



Santayana in his Roman-Irish convent—"his long, fruitful, and literary life."

## *The Roman Brahmin*

PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP

"A MAN cannot sit above the clouds and have no prejudices. That would be to have no heart, and therefore no understanding . . ."

These words, written by the late George Santayana in February 1951 for the preface of his last book, "Dominations and Power," were meant, of course, to be both autobiographical as well as universal in import. However, if they are descriptive of Santayana himself, they are so much more by negation than by exemplification. For, to the very day of his death on September 26, this philosopher maintained an extraordinary aloofness to the tensions of our society and to the clamors of our age.

He did, as a matter of fact, "sit through" the Mussolini regime of Fascist Italy. He sat through the Nazi invasion of Italy and later through that of America's armed forces. He sat through the enforced American

regime of Italy which followed immediately upon the collapse and defeat of the Fascist-Nazi armies.

Moreover, both late in 1950—long after Italy had regained most of her political (if not her economic) independence—and again in June 1951 I still found him sitting largely "above the clouds" of the mundane events which upset so much of the lives of most other people in the world. Nor was it true then—or, indeed, at any other time during his long, fruitful, and literary life—that Santayana had "no prejudices." Although it should be said at once that his prejudices were not those of the so-called "man in the street" or those of the average scholar or even philosopher. Perhaps it would be truer to say that they were the prejudices of the intellectual aristocrat whose life is, on the whole, lived so much above the noise of ordinary mundane affairs that he just cannot imagine that these mundane affairs

are of any real—certainly not of any lasting—significance.

Yet, it would be difficult to maintain that he had "no heart." His enjoyment on receiving old friends was always so obvious that he must have had a heart. And surely no one could—seriously—have accused him of "no understanding." Although here again it is to be confessed that his understanding had a penetration and depth which certainly did not make him the mouthpiece of the "average man." The simple fact of the case is that, ever since he concluded his early series on "The Life of Reason," Santayana wrote a language which really was understandable only to the initiate, a fact to which even his one novel, "The Last Puritan," bears unmistakable witness.

However, I have no intention here to pass judgment either upon Santayana as a literary figure or as a philosopher or as a man or as a citizen: we are still far too close to him to do him justice in any of these regards. For the present I shall be satisfied with relating some reminiscences of recent personal contacts with him.

My last three visits with Santayana, in his Irish Convent "Little Company of Mary" Hospital home on the Via di Santo Stefano Rotundo VI in Rome, where he spent the last ten years of his life, occurred on December 16 and 17, 1950, and on June 24, 1951.

Even on the first of these three visits it was obvious how much Santayana had aged since I had seen him last in September of 1948. He himself was well aware of this fact, for, no sooner had he greeted me at the door and reclined on his chaise longue, than he said: "You will have to sit near me: I am growing deaf as well as blind." The twinkle in his eye, with which he said it, intimated that his words were to be taken with some grains of salt.

He was far from deaf, for we carried on several hours of conversation without any apparent difficulty and without either of us raising his voice unnaturally. And he was far from blind; the best evidence of this lay in the fact that he was even then engaged in reading the page-proofs of his "Dominations and Powers"; true enough, to aid him in this tedious task, Santayana had summoned his old friend of long standing, Daniel M. Cory, a colleague who for many years past has never failed to come to the master's aid whenever needed. But this did not mean that Santayana him-

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## The Morning After

ON THE morning of Wednesday, November 5, the American people will have to take a deep breath of cool air, clear off the fog, and get on with their business in the world. For three months we have shut ourselves in, making the angry sounds and taut cries of the campaign season. Meanwhile, there has been no corresponding intermission in the world crisis. Events and forces have continued at the same rough pace. History has not obliged us by coming to a full stop during the period of our great preoccupation.

As soon as the election is over, it might be a good idea to stick our heads up for a look around. The world is bound to be as cumbersome and threatening as it was when we left it, except that things have an annoying way of drifting in the wrong direction. We see Asia, where a billion people are striking out for something they hope will be better than what they have known, but they are not looking to us—not yet. So far we have failed to say or do the things that will convince them we know what is in their hearts. Instead, we have said bitter things to ourselves because so much of Asia has gone under and over; but what we have said is meaningless because it has mostly been about guns and steel and the things that people cannot use for saving their land or for making a better life. And always we talk about yesterday, and very little about what can be done for the larger part that remains.

We see Africa, where yet other millions are caught up in a churning struggle that is no less deep or bloody for its lack of a fixed or clearly recognizable form. It is a struggle for the soil, but it is also something more; it is a craving for full membership in

the human race. No more irresistible force occurs than when a man becomes convinced that he need not loathe himself because of his skin, or accept punishment for the fact of his birth. Such a force is erupting in Africa, as it has already erupted in Asia.

It is not easy to deal with this force, but the way to begin is by being inspired by it and not by being frightened by it. There will be no milling under our banner if we ourselves are made uneasy by people who are doing what we would do if we were in their place. We talk freedom easily enough but we must not regard it as a painful idea when it comes to life in others. It is this very annoyance of ours, this longing for order above justice, that emboldens Communism and gives it such a clear field. Communism comes upon the scene with its slogans and formations—not creating causes but appropriating them, exploiting the default of all those who do not think but only deplore.

And when we look around the rest of the world, we see that the human situation continues to call for big ideas and big men to give them life.

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ON THE morning of Wednesday, November 5, a man will be handed the greatest assignment in human history. He will have the job not only of speaking for his own people but for people who may never have heard of him or the Party in whose name he was elected. He will come to office at a time when history has never known so many hopes and fears so delicately balanced. For our time is almost like a summing-up of man himself—poised between affirmation and negation, promise and despair, al-

truism and selfishness, clarity and confusion.

In order to fulfil his assignment, the new American President will have to recognize that the institution of man today is unrepresented. Partial man is represented. That is to say, the part of him that is national man is represented. The part of him that is fraternal, social, and cultural man is represented. But the whole man, or world man, lacks representation. In the sum total of everything he is; in his oneness with all men everywhere; in the basic matters that involve his personal safety, his subsistence, his values; in his station as the dominant occupant of this planet—in all these respects, the cause of the whole man today is without effective representation.

The differences within the human community—differences of ideology, religion, culture, race—all have their spokesmen and their legions, ready to act or react, ready to claim, charge, contend, or defend. But the community of which the differences are a part has no specific form. And the differences have been allowed to overshadow the infinitely larger problem of man himself.

The challenge to America, then, is to become a spokesman for the human community. We can help to give it a specific form and structure, one that offers adequate protection and representation in those matters of common concern to all peoples everywhere, one that is sensitive to the needs and meaning of human destiny. Far from having to discard his nations, his cultures, and his other institutions, man can now create a framework large enough and strong enough to embrace them all. He can make the world safe for diversity.

The world at present is in a condition of near anarchy. Sooner or later the anarchy will have to give way to organization. Such organization could be brought about by force or by the threat of force, in which case it would require force to hold it together. Or it could be brought about by the determination of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples, responding to positive leadership.

It is positive leadership of these dimensions and in this direction that marks an American opportunity above domestic politics or labels. If we are serious about taking the initiative away from Communism, we can do it best by speaking for man. Not until we do this will we be getting on with our work in the world. —N. C.

The foregoing editorial was adapted from a forthcoming book, "Who Speaks for Man?" to be published by the Macmillan company in January.