or desirous of going to any sea-beach or mountain-top. I live in pyjamas and keep my little room as well aired as possible in spite of its southern and western outlook, which gets all the sun. But my south (French) window, by which I always write is protected by an awnings, let down over the balcony railing; and I shut the Venetian blinds of the west window, but keep the glass shutters entirely open, so that a draught blows through the room, which except in scirocco weather is refreshing (like tea) even if lukewarm. I may still have some passages to rewrite; perhaps in the last chapter where I have indulged in a fanciful episode which may not be in place. I rely on your judgment and Cory's, and am ready to have it cut out. I am now trying to rewrite the early chapter on "Needs & Demands" which never satisfied me, as the subject is important in my general view. As to war and Dr. Cardiff, non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Alan Denson

11 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome August 11, 1950.

Dear Mr. Denson

The enclosed letter from A. E. turned up by chance some time ago and I should have sent it to you at once, but that at the moment I could_n'_t find your address. Now that you have written again, I am glad to be able to let you have (and keep) it, as it probably falls in well with what must be your meditations in composing the poet's biography.

I am also glad to see these bits of your own. A part is clearly Fallstaff, and your last line about "the love of mankind" being his "majesty" has made me reflect, and on reflection I agree that perhaps that was at the bottom of his adaptability and willingness to be no better than he was. But was it hatred of the "flux of fashion" that made him cultivate Bohemia? Wasn't it sack, and the possibility of playing the superior (which he was) before people who could not turn him down? There was something humble and sad about his witty acceptance of his degradation.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

13 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome. Aug. 13, 1950

Dear Cory

I have looked up all the passages that you comment on in your notes, and if my solution is not clear in some cases, there is always a good way of avoiding making a mess, which is to follow the Spanish proverb: Cortar por lo sano, Cut through the healthy part, in this case, leave out the whole thing.

The reduplication of versions has given me a lot of trouble, and I haven't always the right version at hand. Then I have made a good many corrections even on the last copies, intended to be ready for the press; and I am sending you two or three revisions to make in your copy, if you are sending it to Wheelock, as I think would be best. We must ask him to send us proofs before the pages are blocked, galley proofs, so that we may be free to cut out or add a line here and there. I shall not mind the labour, as there is fun ⁱⁿ it; you get a fresh impression of your intellectual sediment, and can always spot errors incomprehensibly overlooked before.

I hope Book Third has reached you safely

In spite of the heat, I am very well GS.

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

17 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,

Rome. August 17, 1950

Dear Lowell

Your letter has been a great event, and not alone, because by the same post I have received the Times Literary Supplement of August 11, with the excellent review of your "Poems" 1938-49, of which I had not heard, but which shows that your old self remains the same, subject to changes of wind and weather, but not wrecked nor turned into an academic tug-boat: as in my dreams I have feared sometimes that it might be. I infer from

your coming to Europe in October that you are not going to join any English Department in the West this year, even if your experiment this summer has been a success. I am very glad on your own account that you are to be—probably for the winter?—in these parts, and for myself that at last I shall see you. But I have other grounds for satisfaction of my own also, that key me up to a real happiness. “Dominations and Powers” is finished, and probably will appear in New York in the Spring. This is a great relief, as I have long feared that I should never be able to bring that big undertaking to an end Laus Deo — from your old friend

GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

18 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 18, 1950

Dear Dick

Only a few words to ask you to send me a sort of form or blank suggesting the things that I ought to say you shine in in recommending you for your scholarship, as well as the way in which I should address it. In view of what are the scholarships given: Past diplomas or natural talents or future public usefulness or capacity to be ornamental? I will try to express decently whatever is required, as I am quite sure that you would make a better use of your opportunities than almost any probable candidate.

Your French master is worse than Farmer Cudjo was in my day at the Boston Latin School —When you are in France, French ladies will be the best and most agreeable teachers.

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

22 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome August 22, 1950

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I write to acknowledge two recent letters of yours, one including my royalty account for six months and the other including an introduction to Dr. Chen. As to the latter I think I have told you that I receive everyone who cares to come to see me with pleasure, especially if an interview and a cannonade of snap-shots are not in view, as they will not be, I am sure, with Dr. Chen. I had last year a visit or two from another distinguished Chinaman, who was ambassador from his (Nationalist) government to the Pope, Dr. Wu, a most mild and inoffensive person seeming a young man, although he has a large family of children, some married, and he left with me some very mild pamphlets describing his conversion (with all his family) to the Catholic Church, and some pious thoughts of his own about Sainte T r se de Lisieux for whom he had a special admiration. This always makes me stand up for Saint Theresa of Avila, so much more sensible; but pure “abandon”, which was the French Sainte T r se’s motto, seems to appeal to Oriental minds. The same took a more masculine form in Hamlet when he speaks of taking good and evil fortune with “equal thanks”.

[*across*] I notice that there is no mention of Dialogues in Limbo in my account. Have there been no sales of the new edition?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

30 August 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome. Aug. 30, 1950

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Many thanks for your letter about the sales of “Dialogues in Limbo”. It clears up pleasantly the only point that interested me, which is that the new edition sold well for an old book of its kind. I receive occasional evidence that here and there someone is really impressed by it as not merely a jeu d’esprit.

I am enjoying, in spite of the great heat of this whole summer, the sense of relief from responsibility at having finished my last book; and I am reading (besides the papers, for instruction) Droysen’s old romantic standard book on Alexander the Great. He is one of my favourite heroes, a good one, to balance a bad one like Alcibiades, and if I am fit a while longer I may write something about Alexander’s attempt (and moral failure) to fuse East and West. Then there has been Christianity, Byzantium, and the Moors in Spain trying the same trick with no greater success.

This being an unnecessary letter with which to trouble you, I will add something else of no consequence that I always forget to tell you: That in a snap-shot of myself sitting by this window, one that we both liked, you took the white streak that crosses the background diagonally for Father Tiber, a sometimes formidable stream, while it is a new street opened up by Mussolini called Via Druso which runs from the Porta Metrona, at the foot of our hill, towards the Baths of Caracalla, where now in summer they have open-air operas. And the grand horizon in my landscape is made by the inside of the City Walls, going in a semicircle round the higher ground that forms the south west extension of old Rome and is now not thickly built, but prevalently green as if it were the open country. It is truly classical in being on the human scale, but all inside one corner of the city.

Cory is now revising Book Third the Rational Order of Society (imaginary) and I believe will send it to you before he comes to Rome in the middle of October, as well as Book Second, the Militant Order, divided into “Faction” and “Enterprise”.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

1 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6,
Rome, September 1, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff

Mr. Lamont came twice to see me when he was in Rome and we had long conversations on various subjects including religion. I had read his book against immortality which he was good enough to send me. I told him that he ought to write another on the Ambiguities of the idea of immortality and of “another” life or “another” world. He knows that I don’t believe that people remain alive after they die: but I am interested in the insights that see eternity in time, and another kind of life hovering over our animal and business worries. But I am afraid he didn’t understand what I meant. Americans are highly moral, but their moral horizon encircles a very narrow moral world. So with these comments on “Atoms” and on your selection of my sayings about religion. They ~~selections~~ do not, as ~~you~~ Lamont says in his letter to you, of ~~June~~uly. 30, ~~that you~~ emphasize my view that religion is poetry. If they had done that it would have explained instead of seeming to contradict my attachment to religion. But you chose phrases describing the shady side of ecclesiastical thought or practice. I like to be quite frank about that. But that is the irreligious side of religion, which has its roots in the real conflict of powers and insights in the mind. What I resent is to be made “militant” against religion when I am politically on its side It is not, as your correspondent

says, that I have [*across*] given it up. I have not given up anything that I ever loved in it, or in anything else. But it is useless to quarrel about inevitable misunderstandings.

Yours sincerely Santayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

4 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Sept. 4, 1950

Dear Professor Schilpp

My new book is finished, but I am afraid I am finished too, as far as shedding light is concerned on old problems or on my own darkness. But if you reprint your book about my philosophy, I hope you will correct the many printer's errors in my part of it. I have them all marked in my copy, so that if you have no list of them I can easily send you one, and not lay on anyone the horrid task of rereading all the text.

I have had, however, some correspondence with the President of the University of Hawaii, in which I made some observation about the problem of "East and West" in philosophy, which he wished me to expand. If I find it possible to do so—for it may be a wind-egg—my short paper might do as a word in my philosophy on an entirely fresh matter that has become of public interest since your book was issued. But I should have to let the Honolulu people have that paper too; a Prof. Moore, I think, is to edit a Review to be called East and West, and they would want my article. With these two conditions that I can write it and that you would be willing to take it even if previously published, I would make that \wedge (your printing it too), a condition for giving it to Hawaii first, if they are first ready for it. Yours sincerely

G Santayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

5 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome September 5, 1950

Dear Dick

Your change of direction towards a Rhodes Scholarship and a study of Bergson, Proust & C^o naturally increases very much my nearness to your projects; yet I am glad that I had nothing to do with suggesting that change; for if I had, and you found it afterwards to have been a mistake, I should have been to blame for it, on account of my weakness towards Oxford & Proust & C^o, if not towards Bergson or towards Prof. Green, whose book I am now going to read, so as to have a map in my head of the undiscovered regions you are to explore I saw a review of Green's book some time ago in the Times Literary Supplement, but didn't read it, because it was apparently not an elaborate review, and I felt I should not learn anything from it. Bergson is the prophet of duration creative, and Proust the poet of duration lost, but recoverable under the form of eternity. And there is a curious substitute for the latter in Bergson's Mémoire. Matière et Mémoire I think is the best of his books, original and explorative, not sophisticol like the others: and I suppose you know that there he propounds the theory, repeated in L'Évolution Créatrice, that all the images formed during life remain unmodified for ever as if in coloured photographs not in the nasty brain, of course, which is only an impediment to intuition, but in MEMORY: not in the recoveries of weak and confused images of the original image, but in that image itself still bright under the layers of other images that bury it for living people as they pass to creating other different images. Now this notion of frozen actuality of phenomena, is a sort of bungling phenomenalistic substitute for the truth, which contrains the essences of all past and future existences and of their historic relations, as Proust and I conceive the truth to be. Bergson hated this truth, because it is an ideal panorama of the future as well as of the past; and he had a superstitious fear of the truth about the future compelling creative evolution to become what it wasn't naturally becoming.

When I have obtained Green's book I shall be ready to tell you what I think of his identification of Proust's time lost with Bergson's durée or budding time. Although I think Proust, in his last volume has exactly my notion of essence, he could not have got it from me of whom he probably

never heard! The dates of our respective books might prove this. What are they?

I am sending my gentle push to the Committee on the Rhodes Scholarships today under a separate envelope. Yours GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

[13 September 1950] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Much pleased to have your final comments [...] which I have now gone over, correcting my copy to match what I expect may be the ultimate text. I was especially relieved at your being satisfied with the Conclusion. My conscience accused me at times of frivolity [...]; but it was a fable that occurred to me and seemed to give a chance of lightening a dull conclusion.

I have been compelled by Sir James Marchant in three increasingly urgent letters to try to write for a book by Old Fogeyes that he is to publish entitled “What I Think.” I have already written three pages, and see green lights ahead [...].

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

14 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Sept. 14, 1950

Dear Cory

In putting the various elements of the registered letter that I meant to send you yesterday, I suddenly saw that the carbon copy of the chapter in which there was a blank patch was missing. I had filled that patch up carefully from my copy which was complete; but now I could not find that corrected carbon copy anywhere this morning. In the clear sunlight I have searched up in every possible corner, but cannot find your copy. I should send you mine (from which I had been filling out the blank) if I could only remember what chapter that was. But, alas! my memory is a blank too.

Please write at once and tell what chapter that is, and I will send you the “standard” copy (not much heavier in Miss Tindall new thin paper). I still have the MS copy for reference in case of need

The Old Woman who Lived in A Shoe, G.S

P.S. Meantime I will send you the other papers in a registered letter which will reach you later.

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

21 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Sept. 21, 1950

Dear Professor Schilpp

I am sorry, but your mind goes much too fast and too far for my literary pace. I cannot possibly have an article on East and West ready for you or for Prof. Moore’s Review by November 1st. I have a plan that may never be realized for four articles on one side of that subject; but have to do much reading of modern authorities to control my impressions on the four themes, which are the attempts to FUSE the civilizations of East and

West into one. I don't believe in that, and I want to illustrate the failure of such fusion, even when not positively aimed at, in the cases of Alexander, Christianity, the Byzantine Empire, and the Moors in Spain. It was only the Alexander adventure that the first article was to treat; but I have interrupted my reading of old Droysen's history of Alexander, which is Hegelian, but which swallows a great part of the legends about him, which I want to read because they will show what Alexander was supposed to have accomplished I mean to take this up again soon; but I had to do a bit of unforeseen work for an English collection of Essays, and I shall have a lot of revising of the text of Dominations and Powers to do when my "secretary" Cory comes to Rome next month.

You must give up, then, all idea of a fresh effusion for your reissue of vol. II of your series; but I enclose a list of the misprints in my part of it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

27 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Rome, September 27 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

I hope you are safely returned and willing to copy this unforeseen essay of mine as soon as possible.

It has been almost forced upon me by the repeated requests of Sir James Marchant, if you know who he is. He is preparing a Symposium of Old Fogeys to be entitle: What I believe, or something of that sort

No longer having the excuse of being busy, I have been obliged to work like a nigger.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Paul Arthur Schilpp

30 September 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Southern)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. Sept. 30, 1950

Dear Professor Schilpp,

I thought I had made it clear in my last letter that the project of four essays on four failures (which might be the title of the imaginary book, guaranteed last and posthumous) was a dream which I don't expect to live to realize, and that even the first essay on Alexander may never be written, as I must look up the latest authorities as to the credible and the apocryphal parts of Alexander's legend. It is true that for my philosophical purpose a fable will do as well as a fact; but I must not seem to confuse the two in my own historical views. So that at least a year (which I may not live through, has to be allowed for that beginning. And I should have to offer it to Prof. Moore's Review as well as to you.

The objection to double publications; when the two are contemporary is obvious, and it excludes the only other offer I could make to you for your vol. II, second edition. Were it not for this matter of rival publications not being wanted on either side, I might have recommended a somewhat playful paper that is to be published in England in a Symposium of Old Fogeys^x edited by Sir James Marchant. But they could not be asked to allow it to reappear for the present, and you would not find it serious enough for your weighty publications.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*in margin*] ^x(not the title of the book)

To Anne Ford

2 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Oct. 2, 1950

Dear Miss Ford:

You overwhelm me with superior chocolates from Sherry's in New York. The last night I spent in America was luxuriously spent in an apartment at Sherry's; not of my own choosing, but suggested by a fashionable

friend who also took me that evening to a small dinner party, a theatre party, a private concert, and a reception at her Ambassador's to meet (the backs of) the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess, and Princess Patricia, after which spree (Jan. 1912) I never went to any other party in my life. It may well be, after your chocolates, that I shall never wish to descend to any but Sherry's in the short rest of my life. You are too kind and I rely on your not forgetting to come to see me (if still visible) when you return to Rome.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

6 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Oct. 6, 1950

Dear Cory,

Will you please attend to the renewal of this subscription for me and, I suppose, for you also? I would send you a cheque for the three years subscription for both of us, except that you may have subscribed already and that it would be tempting Providence to assume that I shall live to be 90. However, I feel rather gay at this moment, having finished and sent off an essay on The Wind and The Spirit to Sir James Marchant, which has some life in it. But I have got stranded in the attempt to rewrite the chapter on Needs and Demands. The first page or two of the one I sent you the other day on The Ethics of Compromise also seemed to me dull. We can consider both cases when the galley-proofs come. G. S.

[*across*] P.S. Robert Lowell was to sail on Sept. 28 and to arrive at Genoa about Oct. 10, and reach Rome a few days later. He will be arriving at about the same time as you.

To George Rauh

12 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. October 12, 1950

Dear Mr Rauh,

I find to my cost and amusement that no reporter ever reports my own words but substitutes his own lingo for my scrupulously chosen phrases. I don't know what your particular interviewer attributed to me, but I certainly never said that the U.S. were "trying" to "impose" their form of government on anybody; and what the Russians are trying to impose is not only their form of government (communism, ^{as} for instance it exists under Tito's dictatorship) but their own government as it exists in Moscow and is exercised over the Satellites by the Comintern, that plans insurrections and police governments for other nations. The American system cannot be imposed in this way because it conceives "democracy" to mean government by the majority, and respects elections fairly carried on. I think this trust in majorities is a dangerous and unjust method where there are profoundly rooted and numerous minorities (such as the Irish were under the British); but my chief divergence from American views lies in that I am not a dogmatist in morals or politics and do not think that the same form of government can be good for everybody; except in those matters where everybody is subject to the same influence and has identical interests, as in the discipline of a ship in danger, or of a town when there is a contagious disease. But where the interests of people are moral and imaginative they ought to be free to govern themselves, as a poet should be free to write his own verses, however trashy they may seem to the pundits of his native back yard. I think the universal authority ought to manage only economic, hygienic, and maritime affairs, in which the benefit of each is a benefit for all; but never the affairs of the heart in anybody. Now the Americans and OUN's way of

talking is doctrinaire, as if they were out to save souls and not to rationalize commerce. And the respect for majorities instead of for wisdom is out of place in any matter of ultimate importance. It is reasonable only for settling matters of procedure in a way that causes as little friction as possible: but it is not right essentially because it condemns an ideal to defeat because a majority of one does not understand its excellence. It cuts off all possibility of a liberal civilization. And it is contrary to what American principles have been in the past, except in a few fanatics like Jefferson who had been caught by the wind of the French Revolution. Americans at home are now liberal about religion and art: why not about the forms of government? I mean to send you or Lawrence Butler my new book on “Dominations and Powers”, when it appears, where all this is threshed out naturalistically. Glad to know that Lawrence is well. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

16 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, October 16, 1950

Dear Rosamond

“Flair”, which has come today, reminds me that I have not written to you for a long time. The fact is that, without being particularly ill, I have been having a spell of absolute inactivity, as if convalescent from some operation; but this operation was nothing but the effort, unusual for me, of finishing “Dominations and Powers”, which was really more than I was fit to undertake at my age. Cory is coming this week and when the galley-proofs which we have asked for arrive, we are to go over them not merely looking for printer’s errors but for author’s mistakes, repetitions, inelegancies and false effects. So that the work is not really finished: but I have put

it aside, and Scribner's has the whole text in his possession, so that even if I vanished the book could appear more or less as it was meant to be.

You said in your last letter that you would like to know Cory: but you might not like him at all. However, he is by instinct a lady-killer and ingratiates himself into some women's good graces in a surprising way; but has become less attractive (and deceptive) with middle age and cannot do the elderly gentleman as well as he did the young intellectual. He is intellectual, but strangely ignorant of literature and history, except in spots, where he has taken an intense interest in certain authors, especially Walter Pater in his youth and Proust (read in translation) in recent years. He took in this way to the most technical of my books, "Scepticism and Animal Faith", and at 22 wrote a remarkable paper on it, which was the source of our acquaintance. He now understands my whole philosophy, but does not inwardly accept it, and really ~~does not~~ help me very much, except by finding fault (he is very "cheeky") with my style when I make a slip, which after all proves that he appreciates it when it goes properly. But his chief virtue for me is that he is extremely entertaining; and also, now, that he understands the new school of poetry and English philosophy. He also understands Catholic philosophy in places (where it is wrong) because it contradicts modern philosophy (which is wrong at that point also). He would have made a capital actor, is a most amusing mimic, and has a bohemian temperament, spends money when he gets it, and never thinks of the future.

In "Flair" I have noticed the Harvard part but it does not remind me of my old days. What a prosperous surface American life presents in these magazines: everybody well, rich, newly dressed and washed, and smiling broadly. It can't be all like that always.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. If you could send me another tube of "Benedrex Inhaler" I should be much obliged. The similar things to be had here are not nearly so convenient.

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

22 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, October 22, 1950

Dear Mr. Lind

You have written an astonishingly penetrating sketch of me and my philosopher, the most sympathetic I have yet seen. You seem to know all my books and a good deal about my life, and your proposed final volume with me for a nucleus will be excellent. Naturally where you have no firsthand account to go on you let your sympathetic imagination fill in the picture, as people must writing biographies, even autobiographies. But you may get further facts and hints from other studies of my works which have appeared. Howgate is accurate about facts up to the date of his book, which I had read in proof but he has not, to my knowledge, kept up with the rest; and he is fair about style, etc., but not very intelligent in excelsis. I notice ^λin your article_λ one or two small slips in details. I was born on Dec. 16 1863, not 4; and my friend's title was Earl Russell, not of, since this is also his family surname; and he did not remain always as expansive and trustful a friend as he was in the first years. This is described in the third part of "Persons & Places", not yet published. You also overemphasize a little my attachment to Spain. It is largely theoretical. It was Greece and England—one also theoretical and the other fragmentary—that were in my mind when I wrote the "Life of Reason".

I have just received a thick volume entitled "La Pensée de George Santayana en Amérique" by Jacques Duron: Librairie Nizet, Paris. A second volume seems to be intended, I suppose on my "Pensée en Europe". This would be a very good pace-maker for you, when you come to your final volume. Duron is a trained philosopher, employed in the ministry of Instruction, not now a teacher; and he has tact and discretion on personal matters. It is all arranged systematically in chronological order, and would be easy to consult on particular points.

Now as to Bohemia, I think we should distinguish accidental bohemians, such because they are loose in Paris with little money and no roots or family friends, and bohemians in the sense of free souls, taking life at first hand and defying conventions of every kind. I don't think it is so much intelligence as art that moves them, and they need not be poor. For instance, there is Sir Osbert Sitwell, with his brother and Dr. Sister. If you look at the second paragraph of the introductory part of his "Noble Essences" you will find a description of the social-political world, not all bourgeois in an economic sense (it includes Eton, for instance) but inveighs chiefly against dullness. It represents the intellectuals (he says rather "artists") as the only possible saviours of the world.

Now my bohemianism, if any, is more like that of the ancient Cynics or Sceptics, with a little Epicureanism to soften it; for I do not despise convention, even in painting or poetry: I like it when, as in Racine for I love perfection, which has to be definite and exclusive of everything else. But as you say perfection of one sort is to be transcended not by lapsing into imperfection in that art, but by seeing the equal perfection possible in an entirely different art, when it is the natural realization of an autonomous impulse in a man, or a class, or a nation. Heresies within a system are simply wrong-headed, but sects, like those in ancient philosophy, are alternative forms of virtue. I am not at all a bohemian, then, in being a rebel to academic philosophy or art or to polite society—there is where my friends the Russells have come to grief—but in keeping my spirit free to accept, if circumstances permit or impose it, some other type of polite society or academic art. The mind is gregarious, more than the body, but it must flock with its own kind of its own accord, to the immense enhancement of its wealth and glory. So I should say to your two nationalities or languages at San Antonio: Don't fuse them; keep them pure each for its own occasions. Didn't the Athenian tragedians write their dialogue in Attic and their choruses in Doric? And didn't Charles V say Latin was best for addressing God, Spanish for men, Italian for diplomats, French for women and German—for his horse: but I should have preferred to say for Protestant Hymns and the pastorals of Walter von der Vogelweide.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

23 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, N° 6,
Monday, October 23, 1950

Dear Lowell

It had occurred to me that you would go first to Florence, but you will find the town chilly and dark in winter, and perhaps will return to Rome later. Two weeks is nothing here. And I am sorry that I am too much crippled by cough, blindness and deafness to be able to join you as I should have wished in your explorations. But come to see me when you have nothing better to do, preferably in the late afternoon. This chance of seeing you realizes a wish that I have now had for years.

This establishment is a bit hard to discover at first. The entrance is through a round open doorway in the ruins of an aqueduct, close under the walls of Santo Stefano Rotondo, which is a conical red block building at the top of Via Claudio, a broad street with trees that leads from the back of the Colosseum. The place can also be approached from the square of the Luteran by the lane called Via Santo Stefano Rotondo at the end of which we stand. I will make a sketch of the approaches on the back of this sheet.

I have been reading the new edition of your Poems, 1938–1949, and have much to say and to ask about it

Come as soon as you can.

GSantayana

To Henrietta Cholmeley-Jones

28 October 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bowdoin)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, October 28, 1950

My dear though distant Cousin Rita

It is always a great pleasure for me to be carried back to the intricacies of the old Sturgis family, so handsome, genial, and kind as they all were in adopting me; and your grandfather's house at Nahant, about 1873, was I think the first where I ever "stayed" for a few days' visit. I don't remember your father on that occasion but only his mother "aunt Susie" heaping a great lump of butter on each mouthful of bread, something that surprised me in a fashionably dressed lady, being myself fresh from Spain where in those days there was no such thing as butter. Later I saw your father only rarely. He had left College a year before I became a Freshman; but I remember going to his Class Day "spread" in Professor Norton's grounds, with my sister Susana (Spanish Susie) where I shook hands with Longfellow, a short thickset old gentleman with a red face fringed with copious snow-white hair and beard. He looked to me like a sea-captain and not like a romantic poet: [—I think now that I described this in "Persons and Places" so that I needn't have repeated it here. But as a

French critic once said to me after a polite compliment to my style—“Mais les redites!”]—

Your book is a clear and valuable document recording the ruling American sentiment during the years which it covers, and shows how a Biblical confidence in righteousness and in the special protection of God for the American, as once for the Jewish, people must ultimately bring both this people and righteousness to victory. Everyone must respect that feeling in its place. But when it comes to general political judgements or prophecies, we are on less defensible ground. Are you sure that it was only selfishness that kept Congress and the people from following the President into the League of Nations? I suspect that besides distrust of “entangling alliances” there may have been insight, or at least instinctive distrust of expecting Executive competence in an assembly of independent sovereign governments? I am afraid it is impossible. “Evil,” said Homer thousands of years ago, “is the government of several: one must command.” You see how this is working out now. Resolute powerful governments can attract many other governments to follow them; but a majority of impotents can achieve nothing.

Please accept the best thanks and congratulations from your old adopted kinsman. GSantayana

To Luciano Sibille

4 November 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, November 4, 1950

Dear Sibille

This (beside thanking you for your unanswered letter) is to introduce Mr. Robert Lowell, who I am sure will interest and be interested in you and your circle. I daresay you have heard of him and he need not be announced, as a poet, but I should like you to know also that he is a particular friend of mine and sensitive in religious matters.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

5 November 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, November 5, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff

The several samples of notices of our Atoms of Thought which you have been kind enough to send me show me how much better you know the present receptivity of the American public than I ever did, and that your labours in choosing and arranging and indexing your selection of "Thoughts" were admirably directed and successful in so far as recommending my works to the part of that public which you had in mind. Many of these notices are only announcements: such a book exists, at such a price, with so many pages and an index. Others contain a few samples of the contents, and yet others laudatory comments precisely on that side of my "Thoughts" which you had meant to bring forward so as to shield me from passing for a theosophist.

But do these rationalist and positivistic passages give glimpses of those "prehistoric blocks" which I said in my preface formed the substructure of my baroque philosophy? No: they are samples rather of that superficial,

if not baroque, play of contemporary party cries which filled the air in my time. The part that I admit and retain in repeating those commonplaces is the appeal to historic or psychological fact which they contain. Without the recognition of those facts the play of imagination and sentiment in other directions would become delusion. Now the part of my philosophy which you pass over is not favourable to illusion, but highly critical; and so my borrowings from the slogans of the Left were always, in their context, protected from being deceptive by a scepticism which showed them too, no less than the fabrications of the Right, to be products of human fancy. My “prehistoric blocks” were what I call the inevitable assumptions of common sense, or “animal faith”, which do not include, but precede, the dogmatic assumptions of common sense. In a letter, I cannot explain what these are in my opinion; but I have lately written a paper on “The Wind and the Spirit” which is to appear in England in a symposium entitled “What I believe”, and of which I will have a copy sent to you in time. I have no notion of what the other contributors to this symposium will say; but my impression is the they are old fogeys and will not say anything shocking or new. I consented to write something after three letters begging me to do so; and having finished writing “Dominations and Powers”, found a moment of inspiration in which to indulge my baroque manner in describing my prehistoric principles.

This is meant as a letter of thanks for your patience with my grumblings

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

9 November 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Nov. 9. 1950

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is an unexpected bit of work for you and me, in that Professor Castelli of the ~~U~~University of Rome has asked me for a brief notice of my new book, for a list of publications which he is editing

Mr. Cory is in Rome, but we are still waiting for the proofs of Dom. & P'rs.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

16 November 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Rome, Nov. 16, 1950

Dear Mr. Wheelock

During the two last days Cory and I, separately, have been reading the ten first galleys of *Dominations & Powers*, which we find almost entirely free from printer's errors, and our only problem is to decide whether my own judgment did not go astray on some point of style or capitals or punctuation. As to capitals in the words *Dominations*, *Powers*, *Order*, *Generative*, *Militant*, or *Rational*, we agree that when these words designate forces or categories distinguished in this book, or parts of the book itself, they should be written with a capital but with a small letter when they designate facts referred to in current conversation, with no theoretical or moral implication. But except in one place I have not felt my head clear enough to apply these rules; and have asked Cory to do so if he can. In general I think that the typed copy represents what to my mind was the natural choice; but there may be cases where it was simply Miss Tindall's usage.

