

3 January 1933.

Major L. Darwin, Sc.D.,  
Cripps's Corner,  
Forest Row,  
Sussex.

Dear Major Darwin:

I am enclosing a screed which I was induced to write for a composite book having, I fear, some such dreadful title as "Mind Behind It All", though the Editress has not confessed it to me as yet. Quite possibly she will find it so much against the grain of her other contributions that she will turn it down, or, what will come to the same thing, propose a few tactful modifications. As a title I think "A Modern View of Darwinism" might do, as leading no one to suppose that it is genuine Darwinism; as I feel rather guilty anyhow of taking liberties with what your father thought or said. On this point, as you know, I should be guided by your comments.

There does not seem to be much metaphysics in it after all, at least not what a metaphysician would call metaphysics, and I hope it does not open the door to the flood of wishful sloppiness which seems to be called philosophy. However you will judge best

if I am showing signs of drivelling.

Yours sincerely,