**VERSIONE CORRETTA 15/08/2024**

**IDM**

**1916**

Mary Whitall Berenson

I Tatti

Settignano

Italy. Florence

[007]

Saturday, January 1, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Naima Löfroth, Cecil Pinsent

6 lunch, 6 dinner

Wasted a good deal of time (if it is waste) walking with Geoffrey. I hope it clears his mind and fortifies him: but I see him doomed to greatunhappiness in the affair in which he is embarked. However, probably even Something with an unhappy ending is better than Nothing, for the Young.

We went with Lina and Gordon and Julia to the Actons’ children’s party - a badly managed affair with too many vulgar flirting Florentines at it, crowding out the children.

Walter Dowdeswell came to dine and was very clownish and amusing, telling ghost stories and reciting comic poems.

[008]

Sunday, January 2, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Naima [Löfroth] Cecil [Pinsent]

Muggy

6 lunch, 5 dinner

I went down to see Miss Priestly at her hospital. I saw a man whose jaw and tongue had been shot off, and others who have lost limbs, especially from frost-bite. I took there some Fels Naptha soap, the best cleaning soap there is.

Then I called for Miss Cochrane and brought her up to lunch. She has some sort of spiritistic crank at theback up her head, the old goose. I tookher to Mrs. Ross.

B.B and Naima took a walk and Geoffrey spent the day with M.M., who seems a nicer person than she did at first.

Julia had a day in bed, as it was her first monthly time, poor child.

[009]

Monday, January 3, I Tatti

Julia, Geoffrey [Scott]

Muggy

4 lunch, 3 dinner

Took Mrs. Ross to Miss Ogilvy’s funeral and came back. Had a long walk with Geoffrey, who has almost convinced me that M[arcella] M[ichela] is rather a brick in lots of ways. He dined at Sybil’s and B.B. I were alone for once. I read Fisher’s “Napoleon

[010]

Tuesday, January 4, 1916, I Tatti

Julia

Glorious day, very warm

4 lunch, 3 dinner

De Nicola came to see B.B. Geoffrey and I had a morning walk in the laghetto,an exceptional affair, because of the exceptional day. De Nicola stayed to lunch.He was at the Front at Plava, but lacked all power to tell about anything**.**

I motoredhim down and G[eoffrey. We picked up M[arcella] M[ichela] and I took them towardsBagni a Ripoli and started them on awalk - much better for them there stuffing indoors. She looked very beautiful andI felt drawn to her. I thinkif I were in [Geoffrey]’splace my head would be turned, but he seemsto keep his balance miraculously**.** Long may it last.

Called on Yoïwhere I met her sister and Byba**.** Picked up Julia and Gordonat Villa Medici.

B.B and I alone

[011]

Wednesday, January 5, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

Misty

(3 lunch 9 dinner)

The boys gave a children’s party to which also Naima and Lina went, butI didn’t. I had a walkalone, trying to composemy mind and soul, and B.B. had a walk with Sybil.If one’s feelingscould only harmonize with one’s judgment.

Capt. Perry came to tea**,** and Mr. and Mrs. Trench, Mr. Dumonts,the boys, and Lina to dinner.

Geoffrey stayedand talked and talkedtill nearly2. Perhaps it helps him to see clearly, but that does have solittle influence on actions and feelings!

[014]

Thursday, January 6, 1916, I Tatti

Julia

Misty turning to fine

(5 lunch 3 dinner)

Geoffrey decided to take things lightly in spite of the earnest and soulful vocabulary. He is certainly happier and more contented. Before this came, he found living in Florence ratherstale**.** He had M[arcella] M[ichela] to tea**.**

Julia and Maeve Trench and Gordonplayed in the Laghetto, while B.B and Lina and I had a splendid walk on the hill. Signora Bozzelli and her sweet little daughter Miriam were here when we came back, andlater her lover, Guido Ferrando, came in. She is intense and inexpressive.

B.B wrote an article on a picture in Detroit by Giovanni Paolo di Agostini.Rather dull**,** needs rewriting.

[013]

Friday, January 7, 1916, I Tatti

Julia

Misty but not bad

(4 lunch 3 dinner)

Shopped with Lina and the children for the Party. I hate all the fuss,yet do not feel it isan undesirable thing in itself. Young people rouse you.

Had a long walk with Geoffrey, who is (of course) drifting in and in**.** He nowhas“absolute confidence in her purity and innocence and sincerity”- of course he may be right, but I cannot believe it ofa girl grown to26 in such surroundings,with such recklessness**,** so self-absorbed - and an Italian. It is fantastic. But it is useless to contradicthim. I should only makehim hate me, and probably acceleratethe course of things by opposition. Besides, I may be wrong. I hope I am. But I see a very painful tragedy ahead.However**,** being a Cassandrais a poor trade, and youth faces many dangers without going under**.** Only Geoffrey has been so unluckybefore, though full of beautiful dreamsand confidence**.** I am very anxious.

[012]

Saturday, January 8, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent] N[aima] L[öfroth] Iris [Cutting] Gordon [Waterfield]

4 lunch 8 dinner

We had a children’s party consisting of Julia, Iris Cutting, Gordon Waterfield, Gigliola and Renzo Giglioli, 2 Brawley, Maeve Trench, Paquita Rogermeyer, 4 Casarti and Pallavicinis, ElvythArbuthnot**,** 2 Actons, and various grown-ups, who formed the heavy and difficult part. However it went off very well. Iris and Gordon spent the night.

Geoffrey and I went down to the opera “Norma,”withMarcellaand her rather sad and faded lookingmother(a Fabbricotti)and Byba.The 2 girls looked verybeautifuland very “foreign.” Itwas like a page out of a novel by Ouida.Marcellais certainly very beautiful, vivid, brilliant, and vital.I haveseldom seen (outside of Gladys) a girl with more promise.But her eyes arehard,and she looks like a bird of prey - a beautiful one, but frightening - Very selfwilledand self-absorbed, but awfully interesting.Geoffrey may think himself lucky, unlesshe gets really in love.

[015]

Sunday, January 9, 1916, I Tatti

Julia G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent] N[aima] L[öfroth]

Fine and very warm

(8 lunch, 6 dinner)

Went on correcting B.B.’s dull and formlessand slovenly articles.I hate it worse than anything; his writing is a real insult.They are much worse than his letters. But all cloudsrolled away (not war cloud) by a glorious walk which he and I and Naima andGeoffrey took to Bagazzano, under a crystal clear sky, with a bracing wind. Geoffrey talked about Marcella all the way. It is some consolation in their many absences, for she is by no means free to go to see him even on her non-hospital days.The endless things he **\_\_** to say and I to listen. For it interests me, and I want him so to be happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumonts and Mr. Mitchell came to call. The latter is like a plump wax figure, inside and out.

[016]

Monday, January 10, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Glorious. Warm:

4 lunch, 4 dinner

Such a day! A marvel of marvels. But I couldn’t employit well, as I had engagements. I tookLina and Gordon and Julia to thePitti - what a poor lot of pictures with a few gems - the Granduca,the Dama Velata,the Aretino and the “Young Englishman” and parts of the Concert and of the Rubens. Goodness how one changes!

We called on Sir Thomas Dich Lauder (out**)** and Lady Enniskillenwho talked a lot of gossip. Tea’d,shopped, and picked up Geoffrey,who had had a visit from M[arcella] M[ichela]

Cookdifficulties, as usual, since that devil Aristealeft.

Long talk with Geoffrey.Such things are endless

[017]

Tuesday, January 11, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Geoffrey Scott

Glorious cooler

3 lunch, 3 dinner

Dismissed the cook. Whata bore. B.B droveand walked with Sybil. Geoffrey and I motored to Terzano,behindBagni [sic] a Ripoli, and thenwalked over the Incontroto Villamagna.It was absolutelyDIVINE. For the first time since it began, I think, I forgot about the war for several hours on end. Geoffrey on the unending theme, but he is always subtle, amusing**,** kind and profound. He really isn’t much in love, thoughshe’s awfully nice. Curious how these thingsgo.

Left him at Byba’s**,** and he dined at Sybil’s**,** where I called to pick up B.B and say goodbye to Lady Limerickand Capt. Perry.

[018]

Wednesday, January 12, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Geoffrey

Splendid weather

(5 lunch, 3 dinner)

No cook but Amerigomanaged somehow. I went in to the Carrels, takingMrs. Ross to call on Miss Murray, and we then called for Miss Prestleywhom I brought back to lunch. We had a glorious walk over the downfor S. Clemente**.** Geoffrey had justheardthat Marcella Michela has scarlet fever.He is sure to have caught it. It is a great disappointment. He called there and left flowersand a note,and then went to the Casa di Cura.

[019]

Thursday, January 13, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Geoffrey

Cold rain

(4 lunch 4 dinner)

Miss Grace Hubbard to lunch, an earnest person, seeking to be fair and honest in her thoughts and views. We all liked her.

Called on Loeser**s** with Mrs. Dumonts and Geoffrey, B.B and Sybil.

Salverminiand Mme Luchaireto dine. Talked of the ideal api-cultural Italy,which no one wants.

Geoffrey dined with Sybil who held long discorsi to prove that B.B was quite wrong in saying she was “self-absorbed”

[020]

Friday, January 14, I Tatti

Glorious. Warm

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

(4 lunch 5 dinner)

Prepared villinofor Geoffrey’s pass:the scarlet fever. Lina came along and Gordon climbed on the roof with Julia.

Had a long and glorious walk with B.B. over the Scavito the very top and backby Fiesole. He went to see Sybil and I was picked up by Lady Enniskillenwho brought me home. Sybil was still going on about *not* being self-absorbed, her very tenacity and volubilityprovingshe was!

Geoffrey had a walk with Byba, who came in to tea and discussed common acquaintances. He had a letter from Marcella Michela and wrote use!

[021]

Saturday, January 15, I Tatti

Glorious

Julia, Naima Geoffrey Cecil

( 3 lunch, 6 dinner)

Decided about the pergolaetc. with the boys, chiefly repairing Aubrey Waterfield’s original mistakes. He knew nothing about planning a garden!

Julia lunched with the Arbuthnots, and I went to get her, after having had a long and beautiful walk with B.B, back from “The Tree” to Fiesole. He said he had tried to help Sybil about her appalling self-absorbition**,** but she spends so much timeand ingenuity proving to him that she isn’tself-absorbed, that he is bored and disgusted with the whole thing. She said that he made her afraid of him, she could care so muchmore for himand give him so much more if it weren’t for that - and he nearly cried out “You give me too much already!”

She spends hours, too, talkingto Cecil and Geoffrey to refuteB.B.’s accusation of being self-absorbed - just the proof that she is.

[022]

Sunday, January 16, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Geoffey Scott, Cecil, Pinsent, Naima Löfroth

6 lunch, 6 dinner

Julia and Gordon lunched at Villa Medici.B.B. and Nardies [Naima?] had a walk, and I picked up Julia and had tea at the Actons, and then called on Mrs. Ross and Lina.

[023]

Monday, January 17, 1916, I Tatti

Julia, Geoffey Cecil

Grey

(5 lunch 9 dinner)

Nails and dressoccupied Julia’s morning, while I interviewed cooks, etc.

B.B. and I walked from the Tree to Fiesole.

Prince Paul, MissHulton**,** Aunt Janet, Lina, and the boys dined here. Aunt Janetbrought her photograph albumand the Prince was much interested to meeta person who had known Thacheray and Dickens and Meredith and Kinglake, and de Lesseps and Ferdinaso (as they call him) of Bulgaria.

[024]

Tuesday, January 18, 1916, I Tatti

Dump and grey

Julia, Geoffey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

(5 lunch 3 dinner)

Took Julia to the Academy and Pitti. She forgot her spectacles, but doesn’t care much anyhow for old pictures, and did not seem to want to know why people liked them. I did not force her. I left her at Villa Medici and Geoffrey and I walked home through the woods.

B.B. dined with Sybil. A heavy cold overcame me, but I took about 10 remedies:

1. turkishbath

2. purge

3. quinine

4. asperine

5. gargle listerine

6. “ dioxygen

7. Nasaldouche of Dobell’s solution

8. Rhinitis etc. in nose

9. Cold throat compress

10. Hot drink

Quarrelled with Geoffrey over the never settled question of punctuality. I daresay I am too fussy,andI must try to be more easy-going for fussinessdefeat the end for which punctuality exists, i.e. to grease the machinery of life!

[025]

Wednesday, January 19, 1916, I Tatti

Julia Geoffey Cecil

Dumonts to dine.

[026]

[Thursday, January 20]

Julia Geoffey Cecil

BoughtJulia’s photos**.** Got passports etc.for all the children.

Yoï came to lunch. She seems old and dispirited and has no more joy in her. Her mother in-law has been here for months, and has been too much for her. She didn’t even flirtwithGeoffrey!

