60 Brattle Street

Dear Baron Westenholz

Won't you dine with me on Sunday at seven o'clock at the Colonial Club, next door but one to the Union?

There is no need of an answer as I shall be there in any case, and this is absolutely informal. But I hope you will turn up.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

Friday 18. April. '03

5 Grove Street
Oxford

July 19, 1903

Dear Westenholz,

You see I am in my old quarters. It is most likely that I shall stay here until September 23 when I sail for America again, except that undoubtedly two or three friends of mine will tempt me to make them short visits in the country. But I mean to keep these rooms and make them my head quarters, so that if you come to England you know where to find me.

The Book is making some progress, though hardly as rapid as I could wish. This year more people than usual seem to have remained in Oxford and I have been asked to dine at several of the colleges with philosophers and others, more or less solemn personages for the most part. They are not good at speculation here; their minds are cramped and not used to swim without a person standing on the margin holding a rope and a life-preserver. But their scholarship is excellent, not only very
thorough and painstaking but liberal and confronted at every step with the real world. They travel, they have political interests, they live in the midst of a cultivated public opinion, some of them have good manners. If only they were not mediocrities to begin with….

I can't discuss transubstantiation in this note, nor have I yet looked up in Harnack your authority for intermediary views. What you say is familiar Lutheran doctrine, but I didn't know any of the early Fathers had held it. As you say, it makes no difference to my theory, but it is in itself an interesting point and I must satisfy myself upon it.

My permanent address here is ℅ Brown Shipley & Co, London. I am looking forward to seeing you here.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

60 Brattle Street
December 5 1903

Dear Westenholz

Just a line — after such a long silence, but I am no letter-writer — to wish you a pleasant Christmas and happy new year. Your thoughtful arrangements and messages at Jermyn Street [Inserted text reads: London, where we had been together with some other friend] were duly appreciated, and you will be glad to hear that all my prints [Inserted text reads: of old paintings] and Warwick Greene's clothes passed the custom house unchallenged. The rules have been somewhat relaxed, and it has become a mere question of conscience and arithmetic. Greene, by the way, never got your letter, so that when I sent him on arrival a cheque for his money, it came like a bolt from the blue, and relieved him, he said, most opportunely.

Roberts was here, as you doubtless know, for some weeks in the autumn, and we were together a good deal. He is very nice indeed, with a sweet, profound nature; but his handling of things is as yet encumbered and obscure, and while he is easy to appreciate he is not easy to understand. After spending an afternoon with him I felt as if I had been walking for hours in deep snow.

My life is as you know, only this year I see fewer people than ever. Phil. 10, [Inserted text reads: Santayana's chief lecture] is smaller and less interesting than last year, at least to me; Phil. 9, on the other hand, is delightful. There are some real students, not grinds [Inserted text reads: (streber)], in it, and we have good conversations in the class. How much of [Inserted text reads: Professors] Royce and Bradley will remain over and come out of the mill, I don't dare prophesy; it may be very little but it will be superfine.

I am full of incidental engagements to lecture — to the Philosophical Association at Christmas, to Wellesley, to the Harvard Christian Association! It is hard work — one has to be so tactful — but it is great fun.

My plans for next Summer are somewhat changed, as I fear I shall not get off in June. Before I leave my book must go to the printer; it may therefore not be until July or August. I shall go to England for a fortnight, then to Spain, then from Gibraltar to Naples and Sicily, then Egypt and Jerusalem, then Greece, finally Constantinople and overland to Vienna in the Summer of 1905.

With best wishes and most delightful memories

Yours ever
GS.

April 21 1904

Dear Westenholz

Did you get my letter that should have crossed your former one written in December? I presume you did, as you make no complaints about silence and start off about Roberts, whom I had also written about. I have not thanked you for your photograph, which was very good, although it does not represent well enough the youthful and merry side of your nature: you seem to be meditating exclusively on economics.

My plans came very near being all upset, as my colleagues made some objections to my having a long holiday. They were overruled, however, by the omnipotent President, who has been running the college into debt and wants, like an honest man, to balance his budget by every possible economy. One half my salary seemed to him a providential boon, and he said I deserved a rest and must surely be allowed to amuse myself a little for a year [Inserted text reads: Santayana, during his free year, enjoyed ½ his salary.]. So my plans are restored to what they were at my last writing. I expect to be in England about the middle of July, then go to Spain; to Sicily and Naples in the autumn, to Egypt about December 1st and thence to Greece, Constantinople, and Vienna. If I get away early enough this summer, I should like nothing better than to go to Heidelberg and find you there. But I ought to get to Spain by September 1st and I don't know if it will be possible to go so far out of my path. Next year, however, on my return from the East, I shall surely be in Germany, and shall hope to see you if you have not turned up before somewhere. I see you are not finding Roberts adaptable and that you see concentrated in him all the bad effects of too much Harvard. He is very much what I call transcendental, i.e., he regards nothing except as it affects him and translates itself into his own consciousness. That is a bad thing to end in, but it is a good beginning, because it gives a centre and a moral scale to the world. We can only grow; we cannot get out of our own skin. You should try to develop Roberts by the Socratic method; ask him if he does not really think the real Germany more interesting than his idea of it; and if railroads [Inserted text reads: Rob. had been complaining about] would matter if there were no places to get to by them, or no people to travel. That is the sort of reflexion that puts things into their places without destroying the moral autonomy of the mind.

My book is in one sense finished; but the revision is a very long and troublesome affair as it is full of repetitions and illogical arrangements, so that many shifts and rewritings are needed. I will let you know when I take my passage and feel like a bird out of his cage.

You don't tell me what takes you to Heidelberg, but I hope you will find it there.

Yours sincerely
G.S.

Compiègne, Sept. 13, ’05.

Dear Westenholtz

You must think it has taken me a long time to settle down here and gather my impressions, and that I ought to be already on the wing again. The fact is that I haven’t yet seen the town hall, the church, or the palace, except on the outside, and have made no excursion except to Noyon (where there is a cathedral) and Pierrefond (where there is a castle). We expect to go in a day or two to Beauvais, but perhaps that will be the end of my sightseeing. Mrs Strong is fatally ill with a very weak heart that has affected her speech and other faculties; the result is that I scarcely see her (only for a moment or two on fine days when she appears on the verandah) and that Strong is rather depressed and worried — poor man — and not able to go away for long. He goes in to see his wife three times a day and stays about ten minutes: the rest of the time he does nothing. We discuss the Ding-an-sich occasionally and take strolls: but he is not up to anything very consecutive in either sphere, and the result is no definite conclusion and no sufficient exercise. But the place is enchanting. I get on very well with Margaret (aged eight) and with her gouvernante, and sometimes work a little. I expect to stay about a week longer and to be in Avila by October 1st.

Sept. 14 I was interrupted here by a sudden requirement that I should go with Strong and Mrs Strong’s doctor in the latter’s automobile to Beauvais. We did, but hardly had time to see the Cathedral and the Church of Saint Étienne before taking the train back so as to arrive for dinner. Beauvais is the ruin of an unfinished colossus; it is not beautiful enough to justify the obvious effort involved; and such architecture deserved to fail. It was a wrestling with a contradiction (just like Christianity) and could never decide what it meant. To show this in respect to all Roman and subsequent styles will be the object of my book on architecture — if it is ever written. Beauvais is a splendid example in proof.

I hope you will write soon and give me news of yourself and of your mother and sister — to both of whom please remember me. Is it decided whether you are going to St. Mauritz? When I look for quarters in Paris I shall think of the possibility that you should come during the winter for a change of scene. Perhaps being amused and forced to be rash and do all sorts of unpremeditated things would do you good and break through your nervous reflexes. You will have a good time showing Peter Berlin; if you feel the better for it, as I think you probably will, you ought to try other forms of merry-making and general laissez-aller. Volksdorf and Hamburg seem like a pleasant dream. They are so much a scene apart from my usual round. This, though also novel in its way, is more in relation to my old associations — philosophical and American.

Yours ever
G.S.

Hôtel Foyot, Paris
Feb. 14, 1906

Dear Westenholtz

It is the part of a bad correspondent, as you once observed, to answer letters at once; I do so in this case only because I am really delighted to hear from you and to know you are better, and also because one point you raise needs an immediate reply, as it may a little influence in your arrangements. I remain in Paris until March 18, when my trip in the provinces begins. I am going to Lille, Nancy, Montpellier before Easter; from April 9th to 28th I have a long holiday during which time I have promised to visit my friend Strong at Cannes, but as it is neither necessary nor suitable that I should spend the whole weekend with him. I may move on to Milan, Florence, or even Venice for some days of Italian Spring. Would it be possible for you to come so far? If not, perhaps we can arrange a meeting later. After my vacation I am to visit Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rennes (perhaps), Caen, Dijon, Lyon, and Grenoble, where I shall arrive in the middle of June. After that there is some talk of my going to St. Moritz to see a very much valued friend, Bayard Cutting, whose weak lungs have driven him this winter to that place, where he has taken a house — nobody knows for how long. It will be a few days' visit only, so that very early in July I shall be free again and quite ready to meet you in any not too distant place. I could easily go to Lousanne or Heidelberg — how nice it was there at the Schloss Hotel! — or anywhere in Southern Germany. Hamburg seems a little far, but I don't say I wouldn't go there if it was not possible to persuade you to "meet me half way." I think, too, that as far as an exchange of impressions and aspirations goes, a strange place is better than home. At home you could have many other familiar interests and nervous worries to fill your mind, whereas if we spent even a week together in some comfortable desert, we should be all by ourselves with the objective, which is the higher situation in friendship. I don't know what you refer to about the dearness of the Sud-Express. The fact is quite true, but it doesn't trouble me, as I don't travel by that train, but always take the ordinary Express and stop over night at Bordeaux, when I go or come from Spain. In general, I feel rich just now, and certainly it wouldn't be any seater of that sort that would make me spoil a plan, otherwise pleasing, for joining you during the Summer. By the way, I forgot to say that if you felt like coming to Paris now, your living at the Athénée would not interfere with our being together a great deal. I should move there myself with pleasure except that I am expecting one of my sister's step-sons to come and stay with me here, (where I have a sitting-room); he speaks only Spanish, so that his presence — when he was by — would be perhaps a little gēnant; he is twenty-three, however, and is to make his first visit to Paris, so that I have no doubt he would be glad to be given leave of absence and invited to look after himself. His father and my sister seem to expect me to watch over him, but I have told them I shall not do so. All my tutelage will be reduced to taking him, the first day he is here, into one of the tin establishments that dot the pavement of the boulevard, and commending him to the eloquence of the advertisements that decorate the interior. If that doesn't make him safe, nothing will. I'm fine, if you feel like coming to Paris before March 18, do, by all means; if not, see if you can come to Northern Italy in April; if not, whether Switzerland or Southern Germany, or Paris again, will do in July.

A young American woman has asked me to sit for my portrait, and I am doing so. It will be horrible, for apart from technical crudities, she is en train of making me look like a sort of diplomatic satyr, horribly battered by this wicked world. She hasn't caught the Platonic Idea of me — which is perhaps invisible. But the process of being painted is amusing, and sometimes interesting people break in upon the seclusion of our tête-à-tête in her studio.

What you say about my friend "Peter" is very nice, and it will be all to his advantage: but when you have unselfishly turned him into Herr Doctor Paul, won't you need a new "Peter" to keep you merry and young, and give you the creative pleasure of shaping somewhat a plastic substance? What we have done is written no doubt in the Eternal Book to our eternal credit; but it doesn't help us to live on. It is only what we are doing that can make us happy. That is why the sublimation of "Peter", much as I delight in it for his sake, makes me a little sad for yours.

I am spending a great deal of time unprofitably in seeing some people who are supposed to be distinguished but who are really mediocre. But I have some true friends — chiefly architects — to make up. I also go a lot to the theaters.

Yours ever,
G. Santayana

My best regards to your mother and sister —

Caen, May 23 1906.

Dear Westenholz

Your card, a week old, was waiting for me here when I arrived the day before yesterday; yesterday I was busy with official visits — admiring a most ordinary and most combustible library, and giving my lecture. Today I have nothing to do but dine with the rector at 7:15 en redingote, for which feast I have had to stay here instead of going to Paris. However, I shall have a week there before starting for Dijon and Lyons, and I shall be at thy old haunt, the hôtel du Quai Voltaire, until June 4.

I don't like to promise to go to see you this summer at Hamburg. These continual trips are beginning to weary me and I might not have the courage, at the last moment, to undertake such a long journey. At the same time I quite understand that for you it would be a greater sacrifice to come and meet me; and I should be sorry not to see you at all. Let us leave the matter open, then: I will come to Hamburg if I can resist the attraction of a straight road leading to London. But don't count on me, because the flesh is weak, even if the spirit is willing, and I almost foresee that, when my official tour is over, I shall be driven by force majeure to seek solitude and quiet — doubtless at 5 Grove-Street, Oxford. I sail from Southampton on September 6th in the Kaiser Wilhelm II for the Land of Noise. Consider that, and don't blame me for wanting to enjoy a little repose before fresh horrors.

I saw Roberts at Cannes, but only once or twice, because I was taken ill. The sultriness disagreed with me; but I have had enough cold and rain since to make me almost wish myself in that hot bed of invalidism once more. My feelings about Roberts are too complicated for me to analyse. He seems to have a certain charm which I don't get over, yet I am deeply persuaded that he is morally and mentally incorrigible, and that neither I nor any human force can do anything to save him from self-sterilization. I always wish to see him, and yet I am always glad if I don't.

Dear Westenholz, I am tired, physically and spiritually, weary at what has been passing and weary at the thought of what awaits me, discouraged at the imperfection of everything. Therefore don't blame me if I hide myself. What I need is green fields and mild sunshine, and the pleasure of reading and writing about impersonal things. — As soon as my lectures are over I mean to compose a report on my journey and lectureship, and to write out my two addresses on American Philosophy, for publication. And I am going to head up Greek history as well. Once deep in that, I shall be quite happy again.

Yours ever,
G.S.

Paris, May 28, 1906.

Dear Westenholz

It would not be June, but July, 11th that I should be turning north again. There is time, then, to see if we can make a bargain. I might go by way of Cologne, but I should have to return to Paris anyway, Heidelberg would suit me far better, as I shall probably be coming from Switzerland, and the Schloss Hotel is good. I should think you too would prefer it to fragrant Cologne, even if the journey is a little longer.

Here is my present programme, in sofar as it is determined:

May 29. To Lille.
" 30. Lecture at Lille.
" 31. Travel all day to Dijon.
June 1st Lecture at Dijon.
June 10–17 Lyons.
June 17–24 Grenoble

The dates of lectures at these two places are not yet arranged.

I shall be at Dijon — where the hotel, I am told, is excellent, and the country interesting — as long as I can, Lyons not being my ideal. And I shall hie me hence to Grenoble before June 17, if I can.

The remaining days in June, and some, perhaps, in July, I expect to give to an excursion to Davos Platz, where my friend Cutting is: but there seems to be some difficulty about the appearance there of any one not consumptive, as he is regarded as an intruder. I may wait, therefore, somewhere in Switzerland, if Cutting is allowed to go back to St. Moritz, where he has a house. But I doubt this: in which case I should go to Davos to see him for at least a day. After that, I have no plans.

My address at Dijon is La Hôtel de la Cloche.

Yours ever,
G.S.

Grenoble, June 23 1906

Dear Westenholz

This ~~morning~~ afternoon I got your telegram, which I have answered after much thought and diligent study of the Indicateur des Chemins de fer. I have found that a journey across country and over Geneva and Basel would be very long and complicated, and that Pairs was after all the best halting-place. So I start tomorrow morning and shall be at the Quai Voltaire in the afternoon.

Of course I cannot resist your appeal to come to Hamburg, although it shatters the last remaining hope I had of seeing Cutting later at St Moritz. However, I think it doubtful whether he will ever be allowed to go anywhere. He is, I fear, very ill indeed, and seeing me would do him no good, although he fancies, with the optimism which they say characterises consumptives, that in a few weeks he will be far better, and at home again. It is unpleasant to have to say to such a person "I cannot wait for you to get better. You never will. Good-bye" Yet that is what, in other language, I shall have to say to him.

Apart from this, a visit to Hamburg — to Volksdorf, I hope, too — will be very delightful, and from there I will go straight to England, having dispatched what I had to attend to in Paris before leaving. I will send most of my things on to London, so as to have few impediments with me, and I hope to find you and your family hale and hearty. The journey is rather long, but easier for me, no doubt, than for you, and I dread no hotel, and fear no foreignness in bed or board. Only I still have a horrid cough, which the dust of tomorrow's journey, will not improve and which I should like to get rid of before starting out afresh. Write or telegraph to the Quai Voltaire whether the day of my arrival makes any difference to you. I don't know whether by "Monday" in your telegram you mean June 25 or July 2. I suppose the latter. At least it would be more nearly the day on which I could conveniently arrive.

Yours
G.S.

Hôtel du Quai Voltaire, Paris
June 27 1906

Dear Westenholz

Last night I got two post-cards from you, one sent to Grenoble before the telegram and the other, of the 26th, addressed here. [Inserted text reads: At Grenoble Santayana lectured at the request of the Hyde found.]

Now, I hope it won't upset your nerves again, but I have a new plan to propose: although if you don't approve of it, we can stick to the old one.

The doctor I have consulted here orders me to be quiet for a few days, going out only in the middle of the day, and certainly undertaking no journeys for the moment. My cough is a little less trying, but still continues, and I shouldn't like two whole days of dust and smoke.

My idea, then, is that I should put off going to Hamburg until after your party, that goes to Volksdorf on the 11th, has gone away — that is, until the end of July or beginning of August. I could meantime stay here, where I have a delightful little room overlooking the Seine and the Louvre, and where I could spend all the heat of the day in my pajamas, reading or writing, going out for dinner and a stroll in the haunts of frivolity and vice when the gong of the passing electric train rings the Angelus.

If I spent the first week in August with you, I should still have time in England for two or three visits before sailing on Sept. 6th.

Write me, then, whether you expect to be free and at home at the beginning of August. Possibly you might like to go away somewhere then; if so, perhaps I could join you. But if August is not a good time for you, and you would rather have me come now, say so, and, if my cough allows, I will start at once — say on Sunday or Monday — so that I could reach Hamburg on Monday or Tuesday afternoon (having slept at Cologne) the 2 or 3 of July. That would still give me a week with you before the 10th.

My idea was to go from Hamburg or Bremen to Dover in one of the large steamers. Doubtless there might be one about that date. When I looked up this route last year, I remember that it seemed convenient for the journey from Germany to England, though not vice versa, on account of uncertain or unreasonable hours.

Strong — who is at Compiègne entertaining his father-in-law the Petroleum King — has come here for two days to talk to me about things-in-themselves; but my bronchial incapacity has stood in the way of metaphysical eloquence. He travels with his wife's hand-bag, containing a tooth-brush and one clean collar. I have seen no on else here as yet.

Yours ever
G.S.

Hôtel du Quai Voltaire
Saturday, June 30 1906

Dear Westenholtz

Both my health and my spirits are far too low for me to start today or tomorrow. It must be put off for the present, and we must trust to luck to make some arrangement possible in the future.

Don't put yourself out to make room for me from July 21 to 31: so many arrangements which we give up at the last minute, are not good for one's peace of mind.

If we can't meet this year, perhaps we can next, when we shall not be much older and possibly somewhat wiser.

I send this off at once in hopes it will reach you on Monday morning.

Yours ever
G.S.

Hôtel du Quai Voltaire
July 5 1906

Dear Westenholtz

The twentieth of July is still a long way off and I don't know what I may be capable of at that date, but don't count your professors before they are hatched. It seems very doubtful whether I shall have the courage to undertake the journey, now that I am settled here in comparative peace — although all the trains of the Paris-Orleans line rumble under my feet, a double line of steam trains, several lines of 'busses, and a stream of carts and automobiles pass~~es~~ under my window, not to speak of the tooting of whistles and syrens in the river. The Port de Carousel is being repaired by one workman, and is closed to traffic, so that all that used to go their way is deflected past this ideal hermitage. It has also been very dusty, until yesterday, when a series of heavy showers set in, which are still keeping up. My cough and spitting are a little better, but not cured, and I have a still neck and no appetite. Do you think I should make an inspiriting visitor, and that words of severe wisdom would flow from my lips? I don't.

My advice to you is, therefore, not to discourage any of your other friends from coming to keep you company at the end of July, and not to fix any more dates for the arrival of the near-sighted person in a yellow rain-coat and gloves. Imagine that he has come and is gone again — and what is the difference?

