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THE INTELLECTUAL TRAVELLER: AN ESSAY ON GEORGE SANTAYANA *

To turn events into ideas is the function of literature. . . . Irresponsible and trivial in its abstract impulse, man's simian chatter becomes noble as it becomes symbolic; its representative function lends it a serious beauty, its utility endows it with moral worth.[1]

"HAS ANYONE EVER CONSIDERED the philosophy of travel? It might be worthwhile." Thus George Santayana begins his essay "The Philosophy of Travel", casually inviting the reader to learn what he had found to be the central fact of existence: "What is life", he asks, "but a form of motion and a journey through a foreign world? Moreover locomotion—the privilege of animals—is perhaps the key to intelligence."[2] A traveller who preferred to find his own way or to choose his guides himself, Santayana does not figure among those groups of tourists on whose fickle patronage a vogue of culture depends. He can be seen on the periphery of the crowd, looking on at the observers as well as the attraction. His mood is contemplative, his movements almost unnoticeable in comparison with the gush and the go of others. But after the event he speaks intimately of both the persons and the places that he has seen. In old age Santayana often repeated a "myth", a "fable" drawn from this experience: The spiritual or intellectual man is simply a traveller who puts up at the world's inn. The price of lodging is to suffer those "natural plagues" which distract one's contemplation of the distant country out of which he has come. But

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*In the summer of 1969 in Tirolo di Merano, Italy, Daniel Cory, Santayana's literary executor, editor, and secretary, graciously discussed portions of this essay with me. I have incorporated most of his suggestions, particularly those which relate to Santayana's ontology. For instance, Cory made clear to me that Santayana considers intellect to be a "phase of spirit", a fact which greatly simplifies and enforces Santayana's view that imaginative discourse is a means of finding the truth of human experience. Since Cory saw the essay, I have considerably revised it. For that reason, and others too obvious to mention, any errors contained in the essay are entirely my own.

Santayana knew also that this myth of his was limited to expressing only the moral relation between the world and the rational animal. It was inadequate to the task of describing the inescapable fact that "the intellect which transcends the world ideally is a function of the animal soul genetically; and it is a perfectly natural animal function, like all natural self-transcendence in generation, perception, expectation, and action." He was not merely the world's guest; he was a "small yet integral part of it".[3] Yet the myth proved useful. It gave form, substance, and breadth to his vision of the world. And his works reveal a constant and varied effort to fix within that vision the experiences of over three quarters of a century.

Born in Madrid on December 16, 1863, and educated at Boston Latin, Harvard College, and the University of Berlin, Santayana taught philosophy for twenty-five years at Harvard. Over a period of forty years in America he visited Europe nineteen times, on three occasions living there for a year or more. In 1912 he resigned his professorship and left America for the final time, spending the First World War in England, then living briefly in France before settling on Rome as a permanent residence. He died there on September 26, 1952. Such longevity and geographical cosmopolitanism emphasize the extraordinary opportunity for observation enjoyed by a man who was preeminently capable of describing and interpreting the spirit of his age. His Northern-Protestant residence and education superimposed upon his Catholic-Mediterranean birth and affinities made it possible for Santayana to measure within himself the distance between the polarities of Western civilization.[4]

To place these polarities in perspective and find their common ground, Santayana sought an intellectual and moral autonomy which closely resembles that condition of choice which David Riesman calls "transcending . . . culture."[5] Santayana's philosophical justification for this autonomy is materialism or pre-Platonic naturalism. For the materialist, man's spirit is potential within matter, being, as Santayana explains, "essentially a merely possible locus for surveying the universe, to be actualized and individuated only as particular tensions meet and form a centre for further diffusion of energy."[6] That the rational man necessarily acknowledges the consequences of the truth that spirit is rooted in matter is a basic premise of Santayana's *The Life of Reason* (five volumes, 1905-1906), a work which Lewis Mumford describes in *The Golden Day* as having given "criticism and completion" to the cultural bifurcation so troubling to such Americans as Henry Adams. In this book, Santayana insists that science and idealism are essential and complementary modes of human

