[p4]

Solus in occultis degens Ieronimus antris

Hic recubo montis accola chimerici

Vnde mare et terras tenebrosumque aera cerno

Et video caelum quod colo sydereum.

**Ancona, May 1893**

Under the wide and starry sky

Dig my grave and let me lie,

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse ye grave for me:

Here he lies where he longed to be.

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,

And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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[The previous diary ended on November 22, 1893 in Florence Mary returned to England for the Christmas holiday. They meet again in Pistoia on Feb. 3]

**February 14, 1894**

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

It is a “turning-point”, I suppose, to be thirty years old, as I am today. Well, we spent 15 l. extra in celebrating the festa, for we took a long delicious drive in the sunshine, and went to Doney’s to dine and had such a bottle of Montepulciano as it entereth not into the mind of man to conceive!

But I must go back eleven days when we met again at Pistoia after nearly two months, which I had spent chiefly in being ill, alas! and Bernhard had spent in reading: Garpari’s Italian Literature,

D’Ancona’s various writings, XIII century Italian poetry, many “Sacre Rappresentazioni”,

Browning’s Guelfs and Ghibellines,

Pennington’s History of the Church in Italy,

Ulmann’s Botticelli,

Sabatier’s François d’Assise,

Schmarsow’s Giovanni Santi,

Howells’ World of Chance,

and Scott’s Antiquary,

etc., etc.

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We “did” Pistoia on Saturday the 3rd, and found our taste much changed since two years ago.

Lorenzo di Credi’s altar-piece seemed dreadful this time, in spite of our remembrance, which was of something charming, and the Hospital frieze was horribly glaring and out of tone. On the other hand, we enjoyed Gerino’s Peruginesque feeblenesses more, and found a font by Giovanni Pisano which we really enjoyed. We took an afternoon train to Florence.

The next day <Feb. 4> we had a glorious walk.

On Monday <Feb. 5> I went out to see “Vernon Lee”, and on Tuesday <Feb. 6> I felt ill again, and have been so ever since, scarcely venturing out at all, except to meals.

Fabbri came one evening to call, and Miss Paget and her friend came to look at Bernhard’s photographs one day.

For the rest, I slaved over copying my “Hampton Court Guide”.

But the

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great event is that Miss Paget thinks Bernhard has made a great, great discovery in aesthetics, and has spurred him to commencing a book on Scientific Art Criticism — a book which, she prophesies, will make its mark. <this paragraph marked with a red line in the left margin>

**Feb. 15, 1894, Florence**

Breakfasted as usual with Bernhard, and spent most of the morning reading aloud Vernon Lee’s articles of 1880 and 1882 in The Contemporary, concerning “Comparative Aesthetics” and “Impersonality and Evolution in Music.” They are brilliantly written, and show an active, eager brain, but a hopelessly unscientific one. She has no method, so her Einfälle come to nothing — in fact, lead her into vague, false, shallow generalizations. I do detest the “vegetable” analogy for art, and

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her whole theory of the growth, blossom, and decay of art is based on this false analogy.

In the afternoon Bernhard took Miss Thomson to see the Botticelli drawings, and Mrs. Hapgood, the mother of “Fafnir” and Norman, called upon me. She is as eager for experiences and for getting enjoyment out of art as a girl. I like her so much.

The other day when Bernhard was walking by himself — I have not been able to walk, all these days, alas! — he saw a cloud hanging on the Fiesole hill just like a cobweb, looking as if a feather broom of cosmic dimensions should be employed to sweep it away.

O, I forgot to say that The Nation, having accepted his article on “Dante’s Visual Images,” refused the review of Ulmann’s Botticelli, which I then made use of to send to Mr. MacCollto “place” for me.

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**Friday, Feb. 16, 1894**

Il Palmerino, Maiano

Breakfasted with Bernhard and discussed, as we usually do, the relation between the personality of the artist and his inherited and acquired form of art-expression.

Bernhard had lunched with the Hapgoods and walked with Mr. Hapgood from Fiesole to Settignano, and I came here in the late afternoon. We looked at Botticelli photos and talked in the evening.

**Saturday, Feb. 17, 1894**

Il Palmerino, Maiano

A quiet grey day, which I have enjoyed, and would have enjoyed more if Bernhard had been here. I am rather worse, so I lay down practically all day.

I read Pater’s “Plato and Platonism”, and “Peer Ghynt”, and “Vernon Lee’s “Conferenza”upon Italian painting.

We talked too, Miss Paget very brilliantly. An artist came to dinner and talked her nearly blind, but Miss Thomson and I took refuge in Titian photos. Miss T. met Loeser and thought him absolutely detestable.

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**Sunday, Feb. 18, 1894**

Il Palmerino, Maiano

Another quiet day, quiet but delightful.

Read Henry James’ A London Life,

which Miss Paget thinks fine, and I think detestable.

Read some Montaigneand Mary Robinson Darmstetter’s poems.

Looked at Titians with Miss Thomson, who really cares to look. “Vernon” hastily rushes through, eagerly searching for the next, which she hopes she will enjoy more than the present one. In the evening she played me XVIII century airs from Handel to Cimarosa, which interested me immensely.

\* **Monday, Feb. 19, 1894, 12**

Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Miss Thomson drove me in.

Met Bernhard at lunch.

He took the Hapgoods to the Uffizi and then came here, and we talked and talked. He has evolved an interesting idea about landscape, that, until lately, its visual properties were less noticed that its smell, breezes, airiness, etc. That explains plein air just appearing, etc.

Ricketts and Shannon sent me their “occasional publication”, The Dial. Its illustrations Bernhard said were the progeny resulting from incest between Burne-Jones and

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Rossetti. Its prose may be called the bastard of Meredith. In fact, it nearly drove me crazy!

**Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1894, Florence**

I took Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood to the Bargello. She seemed to enjoy it, but he, like “Vernon Lee”, was ever hastening on to try to get something out of the next thing which the last had failed to give him.

After lunch we went to Alinari’s to look at photos, and I hired a piano and got Gluck’s Orfeo as a ginning. I enjoyed reading it over.

We found some enchanting tea-cakes, enchanting!

Emily Dawson came at 7, and she and I dined together at Cesare’s.

Bernhard dined at the Luna, and went to call on the Forbes.

It has turned excessively cold.

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**Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1894, Florence**

Called on Bernhard after breakfast, and then took Emily to see the Botticellis in the Uffizi.

After lunch, we went to the Marucelliana Library and got Landini’s Commentary on Botticelli, illustrated with wood-cuts by some close follower. We thought they were Botticelli, and were awfully disappointed, but tried to see beauties. Pater evidently did the same.

I called on Mrs. Hapgood later, and then we talked and looked at photos. I had a neuralgic headache all day.

Bernhard dined with Vernon Lee, who talked to him about his book. She wants him to write upon “The Work of Art” in the abstract, and he wants to write a book upon the Science of Art Criticism.

**Thursday, Feb. 22, 1894**

Went to see the real Botticellis at the Marucelliana and enjoyed them rapturously.

In the afternoon Emily and I went to the Certosa and Bernhard took a last walk with Fletcher, who is going to Rome.

We came back by San Miniato and enjoyed the view.

Bernhard came in in the evening and said all the arts, except music, are primarily occupied with space composition, even poetry. I

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lay awake half the night trying to refute it. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

**Friday, Feb. 23, 1894**

Mother and father and Alys all wrote that Knowles has accepted my article on art-criticism for The Nineteenth Century. I am glad, but not elated. I believe my first article in the Woman’s Herald gave me more pleasure.

Emily and I saw the rest of the Botticelli illustrations to Dante and some buildings, etc., and after lunch the Academy.

Bernhard took Miss Thomson to the Uffizi, and made her wax enthusiastic over: Alessio Baldovinetti!!

We took tea in his rooms and looked at Giorgione photographs. They said I had a “Giorgione cranium”.

I am trying a patent medicine called “Orange Blossom”, and it makes me feel rather bimbly.

**Saturday, Feb. 24, 1894**

“Starving in the midst of intellectual plenty” — is not that the mental condition of most girls?

Emily and I had a delightful morning seeing the Botticelli at the Ognissanti, and Santo Spirito and the Pazzi Chapel.

In the afternoon we took a walk with Bernhard and in the evening chatted.

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\* **Sunday, Feb. 25, 1894, 12**

Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Emily went to join her mother in Rome early in the morning. She is a nice girl, in spite of being, as I described her to Bernhard, as “ugly as a hornet”. She said I had given her the most valuable present she had ever received in Botticelli and Renaissance architecture.

This morning we wrote, etc., and afterwards I finished a Chronicle review of Dr. Ulmann’s Botticelli.

Bernhard lost himself in Pater’s Plato.

**x Monday, Feb. 26, 1894**

Italia, Viareggio

We reached here at 3 o’clock and had a walk in the Pine Woods until dinner.

After dinner Bernhard read Justi’s Wincklemann, and I read vol. V of Creighton’s History of the Papacy.

**Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1894, Viareggio**

Pineta in the morning, pier in the afternoon, a glorious balmy day.

Read as above.

**x Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1894, Viareggio**

Pineta both morning and afternoon.

I finished a Chronicle review of Leader Scott’s Echoes of Old Florence, and began one on Lafenestre’s Louvre Catalogue.

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**Thursday, March 1, 1894, Viareggio**

Walked and read as usual. Went over the Hampton Court Guide, which I finished and made up to sent off tomorrow. We had a wonderful afternoon walk in the Pineta and on the shore. The mountains glowed like amethysts and sapphires.

**Friday, Mar. 2, 1894, 12**

Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

After a quarrel (a propos of Bernhard’s nails), which we made up, we had a nice walk in the pine woods.

Bernhard finds Pater’s “Plato” terribly dull, although it is a model of construction.

We came back, arriving here at 7, and found various nice letters, etc.

By the way, when Emily was here, Bernhard made a comparison worth recording, saying that some remarks are like drawing down those heavy iron shutter fronts they use in the shops here. How much better this describes the sensation than the old “wet blanket”!

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**\* Saturday, Mar. 3, 1894, Florence**

We discussed “the artist in the work of art” over our coffee. Bernhard said that he knew of no case in which the temperament of the artist counted for so much as in the case of Velasquez. “The artristic temperament?: I asked. “No, the inartistic temperament!” he replied, explaining that it was Velasquez’ terre à terre devotion to the business pf paint that made him so much more powerful than the poetic, expression Murillo.

After lunch Bernhard took Miss Thomson to see some Leonardo drawings, and then we went together to call on Fabbri.

We dined at Doney’s.

I read Boccaccio and Bernhard Sacchetti.

**Sunday, Mar. 4, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard walked with Fabbri in the morning, and Miss Thomson came to see me. I showed her some “impressionist sketches” Ray and Karin made of the Queen’s Drawing Room, and she told me that when she used to go, she used to

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ask herself whether she wasn’t crazy, and whether everybody else wasn’t crazy, too to go undressed on cold days, frightened to death, to gain, what? We arranged photos after lunch and read, Bernhard a book by Henry Balfour on the “Evolution of Decorative Art”

and I Vernon Lee’s Sketches of the XVIII Century.

I wrote my review of Lafenestre’s Louvre catalogue.

**Monday, Mar. 5, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard began Hegel’s Aesthetics

and music lessons for me.

I went to lunch at Vernon Lee’s and she played me Handel, Marcello, etc.

Read in the evening.

Bernhard called on Miss Hallowell.

**\* Tuesday, Mar. 6, 1894, Florence**

Type-wrote and sent off my Lafenestre review.

Walked to Bellosguardo and had a heated discussion because Bernhard insisted

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upon making use of such bothersome philosophic phrases as “will a universe”. I so detest metaphysics and hate the whole incomprehensible jargon in which perfectly comprehensible ideas are dressed up.

We had a more amusing talk, when we came back, about his book on Aesthetics. He is going to take the motto “till out of three notes he makes — not a fourth note, but a star.”

**Wednesday, March 7, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard read Taine’s Philosophy of Art, and I finished Vernon Lee’s book on XVIII Century.

Miss Hallowell came to call and I walked back with her. I liked her, for she makes no more personal appeal than a man. She seems so independent and capable. But fancy the Harvard people giving her as text-books on the Reformation Millman and Principal Tulloch, and never even telling her that Ranke and Creighton had written upon it!

She told a characteristic story of Canon Farrar, with whom she and a party went to the abbey one day. His wife came too. At the door she heard this pleasant conjugal altercation. He: “You

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look very tired, my dear.” She: “O no, I am not at all tired.” “Yes, you certainly are. You had better go home and rest.” “O no, dear, I particularly want to go round the abbey, and I do not feel tired.” “I command you to go home, my dear.” And she went!

**Thursday, Mar. 8, 1894**

I read Taine’s Philosophie de l’art.

We worked a little on the Lotto.

Bernhard feels mentally ill and I physically.

I took Miss Anstruther Thomson to see the Botticelli Dante illustrations, Ognissanti and Santo Spirito. She attempted to “Veronize” in rather a dreadful way. About the Botticelli St Augustine at the Ognissanti she said: “See that globe! Doesn’t it look as if the whole great world were compressed into this tiny compass?!”

At Santo Spirito she said she thought the floor was the most important thing in a piece of architecture, because the eye naturally saw more of it than of anything else.

Very hard work persuading her to look at architecture as enclosed space.

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**Friday, March 9, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard had a painful séance with Anstruther Thomson at the Bargello, when she attempted to “Veronize” him too. He came home sick.

I took Miss Hallowell to see the Botticellis in the Uffizi, and then went to the dentist.

Saturday, March 10, 1894, Florence

It is Karin’s fifth birthday. I celebrated it by going to the dentist.

Miss Hallowell and I took tea in Bernhard’s room, after he had shown her the Brancacci Chapel. She painted an awfully depressing picture of the Harvard Annex.

The words ‘Ill’, ‘Cross’, ‘Miserable’ and ‘Dentist’ written on the page at an angle and crossed out.

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[no entries for March 11-16, 1894]

**Saturday, March 17, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard has gone to dine with Miss Paget.

I am getting better. The great event, which cheered up our gloom, was the arrival of his BOOK, The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance, clothed alas! in a tasteless gown of Putnam’s devising, upon which we were not even consulted. It could scarcely be worse or more unsuited to what we wanted the book to be! Still it is nice to be published in any form.

Bernhard has sold another picture to Mr. Davis. I think that is all my news.

I have just read Howells’ Annie Kilburn,

and liked it until it began to be a story.

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Was there ever anything more insufferably pretentious and shallow than this, from Norman Hapgood’s last letter? “I also get a bit of science, for the musical criticism of Wagner, Berlioz, or Schumann drives me to (gas about) works on acoustics, as criticism of painting drives me to (talk about studying) the laws of light, architecture to mathematics, and so on in the same old circle of more or less steady (!) interest.” He also talks in the same letter of an ideal set of people “with a Voltairean [sic] smile on their lips and a load of loathing and discouragement on their hearts”. What an ass a nice boy can be when he is miseducated!

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**Sunday, March 18, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard read Thausing’s Dürer

and I read Taine’s “L’Ideal de l’Art”.

I wrote to Loeser explaining to him why I would not be friendly with him.

**\* Monday, March 19, 1894, Florence**

Letters, etc.

Bernhard read Hegel.

I took Miss Hallowell to the Gallery and she came here to tea. Bernhard drew her out as to her plans. Fancy — she an Annex girl, and her idea of preparing to teach modern literature was to read say George Meredith and then sit down and write about him, and teach that, and make her scholars do that — !! It would be awfully funny, but somehow it pains one to think of such mis-education, and all that time and money spent on it. Bernhard talked to her like an angel, and promised to put her on a better track.

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**Tuesday, March 20, 1894, Florence**

Wrote innumerable letters while Bernhard read Hegel.

One of his friends sent hm a review of his book from the Boston Morning Herald, a most favourable review which says that “every line is full of meaning and power”.

Jenkyns came after lunch and went with me to get some silver toilet things, a present from Aunty Lill.

I found a long absurd letter from Loeser in which he says (by way of winning my favour?) that “he feels toward Berenson the most vigorous contempt.” He is an ass.

Bernhard went to call on the Forbes.

**Wednesday, March 21, 1894, Florence**

I took Miss Hallowell to the Pazzi Chapel. She enjoyed it, but seemed to enjoy still more talking about life in general. She told me of a man whom she had refused to marry, an artist, who went to Paris. There, she heard, he had set up a definite “maîtresse” with a view to getting over his feeling for Miss H. She was terribly concerned

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about this, felt responsible, and finally wrote to him. He replied that it was true, partly for the reason she had heard, but more because he felt he needed more warmth and colour and heart in his work. I advised her to send him Manette Salomonand Sappho to read — and am going to add to this, Le Roman d’un Spahi.

Bernhard says such a reply as the young man’s was most characteristically American, for in America young people are always taught that Immorality and Art go together.

In the afternoon we went to the Uffizi and looked at drawings and engravings, and then we worked a little over the Lotto.

I finished Gebhardt’s Autour d’une Tiare, a book for the children, some day.

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**Thursday, March 22, 1894, Florence**

Bernhard is reading and enjoying Hegel’s Aesthetics.

He took Miss Hallowell for a walk in the afternoon. He said she illustrated to him, without meaning to, the inevitable attitude of the American girl to a young man, which is that of a shepherdess in Theocritus’ idyl who keeps saying to the amorous shepherd, “Little satyr, what are you up to?” He said he could not discover a girl en flagrant délit de penser about any subject in literature or life.

She has had years of training in Greek, but was taught Greek literature rather “as an illustration to Goodwin’s Grammar”, her professor. She has read very little, Scott, Shakspeare, [sic] Thackeray, no French, almost no German. She still has the youthful feeling of always wanting to be first, and desiring everyone to look up to her and think her clever. If she stayed in Europe a while, under wholesome conditions, she

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would get not that desire perhaps, but the expectation of realizing it knocked out of her!

I read Laugel’s Oreille et la Musique, and gave Bernhard a music lesson.

He began Rosny’s Bilatéral, lent me by Vernon Lee.

Loeser wants to make up old scores, and has invited us to lunch. Giving meals seems a sort of instinctive habit with him, a kind of automatic reaction which occurs when the thought of an acquaintance presents itself to his mind.

**Friday, March 23, 1894**

“Good” (!) Friday

Finished at the dentist’s!

We walked around San Miniato with Miss Hallowell, who told us that the Boston Irish boys made a barricade last winter in a street near one of the suburban railway stations, and fought every boy from Arlington and Medford who came in by the train to attend school. Some of the

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boys were severely hurt. They made it a point of honour not to “call in the policemen” — fancy policemen waiting to be “called in” in such a case!!

Loeser came to tea, and was aphasiac and pretentious as usual.

I read Rosny’s translation and abridgement of the Ramáyana, and we read Francis Thomson’s poems.

**\* Saturday, March 24, 1894, Florence**

Wrote article for Alys in the morning.

Bernhard read Hegel, etc.

In the afternoon we went with Jenkins to S. Domenico and looked at “villas to let” on the Fiesole hill.

In the evening Bernhard read L’Optique dans l’art (Laugel)and I read Rosny’s Bilatéral.