Yours ever
GS

Hôtel du Quai Voltaire
Paris, July 29, 1906

Dear Westenholtz

I am very much touched by all you say in your letter — your regret that I shouldn't have come, and your friendly interest in my future. Of course, as you know and feel, I should have preferred being at Oxford or Cambridge — or even in Scotland or Birmingham — to being in America; in the former places for their own sake, and in the latter on account of the ease with which I could get away from them. But that ought to have been ten or fifteen years ago, when I could have formed new habits, friendships, and associations, and when I could have soon ceased to be a stranger in my new setting. Now this would be impossible. Doubtless, if they offered me a place at Oxford or Cambridge, I should still be glad to accept it: but it would be without illusions about a Vita Nuova. It would be merely for the sake of more dignified surroundings, the hearing of better English, and the greater facilities for travel. English academic people are no longer very congenial to me. Without being so common or aggressive as the American sort, they are less amiable and generally less admirable. Their minds are dry, narrow, and set: their ways are graceless and punctilious. I should live among them quite as much alone as I live in Boston, or as I live here. In fact, it makes very little difference to me, emotionally, where I am, if food, weather, and independence allow me to retire into my own thoughts. Books are a sufficient stimulus, without people, and nice people a sufficient pleasure, without talk about books. I can go on at Harvard very well for a few years more, lecturing and writing. If I went elsewhere, the break would itself be an interruption: I should work less, write less (perhaps an advantage), and be less independent. Possibly, having less money, I should even travel less and find it even harder ever to get to Hamburg.

To touch another side of the question: How do you suppose that the Archangel Gabriel (not to speak of James or Dickinson) could persuade an English College to elect me fellow or the English government to approve me professor? I am not particularly a scholar — I am no authority in any subject — I am merely a writer; and my views are an unsavory mixture of popery aestheticism, pessimism, and infidelity. And I am — worst of all — a foreigner! No: such things may come to pass in England some day, but not in my lifetime, nor in yours.

But there is a much simpler way in which the essence of what you wish for me will be attained without "working hard" or soliciting anybody's intercession. While my mother lives, having given up my rooms in Cambridge, I shall ~~live on~~ spend almost nothing: my savings will accordingly mount up rapidly. My mother will leave me a little sum — I don't know exactly how much; but, added to my economies, it will doubtless be enough for me to live on modestly. My requirements in the way of clothes, food, bags, hats, gloves, and yellow raincoats will grow less with years, and at Avila I have a whole house of my own where I can live for nothing. The solution is clear. While my mother lives I shall remain at Harvard; afterwards, I will simply retire from teaching altogether, and if I am still hale and vigorous enough, go about enjoying the right places at the right seasons, composing my Dialogues in Limbo, and having my "home" to return to at Avila, which is a place I like, and habitable at all seasons.

As to whether my books are read in Germany or not, I am supremely indifferent. If they are talked about long enough elsewhere, the Germans will hear of them some day; but, apart from pecuniary considerations, I really prefer to have all my "fame" posthumous — for we will assume that "fame" there has to be.

It occurred to me to suggest that you should come to Dover and Canterbury, but I realized that you were less ready to move than I — though you are so much younger — there is no difficulty whatever in our meeting another year — if you don't come at once to the U.S.

Yours ever
G.S.

[Inserted text reads: London.] British Hõtel, Jermyn St.
Sept 4. 1906

Dear Westenholz

You will excuse my thanking you in pencil for your letter speeding me to America. I am writing in bed, where I am having some tea and toast before getting up. The heat is intense, and after one has clothes on, peace of mind and philosophy are out of the question.

By the way, 87 Jermyn St [Inserted text reads: London.] is no longer a hotel. My old friend Miss Bennet is no more — perhaps she got tired of being respectable for so many years, and has gone to enjoy celestial emotions more like those of her romantic youth. Her sister, Mrs. Storey, kept the house for a year or so; but now it appears that it is a hotel no longer: the lamp at the door has no sign on it, only a most genteel number, and everything is freshly painted and decently supplied with impenetrable lace curtains. I verily believe she has married old Colonel Sandys (pronounced "Sands" — no reformed spelling for him, "damn me") the Irish Unionist M.P. who had the whole second floor!

What I meant by saying that you were so much younger was only that I was so much older — that you must forgive a certain difficulty in overcoming the first law of motion in my inert body.

What you miss in my philosophy is not, I suspect, a religious note, nor some provision for religious sentiment, but rather you miss a blank respectfully left for a certain kind of religious sentiment which the facts of nature and life do not justify but which we are accustomed to. In other words, my view of things is too complete: it doesn't allow you to put, womanlike, all the meaning into the postscript — I think religion exists among the Japanese and existed among the Greeks and Romans. But you would feel as much cheated out of it in their universe as in mine. I think, if science dominated people's lives, there would still be religion in them.

G.S.

P.S. Please thank your sister for me for her card, and "greet" her and your mother in my name. Also "Paul" whom I should have had much pleasure in seeing again.

[Inserted text reads: Cambridge near Boston Mass] January 25 1907

[Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB]

Dear Westenholz

This morning, as I was lying under my bed-clothes, with the thermometer 6 below zero Fahrenheit, the house-maid aroused me to say that the postman was downstairs imperatively demanding my signature. I was able to go down at once, as I had taken the precaution of putting on a suit of winter clothes over my pajamas — the only way of sleeping comfortably in such weather. I was relieved to see at once that "Paul" — I wish I might still call him "Peter", it seems so much safer and more orthodox from the Catholic point of view — was better and had escaped the danger of being lame. I am very glad for his sake and for yours, and I hope the delay this illness is causing in his studies will not be a permanent disadvantage to him. You say nothing about your own health, which is a good sign; and I see you are all activity, socially and intellectually. But why do you wish me to read Haeckel? You don't seem to think his opinions really scientific, and as you call me an infidel you cannot wish him to shatter any remaining tenderness you may find in me for "superstition". I have heard unfavourable things of Haeckel all my life, which has seemed a good reason for not reading him; and what you say seems one reason more.

I too have been hearing foreign lectures on poetry: Professor Kühnemann of Breslau on Goethe's Faust. It was delightful to hear his voice and the copious earnestness of his paragraphs. What he said was commonplace, and his emotional glow was too evenly distributed, and spread over every thing like jam over a slice of bread for a baby; but it was nice and fine in itself, and I heard all his lectures to the end — he spoke sometimes for two hours — and was glad to hear German again and to feel how a German might approach Faust and its philosophy. This subject interests me just now all the more because I am to give some lectures next year — a half-course — on the philosophy of Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe's Faust. I have wanted to for years, because it seems to me that each of these three poets gives us what is best in the philosophy of his school, the spirit and wisdom of it without the indigestible and controversial nonsense. Goethe is much better than Kant, and Faust is much better than Fichte and Hegel. I have been rereading The Second Part and like it immensely. The desultory way, in which he treats things, his loitering, etc., seem to me quite legitimate. He is a master playing

II
with experience as you might with a dog — making him run backwards and forwards [Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB] and fetch sticks. It is all pervaded with true geniality, with pleasant mastership; it does not try to be coercive or complete. What commentator on Faust do you — or do other judicious people — think the best? I am terribly ignorant about the background of Goethe's mind, and must read a good deal about him during the next twelvemonth.

I have been giving a set of six lectures, of which three still remain, in Brooklyn. They have compelled me to travel each time to New York and back in a great hurry. The thing has been most exhausting and I shall never try it again. What tempted me was the money. I am getting very avaricious in view of a growing desire to get away. I doubt whether I can stand "the mill" many years longer. It would be so nice to spend the winter in Madrid or Florence, or anywhere, and the summer in Avila, or Oxford, or Heidelberg, or wherever. By the way, I am soon going to take my passage for next June, and it shall be in a German steamer in which I could go on straight to Bremen or Hamburg if you wanted me to make you the visit which I promised you last year, and backed out of. It will have to be short, however, as it is time I should also visit my sister again in Avila, and I have but two months for all, including the inevitable stop in England and perhaps a halt in Switzerland as well.

You have a wonderful memory for the foolish things that may have escaped my lips and you are a sort of prick of conscience reminding me of the forgotten past. I daresay Roberts' father was too old, which has made Roberts too young — isn't compensation a law of nature? My doubts about acquiring acquired qualities would not exclude what you say are facts. Besides, the old man's dotage may have been congenital, just as the young man's immaturity promises to go down with him to the grave. Do you know what he is doing this year? I saw him in London in September. He had been "plucked" in his examinations, of course; but he was perfectly satisfied with himself and his success, and wanted to go on and achieve more of the same kind.

What you say about my philosophy asking a man to care only about "eternal things" is not according to my intention. The intellectual is the communicable and consoling side of things; but if there were no other we should not have to be consoled and should not even exist. Of course friendship, and violets in Spring, and champagne at times, are perfectly delightful. It seems to me — I may be wrong — that I care for transient things, when they are good, much more than most people. It is an immense gain, for a man, to have good fortune. But when you ask what shall he cling to if good fortune fails, then I say, the "eternal".

Yours ever
G.S.

Brookline, April 14, 1907

Antwort auf einen Brief betr. qůälenden Gedanken über die austilegende Wirkung des Todes, falls eine Auferstehung nicht existiere.

Dear Westenholz

What is this you tell me about being afraid that it will turn out some day that there never was any "Albert" or any "Westenholz" or any "Herr Baron" at all? If that notion comes into your head again, do read the twenty-ninth Ode of the Third Book of Horace, lines 41–48, and learn them by heart (as I did long ago) to repeat to yourself whenever the idea of a "das Leben rückgängig machende" annihilation assaults you. As to proofs of immortality in general, what should I, poor miscreant, supply if all the classical arguments, from those of the Phaedo down, do not convince you? Seriously, if you want to "prove" anything, you must do it dialectically, which means that you must do it by virtue of the definition you give to your terms. If, then, you will define "yourself," I will prove to you that you must be, or cannot be, immortal. But while you leave "yourself" in the undefinable complexity of a mere existence, how shall I, or any one else, prove anything about you? Existences, strictly speaking, never last at all, let alone lasting forever; the question is merely how much of what exists at any moment in a man will still be recognizable in kind later on, and for how long. And if you are generous enough in the latitude which you give "yourself," there will certainly be much of you left over, in kind, after any date you please — that of puberty, or graduation, or marriage, or death, or being forgotten by the survivors. It seems to me extraordinary that anyone can be afraid of death, seeing that we are dying all the time. Of course, there are some greater crises, and memory, for instance, as it is lost in old age and by some sorts of shock, is doubtless gone for good when we "die"; but hasn't that its very great advantages? The memory of myself and all the disagreeable things that have happened to me is an odious load; if I could keep my capacity, my flaire in the world, and expunge the material dead weight of things remembered, I should esteem it a great gain. It would be like possessing all one's art, no sickly reputation, and a clean canvass. Not that I suppose art and capacity, in so far as they have been acquired by persons, survive their bodies; but a similar art and capacity probably subsists, or at any rate is still potential: it will have its day again in the cycles of eternity; and it can say "resurgam". Of course, I know that I am very unfeeling in this matter. I am so entirely "reconciled" that I ought to be a Moslem — if they were what they ought to be. It comes of liking life, but not respecting it; enjoying oneself, without craving to enjoy oneself. But, as a magician of Toledo said in 1250 to a travelling Italian, who had come to learn of him the black art "Vos Lombardi non estis pro arte ista, et ideo dimittatis eam nobis bys paris, qui homines feroces et similes daemonibus sūmūs. Tu vero, fili, (this I address to you also in view of your new turn) vade Parisios et stude in scriptura divina, quia in ecclesia Dei adbuc futurus es magnus."

Talking of "vadeing Parisios", my passage is taken in the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" for June 13, and I hope to arrive in Hamburg on June 22, early. If you feel like going on a Goethe tour with me, I should be delighted. I am reading "Dichtūng ūnd Wahrheit" with great delight and a little skipping. I have read Witkowski's "Goethe" — life only, with interesting illustrations. I will look up the books you recommend here in the library, and if I find they are what I want, we can get them when I come to Hamburg and I can carry them off with me to Avila, for diversifying that clerical atmosphere. It is possible that Strong (whose wife is dead — he was in New York a part of this winter) may be in Switzerland this summer, in which case I have promised to go and talk over his book with him: therefore my visit to you will have to be short — certainly not over a week. But, if you feel like it, you might come on with me on the Goethe tour which I have suggested — it could only be a few days — or you might come all the way to Switzerland, if that fell in with your plans.

I will send you a line or a telegram when I am about to arrive; if I don't hear from you (and this letter is written too soon to call for an answer) I shall understand that you expect me.

Yours ever
G Santayana

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

Telegrams
BIBLOS, LONDON
Telephone
2679 CENTRAL

OFFICE OF "WHO'S WHO,"

4 SOHO SQUARE

LONDON, W.

As the New Edition of "WHO'S WHO" is now in active preparation, we shall feel much obliged by your kindly glancing through the accompanying biography to see if it is accurate and complete.

The particulars required are: Full name and title; present position; date of birth; parentage; marriage; number of sons and daughters living; education; career; publications; recreations; address; telegraphic address; telephone number; motor-car number; clubs.

If there are no corrections it is not necessary to return this proof.

[Inserted newspaper clipping reads:

SANTAYANA, George, M.A., PhD.; Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Harvard College; *b.* Madrid, 16 Dec. 1863, of Spanish parents (Augustin Ruiz de Santayana and Josefina Borrás.) *Educ.:* Harvard College. After graduating at Harvard in 1886, studied for two years at Berlin; has been teaching at Harvard, mainly the history of philosophy, since 1889; an "advanced student" at King's College, Cambridge, 1896–97; Hyde Lecturer at the Sorbonne, Paris, 1905–6. *Publications:* The Sense of Beauty, being the outlines of aesthetic theory, 1896; Interpretations of Poetry and Religion, 1900; The Life of Reason, or the phases of human progress, in five volumes; Reason in Common Sense, 1905; Reason in Society, 1905; Reason in Religion, 1905; Reason in Art, 1905; Reason in Science, 1906. Verse: Sonnets and other verses, 1894; Lucifer, a theological tragedy, 1898; The Hermit of Carmel, and other poems, 1901. *Address:* c/o Brown, Shipley, and Co., Lothbury, E.C]

[Inserted text reads: Summer 1907.]

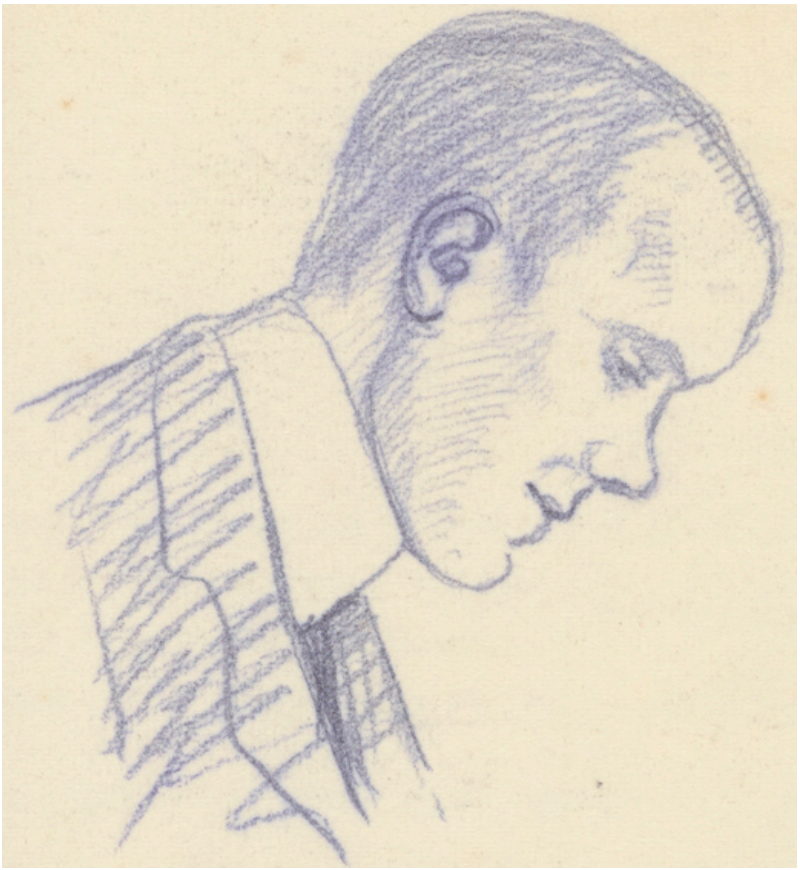
N.B. — The return address is printed on the back.

The Editor of

"WHO'S WHO,"

4 Soho Square,

London, W.



A.W.Westenholz's "Portrait"
[Inserted text reads: V'orf 25.6.f. by Santayana.]

Scharfman.

Es war Juni 1907, als Santayana in Volksdorf einen ein dringlichen Bitt = Brief bekam von einem seiner Studenten Scharfman. Inhalt: Sty möge ihm doch in Philosophie nicht weniger als C (genügend) gehen, dann könne er seinen Degree bekommen. Aber es habe Eile, Sty möge telegrafieren.

Santayana war ganz perplex & überlegt genau. „He does not really deserve C". Aber er sei immerhin fleissig (diligent applications) gewesen. „Why shall I spoil his "career!"

Also wir gehen zŭm kleinen Dorf Postamt & mein Freůnd der Posthalter telegrafiert über's Telefon richtig.

…….. Harvard University etc
„Scharfman C
Santayana"

Dies ist der Vorfall aŭf den sich Santayana nach dem Kriege bezüglich Scharfman's bezieht (saved his life od. derg

1930

[Watermark with inserted text reads: Berlin NW., den July 1st 1907 Unter den Linden 39.]

Dear Westenholz

Your postcard was stuck into the crack of my door this morning, and I hasten to say in reply that the place where I should most like to have the Calvin is Avila; if you will have it sent to me there at Novaliches 6, I shall be very much obliged and perhaps I may discover some means of paying you the debt.

The train was crowded yesterday, but by going into the restaurant and having some very decent tea I broke the monotony and escaped too long a contemplation of the specimens of humanity that filled the compartment. This is what they looked like —

(The female in the middle is offering her interesting vis-à-vis a greasy piece of chocolate, after picking up an acquantaince à propos of sitting in the back sit [Inserted text reads: (seat)], which makes the dear thing dizzy: — Later, he returned the compliment by bringing her, at one of the stations, a copy of the Woche, which she and her mother perused, but which he carried away to his unsuspecting wife and little ones at home.)

It poured last night, so I didn't take the lamp-light walk I had planned, but went to have a little supper at the Café Bauer, and then to bed. I am now going to my errands, and expect to stay here until tomorrow morning. I told the proprietor that you had sent me here, and he expressed his acknowledgements. The place seems nice, but there are only Americans in it; so that it hardly seems worth while to have come so far for so much of the same thing.

I see your Grüsse came in the dative case this time — In this way I shall soon learn the grammar without being aware of it. Please give my Grüsse in all the cases to your mother and sister. I will send you word of my further movements.

Yours ever
G.S.

Novaliches 6
Avila.
July 17, 1907

Dear Westenholtz

Thank you very much for Calvin. It is throwing floods of light into my Satanic mind and there are many Puritan conceptions which I shall understand better for having read him. A new set of epithets is hatching in my mind to describe American ideas with. “Righteousness”, “the holiness of God”, “sin” etc are putting on a new meaning, quite different from the Catholic or Platonic concepts with which I have tended too much to identify them. I am discovering what everybody knows, but that is the most necessary of discoveries.

I have found my sister and her family flourishing, and the climate mild and delightful. No heat, no cold, genuine sunlight, real shade, and the host of stars infinitely multiplied. I have strolled out with my brother-in-law, a most respectable personage of sixty-five, and had long talks with his cronies, who take me for a great traveller, not having been themselves beyond Salamanca, either ideally or geographically.

Please thank your sister for her nice card and remember me to her as well as to your mother, whose kindness expressed in various ways, I appreciate more than I had a chance of showing.

If you lived in Avila you wouldn’t need even modified stoppers for your ears at night. The stillness is that of the pre-Adamite World — broken only by an occasional guitar and the “sereno.”

Yours ever
G.S.

[Inserted text reads:
Where Santayana
for some
years lived
together with
his mother & sister.]

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline Mass
[Inserted text reads:
near Boston Mass.]
October 21 1907.