thought, a concept which enlarges the fields of investigation upon which Western man might seek a rational life; in Mumford's words, Santayana's *The Life of Reason* "restored idealism as a mode of thinking creatively, as the mode in which art and ritual take on an independent existence and create a new home for the spirit."[7] Santayana's numerous imaginative works reflect his confidence in the efficacy of idealism to describe the relationship between spirit and nature and, analogically, between the self and society. For example, his novel *The Last Puritan* (1935) has recently been described by Joe Lee Davis (in Riesmanian terms) "as an attempt to weigh the inner-directed personality [the Puritan hero, Oliver Alden] over against the autonomous personality [the Latin foil, Mario Van de Weyer] demanded by the twentieth century's complex transvaluation of values and the conditions of existence." Davis correctly observes that the novel adds significantly to Santayana's importance as an " 'essentialist' critic of culture" and "connoisseur of moral and psychological polarities."[8]

The profession of essentialist critic or literary psychologist suited Santayana in a two-fold way. Aesthetically and poetically it enabled him to find beauty in those high contemplative moments in which, as he says in "A General Confession", he felt life to be "truly vital when routine gives place to intuition, and experience is synthesized and brought before the spirit in its sweep and truth." But these were but momentary transports in the act of thinking. Seldom did they obscure his vision of "unvarnished truths", the most pertinent to him being that the liberal age into which he was born "flowed contentedly towards intellectual dissolution and anarchy."[9] For Santayana was naturally and intellectually alienated from the society in which he lived. Doubtless this alienation makes the modulation in the tone and theory of his criticism. But he does not quarrel as a malcontent and the criticism is not intended to be discordant. It is his capacity to remain aloof from and yet understand—even to identify with—those dominations and powers he knew in Western civilization that characterizes his criticism as the work of a sympathetic literary psychologist. Santayana the philosopher stands close to Freud the psychiatrist in that both assumed a "literary" point of view towards their world, in the special way that Lionel Trilling describes in the essay "Freud: Within and Beyond Culture": "the particular concern of literature of the last two centuries has been with the self in its standing quarrel with culture."[10]

We must look to Santayana's mode of discourse to observe the singularity of his criticism. It is symbolic language alone that can communicate the mean-

ing of man's experience. Knowledge is complex, and the only way to portray its complexity is to cultivate as many modes of expressing it as possible. Otherwise man's rigid mind cannot expect to capture the plasticity and variety of reality. A philosophy which tries to categorize and control human nature denigrates it. Knowledge, he writes, is fortunately of natural growth, having "roots underground, prehensile tendrils, and even flowers. It touches many miscellaneous things, some real and some imaginary, and it is a new and specific thing on its own account."[11] To turn miscellaneous events into coherent ideas, Santayana said in *The Life of Reason*, is the principal function of literature, ennobling "man's simian chatter" only to the degree that it becomes symbolic.

Santayana's imagery provides a clue to the specific task he assumed for himself: how to transcend an alien society while making contact with it again at those roots common to both him and it. In one sense he creates another world, the better to place "this world" in perspective. In another sense he knows that the world he creates is not another; nor can it be. It is as possible as the observable and evanescent one before his eyes. And in its creation he simply goes to the same source which produces the world of experience. The process may be seen briefly in the occasional piece "The Philosophy of Travel" about which many critics would agree with Daniel Cory that it is typical of Santayana's "'Mandarin' or leisurely style . . . no longer in vogue." But to view this essay as only precious prose is to miss the inner tension between Santayana's formal discourse and vital metaphor, a tension revealing his ironic and imaginative vision. He says that the intellect may travel but that its reports have to be gathered at its centre, the human heart, which is local and finite. All perfections, then, are "local, finite, all cut off from being anything but what they happen to be; and if such limitation and such arbitrariness were beautiful there, man has but to dig down to the principle of his own life, and clear it of all confusion and indecision, in order to bring it too to perfect expression after its kind: and then wise travellers will come also to his city, and praise its name."[12] One is reminded of Thoreau's parable in *Walden* of the Artist of the City of Kouroo: the ironic vision of the materialist whose art is an expression of life is central to both Santayana and Thoreau. That intellect and spirit have their natural origins is a fact more simple and comforting than man generally acknowledges. Santayana could live in the realm of the aesthetic as he could live in the realm of the spirit or the intellect only because he was mindful that they owe their existence to a more fundamental source. Because his con-

temporaries knew either the source or the art, but not both nor the vital process by which they are linked, he admonished them. And in his final works he found that the most effective mode of treating their error was by speaking of it in parables.