In regard to the text I have marked one whole paragraph in the chapter, on the *Roots of Spirit in Matter*; a few lines in the last chapter of *Preliminaries*, where I speak of my uncertainty about living to finish this

book, lines that would now seem an unnecessary bid for tears of sympathy; finally a useless phrase at the end of a paragraph. Cory was in doubt about the paragraph on Spirit and convinced me (easily!) that it was excellent in itself for the initiated; but we agreed that it was horribly technical and obscure, not necessary for the main point, dealt with directly in the next paragraph, and might put many a reader to flight. I am myself preoccupied with removing or correcting repetitions and platitudes when possible. The book is too long and would be improved by a little pruning. These were the only occasions for doing so that I could see in the Preliminaries.

There is a point that has occurred to me concerning the printing. Isn't there too much of a gap between the titles of the Chapters and the first line? It seems to me like what W^m James found in Josiah Royce: "an indecent exposure of forehead," or here, waste of white paper. Broad margins are luxurious, as there is elegance in a large background to a portrait, but the portrait must first absorb attention. And I dislike a sprawling page. I should even have accepted, with such short chapters as most of those in this book, the beginning of a new chapter on the same page as the end of the previous one. But I suppose that is not grand enough for *Dominations and Powers*!

Thank-you for your generous interest in all these details, and I hope we shall not delay the issue too much. Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

25 November 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Nov. 25, 1950

Dear Mr. Lind

Your letter is too long and miscellaneous to be answered in the time I have at my disposal at present; and I will warn you that I have nothing to say on the guesses that might be made as to crises or conflicts in my inner life. The matter of religion, and of relations to persons and places, especially nationalities, has been treated in Persons and Places as fully as I am able or care to discuss it. As to the third part (it is all one book) the first

and last chapters have appeared in The Atlantic under the titles A Change of Heart and Mine Host, the World, and are those that most concern your questions, together with a third chapter of Part III, Farewell to England (after the first War). This was more of a conflict and a wrench than my farewell to America, which only fulfilled a life-long intention. But if you come to Rome and find me alive, you may read Part Third if you like while you are here in a typed copy. Beside those chapters just mentioned the others are: King's College, Cambridge, Travels, On the South Downs (regarding Russell's life with his 2nd & 3rd wives) Oxford Friends, & Frie Old Age in Italy.

One point you raise that is impersonal—and I shall never lend myself to manufacturing mementoes, by reading Sonnets to a machine, or anything of that kind, —regards Harvard College, memories of which in such matters always interest me. The social distinctions there were not official: they touched only the gay part of the undergraduate world and the clubs. If you belonged to a club you know what I mean. From the Porcellian down there was a marked, though variable, heierarchy and I learned how much such divisions could add to the pleasure of life, internal to each, without any ill-feeling between the various groups. I understand that this social arrangement has out-lived and now over shadows the institution of Houses which was well meant by President Lowell but artificial. Things should grow by what in my new book I call the Generative Order of Nature.

Duron will give you a good technical synopsis of my books. I am glad you have ordered the book.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

1 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 1st, 1950

Dear Rosamond

I am sending your Christmas letter this year somewhat in advance through the kindness of Mr. Wheelock, whom I am asking to insert in it the substantial part, as he has kindly done more than once before. If I have not answered your two or three letters it was partly because I have been preoccupied materially and morally by various things: the revision and now the proof-reading of my new book; the visit of Robert Lowell and his wife, after the long aerial correspondence that I had had with him, and the deciphering at the same time of his latest, yet unpublished, poem of 600 lines of mysterious tragic adventures in the lumber region of Maine, apparently full of rivers and ponds, and opportunities for crossed loves and suicides; and finally by the idea of waiting till I could acknowledge the box that you were sending, but which hasn't yet arrived. Now we are being plunged into greater preoccupations by the strained political relations everywhere, even in Italy, France, and Germany, and especially for you.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

1 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6,
Rome, December 1st 1950

Dear Mr. Wheelock

May I ask you once again to send to my niece, Mrs. David M. Little, Weston, 93, Mass. a cheque for \$500, to be charged to my account? I have written my rather meagre Christmas letter to her directly, as enclosed, so that you need not trouble to send any note of explanation or courtesy with the cheque, which I suppose should be made out to her legal name of Mrs. Rosamond T. Little

Cory and I have now read about one half of the galleys, and found very little to correct in them. I have condemned another passage of some four lines for “vain repetition”; and changed one or two words to avoid a high-flown style or what might offend some people’s feelings. And I am very glad that you concur with my feeling about the spacing of the chapter-titles. Especially if they are to appear (as I myself had imagined them, and as they stand in the galleys) on a page between two chapters, they ought not to look like an appendage to the one above rather than a title of the one below.

I hope that no public calamities may destroy the happiness of the Christmas season for you and Mrs. Wheelock

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

8 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, December 8, 1950

Dear Clemens,

If sometimes I do not answer your letters, you must understand that I have nothing more to say about the points that you raise, as now as to whether I should like some other book about Jefferson, or sweets etc. I wrote long ago that the little book of selections from his letters or inaugural addresses, etc., had completely satisfied my curiosity about him. And you may assume that the people whom you ask my opinion about are unknown to me (except perhaps by name only), and that the stories you have heard about me have no foundation in fact.

As to writing a “Foreword” to a book by or about Mark Twain, you must remember that my membership in the Mark Twain Society was entirely your doing when you and your mother were here in Rome, perhaps 25 years ago. I have never read a word of Mark Twain’s books, but remember The Jumping Frog that my half-brother, Robert Sturgis, had learned by heart at the English High School in Boston, about the year 1870. In the Times Literary Supplement (which is my chief means of information about contemporary literature) I read the other day the clearest brief comment on his “message” (if we may call it so) which I had ever come upon. His two principal personages represent slightly different

phases of the American independent mind, questioning the value and truth of every conventional opinion with a sort of manly or boyish good-humored defiance and (as far as I can see, though the Times Supplement didn't say this) no positive result of his own. You see, then, how impossible it is for me to write anything about him for publication

I have now finished, and am reading the proofs of) my last book, Dominations and Powers, which we hope may appear in the coming spring in New York. It is my funeral oration, after which it would not be expected that I should say anything.

I enclose a cheque for \$1 received from you, I don't know why. I thought I had recently received two of them, but I can't find the other. My papers are in great confusion in the cramped space of my cell; also my books; but I manage to read with pleasure many old and new things.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Corliss Lamont

8 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome. December 8, 1950

Dear Mr. Lamont

Besides your letter of Nov. 21st, I have one from Mr. Runes regarding a new preface or note to the coming edition of your "Humanism as a Philosophy" in which you quote and comment upon a letter of mine about the difference quality of your naturalism and mine, and end by placing that difference, just as I should, in the difference between your militancy in ethics and politics and my lack of it. That this is what distinguishes (very naturally, if you consider our respective backgrounds and interests) will become even more evident to you if you read my forthcoming book on "Dominations and Powers" where I make "The Militant Order of Society" a special section of the whole work, in contrast to the

“Generative” and the “Rational” order of it. And it is precisely this distinction that determines the nature of my “Fascism” (as it existed or exists, so far as it does so at all) and the “Fascism” which seems to you and to Joel Bradford positively immoral. Because you really agree with him and not with me about this; only that as you are not willing to think me a criminal you try to deny that I am a Fascist, even in the somewhat hesitating way in which Bradford seems to call me one. And I think that your defence of me is unconvincing, because you say I am a good fellow instead of proving, as you wish, that I can’t be a Fascist.

Of course I was never a Fascist in the sense of belonging to that Italian party, or to any nationalistic or religious party. But considered, as it is for a naturalist, a product of the generative order of society, a nationalist or religious institution will probably have its good sides, and be better perhaps than the alternative that presents itself at some moment in some place. That is what I thought, and still think, Mussolini’s dictatorship was for Italy in its home government. Compare with the disorderly socialism that preceded or the impotent party chaos that has followed it. If you had lived through it from beginning to end, as I have, you would admit this. But Mussolini personally was a bad man and Italy a half-baked political unit; and the militant foreign policy adopted by Fascism was ruinous in its artificiality and folly. But internally, Italy was until the foreign militancy and mad alliances were adopted, a stronger, happier, and more united country than it is or had ever been. Dictatorships are surgical operations, but some diseases require them, only the surgeon must be an expert, not an adventurer.

Let me in turn put this question to you: Can a Humanism that is a complete philosophy be naturalistic? Can human nature be the ruling force or universal moral criterion for the universe? Can the universe have any moral bias? Isn’t morality the proper hygiene for a reasoning animal?

This brings me back to a point you raise at the end of your letter to me about the “eulogistic” use of the word “eternal” for certain special temporal states of reasoning creatures. But to attribute an everlasting existence to any state of mind would not be eulogistic: it would be nonsense, because a state of mind is a process of thought, a perception or a conception that has to be called up, rearticulated, and propounded. Now, the eternity of a truth, say of the perfection of some action, or the reality of some affection, is a quality of its form, not the length of its duration; and it is not the state of mind that is eternal but the truth which it discovers. There is no doubt a regrettable play of words in this matter when “eternal” is understood to

mean everlasting or self-repeating for ever. That would be tedium in excelsis. But sympathy with ideal qualities rather than with variations in one's own condition, is the "life of reason," the human side of animal life.

I had not meant to write such a long letter, but the subject is an old favourite of mine. Spinoza is the clearest philosopher on the "eternal": but Aristotle is quietly sound about it. Plato too often shows that his heart is in the right place but his political preoccupations make him lean more and more, as he grows old, to popularise his myths into dogmas.

Your zeal for converting people to your views is natural in America, where democracy perhaps meant at first to give unpopular interests their chance, such as the minor religious sects, for instance, slips easily into thirst for unanimity. I hope at least it will not lead America to attempt to impose one political system over the whole world. The same methods are needed where both the ends and the means at hand are similar, but not when both are not abroad what they are at home.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

24 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, December 24, 1950

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory and I were much relieved by your message by cable saying that all the galleys of Dominations & Powers had finally reached you. We were anxious not to delay the publication of the book by too much fussing over details; and at the end I had been rather confused by so many phrases and theories crowding in my head together; so much so that I positively forgot some of the corrections that I had meant to make in the last chapters. I left it to Cory to see that some of them were made properly and judiciously; but he has off and on moments, as much as I have, and he may have let some minor points pass that might be corrected. I hope that if anything of the kind strikes you in looking over the page-proofs, you will not hesitate to straighten it out according to your expert judgment. There is one thing that I now particularly remember in the very last page

or two of the book. In the galleys, following a mistake of Miss Tindall's, a space had been left between the last two paragraphs which ought to have been left, if at all, just above, at the end of the vision or allegory about the secession of the romantic party from the international Authority; but if there is a space at the end of that episode there ought to be one also before the beginning of it.

You will say that I am obsessed by spacings and titles; and I confess that I have an architectural preconception in such matters, and must see a page as if it were a renaissance monumental tomb. Title pages in particular are really tombstones to the Author's life as author of that book; but he likes to inscribe on it, in his own mind, RESVRGAM.

We have had all through this month of December extraordinary dark, rainy, and cold weather, and this has perhaps contributed to fatigue me, as it made my cough more persistent. But today, at least, the sun is shining, and even the political storms seem to be less threatening for the moment. There may be less violence coming than we fear, but what may be left after the clearing may not please us. America in particular is passing through an unexpected trial. Valeat, valebit!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

25 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome, Christmas Day, 1950

Dear Lowell

Your good letter from Florence has been waiting for a reply with many others until the pressure _λwas over_λ of proof-reading in time with Cory, who had another copy of the galleys of Dominations & Powers, and was concerned about pleasing Scribner by expediting the business. There are 159 galleys, which counting three pages to each, makes 477 pages; but I hope it may turn out to be rather less. It is the first of my books to be timely; although perhaps the excitement of war may render the public impatient at my speculative detachment.

What you say about your way of composing throws much light for me on the difficulty I find in understanding your verses. When you sit down to write (for you don't compose in your dreams) you are crammed full of dramatic impressions but have no clear plan of what the order will be in which those materials will fall. And, then, when you begin to write you suddenly see details taking shape and growing into something important. As you say, that is the opposite of my sort of composition, in verse or prose; although I should never go so far as Racine does when he says: "My tragedy is finished: nothing remains now but to turn it into verse." Yet I think that what I most care for in Racine is precisely what must have come to him in that process of versifying his completed plays; the delicacy of the sentiments and the music of the verse: for instance: Phèdre says to Hippolyte:

"Par vous auroit péri le monstre de la Crète
Malgré tous les détours de sa vaste retraite."

So that his excellence as a poet comes like yours or like Ezra Pound's according to Eliot, in being an "ottimo fabbro." But there remains this difference: that behind Racine's goldsmith's work, there lies a clear plot and distinct characters, as well as the neglected Greek landscape and manners which we add now in reading him; whereas you furnish this landscape splendidly, but leave us confused about your plot and characters. I shall be interested in seeing your revised and completed Kavanaughs.

I seem to be weathering this winter pretty well in spite of its being so cold dark and rainy, and I hope to be fit and not too much troubled by political crises when you come to Rome later in the season. And in any case you should feel at home with me even if either of us is sometimes silent. You became an inmate for me from the beginning. G.S.

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

26 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Dec. 26, 1950

Dear Rosamond

The flowers, an armful of them, were brought punctually on Christmas morning, and the box with its welcome contents had come a week earlier. I have been rather worn out with reading 154 galley proofs of my new book on “onion-skin” paper, very glossy and slippery which troubled my weak eyes and clumsy fingers, interrupted by many callers—two young women from the West yesterday staid three and a half hours—besides a spell of dark cold, and rainy weather which is bad for my cough. Your two boxes of the inhaler have been a great help and will be so all winter, as they stop the flow of mucus effectively when it is most annoying. For more permanent relief I have a syrup recommended by the doctor which is good for the whole night, but the dose can’t be taken with full effect until three hours after meals and then takes half an hour more to work and to put me to sleep. It is during that interval that your inhaler comes in and keeps me comfortable. I have not yet tried your Auburndale Cough Mixture, but it will stay by my bedside for the first occasion when by accident my syrup is not at hand. Here is a whole page of egotistic sickroom twaddle, not appropriate for the occasion of family reunion and rejoicings; but I am not really very ill but at heart happy in having my book finished and being on good terms with everybody in my environment. Philosophy is needed to keep one’s equanimity in the present state of the political world; but we do not really know what social forces or accidents may decide our fate. I shall stay where I am so long as it is physically possible. Personally I should rather like to see what the Communists, if in power, did with me, provided I didn’t have to move from this room; but if they said that being a quasi-American and otherwise an adherent of Franco, I must leave the country within 48 hours, where should I go? I tried Switzerland, when the last war broke out, and was rejected; and the doctor said I mustn’t go to Spain by air, the only means then open or desirable for the journey. But that would hardly be possible now, and I might have to take the last aeroplane for Egypt at the risk of arriving a mummy at the Pyramids. It would be a chance at least of dying in a heavenly flight. Meantime let us live while we live. Yours affectionately G.S.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

30 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 30, 1950

Dear Mr. Cardiff,

You are very constant in sending me notices or letters about our “Atoms of Thought” and this last from your “literary” friend Mr. Saner is in fact saner in at once taking refuge in my style and evading the problem of my thoughts. Even in my verse, which I agree with the fashionable critics in thinking my weak point, doesn’t retain him long. This confirms my general feeling about these judgments of the press or of casual individuals, that they are simply dazed and left blank by speculation of any sort; and seeing only a play of surfaces, of phrases, as if they were turning over a kaleidoscope, they sanely drop the game as unmeaning. Has no competent critic, at least a college professor of philosophy, expressed his opinion about our book?

You yourself drop my thoughts at once as nonsense when their sense lies beneath the surface. For instance, you dismiss at once what I said casually (though it is a pervasive principle in my speculation) that eternity was to be found not by prolonging time but by concentrating attention on anything now present: in other words eternity is in the object of intuition, not in the duration of the vision. If you revert to any idea or event what you recover is not the past event in its concrete and transitive existence, but the form or essence or character of it as you now imagine it.

This reminds me of the single “Atom” which once in jest I asked you to include in the book, about the necessity of changing the truth a little in order to remember it. You forgot to include it, which I do not regret;

because this is something that sounds frivolous but is rich in suggestion. You do not change the past itself; but in meaning to recall it you inevitably change or even add to the truth of it, because your mind is now coloured by other impressions: yet you do refer to something real and place it more or less accurately in its past place with something (perhaps a caricature) of its past character in its fullness. If I gave you, which I should not know how to do, a list of my sentiments belonging to the Right, I might confuse your presentation of my philosophy without presenting anything to take its place. It ought not to take the Left's place; but to keep its own, and ought to be felt to be there.

There is a young man in Texas who wants to make another anthology of my thoughts, 20 or 30 years hence; and I have given him my consent, because the first thing he wrote to me was that of all my writings he preferred the Dialogue in Limbo on "Normal Madness." That shows health all round.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*]

P.S. The Xmas book in which my skit on "The Wind & the Spirit" was to appear has not reached me, but I have ordered a copy to be sent to you if it has come out. Of course, I will send you my new book in its time.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

31 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 31, 1950

Dear Clemens

There is nothing accurate or in the right key in this review, parts of which I had seen before, and I am sorry that you don't allow it to die a natural death. But I have marked in red pencil the lines where there are positive falsehoods, in case you wish at least to avoid these:

1. The nuns never "wheedle" me to do anything.
2. There is only one volume in this work.

3–4 The date of the episodes (fully related in the American edition) was 1888. The danger of suits for libel concerned only the English edition, which alone has been expurgated, I think to advantage.

Æ. Bertrand Russell (unless a catastrophe has occurred very recently) has had only three wives.

6. This paragraph is a pure reversal of the truth. I was not free enough at Harvard, and teaching, as suggested above, was never my vocation. I wanted freedom from engagements, varied scenes, and the European way of living.

I will read chapters 17–21 of Huckleberry Finn when it arrives, and at least _^shall_^ have first hand impressions of Mark Twain. But I have no “library”. I order books only to read them, keep a few to reread, and all the rest drift into garrets in Harvard College, Avila, Strong’s daughter’s closed houses at Saint Germain and Fiesole, etc. etc.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Mercedes de la Escalera

31 December 1950 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.—Roma.

31 de diciembre de 1950.

Querida Mercedes: No quiero dejar pasar este último día del año sin contestar a tus cartas y darte las gracias por el obsequio que me haces de este dulce que me ha traído Alberto de tu parte. Yo he estado muy ocupado con repasar las 400 páginas de un nuevo libro (que será el último de los míos) primero en la copia dactilográfica y luego en las pruebas de imprenta, que llegaron últimamente de Nueva York. Con esto, con los años—ya 87 cumplidos—y el mal tiempo y las malas noticias de todas partes, y las visitas de tres horas y media que me hacen algunos niños de colegios americanos, necesito por lo menos otro año Santo para descansar y recordar la filosofía estoica de los sabios antiguos.

En esta casa hemos estado aturridos con obras de todos géneros para ponernos, según dice la nueva Superiora, que es australiana, “a la altura de los tiempos”. Quedará en efecto todo reluciente, con muchas mejoras y muchos huéspedes peregrinos de Australia y de Irlanda, que han tenido tertulias con música y canciones de sus países. Hasta hemos tenido a Obispos y Cardenales alojados en las habitaciones de este pasillo que es el mejor de la casa, que por ser el del piso bajo de la fachada, por esta parte de los jardines resulta el principal, y más alto de techo que los demás. En fin, si no hay guerra ni invasión de quinientos millones de Chinos, lo pasaremos aquí bastante bien, o por lo menos moriremos con sábanas de hilo.

De salud no se puede decir que esté yo bien ni mal considerando la edad que tengo; pero paso tranquilamente muchos ratos y hasta días y noches enteros; pero luego se presenta una tos tenaz con achaques que a veces me sacuden de un modo terrible; veo poco, oigo mal, y voy perdiendo los dientes.

Todo esto tiene escasa importancia para mí en vista del espectáculo que ofrece ahora el mundo intelectual y político. Parece un manicomio. Se habla sin saber lo que significan las palabras, y se lucha sin querer. Tú y yo no veremos en qué parará esta confusión general, pero yo creo que será en algún equilibrio material imprevisto.

Muchos recuerdos a esas simpáticas familias y un abrazo de tu antiguo amigo

Jorge.

To Lino S. Lipinsky de Orlov

10 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lipinsky)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 10, 1951

Dear Mr. Lipinsky

At first sight the photograph of your drawing of me surprised me, but after a moment it began to please. It boldly illustrates the difference between reproduction and characterisation, by its economy of means and its penetrating suggestion of character. The emphasis on the eyes would

almost suffice to betray a disinterested philosopher. The mouth might be a better symbol for some; but you treated mine (which was said to laugh too much) very discreetly, giving it a faint trace of amiability. The limits of a sketch hardly allow for more elaboration. If you exaggerate, it becomes caricature. The wide-open eyes in your drawing might become ridiculous if taken to show me anxious or scared, rather than calmly observant; but I believe they are true to life, and admirably rendered. I should be much obliged if you would send me two or three more copies, and hope that Scribners will use it to balance the very fleshly and bloated photos of me that they have sometimes republished, faute de mieux. With many thanks

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Max Harold Fisch

12 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Illinois)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. January 12, 1951

Dear Mr. Fisch

I have only a vague recollection of your communications, three or four years ago, about a proposed book about my philosophy, and am interested in knowing that a plan of that kind has been carried out. By chance I happen to have seen and heard all the five philosophers with whom you do me the honour to associate me. But who is the author of the book part about me? Is it you, by chance? In any case I shall be very glad to see you and Mrs. Fische any day, preferably in the late afternoon, between 5 & 7 o'clock, and to receive a copy of the mirror in which I may discover something unsuspected about myself and my partners.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Berryman

18 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Minnesota)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, January 18, 1951.

Dear Mr. Berryman

It is seldom now that I read a book from cover to cover, as I have done yours; but your note mentioning Stickney as representing the opposite horn in the division of American letters from the one represented by Stephen Crane, interested me from the beginning, and still more the fact that you are a friend of Robert Lowell whose enigmatic person and career have preoccupied me strangely during the last few years. Might not your analysis of Crane (of whom I knew nothing) throw light on the problem of Lowell?

As to Crane, you have given me a clear impression, with which I am content for the purpose. He was a sensitive, half educated moral waif with a burdened imagination, proper to a Puritan in rebellion. Had he been well educated, like Stickney and like Oliver in my "Last Puritan," he might not have drawn inspiration, as you show that Crane did, from primitive savage feelings, and his verses (which please me more than what ~~seem to be~~ his prose works, seem to be,) might have lost their power, as Stickney's did. For Stickney was not at heart on the classic side. Classicism, and his French accomplishments and insights took the place for him of Puritanism in Crane. They disturbed and annoyed him, and incidentally, I suspect, made him afraid of me in his last period as a dangerous influence. He wanted to be a pure unpolluted whole-hearted American, tied to the mast like Ulysses; Europe and classicism were his Scylla and Carybdis.

Now Lowell is well educated, self-educated in a great measure, and rebellious, but rebellious at the modern conventional America, yet getting his inspiration and his images, so far, exclusively from the American landscape and, as it were, from its margins, like French Canada and the Catholicism of W. 32nd Street. That he should have taken to Catholicism at all, a Boston Lowell, astonished me, and I was not surprised that he should have weakened in that direction. What Europe and native Catholicism will mean to him, I don't know. I am myself an unbeliever and ready to resign everything that I care about, and clear the field for the next civilisation; but I was never passionate or angry with anything, so that the storms of the Crane and Lowell characters do not seem to me normal

or likely to inspire important works. It is the ensuing calm, if we survive, that yields the true vision.

I am greatly obliged to you for your book and should like to learn more
Yours sincerely GSantayana

To George Rauh

19 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 19, 1951

Dear Rauh

It was very kind of you to send me a substantial and useful Christmas present, and I think I know what suggested the choice of it to you. Years ago in a postscript to a letter in reply to one of Lawrence Butler's, in which he asked if there was anything I wanted, I asked for a black four-in-hand tie, which he sent me, and which I am still wearing when I dress for public occasions, like going to the bank or to the Consulate. Yours will now take its place as N^o 1 for gala days. Of course, black ties are to be found here, but there is apt to be a flimsiness about them that is not suitable for an aged philosopher with architectural prejudice in favour of symmetry and solidity in front elevations.

I regarded your gift as indirectly also a greeting from Lawrence, but now I have received a magnificent tin chest full of pastry and biscuits, my daily solace at tea, so that I will write him a separate note of thanks, which

I will enclose in this, because I believe this is your joint address, although his parcel says only St. James. With best thanks from your sincere friend

GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

19 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, January 19, 1951.

Dear Lawrence

If our friend George Rauh shows you the letter in which this is enclosed, you will understand why I do so, but I ought also to have apologized to him for not thanking him before. The reason is that I have been, and am rather tired with the effort I made all last summer to get my new (and last) book, Dominations & Powers ready for the press; and also with the interruptions that kept me distracted and afraid I should never finished. Too very silent college girls from the West, who presented themselves unannounced staidyed for three hours and a half, preventing me from having my afternoon tea (dearest of meals to my heart and stomach) and beating the record of pilgrims regarding me as a relic to be visited during the Holy Year.

Afternoon tea brings me back to the object of this letter, which is to thank you for the unexpected and novel basket or chest of sweets, the freshest and best of all that have been sent to me by my over-generous American friends. This special box, and its contents, have excited the unanimous admiration of Cory, Sister Angela, Maria the housemaid and myself. I shall get most of the material advantage, pleasure, and nutriment involved, for Cory this year only comes twice a week to see me, our proof-reading of “Dominations and Powers” being completed, at least Sister Angela will inherit the beautiful red and white tin box, when empty, hardly for her cell, as she probably has no ribbons and laces to keep in it, but for her pantry, where tin, tight closing recepticals are at a premium.

This winter, so far, has been unusually dark and rainy, but now we have begun to see the sun again, and the extreme cold prevailing north of the Apennines has not reached us. This combination of rain, darkness and mildness is essentially a marine phenomenon, and the wonder is that we do not undergo it more regularly in winter, for Italy south of the Po

valley is a tongue of land stretched out into the very middle of the Mediterranean and ought to have the climate of the open sea. But some winters, even here, are almost rainless. I suppose the winds blow the clouds too fast over us.

Lawrence, you are a treasure. You alone prevent me from feeling that I have lost all my best friends. I wish I could have proved an equal comfort to you. GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

21 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, Jan. 21, 1951

Dear Lowell

I have been reading a book about Stephen Crane by John Berryman, neither of whom I had ever heard of: but the author in a little dedication, had excited my curiosity by saying that Crane, at the turn of the century, had taken the opposite horn from my friend Stickney, and marked the break of American letters into two schools. And a footnote added that I was to give his regards to "Cal and Elizabeth Lowell", if I saw them. I hasten to do so by letter, because by the time you come to Rome the freshness of the impressions I have got from this book may have faded.

As to Crane himself and his difference from Stickney I have already written to Berryman, but since he seems to be an intimate friend of yours, I was particularly interested in seeing if he or his account and quotations from Crane would throw light on your work and position. In one sense you evidently belong, like them, to the modern, hard, native, and contemptuous of convention and genteel hypocrisy. But while also thoroughly American in your mise-en-scène and images, you do not fall back, as Berryman says that Crane did, on savage lusts and adventures, but on the contrary show a civilized sensibility and even learning, for instance, about the Catholic Church. The wonder is how you can do so while preserving the atmosphere of early American independence and sense of the virgin woods and the sea. Only your women, although not drawn like Crane's from the slums, have a sort of despairing passion that is somewhat like his. Classic heroines can also have reversions into savagery, like Medea; and in reading Racine, I have sometimes had a vision

of what Phaedra might have been if allowed to become furious, as some of Racine's lines suggest, although the French actresses I have seen in that rôle, including Sarah Bernhard, always stood like statues reciting by rote. A pre-historic Phaedra and a truly Greek priestly Hippolytus would make a magnificent pair, if anyone could lend them the right words.

Cory and I have finished reading the proofs of Dominations & Powers and the book is promised to appear in March or April.

Yours as ever

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

23 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, January 23, 1951.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I believe Cory cabled to you last night answering "Yes" to your question whether we agreed to correct inaccuracies in my text about matters of fact, such as that "all" colonists in America were British and "all" Protestants. I wish you had noted other phrases which might irritate my readers uselessly; because, as you know, I am not writing with statistics and books of reference before my eyes, but only evoking the dramatic and moral aspects that things seem to have or to have had. Of course, I knew that even within the United States there had been French Catholics (Acadians & Evangeline, and also in Louisiana) and British Catholics in Maryland; but I was thinking of New England in my boyhood where, in spite of crowds of Irish, it seemed to the stranger that the whole life of the country was Protestant and Anglosaxon. In any case, it led the new comers to drop or hide their peculiarities and plunge into the inescapable current. The Jews do the same, and even sometimes take the reins into their

own hands, as if they were purer or more absolute Americans than anybody else. I should have preferred the Puritan purity, if it made room, in other circles, for manners and feelings of other kinds

I hope, therefore, that you may have straightened out those loose phrases or that you will do so now if it is not too late

A propos of the melting-pot, and the confusion before the mixture becomes perfect, I have had a letter from San Antonio, Texas, describing what happens there in Mexican families. People simply sprinkle English words on their Spanish conversation as I remember we used to do in my family in my boyhood. But my sister and I were never tempted to do so in Avila, where no one else spoke English. The solution would be to keep each language for the milieu where it prevailed and was pure. And this is not impossible if the two spheres are both well dominated, as Latin and the national language were in the late middle ages. Of course one could mix them on purpose for fun, as people did in comic verses—I think now that if I had been free from engagements at 30, as I was at 50, I might have written Spanish verses as easily as English prose without spoiling either medium.