Salvemini**,** MmeLuchaire and Sybil came to dine.

[027]

Friday, January 21, 1916, I Tatti

Julia Geoffey Cecil

Last fusses over passports. No cook, general buzz.Geoffrey feels very sawdustyabout his intimate affairs - a complete collapse of enthusiasm**.** But this went last.

Dr. Giglioliand his wife came to dine. She is half crazy, I think, and his interesting talk boresher to tears.

[028]

Saturday, January 22, 1916, Hotel Savoy, Genova

Started with Julia and Gordon Waterfield, and the 2 Acton boys. I love traveling with children.

[029]

Sunday, January 23, 1916, Train to Paris

Karin’sdaughter was born at 10 a.m. and menot there to see her through it! However everything was “normal” i.e. unusual.

[030]

Monday, January 24, 1916, Havre to Southampton, Paris

Bribedchildren to sleep and had lunch with Edith Wharton.

Awful crowd on quai at Havre**.** Beastly arrangement. Should had to sit up all night in corridor of boat but for an angelic American youth named Porter, who gave me his cabin.

[031]

Tuesday, January 25, 1916, Ray’s London

Hours on the quai at Southamptonand reached London only at 4 o’clock. Came straight to Aly’s. Went on to seeKarin and her little baby whom Adrian wants to name AN (!) Karin had the folly to take only one room in the place she found for herself (I had a lovely nursing-home ready for her, so she is disturbedby the nurse and baby. But as she is perfectly well, it doesn’t somuch matter.

Came out to Barbara’s bath **“**It’s Granma Mary!” she shouted – and then she said “Two Granmas, Granma Mary and Gramma Auntilu(to Aly’s grand delight). She turned somersaults and swam “like a mermaid” in her bath, and was heavenly, and adorable.

[032]

Wednesday, January 26, 1916, Ray’s, London

Britten.

Emily to lunch with Alys, and Logan and me. Went to Karin’s.

[033]

Thursday, January 27, 1916, Ray’s [London]

In bedwith sore-throat**.**

Didn’teven see Barbara.

[034]

Friday 28-Saturday 29, 1916, Ray’s, London

Seeing Karin

[035-039]

Blank

[040]

Thursday, February 3, 1916, At Ray’s, in London

Saw Karin - lunched with Emily whose situation remains the same,a sometimes very cross and nagging and extremely garrulousmother who never goes out and won’t be left alone a minute. But Emily has bravelymade turns with her narrow life.

We went to the National Gallery and saw Mrs. Glenny who was copying a picture - I hadn’t seen her since 13 years ago when we stayed with her in Buffalo. She was then rich and beautiful and strong and surrounded by friends. She is now poor, her fatface all pulled out of shape by paralysis**,** husband,and lovely daughter Alice dead, livingwith the other daughter and a singingteacher inlodgings **-** It was ghostly to see her.

Percy Lubbock came to dine at Aly’s. He was awfully nice, so quiet and serene, and so honest, not pretending to know or judge about mattershe wasn’tfully informed about. If we could all be like that - !

[041]

Friday, February 4, 1916, Ray’s, London

Peggy James came to lunch and told us that her uncle Henry had been conscious for a few minutes to receive the Order of Merit from Lord Bryce.He knows nothing of the War. Even when he thinkshe is in Paris, he is only to be going around with Daudet.

Alys and I, after shopping for the girls, calledon MildredMinturn Scott to see Geoffrey’s mother. Mildred’shair had just been dyed a vivid copper. Her silhouette against her light looked rather attractive, but her house was untidy and the general unhappiness was disagreeable. Mrs. Scott looked much older, poor darling old lady, but kept up her gaiety and spirit. She is a marvel.

Called on Sulley.

[042]

Tuesday, February 1, 1916, Ray’s, London

Alys and Ray and I went house-hunting in Cambridge for Karin.

I think it was this day that Eric MacLagancame to see me at Aly’s, and the MacCarthysto lunch.

[043]

Saturday, February 5, 1916, Logan’s, London

Karin moved here, after 2 weeks exactly in nursing-home. She has had absolutely no complications.

The Thoroldsand Miss Trelawney came to lunch at Aly’s. Theresa was especially delightful. I called on the Gibsons and then on Mary Crawshay**.**

As Oliver was spendingthe weekend at the Morrells and Ray in the New Forest with her sisters-in-law, Barbara and I came and stayed with Logan. I took her to the MacCarthy’s.

[044]

Sunday, February 6, 1916, Logan’s, London, with Barbara

Took Barbara to see aunty Kali’s baby and then to play with the little Enthoven’s**,** Yoï’sniece and nephew. She sether mouth in a hard determined line and seizedtheir blocks and built her own castle, beating them off if they triedto join her game. At the end she hugged the little boy “like a bear, to kill him” and I carried her away much mortified.

The darling old Aunt and Uncle Ormandcame in after Church to see me, and I representedYoï’s condition in the rosiest colors.

Christina Bremnerand Maurice Brockwell come to lunch - rather a frost**.** Logan andI went out to Doughty House and saw the Cooks and their new pictures the SpencerRembrandt, the VelasquezIdidn’t buy and the Titian “La Schiavona”- all glorious, although Roger Frysays “no one believesin the Velasquez.” But the milieu - s!!

[045]

Monday, February 7, 1916, Logan’s, London, with Barbara

Went with Logan to Chilling and found Alys there since 2 days doing what she could to hurry on the dilatory workers who had promised to have everything ready to put the furniture in place. It was very lovely there, with Constableeffects of sky arethe meadows and Sound. A really heavenly spot.

[046]

Tuesday, February 8, 1916, Ray’s, London

Went with Ray to see her surgeon who advises on operation (with abdominal incision) to remove a small fibroid growth in the womb, which may prevent pregnancy. If Ray could only have it now. I could see her though, but she is very busy till the 20th over their Annual Meeting. Great indecision.

Met Brockwell at Burlington Fine ArtsClub and afterwards he took me to see Sir Hugh P. Lane’s Titian(Portrait of Baldassarre Castiglione in black) at his house in Cheyne Walk, now inhabited by his sister, Mrs. Schein andLady Gregory,a delicious little old lady with sweet eyes and mind, Victorian aspect, was there.

Called on Karin, who lives in such a piggish way that it makesme quiteuncomfortableto go there. It is like Mary Houghton. She and Adrian are so much in love that they apparently notice nothing, Adrian seems to me very incompetent - not very agreeable – except to Karin)

Dined with Gutekunsts.

[047]

Wednesday, February 9, 1916, Ray’s, London

Horrible and uselessstruggles with the dressmakersin Durrants**,** said to be so very good, but failing so signallyeither to fit me or to give me honest material and sound work**.** It is my usual luck**.**

~~Went to Karin’s~~ Shopped, etc. Ray and Oliverand I dined with the Amoses. Morris talked very mechanicallyit seemed to me, as if his mind was just woundup. But he put immense gusto into it.

Emily and Alys and I lunched ah the Cluband then, “for a spree,” Emily and Iwent to hear Alys speak(which shedid very well) to a HightgateWomen’s Competition Society,on “Mothercraft.” Tea at Karin’s, who appeared dirty and ragged, in a horridconfusion, but gay and amusing and winning. Adriansilent and snuffyas usual.

[048]

Thursday, February 10, 1916, Ray’s, London

Shopped and saw Karin. Called on Dr. Heath who whopped down on me a bill for £88 for treatment of Karin’s ear. Called on Louis Duveen, who reportedthings in America as very flourishing. Mr. and Mrs. Prodder to lunch. What a chatterer she is!

Went to hear Ray speak on her **“**Service for Women” scheme. She did it very well.

Then I went to the Whitallswho gave a little reception in my honorto all their young literary and artistic friends. It was a charming atmosphere of Youth. Mrs. Colefax introduced a strident note.

Keynes came to dine at Ray’s. Hesigns cheques for a million pounds a day. He says the Italians are by far the most grasping and the most “impossible” of all the people they have to us with. I can’t believe it.

Gotpassport vise’d**.**

[049]

Friday, February 1, 1916, Ray’s, London

Last furious fight at Dressmakers’. The jacketwas so awful that they saw it would not do, although they “couldn’t understandit - such a thing had never happened before.”

Alys had a farewell tea, but I felt very ill and had to go to a Dr. (MacNaughton 33 upper Belgrave St**.**) who syringed my ear and gave me things for my neck and shoulder. I saw however Jo Robinson and Louise Kinsellaand the Whitalls**.** Barbara (the angel) was there. Emily and Ray and I dined, and A. had the inspiration of giving us some warmed-over mutton(horrible)as her farewell feast. The food is the worst any of us encounteredanywhere. She is tooeconomical.

Called on Lawsons**,** who, as usual, are at their last penny.She gets £\_\_ a week as head of

the Nurses’ hostel.

[050]

Saturday, February 12, 1916, Ray’s, London

Alys went off at 8:35 from Euston.She is going to N.Y. second class on a second-class steamer!

Eliza and I had a last row at the dressmaker’sover the blusewhich cost £2.2 and is so badly made that I can hardly wear it. Lunched with Karin and said goodbye.

Called on Mrs. Strong**.** Went with Ray to see her Exhibition of Vanessa’s pictures, quite horrible. The MacLaganswere there, full of disgust.

[051]

Sunday, February 13, 1916, Logan’s, London

Quiet day with Ray and Barbara but I feel very ill. The Huttonscame with their little boy, Peter, whose powersin drawing and arranging soldiersgreatly excited Barbara. Saw her in her bath - it was awful leaving her, but fortunately she scarcely took it in, and is sobusyin her child’s life anyhow not that she doesn’t care. Ray and Oliver have been perfectly delightful.

Roger Fry dined with me and Logan. He is always interesting, but has no judgment. He thinks Vanessa’s pictures are *s*uperb*.*She, by the way, has thrownhim over and taken Duncan Grantas her lover, the first womanhe ever took notice of. Her husband, Clive Bell, is making love to a cousin of Oliver’s, Mrs. Hutchinson, they are a queer lot.

[052]

Monday, February 14, 1916, Hotel Terminus, Paris

An awful crossing of 6 hours, everyone violently sea-sick. Things on the boat and dock so badly arrangedthat it made me blush for human incompetence.We stood for hours in the cold, crowded and furious, waiting to have our passports seen.

Arrived in Paris at 1 a.m.

[053]

Tuesday, February 15, 1916, 53 Rue de Varenne, Paris

Rather a wreck on coming here. Edith very busy - she is splendid.

Geoffrey busy too, but able to talk to me for hours about M.-!

[054]

Wednesday, February 16, 1916, 53 Rue de Varenne, Paris

Geoffrey Scott also at Edith Wharton’s

Rain and shine

So lazy and tired! Dr. Ischwal came about my fibroid poisoning in the neck**.** He said he could cure me.

Geoffrey and I went out to lunch with Ch. de Cossé. Mme Lydkyrck(?) was there, who was in Brusselsat the time of the German occupation. They took possession of her chateau for a night, and left it full of ordureseverywhere, carpets, chairs, beds… and they were officers!

Schlumberger came in, reporting hopeful conversations about French preparation and German demoralization.Such talk seems like echoes from centuries ago.

[055]

Thursday, February 17, 1916, Paris

Lovely day

Reinachcame and took me to call on Miss Nathalie Barney. A pre-historic (and stuffy) milieu à laStenbock (poor fellow) with the most hideous paintings and sculptures doneby some female artists patronaged by her. Hot incensevery strong, mélange of cheap Eastern things, good silver and flowers, white furs, pictures of nude or intense femaleseverywhere.

She has an incorrigible “way-back.” American twang, a good-natured, warm manners, is no longer pretty, and not at all tidy. The house was crowded and not dainty, all except the best bedroom (a circular Empire one) where she said Yoï made her decision to never away from her husband.

The Tylersand Ch. Du Bos came here to tea. Byba wrote to Geoffrey that Nikky was coming back thisSpring. Fearful upset, for the M[arcella] businessis going ahead and he hates the idea of giving it up. If Nikky had only waited a year -“or 18 months.” But he mustn’t spoil his future. He is miserable.

[056]

Friday, February 18, 1916, Paris

In bedwith a cold vergingon influenza.

Long conferences with Geoffrey who is working round to saying frankly that he wants to be free to marry N[ikky] if he finds they both care for each other. This is only fair to M[arcella] who is letting herself be swept along on the full tide of attraction - perhaps love -though she writes **“**Tu es le premier perle de mon collier rèvè**”**: significant words!!

Mme de Cossécame to see me. She said Edith was to be decorée *-* who really deserves it - and by herself not is the general group of American helpers.

Finished “Spoon River Anthology**”** and Well’s “Research Magnificent” - a book so close to one’s pulse, but so disgustingly common-placifying [*sic*]**.** Makes one quite uncomfortable. Edith doesn’t feel this**.**

[057]

Saturday, February 19, 1916, Paris

In bed with cold

Letter to Paul Bouget(authentic!)