Santayana's preference for a literary or poetic mode of interpreting his age is commensurate with his idea of the mutual relationship between tradition and practice. To the Oberlin College Commencement class of 1904 he said: "Tradition is only helpful in practice, practice itself is only valuable when it is fertile in tradition—that is, when it helps to create or bring to light something ideal, which can be transmitted from man to man, and from generation to generation." His audience heard that they had inherited a world of two insular spheres, the mental and the material, occupied respectively by tradition and practice, and co-existing without communication. The fault lay principally with those who lived the life of the mind. Over-anxious to possess tradition in their young country, they imported classical traditions which were alien to the affinities and demands of its practical life. But for a brief tradition of science, America had no integrated literary or religious ideals of its own. The corrective could be found, he said, not by proliferation of acquired cultures, but by deepening practical life: "All traditions have been founded on practice: in practice the most ideal of them regain their authority, when practice really deals with reality, and faces the world squarely, in the interests of the whole soul. To bring the whole soul to expression is what all civilization is after."[13] Small wonder that in the 1920s this same generation of graduates then calling themselves New-Humanists (those "modern" genteel traditionists) and radicals (the rebellious intellectuals) would in turn embrace and reject Santayana! His materialism made great demands upon both tradition and practice. America's anomalous culture, he knew, would "take centuries to make thoroughly efficacious." Impatience in his contemporaries led instead to expedience, and expedience to a dual absolutism which could only perpetuate the hiatus in American life Santayana described at the outset of the century.

For Santayana the process of defining Western civilization was also a process of finding his own vital centre. He viewed his published works as evidence of the struggle he himself made to retain his self-awareness. Perhaps his most revealing account of the evolutionary nature of his writing in this struggle is "The Idler and His Works," an essay that takes the form of an

apologia occasioned by the fact that Santayana had not dwelt upon his writings in his autobiography.[14] Although he found his mature philosophy to be latent in his early works, Santayana did not believe he had clarified his "*radical position*" in philosophy until *Scepticism and Animal Faith* (1923). Following a Cartesian journey into scepticism he returned to distinguish a "summary system of categories" for apprehending experience. *Experience*, he came to believe, though "the obvious and inescapable pressure of sensation, is intrinsically a dream, something arbitrary, fugitive, unsubstantial. . . ." It can be surveyed and remembered only by *spirit*, "an observant intellect", a "witness". But *spirit* is not an agent, for it "can neither bring the dream about nor avoid it nor understand why it should come." Thus on the other side of *experience* is an outlying power—"dynamic, obscure to the spirit, but overwhelmingly powerful and real"—that Santayana calls *matter*, but which others might call *God*. Such a system, Santayana reminds us, differs from similar-sounding Indian or Christian systems in that, like pre-Platonic materialism, it does not deceive man about his natural status. "Nothing," Santayana says, "could be farther from me than a desire to quench the imagination." But imagination, he contends, when it professes to be "perception or science" is in danger of becoming "madness".