**Sunday, March 25, 1894, Easter**

I was awake early with a horrible pain in my heart at the thought of the nonsense and superstition that was going to be crammed into the defenceless innocent minds of my two little children today. It’s perfectly

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outrageous that law that gives the father the right to determine the children’s religion. Yet perhaps, on a wide view, it makes for civilization, considering that more fathers are atheists than mothers. Alas!

Fabbri spent the afternoon here, looking at Lotto photographs. He judges everything by the Velasquez or Japanese standard, and prefers Botticelli to Bellini.

Bernhard dined at the Palmerino.

**Monday, March 26, 1894, Florence**

Worked at Lotto during the day.

The proofs of my article in The Nineteenth Century came.

We lunched at Loeser’s with Miss Hallowell, and there made our first real acquaintance with Outamaro and his master. We passed a couple of hours of absolutely lyric joy looking at those things. His collection is very unequal. His rooms are furnished with exquisite taste. He seemed rather nice, and I am glad we have tried to heal up the quarrel.

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**\* Tuesday, March 27, 1894, Florence**

Worked on the Lotto.

Loeser called in the evening and was rather nice.

**Wednesday, March 28, 1894**

Lotto still.

Fabbri called and we had a good deal of talk.

**Thursday, March 29, 1894**

Lotto.

Met Miss Hallowell at San Marco and afterwards walked in the Boboli Gardens. Miss H. discoursing earnestly if not thrillingly about her Boston and Cambridge “circle”.

We took her to see Ferravilla in the evening, a couple of dull plays.

**Friday, March 30, 1894**

Il Palmerino, Maiano

Lotto.

Fabbri came to make an etching.

Bernhard walked with me here.

“Vernon Lee” talked nonsense about “literature” all the evening, and I felt rather sick. She denies the possibility of historical ideas, and says that literature has nothing

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to do with fact, i.e., that if Pater had written a Plato founded upon spurious inferior neo-Platonic writings, the book would have had an equal value! which is — in my opinion — standing on one’s head.

**Saturday, March 31, 1894, Maiano**

Talked, drove and looked at a villa.

Talked, met Mr. Benn, read Francis Thompson’s poems with Mr. Hamilton.

Vernon Lee is fearfully down on Bernhard’s book, says it is an inferior kind of a Symonds, for he is quite as far as Symonds from having mastered the whole of the facts he professes to deal with, i.e., the psychology which could produce, let us say, along with the decadent pictures of the “Catholic Reaction”, time the severe and solemn music of

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Palestrina. Like almost all she says, it betrayed a curious insight, almost genius, mingled with a hopeless incapacity for grappling with and consequent scepticism towards facts.

**Sunday, April 1, 1894, Maiano**

Again walking, talking, driving, talking.

Vernon Lee this morning declared that she thought Berenson “absolutely insensitive to literature”, she thinks he is nothing but a “Scientist”, without a ray of aesthetic appreciation for anything but his own “Fach”, and as for that, well, it isn’t worth spending much time on.

The Thomson — such a dear person — has an irritating way of saying, “Dear me! dear me! do you know that’s very fine what you were just saying, Vernon!!”

Dr

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Baldwin called and told two delicious American stories. One was of a baptism in a creek in New England, his father, the Presbyterian minister standing on the bridge looking on half disapprovingly. A crowd was standing about in reverent awe. The Baptist minister came to baptising his own daughter, and as he ducked her under with one hand, he waved the other to his rival on the bridge and shouted, “You can’t do that in a bowl!”

Another Baptist congregation in Ausonia, Connecticut, finding that pneumonia and other diseases followed in the wake of open-air baptisms, set up a so-called “baptistry” in their church, namely a tank of heatable water under the moveable floor of the platform. The minister was noticed going to the church very early every Sunday morning

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with a little bundle under his arm. The pious said he went to pray, but as that did not account for the bundle, two preying old maids of his congregation determined to watch him, climbing up to one of the windows they looked in and saw him calmly enjoying a bath, with a good bar of yellow soap!

As Dr Baldwin said, he decided, shortly afterwards, to seek another field for the exercise of his peculiar talents.

**Monday, April 2, 1894**

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

A quiet morning wandering among the poderi.

I came in and found Fabbri and Bernhard here, and after tea took a walk with Bernhard.

Loeser came in the evening, full of anguish because he had been the means of spreading the cruel slander of Berenson’s dishonesty in money matters — or rather, full of anguish because it was found out. He promised to repair it, and we “made up”.

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**Tuesday, April 3, 1894, Florence**

We went house-hunting, slightly to the detriment of our tempers, over the Fiesole hill in the morning.

Miss A. Thomson came to look at photographs of sculpture in the afternoon and Fabbri to tea.

I called on Miss Hallowell and found her in a rapture of youthful enthusiasm for us both, the enthusiasm having been called out by a letter from her mother warning her to have nothing to do with either of us. She is particularly anxious to go to Lucca with us, because it is a chance to let her parents see that she does mean to “lead her own life”. Since she gave up the idea of being a doctor, for which she had succeeded in successfully asserting her independence, they have been hoping she would fall back in the “daughter at home” again, and her mother has been writing to her to get plenty of nice party dresses, so that they can go out together and be happy as they were four years ago. She thinks Bernhard the cleverest man alive and me the most emancipated and superior woman she has ever met!!

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We dined at Loeser’s in the evening — an awfully good dinner, and came away early after looking over some photographs.

**Wednesday, April 4, 1894, Florence**

We went house-hunting and found just what we wanted!

After lunch I wrote a full statement of our affairs to Miss Cruttwell, while Carlo Placci took Bernhard to call upon the sculptor Hildebrand.

Miss Paget told me their story.

Madame Hildebrand was engaged to be married at 15, but came to the conclusion that she and her fiancé were not congenial. However, he over-persuaded her to marry him, but on condition that if she got tired of him she was to leave him, without any unfriendliness. This was actually carried out when she was 18, and she went home to live her mother, taking her baby boy with her.

Soon after she met Hildebrand, a talented young sculptor, and a great thinker. She went to live with him, but had such a horror of marriage that she did not get her husband to give her a divorce. Year after year, to

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the amusement of all her friends, the pair produced a daughter, up to the number of about a dozen. Then at last the wished-for son arrived, and no more children have appeared since, for three or four years. Their friends kept urging them to get married, so in the end they did. Their grown-up children coming to the wedding. The old husband, after getting his divorce, also married again. These girls are all being brought up in their mother’s views about marriage.

Bernhard said they looked like young Goths, with long straight locks, crowned with wreaths, and low-cut dresses. The family realizes perfectly the Goethesque idea of “Culture”, the ideal of the “Vollverwandtschaften”.

Madame Hildebrand is the matronly realization of Charlotte, the emblem of maternity, but of free maternity. One of the daughters is painting, but her father will not let her have any lessons. He wants her genius to

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develop spontaneously. The result is that the influence of the German pictures they have on their walls is unchecked!

In the evening Bernhard read Morelli and Bandello and I read Goldwin Smith’s United States.

**Thursday, April 5, 1894, Florence**

Emily Dawson came to see me in the morning, and I showed her Lotto photographs. She said that the one and only enjoyment of most people in Raphael’s Stanze and the Sistine is to verify Baedeker.

In the afternoon Bernhard and I took a long walk, meaning to go to the Incontro,

but actually arriving at a far more romantic spot, the deserted Peruzzi quarries.

Bernhard read Huysmans’ À vau-l’eau, and I read Howells’ The World of Chance.

**Friday, April 6, 1894, Florence**

Wrote and worked in the morning.

Miss Hallowell came to lunch and I took her to see the

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Botticelli Dante illustrations, also Santa Maria Novella and the Donatello lion in the Casa Martelli.

Emily and her friend Miss Rea and Jenkins all came to tea.

Afterwards Bernhard and I went to San Miniato with Emily <Dawson> and Miss Rea.

Loeser joined us at dinner at the Antica Luna in order to tell us about his visit to the Gordigianis in their villa. He was naively self-important. He thinks, and it is probably true, that they want him to marry the Gordigiani girl, whom he alludes to as Giulietta. He says, however, that she is in love with Costa. She is a very fine musician, and a constant smoker and hard drinker.

After he had gone, Bernhard read Goldwin Smith and I read <Huysmans’> À vau-l’eau.

**Saturday, April 7, 1894, Florence**

Morning working, Bernhard over photos, I over charts of painters.

I called on the Dawsons and Mrs. Keen in the afternoon, and Bernhard walked to the Incontro

with Mr. Benn.

Read Laugel and Goldwin Smith in the evening.

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**\* Sunday, April 8, 1894, Florence**

I wrote my article for Alys and read Daniel Valgraive by Rosny.

Emily and her friend came to tea with Bernhard and he talked very well. He said the catechism which teaches us that Christians are supposed to have only holy and noble emotions is like a path which is carefully made to look safe and solid, although it is really only a thin covering over a pit through which you fall the moment you actually step on it.

Afterwards Bernhard and I walked in the poderi behind Bellosguardo.

**Monday, April 9, 1894, Florence**

Finished the article for Alys, lunched with the Dawsons.

Read Pasolini’s Caterina Sforza.

Bernhard called on the Forbes. He said they could not believe that Fafnir had never heard of the Annunciation, and when he told them that Fafnir had had serious thoughts of becoming a parson, they began to doubt the sanity of the narrator!

Mr. Obrist called to ask us to go to see his fountain.

**Tuesday, April 10, 1894, Florence**

We went at 9 to see Obrist’s fountain, and it gave us a thrill of delighted surprise. As we walked along, we kept saying, “Why are we going? We know it will be bad!” and

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lo! it was delightful, a fairy dream, executed in marble with such fine tact and delicacy and originality that it made us happy for the rest of the day.

Obrist spoke so picturesquely of his own mind as if it were a block of marble, and said he had chipped a chiselled and polished away every trace of academic tradition. And indeed his work was original. You saw the compatriot of Böcklin, but a man with a more delicate fancy, better taste, and more feeling for his art as art. The relief was a perfect illustration of all that Bernhard has been preaching about relief for the last month!

Enthusiastic letters about The Venetian Painters keep coming in. Today a lady talked of translating it into French!!

Mr. Fisher called on Bernhard, and I met them at lunch.

Bernhard took Miss A. Thomson to the Medici Tombs and the Masaccios, and I took Fisher to the Uffizi.

We three then met here, and had a really delightful talk about scientific history, and then Bernhard took him to call on Mr. Benn.

In the evening Emily and Miss Rea and Loeser dined with us, and then came here and talked until eleven and very pleasantly. Emily is really charming.

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**Wednesday, April 11, 1894, Florence**

We spent the day with Loeser and Miss Hallowell walking to the Incontro. We took our lunch and Santayana’s just-published poems. The lunch was very good, but the poems very bad.

Miss Hallowell dined with Bernhard and me at the Luna.

**Thursday, April 12, 1894**

I took Emily and Miss Rea to see a Villa in the morning.

Bernhard took the Mallets to the Uffizi, and then we dined with Emily, Miss Rea, and Fabbri at Loeser’s. Loeser was as full of baleverines as usual. He said that the “values” in Puvis’ portrait of himself are all wrong.

**Friday, April 13, 1894**

Il Palmerino, Maiano

Bernhard and I called on Obrist and found a charming bust called “A Faun Listening”.

We met Emily and Miss Rea in the Medici Tombs, and then had tea together.

Afterwards Bernhard and I walked here.

I read Mrs. Ward’s horribly trashy tale Marcella.

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**Saturday, April 14, 1894, Maiano**

Drove in for my trunk, which was left by mistake, and letters, and caught a glimpse of Bernhard, who said he had dined with Loeser.

Read Vernon Lee’s Countess of Albany and Hauntings, and her brother’s poems, which someone compared to a mixture of Shakspeare [sic] and Gilbert!

Read aloud a good deal to Mr. Hamilton, who says that now that he is getting better, he doesn’t think writing poetry is worthwhile.

**Sunday, April 15, 1894, Maiano**

Read a good deal of Anna Karenina

to Mr. Hamilton and the rest (the part about Anna and Wronsky) to myself. What a tremendous story!

I read also Vernon Lee’s Ottilie, Prince of the 100 Soups and a dozen articles of hers, and Mary Robinson’s Margaret of Navarre, also Henry James’ Private Life and Macaulay’s essay on Ranke’s Popes.

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**Monday, April 16, 1894, Florence**

Read to Mr. Hamilton, came home after lunch.

Loeser, Miss Hallowell and Bernhard came to tea, and we planned out our trip.

Mr. Obrist came later and dined with us. He described a man as in a “Liebig’s Extract of Rage”, and said the Germans trying to improve and culture themselves were as ridiculous and naive as ducks cleaning themselves.

Rain has come at last.

**\* Tuesday, April 17, 1894, Florence**

I took Emily and her friend to the Pitti.

We lunched with Loeser and came home and worked.

**Wednesday, April 18, 1894**

Bernhard took a “class” (Mr. Mallet, Mrs. Scott, etc.) to the Pitti, and worked.

I took Emily and Miss Rea to Prato, and we walked across from Poggio a Caiano to Signa.

I read Morelli on the Munich Gallery.

**+ Thursday, April 19, 1894, Florence**

A starred day for it has been so lovely!

Two nice reviews of Bernhard’s Venetian

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Painters, one in The Scottish Leader (written by Robertson), and the other in the National Observer, came this morning.

Bernhard finished the Bonsignori section of his Lotto, and I worked on a Botticelli article.

After lunch we took the steam tram for Signa, and then had a magical walk over to Montelupo,

through pines and banks of white heather with a windy cloudy sky and bright bursts of sunshine. Such romance, and wildness, and beauty!

We missed the train to Florence (6.18), so drove to Signa (3 fr. 50 mancia) where we missed the tram. But we had an excellent dinner at the caffé and a moonlight stroll, and then caught the 10 o’clock train home. We were very happy and enjoyed each other and the walk to the utmost.

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**Friday, April 20, 1894, Florence**

Wrote in the morning. Bernhard about Montagna, I about Botticelli.

After lunch Bernhard went to meet Prof. Everett of Harvard at Loeser’s and then took a walk with Loeser, and I called on Mr. Hamilton. He had never read a word of Matthew Arnold, and I recited him a good deal, and we fell to talking about poetry, and its attitude to life. He said he had been thinking a great deal about the folly of saying over again in rhyme all the old things that have already been so well said, but he feared that the interpretation of life from the new point of view (science and progress) would not be poetical.

In the evening we read Nordau’s Dégénérescence, and talked of it.

**\* Saturday, April 21, 1894, Florence**

Wrote in the morning.

Miss Hallowell took Bernhard to Miss Alexander’s (Wayside Songs in Tuscany)

to see a reputed Lotto, which

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turned out to be a XIV century daub! They went then to the Bargello.

I read Nordau.

They came to tea and we talked a good deal. Miss Hallowell says everyone who studies Greek at Harvard hates it! She had never heard of Perry’s book.

I went with her to choose some photos and Bernhard called on Mr. Benn, who was full of the National Observer review, which compares Bernhard’s compression of Venetian art into such a small book to the famous lines:

Little Johnny:

   Pair of skates

Hole in Ice:

   Golden Gates.

In the evening I read Pasolini’s Caterina Sforza

and Bernhard read Leslie Stephen’s essays.

**x Sunday, April 22, 1894, Florence**

I met Miss Boord, and she came in to see me. She was evidently awfully glad to meet me again, and said with glee that her mother was ill. Evidently the old toad keeps her in utter subjection, and the girl

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resents it and hates her mother in consequence. She related to me with glee that her mother liked Carlo Dolce.

How idiotic mothers often are. What they must surely want is the love and confidence of their daughters, and they do everything to kill the one and make the other impossible!

Bernhard wrote some notes for The Nation in the afternoon and we read and took a little walk.

**Monday, April 23, 1894, Florence**

Still raining. We enjoyed working in the morning.

Loeser and Obrist came to tea, and Mr. Obrist decided to come on our trip with us. He is a fascinating person.

**Tuesday, April 24, 1894**

Leon d’Oro, Cesena

We started at 7.10 and reached Faenza at 12.35.

I read a good deal of Rosny’s Nell Horn

on the way.

At Faenza we enjoyed the Donatellos. I was especially glad to find that I appreciated the

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St Jerome, which repelled me a year and a half ago. In other words, my eye was not then educated, as it is now, to appreciate structure and composition.

We almost came to blows in the Cathedral over the architecture, which Loeser declared was unmitigatedly bad, and in which Bernhard and I saw a very fine idea. But the storm blew over, and we had our dinner in peace and came on here to what seems a clean, comfortable enough hotel.

The We = Bernhard and myself, Miss Hallowell, Loeser and Obrist.

**Wednesday, April 25, 1894**

<Albergo> Zongo, Pesaro

We saw the Pinacoteca and Library, and then walked up to the Madonna del Monte outside of which we sat for a long time on the grass, discussing Peer Ghynt, Baumeister Solness, etc.

After lunch

[0050]

before the train, I finished Nell Horn, a book which moved me to tears, which Bernhard had the bad taste to keep making fun of and recurring to again and again, until I really lost my temper. It is an awfully ordinary history, but told with such truth to detail that even though he does not succeed in creating anything very astonishing in the way of character, you can’t help realizing how much of that sort of thing is going on actually, at the present moment, and it grips your head. After all, with me I suppose it is partly a question of that little daughter.

We saw Rimini and came on by evening to Pesaro.

**Thursday, April 26, 1894, Italia, Urbino**

Saw the Bellinis.

Obrist and I had a little drive together by the sea, and “a pleasant walk and a pleasant talk upon the briny beach”.

Then we all drove here, an enchanting drive, enlivened by

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the most brilliant conversations between Bernhard and Obrist

**Friday, April 27, 1894, Italia, Urbino**

Saw the ducal palace, etc., and enjoyed it hugely.

After lunch Loeser and Bernhard went on to look at other things.

Miss Hallowell took the American girls’ nap, and Obrist and I sat on the grass under the town wall and discussed “the woman question”, upon which, so it seems, we were nearly agreed, but who can fathom the bas fond of a man’s mind? Certainly not a young woman acquaintance! He is for a three years marriage system, and the children to belong entirely to the mother, with a minimum state allowance for the maintenance and education of every child.

In the evening we tried to make Obrist enjoy English poetry. He read

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it aloud, and Bernhard expounded it so brilliantly, so sympathetically that Miss Hallowell and I were perfectly overwhelmed!

**Saturday, April 28, 1894, Sant’Angelo**

O what a splendid day!

We drove in the morning to a little place called Pian di Meleto, and after lunch Loeser and Bernhard and I, led by a guide, walked to Montefiorentino to see an early Alvise. It was a tough, long walk, but I enjoyed it. The frati gave us some refreshment at the top, or we should have fainted.

We drove on here in the twilight and had such an awful dinner that, as Loeser said, in London even the elephants at the Zoo would have refused it.

**Sunday, April 29, 1894, Cagli**

We spent the day driving here, a splendid day, full of inconceivably brilliant talk between the two protagonists,

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Bernhard and Obrist, and of delighted appreciation on the part of the rest of us.

Walked out in the evening and saw the old Roman bridge.