Monsieur **-** Excusez la liberté que je prends de vous adresser cette lettre étrange. Voici le fait: j’ai 42 ans, je suis père de 4 enfants. J’aime ma femme qui m’adore, les circonstances ont voulu que je sois resté en relations quotidiennes avec une jeune fille qu’insensiblement je suis arrivé à aimer et qui m’aime. Ces relations, longtemps chastes, auraient pu changer si je n’étais devenue impuissantet cette impuissance qui se n’était jamais manifesté est désormais égale à l’égard de ma femme légitime et de celle qui, par scrupule d’abord, n’est jamais devenue ma maitresse.

Je me suis adressé à un médecin spécialiste (dont par discrétion je tairai le nom et que je connaissais nullement) et, après un échange de correspondances nombreuse, il termine nos relation par la lettre suivante dont je vous prie d’excuser les termes, pas trop flatteuses, dont je suis gratifié:

«Cher Monsieur, intelligent et cultivé, intéressant et indécis. Les circonstances actuelles (je viens d’être mobilisé) sont si peu favorables, vous avez un si grand besoin à être documenté pour que votre documentation entraine votre conviction. Factum essentiel au succès, que je préfère y senonar. Plus tard si on peut encore faire quelque chose, ma bonne volonté vous reste acquise.

Avec regrets, je garderai un très bon souvenir de vous….»

Voulez vous, Monsieur le psychologue, essayer de me donner un conseil? L’écrivain rissira-t-il [056] là ou l’homme de science avoue son *impuissance -* car je sens que mon cas teint plutôt de l’idée que du corps lui-même.

Quand cela ne vous servirait qu’à ajouter un chapitre à la physiologie de l’amour moderne, que je liserais le double des correspondances échangés que j’ai gardés.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l’expression de mes sentiments très distingués.

Emile Tauvez (Guingamp)

[058]

Sunday, February 20, 1916, Paris

In bed

Mme de Cossé called on me and dear Mrs. Cameronand Mrs. Royall Tyler - a snobbish, self-assertive, but very efficient lady. Geoffrey dined with them to meet Vollard.

[059]

Monday, February 21, 1916, Paris

Feeling very ill – worse - Weissmanncame. He says I can leaveon Saturday only. I sent off his letter about N[ikky] which he read to me. Very wise and sincere but goodness I think it will be of no use at all when they meet.

[060]

Tuesday, February 22, 1916, Paris

In bed

Mon cher ami,

Tous ce que tu m’écris à propos de Nicky n’a rien à faire avec mon silence de jours passés…Byba ne m’a pas parlé d’elle dernièrement: je lui ai demandé si elle avait reçu des nouvelles: le peu que nous l’avons nommée ce n’était pas en rapport à toi.

Il est vrai que parfois, joking, Byba m’a dit que tu avais un penchant pour elle ce que je trouvais tout à fait naturel (j’aime bien Nicky et je la trouve charmante) mais elle n’a jamais insisté excessivement là-dessus.

Geoffrey ce n’est pas gentil à toi d’avoir pensé à moi comme tu l’ai fait. Tu sais bien que je n’ai aucun droit sur toi ni sur ta vie si en n’est un droit d’honnête amitié mêlé à un sentiment réel et profonde d’appréciation mutuelle.

Pourquoi ne pas t’écrire, même en sachant que tu l’aimerais? Est-ce que ce jour ne viendra pas? Est-ce-que ce jour notre amitié devrait finir? A quoi bon alas? Elle, ou une autre, je sens que ton mariage n’est pas loin, et je tache de me faire une petite place prés de toi, une petite place aime qui pourra, avec un peu de [061]travail, être conservée. Je te rends, et tu le sais bien, une sincérité absolue, et je te remercie de tout ce que tu dis de Nicky. Si elle pourra faire ton bonheur, je serai heureuse moi-même. Je comprends parfaitement to situation présent et tes rapport avec elle. Je ne veux pas que la pensée de moi puisse te gêner d’aucune façon. Je ne suis pas mêlée à ta vie, mais à coté de ta vie – nous l’avons voulu ainsi, il est donc inutile que tu eu souffrir sans raison. Me trouves-tu trop raisonnable? Mon ami, il faut faire le possible per andare avanti *-* without rocks, as you say.

J’ai vu tant de choses laides dans ma vie, et même dernièrement, que j’ai soif de clarté, de anti mis-understanding. Je n’aurai plus énergie pour me travailler une amitié scabreuse et compliquée. Je cherche le simple que et ce n’est qu’a travers le simple que l’on touche en profond. Ne crois-tu pas? Alors c’est entendu, cher ami. Si tu la … si ta conviction se fera qu’elle est ta femme, tu l’aimera sans [062]contrainte, et il n’y aura pas besoin de me le cacher. C’est bon de voir les gens heureux, et les amis surtout. Tout cela ne me donne pas de tristesse, je te le dis avec sincérité. Au fond, je n’ai pas le sens de la possession, qui obsède tout le monde, je suis très impersonnelle, et à cause de cela, ni avide, ni jalouse. Je puis souffrir énormément, mais par ces raisons bien différents et plus directes. Je crois aussi que tu as besoin d’une vie ayant une base, et je sais que tu ferais du mariage la chose la meilleure et le plus esthétique possible. Il-y-a quelque chose d’énorme, d’immense et de manqué entre nous deux, qui n’est pas de notre faute et qui me donne parfois une nostalgie profonde. Les plus beaux amours sont ceux qui ne sont pas nés, ils conservent une puissance cachée et nuptieuse qui émane des très loin des arômes captivants. Nous sommes quelques lignes d’une grande ébranche on a parfois cette impression en regardant les esquisses des grands artistes – on y voit la semence de chefs d’œuvres qui n’eut jamais vu la lumière. [063] Quant à moi, ce n’est pas vrai que le mariage me soit a sheer necessity: même vu de coté de la liberté de l’action ma liberté se fait de plus en plus intérieure; plus ma monde intérieur …et , s’élargit, moins l’extérieur m’est sensible et nécessaire. Tu as toujours exagéré un peu, et pris à la lettre tout ce que j’ai dit à propos du mariage. Il est vrai qu’un ménage me serait presque insupportable, parce que la vie matérielle y aurait une prépondérance suffoquante (sic) [suffocante], et je ne suis pas faite par la lutte du pot-au-feu, ni par empanacher la misère pour le public. Mais la nécessité du mariage est chez moi réduite au minimum – c’est uneappendiceà ma vie – ma vie est complète en elle-même –j’aurais besoin d’une expansion générale or le mariage est tout qu’il y a de moins générale de plus fixe et de plus systématique. Le mariage ne m’offre donc encore attraction particulière. Si j’étais une femme sensuelle le mariage ne serait encore pas nécessaire. Je n’ai jamais compris pourquoi les hommes ont cette idée de vouloir m’épouser [064] en disant que je serais une femme idéal, et quelque uns une mère merveilleuse (!). je vois que je puis peut être en dehors de ces deux choses, que j’accomplirais avec conscience mais avec peu d’enthousiasme, parfois avec beaucoup d’ennui. Je ne me sens pas faite par certains bonheurs, qui peut être sont très grands quoique très partagés. Je me sens parfois excitée, lointaine, pleine d’une grandeur informe et stupide qui regarde le bonheur d’autrui sans pouvoir y toucher. Je suis un être intérmédiane spirituellement, analytique, contemplatif mobile et géneralisateur, la femme s’y perd en ne gardant que la sensibilité et l’esprit d’intuition.

Ne te fais donc aucune idée sur la possibilité de ma souffrance ou de ma joie personnelle. Je me sens des essences infinies qui accourant toujours due rendre la balance.

Cher ami, c’est déjà si extraordinaire de pouvoir se parler ainsi, sans arrière-pensée de se montre dans la parfaite nudité de notre pensée, qu’il m’en revient une sorte de bonheur complet une paix et une beauté intérieur [065] indicibles. Peut-être rien ne vous embellit autant que cette confiance de l’âme qui parle… l ’ âme qui ne parle jamais, qui fait parler l’opportunité pour elle, elle parle enfin avec sa bouche parfaite, et sa parole si rare rassemble à un chant qui caresse tout l’ être engourdi……

Adieu mon bon, je t’ai écrit avant de me lever, car je voulais répondre immédiatement à ta dernière lettre.

A very remarkableletter, although on reading it sounds a little unreal or like a pretty exercise on a theme. She is lining up to an idea she has of herself, a sortof spiritual pose.

Howeverit impresses me, for most womenin the circumstances would flamewith jealousy and findingtheir utmost allurements had no banished the vague but insistent impression of another woman.

Called with Geoffrey on Mrs. Cameron.

Started for Florence at 8.55.

[066]

Monday, February 28, 1916, Hotel Savoia, Genova

Horrid train journey reached here at 7.

B.B. motoring with Sybil from Rometo Siena. In spite of an extinction de voix,she talked all the way!

[067]

Tuesday, February 29, 1916, I Tatti

C[ecil] P[insent] N[aima] L[öfroth]

(Thunderstorm)

Reached home about 6. B.B arrived an hour earlier. It is nice to be here. [028]

Saturday, January 22, 1916, Hotel Savoy, Genova

Started with Julia and Gordon Waterfield, and the 2 Acton boys. I love traveling with children.

The new Library looks splendid - the Buddha is very impressiveseen at the end of my corridor.

[068]

Wednesday, March 1, 1916, I Tatti

In bed with sore-throat and fever.

B.B perfectly charming.

[069]

Thursday, March 2, 1916, I Tatti

Home

Still in bed. Fever less**.**

Lina came to see me - also the elusive Yoï, who seems always fake and un-intimate.

Young Lehman and his friend Walter Seligman came to see B.B. Also Nello.

[070]

Friday, March 3, 1916, I Tatti

Rain

In bed, but got up and had a walk with B.B in the laghetto.

Placcicame to dine.

[071]

Saturday, March 4, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] C[ecil] P[insent]

Rain

Amusing letter from Geoffrey, who very much liked Marcella’s friend, Marchesi, director of the “Fiat.”

PrincePaul called. He loathesItalyfor its treatment of Serbia.

[072]

Sunday, March 5, 1916, I Tatti

C[ecil] P[insent] N[aima] L[öfroth]

Rain

Wrote letters and did a little work. Argued with B.B about Miss Belle Greene, who after months and months of silence has written him a love letter, not particularly convincing!

[073]

Monday, March 6, 1916, I Tatti

C[ecil] P[insent]

Rain

Talked with Bernard. He cares a lot about MissGr[eene] but would give her upif I made a row. I don’t like though to cut off a thing (however silly it seems to me) that may be vital to him. It is difficult, for I do detest the whole business. But if it makes Bernard feel alive and keeps him interested, I suppose I have no right to cut it off especially having let him go intoit.

Called on Aunt Janet, who suddenly looks very old.

Prince Paul and Placci cameto dine. The turkey was very tough!

[074]

Tuesday, March 7, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

We walked to Fiesole and I called on Miss Patersonat the Blue Nuns while BB was with Sybil, who’s very ill.

Read BB’s article on Catena and Bartolommeo Veneto.

[075]

Wednesday, March 8, 1916, I Tatti

Rain

Sore- throat again. Stayed in bed all morning.

Countess Serristori came, full of adoration for Germany even for its Socialism, although that is the thing she used to dread most of all in life! She things England is engineering the whole war for her own soleadvantage, stopping at no dirty trick of bribery. Blackmail and cruelty and lying to accomplish her ends. Germanyfor her is the Land of Promise, the model and only hope of the future. She said Englandwas on its last legfinancially and was cited “The Union of Democratic Control” as proof that it was all falling to pieces. What a fool Adrian is to be in such a society. Even if its motives seem pure to him, it is mixed up with such treason. I have no patience with it.

[076]

Thursday, March 9, 1916, I Tatti

Cecil t

Windyand damp but a little sunshine

Great buzz from Geoffrey over Cecil’s visit, as it would perhaps hinder him from seeing Marcella before she goes to Spain, if he waited for Cecil in Paris. He thinks it is my fault, but I had heard nothing of his plans since I left, and furthermorecould not alter the date, as it is fixed by Cecil meeting Strong at Genoa on the 25th. While I really believe it is poison to him to go on with Marcella, whose awesome anabaptismmakes her august and admirable but very dangerous, I do sympathize with young blood that needs its sfogo.

So without saying a word about it to Cecil, I hope I managedfor him to meet Geoffrey at Turin instead of Paris. Marcella on her side made a muddle, writing to me that she could not come up till the end of next week, meaning thisweek.And now I have arranged all sorts of conflicting things for this weekend.

Trenchand his daughter Ariscame to dine, Cecil, the Marainis. Yoï is determinedto have our villino, but she won’t get it!