It is those works of the imagination which Santayana thinks of as being the true expression of himself. He singles out his poems, *Soliloquies in England* (1922), *Dialogues in Limbo* (1926), the novel, and his autobiography *Persons and Places* (three volumes, 1944-1953) as those works which contain his "inmost feelings" without requiring an eidetic record of his experience: "All has been recast in a crucible, and there appear only possibilities, dream images of my surroundings and passions, such as the mind retains more willingly than the accidental and imperfect realities." This tendency to replace academic objectivity with an autobiographical and imaginative mode becomes more and more apparent, until he can write of *Realms of Being* (four volumes, 1927-1940), his second major opus in philosophy, that "the apprehension of the world and of its opinions becomes itself a confession and an image of the mind that composed it." He discovered that ultimate austerity and scepticism—"this intellectual aestheticism"—eventuates in his finding "something in me that is more myself than I am—the spirit."[15] His technical writings, stripped of this self, could be contained, he thought, "in a single volume." But for the spirit, his disintoxicated self, all "needs to be grounded in physical facts and at the same time shown to be purely relative to special phases of human life and to special predicaments." Without this, Santayana's philosophy would be that

liberal kind he found current among his colleagues who missed "the natural pleasures and dignity" man has "in seeing and thinking, in living with an understanding of the place and destiny of life."

In summing up his literary efforts Santayana found that, though latent, these principles and judgments were not always clearly expressed. *The Sense of Beauty* (1896), for instance, he admitted to be too prescriptive, because he did not yet understand with this first book "that the psyche is the life of the body as a whole, in its unity and direction, partially and incidentally expressed in consciousness." Beauty is not first "objectified", as he then said; rather it is a fuller moral overtone superseding a visual or audible impression "of things harmonious with its life". And *The Life of Reason*, which Mumford praises so highly, suffers most, in Santayana's opinion, from exterior academic pressure: "it was too impulsive, too pretentious, too casual, and based on too little learning."[16] His first readers—particularly, he thought, young Jewish intellectuals—mistook that work for a utopian tract, not as what it was meant to be: "a materialistic view of nature and life". Utopias, he contends, are not possible; for nature is not directed by the human will, nor governed "except in man, by human interests". But even with its tendency to be misunderstood, the book is what Santayana believes to be "an adventure from convention to radical sincerity". It is here that he first describes the material world and man's animal nature as "indispensable indeed for the discrimination of good from evil, or their existence at all." Such a thesis, he shows in *The Life of Reason* and in *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion* (1900), is best illustrated in the "wise myths" conjured up by "*la fonction fabulatrice*," such as those of great religions which, contrary to the illusions of idle musing, "drive us all the more confidently and successfully upon the real object."[17] "Ultimate truths," Santayana writes, "are more easily and adequately conveyed by poetry than by analysis. This is no reason for forbidding analysis, but it is reason for not banishing poetry."

The life of reason is itself an argument for requiring a poetic vision in the search for the good life. The good life can be had only if we know "our nature and circumstances"; and it can be missed by our failure to seek them. Such prescription, he acknowledges, is also that of the early Greek philosophers whose naturalism insisted "that life, reason, and spirit are something natural, and that it is only by facing our true environment, and making the best of it, that we can develop them well." But Santayana does not stop where the realm of inspiration and idealism—indeed, of all mythology—might be open

to criticism. He asks a further question, one not broached by classical naturalists: "What, in this natural world, is the nature and possible virtue of man? On what, without folly and intimate disaster, can he set his heart?" And he answers, "Only on the life of reason, only on union with the truth, only on ideal sympathy with that irrepressible spirit which comes to light in all living beings, flowering differently in each, and moving in each towards a special perfection." Although this reply might be very much like what one would have expected from the mystical traditions he had himself rejected, he hastens to add that it merely places "the motives and the discipline found in those traditions back where they belonged: for they were all voices of nature, elicited by human predicaments."

