Diary 11, 1907

*Walker Diaries,* a printed diary, a page for each day; see scan 007

 [ 004]

We think so because other people all think so,

Or because — or because — after all we do think so,

Or because we were told so, and think we must think so,

Or because we once thought so, and think we still think so,

Or because having thought so, we think we will think so.

Henry Sidgwick

Love beyond telling, Good unimagined, Light without measure, shine now in my heart.

*Quinci si va chi vuole andar per pace.*

 [ 005]

M. W. Berenson, I Tatti, Settignano, Florence, Italy

*Le temps s’en va — le temps s’en va, Madame Las — le temps passe, mais nous nous en allons.*

Hélas je sais un chant d’amour

Triste ou gai tour à tour.

 [ 006]

a clipping from 1912 on the Education Bill

 [ 007]

a clipping on the Milan Exhibition

 [ 008]

*Notre amour sua \_\_\_\_ un sommeil*

*ou nous dierendrons nos propres rêves*

[023] 1907

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1907

Mist and snow.

Christina Bremner.

A very quiet day of work, finishing the lists of Veronese pictures and getting ready to work on the Milanese. We dined with Miss Blood at the Gamberaia, and greatly enjoyed the spacious, well-proportioned, soberly empty rooms, filled with soft candle-light. Neith and Hutchins dined there too, and as she had to leave early to nurse her little baby, Miriam, we drove him home at 11. He wants at last to settle down and have a comfortable, well-regulated elegant home, so he has had a revelation that to provide him with this will tend to Neith’s “best development” — which is by no means her point of view! We did go for him! She is not the woman to be a mother or a housekeeper.

I finished *La cité antique* (second reading) and began the memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope. B.B. finished Justi’s *Velasquez* and Acton’s HistoricalSketches.

Wrote to Mother, Don Guido, Geoffrey, Prof. Barrett.

[024] Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1907

Cloud, with one or two bursts of sun. Warm.

Christina Bremner, Algar Thorold.

Another quiet day of work. Went over B.B.’s manuscript *North Italian Painters* with Christina. B.B. and I walked up the hill and got some marvellous Japanese effects of mist and hills and trees.

Algar came and we talked all evening. He entirely agrees with us about the Hapgoods. We spoke much of religion. He feels life distinctly poorer with the Sacraments, and he feels at a strange disadvantage with his wife, who is deeply religious, with all the matronly element in her reinforced by religious sanctions. She has “no use for talk”, or indeed for the intellect in general; and of course she brings up the children to regard their father as wrong. And it was he who pursued her to become a Catholic!

B.B. is reading *The Dissociation of a Personality* (Morton Prince) and Beroutette’s *Velasquez*. We have just read Benson’s *Life of Walter Pater.*

Wrote to Mother,

[025] Thursday, Jan. 3, 1907

Scirocco. Rain.

Algar Thorold.

“Tis the voice of a Husband, I heard him complain,

‘I shall go on a visit — we’re moving again”

A little poem by Algar, thrown off under the inspiration of a letter from Frank Mather, who has just moved to Florence, and offers himself for a visit while his wife and baby are “settling in”.

B.B. spoke today of Carlo di Rudini who ‘is so quick to see a point that he never has to think’.

We began the Milanese this morning.

In the afternoon I went to Poggio and heard Albert Spalding play, a nice boy of 18 with a divine talent for the violin. He played sentimental and sensual music, and I yielded myself up to it and really found distinct sensual enjoyment though it is a prejudice to prefer, as I do, the genuine art enjoyment. Certainly this was a pleasure. But quite as certainly it was not art!

Kenworthy Brown called, full of rage against France.

Neith and Hutchins came to dine.

Wrote to Mother, Mrs. Steward, Ban, Lina, mother.

[026] Friday, Jan. 4, 1907

Warm and sunny. Rain and thunder.

“Did” Ambrogio da Prodi and B. du Conti this morning. After lunch Algar and I had a walk. Then the Spaldings and mr. James came, and the party from Poggio, and we had some *real* music, Bach and mozart, and finally a most interesting Sonata by César Franck. They played extremely well.

Algar went home and B.B. and I were left alone again.

At dinner we discussed the reason why one was such a snob in arts, preferring only “the best”. B.B. called my yesterdays enjoyment “wallowing”. It is the way most people enjoy music. Algar said it was his way, but admitted that he would not tolerate similar effects in Literature, which is the Art he really cares for. B.B. says that if we didn’t keep up a high standard of art we should cease being civilized.

[027] Saturday, Jan. 5, 1907

North wind. Clear and sparkling.

We finished the School of Leonardo in the morning and had a glorious walk after lunch. The Serristori came, and she and B.B. had a walk. I read over my diary of 17 years ago — just! when I was so dreadfully unhappy.

Hortense told us some more Stendhal tales — among other of *someone we know* who has her lover visit her sometimes, and to get him to her room she has to lead him across the room where her husband sleeps. The lover always comes armed! So far, the husband’s sleep has been unbroken — but fancy the risk!

[028]

Fine.

Did pseudo-Boccacino and Solario, with considerable strife.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch, and she and Bernhard had a walk.

I called on Mrs. Ross — said goodbye to Nelly Erichsen.

We dined with the Hapgoods and sat late talking in the rather unreserved, dressing-game and slippers way they induce one to indulge in, which is certainly extremely pleasant, partly from its utter sincerity. Sometimes one goes rather far but I never knew Neith draw the line at anything until this evening <when> she tried to stop Fafner repeating an epigram of Oscar Wilde’s (really a poem) which he said Algar found extremely witty. Of course this made us anxious to hear it, so he gave it: “Young boys should be obscene and not hard.” It *is* funny, but it is disgusting.

[029] Monday, Jan. 7, 1907

Glorious.

Did the Piazza, Defendente, Macrino, Giovanone, Luini without too much strife.

Mr. Frank Mather came to lunch — a mean-looking little man, but a first-rate journalist, part editor of the *New York Nation*. He is interested in things, but, somehow, in an uninteresting way, and his profession has absorbed him. He walked with us to Settignano, and then we went on to the Gamberaia to see Miss Blood. How beautiful it was there, and such a sunset!

[030] Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1907

Glorious.

Began Gaudenzio, but the post came early, bringing most bothersome letters about that tiresome insurance. They won’t pay us ever a third of what we lost, and I find we’re bound all the same to go on insuring with them till 1911! B.B. got into an awful rage, and behaved like a naughty child, **so I took the key and went off into the woods**. It was *un jour entre les jours*, and I grew calm and happy. I think I should have been very \_\_\_\_\_\_ on coming in, but it is not right for a man to be so disagreeable, and so I told him at lunch that his way of taking things made it extremely unpleasant for me to take the practical burdens off his shoulders as I try to do. I said it make me loathe that sort of work (if only he were nicer about it I shouldn’t mind *anything*!), at which he got furious and pushed away his plate and rushed out of the room, saying , “Well go on loathing it”, like a bad boy. The consequence (well deserved) was a headache, so that he could not go to town with me, and hear the divine music I heard at the Spaldings — a Mozart duet for piano and violin of the purest, loveliest, gayest sort — oh heavenly!

There is still a gloom on, and we are merely polite. I do *wish* he weren’t so bad tempered!

[031] Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1907

Glorious.

Did Gaudenzio and Luini.

Mrs. Spalding and Albert and Mr. James came to lunch. He further showed his colours by the ecstacies he went into over a picture of ours when he found out it was by *Sodoma*. He also confessed to a great friendship with Lord Ronald Gower. Those people really seem to regard their *culte* as a sort of *Cause* which they are proud to be martyred for.

I took them all to the Gamberaia, from Settignano I walked back through the woods. It was certainly the day of days today! But one always keeps saying that.

Walked some more, and went to dine with Miss Blood, while Bernhard had the Hapgoods here.

When I came in we talked over our late coolness. I shall try a new method now with Bernhard’s temper, just giving him an affectionate kiss when it come on, and leaving the room *before I lose my own.*

[032] Thursday, Jan. 10, 1907

Glorious!

Did Sodoma in morning.

The publisher Putnam sent a boring letter, making out that the expenses of B.B.’s lists were awfully heavy, etc., etc., so B.B. wrote and said he would take all the books off Putnam’s hands. Bells are wild to have them. Putnam is a miserable publisher, and the book shave brought in nothing. £30 or £40 a year. This broke up our morning’s work in a boring manner.

Directly after lunch we drove to our splendid “Tree” and after worshipping there awhile, walked back to Fiesole, and met the carriage and drove home. Never was it more beautiful!

[033] Friday, Jan. 11, 1907

Misty. Windy.

Algar.

Did Tura, Cossa and Ercole Roberti in the morning.

Bernhard selpt almost all afternoon.

I went to town and called on the Mathers and Mrs. Giglioli and did various errands, and then called for Algar and brought him over. He was very depressed, feeling himself a mere sham, rather futile, and suspecting that he had never had a deep emotion all his life, and never would have. He is also rather disgusted with Florentine life.

Miss Blood came over to dine.

Am reading *The Soul of a People* (Fielding Hall) and Maxime du Campi’s *Souvenirs*. Bernhard has jus finished Dr. Prince’s *Dissociation of a Personality.*

[034] Saturday, Jan. 12, 1907

Glorious.

Algar.

Did Ercole Roberti and Garofalo, but the post with Barings’ yearly account distracted us. We made up a rough estimate, by which it appears that last year we spent about £3,500 of which £400 was for Bernhard’s family and £400 for Ray and Karin — leaving some £2,700 which went for ourselves: books, pictures, charities, travelling, household and personal expenses. The whole thing is at least £1,200 more than we have as actual income, but things generally turn up. Last year it was £1,888 for the Lotto; this year £2,000 on the Velasquez Mrs. Gardner bought, so we have paid off almost all the debt B.B. incurred to start his brother.

Algar and Neith had a drive and B.B. and I a walk in the woods. Contessa Serristori came to tea.

In the evening Algar told us tales of the Brotherhood (i.e. Sodomites). He says he has always been looking for the man who was one and wasn’t stamped by it as “queer”, and has never found a single case — that is, where it was carried on beyond youth. He also says they always come in for some horrible black-mail crisis, which as often as not ruins their lives.

[035] Sunday, Jan. 13, 1907

Glorious day.

Algar.

Did Costa, Mazzolino and others in morning.

A dealer came up to tempt us with a dainty bust of a girl by Mino da Fiesole. We’re in a sad state of indecision, for it costs 10,000 lire.

Mr. and Mrs. Mather came to lunch, and I took them to see the Hapgoods, and went on myself to Mrs. Ross after.

Bernhard walked with Mr. Mather, and came home to tea with Algar, who was feeling ill.

**A nice young architect named Cecil Pinsent came to call**, and I found him here when I came in. He is good-looking and seems good, as if he had been brought up by nice people. B.B. said he was intelligent too.

The Hapgoods came to dinner, and we talked, as one always does with them, *sans pose* — it is really remarkable. Do all people get sincere as they grow old? With Algar too we can be very sincere.

By the way, he says Dora told him that **in Paris now** **promiscuous love-making is so easy** that it has lost its special charm, and people are heard exchanging these remarks, “*Voulez-vous*?” “*Mais non, je n’ai pas le temps*”.

[036] Monday, Jan. 14, 1907

Colder. Cloudy, clearing late.

Did Costa and Amico Aspertini and Timoteo Viti.

We are *awfully* tempted by that Mino.

At lunch Algar told us of some friends of his. The wife had a lover, who was also the husband’s friend. After a while she told her husband, and he, having his own game, expressed his approval, and shelters her in every way, even travelling with them, to keep up appearances, when they do for trips. Sometimes he takes another lady for himself. The thing has gone on for 15 years, and they all seem very happy. The two men went out to the Boer War, and the lover nurses the husband through a dangerous attack of enteric. The wife consulted a palmist, who said she would soon be a widow, whereat he was delighted. This casts a rather lurid light. However, as she did not become a widow, she remains “an ideal wife”, for of course she is endlessly grateful to him. The children don’t know. The only point the husband insisted on was that there were to be no children by the lover, which has involved several abortions. What a tale!

[037] Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1907

Fine. Colder.

Did no work because we looked over all the Mino da Fiesole photographs to see where ours comes in. We were surprised to find how few things of his there are. Ours is as good as any. We must have it! But the eyes are queer.

In the afternoon we went to town and I shopped and saw the lawyer about the insurance while Bernhard went to Horne’s to see a new “Desiderio” he has found. He bought a beautiful bas relief of <the> head of little John for forty lire!! Called on the Labouchères.

The Houghtons came to dine, bringing **that nice young architect, Pinsent**.

Houghton told of a friend of his, a mathematician at Cambridge,who said that he could not take the Communion as he was a vegetarian! He also said he had been vaccinated and confirmed, but neither of them “took”.

**Fafner** came in and told me the tale of Edström, and the resulting quarrel and his quarrel with Leo Stein. He stayed till midnight. I was interested, but so sleepy I dropped off a dozen times while he was talking. **He always wants to make love to me, but it bores me dreadfully.**

[038] Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1907

Misty. Very cold.

We did Correggio and Dosso, amid much rage, for we both feel very wretched. B.B. is trying a hydropathic cure for his liver, and I am in a queer state inside, with bladder trouble brought on by last nights’ drive. However, we ended laughing at ourselves.

I went to town and called on the Houghtons, and did some errands.

Came back and Mme. Serristori came to tea. She was *delicious*.

Had a depressed letter from Mother, who must be having influenza. She says she feels life a burden and will be glad when the call comes. She has taken — they all have — a dislike to poor Geoffrey Scott, and they do not want him again on a visit, I am sorry, but still it can’t be helped. There is no use forcing together people who feel an antipathy.

B.B. wrote a long and affectionate letter to the **Baronne Lambert**. She is one of his “ladies”. The others are her sister, **Lady Sassoon**; Mrs. Harrison (of Naples); the adorable Serristori’ and **Agnes Steffenburg his masseuse**.

[039] Thursday, Jan. 17, 1907

Warmer. Fine. Golden haze.

I was seized with a sharp attack of inflammation of the bladder in the night, and passed most of the day in bed. But we did Parmigianino, Campi and Boccaccino.

I read Maxime du Camp, *Souvenirs litteraires* and Mahaffy’s *Social Life in Greece*.

Neith called on me.

Mr. Sargant came to dine. He is very agreeable — no, not *very*, but still agreeable.

Bernhard and I both got suddenly better at the end of the evening.

We talked of Renaissance sculpture. B.B. said that as pure art Michelangelo was about on a level with the Pergamene things — and (for us at least ) superior only in Illustration!!

[040] Friday, Jan. 18, 1907

The most beautiful day I ever saw!

We did Sofonisba Anguissola, Romanino and Moretto in the morning, and had a glorious drive after lunch. How divine it was on the hills!

I did not feel very well, but still not ill either, so I had a regular orgie [*sic*] of work, while B.B. went to dine with Miss Blood which he enjoyed.

I still “remain” over what he said about Michelangelo — no better than the Pergamene sculptors! Then the “literature” of art is half the battle.

Pazzagli came up with the two little pictures by Fangai, for 1,000 francs each: we had to buy them, the colour is so clean and delightful. I hung them opposite to my bed, and have been enjoying them hugely.

[041] Saturday, Jan. 19, 1907

Glorious.

Cecil Pinsent.

We did Calisto Piazza and Moroni in the morning. Bernhard went down to see Alinari’s new photographs in the afternoon, and called on the Serristori. Houghton motored up, bringing Mather to call, and Cecil Pinsent (a nice boy) to stay. He is very much *sous le charme* of Houghton, and finds Florence a revelation even more for its English inhabitants — the Houghtons and Howells — than for its beauty. He is still in the stage of wondering whether it is right or wrong to be ambitious.

Ray’s daily letters from Newnham have begun again — what a pleasure!

Bernhard at dinner gave a “theory of life” which might be further developed. It was that the people who planned their lives as if they were going to live on endlessly were so obviously more useful to society, that they were the surviving type. hence the man who lives so is in harmony with the true law of his being — a law evolved by the very facts of the struggle for existence. The “seeker of golden moments” is damned.

[042] Sunday, Jan. 20, 1907

Cecil Pinsent.

Glorious!

Did Civerchio in the morning.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch, and she and Bernhard walked in the woods, while I drove Cecil Pinsent to see Mr. Cannon’s Villa. It was a glorious afternoon and we drove home by Fiesole. I think he is a nice boy, but he is not very keen on architecture: and if he had £1,000 a year, he would travel, especially in the East. People interest him, and new ways and unaccustomed thoughts. He has pleasant manners, and is handsome, in a frail sort of way.

Miss Blood came to dinner, and Fafner afterwards. Talk genial, but, I thought, dull, but Pinsent found is “so educating”!

[043] Monday, Jan. 21, 1907

Misty and \_\_\_\_.

Went on with typing the insurance this morning, while B.B. wrote an article for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* on the “Raphael” at Montpellier, which he gives to Brescianino.

Chatted with Pinsent, and drove him down. He is a nice boy, but not very keen on architecture. If he were rich, he would travel, especially in the East.

B.B. called on Mather while I went to see the surgeon about my hand. Then we had tea with Placci.

[044] Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1907

Windy and cold.

In bed with that tiresome inflammation of the bladder.

Maud Cruttwell came up to see me in the afternoon.

Reading Miss Mary Kingsley’s books on west Africa.

[045] Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1907

Very cold and windy.

Type-wrote the Leonardo-Milan part of B.B.’s manuscript. It is *full* of ideas, but so briefly set down, how can anyone understand them?

Dr. Giglioli and **Dr. Stori** came and cut the growth off my wrist, *out* of it, rather. It hurt like fury and I yelled for all I was worth. I was very indignant too, for I had begged for ether, and they had promised me it shouldn’t hurt. And it *did*. It was only five minutes, but those five minutes were awful.

However, I would go through it every day *gladly* if I could get rid of the fear that poor old Karin may be deaf. She is awfully anxious about it — I don’t know what to do. “What is to become of me?” the poor thing writes. And “I don’t know what would become of me sometimes when I feel as if my life was all hopeless, if I didn’t know that I had you and Gram and Ray ready to put up with me, even as deaf as a stone.”

She also says “I have forgotten lots of things already. It is an awful affliction, but do not call it carelessness, for I do care most awfully — *afterwards*!”

[046] Thursday, Jan. 24, 1907

Snow.

Stayed mostly in bed reading Mary Kingsley and Van Dyke’s *The Desert*, a book Bonté Amos recommended to me, but which I find not very good.

Bernhard began an article for the Rassegna but could not decide between Girolamo dai Libri, Fr. di Giorgio and Girolamo da Cremona.

I went over notes for the new *Golden Urn.*

We saw no one but the doctor who came in about 6.

[047] Friday, Jan. 25, 1907

Warmer, but grey.

Stayed in, as I’m not quite well yet.

Did notes for *Golden Urn*.

Neith came to see me. She has begun a novel about marriage to be called *The Bond.*

B.B. described Neith, who has a passion for life only less great that [*sic*] her indolence and fastidiousness, and who has the luck to be married to a man who devotes himself to living and to telling her about it. This she enjoys intensely — as the God who does not eat the flesh of the sacrifice, but enjoys the smoke and odours.

[048] Saturday, Jan. 26, 1907

Warmer. Rainy. No sunshine.

Stayed in. Got the new edition of the *Golden Urn* (Sacred Pictures) ready to wrangle over with Bernhard. He is doing his article for the *Rassegna*.

Placci came to tea and was really agreeable. He says the Baronne de Raverot is **one of the most notorious Lesbians in Europe**. No wonder Miss Mansfield crossed herself when she entered the room and beheld that lady sitting there!

He says D’Annunzio is staying with Orrigo the sculptor, for they fear if he goes back the Marchesa Carlotti will join him, and they quarrel like cat and dog and simply can’t live together. He complains that she interrupts his work every half hour to break in and tell him about the dogs’ or the horses’ ailments. So he is lying p\_\_\_\_ at Orrigo’s, where she can’t join him.

She and they all have taken up table-turning and Spiritism, but Placci said, sitting by D’Annunzio during the “manifestations” he had an impression that D’A. was cheating.

[049] Sunday, Jan. 27, 1907

Clear but very windy.

Worked on Vienna notes for new editions.

Pinsent came to lunch and Houghton after. B.B. said the Italian maxim about works of art was that they must, and should, perish but not be exported!

Pinsent is going to live with the Houghtons, but he is unhappy at leaving his nice pension-keeper with one boarder less, and I said that alas one learnt with advancing years the ‘Tis a good wind that blows nobody any ill’.

We all called at the Gamberaia.

The Actons came in their motor. I can’t bear him.

Then I took Houghton and Pinsent to call on Mrs. Ross.

The moonlight was wonderful.

[050] Monday, Jan. 28, 1907

Cold, crystal-clear, windless.

Went over Golden Urn with Bernhard, and finished Vienna notes, and began Madrid.

We drove at 11.30 up beyond Poggio, and walked back. We rather got on each other’s nerves over motors and over Roger Fry. This was unfortunate, as the day was so perfectly lovely.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, bringing photos of the skulls of Lorenzo and Giuliano de’ Medici, which we felt we ought to be interested in, but weren’t. She also brought her new book, *The Pollajuoli* which B.B. and I read in the course of the afternoon and evening.

Dr. Giglioli came and changed the bandage on my hand, taking out the stitches. It did not hurt.

Fafner called in the evening. Stein had written him (as I prophesied) a reconciliatory letter.

[051] Tuesday, Jan. 29, 1907

Cold. Grey. Rain.

Grappled with Berlin catalogue. B.B. set down with his old article on Sassetta to see what he really meant by “Imaginative Design”, on which Placci and I want him to write. He came to the melancholy conclusion that he didn’t know what he meant! He is rather in despair about himself, feels dry and unelastic and has lost his intellectual energy. But sometimes he suspects things are going on in his head. He says it is like walking on an apparently solid stone pavement, in which however now and then you come across barred openings, down through which you see and hear water (generally sewage!) rushing.

We called on the Howells’. **Mr. Brush the painter** came in, a genuine, pleasant man.

B.B. is reading Creweg’s *Memoirs* and enjoying them. I have taken to rereading my old journals.

[052] Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1907

Dull. Snowstorm.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Cecil Pinsent.

Finished Berlin notes. Bernhard sat in front of a paper, unable to write or thing about “Imaginative Design”. He says all is over this time for sure!

We went down to tea at Placci’s — M. Vizard, Piero Gerini, the Papafavas and the Contessa Lenzoni from Pisa — a very intelligent woman. It was like getting into the parrot-house at the Zoo. They all yelled together, the one with the loudest voice gaining a temporary triumph.

The Houghtons and Pinsent came to dine, and had to spend the night, as it snowed too hard to send them down.

[053] Thursday, Jan. 31, 1907

Glorious day with fairy-like effect of snow.

Did Budapest notes.

The Contessa D’Orsay came to lunch. She said Dora Labouchère (di Rudini) was much criticized in Rome for trying to lead the fashion, criticized especially by the old Roman princesses whose pedigrees go back 1,000 years or so, and who say Dora’s only “*parchemin*” is an unpaid dressmaker’s account!

Placci and Mme Narischkine came from 2.30-4.30.

**Mrs. Sanderson, Miss Blood’s sister**, called.

And at last, when we were nearly worn out, Mr. Parmelee of Cleveland called and nearly killed us with his slow sententiousness.

Bernhard crossed the bridge over to Middle Age walking in the woods this morning. He left the house a decrepit and senile Youth, but came back in the first flesh of young Middle Age. He says, though, it should be called *Muddle Age*. Alas.

[054] Friday, Feb. 1, 1907

Cold but fine.

Worked. B.B. wrote the first two or three sentences of his new book, which he means to be about “Imaginative Design”, but he has no idea, really, how it will come out. In reading Creevey’s letters he was struck with the fact that even politicians act with no idea of the consequences, but in the same hand-to-mouth sort of what that is common to plain humanity. They generally imagine themselves to be accomplishing something quite other than that which they are really doing. We know this is true of artists. Creevey is a deliciously English book.