**Monday, April 30, 1894, Giardino, Gubbio**

Drove here, stopping by the way to pay a call on a mad Englishman

who lives in a villa at Cantiano

with a French actress (his wife) and some pretty children.

It began to pour, but we “did” Gubbio.

**Tuesday, May 1, 1894, Florence**

Back again.

The rain drove three of us home, but Loeser and Miss Hallowell stayed on at Perugia.

We lunched at Foligno, and arrived here about 9.

**\* Wednesday, May 2, 1894, Florence**

Regular life begins again.

We were cheered up by hearing from Mr. Davis that Putnam said the Venetian

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bottom of p. 49-50 torn away

Painters had been well received and was a success.

We took a wonderful walk behind Bellosguardo towards sunset.

Thursday, May 3, 1894, Florence [crossed out]

**Friday, June 1, 1894, Florence**

Nearly a month’s interval.

We have been living very quietly, I seeing practically nobody but Obrist (Bernhard of course), but him every day, while Bernhard has been going out more than his wont under the wing of Carlo Placci and meeting charming people like the Countess Rasponi, the Baroness French, Signor Nencioni, Prince Galitzina, etc. He has enjoyed it.

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Bernhard has spent all his spare time over his Lotto, which is being completely re-written, and is “swellin’ visibly under our merry eyes”.

To take up the tale, from day to day.

We worked in the morning, Bernhard writing on Lotto’s Bergamask period, and I type-writing the part about 1512-1517.

In the afternoon …

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I went up to see my Fiesolan Villa, and afterwards joined him at Fiesole where we dined.

We walked down together and had a beer at Gilli and Letta’s.

He has made me resolve to learn German.

**Saturday, June 2, 1894, Florence**

Another blank!

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\* **Thursday, June 14, 1894**

Albergo del Nord, Milan

Bernhard and I left Florence today, the Lotto still unfinished.

Obrist spent the day with me, up to our starting. He is himself going to Munich in a few days.

I read L’education sentimentale and enjoyed it very much, in site of the contradiction between the story-teller and the describer. All those minute descriptions made it seem like an old, old novel, from another time, but the talk, the life, was curiously up to date.

Bernhard read La vita italiana nel Cinquecento.

**Friday, June 15, 1894, Milan**

Saw the Bagatti Valsecchi and Bonomi-Cereda pictures, also Frizzoni and his sister.

Saw Libro Resta at Ambrosiana.

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**Saturday, June 16, 1894**

Italia, Milano; Concordia, Bergamo

Brera, Archbishop’s Palace, etc.

Came here and hunted everywhere for rooms away from church bells, but found nothing.

Bernhard called on the Piccinelli’s and they said that the Bergamasks delight in bells and spend all the money of the tiniest villages getting new ones, which they escort in triumph with garlands and songs.

**Sunday, June 17, 1894, Zogno**

(Hotel in furthest piazza, rooms one franc.)

Drove here along the Val Brembana, and after lunch drove on to Serina

to see a ruined Palma.

A lovely quiet inn.

**Monday, June 18, 1894, Bergamo**

A terrible climb to Peghera(walking would be better), which is one of the most beautiful mountain valleys I ever saw. No albergo, but we got some eggs, which we cooked ourselves.

The

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school mistress, a pretty Bergamask young woman of 22, came in to chat with us. Her salary is 600 francs a year, and two rooms. She was clever and evidently a free-thinker. Out of her own head she had organized a course in history for her pupils, beginning with ’48 and ending with the unity of Italy. She said that superstitions still reigned, among the women and children, and that in Peghera alone, a miserable, tiny little place, with nothing but a foot-path leading to it, there were four witches.

She told us about the parocco who had just been sent away, on account of a young woman. Poor parocco, he was only 29 years old, and very “liberal”. She liked him and got on well with him at the school. The young woman was married to the priest’s father.

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The Palma we went to see was not much but the driver and the whole experience was delightful.

**Tuesday, June 19, 1894**

train for Bâle

We spent the day in Bergamo and saw the gallery, etc., including the Frizzoni-Salis pictures.

Called on the Piccinellis.

Dined at Cova’s in Milan, in the garden.

Took a sleeping-powder.

**Wednesday, June 20, 1894**

Miss Austin’s Pension, Universitätstrasse, Strassburg

Missed the first train at Bâle, but reached here soon after one.

Fafnir was waiting for us, and we spent the rest of the day talking, walking and eating.

**Thursday, June 21, 1894, Strassburg**

Loafed with Fafnir.

The cathedral is a great disappointment. I remembered the choir and transepts as something extraordinarily impressive and mysterious, but that awkward window in the middle of the choir-apse, is such a bad piece of

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lighting, that it completely destroys the effect from the nave. From the transept the effect is better, particularly when you peer up into that dark cupola.

**Friday, June 22, 1894, Strassburg**

A nice day of loafing and talking.

We looked at the pictures, and enjoyed the Carianis and Theotocopuli and I discovered a Francesco Cotignola.

Wandered about the “Kleine Frankreich”, but decided that we no longer care for the dirty and squalid picturesque.

**Saturday, June 23, 1894, Strassburg**

I saw the cathedral again, from the clock transept, and were very much impressed by it. The lighting was very fine, with the door open, bringing out the great column in full relief

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against the gloom of the cupola.

We discussed Manon Lescaut a good deal, and found it peculiarly wonderful because it was the first psychological presentation of a woman who could love and yet be “unfaithful”, regarding her body as a thing apart.

Fafnir has the faculty of drawing B.B. out in a delightful way.

I am reading D’Annunzio’s Trionfo della Morte, and B.B. Nell Horn.

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Why have I not written all this time? Chi lo sa? I grow lazy in my old age.

We went from Strassburg to Paris, where we saw the two Salons. One reason for my not writing was, I suppose, that I sent such full notes of the pictures and sculpture to Obrist.

We saw a good deal of M. Reinach, and B.B. went to spend a day with his friends the Perrys, who half converted him to a belief in the “next world”, through their account of Mrs. Piper’s wonderful revelations!

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As Burke said (Burke also came to Paris to be with us), his mind is “To Let” on all such subjects.

Then we went to London, and stayed until the 24th of August, I at Haslemere most of the time. We saw the Ferrarese exhibition together, and Woburn Abbey. The children were delightful, and Bernhard enjoyed his old and new English friends, and moreover, earned £233 by recommending pictures.

I had an article in the Chronicle, a review of Scott’s Old Florence, and the Studio took the review of Ulmann’s Botticelli.

Bernhard, as usual, had a lot of notes in The Nation.

I began seriously to study German.

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**x Friday, August 24, 1894**

Hotel de France, Lille

We left London at 11 this morning, reaching here about 5.

On the way we quarrelled, but completely made it up — and forever, I hope! It is “obvious to the meanest intelligence” that we can’t get along without each other, so why should we quarrel?

**Saturday, August 25, 1894, Lille**

Saw the gallery, and found, of course, some Beccaruzzis and Polidoros.

Unfortunately many of the drawings were invisible, as the collection is just being installed in a new building, and the “director had gone away with the key” — our usual luck!

However, the Lille bust made up, more than made up for the

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journey. What a beauty! It is clearly Florentine, end of XV or beginning of XVI century, but is it Leonardo? It is modelled like Leonardo, but the type is strangely Raphaelesque and so is the composition. Altogether it is the loveliest modern thing I have ever seen. (I put in “modern”, for I remember that wonderful little ivory Madonna from the XII century, in the Bargello).

Bernhard is reading Nietzsche and I Vâter und Söhne by Tourgenieff.

**\* Sunday, August 26, 1894**

Cerf et Commerce, Douai

After a long look at the bust, we came here, and have faithfully “done” the town, with nothing to reward us except a B. Veneto.

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**Monday, August 27, 1894,**

\* Hotel d’Angleterre, Beauvais

Revisited Amiens, and found some Italian things, Guardi, Tiepolo, etc. The Puvis did not look as they once did, although we still liked them.

Then we came to this enchanting quiet town, which we have greatly enjoyed. The cathedral is fine and the place is full of interesting things. It is almost Italian, with its large open square, the old forum, and many churches, and the moat and avenue outside.

**x Tuesday, August 28, 1894**

Corneille, Paris

Came here and spent the afternoon in the Luxembourg and Sainte Chapelle,

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ending up with a drive in the Bois. We enjoyed Rodin’s bust in the Luxembourg, and fought over the polychrome colouring of the Sainte Chapelle, Bernhard defending it.

**Wednesday, August 29, 1894**

Corneille, Paris

Had a fine gallop round the Louvre in the morning, and an hour or so in the Cast Collection in the Trocadero in the afternoon.

I was unwell and came home, while Bernhard haunted the bookstalls of the Odéon.

He bought the new Maeterlinck, and we read Alladine e Pallamides in the Luxembourg, and fought over it, Bernhard defending it. He grows too tolerant!!

**Thursday, August 30, 1894**

Corneille, Paris

We spent some enchanted hours in

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in Notre Dame, which we liked more than ever before. Bernhard has become less academic, with age, and can forgive the architectural contradiction of the two stories resting on the columns, as they do. The choir is superb, and I know nothing anywhere to set beside the façade.

Then we went to the Hôtel de Ville and saw the new hall decorated by Puvis de Chavannes, which was very pretty.

After lunch we went to the Exposition du Livre, and saw some nice Japanese things. Bernhard also ordered a perfect desk for himself.

But best of all, we looked at the exhibition of Clément Massier’s pottery, more

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wonderful, more beautiful than anything there. How covetous we felt!

Then we had a drive in the Bois. Alas! for our parting tomorrow.

**Friday, August 31, 1894**

I left Paris at 8.20, and Bernhard was to leave for Havre at one o’clock. We tried not to be sentimental, but it is a great wrench, that horrible ocean!

**Saturday, September 1, 1894**

Weisser Hirsch bei Dresden

A nice Harvard boy in “my” train, came over to study “the literature of the Romance nations” in a year. He was a mixture of Fafnir and Norman. We …

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Yes, it is clear if I wish to be a thinking being I must metaphysicize.

Obrist left Sept. 7.

Christina Bremner arrived on the 8th and we had a week in Dresden, a day in the Spreewald, 4 days in Berlin, and 8 in Holland. I enjoyed Franz Hals to the full.

Then home until Nov. (for this time see file of B.B.’s letters, and the children’s “Thinking Lessons”)

**Nov. 4 1894**

I came to Paris and stayed with Bertie Russell until the 14th,

a dear, dear boy, and very clever.

Then I went to Munich and saw Hermann Obrist and made some friends there, especially Miss Goudstikker.

Strange …

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**November 29, 1894**

Hotel du Dauphin, Rouen

Arrived from Munich and met B.B. here at 12.

We saw and enjoyed to the full St Ouen, and then talked and talked.

**Friday, Nov. 30, 1894**

Hotel Vouillemont, Paris

Came up to lunch with Berty and talked all day. Berty and B.B. made friends, I hope.

Jonathan Sturges came to call in the afternoon.

I saw Berty off for England by the 9 o’clock train.

**Saturday, December 1, 1894**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Moved over here to cheaper quarters, B.B. at the Hotel Voltaire.

Spent a really rapturous morning in the Louvre.

**Sunday, December 2, 1894, Paris**

Notre Dame and the Russian Church in the morning, and this concert in the afternoon. A lyric day. The weather is marvellous.

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**Monday, December 3, 1894, Paris**

Called on Reinach, who was very nice. Went with him and M. Dreyfus to the Louvre, and were nearly bored to death by “shop” talk about the outsides of pictures.

Called on Ephrussi of the Gazette des Beaux Arts, and came back absolutely “in a state of complete prostitution”, as the lady said, from the ennui of associating in such a way with such people! M. Reinach knew, of American writers, Poe, Hawthorne and Mark Twain.

**Tuesday, December 4, 1894, Paris**

Met Loeser in the Louvre and lunched with him.

Went to call on Anquetin, a Normandy painter of 33 who seems like a reincarnation of Michelangelo. His work is very strong. We all liked him too.

**Wednesday, December 5, 1894, Paris**

Sent off some of my Hampton Court Guides, and went to M. Dreyfus at 1 and saw the Sciarra and Goldschmidt pictures.

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**Thursday, December 6, 1894**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Met Loeser in the Louvre drawings. Saw Dreyfus’ things.

Loeser dined here and we went to the Chat Noir to see it and Fragerolle’s things, which are after all prettier in books.

Felt horribly respectable and out of it. Too serious.

**Friday, December 7, 1894**

B.B. took Miss Anstruther Thomson to the Louvre, and I paid a nice call upon M. Reinach.

Lunched with Loeser at the Boeuf à la Mode — ate too much.

Bernhard dined with the Toys.

**Saturday, December 8, 1894**

B.B. took the Bywaters to the Luxembourg.

I read Michelet at the Bibliothèque Centrale, and was awfully amused at his criticism of Michelangelo.

Sturges came to tea, and he and Loeser stayed to dinner and til 1, chatting, while B.B. went to dine with the Perrys.

Loeser told of Royce’s little boy who was taught nothing about religion or death. One day

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he said one of little friends had “stopped”. “What do you mean?” “Why just stopped, you know.” It was his description of death.

**Sunday, December 9, 1894**

Met Reinach in <the> Louvre and looked at drawings in the Salle des Boites, then lunched with him, meeting his wife, an ex-medical student.

Then we went to this concert and afterwards Loeser and Sturges came to dine and spend the evening.

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**Monday, December 10, 1894**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Went with Reinach to the Luxembourg, and went all over with him and M. Bénédite.

Got awfully tired, for they made us look at all the bad pictures and statuary.

**Tuesday, December 11, 1894**

Worked on Louvre drawings, went to Durand-Ruel’s after lunch.

Mrs. Hapgood called.

**Wednesday, December 12, 1894**

Called on Reinach, went with him.

Sturges came for the evening.

**Thursday, December 13, 1894**

Alys’ wedding day! Wired “Cheer up” and received this reply:

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Went to look at drawings in M. Chennevière’s room upstairs, the Bellini sketch-book, and the Codex Vallardi.

**Friday, December 14, 1894**

Bernhard called on Mrs. Perry and saw some Pissaro water-colour sketches. I called on Reinach and he met me there.

We lunched with Loeser and went to see the Rouart

collection (34 rue de Lisbonne) of Degas, Manet, Corot and above all Daumier.

Awfully tired!

**Saturday, December 15, 1894**

Drawings in portfolios in Louvre.

Bernhard lunched with Bing and saw his marvellous Japanese things, while I took Mrs. Hapgood to Durand-Ruel’s and the Louvre.

We spent the evening with the Reinachs.

**Sunday, December 16, 1894**

Strange letter from HO.

Bernhard saw Duret’s and Camondo’s pictures.

We heard Berlioz’ Requiem at the Colonne and worked in the evening.

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**Monday, December 17, 1894**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Went to see M. Ravaisson (11 Quai Voltaire) in the morning. Among a mass of so-called Raphaels, Leonardos, Correggios, Titians and so on, we found a small Balducci, a little Giulio Campi and a Lorenzo di Pavia. But Ravaisson was a dear, naif, old man.

After lunch we went with M. Reinach and M. Mocatta to see some manuscripts in the Bibliothèque nationale, especially the Heures of Anne de Bretagne.

Then we went to the gem and antique collection, and afterwards had tea with Reinach and stayed talking.

Bernhard dined with the Boals, and I read Marcel Reymond on Donatello.

HO wrote that his little servant Marthe had hung herself — he found her dead in her room!

**Tuesday, December 18, 1894**

Bernhard went with Mrs. Jack Gardner to the Louvre in the morning, lunched with her, and worked all afternoon and evening on his review of Botticelli (Ulmann) for the Revue critique.

After coming home from a most pleasant call upon Anquetin,

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whom I found quite alone, I helped work on the review. We quarrelled, as we usually do when we work together, but made it up out of good sense.

(Letters from Evelyn X.)

**Wednesday, December 19, 1894**

Called on Reinach, worked over Botticelli, had nice talks.

Went to see Sarah Bernhardt in Gismonda.

**Thursday, December 20, 1894**

Took Mme Reinach to the Louvre. There is a fearful tragedy there, the worst of all, the tragedy of being loved. She is dying of ennui. She thinks he enjoys nothing, but the real truth is, his enjoyment is his active brain with information , “job lots”, as Bernhard said, in traditional Jew fashion!

We lunched with Loeser and then B.B. went to call on M. Dreyfus.

Loeser and Sturges came to dinner and we went to see M. Rouart’s Japanese things, next door to Reinach.

At 9.30 B.B. and I went in to Reinach, and had a lot of hopping talk.

Mme Reinach came in and told me she did not enjoy a single thing she did.

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**Saturday, December 22, 1894, London**

I was ill, but we did some errands, getting desks, among other things, and met Loeser at lunch.

He and B.B. went to the Luxembourg and I packed. I crossed on Friday night, and had a horrible crossing.

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On Jan. 10, 1895, Mary met Bernhard and Obrist in London and the three travelled together to Reims, where they stayed until Jan. 14, when Obrist went to Paris and Bernhard and Mary left for Basle.

**Friday, January 11, 1895**

Lion d’Or, Reims

A strange Christmas tide, now happily over. I will not write of it at present, for all is well again, and I mean it to continue so.

I left the children listening to the “Mysterious Island”. They kissed me goodbye under the impression that I was an octopus, I believe, or else an ourang-outang or a pirate.

Evelyn came to see me off, and there met Bernhard and Obrist.

We three came together, talking all the way approximating a quantitative

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definition of genius, the power to react against habits.

**Saturday, January 12, 1895, Reims**

The Cathedral! Impossible to express the overwhelming impression of that interior.

During all the day a continuous flow of interesting talk, on hundreds of subjects, but centering generally about some aesthetic or critical question, or the position and future, or real nature of women.

**Sunday, January 13, 1895, Reims**

We have stayed on to get a full impression of the Cathedral, and to enjoy HO, who is himself simply overwhelmed with the architecture and sculpture. We all get on very well together.

Saw the fête of S. Remi at the Church of S. Remi

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**Monday, January 14, 1895**

Lion d’Or, Reims

Still here, and still happy. We have enjoyed the Cathedral au fond, and each other very much.

**Tuesday, January 15, 1895**

Victoria, Bâle

Bernhard and I left at 7.0 in the morning, and HO was going to Paris in the 7.12 train.

We came here, reading La fin du Paganisme (Boissier)and James’ Psychology.

Arriving here, we found the line broken by an avalanche, and so have to stay over.

**Wednesday, January 16, 1895, Bâle**

Went to the museum and saw the Böcklins. There are 3 large frescoes on the staircase, which are really dreadful. Not only without drawing, but really without

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Inhalt. Then, upstairs, there is a sculptural head of Medusa, a portrait of a woman, grey and green and brass-yellow, a centaur battle, an allegory of life, glaring in colour, a dead Christ, a mermaid-play, a perfectly banal, vulgar portrait of himself, an (early) Diane à la chasse, and a scene in a wood at autumn where a procession of white-robed figures is coming to worship at a flaming altar, by a pool.