[077]

Friday, March 10, 1916, I Tatti

Rainy

Called on Mrs. Rossand Lina.

BB went to Sybil’s. She is very ill.

He came in the morning and told me a tale she had had from a soldier who saw it. In the Flanders’ offensive last October a German General was wounded and as his division had to retreat…., he was left behind lying in a field between the oncoming English and the Germans who had reformed to shoot. A terrific storm of bullets rattled over him, into the midst of which a young English officer ran and picked up the General and brought him back to the German lines, and handed him over to the 2nd officer. This man (though a Bosch) was so movedthat he snatched offhis Iron Crossand pinned it into breast ofthe Englishman, who then walked quickly back to his own side. Not a shot was fired for half an hour after.

B.B and I cried like children.

Miss Hayes, a bouncing, vulgar, looking young giantess of 17 and her companion, a charming Iris Hisemanof about 80, came to lunch.

[078]

Saturday, March 11, 1916, I Tatti

C[ecil] P[insent] Marcella Michela

Rainy

Marcella Michela came up at 5, after I had had FloraPriestley all day - She is a dear but a great talker - I am however attached to her, which seldom happens to me with talkers. Marcella “performed” very brilliantly in the evening. We laughed and greatly enjoyed it, yet were somewhat chagrinedthat she wouldn’t pay the slightest attentionto anything we said! Her use of language is delightful, and she observescharacteristic and significant things with muchwit, though not exactly humor. She is a gifted creature.

Poor little MissCohen also came to call**.** Marcella spoke of both Geoffrey and Marchesi as prétendants and mimicked their probable attitude towards each other. She also said she would be furiously jealous and couldn’t possiblyshare a man with another woman - unless it was Kitty Bosco.

[079]

Sunday, March 12, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] Marcella Michela

Marcella “performed” very brilliantly for me alone in the morning, telling about her brother-in-law’s experiencesas commander of an Italiansub-marine. She also performed at lunch for the benefitof Dr. Crescenzi,whom I invitedto get as a husband for Naima, who is so convinced by my argument against her lonely life that she would like to marry him. Her intentions being strictly honorable, she is afraidto seem forward and ask himto come and see her. So I sent him some Hospitalsupplies (from America), and on the strength of it invited him to come up. A really nice man, good and clever and strong. She wouldbe lucky. He took him to call on Mrs. Ross later.

Marcella had her young Romansailor friend, Capitano Tuttino, who spent the afternoon with her, the one she wrote so blandlyto Geoffrey about as being like a nice youngerbrother. He is 28 and is clearly in love with her and if [080] she doesn’t know if she is stupid**.** They walked together while BB and I entertained Frizzoni.When the latter and the Capitano went down in the motor**,** BB and I were so tired we just crept off by ourselves. In the evening, Marcella, tired too, perhaps, was more like a human being, and BB liked her very much. I quite loved her, though I still feel something very strange about her, and especially about her relations with men. Then she dyes her hair, which is very strange for a young girl, and her eyes are hard and glittering. But there’s something else simple and good and very noble in her.

Monday, March 13, 1916, I Tatti

Rain, sunRainstorm

Today BB and I had a walk, and then the Countess Serristoricame. We all cried at the thought of the war. We could talk about it, it was a strain.

BB dined with Sybil. He had a letter from B[elle] G[reene], who wants to come to Italy, but BB doesn’t want her to on account ofSybil!!

[081]

Tuesday, March 14, 1916, I Tatti

Muggy

B.B and I walked up to Villa Medici. Sybil seemed really ill and talked more quietly than I have ever known her do.

Resulting impression of Marcella lessagreeable. One thinks of countlesslittle things she said or didn’tsay which suggest a personnot sincere and not kind and not nice.

[082]

Wednesday, March 15, 1916, I Tatti

Teresa Hulton, G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Called on Aunt Janet. B.B. and Sybil. Teresa Hulton came to dine and stay, and Geoffrey came late. He had telegraphed that he would sleep in town, and I discreetly did not meet him, thinking Marcella probably was coming to see him. But he telephoned up at 9 and begged me to send.

He and Cecil saw over the huge Fiat works in Turin.

[083]

Monday, March 20, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Grey

Ray telegraphed that her operation is postponed. Though she will have another baby without it. Her perfect nurse-housekeeper, Florence, is leaving her, on account of ill-health. Geoffrey still very much \_\_though he tries to pretend he is not. I foresee great trouble for him unless he recovers.

Miss Flint, a teacher of dancing, and Mrs. Krayl called.

Miss Hulton and her young male Gino Villari dined here. She played, and the music upset G[eoffrey] as it always does people in love

[084]

Tuesday, March 21, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

G[eoffrey] woke up cured (he thinks!). *Speriamo*. But I don’t for oneinstantthink it.

We three walked round the top of MonteCeceri, meeting dull Mr. Hultonon the way. Called on Sybil and Geoffrey stayed to dine.

Mme. Henraux dined here. I got an impression of her being rather heavy and less *spirituelle* than I had thought.

[085]

Wednesday, March 22, 1916, I Tatti

G.S:

Took Mrs. Ross and Lina to lunch with the Dowdeswells.Ghastly.

Called on Mr. Dumont. Walked with BB, who dined with Sybil. Geoffrey came very late from one of those earth shaking interviewswith Marcella which change everything and put things on an entirely new footing - au fond, changing nothing, but precipitating in downthe inevitable path

-meanwhile, and by the way, making you an impossible memberof ordinary society.

[086]

Thursday, March 23, 1916, I Tatti

Grey

The Placcis, Consolo, Miss Benzoni, and Mme. Hernaux, who sang “Fuori Barbari” in such a moving way that I wept and wept and had to go out of the room.

Pages for March 24-27 cut off

[087]

Tuesday, March 28, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Marcella Michela, Cecil P

Glorious -

We lunched at Pratolinowith Prince Paul and B.B. and I walked back from the grove.

Geoffrey and Marcella Michela spent all the day together. I foresee a very great tangle and bothers**.** She will be very attaccata and he is sure to return to his natural positionof under dog.I am really anxious.

BB thinks G[eoffrey] is lostfor the moment,and will do nothing for himself or us till this fit is over. I fear it is true.

[088]

Wednesday, March 29, Grand Hotel, Siena

With Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Nello and Yoï and Toesca and De Nicola came to lunch, Yoï pretty again but so false! Then Geoffrey, Cecil and I motored over here. Cecil saw a man who offered to get us the sponge stone, but who was very mysterious about it.

[089]

Thursday, March 30, Grand Hotel Siena

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

We motoredto Sarteanoand found a man who, with some reluctance, took us to a cave whose entrance was blocked up. Found the owner’s son, who said they had walled it up because 5 years ago people came and stole the sponge stoneat night (ours in the new garden!!). However he had it unpacked and we crawled in on our bellies like serpents in the slime for so fond in so, till we got intoa cavern where we could stand. It was very weird, but a little sufficed Geoffrey and me, and we were soon hauledoutpanting and muddy, and then Cecil went on with Parry and explored the whole set of caverns from which, it became clear,ourstone *h*ad been stolen.

It is all very mysterious**.** The youngman said his mother wouldn’t sell.

[090]

Friday, March 31

Geoffrey Scott

Glorious motor run to Arezzo no. 6 a *lovely* road. Left Cecil there and came home by Reggello etc. also very lovely.

Geoffrey growing rather cynical about Marcella Michela and her “high purposes” and low actions. It is the best way for him to treat what must be a non-permanent affair, a flirtation. It seems to amuse him and make him happy, although he is really too genuine a person to stand it very long.

[091]

NOTE

Logan’s new “Trivia”

I know too much; I have stuffed too many of the facts of historyand Astronomy into my intellectuals. My eyes have grown dim over looks; believing in Geological Periods and Cave Dwellers and Chinese Dynasties has prematurely aged me.

Why amI to blamefor all that’s wrong in the world? I didn’t invent Sin and Hate and Slaughter. Who made it my business anyhow to administer the Universeand keep the stars to their Copernican Courses? My shoulders are bentbeneath the weight of the firmament; I grow weary of propping up, like atlas, the vast and enormous Cosmos”

[092]

Saturday, April 1, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] N[aima] L[öfroth

Glorious

Nice to be home, though I feel considerably froisséeto find BB, having spent all his time with Sybil, planning to go also this afternoon. I let him go without saying anything, for what is the use? Iwalked in the garden and much enjoyed it.

Ray received the Queen at their workshops, and it went off very well, owing to Ray’s happy inspiration to take her where nothingwas prepared for her reception and when she sat on a chair without a seat and drank tea and out a broken cup and ate cake off the lid of a tin box.

Ray thinks she is going to have a baby and won’tneed the operation. What a blessing**.**

Barbara nearly knows has to read!

[093]

Sunday, April 2, Tatti

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Löfroth

Glorious

Mrs. Kryal and Miss Flint(the dancing teacher) came to lunch. I was very sleepy. Geoffrey and Marcella went to the Laghetto from 4-8. It left him still amused and stillcynical. She is famous for a hair, but vowed she never lied Geoffrey anyone “con cui stava.” Symptomatic remark.

B.B. and Naima and I had a glorious walk in the heights. It was really beautiful.

Bernard has begun to write “A appreciationof Leonardo’s paintings.” Itmay be very amusing. If only he wrote betterit would be really delicious.

[094]

Monday, April 3, I Tatti

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey at Sybil’ s

Fine

Got some work alone in the morning. Marcella came up for Geoffrey bushing in upon me to tell me she had told endless lies to get off. She is so full of herself, she has no idea of the impression she makes. Her mother telephoned later and I went to the music. And caught them spooning in a rather abandoned way. At tea Prince Paul came. She has no other social manner than to do her brilliant stunt or else sit silent and detached. She and Geoffrey went off into the Laghetto, where she took off her clothes. He thinks it is a sort of Lesbian *cult* of the beautiful female body (she is beautiful), rather than any malizia that leads her to these unusual demonstrations It is damned foolish.

Prince Paul stayed a long time. He said he had never felt well for one hour in his life. What hard luck.

[095]

Tuesday, April 4, 1916, I Tatti

Geoffrey Scott

Fine

Geoffrey getting exasperated with Marcella’s self-absorption and her rotten sex attitude. He is teasing and disappointing. He finds her not very interesting. The more freely she chatters on about herself, the more he dislikes her whole attitude. All the same, her peculiar sex freaks have got a hold on him and he is getting rather obsessed by that eminently unsatisfactory side of the business. She makes him feel cynical and cruel. It is really a horrid way to act, and she deserves to suffer. Unfortunately if she suffers, then he will be drawn in by the human and nice side of him. But he is vexed and bored now, but alas, in a way, caught. Not seeing her today made him very uneasy and irritable.

Flora Priestley came to spend the day and we walked to Monte Senario. Glorious.

[096]

Wednesday, April 5, I Tatti

Rain or shine

Geoffrey and I agreed to talk less of the Marcella business. He thinks I saved him from falling in love with a very unsuitable person; but now the moment has come to stop gossip over it. He seems to me like a fly in a spider’s net, a weak fly and strong net. What he calls his “preliminary obfuscatingtalk” never convinces me. But he has a *fond* of practical sense that may save him, although with suffering. His cynical talk about being Top Dog doesn’t persuade me quite.

Yoï and all the family came to lunch. It was Nello’s 30th birthday. She seemed very shoddy and 2nd rate.

I called on poor Horne, who is surely dying. He is all broken up with illness. I shall send him things.

Called about a Mrs. Price at VillaCapponi,fat and horsey, but a good sort. Called on Sybil to pick up B.B. She seems very ill, poor thing.

Marcella spent the afternoon with Geoffrey at his flat. I did wonder what her mother

thinks of it all.

[097]

Saturday, April 8, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] C[ecil] P[insent] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Marcella came bobbing up at Geoffrey’s almost as if nothing had passed, telling him she was just off to see one of her young men, and writing a note to anotherto say she couldn’t come till tomorrow! She said he didn’t “understand” and she was awfully grieved, but admitted she had gone almost straightfrom yesterday’s painful interview to pass the evening with one of her young men friends. The good about her is that she makes on scenes. But I suspectthat, seeing that Geoffrey doesn’t breakinto her, she sets down the next as “pi-jaw**”.** She is very obstinate, and of course she’ll begin to deceive him now where she can.

Sophie Serristori came to lunch.

I went to see Horne, who seems to me dying, and Yoï, who is boundingup again with the prospect of Nello’s being called as a soldier.

[098]

Sunday, April 9, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] C[ecil] P[insent] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Grey then fine

Dr. Crescenzicame to lunch and he and Naima and B.B. and I had a walk on the down from S. Clemente: divine. There seemsno chance of it, but I wish Naima might catch him. She wants to, and he is a very nice, good man.