I went to the Uffizi with Pinsent, who was terrifyingly appreciative of all I said. When one finds a mind so receptive, one fears it contains little but sensitiveness. He did not, however, make a single banale [*sic*] remark, or admire anything wrong.

I had tea with the Houghtons and A\_\_\_\_-Bells — he keen and intelligent and educated, she a heavy lump of vulgar fat. What an awful thing.

We dined with the Hapgoods and, as usual, discussed what Algar calls “Subject No. 1” — Man and Woman. We also talked of Stein, with whom Hutchins is trying to cement a friendship on the basis of mutual insult. “Slow pomposity” is the most complimentary phrase he has for Stein.

[055] Saturday, Feb. 2, 1907

North wind. Cold. Clear.

Went to Comune in morning to sign paper for insurance. Sent out to get £1.20 stamp. There was more none though the Tobacconist was “*legalmente obbligato*” to have them!

The Papafavas and their friend the marchesa Lenzoni called, but I do not think it went off very well, because we did not make her talk. Then B.B. and I called on mrs. Ross,who has Sir William and Lady Markby and old Prof. Wright staying with her.

We came home and Bernhard squeezed out a few more sentences of his book. It runs very slowly at first, but already he is happier, and his ideas are taking a more definite shape. I hope he will treat *colour* in this book. He seems more tranquil and more disposed to enjoy the passing moment since he crossed over to Middle Age. I think it was a genuine Crisis and Epoch.

I am feeling very ill. I don’t know what is the matter with me.

B.B. reading Julius Lange.

[056] Sunday, Feb. 3, 1907

Cold, clear, windy.

Felt ill.

Miss Steffenburg and Maud came up to lunch, and the latter remained behind for a chat, while B.B. and Agnes battled with the wind in the woods.

The Anning Bells came to tea, and also Houghton and Pinsent and Mr. Howells. The Hapgoods came to dinner. he is a most lovable creature!

Bernhard re-wrote the first paragraph of his new book. He says his head feels as if it were made of wood, and that the most salient quality of his mind is Forgetfulness. This mind is like a sieve, but an old sieve with great rents in places, besides the natural small perforations!

 [057] Monday, Feb. 4, 1907

Ice on pond. Clear, very windy, cold.

I felt ill, so stayed in, and was in fact in bed when Lady Markby called.

Bernhard sat at his desk grappling with — nothing — he says, for his ideas refuse to come.

We were speaking of Rashdall, whom I said Geoffrey Scott rather despised. “But who knows? Young people are so arrogant!” Bernhard said they were like undrained tracts of land, perhaps full of water, but you couldn’t tell till they had been canalized how much god water there really was. And before any channel has been made, they despise the little oozings and rills that come from other people’s marshes!

[058] Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1907

Windy. Grey.

Felt ill. Did not stir from house. Bernhard went down to see Placci whose mother was not well.

Read Sturges Moore’s *Correggio*.

Bernhard is reading Westermarck’s *Origin of Moral Ideas*, but finds it peso. He is having an awful time beginning his book.

I am getting our notes in order for a final go at the revised lists.

[059] Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1907

Warm. Cleared towards evening.

Bernhard got the transition from his introduction to his subject done this morning.

The Benns came to lunch. He quoted Lafontaine “*Cet animal est très méchant il se défend quand on l’attaque*” and

“The dog to serve his own designs

Went mad and bit the man.”

I went down to the dressmaker and the bank.

The Mathers, all three, called. The ladies giggle too much. It is an unfortunate manner to make everything one says semi-comic — a great strain.

[060] Thursday, Feb. 7, 1907

Fine and warmer.

Finished D-L indexing. Bernhard wrote two or three more paragraphs and seemed to feel encouraged. Karin’s good spirits have come “bubbling” back, in spite of her trouble with her ears. She is reading Meredith and George Elio and beginning to think about them as style and construction. She is very clever.

Mrs. Crawshay writes good letters. Today she speaks of chamber music “performed somewhere — of the size and population of a railway station” and says she means to come to Rome “when every stone there has a rose bending over it” Best of all,

Last Day of Holidays

Short Conversation between first little pink boy, Jacky Crawshay, and second little cherub mouthed boy, Crinks Johnstone — overhead by “Impasse” seated behind and underneath them in a hansom (destruction national Gallery)

Jacky (patronisingly) “Have you see our new Velasquez, Crinks?”

Crinks “No. Oh yes, if you mean that woman on her back” — (!)

Jacky “I don’t think it good, Crinks, do you?”

Crinks (flattered) “No, it’s beastly rotten, isn’t it?”

By and by Jacky said sweetly, “Mummie, if it’s quite the same thing to you, as Crinks and I know the National Gallery so well, shall we go instead to the Hippodrome?”

We did, only returning in time to dress for the Pantomine!

Miss Blood and Neith came to dine. but it dragged.

[061] Friday, Feb. 8, 1907

Fierce wind. Grey.

I was fighting a cold all day, and I think I conquered it by means of Langdale’s Essence of Cinnamon. If it’s gone, this will be the third cold i have conquered by it!!!

I brutalized myself with work, finishing the type-writing of B.B. manuscript and doing endless notes. Work is the only pastime, when through ill health or any other cause the moments cease to be sparkling golden sands that one would fain stop and play with as they slide all to quickly through the relentless hour glass. I am too much given to wish *every* moment thus, when work seems irrelevant, but Life can’t be that way and isn’t, at least: and certainly getting something done is a fine “dope”, as Fafner would call it.

Placci came in the afternoon. He says D’Annunzio is almost crazy with conceit, ‘La folie des grandeurs’, and that he spends most of his time **philandering** with two of the silliest women in Florence, who are only on the edge of society in any sense. He frequents chiefly Jew houses, to see them. The preface to his *Più che l’amore* is something fantastic in its self-importance.

[062] Saturday, Feb. 9, 1907

Warmer but grey.

Made over one of Rankin’s wild articles in pictures in New York for the Rassegna.

Bernhard read over the text of his North Italians.

Went to town and saw the *Primavera*, suddenly remembering it was the exact time that Ray and her friends were marching in the Women’s Suffrage Procession from Hyde Park to Exeter Hall! The two worlds seemed to clash, but I love my Venus-haunted Grove best, which is very un-strenuous and immoral of me!

Went with Pinsent to San Lorenzo. He is measuring buildings all over the place, but says it is only a means for getting the building into one’s memory, and guide one’s taste. There are no building problems involved, and the whole ground has been fully gone over and published. It is like connoisseurship as a means of keeping one’s attention upon pictures.

I came home to find a most distressing letter from Karin, in whom the unkind Brighton doctor has inspired doubt about the value and wisdom of her last operation. Of course she is dreadfully anxious, and indeed it makes me quite sick with anxiety.

Horne and Sargant dined here and stayed till 11.30, but were rather nice.

[063] Sunday, Feb. 10, 1907

BLACK

Warmer. Faint sunshine.

Finished M-N. Pinsent came to lunch, and I read him some Pater while B.B. napped. We all went to the Gamberaia.

When I came home I found a sad letter from Karin. “I feel so far away from everyone here, people worrying over French and algebra, while I am shut off in my own noisy kingdom, where their noise comes faintly. O to get out of it all into the sort of world other people live in! When will it all end? It would be awfully jolly to die, sometimes <I> think. I often feel it, but I don’t expect I stand any chances, for years and years yet.”

I have written to her and to Dr. Heath, and I shall leave nothing undone to cure her. But the anxiety is awful, and it seems to melt my bones within me to have the child unhappy. Life is sometime very cruel.

Bernhard wrote to Putnam today, and we sent off the manuscript of his North Italian Painters.

Bernhard found out that the Mino bust was modern!!! The patina came off with moisture. It made him perfectly sick. He did not tell me till evening, but he was wretched all day. It is awful that we should be taken in. What fools we are. But somehow it makes me love him more. Strange!

 [064] Monday, Feb. 11, 1907

Bright, but cold and windy.

Yes, it is certainly modern! We studied it over again with the photographs and came to the conclusion the eyes weren’t right.

Maud came to lunch, and then we went to the Uffizi to take the North Italian numbers.

B.B. had tea with Horne, who said he *knew* the bust was a Bastianini! He has been himself taken in several times, that is how he knows. He seemed pleased and touched at being asked his advice — strange!

At dinner Bernhard said something which goes a long way towards explaining the changes of taste. He said the chief result of his books would be to arouse interest in the next generation in *some other* period of art, and this quite mechanically. For he, and her few serious colleagues having worked out their subject have practically nothing to do for the younger men *in that subject*. Hence these new energies must find a new field, with the result that their writings are occupied with later or earlier art, and their readers, the new generation, have their attention directed to *that*. It is not a capricious veering of taste. It is a mechanical result of the inevitable direction of energy. This might be worked out in *lots* of ways.

Karin writes, dear child, more cheerfully. Her greatest sorrow was the doubt her trouble cast on her genial belief that the Universe was particularly friendly to her. Imagination and Hope are bringing back that delusion.

[065] Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1907

Clear. Cold.

Well, we took the bust in to Bardini, who confirmed Horne’s opinion. “Let it be a Lesson!”

We did our list of Alegretto Nuzi, and I began seriously to revise the lists in the Central Italians. Bernhard got very tired working over the photographs.

I called on Mrs. Ross, but it was without more than neighbourly significance.

We are both enjoying Lafcadio Hearn’s letters.

[066] Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1907

Rain and south wind.

We did not go out, the weather it too awful.

Gronau came to lunch, but was not exciting. He is a very feeble brother. But not uncultivated.

Did Octaviano Nelli, Lorenzo Salimbeni and Andrea De Licio. And I worked for six hours over the Index to the Central Italians.

No news from Karin.

[067] Thursday, Feb. 14, 1907

My 43rd Birthday.

It does make one feel old to have such an ancient birthday as this. Old and Foolish, but at least Happy. That is due to Bernhard.

Nor could there have been a better birthday present than Karin’s telegram saying she had seen Dr. Heath and that it was *All Right.* O if only she is spared the misery of being deaf! I would be willing to jump ahead to my 86th birthday if I could *make sure* of that — and this is saying a good deal, for I am expecting great enjoyment out of the coming 43 years! But I should have none, really, if my child had that to suffer.

I worked on at the Index all morning, while B.B. interviewed the “Mino” bust men, who pretend to be unconvinced! I’m sure they’re Italian frauds.

We went to the Pitti, and then called on George Carpenter and his wife, who looked despairingly middle-aged! Called also on Mr. Parmelee, and then had tea at Placci’s with Papini, Papafava, Signora Melegary and a German art-critic named Maier-Gaefe — rather nice, for a German! He adores Rembrandt.

Neith came to dine — inexpressive as usual.

[068] Friday, Feb. 15, 1907

Fierce scirocco.

M. Gustave Dreyfus came to lunch — nice but dull.

I went down and did errands. Had tea at Houghtons, told them about the Suffragette attack on Parliament. Pinsent was delighted, and his pleasure was increased by thinking of his father reading about it in the paper and getting purple with fury and crashing down his paper with the words, “What is England coming to!” (A lesson to parents!)

Coming home, I found a letter from Ray full of enthusiasm, describing the Procession. She *loved* the excitement.

I also found **Ned Warren and John Marshall** here, and Ned remained on to dinner, and we talked of many things. He is too queer for words, but he is lovable, and he has a sort of muddy, tinged depth to him that one can’t help respecting.

Speaking of the follies of people in love, etc., B.B. said, “Every passion creates its necessary illusions.”

Reading Lange, D’Annunzio’s last play, *Più che l’amore,* and Wölfflin’s *Classical Art of the Renaissance.*

[069] Saturday, Feb. 16, 1907

Fine but windy.

Worked. Bernhard began defining the different sorts of poetry.

The Carpenters and Neith came to lunch. George thawed a little.

We had a walk, and then Miss Blood came to tea, and told us of the amours of her dogs, with a frankness and detail that made B.B.’s few hairs stand on end!

Ned Warren and John Marshall came to dinner. Ned talked to me most intimately about himself, his maladies du corps et du coeur, and all sorts of indiscreet things. I believe one of his reasons for avoiding people is that he can’t help being indiscreet!

He reminded Bernhard of a remark he made years ago, after vainly trying to interest Ned in Renaissance sculpture. Ned at last said, “It’s all very bad! Why is it?” To which B.B. replied, “Well, you see they had such a bad start with Gothic sculpture.”

B.B. horrified Marshall but delighted Warren by repeating (what had horrified me) that he considered Michelangelo as a sculptor no better than the sculptors of the Pergamene marbles.

I had a most dismal letter from Geoffrey Scott, who is in a deplorable state of health. Why do I get fond of such people?

[070] Sunday, Feb. 17, 1907

Fine at last!

Went down to the Bargello and met Pinsent there and shower him round. I met also Ned Warren and Marshall. I had a half hour of real ecstasy driving down.

In the afternoon we drove across to Bellosguardo to call on the Terence Bourkes, who are staying with his sister, Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, a sweet-looking, gentle-voiced typical English lady.

Neith and the Thorolds came to dine. Mrs. Thorold says such killing things. We were speaking of the great Jesuit work on marriage, and she said, “It makes ordinary marriage seem so tame and commonplace, doesn’t it?!”

Miss Blood said she had the silent Neith to dine, and finally, every subject having dropped, she read Neith a story she had written, which she had fondly imagined to be amusing. At the end Neith *did not say one single word*, and after a moment of wild despair, the baffled authoress plunged madly into a new topic. The funny thing is that today Neith said the story was really very amusing and that she had enjoyed hearing it! It is really *pas permis* to have such lack of manners.

 [071] Monday, Feb. 18, 1907

Glorious day.

The Mathers and Neith came to lunch, and we sat out on the lawn all the afternoon. It was divinely beautiful! and the temperature was perfect.

The Houghtons and Pinsent came in for awhile, and then Placci with Mlle Melegary, who is very agreeable. But they stayed too long — we got awfully tired. At last at 5.30 I got away to town and did some errands and a commission for Christina. Drove back and saw all the stars come out in a crystal sky.

Mather told B.B. he was thinking of writing upon he explanation of Beauty “a subject no one has as yet touched”, as he naively said!! This “gives pause”, for Mather is more cultivated and intelligent than most of Bernhard’s readers, and yet it would seem that because he tried to avoid the use of the hackneyed word “Beauty”, Mather hasn’t the least idea that his books are chiefly an attempt to explain Beauty from the point of view of the enjoyer’s psychology. We have laughed over this together, but still it is discouraging. one must frankly take the point of view, “*Facciamo per noi*!”

[072] Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1907

Clear. Glorious.

Went to Uffizi and tried to look naively at Simone Martini’s Annunciation. My head was a whirl of confused and muddled sensations, in which the only clear thing was that the lines and masses were somehow extremely agreeable.

Bernhard had tea at the Gamberaia to meet young Mrs. Bischoffsheim and Mme. Boissière. The former lady, who is pretty and well-dressed and 27 (she confesses to 25, provident woman) quite smothered B.B. in compliments about his books, especially his “magisterial work on Lotto”. After she had gone, Miss Blood laughed heavily and said that she had enquired “For heaven’s sake, tell me what he has written’ and Miss Blood said (out of malice) “A book on Lotto.” Nevertheless, in spite of her baroque manners, B.B. suspected a wee tiny feeling for art and beauty to be fighting for live, like, ☞ he said, the hairs that might start up under a wig!!

I found in Wölfflin the same discovery about Michelangelo’s treatment of the figure, the utmost action with the least displacement possible. They each arrived at it independently, and as neither noticed it in the other, it has given B.B. a sense of the hopelessness of writing on art!

 [073] Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1907

Rain. wind.

Well! Well! I’ve got that nasty disease, Shingles, and our visit to Naples has to be abandoned. What a nuisance. It is very painful too, like a Nessus-shirt of fire all about one’s waist. Such is life! Bernhard, however, is not all sorry to be staying on here, as he is slowly getting to work.

Mme Bischoffsheim and Mme Boissière came to tea, the latter is awfully keen on art and knows about it as a student of maps might know about countries unvisited.

The Bourkes and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin also came and Houghton and Pinsent to dine. I fancy Pinsent has been going through the usual young man’s throes over his profession (architecture) which he is not sure he likes.

By the way, Billy, beloved Billy, has got the second medal in the big mathematical exam.

A more cheerful letter from Geoffrey,who was helped out of his depression by vividly recalling the view of Siena from behind the High Altar of S. Domenico, which I arranged for them one day as a surprise.

Awful wind storm at night. Did not sleep.

[074] Thursday, Feb. 21, 1907

Windy but clear.

A day of great pain. Shingles or Zona, as they call it here, is a very painful disease. I feel as if my body were made of spun glass which even a breath of air would shatter. The doctor came and pricked the bubbles and that did some good. But I have a fiery belt, like the shirt of Nessus, around my waist.

Placci came and I saw him. His brother is going to marry the Countess Bourtourlin, an American. It seems that Gennaro has always fallen in low with Americans. He frequented the Eyres because they took care to always have on hand, as a “paying guest” some American woman who would serve as mistress for Gennaro, and he has never been without one, generally of the Eyres providing!! Florence — Florence — !!

Bernhard is very much delighted with Julius Lange. He got from this book the suggestion (not quite explicit in Lange) that the Jews were remarkable for having made a failure but insisting that *that failure was the real success,* which more or less <was> imposed on all the world!

[075] Friday, Feb. 22, 1907

I Tatti

Glorious day.

Worked morning. Bernhard arrived at “the secret of poetry” and was awfully interested but I have not quite followed it.

He went to Rome with Brauer in the 5 o’clock train, and the Houghtons and Pinsent came out to stay with me.

Quiet pleasant chat in the evening.

[076] Saturday, Feb. 23, 1907

Rain.

The pictures were of no value, but Bernhard was interested in seeing the Massimo Palace. We had lunch with Ned Warren and Marshall, and came to rather odd conclusions about them.

Rembelinski dined with him and told him endless gossip.

I did the Florentine Index and chatted with the Houghtons. Mrs. Houghton and I dined alone. She is really very nice.

Mrs. Ross called.

My Shingles are better.

[077] Sunday, Feb. 24, 1907

Rain.

Looked at Botticelli illustrations to Dante in morning and worked.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. She said she was lunching at Vernon Lee’s with Kit Thompson and Mrs. Forbes-Morse. Vernon began to speak of the wonderful art discoveries of her little secretary, Miss Krebs, who had “abstracted line from representation,” and was able to deduce the artist’s character. Thus, she discovered (!) that Andrea del Sarto had a very sensual nature.

“But what is a sensual line, Vernon?”

“Well”, began Miss Paget in her most haranguing manner, “Andrea’s line is a line that presses and squeezes.”

“Like Caruso!” Maud was impelled to say from the corner, whereupon a horrified shiver passed over *les dames* and an instant of dead silence ensued, Vernon waiting with her hand in the air till it had died away, and then taking up her words as if nothing had happened — “which presses and squeezes —”

B.B. came home to tea, and called on Mrs. Ross, as it was her birthday. He came back and flew into a rage with me for having lent my motor-coat. This made me ill, and my shingles broke out again. I cannot bear rages.

 [078] Monday, Feb. 25, 1907

Fine day.

Feeling very ill and head-achey. Bernhard sorry for his rage. It has lost us both 24 hours. We were fit for nothing but to lie out in the sun all afternoon.

Neith came in a rage with her husband who write imploring her not to be so selfish as to take up her novel and “sacrifice the family to her egotism’. I like that, when he has gone off himself to Paris for a spree, leaving her with **the three children** and the burden of everything. He is a selfish brute. But she adores him.

She came also to dinner, but was very dull and heavy all evening. She *is* dull to talk to, although a certain charm exhales form her dainty little person that makes you like her.

[079] Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1907

Windy but clear.

Finished Venetian Index of Places. I like doing that work, for as I write the names of town all sorts of most delicious visions come up, and golden memories of our journeys there. It makes me relive some of the happiest moments of my life.

Bernhard went to tea with Placci and met Corradini, and talked with him about the Theatre. He found Corradini interesting and thoughtful.

Mrs. Thorold called on me, but she was not especially entertaining. She evidently believes Algar is a great Genius, if only he wouldn’t be so lazy. But as he is perfectly happy lazy, she has no hold on him to make him write.

We “did” Antoniazzo.

[080] Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1907

Perfect day.

Houghton brought Max Rosenheim to lunch. He talked for three hours about the set of people we most want to forget, Mrs. Strong, Langton Douglas, Dell, Roger Fry and the rest. We were both depressed by it, and also, somehow by his way of taking hold of art, that awful collector’s dry rot. We felt it was nicer to admire the wrong things in the right way than the right things in the wrong way!

Then we drove down to Brauer’s and saw his signed “Pietro Dominici de Montepulciano”, a delicious picture by a painter we’ve been on the track of for some time.

It was my first outing, and I got awfully tired.

[081] Thursday, Feb. 28, 1907

Divine weather.

Felt pretty weak, but finished up Sellajo, and prepared Bartolo di Fredi and Sassetta. Goodness! what a lot of work it is.

After lunch I went onto the lawn and lay there napping and peeping at the soft blue hills and the cypresses till tea-time.

Bernhard took Mrs. Mather to have tea with Miss Blood. They were both indignant with him for saying that Lafcadio Hearn had a slight trace of intellectual vulgarity about him, that he betrayed his lack of culture. They did not find it a *bit*! But fancy, a man who was so furiously devoted to Spencer, and worshipped Pierre Loti all his life, and Symonds.

Bernhard is reading a most fascinating book on *Le Rire* by Bergson. He says it entirely takes the mind out of his own sails.

Neith came to see me, but nothing special was said.

[082] Friday, Mar. 1, 1907

Perfect.

Maud came to lunch, very jolly. Her talk is getting rather odd, though. She tells such very risqués tales. Here is one of a French lady who was expostulating with Mrs. Peabody Rice about her Platonic American flirtations. She said that in France people didn’t understand that sort of thing.

“Quand un Français vous aime ou il vous possède on il vous tue!”

“Madame, je suis charmé de vous voir *en vie*,” said a third person, a man!

Mr. Cannon sent over some presents, and I went to see him to thank him, and stayed to tea. I like him very much, but oh alas I find him *molto per*.!

He showed me the collection of pictures he has bought from Dr. Richter — perfect *horrors*! Poor man, of course he doesn’t know. I am very glad he wasn’t sensible enough to ask our advice beforehand, because I know Richter needs the money for his children. But poor Cannon!

[083] Saturday, Mar. 2, 1907

Perfect.

We had an awfully long talk in the morning, exposing each other’s defects and the things we objected to in our arrangements. But it was done affectionately and without quarrelling — a vast improvement upon similar readjustments in former years. Bernhard feels that if I’m always running home to the children, life here gets so terribly cut up that it is unsatisfactory, but as I cannot be happy without seeing them every little while — there we are!

We spent really the whole day in talk, lying out in the garden after lunch. We enjoyed it.

Then Bernhard went for a walk, and Mrs. Hale (of University of Chicago) and her fine Trecento daughter came to see me, a sub-acid little woman, who<se> cordiality tastes of venom. Miss Blood also came, vehement as usual. She used a funny expression — Southern states? — “go to the Ballyhoo!”

Bernhard gave me in the evening to read what he had worked on in the morning — comparisons between various forms of poetry and of the fine arts — lyric=Giorgione, etc. He had hit on an idea that may make a *very* popular book!

[084] Sunday, Mar. 3, 1907

Grey.

We were talking abut the middle-aged ladies who fall in love, and I asked what did they really want. B.B. said they wanted a place for their ideals to perch on, as they were tired of flaying about in the air, “And having found the place”, he added, “they generally foul it and fly off again” *Comme c’est vrai*!

We worked ourselves quick sick over the Bonfigli - Boccatio - Girolamo Boccatio - Matteo da Gualdo - Caporali muddle. It is awful to work with photographs for gradually they usurp the place of the originals.