The only one of these that really moved me was the last, although there are humorous episodes in the mermaids, even so much life and energy in the centaurs, undeniable poetry in the life allegory, and interesting tone in the woman. But this picture was like a note struck that sets marvellous

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over-tones vibrating in one’s nature, a hint of one feeling about the Greeks, such as Browning has in his Pheidippide<s>

or Arnold in the “Not here, O Apollo”.

No one else has done this in painting, but the pity of it is, Böcklin, as a painter, is not at all equal to Böcklin as a poet. His idea transcends his execution to a really painful degree.

We saw a Dead Christ by Holbein which was exquisite in tone, and almost like a Crivelli in drawing, besides being poetical — almost sublime — in interpretation.

We went also to the Cathedral, and after lunch came back to read and write — the line not being mended yet.

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**Thursday, January 17, 1895, Bâle**

Line not mended.

Bernhard spent most of the day writing a review of Mrs. Ady’s Raphael, which I copied and sent to the Courrier des Arts and the Chronicle.

Also I entered into note-books the pictures exhibited at the London Venetian Exhibition.

We quarrelled about Barye’s landscapes, and passed on from that to many other subjects of dispute.

I made up my mind to tell him the whole Obrist story — when we are once settled in Florence.

**Friday, January 18, 1895**

Concordia, Milan

All day in the train.

Read Boissier’s Fin du Paganism.

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**Saturday, January 19, 1895, Milan**

Went to Frizzoni’s, the Brera, the Poldi, Crespi’s, and Cavenaghi’s.

Dined at Cova’s and discussed the difference between photographs and art.

**Sunday, January 20, 1895**

Milano, Florence

Came down here.

Emily Dawson met us at dinner a Villa Kraus & Villa Rosa, Fiesole, 1895-1897

**Monday, January 21, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Maud Cruttwell came in and we shopped. I bought Bernhard’s house-linen with Emily.

We came here and found the housekeeping simply in perfect order. Maud is a brick!

**Tuesday, January 22, 1895, Fiesole**

Unpacking.

Emily came up to lunch, and we chatted and unpacked and caused desolation in Bernhard’s room by trying experiments with his wall-paper. The man

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who carried in his things was frightened by the house dog who barked. “Suo cane”, he said, “ha una voce di poeta”, he said.

We have a marvellous cook. After an excellent dinner, we read poetry and I worked on the review of Bernhard’s Lotto which the editor of the Gazette des Beaux Arts has asked me for.

**Wednesday, January 23, 1895**

Worked on the Lotto.

After lunch B and I went to town and desolated ourselves trying to think what to do with his room.

Then I called on Emily, and she suggested sacking for his walls, to which I added a dad of matting, green and buff.

I called at the Palmerino and had some talk with Vernon and Miss Thomson about Mr. Hamilton, whom also I saw.

English poetry in the evening.

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**Thursday, January 24, 1895**

Worked on Lotto, while Bernhard went down to Florence to shop. He drove up with Emily, who came to lunch.

Afterwards we all looked at Duccio and Giotto photographs.

Bernhard’s room looks lovely!

In the evening we read Keats, and other things.

**Friday, January 25, 1895**

Writing on Lotto in the morning.

Bernhard began his article on the Venetian Exhibition in London.

I went down to the Uffizi in the afternoon, and met Mr. Cook, who was connoisseuring around.

Poetry in the evening, Chaucer.

**Saturday, January 26, 1895**

Still settling in.

Bernhard lunched with the Benns and went to the Uffizi with Cook.

We read Browning etc., in the evening.

He said Furtwängler was like a fox hunter, who scoured the country and beat the \_\_\_ and drove the fox into his hole — and then left him there.

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**Sunday, January 27, 1895**

Lotto.

Cook came to lunch, and we had an all-day gorge on connoisseuring. He stayed to dinner. Although a Balliol man, he had never heard of Pater, and never read a word of Browning.

**Monday, January 28, 1895**

Lotto.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch. He has cured himself of his auto-suggested illness, which kept him on his back for 20 years. He thought he would be so happy, would wake up to life with the nerves of a boy. But he wakes up with the nerves of a man over 50, and finds nothing makes him happy. Like Mr. Bennett, he asks, “Is this the party?”

Walked, worked, and read Elizabethan lyrics in the evening, but most of them proved very dull to all three of us.

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**Tuesday, January 29, 1895**

Lotto.

Fabbri came to lunch and was nice and serious and unstimulating as usual.

Walked with Bernhard, but as we each wanted to go a different way, we separated, instead of squabbling. How sensible! How next century, almost!!

In the evening we read Walt Whitman and Browning.

**Wednesday, January 30, 1895**

I writing

Lotto, Bernhard the XV pictures at the New Gallery in the morning.

In the afternoon we went with Cook, Maud and Emily to the Uffizi.

Read Milton in the evening.

**Thursday, January 31, 1895**

Writing.

Emily to lunch and a lecture from B.B. on the time from Giotto to Masaccio.

Milton in the evening. I began the French Anthology.

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**Friday, February 1, 1895**

Writing again.

Studied Alvise photographs.

Poetry in evening.

Michael wrote an angry letter bidding us “sail out of her life as if we had never been. Bon voyage, illusion perdue!” — à propos of a misunderstanding. What a lack of psychology, proving her completely of the old generation. Of course it means next to nothing. People who mean those things don’t write them, as Heine says.

**Saturday, February 2, 1895**

Again grinding away at my writing.

Snow! snow! snow! and horrible cold.

Looked at Buonsignori and Cima photos.

Read Frere’s translation of Aristophanes’ Birds.

**Sunday, February 3, 1895**

Writing.

Cook came to lunch, and we connoshered until 5.

Wrote again and again read the Birds.

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**Monday, February 4, 1895, Fiesole**

Snow and wind.

We carried on our quiet life, work, walked and read, and finished the Birds in the evening.

**Tuesday, February 5, 1895**

Emily came up to lunch, and we had a lecture on Masolino and Masaccio with photographs.

We read Wordsworth at night, also the Bab Ballads.

**Wednesday, February 6, 1895**

Sent off my review of Lotto to the Gazette des Beaux Arts.

Began the one for The Studio.

Read Shelley, Adonis, and found it pretty poor.

**Thursday, February 7, 1895**

Sent off review to <The> Studio.

Arranged papers. Walked.

Read Scholar Gypsy, Thyrsis, Lycidasand Moschus’ Lament for Bion.

Feeling rather low about money.

**Friday, February 8, 1895**

Made notes for Bernhard’s review of Lafenestre’s Florence, and studied Catena with him.

Discussed the mysterious school of

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Gentile Bellini, that still unknown factor in Venetian art. Bernhard wants to revive it, as he has done with Alvise Vivarini.

Long review of Lotto evidently by an enemy (whether personal or merely an enemy to “Morellianism”) in The Nation.

I went down to Florence — it seems like a real expedition — and shopped and called on Emily.

Saw Miss Boord in the street.

Emily says all the German women she knows adore Ekkehardt as a real book!

We read Coleridge in the evening.

Ray has learned to skate. Mother writes that she can get all round the Regent Park Pond, “with her little legs wide apart and her arms waving like windmills.” The angel!

**Saturday, February 9, 1895**

Took notes from Lafenestre.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch.

Walked.

Read Nietzsche, one of the Chansons de Geste, Boissier, Perry’s Greek Literature and in <the> evening Aristophanes’ Knights.

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**Sunday, February 10, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Letter from Reinach saying Bernhard’s article after all can’t go in the Revue archéologique. Disappointment.

Loeser and Emily came to lunch, and we walked and talked.

We read the Knights in the evening.

Bernhard was feeling low and said, “I can never write again.” He is like a tree. His leaves haven’t begun to put out yet, and he thinks the winter past will endure facon. By June he will be in full leaf, and will hate to tear himself away from Fiesole.

Emily said, when I told her the S. Marco Giotto was genuine, “Why, it has so many traditions about it being Giotto. I never thought it could be genuine!” — quite naively.

**Monday, February 11, 1895**

Began article on Lafenestre’s Florence.

It rained, but I went into Florence and had a

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look round the Uffizi with Emily.

In the evening we read B.’s paper on Literature being the account of the struggle of the individual to assert himself against all the forces that tend to crush him and keep him down. We discussed it and also Rosny.

Bernhard’s review of Ulmann’s Botticelli in the Revue critique came.

**Tuesday, February 12, 1895**

A very lazy day. I was ill all the afternoon, but in the morning I took notes for the Lafenestre article.

Bernhard dipped about into all sorts of books.

I began Perry’s English Literature in the XVIII Century.

We both read Theodore Marzials’ poems all through, I don’t know why. This is a sample:

Swee

Wake

Here, take

My heart in your hand,

Break.

Finished the Knights.

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**Wednesday, February 13, 1895, Fiesole**

The great event of the day was the arrival and spreading of our Japanese rugs.

I wrote my Lafenestre review in the morning.

Bernhard went in to Florence, and I arranged things a little in his house, for his remark that it looked “just like a priest’s house’ touched my heart!

In the evening we read a little Browning before Maud went down to write letters, and afterwards I read Symonds’ Greek Poets,

Perry, etc., while Bernhard read medieval French poetry.

**Thursday, February 14, 1895**

[Mary’s 31st birthday]

I spent quite a time this morning thinking over the “lessons of the year”. I believe the upshot of it all is a hatred of any kind of deceit … a most valuable lesson to learn, if

I really have leant it.

We wrote in the morning, and then Bernhard went to lunch with the Scotts and Maud and I went to call on Miss Belle Duffy,

who is staying with Mr. Hamilton. She was very sniffy.

We tried to read Emerson’s so-called poetry in the evening, but it was a failure. Ditto Poe.

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**Friday, February 15, 1895**

At work on the pamphlet about the New Gallery.

Emily came to lunch, and we had a talk about Paolo Uccello, Domenico Veneziano, and Andrea Castagno.

Bernhard went to see Salvini in one of Scribe’s plays in the evening, and spent the night with Loeser. Loeser was busy writing something to prove that Bernhard’s Lotto was all wrong. When at last it came to a question of what he based himself on, he pulled out a drawing which, to him, was Alvise Vivarini’s only authentic drawing, and which turned out to be — — a Flemish copy of a group from Filippino’s frescoes in S. Maria sopra Minerva!! und so weiter.

**x Saturday, February 16, 1895**

Worked, walked, talked and read.

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**Sunday, February 17, 1895, Fiesole**

Worked in the morning, and after lunch I went in to see Bernhard off to Milan, where he is going on business.

Then I called on Emily, and afterwards came on up.

Finished Fogazzaro’s Daniele Cortis.

**Monday, February 18, 1895**

Finished and sent off the pamphlet on the New Gallery.

Miss Paget came to call, bringing with her as usual a topsy-turvy literary world which reminds me that the other night as we were talking of Henry James, and the sterile type of American he writes about, Bernhard compared it to a botanist spending all his time on those bits of pollen-dust that are blown out to sea and never fertilize anything.

Also he compared the Bicci to Darwin’s earth worms, digging up the artistic soil, the uneducated public,

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**Tuesday, February 19, 1895**

I took a long walk over the hills in the pine forests with Bianca, the white dog.

Bernhard came home to dinner.

**Wednesday, February 20, 1895**

Emily came up and we had a walk and tea in the garden, in the sun.

Worked on the Lafenestre, read German.

**Thursday, February 21, 1895**

Bernhard lunched at the Rasponis, I in town, renewing acquaintance with the dear oysterman.

Met Emily at the Academy and looked at Botticellis, Filippos, and Neri di Biccis.

Then went to Sant’Apollonia and the Cenacolo di Fuligno.

Bernhard came to tea at Emily’s and we walked up.

Mother wrote that Miss Sellers was sent for to nurse Frau Furtwängler through the illness consequent upon the attempt to cure her of the opium habit — and that she had gone, not knowing. It almost drove her crazy. Also that Miss Sellers did not go to Paris because Reinach wrote so enthusiastically of Bernhard’s opinions on Greek art, and she felt he could know

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very little about it, and didn’t want to quarrel with Reinach over it. The truth is that Bernhard opened R.’s eyes to the idea of qualitative as opposed to quantitative criticism.

**Friday, February 22, 1895, Fiesole**

Quarrelled in a sort of way in the morning. At any rate, spent our time talking.

In the afternoon arranged photos.

Fabbri came to dinner. He said that when he dined with Loeser, Loeser spent all his time trying to prove that Whistler is a superior artist to Degas.

After he had gone, I read the Facéties de Pogge.

**x Saturday, February 23, 1895**

Wrote Lafenestre in the morning, and arranged Bernhard’s books and had a short walk in the afternoon, and Lafenestre again in the evening.

Miss Cruttwell said her proudest treasure in her “trophy” days, was the end of a young man’s moustache which

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he had sent her, wrapped in paper, as a proof of devotion.

**Sunday, February 24, 1895**

Loeser and Emily came up to lunch and we had a long walk over the hills.

After tea Loeser discoursed on religion, and Miss Cruttwell drew me aside to ask if he had softening of the brain!

Emily stayed all night.

Began Ferrari’s Révolutions d’Italie.

**Monday, February 25, 1895**

Worked.

Bernhard lunched with the Ogilvys.

I walked to the Palmerino and back.

We read L’Allegro and Il Penseroso in the evening, and I finished Old Mortality.

**Tuesday, February 26, 1895**

German, etc., in the morning.

It was warm a scirocco and the snow all melted, at last!

We discussed Scott’s novels and Bernhard compared a good novel to a well-composed picture, with the plans of foreground, middle distance and background well kept. Scott, like a great painter, only

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puts in enough detail in the middle distance to indicate the salient character of the person (cf. Impressionist and miniature painting), whereas Flaubert in L’education sentimentale, and often the de Goncourts, crowd their middle distance with detail, etc. Interesting criticism.

After our walk, suddenly Fafner Hapgood came, and we spent the rest of the day and evening talking. He stayed here all night. He is a great dear. He had dined on Sunday night with Obrist, whom he liked.

**Wednesday, February 27, 1895**

Went in with Fafner and saw the Academy, Pitti and Uffizi.

Took tea at Loeser’s.

Read Evan Harrington.

The day was rather spoiled for me by getting irritated at Bernhard, who was very rude to me in the gallery, over one of the Fra Angelicos, when I agreed with Fafner that its colour was horrible. Thereafter, being irritated himself, he strove to say as many annoying things as he could.

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I suppose my remarks on the icture were not as edifying as they might have been. It is really too silly to fight. Why on earth should we?

**Thursday, February 28, 1895**

Awoke to a fierce snow-storm! But it was gone, and all the snow, too, by afternoon.

Emily and Miss Anstruther Thomson came to lunch, and Bernhard talked to us enchantingly about the early Sienese.

We had a nice walk, and I finished the Lafenestre in the evening.

Mrs. Jack Gardner wrote that she would take <the> 2 Peruzzis Bernhard wrote to her about, thereby causing us to rejoice, for we are low in funds and this means about £70.

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**Friday, March 1, 1895**

Sent off the review of Lafenestre.

Maud and I lunched with Loeser and I had tea with Emily.

Bernhard called on the Morgans.

Began Richard Feverel (second time of reading).

**Saturday, March 2, 1895**

Rain all day.

We finished our German story, Don Juan von Kolomea.

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch.

We read Bernhard’s essay on Mohamed in the evening.

Finished Richard Feverel.

**Sunday, March 3, 1895**

Began Einsame Menschen by Hauptmann.

Loeser came to lunch and we had an enchanting walk. The day began with snow, but the afternoon was lovely and we had tea in the garden.

Read parts of the Koran in the evening.

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**Monday, March 4, 1895**

German etc., in the morning.

Too snowy to go to town.

But the afternoon was wonderful, and after posting Bernhard’s review of the Burlington Ferrarese Catalogue, we took one of the nicest walks we have ever had along the road to Monte Senario and through the poderi. The streams were bursting out in every direction. Bernhard said the pleasure the sound of rushing water gives our ears is equivalent to the pleasure our eyes take in a swirl of lines.

When we returned Miss Paget and Miss Thomson were here, and we chatted and looked at photos.

Bernhard went to dine with them, and I studied German and read Ferrari,

etc.

**Tuesday, March 5, 1895**

A heavy snow-storm all day!!

Read Einsame Menschen, Nietzsche,

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Boissier, Ferrari, and Pater’s last book, Greek Studies.

After reading “Hippolytus Unveiled”, I read the translation of it in Perry.

Talked a good deal about Furtwängler and Janet.

M. Reinach’s translation of my conte-rendu of Lotto came in proof and we corrected it.

We took our “rampart walk” in spite of the snow.

**Wednesday, March 6, 1895**

Read German.

Called at Palmerino in the afternoon.

Read Border Ballads at night.

**Thursday, March 7, 1895**

Emily came to lunch, and Miss Thomson and the countess Rasponi afterwards to a lecture on Giotto. Bernhard walked home with the latter and I with Emily.

Loeser called and stayed with Maud, explaining his ideas of the chronology of Botticelli.

We talked about visual images vs. symbolism in the drawings of children.

**Friday, March 8, 1895**

Saw the new Botticelli Athena taking a Centaur captive. Our party was ourselves, Miss Thomson, a Miss

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Murray-Scott, the Count and Countess Rasponi, Miss Gordigiani and Emily. It is a real and immensely interesting Botticelli to be ranked next to the Primavera, the Venus and the Villa Lemmi frescoes in importance.

Bernhard and I did some shopping and drove up.

House furnished in the afternoon, arranging his spare-room and re-arranging mine.

Read in the evening.

**Saturday, March 9, 1895**

Bernhard’s pamphlet on the Venetian Exhibition at the New Gallery came. Mr. Cook writes that they keep it for free distribution at the Gallery, as they do not like to sell it. It reads very well.

Walked, wrote letter, read more Border Ballads.

**Sunday, March 10, 1895**

(Karin 6 years old!)

Loeser came to lunch, and stayed to tea.

I read Meige’s pamphlets on various forms of alienation in connection with Greek art.

We finished Einsame Menschen

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**Monday, March 11, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Began Wahlverwandtschaften.

Worked on Ferrarese lists. Read a book on Prostitution dans l’Antiquité, which gave me bad dreams.

Read some Rossetti and early German poetry.

**Tuesday, March 12, 1895**

We are both reading Nietzsche these days, I still plodding along in Jenseits von Gut und Böse.

Bernhard has finished Götzendämmerung and is now reading Also sprach Zarathustra.

He is also reading Montaigne.

**Wednesday, March 13, 1895**

Another quiet day of books.

Bernhard went in to dine with the Frenches, and Maud continued her biography for my benefit, which we take occasion to go on with when he is away.

I have a read respect for people who can make their history so objective and can be really sincere about it that is the real way to help on the world.

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**Thursday, March 14, 1895**

Called at Loeser’s for Bernhard and we did a lot of shopping.

Miss Thomson and Emily came to lunch, and the Countess Rasponi after, and we had an interesting lecture on Donatello, after which Bernhard and I took a walk.

At dinner and until 9 we discussed ballads, what they are.

I read Nietzsche till 10.30 while Bernhard went on reading early German ballads.

**Friday, March 15, 1895**

Went to the Scalzi with Maud, Emily and Miss Thomson, then to the Academy.

Maud and I lunched with Loeser, then Bernhard and I called on Miss <Janet> Dodge and came up here, meeting Loeser and Maud on the way.