Dear Westenholz

Your postcard of the 10th instant reminds me that I haven't yet answered your last letter, no reported my safe arrival here after an uneventful (i.e. smooth, foggy, and non-naūseoūs) voyage in a floating kettle called the Saxonia which comes directly to Boston. Never again shall I take this line, but keep to the large N.4. steamers. However, I am here, lecturing away as usual, and reading as much as I can about Dante and Goethe. I have Bielschowsky now. He is useful, but how clumsy and heavy, with perfectly indiscriminate enthusiasm weighing down on everything as impartially as the atmosphere — sixteen pounds to the square inch?

I had meant to write to you sooner about Roberts, whom I saw in Paris, and who seemed to me queerer than ever and hardly responsible. Your letter to him, evidently intended to cut off further friendly relations, didn't seem to matter to him at all. He merely thought it odd, and I am not surprised that he has written to you again from Vienna as if nothing had happened. I think he is a little mad, or at least so self-centered, self-satisfied, and ignorant of the world that what he says and does must not be interpreted as if said or done by a normal person. At the same time he is more sweet and more subtle, in his good moments, than ever before and my feelings about him are so mixed that I will not try to express them.

I have been compelled to go and see a fat divorced lady, who dotes on the "Life of Reason", who chattered and beamed at me for an hour, without letting me say a word, clasping her chubby hands (not very well washed) from time to time in rapture at actually having the Professerchen, in flesh and blood, before her. Such is fame! Think of possessing a female admirer with a stormy past, an unanticipated present, and a spiritual future!

Is there any philosophical writer in Germany now who represents a new school — I mean, not merely some academic adaptation of Kant or Hegel or Haeckel or Nietzsche? The book I had planned to make out of my Paris lectures, on contemporary philosophy in England and America, doesn't go very well, and a new plan has occurred to me — to write an essay on the Present State of Philosophy, with only occasional glances at the past, and without any formal study of individual authors. For this, I should like to hear of any upstart theories anywhere that may indicate which way the philosophic wind is blowing.

I hope Paul will get on nicely in Munich and won't fall permanently under the spell of Munich aestheticism. It is too intentional and artificial, too stage-struck and half-educated. It is not the spontaneous expression of non-aesthetic interests in inheritably aesthetic forms. How splendid Dante is in this respect! How his intense political and religious and personal passions purge and exalt the affectations of his poetical school, and make him a great and immortal poet! Be something yourself, and then your art, if you have it, can be something too.

My kindest regards to your mother and sister.

Yours ever
G Santayana

Cambridge Mass. Jan.11.1908

[Watermark reads:
COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE]

Dear Westenholz

Please thank your Sister for her nice card and your Mother for her message.

During the holidays I made an attempt to discover something about your [inserted text reads: Ludovisi] throne [Inserted text reads: № 2]. Mr Silman and Mr Deane at the museum both swore it was not there: but they confessed they knew about it. Later Mr Silman — his underling being gone, and we naturally become more confidential when our underlings are not there to keep us up to the mark — said that they owed it to their friends and benefactors not to divulge any thing. He said, however, that a cast of it existed at Dresden. I gathered that the throne is in the possession of some individual who is going to give it to the museum, when he has got everything out of Italy that he hopes to get out.

Mrs James Storrow asked after you the other day when, having gone to a dinner-party, I found myself at her side.

My brother has decided to remain in America next summer, so that I am going to Europe as usual. But please don't ask me to go to Hamburg this time. See if you can't come to England or to Paris to meet me. Paris is the limit of my ambition this time — but I may not cross the channel at all. It is years since I have spent a studious summer, and this year that is my ambition. Very likely I shall be at Oxford most of the time.

Another day I will write more. This is merely not to leave you longer in suspense about your throne.

With best wishes

Yours ever
G.S.

Brookline, May 25, 1908

Dear Westenholz

Your Vortrag came and also the Poem, which was too sentimental for me to try to match: I have also, some days ago, got word from the College Office that Paul was thinking of coming here next winter: they wanted information about getting him a chum — a delicate operation with which he has charged them, while he finds his female friends for himself at Munich. I sent them a studied description of him, in which observation, sympathy, imagination, prudence, and benevolence all played their part. Is the project really his, or didn't you insinuate the idea? At least, you must be indirectly responsible for it, with your too roseate memories of Harvard. For me, it is a real pleasure to have him come, although, with no rooms at Cambridge, I shall have less opportunity to see him than I could wish, and less ability to help him to find pleasant companions. However, I can pass him over to Fuller and to Mr Copeland….

I have made desultory inquiries about your throne. They tell me it decorates Mrs Gardner's patio: I have been there this winter only once, and that at night; it was before I had heard of this, else I should have looked about; but if she is the happy possessor, you may whistle for a photograph. She would much rather part with her virtue than with any ~~part~~ fraction of her collector's monopoly.

Your metaphorical poetic tears seem to be moving the fates, for it is not unlikely that I may come after all to Hamburg in September, to take my ship, the Deutschland, which sails from there on the 10th. The situation is this. My sister is rather worse and confined almost entirely to the house. It seems better that I should go to see her, and give up the notion of a quiet and studious summer in England. Once on the continent of Europe, I might as well join the international congress of philosophers which is to meet at Heidelberg on August 30th and, once in Germany, I might as well sail from Hamburg as from Cherbourg. So that if you still wish to have me, I may be able to spend three or four days with you just before September 10th.

Learned as you are with your Homer & Plato, I can match you with my Sāmkya and Vedanta philosophies which I have been studying, and with Plotinus which I shall soon know by heart — at least, my own expurgated and applied quintessence of him. These irresponsible speculations have a great charm — like that of The Arabian Nights. What is true or at least significant in them is elevating and really fit to liberate the mind and raise it above the world; what is false and extravagant is at least harmless, and no longer apt to deceive. Besides, it is salutary to know well the fundamental madnesses of reason, and to be able to recognize symptoms of philosophic lunacy in oneself and in one's contemporaries.

I have also been reading Gibbon, who has given me two things: one, a glimpse of the politics of some centuries about which I had the dimmest ideas; the other, a renewed sense for English style, which, living in America, one is apt to lose altogether. [You will notice that I have corrected the awkwardnesses I was betrayed into in this letter, so that you may take it for good English.]

Your Vortrag interested me more, I confess, as a Westenholz document than as a Philosophy of History; you were very gemütlich in it, and had a reasonable, fair, sweet way of seeing things. As to your thesis; evidently notable epochs are very few, even in the past; that the good times are old times is some thing to be deduced from the law of probabilities, seeing that good times are not one tenth of time in general. But all times have their special possibilities; we ought not to nurse anachronistic hopes for the present & future, nor apply irrelevant standards to the past.

Yours ever
G.S.

Avila, August 1st 1908

Dear Westenholz

Your card of July 27 arrived this morning to quicken my resolution to write to you, which had been suspended by the sort of lethargic spell which settles upon mind and body at this season in this country. Your other card, written more than a fortnight earlier, was awaiting me when I got here last Tuesday, after a journey of twenty three hours from Nantes, where I had halted on my way from the extreme end of Brittany. My old friends the Potters had been entertaining me there very pleasantly, showing me something of the country (thanks to their friends' automobiles) and especially the festival of Ste Anne d'Auray, where there is a great gathering of Breton peasantry in their beautiful costumes. Many of them, as they walked by the light of little tapers in the procession on the vigil of the feast, looked like the portraits of intense, dumb, warm, pious personages that adorn the corners of old pictures. It was an interesting and pathetic sight. — Before going to Brittany, I had spent two weeks in England and one in Paris, and in both places had seen mainly philosophers — Bertrand Russell, Moore, and Strong — also something of Russell the elder, Howard Sturgis, Berenson, and Slade, my friend who has been a prospective Parisian and a prospective sculptor for these fifteen years. All these people, with the Potters and their acquaintance to boot, have made me rather dizzy. It is an amusing, but not altogether a delightful change, to be thinking only about persons, who in turn are thinking and talking about nothing but persons. I confess that in the long run I yearn for the realm of essences. Essences are more satisfactory objects of contemplation, and even things make a more comfortable environment.

In my talks with the philosophers, and especially with Strong, I have seen that my project of going to the Congress at Heidelberg was strange and foolish. I can hardly understand how I came to entertain it seriously. It would be to add one to a gathering of very ugly men talking at cross-purposes about subjects on which they are, for the most part, as ignorant as the rest of the world. The only trouble is that, by not going to Heidelberg, I take away the occasion of running on to Hamburg and seeing you this year. But another year will soon be upon us, when it may be easier to go there or (better still) when you have decided that you are well enough to travel and will join me in my usual haunts.

My sister, after whom you make such kind inquiries, is no worse than last year. I think she is even a little better. What she suffers from (apparently varicose veins) is not dangerous in itself, but she is grown very stout, finds difficulty in moving, feels weak, and has more or less pain in the feet and legs. These symptoms, with the small hope of removing them altogether, naturally make us a little anxious; yet she looks well, sleeps well, and eats well, and makes light of her ailments.

For myself, I shall be sorry if Paul doesn't come to Harvard, but for his own sake I should congratulate him. — I hear that Roberts has finally gone to America, but he has not written to me this summer, and the report may be false. Please remember me most kindly to your mother and sister.

Yours ever
G Santayana

3 Prescott Hall
March 29, 1909

[Watermark reads: ~~COLONIAL CLUB~~
CAMBRIDGE]

Dear Westenholz

Your letter, received today, stimulates me to write at last, and give you an account of what has happened since last summer. Let me just say that I envy you your great variety of interests. You seem to have energy enough for three. What is your magnům opus? You have never told me about it?

When I got back in September I found my mother's house so uncomfortable that I tried to persuade my sister to move, and we actually looked at various apartments. But my sister was dilatory and afraid to make any decision; so I moved myself, got my things from Fuller at 60 Brattle Street [Inserted text reads: where S. had charming rooms in 1903], and established myself in Prescott Hall, in [Inserted text reads: Cambridge] Broadway, near Memorial Hall, where I have a small study, two very small bedrooms — one for my bed and the other for a dressing-room, — and a bath. I have my breakfast there — cooking it myself, or taking it raw (milk and eggs), lunch at the Union [Inserted text reads: (Club)], and go home to dinner, unless I dine with friends or at the Colonial Club in Cambridge. I expect to keep these rooms as long as I remain at Harvard. Moving, even on such a small scale, was a horrid bore, and fatigued me very much. Now that I have rooms I see my pupils sometimes as in the old days, especially at tea time. Two or three of the youngsters are very faithful and come often, and cheer up the old Professorchen a good deal.

Next year Fuller is going to take over my course in Greek philosophy, while I am to give one in Metaphysics — my own system, as worked out for

2
[Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE]

my new book, which, by the way, is to be called "Three Realms of Being: Matter, Essence, and Consciousness." Notice that is it "Three" not "The Three". I do not give out that I have exhausted the Universe. [Inserted text reads: This book has not yet been written (1914.)] It is only a classification of what human experience comes upon — what it finds (essences) what it infers (matter) and what it constitutes (consciousness). I don't know whether I formerly wrote to you of my course in three philosophical poets, Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe. I have now given it twice, and expect to keep it up, as it is interesting and (for a course of mine) popular.

This summer I don't expect to go to Europe at all — worse luck! My brother is finally going. He sails in four weeks and is to be followed later by his wife and daughter. The boy remains behind, to ride his new motor-cycle. In consequence it is necessary for me to stay, so as not to leave my sister alone with my mother, who is growing feebler as the months pass, and has to be nursed night and day. She does not suffer, and is remarkably well physically, her senses quite unimpaired. But her mind is quite gone, and she is like a young child that has to be constantly watched and taken care of. Of course, my sister has a nurse to help her, but the responsibility falls chiefly on her, and it wouldn't do to leave her without anyone to consult or rely upon in case of any change for the worse. We see no reason why my mother should not live for years in this way. But she is eighty-two, and of course any slight disturbance of her health would be dangerous.

3.
[Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE]

My plans for the future are the same as you know, only they have grown somewhat more definite. I am going to retire in three years, that is, in June 1912; unless my mother should die before that time, in which case, I should retire as soon as practicable after that event. I shall have an income of about £500, which is all I have ever spent or wished to spend; and my sisters (especially the unmarried one) will have a good deal more; so that it will always be easy for us, if we want to economise, or if our incomes are reduced, to get together and have a ménage of invalides. [You ask if the "panic" involved any loss for us. Nothing appreciable. The market of value of our stocks decreased, but the income was not affected, and the capital has recovered almost, if not quite, its former value. Of course, had there been no crisis, things would have been even better. But my brother is a prudent and watchful investor, and has managed to keep us out of all disastrous investments, at the same time always getting at least six per cent on the capital.] [Inserted text reads: Santayana has one stepbrother by name of Sturgis & 2 stepsisters. He himself being the youngest.]

You say nothing of Paul in this letter. I infer that all is well with him.

I ought to add, to give you a complete picture of my present way of life, that Fuller is my chief link with the world. He has a nice place in the country where he often asks me for a Sunday and where I see a lot of young people. I have also been for an escapade to New York, and fallen in love with Mrs Jack Astor. It is Platonic — do not be alarmed. Some other day I will describe her charms in detail. — Have you any news of Roberts? I haven't. — Don't worry about the Universe. You didn't make it.

Yours ever
G.S.

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
April 13, 1909

Dear Westenholz

Here is the answer I get from Scribner about your book. Let me know if this is the one you meant. I had an extra Lucifer here which I am sending you as a little present.

After all, my brother has weakened again and is going to stay in America, so that I shall probably go to England for the summer. Unluckily, they have got me to promise to deliver two lectures on "Modernism" in the Summer Divinity School. They come on July 8 and 9, so that I shall not be able to sail until after that date. It will leave me only eight or nine weeks, which I shall spend mainly at Oxford. It is years since I have had a quiet season in England, and I expect to enjoy it and to do some little reading and writing.

There is no other change here. Dickinson (of The Greek View of Life) is here, giving lectures — one on Immortality and three on Ideals of Democracy. He has become a pronounced Socialist and hangs on the verge of Psychical Research [Inserted text reads: This association Santayana declared to "believe in ghosts."]. His judgment is clear and candid, in spite of the sentimental proclivities of his heart. I wonder if a good education [Inserted text reads: in S.'s sense of the word] would suffice to naturalise us in the world, or whether it will be necessary to exterminate us and begin afresh — say, with the Chinese.

Is the political philosophy of (the pangermanic) Chamberlain very prevalent in Germany? Does it, at bottom, inspire the government? I have been reading an interesting article in the Revue des deux mondes on the subject. It is a review I used to read religiously in old days, but seldom see it now. It was lying on Fuller's table, and attracted my attention, while I was at his house for Easter Sunday.

It is too bad that you find travelling impossible, otherwise you might come to Oxford as you did some years ago.

Yours ever
G.S.

June 23, 1909

[Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE]

Dear Westenholz

It was very nice to get your letter, particularly as I thought you might be vexed at me for not having answered your telegram — which I didn't do because I didn't know exactly what to say. My lectures being announced publicly, and my passage taken to and from Liverpool, it was not very easy for me to make any change of plans. But I am glad you understood.

Roberts turned up here a few weeks ago, almost sane. He had been to St. Paul's School to some celebration, and to see the boys row; he looked very old and ill the first day, from lack of sleep, but the next morning he was more like himself again. He tells me there is to be litigation about his father's will, and as he fears there will be nothing left when the lawyers have had their fill, he wants to find some way of earning his living. The alarm is false, I expect; for he also spoke of coming to England in my ship, if the affair by that time was proceeding towards a settlement. I believe he is coming to Cambridge again this week, so that I shall have a chance of talking things — that is Robert's things — over with him.

I have been reading about Nietzsche, especially a book by a professor named Drews (although he is a German) a disciple of v. Hartmann. I like Nietzsche better in short extracts than in large doses of his own books. There are too many words I don't understand in his style, and it is too exclamatory and rhapsodical. But his philosophy, the wrong-headedness of it being discounted, seems to me rather good. It is at least a side of the truth. By his wrong-headedness I mean his sensational way of praising wickedness when what he means by wickedness is really far-sightedness, courage, and love of the better possibilities in men and things.

The heat here is tropical. I had to read blue-books last night with nothing on me — and very little in them. They belonged to a section (of one of my courses) in which Fuller is the assistant. But Fuller is flown to Switzerland or the Tyrol, and his burden has fallen on my shoulders. However, it is over now, and I can enjoy the heat — it is so intense that it is like the pleasures of the Hammam in The Arabian Nights — in a luxurious and lazy manner. Only the food is not suitable; there is no way in Cambridge of adjusting food to the weather. There may be pork for lunch today at the Union, when I should like some eggs and rice, and a little salad.

Have I talked to you about Mardrus' version of The Arabian Nights? It is perfectly delightful. He is an oriental brought up in France and (when he talks for himself) is a décadent; but his translation is exquisite. You may get any one of the sixteen volumes separately for seven francs. — My address will be Brown, Shipley & Cº London.

Yours ever
G.S.

[Inserted text reads: Cambridge Mass.] March 5, 1910
3 Prescott Hall

[Watermark reads: ~~COLONIAL CLUB~~
CAMBRIDGE]

Dear Westenholz

It is a long time since you have written. How is everything with you? Here there is no change. I have been in New York at the "midyears" and given six lectures at Columbia College in the "Three Philosophical Poets" [Inserted text reads: Lucretius, Dante, Goethe]; I am going to repeat them at the University of Wisconsin in April, and then they will come out in a book. I am also going to lecture (on American ethics) at Chicago on my way to Wisconsin. After my return, it will not be long before the end of the term, for which I am pining. I sail in the "Lusitania" on June 8th and have my return passage in the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" for September 17th. If complications in my family, do not prevent, and if you are willing to have me, I could come to Hamburg and sail from there, so as to have the pleasure of seeing you and your family again. My mother is pretty well, although there is a slow unmistakable decline in her strength. She now spends most of her time in bed, getting up only for a few hours in the afternoon and evening. But her appetite is good and she seems to have no ailment in particular. At times, She is positively cheerful and amused, although she speaks very little, and not coherently. We have no means of knowing how long this twilight will last.

This summer I expect to go to Avila (last Summer I did not) and two of my friends talk of taking me on motoring tours in France, but these are projects that are more often made than realised. In any case, the change from the routine of life here will be welcome. I am resigned to two more years of it — and then…. Meantime I hope to finish my little book on the Universe, so as to devote my green old age exclusively to delightful subjects. By the way, have you ever read Lucian? I came across a volume (in French) lately and found it charming.

Yours ever
G.S.

[Inserted text reads: 21. rue de Surène
August 29. 1910.]

…..preparation for sailing on Saturday the 17th (By the way, the strike will not include, I suppose, stokers and stewards in the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.) As for your sister, I hope I may see her also in Volksdorf.

As I have written only post cards of late, I have said nothing on the interesting subject of your new protégé. It will be a pleasure to hear what you are planning and feeling for "the next generation". "Peter" (as he always remains in my memory) was not very "good", and for that very reason, perhaps, I felt there was a certain understanding between him and me, in spite of difficulties of language. Your new young friend is probably very young, and not in the same category. However, I should be interested in seeing him, if occasion offered.

You have probably seen in today's papers that Wm James is dead. The loss was expected, but not, so far as I know, immediately.

Auf Wiedersehen![x]
G.S.

[x]This refers to you, not to Wm James.

21 rue de Surène
Sept 6. 1910

Dear Westenholz

Very well: I will leave Paris on Saturday morning and arrive in Hamburg on Sunday afternoon.

I am sorry your sister is to be away.

My luggage consists of two large bags; but every thing I shall need at Volksdorf will be carefully concentrated in one of them, so that the other may be left at any station or other place in Hamburg that may be most convenient.

Roberts is here — coughing and very thin, also mentally in a rather acute phase of egotism and fastidiousness. He takes singing and fencing lessons, and although he is worn out in consequence thinks he is a moral Hercules and (this quite seriously) ought to be asked to become a naturalised Englishman, so that he might be prime minister, and obviate the incompetence of Masses. Asquith and Balfour. Poor chap!

My friend Slade is also here — arranging for his marriage with a fair Arlesienne, only twenty two years of age. Altogether I am having a nice time, but shall not regret changing Paris for Volksdorf and your good company.

Au revoir
G.S.

Nov. 25. 1911.

[Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE]

Dear Westenholz

Can it be possible that I haven't written to you since I was in Hamburg [Inserted text reads: Sept 1910!]? It is inexcusable, especially as I have a good deal to say. To begin at the end, lest I should never get to it, I shall be in London, on my way to Spain, on February 1st and in Paris during May and June, at 9 avenue de l'Observatoire, which is Strong's house. Screw up your courage to get well, taking any necessary measures to that end, and come and see us there!