I was glad to hear that Dom. & P'rs. may be published as soon as March or April.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

30 January 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, January 30, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory and I, who habitually read the Times Literary Supplement, have been much interested of late in its articles on contemporary American poetry, especially in the leader in the number for January 19 on “American Poetry Today”, which reviews John Ciardi’s “Mid-century American Poets.”

Would you do us the favour of asking your book-selling department to send me this book, and charge it to my account?

I am, and have been for some years, particularly interested in Robert Lowell's mind and work. He is now in Italy, and spent a week or more in Rome in the autumn, when I saw him almost every day. I think that he is a good deal like Rimbaud, or like what Rimbaud might have become if he had remained devoted to his poetic genius. There are dark and troubled depths in them both, with the same gift for lurid and mysterious images: but Lowell has had more tragic experiences and a more realistic background, strongly characterised. In these London articles he is highly spoken of, and although he is not a person about whose future we can be entirely confident, it may well turn out to be brilliant.

While writing this letter I receive yours of the 26th instant, for which many thanks. I was glad to see Dr. Chen, and had some good talks with him, but my cell at times became rather crowded, and oriental peace of mind was not easy to maintain. As to the corrections in my text, I am happy to believe that there will be nothing overlooked that could give offence. Of course the academic specialists, whether historians or political philosophers—not to speak of philosophers pure and simple, will find much to criticise; but I am not troubled about that. It could not be otherwise

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. The exact title of the book desired is:

John Ciardi; Editor:
Midcentury American Poets,
New York: Twayne. \$4.

To Warren Allen Smith

9 February 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, February 9, 1951

Dear Mr. Smith

My philosophy would have had to be prophetic if it had contained views on what you call “Naturalistic Humanism”, which seems to be a product of strictly contemporary opinion. You tell me that it is “described in Ferm’s Religion in the Twentieth Century and supported by John Dewey, Julian Huxley, Thomas Mann, Erich Fromm and numerous liberal religionists.” And you add that you have “already received comments on it by Thomas Mann, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, Henry Hazlitt, Lewis Mumford, Joseph Wood Krutch and others in the literary world.” If any one of these persons has given a clear definition of “Naturalistic Humanism,” I wish you had quoted it for my benefit, but I am sure it cannot be the same in them all.

In my old-fashioned terminology, a Humanist means a person saturated by the humanities: Humanism is something cultural: an accomplishment, not a doctrine. This might be something like what you call “classical humanism.” But unfortunately there is also a metaphysical or cosmological humanism or moralism which maintains that the world is governed by human interests and an alleged universal moral sense. This cosmic humanism for realists, who believe that knowledge has a prior and independent object which sense or thought signify, might be some religious orthodoxy, for idealists and phenomenologists an oracular destiny or dialectical evolution dominating the dream of life. This “humanism” is what I call egotism or moralism, and reject altogether.

Naturalism, on the contrary, is something to which I am so thoroughly wedded that I like to call it materialism, so as to prevent all confusion with romantic naturalism like Goethe’s, for instance, or that of Bergson. Mine is the hard, non-humanistic naturalism of the Ionian philosophers, of Democritus, Lucretius, and Spinoza.

Those professors at Columbia who tell you that in my Idea of Christ in the Gospels I incline to theism have not read that book sympathetically. They forget that my naturalism is fundamental and includes man, his mind, and all his works, products of the generative order of Nature. Christ

in the Gospels is a legendary figure. Spirit in him recognizes its dependence on the Father, and not monarchical government; i.e., the order of nature; and the animal will in man being thus devised, the spirit in man is freed and identified with that of the Father. My early Lucifer, which you mention, has the same doctrine.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Lino S. Lipinsky de Orlov

15 February 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lipinsky)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, February 15, 1951.

Dear Mr. Lipinsky.

The photograph, dedicated and signed for you, went by ordinary post, registered, some days ago and should reach you soon after you receive this letter, which carries my warm thanks for your generous present, not only of a batch of my portraits but of your drawing of Arthur Rodzinski and etching of a bird's eye view of Capri. They both seem to me remarkable, and in quite different ways. Your musician leading his orchestra (or studying the score) is hard at work, as if he felt the difficulty of transforming the written music into living sound, without missing or misrepresenting the composer's intentions. He is all anxiety and faithful attention. He is not, like Shelley's skylark pouring profuse strains of unpremeditated art. Your Capri, on the contrary, is all magic; it took me some time to realize that it might really be the soft and meretricious Capri I have seen only in scraps and at close quarters, or else from the sea at a great distance. This is a rugged set of mountain tops too austere for human habitation. I admit that the details show that it is thickly inhabited, but the general skeleton remains wild. It might be what skylarks saw of Capri if there could be any there. It is a product of imagination. You are very fortunate to be able to express so well such different phases of an artist's experience.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

17 February 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 17, 1951

Dear Mr. Lind

Your endurance in devouring all my works and desire to digest them make a great bond. I am sorry that living in a hospital I cannot ask you to come and stay with me or even invite you to any meal, as I have mine on a tray in my cell. Moreover, there are no hotels in this part of the town, the extreme South; but busses and a “cicular” line of trams, running both ways, can bring you from town to the Colosseo, from which a broad shady street leads gently up hill to the Navicella, a marble Roman fountain (reproduced) on reaching which, by turning sharply to your left you will see a paved lane, with the sign “Via di Santo Stefano” on the left wall; and opposite the round brick church of that name, next beyond which, through an open archway in the ruins of an aqueduct, you will find the respectable entrance to the grounds of this establishment with the chief entrance in a porch at the end of the avenue. My leisure hours are the whole afternoon from 2 to 7. Visitors sometimes come but you could regard them as intruders and stay them out.

As to lodgings, if you want to profit by your short stay and see as much local colour as possible, I should suggest the old Hôtel d’Angleterre or d’Inghilterra in the very middle of the town (Via Bocca di Leone) where you can get a room and breakfast without other meals. The numerous restaurants are crowded and good; you can easily pick up the necessary Italian, and learn what category and what dishes suit you best. My favourites for every day, when I lived in the town, were the Roma, the San Carlo, and the Fagiano. You should have a guide book and a map to consult until you learn the ropes.

It is all right about the quotation from my letter. The “German—to my horse” is a bit rough, but it was probably Flemish that he meant and in any case I have softened the insult to German language.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

20 February 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 20, 1951.

Dear Clemens

Today I have sent back your copy of my “Middle Span”, with an inscription, but not with any compliments to Mark Twain, because having finished reading Huckleberry Finn, I have an idea of a greater adventure, which is to compose an essay, which you may print in your magazine if you like, on the relation of Tom Sawyer to Don Quixote. But for this I must first read the preceding book on Tom Sawyer especially. Robert Lowell, who has been here again during the past week, tells me that it is not so good a book as Huckleberry Finn; but I am not interested in giving marks to works of art or to their authors as if they were being examined for recommendation to office. What I want is to understand whether the love of adventure in Tom Sawyer is a romantic passion, with a corresponding idealistic faith (as in Don Quixote, who was mad) or only a love of mischief, of risk, and of swagger as in every schoolboy. My superficial impression, so far, is the Mark Twain is a thorough sceptic, and not a real prophet of personal independence vs. social convention of every sort.

Huck.Finn is a string of episodes, like Don Quixote, and a thriller and a farce by turns, with tender emotion thrown in, which Cervantes lacks altogether.

Would you send me the “Tom Sawyer” matching [*across*] this “Huckleberry Finn”, and then I will send you back both volumes together, and my essay if it takes shape?

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

23 February 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
February 23, 1951.

Dear Lowell

Is it at the beginning or at the end of March that you are leaving Florence? And in any case what will be your safe address afterwards? I ask because I am going to send to Scribner a list of the persons to whom I wish them to send in my name a copy of Dominations and Powers which is to appear about April 1st and in which list of course you are included. You will find the book no less bulky and troublesome for packing than The Realms of Being with which you are already loaded; but it will prove less heavy to read, and also easier to pass on to some friend—not Ezra Pound, because I am going to send him a copy myself. There is a short chapter in it on Middlemen in Trade which may appeal to him. It mentions bankers.

I have read Huckleberry Finn from cover to cover, and sent for Tom Sawyer because I see a curious shadow of Don Quixote in him and may write an article about it. Otherwise the book seemed less comic than I expected. The farmer's wives' talk was what made me laugh most.

I continue to see praise of your poems in the papers, this time from “Dr.” Edith Sitwell. GS.

To John Hall Wheelock

27 February 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, February 27, 1951.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

The news that came to me through your “faithful” secretary, in spite of the alarming name of “virus pneumonia”, suggested only a short indisposition, such as newly discovered medicines seem to secure for suffering man. But now I see with regret that you have had a long siege, and I am touched that in your convalescence you should have wished to go over the text of my long book once more. I have now received the imposing proofs of the title-page and preface, with which I am much pleased. Cory and I had had repeated discussions about this preface. We feared that it was out of date and made needless by the chapters that follow about the history of the book and its late rearrangement and unification. Yet we, or at least I, had a weak spot for that preface, and felt it to be a good bridge from the Life of Reason to Dominations and Powers. On re-reading it, now that the recent parts have fallen in turn into the background, I was glad that this preface had been retained. It is radical with a gentle air that seem to lead the naive reader by the hand out of his childhood.

In clearing away an accumulation of papers in my desk, I have come upon a letter of your about the painter Wood’s portrait of me. I had forgotten this letter, and hope I did not leave it unanswered in my preoccupied state of mind. I agree with you entirely about that portrait. It represents me as you might come upon me on a sultry day, and is painted in a realistic way, but coarsely. I much prefer the drawing by Lipinsky, which I believe has been submitted to you with the same commercial hopes. I won’t say that it looks like (although Cory says it does) but it gives an intellectual version of me that perhaps comes nearer to the reality than to the appearance. Only it makes the escape from the flesh more difficult and painful than my philosophy absolutely finds it. I am more Epicurean than that, although not piggish, perhaps, as Epicureans are supposed to be. Besides, spiritual things entertain me, and the quarrels men have about them seem to me needless.

I enclose a long list of persons to whom I should like to send copies of our new book. Let me pay for them fully, out of the unexpectedly large credit that I see remains in your last reports.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I cannot find Kallen's, (Horace M.'s) address. Could you ask your secretary to look it up for me?

DOMINATIONS AND POWERS

by George Santayana

Please send a copy with the Author's Compliments, to each of the following addresses, and charge them to the author's general account, not to Mr. Cory's special account for this book.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|---|----------------|
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| Dr. H. M. Kallen, | | New York City. |
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Via C. Mirabelli, 17,
Roma

Dr. Luciano Sibille
Piazza d'Azeglio,
Firenze, 37

Prof. Cesare Valenti
Via Filippini, 33,
Reggio Calabria

Mr. Hugh Gray,
7467 Franklin Ave.,
Hollywood,
California

Mr. Elie Seaux,
502 Dodson St.
New Liberia
Lousiana

}
Italy

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

1 March 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Rome, March 1st 1951.

Dear Lowell

Your two letters—especially the long one written “the morning after”—with Yarrell’s analysis of your poetic inspiration and some things dropped by Cory about the pleasant evening that you had spent together have stirred up my lively interest (not quite intelligible to myself) in you and the peri pecias of your career. Tradition offers a simple key to everything: you illustrate Descartes’ analysis of the Passions de l’âme. L’âme (what I called spirit) suffers without controlling the impulses and explosions of the bête-machine (what I call the psyche) except when by miracle the spirit exercises its freedom-of-indifference and pulls the check-rein hard. (This was introduced to make Cartesianism possible as a reform of Catholic philosophy.) This seems to be exactly what you describe in your letter as the conflict in you between passion and reason. But I think reason, as applied to action, is a passion like any other, the desire to achieve harmony among all the impulses of the psyche, which desire is itself one of those impulses, like that of steadying yourself when you are walking along a narrow plank. Pure reason, if an intellectual and not a vital power, might just as well be pleased by toppling over as by walking straight.

Yarrell also has a simple dualism in his explanation of your “single” theme, as he thinks it. He adopts Bergson’s phraseology in the Deux Sources. You detest what is closed, and break at all costs into the open. Of course when one is stifled or gagged one struggles to get loose. But it does

not follow that you want to ties: you may be longing to fall into the arms of your lady-love or of your Redeemer, not to be wholly unattached. Bergson, as usual, never looks round his shoulder. He argues like a lawyer or a woman, with his conclusion prefixed. That is a kind of closed issue, not an open one. You certainly wished, in the heroes of your poems, to escape the restrictions of Puritanism and convention; you might, like Ezra Pound, have wished to endure no restrictions whatever, to be all things at once, if you chose. But evidently you were not of that mind, or you would not have turned towards the Catholic Church or to rhyme and metre. If we reject order we reject health, distinction, and beauty, as well as peace of mind. But it must be natural order not contrary to the vital liberty of our innate powers.

It was in the train of something I had said about your willingness to view Catholic matters and ways from the inside, although this cannot be easy and involuntary for you, as it is for me, that Cory said he thought your feelings were more Protestant than Catholic, and that you were a good deal in sympathy with Kierkegaard, and thought Pound a great man. I recognize that your centre, as in Protestant religion, is in yourself, not in the cosmos or history or even society. If it had been in natural science or history you would never have thought of taking refuge in Catholicism. No doubt, it was not a refuge for you but an adventure—a voyage and a love-affair in a new dimension. I say to myself after all these considerations that you are at heart romantic, but that you have some taste and some knowledge of the classics, of Latin and French; and it has been your misfortune to see the seamy side of the best things—Boston, Latin, & Catholic ways, for instance—before being absorbed in what is best in them, and in great things generally rather than in shabby things. You therefore are bitter even in your loves, and your verses, for all their strength and truth, never come into the sunshine, never seem to flower of themselves. I have never read any poetry with so much attention and persistence as I have yours; yet I do not seem to know anything by heart: only short phrases, at best, remain in the memory. Why is this? You are too far from Hickery, dickery, dock? Perhaps but now that you have been so generally accepted, you will find writing less laborious, without thinning at all the substance of your verse.

I had sent the list of books to be distributed with the author's compliments before your letter arrived; but I shall probably receive some copies from the publishers, and I will send one of them to you wherever you are

then. I am glad you are coming here again before going north. Possibly the books may have arrived while you are in Rome

GS.

To Evelyn Tindall

12 March 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

March 12, 1951

Dear Miss Tindall,

I am ashamed to submit such messy and scratched and patched pages to you to be copied, but my semi-blindness makes it impossible for me to see where and what I am writing; and to recopy would only introduce new blunders.

These are points of interest to the American public; and in view of the imminent publication of Dom. & P'rs, ~~my~~ ~~they~~ publishers want to spread abroad the surprising fact that I have something to say about them—and that my book treats that very subject; and all must buy it!

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

14 March 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

March 14, 1951

Dear Miss Tindall

Thank you for your prompt return of my advertisements for my publisher.

Without apologies I send you three more pages of a speech of thanks that I am to make vicariously at Münster, in Westphalia, through the mouth of a friend, Prof. Petrone, who is lecturing there normally on

Italian literature, but is now branching off into a course of lectures and a “Seminar” on myself!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. If it is worth while—I don’t remember when you sent me an account last—you might send me one now, before Easter, as I don’t see any immediate prospect of more work.

To John Hall Wheelock

15 March 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 15, 1951.

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Here are long and perhaps too philosophical replies to two of the questions submitted by your “Promotion Department.” I could not bring myself to answer the others, especially about who is the greatest of our governors, but perhaps have answered some of them by implication. Of course, you are free to cut my replies down as much as is expedient.

Thank you for supplying Kallen’s address. There is perhaps a problem in the case of Onderdonk, to whom I promised a copy of my new book; and he replied characteristically that he had written to you personally, demanding anything of mine that you might be publishing. I don’t know whether this was a proud refusal of my proposed offering or only an incidental hint of his own opulence. I used to send him all my books long ago; but afterwards have neglected to do so, as I knew that he didn’t read them but, in memory of our friendship, collected the notices of them in the newspapers

As to my free copies, three would be all I can dispose of at present; but Cory would like two or three for himself, and you [*across*] might send him those remaining of my six, unless you have made other arrangement

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

25 March 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 25, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I am glad you are pleased with my “Promotion” efforts, and hope they may be useful.

On this subject I have received a comparatively clear letter from Ezra Pound in which he writes: “What is this about that book of yours? Are your publishers trying to suppress your indecorous opinions? Or is it merely the usual American tempo—molasses flowing up hill below zero?”

To disperse these morbid fears, will you please add his name, and send him a copy of Dominations in—with my compliments, to Saint Elizabeth’s Hospital, Washington, D.C.?

Mrs. Cory has turned up in Rome and they were both here to tea yesterday. She looked very well, but I could catch little of her rapid speech—usually only the last word of each speech, yet that was at least a good cue to suggest an answer. They are leaving Rome for Florence and England in a fortnight.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

28 March 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 28, 1951

Dear Rosamond,

Your previous letter, offering to go with me to Egypt, left me amazed, and yours of the 23rd instant, just received, leaves me completely at a loss for my bearings. No: we are both sane; only we are living in different worlds. Of course I never thought of going to Egypt. The doctor long ago forebade me to travel by air, as everybody does now; and I am anchored here, as my father used to say, with four anchors. And this morning my doctor, after inquiring as usual for my state of health, suggested that it would be well for me to suspend receiving visits, at least from strangers;

and my own sense of propriety has been warning me for some time that I ought not to be on view for the public passer-by, when I am half deaf and half blind; and my teeth are dropping out or hanging loose and long, like a ragged row of rogues from gibbets. You will say, why not smile triumphantly like people in the newspapers with a shining double row of false teeth? Because the doctor and the dentist both don't advise it, but whether it is because they think that at my age it isn't worth while or is dangerous, in that I might not be able to survive the shock of having the remains extracted, I don't know; probably for both reasons. And as Sabbatucci, my old doctor who looked after me before I came to this house, where he is one of the regular physicians and surgeons, said I should stop receiving visitors, [*illegible*] I have sent today a notice to the woman who acts as porter at the house-door, that for the present no visitors are to be admitted. So you see (although of course such rules don't apply in your case) what a lamentable spectacle you would find if you flew here to renew our old meeting at the Hotel Bristol. Much better retain that recollection uncorrected, and imagine me a pure spirit in a plump little middle-aged body and a bald head, not yet patriarchal. And you may look at odd moments into my new book (which will soon reach you, I hope) and read a chapter (they are almost all short) that will invite you at once to stop there for that day, before you are bored by a superfluity of words.

Your letters show me American life as a hurly-burly of 150,000,000 people innocently chasing after the "40,000 things" of Lao Tse, because if they didn't, what a dull thing life would be! Lao Tse was no visionary, but a solitary observer of common events; his disillusion about them was the more rational in that he had no compensating illusions about higher things. The Asiatic Buddhists have such compensating illusions, so that their unworldliness is less cynical. I have been reading a beautiful Italian book, "Segreto Tibet", by Fosco Maraini, where there are no roads but only mule-paths, because the Tibetan government says: If we made roads, they would soon be used by motor-vehicles or trains, and what would then become of our muleteers? And the author thinks that in Tibet, without roads, and in spite of filth and ignorance, the Tibetans on the whole are "happier" than we are in the civilized West. I don't trust these "odious" comparisons; but the fact is that they manage to lead an orderly traditional life without any government, except perhaps at the distant capital, which Maraini was not allowed to reach. The people seem to be philosophical, though in spots strangely superstitious. For instance they

paint their guardian spirits most hideous and terrifying, so that the sight of them may scare away the devils. I suspect that what makes primitive peoples seem happier to us is that they have (apart from their superstitions) fewer unnecessary cares than we have imposed on ourselves. They are more resigned to live in harmony with the nature of things. Our folly is to insist on changing it. We do change them superficially and artificially; but we suffer in proportion by overstraining nature in ourselves, trying to keep our artificial worlds going, physically and morally.

Since I began this letter, which is now three days ago, I have actually sent a notice to the house porter announcing that, according to my Doctor's advice, I am not to receive visitors for the present. But on the back of the same half-sheet I made a short list of exceptions, for the nonce only four: and two of them together (which is particularly trying with my deafness) were with me the following afternoon for several hours. But they are both leaving Rome, and I may soon have to countermand my orders and let in all the interviewers.

Yours affectionately
GSantayana

To Anne Ford

[Spring 1951] • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Dear Miss Ford:

Yesterday Miss Tower and her friend brought me your box of chocolates and when I saw from whom it came I went out for a moment into the reception room to see them and thank them for their trouble; but at my doctor's suggestion I have now had to abandon receiving visitors as with my impedimenta it is a strain on my declining vitality. The task of preparing my last book, now to be published, was rather too much for me, but I hope that after a long rest I shall be able to see everyone who has the kindness to wish to pay me the compliment of a visit. With many thanks for your kindness, from

GSantayana

To Upton Beall Sinclair

21 April 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 21, 1951

Dear Mr. Sinclair

I do remember your first book very well, not its title or details, but one scene describing childbirth, and the general impression that it was a cry from the deep. My background, my motives, my tastes were, I felt, entirely different from yours; we could not walk in the same path or belong to the same party. But my intention was never to belong to any party, and I have not followed your career. The world was full, and is now trembling, with the groans and rumblings from the depths; I have tried to disregard them, not because I thought them unimportant, but because my interest was never in meeting or reforming the currents in the world, but in being saved from them, as far as possible. I don't know how far your sympathies now are communistic: but I read what comes in my way that seems to express the vital and genuine side of the present revolution. I know what its recognized spokesmen say, but that is plainly worthless philosophically. I should be very glad to read your latest book, if you think that it would enlighten me on the real dynamism of our times; but I am too old to recast my own opinions.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

28 April 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. April 28, 1951

Dear Lowell

All is good news in your letter. Constantinople will be a good place for you to take as a centre from which to project images of all the rest of the world: I don't know what else there may be in "Turkey" to enlarge the

mind. I went there after Greece, which is the right historical order; but was there only a few days, making two long visits to Santa Sofia, one with a guide, to learn the ropes, and another alone, to see the place. It is like what you find in Tasso imitating half the good things and imitated by all the other half. My father—thinking of painting—used to say: “Imitate and you will be imitated.” This may now be true of the artists of each decade, but not on the grand historical scale. Greece, Santa Sofia, and all south and east of Rome, is a ruin, so that it can no longer be imitated, or even weighed in the same balance with what we can attempt.

I am not worse or better in health than when you were here, but less tired, able to read philosophical reviews, Guzzo’s “Filosofia”, for instance, and to doze as much as I like at all hours. My book has reached the persons I had it sent to in America, several of whom have written prudently before reading it. It has not yet reached me, and should do so about the time when you are here; but you need not take your copy on your journey. I could keep it for you to take, on your way back, or send it wherever you desire, where your books are stored. As to reviews, I feel as you do about half of them; but some I should prefer not to see at all, and others I keep, although I seldom look at them again.

Sir James Marchant’s Symposium on “What I Believe”, in which my “The Wind and the Spirit” was to appear, has been postponed by printing and paper difficulties in England but, he tells me, will be published “shortly”. I shall be amused to see in what company I make my bow (as if risen from the dead) to the British public. My fellow-contributors are, I fear, all old fogeys; but some critics are very perceptive, and I hope “Dominations & Powers” may be reissued in England, as it will surely be better received there (saving, alas! a few delicate hints) than in America.

Your young friend Bowen will be welcome, whether you bring him with you or he comes alone: but in the latter case tell me or let him announce his visit, as I must countermand the order at the porter’s in respect to him. Ezra Pound has written me [*across*] quite intelligibly and in a placid mood, on receiving my book. I am very glad I sent it to him G.S.

To Max Harold Fisch

4 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Illinois)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 4, 1951

Dear Mr. Fisch

My doctor here, as well as the aggravation of my various complaints (which you must have noticed when you were good enough to come to see me) has advised me not to receive visitors for the present, and I am afraid I shall not be able to receive Dr. Enzo Boeri on this occasion. Perhaps later, if he should be again in Rome, I may be able to welcome him.

The phrase about Pierce in your remarks about me was perfectly natural because, as you say, I doubt that I have ever mentioned him in my books; and he was not much talked of at Harvard in my day. Once, however, I heard him give an evening lecture there, where he was staying with William James. It was about signs, and made a lasting impression on me; that all ideas, in so far as they convey knowledge, are signs has become a favourite doctrine of mine. But I have never studied his published works, and it is from your book I have first gained a general view of his achievement. If he had built his philosophy on signs I might have been his disciple.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

10 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 10, 1951

Dear Cory

The book has not arrived here but this morning, together with your letter of May 8th (the sciopero of all government services yesterday seems to have quicken the post) I received one from Mr. Wheelock containing three

reviews, two of them whole front pages in the New York Times and the Herald Tribune, respectively by Sidney Hook and J. W. Krutch, and each with a large new portrait. Hook is more interested in preaching his own doctrine than in reporting mine, but is complimentary on the whole, and Krutch who I see is a professor of Literature, not philosophy at Columbia, is less didactic but also considerate, and makes good quotations, as does a shorter review published the next day also in the Times, by Orville Prescott. They are not adequate reviews, but satisfactory on the whole. The best “compliment” so far comes from Cardiff, from Yokima, Wash. State, who says: “You have produced a monumental work.”

Wheelock says that he has found various printer’s errors in looking through the book, and hopes that you and I will report any that we may come upon.

The weather, with the exception of a few scattered Spring days, has been very cold and rainy here also, so that you must not lay your discomfort to the British climate especially. Think how much I should enjoy a fire in this room!

I have nominally suspended all reception of visitors: but Robert Lowell has been here two or three times, bringing me books from Principessa Margherita Caetani (with whom they were staying) and a friend named Bower, whom Lowell praised but who is ugly and not especially interesting.

Yesterday, in spite of the rain, I drove in to town, left at the Banco di Roma my expectedly cheque from Boston and also another for £20 from Sir James Marchant, who explains that the delay in publishing his collection of views to be entitled “What I Believe”, in which “The Wind and The Spirit” figures, has been caused by paper shortage and other business accidents, but will take place “shortly”. I have read a little in his other collection called “If I Had My Time Again” and it is not all by old fogeys. One says he is the greatest bicycle manufacturer in the world. But all are liberals in politics. G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

11 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 11, 1951.

Dear Clemens

Many thanks for your letter of May 4th with the good-humoured review in Time, which is the best I have seen so far, much better than those by the Professors Hook and Krutch in the New York Times and Herald-Tribune. My new book is too complicated for a hasty reader to take in at once, and people are accustomed to be guided in public affairs by their feelings, without considering origins or tendencies in the actual events. I am content, for the moment, to be regarded as a mere curiosity.

Tom Sawyer arrived in due time and has been religiously read from cover to cover. It is hardly as suggestive of Don Quixote as the latter part of Huckleberry Finn, but I will consider both books together and in that respect only in my paper, which is partly written but not quite finished even in the written part. You are not in a hurry and I am very slow now at everything. I have not had the “flu”, but only a recrudescence of my catarrh, and general fatigue, so that I have given up receiving visitors, except old friends. Please dont send me cheques for \$1. We are not in business. I will send Tom Sawyer back at once. Yours sincerely G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

11 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. May 11th 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Your letter of May 7th with the first three reviews of Dominations & Powers arrived yesterday; Cory has received his three copies of the book and I am expecting mine at any moment. The reviews are inadequate but satisfactory in spirit. The critics had no time for really taking in so complicated a treatment of things which are habitually judged by one's feelings, not by any analysis of their origin or interplay. The best compliment I have got so far came from Cardiff at Yakima, Wash, who says: "You have produced a monumental work." Sidney Hook, whose early books about the Russian Revolution instructed and pleased me, disappoints me a little by developing his own current opinions instead of considering mine. The other two reviews are what was to be expected, and contain good quotations. I do not care, as you are right in thinking, to see all the notices in the press; but I should like to see any notable ones, whether favourable or hostile, more to feel the pulse of America than to read my own doom. How is it about the British public? Mr Kyllmann of Constable's wrote some time ago that he had received an unrevised proof of the whole book, but added nothing about any arrangement with you and Cory about an English edition. Such arrangements have already been made for a German translation, through Heath in London, but I asked Cory not to accept unconditionally a proposal from Buenos Aires for the Spanish rights, because I do not wish to preclude a possible translation in Spain and because I have not forgotten the horrible fate, in their hands, of my "Idea of Christ in the Gospels." I expect that my book will be better appreciated in Europe, and I include certain British circles, than in the United States, where there is naturally a strong current of patriotic emotion that cannot help disliking unattached opinions. I am quite content with merely being tolerated as a curiosity. But I hope, for your sake and Cory's, that the book will sell, and have been surprised and pleased to see that the price is so moderate.