A wonderful night We walked out to Fiesole and saw the stars.

**Saturday, March 16, 1895**

Went to Vernon Lee’s and had a ‘santa conversazione’, chiefly about Lauder.

She is à rebours as usual!

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**Sunday, March 17, 1895, Fiesole**

Loeser, Emily and Miss Jane<t> Dodge, Fafner’s friend, came to lunch. We had a walk, tea, much talking, etc. She is a delicate, sensitive little creature, in looks and temperament, much like Evalyne.

Quite tired with so much chatting and laughter.

The editor of The Atlantic wrote to ask me to send him an article on Morellianism.

Bernhard unwell.

**Monday, March 18, 1895**

Placci took Bernhard to Alessandri’s, where he found 2 Pesellinis and some Ben. Gozzolis. He stayed to lunch with Placci, Ginori and Buonamici.

I had a note from Ephrussi of the <Gazette des> Beaux Arts asking me to contribute notes on Italian things.

After tea we had a walk.

Bernhard felt better, but still feeble.

**Tuesday, March 19, 1895**

Alys and Berty arrived at about 9.30, Emily bringing them.

The whole day passed in talk, etc.

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**Wednesday, March 20, 1895**

A quiet day of work and talk.

Ballads in the evening.

**Thursday, March 21, 1895**

Emily came to lunch and we had a lecture on Botticelli.

Miss Lowndes came to tea and we read Keats and Wordsworth in the podere.

Fabbri came to dinner. I had to write to Burke, whose wife has decided now to separate from Carr, starved out, I fear, without a penny. I am afraid Burke will take her back, and, as they are au fond uncongenial, the tragedy will just begin again.

**Friday, March 22, 1895**

Lunched with Loeser, we three, Emily and Miss Dodge.

The latter came home to tea here, while Bernhard was taken by Fabbri to call on Miss Blood.

A most amusing and brilliant letter from HO giving his “impressions” of Berty.

**Saturday, March 23, 1895**

Miss Lowndes to lunch. I developed a mild

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influenza.

Charles Dudley Warner called again. He defined sin as “something bourgeois”.

**Sunday, March 24, 1895, Fiesole**

Loeser and Miss Dodge to lunch, Emily after, and then Fafner arrived.

We read The Rime [sic] of the Ancient Mariner and Christabel in the garden before and after tea.

**Monday, March 25, 1895**

Quiet day with influenza.

Emily and her mother came to tea. Bernhard took Berty to see some churches, and then to call upon Mr. Benn.

Berty and Alys lunched with the Dawsons, and Berty was indignant at the stupid nonsense they talked to him. He said he wanted to put up a sign, “Rubbish not to be shot here”.

We read ballads in the evening and discussed: What is a ballad? The nearest we could come is “a simple shot poem dealing with situations that call upon elementary emotions, generally tending to the weird”.

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**Tuesday, March 26, 1895**

Miss Lowndes and Carlo Placci came to lunch. They were both nice, and Placci briliant, a most engaging personality.

After lunch we lay out in the garden and smoked and talked. Placci says he is ceasing more and more to react pleasurably to music, the more he knows it. Bernhard suggested that is must be because he takes, after all, merely an amateur’s interest, which doesn’t lead on and on as a professional interest would.

Then Herr and Frau von der Hellen came to call, Weimar friends of Obrist, ex-cess-ively German in appearance. He is Nietzsche’s editor,

a most intelligent man. She paints and makes a feeble German-woman effort to be a person, but doesn’t seem to succeed very well.

In the evening Bertie read aloud the Book of Job and we read part of Prometheus Bound.

Poor Alys gets so bored and sleepy with all these talks and readings, and keeps continually looking at her watch, and tries to cheer herself up by thinking of the things …

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**Wednesday, March 27, 1895**

Emily and Miss Dodge came and we walked with them to Mr. Morgan’s, up on the hill.

Read Job in the evening.

**Thursday, March 28, 1895**

Miss Lowndes, Miss Dodge and Emily came to lunch, and Miss Thomson and the Countess Rasponi afterwards. We had a lecture on Fra Angelico.

Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood and Fafner came up at 3.30, also Evelyn’s friend Miss Hale and Mary and Eliza Stuart, and we had a huge (for us!) tea, and then all walked down through the podere.

Still influenza.

**Friday, March 29, 1895**

A rather lazy day, with a feeling of influenza.

Sent off a note to the Chronique des Arts.

C. D. Warner called in the afternoon, and was most charming. He told us a lot about the natural oil regions in America, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Finished Job.

Bernhard got £38.6.10 for two months of his Lotto.

Saturday, March 30, 1895

Bernhard lunched with Placci and called on the Toys, and had a long talk with Mr. Toy. I had a quiet day of writing.

We read Esther in the evening.

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**Sunday, March 31, 1895**

Loeser came to lunch, and stayed and nearly drove me crazy talking, when the others all went out.

Fafner still here.

**Monday, April 1, 1895**

Rainy and cloudy.

Lord Ronald Gower — a noted Sodomite — came with an introduction from Mr. Hamilton Aidé to Bernhard, and behaved in a most sickening way, evidently falling in love with him at first sight.

We read Luke in the evening.

**Tuesday, April 2, 1895**

Rainy.

Mr. Benn and Miss Hale came to lunch. We read a lot of ballads and Mr. Benn added to our definition that it must be in short lines.

Talked with Miss Hale about Evelyn.

Then a long, long talk with Bernhard, who certainly is trying hard to pull along after him the “slow-trotting Palma”, who seems for the moment (if it is only that) to have fallen asleep where she

stood.

Why have I lost heart, I wonder, just when everything is beginning to succeed? Is it because I care too much about HO?

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**Wednesday, April 3, 1895, Fiesole**

The von der Hellens came to lunch and talked interestingly about “Kleine[r] Eyolf”.

Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood came to tea.

**Thursday, April 4, 1895**

Mrs. Lowndes and Miss Dodge came to lunch, and Miss Thomson to the lecture afterwards on the Pollaiuoli and Alessio Baldovinetti.

A walk and long bitter talk with Bernhard. All night long I tried hard to put things in their real proportions. The predominant thing is that we love each other. Everything else is secondary and can be arranged. I suffered very acutely in the night thinking how different I was from the kind of person I think I am.

**Fiesole, Friday, April 5, 1895**

All the morning talking. I hope an impression is really made on me! I mean to start on with fresh heart.

Placci came to lunch and tea and was as charming as usual.

Bernhard called on Theodore Davis and his party.

We read my essay on “Art Criticism” in the evening.

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**Saturday, April 6, 1895**

Went in to Florence and saw Santa Maria Novella.

Alys and Berty, Bernhard, Fafner, Miss Dodge and I lunched with the Hapgoods.

Bernhard, Bertie and Benn took a long walk and came back to tea.

Wonderful moonlight.

Not relapsed.

**Sunday, April 7, 1895**

Loeser came to lunch and we went to the Palmerino for a “Santa Conversazione” on de Quincy.

**Monday, April 8, 1895**

Michael Field arrived and came up to lunch and spend the day.

Bertie and Alys went.

Miss Lowndes and her aunt called and we walked in the podere.

**Tuesday, April 9, 1895**

Preparation for the Mikes and for going away.

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**Wednesday, April 10, 1895**

Established Michael Field in Bernhard’s apartment and left before lunch.

Bernhard joined the Davis’ for a trip to Siena, Perugia, Bologna, Milan and Bergamo, and then went to visit Mrs. Jack Gardner at Venice, while I went to stay with the children and see the Champ de Mars in Paris.

We met again at:

**Sunday, April 28, 1895**

Hotel San Marco, Modena

Met at 2. Looked at Cathedral and gallery. Both completely bouleversé about art-theories.

**Monday, April 29, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Home again!

We went to San Pietro, the Cathedral and the gallery in the morning, and came here in the afternoon.

The Mikes are here.

The Doctrine defined beauty as the “eternally desirable”, and said the

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function of art was to reveal that to us — che cambiamento!!

**Tuesday, April 30, 1895**

Called on Frau von der Hellen and Mrs. Benn.

A long talk in the evening about the origin of aesthetic emotion. The doctrine was that “the intellect is a misappropriation of funds meant to ruin the sexual bank”, and if you misappropriate too much, you go bankrupt.

Miss Cruttwell gave utterance to the opinion that the only thing that could make the sexual act “bearable” was the reasoned desire to have a child. Yet she supposes herself to love and understand poetry!!

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**Tuesday, May 7, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

Poets are people who go straight from feeling to expression, not via thought.

One’s results are, after all, only moments in one’s thoughts.

**Friday, May 10, 1895**

I have not written. I have just been struggling to live, that is to keep happy and feel a springing up of vitality, so necessary to “living” in any satisfactory sense.

I had a rather knock-down blow, although it ought not to have been unexpected, in realizing that the children must be inevitably trained as Catholics. I had planned before just what I could do and could not, and saw no reason to change my mind. But

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the actual realization of it has been stunning … or rather, I feel as if a leak had been sprung, and a lot of my life-blood were being drained off. I can’t seem to recover myself, or stop the leak, and the sky might almost as well be leaden or smashing for all the difference it makes.

The Michael Fields have been a constant surface annoyance with their fussy and affected ways, that is to say, Michael, for Field comes as near to being a non-entity as a living creature bodily present can. I fancy she drains off most of her vitality into a huge journal she keeps. It is probably full of intense emotions and keen observations, but they are almost lost to her friends. I say

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almost, for in spite of her quiet, which I find infinitely less irritation than Michael’s chatter and giggles, one has to give her credit for a good deal of brains and extraordinary, perhaps to herself torturing, sensibility.

Their friend Louie Ellis came to tea and dinner yesterday, bringing her travelling companion, Miss Hall, a Newnham lecturer on classical subjects. She was beautiful in feature, but so detestably stiff and quiet in the real British way. That I hated her almost as OH would have done.

The day before his friends, the von der Hellens came, bringing with them a young painter, perhaps HO’s most intimate German friend, names Curt Stoeving.

We talked about Klinger, and he actually admired the

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brutal horrors which are this year in the Champ de Mars.

B. B. went to dine with them at the Aurora, expecting talk. Herr v. d. H. <Hellen> and Stoeving “kneiped” instead in a riotous way, drinking between them a whole fiasco of wine, shouting songs, giving their orders to the waiter in bass and tenor solos, and, worst of all, making faces the the others to laugh at. No! It is too late. “We others” can’t do these things, they seem crude and even ugly to us. A barrier is set between us and the Germans … on that side. No doubt they, for their part, were only too happy to be away from the “stiff, English afternoon tea” decorum of the Villa Rosa.

Stoeving I

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liked, but I have no vitality to spare to make new friends I care about. And then the gulf that separates a German —! You think they are delicate and refined and sensitive (like HO), and so they are in some respects, and then they are capable of throwing it all overboard and wallowing. We others make at any rate a faint endeavour not to be pigs anywhere, but Germans, as Bernhard says, do not seem to feel any “responsibility toward small things”.

———

I am tired in heart, I can’t keep a feeling of almost wickedness at letting the children become Catholics.

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**Monday, May 13, 1895, Fiesole**

Placci and Prince Wolkonski came to lunch on Saturday. We had a nice talk about Beauty.

On Sunday, Emily came to tea and Fabbri to dinner. All he could say about the effect on him of a work of art was that it ‘put him into a kind of dreamy state’. Michael

said it made her feel “God’s in his heaven, all’s well with the world.” Her friend, Miss Ellis, said it made her want to cry, and Miss Hall said it made her pray.

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**May 13, 1895**

In the arbour at tea time Field asked whether pathos ever was an element of great art. At first we thought not, but I, who play the part of bringing up “the objections that might occur to the ordinary mind”, brought up Oedipus in Colonus and King Lear. At last Bernhard said what we all meant. “Pathos is an element of art only as predicate, never as substantive! Wrong use of pathos “religious” pictures, Tennyson’s In Memoriam and Tears, idle tears, even Pierre Loti. In a lyric outburst of grief it is the strong personality you keep bumping up against. An idea is like a canal in straight banks, flowing as it has to flow, with

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no surprise.

Gray’s Elegy is a picture of pastoral life to which we hug up all the closer for the feeling that it must come to an end.

In Tears, idle tears, you feel the poet is using “clichés which he knows to be ticklers for the feelings”. This is the fault of all bad but effective art: Marion Crawford, Rudyard Kipling, most English and German modern art. Also the graphic art that tends to concentrate interest upon that “easiest and surest tickler”, the face.

Why is easy tickling bad?

A large element in aesthetic pleasure is being made conscious of a surplus of energy. Cheap effects leave us where we were. Real art makes us work for our pleasure, and leaves us with a heightened feeling of intelligence at having been able to recognize its good points. Behind the obvious in Raphael is much that is not obvious, the recognition of which requires an immense intellectual effort. So in

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Goethe and Luca della Robbia. But you must not be required to work too hard and exhaust all your surplus energy.

Michael and Field have two great “life-sustaining lies”, which it would be almost death to take away from them. One is that they are a great, though at present unappreciated, poet. The other is that they “belong together”. Both

these things, in the opinion of all their friends, are hideously false. Yet no one dares to tell them.

They also indulge in other strange delusions, as that there is some mystic and very powerful affinity between Bernhard and Field, which he feels as well as she. She feels it intensely. It is always hard — unless you relentlessly expose yourself to the logic of facts — to believe that such emotions are not shared. And why should she be undeceived, after all? She is not one of those people who can stand truth, and who

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even think they want it, in human intercourse.

**Tuesday, May 14, 1895, Fiesole**

The Mikes gone, and we breathe freer, physically and mentally. At the same time a feeling of having been rather hateful to them oppresses both Maud and myself.

**Wednesday, May 15, 1895**

Bernhard began his Florentines.

Two of Maud’s friends came to lunch, and we sit a long time listening to what one of them has to tell about Japan, where she lived many years.

The von der Hellens came to tea and we have a walk together. They dine here, and we leave them at San Domenico to “kneip”, while Bernhard and I go to a concert at Fabbri’s.

Coming back at midnight, the Kneipers were still sitting on the balcony, pretty drunk by this time, roaring out idiotic

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speeches. We stood in the starlight a long time and watched them, and felt them indeed a different race from ourselves.

At dinner the German lady greatly embarrassed Bernhard by caresses under the table. As she has had no conversation with him to speak of, it can’t be a personal feeling. Perhaps it is merely a habit she has. He does not seem to have the least curiosity to find out which!

Emily is staying here for a few days.

**Thursday, May 16, 1895**

We studied Mantegna in the morning, and read Vasari. Had a lecture on “What I don’t know about Verocchio” from B.B. in the afternoon, and after tea a little talk about aesthetic emotion. It began with Bernhard’s wail that he could not write about the Florentines, because he no longer enjoyed them, as a school. He looked back to a time when he “enjoyed” all of Pollaiuolo,

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even such a thing as the Berlin Annunciation. Now he recognized that it gave him pleasure (though he did not analyze it at the time) as a piece of “instantaneously effective archaeology”.

Why do we get more pleasure from art than from nature? (if we do) It is a peculiar enhancement of life to know that man did it, not a god. This is an aesthetic emotion in so far as it is a real leap of life upwards, giving you a greater sense of power.

From a steamboat a great machine you get a certain sense of power, but of a less intense quality. Machinery only increases the commodities of life, and adds to the life itself.

What is life? A sense of functioning and increased life is an increased sense of ease and endlessness in every possible way of functioning. Art enhances this feeling, which is at the bottom of all pleasure.

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A clergyman once remonstrated with a negro about beating his child, and told him he oughtn’t to do it when he was angry, anyhow. “But what would be the use of it then?” enquired the negro!

An American woman who longed to see a rhinoceros, and haunted circuses, at last found one. “My! ain’t he plain!” was her comment.

**Friday, May 17, 1895, Fiesole**

Shopping in Florence in the morning.

Signor Puliga came to lunch. He is a disciple of Sar Peladan.

We talked a good deal about French literature. The only people he seemed to care for, except the Sar, were Anatole France — comme penseur, surtout!! — and Henri Reginer.

“Artist” meant to him merely the man who used words well. Bernhard and I

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talked about Nietzsche, whose value, according to him, is that he consistently hates all that makes against life and loves all that makes for it. His concrete admirations are constantly changing, but his criteria of excellence — Wertschätzungen — remain astonishingly the same. His Geburt der Tragödie is the best thinking on aesthetics from our point of view, the really psychological, that Bernhard knows.

Mr. Warner came in at tea-time and told us abut the Mexican cliff dwellers and other out-of-the-way, interesting things.

**Saturday, May 18, 1895**

An earthquake at 8.53 p.m. lasting 5 seconds. We were at dinner at the Palmerino.

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**Sunday, May 26, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

We went on a giro, Bernhard, Maud, Emily and I. First to Pistoia (Albergo Rossini), then Lucca (x Hotel de l’Univers) with a day’s drive to Barga (25 fr, 2 horses) ending up at Pisa (Nettuno).

The whole trip was harmonious and pleasant. We all enjoyed it.

The pleasant things were

1. Giovanni Pisano’s pulpit and the Scaloppe a Marsala at Pistoia. Also Santa Maria Umiltà.

2. Ilaria’s tomb at Lucca, away and above everything else.

3. The scenery on the drive to Barga, the so-spelt “Golopine” at lunch, and a great carved wooden S. Christopher with huge staring eyes, behind

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the High Altar of the Duomo. Also a drink of warm milk I extracted from a cow by the wayside.

4. The Giovanni Pisanos and Simone Martinis at Pisa, and the row down the river in a fisherman’s barge, with a sight of the camels feeding along the bank.

Today at lunch Bernhard suddenly broke out in praise of the Degas on the mantelpiece, “the greatest of all works of art.” “Why?” … A good deal of hesitation and feeling round, and at last the right reason hit on the head, because it conveys life directly. He has deserted the theory that art is to “uplift”, or “broaden” life, or any

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hygienico, social or moral view of its mission. That may or may not be, but the essence of essences is to be a sheath, an envelope of just “plain life”, effects of space and composition belong to architecture, and are rightly called in painting “architectonic”. But painting can communicate life, livingness, itself. This is the purely aesthetic artistic standard of art. Whether it resembles or not is aside from the mark. Painting can convey life more forcibly, more essentially, than the living thing itself. Neither Maud nor I looked half so much alive as Degas’ ballet-girl bending down to tie her slipper. We were not sheaths of aliveness as the painter made

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that figure. This idea, unclearly felt after, is at the bottom of most criticism, from Vasari’s “pare vivo” down. But most people can’t imagine it can convey life unless it is as much like the living thing as possible. Hence most bad criticism, such as mother’s contempt for the Japanese, who seem to be the greatest “life-bearers” of all.

Nietzsche’s Wertschätzungen, which are all reducible to the one criterion whether it makes for or against life, have helped forward Bernhard’s ideas, although Nietzsche, while railing against any such intention, is au fond very hygienic. While Bernhard’s

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beating his brains to find the kernel of the artistic element in the work of art.

There remains the question whether these “architectonic effects” are not equally life-bearing with the suggestion of movement, etc., which Bernhard calls the heart of hearts of art??