Miss Wolcott, a school teacher from Denver (where Bessie is) came to call, bringing with her an old American judge named Lefevre. She had a sweet voice.

While they were here a painter named McBride and a Californian architect named Ratcliff called (sent by Miss Hogarth). They seemed interesting and keen.

I felt rather ill, I am sorry to say, but I hope it is nothing serious.

 [085] Monday, Mar. 4, 1907

Grey and colder.

Am better but feeling pretty slack. For the first time in my life I am enjoying laziness without a pang. Is this the approach of Old Age? It suggests that this dreaded state may be in effect extremely pleasant!

We worked in the morning and then went down to have tea at Placci’s and met the Oiettis. He is a very entertaining talker.

Then we went with Placci to Buonamici’s, heard them play a duet by Rheinberger and some of Bach’s Goldberg Variations.

[088] Tuesday, Mar. 5, 1907

Grey and cold.

Worked in rather a lazy desultory way, and Bernhard couldn’t get to work at all. He is in despair over this new book.

Neith begged me to call for her at 3, instead of 3.30, which I did. Of course she wasn’t ready, and at 3.15 she sent down a casual message to say she was nursing the baby and would be ready in “about ten minutes”. When she came, she offered *no* apology. Of course were too late for little Boyce, who has jaundice, to see the doctor. She said she preferred to call on Mrs. Cobb to going with me to see Mrs. Hale, and we arranged that she should come back for me in half an hour. She “got to talking”, and came in an *hour and a quarter*. This time she did vaguely apologize. This delay of course made her very late for feeding her baby. What an *awful* way to live!

Mr. McBride (painter, New York) and Mr. Ratcliff (architect, San Francisco) dined here. They were not interesting as we had hoped. They are merely travelling in the old Longfellow, 1860-70 style, for the wine, the local colour, the picturesqueness. They did not interest us.

[087] Wednesday, Mar. 6, 1907

Clearing. Colder.

Mr. Cannon came for me in his auto, and I took him down to Brauer’s to see the Pietro di Domenico di Montepulciano which I rather hoped he would buy, it is such a lovely thing. however, I do not think he cared much for it. He and Brauer talked uneducated nonsense about Egyptian, Japanese and Persian art.

Mrs. Vollmer is evidently staying with him *sans chaperone*, a fact he clumsily endeavoured to conceal, but without success.

Houghton and Rosenheim called, and then Maud Cruttwell and Mrs. Peabody Rice (Lotta Farnham of the Villa Rosa) came to dine and spend the night. Mrs. Rice is making a desperate effort not to show her age, which is nearly 50! She succeeds pretty well. I asked her what she would rather be, attractive (to men) or interesting. Without hesitation she said attractive. I fancy au fond she thinks of little else.

[086] Thursday, Mar. 7, 1907

Windy. Clearer.

Chatted with Maud and Mrs. Rice. They think everybody grows worse as they get older, and say money is the one important thing. Maud told me of Lady Borthwick, whose daughters call her “Ostro”, from *inchiostro*, she is so like black ink. Gabrielle — a daughter — made a story of her going to heaven, flying up with Percy, her lap-dog. She went to call on the Virgin and entertained her with tales of her servants and their misdoings, and Gabrielle drew a picture of them sitting in the fields of Paradise hob-nobbing over a pot of tea, and the Virgin was saying, “Yes, even I, the Mother of God, have much ado to be served”. Lady Borthwick was invited to dine with God and was much pleased when she found she was to be taken out to dinner by St. Peter!

**Burton came to take picture post-card of the Villa**, and the Serristori just returned from Rome spent an hour telling us the latest gossip of that gay place, where they are all in debt, all in love with the wives or husbands of others, and all know it about each other, but think their own affairs are secret. From the outside, it seems an *incredible* existence, but I am not sure that ours leads to much more. But then I have really no notion what human life is *for* … probably 0.

[089] Friday, Mar. 8, 1907

Morning walk in the woods. Delicious! Perfect day.

Princess Mary and Pru fat son Eric and his fat silent wife and Placci came to lunch. Princess Mary terribly excited over that *Dissociation of a Personality*. It is fine to be so mobile at her age, but sad to be so empty-headed that one can get so excited!

Mrs. McLean and her niece, the Mathers and Corradini came in the afternoon, but I had to go to bed with a headache. However, I got up and went with Neith and Bernhard to dine at the Gamberaia.

It came out that Neith loves her husband not in spite of but *because* of his unreasonableness and brutality and selfishness. Yes, and his dissipations. She thinks it is glorious and manly to get drunk with ruffians and fornicate with prostitutes, and she *admires* him when he comes home with a fierce headache, as cross as a bear. She despises reasonable men, good men, unselfish men; she thinks nothing is so fascinating as great unruly unreflecting Passions that drown reason and conscience and common sense. This is what she calls *Life*, and her husband embodies it for her, and she adores him for it. B.B. had his hour of triumph, for he has always told me this was true, but I *couldn’t* believe it. He says most of the Contienental women he knows are exactly like that. He says he can watch them being attracted by him at first, and then violently repelled by his lack of brutality.

[090] Saturday, Mar. 9, 1907

Beautiful day.

“Did” Bartolo di Fredi, Paolo di Giovanni Fei and Andrea Vanni — wondering all the time whether it was “worth while”. Our early belief in the importance of the work has quite vanished, and we think we’re two old idiots to go on with it!

An occupation of whose value we had *no* question was a walk after lunch in the woods — perfect temperature and light, and such beauty of form in the hills!

Soon after we got back, Ugo Ojetti and his wife came to call. He is rather amusing, and has evidently a real love for art.

Bernhard is reading Lange on the Emotions, and it has led him back to his old idea about Music as affecting the emotions through the vaso-motor system, through the circulation. As this is the seat of all feeling and emotion, music, which affects it so powerfully and directly, is the bottom art, so to speak, the art which most directly controls the *sources of emotion*. I do not think there is any aesthetic to be made out of this — it is too fundamental.

It is *awful* how I feel time, precious time, all we have, to be rushing away, and myself growing old, old!!

[091] Sunday, Mar. 10, 1907

Warm and beautiful.

“Did” Sassetta.

Bernhard wrote on the “field of vision” and we discussed it a good deal in relation to sculpture in the round. He inclines to think there is always one point of view from which the action is best comprehended.

Princess Mary came to lunch; she is a great dear, but I do not find the quality of her mind very interesting. She is too keen about spiritism and the next life and all those things.

B.B. went motoring with her, but they did not get to Monte Senario, as the motor broke down.

I took Mr. McBride and Mr. Ratcliff to Gamberaia, which looked most lovely.

Have begun Lange on *Les emotions*. B.B. has finished Sidgwick’s *Memoirs*, which he enjoyed immensely.

 [092] Monday, Mar. 11, 1907

Did Francesco da Rimini and prepared various others.

Judge La Fevre of Colorado came to lunch, with his attractive daughter, a Bryn Mawr girl. She said women’s suffrage works perfectly in Colorado. They always have a woman as the State Superintendent of Education, and education is vastly improved. Election day also is much decenter. He was going to the party caucus to decide on the Presidential candidate, and Roosevelt met him beforehand and asked him if he was for him. “No”, said Le Fevre, “I’m for Fairbain.” “Oh!” said Teddy, “then you won’t do. I’ll get your wife made delegate instead’, and when the judge got back to Colorado he found they *had* appointed his wife!

Afterwards we went in to see Sargant’s relief, and then B.B. called on Agnes Steffenburg and I on the Houghtons, and we met again at the Serrirtori’s. She is reading Lafcadio Hearn.

Stopped for a moment to welcome Fafner who got back from Paris this afternoon.

[093] Tuesday, Mar. 12, 1907

Clear, cold, windy.

Did Perugino and prepared others.

Mrs. Peabody Rice came to lunch, and she and Bernhard had a walk. She says Maud Cruttwell is a sort of esolo-maniac *à rebours*, as it were, loathing men and adoring women.

While she was telling this to B.B. I was with this strange female looking at the frescoes in the Arte della Lana. I must say she always behaves with me as a quite normal person, though with a marked tendency to dwell on sex matter, which however get little encouragement from me, for I don’t find them very interesting.

I read the Upton Letters (Benson) and found them most sympathetic — delightful.

Bernhard is grappling with Bergson’s *Données immédiates de la conscience*.

To his great sorrow he has finished Julius Lange, whose book ends by saying that we have never attained in literature objectivation of character equal to what sculpture has attained in the objectivation of form, because no one has ever loved another person enough to make the detailed and complete study of them this would involve.

[094] Wednesday, Mar. 13, 1907

Snow on Pistolese and Vallombrosan mountains. Clear. Very cold.

Did Taddeo di Baroli. But Brauer came and took up all our morning. May it lead to some business!

He told us of a Villa just suitable for us, and in the afternoon, after going to see his medal of Cecilia Gonzaga (Pisanello) — a beauty! — we drove to see it — a most awful place in the midst of slums and factories! How could he — —!

We then drove round by Careggi and enjoyed the sparkling sunshine. Called at Labuchères, but they were out.

McCurdy came to call, full of the book on Carpaccio he is going to write.

My going to England is a great weight on our minds. It does break up things so awfully. But I feel as if I couldn’t really enjoy anything after a certain time of absence from the children. It is like a thirst that little by little pushes to the front and crowds out all other (even pleasanter) experiences.

[095] Thursday, Mar. 14, 1907

Very cold. Grey.

Did Duccio and Segna.

Hutchins came in to lunch, and we had one of the “fundamental” talks he always stimulates. I am sorry to say with him it is always about sex, but at least one does say out frankly one’s views. That is what makes him adorable, that he pulls your genuine view and feelings out of yo.

Bernhard had a visit from the owner of the “Mino”, who has consented to take it back. It is a lesson that has cost us a thousand francs, and we are well out of it!

Then he went to the Gamberaia for tea. He said Miss Blood was very nice.

I shopped.

Fisher Unwin has written to ask to see Ray’s story again. I hope this means he will take it. I should love the child to have this fun. And it might confirm her vocation.

Bernhard finds Bergson *very* hard! But he is determined to keep on at it till he understands.

[096] Friday, Mar. 15, 1907

Clear but cold.

Bernhard explained his “ideal of life” to me this morning as being first of all aesthetic, secondly intellectual and thirdly erotic — this chiefly in an aesthetic and “ideated” form. He became himself and became aware of the kind of life he longed for when he was 4 years old, one day out in a field watching the wind ripple the ripe wheat.

I had a letter from Dr. Heath saying he would have to operate Karin’s nose, so that settles it and I must go back.

Alban Head came to lunch and was much nicer than I ever expected him to be. I drove him down, and, after doing some errands, took him to call on the Houghtons.

I think there is a slight strain on there, owing to Mrs. Houghton’s devotion to Cecil Pinsent. Edmund is a little jealous, and cross because it is so ridiculous to be jealous. Mrs. Houghton is perhaps not quite tactful. The boy is jolly and unconscious.

[097] Saturday, Mar. 16, 1907

Clear. Cold.

Did the Lorenzetti, but it is rather a mess and confusion. We get most awfully tired looking at the photographs.

I drove down in the afternoon and went with Houghton and bought a vast bed with green hangings.

Bernhard in the meantime had a walk with the Serristori, who came in and talked delightfully. We discussed what society might be like when private property was abolished and there were no more taboos about sex.

I read Hutchins’ new book, *The Spirit of Labour*, very interesting, especially about the aristocracy among tramps who are called *leggs*, and reign by doing no work whatsoever, but sponging on the intermittently occupied tramps, whom they treat as dirt under their feet. They all hang together and form *culte* of Sodomites.

[098] Sunday, Mar. 17, 1907

Middling fair.

Somehow got nothing done but a long letter to Putnam about the illustrations of the new editions. He is maddening!

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch and B.B. had a walk with her, but he had almost too much of a headache to enjoy it.

The horrible Dr. Richter and Miss Taylor called on me — I do dislike them.

Mr. Cannon also came, but somehow was deadly, and I felt that all was over — not that there was anything much to *be* over, but I have tried to like him. But he is really too different, I can’t. And yet I am sorry. He is a bore, poor man.

Mr. McCurdy came and Bernhard showed him all his Carpaccio photographs and notes, and gave him a good plan for his book on Carpaccio. I wonder if he will show any gratitude? If he doesn’t display positive resentment, I shall count it lucky!

While he was here, I called on Neith, and found her quiet and depressed and depressing as usual.

 [099] Monday, Mar. 18, 1907

Warmer. Fair.

Did Matteo da Gualdo.

Tired from not sleeping. Sorted notes for B.B.’s motor trip. He is in despair because he cannot seem to take hold of his subject — says he is like a badly ballasted ship, which lurches and careens with the ballast rolling all about inside her.

I went to town and did some errands.

Bernhard called on Benn and I called for him.

Herr Robert Eisler and Alban Head came to dine. Dr. Eisler is a hideous little Jew, very learned and active-minded.

[0100] Tuesday, Mar. 19, 1907

Scirocco. Misty.

“Car l’oubli es le commencement de bonheur, et celui qui a oublié une chose peut désormais vivre sans elle.” (*Mille Nuits*)

We did Lorenzo di San Severino the younger and I prepared Matteo di Giovanni.

Mrs. Ross called after lunch, and then Mrs. Vollmer and Miss Mary Vida Clark — both awfully nice. I am sorry not to see more of them. They seemed really congenial women.

Miss Blood called and told us how Mrs. Cobb has found consolation by being put into communication with her dead husband by a medium named Peters. He told all sorts of intimate details about poor Cobb, among others of a tuft of hair he had growing on his back, of which only his wife knew! this convinced her that Mr. Peters, the medium, was really in communication with her husband! It would be funny if it weren’t so despairing.

The Hapgoods came to dine. I think he is really a little sex-mad, but as B.B. says, it only makes him the more charming, for everybody loves him, *even* his wife, who pardons all his infidelities.

[0101] Wednesday, Mar. 20, 1907

Lovely day.

We lunched at the Serristoris, and afterwards called on the Le Fevres.

Mr. Hodder is dead, that brilliant fascinating man, adored by his wife. The first instinctive reaction we had was a *kind of envy*. And yet, why? We are happy.

In the evening Eisler came to dine. I was most dreadfully sleepy.

Bernhard isn’t at all well. The pain in the back of his head has got much worse. I do *hate* to leave him!

The Mathers called.

[0102] Thursday, Mar. 21, 1907

Fine but windy. Sunset glorious.

Packed.

**Giovanni Visconti-Venosta** came to lunch, and was intelligent and entertaining. I went to town to do last errands and came up to have tea with Alban Head. Then we three had a walk in the woods, and I called and said goodbye to Mrs. Ross.

Ray wrote that she was wondering about saying foolish things to everybody “almost intoxicated with happiness, though for no reason whatever.”

Fisher Unwin writes again asking for her manuscript and showing great eagerness. how delicious to be so fond of another person that *their* success would give you more pleasure — oh much more! — than your own. This is to be fortunate in life. Except that you suffer from their unhappinesses.

[0103] Friday, Mar. 22, 1907

Glorious day.

Hotel Cavour, Milan

B.B. at I Tatti.

Finished my packing, and then we had a walk in the woods, and sat down and smoked, enjoying the view. What a beautiful place!

Hutchins came to lunch and to say goodbye. He did not seem happy. I suppose that silly idea he has in his head of an “unsatisfied temperament” (i.e. sex) is at the bottom of it. There are, I fancy very few people who couldn’t feel that way if they encouraged themselves to it.

I came on to Milan by the 3-10.15 train, and found pleasant letters from home.

Mrs. Rice came up to have tea with Bernhard and was “flirting around” when the Cooks were announced.

B.B. dined at the Gamberaia.

[0104] Saturday, Mar. 23, 1907

Milan. Train to Paris.

Cavenaghi took me to see various collections, Cicogna, Scotti, 2 del Maynos, etc.

We lunched together at Cova’s.

Dined with Don Guido, and took 11.15 train to Paris.

The Cooks dined with Bernhard, who spent the afternoon with the Serristori. She confessed that her religions was a belief in Progress, and was rather aghast when he told her that to him Progress was, like Immortality, a hope, not a belief.

[0105] Sunday, Mar. 24, 1907

Fine.

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Reached here at 2. Called on Reinach.

Had dinner with this disappointing Mrs. Sears and Willy Taylor, who has fallen in love with a sporting young American named Miss Bird.

Ned Warren has taken the Pollajuolo.

The Cooks and Alban lunched with Bernhard and he took them to the Gamberaia. Agnes dined with him.

*Es ist eine alte Geschichte*

*Doch bleibt es immer dummer*!

 [0106] Monday, Mar. 25, 1907

Members Mandions, Victoria St., S.W.

Fine.

Crossed to London 12-7.5. Logan met me here and we dined together.

Bernhard had the Cooks and Thorolds to dine.

Horne called with Acton (!) in the afternoon and Corradini came later.

[0107] Tuesday, Mar. 26, 1907

London. Fog then fine.

Karin came up at 10, and we saw the doctor, had an oyster lunch, and supper at home, and then went to St. Paul’s to hear the Bach Passion Music. It was fearfully crowded, and I did not dare to keep her long, nor was I able to enjoy the music much.

After I had settled her at Miss Leithead’s I dropped in a big Suffrage meeting at Queen’s Hall. Usual thing.

Bernhard received a call from Mr. Heseltine, and dined with the Hapgoods.

[0108] Wednesday, Mar. 27, 1907

Members Mansions, Fine.

Karin’s operation came off at 9.30. It was in her nose, to enlarge the opening into the Eustachean Tube, so that her ear might drain better. It was not long, only 15 minutes.

Alys came up and stayed till after tea.

Bernhard lunched at the Serristoris with Prince Pio. The Serristori drove back and had tea with him. Mather came up for the night, and the Cooks and Kit Turner and the Kerr Lawsons to dine.

[0109] Thursday, Mar. 28, 1907

London. Fine.

Spent day with Karin, but had rather a headache (and an awful cold) and came away soon after tea.

Geoffrey Scott came in the evening, but I did not enjoy him at all. On the contrary. I am so sorry, too. I think the same was true of him.

[0110] Good Friday, Mar. 29, 1907

Members Mansions. Very fine.

The Mass at the Cathedral was not a success. I did not enjoy it a particle, and came away before the end.

Karin got up and had a visit from Maudie.

Bernhard writes that it was a glorious day. The Hapgoods brought Andrew Green to lunch, who talked interestingly of his life in India and China. B.B. and Mather walked up and had tea with the Morgans. Houghton and the Hapgoods came to dine.

Studying Fiorenzo di Lorenzo.

[0111] Saturday, Mar. 30, 1907

London. Fine.

Day with Karin.

Bernhard had Sargant and his brother, Mrs. Rice and Faf to dine. He lunched with Carman at La Doccia and had tea with Placci.

[0112] Easter Sunday, Mar. 31, 1907

Fine.

Heard Mass at the Cathedral. Palestrina and Byrd. Rest of day with Karin.

Baron Tucher and Placci lunched with Bernhard, who had tea at Piero Gerini’s, and dined at Poggio.

 [0113] Monday, Apr. 1, 1907

Fine.

Ray came up and spent the afternoon with us.

Emily came and took me to lunch at Pagani’s.

Bernhard dined at Aunt Janet’s. Raining.

[0114] Tuesday, Apr. 2, 1907

Court Place, Iffley, Oxford. Fine.

We met Mrs. Stewart at tailors, and she took us to blouse-makers. Busy morning.

Then we three, Ray, Karin and I, went to Iffley, where Grandma and Alys and Logan were waiting for us. The place looked lovely.

Bernhard went to see Brauer, and returned to give tea to the Keebles. Mr. Keeble is a biologist with an aesthetic interest in Science.

The Hapgoods, with Andrew Green and Miss Blood, came to dine.

[0115] Wednesday, Apr. 3, 1907

Oxford. Rainy.

Quiet day of stock-taking in clothes. Ray and Karin went sailing.

Dr. Wright called on Bernhard, bringing his nephew, Hagborg, the Librarian of the London Library.

The Pringsheims came to tea, and Hutchins dropped in after dinner.

[0116] Thursday, Apr. 4, 1907

London. Rain and sun.

Came up and went to doctor. He seems to give evasive answers to our questions. What is wrong? I feel *awfully* anxious. Shopped with Mrs. Stewart. Dined at Ship.

The Dowdeswells lunched with Bernhard, and the Serristori came for three hours. Pouring.

[0117] Friday, Apr. 5, 1907

Shopped with Mrs. Stewart, and got to the doctor at 1. He finds a piece of bone causing a boil in Karin’s ear — “exfoliation” it is called, and a *new operation* is necessary. Karin was as brave as an angel, but I was thoroughly shaken — really, for the first time in my life. They went to have a Turkish Bath, and Scott came to see me, finding me fearfully upset about Karin.

We went for a drive in Battersea Park, before his train. We spoke chiefly of “The Higher Sodomy”, in which he is unduly interested — but nothing, he says, compared to Keynes. I gave him some middle-aged advice, which I daresay he won’t dream of taking!

Bernhard started in a pouring rain, but found it clear at Orte, where Lady Sassoon and her daughter Sibyl were waiting for him. Visited Narni and Trevi, along the Val di Nera. Saw Arrone. Slept at Spoleto.

[0118] Court Place, Iffley, Saturday, Apr. 6, 1907

Rainy.

Saw doctor, who says he will operate Monday. Came here. Mr. Britten staying with us. Young Freemantle, that attractive, bright-eyed anarchist came to dine, and we spent the evening talking with him.

Bernhard reports drizzle at Spoleto, clearing up later. Visited La Bruna and Castel Ritaldi and Montefalco.

[0119] Iffley, Sunday, Apr. 7, 1907

Walked over with Alys to have luncheon with Bertie. He seemed tired, but said it would take four years more hard work to finish his book.

Some Ruskin College working-man came to tea, and Ray and Karin and Logan and Britten, with whom I sailed back.

Bernhard at Foligno. Lovely weather. The motor broke down at the top of the pass to Norcia. So they took the fortunately passing motor-bus to Spoleto, and the train to Foligno.

 [0120] London, Monday, Apr. 8, 1907

The operation — at 2 — proved very serious. It took 1 3/4 hours. Fortunately I stayed in, and was there for the doctor to consult as to whether he should do the “radical”. He said there was still a “sporting chance” for her hearing without it, but it would probably mean having to do it in the end. Of course I said to give her the chance.

But it is too awful.

Bernhard down to Assisi and then across to Perugia. He says Lady Sassoon gets nicer the more you are with her.

[0121] Tuesday, Apr. 9, 1907

London.

Karin dreadfully ill, and so sick with the chloroform. Ray came up to be with me in the flat.

Bernhard at Perugia. Saw exhibition and met its organizer, the Marchesa Torrelli.

[0122] Wednesday, Apr. 10, 1907

London.

Karin still chloroform-sick. Ray very sweet. Karin won’t let me leave her a minute, and if I stir from her side she calls out, “Mother, where are you”

Today I faced losing her and somehow Tranquillity came. I loved her so much that I seemed to know that it is true that “Love is stronger than Death.”

Bernhard reports pouring rain at Perugia. Kit Turner appeared in the gallery.

[0123] Thursday, Apr. 11, 1907

Karin still chloroform-sick, poor child.

Mounteney came and took Ray and me out to lunch. Ray thought him insufferable — he was, unless you thought hard of his hidden good qualities.

Bernhard returned to Florence with Lady Sassoon, by the motor, which was repaired. Stopped at Cortona and Arezzo and S. Giovanni.

[0124] Friday, Apr. 12, 1907

London.

Karin feeling much better.

Went with Ray to hear the Yeomen of the Guard.

Bernhard went to Uffizi with Lady Sassoon. They met Liechtenstein and Mme Narischkine. Lunched with Sassoons, and went afterwards to the Cenacolo di Foligno, etc.

Bullard and Winthrop called, stupefied with sight-seeing.