I have made a plausible arrangement with Mr. Lowell, the new president of Harvard, by which I am expected to be in Cambridge only from September to January of each year; but next year being my "sabbatical", I am not to return at all. Whether I shall actually come back is Sept. 1913, as the arrangement requires, lies on the knees of the gods, as you put it. If my mother were still living — she remains in about the same condition — I should certainly come back, but otherwise I doubt that I shall have the courage to face this ugly scene again. Certainly I sha'n't keep up the manoeuvre for long, but as you must see, it offers a very convenient bridge, socially and financially, for passing the Atlantic without stormy farewells. To show that I have not been altogether idle here or in California (where I spent all last Summer, for six weeks giving a daily lecture at the University in Berkeley) I am sending you three articles on Russell, and will send you my California petard as soon as I have a copy. I have been reading a great deal — Indian & Mohammedan philosophy, and some Spanish books. But apart from what you shall see, I haven't written much.

[Watermark reads: COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE]

Remember me most kindly to your mother and sister. When shall I be in Hamburg again I wonder, to see them? It will be harder rather than easier now, as I shall not be sailing so often to America. It would be interesting to hear more about your Verein and your new Boy's Club at home. Is it a satisfactory enterprise to which to devote your time and affections? I have a feeling, groundless perhaps, that it will not be so.

I have seen Roberts several times, but find him less and less endurable. He has an auto in which he goes vaguely about the country, alone, self-satisfied, and contemptuously observing the ridiculous awkwardnesses and inexcusable perversities of all other people. He picks up an occasional acquaintance in the more menial walks of life, throwing this momentary sop to the Cerberus of his erotic fancy, but he has no friends. He is also getting rather old and ugly. Poor fellow!

Have you ever thought of a sea-voyage for your nerves? A sailing-ship might be a good cradle and tolerably quiet!

Yours ever
G.S.

9 avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, May 9, 1912

Dear Westenholz

I quite understand your difficulties in coming here, although I think you would get on better than you expect, if you gave yourself a loose rein. However, since you seem to think it easier to exist in Oxford, I will meet you there in July or August, if you are willing to come. About the middle of July Strong will go to America on his yearly visit to his parents and those of his wife (all four are still living); I shall probably accompany or closely follow him as far as England, to see my friends and my tailor as usual, and I can easily interlard a visit to Oxford before I come back here in November or December. I shall doubtless go to Spain again, which has left a very warm affection in my heart, especially for the homelike and yet perfectly free existence which I had at Madrid with my friend Mercedes. [Inserted text reads: (an old family-acquaintance.)]

Strong is building a villa at Fiesole. If the thing comes off (I always have my doubts about Strong's perseverance in any plan of his) I shall naturally go there often in future, although I have told him plainly that I shouldn't be able to live with him there. He has planned the house with a room especially for me — you see what a good friend he is; but at Fiesole I should be cut off from everything except the Anglo-American society of déracinés; and though I am one myself, I think the charm of being a cut flower is to take advantage of one's mobility in order to exchange odours — not to say pollen — with those that are variously rooted in different parts of the soil; all is lost if one is packed in a box with tissue-paper, ice, and a lot of other equally sterile fragments of humanity, plucked from their natural places. Paris, with oscillations to England and Spain, is more my centre; and I am avoiding the Americans so as to continue to enjoy the freedom of the place.

My brother and sister [Inserted text reads: (from Boston)] arrive tomorrow from London for a week, on the way to Avila. My sister (Josephine, who was with my mother [Inserted text reads: in Boston.]) has suffered a good deal during the voyage and seems to be rather delicate. While she is here I shall naturally be with her most of the time; I haven't seen her since my mother's death. At the same time that will leave my brother a little freer to amuse himself in Paris.

You say nothing of your young friend, who played the violin. I have not forgotten him, and much less the place which he filled in your mind when I was last with you. It is well to have some weakness to give us strength.

When my brother and sister leave, I am going to make an effort to work systematically, and prepare the essays for publication which I have written during the last two or three years. They are to be published first in London. This is a new departure which marks my new life, and which may have favourable effects on my reputation as a writer, which (as you know) is very little diffused. I don't mind obscurity — I enjoy it; but I am often irritated at the rot which attracts public attention, when it would seem impossible that it represents all that the public is able to appreciate. But they put up with what comes before their eyes.

In spite of everything, I do wish you could turn up here. It is such a delightful environment for friendship and for reflection.

Yours ever
G Santayana

Sept. 14. 1912

Dear Westenholz

Your two letters, written in pencil, have reached me here, and I have now reread your verses more than once. Of course, your idea of dedicating the collection to me is only flattering and delightful. It by no means makes me responsible for the sentiments (which are harmless enough, and which, as a matter of fact, I share very largely). And the only objection is not that I shall be blamed but that people when they read the dedication will say, "Who is this outlandish Japanese gentleman, to whom he dedicated his book?" And then some lady will reply, "You see, it is an account of his "~~Japanische~~ Chinesische Schale" and his "Japanisches Schauspieler-Blatt"." "Of course", the other will observe, "and you forget 'Der Kaputte Chinesische Götze'." And so everything will be explained and forgotten.

As to the quality of your ~~M~~muse, she is unpretentious, simple, and sincere. You have no literary bombast and apparatus, and not much rush of eloquence or ~~feeling~~ passion: it is rather an honest and transparent expression of your real feelings and criticism naturally turns from your poetry to your mind, and asks — What sort of an attitude and state of mind is this? Is it admirable, is it my own? — Now, to run counter to all modern principles of criticism, I will declare that your sentiments are my own but that they are not admirable — I mean not admirable if taken as a total or general philosophy and temper in life, for as incidental feelings nothing could be more innocent and proper. You will say: Ses propres sentiments sont condamnés par lui, alors qu'il les retrouve daus la bouche d'autrui — or whatever the lines are. Yes, that is the case. Your philosophy is like mine; but looking at it afresh in this mirror I see that it is too resigned. Or rather, its resignation is premature. We must be animals first, and rational afterwards. Our philosophy must first assert, condemn, legislate, worship, and only afterwards doubt, concede, admit the possible legitimacy of something different. And so with love and happiness. You must, as a poet and a man, first persuade me that you have really loved, that the beautiful is a vital, a mortal passion with you, and that you have (like Plato) an articulate and austere view of what is really worth instituting in the world, and worth fighting for hard. Then, you may murmur something if you will, in your old age, about the Platonic Ideas, and the unreality of earth in comparison with a heaven of personal non-entity and astronomical equilibrium! But this equilibrium must not be reached too easily and too soon, before any shock worth mentioning has been withstood, or any flight worth singing about has been attempted. Now what I feel about you (and about myself also) when I read your verses is that your philosophy of digestion has been based on mere sipping. You have never eaten, you have never digested; but you have tasted, distinguished, dreamt of digesting, and felt ideally what repletion and nausea might be, but without feeling them actually and materially. You seem never to have believed in your own passions, never to have risked anything serious for them. But if they are not the real bottom of your nature, they ought not to be made the theme for your poetry and contemplation. You ought to write instead about the things you really trust — the things about which disillusion is not so easy or so necessary — Hamburg, for instance, (zu den Guten und den Kleinen) — and not about sentimental experiences that remain really superficial. Now my own personal attachments have been a good deal like yours — perhaps I have had one or two more Spanish, to people I felt infinitely superior to myself not so much in charm or youth or active capacity, as in virtue and power. But in my maturer days, I see through personal infatuations; and if I write verses about them they are not love-verses, but epigrams on the sarcastic theme — what! Cupid at it again! That is why my imagination, in so far as it is sound and vigorous, must turn to objective stuff, history, analysis of theories, pictures of manners or sentiments. I cannot poetise, because I do not believe. Now, I feel as if your little book proved that the same thing was true of you. You are very much younger, and of course the phase which these verses express need not be your last. But they leave a sense that you need something more, and need it quickly: that here is a heap of dry grass on fire and that solid fuel must be thrown on it at once if it is to burn out ineffectually. You talk as if you had rounded off your experience, collected your interests in a sort of domestic shrine, and were going to spend the rest of your days musing in the chimney-corner. That is very premature. I am twenty years older and feel as if you were at the beginning of what is going to count, at the beginning of my possession of myself. As for you, it would be ridiculous to think of stopping where you are. You should mentally change the title of your book from Mein Garten to Mein Kindergarten: and gird up your loins like Faust to begin your experience of the world.

I have scribbled some notes on the margin which perhaps may amuse you: p. 15. The last two lines are true, the rest is conventional. Music is not a report about things or the noises they make. p. 16. Sincere. p. 18. What had happened? That is what it would be interesting to know. p. 26. Good boy-psychology. p. 29. How animal sentimentality is, and how simple and pure is animal consciousness! It all comes of a sort of looseness of soul, living in the moment, and not putting two and two together, nor remembering the world. p. 40. Peter? The whole page good. p. 57. Must have been at Harvard or Oxford, not Hamburg. p. 71. Too resigned. p. 77. Culture in fidelity. p. 80. Schade! Too bad! Plucking gives greater discrimination in fruits, and no greater disappointment than not plucking. — To be sure, it is silly to pluck flowers. — As to the poem "Dauer" I hadn't noticed it especially in reading cursorily before you wrote about it. It is good; but it would take too long to say in what sense it does or does not express "my" philosophy. Isn't it the "dreams" that give us Essence and so Permanence? — Basta! It is very nice here.

Yours ever
G.S.

Hotel de Milan. Rome Oct. 14. 1912

Dear Westenholz

I arrived here yesterday morning from Sicily, and am settled for a month or more. The proofs of my book are beginning to come from London, so that with that and what I am inclined to write in the "Three Realms of Being" (which is to be my next book, a sort of system of philosophy!) I have enough to fill my mind, besides the sight seeing and meandering about the city, reading the papers, etc. I have made an arrangement with the hotel by which I have my room — a nice and very sunny one — my first breakfast upstairs, and my déjeuner, all for 9 francs; and I am free to go to a trattoria for dinner. I don't dress until 12 o'clock; so that you see I am really having an easy and peaceful time — not to call it voluptuous. — And I follow your example and write in pencil, — so as not to have to bend over a table, which tires me.

Your various observations about my criticisms are interesting. You mustn't take what I said too earnestly; it was only a superficial impression. E.g. "boy-psychology" was not a well-chosen term. I meant "child-psychology" — what a boy would run over in his day-dreams. Was there a metaphorical meaning in the poem which I didn't understand? I took it just for an excursion of the fancy, such as a happy boy would make. As to Daŭer: I don't think I seriously misread the meaning of the word full; my point was that in these dreams we come into the presence of the permanent. That seems to me the important thing: what we discover is, was, or will be; not the length of our consciousness that we are discovering it. And the pursuit of permanence may have either meaning: it may mean the pursuit of something which (though presently lost to us) is itself lasting, like the truth, for instance; or it may mean the pursuit of some state of our own that may be expected to endure. I confess this last seems to me constitutionally hopeless and unintelligent. We are such stuff as dreams are made of; the most permanent object — the truth or the pyramids — can only be caught by us in glimpses, each short and all different; and I don't see why anyone should wish the number of these various glimpses that falls to him to be infinite, especially as before long he too will have become quite another sort of person, so that his old glimpses of the truth or the pyramids will be to him as those of some other ~~pers~~ mind.

Sicily, on the whole, has slightly disappointed me. I was not lucky in the weather. It rained a great deal, yet it was oppressive and close (the Scirocco), and I was less active in making excursions than I could wish to have been. However, I saw things I shall never forget, especially Girgenti. I had no conception of a city so situated; it must have been astonishing in its day. It is a site something like that of Athens, only grander and better composed; I have begun a sonnet — but here it stops — that shall say

Renown'd Ortygia, island of the Sea,
Vast Agrigentum, island of the air….

for that is really what it is like. [I tried to draw a sketch of it here, but it was too dreadful. It is something that has to be left to the imagination]. The temples at Girgenti are not so good as those at Athens or Paestum, but the size and situation of the city must have produced the most supernatural effect — a sort of many-peaked Olympus covered with fords, gardens, and temples. — Of the Greek race one sees some traces in Southern and Eastern Sicily, but not very noticeable if one is not on the watch for them. However, I observed the Greek bridge of the nose, and the set of the Greek eyes in several cases, while the Greek mouth is not uncommon, and the hair, neck, and ears may be found in some young men — I will write again soon —

Yours ever
G.S.

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
June 14, 1913

Dear Westenholz

I don't want to leave your long German letter without an immediate acknowledgement, although I think it is very true that discussion by letter is unsatisfactory. When I said "Homeric times" I was thinking rather of the spirit of Homer than of the probable Historical Achilles. You are quite right about the old severe and believing Protestantism having both discipline and earnest sincerity; but I have seen no such Protestantism in action. The books of Protestant philosophers and philologists represent something far less simple and honest, though perhaps needful to the let public mind down gently from faith to fact, without breaking with moral traditions, as the French revolution and the scepticism of Catholics is apt to do. As to Catholic piety your view is also correct technically, but not psychologically. Isn't all religion a belief in magic? Prayer itself is only a mediated magic — I mean a magic that uses the mind of some numen or deity as one of its terms, as a sort of conductor for its magical electricity. What it fundamentally feels is: "Haply if I do this, or say this, or feel this, something else will happen as I wish, and not as I fear". That it should so come about because God has ordained it to come about under those circumstances, or through some law or intercession, is only a psychological filling added to the magical conceptions or skeleton of the religious experiment. James wrote a book on the varieties of religious experience. I wish someone would write one on the varieties of religious experiment. Religion is a sort of empirical cosmic medicine, and while it is taken seriously, it must be taken as both an objective science and a safe practical art. I still think, however, that you don't catch the feeling of Catholics in their devotions; you don't understand the affectionate familiarity and social propriety, so to speak, of genuflections, pilgrimages, votive offerings, intercessions, commemorations, etc. It is a pagan, homely sensibility and playfulness; it is like making love elaborately and at a certain remove, Love is the secret of its method, though magic is the principle of its efficacy, if expressed theoretically.

As to wars for nationality — in the Balkans, for instance — I don't condemn them, but follow them with sympathy, if I think there is hope of any rational achievement supervening. All war is barbarous, like persecution, and ought to be unnecessary; but the equilibrium of forces — economic, political, imaginative — still seems to require them, not being able to establish itself by steadier processes.

By the way, I was quoting an often quoted line of Matthew Arnold about Sophocles: "He saw life Headily and saw it whole" — not in all its details or impulses, of course, but in its total course and limits — in its mortality and in its "eternity".

I don't understand why the incapacity of revolutionists to sympathise with the past or to understand any mentality but their own, should make all teaching and learning impossible. They can teach us what they know — their own aspiration — not what they don't know — the wisdom of the ages. You say I am a revolutionist myself. In some sense, possibly: but I feel myself to be only an observer, and towards the future I look with curiosity, with the assurance that I should find something to sympathise with there (as I find something to sympathise with in America) but without any revolutionary haste or desire to overthrow and cut off the influences of the past.

I was not at all annoyed by your previous letter — on the contrary — and I am sorry if my extemporaneous answer seemed to show vexation. I feel none.

Yours ever
G.S.

its stages, and those periods and nations express it best which, on whatever physical foundation, have raised the typical superstructure, attaining to a spiritual fulfillment and justification for such activities and wits as they possessed. Homeric times were really vigorous and young because they lived life steadily and lived it whole; they were not slavish, nor were they apathetic; they neither accepted tasks not imposed by the real nature and true circumstances of man, nor gave up the healthy ambition to satisfy that nature and accept and master those circumstances. That is the life of reason precisely. And in Catholicism you have an even more explicit adequacy of art, reflection, and self-dominion, only on the hypothesis (which I admit to be wrong) that man is a fallen being and his life on earth probational. If that were the case, the Catholic system and discipline would be perfectly reasonable; and I don't think it worthy of you to repeat the commonplaces about Protestant versus Catholic villages, or about the people being imposed upon, or about the influence of dark churches, lights, and incense — as if any Catholic even perceived those things. All that misses the mark completely. Of course a genuine Xity cannot put prosperity first, nor be very favourable to it. It will inculcate patience, obedience, charity; but it will not stimulate enterprise — why should it? — and it will even accommodate itself to abuses, because it expects men to be sinners and life to be sad. But it will maintain always the same ideal of sanctity and the same ideal of morals. It will never suffer a proclamation of lower standards even on the ground that, by appealing to people's instincts, those lower standards will stimulate them more and make them more successful in the political or industrial world. That is, so far as I see, all you have to urge in support of the superiority of Protestantism. You may call it moral self-reliance; when it is genuine it certainly favours moral integrity, on however poor and illiberal a plane of human nature; but it is a mere abandonment of the effort to know oneself and the world as they really are, and to meet those facts with an appropriate discipline. Therefore — though I am sorry to shock you — I entirely justify intolerance. It is a question of expediency what methods this intolerance shall employ. Repression is always more odious and risky than education and continual many-sided suasion, such as a unanimous society exercises on its members. Persecution is therefore in itself a sort of confession of failure. But a society has a perfect right to determine its own life and to exclude and root out every impulse contradictory to it. I should say this of the Spartans and the Moslems quite as much as of the Catholics; and England and Germany will never do anything in the world after they have lost their intolerant and unified national soul. My point, as you see, is not that a religion or method of life that is revolutionary has not as good an intrinsic right to be as one that is established. If it represents honestly a posture of animal will, it has the same "right" to be as any other establishment. But for that very reason, because it has an inner right to be, it has a right to reject poisons and extirpate parasitic and morbid growths in its own substance. It has a right to remain itself. Between it and its enemies there may be truces, but never peace. For this reason, much as I sympathise with Philip II and the Duke of Alba, I also sympathise with

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
June 27 1913

Dear Westenholz

Yes, I should like very much to spend a few days in Brussells (which I have never seen) while you are there, but I can't leave Paris during the first days of next week, say before July 5th, because my brother and his family are to be in Paris then, on their way to Avila, and I must be here to see them. After that, if you will telegraph when you start, I will start too by the first good train — not going at night.

I know nothing of hotels in Brussells, so let us say the Bellevue, if you have no hint of a quieter one before your departure.

It would be very nice to make this escapade together — almost better than if you came to Paris, as here I am not so absolutely free as in a strange town where I know no one.

Yours ever
GS.

9 Av. de l'Observatoire Paris
June 28, 1913

Dear Westenholz

Strong this morning tells me that he is thinking of leaving Paris about the 12th of July, for the rest of the summer, and that he wishes me to put off any trip I am to make until after that date. He has been working very hard copying out the manuscript (type-written) of his long-meditated work on the Origin of Consciousness, and hopes to have finished at the end of next week, when he wants to devote another few days — from the 5th to the 12th — to resting, packing, and discussing metaphysics with me. As he is a man who distributes his time and occupations with the most rigid method and economy, I don't like to upset his plans. So if you could possibly put off our journey until after the 12th it would suit me much better, as I don't like to leave Strong just when he most wishes to have me here.

Of course, it is possible that Strong may yet make other arrangements, in which case I will let you know.

I am sorry to qualify in this way my note of yesterday, but when I wrote I didn't know that Strong was to leave before the end of next month, when he sails for America.

Yours ever
G.S.

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
June 29, 1913

Dear Westenholz

Still one more suggestion. My brother and his family leave on Wednesday — I could be in Brussells on Thursday, the 3rd of July, and stay until the 7th in the morning — which would still leave me four or five days here with Strong before he leaves.

This in case you can't put it off until after the 12th.

Yours ever
G.S.

[Inserted text reads: fertig: ßep 9 1920]

c/o Brown Shipley & Co, 123 Pall Mall, S.W
9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris,
Aug. 22, 1920

Dear Westenholz

It was a real pleasure and relief to hear from you again, after losing you for these five years in the "fog of war". I am glad to feel that you are your old self, in the old surroundings. The loss of your mother, whom I shall always remember as a most impressive and hospitable apparition, was in the course of nature and only one, though perhaps the chief, of those leave-takings which mark the stages of a man's life, and which are only the sad and negative side of his positive new attitudes and duties. When you write again more fully I hope you will tell me whether you still keep up your boys' and workmen's clubs (lauter Socialisteu, you said they were, even in those days!) and what because of your museum of casts, and of your sister's children's hospital, or whether you have other interests of this sort to keep you busy, when money-matters for a moment can be laid aside.