We went to the Palmerino and heard a rather platitudinous lecture from Vernon Lee on “Art and Life”.

Mr. Benn said that “the people quaked more than the earth”. Still it was a severe shock. The old earth shook herself like a Newfoundland dog coming out of the water.

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**Wednesday, May 29, 1895, Fiesole**

Monday passed quietly, Bernhard studying Giotto, and spending night at Loeser’s.

Tuesday I lunched at Emily’s, and her mother talked such a lot of commonplace weariness that I thought of Bertie’s protest against her, “No rubbish shot here”. She does shoot rubbish?

Another series of untrue platitudes from Vernon Lee, under the head of “Art and Luxury”. The funny thing was the audience, consisting chiefly of Countesses Rasponi, Pasolini, Jennison, Niccolini, Count Papafava, and then the commoners Fabbri, Mr. Baring and ourselves.

Today I began getting ready the children’s “Thinking Lessons” for publication.

Mr. Benn came to lunch and took a walk with Bernhard.

Count Puliga, the von der Hellens with their children, and Mr. C. D. Warner to tea.

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Oscar Wilde is emprisoned for two years, with hard labour. It makes me quite miserable, for although I came to the conclusion he was somehow a loathesome [sic] beast when he was here last spring, yet surely he was so much more use than harm — even granting the charges are true. And when you think of how common the vice is, it is sickening to think that the punishment has fallen on the most brilliant of them all. To have known him so well! It is horrible to have to think what his feelings must be.

Poor Oscar! I have a secret hope it may turn out well for him in the end, for I believe him capable of better work than he has ever done.

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**Wednesday, June 12, 1895**

Life has been going on quietly.

The von der Hellens, Benns, Placci and a socialist friend of his named Gaetano Salvemini (a brilliant boy of 22), Mr. Morgan, Loeser, Count Papafava, Count Puliga, Fabbri, Emily, etc., have all been here from time to time. Now they have all gone except Placci and his friend and Mr. Morgan and Puliga, and of them we see little. Even Maud has gone, and Bernhard and I are living quietly here, he writing his Florentine Painters, and I type-writing it and doing the lists, and writing out the “Thinking Lessons”, etc., busy and happy.

But I am lazy about writing, and all that is important now will go into the Florentines, for it is our meat and drink.

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**Thursday, June 13, 1895**

B.B. working on his Florentine Painters, wrote a chapter on Masaccio that thrilled me. Each word brought out Masaccio’s inner significance. I have not often had such a thrill of pleasure as when he read it to me.

We walked in the afternoon to Mr. Morgan’s.

**Friday, June 14, 1895**

Fabbri came to lunch, and was as much of a ‘life-ralentisseur” (Placci’s phrase) as ever. He drove me to Florence, and when I came back I found Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson here. He is a Scotch painter, she a Canadian. They are living with the Priore of Settignano, a good-natured man run to death by his parish, whose one dream is to get a fortune by the Lotto, in which he and his mother take numbers every week, buy the Gamberaia Villa and live up [0147] there and throw down the evil eye every morning upon his tiresome condatinacci who bore him so confessing their sins too often. After the earthquake he brought them each a little wax taper telling them to burn it reciting an Ave, after having taken a purge, in order to keep off another shock of earthquake. He is fearfully in debt, but he pretends that his creditors who come and stand patiently about, like saints in niches, waiting for small payments on account, are very grand people, Professori di Matematica, etc., a naive fraud which takes in no one.

In the evening Placci came to dinner, and he was quite delightful, so sympathetic about Bernhard’s ideas on art, and so entertaining in gossip.

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**Saturday, June 15, 1895, Fiesole**

I finished L’Innocente,

but did not like it <at> all.

We worked on the book, and I began to write my Louvre Guide.

Mr. Morgan came to dinner. We rather prize him, for he is a good representation of the old generation, and yet not “grunching”, at least to us. Who knows what his sons will find him?

**Sunday, June 16, 1895**

A year ago we left Florence. Today we worked on as usual, but the book did not progress much. It looks as if it could not be finished before I must go.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson came to dinner and were nice. We had a long walk and discussed the pleasure we get from representations of movement, figures and drapery.

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**Monday, June 17, 1895**

**Wednesday, July 3, 1895**

All this time at Fiesole grappling with the Book, and enjoying it very much. Every day we saw deeper into the “why” of real art enjoyment. Practically the whole will come out in Bernhard’s books, but I do wish I had kept a record of our discussions from day to day. However, I was lazy and did not, and so I have missed the detailed memory of one of the happiest and most growing months of our lives.

The people we saw most of were the Kerr-Lawsons, Placci and his socialist friend Gaetano Salvemini, Count Papafava, and Mr. Morgan and Count Puliga. Placci was charming one night when we invited him to come and her Bernhard’s “discovery” about why we enjoy pictures.

Towards the end of the month

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the mosquitoes and sand-flies became almost unbearable. Also we had a severe quarrel, but as we came to terms, and in fact understood each other better at the end than before, it did no harm.

We leave Florence tonight by the 9.05 train.

**Thursday, July 4, 1895**

Hotel Salò, Lago di Garda

A lovely morning on the lake, a swim, a sight of the miserable Romanesque pictures and the fine Gothic Cathedral (what capitals!) of Salò, and then a weary fight with mosquitoes and sand-flies.

**Friday, July 5, 1895**

Hotel del Sole, Riva

Again a swim, such delicious cool, blue water! and the sail along the lake here. A very nice hotel.

**Saturday, July 6, 1895**

Hotel Trento, Trient

We took the 5 a.m. boat to Malcesine

to see the G. dai Libri

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in the church, returning by the 10 o’clock boat. The best of all was the beautiful Giorgionesque hostess at the little Caffé.

We missed the church by Solari at Riva, though Bernhard tried to make out it was a horrible little affair we were mis-directed to! Aha!

Arrived here about 8.30.

**Sunday, July 7, 1895, Trent**

This is a town of splendid palaces, and above all the Renaissance part of the Castello. We have enjoyed it very much

**Monday July 8. 1895**

**Tuesday, July 9, 1895**

Gasthaus zu Rose, Sterzing

A quaint little Tyrolese town with charming walks, and most delicious bracing air.

We had a long walk to Woer,

in which I was rather cross, as I got tired.

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**Wednesday, July 10, 1895**

Hotel Marienbad, München

We reached here at 5 and Obrist met us, dressed in a jade-green suit, looking pretty and jolly.

We dined with him at the Maximilien Café and talked a good deal. He seemed at times on the point of using Bernhard’s formulas, but never attained it.

**Thursday, July 11, 1895, Munich**

I called on Miss Sellers and had some most amusing gossip. Particularly funny was her account of a Furtwangler reconciliation scene.

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We called on Puck,

went to the Secession (a bronze profile and a silver medal of Bismarck by Hildebrand), had a drive, and a long talk on socialism in the evening with Obrist’s astonishingly clever friend Pöllnitz.

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**Friday, July 12, 1895, Kochelsee**

Gallery in the morning.

Miss Sellers came to lunch at Obrist’s, and at four we three started to come here, arriving about 8.30. All the way we talked. Saw Obrist’s glorious new embroideries.

**Saturday July 13, 1895**

**Sunday, July 14, 1895**

Kochelsee

Swims, walks and such divine talks. As Michael once said, “I know from experience what it was to listen to the great teachers, like Sokrates and Abelard, whose words kindled men like flames, for I have heard ‘The Doctrine’ ”. So it has been. Obrist is a dear, but being an artist, he isn’t a critic, and Bernhard has simply proved himself a divine critic, who knows what and why he enjoys. I have felt like a child between them, and have been simply overwhelmed with Bernhard’s genius.

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simple, matter of fact, almost casual way, as if Columbus had come back to Spain and you to an “afternoon tea” and said “O, by the way I’ve discovered land on the other side of the ocean.” He wants Bernhard to set to work on an aesthetics at once.

In the afternoon we went to the Glaspalast to see Stoeving’s picture, and then called on Miss Sellers and Miss Lowndes, who took us to Prof. Furtwängler’s, where we had a pleasant call.

We dined with HO. On parting with B. B. he said some touchingly appreciative things about our coming. We have strengthened the native bent of his genius, which is towards unrepresentative decoration. We have not dared to tell him yet that we fear he is not au fond a sculptor, and he has native bad taste. German!!

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**Wednesday, July 17, 1895**

\* Pfälzenhof, Speyer

We reached Karlsruhe at 3 and saw the Gallery, a Lorenzo di Credi,

Nic. d’Alumno, and a picture we can’t name, a charming Florentine thing close to Pesellino!

After strolling about and looking at what Bernhard called the Dannerwettoriums of Karlsruhe, we came here and found an excellent hotel, sehr gemütlich.

**Thursday, July 18, 1895**

Rheinischer Hof, Mainz

Saw and were disappointed in the Speyer Dom. Everything that painting could do to make it hideous, has been done with calculation. It resembles a frigid Turkish Bath. The Crypt, however, is impressive, and the space effect from the choir good.

Then we went to Worms, were depressed by the Lutherdenkmal and exhilarated by the magnificent grouping of towers of the Dom, particularly the west choir, and then came to this particularly poor, noisy hotel.

Bernhard saw the Museum of Antiquities at Speyer (I did not), head of Zeus, bronze with silver eyes, and xx small bronze bust of Tiberius

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**Friday, July 19, 1895, Mainz**

A most satisfactory day. We took a cup of black coffee at the station at 7, and then went by train to Frankfort a/M, reaching there at 8, where we had some stupendo coffee at the xx Casino.

We then “did” the town, ending up at 10 at the Städel Institut, where we stayed till one. It is a splendid collection. Perhaps a huge triptych by Roger van der Weyden impressed us more than anything else, the splendidly decorative Christ on the Cross with a Japanese landscape, like a stronger, more human Crivelli.

We lunched at the Casino, expensive but good, with superb coffee! and then came back and “did” the Museum here (Lorenzo di Credi, Defendente da Ferrari, and Tiepolo) and the Cathedral.

Dined at the xSchwann, 7 Liebfrauenplatz, an excellent place.

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**Saturday, July 20, 1895**

Rothes Haus, Trier

Cursed be the misunderstanding which made each of us think the other wanted to come down the Rhine by boat. We did it, and were bored to death! We went out from Coblentz to the Laachersee, to see the Benedictine Church there, and tired as we were we thoroughly enjoyed the exquisite little cloister in front of the east façade. Ex-qui-site!

We had a nice supper at the xCentral Hof at Coblentz, and then came here, reaching this hotel about 11.

The trouble with the outside of most of these churches is that, as mass, they are rather inert compared to Notre Dame in Paris, Rheims, etc. Those look alive, like great beasts, or ships in full sail. These, with their modern Mansard roof, and generally rather ungainly masses, never suggest organic life.

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**Sunday, July 21, 1895, Trier**

First we saw the impressive Cathedral, with its Roman feeling for space, then the Gothic “Madonna delle Carceri”, the exquisite Liebfrauenkirche, a cruciform equal-armed Gothic (the choir, however, being a little lengthened out).

In front a statue of the Synagogue came almost up to the Rheims things, except for the barbarous “Ideenkunstler” idea of making a huge crown toppling off one side of her head! Then we saw the ruins of the Palace, and the magnificent Basilica, prowled through the Museum and came back to a perfect gorge of a Sunday table d’hôte! I could do nothing but sleep after, but I waked up eventually and copied in our notes.

After supper we walked out and saw the bridge, and discussed the essence of poetry.

I read Luria, In a Balcony, and The Soul’s Tragedy, and Bernhard Hauptmann’s Die Weber.

The Gasthof zum Post looked very nice and much quieter than this.

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**September 8, 1895, Chartres**

We spent the day chiefly in the Cathedral, of which we admired the inner façade most. The choir is trivial, but the opening out of the transept very grand.

We talked of course, endlessly.

**September 9, 1895**

Grand Hotel de Blois, Blois

We saw Orléans, and enjoyed the Cathedral very much, though it is not …

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Hotel de France, Bourges

Our enjoyment of Tours was almost rapturous, the stained glass, particularly in the west rose window, was ecstatic and also our enjoyment of each other.

Bernhard has real hope for me in the future, and the gratitude and love I feel for him is indescribable.

**Thursday, September 12, 1895, Paris**

This was our best day of all.

The Cathedral of Bourges is simply unsurpassable! A great monster, really alive, from the outside, and inside

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one long, absolutely perfect nave, and the finest stained glass in the world.

We passed practically one whole day there sitting quite dumb with rapture.

**Friday, September 13, 1895**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

We called on Reinach, who is unfortunately just leaving. His way of approaching art threw us both into gloom. It is so deadly. But he was personally most friendly. He went over the whole Louvre with us in the afternoon, and then took us to tea in the rue Royale, and sat and chatted a long time.

I had to write letters all the evening.

**Saturday, September 14, 1895, Paris**

We went to the Louvre and Bernhard was a real angel in giving me notes for my Louvre book. Then we looked at the Venus from a new seat at the side from which her head

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appears really noble.

After lunch we read the Introduction to Marshall’s Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics,

and fell into a quarrel over the definition of pleasure.

The wrangle was renewed in the evening, and only after much bitterness of soul did we each succeed in modifying our statements sufficiently to admit that a definition of pleasure is still to seek, the nearest we can arrive at being: Pleasure is the feeling of the sort of life we desire, or the confirmation of our sense of capacity to attain it.

Between these wrangles we went to the Luxembourg, St-Severin and Notre Dame. At the Luxembourg there remains for us to enjoy: 1. the great Manet Olympia, a classic; 2. Puvis’ Pauvre pecheur and two drawings; 3.

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Whistler’s Portrait of his Mother; 4. Carrière’s Maternal Love. These seem to be “the last word”, for they have been the same now for years. But almost anything might perish sooner than that great Manet.

It is delightful how sympathetically our taste works together. We generally feel the same, Bernhard of course more consciously, and sometimes ahead. But I am a close second. When our minds get to working so well in harness it will be truly delightful all round. At present we tend to fight, as in those old days over the writing of the Hampton Court Guide.

We are reading Maeterlinck’s Pelléas et Mélisande. It is just like the Allandine et Palomides, but cruder.

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**Sunday, September 15, 1895, Paris**

John Burke turned up to breakfast, and spent the day with us. We went to the Louvre in the morning and to St. Denis and the Town of Notre Dame in the afternoon. St. Denis impressed us less than <it did> three years ago, the grotesques, if anything, more.

**Monday, September 16, 1895, Paris**

We met Burke at Durand-Ruel’s, where we saw some interesting Degases, and one important one, two women ironing. But best of all, supreme and classic, was a Manet, En Bateau, sunshine, blue sea, and a young man with the torso of a Greek god steering a boat. They have also Nana, a sort of Fête Champêtre and a man and woman in a garden.

After lunch we went to S. Gervais and found a Perugino, and through the terribly depressing gaudiness and bad taste of the Hotel de Ville, relieved by a Puvis de Chavannes room. He is the Giotto of today. Such satisfying tactile values, such simplicity.

Then we

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went into Notre Dame, but it failed to soothe us after the Hotel de Ville. The glass was horrible, and the interior did not go very well after Bourges.

We refreshed ourselves with tea, and then Burke and B.B. took a walk, and talked intimately about Burke’s wife. She will have to give up her little baby, I fear. It seems to stand terribly in her way. Burke, I am sure loves her, but he no more ventures to stake everything on one hope. And if he takes her back with the child, it is all up between him and his sister.

And he does not dare to lose that last refuge. He left after dinner, and I have been writing to his wife.

**Tuesday, September 17, 1895, Paris**

We finished our Florentine notes in the Louvre and met Miss Dodge there.

After lunch we came back and looked at the Greek sculpture, particularly the Venus de Milo, and talked about the “over-soul” in art, which Bernhard

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defined as an expression ofcomplex of human desires.

In its essence it is ethical, not merely plastic, or artistic. Emily writes to me today trying to express “my” philosophy (a hopeless one, as I have proved, without something else, but Thou, when they should totter, teach them to stand fast.”

“Thee has made me believe in Joy as an attitude of mind qu’il ne tient qu’à nous to assume towards Life, that we can cultivate our powers of enjoying if we will, so that all but momentary miseries will be excluded, excluded faute de place, the good things will crose the worries out.”

We dined with Miss Dodge and Sturges at the Lapérouse. Sturges was really very brilliant. He invented two terms for Oscar, “the great Unmentionable” and “the great Unknowable”. He told us about Mallarmé’s lecture at Oxford. He is <a> professor of English here, and prides himself on being the one Frenchman who knows England and the English. He ended his lecture with “Mes chers duns”. The joke is still going at Oxford.

Little Miss Dodge sat in a corner drinking in impressions of “European Life”, the most exciting day,

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she says, that she ever spent.

Sturges told us of one morning when Whistler came for Logan and met Zangwill in his rooms. Zangwill tried his “new humour” at Whistler, without success. Leaning over him, he said, “What’s that?” pointing to his decoration.

“The Legion of Honour.”

“I suppose they call it that,” pursued Zangwell, “because there are ten thousand of them knocking about the streets.”

“It is the way a great nation pays a great honour to a great artist,” replied Whistler.

Sturges is most picturesque in talk. He refines a phrase until every word is significant. His defect is that he will not listen, and this habit is sure to grow on him, I fear.

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**Wednesday, September 18, 1895**

Crossing from Dieppe

We meet [sic] Herbert Cook in the Louvre and “connoshered” a little.

Then Miss Dodge, with whom we lunched.

Waiting in the Salon Carré I discovered at last the cause for a certain unease I have always felt looking at Paolo’s things, the fact that his people do not stand. Their legs hang rather listlessly, particularly from the knee down.

We went to the Luxembourg to show Miss Dodge a few of the pictures, and then Bernhard and I went to the Cluny and enjoyed the Gothic decorations and also found a Lorenzo Monaco.

In the evening I started for London.

x x x

**Thursday, September 26, 1895**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

During my stay at home Ray learnt “the trick” of swimming and also of reading.

I had several days with Aunty Lill, who urged me, in my peculiar circumstances, with little daughters growing up, etc., etc., to “be especially careful always to observe the Sabbath.” She felt our souls had come very close together.

But the really important thing for me was meeting Mr. Hodgson, the Secretary of the

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American Psychical Society, who convinced me that, through Mrs. Piper, their Medium, they have established communication with what he calls “fragments of personality believing themselves to be George Pellew,

Edmond Gurney,

John Hund, etc., and inheriting their memories.” In short, life beyond the grave.

Besides this, I found, I hope, lovely parents to adopt Mrs. Burke’s child.

Bernhard in the meantime was working at the drawings in the Louvre, seeing Janet <Dodge> and others, and especially seeing a great deal of Miss <Janet> Dodge, with whom he made a little expedition to Caen and Bayeux.

Soon after I arrived he came, and we went out to the Louvre together. I lunched with Alban and his wife and sister, and joined Bernhard and Janey Dodge in the Louvre. We went to the Panthéon and St. Geneviève.

I dined with Fabbri, and Bernhard with Mr. Bing, who showed him specimens of “primitive” Japanese art, which make Outamaro seem decadent, like Parmigianino.