Geoffrey feels rather flat and foolish, having preached so much, yet encouragingMarcella to continue seeing him in secret and lying about it, it on the ground that it is a noble and fine relation,whim he suspects is just like the others, but with more sex intensity**.** It is all rather foolish, though human**.**

[099]

Monday, April 10, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

Had tea with Sybil, who is just up, and who at last wants to give up having wounded Eng. Officers, for they spend their time getting drunk. She is tired of “doing her bit”

Geoffrey and I called on the Gregory Smiths and saw their fine flowers and then called at the Mariani’s to ask if Nikky was coming home, - found to our destiny that there was no chance of it. I am sorry, for it gives Marcella still a chance to spoil Geoffrey’s life for him.

[100]

Tuesday, April 12, I Tatti

Geoffrey Scott

Fine

Took a Blue Nun down to Horne, who is worse. He seemed grateful. I told him he must make a will to leave Santina an annuity of 50 francs a month for the rest of her life. He said he would, and then he sent for Poggi (head of the Uffizi) and an avvocato. When I went back in the afternoon, they came with the draft will, leaving his Palace and its contents to the State, and I made them put in the pension for Santina. I was just in time, as he is worse and a little wandering, and without me he would have probably died intestate. He asked for B.B. and was much touched when I gave him a message of affection. He said that it had all been a mistake, and that now he thought it all very foolish to quarrel over attributions or successes. “I wanted my own success” he said “and my bit of pocket-money”. His conscience seems uneasy, and indeed I know that BB and I have absolutely nothing to reproach ourselves with.

[101]

Wednesday, April 12, I Tatti

Fine

Yoï writes me “I positively to be gay - not in the Pikidillic sense but really from inside and surrounded by poderes springing and flowers budding all within the benevolent smile of chastity – so don’t be afraid – along to be good and gay”. This means she wants me to lend her the Villino to live in while Nello is away being a soldier, so that she can have Geoffrey again as a lover.

I went to see Horne and sat with him a….

[Page cut off]

[102]

Thursday, April 13, I Tatti

Geoffrey Scott

We went in to see Horne, who is much worse. He held Bernard’s hand and said he had been for days trying to recall the saying “the falling out of faithful friends is love’s renewing”. He begged Bernard to go on being friends with him, and when Bernard said he would, he said “this is a moment of real happiness for me”.

Marcella spent the afternoon with Geoffrey

[Page cut off]

[103]

Friday, April 14**,** I Tatti

Geoffrey Scott, Miss Hulton

Clouds, fine

Poor Horne died at 2 o’clock last night, peacefully. Santina, his servant, said that soon before he died he reached out and grasped an imaginary hand and patted it. She thought it was Bernard’s. We were the only people he saw yesterday. It meant a great deal to him to be reconciled with B.B. We were just in time - and how fortunate I got him to make his will.

Teresa Hulton came and she and I had a walk on Monte Senario while BB called on Sybil.

[104]

Saturday, April 15, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent] N[aima] L[öfroth] Miss Hulton

Fine cold

B.B. and I, with Herbert Trench went to Horne’s funeral at the Protestant Cemetery.

L’assistance was composed of “Sods” and dealers, very typical of one side of the poor fellow’s life. Trench was full of a new “great” poem he had just composed, and Loeser was heard to say “when I marry again, I shall marry a deaf-mute”.

No one wept, no one cared as much as I did. I think, unless it was that unspeakable little mini Collingwood Gee. It seemed rather tragic, but at least he is no longer suffering.

Geoffrey took Miss Hulton a walk in the Laghetto.

The Marainis and Prince Paul joined on party of 6 at dinner. Nello was furiously jealousy, and Yoï whispered to Geoffrey that he had made her an awful scene. Undercurrents run strong, but were dissipated by music. Teresa plays beautifully, and she is a beautiful creature.

April 16-17 [Pages cut off]

[105]

Tuesday, April 18, I Tatti

Very cold, rainy

I called for Beatrice Horne and brought her up to tea. She is silent, but seems friendly. She came too late to see her brother.

Took Geoffrey over to dine with Sybil, who is a little better, and picked up. B.B. there, who hurried home to write his Leonardo-scandal.

Our cook is richiamato - woe is me. He was just getting satisfactory.

[106]

Wednesday, April 19, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Grey cold

B.B. and I had a long delightful walk in the woods, as he wants to dine with Sybil and there had per miracolo an afternoon free.

Alys wired that she had got safely to England, not being torpedoed on the Atlantic, and that Barbara was “enchanting”. That I will believe, and I loved to read it.

Geoffrey received M[arcella] for one of her determined and lengthy tête-a-tête, but she was nicer this time, and I read Italian poetry with him, and was intelligent and \_\_, instead of spending all her time spooning. He liked it better, for his method of lovemaking is like the Snark’s method of Charity -“she collects but she does not subscribe”. He came back very pleased. But I can see that both of them are heading for a stormy “affair” all the same, I hope it will keep off till I go to America, for I don’t like the young woman, and I feel sure she will make Geoffrey unhappy. But perhaps even unhappiness is better than ‘nothing doing.’

April 20-25 [Pages cut off]

[107]

Wednesday, April 26, 1916, I Tatti

Salvemini, G[eoffrey Scott

Divine

We all went to the Gamberaia in the afternoon. Richard Bagot and Mr. and Mrs. Price came to tea, and also Prince Paul. Mme Luchaire to dine. She said one man had actually killed himself for Marcella and another, a Naval Officer, had attempted to do so, and had threatened it repeatedly.

Alys has begun to write again of Barbara - a great joy!

Mme Luchaire was rather full of Marcella’s monstrous lies. Marcella had come to her to ask her to tell certain lies to her friend Malvain, but Mme Luchaire refused and gave her a lecture on the awful way she lives, telling lies to everyone in order to save her face about her continuous tête-a-tête with young men.

[108]

Thursday, April 27, 1916, I Tatti

Salvemini

Divine

Walked with B.B. and Salvemini. Geoffrey went down to receive Marcella who had been spending the afternoon with “Mattia”. What a silly girl, acting on the barest sex impulses and talking such long-aided talk about the linea esteticaof her inner life, etc. I am getting rather bored with her, though Geoffrey lives on it.

Ferrando and his tragic lady-love and their Belgian guest, and young painter named Jeanne, came to dine.

April 28-29 [Pages cut off]

[109]

Sunday, April 30, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Fine

We walked to the Madonna del Sasso, B.B. Naima and I, and at the bottom of the road we met by the Marchesa Guadagni and her 4 boys, and brought in. They were too curious about it to bear it any longer. She is a handsome, vigorous original woman, of a truly English type, frank-talking, indiscreet overbearing, eccentric, but nice. Her husband seems a cretin.

We took her boy back to Florence in the car, a great giant of 17.

The walk was glorious.

[110]

NOTE

*Trivia*

Misgiving

We were talking of people, and a name familiar to us all was mentioned. We paused and looked at each other; then soon by means of anecdotes and clever touches, that personality was reconstructed in our conversation. It seemed to appear before us, large, pink and life-like, and gives a comic sketch of itself with appropriate poses.

“Of course”, I said to myself, “this sort of thing never happens to me”. For the notion was quite unthinkable, the notion I mean of my own image, so clear to me and strange and sacred, caught like this defenceless in a net of talked, and called up to turn my discreet way of life into a cake walk.

YOUTH.

O dear, this living and eating and growing old; there doubts and aches in the back, and want of interest in stars and roses….

Am I the person who used to make in the middle of the night and laugh with the joy of living? Who worried about the existence of God, and danced with young ladies till long after day break? Who sang “Auld Lang Syne” and howled with sentiment, and more than once gazed at the summer stars through a blur of great, romantic tears.

[111]

Monday, May 1, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Mrs. Garrett Walter Berry Leon Bakst

Fine

Had a walk with B.B., who is nearly at the end of his “Leonardo”.

He dined alone, but Mrs. Garrett, [Walter] Berry and [Léon]and Bakst arrived soon after dinner, having sent her maid before-hand with 3 carriage – wads of trunks.

I chaperoned Theresa Hulton and Marcella at a dinner at the boy’s, to which also Prince Paul came. Marcella was very silent and distraite, with her dress skipping off her shoulders and leaving her nearly naked. She looked very pretty and very much in love. “John will walk” this time.

Geoffrey had a letter from Byba saying Nicky was really coming this summer. It upset him a lot, and so did Marcella’s silence; so that I fear what may happen. It’s really very silly, as they aren’t a bit congenial, and Nicky might be. It seems a crisis in his affairs, but I daresay he’ll pull through.

Called on Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Robertson, of the Scottish Hospital Service, and brought them out here. They’ve collected a hundred thousand francs for their work

[112]

Tuesday, May 2, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Mrs. Garrett W[alter] Berry [Leon] Bakst

Rainy then fine

Our guests went to town in the morning. In the afternoon we walked, after the rain had cleared up.

In the evening Mme Henraux and her sister Jeanne Piccolelli came and danced the Tarantella in Neapolitan costume. The Marainis and Prince Paul were here. It was pleasant.

[113]

Friday, May 5, 1916, I Tatti

Sarnes and Cecil [Pinsent]

Went over to the Bragiottis to hear Alice Garrett have a singing lesson. She has a good voice. Mme Bragiotti and her sister both sang - it was rather painful, such hideous voices. I fear Bragiotti’s system while it brings out the voice very well brings it out not sweet or delightful. Berry and I called on Aunt Janet, who came to dine, with Miss Hulton, who played. Bakst fell in love with her.

[114]

Saturday, May 6, 1916, I Tatti

Sarnes

Fair

Went to Uffizi with the party. Alice Garrett is almost too stupid. But she is nice too.

Yoï and Nello came up to lunch, and we had a great show of Alice’s dresses afterwards. She has some pretty ones. Bakst superintended and gave interesting criticisms.

The Actons, Lady Enniskillen, Countess d’Ossay, Countess Robilant and the Marchese Antinori came to tea. Quite meaningless.

We had a dull dinner at Sybil, but Miss de Roebeck played splendidly, and also Teresa, with whom Bakst fell more in love. He wants to paint her.

[115]

Tuesday, May 9, 1916, I Tatti

Mrs. G[arrett] L[éon] Bakst Geoffrey

Teresa sat again to Bakst. In the afternoon I took them to tea at the Actons, first doing a little shopping in town, gorgeous stuff for Alice Garrett’s dressing gowns.

In the evening Paul came to dine and Teresa after.

Geoffrey and Marcella had a walk. She was terribly upset because someone had written an anonymous letter to her friend Malvano saying she and Geoffrey were lovers. She might have expected it, considering she sees him constantly for long hours alone at his house, and never receive him at hers, and lies of a clumsy sort to hide her doings. But it is certainly her other “friend” Mattia Vasconcelos who has done it, thinking to kill two rivals with one stone. She was fearfully indignant that “anyone could think such a thing” - !!

That is the limit of folly. But she is really a goose.

[116]

Wednesday, May 10, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

They went just after lunch. B.B. having taken Alice to the Pitti and ‘thaught her to see with his eyes.’

Bakst finished a second sketch of Teresa before going.

A Mr. George Plaisted, Harvard Institute scholar came. awful accent, seemed not like a gentleman, but intelligent and rather nice. Would loveto go and fight the Germans.

Took Geoffrey, Teresa and her mother to call on Mrs. Mitchell and see his roses. I liked him a little. Geoffrey went to the theatre with Teresa and the Sfornis to see Ibsen’s “Doll’s House”, which we used to thrill over 31 years ago - Mary Nimis, A\_\_ Shaw, the Webbs, the Cobden Sandersons and all of us. It is a good acting play still but the theme seemed vieux jeu.

The Dumonts dined here.

I went for Plaisted about his accent.

[117]

Thursday, May 11, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

All by ourselves again. Even Geoffrey didn’t come up. Cecil lunched here, nice creature.

Bernhard and I had a delicious walk in the laghetto. He dined with Sybil.

I read this yesterday to Mr. Plaisted:

“I loathed you, Spoon River. I tried to rise above you,

I was ashamed of you. I despised you.

As the place of my nativity. And there in Rome, among the artists,

Speaking Italian, speaking French,

I seemed to myself at times to be free

of every trace of my origin.

I seemed to myself at times to be free

Of every trace of my origin.

I seemed to be reaching the heights of art

And to breathe the air that the master breathed,

And to see the world with their eyes.

But still they’d pass my work and say:

‘What are you driving at, my friend?

Sometimes the face looks like an Apollo’s,

At other it has a trace of Lincoln’s.’

There was no culture, you know, in Spoon River,

And I burned with shame and held my peace.

And what could I do, all covered over

And weighted down with western soil,

Except aspire, and pray for another

Birth in the world, with all of Spoon River

Rooted out of my soul?”

May 12-17 [124-129 blank pages]

[118]

Friday, May 12, 1916, Palace Hotel, Perugia

We left after lunch and motored here. It is a wretched hotel compared to the old Bonfani, which is now closed on account of the War.