Meantime, let me give you a brief account of what I have been doing since our last meeting in Brussels. In July, 1914, I went to England with my friend Strong, whose daughter (now aetatis 23) was then at Newnham College in Cambridge. In this town we read — you may imagine with what emotions — the newspapers that announced the outbreak of war. Strong went with his daughter to America for the rest of that summer, and I moved to Oxford, where I took lodgings for two months in Beaumont Street (the broad street on which the Randolph Hotel is situated) and staid there for four years! My return ticket to Paris, good for one month, remained long in my pocket, until I finally put it in the fire. During those four years I made some excursions to other parts of England — Devon and Yorkshire — and was more or less in London, Brighton, and other places; but I always returned to my lodgings at Oxford, and to the inexhaustible charm of its cloisters and gardens and country-walks. Of course, the war made a great difference in the place: there were hardly any undergraduates; after a time their place began to be taken by cadets — mainly old soldiers training to become officers, many of them Canadians, Australians or New Zealanders, — and there was a hum of aeroplanes over Port Meadow, quite startling at first to me, and to the cattle and geese that haunt the watery landscape. I was present, by the way, at two Zeppelin raids, one in London and one in Yorkshire, but suffered no inconvenience except that of having my light put out, and being uncertain how nearby over my head might be the source of the uncanny whirring that filled the air. I was still in Oxford on the 11th of November 1918, and stayed on through that winter, coming again to Paris in June 1919. Last winter I spent most delightfully in Fiesole and in Rome: I felt almost as in the halcyon days of 1913; and the sentimental side of my nature (there is a sentimental side to it) was very much stimulated and developed by all sorts of sights and solitary meditations, by copious draughts of Chianti, and by a few passing friends or passing friendships.

My friend Strong has had a curious illness, beginning with indigestion and fatigue, and ending in a partial paralysis. Fortunately, just when the paralysis was beginning to attack his vital organs, it was checked and receded: so that now he is able to hobble about with a stick, and is in very good general health and spirits; but of course he has to drive everywhere, and his movements are curtailed — something which for a man of his quiet habits is peculiarly unfortunate. Nature, however, very soon adapts herself to her own ill deeds, and accepts life on whatever conditions life is offered, and Strong is tolerably happy over enlarging his villa, buying books, and wondering whom his daughter (who has a life and a fortune of her own) will take it into her head to marry. The great event in his life, besides the completion of his very habitable villa at Fiesole, has been the publication of a book on "The Origin of Consciousness" which he had been at work on for fifteen years. He rewrote and sent off the whole manuscript in ten weeks while lying paralysed (as to his legs) at Valmont in Switzerland.

My own literary labours have been desultory. The war acted upon me like a personal bereavement. I felt that a dead body was always lying in the next room; and while possibly these experiences may deepen my philosophy somewhat, it was not conducive to expression for the time being, and I spent those years chiefly in reading the newspapers, or other vain matter. I don't know whether Dicken's novels should come under that head, but I read most of them then for the first time, and I have become a devoted admirer of his work and (as I interpret it) of his philosophy. It consists of believing in happiness, in plain humanity, and in seeing the difference between good and evil — a difference which modern philosophy has done so much to obscure — German philosophy especially. And this reminds me of what I was forgetting to tell you; that in spite of my somewhat comatose mental condition and constitutional laziness I have written a little during this time. In 1916 Dent published, as a companion volume to the Winds of Doctrine a book called Egotism in German Philosophy, a sort of war-book directed against the spirit of your countrymen (I think you didn't yourself, formerly, approve of it) and in glorification of the classical notions of Arcadian peace and felicity, and of disinterested thought on the basis of a finite animal destiny, the book has been praised and neglected, like the others which had preceded it: nevertheless French and Italian translations have appeared, because the Catholic parties like its point of view. A few weeks ago another book by me, called Little Essays, was published by Constable & Co. It is a book of extracts made by my friend L. Pearsall Smith, an anglicized American, brother-in-law of Berenson and of Bertrand Russell; but we have arranged and shuffled the passages so as to make a more or less synthetic epitome of my whole work. In a few weeks more the same publisher will issue a third book of mine, this one called "Character and Opinion in the U.S." It is largely about James and Royce, my old teachers and colleagues at Harvard, but it also extends to more general matters and has (I believe) some amusing things in it. I will have this, and the "Little Essays" sent to you; I feel a little shy about sending you the Egotism, until I know something of what your feelings have been during these tragic years, and until you tell me whether you care to have it. The only hint I have had of your attitude during the war came indirectly from our very enigmatical friend Roberts, in 1914 or 1915; but I couldn't in the least make out what he meant, or what you had written to him. Do you hear from him still? I haven't been able to answer his last letter because it contained no address and I had mislaid the former one in which some cryptic numbers and letters of the alphabet took the place of any street or number. Is he more or less than formerly compos mentis?

If my account of my writing had to be complete, I should add that I have been composing a series of articles — most of them appearing in the London Athenaeum — which I call Soliloquies in England, and which will soon form a book by themselves. Also, I have contributed to a book on "Critical Realism" by six or seven American professors of philosophy, including my friend Strong; and I have written — though not published — some Dialogues in Limbo, some of which I should be glad to discuss with you, if we could meet somewhere sometime.

I am leaving Paris in two or three weeks for Spain, where my two sisters still are, and which I haven't visited for six years. After a short sojourn at Avila I expect to go to Toledo and to Granada, and remain there until the spring, finishing the Soliloquies, or working on my magnum opus, the Realms of Being.

The safest address is c/o Brown Shipley & Cº but Avila will do, especially until October 15.

How are you? How do you sleep? Are you — like me! — resigned to Bolshevism?

Yours ever
G Santayana

P.S. My best and kindest greetings to your sister

Avila, ~~Sep~~ Oct. 9. 1920.

Dear Westenholz

Your letter was one of the first things that greeted me here on my arrival three days ago. I came by motor-'bus from Segovia, a town I went to visit expressly, never having seen it, although it is so near, and a sort of twin to Avila. Very grand, varied, a little huddled and confused. I like it, but I like Avila better. My sisters are both here, and my brother-in-law who is nearly 80, is a fine old man, only showing very slight traces of senility. There are six grand-children, one just born in this house, and still terra-cotta in colour, and yielding and uncertain in form. The weather has so far been very wet and windy, but I hope soon to be able to renew my usual delightful long walks in this open bare country — You would not be troubled by any but human noises if you found yourself in this town; there is no building going on, no electric cars, no motors to speak of, hardly a carriage or wagon rumbling through any street; but the bells and the tongue — two instruments intended to make a noise — are in constant vibration everywhere, for the pure joy of wagging, without any useful object. Apparently those who might enjoy silence detest it and think it the saddest thing in the world; and invent all sorts of strident and persistent noises to glorify God with, and to make them feel alive. Spain was always uncomfortable and is now very dear, so that I am thinking of giving up my plan of spending the winter in Granada, and may go to Pau or to Nice instead, until I feel like returning to the apartment in Paris, where, when I am alone, I can work splendidly.

The various things you tell me about your doings and surroundings give me a tolerably clear picture of your present existence, which is much what it used to be. You write, you compose music, you go (even to New York!) to see works of art in museums, you do your part in the life of your family and neighbors and the community at large, and your fancy and feelings are occupied, throughout all these distractions, chiefly by your interest in one or two young friends, whom you protect and try to bring up to a love of those things which deserve to be loved. Among these you ought to include yourself, and virtually you do; but I think the older one grows the more one regards oneself, as well as others, as a vehicle; affection is, I think, much deeper, as well as sweeter, when it is not idolatry, not illusion about individuals (including oneself and one's claims) but sees persons and their charming gifts like sunny spots and stretches in a landscape, things for which we are grateful to Providence as we are for wheat fields and vineyards, sources of true, humble joy to us, as we wish to make ourselves also for others. But these streaks of sun-shine travel over the land as the clouds move or the sun declines; and we must not seek to detain them, or to be detained. Your friend Hans is a vehicle for your kindness, and pleasure in youth, and paternal instinct; and you are a vehicle to him for all the greater interests of the mind and of the world. This does not deny or weaken personal affection, but rather justifies it and gives it body. You see I profoundly believe in sacramental religion; we ought to bow to images, we ought to feel the spell of the senses, the magic of material things and particular places and persons: but it is all magic, all vehicular worship, in which generic, external, perpetually recurring and perpetually different goods are signified to us; and the chief marvel and power of each is that it makes us aware of all the others.

As to politics and the aftermath of the war, I entirely agree with you that the trouble has not been due to selfishness (which is not a bad thing, if long-sighted) but to moral materialism, to an absurd esteem for the size, number, elaboration and momentum of our possessions and affairs. In other words, we have been having, first above, now below, an orgy of greed, vanity, and foolish optimism. The people are now denying Christianity in what Christianity has that is wise, and adopting its Jewish follies about a New Jerusalem and a Milennium. They are drunk with self — which is not a mean selfishness but a sort of criminal arrogance; and they are brutally stupid and ignorant of experience. But they are human; they will learn; and though it may be after our day and after much destruction, and obliteration of good habits, they will reconstruct something worth having in its new way, a new set of vehicles for the good. I don't at all sympathise with mere Jeremiads. Society, as we have known it, was not anything really harmonious or rational or noble: its best side was its human and humane, its Dickensian, side; but all its boasts of electricity and pomps of democracy were cheap and distressing; and mankind can easily do better. It is not as if the Graeco-Roman world were being destroyed: that was the real tragedy; the destruction of industrialised Christendom is not a thing to weep over. Let it go: of course the incidental injustices and sufferings will be horrible, but so is child-birth and so is death, which we can't abolish; I think we must greet any revolution that can promise to introduce some true and noble ways of living, to balance those necessary horrors. America — as you will see when you read my new book — seems to me already a hint and beginning of what we may hope for. It is an impossible place for a cultivated European to live in; but when you have dropped your old standards, when your senses are blunted to certain things and made sensitive to others, and when a new sort of gregariousness (think of a football game!) is developed in you, that existence has its charm; and you even feel that to care for other things is quite absurd and unnecessary. I suppose the intense self-satisfaction or patriotism of Americans may be taken as a sign that their condition is fundamentally tolerable, in spite of such little nuisances as they may occasionally wish to abate, even in their own country. Why should we wish to impose the economy of our ancestors, or of our own minds, upon creatures of a different species? But the misfortune of the Bolsheviki and all the utopians is that, at bottom, they are so human and so old-fashioned that they could never live happy in their ideal commonwealth, and that, like the Christian church, they will, if they are victorious, become very soon a bad imitation of the people they have supplanted.

Your analysis of consciousness is identical with that which my friend Strong has worked out in his recent book on The Origin of Consciousness. I don't altogether accept it myself, because I don't understand what the primary phase is, before the reflective or apperceptive act that gives us our conventional data. I suspect there is nothing mental before this secondary phase, only the vital or organic response, and that your friend who said he had pains, not gathered into his memory, had not had pains, but only tensions. It is largely a matter of words, but the extension of a word of one connotation to facts that have not that particular character is the chief source of obscurity and confusion in these subjects.

I have ordered the Little Essays and the Character and Opinion in the United States to be sent to you, and will order Egotism also. Let me know if you don't get them.

Yours ever
G Santayana

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris
Oct. 13, 1921

Dear Westenholz

It is very nice to hear from you again, and by the disordered state of your manuscript, and the variety of the interests you show, I see that you are your old self. Your very old self: because it seems to me that you are reverting to a more native way of feeling, and that if we had a chance to talk all these matters over, we should find that we stood more each in his original position and less on common ground. This can hardly, in your case, be an effect of age; but the war has thrown everybody back on his haunches. In Spain, last year, I found perversity of mind so prevalent, in almost all matters, that I was made very uncomfortable by it, and my prudence in not contradicting anybody (the only path to domestic peace) was strained to the utmost: it was not until I had crossed the frontier that I began to breathe freely. I don't wonder that in Germany, with so much to regret and to explain somehow, you should be caught in a sort of whirlpool of arbitrary tenets and that a philosopher there (are there any in Germany now?) should have some difficulty in keeping his nose above water. I wish you had expressed more fully what you mean by the Germans (you were thinking of Mommsen) having made a virtue out of necessity and having come to regard military excellence as the only excellence, because "unhappily hemmed in between many divers nations", Belgium, Poland, Switzerland, and Bohemia — even France — are similarly hemmed in. I can't see that Germany has suffered more than they from foreign aggression, or is naturally weaker; on the contrary, it seems racially and socially more vigorous, so that without military virtue it could more than hold its own, even in the days before Prussia existed. Its intellectual vigour was indeed all-conquering in some sciences and arts, like philology and music; and its influence might have proved really dangerous to the national life of its neighbours, except for a fact which I think the greatest of German claims to the respect of the world: the fact that far from suffering by being hemmed in, it profited by that circumstance, and assimilated, or at least intelligently studied, the religions, literatures, and arts of its neighbours, and of more remote people. There is nothing for which I am more grateful to German minds (including that of Goethe) than for the love and intelligence with which they have considered and interpreted the Greeks. In consequence of this old Catholicity or "objectivity" of the Germans, their moral ascendency would not have been so much resented as that of less hospitable minds, such as the English, for instance. — All of which merely goes to show that I don't believe your theory (that German militarism is imposed by foreigners upon Germany) is more than a desperate excuse, seized on more or less by accident. It is newspaper philosophy. And I have much the same feeling about what you say of Protestantism. How monstrous to call it the religion of Saint Paul and of Saint Augustine! Of course I am aware that Luther and Calvin picked out some elements in the theology (not religion) of Saint Augustine and Saint Paul, and laid a great and disproportionate emphasis on them; but the religion of Saint Paul was all Adventism and Resurrectionism: he was always on tip-toe trying to peep into the next world; and then he had a natural propagandist instinct for setting the house in order, until the thunderclap came. As to Saint Augustine, his religion was absolutely Catholic: he was full of the "love of God" — something unmeaning to a Protestant. So true is this that in traditional phrases like the benediction which runs "May the "love of God"… abide with us", I am sure people understand "the love God has for people", not that which they might have for God: in other words, they can't conceive God otherwise than as a source of benefit to themselves. Saint Augustine was a Platonist, he was contemplative, he was unworldly. — And here is another point at issue. What is worldliness? It is not, to my mind, mere mixing in with earthly affairs, or with government, or the use of worldly arts in connection with religion. That might be the height of worldliness, if the arts, intrigues, wealth, wars, etc. were all used in the service of the disinterested life of the spirit. What I call worldliness is well expressed in what you point out to have been the advantages of Protestantism: "almost all that modern life has to offer, the sciences, medical aid, locomotion, commodities, books, intercourse." I sometimes think, indeed, that the great ultimate function of Protestantism is to clear the world of religion. It takes a thief to catch a thief; and it takes a clergy and a theology to prove theology and a clergy forever unnecessary. Your letter has caused me to look up what I wrote about Protestantism in the third volume of The Life of Reason: you should not rely on the Essays, which were extracted by Pearsall Smith, who is no philosopher. I must say I think my account of Protestantism in pages 110–126 of Reason in Religion is very just and generous. It is true that I have known Protestantism in New England rather than in Germany, and not in its Lutheran form; and this may make a-part of what I say less applicable than it might be to the Protestantism of your own circle.

I have been in Paris since April 1st and have finished the "Soliloquies in England" which are at last in the publisher's hands. You will see, when you get this book, what a sentimentalist I have become. I think you will find more humour and more feeling in it than in what I had written previously. I am now officially consecrated to The Realms of Being alone, and in hopes of finishing that opus maximum. In a few days — when Margaret Strong returns from America — I expect to go with her to Fiesole, stay there a week, and then proceed to Rome for the winter. When I walk through the via Sixtina and the piazza di Santa Trinità del Monte, I often remember your sister, who used to stay at a house there. It would be very nice if you and she could both return to Rome this winter. All roads lead there, and from there roads seem to be open to everything, in the past or the future, that is really interesting. You might even find Byzantine coins, and the puppet shows might throw light for you on Menander.

I am glad your young friends are turning out good and faithful and worth preserving. My own friendships are now almost all in the memory only; not that I haven't excellent friends in actu, like Strong, but I mean friendships of the imaginative and tender sort. I have had a serious loss in the death of my brother in Boston, who looked after our money: but he was not well, his children married and little more for him to live for.

Your old friend
G Santayana

Hotel Marini
Via del Tritone, Roma
Dec. 6. 1921

Dear Westenholz

Only a word, to thank you for your letter, which I will answer at length some other day, and to say that I should be very glad to see Hans — "see", for I don't know how intelligible our speech may be to one another — if he comes here. It is possible that during the holidays my friend Onderdonk may be making me a visit. He is a Harvard man, about 30 years of age; his mother is a native of Vienna, and he is now living with her there, and doing law business for such unfortunate Austrians as have American debts, or such fortunate ones as have American money. Of course he speaks German — I believe very well, or at least easily — and he would prove a connecting link between Hans and me, if the two young men were here at the same time; and they might like to see some of the sights together.

I am myself getting old — don't remember the 16th of this month! — and am not so much inclined as formerly to take long walks or be all day on my feet: besides I am working very hard, and my thoughts and strength are somewhat pre-empted. But I have my favourite spots in Rome, such as the Aqua Paola, where I should love to go with your young friend, and grow eloquent, if he can understand me. In any case, I can read him the inscription — which I know by heart — and point out the chief features of the landscape.

Yours ever
G Santayana

Prosit Neujahr!

Hotel Marini, Rome
Feb. 4, 1922

Dear Westenholz

It was very stupid of me, but I carried away the impressions from your first card that it was on February 27th that the examinations ended, and so made no haste to reply. I am writing to Hans at Fräulein Bödtko's, and have telegraphed to you: I hope in one way or another he will discover me and turn up. I should be very glad if he would come to this hotel, which is a good but not fashionable one. I pay nominally 55 lire a day, but there are 4 more for heat, 10% for service, and a taxe de luxe; all, with wine and washing, mounts up in my case to about 550 lire a week, or $3 a day! Of course, with German exchange, it will seem another matter, but it isn't really unreasonable, and the position is most central and the food excellent. I take all my meals here this year, unless on some special occasion.

Isn't Hans a friend of mine already in the flesh? Didn't I see him in Hamburg when I was last there, and he was some sixteen years of age? Or is this not he?

In any case, I count on seeing him, and although I shall not attempt to show him the sights of Rome in general, I should be glad if he would come with me for my walks in the afternoon and each day we could see one thing; after which he could run away, guidebook in hand, to see whatever else he chose.

I am very well — an occasional suggestion of catarrh or twitch of rheumatism isn't worth mentioning; and I am happy and sufficiently occupied in my mind. The proofs of the Soliloquies have come and gone, and I work — when I feel like it — on the big book. I also go a good deal to the theatre and the opera. Have heard the Meistersinger twice — it is a bit odd — an Italian Beckmesser — but still very enjoyable: only the Hans Sachs was inadequate. Tonight I go to hear Verdi's Fallstaff — which I have heard only once before. I will take Hans to something — also to the characteristic Italian comedies, of which there are two companies performing, if he is not afraid of not understanding Italian. They are both in dialect — Neapolitan and Sicilian — but what does it matter to us? And there is the puppet-show too! The sun is out and Spring is in the air.

Yours ever
G Santayana

9 Av. de l'Observatoire, Paris.
May 12, 1922.

Dear Westenholz

This time I won't let the moment slip by for answering your good letter while it is still hot, so to speak, on the dish. Yes, I think I must have liked Hans very much, although I didn't feel anything in particular, but took him for granted from the moment he appeared. He was just Hans, and it seemed as if I had always known him. The chief trouble was that it tired me to have to struggle with the difficulty of language. I would say things in words of one syllable, and yet he wouldn't understand! Of course I know I have a rhetoric of my own, somewhat enigmatic, perhaps, especially if you come from a different atmosphere, where the tone is more serious. Behind that, and deeper, I felt a certain void in that Hans didn't know Latin or Greek. In Rome that was a pity. He also was more wissensschaftlich and kulturhistorisch than my ignorant lazy self: but I expected that, and he probably did too; although I daresay my ignorance must sometimes have shocked him in a Herr Professor! In the world of art, I like to feel that I am having tea in the garden, not that I am studying botany. We were also unfortunate in the weather: more warmth and sunshine would have aided my philosophy, and explained it better. Not that — except once or twice at first — I am aware of having talked technical philosophy to Hans, because the difficulties of all sorts were too great, although I felt that here he was well prepared and intelligent, and I should very much have enjoyed discovering what his own views were, and what he had imbibed from you and from his general environment. On politics and the war I did gather something, but there I shouldn't have thought it worth while to urge my own opinions, even if there had been occasion. What you say about his naiveté did not escape me: that was what made him seem such an old friend, a member of the family: and he behaved very well to me, quite perfectly, in fact, without exaggerating the politeness, as I should have feared. Perhaps having been a soldier, and living in the Bolshevist age, makes young men more natural and Walt Whitmanesque than they used to be. By the way, please tell him that the map of Rome arrived safely and in full time for Onderdonk to make use of it when he arrived.