The ultimate statement of his "spiritualized" naturalism, he feels, is *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels* (1946), a literary criticism of the Apostles' employment of "*la fonction fabulatrice*". The book is an attempt to show how the spiritual life issues from the natural world and, in turn, enlightens it. We should strive, Santayana says, to "cultivate a sense of life's totality, and of the totality and truth of things. In that measure we shall have lived, as it were, in the presence of God, and in as full harmony with his vision and will as our human nature allows." Yet the "idea" expressed in the gospels is many levels removed from the predicament of the average man. Recognizing this distance, Santayana warns his readers that such sublimation is not obligatory, nor is it even always possible, for the good life. Few can be mystics. And mystics doubtless are never completely "natural". Santayana says that it is good for a man to cultivate in himself those conditions given for his existence. From his own psyche he felt a "spark of pure spirit" casting an "impartial light" over life. Cultivated over eighty years, this was the special lighting by which he viewed the world, never assuming that its focus was the only valid one nor that it had shone upon the only available right objects. The assumption was just the opposite. In concluding this overview of his works, he admits to a radical subjectivism: "I can identify my self heartily with nothing in me except with the flame of spirit itself. Therefore the truest picture of my inmost being would show none of the features of my person, and nothing of the background of my life. It would show only the light of understanding that burned within me and, as far as it could, consumed and purified all the rest."

Santayana's way of reconciling the difference between tradition and practice was to assume a point of view from which the absolutism within the polarities could be objectified and the prevailing good be absorbed into the self.

The general criticism he has of his more academic works— that he is "not speaking freely out of [the heart's] clear depths"—is invalid for his literary works. The clarity and freedom of expression he achieved through a refined understanding of the nature and purposes of discourse in what he chose to call a "novelesque universe", and the "normal status" of literary psychology in such a universe are revealed in *Scepticism and Animal Faith* where he writes that discourse is

> an imaginative version, like a historical novel, of the animation that nature, in some particular regions, may actually have possessed. . . . We make a romance of our incoherence, and compose new unities in the effort to disentangle those we are accustomed to, and find their elements. . . . [Discourse] is a living, a perpetual creation; and the very fatality that forces me, in conceiving my own past or future, or the animation of nature at large, to imagine that object afresh, with my present discourse—this very fatality, I say reveals to me the nature of discourse everywhere, that it is poetry. But it is poetry about facts, or means to be: and I need not fear to be too eloquent in expressing my forgotten sentiments, or the unknown sentiments of others.[18]

Yet discourse is dependent upon the power of words, at least in human affairs. And Santayana strongly emphasizes the potential power and centrality of language in the apprehension of experience. Nowhere is this better done than in the encomium to the Word from *Dominations and Powers* in the little essay "Words, Words, Words":

> A word by the intuition it evokes, arrests a meaning or essence; arrests precisely that form in any phenomenon which is capable of being recalled or repeated; and unless phenomena had assumed or suggested some such form, and presented a definite character, they could never have appeared; they could neither have been nor have seemed to be in any way distinct from one another. The Word, in this its logical force, is therefore prior logically to any fact or feeling or perception, and may truly be said to have been in the beginning.
>
> Moreover, this formal element in things, making them what they are, makes also the specific language of imagination. It spreads out infinite spaces through which spirit may wander, uttering here one word and there another. This play of signs and sounds may become reflective, organizing memory, legend, poetry, and science. In this ideal direction language, with its grammatical creations, forms one of the fine arts, and does not figure among political dominations and powers. Liberal arts are relevant to government only as the whole realm of spirit is relevant to physical life, by witnessing it and supplying it with a moral excuse for being. The material utility of language as a code of signals is obvious;

> but such a rattle is in itself useless, if not positively evil, unless it proves good and self-justifying intrinsically; and it never can do this except by so perfecting its material and useful functions as to rise, in the very act of fulfilling them, into the realm of spirit.[19]

Such is the use to which words aspire in *The Last Puritan*, where Santayana continued into a fictive mode his vocation "to turn events into ideas" and in which he tested his theory that "Perhaps, while life lasts, in order to reconcile mankind with reality, fiction in some directions may be more needful than truth."[20] And with the unexpected success of this novel and the isolation enforced by the Second World War he was encouraged to continue his experiment with the "language of imagination" in his autobiography and *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels.*

The autobiography, Santayana tells his readers in the first volume, is a recasting of experience, not a historian's journal. It is intended to be observation and criticism of a life, addressed to that life's essences, not its facts.[21] And as if to show how much a work must be read, he wrote *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels* as a literary criticism of a "dramatic myth" that he conceives of as being full of innocent illusion and important truth that harbour "the spontaneous aspiration of certain souls."[22] More than in any other work Santayana proceeds in this book from his acquaintance and sympathy with "*la fonction fabulatrice*", calling it a "dramatic divination of the potentialities latent in human nature. As in poetry, so in religion, the question whether the events described have actually occurred is trivial and irrelevant. Anything may occur in infinite time. . . ."[23] These last works of Santayana's are based upon the premise that the truth about human experience is evasive and that only articulated essences can capture it. The process requires an "animal faith" in both the material and the spiritual world and in the natural relation between them.