We came a new road, over the hills from Cortona to La Magione, though a pass ablaze with golden broom.

This was May 16.

[119]

Saturday, May 13, 1916, Caprarola

Arrived here to tea and found Thryphosa Bates Batcheller and her husband, who have been here for a week. He sang and praised her own voice and talked about the Infanta Eulalia. Reach a goose.

This was May 17.

May 12-17 [124-129 blank pages]

[124]

Thursday, May 18, 1916, Marina, Terracina

[Carlo] Placci

Picked up Placci at Rome and came here by the Pontine Marshes. Saw the town.

[125]

Friday, May 19, 1916, Hotel Bertolini, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott] El[isabetta] Henraux Placci

Saw Gaeta, and went, with Placci’s Military Pass, to the top of the Fortress to see the Roman Tomb which is now a semaphore. We lunched in the grove, looking at the blue sea thro’ the tree stones. When we left a military car pursued us, and there was a great to-do over our having gone up to the fortress. However, it got settled.

The road near Naples was too awful! But we got here \_\_ G. and Geoffrey and Elizabetta arrived soon after.

[126]

Saturday, May 20, 1916, Hotel Bertolini, Naples

with Geoffrey Scott

We all went to the Museum. Carlo at last got hold of his Duca di Eboli, who gave us a letter to see the new things at Pompei. We lunched at the Umberto in the Galleria, fairly good. Placci left - and we others drove out and had tea on the crater of the Lake of Avernus and then on through the Arco Felice to Cumae. We climbed that divine hill and enjoyed ourselves enormously.

[127]

Sunday, May 21, 1916, Hotel Bertolini, Naples

Elizabetta Henraux

Divine

We saw the bronzes in the morning. I cannot like the Dionysos head.

B.B. and I had tea with Donna Nora Grifeo (Ruffo), and then we drove out to Posillipo etc. – a lovely evening. Elisabetta who belongs to an old Neapolitan family, recounts les gestes de sa famille in a quiet matter - if - fact way – “My grandmother, who was married at 16, ran off with the Duca di Bovino leaving my aunt a baby of six weeks. Of course my grandfather never forgave her. He burnt up everything she had ever touched and left Naples forever. He struck my father once, who never spoke to him again for 30 years”.

[128]

Monday, May 22, 1916, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

I was ill, but the others, with Nora Grifeo, went to Pompeii in the afternoon.

[129]

Tuesday, May 23, 1916, Naples

El[isabetta] Henraux

B.B., Elizabeth, Geoffrey and I spent the whole day at Pompeii. The curator, Mr. Esposito, showed us a lot of new things. It was awfully tiring, but absolutely delightful, and so beautiful. We had the whole place to ourselves, thanks to the War.

[130]

Wednesday, May 24, 1916, Naples –

E[lisabetta] H[enraux] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Churches and sights.

[131]

Thursday, May 25, 1916Naples

Elisabetta Henraux G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Elizabetta Geoffrey and I spent the afternoon at Caserta, seeing the Gardens and Palace, and dining at the de Piccolellis place at S. Nicola, when the strange old grandfather lived for 20 years after his wife deserted him. We enjoyed it very much.

Bernard went to Aversa to see the Vanni there, and dined with Nora.

[132]

Friday, May 26, 1916, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Elizabetta had to go, as Lucien wrote he might have a few days free.

[133]

Saturday, May 27, 1916, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Churches and sights.

[134]

Sunday, May 28, 1916, \*Hotel Palumbo, Ravello

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Nora [Grifeo]

Left Naples about 10 and lunched at the Albergo Cocumello at Sorrento. Saw Amalfi and came here, where we enjoyed in the Rufolo garden. A very beautiful day.

[135]

Monday, May 29, 1916, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Nora Grifeo

Saw Ravello in the morning the pulpits and the head in the Duomo and the pulpit which hasn’t plates in S. Giovanni Taro.

Came back around Vesuvius - a much nice way. Nora very attractive.

[136]

Tuesday, May 30, 1916, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Saw some Churches in the morning and the Hospital and S. Giovanni Carbonaro with Nora in the afternoon. B.B. was tired, so Geoffrey and I dined alone at Renzo Lucia’s, near San Martino, a lovely place. We ate Elizabetta’s famous cheeses, which made a real Epoch in our lives Mascarponi I think they’re called.

[137]

Wednesday, May 31, 1916, Naples

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Scirocco

Saw the Pompeian things in the Museo. The Scirocco was so awful, I thought I should faint.

Tea at Palazzo Ruffo, where Nora’s mother, the Duchessa di Guardia Lombarda, had invited some very hideous and very swell Neapolitans. Nora had asked B.B. to come and see her for a very particular talk she had to have, but evidently took offence at his going for 10 minutes to her Mother’s, for she wouldn’t see him, and scarcely spoke to him when we all dined there, and had her Mother came in to spoil everything. How silly

[138]

NOTE

Tariff of Duchess for coming to a party

£ 500 Duchess of Portland

£ 50 Duchess of Southerland

£5 Duchess of Rutland

£ 2 Duchess of Somerset

[139]

Thursday, June,1, 1916, Naples to Fiuggi

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Rain and shine

We left Naples at 9.30 and saw Capua - that fine “Easter Candle” in the Duomo, and the glorious Head of Capua that once adorned Frederick the Great’s Arch. It is more beautiful than the head at Ravello. We saw Teano, too, but it scarcely repaid, except for the lovely country it is in. We lunched on the hills, and then saw over Monte Cassino, with its sumptuous courts and terraces, and arrived here (\*albergo della Fonte) at 7.45

[140]

Friday, June 2, 1916, Fiuggi

Rain and shine

Too rainy to do much, but towards evening Geoffrey and I walked on the hill below Acuto and enjoyed the beautiful plain. I have lost interest in the matter of Marcella, so thrilling to him – it seems to me silly, now that I feel fairly sure it isn’t dangerous. She writes such empty rhetorical letters, and is altogether such a foolish young woman that I can’t go on talking about her. Naturally it is Geoffrey’s greatest adventure and he is bending all his energies to making it successful and staving off a tragic or ugly ending. But even so it’s rather foolish and wastes a lot of time.

June 3-4 [pages cut off]

[141]

Monday, June 5, 1916, Grand Hotel, Rome

Went to Anagni, but B.B. was so raging with the little boys that had the keys (they were pests!) that I wouldn’t stay – it first choked me. I am getting so that I really cannot put up with exhibitions of temper. I mean to do always as I did this morning, - quietly go away. I walked back along the road about 4 kilometers before they overtook me. I missed seeing the treasure.

In the afternoon we motored to Rome, via Genazzano, Cantorano, Tivoli, and Marcellino, a divine road – getting here at 9.

[142]

Tuesday, June 6, 1916, Grand Hotel, Rome

Went to Pinacoteca Vaticana. Lunched with Placci.

Motored with Mrs. Strong and Mr. Brooks to Ostia and dined at Torre Constantino.

When we got back, we heard of Lord Kitchener’s death.

[143]

Wednesday, June 7, 1916, Grand Hotel, Rome

Motored with same to \*\*San Severa, beyond Cerveteri – a most divine place, and dined again with the same and Placci and MacClure. The latter said England had allowed some very wrong things in regard to the Noli, at first, the Runciman father’s concerns making over 100%!

[144]

Thursday, June 8, 1916, Caprarola

Left Rome at 5 with Placci and came here, where it is always beautiful though as much spoiled by the Baldwin’s lies and nonsense as beautified by her good taste and energy.

M. Morel, Clemenceau’s friend was also a guest.

June 9-10 [pages cut off]

[145]

Sunday, June Giugno 11, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

Don Guido arrived at 11, full of talk.

Marcella came and had a walk (?) with Geoffrey in the woods. Placci came to dine.

[146]

Monday, June 12, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent] Naima [Löfroth] Don Guido [Cagnola]

Fine

Walked and chatted with Don Guido in morning. Tea at Sybil’s, though she was in bed and could see only B.B. Called on Yoï, and met Guido later at Placci’s where Elizabeth Henraux was.

Salvemini and Mme Dauriac (Luchaire) came to dine and Guido went off at 11.20.

[147]

Tuesday, June 13, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent

Glorious

Correcting BB’s proofs in morning. Went to town and did many errands, including 4 for BB who says I never do a single thing for him (!!) and called on the Dumonts. She passes the limit for folly. Marcella brought up Tenente Tuterio to walk in the woods and then dine (BB dined with Sybil), and told Geoffrey she would be here at 6.30. Of course she was one hour late, and it upset him so he was like a bear with jealously all the evening, especially at the Gamberaia, when we went after dinner to see it by moonlight. It was thoroughly disagreeable and uncomfortable, for Tuterio, though more correct in his demeanour was no less jealous.

“Volta pericolosa” should be put up in large letters when tant young woman appears, as Salvemini said. Geoffrey had a fiendish night before regaining his composure. It was to be expected.

[148]

Wednesday, June 14, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

We are doing the proofs for BB’s book on Venetian Paintings in U.S.A.

BB drove up to Monte Senario with Sybil and found it very cold. I think he got a chill. Geoffrey and I walked on the place and discussed “new (?) aspects of the eternal topic.

He dined with Sybil, and I had Lina and Mrs. Krayl and Edward Hutton to dine, and took them to see the Gamberaia by moonlight. Stan Krayl asked me to know her up to see Cecil several times” before he left for the Italian Front (July 1), but I had to refuse, as he wouldn’t stay on last night to see her, and I knowhe doesn’t want to.

B.B. says Sybil is “carrying on” about Nora Grifeo’s visit here, tears and reproaches and constant nagging. How silly of her. It’s the very worst way to handle him - or any man.

[149]

Thursday, June 15, 1916, I Tatti

Fine- Full moon

BB at Sybil’s in the afternoon. Lina and I went to the “Mid-summer Night Dream” at the Gregory Smith’s, acted, in parts charmingly, by Miss Penrose’s pupils. Mrs. Krayl caught me there and proceeded to have a terrific scene about Cecil. She is fearfully in love, very self-centred and very hysterical. I told her she absolutely musttry to get over it, as Cecil had no use for her, and she was in fact on his nerves.

[150]

Friday, June 16, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Fine on mountain

Worked over BB’s proofs. Cecil to lunch. BB called on Mrs. Ross and dined with Sybil, while Geoffrey and I climbed to the (proud) top of Monte Morello with Lina and Mr. Hutton. It was *scirocco* here, but not in that glorious light air. It was most delightful. We dined on a knoll near where the car waited for us, and a peasant came, and sat down by us and played quite wonderfully on a little mouth-organ. We got back at 11.15, but Geoffrey and I called….

[page cut off]

[151]

Saturday, June 17, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] N[aima] L[öfroth]

Scirocco

A quiet day such as I like and corrected proofs - and Geoffrey, who wastes too much time! Since M[arcella] M[ichela] came on the scene he has really form rather slack. BB had tea with Sybil, and Geoffrey and I walked on Monte Senario. Sybil is still going on about Nora’s visit. Lucky she doesn’t know about this silly ugly business with Miss Belle Greene.

[152]

Sunday, June 18, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] N[aima] L[öfroth]

Fine

Worked on Leonardo manuscript. Marcella came up to tea and walked over with Geoffrey to dine with Sybil. She was looking terribly beautiful, with a softer expression than I have ever seen. Geoffrey reported her as very full of good sense and consideration, quite aware she must give him up to Nicky. I hope she has the character to work it out well.

BB and I walked over the Incontro - a most lovely walk.

[page cut off]

[153]

[Monday, June 19, 1916, I Tatti]

dangerous things and so he is Placci and M. Maurel and Sybil came to dine, the latter with a headache, who took BB into the garden directly after dinner and kept him till half past ten, when he made her go. It naturally spilt the evening.

Called on Yoï, who is very worn out nursing Fosco.

[page cut off]

[154]

[Tuesday, June 20, 1916, I Tatti]

0-12.

Magda had been for 10 months running a hospital in Belgium.She was most interesting. Trench was a bore. She had seen a woman crucified at a door with her breasts cut off, a child with both hands clipped off, another child transfixed to a barn-door with huge knife, and a mother with a child dead in her arms, shot by the commanding officer (German) as his answer to spare her husband for the sake of the 4 children – “there will be only 3 now”. The woman was crazy and no one could get the child out of her arms.

June 21-24 pages cut away

[155]

Sunday, June 25, 1916, ITatti

Nora Grifeo, Miss Stubbard, G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

We went to the Gamberaia, and Miss Hubbard and I left B.B. and Nora there, and I took her to Villa Medici. But she was thoroughly disgusted – jealous of Nora. I think, and perhaps ill, and it was uphill work. Poor thing, she is old and hideous and poor and she has arterial sclerosis. She’s never had a real chance. It is …fermenting in her, and makes her difficult.