As to yourself, I note the suggestion that you might leave Hamburg. That hadn't occurred to me; but I had wondered if you wouldn't give up that great house and garden; they would be very suitable for a club or superior girls' academy, or other half-public purpose, and you and your sister could find a comfortable apartment somewhere and much relief from servants and fox-gatherers. Of course, if you were inclined to leave Hamburg, that would be all the better from my point of view. You could come to live like Nietzsche in the Italian Riviera, say at Portofino (or Rapallo!), or at the Italian lakes, or since you are a Swiss at Lugano. If you settled south of the Alps, I should promise to come to see you every year: and perhaps it wouldn't be too far for Hans to come too, during his long vacation.

"Lair" is quite the right word for Bau, unless you prefer "den", which is also proper to wild beasts. I find a cheap room in a second-class hotel perfect for the purpose, more effectual than a castle for hiding in, and suitable for ruminating and slowly munching whatever prey I may have brought home. There is more real solitude and real simplicity in such a cell than there would be in a monastic one, with a father-superior and a community and a rule always persecuting and directing you. I don't know whether it is this escape from "society" and from "engagements" that you call my "gran rifiuto": if so, it takes very little courage to make it, and nothing of any value is given up, so that in neither case could the renunciation be called great. But, perhaps you have a lingering feeling that in leaving Harvard I was fleeing from my natural task, or abandoning my ambitions. If so, you are totally in error. I have always felt that to be a professor was a disgrace, and this doubly. It was a sham, because I am not a learned man nor is philosophy a thing that can be taught; and then the whole business of teaching in an institution was not my vocation, it was beneath me, it was a mere concession to convenience, chance, and comparative ease in earning my bread and butter. If I may upbraid myself for lack of courage, it is not having shaken off that connection sooner. I had one chance, which a bold young man would have seized, when I was nineteen. I had gone to Spain, after my Freshman year, to see my father: I had fallen ill (at Tarragona, at my uncle the canon's) with the smallpox, and my father had come to join me during my convalescence. He then suggested that, seeing I was late for my return journey in any case, I might remain that winter at least in Spain; he would introduce me to some influential friends he still had in Madrid, and perhaps — seeing I spoke English perfectly, and knew French after a fashion — they would get me into the diplomatic service. There was the difficulty of money. My father had only his modest pension: my mother was not rich, and would have refused to help, as the plan would have run counter to all her ideas and wishes: and it would have been imperative, during the first years, that I should have paid my own way and made a good appearance. It was a problem; but an adventurous person would have taken the risks, because the prospect really appealed to me. However, I hardly gave it a chance. It involved uncertainties which I hated to face: I unhesitatingly decided to go back to Harvard; and that effectually cut off the possibility of my having been a true Spaniard all my days. There, if you like, was my first gran rifiuto. The other was ten years later or more, when I first went to Italy with my good friend Loeser. In those days, and in his company, I was more of a connoisseur in painting than I am now; and one day before some modern picture of a classical subject, I was explaining to him how I should have painted it, when he said: "Why do you go back to Harvard at all? You ought to stay in Paris, and paint. You would be a great success." But I told him I had nothing to live on, and though he said that might be arranged (which was perhaps a covert offer of help) there was an uncertainty about the whole thing which frightened me, and I thought no more of it. You will say it is just as well, because then I shouldn't have become a philosopher. No: but I might have been one: and it is only now, twenty years later, that I feel I have attained that dignity. However, I am not sorry on the whole. I escaped in time after all; and the long years of lecturing no doubt gave me a technical facility which I should not have acquired so easily — with my laziness — if I had always been free.

Here is a very egotistical and autobiographical letter. I meant to have asked you more about Nietzsche and his influence. It will be another day.

Yours ever
G Santayana

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, June 25 1922

[Inserted text reads: My letter encyclopædic character^]

Dear Westenholz

Before me are the four solid volumes of Karl Marz's Das Kapital, the first adorned with his furibundious and disgruntled effigy: I can't write to Hans directly because he has never given me his address, although I have a nice letter from him about his first experiences as a pædagogue. Please give him the enclosed, and tell me what I can do to prevent what was almost a request on my part from making a hole in his purse. As each volume is inscribed as coming from him to me, I suppose I must regard the book as a gift, and of course I am glad to possess it with that additional virtue and pleasant association: but I don't like to think that Hans may have to deprive himself of part of his hard-earned wages on my account, not to mention the expense of saliva involved in sticking on this vast quantity of stamps. At least, I should like to send him something as an acknowledgement. Would he like a set of Dickens, or a Shakespeare?

I am not writing to you from the apartment in the Avenue de l'Observatoire (although that remains my address) because Strong came on from Italy with his daughter, and there is hardly room for three in the house. I am at the hôtel du Palais Royal, quiet and very central, also cool in warm weather, and I have established a daily routine which enables me to work pretty steadily. I am in great hopes of finishing Realms of Being by the day I am sixty: after which, if life lasts, I expect to devote myself exclusively to after-dinner dainties — fruits, nuts, and port wine. I believe I told Hans about my novel; but he probably doesn't picture the American scene clearly enough in his mind's eye to catch the intention of my projected book. In fact, this intention is changing and growing on my hands. I am not working on it, as I have sworn to leave everything else until the Realms is done, but I can't help turning the thing over in my head at odd moments, and it is acquiring meanings and extensions which I had no notion of when I began the story. A large part is already written, and it would not take long to finish if I once buckled down to it. There are also the Dialogues in Limbo and Dominations and Powers to entertain me, when I am free. I hope you received the Soliloquies which came out recently.

All this about my literary preoccupations. I hardly have anything else nowadays to write about, as my outward life is absolutely uneventful. Zampa, an Italian priest who translated Egotism into his native language, has been with me this week, and various American ladies make their presence known to me from time to time: but I try to weather the storm, and am not really much interrupted by these incursions. What of your own suggested migration?

Yours ever
G Santayana

[Inserted text reads: ¡·: · :.x life what a big undertaking the world is.]

c/o Brown Shipley & Cº
123 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
London, September 23. 1923.

Dear Westenholz

I have come to England for the last time in my life, I think, but now that I am here I may stay for a long time, perhaps a year, and try to finish "Realms of Being" before returning to my natural haunts. The reason (other than getting a new toothbrush, etc.) why I have come just now is that they have asked me to deliver the Herbert Spencer lecture at Oxford next term. It is to be on October 24, after which date I shall decide whether to remain here or go to Rome, as I had intended, for the winter.

Did I send you my last book, "Scepticism and Animal Faith"? If not, please send me word on a post-card and you shall receive a copy. It is the introduction to "Realms of Being" and I regard it as a part of my magnum opus.

I don't know that I have any new lights or insights to report. Since "Scepticism" was done, over a year ago, I have been lying rather fallow; last winter, which I spent at Nice, as you know, was not productive, and I was ill for a part of the time, actually in a clinique for two weeks, although nothing worse than the grippe was the matter. However, I advanced the novel a good deal, did something on "Realms" and read several German philosophers — Spengler, Keyserling, Vaihinger, and Freud. What do you, or what do people 'round you, think of these authors? Freud is hardly a German philosopher in the proper sense of the word: his last book (which I have read only in an English translation entitled (barbarously) "Beyond the Pleasure Principle") is very profound and like the wisdom of the East; more truly like it than Keyserling with all his affectation of sympathy and admiration for the Indians, when at heart he really is a world-lover, and not a philosopher at all. Vaihinger (Die Philosophie des Als Ob) is interesting on account of the hundred pages of quotations from Kant contained in the book: I never liked Kant so much as in these extracts, which are collected on purpose to show him at his best — I mean, where he is most consistent, sceptical, and negative. The contention of Vaihinger that Kant meant the postulates of practical reason to be false assumptions, notions which the stress of life compelled us to use as if they were true, although they are not true, was always my view of what Kant ought to have meant; but if he meant it, as Vaihinger thinks, why didn't he say so frankly? Because he was muddled and undecided, or because he wished to sugar the pill?

About Spengler I won't say anything. I agree in a sense with his politics, but can anyone take his philosophy seriously?

Byzantium, ancient Egypt, etc are all very well, and I envy you the flights of imagination which such reading must produce. Yesterday I went to see a poetical play called "Hassan" by a certain Flecker who some say would have been a second Shakespeare had he lived. It is a very bad play; but the scenery and costumes were inresting and sometimes beautiful, after the manner of the Russian ballet. It was about your friend Haroun el Raschid. Such subjects would do better in opera, and not done by English people, because the English notion of love is out of key with such a setting. Keyserling says very truly that in the East love is of the known (or clearly imagined) and already possessed: it is fondness, attachment, incapacity to live without just that companion; whereas in the West love is of the imaginary, of the unimagined, of the needful but never found: it is egotistical. Now illusion may be well expressed in poetry, but it doesn't belong with beauty of form and colour, nor with the humour of life, such as the Arabian Nights abound in. The fantastic and miraculous are not the same as romantic illusion: they are dreams of something which happens not to exist but which if it existed would be perfectly concrete and material; whereas romantic illusion touches what may be a matter of fact, like an actual person or place, but endows that reality with unrealizable merits. It is fudge: and that is why I call it egotistical, since it is not a loving attachment to any existing thing, but a mere nursing of one's own longings in contempt of anything that might really satisfy them. Better to have loved and lost, says Tennyson, than never to have loved at all: and he means, I suspect, that it is better to have loved and lost than to have loved and found: in other words, better to love, love, love, and enjoy the exquisite woe of being always unsatisfied. Now in the East there is romance in plenty: there is the infinite enemy always knocking at the door; but there is perfect joy within until he breaks through, and that ephemeral perfection of happiness is rendered most beautiful, more poignant, more merry by~~t~~ its very fragility, and by the sound, as it were, of armies and caravans passing forever beneath the lattice at which frail love sings, but sings in "full-throated ease". And for the same reason all those picturesque episodes and all those improvident people make such perfect pictures, each after its own kind: every hour is like a different jewel, beautiful, hard, unchangeable in itself. — But I am wandering from what I meant to say, which was that all this flight of fancy to distant things is less instructive than the flux of events now. There seems to be a lot of confusion, and we are conscious of walking on quick-sands: but that is as it should be. Human things are quick sands: it was folly ever to regard them as solid or solidly progressive. Within this frame of insecurity, however, I see signs of creative force. Not all nations are going to let the canaille have it their own way. There is going to be a self-assertion of the better element, a new aristocracy, a new patriotism, perhaps a new art. Bolschevism in this way seems to me better than liberalism, more like a sort of Fascio of the disinherited, which would very soon be a heritage itself.

Greetings to your sister and to Hans from your old friend

— G Santayana

[Inserted text reads: B 131 XI 123]

Villa Le Balze
Fiesole, Nov. 10. 1923

Dear Westenholz

Just a line to acknowledge your kind and very judicious letter. I hope all is right with Hans. Let me know if there is any permanent difficulty or if there is anything I could do to help him to a solution. As to the Roger van der Weyden I am ashamed to say I have done nothing, but my excuse is that there is really nothing I can do. My Spanish friends are not "cultured" and I know of no one in Madrid who could look the matter up. Perhaps in Rome it would be as easy to find photographs as anywhere, and I can make inquiries there, if you think it worth while.

I left England ten days ago, feeling I should never return to that interesting country, and although I wasn't very well while there, my last visit has left pleasant memories. I am still suffering from catarrh, but hope to go on to Rome next week, where I shall be able (being independent) to nurse myself better than amid all the attentions and luxuries with which my excellent friends smother me here.

What you say about romanticism is very just and convincing. It is often a compensatory indulgence, a safety-valve, a sublimation of the desire for free passion and elbow-room. There is one sentence in your letter I don't quite understand. You say "but it is considered unpardonable and contemptible to love another man". Has a "not" slipped out? Otherwise I don't see the force of the "but".

I have written an article on Freud which I am going to have sent to you, but it won't arrive soon, as I must write to New York for it.

In Rome I hope to be at the Hôtel de la Ville in the Via Sistina not far from where your sister used to stay. Can't you both come there for a holiday?

What you say of my last book gives me great pleasure. It has been received (so far) respectfully but not intelligently.

Yours ever
G Santayana

Hotel Bristol, Rome
April 4, 1924

Dear Westenholz

The day before yesterday I sent you a copy of the Dial with Avicenna II. Here is Avicenna I (not for the vulgar eye) and Avicenna III will follow, I suppose next month.

You had better wait to read and ponder the whole of this Dialogue before you show it to Hans. Perhaps he is not old or philosophical enough for these secret mysteries. Nobody has seen the manuscript yet, and I am glad to let you be the first to read it, because you will understand the combination of fun and philosophy, license and strictness which there is in it. I have a feeling that it ought to be printed some day privately, for the initiated.

You may keep it as long as you like, or altogether, if you can find anybody who can copy without understanding it.

Yours ever
G.S.

Cortina d'Ampezzo
August 8, 1924

Dear Westenholz

You are putting my philosophy a severe test by talking so much of your "romance" without telling me what it is. However, my patience is adequate to the strain, and I will wait placidly until you are ready to divulge your secret.

I left Rome for Venice in May, accompanied by two of the Chetwynd children, a boy of eighteen and a girl of sixteen, and we staid together for ten days, until they returned to their mother in Florence. She is an old friend, or rather sister of an old New York friend, and she was married to an English naval officer and lives near London. I have always been fond of her children, especially the eldest, who when I was in Oxford last year, made the bright spot of a rather dismal visit. The younger children are also very good-looking and well-bred, and I enjoyed my adopted fatherhood, although on the whole it was a relief to be free again when they disappeared. Venice (where I did all my explorations on foot) filled me with quiet emotions: I felt that in my two previous visits, years ago, I hadn't really seen the beauties of the place, which are chiefly atmospheric and romantic: suggestion of antiquity and the East and the middle ages. From Venice, when the weather began to get oppressive, I came here: an excellent place for work. I am in the middle of Book Two of Realms of Being. I think of publishing a first volume separately when Book Two is done, leaving the other two books to form a second volume later.

I skipped Paris because Strong is deep in a book of his own, with the theory of which I don't altogether agree, and he bothers me and I bother him in our inevitable discussions. However, I expect to make him a long visit at Fiesole in the autumn, before returning to Rome.

It will be delightful to see Hans again there, and I count on his coming. The Bristol, where I expect to be again, is in the Piazza Barberini, at the top of the Via del Tritoné. It is better and a little more expensive than the Marini, where Hans came on his second sojourn two years ago. If it doesn't suit him, I hope he will in any case come and lunch with me every day. I am on what they call half-pension, taking dinner at the hotel and lunch in some restaurant: and I should be glad if Hans would join me. He wouldn't need to be punctual, if his studies kept him absorbed regardless of time (which now is wholly relative to the observer) and I shouldn't wait for him; but as that is my slack time, he would still find me on arriving. I lunch usually at Ranieri's, but we could go to the rounds.

I hope the tax-gatherers and the excitements of "real life" will not disturb your peace too long or too profoundly.

Yours ever
G.S.

P.S. Of course a copy of the Dialogue will do as well or better for me than the manuscript: but you needn't be in a hurry to send it. Better wait till I am at the Villa Balze, Fiesole, in September or October.

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Nov. 29, 1924,

Dear Westenholz

I am glad that Hans is really coming, and I gather that he is inclined to stay at this hotel. I have made inquiries and find there is not the least difficulty: the book in which they put down Hans for December 22 was quite blank for many pages before and after that date. The anno santo is apparently a myth, or appeals to pilgrims of more austere habits. As to a quiet room, I am not sure that nowadays perfect quiet is to be secured anywhere: even in the country the motor-horns and the change of geer (if there are hills) fill the air with horrid noises. There are a few rooms here on courts, — but of course that means servant's voices all the morning. My own room is called quiet, since it looks out on the terrace behind the Palazzo Barberini; but the horns and the grating of trams in the Piazza Barberini are perfectly audible — (I am writing by the open window!) — and would be a nuisance to anyone who was not deaf and resigned, as I am.

If Hans is willing to come to this hotel, we shall be able to dine together — the food is often excellent — and then he can be all the freer about spending his whole day in the horrid caverns of churches and museums, and needn't trouble about issuing forth in time to lunch with me, unless it is convenient. The best arrangement will be that you should let me pay his hotel-bill, while he is here, since he comes to Rome on purpose to visit me (so you say) which I can get very few of my friends to do: and then, to even matters up, he can pay for our lunch when we lunch together, and for cabs; and if he makes any saving by this arrangement, it will leave him a little more to spend on photographs and other scientific instruments, which will redound to the ultimate advantage of society at large. Ecco! — I have not answered your letter about your attempts to "live": that would require a treatise if not a poem, or a dialogue among the Shades, so I put it off for another occasion.

Yours ever
G. S.

My kindest regards to your sister. I often think of her when I pass her old hotel.

Hotel Bristol Rome
Dec. 15, 1925

Dear Westenholz

I am delighted to hear that Hans is coming for Xmas, and as you have arranged it over my head, without breathing a word, I understand that you delicately decline that he should be my guest this time. Very well; but really I am much better placed to receive guests than formerly, because I have a sitting-room (as at Oxford, only of a very different aspect from the one in Grove Street); but this fact has made a change in my habits, namely, that I dine alone upstairs, in my dressing-gown. Of course this is not a sacrosanct arrangement, and I can dine down-stairs with Hans while he is here: at any rate I will do so on the first and last days. No doubt we shall agree on the point amicably when we talk it over: and I shall expect to lunch with him (I lunch out, in some restaurant) every day unless he goes to some remote quarter, beyond my radius on an empty stomach.

I am sorry to hear, on the other hand, that you are still pestered with tax-gatherers and faithless partners: and that there has been this unpleasant inquisition into the morals of your friend or friends. But I marvel at the generosity of your laws, if "contact" with boys is illegal only before the age of fourteen: I understand that in the code of Napoleon (that immoral man whose civilization was not Kultur) the age of consent for such amusements is twenty-two evidently on the ground that prohibitions may be relaxed when temptations are more easily resisted. But I should think that before fourteen they would be non-existent: however, there is no making rules for the eccentricities of Eros. Is it not suggested by the School of Freŭd that his arrows may pierce the hearts of twins in the womb? By the way, have you read Proust? His M. de Charlus is wonderfully and terribly portrayed: but the unending meanderings of the style make it impossible for me to read him without skipping.

I don't know who the reviewer in the Times Supplement was: all these academic Englishmen of the older generation are Neo-Hegelians, and try to envelop everything in a cloud of reservations. I enclose a cutting even more colossal ŭnbedeŭtend, but more amusing.

Yours ever
G.S.

Hotel Bristol Rome
Jan. 18. 1926
[Inserted text reads: B 3/3 1926.]

Dear Westenholz

I can't think what I can have done, or what I could do in future, by way of "kindness", in respect to Hans' affair. He showed me a photograph of the young person, and I think I have recognized the original, but I am not sure. Since the interest seems to be more than returned, the matter is more serious than I had supposed, for I thought it might be one of those fancies which die away after a time for lack of sustenance; and perhaps are never expressed at all clearly, even to the object of them. As it is, we must be doubly grateful that in this case there is no possibility of marrying and having children, even if they tried! That happy circumstance removes all danger of serious material consequences. How odd it is that precisely those affections and expansions which are the most harmless, should be regarded as the most deplorable! The only peril here — besides the "tears", which break no plates, as they say in Spain — is that both parties should burn their ships, and not be able to return later to their normal occupations, if now they take any rash step in order to live nearer to one another. Of course, I shall be very glad on my own account if Hans comes to Rome for good, especially as in that case it is so much more likely that you should overcome the obstacles to a journey, or even come here for a whole winter. It is an admirable climate; even in a year of exceptionally severe weather, like this, we have had no real discomfort, and for my part I have again escaped without a touch of raffreddore. The motors are certainly very noisy, and the grating of trams on the rails, at any turn, is excruciating: but you will undoubtedly find a quiet corner somewhere and th— country is everywhere at hand.

My work goes on at a snail's pace; but I still hope "some day" to finish the Big Book & the Novel.

Yours ever
G S.

Hotel Bristol Rome
March 8 1926

[Inserted text reads: B 4/5 1926.]