You personally deserve my lasting gratitude for the interest and pains that you have taken in the publication.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To C. L. Shelby

17 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Virginia)

6, Via Santo Stefano Rotondo,
Rome, May 17, 1951

Dear Mr. Shelby

Here I have no extra copies of my new book, but nothing is easier than to ask the publishers to send you one from New York, with my compliments.

I know what the thirst for reading is when buying them is impossible. In America I always got on well with public and university libraries, but Seymour, Texas may not offer the same facilities.

I have just discovered an error on p. 169, line 20. “Work” should be arch. Please correct it, and don’t think that I write without making sense.

Please let this note do instead on an autograph in the book

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

17 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 17, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Yesterday, May 16th, the three copies of Dominations & Powers finally arrived! I suppose strikes and scarcity of sailings for Italy delayed the post longer than in normal times. But all is well, and I am much pleased with the appearance of these volumes; I had rather expected a repetition of the binding and cover of Realms of Being which I have always liked; but the

black binding and lightness of this long book, which seems smaller and more handy, are distinct excellent characteristics. The sobriety and clearness of the page are also reassuring, and I hope the sale will be satisfactory.

Some one has sent me a review in Time that I like better than those in The Times and in the Herald-Tribune. It is not embarrassed and frankly friendly and sympathetic. A Madrid newspaper has a long full page review from its New York correspondent in which I am called a complete Spaniard and otherwise praised to the skies, with some inaccurately translated quotations. Evidently the dumb conservative stragglers in Europe will like my book Let us hope that the translations may be adequate

Yours sincerely GSantayana [^](over)_^

P.S.

I have already come upon one misprint, not due to the printers but probably to Miss Tindal's not expecting to understand the text, and our fatigue in reading so much proof.

On page 169, line 20, for "work" read arch

P.S. 2.

Could you kindly send one more copy with my compliment to
Rev. C. L. Shelby,
The Manse
409 North Cedar,
Seymour
Texas

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

29 May 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, May 29, 1951

Dear Cory

The enclosed letter from Mr. Wheelock gives most of the news I have about the book, including Constable's participation in the affair. It seems satisfactory, although I am a bit sorry that all the misprints that appear in

the New York edition, so far, are apparently to remain in the 500 Constable issue. I have begun to read the text for more corrections, and find a good many, although in many places it puts me to sleep. I am not well. At night I sleep little, and consequently doze a good deal during the day. Food is unpalatable, and I grow flabby on milk and biscuits. The letters of thanks for my book, like the reviews, hardly touch the heart of the subject, but most of them are good-natured. Those in the N. Y. Times and the Herald Tribune, by professors, are the worst, because they are embarrassed, not daring to say what they think, in the hope of not having in the end to think so. I mean, not having to feel that I am right on the whole in my naturalism.

Today at last the weather is warm, though still more or less overclouded. I am reading several nice books, on Spanish poetry (in Spanish) and on the Crusades. G.S.

To Stuart Johnston Northrop

2 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Yale)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 2, 1951

I cannot bring myself to sign the horrible, and not recent, retouched photograph that you send me, and send you another that I have happened to find, which is more decent and up to date

GSantayana

P.S. I have been reading a book by Professor Northrop of Yale who looks rather young to be your father but if he is, please give him my compliments on having written such an interesting book "Meeting of East & West" and on having such a son, and add that both these things may be more complicated than they seem

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

4 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6,
Rome, June 4, 1951

Dear Clemens

No, thank you, I think you had better give the Duke of Windsor's Memoirs to some one else.

My article on Tom Sawyer and Don Quixote (not Mark Twain, except indirectly) was today left to be typed and will probably reach you within a fortnight.

I return the review of my book in Newsweek, which I had already seen; but I have no scrap-book and candidates for such a mausoleum have to choose between my head and the waste-paper basket. There has not been, as far as I know, any serious or adequate review of my book, and that circumstance is intelligible, because it is not a book to read at one sitting or to place at once in the school-master's list of graded praise and blame, which seems to be what critic's think their vocation.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

6 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano, Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 6, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Once more I must trouble you to send another copy of Dominations & Powers to the address on the slip enclosed, and also to enclose (or paste) the dedication also enclosed, in the volume. Father Quinn I am told is very anxious to have my autograph in it.

I also send a further list of errata or corrections for places that I have found somehow wrong.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana.

Please send a copy of

Dominations & Powers

to

Rev. Frank Quinn,
P.O. Box 1636,
Parkway Station
Jackson
Mississippi

and charge it to the author's account.

GSantayana

Dominations & Powers

Errata

| | | |
|------|-------|---|
| P. | line. | |
| 258 | 3, 4. | delete comma after "liberty" and for commas after "and & "property" substitute a parenthesis (). |
| 282, | 4 | for "lanes" read lands. |
| 289, | 6 | for "Into" " In |
| 349, | 2 | " "have " has |
| 439, | 21 | " "is like" " likes |

Rome, June 7, 1951

To John Brett Langstaff

13 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

6, Via Santo Stefano Rotondo,
Rome, June 13. 1951

Dear Langstaff

It is indeed a pleasure to hear from you after so many years and to be vividly reminded of our pleasant circle in Oxford in 1919. I am in blank ignorance about everyone: Raymond Mortimer is the only one, and he not of Magdalen but Balliol, whom I have seen recently, and read a pleasant book of his about literary people. What has become of Peter Warren, “Gov” Carnaghan and Jury?

As to me, M. Maritain’s visit and attentions occurred some years ago when he was Ambassador to the Pope; he found me in tolerable [...] solitude was always my true background—and I have many old interests and pleasures left, together with some new ones. Especially I have recently become deeply interested in the new American poets. I have long known Ezra Pound, and saw him often here during the war, but never was reconciled to his ways in speech or in writing. But Robert Lowell from the first attracted me for various paradoxes that I found realised in him; and his rugged personality, now that I have seen him, has not frightened me away. And the last ten years have also made the political world interesting to me, although ominous.

Best memories and wishes from your old friend GSantayana

To William H. Boyer

14 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Rome, 14th of June, 1951

Dear Mr. Boyer

It is curious, but your letter, entirely different from any other that I have received about “Dominations & Powers”, is the only one that expresses (naturally in too polite terms) the feeling that I should think all the world (not with an axe to grind) would feel about it. Hasn’t public opinion rested for centuries in the West on an artificial tradition? I have sometimes nursed a project, which I am now too old and tired to carry out, of writing a course of afternoon lectures for ladies (which I should like to have written in French, under the title of Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie) explaining how Socrates—the most generally admired and loved of philosophers, whom I love and admire myself—was the first to deflect criticism and educated opinion from the natural path of experience and reason, which we call science, or common sense; and that Plato and even Aristotle immediately recast all knowledge for posterity by making it stand on its head, or be planted in the head and not in the world.

That would be the first faux pas: and when after twenty centuries the West seemed ready to stand on its feet again (The Renaissance) the Reformation came to give reform the same egotistical moralistic and subjective turn, only far more subjectively, moralistically, and egotistically than Socrates, in the Reformation. And modern philosophy has not yet outgrown the Reformation or Reduplication of the first faux pas by the second. Spinoza is in some sense, with his German admirers, the first and only straight philosopher in the West; but not altogether. He instinctively calls his great cosmology “Ethics”: and that is Socrates and the Reformation readmitted into what meant to be science.

Now of course I am not competent to write a sound cosmology; but I think I see what sort of thing it should be: the continuation of early Greek naturalism with the advantage of modern knowledge of nature and history.

What I have done in Dominations & Powers is a suggestion of what I should welcome: but I began life with the subjective interest (religion) dominant in myself and with the philosophy that then prevailed as if it were normal, but was radically diseased. I have therefore had to correct my own traditions before I could begin at the right place. It was too much for my strength. But you may see how sincerely I appreciate your letter.

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

15 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 15, 1951

Dear Clemens

I had already seen several copies of this review, which is the pleasantest that I have read. Hadn't one of them already come from you, with the request to have it returned? In any case, here goes this one.

I am supposed to be resting after a trying winter Visitors (not old friends) are forbidden; and please don't ask me if I have read or known people I never heard of, or send any one with a letter of introduction to me here.

Fidelium animae requiescant in pace, even in this world.

GS.

To Thomas H. B. Robertson

17 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

6, Via Santo Stefano Rotondo,
Rome June 17, 1951.

Dear Mr. Robertson

It is a pleasure, and not a common one, to hear a word of appreciation from the midst of the active and public world, not tinged by any literary or academic prejudice; and I am happy to know that you have found refreshment in the atmosphere of my writings. The present, without long perspectives into the past or the future, presses very hard on our generation: more on yours, I should say, than on mine, because in the 1890's, when I reached λ my λ moral majority, there was still at least in Europe, a somewhat harmonious civilization, with a feeling of security which is impossible today.

We are being punished for the sins of our fathers.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

20 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 20, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

An English friend, Major Philip Lane, has somewhat belatedly sent me a list of misprints or suggested changes for the text of Dominations and Powers, some of which are not worth troubling about; but I submit four of them to you at once (the last of which I had myself marked since my last letter to you) for eventual correction.

Major Lane encloses a note from the Editor of "The Times Literary Supplement" who mentions that Constable is reported to be about to publish my book during this summer. I suppose these corrections, if not also yours and Cory's (if any) are too late to be made in the sheets that you wrote to me you were sending λ to λ Constable; and in that case a more

complete list of suggestions for an English reprint, if one is later to be made, should be send by Cory and me to Constable later. If you have a list of the corrections made by us all, I should be much obliged to have a copy. Mine, and those I have adopted from Major Lane, are now recorded in my copy of the book, so that I cannot mislay them, and I should like to recorded the others there also in case the occasion of a reprint arrises.

Thank you for sending the copies asked for by these fearless priests.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

Further corrections for Dom. & P'ers

| <u>Page</u> | <u>line</u> | | <u>for read</u> |
|-------------|--------------|--|---------------------------------|
| 203 | 15 | | |
| | | from bottom | omit "contain" |
| 337 | 2 | | "flood" tide |
| 389 | 9 fr. bottom | { | for "ourselves" read themselves |
| | 8 " " | | "we" " . . they |
| 465 | 6 | omit quotation marks after "umbrellas" | |

G.S.

Rome, June 20, 1951.

To [John Hall Wheelock]

24 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Please send a copy of Santayana's
Dominations and Powers
to Prof. Paul A. Schilpp,
Northwestern University.
Evanston
Illinois.

and charge it to the Author's account.

GSantayana

Rome, June 24, 1951.

To John W. Yolton

30 June 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

6, Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo
Rome, June 30, 1951

Dear Mr. Yolton

Your "Notes" on my Last Puritan are remarkably friendly and sympathetic, and it has given me much pleasure to read them. Residence in Oxford seems to have already given you a softness and caution which I hardly think Professor Van Meter Ames, though he means well, could have shown in his lectures. There is only one fundamental point in your account, and a fortiori in the position of the other critics whom you refer to, that I should wish to correct. It is not any of the judgements you may pass on me or on my personages in the novel, but the assumption you all seem to make that what matters is the judgements I make and the standards that I proclaim, and not merely the picture of the world and its inhabitants (including myself) that I present in my writings. Mr. Vivas, if he is a Jew, may proclaim a Decalogue; and every old lady of your acquaintance may tell you what is right or wrong in everyone else: that does not seem to me to be the function of a philosopher. In my books you may easily see betrayed, frankly or unawares, what are my own tastes or preferences, or the virtues or vices of my characters in The Last Puritan, or in Dialogues in Limbo; I have decided preferences amongst persons as amongst ideas and they are not always the current preferences. That is natural when you consider the unusual circumstances of my birth and early surroundings, and American education, to which I had to react or to succumb. The rationale of this will become obvious to you if you consider my convictions regarding the place and essence of mind in the world. The organising and directive force in living bodies is biological, not mental: I call it the psyche, in the sense given to this word in Aristotle's De Anima. When such a psyche reaches its full development, it generates a hypostatic light, sensation, emotion, or images, and the whole drift of passions and thoughts. To say that I separate mind from

matter is therefore exquisitely contrary to the fact. Nor is it in any definite sense “happiness” that crowns this development: there is a sort of happiness in the fulfilment of any natural function; but usually there is much else at work as well in the psyche, and much sacrifice and renunciation is involved in any real moral peace. It may be society in general that is given up for a particular love, or vice versa; or it may be a general submission of everything definite in the routine of a busy life. I do not deny that for some psyches that last may be the least of evils; but I see no reason for thinking it the compulsory duty of everybody. And the desire to do good and improve the world is the active side of the natural tendency to establish an equilibrium between oneself and the world: it may serve you; you may serve it; perhaps both things can be realised at once, and then tutti contenti.

I should like nothing better than to be able to discuss with you the characters in The Last Puritan. I could tell you much about their origin, and you could show me better than I can discover for myself, how far I have succeeded in making them real persons for my reader. They are most real persons for me, even in the circumstance of retaining a hidden and problematic side. I have been told by various ladies that my women were “impossible”; one English critic, however, wrote that Irma was the “best” (morally?) person in the book, and several that Mrs. Alden was “the living picture” of an aunt or grandmother of theirs. That the first scene in the yacht between Oliver and Jim was the most “successful” was the judgement of a good critic; and the wife of a friend, who in his yacht had given me a model for Jim, wrote to me that when he appeared “his person and conversation were strangely familiar”. A friend, the late Professor Lyon Phelps of Yale, however, regretted not to find a single good character in the book. I replied that that was only because I hadn’t dared to put him and his wife into it.

You may gather from this unexpectedly long letter that I appreciate your interest in my novel and in my philosophy.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Hirsch Loeb Gordon

2 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 2, 1951.

Dear Dr. Gordon

It was a happy thought on your part to send me your book on Caro, which I have read through with special interest, as I have never come across any such vivid picture of what the life and mind of orthodox Jews has been until recent times in Europe and the Levant. It was evidently far more severe and studious, far less a life “in the world” than that of the secular Christian clergy was during the same ages. I feel clearly for the first time how little of the “merry” life of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance affected the Jewish population. Naturally, being a minority, they could not have preserved their moral and cultural heritage if they had mingled more with the Christian majority. And they did, as you know better than I, cut a great figure as merchants, bankers, and physicians; but they must have drawn the line sharply, as Shylock does in Shakespeare, against any festive or friendly association with Christians. With Moslems things naturally went on better for both parties: the two religions were

similar and simple, the observances of both less public and noisy than the Catholic, and less pagan. Even a large and intellectually influential Jewish minority did not alarm a Moslem society. The philosophers, Averroes, Avicenna, Maimonides, and Spinoza, even if sometimes too pantheistic for the orthodox of either religion, were of the same school, and they kept to the scientific realism of Aristotle, avoiding the mythical and political exuberance of Plato and the Christian Fathers. Your indignation at the persecution of the Jews is natural and just: but it has not been confined to Spain or to Catholic governments or to tragic times, somewhat like our own, such as the 16th and 17th centuries. Nationalities and Great Powers were then being consolidated, as now they are being challenged and perhaps dissolved; and the need, as well as the pride, of the rulers was to have a homogenous and united people to lead and to aggrandise. In Spain, just when a single monarchy had been established and the whole territory finally reconquered, this homogeneity was particularly requisite; and the expulsion of Moors and Jews not willing to be Spanish and Catholic was a political necessity. You mention once, but without indicating its political ground, that only Marranos, that is Jews who had pretended to be converted, so as not to have to migrate, were subject to the Inquisition. This was, and still is, a tribunal to judge any reported heresy or moral perversion arising within the Catholic fold; the accused being assumed to be pledged to support Christian faith and morals. The “people” are supposed to be unanimous, as in the present Communist countries; and torture was applied, as now in those countries, to extract confessions of guilt from the accused. Nobody was condemned who had not confessed sin, and fire, following on self-accusation, was calculated to burn the corruption away. I once read the verbatim reports of the trial of the Cenci family on the charge of having murdered their husband and father. The judge would say: “the Court knows,” and would retail the crime as discovered or imagined by the agents of the “Holy Office”: the prisoners all began by denying and all ended by confessing; and they were condemned to various punishments: the son to be branded with hot irons and then quartered; the wife and daughter to be beheaded, and the boy to be sent to the galleys for life. Horrible glimpses of hell, by which actual endless hell was avoided. There was a sort of rationality in this religious madness; and it is impossible not to be impressed by the overwhelming force of the moral tyranny asserted to rule the world.

As to Caro, you know how entirely I agree with you on the importance of his familiar Spirit’s concession that all its words are but reflections of

his own thoughts. A man's past or his native potentialities are the source of such visions, revelations, or strokes of genius as he may come to have. Did these not have their roots within, in his primal Will, they would not be illuminations but information, such as he might have found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. But does not the religious importance attributed to such phenomena disappear if they do not come from above? Do not they all become poetic fictions? This implication satisfies me and seems to me to make them interesting, instead of wretched delusions, as they would otherwise be: but I am a constitutional sceptic, and wish to believe in nothing except that which, in action, I find that I am assuming and verifying. Fictions, from those involved in sensation to those generated in play and in the liberal arts, seem to me the best of things and signs, when clear and beautiful, of a life being led in harmony with nature.

Best thanks for your book and best wishes from
GSantayana

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

4 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 4th 1951

Dear Mr. Cardiff

Never have I seen such a complicated report of the sale or disposal of a new book as is this report, which I enclose, as I am myself, and wish to be, entirely out of the picture. But I suspect that publishers have to make frantic efforts to launch their books, unless the author is already a public favourite. In the case of my new book, Dominations & Powers, of which Scribner's had great hopes, they told me that the "advanced sales" were 4,000; but I suspect this meant not sales but "sales promotion" of some sort. However they never inform me of details, and know that I do not count on royalties for bread and butter. In this case, I tried at first to shake off all claims; and every "atom" of profit should go to you who have done all the work and watched the infant in its cradle.

Perhaps books of selections or epigrams or "thoughts" are bought principally for Christmas presents to aged relations, most of whom the world forgets.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

5 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, July 5, 1951

Dear Cory

Mr. Wheelock has sent me the enclosed list of corrections, with two added by me from a list sent spontaneously by Lane, who takes a protective and paedagogic interest in introducing me to the British public and seems to be in negotiations with the editor of the Times Literary Supplement about having a long review of my whole oeuvre published there on occasion of our new-book; and the said editor gently puts him off, saying that the matter is under consideration, awaiting the proposed

issue (of Scribner's sheets) by Constable "during this summer." This issue will appear, therefore, without any of these corrections, or most of them, as the sheets have already crossed the Atlantic. I tremble at the possibility that the review in question is to be written by Lane. He is a good interpreter of my philosophy, but with an imperfect knowledge of my background, both Spanish and American, and a French standard of form, with a half-educated British standard of propriety. You know he was a Board School teacher in the region of Birmingham before he turned to literature and philosophy. But perhaps this idea of writing a long article for the Literary Supplement is his aspiration, not the Editor's intention.

I have received, from the "poet" Jeffers with a very complimentary dedication a copy of his long poem "The Double Axe" with shorter pieces attached: and at the same time from my new friend Bruno Lind of San Antonio, Texas, a thick tome of Jeffers' works, together with a book of Prof. Northrup of Yale on East and West. I had read this book, which shows that the author has travelled in the Far East, and studied in the academic or journalistic American way, with good intentions but no saturation in the Spirit of anything foreign. When I had just finished the book, with the vague optimistic peroration that was inevitable, I received a nice letter from a Western college signed Stewart Northrup asking for an autograph; and in sending this relic, I asked my young correspondent, if he was the son of Prof. Northrup of Yale, to give him my compliments on his book. Now I have a letter from the father himself, extremely friendly and complimentary. So that I feel encouraged about at least a part of American opinion about our book. Lind (mentioned above) says the embarrassment of Americans about me comes from the strange fact that I write well and say what I think. It is so odd!

Let me know if you have any additional corrections to make, so that I may write them out in my copy for reference. I am well and happy in the warm weather. G. S.

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

5 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Estefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome, 5th of July, 1951

Dear Lind

Your article —is it written by you in Spanish or translated by someone-else?—especially the latter part of it, puts the “solution” of the present political problem that I suggest, but do not expect to have history exemplify. It is too simple and final, as the real solutions in history (or evasions and abandonments of a solution) never are. It would give a fairer notion of my philosophy to mention that I approach the question psychologically or biologically, by studying what the various real interests are in human life: and from that point of view, divide the just adaptation of our wills to physical powers from the impossible adaptation of them to a single ideal good or purpose which does not exist at all, either above the universe or at the root of all our natures identically. It is therefore my general philosophy that leads me to that “dichotomy” not my political hopes, which I think can only be specific and of short range.

That is the point I should like to have made in explanation of my daring to propose a solution of our difficulties at all.

There is an objection that I expect will often be raised to this dichotomy. I say that the economic and legal order can be justly imposed by science and an international disinterested police, while moral, social, and religious life should be free for every individual or group to develop separately, according to its taste and genius. But, as I myself have pointed out some where, we are more gregarious mentally than materially. A man may prefer to walk alone over the mountains, but he hates to stand alone in his principles or opinions. I may seem, in my book, to have overbooked this desire to be unanimous ideally. If you take notice of my proposal, however, you will find that I speak of “moral societies” “moral units” in the midst of a single economic and police system and control. Religions and liberal arts will all be social, both in space and time; but they will be many and not easily sympathetic to one another. The continuity of any ideal science or art binds the generations of religious and artistic minds of each sort together, as may their flocking together with enthusiasm in each age. I value “club-spirit” as much a “team work” but I want many clubs, many arts and kinds of music. G.S.

Note: I hadn't understood that it was you [*across*] that sent me Jeffers' and Northrup's books. The latter has not been duplicated; but by chance I have got into touch with him personally, through his son! And Jeffers himself has sent me a copy of his "Double Axe," which I have read. Many thanks.

To John Hall Wheelock

5 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 5, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Thank you very much for this neat list of corrections for Dominations & Powers and I too am distressed that they should be so numerous; especially as many of them are corrections more or less optional ~~that~~ I have made for defects in my verbal revision of the text before it was printed. But so long and so occasional a composition as that of this book was not favourable to a steady maintenance of the just style and key; so that comparatively bad expressions (not to speak of repetitions) would creep in, when the spirit flagged: and after-thoughts are not always improvements. Other really clerical errors escape me because I do not read the letters but only recognize (or think I recognize) the words or phrases. "Gestalt" philosophy must have been invented by a man who was going blind. A good eye sees the whole by still seeing all the parts, only in their relations not one after the other. For instance, I did not see the error in "demogogues": it was my friend Lane who pointed it out: and yet in such words ~~where~~ my Greek is sufficient for me to feel that only dem- comes from demos and the rest from agora ago, agoreno, that really does the work. But Lane was originally a schoolmaster, and sees the spelling all the time for its own sake.

I am sending [^]to Cory[^] one copy of your list, adding the two items which I send you on a separate slip; and I am asking him to let me have any further corrections that he may have noticed; but I am not sure that he takes notes of such trifles. However, I also send him your letter of June 28th on this subject, to stimulate his technical conscience, and the importance of attending to details if there should ever be an English reprint.

Perhaps this book will not be liked in England as much as in the translations into other languages. Somehow there is a contraction in British sentiment on all subjects, corresponding to the contraction of the British Empire and the rich men's incomes. Very homely sentiments and very safe opinions seem to be needed for shelter from the storm. But I like their historical books better than ever. For instance, the first volume of a History of the Crusades by Stephen Runciman inspires confidence and enlarges the interesting world to cover Byzantium and the early middle ages. Historians no longer seem to take sides on every question and to condemn or praise every person. What a relief!

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Further corrections for
Dominations & Powers

| Page | line |
|------|--|
| 67 | 3 from bottom. Insert comma after <u>surmounted</u> |
| 96 | 7 from bottom. for <u>demogogues</u> read <u>demagogues</u> |

G.S.

July 5, 1951.

To John W. Yolton

12 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, July 12, 1951

Dear Yolton,

Feeling that you are a sort of unofficial pupil of mine now, I wish to answer the chief question put in your letter, which I think can be done in a few words.

There can be, I should say, no morality where there is no nature determining the needs, demands, and innate aspirations of living creatures.

If such a creature were the only one of his race or in his circumstances, his good or his duties could be based only on his own idiosyncrasies.

If there are many, or a close sect, of similar creatures, the assurance with which each, if alone, would have distinguished his good or duty will be vastly intensified by the herd instinct confirming and solidifying that animal assurance. This is what happens to sects and nations of all sorts.

But in society, while natural virtues are sanctified by unanimity, they are rendered sad and embarrassed by contradiction, and arguments are sought for persuading oneself and others that one is right and others wrong.

But this is foolish. If each knows himself he knows what is good for him by nature, and he must ask others, as Socrates did, to say for themselves each whether his own heart has the same voice.

My new book is out in America and I will have a copy sent to you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Morton Dauwen Zabel

12 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Newberry)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. July 12, 1951.

Dear Mr. Zabel

The doctor's advice not to see visitors is not a moral imperative for me, and if you will excuse my invalid's quarters and costume, I shall be glad to see you any day between 5 and 7 p.m. all the more that you have been inspecting Spanish America which I have never seen (preferring both Spain and America neat) but which nevertheless I am curious about, as a variation on the question of human uprootings replantings, and racial graftings about which I have some family experience and many doubts.

Looking forward to the pleasure of hearing something of your impressions on that subject, I am

Sincerely yours
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

18 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 18, 1951.

Dear Rosamond

Your letter, with the announcement of a granddaughter, had been preceded by a long and important one from Bob, which I will answer later, because it gave me, not only that pleasant news, but an entirely new picture of Bob, his work, his tastes, and his plans. For all this I was not prepared and must digest it, before quite knowing what to think or say about it. But there are two points that I can talk to you freely about also raised by your letter and the copy of the Harvard Bulletin in which an

inaccurate note appears about my views of American politics. The first point regards your little granddaughter's name "Susanna". Of course, at the first glance, I thought of my sister, whom Bob never saw, and you saw only in her decline; and I, with my chronological centre in the last century, think of her as a young woman. And I was surprised at the Latin or Italian spelling (I suppose the Hebrew is "Susannah") which you have chosen; and Bob speaks of it as a beautiful fancy name, and seems to forget his great, great grandmother "Susan" Parkman, after whom his grand-aunt, my sister, and her five cousins "Susie" Sturgises were named. That seems to me a choir of family ghosts hovering over the cradle of the new "Susanna", thinking that she has been named in their honour. And there was recently working at a bank in Arlington Street, another Susan Sturgis, daughter of Roger, the son of Robert Shaw Sturgis of China and Philadelphia. The latter's wife was one of those lovely "Susie"s and her daughter another still more lovely. But the name "Susan" we regarded as unfortunately ugly.

The other point, I am rather sore about. Scribner asked for answers to six leading questions about politics to use in advertising my new book, and I answered two of them, one at some length, saying that those who spoke for the government often justified sending an army to Europe because, if Russia conquered it all, civilization and liberty were endangered even in America. If this was the only motive for helping Europe, I thought it inapplicable. And I made a little fable about two men in a boat, one of whom wouldn't help the other if the latter couldn't help himself. This was NOT, I said, the traditional spirit of Americans. But my way of putting things embarrasses critics; they don't stop to think the point out, and damn it all, and me.

I don't think you would find a trip to Europe at present satisfactory: you are safer even if more "anxious" at home. Yours aff^{ly}

G.S.

[*across*] P.S. The view of the square in Avila is a surprise. They have widened and modernized the grounds. The walls and gates are as they were.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

22 July 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, July 22, 1951

Dear Clemens

I am sorry that the books that arrived long ago had slipped from my memory: they came when I was especially preoccupied and tired. I suppose the copy of Dominations and Powers is for me to autograph and return. I am doing so today.

As to the proof of my article, if it is ready in time to allow for the air-journey from Saint Louis to Rome and back, I should be glad to see it and send it back at once. It would be better, as my style is not always familiar to the printers or readers

Do as you like about turning this article into a “little” book. “Little” books are soon lost to sight; but if you think that people who do not see your review might like to find it in a handy, and cheap, form, I am only the more flattered. But the article in your Review would always be recoverable if some remote generation wished to unearth it

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

4 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 4th August, 1951

Dear Clemens

This is a sympathetic review and has more “perspective” than most of them. But the portrait makes me think of an anecdote about Rossini being taken in Paris to hear Patti for the first time. The opera was *The Barber of Seville*; and Rossini after the second act went to compliment Adelina on her wonderful birdlike, pure, faultless, angelic voice, etc, etc., and then added, “But then the music: perhaps you can tell me whose it is. It is not bad; but whose is it? She replied, pouting: “Yours, Maestro: but I have

modified it a little”. And the Maestro turned away in a huff. So I say: “But the portrait, whose is it?” And the editor might answer “Yours, Sir; but I have modified it a little: refined it.”

G.S.

To Filmer Stuart Cuckow Northrop

10 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Yale)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, August 10, 1951

Dear Northrop

Please don't think, because I have not written before, that your so spontaneous and friendly letter did not touch in me a responsive cord. It did: but I thought “I am very old and Northrop must be very busy. We shouldn't attempt to carry on a correspondence on an endlessly complex subject which we inevitably approach from different quarters, and may become entangled in verbal misunderstandings. Better wait a bit, and get a general perspective.”