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**Friday, September 27, 1895**

3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Louvre in the morning with Fabbri and his beautiful model Stéphanie, a most Leonardesque creature. She and Miss Dodge lunched with us and we went to Durand-Ruel’s and saw again the Manets and Degas.

Then I came home and slept awhile. Janet Dodge moved over to this hotel, and we three dined together and sat and talked, and after Bernhard went, we had a good deal more talk, largely about Fafner.

**Saturday, September 28, 1895, Paris**

Went to the Beaux Arts and the Louvre, but it was too terribly hot to work much.

Fabbri and Stéphanie were there, and we looked at Rubens and Rembrandt.

We all lunched together, and again went to Durand-Ruel’s, where Fabbri wobbled up and down about buying a fine Degas, two women yawning.

Afterwards, Janet and we two went to the Panthéon and St. Etienne du Mont.

In the evening I dined with Alban and Emma, while Bernhard overcame Janet’s objection to going to the Weisser Hirsch.

As Alban expounded to me his views against dancing, the theatre, billiards, and non-observance of the Sabbath, I felt as if I were a naturalist who had the privilege of observing a live Dodo or Ichth<y>osaurus.

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This is the list of novels Miss Shedlock

gave Janet Dodge to read as specimens of the best French literature — — !

George (!) Sand, La Petite Fadette

Le Meunier d’Argébaut [sic]

La Faute de M. Auhurt (?)

Théophile Gautier (!), Mademoiselle de Maupin

Cherbulliez (!), La Béte

Daudet, Froment Jeune et Rinsler [sic] ainé

Ruma [sic] Roumestan

La Petite Paroisse (Moeurs Caigugole)

Sapho

Les Immortales !

Zola, La Faute de l’Abbé Maurus !

La Bête Humaine

Dr Pascal

Gui (!) de Maupassant, Fort comme la Mort

Mont Auriul (!)

Loti, Mon Frere Ives

Madame Chrysanthème

L’Exilée

Jules Lemaitre, Les Rois

Octave Feuillet, La Morte

Tolstoi, The Kreuzer Sonata

Bourget, Le Disciple

Mensonges

Cosmopolis

Un Scrupule

Ma Crime

Flaubert, Madame de (!!) Bovary

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She also told her that while she would despise her if she ever got married, she wished her to lose no opportunity of having sentimental and sexual relations with men.

**Sunday, September 29, 1895, Paris**

Talked a good deal in the morning, and went to the Trocadéro, but Bernhard was so low with an “epic cold”, and I with a common garden sore-throat, that everything looked rather horrible, except always the Rheims sculptures.

After lunch we went home and talked and packed, then dined with Fabbri and Stéphanie, and again talked, Janet <Dodge> and I until two o’clock. It turns out that the poor child has been terribly in love with Fafner, who has not behaved well to her. He went to see her every day in Berlin, and told her he was in love with her, but that, by a miracle of heroism and nobility, he would not marry her, on account of his health. At the same time he was saying to his parents, to whom the doctor had said that he ought to marry — for his health — and who were urging it on him, that surely they couldn’t want him to fall in love just for that. What he was really up to, though I don’t suppose he was at all fully conscious of it,

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was simply using her to satisfy his more civilized needs of female companionship, as he used the Berlin shop-girls, with whom he used to make expeditions into the country for a night to satisfy his more brutal needs. It sounds hard to say this, but when Bernhard said to him, Did he never think of the effect on them, in that they might have babies, he seemed never to have thought of it, and so he never thought of what would happen to little Janet. I told her what I thought, and I think it helped to free her from Fafner. She said she had anyhow conquered the feeling — or rather grown beyond it — already, but from one or two things I observed I do not think the cure was complete. I hope it is now. I feel almost as tenderly towards her as if she were — not Ray, but let us say, Ray’s little finger! She is very sincere and very innocent, and I must say it was horrid of Fafner not to have spared her. [two lines crossed out]

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**Monday, September 30, 1895**

Hotel Morot, Dijon

Packed and talked and went to see the Besnard in the Pharmacie in the morning. These turned out to be quite as delightful as ever. A Klinger enthusiast ought to adore them!

At 2.15 we started for Dijon, reaching this mediocre hotel at 7.30.

Bernard read James’ Psychology and I Flaubert’s awfully witty Bouvard et Pécuchet.

**Tuesday, October 1, 1895**

x Hotel d’Angleterre, Lyon

“Did” Dijon, and came here by an evening train.

Talking about Renan, I said he was the Pierre Loti of philosophy.

The Gallery is a fraud.

**Wednesday, October 2, 1895, Lyon**

“Did” Lyon.

The Gallery here is a fraud too.

Bernhard spent hours over the time-table while I wrote to the Burkes and Janet.

A long letter to Fafner looms ahead of me.

**Thursday, October 3, 1895**

Hotel Crillon, Avignon

We journeyed from 9.48 till 2.15, I laughing over Bouvard et Pécuchet and Bernhard reading <William> James and agonizing over time tables.

At 2.15 we stopped

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at Orange, and after a quarrel over the Roman Arch, which Bernhard found more solid and grander than I did, we proceeded to be overwhelmed by the imposing façade of the Theatre. After exhausting that emotion, we ate some fruit, walked out to see a glorious sunset on Mt. Ventoux, smoked, and then took the train here.

**Friday, October 4, 1895, Avignon**

The thing to do would be to get rooms at the quiet Europe, and eat here, for the restaurant is not bad.

We spent a really rapturous day seeing this town and Villeneuve opposite, with its marvellous views.

The Galleries are complete frauds, except for a small mask by Laurana.

We had various letters, one from Perry saying he would send a Mr. Coba to see Bernhard — “He is

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not one who torments his kind.” A foolish letter from Obrist, returning to his idée fixe that the Germans have done everything already, and an amusing one from Miss Sellers suggesting that Logan and Miss Lowndes should take a villa at San Miniato and discuss Pater and Montaigne to their hearts’ content, leaving us to wrestle with art on the Fiesolan Mount.

Ray writes from Biarritz that she swims twice a day and is learning to dive.

A favourable review of Lotto by MacColl has just come out in The Spectator, Sept. 28.

**Saturday, October 5, 1895**

x Cheval Blanc, Nîmes

We came in a morning train from Avignon here, succeeding by a miracle of cunning and ingenuity in skipping the Pont de Gare!

A man in the train talked to us a great deal about the poet Mistral.

Bernhard said Provence looks upon him as Abraham did on

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Sarah, when at her unlikely age she gave birth to Isaac. We found a rather gorgeous cuisine at this hotel, and made a very good lunch.

Then we saw the pictures in the Musée — non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa! — and the exquisite Maison Carrée, as well as the churches and the temple of Diana and the Tour Magne, not to speak of the arena which is just opposite this hotel.

**Sunday, October 6, 1895**

Hotel de la Paix, Beziers

Saw the horrible gallery at Montpellier, and quarrelled violently over the Baryes,

Bernhard insisting that they were very fine, I sniffing.

Made up our quarrel over an early Pesellino

we both discovered, and nearly tore out our hair with rage because we couldn’t have a ladder to go up and read the signature of a very queer picture.

We left Montpellier gladly, and came to this dirtiest of

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towns, which in spite of its splendid situation is horrible.

We hung around the Cathedral and bridges as long as we could, rejoicing in the thought that we need never come here again, for the gallery contains nothing but a Zaganelli and a doubtful, repainted Benozzo.

**Monday, October 7, 1895**

x Hotel Chaubard, Toulouse

We saw Narbonne and Carcassonne, and immensely enjoyed the latter.

Dined at the Buffet at C. and had a good dinner.

**Tuesday, October 8, 1895**

\* Hotel Groc, Cordes

A picturesque little village on the top of a steep rock. For people who don’t know Italy, well worth seeing. Anyhow, it is “real country” and one enjoys the air and quiet.

Left our book-bag in Toulouse!!

**Wednesday, October 9, 1895**

x Hotel Cassagnes, Albi

We got up at half past five — what a

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delicious morning! The drive to the station — Vindrac — was wonderful in the early sunshine and dew.

Then Albi! How we have enjoyed not only the Cathedral, but the town from the river all day.

**Thursday, October 10, 1895**

\* Cheval Blanc, Nîmes

A run around Albi before starting on an all day journey across country — but beautiful country, and in a slow train one doesn’t mind. It reminded us of the Lucchese.

This hotel is not a place for coffee — one should take it at the café aside the Theatre, in sight of the Maison Carrée. There the coffee is superb!

**Friday, October 11, 1895**

Hotel du Forum, Arles, St. Rémy

has been perhaps our most perfect experience. The blue-grey plain of the Rhone, Cevignac, Mt. Ventoux, the olives and pines, the wind fragrant with lavender and mint, the battered Triumphal Arch and the Monument on a grassy circle enclosed by a little stream —

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dreams of unsordid life filled with exquisite art-enjoyments, Virgil, Petrarch — all this and more!!

Then we drove across to Arles by way of Les Baux, a rocky mountain nest of houses.

**Saturday, October 12, 1895**

Hotel de la Poste, Marseilles

We “did” Arles, not enjoying it very rapturously (compared to Avignon, Nimes, Albi, Carcassonne and St. Rémy), but we spent an interesting hour or so in the Museum.

Then we came on here, greatly enjoying the glorious approach to this town.

In the Museum we discovered two P. di Cosimos (!!!), and a Cariani.

We had a horrid dinner at the Maison Dorée, got our letters and wrote a little in the evening.

**Sunday, October 13, 1895**

Hotel du Var, St. Maximin

Spent the morning at Aix. The Cathedral is not worth a star in Baedeker, though it is certainly interesting archaeologically.

We found two Lippo Memmis in the gallery and I (!) discovered a Cordeliaghi

and a Moretto, while

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Bernhard unearthed a Francesco di Cotignola of an unspeakable character.

We came here and enjoyed the severe Gothic of this church, and then had an enchanting walk in the fields.

Life is much enhanced by smoking Flor Farias — but alas! they are undeniably beyond our means!

I began to read Nietzsche’s Antichrist.

**Monday, October 14, 1895**

x Les Etrangers, Nice

A last look at St. Maximin — as perfect in Gothic as the Maison Carrée in Greek — neat, delicate, unsuperfluous, clean.

Then the train, arriving here in time to climb the hill for sunset and eat and drink the marvellous air for a couple of hours before dinner. The atmospheric conditions here are such that you really feel your body a perfect instrument of your spirit.

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**Tuesday, October 15, 1895**

Roma, Savona

It took us a long, hot, indescribably tiresome journey to get here, and there is only one thing here to see, or smell, or hear. Still the one thing, a fine altar-piece by Foppa, had to be seen, and we have done it.

Our consciences are at rest, and we shall forget the bad dinner, the dirty town full of squalling brats and discordant brass-bands.

**Wednesday, October 16, 1895**

Roma, Savona

I made a mistake in saying there was only one thing to see in Savona. We went out in the morning and explored the Cathedral, and found some very interesting choir-stalls given by Julius II and executed by some Lombard artist, and, best of all, an altar-piece which revealed to me the authorship of that mysterious Annunciation in the Galerie de Sept Mètres, namely

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Bria di Nizza!

Then we took the train of endless tunnels and came here, and had a look at the Cathedral before sunset. Beautiful as it is is in colour, and richness of detail, as architecture, it is so much less serious, less intellectual than the French buildings we have seen. It cannot for a moment compare with St. Sernin of Toulouse. Even the marble looks like a coating. It has none of the solidity of Roman or Northern Romanesque building. It does not exist first of all. It begins and ends with ornamentation.

Curiously, for the first time we noticed the fine old stained glass and the richly carved pillars of the portals of the Cathedral and Baptistery. One needs to go to the same place a dozen times for different things that one’s eye is peeled to!

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**Thursday, October 17, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We reached home at noon, having found “il Cocchino” waiting for us at the station, and Rosa and Pia, and a good lunch here.

The rest of the day was devoted to unpacking and letter-writing, to peeping into the accumulated art-journals and to reading Herrick, which we were not at all in the mood for.

Michael writes from revisiting the place where they used to live and where Field went to college seven years ago:

“Doctrine, Doctrine, but I thought, as I maternally watched the brisk little figure with its college satchel and shining morning face across the Downs, well, I thought of one set for “the fall and rising again of many in Israel” (see Bible!) and the full welling-up (no memory) the full welling-up to heart’s brain of all you have done to

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enrich and impoverish, to lay waste and to build up, to annex and to liberate so wrought into me that, like Jacob of old, I wanted to pause on the spot and erect something. No —more — I wanted to kill something. I always do when I am intensely grateful, and that ought to be psychologically interesting to you, now that you are looking into the beginnings and sources of desire, especially as I am an excellent type of the normal savage, and have not dropt an element of the motional experience of my forefathers.”

**Friday, October 18, 1895, Fiesole**

Setting in. I was laid up in the afternoon, but Bernhard went down to Florence, had a browse in the Library, etc., and saw Puliga and Fabbri.

In the afternoon we read Mrs. Sparmann’s

astonishingly “straight” bit of thinking about music, in which she

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states that motion is the only thing represented, and that all other emotional effects are merely associative. Motion is the Urbild of music, and motion alone.

**Saturday, October 19, 1895, Fiesole**

Nietzsche is a Walt Whitman à rebours, finding every actual thing vile because of the intensity of life and power he desires. Men seem weak and absurd, and all religions and human institutions contemptible. But for all that, he is an optimist, and immensely inspiring, for his gospel is Life and all that “makes for Life, energy, power.”

Bernhard began his article on Italian pictures in America

and I finished Le Vergini delle Rocce,

etc. in the morning. We drove into Florence and did some errands.

Fabbri came to dinner and we talked about whether great art is popular, starting from the commonplace saying that “truly great art appeals to all classes of people.” Bernhard held that in the one case where it had been thoroughly tried on great masses of naive people — the case of Folk Songs and Ballads and the goods — the goods only had been preserved.

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And he contended that there is an almost mechanical connection between good art and the well-being of man — like food and digestion, which would lead mankind, if free, to choose out and retain the good, as it has done in the main, in food. Only the plastic arts have never been really and freely tried in Europe. Coming from the Greek civilization, which was founded so largely upon the power of the orator — the power of words — literature has been the art with us. People who aim at being educated can still afford to say they don’t like music and don’t care for painting, but dare not make the same confession about literature.

Fabbri said the architect of the façade of the Duomo here made two plans, one with points and one flat, and that they erected one of wood, half the plan on each side, uncovered them, and submitted the decision as to which plan should prevail to vote — !! It seems too funny to be true.

We talked about Ruskin, and the

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fact that his sense for art was almost wholly confined to decoration.

We also talked about the “representative” side of art. Fabbri said, “No good work of art can resemble nature.” Bernhard said, “A work of art may be great, even if it resembles nature.”

A letter from Mrs. Burke says she met her husband in Rotterdam, by chance, and they have made it up!!

**Sunday, October 20, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I wrote up our Provence trip for an article in the morning, and Bernhard worked on his article about the Italian pictures in America.

News came from Burke and his wife that they were together, and had decided to make a “trial marriage” for a while, to see how it would work. I am so glad. I feel sure they will now be happy together.

In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Morgan and had a little chat about children’s books, etc., and then I read Nietzsche’s bad-tempered diatribes against Wagner, and Bernhard began Tarde’s Les Lois de l’Imitation.

A singularly happy, care-free day.

**Monday, October 21, 1895, Fiesole**

Worked until Mr. Hamilton and Carlo Placci came to lunch. Mr. Hamilton said it had been

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such a hot dry summer they had run out of water and one day they had to give their horse Miss Paget’s bath to drink. I told Bernhard and Placci, and we all fell into a fit of laughter. As Placci said, it would have been almost a poetical myth, if it had been Diana and Pegasus, but when you visualized that horse and that maiden!

Placci stayed and talked all the afternoon. I told him about Mrs. Piper and the Psychical Society and he uttered a real cry from the heart, “O!”, he said, “it would be nice after all to think one was going on living!” We talked of many things, but <he> was most interested in the question of Love, as he seems to be in love himself. He contended that the latest love must always be the one supreme love, but Bernhard said that when a great love had once flooded one’s whole personality — in so far as it can — every recess and

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and cave and hollow place, a later love, if it flooded you less would always be subject to the comparison.

We took Placci on our rampart walk, but I can’t remember all we talked about.

In the evening Bernhard read Le Vergini delle Rocce and I Nietzsche’s Götzendämmerung.

**Tuesday, October 22, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I read Canto I of the Inferno, and a little Perry in the morning, and then worked. Bernhard read James and worked.

After an early lunch we walked down to Florence, and found only one picture in the Uffizi of classic quality, the Venus — Botticelli’s, of course. This seems absurd, but it is quite true. And we both came to it without exchanging a word.

We did more shopping, and came up in the 6 o’clock tram, and began to correct the first proofs of the Florentine Painters before diner.

At dinner I got cross with Bernhard for not talking, and he made an effort and pulled himself out of his blues and talked like a

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real angel in the evening. He complained of feeling hurried, as if it were incumbent on him to write something that would excuse him for having written the Lotto! This was not the angelic part of his conversation, but I put it down to laugh over. When we really seriously fell into talk it was about the art of literature, especially poetry, which is pure literature, for it is not the medium for conveying instruction. The effect of poetry is attained when it throws you into a Stimmung of the kind that does not lead out into action, intransitive, which is the ideal physical state, one of those moods of bien-être, “when the mind is free to muse on what delights it most”. Starting from the proposition that all pleasure, whatever its cause, as

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pleasure, is physical, the question is what is the peculiar pleasure which poetry can give? and it is this, the awakening of certain divine moods of bien-être. A mood of this kind is the equivalent of tactile values in painting. Only when a figure has those can it be said to have artistic existence: only when a poem can throw you into such a mood, do we take it for real and begin to enjoy it as such. Others poems amuse, instruct, elevate or harrow us, but their tale told, their instruction imparted, they cease to exist, while a poem with no particular meaning, like Blake’s “Sunflower, weary of time”, will always exist.

A million poems rush to my mind, and the fine lines in them are always those that bring a distinct physical mood. How incomparably finer than anything else in the “Ode to Duty” is the stanza in which the lines occur

“Flowers laugh before thee in their beds

and fragrance in thy footing treads

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Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,

and the most ancient Heavens, through thee are fresh and strong.”

What a sense of eternal youth and infinite security and support!

English poetry has devoted itself to this, the real problem of poetry, more than that of any other nation.

There remains the problem of the sounds of words, just as in painting there remains the problem of colour, and in music the tones.

Two English girls in the gallery looking at Leonardo’s Adoration and The Head of Medusa: “Baedeker says it is probably not genuine” and passed on!

**Wednesday, October 23, 1895, Fiesole**

A letter to Mother from Mrs. Oscar Wilde, who has changed her name to Holland and is in Switzerland says:

“I have changed my name, but I am not taking any legal proceedings. My poor misguided husband, who is weak rather than wicked, repents most

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bitterly all his past madness, and I cannot refuse to him the forgiveness he has asked. So I have withdrawn from the Divorce proceedings that I was at one time tempted to institute, or rather that I was worried to institute for the sake of my boys. But the necessity of that is obviated by the Bankruptcy proceedings in which I am claiming through my Trustees the life-interest of my money, which does at present belong to my husband, and which will then go straight to the children after my death.