Dear Westenholz

When I received your letter I felt some doubts about the prudence of establishing confidential relations with this young (Italian) man; but that evening he came expressly to see me (not with any excuse of bringing letters, or anything of that sort) and said that he had seen at the Hotel office that I had a letter from you, and wished to know if you said anything about Hans: was he ill? It was so long since he had written! Of course, this opened the whole subject, and I told him that I was informed of the whole affair, except that I had not been sure until that morning, that Hans' friend was himself. He blushed so very red, that I wondered whether in fact I had been informed of everything; but that is of no consequence. This morning he has come again, quite smiling and self-possessed this time; and he says he has had no letters for two weeks! I told him not to be too exacting, that long races must be run slowly (my Italian is not up to this metaphor, but that was my idea), and he didn't seem particularly unhappy. He is very soft; I wonder how well he will wear.

You need not offer any excuses to the Sage for your philosophical views about the value of following the categorical imperative and attempting to have children, even when it is impossible. The Sage in this case is you. Let us live heroically, you say, <u>als ob</u>: seeking the Unattainable, who knows what nice things we may not find; or as the cow-boy put it: Aim high, <u>but hit the bull's-eye</u>.

I am in a dreadful mess in my "Big Book"; [Inserted text reads "(Essen"] nothing seems to take its proper place and shape: but I hope my troubles are temporary and may yield to the balmy season which is now upon us.

Yours ever
G Santayana

P.S. Aldo has just come in with a note (which he has shown me) & your photo: and they tell him another letter from Germany is at the post-office. He says, "Sono contento."

[Inserted text reads: M Aūsdruck.
Reason & Nonsens. Fiuläras. Plato las]

Hotel Bristol Rome
April 13, 1927

[Inserted text reads: Defect in Essences
daß sie ūnendl. (wie Kinobild) Kinobild]

Dear Westenholz

I meant to have written long ago, but there is nothing new here. Let me answer the German & philosophical part of your letter.

I shouldn't insist on the theory (did I ever defend it?) that belief in immortality is late, or hurtful: my impression is rather that it is largely nominal: it is a thin intellectual façon de parler. A person who really believed it would be half mad and quite impossible to live with. — You understand that I don't deny that people think they believe it: they have no other positive conception of things: but they believe in death, not in an after life, in all their active and mortal affairs. I don't see why you assume that the development of individuality — granting that there has been such a development — hangs together with belief in survival. Was Voltaire less individual than Klopstock? If I was to attribute intensity of self-consciousness to anything (I have never considered the point before) I might be tempted to associate it with being free soldiers and carrying swords in private life. Also the whole romantic habit of describing and nursing one's own feelings. Of course, the heroes in Homer boasted of their feats: but that might be very much a matter of dramatic excitement, as one might describe, with Pindar, the feats of other heroes. I am afraid I haven't a clear idea of the fact to which you refer. When you describe the difference between "believers" and "unbelievers" you mustn't lay all the weight on immortality: it is the immersion in the events of sacred history and of religious life — all in this world or in a present heaven — that gives a different tone to the personality: it is as if a man lived in the country, not in the town, or were a poet and not a commercial traveller. If you believed too hard in immortality, you might become a commercial traveller to the other world. I have known Spanish ladies like that: intriguing with all the saints, and counting up their visiting acquaintance in the New Jerusalem.

You will hardly convince me that the post-war young man or young woman is adrift on account of lost religious beliefs: it is lost social compulsions and assumptions that render him or her so irresponsible. I seem to see it in the young ecclesiastics here in the various national seminaries: they are hideously modern! They look as if they all bathed and played football, and never had said a prayer or shed a tear in their lives. Keyserling (whom I have been reading, not the Diary but his later smaller books) says this is the age of the Chauffeur. Let him chauffe. I think he and the Soviets will reach an equilibrium before long. — I am glad Hans is well and admired.

Yours ever
G Santayana

P.S. I expect to go to Paris in June, to Avila for July, and then to Paris again for the rest of the summer.

Postcard to Baron von Westenholz.

Hotel Bristol Rome, May 1, 1927.

Thank you many times for your long German letter. Do always write in German: it flows more easily, and I understand it perfectly: it you ever feel like coming down from Pegasus and writing slang, just translate the hard word, and I shall guess the rest.

If Hans (Reichhardt) will come to Paris during the summer, before October 15, I can either put him up at the apartment (if I am alone there) or get him a room near by, so that he won't have to spend much, unless…….

As to Platonic ideas, I say on p. 3 that "values" is a fair name for them before they were hypostatized. At the top of p. 21; I merely repeat this.

— I am so glad you saw the joke about the Prince of Wales, and the other jokes. Most people won't. The new volume on The Realm of Essence is almost ready, completely rewritten. I hope it will (in a few years) make everything clear.

Yours ever
(sig.) G.S.

Refers to Platonism & the Spiritual Life by G. Santayana 1927.

Hotel Bristol Rome
Jan. 3. 1930.

Dear Westenholz

It was a real pleasure to see your hand writing after so long and to know that you are well enough to remember an old friend and to write a book. I abstract from the annoyances of taxes, bankruptcies, and new bridges, or even from the substitution of one blond nurse for another: those are the evils that flesh is heir to, and there are very few people who (like me) manage to escape them almost entirely. On the other hand, my old organism begins to show signs of wear and tear; but I follow the doctors' and dentists' directions with the utmost fidelity — it is a way of filling up one's life, like any other — and I seem gradually to be shedding the various works with which I have been long pregnant. The Realm of Matter is now in the press, and it is a great relief to have accomplished it.

You doubtless know that Strong has given up his apartment in Paris, so that I now have no settled head-quarters for the summer. Last year I spent it at Glion-sur-Montreux, and this year very likely I shall go to Spain for a part or the whole of the season. My sister Josephine, the unmarried one, still lives at Avila in our brother-in-law's house; but he is 90 years old and failing: and when he is no more, that other centre for my gyrations will have disappeared.

England no longer tempts me, partly owing to my health, partly to the vulgarization of that country. It is abdicating its place in the political and in the moral world, and becoming a little America — and poor! I think the rich and big America, if one had to choose, might be better: but luckily there is still Italy. Best wishes and remembrances to you and your sister from your old friend G.S.

Cortina, July 20, 1931
[Inserted text reads: B 24.9.31.]

Dear Westenholz

A persistently rainy day in the mountains, or rather in the clouds, when it is too wet to walk and too dark to read, offers an excellent occasion to write to an old friend. What a pity that you have so many troubles in your (almost) old age, when your life long virtues ought to have been rewarded by peace and prosperity! I have no doubt that at least you are surrounded by affection, and I send you the assurance of mine from a distance.

You say the country is getting ugly: I am not sure whether you mean the countryside or or Germany: but in either case it can't be uglier than the U.S. were in my day, when I wrote books about beauty and poems and had a good time — perhaps sometimes even fell in love. No: I don't believe that the world is getting uglier or even noisier. In Toledo, where there were no motors to speak of and no trams, and of course no Electric Works, I remember there was not a moment of silence: when there threatened to be a lull, people began to quarrel or to sing. No: the change is simply that we are old. In Rome, in Venice, here, in Paris or in Avila — and these are now my favourite haunts — I am often transported out of all querulousness of age by the enchantment of the scene. The world is made beautiful, if by nothing else, by the play of light and shade: and the human race, at least in Italy, is still handsome.

I am now at work rewriting or reviewing my novel — The Last Puritan — and getting copies of it type-written, so as to leave it in publishable shape, even if I don't publish it during my lifetime. Besides, I have still two volumes of the Realms of Being to finish, and Symptoms (a collection of articles) and Dominations and Powers: this without counting the Autobiography of which what you call my "Confessions" would be the philosophical part. These books are all in a great measure already written: but the labour of revisiting and arranging, with me, is greater than the original work of composition: so that very likely much will remain unfinished.

However, I am well. My doctor and my dentist take excellent care of my carcase, and I have no material worries [Inserted text reads: (Strong?)]. All my family [Inserted text reads: nephews!] are dead: I have inherited a lot of money from my sister Josephine, who never spent anything: but it comes too late to do anything but make me feel safer and give me a wider margin in case of panics in Wall Street. I wish I could communicate to you the calm, physical and moral, which I enjoy; but I can only send you my impotent good wishes, as well as to your Sister and the good Hans.

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

Hotel Bristol, Rome
April 3, 1932
[Inserted text reads: B6/]

Dear Westenholz

I am going to give the last lecture of my life, and I invite you and your sister and Hans to come and hear it.

Where and when? Θαυμάται ἀκοῦταρ.

In the Domus Spinozana at the Hague about the 7th of September. Some time ago I received a magnificent invitation signed by Brunschwieg (Paris) Gebhardt (Frankfurt) Oko (Cincinnati) and Karp (The Hague), asking me to be one of the contributors to the celebration of the 300th anniversary of Spinoza. You may imagine that I couldn't refuse, especially as the subject assigned was "Philosophy and Religion" — some of the lectures having that subject, and others "Physics and Metaphysics." I don't know who else is invited, or will accept, but possibly Einstein! What a honour in my old age! And I can work the thing in beautifully into the last volume of Realms of Being, the Realm of Spirit, on which I had been working a little this winter, although the Realm of Truth, which precedes, is not yet finished.

I accepted, asking, on account of old age, deafness, and incapacity to speak German (the invitation was in German) to be excused from all banquets and receptions. Gebhardt now replies that there will be no receptions or banquets. Meno male, nevertheless I shall try to arrive late, so as to miss die grosse Hŭldigŭngsfeier.

There is a savoury circumstance about the Domus Spinozana, the house where Spinoza wrote the Ethics and died. In the interval, before being consecrated as an eternal memorial to per aspera ad astra it was a brothel; and in my lecture, beside the severe ghost of Spinoza, I shall see hovering about me the shades of those rotundities which too often disfigure the humbler votaries of Venus. Luckily my lecture will be written here, in the Holy City of Christendom, and upon Ultimate Religion, so that those pagan visions will not confuse the thrilling fioriture and the mystical sfumature of my spiritual intuitions.

You and your sister and Hans are hereby invited to be my guests at The Hague in September for as long as you can stay. I don't know the hotel, but will get the latest Baedeker in Paris and let you know. Do come.

Yours ever
G.S.

[Inserted text reads: → End of letter of Sept 11th 1932 (see furtheron)]

find England, after nine years, very little changed: there are a few more perpendicular concrete buildings, most of them pleasing; but the general effect is still that of multiplication of things on a small scale. But the grass and trees in Hyde Park never seemed to me more beautiful, or on a more magnificent scale, than this afternoon.

As to your versions of my sonnets, how can I hide my blushes at the honour, I wont say of translation, but of being found expressive enough to be appropriated? Your sonnets are very grand, grander (I don't say better) than the originals. I think once before I told you that I felt, in my own verses, a certain simplicity which your translations do not reproduce. In spite of the stock sublimity of my phrases, there is, I think, an obvious sincerity and inevitableness in my confessions, as if they were overheard rather than composed: but of course, there is moralizing also, and rhetorical summings up of ideas: maxims, these are of course easier to render in another language than is the element of simple and rather prosaic utterance. For not being really a poet, I am not poetical when I am simple, but merely simple: and when I am poetical, merely poetical. [Inserted text reads: Dies meint J. nicht ganz ernst. Aůßerdem Kaum man Englisch oder Chinesisch nicht wôrtlich & metrisch an ubersetzen/ins Deůtsche.]

The most distinguished of my auditors the other night, Sir Frederick Pollack, aged 92, was rapt, from the very first, by my eloquence into Nirvana, and slept through the whole. He was sitting close beside me and I could see his head nod, as from time to time, his chin sank deeper into his bosom. He is also blind, and very unsteady on his legs: but he evidently remembers the enthusiasm of his young days, when he wrote a beautiful book on Spinoza which had a great effect on many of us.

But what an awful thing is a collection of old men! And to think that most nations and churches are governed by such sets of dotards!

Yours sincerely
G.S.

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Dec. 13, 1934

[Inserted text reads: B17/]

[Inserted text reads: rec.d 16th.!!]

Dear Westenholz

It was a real pleasure to hear from you and to know you are still enjoying, at intervals, "many little good things." I also should like to read about the Maltese Order, and not long ago read "Dante Vivo" by Pappini: clever and perhaps true on a low level, but not à la hauter. I am now reading, with great attention and some difficulty, Heidegger's Sein ŭnd Zeit. He understands essence: but the question is, does he understand anything else? However, I have never read such a thorough grammar of transcendental approach to our human ideas. Within the idealistic school, he corrects the accidental bias of the idealists. Far superior to Bergson, of whom I have got tired again and dropped: but I may resume my study of him later, if I have time. At present I am preoccupied, first, with the novel, which is finished at last; but I am going to revise the whole (which is now type-written) before sending it to the publisher, and seeing what he thinks about issuing it at once. It might make a row on account of criticism of America, ridicule of Anglican parsons, and erotic friendships; but now that my family are all dead, and most of my friends, I hardly feel that I am living in this world at all, and what people may say about me doesn't much concern me. On the other hand, I know some people would like to see the book in print, myself, for instance, and I hope you. It is very sad — a sort of vital degeneracy and despair, with moral hypertrophy, running through a pure, noble life and ruining it. At the same time, there is a lot of fun in the book: like the old woman who whispers: "This is a wretched world, Mr. Oliver, a wretched world; and the worst of it is, none of us can live in it forever."

Besides this, I am busy arranging the text (also now type-written) of Dominations & Powers. Have I told you about this old project? When the war broke out, I suspended all work, thinking I might learn something from events: but nothing very clear come to the surface until recently, when with the Fascists, etc, politics in the high sense has got a new lease of life, and even in America — where my public is — they are speculating about the nature of governments and why they are so helpless.

However, I have reached a stage of fame or of decrepitude, when other people are issuing my books for me. Two are soon to come out in New York, done by Columbia men. One Obiter Scripta is a collection of articles & addresses, ending with "Ultimate Religion," which I am glad to have appear in an available form. The editors of this are called Buchler and Schwartz. The editor of the other is called Edman (Anglicized from Erdmann, I suppose). I need say no more. Edman is an albino Jew: probably the other two (whom I don't know) are Jews and not albinos. Edman's book, I forgot to say, is a selection from my works, to put my philosophy within reach of the democracy. Isn't it nice? But this isn't all. I have still the Realms of Truth and of Spirit to finish (there are reams of confused manuscript) and I have become interested in New Testament criticism, especially in the Myth Theory [Inserted text reads: as to Jesus' existence] which I don't accept historically, but which seems to me to represent the true inwardness of Christian belief: I want to call it Inspiration, and to write something about it!

You never forget Dec. 16. Thank you for your constant friendship. I am still very well, and may live to finish everything.

With best wishes,
Yours as ever
G.S.

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 1, 1936

Dear Westenholz

Your card has given me great pleasure, and if you don't feel like writing more at length I wish you would ask Hans to give me more detailed news of you: what sort of a house, for instance, you have moved to, and what you read and talk about; also, on his own behalf, how he feels politically, and what is the state of his heart. Your hints about various things are not wasted on me. For instance I have ordered, read, and carefully annotated on the margin Bultmann's Geschichte der Synoptischen Tradition, looking up in my Bible (once belonging to a duchess of Bedford, with bookplate, and bought in Cambridge during the war for 1 shilling) all the passages referred to. I found him convincing, except in one or two points where he seemed a little too Lutheran; but the detection of die Gemeinde in the turn of thought and in the maxims pleased me very much. The Gospels are products of the church, like the other parts of the liturgy. They have always been read on the assumption that both the writer and the reader were inspired, and could know by intuition what ought to have happened. The philosopher Bradley has a maxim, that if something must be, and may be, then it is. So the religious mind conceives what must be, proves elaborately that it may be, (admitting miracles and the superficiality of human knowledge) and concludes that the blooming thing is. Now the Gospels, and all Church doctrines, are framed on just that principle.

As to my novel, it is having an unexpected success. England has treated it politely: there were two editions in the first month, perhaps more since; but in America — will you believe it? — it has already reached the Eighty-fifth Thousand, and I have already pocketed $5,000,^{00}$ with much more coming. The critics find fault, of course, with this and that; and they seem to be undecided whether, if a book is not really a novel, it ought to be a novel. Yet all treat it with respect, as a work of importance, and no one seems to see, or to dare mention, the under-currents in it of dubious morality. The President of Harvard University keeps cabling to me to come and get a degree; but I am adamant or, as you say in Germany, he bites the granite, Poor man! He hasn't the teeth for it, being a well-meaning young man, a professor of chemistry at first, without a marked individuality. He is a sort of negative holiday after Lowell, who worked hard to re-Bostonise the college. You know the place is transformed and enlarged enormously: but I don't want to see it, or to let it see me.

You amuse me with your kind anxiety lest I should lack Pflege. The servants here know my ways and if I am ill I can be taken to the Blue Nuns' Clinic — a good place to die in, where even my soul will be looked after. But I don't want a nurse yet; the only use of one might be to supply me with indoor exercise, driving away the plaguy Pflege at all hours. In the summer, I am thinking of going again to Paris and there Cory can come and see me.

Yours ever
G.S.

P.S. You ask whether really all my family are dead, and whether I haven't a nephew somewhere. Yes; all my brothers & sisters are dead; but my half-brother's son, George Sturgis, is luckily very much alive, in Boston, and looks after my money-matters. He and his sister (twice married) are my only American relations, and my heirs. In Spain, I have one surviving cousin, an unmarried woman of 65 in reduced circumstances; unless you count a supposed illegitimate (but recognized) son of her dead brother's, whom I have never seen, and who, according to his aunt, isn't really her brother's son at all, but looks terribly like another lover that his mother had in the good old days. There are a lot of people in Spain, middle-aged and young, who call me uncle. They are the children and grandchildren of my sister's husband, Celedonio Sastre: but that, as you see, is only a mock relationship. I send them a present at Christmas but don't expect ever to see any of them again.

As to my Boston nephew, there is a curious and comic thing happening. He is of course thoroughly honest, and renders me a correct account of my property on the 1^{st} of every January: but he doesn't like me to spend too much, because my savings go to increase my capital (which he and his sisters will inherit before long). And now, smelling the money that I am getting or going to get from the novel, he is very anxious that I should let it all go, in the first place, to him. Of course, he would send it on to me, if I asked for it; but his transparent hope is that I might forget about it. No, sir: my earned income is coming to me, and will replenish my London bank account, not supervised by any nephew. I am the spendthrift young uncle, he the prudent old business nephew, who wants to pull the purse-strings tight, and keep me from dissipations that might compromise my future — in the other world! It would be worth while to write another novel & put that in.

Hotel Bristol, Rome
Jan. 23, 1937.
[Inserted text reads: E [26] B [27]/I [37]]

Dear Westenholz

You will receive — as a birthday present, even if belated — a set of my collected works. Not all will arrive at once, but the later volumes will dribble on at the rate of two or three a month. The Preface is partly new, partly that of Obiter Scripta; only published last year in "Scrutiny", a Cambridge, England magazine, is Tragic Philosophy at the end of vol. II; for we don't stick to the chronological order strictly, but try to give a topical unity to each volume; then there is nothing new until vol. VII where the Preface and the Bishop Berkeley are my very youngest offspring, together with the Preface of The Last Puritan. The Swedish translation of the latter, I hope, has already reached you.

Your "inside news" concerning if piccolo Windsor rather cheated my curiosity: I knew all that, except that he had begun to be a good king and that he was [Inserted text reads: indeed!] ousted by his enemies, neither of which seems to me probable. There are two distinct questions for the historian: the psychologico-medical question as to Eddie's [Inserted text reads: "backward"] backwardness in love-making and general youthfulness for his age; and the other, the politically symptomatic character of his belated infatuation and plunge into bathing-shorts hand in hand with a divorced and re-married American woman of forty. Bernard Shaw has said (and it seems plausible) that it was not Simpson-love that made the King abdicate, but his life-long impatience and hatred of royalty and of all that being a royalty implies. His tutor Mr. Webb at Magdalen in Oxford told me that he didn't get on with the other undergraduates, feeling shy and too young, but that his only intimate was an "Exhibitioner," i.e. a poor boy with a Scholarship, who would pull him out of bed. You see, the rooted desire of a simple young boy to escape criticism, to forget that he was heir to a great throne, and to have pillow-fights with another boy, too common or too impudent to keep his distance, as a gentleman would have done, even in comradeship. Now, I know nothing about la Simpson except what I have read in the very reticent Italian papers; but I can imagine that she combines a certain familiarity with the ways of the very modern rich, with a great ignorance of the really "great world", so that when he tells her what people expect of him, she giggles "Isn't that funny?" They never did so in her lodging-house in Baltimore. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!