What made me like your book and like you from the beginning was that you saw the genuine diversity between East and West and even between America and England, and did not put it down as a fault in the other fellow. Yet you seem to regard this diversity as a misfortune. Why? Diversity would not create quarrels if each side minded its own business. Or do you think all mankind ought to possess the same virtues or even speak the same language? It would be a convenience in trade. But wouldn't it impoverish the world?

That covers the principal difficulty that I found in your philosophy. But there are accidental historical views in which I think you are too much the professor and not realist enough. For instance, Locke no doubt was what revolutionary people most read in the revolutionary period. But did Locke make them revolt? He was not a Puritan or Presbyterian, nor an Irish patriot. And has it been Hooker that has kept the Southern English attached to their national Church and made it become Higher and Higher

during the last century? I am perhaps too biological in my psychology but I think that tastes and distastes suggest aesthetic and moral ideals, and people naturally read most the authors that flatter their prepossessions.

I shy a little also at the use of the word "aesthetic" for that which the Indians, etc., oppose to appearances or to Illusion. It seems to me that it is not nebulosity in the landscape, as distinct from precision, but concentration in the transcendental, inner feeling of existence, the sleep surviving (as they think) all dreams, that they retire into. There is nothing "aesthetic" in deliverance or peace.

I have read recently a very good book by Fosco Maraini, "Segreto Tibet," published by the firm "Leonardo da Vinci" at Bari, which has wonderful photographs and a very intelligent sympathetic text. It shows a Buddhism to be admired ascetically, but not adopted!

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

15 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Rome, Aug. 15, 1951

Dear Clemens

Here is the proof of my article, which had evidently not been corrected by anyone at the printers. I hope the revision made by my weak eyes may be clear and sufficient.

I have not been well, and will read and return Isherwood's article later

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

16 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 16, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Many thanks for the report of Aug. 1st on financial matters. I see that my first book (no doubt thanks to the attractive form you have now given it, continues to be the “best seller” of all of mine. Is that a sign of intellectual decline in me (or in the age) from 1895 to 1951?

Seeing that my credit is more than I shall want to dispose of in America for the moment, will you kindly, if there are no obstacles to the transaction, send a cheque for \$500 to Brown Shipley & C^o Ltd. 123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Or is it simpler to make the cheque out to me, to be credited to my account, directly, and I can pass it on to B. S. & C^o to be credited to my that account, which I don't like to see extinguished altogether. It is a pleasant survival of Victorian times.

I enclose a list of ~~ten~~ nine more corrections (I hope the last) discovered to be necessary in *Dominations & Powers*. I had at first begun reading the later chapters, which I knew would be the most critically examined, and only afterwards turned to the beginning. Now that I have reread all as an outsider I have received the unexpected impression that Book II. especially Part 2, on *Enterprise* is the best, and might make a little book by itself! Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Dominations & Powers. Santayana
Corrections

| Page | line. | For | read |
|------|---------------|----------------|-------------------------|
| 119 | 9 (f. bott.) | constitutional | constitutional |
| 144 | 17 | ineviable | inevitable |
| 161 | 10 | has | had |
| 168 | 14 | sculptures | sculptures |
| 183 | 1 | the same | always a |
| 190 | 10 (f. bott.) | its | it |
| 218 | 7 | after | “sometime” insert comma |
| 246 | 16 | omit comma | |
| 253 | 15 | that | than |
| 258 | 12 (fr. bott) | reasorbed | reabsorbed |

Rome,
August 16, 1951

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

18 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 18, 1951.

Dear Bob

Your great letter of some time ago introduced me (as I wrote to your mother) to a new personage. Your three visits during the war had left an unsatisfactorily vague image of your mind in mine; my deafness and your reticence (added to the fact that my contacts with the Sturgis family and yours, though both intimate, had been in different branches of it and at different dates) made it impossible for me to be sure of your character. You were very imposing and attractive as a big boy; but what would you be as an architect or philosopher? I remember laughing at that time and repeating what the fox in Lafontaine says to the crow: Si votre ramage se raporte à votre plumage, Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ce bois. “ramage” in my version (which may be misspelled) meaning intellect, and “plumage” personal charm; but the “bois” stands only for my brother’s descendents, which hardly make a forest.

Now at last, and not because of any flattery on my part, you have opened your mouth and splendidly removed all my uncertainties. You are a firmly-knit man, and yet, happily for you, are a man of your exact time and place. That is as it should be in a distinct and enterprising society. So long as the Niagara you swim with flows steadily and victoriously, though you may have some anxious moments, you will on the whole have a glorious experience, even if you are not a distinguished leader. And on this point I was pleased to see very ancient wisdom sprouting unexpectedly out of your modern discipline: that you wish to work in a small city, where your objects and your taste will be that of your townspeople, and even of your workmen. I am expecting a book on small mediaeval houses in Monmouthshire which I will send you if it does not disappoint the expectations that the review I saw of it aroused. There is an instance of social unity creating and transforming a genuine local-art;

and this in the architecture of the middle ages was as mutable as it can be in America. The only question that comes to my mind is whether American life is not too uniform to let even a small town be original in its transformations. And your model for the City Hall though utterly different from the City Hall in School Street that I think I remember, belongs to a universally emerging type, however original the details may be. I wish you joy in this and in other competitions. I suppose so large a work will not easily be assigned to a young architect whose hand has not already been tested elsewhere.

Congratulations to you and Chiquita on the advent of Susanna. She comes at the right moment. Let me extend my love and good wishes to her also.
GSantayana

To John W. Yolton

20 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, August 20, 1951

Dear Yolton

Your second letter shows me that you are probably older, and certainly more expert in dialectic, than I assumed when I rashly volunteered to tutor you. Your insights into the implications of my various views in natural science and in morals are individually clear; but why do you think they are incompatible? My book does not pretend to be a mere description, in physics or history; it is philosophical; that is, it selects and compares features in both directions, as they appear from a cosmic point of view. Now my cosmic point of view, from which I seem to myself to discover the origins and mutual relations of these chosen facts and judgements, is naturalistic. Description therefore envelops the sphere of

preference scientifically, as preference, in each case, must envelop all the facts that it compares. You prefer my moral apprehensions to my scientific apprehension of morals in general, including my own morals; and so my naturalism seems to you to belittle all morality. It does, inevitably, belittle it in time and space; and in my personal opinion also in dynamic importance, since in my opinion all forces are inherently physical even when they carry ideal or passionate aims. But the prenatal history of morals, or all natural history, does not belittle morally any of its data. If you think so you are applying an economic criterion to vital facts whose value is intrinsic. It is because our modern world is obsessed with matter and trembling at its possible revolutions (attributed to moral magic) that it clings to that other cosmic point of view—proper to Judaism and to Platonism—that it is a moral aspiration or predestination that rules the world and that our efforts can accelerate that consummation.

This tradition is conventionally dominant everywhere, so that my book, if understood as well as you understand it, must be generally condemned by the professionals. I expect that; and should become suspicious of vague or incidental compliments from the dominant quarter. But is this still dominant assumption still vital? It is in America at this moment, for patriotic and optimistic reasons. But in Europe it is otherwise, and I hope to make even many Americans aware of the natural roots of all sorts of goods and the special conditions making each sort attainable.

I should be glad to answer special questions if you like, but I think you can easily answer them for yourself.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

21 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Rome, Aug. 21 1951.

Dear Cory

Your coming is put off until rather later than I expected, but the date is really of no consequence, now that the launching of Dom'. & P'rs is

done with, and we may wait comfortably for the after effects, which with not include any tornadoes or devastations nearer than Jamaica. That busybody, Clemens, has sent me a long well-printed review by a man named Christopher Isherwood in a Review called "Tomorrow", apparently published in St. Louis, or in that region. It is rather competent in some directions, but quite incompetent in fundamentals. I think it must be a Catholic Review, but only the pages devoted to the "ambiguous" Mona Lisa of American philosophy" (which I am said to be called) were sent me, and I could not gather the general character of the publication. More interesting, in this connection, are two long letters from an American in Oxford John Yolton, who tells me that he is to write the criticism of Dom' & P'rs. for Mind. He is as interested and intelligent as Lind but much better equipped in philosophy I suspect that he is loosely attached to the University at Oxford, not a member of any college, and not very young.

For some time my digestion, etc., had been going from bad to worse until last week I had a positive seizure (which I described in my last) from which I have had a very slow recovery; until yesterday, on hearing that I had vomited my whole supper, Sabbatucci declared that I had a catarro gastrico: and now I am rather pleasantly recovering from that, by eating very little and that little mainly liquid. The doctor says that when the warm weather passes I shall feel better; which I most powerfully and potently believe.

Lane, in spite of every discouragement I could [*illegible*] offer to prevent him, is going to turn up next week.

Scribner's has sent me my account up to Aug. 1st. "The Sense of Beauty" 1895, still is the "best seller" of my works; and I have over \$2000 to my credit in N.Y. I have asked Mr. Wheelock to send me \$500 to B. S. & C^o to keep my account there afloat; and meantime I send you your Xmas present for your journey in pounds. I am glad Mrs. Cory is better and hope she may feel like returning to Rome.

G.S.

To Lino S. Lipinsky de Orlov

21 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Lipinsky)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 21, 1951

Dear Mr. Lipinsky

Since you were here my health has been undergoing changes for the worse in various directions, and now my chronic bronchial catarrh has become “catarro gastrico”, so that I am not really free to receive any visitors; and in their absence there has been little occasion to distribute the photographs of your drawing. I believe only one is gone, to a priest from Avila who came in the name of my relations still living there, and had to be received with Spanish conventions. I may be better, the doctor says, when the warm weather changes into a bracing sea-wind (which I am never aware of here); and if you and Mrs. Lipinsky are then walking by and feel like inquiring for me, I hope it may be at a moment when I may have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

24 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Aug. 24, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

I have no recollection of your previous letter about a somewhat condensed *Life of Reason*. The mere idea of having to revise those five little volumes would have imprinted itself indelibly on my mind. But if the task is committed to Cory or Edman it would be not only agreeable to me (because I feel a little ashamed of some characteristics of that book, which would be removed or at least acknowledged to exist) but a revision would be also an advantage to the book itself, which needs much pruning. As to the choice of surgeons, for cutting out the bad things, I should prefer Cory (if he could be brought to do the work seriously) and also because

the royalties which you justly think of assigning to the reviser would then go to him by right of work done as well as for the somewhat insecure heritage of my royalties in general, which in the contrary case would have to go to the real collaborator

Edman would be a more zealous and reliable reviser: but, alas! I fear that he would retain everything I should wish removed; although to do him justice I think he would retain the good passages also. He might make—by leaving out superfluities, repetitions, and blunders only (say 500 pages) while retaining all the pragmatisms, dogmatisms, and vulgarities that I should have expunged—make a better historical and biographical document of the condensed book, representing the tone and cockiness of the 1890's. Would this less select version not do better, as a publication, than an expurgated version by Cory and me—for if still alive I should want to help him, and consultations with him would be easy, as they would be difficult with Edman.

Edman in any case would be the man to complete the Selections, as you propose, which would be improved by representing the later-phase of my interests.

Cory now intends to come to Rome in October. If you think it worth while to suggest the abridgment of *The Life of Reason* to him first, please let me know. Otherwise I will try not to speak of this subject to him, as I might be tempted to do. It would be better for you to sound him, and form a judgment as to his working capacity if you do not in any case prefer to ask Edman, who, I am afraid, is the safer man. But he might decline two revisions, and Cory might wake up to do something brilliant!

Yours sincerely

G Santayana

To John W. Yolton

29 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, August 29th 1951

Dear Yolton

During the last few days I have not been well, or I should have answered your letter of the 24th at once; for I am interested in your getting my point of view straight, as you are perfectly able to do, no matter how unfamiliar it may be to you.

A moral system, in my opinion, cannot be “bad”, since it is the good as revealed to the Primal Will which that system expresses; that is, if it is the genuine morality of that person or society. Jewish religion and its off-shoots are not “bad” for being militant; they have to be militant because their “good” is partly material, such as prosperity, length of life, and personal immortality; and universal domination is a “good” in that system. If it were a spiritual system the question of universal domination would not arise for it, because spiritual goods, like correct grammar in one language, does not interfere with goodness in the different grammar of another language.

Militancy, in other words, is not implied in the inflexibility of a moral regimen. The inflexibility comes from the truth with which it expresses Primal Will at home; it becomes “bad” for another phase of Primal Will, when it attempts to legislate for that other Will abroad.

The third “Book” in Dominations and Powers is concerned with rationality in government rather than with moral rightness in precepts or ideals. Moral rightness has its credentials in nature. All life, if not all existence, has an intrinsic direction; it therefore evokes phantoms of good and evil according as things (or words) seem to support or impede its own élan. There can be no question, no possibility, of abolishing moral allegiance: only, when it breaks down in part, to get it together again rationally, in its own interests.

If I seem to you to be condemning militancy or unification, it is only because, in my own heart, I love things that have grown perfect, and hate the ideas that sanction the ugly impulses that come to destroy those perfections. And there is an ultimate mystical aspiration (not personally strong in myself) that would really transcend good and evil. It would not make any type of existence dominant, but all, in their perfection, coexistent, as in the realm of truth. That all evils remain unexpunged there

spoils this prospect for the moral man, with his vital specific standards. But it appeases the Primal Will, which bred all those goods and evils, by the lapse of Will itself, as in Buddhism and even in Schopenhauer. I have drawn a good deal from both.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. You might compare the chapter on Chivalry in my book with all this. Also the motto from the Upanishads at the beginning of the Realm of Spirit.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

31 August 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome, Aug. 31st, 1951

Dear Mr. Cardiff

Scribner has no item in his report of Dec. 1st of receipts from The Philosophical Library, and if any appear later they will be so belated and so meagre that it might be absurd to make a fuss about them. I wanted you, who did the work, to receive the payment, however small; but if you also are indifferent, my instinct certainly is to do nothing.

Your friend is not the only critic who is busy dividing me into two, and imagining a chronological and biological succession or alternation between the two demons. If your friend had read (intelligently!) my account of my boyhood and relation to religion at that time, he would not have needed to invent a perpetual contradiction or inhibition of rival beliefs in me. This is the chief error of fact in my critics. They are positivists; apparently know nothing of poetry, history, or religion except their physical obstructive presence as words, events, and ceremonies. But I never, not in my earliest boyhood, was superstitious. I never expected fictions to interfere _{with} or prolong physical processes. In this sense I

never believed in another world that coexisted with this one. What I suffered from was distaste for this world, and [^]liking_^ in pure speculation, in a sort challenge, to say "Life is a Dream". It was not the Bible stories or the Church dogmas that troubled me. I was perfectly at home with them; but being dreams, and exercising no compulsion over me or my actions, they were all more or less welcome, according to the imagination and emotion that belonged to them, as to Greek or Shakespearean tragedies. The idea of your friend (and of all positivists) that it is the outside, the cultus, that attaches people to the Church is based simply on ignorance. Most Catholic crowds have little aesthetic perception; but they have dramatic sympathy; they feel the catharsis of the passions evoked, and the ceremonies merely stage the play that fills the imagination. But when people have no imagination (or take such as they have for true knowledge of fact) they cannot conceive anything of human importance, history, poetry, religion, or art, as anything but true or false reporting of physical events in our world. If our world was a dream (and so it actually is in its sensuous or imaginative dimensions) it will vanish for each of us when we die. Nothing will probably succeed it for us: but other dreams are probably present to spirit at other times, seeming other worlds. Our good dreams (or poetry) are, however, a part of our world, its best part, because they are focussed on what is, for us, most congenial. [*across*] There is therefore no conflict in a disillusioned mind, between science and poetry, or religion well understood.

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Robert Shaw Sturgis

21 September 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sturgis)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 21 September, 1951

Dear Bob

After some hesitation I have sent you the book about small medieval houses in Monmouthshire: there are to be two more volumes about Tudor and renaissance houses in the same region, which will no doubt be more interesting. The authors are not accustomed to write for the general public, and their text is meagre and repeats itself too much, without going into the picture of life in those houses, although they shyly refer to it. But they are professional lovers of structural detail and history, and that side of the book interested me and may please you, unless it seems too elementary. I had never before known of the primitive custom of roofing houses and halls by pinning together the two halves of a crooked oaken log, sawn lengthwise. It proves that the resemblance of gothic vaulting to a forest is not a romantic fancy only but a material inheritance.

No longer having any set task before me I am reading a good deal of history and wish I were not too old to write on Some episodes, such as Alexander's attempt to merge Asia and Europe more chivalrously than the Russians are attempting it now.

Yours affec^{tl}y GSantayana

To Lawrence Smith Butler

28 September 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. 28th September, 1951

Dear Lawrence

Your account of things seen and done in Rome is too much like an obituary notice of me, the Pope, St. Peter's, and life in general. Very kind and sweet of them to be so nice to you, and of you to be so nice to them. If you were naughty like me, (and you are much younger) you would

“chuckle” more and make a little fun of it all. However if you are going to print your impressions of travel and your observations about aged friends, it is certainly better not to chuckle, but to be always duly sensitive, appreciative, and uplifted. You are so, for the moment: only there is another side of things round the corner which a satirical philosopher can’t help being aware of, and chuckling in consequence.

There is only one point, when I am in the picture, that perhaps you might clarify a little. On page 2, 7 lines from the top, when you write “there”, you are going to speak of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, the restored “basilica” that I (and the present school of Architecture at Harvard) admire so much. It is not where you were (except in Rome) a moment before

At St. Peter’s, you speak of George Rauh’s going to see the Moses and the Pietà of Michelangelo; but only the Pietà is there, Moses is at San Pietro in Vincoli on the side of the Aesculine towards us, at the Celio.

I am glad the visit to the Pope made such a pleasant impression on you. I often wonder, when I see in the Osservatore Romano, the long list of persons and crowds of pilgrims that he has received, I wonder how he can stand it. Having to say affably, to hundreds of people in turn: “Have you been long in Rome? Only two days? But you had been in Rome before? No? Well, you must hope to come again, etc, etc”, would make me resign the triple tiara and become a Trappist. This Pope is wonderful at the job: He must be a Job [-chuckle]-.

My chronic catarrh has ceased to be only bronchial and has become gastric as well. It spoils my appetite, and I shall die of hunger at a daily banquet, like Sancho Panza, only that the viands I can’t eat were never tempting. I get on on weak tea and biscuits (as Cory calls my fare); but the tea has plenty of milk in it, and the biscuits include shortbread, sent to me from Limerick by Mother Ambrose, our former head here.

Your old friend GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

3 October 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 3 October, 1951

Dear Lind

Your letter of July 31st was answered at once, but I got it back after a longish interval, marked in red pencil "A better address" ("wanted", understood). I compared the address I had written down with that in your letter and could (with my bad astigmatism) discover no difference. Yesterday, however, when I showed Cory the envelope and your given address, he saw at once that I had written 525 University Avenue instead of 325. I am sorry, as there were points in my reply to you that I ought not to have left apparently unanswered

The Roberts mentioned in "Persons & Places" was a school friend of Russell's, whom I saw only once in a room with other people, when he had become a teacher of mathematics in some school, but had been mentioned in Lady Scott's first lawsuit against Russell with scandalous insinuations. My friend Roberts was much younger, one of my pupils about 1910, Thornton Roberts of New York, who had been at St. Pauls School, and afterwards spent a year or two at Christ Church, Oxford rowing for the College. He was a critical self-reliant man and not quite normal. His last letter to me was quite insane, and I never was able to trace him afterwards, and feared he might be in an asylum. In these last years, however, I have had a correspondence with a lady who said she was a niece of his, and asked for my sentiments and knowlege about him. He had been living in an obscure hotel on the West side of the Park, quite alone and friendless, and reported to take opium. A sad end, but one not impossible to explain

in view of his constitutional solipsism. But he had very fine perceptions and insights about other people.

I hope you will not go in your book into the possibility of my replacing Aristotle as the accepted pagan philosopher for Catholics. The Church is founded on Judaism; it accepts a naturalism with miraculous powers secretly controlling it, and controlling each soul. My naturalism does not admit a moral or humanistic control over the cosmos; and it puts spirit at the top, and accidental ultimate self-awakening of organic formations, themselves perfectly automatic. Spirit comes and goes in the world like dew in the morning. That is not compatible with the supernatural realism and monarchical theism of the Church.

There is another friend of mine, Prof. Michele Petrone, who thinks that my views might, if understood, start a sort of new spiritual discipline; but I think they offer too sporadic and unfruitful a consummation to satisfy mankind. Nietzsche said: "The great question is whether mankind can endure the truth." Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To George Rauh

21 October 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 21st October 1951

Dear Mr. Rauh

Although you conveyed the news with caution and little by little, it was a severe shock to hear of so unexpected and cruel an accident overtaking Lawrence at this time when he was so happily surrounded and in such an appreciative mood for enjoying all that is enjoyable at his age, as his notes on Rome showed, and unfortunately also his wanting to swim in what cannot have been very smooth water and (I should imagine) a rather

steep beach. Luckily you were at hand and as always quick to understand what was happening and to help efficaciously. Give him my love, and tell him that I too hope he may come to Rome again, perhaps not next summer, because unless you two came on purpose to take a long sea voyage, straight to Naples, I think it would be better for him to take a complete rest, and travelling from place to place and country to country is always rather agitating and exacting. The year after, if I am still alive, would be better, especially if the political sky has cleared a bit as perhaps it may.

As for me, I am running down hill very slowly and pleasantly and am almost as likely to weather two more years than one. I am not attempting to write anything more; but Scribner has proposed a new abridged edition of my old book (in 5 small volumes!) in one volume. To think how many foolish and rash things I shall be able to leave out from an old effusion of mine rather excites me. Cory will be the official and responsible editor, but he will let me do as much of the work as possible, and has revealed a good flair for pointing out what ought not to have been said; so that between us we expect to reduce the weight and rejuvenate the outlines of that old fogey much to his advantage.

With this affair and the political events of the times, I think I shall have enough to entertain me for many months and to live to see you and Lawrence again.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

3 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 3rd November, 1951

Dear Clemens

My humble apologies for the forgotten “Tomorrow Magazine” and the review of my recent book which you asked me to return. I read the article when it arrived, but forgot all about it and now it is nowhere to be found. I am sorry; but I hope this will impress on you (what I have asked before) not to send me articles or books or newspaper-cuttings to be returned. I have more to fill my supposed leisure than I have time for, especially as at my age current events leave little impression on the brain unless they can be attached to memories of 1890.

As to a photograph for the pamphlet (it can hardly be more) of my little article on Tom Sawyer and Don Quixote, do as you please. I shudder at them all; but get rid of them, as far as I am concerned, if they are on the paper fly cover or a detachable fly-leaf. It is of course a question of attracting the public eye and helping the sale; and a legitimate consideration for the publisher. Don't mind me. The loss or profit of the issue belongs entirely to you.

Yours sincerely G Santayana

To Jorge Guillén

3 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
November 3, 1951

Dear Fellow-exile,

I am glad to hear that you are in Rome, and wish to see me. It will be a great pleasure for me, but probably a disappointment for you, as I am full of achaques de la vejez —deafness, half-blindness, toothlessness, and loss of memory, especially for words, in all languages. They flow better from my pen than from my tongue. But you will be prepared for this in a man of my age, and we will manage in one way or another.

If you could come on some Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, or Sunday, you will find me alone rather than on the other days of the week, when I have an old friend with whom I am trying to prepare an abridged edition of The Life of Reason, at Scribner's request. The afternoon after five is my best time, and I am always at home

I have not heard of any "sonnets" of Lowell's, but his romantic story The Mills of Kavanaugh is in stanzas of 16 lines, and may be what you have heard of. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Vincent Holme (Scharmél Iris)

3 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Newberry)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo 6
Rome, 3rd November, 1951

Mr. Vincent Holme.
Lewis College,
Lockport, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Holme

Immediately on the receipt of your letter and of these poems on Spain, I have read them all, and felt that they have much feeling and strength. But what is Spanish in them is only the mise en scène and external. The poor in Spain are particularly appealing, and misfortune, political and private, has always seemed to be present there, as tragedy is in Spanish popular music, beneath the frankly comic or frivolous surface. But poverty and suffering are found everywhere, and the mere expression of them in terse language does not represent the special temper of Spain. I have never come upon any English- \S speaking person who understood this temper—Spain is a Christian country, with a tincture of Islam in it. It is unworldly. Its religion and philosophy (when it has a native philosophy) express a second birth, a revulsion from ordinary life. Foreigners in Spain are not likely to catch that aspect of feeling, Americans least of all. Iris does not catch it. For example, in the poem entitled El gran Poder, the bullfighters praying before a crucifix before they risk their lives in the ring, if they were praying merely for safety or victory might have prayed to the Virgin Mary or to Saint Expeditus, who helps people to pass examinations or succeed in trials of any kind. But they choose Christ on the Cross, Christ dying. That, I should say, indicates that they are praying for a happy death, for readiness to offer up their lives, as Christ offered his, or as the “Good Thief” did, and heard that he would be that day, with Christ, in Paradise. Paradise would not be at all like Andalusia. It would be the end, the happy end, of all that.

If this element of self-surrender (not for any earthly benefit, even for others) but for salvation, is wanting, the soul of Spain is wanting.

Now if I wrote a “Foreword” for these poems it would amount to an acceptance of them as a true appreciation of Spain. It seems to me the opposite: a foreign appreciation of Spain, in the classes where its spirit is

human and appealing perhaps, but not characteristically Spanish. It is un-Christian, not reconciled to inevitable surrender of everything. I therefore cannot appear to accept these poems as really Spanish at all

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

11 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome Nov. 11, 1951

Dear Dick,

It is a relief, as well as a positive pleasure, to hear that you are happily settled in Clare College and that England has not rubbed you the wrong way. Your early thoughts of becoming a clergyman may have prepared the soil somewhat for the seeds of Anglican culture to fall on favourable ground. It doesn't seem to surprise you, as it did Professor Northrop of Yale (with whom I have been having some correspondence) that people's minds should be aware of a historic past. Apropos of that I have read somewhere that past and future (and things remote generally) must be driven from a mind wholly absorbed in present events. It is a pity, because then they can hardly see those events justly. The wider background produces that serenity which you notice in English views. And I am glad that

Clare pleases you architecturally. As to the change in your studies, I see a good side in it. Locke is not a great philosopher, but he had a great influence and cannot be overlooked. Observe in particular how he shifts the meaning of the word idea from a clear and distinct image of Descartes, or “given essence” to a passing perception. The false assumption that a passing perception is a clear and distinct unit of existence passes to Berkeley and Hume, and makes the verbal atomism of the present day possible in England. It has no hold elsewhere, as far as I know.

As to Leibniz and especially Spinoza for you, next year, I don’t think them at all out of place. On the contrary they are all the more necessary for you, as classics, on the highroad of speculation, in that you have no Latin and Greek. The English and German philosophy that we have become accustomed to is not normal. They are both, though differently, subjective, and therefore on a by-path in nature, the English being only literary psychology or autobiography and the German moralistic mythology. Leibniz’ Theodicy is an intelligent abstract of Christian doctrine, exhibiting what it would be if it were essentially scientific, whereas it is essentially moralistic, so that its inspiration is missed, while its dogmas are harmonized as much as possible. Spinoza does much the same thing for the natural universe. He misplaces nothing, but draws it all in purely intellectual concepts. He is a great master.

There is a man at Oxford, named Yolton or Yorlton who has written to me about some points to be cleared up in my views. He is to write the review of *Dominations & Powers* in “Mind”. If you hear anything about him (he is an American) I should like to know it. Cory tells me that he belongs more or less to the verbal set.

I hope you are making friends: it is a great help to acclimating oneself in a new country; and I send you a Xmas present to help you feel a little freer during your holidays. I have not been very well this year, but the changes are not important on the whole and I feel the relief of not having a book to finish.

Yours GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

23 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 23rd of November, 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory and I have now gone over the first two volumes of The Life of Reason, he in the ordinary edition and I in vol. III of the Triton edition. He seems as yet not to have marked systematically the parts he thinks may be omitted, but seems to feel vaguely that the abridgement can be made satisfactorily. We both, however, have found the text better than we expected: a little cocky and flighty, as if “we had settled all that”, but easy to read for the most part, and clear. I have been more conscientious, and find that I have marked one third of vol. I, and one sixth of vol. II to be cut out. I am afraid at this rate we should not succeed in reducing the text to the requisite limits for one popular volume. But I will now mark vol. IV. of the Triton Edition as severely as my paternal heart allows, and afterwards look over the part already marked to see if more pages and paragraphs cannot be condemned.

My ambition would be, without trying to disguise the juvenility of The Life of Reason^x, to remove a confusion into which it falls in places in talking as if the subjective aspect of mind were ultimate and excluded its objective or self-transcendent intent and actual value: for the world we live in and see is one we have been born into and shall be buried in, not one in our heads. And as this realistic conviction is generally present in the text, I think that we should not be misrepresenting its philosophy by removing or correcting the occasional passages where the sound view seems to be contradicted. In vol V, moreover, Cory and I agree that the cock-sureness about “mechanism” and “progress” should be mitigated and brought up to date.

Many thanks for the reviews of Dom. & P'rs which you have sent me. Alain Loeke's, who I think was once a pupil of mine, is well-disposed but suffers horribly from the usual need of seeing everything as a contemporary political question, on which everybody should be on the right (one's own) side. Edman's review is also friendly and fluent; and I am well pleased on the whole with the British reviews that I have seen, especially with Prof. Oakeshott's in the Spectator. The one in The Times Literary

Supplement suffered from ignorance of my philosophy, but I liked its playful tone, and felt well treated.