[0125] Saturday, Apr. 13, 1907

With Karin. A black day, for we see the doctor is dissatisfied, and we have a sinking feeling that the radical operation will have to be done after all. We can only hold hands and love each other. Karin is gloriously brave.

Neith and Grace dined with Bernhard.

In the morning he took Lady Sassoon to the Academy and Bargello, and they lunched at Mme Narischkine’s.

The Serristori and Rembelinski came at 4.30.

[0126] Sunday, Apr. 14, 1907

London.

Situation unchanged.

Heard divine music at the Cathedral, which comforted me. Called on beautiful Mrs. Leigh Smith.

Bernhard took Lady Sassoon to churches and in the afternoon to the Boboli Gardens.

Agnes dined with him.

 [0127] Monday, Apr. 15, 1907

Michael Field came up to lunch, and was very sweet to Karin.

Ray and I had a most amusing interview with Fisher Unwin about her novel.

Pitti with Lady Sassoon etc. Said goodbye in afternoon. “Our parting was less tender than a year ago, but we are I daresay the better friends for all that, which is what I prefer.”

Bernhard went to Placci’s at 4.30 and met Harry Cust and his lady love, the Duchess of Rutland. Princess Mary came later. Mme Serristori.

Dined at Narischkine’s where they all got bedulled.

[0128] Tuesday, Apr. 16, 1907

Oxford. Fine.

Alys came to be with Karin. I ran down to say goodbye to Mother.

Pouring at Florence.

Papafavas and Seregos to tea. Dined at Poggio.

[0129] Wednesday, Apr. 17, 1907

Came up from Oxford. Shopped.

[0130] Thursday, Apr. 18, 1907

With Karin. Called on Mrs. Head.

[0131] Friday, Apr. 19, 1907

Called on Father Brown. Mrs. Head called, dear old lady.

Bernhard called on Placci and they motored back with the Serristori and Rembelinski and stayed till 7. Hapgoods dined with him.

[0132] Saturday, Apr. 20, 1907

London.

Dressmaker’s. Alys and I lunched together.

I went to Richmond and dined with Michael alone, as Field was ill.

**Karin seemed discouragingly deaf**. It is too awful. She got up for the first time.

[0133] Sunday, Apr. 21, 1907

London. Rain.

With Karin all day, except for Mass and a call on beautiful Mrs. Leigh Smith.

Dined with Heads. Dear old Mrs. Head talks too much, no one can get in a word. Mrs. Henley was there, rather commonplace.

Mme de Forest, Count Delamare and Rembielinski to lunch.

Tea at Serristori’s with Duchess of Rutland.

 [0134] Monday, Apr. 22, 1907

London. Fine.

Day with Karin. Had some neuralgia.

Geoffrey Scott came up to dine, in an unusually gay humour for him.

Mr. Britten came and had tea with us at the Nursing Home.

Called on Withers.

Bernhard had Ilchesters and Frank Harris to lunch.

[0135] Tuesday, Apr. 23, 1907

London. Fine.

Heard Mass at Cathedral — very lovely music. Called on Salting — old bore! — and saw his new Correggio.

Afternoon with darling Karin.

Started at 9 for Italy by the Swiss Express.

Cust and the Rutlands to lunch.

Algar, Hapgoods and Miss Blood to dine.

[0136] Wednesday, Apr. 24, 1907

Fine.

Switzerland-Italy.

All day in train. Too aching and weary to read.

It is awfully hard not to worry about Karin, but I simply mustn’t break down, for every possible reason.

Mathers to lunch. Serristori and Rembelinski to tea. Agnes to dine.

[0137] Thursday, Apr. 25, 1907

Settignano. Fine.

Reached Florence at 6.30. Bernhard was waving from his window when I drove up to the Villa. It is nice to see him again.

Called on Alice Dike.

B.B. went to see Horne’s new Benozzo. The Hapgoods and Houghtons and Mrs. Ross and Dr. Lindsay called.

We dined at Gamberaia with Hapgoods, Fabbri and the Countess Ludolf. They discussed “the nature of Art” after dinner, but I was so utterly sleepy that I put my head on a cushion and went to sleep.

[0138] Friday, Apr. 26, 1907

Settignano. Fine.

Settled household things.

Dr. Lindsay came to lunch, such an interesting, sympathetic man.

Called on Placci and Lucien and settled plans.

The Countess Serristori and M. Rembelinski came to tea. They were raging against the rotten state of modern society. B.B. said it was a sign of growing old, that young people would always find the world beautiful and full of ideals.

Faf came in in the evening, and we had the very most intimate talk *à trois* on Sex (his one subject!) that I can imagine Anglo-Saxon people ever having. B.B. said it was very much like one he had had with Oscar Wilde 20 years ago!

[0139] Saturday, Apr. 27, 1907

Siena. Pouring.

Packed.

In spite of rain, we motored here, starting after tea. B.B. I called first on Mrs. Andrews, who of course was full of Mr. Davis’ marvellous finds last winter in Egypt.

Lucien has a new motor, a Regnault, a perfect jewel.

We met Mr. Bullard and Mr. Winthrop at the hotel, and Christina Bremner came in to see me.

[0140] Sunday, Apr. 28, 1907

Hotel Quirinale, Rome. Pouring.

Left Siena at 8.30. Lunched at Acquapendente, having passed via San Quirico, almost all the way in the rain and and against a fierce wind.

Road from Acquapendente to Montefiascone beautiful.

 At Orvieto we saw a Benvenuto di Giovanni we never had seen before!

At \*Bracciano we inspected we inspected the famous Antoniazzo fresco, and decided it was a Peruzzi.

Vetralla looked interesting and Oriolo.

Campagna on that side disappointing.

Reached Rome at 7.30.

Dined with the **Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis** and the Austrian poet Kastner, a sweet-looking cripple, with a good deal of power as well in his face.

 [0141] \* Monday, Apr. 29, 1907

Hotel Aniene, Subiaco. Rain and sun. Cold.

Left Rome at 10. Saw Vicovaio and \*Tempietto.

Lunched at Arsoli, where the Massimis [the family of prince Massimo?] have a castle and a lovely \*Garden.

Saw Riofreddo and a \*Church (S. Annunziata) filled with frescoes by Pietro di Domenico di Montepulciano!!

Lovely road to Subiaco. I felt very ill, and so did not go to the Sacro Spico and the Monastery, but went instead to bed with a hot bottle.

B.B. found it, however, one of the the sights of Italy.

Explored the valley of the Licernza where Horace lived.

Tuesday, Apr. 30, 1907

Hotel della Posta, Capua. Fine but cold.

Left at 9, after seeing S. Francesco. Visited first Alatri with its pre-Roman \*Arx well preserved.

Then via Veroli to \*\*Casamari, a Burgundian Gothic abbey, magnificent — originally the villa of Caius Marius.

Lunched at Isola, saw \*Arpino (birthplace of Cicero), a splendidly composed town on a rock, and visited Monte Cassino. There I was seized with neuralgia and a sick headache and nausea and a fierce return of inflammation of the bladder, all at once, and the ride of two hours to Capua was torture. At what Placci called the “Bridge of Sighs” I had to get out to be sick. It was agony, and when I got here I simply fell onto the bed and lay for hours. When I was able to move, very pleasant letters from England consoled me.

\*\*The road from Alatri to Véroli.

Wednesday, May 1, 1907

Albergo Villa di Roma, Benevento. Fine.

I was somewhat better. Saw Capua and Capua Vetere, with its \*Amphitheatre, and \*St. Angelo in Formis and luknched at Caserta.

Came on here, but were delayed by repairs to the machine.

The country is very beautiful.

Thursday, May 2, 1907

\*Albergo Filomena Saveno, Melfi. Fine.

Left Benevento fairly early, and went along a \*\*beautiful mountain road to Lacedonia, where there was no inn. We bought some bread and oranges which we ate on the way to Melfi.

Passed under Melfi and went to Venosa where there are \*\*ruins of a fine Norman Church begun by Robert de Guiscard.

Returned to Melfi stopping at Rapollo, nothing there. We met crowds of people in all sorts of costumes, returning from *feste*.

Melfi inn excellent, though noisy. Filomena cooks well.

Friday, May 3, 1907

Albergo Italia, Gravina. Glorious.

Saw Melfi. Passed through Rionero in Vulture and Atella and saw Castel di Lagopesole, \*\*view, where the doctor and the priest entertained us.

Between Lagopesole to Pietragalla we lunched out of doors.

Went to \*\*Accerenza (for view) and saw bust of Julian the Apostate.

Passed through Palazzo San Gervasio, by Spinazzola and came to \*Gravina, a fascinating, Eastern-looking whitewashed town, with wonderful rock dwellings.

Awfully noisy hotel.

Saturday, May 4, 1907

Albergo Europa, Taranto. Glorious.

Left Gravina at 9. Saw Altamura with its picturesque Cathedral, and Matera.

Lunched on rocks.

Saw very Eastern-looking Massapra. Reached Taranto at 2. Had frightful quarrel with Museo *direttore* which ended peacefully. Saw town. Good inn.

Bertie Russell is standing for Parliament as a Women’s Suffrage candidate. The first out-and-out one there has ever been!!! It is at Wimbledon, against Chaplin. He does it as a principle, and because he is sure not to get in. He loathes it, but thought he ought to.

Scott writes that he has decided to stay on at Oxford another year and specialize on Greek religion, and hope to get some place, ultimately, in the British School of Athens. This is a much better <idea>, I think, than trying to make himself into a practical architect.

Sunday, May 5, 1907

Albergo Patria, Lecce. Glorious.

We left Taranto early and passed through Manduria and the charming little town of Nardo with a \*\*delicious XVII piazza, and then on to the extreme point of the heel of Italy, S. Maria de Leuca, where we looked across and saw the Acrocerannian Mountains, my first view of Greece! I shall never forget it.

Then we sped on in the golden sunshine and fresh sun breeze to \*Otranto, and then on to Lecce.

Placci began to get disagreeable — he can be so horrid! — and B.B., who gets a neuralgia from Placci’s constant stoppings to ask useless questions, lost his temper. Things were strained. But Placci certainly does get very trying at times.

 [0148] Monday, May 6, 1907

Albergo Internazionale, Brindisi. Glorious.

Train to Faenza.

We had rather a disappointing morning in Lecce, which nevertheless is a most fascinating town. We drove miles towards the Baths of San Cataldo instead of five minutes to the Church, and Placci had a triumph about asking questions.

We ran out to see San Cesario (palace) and Cavallino, a castle, amusing, but not particularly worthwhile.

After lunch we came to Brindisi (40 km.) and saw S. Michele del Casale, and S. Benedetto, and then I took the train, leaving, I fear a a rather strained situation between B.B and Placci.

[0149] Tuesday, May 7, 1907

Hotel Cavour, Bari. Settignano. Fine.

I reached Faenza at 9 and Florence at 12. Called at the Placci’s to give them news of the party.

Karin and Emily and Dr. Heath arrived by the train de luxe, about 3, in high spirits. Dr. Giglioli called on Dr. Heath. We sat about chatting.

Bertie’s meetings are too awful, filled with rowdies who won’t let anyone be heard.

[0150] Wednesday, May 8, 1907

Home. Fine.

Went to Michelangelo Tombs with Dr. Heath and Academy. He pointed out Michelangelo’s errors in anatomy, and was much pleased with himself. However, he really liked the Madonna.

The Hapgoods and Miss Blood came to tea and then we called on Mrs. Ross and Dr. Lindsay.

The Houghtons came to dine.

Bernhard and Placci and Lucien “did” the towns on the coast from Brindisi to Bari.

Alys had an egg thrown at her which hit her in the eye and broke. Fortunately it was not an inharmonious egg.

[0151] Ascension Day, Thursday, May 9, 1907

Fine.

We lunched with Mr. Cannon, taking Cecil Pinsent with us.

We had tea with the Peases and Mrs. and Miss Radford dined here.

Dr. Heath showed us his feet and arms and necks to elucidate Michelangelo’s errors. We were intensely amused.

Bernhard saw Barletta and \*Canosa and then \*\*\*S. Michele del Gargano.

[0152] Friday, May 10, 1907

Florence. Fine.

I took Dr. Heath to the Bargello. We looked at the Michelangelos and Donatello’s St. John. More anatomical displays.

Called on Emertons. Sat under trees and chatted. Dr. Giglioli came. We dined with the Houghtons on their tower. It was very jolly and Dr. Heath became extremely convivial, with a rose behind his ear.

Bernhard at Foggia, \*\*Troya, \*\*Lucere, Campobasso.

[0153] Saturday, May 11, 1907

Fine.

Packed and made arrangements for journey.

Mr. Henry Hunt Clark, a pupil of Denman Ross’, came to lunch, and afterwards **he and Karin had a swim in the Vincigliata lake**.

Mr. Cannon called. He said he had no one in Florence he cared for except myself. He was quite “adequate”, and my “shingles” against him vanished.

Dear Dr. Lindsay came to dine, and that deliciously jolly young thing, Albert Spalding, who made friends with Karin. Karin has easy jolly manners and looks for the best in people.

[0154] Sunday, May 12, 1907

Fine.

The Houghtons and Pinsent and Alice Houghton came up and established themselves here. I was taken ill in the night with inflammation of the bladder and could not go with the Serristori as we had planned. I was awfully sorry, but still it was delicious here. Dr. Heath gave “first aid to the injured” at 5 a.m., and afterwards Giglioli came. He let me get up and lie out under the cypresses. Dr. Heath was very happy and important taking care of me, and began to succumb a little to the influence of Florence and May.

Mr. Radford and Margaret came to stay, and they all went over to the Gamberaia.

 [0155] Monday, May 13, 1907

Enchantment.

**All the young people swam and played about while we watched.**

Dr. Giglioli and Dr. Heath had a consultation over me, and rather scared me about my general health.

Albert Spalding stayed to lunch — a delightful boy, *so* clever and talented.

[0156] Tuesday, May 14, 1907

Home. Enchantment.

Swimming. Preparations for party. Karin and the Houghtons gave a Flower Frolic from 9-11, to which people came in wreaths and fancy dress. I escaped to sit on the terrace at Mrs. Ross’.

Dr. Heath came over for me, wearing a laurel wreath, and feeling very happy with himself for having led the dancing and stirred people up.

Alice Houghton and Cecil Pinsent became engaged, after ten days’ acquaintance.

Bertie Russell was defeated by over 6,000 majority. He said he would have committed suicide if he *had* got in!

[0157] Wednesday, May 15, 1907

Magic.

Swimming and youthful larks. They are delicious, all of them.

Hugh Morgan joined the party and promptly fell in love with Margaret. Everybody seems enchanted with everybody else — it is quite wonderful.

[0158] Thursday, May 16, 1907

Continued magic.

They swam in the afternoon, and I took Dr. Heath a drive up the river, which he greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Spalding came to tea.

We had a picnic dinner up in the woods with poetry and singing, and listened to the nightingales when we were coming down. Uncle Heath excelled himself in sentimental soup, which he afterwards told me were *à mon intention*! He is very comic.

Alice and Cecil are never out of each other’s arms, but it is very sweet to see them.

[0159] Friday, May 17, 1907

Glorious.

The youngsters swimming in morning. Emily, May H., Mrs. Radford and I enjoying it *à la limite de dilatation*.

Dr. Heath went to see Mrs. Ross and also to the hospital.

They (the children) played leap-frog and cricked in their bathing-dresses. After lunch they motored, and they all dined out in the wood except Dr. H. and me. I felt tired. However, we sat up till 1, when they came in.

The Spalding *père et mère* came up to call.

Margaret (it’s too bad of me to have seen it!) “Now for the human beings who are perhaps as beautiful in their way as the place they live in.

Mrs. Berenson is the most attractive, philosophic, harmonious, sympathetic woman I’ve seen. She is really wonderful. Mr. Houghton calls her a Fairy Godmother — she is. She keeps everybody happy, everybody orderly, and often slips a song or a piece of poetry into the frolic — which is lovely. She reads to us too.

Karin is splendid, as sympathetic and sensitive as anyone we know.

Then Miss Dawson is just splendid here, dancing and twiddling like the youngest of us. But you will wonder about “us” who have to be kept orderly, etc. Who are we?

We are a party of 6 counting Karin and me. Cecil Pinsent, Alice Houghton, a niece, who is a strong, wonderful sun-burnt creature like a Ceres, but really a nurse.

Albert Spalding, a real prodigy violinist with a public reputation and darting brown eyes, almost terribly quick and emotional.

And last but very near my heart Hugh Morgan, a *perfect* angel, a Bedalian, an architect, knowing the names of *our* architects, with a voice like Dick Rathbone’s, blue eyes like David’s, but above all a sweetness and fondness and sensitiveness, and though he is 22, the charm of a young boy. He loves me too, and makes me wreaths and is always dropping into my cup and plate, so that (this is rather terrifying to me) when Albert heard two of the party were engaged (Cecil and Alice, really) he thought it was Hugh and me!!!

[0160] Saturday, May 18, 1907

Home. Rainy.

The youngsters went in swimming, as usual. Rain came on, so they had their picnic here, and afterwards Albert Spalding played on the little piano, while I drove Dr. Heath to the station. He went at three. He had been perfectly killing in the morning when the young people were taking their coffee on the lawn, leaning out of his window in all stages of undress, with his head wrapped in a bath towel, singing comic songs and telling Irish stories. All the rich scent of the orange-blossoms drew out of him was a donkey song beginning “Josephus Orangeblossom is my name — I’m the darkest gen’man in the land!” Poor wooden, un-echoing Heathy! Yet we all ended by liking him, and were sorry when he went. The children gave him three rousing cheers when he left and he was really touched.

As for me, of course, **he did fall in love with me**, in his uncouth wooden way, and he felt a great Hero of Romance in hastening back to duty from Temptation!!

[0161] Whit Sunday (Pentecost), May 19, 1907

Rainy.

Karin to her friend Betty Colfax: “You can’t imagine what marvellous times I have been having out here. I can’t realize it myself, only I know that there has been a spell thrown over the whole place for the past week. We have been a party of 6, living in our bathing-dresses beside the most wonderful green lake, 40 feet deep and as clear as crystal. All day long we wander about the woods making wreaths for one another and delighting in everything — the sunshine, the flowers, the cypresses. I do wish I could give you some idea of what it has all been like, but is is Magic, and I simply can’t describe it. I cannot believe that it is really myself that has been doing all this — forgive me for being mad! But the atmosphere has dazed me. I shall wake up in a day or two and find myself a stupid creature with her hair just up, thinking commonplace thoughts about dresses and sights and things, but at present I am a wild non-human sort of creature with shaggy hair, scanty and ragged clothes revelling with fauns and satyrs.”

Children swam. Karin and I dined with the Spaldings. The others came later, and Albert played.

 Poor Karin was quite bowled over, and no wonder!

 [0162] Monday, May 20, 1907

Fine.

Hotel Brufani, Perugia.

Came here and joined B.B., Placci, Lucien, Mme Serristori and Rembrelinsky at lunch.

Went to Exposition.

Very happy to see Bernhard again.

Margaret, Karin and Albert read Pater together.

[0163] Tuesday, May 21, 1907

Fine.

Exhibition in morning.

Motored to Todi in the afternoon, through avenues of acacia in bloom. Discovered a Masolino in St. Fortunato at Todi!!

In the evening the Serristori gave her ideas of marriage, which she said were those held by most young girls in her rank — namely that marriage was a social necessity like putting up your hair and lengthening your skirts, and that anyone out of dozen *prétendants* would do as well as any other. After marriage, if you were sensible, you found some *modus vivendi*, but were of course happier if your husband were away. I asked if the husbands were happier to be away, and she said yes, but they were so uneasy lest their wives should deceive them or else get “ideas of independence” that they could not be thoroughly happy.

[0164] Wednesday, May 22, 1907

Perugia. Fine.

Exhibition.

Took tea with the Marchese Torelli and the wife of the Sindaco.

Karin suddenly appeared, having motored over with the Houghtons and Alice and Cecil. She said things were getting rather too intense between her and Alberto, she was afraid of falling in love with him and afraid he would see it, so she ran off to try and divert her mind. Sensible child! She says being with him is like living under X rays, he is so penetrating and clever. He is undoubtedly a fascinating boy, and if I were Karin’s age, I should be in love with him!

Alice and Cecil asked Edmund and Mary how far they might go before they were married — the sweet innocents.

[0165] Thursday, May 23, 1907

Home. Fine. Getting hot.

Finished the exhibition.

Came back to Florence. Hot journey.

Karin found herself much helped by the distraction of the trip and the change of interests. But she is wild to see Alberto again.

“Oh Mother said a little Fish

Pray is not that a Fly?

I am so hungry, and I wish

You’d let me go and try.”

“Sweet innocent,” the Mother said,

A darting from her nook

“That horrid fly is there to hide

A still more horrid hook.”

But round about the bait he played,

With many a longing look,

And softly to himself he said,

“I’m sure that’s not a hook.”

I will but take a little pluck,

Just one, oh yes, I will!”

He did, and to the fish-hook stuck

Right through his little gill.

And as he fait and fainter grew

With hollow voice he cried,

“Dear Mother! had I minded you,

I should not now have died!”

[0166] Friday, May 24, 1907

Home. Hot.

Alberto came up to swim, but we could not have the use of the lake. He and Karin were both much embarrassed. He came again at 4. Karin put on her prettiest dress and a rose in her hair.

The Houghton party came, and stayed for a moonlight picnic on the lawn, while we had the Hapgoods to dinner inside. Neith was looking most lovely. She and B.B. sat holding each other’s hands on the terrace, while we revelled in the garden, Alberto reciting to us and singing — a very talented boy! B.B. had too bad a neuralgia to enjoy himself.

I had a long talk with Mrs. Radford in the afternoon.This is her first holiday from 15 years close attendance upon a practically insane husband. Her life has been a martyrdom. And they have been poor as well!

Alice and Cecil asked the Houghtons ‘how far they might go’ while they were engaged.

[0167] Saturday, May 25, 1907

Hot.

Packed. Alberto came, and as we couldn’t get to the lake, the three bathed as best they could in the little tad-poley pool of the stream. We watched them. “Youth playing at Innocence”, I called it, for they seemed the merest infants, yet i know they are tremendously alive to emotion.

The party got off to Venice at 3. B.B. and I both slept awhile. The Serristori and Rembelinski came and were very pleasant. Bernhard and I spent the evening sitting in the moonlight, reciting poetry and talking. he is awfully unhappy at having no clear conception of consciousness and Time and Space, and Memory and Will.

I mustn’t forget the story of the school children who were told to draw what they would like to be — soldier, sailor, carpenter, queen or what not. The little girl drew nothing.

“Mary, why don’t you draw what you want to be?”

“Please teacher, I want to be married, but I don’t know how to draw it!”

[0168] Trinity Sunday, May 26, 1907

Settignano. Fine.

Agnes came to lunch. She said a Polish friend of hers sent her two boys back to England to school after the holidays. As they were young and travelling alone, she telegraphed to the school to know if they had arrived. A wire came back in due course, and she opened it eagerly to find a blank. So her husband rushed round to the Telegraph office to ask what it meant.

“O yes, there had been a word, but the wire was *confuso* and they hadn’t quite made it out. It was only a very little word, so they thought it best to send the envelope round without anything!”

“Why didn’t you make them repeat the word from Paris?”

“*O sa, era tanto piccola la parola, poi avevano tanto da fare*!”

Placci called, and we sat out in the heavenly evening. After dinner we walked in the moonlight to Mrs. Ross’. Bernhard said, “It is so beautiful, it surely must mean something”, but it seemed to me that our enjoyment of it, the wonderful fact that we are conscious of the beauty is really IT.

 [0169] Monday, May 27, 1907

Fine.

Got off lots of letters. The doctor called and Mary Houghton and Pinsent, whose Father refuses to take his engagement seriously. Edmund (the angel) has gone over to Florence to give Karin a good time.

We dined with the Hapgoods and spent the evening in the garden at Gamberaia.