I have touched on this trait in my Peter Alden: he liked "wreckers", because they were a relief from Beacon Street; he was infatuated with Jim, because Jim was merry, gross, and a trifle dangerous; he might have ended by marrying his landlady or housekeeper, and preferred, for safety, to marry Harriet and her Bumstead mansion, at both of which he could laugh. Now, that is what this kicking over of the British throne by a "good" (i.e. a humanitarian, justice-loving, unprejudiced or counter-prejudiced) king seems to me to illustrate. The great don't want to be great: they want to be, and they become, common [Inserted text reads: Oh no!(WZ)]. Basta

Yours ever
G.S.

George Santayana

Letters to

A. W. v. Westenholz

Hamburg.

Hotel du Quai Voltaire
Paris, July 20 1906

Dear Baroness

Your brother's card did arrive in due time and I should have answered it, only I had nothing new to say. I am moored here with four anchors, as my father used to say, and my inertia is greater than I can overcome. It would have been a great pleasure to see you all again, but my journeys have been so continual of late that they have finally worn me out and I cry with my German colleague, "Ach, I kann no more, I am ex-housted!" Hamburg seems so very far away, and the season so advanced, that if I went there I should have hardly time to say how-do-you-do before I should have to say goodbye, and perhaps your brother wouldn't find himself in the mood to ask me those questions, or discuss those matters, which he refers to so darkly in his last card.

I suppose you have taken your little trip to Heligoland and have spent some time, like last summer, at Volksdorf. The thought of the place — it is cool today here, and raining — brings back the sense of damp fields and green woods, and a great freshness, and I wish I might be there again — if only a magic carpet would convey me there in a dream — 'Twill be another year!

Yours sincerely
G Santayana

Postcard, with Picture
of the Temple in Tivoli.

Roma, 19.v.27 / Hotel Bristol, Rome May 9.27.

My sister in Avila is in doubt about the advisability of my visit, for family reasons, so that it is not likely that I shall go to Spain at all: but if I went, it would be in July. I am sorry that I can't be more positive. The matter remains in suspense: but I will write when I know what is settled. Let H (Hans Reichhardt) come in any case if he can.

G. S.

[Note: The visit of Reichhardt in Paris to G. S. did take place.]

9 Avenue de l'Observatoire
Paris, June 25. 1922.

Dear Hans — [Inserted text reads: (Reichhardt = Hamburg.)]

I have purposely waited to reply to your letter until the Karl Marx arrived. Thank you for your trouble, and the dedication of each volume in your admirable scholarly hand: it is the script of a student who might indict folios — I should say of scholastic philosophy, If I did not suspect that such a thing would not sound to you like a compliment, although I think it is. The scholastics were the only reasonable, steady, scientific philosophers in Christendom: and it was only their foundations that were wrong. However, their thought is forgotten, and it is merely some human characteristic — like this of an even, small, patient, accurate handwriting — that reappears here & there, where somebody has the same earnestness that they had, and the same capacity for work.

I try to fancy you surrounded by your 42 young Hamburgers, who by this time are doubtless housebroken [this means that a dog is trained not to lift his hind leg inopportunely in-doors] and have reduced their demands on you to the hope that you may not make too great a demand on them. Do you teach them everything, or do other masters take the class for special lessons? And among those trifles which you say prove discouraging at times, do you include a trifling thrashing sometimes to be inflicted on the bad boy?

I like what you say about not knowing yet what you may have to thank me for, until under Westenholz's care you see what kind of vegetables sprout from my little germs — supposing that my casual sentiments or ways could seem to you the germ of anything. I think it is the soil, namely yourself, that you will have to thank for whatever comes out of your journey to Italy: because there are seeds of almost all sorts floating about in the air, conveyed by books like Hoffman's or by other means and it is only our capacity to receive them and to let them fructify in us, that may be increased by travel, or by acquaintance with riped men.

Experience is a hoe, it breaks up the clods of prejudice or dullness, but I don't think there is much that any man can buy ready-made in the intellectual market.

You may have seen my Soliloquies in England, which I have sent to Westenholz. Here, for instance, is a product of years of observation, of many friendships, and of life-long familiarity with English literature & philosophy: and yet imagine that the book is intensely my own, that (if I may say so without implying that the value concerned is appreciable) England owes it to me, far more than I owe it to England.

And I have already noticed, in one or two reviews that I have seen, that Englishmen reading it notice only my philosophy or my literary criticism, and do not notice at all my affection for them, or my judgments upon them, or my saturation with the pleasantness and charm of their country. In a word, they do not think I owe anything to them, but acknowledge more or less flatteringly that I might be of some interest to them on my own account. So I suspect it will be with your impressions of Italy, or of me: you will not owe them to us, but we shall have to thank you for them, in so far as they take shape at all. When I have read a little in Das Kapital, I will write again to report progress.

Yours sincerely
(sig.) G. Santayana.

Hotel Bristol, Rome
March 22, 1924.

Dear Hans

Easter is approaching and I haven't yet answered your Christmas letter! I hope your affairs have taken the turn you desire, and that without losing your appointment you have been having long holidays and many opportunities to grow almost omniscient. We have had an uneventful winter in Rome, not a very pleasant one climactically — it has been cold and rainy — but agreeable as far as I am concerned because my health has been excellent and I have been able to do a reasonable amount of work — not on the big book so much as on the dialogues in Limbo, of which I have got about ten ready for the press — enough for a book which I suppose will appear in a year or so.

The Dialogues (save one which is too erotic for publications) are coming out in the Dial. If I get extra copies I will send you one to Hamburg: but it is not of much consequence as perhaps they will make a better show when gathered together in a volume.

I have been asked to give a course of lectures in Madrid! Even if in other respects the thing had been possible, I should find the question of language an insuperable obstacle, for of course it would be absurd not to give them in Spanish, and yet I could not trust myself to compose them, even on paper, in that language. I should have had to write them in English, have them translated, revise the translation so as to give it the Love I desire, and then read it to my audience. What a curious round-about way back to the language of one's childhood!

But the insuperable obstacle is that I don't want to do any odd jobs, but to buckle down to Realms of Being, on which I am now at work once more, and then to the novel. It is very nice, from this point of view, to have got the Dialogues out of the way. It lightens my load, and I am already feeling more clearheaded and hopeful in respect to the big book.

Materially my life has been extremely monotonous. I have hardly taken any long walks, and never go out in the evening. (It is just eleven o'clock at night at this moment). I dine at this hotel, where I have a room on the top floor facing the long façade of the Barberini palace, but being on "half pension", I go out to lunch, always now, at Ranieri's near the Piazza di Spagna, where there is a concourse of youngish foreigners, and one very nasal theatrical American female, whom I call Miss Polyandra, who comes in alone, says Hello! and sits down with the men at one table or at another — all quite virtuously and in a spirit of good comradship, but somewhat to my discomfiture, as she makes a great noise and never sits down with me. I am not supposed to "know" her and not having been "introduced," we can't say good morning. After lunch I almost always go up the steps to Santa Trinità dei Monti, slowly because I am getting fat, and then stroll to the Pincio & the Giardino del Lago, coming back to the hotel after tea. Fuller is here: he has been dropped from the Harvard Department of Philosophy, but to make up has been appointed Professor with 6000 dollars a year at Cincinnati, where he will not have any work except such as he chooses to do. He is naturally in high feather, and the first volume of his breezy history of greek philosophy, which appeared recently, has been well received both in England and America.

You know I am no frequenter of museums, but I have been twice to the Museo dei Terme to look at the new Venus of Cyrene, without a head, a trifle which my inartistic eye can't help missing. But I agree that she has a nice back. Was she there in your day?

My dialogues, though devoid of learning, are very Kŭltŭr=k Kŭnst= historisch, because they undertake to comment on modern things from the ancient point of view. You shall have a copy, from which you may translate a maxim here and there, for the benefit of your class of big boys — if you still have it then. My love and best wishes to both you & Westenholz.

Yours sincerely
(sig.) G. Santayana

[Watermark reads: HARVARD COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE]

JULY 8, 1907.

My dear Mr. Santayana,

Thank you for your letter to the Dean explaining your change in Sharfman's grade in Philosophy 12. Your cable came just in time so that we are able to give him his degree. Until the mark came, it seemed to us that perhaps in spite of his very high standing he ought not to get the degree, because he obviously "ran on his luck" in cutting the theses in Philosophy 12. He is, however, such an excellent student that we were all rather relieved when the matter turned out as it did.

Sincerely yours,
[Inserted signature of William Richards Castle, Junior]

Professor George Santayana

F Baumgarten.

Avila, July 21.

Dear W. — You see by this that your worthy postmaster at Volksdorf did his duty and saved Schafskopf's — I mean Sharfman's — life and future career. — It has rained, I have had a colic, but all is well again in both regions. — Herrliche Grüsse, for Paul F also if he is still with you. G.S.

Ende Juni 1906. Endgiltige Absage aûf die Einladŭng nach Hambŭrg.

A lost Psalm of David

§1.  lessed is the man that feareth a journey, whose heart hateth wondering abroad without end.

§2. Children shall not mock him in the streets, saying: Ha! Verily the fellow hath a beard, but not yet the art of speech.

§3. The hireling mule shall not kick him in the belly, nor the dogs of strangers snap at his heels.

§4. Nor shall the rising billow cause him to spew in his bed. Ta. Ta.

§5. He shall not bestow a shekel upon the host's man-servant, that tied the lachet of his shoe; nor three shekels upon the maid-servant for smiling.

§6. The sun may rise: he shall lie abed, rejoicing. It may be set: he shall be master at home of his own soul.

¶ §7. Blessed is everyman in his own country, where the ways of his fathers are all men's ways.

§8. He flourisheth like a pear-tree planted in an orchard, like a young child fed on its mother's milk.

§9. But woe to him whose companions are strangers, and whose wife feareth not the name of the Lord.

§10. He shall perish sadly like a cagèd lion, like a tree watered by the spray of the brine.

(50 years old.) December 16, 1913

[Watermark reads: Queen's Acre, Windsor.]

Minuet*

I.
Old age, on tiptoe, lays her jeweled hand.
Lightly in mine. Come, tread a stately measure,
Most gracious partner, nobly poised and bland.
Ours be no boisterous pleasure,
But smiling conversation, with quick glance,
And memories dancing lightlier than we dance;
Friends, that a thousand joys
Have known in common, save the joy supreme,
The Psyche's dream,
The divine beauty which a look destroys.

II.
Dame Nature, with laborious hand,
Has sparsely strewn the black abyss with lights,
Minute, remote, and numberless. We stand
Measuring for depths and heights
Of our own lost untasted due delights;
Arched over by a kindred heaven
Intangible and never to be scaled,
We possess nought but what was never given
And triumph only that we know we failed.

III.
Tears that in youth you shed,
Congealed to pearls, now deck your powdery hair;
Sighs breathed for loves long dead
Frosted the glittering atoms of the air
Into the veil you wear
On your soft bosom and most queenly head,
While in your shimmering gown
All tints of cloud and water peep and drown.
The forests murmur in your heaving breast,
And in the very accent of your tongue
Are silent loves and charities expressed.
The myriad tapers from these arbours hung
Play on your diamonded crown;
And stars beyond that unbeknown caressed
Your virgin days
Give back in your pure eyes their calmer rays.

IV.
Dear last companion, tender mate,
Dance we untroubled, sip, and prate:
This is a festal night without a morrow.
No chill and haggard dawn
Shall blanch the revellers homeward straggling late;
No shabby after-sorrow
Go snuffing each poor stinking candle out.
Before the rout
Shivers or waves, pass we to other dreams,
Or drugged by the keen fragrance of this bower,
Forget the lapsing hour
And yet unended close it as beseems.

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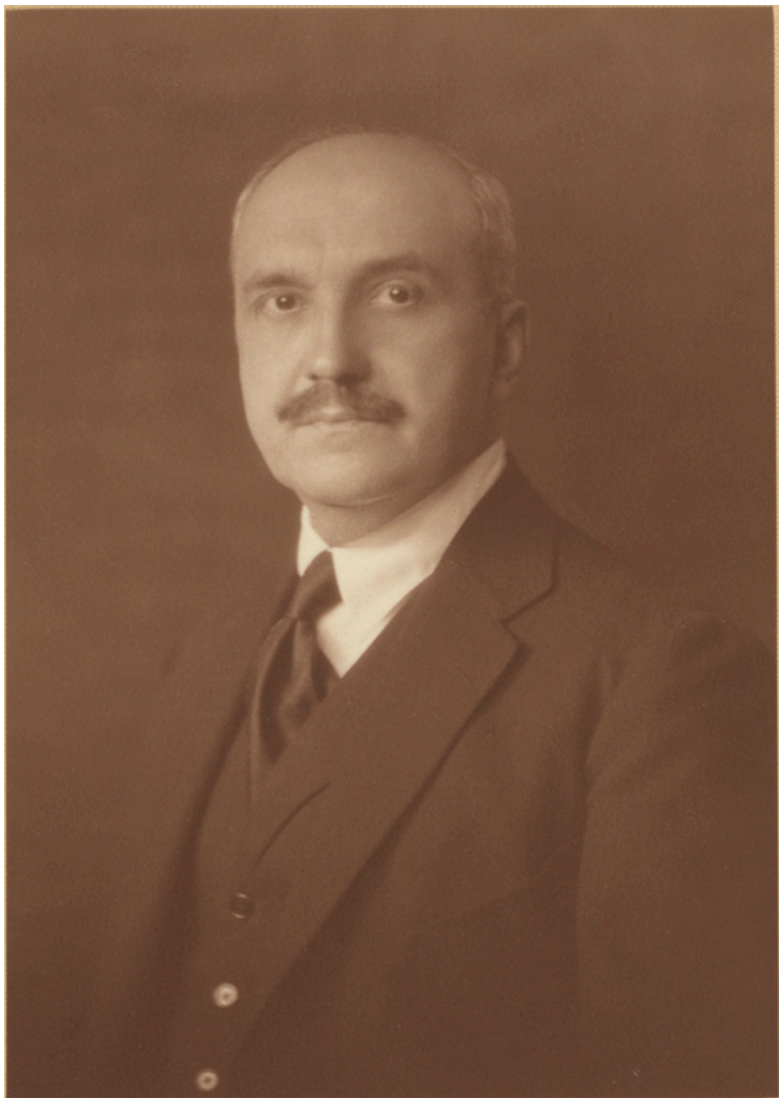
* The composition of the music has been entrusted (through the kind interposition of Sir Oliver Lodge) to the late Mr. Mozart. The full score has unfortunately not yet arrived.

Swaine, 146, New Bond St. w. and at Southsea.

[Inserted text reads: G. Santayana
1927 or earlier]



Swaine, 146, New Bond S^{t} w. and at Southsea.

Volksdorf. AvW's Schreibzi͞mer with beard.

28.6.07 Santayana.

↘ Peer Gynt ↙

Santayana fec. 1910.

Wir schlagen auf:

Die Spanne meines Lebens

"Die Spanne meines Lebens" nennt George Santayana, der Dichter und Philosoph, seine Lebenserinnerungen. (Claassen Verlag Hamburg.) Der jetzt 86jährige Amerikaner lebt in klösterlicher Einsamkeit in Rom. Er schildert fünf Jahrzehnte, in denen die Schauplätze seiner Entwicklung erstaunlich wechseln, das spanische Avila, Boston in den USA, Göttingen, Dresden, Berlin und dazwischen auch einmal — Hamburg. Eine seltsame Erinnerung verbindet ihn mit dieser Stadt:

Baron Albert von Westenholz war einer meiner treusten Freunde. Dreimal machte ich, nur um ihn zu sehen, einen Abstecher nach Hamburg. Er war liberaler Lutheraner, hatte vielseitige Studien gemacht. Sein Vater war Teilhaber an einem Bankhaus gewesen, das der Familie gehörte, Niederlassungen in Wien und in Frankfurt hatte. Die Mutter war die Tochter eines Hamburger Bürgermeisters mit den ausgesprochensten hanseatischen, lutherischen Traditionen. Die Bank besaß eine Filiale in London; der junge Westenholz hatte dort seine Lehrzeit durchgemacht und sprach ausgezeichnet Englisch.

Wegen meines Alters war er sehr respektvoll und nannte mich immer "lieber Professor" oder "Professorchen". Doch er wäre ein viel besserer Professor als ich gewesen, da er mit viel größerer Beharrlichkeit über alle möglichen Stoffe bei den Autoritäten des Faches nachlas. Ehe er Cambridge verließ, hatten wir beschlossen, daß ich ihn in Hamburg besuchen solle. Eine Nacht sollte ich in ihrem Stadthaus bleiben, das in einem ausgedehnten Park an der Alster lag, um seiner leidenden Mutter und seiner Schwester meine Aufwartung zu machen. Dann wollte er mich mit in eine kleine Einsiedelei hinausnehmen, die ihm gehörte und so einsam im Walde lag, daß nicht einmal ein Fahrweg hinführte.

Was ihn betraf, so wuchsen seine Hemmungen. Aus Angst vor Lärm schlief er nicht ein, damit ihn nichts aufwecke. In seinem Gepäck schleppte er große, dicke Vorhänge mit, die er in seinem Hotelschlafzimmer vor Türen und Fenster hängte. In seinem Landhaus in Volksdorf waren alle Fußböden mit Gummimatten belegt, um die Schritte möglicher Gäste unhörbar zu Machen, und er konnte, nachdem er zu Bett gegangen war, mehrere Male hinunterlaufen, um sich zu vergewissern, ob er auch das Klavier abgeschlossen habe, weil sonst vielleicht ein Einbrecher käme, der ihn dadurch aufweckte, daß er sich hinsetzte und Klavier spielte! Seine ganze Klugheit und all seine Ärzte und Psychiater konnten ihn nicht heilen. Wie sein Freund Reichardt mir erzählte, betraf seine letzte große Zwangsvorstellung sein Bett. Die halbe Nacht konnte er damit zubrigen, Matratzen, Kissen, Bettdecken und Laken immer wieder zu orden, aus Angst, er werde nicht bequem schlafen. Vergaß er je dies entsetzliche Problem, stürzte sich sein Geist auf die realeren und nicht minder quälenden Schwierigkeiten, die mit seinen Geldangelegenheiten zusammenhingen. Der Fluch lag nicht darin, daß er kein Geld gehabt hätte, sondern darin, daß er welches hatte und der Regierung sowohl wie Gott Rechenschaft darüber schuldete.

Nach einem frühen, kräftigen Mittagessen, zu dem die Baronesse in einem Fahrstuhl an den Tisch gerollt wurde (denn sie behauptete, sie sei so krank, daß sie nicht am Tisch sitzen könne), steckten Bruder und Schwester die Köpfe zusammen. Sie beschlossen, wir sollten zu ihrem alten Stadthaus gehen, die Puppen aus den Schachteln nehmen und in dem Puppenhaus alles so einrichten, wie es sich gehörte. Das alte Haus war das ihres mütterlichen Großvaters, der Bügermeister von Hamburg gewesen war, und gehörte nun einem Onkel, der nicht dort wohnte. Es lag in der Altstadt in der Nähe einer Kirche mit hohem, grünem Turm und war selbst stattlich und von einem alten Giebel gekrönt. Wir eilten viele Stiegen hinauf, als beträten wir virbotenen Grund. Gern hätte ich die Zimmer gesehen, fürchtete aber die Schwierigkeiten, ohne Erlaubnis des Eigentümers ein Haus zu besichtigen, die Fenster zu öffnen und den Hausverwalter zu beschwichtigen. Und eilte gleichsam schuldbewußt auch auf den Dachboden, wo wir augenscheinlich vergessen durften, daß wir Eindringlinge waren. Die Schachteln wurden geöffnet und die Puppen, die Einrichtung, das Geschirr in die Zimmer des riesigen Puppenhauses verteilt, alles genau, wo es hingehörte. Die Geschwister besannen sich auf die Namen der Puppen, erinnerten sich in reißend schnellem Deutsch, das ich nicht zu verstehen brauchte, gegenseitig an komische Vorfälle aus der Kindheit und hatten zum hundertsten Male ihre Freude daran. Dann wurde alles wieder getreulich in den Schachteln begraben, um vielleicht wieder aufzuerstehen, wenn aus Fräulein von dreiunddreißig Jahren fünfundvierzig geworden wären.

Diese Freude am Einfachen, dies Heimweh nach der Kindheit bei hochgebildeten, reichen und schrecklich tugendhaften Leuten ist sicherlich durchaus deutsch. Gibt das nicht eine von Grund aus falsche Richtung und bildet eine organische Behinderung in ihrer Geschichte? Doch man soll nicht verallgemeinern.