Chatted in evening. Nora does all the talking.

[156]

Monday, June 26, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo] C[ecil] P[insent]

BB and Nora drove to Monte Senario, and got out near there and had one hour walk alone, which I enjoy more than anything!

Geoffrey had Marcella to dine!

[157]

Tuesday, June 27, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo]

Took Nora down, while B.B. called on Sybil. She called on a friend, and I on Flora Priestley and Yoï, the latter in bed out with Fosco’s illness and naughtiness. He spits on her and scratches her, and yells to annoy her, and is fearfully jealous of the nurse into the younger brother – a bad beginning.

Nora talked in the evening, chiefly about the Duchessa d’Aosta.

I carried Geoffrey up the hill on my way to Flora’s, and he got out to see Lady Enninskillen. He said the M[arcella] M[ichela] affair seemed like a thing lived through for years and years and now subsisting on fonder memories, with no hope a excitement left.

[158]

Wednesday, June 28, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo]

Fine

Went out with Nora and Prince Paul and Elizabetta and Mr. Douglas Brooks for a walk and dinner overlooking the Mugello. Such a beautiful evening, but we were almost cold!

It was Marcella’s 26° birthday (half my age!) and Geoffrey went to town to see her, but they had a quarrel over her pretense to be leading a life full of estetica which to the outsider seems to consist of an elaborate fabric of lies invented to contrive endless tête-a-têtewith amorous young men. She said this flat out, and she (naturally) didn’t like it as to her own life appears full of high purposes and noble striving. It is the incongruous mixture of ideals and facts which enrages Geoffrey and most of her friends. But they had a very dangerous reconciliation, I fear.

[159]

Thursday, June 29, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo] Geoffrey [Scott]

Cecil went to Rome to take his oath-put on khaki. BB and I called on Aunt Janet who is ill with bronchitis.

At 7 the Guadagnis came (mother-father- and 2 big boys). Iris took the boys to the Laghetto, while the rest of us and Miss Methuen, saw the house and walked in the garden. The Marchesa Guadagni is an enormous, handsome, vehement, despotic but foolish woman. One would dislike her perhaps, but I feel sorry for her, as she had melancholia for 5 years, with an obsession on the subject of mattresses, which hasn’t entirely left her, for she brings them in as regularly as Brockwell did “The Trustees of the National Gallery”.

Sybil and Mr. Trench made up an out-of-door dinner of 12. It was a relief when they all went.

[160]

Friday, June 30, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Nora [Grifeo] Guido Cagnola

Went to the Madonna del Sasso with Lina and Mr. Hutton and Geoffrey and Yoï, while Guido Cagnola (who unexpectedly appeared) and Nora and BB came with Sybil. Lina and Hutton and I had a god walk first, to the top, which us thoroughly enjoyed. Geoffrey and Yoï sat talking chastely over past joy which neither is in the mood for renewing.

The Salveminis came to lunch, married at last.

B.B. received an anonymous letter saying Marcella was Geoffrey’s mistress.

A message from Marcella was waiting for Geoffrey that she couldn’t go on their expedition tomorrow, and he mustn’t telephone. He feels into a fearful state of jealousy, as he knew Malvano was back, and telephoned at once, but she was out. He was like a semi crazy person all night. Yet he saysthe affair is as “as dead as mutton”

[161]

NOTE

Letter received a[t] War Office

Respected Sir, Dear Sir

Though I take the liberty as it leaves me at present – I beg to ask if you will kindly be kind enough to let me know where my husbin, though he is not my legible husbin, as he has a wife though he says she is dead, but I don’t think he knows, for sure, but we are not married though I am getting my allotment reglar what is no fault of Mr. Lay George who would stop it if he could and Mr. Mackenner, but if you no where he is as he is belong to the Navy, Royal Flying Corps for ever since he joined in the January when he was sacked from his work for talking back at his bos which was a woman at the Laundry where he worked. I have not had any money from him since he joined though he tells Mr. Harris wot lives on the ground floor that he was Pretty Assifer for 6 shillings a week and lots of underclothing for the cold weather and I have 3 children, what is him the father of them though he says it were my fault.

Hoping you can quite well as it leaves me at present!

I must close hoping you are well

Yours Jane Jenkins.

[162]

Saturday, July 1, 1916, I Tatti

Geoffrey Scott

Quiet day with a walk with BB in the laghetto, while Nora paid calls.

Geoffrey a little appeased though only half convinced, by Marcella telephoning that she was called on for extra work at the hospital.

[163]

Sunday, July 2, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent] Nora [Grifeo]

Drove up and walked back behind Morgans’. G[eoffrey] agitatedly waiting all day for the phone message, which didn’t come till late, as M[arcella] went to sleep after one all night at the hospital. He is in a rotten state.

Lady and Miss Methuen, Sybil, French and the boys came to dine, Mr. and Mrs. Hulton afterward.

Nora has begun to pour her woes into Geoffrey’s ear, as B.B. and I aren’t sympathetic enough.

[164]

Monday, July 3, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo] G[eoffrey] S[cott] Cecil [Pinsent]

We went to a new place for our picnic dinner, Candigliano, off the pass to Borgo San Lorenzo a most lovely place. Miss Priestley, Nora, Geoffrey Cecil and I went in one car, and BB and Sybil in the other.

Nora is fearfully self-absorbed, and very idle, and she lays to be talking all day long, always about herself. She is very vain not about looks or dress but about her powers, her achievements, her character. But she has charming manners, and this makes her pleasanter to be with than Sybil, who is so much more of a person. She is getting Geoffrey ear, I am glad to say, for mine won’t hold out.

[165]

Tuesday, July 4, 1916, I Tatti

Dined at Sybil’s and Trench bored me so fearfully that I was at the verge of insanity. He “explains” life by “spirals.”

Geoffrey told of how he went well to Strongs and found him in contemplation of the cupola of the Duomo. “I have been THINKING these last few days why that cupola is beautiful, and now I know”. “Why is it?” “Because it looks like a human’s face turned upside down” “With a beard?” said Geoffrey

A real Philosopher’s “thought”!

Cecil presented his accounts. He was 800 pounds out in his Library estimates. B.B. is furious and lets out his fury on me, fortunately.

A Black Serpent Day.

[166]

Wednesday, July 5, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Nora [Grifeo] C[ecil] [Pinsent]

Went out to the Pass to the Mugello and Hutton and I got out and had a 2 hours walk joining the others at that divine spot, Candigliano, where we had dinner. The others were Geoffrey and Yoï, who came with us, and spent their time agreeably philandering (Yoï is a sotter!), and both Sybil and Iris who came later.Geoffrey seems safe, and this is distraction from that peril, Marcella.

Sybil had been for a midnight ride till 2 in Trench’s ‘puffer,’ and was consequently very ill. She has no judgment about things she can safely do with her delicate health.

[167]

Thursday, July 6, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo] G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] [Pinsent]

Hot

Motored out to the Mugello (Panicaglia near Borgo San Lorenzo), to see Princess Candriano (Nora’s cousin) in the indescribably hideous little villino she has been building for herself in a lovely spot.

Ate our dinner on the pass by the stream. Lovely.

The English offensive makes my heart stunned still. All that murder and pain and wretchedness: How can men? \_

Prince Paul and the Placcis came to dine and Hutton. Placci was horrid.

[168]

Friday, July 7, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] [Pinsent] Nora [Grifeo]

[Blank page]

[169]

Saturday, July 8, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] [Pinsent] Nora [Grifeo]

Hot

[Blank page]

[170]

Sunday, July 9, 1916, I Tatti

Nora [Grifeo] G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] [Pinsent]

Very hot

Went with Nora and Hutton to see Iris’ boy-scout show. It was very well done. She organizes well. Sybil was in bed feeling so ill that she thought she was going to die. I called on Lady Methuen.

Marcella came up to tea and stayed on to dine. She was like a piece of hard crystal, and Geoffrey felt himself outside a door that had been banged to. Of course she hadto face the fact that he cared more for Nicky, and the idea of her, but she is very self-absorbed and apparently doesn’t give him a thought.

Nora’s friend, Contessa Cipriani, came up and also stayed to dine. She works among the Italian immigrants in N[ew] Y[ork].

July 10-13 [pages cut off]

[171]

Friday, July 14, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Nora [Grifeo]

Hot but less oppressive. Full Moon

B.B. went to see Sybil, who is painfully ill with an infection of the mucous membrane. Geoffrey took Nora over meaning to show her Strongs’ house, but she was so drugged that she fell asleep. Even awake she has been like a somnambulist all day. Poor little creature. I think of her as of a leaf in a whirling current setting toward a fire, tossed this way and that, but always nearer destruction. Elizabetta came up, she, too, very anxious about Nora. Her state is indeed only too patent.

Mr. Destrée and his second wife, Mr. and Mme de Pierron, came to tea. We went to the Gamberaia after dinner. Lovely moonlight.

[172]

Saturday, July 15, 1916, I Tatti

Naima [Löfroth] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Full moon

Nora dripped off at two o’clock. I shall miss Valdetta, but I am too thankful Nora is gone. It made me awfully uncomfortable to know she was drugging herself into imbecility (one saw it only too well!), and yet to be able to do nothing for her. I could hardly look at the dear little child without tears.

Naima came back to tea – and the Dumonts to dine on the Gamberaia terrace. It was beautiful, but their talk was awful.

G[eoffrey] and I walked home, but it wasn’t very pleasant, as I had to complain of his being selfish about my family affection. I don’t want him to be like B.B. and always put difficulties in the way of my going home, and generally show dislike of my fondness for my own family. It has always made things somewhat difficult, and I cannot have Geoffrey going the same way. He is selfish of them – they want me to be exclusively devoted to them. It only makes friction, for I can’t yield there – it is too vital to me. But how I do hate to stand up for myself in criticizing the people I love.

July 18, 1916 [pages cut off and a blank page]

[174]

Wednesday, July 19, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] ~~Eugénie~~

Hot

B.B. called on Sybil. I brought Yoï out to dine, and she flirted with Geoffrey, while BB and I had a walk. She has no scruple whatever about Nello – that we can see. The truth is she is the sort of person decent people don’t care to have in their houses.

[175]

Thursday, July 20, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Eugénie [Strong]

Hot

Eugénie Strong arrived at 2 with the old British School and the British Museum thumping along behind her like Fafner and Fasold.

Parry’s baby, Roberto, was born while he was meeting Eugenie.

[176]

Friday, July 21, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Eugénie [Strong]

Hot

Went to the furthest village beyond the Madonna del Sasso and walked back 1 ½ hours with Hutton to join the others at a picnic dinner, the others being Naima Eugénie and B.B.

Geoffrey went down to see Marcella. Hutton told me he was desperately in love with Yoï, who – I should judge had become his mistress. He is ready to throw over everything for her - on the analogy of Paris who thought Helen worth burning Troy to the ground for. What a fool! But he is a dear little fellow. I quite love him for his (strange to say) Goodness. but he is a fool.

[pages cut off]

[177]

Friday, July 28, 1916, I Tatti

E[ugénie] S[trong]

Shopped with Eugénie, an awful business, as she is so undecided about everything.

G[eoffrey] had Marcella to dinner and rather raged at her for being neither a girl nor a woman. She is teasing, but cannot somehow really see it. I think she is a little cracked.

B.B. stayed in bed all day.

Eugenie and I called on Mrs. Ross.

[178]

Saturday, July 29, 1916, I Tatti

E[ugénie] S[trong] G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

Rain at last

Such a glorious rain! It lasted nearly 15 hours. Towards afternoon it cleaned up, and Hutton and I had our walk from the road to Monte Senario over to San Clemente. It was divinely beautiful, but we didn’t half enjoying it, we were talking so hard about Yoï. He is desperately in love, but doesn’t know what to do about it. He is like a fly, with its feet stuck on a Tanglefoot paper. She had told him about her affair with Geoffrey, but vowed it was all over. I said he had better talk to Geoffrey and learn the exact truth. He said if it hadn’t been for my warning he’d have run off with her already, throwing everything to the winds. I asked how he would have supported her. He had no idea, he’d have thought of that later. Poor little fool. But he is so sweet and good, I really like him.

[179]

[ pages cut off]

[180]

Tuesday, August 1, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Teresa

Eugenie went away in infinite buzz. I got very sick of her indecisions. It is a real decease. While Teresa was repacking her things I called on Yoï, who entertained me with a whole pack of lies, how she was extremely happy with Nello and led first the life she adored, and how she wouldn’t for the world do anything” with Geoffrey, partly for the love of Nello and chiefly because she adored me.

“You must believe me, Mary!” she said, and of course I said I did. I gathered she wasn’t in love with little Hutton, although she likes his worship and finds him useful for placing her articles.