It is, of course, unfair to Santayana's concept of himself to declare that he regarded himself as a poet for whose revelation of the moral truth about itself the world awaited. No one detested moralism more than he. But it is not far-fetched to consider Santayana's last works as conscious efforts at preparing the way for a poet who could encourage men to reason together. As early as 1910 in *Three Philosophical Poets*, Santayana called for a poet whose art would be rational in the highest sense, unifying the themes of life, nature, and salvation in a way that Goethe, Lucretius, and Dante, whose themes were inextricably a part of their preconditioned ages, could not. This poet, he said, would have insight into the two sides of rational art: on the one hand he would encourage civilization to engage "artistically, joyfully, sympathetically" in in-

dustry, science, business, morality—all that buttresses life; on the other he would express "the ideal towards which we would move under these improved conditions." Without the first the second cannot exist. "For", Santayana writes, "if we do not know our environment, we shall mistake our dreams for a part of it, and so spoil our science by making it fantastic, and our dreams by making them obligatory." Santayana believed that the world desperately needed to evoke this poet from the limbo in which he dwelt. "It is time", he urged, that

> some genius should appear to reconstitute the shattered picture of the world. He should live in the continual presence of all experience, and respect it; he should at the same time understand nature, the ground of that experience; and he should also have a delicate sense for the ideal echoes of his own passions, and for all the colours of his possible happiness.[24]

Throughout the first half of the twentieth century, increasingly aware that the picture if not the world itself had suffered even further fragmentation, Santayana repeated his call for the poet of "double insight". He did not prescribe abstractly. His own poetic or literary works exemplify the rational function appropriate to discourse in a novelesque universe.

NOTES

1. *Reason in Art*, Book IV of *The Life of Reason*, one-volume edition (London, 1954), pp. 332-333.
2. *The Birth of Reason and Other Essays*, edited by Daniel Cory (New York, 1968), p. 5. The essay was first published in *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, 1964. In the mood of the soliloquies he composed in England during the First World War, the essay was probably written shortly after Santayana left America in 1912.
3. "The Birth of Reason", *The Birth of Reason and Other Essays*, pp. 51-52. This essay was first published in *The Southern Review*, 1967, and was written, according to Daniel Cory, in 1950.
4. Even though I have been tempted to use the generic word *culture* instead of civilization, society, and other euphemisms in referring to the collective manners and customs of a people (the use to which the word *culture* is put these days), Santayana himself avoided the word when writing about societies; for he had a specific definition for culture, more akin to nineteenth century notions. In fact, his word *Kultur* is more synonymous with current definitions of *culture*, in that he used the former term for civilizations which were unanimous in "manners, laws, implements, arts, religion." Germany in 1915 was a modern version of such a society, a corrupt vestige of another traditional society, ancient Greece. But *culture* for Santayana was a modern phenomenon, dating from

the age of liberalism begun in the Renaissance, when, he writes, "personal humours and remote inspiration broke in upon the consecrated medieval mind." Since for Santayana liberalism is "an adventitious principle" without traditions of its own, the practice of *culture* is a necessary element in liberal ages. *Culture* allows individuals "to integrate in imagination the activities which liberalism disperses in practice." Santayana obviously desires that *Kultur* (indigenous to a society) and *culture* (acquired by the privileged few) be reconciled. But for this to happen, a political structure which would avoid the closed society and repressiveness of a totalitarian state on the one hand and the indirection and permissiveness of liberalism on the other would have to be erected. Only when public organization reasserts itself can *culture* become more than the individual's way of "profiting intellectually by a world he has not helped to make." He suggests a return to classical naturalism when he says, "It is in the subsoil of uniformity, of tradition, of dire necessity, that human welfare is rooted, together with wisdom and unaffected art, and the flowers of culture that do not draw their sap from that soil are only paper flowers." The background for this observation comes from four essays: "Classical Liberty," "German Freedom," and "Liberalism and Culture"—all published in 1915 in *The New Republic*—and "The Irony of Liberalism," published in *The Dial* (1921). Quotations above are from "Liberalism and Culture."