Miss Blood went to the Franciscan convent one day to take some money to the Mother Superior, who received it with an air of great satisfaction, and said, “I knew that would fetch him!” and dragged Miss Blood into the chapel to show her the statue of S. Antonio standing on his head. She said he had been placed so for three days in order to force him to bring some money to the Convent. She put him right side up again with an air as of triumphing over a naughty boy!

At the same convent, too, Miss Blood found they kept only hens, deeming it rather immoral to keep cocks!!

[0170] Tuesday, May 28, 1907

Fine.

Went to town, B.B. to see about his passport.

Mrs. Harter, looking miraculously young for a grandmother, called, bringing Mrs. Amos Lythe, whose cousin, Capt. Younghusband, the head of the Thibet Expedition, had read about me and seen my portrait in the Life of Walt Whitman, and wanted to know about me. The two books he carried with him into Thibet were *Leaves of Grass* and Dr. Bucke’s *Cosmic Consciousness*. Perhaps he thought, from the smiling photograph, that I was the sort of person to attain that eternal gayety of spirit. I sometimes think I might, if only I could love people more, but they bore me so!

In the evening we went to see dear old Dr Wright and walked home in the most incredibly beautiful moonlight. Such beauty is *Life*.

[0171] Wednesday, May 29, 1907

Cloudy. Rain. Cooler.

Got to work in morning and after lunch.

Contessa Serristori and Rembelinski came, and then Cecil Pinsent with the motor, who book me over to see the Villa Lorettina and see if it could be adapted to our uses. I think it could.

The Hapgoods, Algar and Dr. Giglioli came to dine, and afterwards Miss Blood. The Mathers and party took refuge here from a rainy picnic. One of the Mills girls is very pretty.

Alberto wrote to say he was going to Paris to play at a concert Fauré is giving of his own music. The boy regretted the swims, but the artist rejoiced. He said he would be back next week, and would come up at once.

I am reading the *Sons of Francis* (by A. Macdonell), and want to keep always some Franciscan literature going, in the hope of learning to love people more.

[0172] Thursday, May 30, 1907

Settignano. Cooler. Rain but clearing later.

Began the Perugia article *sul serio*. Mrs. Morss and her sister Miss Reid came to tea, also Miss Brown of Wellesley. My! but they were dull!

Then Bernhard and I drove to the Lorettino, taking the doctor, and picking up Cecil, who came back to dine. He thinks the house could be made very comfortable.

Had ecstatic letters from Ray about the motor trip. Also letter from Kelly in Tokyo, and a rather pathetic sort of letter from Dr. Heath who “can’t forget the Festa”. Another from Geoffrey, who was so ill at Oxford that he thought he was going to “drift out to sea altogether”. He has gone up into the Cotswolds.

[0173] Friday, May 31, 1907

Warm. Fine.

Had not slept, and so felt very tired, but tried to work — not very successfully — on the Perugian article.

Miss Jessie Morse (very Jewish looking) and Miss Constance Alexander came to lunch. The former sang Mozart beautifully; the latter was humorous and charming.

Soon after came the Serristori and Rembelinski bringing Baron von Steiner, who stayed 2 1/2 hours.

In the midst came Mr. Henry Hunt Clark, and then dear Denman Ross, who is quite an adorable character, but alas appeared in the character, last night, of a sententious bore. Then he adores that little set of men in Boston, Jo Smith, Chalfin, Pritchard, Potter — my goodness, it felt stuffy and *Boston* when he began to sing their praises. But *il raconte bien*, and he told us of Okakura’s tea ceremonies at Mrs. Gardner’s, and of the buying of the Velasquez, in a very amusing way.

[0174] Saturday, June 1, 1907

Coolish. Cloudy.

Worked a little, but were disturbed by a letter from Glaenzer about the Van Dyck B.B. advised him to buy a year ago in Vienna. In the absence of documents, Glaenzer mixes it up with copies and replicas. Bernhard very generously wrote offering to take it off his hands, which would mean £2,000 that we could ill afford. however, I don’t suppose it will come to that.

We were sitting down to the second batch of proofs when Roger Fry was announced. He looked most awfully tired, for he has been nursing poor Helen for six moths through an awful attack of mania, and is now rushing about Italy with Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Douglas and another lady in the biggest, heaviest, strangest, swiftest automobile ever built. Wherever they go, they have more than royal reception, and all the dealers in the town line the passages, *dona ferentes*. Mrs. Douglas, he says, has some appreciation of art, and so has Morgan in a personal, unaccountable, chancey way, but their chaperone has nothing but a gurgle, which she lets off at the sight of a picture the way the motor horn toots at sight of a cart.

The Italian courier is completely off his head with the monstrous glory of travelling with the great *Milionardo*, and jumps out when anything block the way, waving his arms and shouting, “Avanti! Avanti!” No one pays the least attention to him.

[0175] Sunday, June 2, 1907

Fine.

Karin suddenly returned, having had a splendid time in Venice. She slept till lunch time, and lunched in bed.

Denman Ross came to lunch, and his pupil Henry Clark. We all rested after lunch and then went to Gamberaia. It was looking lovely there. Origo was there, and said he would come to see us “with one whom we knew”. He meant D’Annunzio.

Karin and B.B. and I walked home and had a quiet dinner.

 [0176] Monday, June 3, 1907

Settignano. Cool. Fine.

Houghton and Cecil came to lunch, and took Karin and me in the motor to see the Villa Loretino, and also another, the Morelli across the river — also to call on the Brushes, who were out.

[0177] Tuesday, June 4, 1907

Cool. Fine.

Ray’s 20th Birthday!!

Bernhard and I grappled with the Gargiolli photographs and their awfully unsystematic catalogue.

Hutchins Hapgood came to lunch, great dear that he always is.

**Poor Karin got quite deaf**, but kept cheerful. She and I called on Mrs. Harter, and the Count of Turin came in, and was very jolly.

We all dined at Gamberaia, for Miss Blood’s birthday. We dined on the terrace. It was beautiful, but rather cool.

[0178] Wednesday, June 5, 1907

Settignano. Cool. Fine.

Alberto came up to swim — awfully jolly. He and Karin played like two mud-larks. I even went in. It was delicious.

Dr. Eisler and a Mr. Bruce Porter of San Francisco came to lunch. B.B. drove them down, and called on Schlesigner and his brother-in-law Hofmannsthal, and then on the Serristori.

The Mathers called here, and Horne and Miss Alexander came to dine, and the Houghtons to call later.

Karin got *very* deaf, poor child, and did not come to dinner.

[0179] Thursday, June 6, 1907

Cool. Fine.

Worked — but oh! so little and so reluctantly! — on the Perugia article until Alberto came to swim. Poor Karin is still awfully deaf — can’t help feeling discouraged, though she is tremendously plucky about it. I enjoyed the swim much more than before. Karin was awfully pleased that Alberto asked her to write to him.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Schlesinger came to tea, also a Miss Marwel (an admirer of B.B.) and Mr. De Prudnik, and, a little later, Papafava and his daughter and the Contessina Valmarana. It was a real *Götterdämmerung* of tongues!

The Hapgoods came to dinner. He was again feeling very unwell, and fairly reeked of whiskey. Dr. Giglioli says it is that that is the matter — and the dangerous thing is he never gets *drunk*. That might frighten him. He was frightened though by a Vision of God he had had the night before. This Vision made its disapproval of his ways very clear to him.

[0180] Friday, June 7, 1907

Settignano. Cloudy. Cool.

Struggled with headache most of the day. Chatted with Miss Alexander, off and on, an original, charming, and — unusual phenomenon — *happy* person.

Alberto came at 3.30 bringing a girl friend of his, Miss Alexandrowski. She is only just 127, but she looks at least 27, with a large, solid, over-developed conventional figure and a heavy face. She plays beautifully, though, a real musician. Her mother is an adventuress who climbed into society by playing pander to the Princess Strozzi and the Russian consul, Halpert, and out Florence says she means to catch Alberto for this girl.

Karin and Alberto and I swam, and Miss Alexander and Miss Alexandrowski watched. We had tea at the lake. The Countess Serristori and Rembelinski called on B.B. and I came in for the end of their call.

The Houghtons came and took Karin and Miss A. out to dinner in the woods, and B.B. and I enjoyed our quiet dinner at home. **Karin’s deafness suddenly went away**, and she was in gay spirits. I daresay she was pleased find Miss Alexandrowski so unattractive!

[0181] Saturday, June 8, 1907

Fine.

Poor Karin’s deafness come on in the morning — made her dreadfully nervous and anxious.

I worked on the Perugia article.

Alberto came in the afternoon, and we three had a splendid swim, though he seemed in a somewhat gloomy and distrait mood. Karin says the preoccupation of her deafness is a blessing, for it keeps her from thinking too much of him. He is a fascinating boy! I think I feel his fascination for Karin more than she feels it for herself. I did not know that mothers could have these vicarious feelings so intensely. When he was late yesterday, I was as uncomfortable and miserable as if it were someone I cared for myself!

[0182] Sunday, June 9, 1907

Settignano. Warm. Fine.

An Albertian day. He brought his mother and grandmother up to see the swim, in which Cecil and Edmund also participated.

In the afternoon Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Schlesinger came.

B.B. was out walking with Agnes Steffenburg.

I took the Germans to tea with Mrs. Ross, and again met Alberto and a great crowd of old ladies.

Then we went on to the Gamberaia, where all the Steins were. Mrs. Stein is very lovable. She told B.B.’s fortune, predicting (very nice of her!) increasing health, wealth and fame. Karin rode over on horseback.

In the evening I took her in to the Spaldings to hear Alberto play — which he did divinely — César Franck and then Bach.

They had a dance afterwards. Karin enjoyed herself *à la limite de délectation*, for Alberto was tremendously devoted, in an eager, boyish way, and she also made an impression on a young Italian officer. She came home in radiant spirits and said, “*Au fond, la vie est bonne*!”

 [0183] Monday, June 10, 1907

Fine. Warm.

Worked on Perugia article and corrected proofs. Bernhard motored with the Serristoris to Passignano.

Albert came up and we swam as usual and talked. He is an awfully nice boy. I wish I could think life would not drift him away out of sight.

Hutchins and Neith came in the evening, both dragged and worn out from getting drunk last night at a Bohemian dinner in town. It is really sad about him. Dr. Giglioli says he is absolutely ruining his health with drink And he is so talented and so lovable.

We were most awfully upset to read in the papers that Dr. Eisler, who lunched here last Wednesday, had been arrested for stealing a Codex from the Library at Udine. He tried to kill himself in prison. We thought of going on to see if we could help him, but the next edition said he had confessed. It must have been a sudden attack of madness, for he is rich, and he was travelling at the expense of the Austrian Government and had a brilliant and learned career opening before him. They say he seems terribly excited — it must have been an attack of acute mania.

[0184] Tuesday, June 11, 1907

Fine. Warm.

Corrected proof all morning.

Swam in afternoon. Karin and Alberto got a rope and let themselves down into the ravine and swam in the stream.

Alberto stayed on to dinner, and he and Karin had a walk in the woods. She told me all about it. Whenever there was the slightest excuse for it, he took her hand to help her, and she was delighted, though it was quite the opposite of a help in climbing!

Mrs. Ross and the Jo Smiths and Denman Ross came to dine. Mrs. Ross was in great form.

[0185] Wednesday, June 12, 1907

Fine. Hot.

Ray and Ellie Rendel arrived early in the morning, and that angel, Edmund, met them. They slept till 12. Bernhard and I corrected proof.

We all four drove to town and while Ray and Ellie were at the Accademia, Karin and I shopped and picked up Alberto. He was awfully nervous at the idea of meeting Ray, and remained very self-conscious, and, Karin thought, silly all the afternoon, although at the end he said, ‘The agony had somewhat abated.’

We all went swimming, along with Mr. Clark and Mr. Chalfin who turned up. The latter stayed to dine — talked ceaselessly until 10.30. Ray and I thought he had softening of the brain! But B.B. was more lenient. He believes Potter to be the most remarkable man in the world — a religious enthusiast and a Voluptuary. He spends five days looking for just the right pocket-book, plans his food days ahead, drinks by himself bottle after bottle of just one chosen wine, and sleeps in some incredibly soft flannel!! What a picture

[0186] Thursday, June 13, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Rainy scirocco.

Swimming in morning, to which Alberto and Miss Alexander came.

B.B. and I lunched at Mme Narischkine’s with D’Annunzio, Rembelinski, the Countess Apraxine and the Marchesa Origo (who was a Duchessa Litta and ran off with the sculptor Origo). Dull lunch, and too much good food.

The Countess Serristori, Placci and Rembelinski came to tea and we had some very interesting talk about “atmosphere” in poetry.

[0187] Friday, June 14, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Hot.

Work and sightseeing in morning. Alberto came to swim, Miss Blood, bringing Basil, and Leo Stein and his nephew. The party was incongruous and disastrous. I cruelly got Alberto to perform, mimicking “Salome” and giving a French recitation. It fell gloomily flat, as did my little piece about “The Cutting.” Even a game of “Pirates” resulted in disaster.

But we cheered up at dinner. The four Steins dined inside with us, and the Houghtons and girls on the lawn outside, and we joined forces upstairs after. Mrs. Stein told our hands — an unusual mixture of observation and truth and nonsense. But she is a genial, charming woman.

Ray was vastly interested.

[0188] Saturday, June 15, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie.

The youngsters swam as usual in morning, and discussed the dreariness of the afternoon before. Karin had a strange attack of low spirits, for she felt her excitement about Alberto was dying away.

B.B. and I motored to Figline with Hortense and Rembelinski, and had lunch there. Then with Umberto explored S. Pietro al Terreno and Ripalta, finding interesting pictures at both places. We went also to Gropena and Monte Marciano. Got home at 7.45.

In the evening the girls and I went in to hear Alberto play. B\_\_\_\_\_ accompanied, and he had a cellist. They gave us Schubert’s trio, then a Piano and Violin sonata of Beethoven (Op. 30) with a heavenly adagio, the 3rd movement of the 5th sonata of Bach for violin and piano (divine!), a Sicilian of Bach (solo) and a Mozart trio. It was delightful.

Ray was much, much moved, and told me she meant to be “musical” at last. She found out what it was all about.

[0189] Sunday, June 16, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Fine.

Alberto came up to swim at 10.30 and Miss Alexander to watch. The Houghtons brought Cecil — Miss White and we had a most jolly morning — one of our best best. Alberto and Miss Alexander stayed to lunch. The youngsters played Bridge till 4. Bernhard asked Miss Alexander to be our secretary next winter. It would be a great comfort!

Alberto and Karin walked to Gamberaia and we drove, after calling on Mrs. Ross. It was most beautiful there. Karin and Alberto drove back, also, together and had a tender parting.

She is so jolly, she tells me everything, even to her delight when he squeezed her hand at the adieu — though she thinks it is “a rotten thing to do.” Her “keenness” for Alberto somewhat revived.

 [0190] Monday, June 17, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Hot. Fine.

Packed for Karin. The girls went to the Pitti and San Lorenzo — drove Alberto up. We had a grand swim, and a tender parting with Alberto, who is really an awfully interesting, delightful Boy.

We four went to dine in the Houghtons’ tower taking with us a young painter cousin of Ellie’s who has turned up, **Duncan Grant**. It was very beautiful on the town.

Bernhard dined with the Steins, who told him that Neith was desperately in love with him! They saw it Sunday week, when Mrs. Stein was telling B.B.’s character from his hand. They are people who are above all interested in character, and as they have good minds they arrive at a closeness of observation — especially Gertrude — that we know nothing of.

[0191] Tuesday, June 18, 1907

Ray, Ellie. Thunderstorm. Steaming hot.

The girls went down to town in the morning, while I was resting from having seen Karin off at 5.50 — which meant getting up at 4! Miss Erichsen took her. I miss the jolly talkative creature dreadfully. She tells me so much. Ellie preserves an unbroken silence, and Ray is mostly with her.

We swam in the afternoon with Cecil and Duncan Grant. The Contessa Ludolf came upon us as we were sitting about the tea-table in wild costumes, and B.B. joined us there later.

Mrs. Ross came to dine, looking magnificent in a dress her grandmother wore in 1837. The girls‚ or Ray at any rate — for Ellie said nothing — delighted in her.

U  [0192] Wednesday, June 19, 1907

Ray, Ellie. Warm.

Neith writes, “I have seen nothing beautiful since I left Italy except a certain mountain peak lost in the mist and touched by the sun, like the spirit brooding over the great deep — an uncivilized spirit as rude and solypsistical [*sic*] as a German philosopher. … You two live in my thoughts and my affection, a part of the enormous charm I found in Italy — and if I’m to be entombed in the Middle West for the rest of my life, at least I can dream of Italy and you.”

And Hutch “I rejoice, too, as deeply as Neith, in Italy, in you, in Florence with its Old and New Beauty — for it has a new beauty, not in its monuments, to be sure, but in the contemplative, tolerant spirit of its (foreign) people. It is the only place I know where the beset people enjoy themselves. In other parts of the world enjoyment is given over to the “low” classes, as a compensation for their lowness.”

Girls saw sights.

We swam with Basil, Cecil and Duncan Grant. The Serristori, Placci and Rembelinski came to tea at the Lake.

B.B. defined real history-writing as “Romance that no document could impugn.”

[0193] Thursday, June 20, 1907

Hot.

Finished my tiresome article for the *Gazette*. B.B. finished his on Girolamo di Giovanni da Camerino.

He went to town to see Horne.

I watched the girls swim. They went in without bathing-dresses.

Finished *St Francis and his Companions* (Macdonell).

[0194] Friday, June 21, 1907

Ray and Ellie.

Packed. The Contessa Gravina and her nice naval son came to have tea at the lake, and the girls swam and Stein and Pinsent and Duncan Grant and Basil.

All the Steins came to dine, and the Houghtons afterwards. They spoke much of Miss Blood, whose hand Mrs. Stein had read. She predicted something like her becoming mistress of the Gamberaia and a love affair within a year!

[0195] Saturday, June 22, 1907

Ray and Ellie.

Typewrote Bernhard’s article on Girolamo di Giovanni.

Swam in the afternoon with the usual party. Delicious!

The Countess Serristori and Rembelinski came to dine and stayed till midnight, each so eager to talk about their own development and history they would scarcely listen to each other!

[0196] Sunday, June 23, 1907

Settignano. Hot.

Packed till 10.30, and then went to the Lake, joined by Stein family, Grant and the two Miss Ewbanks, Houghton, Pinsent and a Mr. Emerson (friend of Pinsent). Most delicious swim! B.B. came and we all had lunch there.

I have got to like the Steins.

Mrs. Stein took a walk with B.B. and warned him very seriously about Neither, who, she says, is madly in love with him. She says Fafner is half crazy with drink, his wild life, and might grow quite crazy with jealousy. It sounds very wild and unreal.

Houghton motored us all up to the Gamberaia and then back to Poggio, where I left Ray and Ellie with Aunt Janet.

Miss Alexander came to dine.

 [0197] Monday, June 24, 1907

Palace Hotel, Milan. Not too hot.

Packed. Came here. I left behind all the money I had arranged for the trip!

Read D’Annunzio’s short stories, *San Pantaleone*, ecc.

[0198] Tuesday, June 25, 1907

Hotel Monte Generoso bei Lugano. Cool. Beautiful.

Went to Cavenaghi’s, and then saw Rodolfo Sessa’s collection and the Bagati Valsecchi’s.

Bernhard came to the awful conclusion that the famous Alvise Vivarini, about whom he wrote so much in his *Lotto*, is really by Giovanni Bellini — — !!!!

Saw Poldi collection in afternoon, and to Cantoni’s and Grandi’s. At the latter place we bought a Dosso portrait for 10,000 lire. Fine thing.

Don Guido, harassed and polite, came to see us off

We got here at 8 — a lovely place, but a rather primitive hotel.

[0199] Wednesday, June 26, 1907

Fine.

Walked a little.

Read James’ *Pragmatism*, Anatole France.

Wrote.

The hotel is not very good, but the air is enchanting.

Ray started yesterday with the Houghtons. Ellie and Cecil on the motor.

Karin at Christ Church Ball danced till 5 and was rapturously happy.

[0200] Thursday, June 27, 1907

Monte Generoso. Fine.

Walked morning and afternoon. Made out lists for new book to be sent to.

[0201] Friday, June 28, 1907

Fine. Rain at night.

Walked morning to ‘Perras’ and afternoon to Kuhn Hotel, last part of way desperately tiring.

Talked with a Miss Osborne who was a Gilchrist scholar at Newnham and took a first in history, and how lives very precariously as a journalist.

Made out insurance list.

[0202] Saturday, June 29, 1907

Monte Generoso. Fine, then storm.

Walked in morning. Guido came up in the afternoon and we talked in a bedulling sort of way.

[0203] Sunday, June 30, 1907

Hotel Euler, Bâle. Rain.

Lugano to Bâle. Travelling is awful!!

 [0204] Monday, July 1, 1907

Cold. Rain.

Bâle to London, arriving at midnight.

Read William James’ *Pragmatism* on the way, and Reinach’s *Cultes et mythes.*

[0205] 2 Morpeth Terrace, Tuesday, July 2, 1907

Cold. Grey.

Unpacked. Called on Dr. Heath, had a Turkish bath.

B.B. saw Mrs. Leslie, who was warm and cordial, and Lady Sassoon who was the reverse, all undone and distracted with her social gaieties.

Alys spent the morning with me, and Emily came to lunch.

[0206] Wednesday, July 3, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace. Cold. Rain.

Music in Cathedral. Various shoppings and calls.

Saw Dr. Heath at 4, but did not like him at all, somehow.

[0207] Thursday, July 4, 1907

Cold. Dull.

Bernhard went to Windsor with Mme Lambert, and returned to lunch at the Sassoons.

I shopped, had my bath, heard the music at Mass, and called on Emily and her Mother.

We both feel astray and lonely and desolate. One often does in first getting to a town.

[0208] Friday, July 5, 1907

Cold but sunny.

Copseham, Esher.

Bernhard and I went to call on Dr. Heath and then to the National Gallery.

Geoffrey came to lunch, and we talked of *The Golden Bough*. Then he and I went to the Cathedral, and then to the National Gallery where we looked at Piero della Francesca, Paolo Uccello, and met the Holroyds.

Bernhard and I came here by a 5.20 train. Marny seems very natural and sweet and unaffected. She is going to have another baby. Ferdinand Schiller came to dine, and an awful Miss De Lona to spend the night.

Cook is sublimely self-satisfied.

[0209] Saturday, July 6, 1907

Court Place <Oxford>. Cold, dull.

Came up from Cook’s and found G.S. here. Geoffrey and I went to mass for the music and then, as he was feeling ill, to drive in Battersea Park.

Bernhard lunched with Bobby Ross and met the young man, Garrett, who may possibly be our secretary. Liked him.

After lunch here, and a talk about the irrelevancy of analyzing one’s physical states apropos of art, we went to the National Gallery and greatly enjoyed the Venetians — so much so that Scott missed his train, and I had to cut my Bath short.

Bernhard and I came here, and found poor Karin deaf, and mother not at all well, but Grace enchanting, so cheerful and sympathetic!

[0210] Sunday, July 7, 1907

Court Place. Some sunshine.

Chatted, lunched at Alys’. Talked with Mother about religion, had a walk.

 [0211] Monday, July 8, 1907

London. Cold. Some rain.

Miss first train, but came up at 11.

Bernhard went with Mrs. Crawshay to the Duke of Sutherland’s to see the pictures which he has sold to **Duveen**.

But before that we went with Dr. Heath to see the Elgin marbles. It was most interesting that he found them absolutely correct — the best things, that is, but not the Caryatid. I had rather hoped the Greeks would have improved on nature!

Heath gave me tea at the Viennese shop, and drove me to my Turkish Bath.