I can only trust that I have been guided right, and I have indeed sought Divine Wisdom, but things are so complicated that it is difficult to tell whether one has been guided right.

I am sure that you will agree with me that where these is repentance, it is not the place of the wife to be Avenger. Just think what he has lost! Practically all that made life bearable to him. I hear from the prison chaplain and from others who have an opportunity of judging that he is very heart-broken, and

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most especially so with regard to the trouble that he has brought on myself and the boys.

Affectionately yours,

Constance Holland”

— — — — —

We worked as usual in the morning, and Fabbri came to lunch. We talked of Nietzsche’s hatred to the religion of Mitleid, and Bernhard said Nietzsche’s ethics was a system suitable for a nomad tribe who would be impeded in their march if half a dozen were ill. He forgot that sympathy and care for the suffering may be also an expression of extra strength, more than enough for one’s own personal ends. Moreover, he seems never to have thought that the self is enlarged by sympathy.

We also talked of Mrs. Piper and the next world, and how thoroughly it

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will be at an end with dogmatic Christianity if the Psychical Society can prove that there is no heaven or hell or Purgatory. The only possible religion will then be a ritual without dogma, something like the American “Anglicanism” which is making such progress there.

Bernhard and Fabbri walked up to the Morgans, and I took the rampart walk, in the rain.

After tea we finished correcting the first part of the proofs of the Florentine Painters, and wrote letters and had a little Matthew Arnold and reading before bed-time.

**Thursday, October 24, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard to Michael:“I’m at work again, and already finishing up an article on - Good Lord! - Italian pictures in America.

But my heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here.

By here the prophet foreshadowed Connoisseurship, of which I’m sick even

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unto nausea. At bottom I no longer care a smart farthing who painted anything, yea, and the archaeological, morphological, even historical talk about pictures is like wicked stench unto my almighty nostrils. The letter A in art would now have to wear a countless number of superimposed tiaras to convey a conception of the mysticity and awe with which I now regard art. I think hard, but unbeknownst, so to speak, even to myself.

The problem before me is simple: Granting that the pleasure element is always sensuous, as we must grant, what is the specific element of sensuous pleasure in each of the arts? I am thinking about all the arts this time, not painting alone. The answer to these questions will be contained in my next big book, if ever it gets written. Meanwhile the small book on the

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Florentine Painters will be like a voice gone out of Fiesole urbi et orbi, telling what the element of pleasure is in figure painting; and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, you will say when you peruse it.

We are reading D’Annunzio’s Virgins of the Rocks, which, though prose, has the cadence and rhythm of Virgil’s divinest verse. It breathes myrrh and frankincense, which the new Magi have just brought to this latest born but not least in the kingdom of Judah.

Psychology is more and more absorbing me. Tell Field that as she loves me and herself I urge her to get the large edition of James’ Psychology and to read it diligently. Great shall be the fruit thereof. We are now of man’s estate, and lo! it is time to put off childish things.

I have re-read Madame Bovary recently. I was overawed by its greatness. It ought to go into the Bible, the Bible up to date, bien entendu, after the Book of Ruth.

I am now reading Bouvard et Pécuchet, which unfinished and ever prosaic

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and unlicked as it is, I find epic in quality. It is Homer this time really writing. Batryomyomachia, but what a masterpiece! O ye dwellers in Philistia, think ye it is so easy to leap over the boundary and to enter the gates of the Olympian Jerusalem, read, and you will see that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle.”

We worked as usual in the morning. I began an article for the Chronique on the Italian pictures in the South of France Galleries, of which I finished the rough draft in the evening.

It was raining, but as it let up about 3 we went out for a walk round by Vincigliata, but got caught in a torrent on the way home.

I read Klinger’s brochure on Malerei und Zeichnung, and Bernhard went on with Tarde’s Lois de l’Imitation. We also read German poetry.

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A letter from Janet Dodge, in which she says that the Berliners are very “sniffy” about new composers, and French composers überhaupt.

“It is all on a par with what my Composition teacher, Prof. Bongiel, said to me one day, that it was much more instructive to stay at home of an evening and do one’s Theorie than to go to hear ‘such things’ as the Berlioz’ Requiem (which I had heard the night before).” !!!

A nice letter from HO says that he found Mrs. Burke “uninteresting to a nearly interesting degree … a temperament of porcelain. Fräulein Augspurg said: that woman has an oil skin on her heart. She’ll keep dry and cool and hard …”

At Stuttgart I looked for more than an hour at 2 reproductions of Böcklin, Der Eroberer Vestalinnenopfer.

You are right, 2700 times right, that the essentially artistic element is tactile values, movement, etc. Of course you are right. In these pictures, however, there are no tactile values even to speak of, no movement in our decorative

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as running header: ‘Letter from HO’

sense of the word. Nulla. The whole Ergriffenheit that I am in, have been in, will be in looking at these pictures comes purely and only from the representative element, the powerful Stimmung of the tale told, i.e., nach Herren B.B. illustration pure and simple.

That Eroberer excites my fancy, suggests flights of vision of all that brooding man will still do on that desert island, and no literature, no Byron and no Browning, has ever succeeded to stimulate my visual and emotional fancy a tenth part like Böcklin or Klinger. If these last are poètes manqués, they are manqués towards the + and not towards the -. If you are keenly sure of your sensations, your tactile prehensibility, your salivatiousness, etc., so am I about my fancy-sensations and their intense enjoyment.

If I hint at these subjects, it is not because I think it of any use whatsoever, but only così en passant. You have so made up your mind about the representative element having nothing to do with the bildende Künste, you are or were

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as running header: ‘Letter from HO’

so dead set against it, that I can only let the tooth of time gnaw at you, refraining from scratching myself. Dürer’s Malinconia, his Ritter, Tod und Teufel, contain of course the essentially artistic qualities of tactile values, movement, etc. But das ergreifende dran is that what Dürer means to express intellectually, emotional, symbolically.

The suggestive Stimmung

You, as B.B., are so organized that you care en dernier lieu for tactile values, etc. (which makes you prefer Stauffer Bern to Klinger) and I am so organized that quite en dernier lieu I prefer the other. If that other is ‘poetry, literature’, why the devil don’t I adore Keats, Shelley?”

The answer is that each art must have that element which makes me take it as real before I can find in it the inexhaustibility of reality, and be affected by it lastingly.

What is that element in each of the arts?

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**Friday, October 25, 1895**

Villa Rosa, Fiesole

A day with little to record, as we worked over the proofs of the Florentine Painters.

We went down to the Academy in the afternoon, and spent an hour in the Library, reading the Giornali.

We discovered Michelangelo’s S. Matteo!!!

**Saturday, October 26, 1895**

Again the damed Proofs, and a run into Florence to get the number of a Pollaiuolo.

We meet Miss Hertz and a friend of hers in the Uffizi. Miss Hertz made us think of nothing but Bouvard,

except possibly Aunty Lill!

Bernhard then called on La baronne Puliga (“Brada”) and on Benn, while I walked home and devoted myself to some deadly dull writing on the French provincial galleries.

All the evening we corrected, and corrected, and corrected proofs, until nearly 11, when we read Bernhard’s article on the Italians in New York and Boston.

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**Sunday, October 27, 1895, Fiesole**

We corrected all the rest of the proofs, a terrible task!

Also I sent off to the Chronique my articles on provincial galleries, and Bernhard sent his article to the Gazette on Italians in New York and Boston.

We read part of Galton’s Men of Science together.

It was raining almost continuously, but we snatched a short walk about 5. We have enjoyed this quiet day very much.

Viola, Bernhard’s servant, came over for some butter this morning and called at the gate for twenty minutes, and then went back, saying no one heard her to let her in. “Non ha suonato?” “Ma no, Signora, non ho pensato di suonare.” She is really next door to a machine. So then she came back and rang, and was let in.

**Monday, October 28, 1895, Fiesole**

Finished the Putnam business matters and went down to lunch at the Placcis. He told us of Lord Onslow, who had let his place. The tenant

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after a time cried off the bargain, because, he said, the place was haunted. Lord Onslow would not admit the ghost, but after a while came with 3 friends to investigate. They all saw it, and even fired a shot which passed right through the figure. He then let the tenant off his contract. I shall try to find out what is the truth of this!

A painter, Conte Bosco of Bologna, came in and spoke of the Venetian Exhibition. Fra Giacomo he praised as a master of sea painting. But he was wildly enthusiastic about what he called the “art” of that horrible affair by Grasso. There, he said, was a man who could do what he could not, who possessed extreme technical ability. Placcci objected that the thing was in bad taste, and hideous. “O you never tried to draw the nude” was the reply. In short, a complete painter’s criticism.

Then we three went to the Palazzo Gino Capponi and saw the picture of

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his son-in-law, the Marchese Farinola, a small Last Communion of St. Jerome by Botticelli,a little gem, almost among his best. Placci could thoroughly enjoy the purely decorative part, the bed covered with sheepskin and the crucifix and palms and cedars above it, and the matting roof and walls, but the representative element distressed him. Instead of getting abstract values of motion, he felt like a feeble old man, or a young priest or acolyte holding up a heavy body or candles. So we went to the Primavera, and there again the representative elements distressed him, the blueness of the figure to the right, the flowers coming out of the woman’s mouth, etc. But he began to see, after a while, the marvellous pattern of space and lines weaving in and out.

We went to look at the back of the Duomo, and then came home and had tea and a divine hour listening to him and to Buonamici playing Wagner’s Siegfried Idyll, the Hundigung March,

and Humperdinck’s Hansel and Grethel.

A walk home by moonlight, a good dinner, unpacking new books, reading — and so ended a nice day.

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Letter from Michael

Michael writes (to me) one of two fine sentences: “Now I envy you (my envy is only Bunyan’s when he saw the pilgrims’ jolly in heaven — which, when I beheld, I wished myself among them — not in the least a desire to put a serpent in their midst) settling down to your hills and winter plain, double your share of stars by night, and such an amplitude of coloured air by day I — we — find with years that the eye needs a few quite simple outlines — and the mind — how few books. The mind learns the secret, St. Francis’ secret, of holy poverty, and trips the world blithely without a sous.”

She also quotes from Coleridge’s letters: “the folly of sinning against our first and pure impressions! It is the sin against our own ghost at least.”

**Tuesday, October 29, 1895, Fiesole**

Quiet day of work.

Colnaghi’s partner came to see Bernhard on business, and he also had a long walk with Mr. Benn.

I went to town to shop. I read one of Placci’s stories (printed in the Illustrazione) but alas! did not like it in any way.

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Letter to HO

…”

Böcklin and Klinger arouse your fancy, they suggest flights of visions, etc., etc. Why, you ask, are they not Art? It is our old contention, and you do not seriously intend me to go over all the arguments once more? Still for a moment I will linger over this. Is it not time — please be accurately introspective here — that first you feel a cerebral activity, and then and then only something approaching, yet only vaguely, I think, the condition of definite bien-être. But this sort of thing is not at all artistic. It happens to every man over any matter that rouses his cerebral activity in a satisfactory way, and consequently the surgeon speaks of a beautiful cancer, the mathematician of a beautiful problem, etc. The ‘beautiful’ so used — your use also — is only a sign of gratitude to a something that has started your cerebration. You personally perhaps have a poor visual memory, and a consequently poor constructive, i.e., illustrating, fancy.

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“Poetry therefore of the highest (you say, but I believe it is in part due to your not understanding it) — poetry, you say, never rouses your fancy as Böcklin and Klinger. Poetry rouses my fancy far more, because I have a lively visual imagination so easily that I generally almost unconsciously visualize every phrase I read, and in a way which makes even the best illustration seem tame. Illustration, as such, has therefore but slight value to me, and would have even less if I were an artist, a person whose cerebration had to take the form of visual reconstruction. Your cerebration has to take that form, and you prize whatever stimulates it in you. But at the same rate you would be justified in having illusions about a wench who stimulated your sexual appetite, or, to be more serious, any person who made you talk. It is a notorious fact that the people who have the most to say themselves are rarely the ones to make you talk best. That happens once in a great while, but generally <a> sane person you recognize as a

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Letter to HO

“ decided inferior does that much better. I hope you understand my addlepated lingo, but my point is that art has not to do with the stimulation of our most absorbing activities, bur rather to put us into that physical condition which makes us say to a moment, “Stay, thou art so fair”. In other words, to supply the baro-hygro-thermo-metric conditions to the merely visual effect. If a man can put us into these desired conditions, he is an artist already — a life-giver, a creator in the highest sense of the word. If he can not only put us into these wonderful conditions, but, while we are in that enchanting mood, present us with great ideas, tant mieux. But remember that ideas will seem so marvellous because we were in such a marvellous condition when we received them, and because in the work of art they have been made insoluble.

With our usual carelessness about subjective states, unless we are extremely acute in analysis, we jump over to the representation pure and simple, and regard that as the cause of our ecstasy. On the

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Letter to HO

contrary! it is the condition that made us feel the idea. You could not have chosen better illustrations than your examples of the Malinconia and the Ritter. The boundless energy of the line and touch keys you up to a condition wherein anything would seem wonderful, and of course Dürer had more than mediocre ideas: still, as mere ideas, these engravings are not overwhelming. Their inexhaustibility comes not from their intellectuality but from their powerful tonic effect.

It is this, it is this which makes art, and nothing else. One of the most heart-rending mistakes humanity has ever made is the belief that art means no more than to supply phrases with visual accompaniments, or, in other words, ideas with representations of the things they stand for. That (which is all that 99 per cent of even intelligent humanity means by the plastic and figure arts) is no more art than any other form of translation. Translation it is, pure and simple.

Hence, by the way, the rotten but logical talk about art being the translation of something, into the material of something else, and the placing

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of this idiotic statement in the fundamental principle of art…”

Janet, in a letter, speaks of the “delight of hearing or seeing a work of art which one knows nothing about beforehand — that beautiful feeling of uncertainty and swaying and final surrender.”

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**Thursday, October 31, 1895, Fiesole**

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We also talked about D’Annunzio and Marius (Pater) and Virgil. The Inhalt of D’Annunzio, the lack of universality, of high seriousness prevents the book being a classic. He is too eager to express himself, to burst out into words. He expresses no ethical attitude toward life in a large sense.

Placci asked me what I was at work on. “Struggling to express second-hand ideas in my Louvre guide-book,” I said. If I could always be as truthful!

In the evening Bernhard and I read over the correspondence between Obrist and myself up to my going to Munich. I must confess, it was much duller than I thought it would be. It bored us to death. Besides this, it was obviously hollow and not ingenuous. The …

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**Friday, Nov. 1, 1895, Fiesole**

Miss Hertz and her unendurable friend came to tea, and discoursed upon art until we almost got apoplexy from holding in our rage.

Then Mr. Holroyd, an English artist whom Bernhard knew years ago, came to dinner. He has a great deal of interest in Italian art, and all he said was pretty sane and eminently intelligent. It was an evening of quiet recognition, so to speak, of the fact that another had reached many of the same points of view we had ourselves attained.

**Saturday, Nov. 2, 1895**

Mr. Holroyd and his wife and little boy of 3 came to spend the day. The wife is a faded edition of her husband’s ideas, considerably preoccupied with the child, Michael. Such a woman, like Mrs. Kerr-Lawson also, makes me most unhappy. They have intelligence, too, but as social and intellectual beings they are simply non-existent. Am I as bad as they, I wonder?

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**Monday, November 4, 1895, Fiesole**

Talk at lunch about the hanging of galleries. The bottom appeal of good art is to a complex of physical sensations whose result is definite or indefinite bien-être. Hanging a bad thing by a good one annuls this effect, like an emetic in the midst of a wholesome dinner. Galleries should not be hung to enable a few connoisseurs to make easy confronti.

We went down to the Library, walking down and up.

Told Maud at dinner about Mrs. Piper, and she became an easy and delighted convert. Art pleasures — the feeling of the physical pleasure without the actual objective stimulus — offers a splendid analogy to the …

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At lunch we fell to talking about the study of Greek literature, and how, like Kunstkenners, the critics still keep writing about purely irrelevant matters — the history, etc.

Bernhard then delivered himself of a small lecture on the subject, the substance of which was as follows: The origin of the modern study of Greek and Roman literature was not the desire to enjoy a beautiful thing, but the hope of finding out, by means of literature, the way to more culture and more life than had been common in the retreating Middle Ages. They did not regard it as an art, or even as a grammar — still less as philology! — but only as the thing which contained the secret of a fine way of living. It was, in fact, merely a study of documents revealing the life and temper of the Greeks as a model to imitate. But first, in order to reach these documents, they had to master the Greek

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Grammar. When they found out that the life could not be imitated, then all their enthusiasm, their élan of passionate interest, went into grammar and archaeology — where it has remained ever since. Perry, in working out the formal development of Greek literature, and connecting it with psychology even, has gone a step ahead of the mere grammatical and political interest. But of course he is no nearer the point than Morelli or Berenson in The Venetian Painters!!

**Wednesday, November 6, 1895, Fiesole**

We both went in to Florence in the morning and read Müntz

and Cavalcaselle

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on Raphael at the Library, etc.

Loeser came to lunch and was rather nice, unusually so.

We all three took a long walk in the afternoon, and read the papers and Havelock Ellis’ Man and Woman

in the evening.

Bernhard spoke of someone as “irradiating pins and needles.”

**Thursday, November 7, 1895, Fiesole**

Logan’s book, A Youth of Parnassus, came this morning, and also a favourable review of it in Le Temps.

Michael writes disapproving of the decision the Burkes have come to:

“It would be better surely when the wild oats, rather, the tares, or bad stuff in the Scriptural sense, have been sown, to wait at least until the vile crop has been reaped, before considering the field as good ground. But there! Life will look to it. Vengeance is hers, so Michael puts by his spear with a sigh.”

And so might it be said of me. The vile things are not reaped — alas! It is no use

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my considering myself good ground. I am not. I am utterly and entirely beaten and discouraged. Reading the last of those horrible letters has broken me. Bernhard was very, very angry, and hated me bitterly for many moments together.

There seems to be nothing left to start fresh with — nothing. At 31 to have been like that, and with such chances for better things. Up to now I hardly could feel that I had done it. I, myself, seemed so different. Now I feel that it was myself and no other — myself, the person I have to live with, cannot escape from …

To be a person who is fickle in soul, to have loved once, as I really loved Bernhard, and then to waver, to be unable to hold fast the good thing. So selfish, too — not to think of the pain to him — and yet he should be my first thought,

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as I know I am always his.

When I left B.F.C.C. I thought my love for Bernhard was forever. It was the only thing that justified my breaking up things.

And then I couldn’t hold firm, but yielded to the delight of feelings that sprang up — for it is wonderful to be in love. I am glad at least it has been stopped in time for me not to go all to pieces.

And yet if it had been Bernhard, should I have blamed him? Sometimes I think not, for Love in whatever form it comes is a God, and even if it destroys all one’s so-called ‘moral nature’ it remakes the world “nearer to the heart’s desire”. Why should we put

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faithfulness above it?

But I must not think in this way. It is my wickedness trying to make excuses for my unkind, miserable conduct.