Now that Christmas approaches, may I ask you to repeat the favour done me in these last years and to send \$500⁼ to Mrs. David M. Little, Weston, Mass. (Mrs. Rosamond Little in the cheque) with my best wishes? And will you kindly have the enclosed slip pasted in a copy of The Last Puritan and sent to the attached address? Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*in margin*] ^xI was over forty.

A copy of The Last Puritan, with the enclosed slip pasted in it, to be sent to

[*typed:*]

THE JOHN ERSKINE LIBRARY—Dijon,
 C/o Rene de Messieres,
 French Cultural Counselor,
 934 Fifth Avenue
 New York 21, N. Y.

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

25 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 25 Nov. 1951.

Dear Rosamond

Christmas is approaching and I am writing to Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's asking him to send you my prosaic present, as on recent years he has been kind enough to do. Don't send me flowers, as they are rather wasted in my little room, which is crowded with books and tables, and not meant as a stage setting for poetry and philosophical vistas, as ideally it should be. But many years ago I gave up all dreams of finding beautiful quarters and surroundings. They would prove more a burden and a tether than a stimulus to pleasant thoughts. Possessions, when I was younger were a nuisance for one who wanted to travel, and in time to return regularly to a fixed circle of chosen places, easily reached, as were Rome, Venice and Cortina; and now that I am in the last stage of my journey what I enjoy without qualification is to read, especially history. I have just finished (in three days, as if it were an exciting novel, a long book by a man named Brandon on the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, and its effect upon Christianity, which he thinks was decisive. And the excursions in Toynbee, which I had skipped on first reading his six volumes, are better than his text, and almost inexhaustible. You travel all over the world and through all ages without leaving your den. This is what most of the critics of my "Dominations & Powers" evidently never do, for I notice that they are blind to everything except current events and current questions, as if they could have any true vision of such things if they were ignorant altogether of the world in which these things arise and pass away. Another, but perfectly normal difficulty that my critics have is that they don't know my philosophy, which is not an arbitrary "creation" of my fancy but simply the result or sediment left in my mind by living. For that reason I am compelled to imply and to illustrate it in all I say about anything; so that if they have a different philosophy or no philosophy laid up in their minds, of course they cannot see how what I say hangs together. A critic who has seen this is Oakeshott in the London Spectator.

My health is naturally getting worse and worse along the old lines, and, by the way, I should like one or two more of those Benezedrex Inhalers

that you mention. They help to check the flow of my catarrh at certain troublesome moments.

With love and Xmas wishes for all the family from GSantayana

To Corliss Lamont

28 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. 28 November, 1951

Dear Mr. Lamont,

I have not reread my “Three Philosophical Poets” for many years, perhaps never as a whole since its day, and I don’t know what I should say about the book now. But there is one qualm, or sense of guilt, that has sometimes come over me regarding the treatment of the third poet, Goethe. Professor Norton, at Harvard, when he spoke to me, of course very gently, about it, once added: “But why did you choose Goethe for your third poet?” and the sadness of his voice warned me that I had done “very wrong” There was, he said, more and better philosophy in Shakespeare: “Poor ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang”. I have often tried to define Shakespeare’s “philosophy”, after noticing the strange absence of religion in him; but perhaps he might be set down for a Humanist or Naturalist of our sect, his ghosts and witches and Ariels being wise, sceptical inclusions of mad dreams actually visiting distracted minds. But as to Goethe I remember that I excused myself to Norton by saying that the sworn allegiance to Life, bring it what it may bring, was a romantic philosophy, justifying egotism which the Germans had really made into a philosophy. I never liked this “totalitarian” love of life of all sorts; but there it was pictured in Faust, also in Hegel and Nietzsche; and I had felt that I must try to do it justice.

I afterwards really tried to do it justice in “Egotism in German Philosophy”, especially in the second edition with its epilogue; but when I wrote the “Three Philosophical Poets” I had not got to the bottom either of the animal courage or of the irrational obedience to impulse that

romantic passion implies and lives out dramatically. I was therefore a bit embarrassed in presenting Goethe as a great Spokesman for an inferior cause, not wishing to dishonour the great man that everybody at that time seemed to exalt. It was an embarrassment due to my still too foreign view of Goethe, taking him superficially, in order not to seem prejudiced against him. I remember my friend Strong saying, when we were talking about this, that Goethe's morality turned out altogether inferior to Dante's. I agreed; but I had not clearly perceived, or dared to assert, that it was so, when I wrote the book.

Is the American attitude to the world today the same as Faust's at the end of the second part, when he colonizes the Dutch or Flemish coast? I wonder. I should be sorry to think so.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

29 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, 29 November, 1951

Dear Lind

I have been, and am, rather ill, and I don't remember whether I have answered your letter of October 29th with its interesting personal news and questions. But I feel like straightening out a little, even if I have already written something about it, the relation of myself and my family feelings to "The Last Puritan". That book contains all my experience of human life and character. But the moral "essences" are manifested in

entirely different circumstances and careers than those in which I “intuited” them. For instance, Oliver’s choice between his father and mother is a free choice. Both careers were open, and he chose the less alluring one because he was a Puritan. I had no real choice. Staying with my father in Spain was impossible, and he never proposed to me, although ideally, if it had been possible, both he and I would have preferred it. For Oliver it was a sacrifice, not for his mother’s sake, as you see later, in the scenes in the steamer returning to America after his father’s death. He had and he showed no sympathy with his mother but bitterly enjoyed defeating her plans.

The relation between Peter and his wife was emotionally based on that between my father and mother, but historically the two cases are contraries. He had the money in the novel; she had it in real life, what little there was of it. But my father, if he had been very rich and yet independent of the world (which would not have been possible in Spain where there were a few rich landholders with complicated family and political duties, like the Duke of Alba, whose agent for the province of Avila was my brother-in-law, but no free capitalist)—if my father had been rich he would have lived much as Peter did, and would have behaved towards me as Peter did to Oliver. But Δ was more like my father (and like Peter) than Oliver was like his: for he really was more like his mother, only genuine and not sham in his virtue. And my mother was not like his. She was silent and indifferent in minor matters, and stoical. But the absence of affection all round was the same in both mothers and in both husbands and both sons. You will do right if you see the shadow of myself and my family in the book, but must not assimilate the circumstances. It was perhaps exactly a reversal, in a dream, of the circumstances of my life, while preserving the characters, that produced the novel.

Mr. Wheelock, of Scribner’s, has induced Cory and me to undertake making a one-volume Δ work Δ out of the five Δ vols Δ of “The Life of Reason”, revised and abridged. I have now read half the book and marked $\frac{1}{3}$ of vol. I, and $\frac{1}{6}$ of vol. II, to be removed; and vol III is even less deserving of mutilation. We both find the thing better-written than we had supposed; but we must nerve ourselves up to condemn whole pages and chapters, as well as all the over-worked words of that day: experience, practice, progress, consciousness, etc. “Creative” luckily was not yet the fashion.

[*across*] Congratulations on your new family life.

GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

29 November 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 29th of November, 1951

Dear Dick

I am troubled by the memory that I addressed my letter to you of some time ago, (Nov. 11, I think) only to Clare College, Cambridge, leaving out Memorial Court, 0–6, which according to my old habit in addressing members of colleges was superfluous. But times have changed, and perhaps one Porter's Lodge is not enough, and my letter is waiting at the Head-Porter's. If this is possible, please go to this dignitary's and ask for it, showing the present envelope as a proof of your identity and my repentance.

I have been rather ill with a complication of my catarrh, but am being well nursed, and entertained three evenings in the week by Cory, who is settled in Rome for the winter. I find him more interested than formerly on good subjects, like the origin of Christianity and history in general, so that our conversations need not revert always to the ways of my old friend Strong, whose secretary or pupil he used to be also.

With best Xmas wishes from
GSantayana

To Mercedes de la Escalera

6 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Vía Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.—Roma, `6 de diciembre de 1951.

Querida Mercedes: Alberto y su hermano menor, pero más alto y ya vestido de sacerdote, estuvieron aquí la otra tarde y me entregaron el turrón u otro dulce de Navidad de tu parte, el cual agradezco mucho, aunque no sé si me conviene regalarme con dulces tan sustanciosos cuando el

estómago no vale ya más que para digerir leche y galletas. Por lo demás, a pesar de la tos que a ratos me molesta mucho, me dice la gente que estoy muy bien de salud y de humor para un viejo de 88 años, que cumpla en pocos días. Y es cierto que estoy satisfecho de haber terminado el que será mi último libro y de no tener otra ocupación fija que me preocupe. Paso el día leyendo (con cristal de aumento) y hablando con las personas que me vienen a ver, sobre todo con un antiguo amigo, Daniel Cory, americano que vive ahora en Inglaterra, pero viene a Roma a pasar el invierno. El mundo está muy revuelto ahora, pero yo no creo que nos espere ninguna catástrofe de las que ya hemos sufrido. Aunque los rusos nos invadieran no sería, como dicen los oradores políticos, el fin de la civilización. La civilización no ha sido nunca perfecta, ni ha dejado jamás del todo de existir. En todas las épocas ha habido desgracias y se ha divertido la gente joven. Los americanos han cambiado mucho en estos cuarenta años, desde que yo abandoné el nuevo paraíso terrenal que ellos creen que poseen. Todos allí dicen que todo ha mejorado mucho, pero yo creo al contrario: que en aquel tiempo era más culta la buena sociedad americana; se podía pasar allí muy bien la vida, y se venía con calma a pasar largas temporadas en Europa. Ahora vienen y van a escape, y no gozan de lo que aquí todavía se puede gozar. No cabe duda de que la civilización liberal y aristocrática del tiempo de la reina Victoria (¡de Inglaterra!) ha pasado, y que ha decaído mucho el tono de la sociedad. Pero es lo que se deseaba: la democracia; y a pesar de la democracia vigente se puede gozar de muchas cosas en este mundo. Lo que a mí más me gusta e interesa ahora es la historia, y los historiadores de hoy día son excelentes. No elocuentes y falsos como los liberales, pero científicos y exactos en lo que cabe.

Te felicito por contar 96 años: eso es como ganar una partida; pero yo no aspiro a tanto. Sea lo que Dios quiera.

Saludos y recuerdos a todos de

Jorge.

To Conde de Marsal

15 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Sastre Martín)

Roma, 15 de Diciembre, 1951

Excmo Sr. Conde de Marsal
Presidente del Patronato Nacional de San Pablo
Madrid

Muy señor mio y distinguido amigo

He recibido su apreciable carta y el ejemplar de la Crónica del Patronato Nacional de San Pablo, obra que he leído con sumo interés admirando el celo con el cual trabaja esa institución a fin de mejorar la condición de presos y detenidos, de sus familias y de sus hijos, y sobre todo de plantar nuevamente en el ánimo de estos últimos las nobles tradiciones españolas.

Dándole sinceras gracias por este obsequio, le ruego me crea siempre

s. a. s. s.

Jorge Santayana

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma.

To Ira Detrich Cardiff

16 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 16, 1951.

Dear Mr. Cardiff.

It was very kind and friendly of you to send me this cablegram with congratulations on my 88th birthday. In theory, I hardly think it deserves congratulation, at least not in the opinion of Ecclesiastes and other old fogeys with whom I should like to be numbered. But in my exceptional case the usual illusions of youth and disappointments and crotchets of old age have, I think, been reversed in a great measure. I was solitary and in opposition to my surroundings when I was a boy, and now I feel that the world and I, though both far from sound in body, understand one another and that it would be absurd to have expected and demanded that we should have been perfect. I am perfectly ready, however, and entirely willing to part company with the world, as it enormously is in regard to me; so that a sort of satisfaction in comic absurdity on our respective parts seems to reconcile us to have been and to be what we are and to part company. I am not in good health; but my uncomfortable moments are occasional only, and my general mood cheerful and filled with interesting public and literary events. Therefore I accept your congratulations with thanks and corresponding good wishes

GSantayana

To Justus Buchler

18 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Brooklyn)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Dec. 18, 1951

Dear Mr. Buchler

I am glad to hear from you again and to see that you are a member of the Philosophical Faculty at Columbia.

As to an enlarged edition of Obiter Scripta the project seems a rational one and anything that seems to you appropriate can be included by obtaining permission from the first publisher. I should particularly like to see my essay on “Bishop [*illegible*] Berkley” brought to the attention of American students taught to climb the ladder Locke, Berkeley, Hume as the normal ascent to heaven. But what is “Tragic Philosophy”? I don’t remember, but whatever it is, I repeat that I trust your judgment what every your general theory of judgment may be, which I shall examine your book to discover—for which many thanks

There is a little paper, which ought to have appeared or to appear soon in England in a book by various authors entitled “What I Believe”, my contribution being is called “The Wind and the Spirit”. It is a miniature cosmology and semi-poetical, but different from anything else of mine. The editor, Sir James Marchant, is apparently an Evangelical missionary and very enterprising but rather erratic. This particular collection was to have appeared before last year’s Christmas. When I wrote inquiring what was the cause of the delay, I received a vague answer accompanied by a cheque for £20, and have heard nothing since on the subject. Sir James evidently thought I was impatient for payment, whereas what I wanted was only liberty to let my friends see this little skit which may show how my physics finds a place for the Spirit.

Excuse this unnecessary rambling into details of no importance, but I am annoyed at having my obiter scriptum held up, when I should like you to get hold of it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

18 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6

Dec. 18, 1951

Dear Dick

Your letter, dated the 12th and post-marked the 14th reached me only today, and I see that you are to arrive in Paris tomorrow. I therefore hasten to send you a line at once, as I shall be without knowledge of your address after you leave Paris.

It was a relief to hear from you, as I was afraid you might be seriously ill, or somehow in trouble. The hobbies of the contemporary Dons are not to be taken seriously. There is probably a native and a traditional wisdom that will shine through it in them when you become accustomed to the affectations on the surface. It is the reading of the standard philosophers, even Locke on account of his influence, to be detected and discounted in Western politics and philosophy. But the others—Berkeley, Hume, Leibniz, and Spinoza are geniuses in themselves, and masters for us even in their imaginary universes. It is a great lesson, as I think of those who become Catholics, to have reached a solution. That it is a limitation to halt there is not a denial of the glory of having reached a universal point of view. It is glorious to reach a mountain-top, though impossible to live there.

I should not advise you to try to see too many places, or to hurry away from one that attracts you and makes you feel at home in a new medium. That is one of the merits of Paris itself. Marseilles on the contrary is not, at least in my experience, a place to linger in. Dijon would be better, or the Provençal cities that you probably have in mind. These not very populous old towns were once centres of life and art. If you happen to go to Arles and to the Museum there, do look about and see if you find a bust of Antinöus, the favourite of Hadrian, and if it still stands, as it did in 1895, in front of a painting of the Crucifixion in a large landscape. That was a striking conjunction for me, and I wrote a sonnet about it that will appear among my “Posthumous Poems.” The bust is the replica of one that you will see in the Louvre in a conspicuous position.

Let me know where, if anywhere, you decide to stay for some time. Wouldn't the Riviera, say Nice, be a good place? Other wise I shall not be able to write to you in time to make any suggestions.

I am glad my present is proving useful and you may count on one for your Easter holidays also.

Yours sincerely G.Santayana

To Corliss Lamont

19 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo. 6
Rome. Dec. 19, 1951

Dear Mr. Lamont

Your long cablegram with its picture of your philosophic circle listening while you read my afterthoughts about Goethe's Faust and sending me their congratulation on being 88 years old, was very pleasant and unexpected. In general I should agree with Ecclesiastes and other old fogeys that living after eighty is not a blessing; but in my case I cannot complain of misery or decrepitude of a moral kind. My little ailments are physical and quite enduring, and I was less fortunate in my early youth than in my late old age. The world has grown steadily kindlier and more interesting to me (though less satisfied with itself) and my mind less dépaysé than it felt itself at first. I never expected to have much support from my contemporaries; but now that I have survived most of them I find ample sympathy, if not agreement from many quarters, and also much more to attract and absorb me in the history of the past. It is history rather than philosophy that I read now with satisfaction. It is often, if not always, tragic, but it is a rich and varied dramatic spectacle; and how should natural existence be anything else?

Yours sincerely,
G.Santayana

To John Hall Wheelock

22 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. Dec. 22nd 1951

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory and I were much encouraged by your last letter urging us to act freely in revising and abridging our old text; but we think that a rather severe reduction of popular platitudes and superfluities will not only make the one volume less bulky but also the work as a whole more serious and beautiful. It is what we are aiming at. We have now reached the middle of vol. IV, so that we shall not be long in completing our first revision, and ready to return to reduce the early volumes more, since we were both led to read fast by interest in the subject matter, and to forget the faults of composition and over assurance

We have both been absorbed in turn in a book by a Dr. Brandon on the effects of the Fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 on Christianity. I was glad to see Cory so absorbed in critical views of history and religious developments.

May I ask you to have two more copies of Dominations and Powers sent to the addresses on the enclosed order, and charged to my personal account, not to Cory's.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Please send a copy of Santayana's Dominations and Powers to each of the two following addresses and charge them to the Author's account:

Mrs. J. N. Miller, 521 Welty St., Greensburg Pa.

Mr. Alexander Lane, Mail Room,
American Embassy
1. Ave. Gabriel
Paris, France

To Raymond Brewer Bidwell

24 December 1951 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Bidwell)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome Dec. 24, 1951

Dear Raymond

Time passes over me without leaving any clear marks of days, months, or even years. All seem much the same, and if I remember particular events, like the entrance of the American army into Rome, which I went down to the corner at the foot of this hill to watch at close quarters, it seems a picture by itself, without any before or after, like the Trojan war. Another reason why I felt no immediate summons to write to you was that I did write to Dave and Carol from whom I had had letters with a warm picture of their domestic and business happiness. I see now how wise Dave was not to become a professor; as I had expected after what you had written to me about his brilliant work and summa cum laude from Harvard. He has what I call the “directive imagination”, or joy in being a boss, because of the consciousness of doing it well and seeing things change under his hand as if by magic. That is more exciting than lecturing every year on the same abstract subjects to classes that wonder what it is all about. And for so young a man Dave evidently does the work successfully and has no difficulty in impressing his business directors with his ability. They seem to enjoy moving about and electrifying another nerve-centre in the national business organism, and Saint Louis is (I suppose) a little more southern and western than the other places they have lived in, and at the same time bigger, so that it will not present, as it might have formerly, an immature or provincial aspect. I have an old acquaintance there, Cyril Clemens, a grandson of Mark Twain and a Catholic, who seems to think that he is driving the whole literary world like a four-in-hand. He lately lent me two books of Mark Twain’s that I had never read; and I have written an article for his special magazine on “Tom Sawyer and Don Quixote”, not yet out, as far as I know. That is meant to show how cosmopolitan and profound the Spirit of Missouri can be.

I was 88 last week, an age eight years in excess of what the Bible allows even to the strongest man, the rest (according to Ecclesiastes) being only grunts and grumblings. That is not the case with me: I cough and spit more than is becoming, but morally I am quite content with existence,

especially as I have now no works to which I am pledged, but plenty to interest me. With love and best wishes to you and Josephine from

G. S.

To Lawrence Smith Butler

8 January 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: University Club)

Via Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 8, 1952

Dear Lawrence

Today your solid box of sweet biscuits has arrived very opportunely, as I had been reduced to hard tack for some time, partly because my new (gastric) form of catarrh had become acute, and I could not keep anything on my stomach, and partly because, in consequence, my last box of shortbread from the former head of this house, Mother Ambrose, now in Limerick, had gone stale also. I am now convalescent, but still on a strict diet. Perhaps one sweet biscuit may be allowed at tea and Cory, who comes every other day at that hour, will do the box justice.

We are working on a revision and abridgement of my old work “The Life of Reason”, which had five (small) volumes. These are to be reduced to one large one, by correcting inaccuracies and removing superfluities. The question is how much will remain.

I hope in these months you have got rid of your clinical trappings and can forget the horrid accident that has given you so much trouble. It was very kind of you to think of my Christmas at 88 and help to make it “merry”, as mine really has been in spite of everything.—With best wishes for you and Rauh from GSantayana.

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

10 January 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 10, 1952.

Dear Lind

The enclosed letter has just arrived, and makes me wonder at the complexity of life now in the U.S. It was much simpler in my early days. It occurred to me at once when you first wrote, including a typed letter for me to sign, to the Photographic Department in the Library of Congress, how easily I could have sent you a copy of that sonnet—only 14 lines!—which I have a copy of, and besides know by heart. It is not a good sonnet considered as a work of classic poetic art, but it has many tentacles stretching into feelings, backward from 1895, when it was written, and forward also. For you will notice that the line “Why mourn for Jesus?—Christ remains to us” accurately prophesies my “Idea of Christ in the Gospels” published more than fifty years later. 1895 had been the year of my first visit to Italy, in company with my friend Loeser, and it was on my return from there that I stopped at Arles, and other places in Southeastern France, before returning to America in a cattle-boat, for economy, from London to N.Y. in 16 days, without a touch of seasickness. I am not sure whether I speak of this voyage in any detail, or of the journey to Florence, Rome, Venice, and Milan, but they were all sentimentally important episodes for me at that time, when I was beginning to live my second, or rather my third life after my “Change of Heart” in 1893, described in the first chapter of the third book of “Persons & Places”. This was a reversion to solitude enriched by a great many absorbing scenes in the past and absorbing themes in the present and for the future. The sonnet in question has not been printed expressly because I think it would not be understood as yet; but it will appear in my “Posthumous Poems”, which Cory will publish; and it occurs to me to say all this to you now, since you happen to have searched it out at the Congressional Library, to which I sent it (when asked for something) together with the portrait by Andreas Andersen, made one year later, when my College Life at the Harvard Yard was coming to an end. The next year 1896–7 I was at King’s College; and when I returned to Harvard I lived in rooms in the town, like any outsider. All these things and others are pertinent, beginning with the Platonic Sonnets, to the various implications of that Sonnet at Arles. I give you these hints,

knowing that you are penetrating, and wishing that your penetration may go right. When do you expect to have your book done, soon or years hence? I should like to be able to read it before it is published. Yours sincerely GSantayana

P.S. Feb. 25, '52

I had just sent off my letter about your sonnets on the Via Crucis, when this was returned to me—my second blunder in addressing letters to you. I send it again, ~~hop~~ hoping that this time it will reach you, as by chance it touches the same points as my last.

G.S.

To Max Forrester Eastman

18 January 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Indiana)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Jan. 18, 1951.

Dear Mr. Eastman

Your letter and two articles have naturally interested me, especially where you catch the spirit on which I write, which is not always. But in speaking of my school friend Bayley you are very sympathetic. As to the use of the word “love”, I leave the discussion of it for the time when I shall have read your views on my “system” of philosophy, where I shall have radical criticisms to make. Today, I wish to confine myself to a list of the trifling but strange errors on matters of fact which I have marked with a red pencil.

This establishment is legally called “Calvary Hospital”. Nursing Sister of the Little Company of Mary”. One wing is the convent for the Sisters; the opposite arm of the “Cross” is the “Ospizio” which you know, and the long middle wing at right angles is the Hospital proper. But we are not more than half a dozen guests in normal times, so that the three storeys over my head are often used for patients as well. You speak as if I had come to this refuge in order to retire from the world: why not become a monk rather than a nun? But my retreat has always been “moral” only, not disciplinarian, and it took place in 1893, when (until Dec. 16th) I was 29 years old. I was 8^{1/2} (not ten) when taken to America (by my father, who remained a year in Beacon Street); and on the p. 35 I find that I am 89 years old (88 since Dec. 16 last) and an American, which is naturally the prevalent impression, but not legally or “morally” true. Had I been born when I was christened, on Jan. 1st 1864, I should not have been reckoned to be one year older than I was all through life. On p. 36 you say I was over forty when “Interpretations of Poetry & Religion” appeared; but that date was 1900, when I was 37 on Dec. 16. On p. 37 “door was opened” must be what you wrote, as I never can stand leaving

it open. Page 38 touches higher matters, which I will discuss when your third article appears, and I will skip to the fictions about my quoting Aquinas in Latin to a blundering missionary, to squash him; and that I came to this house because I was ill. The reason was that my money from America was about to be cut short, and I succeeded in making an arrangement with the Head of this Order to pay an equivalent of my dues here, in Chicago, where they have a large hospital. This was arranged; and I was for three years with 30,000 lire which I happened to have on hand for pocket-money. Later I found that the Treasury had stopped my nephew's payments to Chicago, and he and I had much trouble for leave from the government, to pay up what was due, after the war.

Your trouble with me on major matters is that you do not understand that I am a pagan. Perhaps you don't care for Greek & Roman classics. That seems to blind you to normality. America is not normal, not natural, but forced, Protestant.

Yours sincerely G. S.

To Evelyn Tindall

24 January 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo 6

Jan. 24, 1952

Dear Miss Tindall

Here is a long (and sad) chapter of my Recollections which I should like to have recopied. Mr. Cory and I are thinking of sending the third part to the publishers in New York, and as the book is not to be published for the present there is no hurry about it. We are sending it only to be in safer keeping than it might be here, in case of political or personal collapse.

Please send your account with this, as there may not be other things to send to you soon. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

29 January 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. Jan. 29th 1952

Dear Rosamond

Your letter of Jan. 12th, and your box which arrived the day before, would have been acknowledged sooner if I hadn't been depressed by the persistence of my "gastric catarrh" and subject to a diet of milk and mashed potatoes, with one raw egg at mid-day, which reduces me to dozing most of the time. I am afraid at my age this is an incurable trouble, though not immediately fatal; but it is not painful (except at moments, when a fit of cough comes) and allows me to read and to write letters when the weather clears. After a hot and dull summer, we are having a cold and dark winter, which have alike contributed to my complaint, and I think, now that winter is (here) on the wane, that I shall feel better in the Summer. Lucky that this trouble didn't come a year sooner, or I should never have managed to get my last book together. It is being well received in Europe: there is to be a German translation and two in Spanish, one at Buenos Aires and one at Madrid.

I had a nice letter from Bob, partly about the architectural book I had sent him, on a trifling subject, which he has taken in the right spirit. Politics, with the morning and evening papers, naturally fill most of my waking time, and fortunately Cory is taking up enthusiastically a big job that Mr. Wheelock of Scribner's had led us to undertake together, namely, preparing an abridged and revised edition, in one volume, of my old "Life of Reason", which was in five. I had gone over more than half the text, in my copy, marking in red what I thought might be omitted or changed, when my digestion began not to work, and made my head do so also. But Cory is on the last lap of his revision, and quite confident of doing the operation successfully. The trouble is going to be to reduce the whole to one volume, as both he and I have been surprised at how good the old stuff is, which we had fallen into the habit of despising, as being too cocksure and professorial. I was lecturing every day when I wrote it, and that could not help making me too loquacious and superficial. On the other hand, it did enable me to let myself go when the spirit moved. An old English friend who turned up here not long ago said to me: "You used to be eloquent." But I assured him that I still was so in my first draft; but I cut the "eloquence" out in the second. This may be sometimes a mistake.

I hope the pressure of responsibility will not be too much for you all in America. I think things will come round somehow into equilibrium. But nobody knows how. GS.

To Miriam Thayer Richards

7 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, Feb. 7th 1952

Dear Mrs. Richards

You are much nearer in Cambridge now than I am to “happy snowflakes dancing” and even to my beautifully edited “Essays”, which I had never heard of. My memory for current minor events is much worse than for incidents in my life in the 1890’s, which seem to be, in retrospect, the vital period in it. Someone may have written to me for my consent to collect these “Essays” of which you tell me. I should naturally have consented; but I have forgotten the matter altogether. But not long ago a visitor brought me a copy of “The Sense of Beauty” to autograph, and I was dazzled by the size and elegance of my first-born little girl. This is not the case with all my progeny, some being very shabby and others buried; but I have had the satisfaction of seeing my favourite child, “Dialogues in Limbo” reappearing in its original type, with additions perfectly prepared to suit. And Scribner is planning an abridged edition of “The Life of Reason”, in one volume, which will be made by my friend and occasional secretary, Mr. Daniel Cory, and which I perhaps may not live to see.

Your name and your letter instantly turned my thoughts to Mrs. Toy, who so often and so affectionately used to speak of you. Her letters in her later years, and what I heard about her, which was very little, left a rather sad impression, as if her health and spirits suffered in solitude from the absence of the duties and pleasures of her former life. This was not a matter on which I could speak sympathetically, solitude being for me a sort of liberty realized; but of course it could not have been so unless I had a private picture gallery of friends and places in my head, to be revisited always with increased pleasure.

It amuses me to read in the papers sometimes that I am now a recluse. It is accidentally a literal truth, because I seldom go about, on account of

my bad sight and hearing, which makes crossing the city traffic dangerous; but I was never more conscious (or studious) of what goes on in the world, and there is nothing monastic about my daily life, in spite of living in a nursing home where the sister's are nuns. But I see only one of them, the housekeeper, often, and almost all my visitors bring the air [*across*] of free (but now pre-occupied) America with them.