We had a ghastly dinner at the Gutekunst’s, Mrs. <G.> flirting away in the same silly fashion as of yore, and B.B. acting the clown, to get on with her. Roger was there; he is in despair about Helen, who is as bad as ever.

Letter from Geoffrey saying he had really enjoyed the pictures, especially the Bellini *Agony in Garden*.

[0212] 2 Morpeth Terrace, London, Tuesday, July 9, 1907

Cold. Rainy-ish.

Ray and Ellie arrived at 7.30, full of the horror of Mrs. Houghton as a travelling companion, and as a woman *überhaupt*. One hardly realizes, without some such experience, what it is to be “not a lady”.

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Caufield, Lady Algy Gordon Lennox and Mr. Hichens. He called on Lady Sassoon.

**Ray and I saw Fisher Unwin and signed the contract for her novel**, which is to come out in October. We called on Mrs. Fisher Unwin and also saw Dicky Sanderson who seems a nice boy.

Shopped.

Had a Turkish Bath in afternoon.

[0213] Wednesday, July 10, 1907

Downpour.

Went to National Gallery with Ray and saw Sir Charles Holroyd. Also met Mrs. Sherrill.

Ray and I shopped.

Bernhard lunched with the Harry Custs.

We met again at Lady Sassoon’s, who gave a very badly managed tea for the Berouettes.

Burke came to dine, but we had a rather dull evening.

[0214] 2 Morpeth Terrace, <London,> Thursday, July 11, 1907

Fine.

We went to Wernher’s and Benson’s things and I had my Bath.

Trevy and Roger and Geoffrey came to lunch; it was pleasant.

Bernhard went with Roger to his show and bought one of his pastels. Says he has improved immensely.

Scott and I went for a few minutes to the National Gallery and looked at the Botticellis. Then we drove down and saw the dear little church of St. Mildred’s and Shelley’s and Mary’s signatures, for they were married there.

In the evening he and I went for a few minutes to the Queen’s Hall to hear a Beethoven concerto, and afterwards talked with B.B., who likes Geoffrey, I hope. I am really fond of him. He is never stupid.

[0215] Friday, July 12, 1907

Fine.

Bernhard saw various dealers.

Scott and I heard a Palestrina Mass. He went to the dentist’s, and I shopped, met at National Gallery and saw some Florentine things.

Bernhard went to Turnor’s, and we, after some debate, went to Hampton Court. It was very pretty. Scott had last been there with his mother, when she was nervously broken-down — in fact, almost crazy. Her first breakdown came when he was born. I wonder what a child feels to have been the cause of such a thing? Nothing, I suppose. Scott said his father had given him two tremendous lecture-warnings, one on the subject of Women and the other on Anglicanism! What perspicacity!

The gallery was closed, but I managed to get in, and persuaded the man to take down the Giorgione for us. It is hung in a horrible light, with a glass over it. Poor thing, it is a fearful ruin, smeared with repaint. But it remains somehow radiant.

We talked a little in the evening, but were both tired and went early to bed.

[0216] Saturday, July 13, 1907

Iffley. Fine then rain.

Bernhard saw the Watts Chapel, and went over to Copseham.

I took Scott to see Benson’s Circe and then to the Titians at Bridgewater House. The fat female nudes caused him such horror that he almost couldn’t enjoy the pictures, but he ended by really appreciating them. He went to the dentist and I had my bath, which left me rather tired. We talked after lunch, chiefly about his hypothetical career, and about women, whom he abhors. I wonder if he utterly forgets I am one?

He returned to Shoreham, and I came here, and found poor Karin deaf. Mother and I had a good cry over it all, which didn’t do a bit of good. I was awake all night with the misery of it.

[0217] Sunday, July 14, 1907

Iffley. Misty.

Talked with Mother and Grace in the morning and steam-launched to Abingdon in the afternoon. Ray tried her powers at Palmistry and announced that Grace was “Morose, fiery and coarse”!

Bernhard saw Dickinson and the Schillers and had plenty of good talk.

 [0218] Monday, July 15, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace. <London> Hot. Fine.

Came up and went with Karin to Dr. Heath’s. She says we must have the final operation at once. Karin and I were terribly upset, and so was dear Mary, who is very sweet and nice to Karin. I simply *hated* Heath when he went on and on boasting of his new operation and how superior it was to the old one, *Karin’s*. What a tactless, jointed wooden doll he is. I must say I loathe him.

Grace and Bonté and her husband Percival Elgood came to lunch. He is the soldier type, but very nice. Bonté is much in love.

Ray went off to Cambridge, and I met Mary and Karin and called on Mrs. Rendel, and then had my bath.

Grace and I dined together, and talked all evening. She is a dear!

I did not go to sleep till 4 a.m.

[0219] Tuesday, July 16, 1907

Hot. Fine.

Went to Heath’s. Again he boasted of his operation, and I broke down and cried, and said I was so afraid Karin was going to be deaf. Even then he said triumphantly, “Now you see how poor the old method was, and what a glorious discovery I have made!” I could have killed him, really. And all the time he thinks he is in love with me, and keeps saying I am the only person he has ever cared about in his life. Ugh, what an awful person.

I lunched with the Kerr-Lawsons and Mr. Davis. Lawson promised to do a design for the cover of Karin’s book.

Houghton came and had tea with me. he said Ellie was “very silent”.

I had dinner with Karin and Mary, and then they went off to Karin’s first lip-reading lesson. Poor child!

[0220] Wednesday, July 17, 1907

Morpeth Terrace.

Saw Dr. Heath.

B.B. got to Turnor’s, Panton Hall.

B.B. motored to Brocklesby to lunch with the Yarboroughs. Country beautiful.

[0221] Thursday, July 18, 1907

Karin had another operation.

B.B. saw \*Southwell Minster and \*Hardwick Hall, and had tea at another Elizabethan house, Barlborough.

[0222] Friday, July 19, 1907

London.

Karin rallying splendidly. Her glorious vitality makes it all the sadder that she should be maimed. I cannot think of it without weeping.

B.B. saw Haddon Hall and \*Wentworth Woodhouse and Nostell Priory decorated by Adams.

[0223] Saturday, July 20, 1907

Oxford. Britten.

Dr. Heath cut the scar out of my hand under chloroform. I went to Oxford with Bernhard, whom I met at Paddington but I was awfully sick and miserable.

B.B. saw Castle Howard, etc.

[0224] Sunday, July 21, 1907

[left blank]

 [0225] Monday, July 22, 1907

[left blank]

[0226] Tuesday, July 23, 1907

[left blank]

[0227] Wednesday, July 24, 1907

[left blank]

[0228] Thursday, July 25, 1907

Morpeth Terrace.

Simply dead with cold and anxiety about Karin.

[0229] Friday, July 26, 1907

[left blank]

[0230] Saturday, July 27, 1907

Oxford. Fine.

Bernhard went to Hampton Court with Mrs. Crawshay. I called on Heath and had my hand dressed, and then had a Turkish bath. My cold is awful, and I couldn’t enjoy the river, and, hardly, the sight of the youngsters swimming.

Agnes Conway has come for the week-end, an unusually nice girl, Ray’s friend.

[231] Sunday, July 28, 1907

Rainy.

In bed all day, reading trashy novels.

Bernhard called on the Prices and Markbys.

 [0232] Monday, July 29, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace. Fine.

Came up from Oxford. Called on Heath. Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Leslie and Muriel Wilson. Kelly called on me — he looked awfully nice, and was charming. I had my bath, while Bernhard called on Otto Gutekunst.

The Rothensteins came to dine and stayed till 12. He, having begun with the sheer art of Degas, is now inclined, in the reaction, to set a very high value on Illustration and to thus admires Renoir rather extravagantly for this “paganism”.

They told us a lot, too, about poor Roger and Helen — about Hauptmann, who is their intimate friend. He was married, rather young, to a rich woman very much older, and then came the inevitable slender Bohemian slip of a girl. He fled from the temptation and went to America with his wife, but it was too much for him, so he came back to the *Amie*, and lived with her, and had a child. But his Puritan conscience has suffered awfully. Finally the wife has divorced him, and he has married the other, who is really not worth much. The children of the first marriage remain friendly with him. He is very lovable.

[0233] Tuesday, July 30, 1907

Rainy.

Called on Heath and found him quite knocked up, unable to do Karin’s operation today. It is too dreary waiting!

Karin came up. It was too late to hinder her. We went to the Acoustician place (2o Bucklersbury) and found out what was the matter with her machine.

Bernhard lunched with Harry Cust and called on Mrs. Crawshay.

[0234] Wednesday, July 31, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Karin had another operation, at 2.30. A light one, but it was awful to see the dear child go under chloroform again.

[0235] Thursday, Aug. 1, 1907

Bernhard got off at 11.

I called for Karin and took her to Heath and then brought her here. She felt pretty weak.

I went to bed, feeling an absolute wreck.

[0236] Friday, Aug. 2, 1907

Court Place.

Came down and went to bed and stayed there resting.

The Maitlands, Hugh Morgan and Cecil Pinsent came to stay and frolic.

Bernhard arrived at St. Moritz. He called on Lady Sassoon and sat there saying to himself, “I’m wasting my time! I’m wasting my time” — yet *liked* to sit there.

[0237] Saturday, Aug. 3, 1907

Bernhard saw lots of friends, Serristori, Dora di Rudini, Prince Doria, etc.

[0238] Sunday, Aug. 4, 1907

Court Place.

Heske and Maitland Radford, Hugh Morgan, Cecil Pinsent, Great doings on the part of all the youngsters.

I stayed in bed and read and rested.

Bernhard (at St. Moritz) spend day with Lamberts and Sassoons.

 [0239] Monday, Aug. 5, 1907

Charles Strong (Rockefeller’s son-in-law) called on Bernhard.

He walked with the ever delightful and always satisfactory Countess Serristori.

[0240] Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Came up with Mary and Karin. Saw Heath.

Karin in great pain with her swollen glands. She had to have constant hot fomentations.

Bernhard (St. Moritz) heard some Wagner, Tristan, “drawing the hidden-most soul out of me and dashing it upon the merciless chasm.”

[0241] Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1907

Karin still in pain.

Saw Heath.

Relapsed, all of us, into our hospital ward condition.

Bernhard had a walk with Strong, and met Gladys, the radiant.

[0242] Thursday, Aug. 8, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Mary work up ill. She and Karin went to the country. Saw Heath.

I had a delightful letter from Mr. Cannon, saying my letter had helped him more than anything else.

I decided to really take myself in hand and not go all to pieces, as i have been doing. Something — what, I wonder? — came to help my resolution and smooth out all the mental tangles. *Dona nobis pacem* was my prayer, and it was answered.

Bernhard (St. Moritz) lunched with Gladys and her mother and Doria. They are all very much annoyed with Lord Brooke for throwing Gladys over at the bidding of the King, and silly Gladys is determined to get hold of His Majesty and swing him round. Bernhard said the result of their long tête-à-tête was to leave her with the impression that though he loved her dearly, he didn’t believe a word she said!

[0243] Friday, Aug. 9, 1907

Court Place. Fine.

Had a Turkish Bath and came here.

Bernhard went with Gladys, Mr. Baldwin and Doria to the Roseg Glacier. B.B. found it ravishing to be with Gladys, though he never lost his conviction that she was lying and that she didn’t care a bit about him.

[0244] Saturday, Aug. 10, 1907

Court Place. Fine.

Did nothing all day except rest and read novels, and go launching on the river.

Gladys put Bernhard off, and left him plan-less. She walked with Brauer.

[0240]  Saturday, Aug. 11, 1907

Glaenzer came down to see the Dosso portrait. We met him in the launch. He says Roger Fry is suffering very much from “swelled head”, and gives his opinion recklessly on things he really does not know about.

Bernhard dines with the Untermeyers and then watched a cotillon.

 [0246] Monday, Aug. 12, 1907

London.

Came up and saw Dr. Heath.

Scott came to lunch. He has almost decided to go back to the idea of being an architect. Getting a second in the schools makes it improbable he could get a fellowship.

**Bernhard had a word with “Deborah”** and ended it with the Serristori.

Drove in the afternoon to Fex to see Florence Blood. He dined with Mrs. J. J. Astor and sat by Lady Sassoon who was “intolerable”.

[0247] Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1907

Took Scott to lunch with Cecil to discuss **architectural possibilities**. Cecil (being just engaged) treated it all very lightly, as if one’s profession were a very irrelevant, secondary sort of matter, and Geoffrey’s one idea was to find out how many holidays there were!

Dressmaker, etc., in afternoon.

Scott and Keynes came to dine, and Scott got very faint and ill. He isn’t fit to do any work.

A darling letter from Bernhard, who has become reconciled to Gladys. She is the one radiant miracle.

Bernhard also drove to Maloja and back with Strong and Schiller; enjoyed their philosophic talk.

Dance at hotel, but Prince Pio and Hortense went up to his room to talk.

[0248] Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace, London.

Karin and Ray and Ray’s friend, Margaret Jones, came up, and we met at Dr. Heath’s. They went to the theatre in the evening.

Bernhard walked with the Rothschild crowd, and then drove with Dora di Rudini to Fex.

[0249] Thursday, Aug. 15, 1907

Rain.

Dr. Heath’s again. I felt ill and had a quiet day.

Christopher Heath called in the evening about the insurance.

**Bernhard walked with Lady Sassoon** in the morning and in the afternoon with the Untermeyers, and had a long talk with Prince Koudashaff in the evening, after dining with Placci and the Henraux.

[0250] Friday, Aug. 16, 1907

Court Place.

Fine.

Keynes came to lunch. We all liked him. Then we came down. The others met us in the launch.

Dora drove Bernhard to see Gladys, who was most affectionate and flattering. He drove back with Mme Greffulhe. Dined with the Rudinis.

[0251] Saturday, Aug. 17, 1907

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton.

Quiet day. Karin went to the Radford’s and Maitland brought her home very late.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton arrived.

Morris Amos and his sister-in-law came to tea.

**Bernhard had a walk with Lady Sassoon** who seemed changed for the better. He lunched with the Untermeyers. Mrs. Untermeyer told a story of Eames Nordica and Melba. Eames said she could not marry a man without telling him her whole past. Nordica exclaimed “What courage” and Melba “What a mummy!”

Took tea with Serristoris, etc., who were waiting for Gladys. Pio dined with him.

[0252] Sunday, Aug. 18, 1907

Court Place. Sunshine. Showers and cold.

Houghtons.

Sailing, etc.

I stayed in bed. Finished the *Voyage of the Discovery.* I was awfully amused at reading of the Emperor Penguins, whose eggs get so often forzen that they have few chicks in comparison to the number of old birds. Those old birds, fathers as well as mothers, are passionately eager to sit on the young birds and and fight so for the privilege that they often the little ones to pieces! The chicks are forced to take refuge from their eager parents under overhanging blocks of ice!! Moral?

Bernhard walked with **Lambert, Lady Sassoon** and the Ronalds. At 3.30 he went with Carlo to the Schillers, and found it “a great relief to escape to people whose minds” worked with his own.

Dickinson and Roger came in. Strong came to dine with him.

 [0253] Monday, Aug. 19, 1907

Fine and rain.

2 Houghtons, 3 Radfords.

Grace and I motored with the Houghtons. Saw Stanton Harcourt.

Karin went up to see Dr. Heath. The young people seem very gay and jolly together. They went out for a moonlight sail.

Bernhard dined with Mme O’Connor and then talked to Gladys and saw some *tableaux vivants*.

At 11 the band drove to the Fexthal and had lunch. He met Dr. Pozzi, “a famous gynaecologist, lover and charmer”.

[0254] Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1907

Court Place. Sun, rain, cold.

2 Houghtons, 3 Radfords, Ellie and Dick Rendel.

The youngsters very jolly and happy. Houghton motored Grace and Logan and me to Ewelme, a *most* picturesque place, and also Dorchester, with an interesting church.

B.B. and Carlo had the Rudinis and Roffredo to dine, and they went to a hop afterwards.

He lunched with Gladys and had 7 hours talk with her. “At her best she beats even the Serristori at an all round talk.”

[0255] Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Dull. Cold.

Same party.

I came up rather late, to dentist.

Strong called for B.B. and they drove to the Rosegg and lunched and walked back. Strong regards religion as a deplorable weakness. Tea with Mme Greffulhe and Matilde Serao, etc.

Dined with **Sassoons and Lamberts**.

[0256] Thursday, Aug. 22, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Scott came in a very jolly mood. We went to the National Gallery and looked at Michelangelo and Tura. In the evening we went to Iolanthe, which was very amusing.

Bernhard corrected *North Italian* proofs and had a walk with **Lambert and Lady Sassoon.**

[0257] Friday, Aug. 23, 1907

Iffley.

Came back and joined the jolly party here. Houghton met me at the station.

B.B. went with Carlo to Sils to see Kreisler.

Lunched with Robilants, Bengham and Mme Yturi.

Walked with **Lamberts**.

Watched ball at Kul\_\_. Dined with Mrs. Lawrence.

[0258] Saturday, Aug. 24, 1907

Iffley.

2 Houghtons, 3 Radfords, 2 Rendels, 2 Pophams.

Houghton motored us up to Boars’ Hill to see if the Sttydeo there would do, but it seemed too bad.

We had a dance in the evening, which the young people appeared greatly to enjoy.

Tremendous romps at B.B.’s hotel.

[0259] Sunday, Aug. 25, 1907

Iffley. Same party minus Pophams.

Houghton motored Logan and Grace and me to Burford, Bibury, Fairford, Kelmscott and Dorchester — all fascinating places.

B.B. lunched with the usual band, and had tea with Mme Greffulhe.

 [0260] Monday, Aug. 26, 1907

Iffley.

Karin and I went up to see Dr. Heath, who wouldn’t give us any definite plans. The party left.

B.B. walked with Mme de Fenelon and went to tea with Placci, Gladys, Matilde, Mme Greffulhe. Read *Shaving of Shagpat*, “by far the most delightful three hours I have spent at St. Moritz.”

**Walked with Lady Sassoon**. Walked with Serristori, “the one and only who never leaves a bad taste in my mouth”.

[0261] Tuesday, Aug. 27, 1907

Iffley.

Thoroughly quiet day.

Bernhard dined with Lady Sassoon and Dora di Rudini, and had a long talk with Mme Robillant.

[0262] Wednesday, Aug. 28, 1907

Iffley.

Bernhard and Placci were driven by Prince Doria to Sils to lunch with Gladys and her mother.

He had a walk with Lady Sassoon in the morning.

[0263] Thursday, Aug. 29, 1907

Iffley.

Went up with Karin and saw the last of Heath, who is going to take a Rest Cure at Deal. He advised us to go to Harrogate for Karin’s health.

Bernhard drove with Dora di Rudini to the Bernina Hospice and had lunch, and the walked to Alp Gran.

[0264] Friday, Aug. 30, 1907

Grand Hotel, Harrogate.

Spent the day getting here from Oxford by means of cross-country trains that did not connect. Ray and Karin with me.

The Robillants and Dora dined with Bernhard and Carlo. B.B. lunched with Brauer and meet Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Weismann, and then had a walk with the Serristori. He dined with the Ronalds, Mrs. Edgar and the Curtises.

[0265] Saturday, Aug. 31, 1907

Explored the town and had a bath.

Bernhard lunched with the Princesse Lynar (*née* Parsons of Columbus, Ohio), the Trabias and Placci. At 3.30 the Shillers came to tea.

Placci and he dined with Dora to meet the Birrels.

[0266] Grand Hotel, Harrogate, Sunday, Sept. 1, 1907

With Ray and Karin. Fine.

We walked to some picturesque rocks.

Bernhard left St. Moritz. Carmen Gandona travelled in the same train.

 [0267] Monday, Sept. 2, 1907

Pouring.

Quiet day with bath.

Bernhard reached Paris and went to **Laversine**, and then went with Lady Sassoon and Mme Lambert to Rouen for the night, motoring.

They saw Les Andelys and Château Gaillard also Gisors.

[0268] Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1907

Fine.

Grand Hotel, Harrogate, with Ray and Karin.

Took a motor bus to Ripon and Studley Royal and saw Fountains Abbey, which is a perfect gem.

Karin said she found she could always bear her deafness at the moment; it was looking ahead that made it intolerable. So she felt if she could only have to live in the moment and take her actual sensations as ultimates for the time being, she would get along very well.

[0269] Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1907

We took the boring motor and steam-launch excursion to York, but came home by train completely worn out.

[0270] Thursday, Sept. 5, 1907

Grand Hotel, Harrogate.

Quiet day with bath.

Bernhard revisited Caen, saw Balleroy and Courtaine.

[0271] Friday, Sept. 6, 1907

Iffley.

Came back from Harrogate and did a little shopping on the way here.

Ray spent the night at Manchester with her friend Elsie Collier.

B.B. saw St. Michel and Avranche. Admiral du Perray showed them St. Malo. They slept at Dinard, and had Porte Riche, the playwright, to dine.

[0272] Saturday, Sept. 7, 1907

Iffley.

Alice Houghton, Cecil and Jerry Pinsent.

Quiet family days.

Bernhard slept at Morlaix.

[0273] Sunday, Sept. 8, 1907

Bernhard motoring through the heart of Brittany and slept at Quimper.

 [0274] Monday, Sept. 9, 1907

Iffley. Fine.

Alice and Cecil, Jerry.

Quiet pleasant day.

[0275] Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1907

Fine.

Mother and Ray and Alice and I motored to see some houses, Milton House and Kingston Lisle Park in especial, neither of them suitable, though both most beautiful.

Bernhard with his friends went by steamer along the coast of Morbihan, and then by motor to Nantes.

[0276] Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1907

Iffley.

B.B. at **La Chute** near Tours.

Ray and I spent the day in town, partly at the dentist’s.

I gave Lucy Perkins lunch, and we had quite a talk. Her head is still full of Pritchard, but she no longer regards him as an inspired being, but as a rather prickly and by no means omniscient man.

Bernhard visited Angers and at last saw the Museum there. No Italians.

[0277] Thursday, Sept. 12, 1907

Fine.

Packed all morning.

In the afternoon Logan and Grace and Mother and I motored to see Wormsley, a lovely place near Stokenchurch. It proved too big and too damp for us to dream of.

[0278] Hotel St. James <Paris>, Friday, Sept. 13, 1907

Crossed to Paris.

Bernhard motored from **La Chute** to various châteaux.

Douglas Ainslée was with me in the train, on his way to join Gladys in Venice. Fancy that siren, that marvel, consorting with such an egregious ass! He told me quite gravely that he meant to leave his flat in Mount St. because he felt it was no longer propitious to his “Creative Impulse”.

It was perfectly awful tearing myself away from Iffley. I never had such a pang. We all nearly cried.

[0279] Saturday, Sept. 14, 1907

**La Chute**, Chanceaux-sur-Choisille, près Tours.

Fine.

Came by train to Tours and was met by Lucien’s motor.

Lunched at L’Univers and then motored to see various places, Pressigny, Preuilly, La Haye Descartes, etc.

All the party here went out to dine, so Bernhard and I dined alone.

Bernhard said that he found falling in love hadn’t anything necessarily to do with a desire for physical intimacy — quite often that would never be thought of if there wasn’t a convention to that effect. But alas so few people have any other kind of intimacy to give but that. They are too self-absorbed, too dishonest, too unconscious of any real inner life. Of course a spiritual, even an intellectual intimacy is far more interesting, but these require character and brains.

[0280] Sunday, Sept. 15, 1907

**La Chute**, Grey.

We motored with Lucien to Laynes, Ussé, and Villancy (three interesting châteaux) in the morning.

Lunched at Tours.

Motored by ourselves to Chaumont and Chambord in the afternoon, and got back to dine very tired.

We talked a little about “functional line”, and both felt a renewed desire to get to work again.

Where does this belong?



 [0281] Monday, Sept. 16, 1907

Fine.

Motored by ourselves in Lucien’s motor to \*Le Mans and found some Italian pictures in the Museum, and greatly enjoyed the Cathedral.