5. *The Lonely Crowd* (Garden City: Doubleday Anchor Book, 1953), p. 282.
6. *Dominations and Powers* (New York, 1951), pp. 12-13.
7. "The Pillage of the Past," *The Golden Day* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1957), pp. 115-117. First published in 1926.
8. "Santayana as a Critic of Transcendentalism," *Transcendentalism and Its Legacy*, edited by Myron Simon and Thornton H. Parsons (Ann Arbor, 1967), p. 174.
9. *The Philosophy of George Santayana: The Library of Living Philosophers*, II, edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp (Evanston, 1940), p. 21.
10. *Beyond Culture* (New York, 1965), p. 118.
11. "Literal and Symbolic Knowledge," *Obiter Scripta*, edited by Justus Buchler and Benjamin Schwartz (New York, 1936), pp. 149-150.
12. *Ibid*. pp. 16-17.
13. "Tradition and Practice," *George Santayana's America*, edited by James Ballowe (Urbana, 1967), pp. 109-120.
14. *The Idler and His Works and Other Essays*, edited by Daniel Cory (New York, 1957). All quotations in part II of my essay are from pp. 3-20 of *The Idler*. In his "Preface" Cory says that "The Idler" was written during the Second World War, at which time Santayana was composing his autobiography. Cory

confirms my supposition that the piece was originally intended for inclusion in *My Host the World*, the third volume of *Persons and Places*.

15. The origin of this observation is of interest. Daniel Cory has recalled to me that he had read to Santayana from an article by Paul Claudel in T. S. Eliot's *Criterion* the statement: "*Il y quelque chose en moi qui soit plus moi meme que moi. . . .*" Claudel's conclusion was that the *quelque chose* was God. When Santayana asked Cory what he thought it might be, Cory responded, but half in jest, "sex". Santayana, says Cory, smiled patiently at both answers and quietly offered his characteristic term, "spirit".

16. Not long after he wrote "The Idler and His Works" he collaborated with Cory to produce the one-volume edition of *The Life of Reason* as a partial corrective to the faults of the original five-volume work.

17. Santayana borrows the phrase "*la fonction fabulatrice*" from Henri Bergson who introduced it in *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion* (1932). Bergson regards the "myth-making function" as a response to a "fundamental demand of life", "to be deduced from conditions of the human species" (translation by R. Ashley Audra and Cloudesley Brereton in the Doubleday Anchor Book edition, 1954, pp. 195-196). Daniel Cory remembers Santayana's pleasure in appropriating the phrase for his own use, accepting this theory of Bergson's while rejecting his soft and humanistic romantic naturalism in general. See Santayana's early essay on "The Philosophy of M. Henri Bergson", *Winds of Doctrine* (New York, 1913).

18. (New York, Dover Press edition, 1955), p. 261.

19. pp. 140-141.

20. (New York, 1936), p. 600.

21. See *The Background of My Life*, volume I of *Persons and Places* (New York, 1944), p. 199.

22. *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels* (New York, 1946), p. 248.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 173. One might include among these last poetic works *Dominations and Powers* itself, since Santayana writes in the "Preface" that he intended it "to contain glimpses of tragedy and comedy played unawares by governments; and a continual intuitive reduction of political maxims and institutions to the intimate spiritual fruits that they are capable of bearing", ix. In fact, this book reads like a gloss on all that Santayana had written during his life.

24. *Three Philosophical Poets* (Garden City: Doubleday Anchor Book). All quotations are from the "Conclusion", pp. 181-191.