With best wishes and thanks for your kind letter from GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

12 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 12th Feb. 1952

Dear Dick

When your letter from Frankfort reached me some month's ago, I was already laid up with the complications of my bronchial-gastric catarrh, and put off replying until I should feel better. But what happened was that I caught the prevalent influenza in addition, and have had a long spell of steady fever, not high, but debilitating; and only recently persistent injections have driven the fever away, though I am still very weak and with no appetite. The weather has been horribly cold and dark, making it almost impossible for me to pick up my spirits. Today the sun is shining, and I take the first opportunity to send you a line of explanation together with the promised cheque for you Easter holidays.

Cory is here, and gives me every other day the impressions he get about the fortunes of my last book, which seem to be increasingly favourable

Write to me when you have time and tell me your plans.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Evelyn Tindall

18 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Texas)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, 18th Feb. 1952

Dear Miss Tindall

The weather and my influenza have taken a better turn, and I send you an installment rather than a final settlement for our account, as I feel that I may soon have a little more work for you.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

23 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 23rd Feb. 1952

Dear Lind

I have read your Via Crucis once, but carefully and with some reversion to confirm or correct the impressions received. There is an element—the spirit of the Stabat Mater—that is perfectly orthodox or Catholic but which I have never liked or shared. All devotion, for me in my boyhood, was festive. Good Friday just as festive as Easter or Christmas, and I have never felt the usual distress or guiltiness in the presence of Christ's martyrdom, or any other martyrdom. It may be a turn of mind—too mental—that made my countrymen like Autos de Fe and bullfights. But it is not pure cruelty or tendency to destroy whatever does not please me. Let others enjoy it if they can. So I say to the Stabat Mater, which I used to hear sung and knew by heart, words and music—but in Rossini's version! In the jolliest possible, lightest and most harmonious warblings. Was this simply bad taste? I think not.

Life is essentially an élan vital, as Bergson calls it; that is, it is a passage from one state to another. But art, or the immortalisation of Life, is a synthesis. You preserve and recompose each episode in the light of the others that accompany or replace it. You make a mosaic or rose window of history; existence does not carry you on, but becomes truth for you.

If you have my Idea of Christ at hand, look up what I say about the text, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” I suggest that the reason is that Christ might forsake himself. The Jewish Messiah had to do that, or else to collapse morally. The Christian Christ outgrows his Palm Sunday illusion. David’s kingdom was good for David; Jesus does not really want it for himself. His triumph is spiritual.

As I understand this it consists in the transcendence of Life into Truth or Art. I, or you for yourself, then fall out of the picture and the Via Crucis becomes a mosaic or a stained glass window. It does not make me suffer now at all There is a great deal of crimson still in the picture, and a great deal of sorrow and mourning, but it is all a beautiful procession, no desire to banish it, or regret that it should have existed. But of course I don’t want to live through it, or to have anyone else live through it again.

I am now not ready to pass any criticism on your sonnets. But I feel that you must not dedicate them to me. I have nothing of that harrowed or repentant spirit, or desire for more life in art; only more of life transfigured into truth, history, and art.—This is my first impression. The book with illustrations may change it. Yours GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

23 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 23rd February, 1952

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Some time ago I heard of Mr. Scribner’s death, and what you tell me gives me more reasons for regretting this loss to us all. I seem to have laid my social as well as philosophical eggs twenty or thirty years, systematically, before they were hatched. Those, like you and Mr. Scribner, who

ventured to read and publish my “Sense of Beauty” when I wrote it, have never seen me alive; I vanished into another sphere before I became distinguishable. And my books, when supposed to represent a new phase, regularly contain my discoveries of the previous decade or even century. By the way, Cory and I have both been surprised to find “The Life of Reason” so much like my latest views. The difficulty will be the choose the out-of-date passages. He is very much interested in the work and has already revised it all in a cursory way. I have stopped before the last volume, having fallen a victim of influenza on top of my double catarrh. But he will be able and happy to do everything himself.

Thank you for the royalty reports and especially for letting me use your office as a sort of bank. I hope “Vendome” and my occasional calls for \$500 do not give too much trouble

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

24 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, 24th Feb. 1952

Dear Clemens

When I saw “Tom Sawyer Abroad” and “Tom Sawyer Detective” I couldn’t help being sorry that you hadn’t sent me that book before I wrote my little paper; I might have found so many other hints, or positive events, there to correct my first impressions of Tom’s character and future! But on sitting down to the new book I soon saw that it kept Tom young and engaged in wild adventures, without that moral quality that had made me think of Don Quixote as an affinity. And as my paper was already printed (with two misprints (on column 1, line 16 and line 16 column 2) I didn’t pursue reading further in that book, which seems to be in the style of Jules Verne rather than Cervantes. But the “Mark Twain Quaterly” having arrived today, I have read Sister Mary Teresa Roades learned article (more in my line) and found it interesting but not philosophical.

I had yesterday sent off your other book with my autograph.

This delay has been due to illness. I have caught influenza on top of my double chronic catarrh, and not been fit for some weeks for anything. But today the weather has changed and I remembered an old line of Swinburne's: "The hounds of Spring were on Winter's traces;" and even the political scene seems brighter

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

28 February 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. 28th February, 1952

Dear Rosamond,

Yesterday was Ash Wednesday and to morrow, by old calendars, should be the first day of Spring; and in fact there seems to be a sudden jump from cold and fog to sunshine and wide open windows. I am afraid I have two or three letters and a box from you either unacknowledged or not done so properly. The reason is that I have become a real invalid and lost all clear sense of dates, hours, and the order of recent events I read or look over two newspapers daily, the Tempo in the morning and the

Osservatore Romano (the Pope's paper) in the evening; but the gossip in them passes through my mind without leaving any useful trace. But that miscelany in drifting by also leaves a sort of atmosphere, and seems in these last days to have become more Springlike. I have also a new book on an ancient subject, "Hellenistic Civilisation" which takes me to the times and places where I ought to have lived and where my philosophy belongs. The author is a Scottish professor called Tarn, whose point of view in everything is that of Aberdeen and Morality. It reminds me of old Boston, and my first professor of philosophy at Harvard, whom we called "Fanny Bowen"; and as I have survived him I can survive and even enjoy Tarn.

All this has little to do with answering your question about the safe arrival of your box. It arrived safely but one of the two benzedrex inhalers turned out to have been crushed in a corner and the inner tube, which is very thin had been crushed and the white powder in it spilled. No harm done for the present as I use the inhaler only now and then to clear the nose, and the one that came "safely" will do for many months, especially as winter is now over. However, if later you would send me another, it would supply me with all I need for a year. There is one thing that I sometimes wish I could have, and that is the "corn flakes" or other "breakfast-foods" to be eaten with cream or milk, as milk is now a chief part of my diet, and becomes monotonous three times every day. Perhaps such things have gone out of fashion, but fifty years ago it used to be a great resource for breakfast standing up at a counter before a lecture. Oatmeal was too heavy, but any of the crisp thin flaky things would do.

My part of the abridgment of "The Life of Reason" has been done, and Cory will do the rest, and is very enthusiastic about its. I have all the more time to drink in Hellenistic Civilisation a little late in the day. I enjoyed the equivalent in real life in the 1890's. G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

8 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. March 8. 1952

Dear Kallen

Yesterday your friend Loring brought me your letter and “Patterns of Progress” and found me at 11 a.m reading in Lorenzo de’ Medici some musical verses on the diabolical act of Prometheus in bringing fire down to earth with the dreadful consequences of war, trade, and the devouring of cooked carcasses. All fire wills to go heavenward, where according to Aristotle it belongs, and on earth, according to the love-sick Lorenzo, there should be only vegetables and nude Adams and Eves. I could not help smiling at the contrast with your book, and your “Will to Progress”. I began to read at once with your last chapter where you, like Prometheus, advocate science and work for civilisation. I am with you rather than with Lorenzo, not caring at all for love-making in Paradise, but thinking that knowledge both as a means and an end is the best of acquisitions. As to civilisation and work I am not clear. Knowledge not only opens up opportunities but (especially medical and historical knowledge) but gives us remedies and warnings. Those seem to be an important part of wisdom because when our primal will is thwarted we need not, perhaps, give up our hope and merely try something else (as our children probably would do if we merely bowed out and gave them a chance) but we may revise our means of approach, assuming that circumstances have not changed radically, and this time succeed. We shall then have become more civilised and richer, because we have enlisted natural powers on our side. It is natural that in America you should think of compromising with other wills rather than of building on a rock; because you have hitherto been transforming your material and social environment rather than learning what nature and human nature can or cannot be made to yield in the end.

Am I right in thinking that your philosophy differs from mine in being religious, while mine is naturalistic? You seem to put “Progress” in the place that the ancient Hebrews gave to Israel; there is a single political body, with a special tradition and inspiration, that is destined to move on and gradually attract all mankind into its current. Instead of Israel you have America: in their ultimate moral mission they might indeed be

identified. In your case this is a natural political faith. But for a naturalist there is no ground to assign priority or perpetuity to either of these communities. Loyalty to them is legitimate and heroic, but not more so than to any other, if one's moral sense does not passionately prefer it. Am I wrong?
Your old friend GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

9 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, March 9th 1952

Dear Dick

I was glad to have direct news of you after an interval that seemed the longer to me because I was ill and idle having caught the influenza from Sister Angela and Maria and Dr. Sabbatucci who have been or are still down with it. But I am decidedly better now and counting on the Spring weather of which we have had some signs already. I have finished all that I mean to do about the revision and abridgement of The Life of Reason, leaving the rest to Cory, who is quite absorbed in it. I am therefore quite free to read and write as the spirit may move.

About Hume and your work in general at Cambridge I am too old to follow the new fashions that have set in lately in England, especially as it may be fifty years since I have opened a book of Berkeley or Hume, and they never seemed to me to belong, as the English think, to the main line of philosophy, but to a loop-line called subjectivism, and limited, in appeal, to the Protestant and romantic movements. What I hear of the present "logical realism" from Cory (who is obliged by his fellowship to write an essay or two every year about it) seems to me to be a radical form

of it, “giving it away”, and reducing it to verbal dialectics. Meantime I have a great esteem for both Berkeley and Hume in their personal dispositions and temper, each in a different way. I think you have read my paper on Berkeley: but in regard to Hume I think I have written nothing. But as a man of the world and a historian he felt as I do, and was not subjective or negative at all. [I say “negative” rather than “sceptical” because he was a sceptic in official philosophy but a naturalist in his real convictions. The quotations you make from him illustrate this: also a recent remark of Bertrand Russell, in talk with Cory, that Hume had no right to use the word “impression” for his fundamental facts, because that implies contact with an external agent. All “Knowledge” does; dialectic and deduction only elaborate ideas: what the Germans now call “Problematik”.

As to your holidays, you must trust your own impulse and the circumstances. When I travelled at your age I was always alone and bent on seeing Cathedrals; for that the north of France would be better than the south. And to drink in the spirit of a place you should be not only alone but not hurried. And a real friend, if a foreigner, is a better stimulus and revelation than any sight-seeing.

Send me postcards when you are actually travelling and gathering “impressions.”

G.S.

To Robert Traill Spence Lowell Jr.

13 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. March 13, 1952

Dear Lowell

For some days I had been on the point of writing to you in a highly poetical and philosophical strain, inspired by a “Poemetto” of Lorenzo de’ Medici entitled Ambra which seemed to me to pre-echo (if that is possible) the last ten lines of your Ravenaughs, and on the whole to make explicit the moral of your whole inspiration, which for me, at least, is not explicit in your verse. Now that your letter comes, reassuring me about

your address and otherwise bringing me down to the tourist and chronological level and to your observations about me in relation to Bertrand Russell and W^m James, which would suggest a different direction of thought altogether, I may not recover the mood that Lorenzo de' Medici had then thrown me into.

As far as I remember, I had never read a word of his before; but a young friend, George Salerno, an American of Italian-Spanish parentage who has been in Rome for some years, now made me a present of a popular edition of Lorenzo's Poemeti. The first part of these seemed to me rather trivial, but further on, when he comes especially to Ambra and to the Dialoghi (a characterization of a crowd of drunkards and gluttons going to a feast) suddenly gave me a glimpse of a tragic philosophy of life. I daresay Lorenzo did not live by it or perhaps take it very seriously; but there it is, as in the Greek lyric poets

The first 19 stanzas of "Ambra" have nothing to do with the subject, but with the 20th we come to real life: a peasant family at dawn opening their cow-sheds and trudging to work in the fields, the woman already tired, the child crying, and a man on the roof scanning the horizon anxiously, to see what the weather promises for the crops. Moral: Human life is hard and sad for the people. Then we see Ambra, the nymph of a stream that runs into ~~the~~ the broader and colder waters of the Ombrone, where she likes to swim. She has a happy Platonic affair with Lauro (Lorenzo) a poet. But today the god of the Ombrone feels her plunge and falls desperately in love with her, pursues her, but she takes to the bank, where he cannot reach her. There is a long chase, beautifully described with equal sympathy for his passion and for her flight. Finally the river-god who cannot catch her, appeals to the Arno, whose tributary he is, to waylay her. The Arno does so: she finds herself surrounded by water, and in despair cries out to Diana, goddess of virgin nymphs, to save her. And instantly (this is Ovidian) she feels her limbs grow hard and numb, and she turns slowly into stone, showing, like the first stages of a sculptor's work, the rough hint of a living body. Ombrone, finding only a stone, is in despair. "I never should have thought", he cries, "that my passion (pietà) could have been overcome by the greater passion of my lovely Ambra, and that this passion of hers, now in me, could bring me to tears. And yet my life now, poor and sad but immortal is worse than hers, become insensible." Then he in turn prays to the North Wind: "O Boreas, you whose breath can freeze the ponds, turn my flowing waters too into hard ice, that I may

go the way my love is gone. And let the sun never melt to water with his hot rays the hard crystal that I have learned to be”.

“Nè ’l sol giamai, co’ raggi chiari e gialli,
risolva in acqua i rigidí cristalli.”

Am I wrong in thinking that this is the ultimate, if not the express, moral of the last lines of your “Ravenaugh’s”? Your heroine says it is love that has turned her into stone; in Lorenzo’s heroine it is the horror of blind and deceptive love. Pure love was that of her poet, who loved her in the natural form of flowing water.

Of course the mythological trick of turning rivers into river-gods with extremely animal passions confuses the issue. A man who was only animal would find true love, permanent or transitory, in a warm, comfortable and safe nest. But the question is whether domesticity covers, or even approaches, the ultimate range of the human psyche. Certainly not in all men. The solution found by Ombrone, and apparently by Lorenzo de’ Medici, in spite of his brilliant worldly career, is that a soul is inevitably unhappy when its allegiance is ambiguous. Many of us have too many unrealizable ambitions. The result, if anything is ever reached, is distraction or suicide.

There is a partial coincidence between the early renaissance and the present American relations with Europe and the past generally. The “Dialogues” in Lorenzo’s book (which are incomplete) show the brutal zest of living in his day, in contrast with his own exquisiteness and classicism: and perhaps, like Shakespeare he enjoys the rowdy element too. But it is difficult to play both parts well.

I am moderately well and happy, and hope to see you as you propose.

G. S.

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

16 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.

Rome. March 16, 1952

Dear Rosamond

The little parcel with its three little bundles of breakfast foods arrived safely the day before yesterday; but I wanted, before reporting progress, to try at least two of them. They go equally well. The truth is that my palate is not sensitive, and the conditions in this Irish-Italian establishment are not those of an American “cafeteria”, such as the [^]one in the [^]little corner of the barbershop where, in my last years at Harvard I used to have a stand-up breakfast before going to my 11 o’clock lecture. All that, although I felt at the time that I was living in a railway station, now seems a sort of magic transformation scene, where things, if you knew how to take them, as I then did, all fitted perfectly together. I used to have lunch, after that lecture, either at the Faculty Club or at the Harvard Union, always at 12.30 (when service began, and there were few people) tea in my rooms in Prescott Hall, and dinner at my Mother’s with Josefina, my sister (for my Mother was then bed-ridden) or at some Italian restaurant in town, preferably the Napoli, in the North End. Those impressions of my last years in Boston have somehow remained more vivid than my earlier, more social life. [*illegible*]

It was most obliging of you to send me these “flakes” or “crispies” by air: I was really not in pressing need, but it has been a relief to have something crisp to go with my milk. The doctor (who is now ill himself, and [^]a doctor[^], does not visit me, for I really don’t need fresh advice) prescribed one litre of milk a day for my chief nourishment, when my digestion had refused to work. Besides I had one egg a day, and biscuits: also sometimes a soup, if it was not loaded with half-cooked pasta or rice. Rice, which is my favourite food, is spoilt for me in Italy for not being enough cooked by the natives. Formerly, when I ate at good hotels or restaurants, this did not happen. But here now it is a standard difficulty, which may have had something to do with my trouble. But now, the weather having cleared, though still cold, I hope to rearrange my diet gradually, by the help of all my friends and fancies. Work is definitely over; but I have several disciples or correspondents who keep me awake to the questions that they discuss now in philosophical schools, mostly verbal, as they seem to me; and

my two daily papers give me the very interesting political news of these chaotic times. America takes the lead now with great courage, and we all hope for the best.

Yours affectionately GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

16 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 16, 1952

Dear Dick

Don't worry about what I may have said about scepticism or about agreeing or disagreeing with me. In any case the distinction you make is evidently reasonable, although scepticism as a method, especially if only a temporary method, as in Descartes, is not a system of philosophy or morals whereas openness of mind and distrust of one's own opinion is a moral habit. Whether it involves, as you say, the doctrine that reality is unknowable depends on the definition given to "knowledge". Certainty about transitive beliefs is impossible; but awareness of a pain is not an opinion but a feeling not intrinsically asserting that something not a pain is hurting you; although animal instinct will lead you to look for what that possible cause may be; and examination may prove that it was a pebble; although this opinion, too, being transitive, may be wrong. You may find that it was "really" a hazel-nut or a button. Yet the "knowledge" so acquired, though intrinsically self-transcendent and therefore perhaps wrong, is scientifically reached and, if you trust memory and reason, is an approach to the reality: the pain was really caused by a small round hard object in your shoe.

I don't remember now what I wrote, in my letter, about Hume's scepticism; I think perhaps I ought to have been a historian rather than a philosopher talking about essences, for verbal logic doesn't hold my attention or respect, and I must turn to something imaginable. But I do believe in the incapacity of images or concepts to fathom or "explain" reality. Matter, or if you prefer, Wind, is not exhaustively representable in Spirit (which is an original music made by the Wind) but Spirit being secondary and an approximate index to the way the Wind is blowing in one place at a certain time, Spirit knows a lot about the ways of the Wind. The

Hebrews were wise and prudent in speaking about the “ways” of the Lord, rather than of his nature.

The sketch I wrote about The Wind and the Spirit for Sir James Marchant’s book on “What I Believe”, which should have appeared about Xmas, 1950, has not yet turned up. But, when I made inquiries, the evidently thought I was impatient for my share of the profits, and sent me £20, saying the book would appear “shortly”—about a year ago. And I haven’t a clean corrected copy of the text, nor the wit at present to rewrite it!

Best wishes for thesis from G.S.

To Chauncey Devereux Stillman

26 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, March 26, 1952

Dear Mr. Stillman

Your name, which was well known in the Harvard of the late 1890’s (doubtless your father’s) and the many others of my friends that you mention have naturally caused one of those frequent reversions of my memory to the circle that was at the “Gashouse” during my second, and more agreeable, college life. I see, by referring to the Delphic Club Catalogue that you were in the Class of ’29, and I wonder that I was so well remembered at the Club after so many years. As to the inscription on my pewter mug I can explain it to myself after a little thought, because Boylston Beal, who got it and had it engraved for me, was not so versed in Spanish heraldry as in English or even German. For some reason he seemed to be less at home in Spain and even in France than in England and Italy, and also in Germany, where we spent the winter of 1888 in the same boarding-house. My full name in Spanish is sufficiently absurd: Jorge Agustín Nicolás Ruiz de Santayana y Borrás, but Boylston, in his zeal to miss nothing put in the “la” beside the “de” and got them in the wrong place. I don’t remember ever noticing that the inscription was queer; probably I never read it as the mugs were not often used. Let me apologize for accusing you for the joke, if we say it must have been one.

Just now, while I am writing this letter, one of the Sisters has come in bearing a huge parcel which turns out to be your present of handkerchiefs, worthy of a royal bride. They are too superior for my wardrobe,

but at the same time very opportune, as catarrh is my chief disease. I will use them and try to live up to that degree of perfection. At least they will succeed in taking me back for a moment to the pleasantest memories of my youth.

I have now given up all literary work and devote myself to reading, especially history, which I ought to have done before writing philosophy, or at least moralizing about human life. And history is what the learned men of today are best able to write. They are free (some of them) from moral or political preconceptions, and scrupulous about the truth, which they can find in history, but hardly in anything else.

Your kindness to me surprises me so much that I hardly know what to say by way of thanks—

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

27 March 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. March 27, 1952

Dear Lind

I am surprised and very sorry to hear that you are having difficulties as to your occupations. My surmise was that you were a teacher in a High School, like the Boston Latin School which is responsible for my free but superficial education, & which was a most regular and ancient establishment. These night schools for veterans coming to an end and temporary employment in town Schools seem insecure and unsatisfactory. I hope you will find something that may leave you time for your literary projects.

That you Via Crucis is a part of a sort of poetic anthology of religious passions changes my impression of those sonnets and their morbid sensibility. As I said in my letter this is orthodox Catholic sentiment, but not

dominant in Christian devotion as a whole. Of the 15 mysteries of the Rosary only five or “dolorous”, the others being either “joyful” or “glorious”. But female piety is often accentuated by bereavements. I shall be greatly interested in seeing the whole collection.

It is true that, especially in “The Idea of Christ” have attempted just such an interpretation of one phase of religious feeling, without pretending to believe in the legend that supplies the particular instance described. But I have distinguished what I sincerely believe to be the spiritual insight of a man living (as Aristotle recommends (without having practiced it) as much as possible in the eternal. That is not sentimental nor even humanitarian, but purely intellectual. As a man, however, is much besides intellect, the rest of his nature has to be somewhat objectified and deflated in assuming the divine view of it all.

As to the character, and especially the conversation, of the young Russell, being attributed by me to Lord Jim, that is very true, and was recognized by the latter’s wife, Elizabeth, author of “Vera”, who however did not reproduce it in her book. What she reproduced was only his domestic fussiness and exactions (from which I never suffered; on the contrary, living with him, even at close quarters, as in his yacht, was (as he put it himself) the most “lotus-eating” life possible. As to my Lord Jim’s temptation to make troublesome persons disappear, Russell never had it. He had always been in command; and had always believed he had a right to mastery over wives and servants. But this he felt to be virtuous severity, as is perhaps not clear enough in “Vera”. Lady R. was too exasperated to be fair on this point.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

[*across*] P.S. My question as to when your book about me would be published was prompted only by the sense that I should not live to see it. I feel better now, and think I may live a while longer.

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

17 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 17, 1952

Dear Rosamond

Your large box, with the three boxes of breakfast foods and the inhaler arrived yesterday in good shape, and this morning I began with the smaller box of “Rice Krispies” at breakfast, which I now take after getting up, as the mornings have become mild and moderately bright, in spite of the strange foggy greyness that has prevailed all this year. Thank you very much for everything. I am now well-provided with all necessaries and hope to spend a quiet summer.

Visitors and letters take up a lot of my time, and I spend the rest over the newspapers and old familiar authors. I have just re-read all six of Terence’s plays, taken from the Greek, and even the Latin accompanied by a modern English translation, which is absurdly Cockney. The translator was a master at the old Westminster College, close to the Abbey, and he translated his Roman text into a language that his pupils could make life-like when they gave their yearly Latin play. It is the colloquial Latin of an early date, and not like the classical texts; and it would go beautifully into comic Shakespearean idioms—not yet Cockney—

The illustrated weekly reviews, that you usually put in for padding into your food-parcels, entertain me a good deal. There is confusion of subjects and colours, but all contributes to produce a sense of millions and millions of people and dollars going it as hard as they can. I think it will all prove a comedy, not a tragedy. The world is in a terrible mess philosophically, but at least in Rome life is orderly and apparently prosperous, and the possibility of a communist conquest (perhaps without much fighting) seems unreal. When one thinks of the French Revolution, and the ease with which the Empire and Restoration reestablished respectability and peace, and fashionable society, it seems as if civilisation would not really disappear, but there would be at most a carnival of rowdyism, a counter revolution, and modern routine once again.

The revision of my old “Life of Reason” is finished as far as my help is concerned and Cory will take the responsibility of deciding what to keep and what to leave out. He is strangely interested in the work, and we both have found the text less positivistic and philistine than we had expected.

Affectionately G. S.

To John Hall Wheelock

17 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 17, 1952

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Cory and I are much pleased to know that the third part of “Persons & Places” has arrived safely in your hands. You are very considerate to consult my susceptibilities by asking whether you are free to read this M.S. Certainly you are. Half of it has, or is about to, appear in the “Atlantic”. The other half, although still primarily about persons and places, at bottom expresses rather my personal feelings in regard to them; and it is not so much the reader’s impressions that I deprecate for the moment, [*illegible*] as my own existence to hear what they are. Let me be out of earshot before these private sentiments of mine are discussed. In your case I can rely on charity and even sympathy, although you may find, here and there, an attitude to human relations that does not please you. Don’t tell me so, and all will be well, as far as I am concerned.

There is a person called Bruno Lind, in San Antonio, Texas, who has actually read the questionable chapters: on King’s College, the Russells and their wives, “Oxford Friends” and “Farewell to England”. But he is a mature person, over forty, and is planning a book about my life & writings. He was here for some time two years ago, and I thought him a most sympathetic critic and a possible biographer who would understand my Spanish side much better than Howgate. He feels that my sentiments about people are sad rather than heartless, which I am afraid most people will think them.

Bertrand Russell has said to Cory that he (Russell) had no objection to what I say about his brother in “The Middle Span”; but in the third part (I am not sure that the title I have proposed for this part is satisfactory)

there is much more, also about himself and his philosophy, that he may not like. I should regret to seem ungrateful to two brothers to whom I owe so much.

I am writing to the editor of the "Hudson Review" to express my regret that I have no written essay or article that I can send him, and that I cannot count on fresh inspiration. What you say about that review makes me wish to see it, but I will ask Cory to see, when he goes back to London, if he can get me a copy and then subscribe for it ^{year}, if we both are pleased with it.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Alan Denson

20 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: De Kalb)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 20, 1952

Dear Mr. Denson

As to the letter addressed by me to "Æ" about Mother Nature, I shall be gratified if you think it worth publishing in your book about him.

I have written too many books: "he writes, and writes and writes!" exclaimed the reviewer of my last one in The Times Literary Supplement. It is not strange if many of them are out of print

That is not the case, however, with "Three Philosophical Poets", published by the Harvard University Press some forty years ago, since I get a yearly cheque from them for royalties. "Platonism & the Spiritual Life" was published by Constable, and doubtless he does not think it safe to make a new reprint. They may have some stray copy at Scribner's in New York, and I am asking them, in that case, to send it to you, as well as a copy of the "Three Poets" which I am pleased to be able to add to your

list and hope that your young friend will like the parts of Lucretius and Dante. The part on Goethe is not written with the same real enthusiasm.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Winfred Overholser

20 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Congress)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome, April 20, 1952.

Dear Doctor Overholser

I shall be very glad to see you and Mrs. Overholser again, and hope you will carry out your project of another journey to Rome.

It is not a surprise to see my first sonnet, of 1884, raised to a sort of monument in a Unitarian temple. I was twenty years old and given to pious language; but the real inspiration of that Sonnet was something that Unitarian respectability would not approve of. It was Dionysiac revels. The second line, of which the rest is merely a conventional development (with a reference to Columbus, as inspired by “faith”, really of the enterprising earthly kind) that caused it to be adopted for religious popular calendars and other innocent means of edification. That second line was a loose translation of four words in a chorus in the *Bacchae* of Euripides: *Τὸ σοφὸν οὐ σοφία*. I often use this as a motto when giving someone my autograph. But the sonnet never expressed my own conclusions, and in the sequence of my early poems, published in 1894, I introduced it by two others as a starting point from which I had very willingly departed. But I am pleased to have done some good at least in my immaturity.

Yours sincerely GSantayana

To John Hall Wheelock

20 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 20, 1952

Dear Mr. Wheelock

May I again trouble you with an order for books? An odd personage, Mr Alan Denson, is distressed on finding the two books of mine, which he thought salutary to provide for a young person whom he seems to be educating, out of print. These books are

“Three Philosophical Poets” and

“Platonism and the Spiritual Life”

The first is still selling by the Harvard University Press, since I receive a yearly cheque of considerable value from them for it, but the second is out of print in England. If you have a stray copy of it, I should be much obliged if you would have it sent, with the “Three Poets” to the address below, and charge them to my account.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Alan Denson, Esq.,
60, Low Fellside,
Kendal,
England.

To Richard Colton Lyon

22 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, April 22, 1952

Dear Dick

You may imagine my surprise at learning that you are to be married on May 24th, about a month from to-day.