We talked more of work, but Bernhard says he now feels that no one cares for conclusions, but only for finding things out for themselves. I said it was a pity to lose one’s faith in work and thought as absolute things, and he said the trouble with us was the New England bringing up to “hitch your wagon to a star”, and then when the star is extinguished one has *nothing*. No affection however intense will quite take the place of that fallen star!

[0282] Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1907

Paris.

[0283] Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1907

Paris.

Went to Luxembourg.

Hutchins dined with us.

[0284] Thursday, Sept. 19, 1907

Paris.

Saw the glorious Van Dyck Lady with stars and pink parasol from the Cataneo collection of Genoa. Knoedler is asking a hundred thousand pounds for it!

Hutchins lunched with us, and he and I drove to look for a patent ear-drum for Karin. He was dreadfully indiscreet and told me Algar had been in love with me, but thought I had firmly but kindly turned him down. I was utterly unaware of the whole thing.

[0285] Friday, Sept. 20, 1907

Paris.

Lunched with the Sherrills. Called on Reinach.

Dined with Steins, who spent the evening giving Bernhard a very unflattering portrait of his character! They turn out to be frightfully self-conscious and touchy.

[0286] Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907

Train to Milan.

B.B. at La Petite Trianon with Elsie de Wolf and Bessie Marbury. Miss Morgan, Harry Melville, Cosmo Gordon also staying there, and a young playwright, Fr. de Croiset to dine.

[0287] Sunday, Sept. 22, 1907

Bologna (Italia).

B.B. at Versailles.

Geoffrey Scott came onto my train at Baveno. We lunched at the Cavour, saw the court of the Hospital, several churches and the Cathedral, and came on to Bologna.

B.B. saw Henry Adams, Herivieux, Lady Anglesey, Miss Norris, Miss Brooks, Mme de Ste-Croix.

Dined at Reservoir with Senator Warren of Wyoming.

 [0288] Monday, Sept. 23, 1907

I Tatti. Scott. Fine.

B.B. at Versailles.

Took Scott to Ferrara. Saw a few things, including the horribly renovated Collegio di Spagna, and came on here, arriving by moonlight, very late.

Scott was nearly dead with backache.

B.B. walked in park and went to tea with the von Andrés. Bevel Beauvoir turns out to be Bosdari, as I suspected at Chicago!

[0289] Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1907

Fine. Hot.

Scott, Miss Alexander.

B.B. at Versailles.

Scott was nearly dead with fatigue and back-ache. Could only lie about all day. Miss Alexander came up at tea time. She seems very much crushed, as if something awful had happened to her this summer.

B.B. and Elsie called on Nolhac and had tea with Mrs. Brooks. She turns out to be the American lady who promised Lard Archibald Douglas and his wife £2,000 if they would show her all the worst haunts of vice in Europe. On the strength of this, he invested in a fearfully expensive white fur coat. She was not satisfied, though, with what they showed her, and refused to pay up, and he was left much in debt to the furrier!

[0290] I Tatti, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Miss Alexander.

Began work with Miss Alexander. *Boring*!!

The Triulzi came up and it was awful getting into housekeeping harness again.

Scott still ill, not able really to dress.

B.B. returned to Paris, after having lunched at Marly with a Mme Willy Blumenthal. He sat between Lady Anglesey and **a Mrs. Sassoon**. Called on Sardou and Stroganoff.

He dined with Reinachs and Ricci.

[0291] Thursday, Sept. 26, 1907

Same <guests>.

B.B. at Laversine.

Got Triulzi’s mother to give Italian lessons to my two guests.

Began reading La Vita Nuova with Scott and Mme Feretti. He is still nearly prostrate. I drove up with Constance to see the Priore about his getting lodgings there. Dr. Giglioli came.

Mrs. Ross and Dr. Lindsay came to dine.

Melville lunched with B.B. and went to Laversine with him. The Whites (Ambassador) came by same train. A big shooting party on — 30 at table.

[0292] Friday, Sept. 27, 1907

I Tatti. Fine.

Maud Cruttwell, Scott, Miss Alexander.

Took Scott to Academy. Enjoyed the *Primavera*.

Maud came up. She powders her nose and perfumes her person and wears her hair frizzed low on her forehead. It is something ghastly. She looks positively improper.

She informed Scott at once that she was a Sapphist, and the conversation ran entirely on those lines. Maud has thrown off all restraint!

*Un jour entre les jours* for weather.

Bernhard left Laversine with Melville.

Called on Mrs. Brooks to see her portraits.

Lucien took him to Mersch’s. He lunched at Reinach’s and met the Frazers (*Golden Bough*).

Tea with Duveen at Ritz.

Dined with Sally Stein.

[0293] Saturday, Sept. 28, 1907

Scirocco. Pouring.

Same <guests>.

I was taken ill with diarrhoea and sickness.

Conversation as before. Maud simply beyond the bounds!

We went to see Mrs. Ross’ “Vintage” — one dreary man in a bowler hat dreading down the grape for ten minutes!

Maud worked on Donatello and we all looked at the photographs of his work.

B.B. lunched with Glaenzer and started in train for Champéry.

[0294] Sunday, Sept. 29, 1907

Scirocco.

Maud Cruttwell, Scott, Miss Alexander.

I was rather ill all day. I think the others drove.

B.B. arrived at Champéry and found the Hapgoods and Thorolds. Count de Kelory is also there.

Neith said the reason they couldn’t come back was that Miss Blood had fallen desperately in love with Hutchins — simply persecuted him, even wanting to run off with him! What a strange world! Poor Florence Blood.

 [0295] Monday, Sept. 30, 1907

Scirocco. Rain.

Scott, Miss Alexander.

Maud went.

Scott and I had tea at Villa Doccia and saw a marvellous sunset. Coming home it was very cold, and I got a chill.

Bernhard came down to Milan with Mansourov. Guido met him at Gallarate in the motor and brought him to Gazzada.

[0296] Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1907

I Tatti.

Storms. Scirocco. Thermometer 70º

Scott was taken ill with my complaint and had to go to bed. I settled Miss Alexander in her lodgings at the Canonica.

She really is a bore, and although I meant to have her stay as “chaperone”  (ridiculous as it was), I really could not.

Scott hated her, and she talked incessantly and bored us to death. Poor thing, though, she certainly has had some trouble.

Went to see Mrs. Ross.

B.B. at Gazzada.

[0297] Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1907

Pouring.

Scott in bed. I made him look at the Botticelli drawings. The doctor came to see him.

Bernhard lunched in Milan with the Serristori and went to the Brera. Dined with Guido.

[0298] Thursday, Oct. 3, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott.

Scott in bed. I made him look at Leonardo. He appreciates things awfully but is so tired and slack he has almost no initiative of his own.

B.B. at Milan.

[0299] Friday, Oct. 4, 1907

B.B. at Nervi.

[0300] Saturday, Oct. 5, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott.

I took Scott to the Uffizi. He was rather better. But the Venus quite failed, to our disgust. We thoroughly enjoyed the Annunciation of Simone Martini.

B.B. at Nervi.

[0301] Sunday, Oct. 6, 1907

I Tatti.

Rainy.

Scott.

Went to Gamberaia and walked home.

B.B. arrived for dinner.

 [0302] Monday, Oct. 7, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott.

Took Scott to Pitti. Mrs. Ross came to dine.

[0303] Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Rothenstein arrived at 7.30. He and Scott and I drove down and got the materials for the portrait.

[0304] Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Scott and Rothenstein to Academy. Rothenstein not very satisfactory to see things with.

[0305] Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein, Maud Cruttwell.

Maud came up. B.B. and Rothenstein dined with Mrs. Ross, so we had her to ourselves. Scott meant to dress up as a Spanish lady, but our courage failed us. Maud is *too* gross.

[0306] Friday, Oct. 11, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

A fearfully sad letter from poor **Karin, who got quite deaf when she went up to Newnham**. I was upset, horribly, and cried all day.

Placci and Buonamici and Albert and his mother spent the afternoon.

[0307] Saturday, Oct. 12, 1907

Scott, Rothenstein.

Telegram from Karin that she was better.

We went to lunch with the Brocklebanks and afterwards B.B. and Rothenstein went to San Miniato.

I took Scott to the doctor and we came out by tram. He was indescribably cross and disagreeable.

[0308] Sunday, Oct. 13, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Agnes came to lunch. We went to the Gamberaia.

 [0309] Monday, Oct. 14, 1907

Took Scott and Rothenstein to Bargello.

Princess Mary and her party came to tea.

[0310] Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Took Scott and Rothenstein to Pitti.

[0311] Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1907

Sir Charles Holroyd to lunch.

Miss Blood came to dine.

[0312] Thursday, Oct. 17, 1907

Scott, Rothenstein.

The Labouchères, Princess Mary, Count Balen, and Prince and Princess Eric came to lunch. It was difficult and tiring.

[0313] Friday, Oct. 18, 1907

Scott and Rothenstein lunched in town with Holroyd.

Houghton told a good story of Howells’ taking a ring to be mended at a shop in the Borgo San Jacopo. When he came back for it, they said he had never had it. So he went to one or two other shops nearby, thinking he might have left it there. No one had it, so he went back to the first place. By that time they had found it, and they had it ready for him.

He then asked them why they didn’t have the system of giving people receipts or checks for the things they left for repair.

They held up their hands in horror. “Signore!” they said, “You don’t realize that sometimes we have as many as 200 *oggetti* a day left for repair. Suppose we gave a receipt for each one — *che confusione*!”

[0314] Saturday, Oct. 19, 1907

Sir Charles and Lady Holroyd came to lunch. Mrs. Houghton and Pinsent came to dinner. We sat out in the moonlight. They were boring.

[0315] Sunday, Oct. 20, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Rizi Visconti Venosta came to lunch, very life-diminishing.

We all went to the Gamberaia, where there were all sorts of people.

Scott, Rothenstein and I dined on the Houghtons’ tower, with Pinsent and the Howells. Somehow we were all bored.

 [0316] Monday, Oct. 21, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Drove Scott and Rothenstein round by Poggio and Settignano — lovely — getting back rather late to tea with the Clinton Brocks.

We all dined with Mrs. Ross, and afterwards sat out.

[0317] Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1907

Fine.

Mather came to lunch. Scott, Rothenstein and I drove over and called upon Gordon Craig. Strange, unconventional, promiscuous household — all free love and flies.

We liked Craig’s etchings, however, and found him handsome and attractive, though rather apostolic.

[0318] Wednesday, Oct. 23, 1907

Scott, Rothenstein.

Placci came to lunch and sat for a drawing.

[0319] Thursday, Oct. 24, 1907

Took Scott in morning to see things, but he had a frightful headache and so we drove in the Cascine.

[0320] Friday, Oct. 25, 1907

Rainy.

Scott, Rothenstein.

We drove over and had lunch with the Labouchère. Scott and I went to a dreary tea at Maud Cruttwell’s.

Looked at photographs in evening.

[0321] Saturday, Oct. 26, 1907

Unsettled.

Worked in morning. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Brock came to lunch.

I started with Scott to see things, but he said he preferred driving, so we went out towards Bagni a Ripoli, and got that view of the Duomo, and ended up with tea with Mrs. Houghton. Scott in good temper — strange to say!

[0322] Sunday, Oct. 27, 1907

Rainy.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Placci came up to be drawn.

Took a drive with Scott and Rothenstein, while B.B. and Placci walked.

Looked at photographs in evening — early Sienese.

Miss Ellen Keye came to tea — also Hendrick Andersen and his sister-in-law, who was Miss Cushing.

Sir Charles and Lady Holroyd called.

 [0323] Monday, Oct. 28, 1907

Rainy.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Drove Scott and Rothenstein to town.

Scott and I went to see the Perugino fresco and came home in the rain.

B.B. joined us and we went to call on Mrs. Ross.

Looked at Mantegnas in the evening.

[0324] Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1907

Rain.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Worked and talked in morning.

After lunch drove Scott to town and called for Maud Cruttwell and we all went to the Mathers for tea. It was excessively boring, but Maud got the journalistic information she wanted.

Scott was so depressed by Mather’s talk of journalism that he would not say a word all the way home, but treated me to one of his worst moods. I was at first very angry, and then felt awfully sorry for him.

Bernard posed in the morning, and then had a walk with Rothenstein.

[0325] Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1907

Torrrents of rain.

Rothenstein.

Scott got wild over his packing in the morning. I drove him down in a hail-storm and saw him off at 3. How he hated to go! And I to have him go, for besides caring extraordinarily much for him as a person, I do love having a young creature around to do things for and to make happy and spoil! But it is over — and now “to fresh woods and pastures new”.

I called on Mrs. McLean who reported the Platonoff as drunk, and Matilde in despair.

Emily had a serious operation this morning for tumour on the womb. She wrote me a lovely letter, which made me weep as I came up. How I hope all has gone well with my beloved fellow Foozler!

Bernhard posed.

[0326] Thursday, Oct. 31, 1907

Fair, warm.

Rothenstein.

Turned Scott’s room into a study for Constance and myself. Got *very* tired. B.B. posed for portrait.

Mr. Acton came to lunch, and took us all three motoring to see Villas — two for sale, above Careggi, with fine views, but too contadino-beset.

We also saw Villa Corsi (on the Prato road), a fine baroque *jeu d’esprit*, very brilliant, very absurd. What was fine was a little round stone basin of water with a tiny fountain in it, like a spring, and two stone dolphins coiled on the edges.

Karin’s letter reports better hearing.

[0327] Friday, Nov. 1, 1907

Rainy.

Rothenstein.

Dreyfus came to lunch. Boring.

We all three went to call on Gordon Craig, who was less surrounded by Free Love than before, and was genial and boyish and rather charming. B.B. thought his etchings chiefly *fumisterie*, which made Rothenstein furious. Rothenstein is very touchy.

[0328] Saturday, Nov. 2, 1907

Grey. Scirocco.

Rothenstein.

Worked.

Drove with Rothenstein to see things. He poured out some of his grievances against Bernhard, which are many. He is always on the watch for slights, but otherwise a nice sensible fellow, who has used his good brains enough to arrive at wise pragmatic conclusions, and not enough to go on and upset them, as is the habit of others, more congenial to me. His interests are not a bit intellectual, but moral — values of life, not of thought. I daresay he is right.

[0329] Sunday, Nov. 3, 1907

Grey.

Rothenstein.

Worked.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch.

B.B. and Rothenstein went over to see Miss Blood and the Princess. I went to bed with a headache.

 [0330] Monday, Nov. 4, 1907

Clearing up.

Rothenstein.

Bernhard and Rothenstein went to Santa Maria Novella and were joined by Gordon Craig. Rothenstein stayed down to lunch.

I called for Maud Cruttwell at 3.30, and we went up to the Villa Curonia, the Dodges’. They’ve spent a million on making it hideous. She is an oriental sort of creature — though American — lazy and luxury loving, and fortunately rich. She seems an ordinary sort of person.

[0331] Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1907

Fine.

Rothenstein, Neith.

**Neith Hapgood arrived** at 8 o’clock. They have had a quarrel with the Thorolds which she qualifies as “Cyclopean”. It arose from Hutchins’ over-frankness in daring to criticize Theresa, and Theresa’s jealousy of Neith, and Algar’s cowardly lies, pretending to Theresa that he cared nothing for Neith, while to Neith (in private) he showed himself very devoted. Theresa is a great bully and he says he only saves his skin by deception, and has been found out only once or twice.

I drove down with Rothenstein and Miss Alexander, whom everybody finds a raging bore, poor thing. She is pretty stupid over the work, too; but it is clear to me that her thoughts are elsewhere — something awful has happened to her.

Rothenstein and I went to see Mrs. Ross.

We had a jolly talk in the evening. Neith looked very pretty.

I forgot that the Mathers came to lunch.

None of us knew who were the candidates in today’s New York election!!

[0332] Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1907

Coldish. Fine.

Neith Hapgood.

Rothenstein and I hung his picture on the stairs. He is much pleased with it, thinks it the finest portrait he ever did, finds it “noble”, and so forth. We really don’t know what to think. The quality of paint is so ugly and messy and the figure so badly placed as space. But the interpretation is good.

That young man Garrett, who is going in for art criticism, came to lunch. Green and fresh from Cambridge, very ignorant, but I daresay a nice boy.

Mrs. Harvey called.

Gordon Craig came to dine, wild and enthusiastic, but rather charming and very genial He liked B.B., I could see, and dear old B.B., in spite of feeling ill, was quite delightful. They spoke much of art that should be unrepresentative and impersonal,like architecture and the beset music. He spoke of his Cubes in high Pythagorean strain.

I saw Rothenstein off at 12. He has left a pleasant memory, I got to like him more after Scott left, having more attention to devote to him.

[0333] Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907

Colder. Clouding up.

Neith.

Scott writes, “It is extraordinary these much-looked-forward-to five weeks should be over. I haven’t half thanked you for them. It is a real fact that the three most delightful times of my life, have been our motor-trip, that first ten days at Haslemere, and this visit.”

**Neith and Bernhard drove to the Tree**, and I went with Constance, to see the Cilla Michelangelo, as most dreary affair, ruined by English bad taste and Italian stuffiness. It was very depressing.

Bernhard and I rather wrangled all day, under cover of an abstract discussion of marriage. If only I could tell quite the truth! But one can’t.

We don’t really like Rothenstein’s portrait at all. But we didn’t really expect to, only B.B. thought it was rather silly of him never to do anything for modern art, and he liked Rothenstein. We did not expect, though, to have him treat us like dirt under his feet for not “doing” anything, on the strength of such a miserable piece of work as this. But all artists, like all husbands, are alike! We like *him*, though.

[0334] Friday, Nov. 8, 1907

Fine. Warmer.

Neith. Gordon Craig.

Worked over Nic. da Foligno morning.

Drove Miss Alexander in and went to call on Flora Priestley. Miss Alexander told me her trouble, not meaning to, but she *had* to speak of it. A man about 35, a writer, adorer of Italy, was very devoted to her, wrote her sentimental letters, which she *said* embarrassed her. She got a *very* warm one in the summer, and then, two weeks later, another from which she understood (though he did not say it out) that he had got engaged to a friend of hers. It is curious, but I had already diagnosed *precisely this.*

I drove Gordon Craig up, and Miss Blood came to dine. He was eloquent but vague on the subject of Cubes, and the “children of Cubes, Screens”. Said he had written to the Duse to urge her to give up the immoral acting she does and come over to him. As a concession to her, he would allow her a sort of half way thing — the “interpretation” of the Song of Solomon. Various draped and veiled figures were to stand in front of many screens, em\_\_\_dging the potential morals of the poem, and the Duse was to come in and recite the poem, rousing to life each Mood that was appropriate, while the screens and cubes open<ed> and closed and went down and up in sympathy. He thinks [0335] it had better be recited in Latin, as the next best thing to not being recited at all. The Duse was to wear various masks appropriate to the sentiments. He was vague, but dear and winning. Perhaps Florence Blood will get over her passion for Hutchins by falling in love with him. He is most attractive.

[0335] Saturday, Nov. 9, 1907

*Pouring*. Cleared a little.

Neith.

Worked over Matteo da Gualdo, etc.

Went to bed with headache. Bernhard went down to see the Countess d’Orsay, and Neith and I chatted a little after tea. She hates Miss Blood for having tried to make Hutchins fall in love with her — a quite primitive savage hatred of jealousy. She thinks Miss Blood is hopelessly in love with Egisto Fabbri and simply took on Hutch as a distraction, and got deeper in than she meant, her pride becoming desperately involved. Finally he told her he was in love with his wife, but she said if only she could get him to go off alone with her, she knew she could make him care for her. By way of winning his love, she spent the last month making scenes, having dropped all pretence at interest in his interests. She said he loved to humiliate her and wound her pride and all the rest. Goodness, if she knew Neith knew, and me!

**Acton writes that if we made Lord Westbury an offer *now*, we might get this house!**

[0336] Sunday, Nov. 10, 1907

Warm. Clear.

Neith Hapgood.

**Wrote to Mr. Cannon in the morning to see if he could help us raise the money to buy this house.**

Wrote various letters about Ray’s novel. B.B. worked over the Early Umbrians.

The Houghtons called and Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. She has an Egyptian princess named Mediha on her hands and can’t think how to amuse her!

Mrs. Coit and her daughter called, and then Mr. and Mrs. Dodge and Miss Boothwick.

Then I went to see Mrs. Ross, who is ill, and B.B. and Neith went to the Gamberaia.

The poison has evidently “taken” and Miss Blood is wild to see more of Craig and have him there!! Neith accused B.B. of not knowing how to make love — a symptomatic accusation.

Ray sent me her paper about a picture not wanting to tell a story or paint a moral. “So far from degrading Art by my view, I think I do the reverse. I take pictures away from the sphere of literature and thought, which is one of compromise and confusions, into a sphere as clear and exquisite as mathematics, but one far more tangible and beautiful.”

B.B. said I was to write on his tomb, “Here lies one who in life fell between all the stools.”

Further gruesome details about Miss Blood!

 [0337] Monday, Nov. 11, 1907

Heavy. Rainy.

Neith.

Went with B.B. to see the frescoes at Santa Maria Novella which are being cleaned by Fiscali.

We picked up Neith and went to the Labouchères. They told us all about Gordon Craig’s father, the architect Godwin. He “invented” a lot of the things that are the absolute commonplaces of today. He was the first man to pain his door green, and the small boys used to throw mud at it, because it was clear the man must be crazy who would have a green door! He added to this enormity by having as a door-knocker a brass lizard, and at this people came miles to jeer! He was also the first to use terracotta colour for decoration — a most unhappy “invention” this. He and Ellen Terry (then Mrs. Kelly) were living together with their two children at St. Albans, when she said, one day, she was going up to see her mother, and would stay a few days with her if her mother was willing to receive her. The days lengthened into a week, and then he saw in the paper an announcement that she was going to appear in a play.

He went to the theatre, but she refused to see him, and wrote saying she would never see him again. She said he might keep the children or send them to her, as he liked. He was so utterly in love with her that he fell very ill for nearly a year. [0338] At the end of his illness, he went one day to the Academy, alone, before it opened. He felt himself followed by an intangible black shadow, whom at last he caught by turning round quickly. It was Ellen Terry all in black, with a heavy veil which she raised, saying in hollow tones, “Won’t you speak to me”. “Always mystery!” he said, enraged beyond himself. “I don’t want ever to see you again.”

Afterwards he married and was very happy with the lady who became (after Godwin’s death) Mrs. Whistler.

One day — this Labby’s tale — he sent for Ellen Terry and said he wanted to see the children. “You can’t,:” she said, “for I have told them you are dead, and they go out to Kensal Green every Saturday and plant flowers on your grave.”

“Hang it all! but they’re my children.”

“Well, if you must know, as a matter of fact, they’re *not*.”

And then she told him one was the child of an actor, and the other of a clever Scotch editor he had had to stay with them, whose talent she thought worth perpetuating! But the Labourchères agreed this was bluff, for Craig is just like Godwin over again.

[0338] Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1907

Neith.

Nothing important today.

Work and a visit to town with Miss Alexander while B.B. and Neith had a walk.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatton came to dine.

[0339] Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1907

Warm. Sunny.

Neith.

Desperate searchings after some last papers.

Worked.

Miss Ume Tsuda and her sister Yona Tsuda Suto, two Japanese young women who have a school in Tokio, came to lunch. Very interesting, thoughtful, intelligent people.

Maud Cruttwell brought up her Egyptian Princess to tea, and Miss Blood came in to meet her. Neith hates Miss Blood and would not come down, and Miss Blood was very nervous.

Tonight Neith got a letter from her husband saying he had had a despairing letter from Miss Blood complaining of Neith’s coldness and suspecting he had told her (as he had!) and begging her to be nicer, so as to dispel that idea. But Neith wants her to suffer — she is quite simple and savage about it.

Agnes came to dinner and was very nice.

[0340] Thursday, Nov. 14, 1907

Wonderful day.

Neith.

Did Bartolammeo della Gatta in morning. Miss Priestly and Miss Sibyl Childers came to lunch, and were very amusing. Had a long walk with Neith and B.B. and then called on Mrs. Ross.

Neith is still vindictive about Miss Blood and *wants* to make her suffer. She described the first scene, when the lady tore off all her clothes and appeared in an unattractive nudity. “Let it be a warning to us, Mary,” said Neith, “always to keep on at least a chemise!” Miss Blood pretended that in spite of half a dozen or so rather serious amorous adventures (as Don Quxote would say) she had never “really loved” until she met Hutchins. Poor thing. I wonder what she feels now?

[0341] Friday, Nov. 15, 1907

Wonderful day.

Neith.

Mr. Schwill of Chicago (Professor of History) and Count Cabry and “Bogey” Harris came to lunch. Cabry said very profoundly, “An Englishman will tell you what he thinks, not what he feels, while an Italian will tell what he feels but never what he thinks!”

Miss Blood came and we drove over to see Gordon Craig’s so-called theatre. There were many flies but no free-lovers this time, unless you count Mrs. Carr, who does the cooking for the band. We saw the “Isidora Duncan” portfolio, which has some lovely things in it. The theatre wouldn’t work very well. The gauze was untransparent through being crumpled, and the acetylene light did nothing but smell like the old scratch. Miss Blood and I were seized with a *fou rire*, and had to creep out and extinguish it behind some bushes.

Craig tried to flirt with Neith and begged her “to come over alone some afternoon.” His technique is less subtle than I imagined, for he said, in a whisper, when she took some cake, “What a dear little pair of white gloves!”

[0342] Saturday, Nov. 16, 1907

Fine.

Neith.

Bernhard worked in rage and despair over the Cotignola family. Our notes were imperfect and very mixed.

“Mrs.” Heiroth, a very pretty Russian lady, came to lunch. She is living with this painter, Heiroth, whom she adores, but who treats her very badly. She is delighted now, though, that she is to have a baby — possibly she wants him to marry her. She is extremely pretty.

We drove her down, and went to call at the Villa Curonia, on the Dodges.

In the evening we all went to dine at the Gamberaia. The Princess looked very distinguished in black-velvet and lace. Neith *hates* Miss Blood.

Ray says Karin’s new instrument enables her to hear just like anyone else. If *only* this lasts!!

[0343] Sunday, Nov. 17, 1907

Colder. Cloudy.

Neith.

Did Santi and Palmezzano.

Gordon Craig and Rizi Visconti-Venosta came to lunch.

I drove Craig and Neith to the Gamberaia and the others walked. Miss Priestly and her nieces and Countess Ludorf were there. Miss Blood seemed to take a great fancy to Gordon Craig, and he more or less responded. I said to Neith, “Ça marche!” and I am afraid Miss Blood heard me.

Neith and I walked home, and sat out in the moonlight and heard Craig discourse of his schemes for 12 theatres in various capitals, with 12 peripatetic companies to play a month in each, scenery to be furnished each theatre by a central bureau. He forgot the language difficulty, and all his friends who are going to help in it are so old. Ellen Terry, Sara Bernhardt, Mme Duse, \_\_ Coquelin and so on! Wild dreamer.

The Houghtons and Garrett came to dine, but I had got a cold on my liver and had to go to bed. Mrs. H. came and gave me some soothing massage.

 [0344] Monday, Nov. 18, 1907

Clear. Cold.

Neith.

Miss Alexander ill, but we worked all morning.

In the afternoon I took the Japanese ladies to the Uffizi, but they were no longer naive, they were too much Baedekerized and “cultured”.

I had tea with pretty Mrs. Heiroth.

Houghton told a good story of a little Jew boy brought up in a society where the richer people got, the more they had their portraits and their wives’ portraits painted, and by more and more famous people.

He went to the Louvre once, and when he came back he said to his mother, “That Christ family must have been awfully rich.” “Why, my dear?” “Why, Mother, because they had all the artists paint their portraits!”

[0345] Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1907

Fine. Colder.

Neith.

Miss Alexander still ill.

Bernhard worked on Pier dei Franceschi.

After lunch we sat out in the sun.

Marilli came, and we talked with him of buying this house.

Sir George and Lady Trevelyan called and stayed a long time. He is the very essence of “Cambridge”, all the queer, crumpled, jerky ways of the whole lot, especially Keynes.

B.B. and Neith had a long walk. I walked up to see Miss Alexander who has a liver attack.

The Houghtons called.

In the evening we had quite a time over a letter of B.B.’s he wouldn’t let us see, because, he said, it was about Neith. As it was *to* Lady Sassoon, Neith was most awfully hurt. B.B. made a very lame, masculine defence, pretending it was only compliments to Neith. I daresay it was an intimate letter, telling her all sorts of things, such as you do write sometimes to people who don’t know and never will know the “parties”.

[0346] Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1907

I Tatti.

Dull.

Neith went at 3. She fell in love with Bernhard when she first met him, and she *simply adores* him! Every word the Steins said was true. He finds her very charming and sweet, and would perhaps have enjoyed making love to her, but for knowing how Hutchins would hate it. This deterred him, but I fancy if it hadn’t been that, it would have been something else, for he is weighed down with a sense of responsibility in these matters.

I went to see Aunt Janet, who is ill in bed again.

[0347] Thursday, Nov. 21, 1907

Fine.

Villa Donoratico, chez Conte Serristori.

Castagneto Marittimo, Maremma.

[0348] Friday, Nov. 22, 1907

Fine.

Donoratico, Maremma.

Walked in morning together, and in afternoon with Countess and the children in the “Macchia”.

Lovely soft country, like Sicily or Greece.

[0349] Saturday, Nov. 23, 1907

Fine.

Walked — explored a “macchia” on the hill.

In afternoon a long walk with all the family.

[0350] Sunday, Nov. 24, 1907

Fairish.

Villa Donoratico (Serristori), Castagneto Carducci.

Walked together in morning, Bernhard with Contessa and I with the delicious children in the afternoon. We met a swineherd tending his pigs and blowing a sea-shell to call them home.

Dado is a *delightful* child.

 [0351] Monday, Nov. 25, 1907

I Tatti.

Fine.

Left Donoratico at 9 and got to Pisa for lunch. We saw three new Benozzos and two new Taddeo di Bartolis — the inexhaustible richness of these Italian towns!! Saw also the miserable collection of rubbish in Palazzo Agostini.

Got home for dinner, and found Bernhard’s *North Italian Painters* and Ray’s *The World at Eighteen*, but somehow felt flat and discouraged and grey and unhappy.

But a nice telegram from Mr. Cannon saying he would lend us £6,000 on our stock securities, cheered us up.

[0352] Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1907

Cold. Rain.

Massage.

Answered the various letters that had accumulated.

Went at 3 to Papini and offered 140,000 francs for this house and the two *poderi*. He said he would transmit the offer to Lord Westbury. Full of hope.

Began Gilbert Murray’s *Rise of the Greek Epic*, of which Logan writes: “I find it very irritating, full of interesting things, but scrappy and confused and fanatical. One doesn’t mind the things he says in talk, because his voice means the opposite of what he says, but his ideas in unmitigated print won’t do at all. He really hates poetry and Homer and indeed all art. Like William James in intellectual matters, Gilbert Murray is in art the delightful and genial, and at the same time, the dark and dangerous enemy.”

[0353] Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1907

Mist.

Massage.

Lunched with the Fabbris.

[0354] Thursday, Nov. 28, 1907

I Tatti.

Cloudy. Warmer.

Work. Massage.

Lina came to stay with Aunt Janet, and she and Aubrey dined here.

[0355] Friday, Nov. 29, 1907

Warmer. Then 70º

Massage. Walk.

Called on Mrs. Ross and Lina.

[0356] Saturday, Nov. 30, 1907

I Tatti.

Dull.

Massage. Walk.

Lina came in in the morning, looking very beautiful in a large green hat. The darling little boy was with her, who gave Bernhard a “Bears’ Hug”.

[0357] Sunday, Dec. 1, 1907

Rainy.

Work.

Craig and Mrs. Carr came to lunch. He very vague and enthusiastic, and rather faun-like and winning. But so vague, it would be misery to have anything to do with him. They went to the Gamberaia while B.B. and I had a walk. When they came back, they had some more tea, and ate (we both thought) for dinner as well. Mrs. Carr told me they hadn’t a penny left, none of them!

 [0358] Monday, Dec. 2, 1907

Warm.

Worked.

Gronau came to lunch.

I drove him to town and was nearly at the Villa Curonia when the Dodge’s motor appeared with Miss Fletcher and Miss Clark, who took me in, and came here to tea. Rembelinski was also here.

A good story is of a card-player and gambler whom a priest was trying to convert. He was explaining to him the mysteries of the Faith. The Gambler was especially troubled about God’s omnipotence. The priest went on about the “First Cause”, and “The All”, and so on, and at last, in a tone of devout enquiry the convert asked, “What would God take the ace of trumps with?”

[0359] Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1907

Steady rain.

Algar Thorold.

The Mathers came to lunch, but not much was said or done. I went to town on various errands.

Algar is very entertaining, speaking chiefly of Sodomy. He has known all the High Priests. He says that J. Addington Symonds met Oscar in Italy, who gave him a letter of introduction for Ricketts and Shannon. Symonds rushes there at once from his train, and suggests business, to the intense horror of the two respectable artists. Furious and red, behind his shaggy beard, Symonds stammers out, “But don’t you —? aren’t you? I thought you were friends of Oscar!”

[0360] Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1907

Rainy.

Algar.

Worked.

Another Symonds tale of how he and the Master of Balliol (Jowett) found themselves in a brougham driving together to the funeral of a Balliol celebrated man, soon after there had been a great row in the College about the deplorable tastes of some of the boys.

Said Symonds, “Master, it is too bad. People have grown so suspicious that I can scarcely ask a boy to tea, much less to stay all night. Why, who knows what they mightn’t say about you and me, taking this long drive shut up together?!”

“I think you’re a very nasty man”, said the Master, and relapsed into a silence unbroken for the rest of the drive.

Brauer came to see B.B. to tell him that, after all, the Metropolitan Museum have refused to take the Turas — a loss of £1,500 for us, alas!

[0361] Thursday, Dec. 5, 1907

Rainy.

Algar.

Worked.

Mr. J. H. Breck came to lunch, a feeble, unimportant pupil of Denman Ross.

Craig sent up his etchings, asking B.B. to write a preface. We had to take them 400 francs. B.B. does not particularly like them.

[0362] Friday, Dec. 6, 1907

Steady warm rain.

Algar Thorold.

Worked. Pintoricchio.

Bernhard and Algar went to town, and I walked in the rain to the Gamberaia and back to see Miss Blood’s sister, Mrs. Saunders.

Algar and I sat up and talked of the Hapgoods. He of course doesn’t tell how he tried to make underhand love to Neith, while assuring his wife that it was she who made all the advances and that he was more than indifferent! But then neither did Neith tell us that she had told Algar about Miss Blood ——!!

Hutchins, Algar says, really fell very much in love with Theresa, but not she with him. In fact, the last part of the time, she utterly refused to have a single *tête à tête* walk or talk with him.

And “such is life”, where people are silly enough and *désoeuvré* enough to keep playing at love. I cannot think it a pursuit much more amusing than it is profitable, but it amuses me to hear about it.

[0363] Saturday, Dec. 7, 1907

Heavy and warm.

Algar Thorold.

Mrs. V. Heiroth

Worked. Perugino and School.

M. et Mme Maurice Denis came to lunch, and were very amusing with anecdotes of Forain and Bernard, *le père de l’impressionnisme — un monstre qui a sorti de ses entrailles mais que le père a renié*.

Algar and I drove to his house and got a book he wanted, and I walked back, while he drove into town to fetch Mme Heiroth, that beautiful Russian woman we knew through Neith.

I found Mrs. Carr here, sent by Gordon Craig (a caddish thing to do) to tell me they are all *sous le sou*, and urge me to make a Florentine syndicate for running G.C. His German backer has given out, and he can’t pay any of the people he has decoyed into his service. He is the most irresponsible and the vaguest man alive — with something of the charm of a faun, too, or of Denys l’Auxerrois, but of course hopelessly unpractical and inevitably sinking to the sordid.

[0364] Sunday, Dec. 8, 1907

Cloudy. Warm.

Algar Thorold, Mrs. von Heiroth

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. We all went to the Gamberaia, Bernhard and I walking there and back. The Maurice Denys *et famille* were there.

We talked of “Subject No 1” in the evening after the Houghtons had gone. Mrs. H. is so enchanting when she says something very “grown up”, for she has a delicate, flower-like face, with exquisite pure lines and a dove-like expression. She is most exquisitely a lady. Poor dear! Agnes says she is quite sure her “husband” doesn’t mean ever to come back to her, especially now when she is going to have a baby. And she hasn’t any money at all.

Bernhard said that Craig’s mind was “cotton wool with occasional flashes of lighting”. In a perfect society he would be supported by the state for the sake of those flashes, which may, sometime, reveal something.

 [0365] Monday, Dec. 9, 1907

Cloudy. Hot.

Mrs. von Heiroth.

Worked all morning. B.B. on Raphael.

Walked after lunch. Mrs. H. grows more and more charming, and Algar’s susceptible heart is kindled. He had to go away to stay with his friend Mellor and he hated to go. He told me an epigram of Oscar Wilde’s about Arthur Symonds: “An Egoist without an Ego.”

**Bernhard said that it was Herbert Horne who introduced him to Oscar**, and that Oscar came to see him the next day and said, “Couldn’t you find anything better to introduce you?” He loathed Horne. Perhaps he would loathe him less now, if all reports be true!

[0366] Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1907

Rainy.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Massage. Work.

A very jolly day talking of “amour gout” and “amour passion”. Algar has never had anything but the former. Horne was coming to dinner, but it rained pitilessly.

[0367] Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1907

Damp.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Massage. Work.

B.B. and I went on a picnic to Bagazzano with Fabbri.

Day of chat and flirtation between Algar and the pretty lady. We left her alone and went to dine with the Labouchères.

Dora was looking marvellously beautiful. Algar complimented her on it, “*La virginité me va*!” she said. (Her husband is notoriously tired of her, and has taken several mistresses openly.) She said if Carlo de Rudini could get the Egyptian brick works to succeed, he would stay with her; if not, they would have a separation. She didn’t much care which. “He is far too old for me” was perhaps the most significant thing she said.

Mrs. Labouchère refused to have anything whatever to do with Gordon Craig. She said his mother had lost £18,000 over one of his experiments.

[0368] Thursday, Dec. 12, 1907

I Tatti. Rainy. Thunderstorm.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Work. Massage. Raphael.

Very jolly day of chat. Algar is most entertaining, and so is the pretty lady. We made her take down her lovely long honey-coloured hair.

The Huttons came to dine in the evening.

I called on Mrs. Ross.

Bernhard went to town and called on Placci, who was just arriving, and on Countess Serristori.

Mr. Breck called brining a picture which he was loath to admit as a forgery, though we saw it at a glance.

[0369] Friday, Dec. 13, 1907

I Tatti. Clear but showery.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Massage. Work. B.B. began the Sienese.

Algar and Mme. H. and I drobe to La Fontanella. I walked home, and they drove.

Miss Blood came to tea, looking 100 years old, and rather crusty and hateful. We all felt it.

Mme H. put on my Empire dress, and looked so lovely with her bare shoulders that B.B. and Algar in self-defence talked theology the whole evening. I went to bed early with a headache.

Algar said that one day he was in the tram and a woman threw herself out of window and was killed directly in view of the tram. Everybody shrieked and exclaimed except a young Franciscan who without one second’s hesitation gave her extreme unction through the tramcar window.

B.B. called on Mrs. Ross and brought back the appalling news that she means to come and be his secretary!!

[0370] Saturday, Dec. 14, 1907

I Tatti. Rain.

Algar, Mme von Heiroth.

Well ——!! This house is ours at last. The *fattore* came today to tell us that Lord Westbury has accepted our offer of £135,000 plus the “*stima*”, of cattle, horses, *arnesi*, etc., which comes to another £5,000. This settles a long-standing anxiety, for it was so awful to think of being turned out at the end of our term, in May 1909.

Marilli came after luncheon to tell us, and later we drove to town, did some errands and called on Placci.

The servants got up up a little “*festa*” in the evening with endless candles and flowers in the dining room. I think they are all pleased.

We had an amusing talk in the evening. B.B. said he always liked to keep a cool head, tête frappée, calves’ head frappée, he added. Mme von Hieroth invented a new word, “abnormous”.

I forgot that “un certo ’Orne” came to dine.

Finished Murray’s *Rise of the Greek Epic.*

[0371] Sunday, Dec. 15, 1907

I Tatti. Very warm. Beautiful.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

It was absurdly pleasant to wake up in *our own* house. Everything seemed more delightful, and I was very happy until the post came, bringing a letter from Alys, who had gone with Karin and Dr. Heath to consult another specialist, Dr. Jenkins, who gave the worst account of her left ear, “the new ear” we have hoped so much from. He seemed to think it could never hear again, and, worse than that, that there was tuberculosis of the bone. This cast me down so utterly that I have wanted all day just to take Karin in my arms and die, both of us, before she suffers more.

I thought I should go out alone, but I decided to stay and receive Gordon Craig and his friend Carr, and Placci, who all came to lunch.

Placci tried to interview Craig, but of course without result, as well get a running stream to explain its course. *C’est un fou enfermé* was Placci’s verdict when Craig had bid us an embittered farewell, embittered by his being forced to see we did not mean to devote our lives and fortunes to him.

Mr. Morgan and Mr. \_\_ Knight called, la Baronne de Favrot and Miss Maedongal.

Bernhard dined with Mme Narischkine, and we three had an amusing talk. It is two a.m. but I am afraid to go to bed for haunting thoughts of darling Karin.

 [0372] Monday, Dec. 16, 1907

Gloriously fine.

Algar.

I feel perfectly cast down about poor Karin, and hardly know how I shall be able to meet her and help her bear her trouble. Well, I must.

Dora De Rudini came to lunch, fearfully well dressed, and looking pretty, but like a cocotte, and her manners and talk were scarcely those of a lady. She had a walk with B.B. and told him she hadn’t a shred of love left for her husband, and that she now considered him *stupid* — the last straw. But she means to stick by him as long as he will let her, and then, if he insists on a separation, she will get a divorce.

I called on Mrs. Ross and then drove to town with Algar and Mme von Heiroth.

In the evening we talked, Lagar telling us incredible tales of the “abnormous” tastes and practices of his acquaintances. He says that when the Duchess Massari was about to be married, she asked her sister, Checcina [Francesca?] D’Orsay, what it was all about, and the Count and Countess D’Orsay thereon gave her tableau vivant in the drawing-room.

He spoke of Charlie Inglefield, who as a gentle man and a professional as well, who used to have half of both houses at his teas in Baker St. till he was advised by a friend in authority to leave the country. He is now in Milan — is that why Pritchard is there?

[0373] Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1907

Glorious.

Algar.

Bernhard went in to attend his Commission on the frescoes at Santa Maria Novella, and visited the Carmine and Pitti.

He had lunch with the Serristori, and talked with Rembielinski about Karin. R. says that local tuberculosis is not hard to cure, and that it is not inherited. What she has might happen to anyone. But if her hearing goes,I wonder if she will care to live. I shouldn’t. Poor, poor child. But I must get a different, brave frame of mind before tomorrow.

Mather came to lunch, and then I walked alone to Fiesole and called on Miss Paterson. Bernhard called on Miss Priestley and had a walk with her.

Algar goes on telling us strange tales of our friends and acquaintances. There is a man in the Borgo de’ Pinti called Pasquale, who provides boys — Enfants Jésus — for the Brotherhood, and Horne is commonly reported to have three a week from the Pasquale establishment. Algar says Horne’s favourite artistic discourse is about whether Leonardo was or wasn’t.

Algar has fallen in love with Mme von Heiroth, and is earnestly praying (?) her husband may not return for awhile.

[0374] Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1907

**Karin arrives**    [blank]

[0375] Thursday, Dec. 19, 1907

[blank]

[0376] Friday, Dec. 20, 1907

[blank]

[0377] Saturday, Dec. 21, 1907

[blank]

[0378] Sunday, Dec. 22, 1907

Very dull.

Karin. Algar.

 [0379] Monday, Dec. 23, 1907

Warm. Heavy.

Karin, Algar.

Mr. and Mrs. Childers (Molly Osgood) lunched here, but in the morning Karin and I had been with Alberto and Miss Brown to the Medici Tombs, S. Lorenzo and S. Spirito.

The Countess Serristori and Rembielinski came to tea, and Karin had the Coits and Keltons and played Demon.

We spoke of *Adolphe*, which B.B. and I have been re-reading. The Countess Serristori felt that it was leaving all the essential to omit all reference to their physical love. She couldn’t see that that is so much the same always, that it can be taken for granted, and that the psychological interest must be elsewhere, where there is more chance of difference. She was awfully amused with Ray’s *World at 18* too, which also left out all definite reference to sexuality.

B.B. and I called on Mrs. Ross.

[0380] Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1907

Rainy.

Karin, Algar.

We went to the Uffizi with Alberto and Miss Brown and Louba.

Karin motored awhile first with Edmund.

We had tea together at Doney’s, and then drove Mme v. Heiroth back here to spend her Christmas eve.

Bernhard, Algar and Placci went to see M. Denis’ pictures. Placci came back to tea, and insisted on my praising his new book of automobile sketches.

[0381] Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1907

Heavy,

Karin, Algar.

Bernhard felt very ill, with another boil coming on. Miss Hutchinson, a good, dreary, be-dulling Newnham don, came to lunch, and stayed till 4. Karin felt ill with a boil on her leg, and lay down.

Nelly Erichsen called.

Mme von H. was pretty, flirtatious, amusing, but we all felt she was desperately unhappy.

We drove her down at 7, and Karin and I went to dine at the Spaldings, and Algar at the Labouchères, leaving B.B. to rice and eggs alone here.

Alberto played a Bach sonata (f minor) divine, and some fascinating old variations.

[0382] Thursday, Dec. 26, 1907

Heavy and rainy.

Karin, Algar.

Went to Academy with Algar and Miss Brown. The doctor came when we got back and saw Karin’s boil, and found it was an abscess.

B.B. also has a boil, and neither of the poor things can sit normally on their chairs.

Bernhard remarked, “Our fathers have eaten sour grapes and their children are set on edge.”

Algar and Karin and I played Cutthroat Bridge in evening and discussed Free Will.

[0383] Friday, Dec. 27, 1907

Rainy.

Karin, 3 Coits, 2 Keltons

Poor Karin turns out to have a serious abscess in her groin. Dr. Giglioli came just as Alberto and Irene Brown arrived, and he hurt her awfully dressing it. She had to cry, and \_\_\_\_\_ to come down red-eyes, but was very plucky. They guessed Botticellis (true \_\_\_\_ false) all wrong, and were much amused. Then the Coits came and played Demon. They stayed to dinner and all night.

Bernhard dined with Agnes Steffenburg, and Algar with Mme v. Heiroth. He *is* selfish! He talked to me a long time this morning of his “hopes”, and how hard it would be to deceive Theresa, who has become very skillful in finding out his “affaires”. He even suggested having a false “affaire”, to put her off the track ... and was unpleasantly hauled up when I said that was deliberately planning to give her pain. I do not think Mascha will have him, unless in desperation at being deserted.

[0384] Saturday, Dec. 28, 1907

Damp.

Karin, Algar.

Karin laid up.

[0385] Sunday, Dec. 29, 1907

Damp.

Karin, Algar.

Karin laid up.

Alberto and family came to call.

 [0386] Monday, Dec. 30, 1907

Damp.

Karin, Algar.

Karin laid up.

Acton and Placci came to lunch.

Aunt Janet called.

[0387] Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1907

Warm. Damp.

Algar.

Caught a fearful cold.

Dora de Rudini to lunch.

Karin spent night at Coits, after lunching with Houghtons.