You are of the right age and temperament to be married, and in that fact, ideally, there is nothing out of the expected and agreeable in the news. But it is the circumstances, your studies and finances, that seem against it. I see that, except for a brief excitement and interruption, your studies, may well go on, perhaps even more favourably, when you are settled next year in lodgings in Cambridge (for you can't remain in your college rooms) in the peace of seclusion and sympathy in your beloved Cambridge; and I have no means of knowing how your finances may stand. As to the bride, I hope to see her before long, and will abstain from ignorant judgments. If by "next" summer you mean this Summer (for it has suddenly come here) you will presumably find me here, if you two agree to face the heat of Rome at this season, probably no greater than in Texas; and I send you a wedding present to express my good wishes and also the desire to encourage that journey. That Cambridge should have endeared itself to you makes a new bond between you and me; for though I prefer Oxford, Cambridge has all the typical charm of rural and scholastic England, and of English life and manners. The "Trumpington grind" and the walk down the river, as far as the lock, were my favourites; in fact I hardly knew of other long walks, and in the latter I was often accompanied by Lapsley, so that appropriate conversation was not wanting; and you, with your bicycle, must have had a greater range, and if you row or paddle the "paradise" of the upper river as well, which I was not able to frequent.

I wish I could be present at your wedding in All Hallows', not only on your joint account, but because, if I am not mistaken, it has a beautiful white and gold interior by Wren, peculiarly appropriate for an occasion when one's feelings are otherwise stirred and the widest perspectives opened—

With the affection and complete sympathy of your aged friend

GSantayana

To John W. Yolton

27 April 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, April 27, 1952

Dear Mr. Yolton

You were very good to send me the number of the Columbia Philosophical Journal chiefly devoted to comments on my recent book, including your own article. I have at once read this, and most of the others, and my general impression is of the great difference in interest and taste that separates American feeling now from me, due doubtless to my advanced age and to the excited and absorbing sentiment that the political anxiety of the moment naturally produces in the United States. You are less affected (as I gathered long ago from your letters) than most of the others by this preoccupation, and yet I seem to see traces of it, not so much in what you say as in the omission of a point in my view of rational government which I regard as important: the idea of “moral societies”. Individual psyches are surely the only seat of synthesis for political ideas; but these ideas are largely diffused and borrowed in their expression and especially in the emotion or allegiance that they inspire. Religion, especially, is traditional. In conceiving of a Scientific Universal Economy, with exclusive military control of trade, I expressly limited its field of action to those enterprises in which only economic interests and possibilities were concerned. Education, local government, religion, and laws regarding private property, marriage and divorce, as well as language and the arts, were

to be in the control of “moral societies” possessed of specific territories. These would be governed in everything not economic, by their own constitutions and customs. Of course sentiment and habits would be social in these societies. Children would all be brought up to expect and normally to approve them; but any individuals rebelling against their tribe would be at liberty to migrate, and to join any more congenial society that would take them in, or remain in the proletariat, without membership in any “moral society”. My view is that civilizations should be allowed to be different in different places, and the degree of uniformity or variety allowed in each would be a part, in each, of its constitutional character. It would by no means be expected that every person would lead a separate life. What I wish to prevent is the choking of human genius by social pressure.

Yours sincerely,
G Santayana

To John W. Yolton

2 May 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Unknown)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, May 2nd 1952

Dear Mr. Yolton

Argument has never been, in my opinion, a good method in philosophy, because I feel that real misunderstanding or difference in sentiment usually rests on hidden presuppositions or limitations that are irreconcilable, so that the superficial war of words irritates without leading to any agreement. Now in your difficulty with my way of putting things I suspect that there is less technical divergence between us than divergence in outlook upon the world. And I am a little surprised that you should attribute to official America today an ambition to prevent Russia from establishing labour-camps, etc. All that I should impute to American policy is that it fears the eventual spreading of Russian methods over the whole world. This is what the Russians mean to do, and gives a good reason for resisting, not for abolishing, them; which last, as far as I know, nobody intends.

And it is what people intend or actually do that interests me, not what they think they or others ought to do. Therefore in my books, at least in the mature ones, I am not recommending a rational system of government but at most considering, somewhat playfully, what a rational system would be. And in considering this, I come upon the distinction between the needs and the demands of various human societies. The needs and the extent or possible means of satisfying them are known or discoverable by science. So medical science may prescribe for all persons the operations, cures, or diets that it discovers to conduce to health. And so, I say, economic science might discover how best territories may be exploited and manufactures produced, in so far as they are needed or prized. There should therefore be a rational universal control of trade, as of hygiene; and both involve safety for persons and their belongings. The police, communications and currency should be universal and international; and the limits of wages and profits in all economic matters should be equitably determined by economic science. There could therefore be no strikes, monopolies, labour-camps or capitalists, and a scientific communism would reign in most of the things that now cause conflicts in government and between nations. But the justification for this autocracy in the economic sphere would be that only [*illegible*]the force-majeure of nature imposed on mankind in their ignorance; whereas, imposed by doctors of science, it would prevent all avoidable distress and unjust distribution of burdens.

With this foundation laid in justice and necessity all races, nations, religions, and liberal arts would be allowed to form "moral societies" having, like "Churches" among us now, their special traditions and hierarchies and educational institutions. Each would have an official centre, as the Catholic Church has the Vatican, but need not have any extensive territory. I am always thinking of the East where great empires have always existed, controlling in a military and economic way a great variety of peoples, and preserving a willing respect for their customs. It does not occur to me to say whether cruel institutions should be suppressed from outside if odious to other peoples. Violence, in any case, would be impossible, since that could be exercised, in the name of Nature, only by the rational universal economic authorities, and all the "moral societies" would be unarmed. They would not be able to prevent rebels within their society to leave it; nor would they be compelled to unite or compromise with any other moral society. They might mingle as Jews, Moslems and Christians mingle in the East when they have a good impartial government, such as

Alexander planned to establish and the Romans and in a measure the Moslems have sometimes carried on.

I suspect that you naturally think of “moral” passions as guiding governments and instigating wars. You expect “ideologies” to inspire parties, and parties to govern peoples. All that seems to me an anomaly. And it is not the intellectual or ideal interests invoked that really carry on the battle, but the agents, the party leaders, who have political and vain ambitions. Mohammed was a trader before he decided to be a Prophet, dictated to by the Archangel Gabriel; and it is already notorious that in Russia the governing clique lives luxuriously and plans “dominations” like so many madmen. It is human: and the gullibility of great crowds when preached to adroitly or fanatically enables the demagogues to carry the crowd with them. There would be no “communists” among factory hands if they knew their true friends.

I have nothing to do now, having decided that I must write nothing more to be published, and I have run on in this letter out of habit. Probably I have not said anything that will answer your objections, but I value your opinion and think you would be less puzzled by me if you saw how different my Weltanschauung was from that of modern politicians.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

4 May 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 4, 1952

Dear Rosamond

Your package by air arrived safely a few days ago, and I have already had some good rice soup with the prepared rice, and put away the three

pieces of camphor for the next morning when I feel like unpacking and repacking my winter garments, which requires a household conscience which I have almost lost. Luxury for me now lies in having nothing to attend to, yet plenty to excite the speculative mind. This has been accomplished lately by a bundle of three books that have arrived from Blackwell's in Oxford, where I order my fancy reading, one on the poet Pope, much too laudatory for such a butterfly, another on "Animal Evolution, to fortify my naturalism, and a third on "The Age of Wren" illustrated, which I mean to send to Bob if I find the text more satisfactory than the rather pale views, mainly from old engravings. Besides, touching my naturalism less sympathetically than the evolution of animals, I have received a special number of the Columbia "Journal of Philosophy" devoted mainly to reviews of my recent book, "Dominations & Powers", all by America professors or advanced students who are so full of the controversies of the day that they have no eye for history or anthropology; and this at the moment when the weight of the East is bearing down the Asiatic pan of the sempiternal balance between tradition and impatience. The Orientals have caught our impatience, but we have not caught their experience. I am an ancient philosopher in my convictions ("un sage antique", the French Protestant Émile Boutroux once called me) and I seem to learn more from the fate of the Jews in the face of the Babylonian and Roman empires, and from the pathetic desire of Alexander the Great to "fuse" East and West, and its interesting outcome in Asiatic Hellenism and Eastern Roman quite oriental Byzantium, than I can learn the childish cooings of the United Nations of doves. Nobody seems to understand that when I describe (somewhat facetiously) what seems to me would be a rational order of society, I do not expect or ask the world to realize it, because I see that the world is irrational, and its great achievements can be only partial, heterogeneous, and unforeseen. My critics think this is no coming too any consistent conclusion. They mean [*across*] proposing no utopia fit to carry an election.

Don't feel obliged to send me anything by air-mail as I can manage always with what the Sisters provide. Affectionately yours G.S

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

10 May 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 10, 1950

Dear Clemens

I send back this fragment of Eastman's articles (which I had seen before) supposing that you wish to keep such treasures.

I have known Eastman by name & some correspondence since early times, and lately he has paid me various visits without saying that they were interviews with literary motives. He is not scrupulous about facts and impertinent in his inferences. But sheep, from a sociably literary point of view, have fleece only to be sheared, and then dyed according to the public taste.

I have only too much to read. Don't send me anything more unless you are sure that it would appeal to me

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To William A. Kirkwood

27 May 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, May 27, 1952

To Professor W^m A. Kirkwood, Ph.D.
Trinity College, Toronto

Dear Sir,

It was a happy impulse that prompted you to think that the books you speak of and their annotations, and especially the lines in praise of Homer written by my friend Stickney would interest me. They have called up vividly in my mind the quality of his mind, although the verses represent a much earlier feeling for the classics, and a more conventional mood than he had in the years when we had our frequent moral fencing bouts; for there was a contrary drift in our views, in spite of great sympathy in

our tastes and pursuits. These verses are signed Sept. 15,/90. Now Stickney graduated at Harvard in 1895, so that five years earlier he must have been about 17 years old. This explains to me the tone of the verses and also the fact that they advance line by line, seldom or never running over, and breaking the next line at the cæsura or before it, as he would surely have done in his maturity, when he doted on the dramatic interruption of Shakespeare's lines in Antony and Cleopatra in particular, and in all the later plays in general.

I see clearly the greater mastery and strength of impassioned drama, if impassioned drama is what you are in sympathy with; but I like to warn dogmatic critics of what a more naive art achieves in its impartial and peaceful labour and the risk that overcharged movement or emphasis runs of drowning in its troubled waters. Every form of art has its charm and is appropriate in its place; but it is moral cramp to admit only one form of art to be legitimate or important. The reminder of this old debate that I had with Stickney, who enlightened me more (precisely about the abuse of rhetoric) than I ever could enlighten him about the relativity of everything has been a pleasant reminder of younger days: although I am not sure that much progress towards reason and justice has been made since by critical opinion.

With best thanks and regards

Yours sincerely

G.Santayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

30 May 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

Friday, May 30th 1952

Dear Cory

Glad to hear that all except the heavy British breakfast downstairs (I hope not at a precise hour as in the model household, where papa has to

be sent well-fed to the City by an early train) has welcomed you to Bexhill.

Here, I have received at last a letter of thanks from Dick Lyon, written (without excessive apologies) while sitting on a bench in a park overlooking the harbour of Plymouth an hour before taking the tender to go and meet his fiancée on board her steamer; but he does speak of my fatherly letter as “a miracle of friendship” and as to the cheque says it left him “literally speechless”, so that I am reconciled to his dilatory habits. Meantime a fresh box of John O’Groats’ shortbread has arrived from Limerick, and three more French books from Mrs. Mercer at the Hôtel Hassler; one of letters of Paul Valéry, most illuminating as to his “antiphilosophy”; or absolute egotism. Poetry should be made the standard of science, not vice-versa. Also a visit from the Marchesa Iris Origo who tells me that she is living in a flat in Rome, so that her two daughters may go to a French school. As to “Father” Butler’s Thesis, after reading half of it and making notes here and there on the margin, I have decided it would be a waste of time to go on, as at close quarters, he is absolutely incompetent. Does he expect me to return the thesis, and if so, what is his American address?

My health, with momentary relapses, continues the same, and my time more than filled with reading and with writing letters. The “breakfast foods” received from my niece (accompanied with idiotic clippings and illustrated reviews) do very well in the morning. I take the “flakes” apart (because they are crisp and savoury as they come in the box) and sip the hot milk at intervals to wash them down.

The Anglo-Saxon press seems to be aghast at the resurrection of a popular “Right” in Italian politics. Britain was always a “tight little island” and the vast American plains, morally, another equally “tight”, but it would not be surprising to those who understand Europe if, like Spain and Portugal, it reverted, when the present chaos settles down, to take distinctive and native political shapes.

The Times Lit. Suppl. arrives punctually but so far contains nothing notable. But I am sending for “The Root of Europe” by Michael Huxley. Who is he? G.S.

To Cyril Coniston Clemens

2 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Duke)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 2nd 1952

Dear Clemens

Here is the review of a book of mine in 1933 by “Nino Ferrari” which has the advantage of being amiable and carrying a photograph of 1923, when I was 60 but looked young for my age. It is quite true that I am a materialist in cosmology: my taste need not be materialistic on that account. Every naturalist must assume that spirit has arisen naturally in the world of nature and astronomy; and I have settled convictions, and have had them since I was 20, on that point. But religions have always appealed to me as myths more or less expressing the fortunes of spirit in the world that generates it, as in theology the Holy Ghost “proceeds” from the Father (Matter) and from the Son (Form) but suffers a good deal (as Christ did by being incarnate.) Cf. my book on The Idea of Christ. It is only through having roots in the natural world that such ideas have, for me, any truth or beauty.

As to Mark Twain’s “The Prince and the Pauper” It is evidently a sentimental tale, perfectly false, set at a moment when England was being debauched by Henry V and all the bishops but one, and when Mark Twain could not possibly feel what was at stake. I could never bring myself to read it. Shall I send it back?

G.S.

To Alan Denson

2 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: De Kalb)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome, June 2, 1952

Dear Mr. Denson

It was indirectly through Scribner's that your copy of "Platonism and the Spiritual Life" (originally a review of Dean Inge's Plotinus) was found by Constable, because they did not find one in New York. But Mr. Wheelock, one of the partner's of Scribner's, is a most obli obliging person, and sent word to Constable in London that a copy of that book was desired for you.

I should be glad if I had at my command a similar means of finding a photograph of me for your new business quarters, but I am never voluntarily photographed, and the reporters and occasional stray artists who insist on taking my likeness do not leave me samples of their art, and I have nothing that I can send you. Perhaps your imagination can summon up something more characteristic than what the professionals produce.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

14 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome. June 14, 1952

Dear Lind.

I may repeat in beginning this letter what I seem to have said at the end of my last, but not by announcing a continuous convalescence. On June 4th I had an accident very nearly fatal. I fell backwards going down the (artificial) marble stairs at the Spanish Consulate, and struck the edges of the steps with the back of my head and, with my side I saw it happen, as I was going down cautiously with one hand grasping the rail; but when I tried to get up, I lost consciousness. On coming to, I found myself being carried into my taxi by a lot of men; four got inside with me, and a fifth next to the chauffeur in front. When the doctor examined me, he said no bones were broken, but only a few abrasions, only one (on the head) bleeding. He put patches on these and gave me some anaesthetic which dulled all pain. The worst, they said later, had been the severe shock.

The Consulate people (the one that held me was, I think, the vice-consul) were very attentive and told the Sisters that they were in charge and would pay for everything. I am in much better odour in Spain now than ever in my life before.

This is the accident: the rest has been only warding off fever by repeated injections.

Another day I will answer your "notes" in detail. They are all well grounded, only that other considerations, in some cases, seem to me more crucial. My athletic incompetence, and generally my "psyche" compared with my speculative leanings, does not so much produce over-emphasis on spiritual things as overvaluing the perfection of (Greek) physical virtues. My denial of any intrinsic moral dignity or power in essences contrasts with Bertrand Russell's original worship of mathematics as "true". They are only correct, but, like music, have marvellous harmonious complexity which delights the intellect as music does the spirit. Truth proper does not come in, because mathematics and music reveal nothing except themselves. But that is no reason for poopooing them, as Russell now does essences. They are the intrinsic exercises and joys of mind. But a perfect bodiless mind would not be a perfect man; only an insipid angel.

Seeing that you are working on my biography, I will send you shortly a very sympathetic “poem” about me as an undergraduate at Harvard by a man I never knew: Eugene Shippen of the class of 1887.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Alan Denson

18 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: De Kalb)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6
Rome, June 18, 1952

Dear Mr. Denson

Here is Bertrand Russell last pronouncement, which I had not seen, and which naturally much interests me, as do your philosophical reflexions. But I am laid up in consequences of an accident (falling down a stone staircase). They are not serious, but not favourable to writing at length on any subject, as at my age I was not prepared for the “shock”

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To José Luis Ochoa

20 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Consulate)

Via di Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Roma, 20 de Junio, 1952

Al Señor Consul de España
Don José Luis Ochoa

Muy Señor mio y distinguido Amigo,

Han pasado muchos días desde el 4 de junio, y en cada uno de ellos he recordado con gratitud las atenciones que en aquel día tuvieron para mi usted y todo el personal del Consulado, acudiendo a socorrerme donde había caído, y después acompañandome hasta esta casa y encargandose de los detalles y sufriendo las molestias que mi situación ocasionaba.

Creo que sin tan oportuna ayuda no hubiera yo, a mis años, resistido al golpe—sobre viviendo a varios achaques crónicos propios de la vejez. A ellos le ruego que atribuya el retraso en mandar a Usted y a sus asistentes la expresión de mi profundo agradecimiento y de creerme siempre

S. a. s. s

Jorge Santayana

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

[21] June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. June 20, 1952

Dear Rosamond

I have been laid up by an accident for the last fortnight, which came near costing me my life, but actually broke no bones and seems now to have left no traces. I had gone one morning to renew my passport at the Spanish Consulate, where I was served attentively and quickly (I am becoming known in Spain) and had got down almost to the bottom of the stairs when suddenly my head swam or my foot slipped and I fell backwards on the (artificial) marble steps. I saw that I had fallen, but in the effort to get up, lost consciousness altogether. When I came to (it must have been some minute later) I was being carried by a lot of strange men into my taxi. The chauffeur's round face and yellow rain-coat was all I could recognize, peering at me through the opposite window. He must have been fetched, since they are not allowed to wait in that narrow ancient street: Via Campo Marzio. Four other men from the Consulate, and the office boy outside, packed the taxi, and we started on what seemed to me a strange and long way to this establishment. I was panting for breath, but hardly conscious of what was going on.

Once lying on the couch in my room, where they had doubtless given me some strong injections, I felt at home and not in pain except in changing position or being pressed where I had been bruised, on the left shoulder and ribs, and on the back of my head, where the bruise as I was surprised to see had bled profusely over my collar and shirt. It was there, I began to understand, that the well-dressed man (probably the viceconsul) who had been holding me up by in the carriage, had been staunching the wound all the way from the consulate.

The sisters told me, some days after, that the Spanish officials had said that they were in charge of everything, and I suppose went back to town in the same taxi and paid the chauffeur in full. They also telephoned later to learn how I was getting on. There is no doubt that they were most attentive, and yesterday I finally wrote a Spanish letter to the consul to make the best acknowledgements that I could think up.

The breakfast cereals have done splendidly, and I should be glad of more “grapenut-flakes”, which I am having for supper also. But take your time, as there are British imitations for sale here, which Cory has discovered. Yours affectionately

G.S.

To Richard Colton Lyon

23 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,

June 23, 1952

Dear Dick

I write with some days' advance on your expected arrival, because letters take longer to cross Rome than to cross Europe, which I understand they now do by air. If I get word from you that you are going to another hotel I can have the Sisters telephone to you to stop at the Imperial and ask for this letter.

You will find me in another phase of decrepitude than I was in when you came first. Beside the several years intervening I have had this month, on June 4th, an accident which might have been fatal. In going down the stone stairs at the Spanish consulate, I suddenly fell backwards, hitting the back of my head and various places on my left side. When I tried to get up, I lost consciousness. On coming to I found myself being carried by strangers into my taxi, and taken home. When we arrived, and I was on my chaise-longue, I must have had strong injections administered, because I felt quite normal and clear-headed again, and was surprised to see blood on the collar and shirt that were being removed. They told me afterwards that the people from the Spanish Consulate had assumed charge of everything. It was very attentive of them, and very likely they saved my life. The taxi could not have been at the door as in the narrow Via Campo Marzio carriages are not allowed to wait. They must have fetched him from round the corner, and taken some time to decide what to do. Five of them came in the taxi.

It turned out that I had no bones, only a few bruises, only the one in the head bleeding. These were soon patched up. I had no pain except when moving, and the rest was only lying still and getting over the shock.

Meantime the heat has been tropical and laden with the grey fog of the scirocco. I hope this will be quite over when you arrive.

I give you these particulars beforehand so that you may both be prepared to find me only an invalid and incapable of going out with you to see anything. But you will be freer and more active by yourselves, and with my wits still more or less about me and more than ever pleased to see real friends.

As you know I don't leave my bedroom, which in the morning is rather in a mess; so please come in the afternoon

There was a good article in the last number of the Times Lit. Suppl. on your Cambridge empiricism. Cory, whom the Sister's summoned, has taken it away, but I can tell you what I liked in it. G.S.

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

26 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6,
Rome. June 26, 1952

Dear Lind

I have delayed sending you the blank verse of my eulogist Shippen because Miss Tindall, whom I meant to copy it, has been having her precious holiday in England. But meantime I have reread the eulogy and think it is not worth quoting in any history or criticism about me, because he misrepresents too many points in my sentiments and motives. He did not know me personally, and has let his imagination and prejudices loose. Nevertheless I send you the "Poem" and his letter that came with it, to show you what a nineteenth century American of the expatriate type could think off me. You may keep the document or throw it away: I do not care that it should be taken seriously. There would be more nonsense than truth in doing so. What chiefly pleased me at first was that he should have taken me for an exiled patrician when I was a penniless waif and my American friends, also the English, my social models. It was

really true that I was morally independent, until I found my masters in the ancients.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Richard Colton Lyon

26 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

Via S. Stefano Rotondo, 6,
June 26, 1952

Dear Dick

I wrote some days ago to you at the Imperial^{es}, but there is no need of your going there to get the letter, as I can tell you everything of interest that there may be there.

I shall expect you on Saturday or Sunday afternoon in any case and then we can explain ourselves viva voce.

G.S.

To John Hall Wheelock

28 June 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Princeton)

Via Santo Stefano Rotondo, 6.
Rome, June 28, 1952

Dear Mr. Wheelock

Without frightening you more by rashly writing a long letter, let me say that, apart from my advanced age, there was nothing serious about my accident. No bones broken, a few bruises to be patched, only one that had bled visibly. The shock, until injections began to normolize my consciousness, was the chief danger. When Sister Angela (the housekeeper) asked me if I wished to summon Cory, I said no: but the Head probably thought it safer to call him, I suppose by telegraph. He immediately came, having a return-ticket by the best air-line, and kept me company almost

every afternoon in the extreme heat which prevailed. No doubt he was glad to find that I was all right; but also enjoyed the excitement and the journey, and is looking forward to the next, early in September.

My old friends Mrs Mercer (Martha Dana) and the Marchesa Origo (Iris Cutting) have given or lent me (before the accident, or not having heard of it) modern French books which I have not liked particularly: too modern for me!^x Yours sincerely

GSantayana

[*across*] ^xI am translating some lovely verses by Lorenzo de' Medici.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

1 July 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

July 1st 1952

Dear Cory

Your second letter arrives today, and one has come also from Mr. Wheelock evidently very seriously and permanently alarmed by you about my approaching death. It is approaching, and my accident was a warning of how accidentally the “One Horse Shay” could collapse at any moment. But every Christian knows that this collapse is possible for him at any age. The probability of its coming tomorrow is hardly greater at ninety than at nineteen. I don't feel that it is imminent for me now, or during this summer. The great heat of June, after moderating a little, has almost returned but I feel very well, and my nights are more appropriately visited by sleep than they have been for years (the cough being almost cured, I think by my severe diet). The cereal breakfast foods do very well. I now take a little for supper as well as for breakfast.

The Lyons have come three times, and this afternoon is to see their fourth and last visit. I have talked the whole time as she (not very young, but well dressed and pretty) only smiles and seems to catch all my points. Evidently she knows more of the world than her husband. His speech (not in the least Anglesied by one year at Clare College) was utterly unintelligible to me, so that we have had no real conversation, and I have learned nothing of them or their plans.

Mrs. Bush has sent me a book about Paul Valéry by Elizabeth Sewell an English Don now lecturing in America. It is very interesting and as

you, unlike me, have no prejudice against female philosophers, I will send it to you as soon as I have finished it

“Ombron & Ambra” goes very well. I have done, and copied in ink, nine stanzas—nearly half of the twenty-five. I have not taken liberties with the rhymes but have changed and often amplified the language and the thought. I make a real tragedy of a sort of pastoral elegy. But there is philosophy enough in the original to deserve a tragic interpretation.

My special cheque from Mr. Murphy has arrived, but I am waiting for the ordinary bi-monthly one to send both to Gilberto Gilberti, on your suggestion G.S.

To Bruno Lind (Robert C. Hahnel)

18 July 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

July 18, 1952

Dear Lind

I have read this twice and find it splendid. My eyes are getting weak and uncertain, so that both reading and writing are difficult. In my first reading I thought perhaps you repeated your classification too much, and

that “Intellectuals” was vague. But I felt this less on the second reading; also missed altogether a quotation that I meant to ask you to leave out, although I did not understand it. This makes me think that the difference of “aesthetic” views between us is only a difference in taste in some particulars; for my Aesthetic theory or criterion of excellence is a part of my ethics, and not dogmatic. Each real artist has a message of his own. No one else is obliged to share it nor (except as a part of politics or ethics) even to exclude it from his sympathy.

It has occurred to me that the most radical way of describing my ethics is to say that its principle is not Duty but Virtue. It is only when a particular duty is an exercise of natural virtue that it can be binding morally.

G.S.

To Richard Edmund Butler

20 July 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Provincial)

Rome, July 20, 1952

Dear Father Butler

My eyes have suddenly failed me at least for reading and writing. A foretaste of this trouble was one reason why, on reaching page 60, I gave up reading your thesis. But I had a more pertinent reason

I do not think you have learned any thing from reading my books; you have read the words and perhaps thought what Saint Thomas might have said about it. This would do nicely for passing an examination; but it would not enlarge your mind: This is confirmed by your saying that “Soliloquies” is (verbally) the best of my books all of them being mere attempts to defend “Interpretations.” It is true that, as to religion, this book had struck the keynote. But as to “reason” and “ideas” all is changed in “Soliloquies.” G.S.

To Rosamond Thomas [Sturgis] Little

22 July 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Houghton)

July[*illegible*]

Dear Rosamond

Your 4 parcels of rice-cereals arrived today, just when my supply was about to fail. Thank you very much.

You will perceive by this short letter that something else is beginning to fail me, namely my eyes, and reading is even harder than writing, so that it will be hard for me to do anything but compose old-fashioned verses.

It had already been enthusiasm for a poem of Lorenzo de' Medici that had overtaxed my eyesight in making alternative English version of it. At least I have something to balance my imprudence in 23 stanzas in octava rima, making a complete partly original work: my last! For everyone tells me, that I am almost dead. It is more than tolerable, in spite of the heat.

I must stop scrawling, although I have various other things that I should like to tell you.

Yours affectionately

July 22 '52

GSantayana

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

24 July 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

July 24, 1952

Dear Cory

The sight of my handwriting will have told you that I have taken another step towards the grave: I can hardly see to read or write. For other things there is no perceptible change.

Mr. Wheelock wishes to know whether my version of Lorenzo de' Medici is to be among my posthumous poems. That will be for you to settle when you have seen the verses, 184 lines. Finishing this was one of the causes of the weakening of my eyes; but there were other causes: Father Butler's Thesis (60 pages read) and 20 pages (read twice) of Bruno

Lind's first chapter of his book about me, as a Bohemian. It is very good, and makes the necessary reservations.

I wish you would undertake to answer all my official letters, especially to Mr. Wheelock, as I am ashamed of the change he will see in the form if not in the substance; and after all it is you who are principally concerned. G S.

To Daniel MacGhie Cory

3 August 1952 • Rome, Italy

(MS: Columbia)

August 3, 1952

Dear Cory

I have had another attack of gastric catarrh with no food—for I vomitted everything and little sleep, but I am now almost without flegm, and able to doze at all hours.

The oculist said that the cataract in my right eye was ripe for an operation, the beginnings of one were appearing in my left or good eye. He seemed to think that I had not been exact enough in my double daily application of drops and nd ointment. But as I have worried along for two or three years without much change, he agreed that I might as well worry along for a few months longer. I can read clearly written letters like yours with ease, but small print in books or newspapers defeat me.

As to your coming and its financial side, I think September 1st a good date, and I enclose a cheque for £100, as for this month of August, and will send you another for September, a little before the 1st of that month, which you can devote to good return tickets for you and your wife, and if the return date is not fixed in advance, she could return before you; and my intention is to let you have £100 as regular monthly stipend as official secretary. You would have been increasing your London balance by £100 a month until my London account was exhausted. If I found earlier that it would be safer to let my credit be transferred to you at once, I suppose there would be difficulty or tax on a deathbed present

The Banco di Roma acknowledge the receipt of my (English) letter to Gilberto Gilberti; but no answer has come from him. He is doubtless away, and my two big cheques not deposited.

G.S.