Later while BB. And Teresa went to Monte Senario, Geoffrey and I had a walk over these hills, most glorious… [bottom of page cut off]

[181]

Wednesday, August 2, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Motored Teresa to Vallombrosa, and while B.B. called on Dowdeswell and the Serristoris, Hutton and Geoffrey and I had a 2 hours climb over the mountains in the dark, cool fragment pine-wood, alive with the buzz and hum of insects. We dined on our favorite promontory and got home at 11.

Hutton seemed depressed and no longer confident about Yoï, although they are planning to spend some weeks at Vallombrosa in the same hotel. Yoï particularly stipulating that she should have a room apart for her nurse and babies, and Hutton re-impressing this on me when I went to speak about her rooms. But he talks less ecstatic nonsense than he did, and thinks perhaps she is fond of Nello and her children! Poor little man.

[182]

Thursday, August 3, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

84° in the day 78° all night!

Motored to Montesenario and lay in the pine woods discussing the “basis of ethics”. Geoffrey stayed on there, while B.B. and I had glorious walk along a new path. We got back for dinner. Yoï telephoned to know if she might come up some evening before we left (she wants to see Geoffrey), but I said we were engaged every evening. Geoffrey says he doesn’t care a bit what she thinks of him.

[184]

Saturday. August 5, I Tatti

Prince Paul came to dine, and told us about his awful childhood. His parents deserted him when he was 3, and he was left to his Grandfather who became King of Serbia when he was about 12. At first he lived with him in Switzerland, and one of his first recollections is being taken by his grandfather to a room where his somewhat older cousin George was strapped down, and seeing his grandfather beat the boy with a thonged whip till the child was covered with blood and became unconscious. Poor little Paul was frightened really into fits.

His whole childhood passed comme ça, afraid to death of the cruel old man, with no one to care for him and everybody whishing he was out of the way. His cousin George, who lives in Paris, has tried to poison them all, including himself.

How the poor boy loathesSerbia and all the people connected with it.

[185]

Sunday, August 5, Villa Bice, Massa di Marina [*sic*]

G[eoffrey] S[cott] Sybil [Cutting] Iris ourselves

Started at 7.30 and got here in the car at 12. Found Sybil on the beach - and our lazy life began. All morning in bathing and perhaps bathing again! Sybil is wonderfully better.

I fear I’ve caught a cold.

[186]

Monday, August 7, [Forte dei] Marmi

Bathed, but coming down with cold. B.B. Went in.

[187]

Tuesday, August 8, Massa

Really ill. Fever and influenza.

[188]

Wednesday-Thursday, August 9-10, Marina di Massa

Really wretched, not struggling up, bathing and eating, but so uncomfortable. Being unstrung. Sybil’s continual chatter does get on my nerves, although I like her more the more I seeher.She is agood sort. B.B. seems shrunk from her endless talk.

Geoffrey has taken to this life like a fish. Sunburnt and well he looks.

[189]

Wednesday-Thursday, August 9-10, Marina di Massa

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Geoffrey has taken to this life like a fish. Sunburnt and well he looks.

[190]

Friday-Saturday, August 11-12, Villa Bice

Still the same, a lazy but I trust restful life, but I am deep down under the gloom of Influenza.

Drove to Forte and called on Lina and the Cansuleos. What a ghostly slum they’ve made of Forte.

[191]

Friday-Saturday, August 11-12, Villa Bice

Still the same, a lazy but I trust restful life, but I am deep down under the gloom of Influenza.

Drove to Forte and called on Lina and the Cansuleos. What a ghostly slum they’ve made of Forte.

[192]

Sunday, August 13,1916, Villa Bice

Iris 14° birthday. Miss Trelauney and Nesta de Roebeck came over, and we had a picnic tea in the wood and played games. I feel very low. Can’t shake off this cold.

[193]

Monday, August 14,1916, Villa Bice

Julia’s 15° birthday I hope she passed it happily.

Karin saved Adrian from the military Tribunal by the skin of his teeth, by sending word to the Army representative there that when he was courting her and she urged him to fight, he dared to risk the loss of her suspect by refusing. This was the only point that established his antebellum conscentious objection to war. She is very bright. Adrian makes a poor impression on Alys and Logan and Ray and Oliver.

[194]

Tuesday, August 15, 1916, Villa Bice

Drove to Forno - an awful road.

Bathed twice. B.B. and I both feel very depressed. Sea air I suppose.

However G[eoffrey] is magnificent, but he seems greatly bothered by hearing nothing from M[arcella] M[ichela].

Sybil has developed her tiresome side again. I never can like her for more than a little while at a time, for she always does some incredibly self-absorbed a tactless thing, which gets on my nerves. At present she is just eating B.B. like a female spider, and he is wretched. And Lord how she chatters! I get wild just with the sound of her voice.

[195]

Friday, August 18, 1916, Hotel Appennino, Pian della Gotta, Garfagnana

G[eoffrey] S[cott

Lina motoring

Fine and then storm

Started about 11, having hung sound an extra half hour on the chance of Geoffrey receiving the longed-for letter.

Motored from Massa to Carrara - Fosdinovo - Fivizzano, where we had an excellent lunch. Then to Castelnuovo di Garfagnana, where the bibliotecario was away, of course!

Then up the Pass towards Pieve Pelago, taking tea in the chestnut woods. Arriving at Pian della Gottta we could get beds only in the house of the arciprete, but these were clean and nice. We heard him moving overhead - he was putting biscuit tins in crucial spots to prevent the rain coming through onto the beds.

Geoffrey is very glad he came, as it distracts him from worrying.

[196]

Saturday, August 19, 1916, Hotel Radio, Equi

Motoring with Geoffrey and Lina

Storm and fine

Motored over the pass back from Pian della Gotta and had a \*\* most glorious view of the Apuan mountains. Saw the little XVIII century Library (archivio) at Castelnuovo di Garfagnana, and went up into the heart of the Monte Pisanino to a little place called Vagli Superiore, where we lunched. Reached Equi for tea, and explored the cavern and the cave full of the bones of prehistoric men and animals.

Lina has observed poor little Hutton’s passion for Yoï, and she talked to me about it. I said I thought Yoï wouldn’t upset everybody’s applecart for him. Lina was awfully concerned and distressed.

[197]

Sunday, August 20, 1916, Massa

Fine

We went up to the end of the road to see the cliffs and the awful peak Aubrey climbed.

Got to Aulla at 11 and while Lina saw her friends, Geoffrey and I motored to Bagnone, talking of course chiefly about M[arcella] M[ichela]

Came back by Sarzana, where we saw the Cathedral.

My cold is getting well at last.

Came over Fosdinovo - Carrara Pass on which we met B.B. and Sybil in her car. Stopped at Fosdinovo and saw the churches and chatted with the Priest, whose nurse was full of profughi from the earthquake at Pesaro. One woman still looked awfully scared.

[198]

Monday, August 21, 1916, Marina di Massa

Bathed twice.

The Salveminis came to dinner. We explored Bocca di Magra, a most lovely little fishing village, dominated by the Fabbricotti palaces - awful erections. What a divine country this is!

Letter at last from M[arcella] M[ichela] which, although it says nothing explicit, relieves Geoffrey’s mind a lot. Most of it was - about two other men who are at her mountain resort!! What an impossible creature.

[199]

Tuesday, August 22, Marina di Massa

Fearful storm, then fine

Bathed twice.

B.B. and I went over to Forte to see Lina and have tea with the Consul and his wife. Very boring, the latter. She is a silly woman.

[200]

Wednesday, August 23, 1916, Marina di Massa

Fine

Bathed.

Geoffrey and Iris and I went to the amphitheatre at Luni, a perfectly unspoilt and most enchanting place, - “stimmungsvoll” as those loathsome Germans would say.

We looked at possible sites for Villas.

[201]

Thursday, August 24, 1916, Marina di Massa

Scirocco

Took Iris to Viareggio to see Dr. Simonetti for her acne.

“Took out” little Evaide Giannini from the Institute di San Dorotea and had her photo taken, gave her an ice at her caffé and chocolate to take to the other girls in her class, and took her a ride in the automobile. She returned in her school a very happy little girl.

B.B. called on Mme Salvemini and her parents, the Dauriacs, whom he liked, and also Mme Orilies.

Bathed twice. Sybil gets worse and worse. Decidedly we weren’t meant to see much of each other. She is pathologically self-absorbed and indifferent to and unobservant of the feelings of others. I understand how her husband must have felt.

[202]

Friday, August 25,1916, Marina di Massa

Bathed and B.B. almost swam.

Took tea in the divine amphitheatre of Luni and then visited possible sites for houses along the coast from Bocca di Marinella.

[203]

Saturday, August 26, 1916, Marina di Massa

Bathed twice. Motored back to look at sites. But both B.B. and I feel so ill and depressed here that I fear the sea doesn’t suit us. B.B. says he is thoroughly fed up and bored with Sybil, who only clings to him the more.

[204]

Sunday, August 27, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Bathed in the morning and motored home in the afternoon, having our tea in the shade of the big bridge on the Arno near Fucecchio.

It took us only 3 hours of actual motoring.

[205]

Monday, August 28, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

Hot!

B.B. quite upset and liverish. Evidently the sea doesn’t suit him.

Yoï has sent back Geoffrey’s presents and also all I gave her.

[206]

Tuesday, August 29, I Tatti

Hot!

B.B. fit to be in bed. He feels horribly seasick. It is 84° and very trying. B.B. went up to Monte Senario, but it did him no good. I went to see Aunt Janet who talked a lot about Hutton and Yoï. She has it greatly on her mind. I tried to make her think there was nothing in it.

[207]

Wednesday, August 30, 1916, I Tatti

B.B. in bed, really seasick -

I went to town with Aunt Janet and Hutton, and to Fiesole to get our permessi di soggiorno.

Hutton said that when Nello appeared in Vallombrosa he and Yoï were having tea together, and the maid rushed in saying “C’è il marito!” and Yoï said “Good God”. She went to meet him and brought him in, and he and Hutton glared at each other “Three minutes by the clock”. He also told this to Geoffrey. Nello then decided to be friendly, and in the end told him he hoped he would go often to see Yoï.

[208]

Thursday, August 31, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Hot

B.B. still ill, though better from the Luri Pill I gave him.

[209]

NOTE

Absolute evidence have I none.

But our charwoman’s sister has a son

Who heard a Policeman at his beat

Say to a housemaid in Downing Street

That he knew a man who had a friend

Who knew to a day when the War would end.

[210]

Friday, September 1, 1916, I Tatti

Hot

B.B. slightly better and able to get up in the afternoon and be at dinner with Mrs. Ross and Hutton.

[211]

Saturday, September 2, 1916, Hotel Aquabella, Vallombrosa

Hot

Geoffrey and I came up here to prospect. It is a heavenly air and the food is good. I have telephoned to B.B. to come up.

Geoffrey had a talk with Yoï, he asked her why she had sent back his presents, and she retorted by asking him why he hadn’t kept his appointment with her. He said that he didn’t care to stand in Hutton’s way. She professed complete surprise, and told so many lies that at last Geoffrey said Hutton had practically said he was her lover which is a hundred times true. He quoted what I reported as having heard Hutton say - “that there wasn’t a trace of childbirth on her body”, as this seemed more conclusive than any of his vapourings about elopements to Spain and the rest.

[212]

Sunday, September 3, 1916, Vallombrosa

B.B. and Naima came up to lunch and we had a long walk. It is too beautiful. Met the Buttles and Andersens.

Geoffrey had a further talk with Yoï, which he said was too horrible for words. She threatened to make it impossible for him to live in Italy. She said he had never met such malignity and baseness.

[213]

Monday, September 4, 1916, Vallombrosa

Lovely walk - After lunch I had a talk with Yoï, and told her I never had and never could believe her. She was rather awful, and I got the feeling that she would do and say anything, and that she was a regular old hand at rows and abuse.

[214]

Tuesday, September 5, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]C[ecil] P[insent]

Cooler

Walked to the Lago, where the car motored us and brought us down. Lazzaroni came to lunch and Prince Paul to dinner. B.B. told the latter that he couldn’t return to England while the war was on, but being a Prince must act like one and go out to the Serbian Army at Salonica. The poor boy hates it so, especially as he isn’t wanted there, and all his relatives work against him. And he longs so for England! But English people would never understand his leaving his country now*.*

[215]

Wednesday, September 6, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Cool

Went to town for dressmaking. Hutton came over. We told him what we had said to Yoï, and he indignantly denied having said what I reputed, I am a great exaggerate, and may have read a lot into a remark no more explicit than “isn’t it marvelous that she shows no trace of having had 4 children”.

He seems candid, and I feel I must give him the benefit of the doubt Millet - though I remember his saying it- so I wrote to Yoï that I believed his denial. It doesn’t materially alter anything, for he said lots of things just as compromising. - “Would Nello kill her, do you think, if he knows?” etc. etc. But he may be a rhetorical ass and let his tongue go. In which case it was a mistake of Geoffrey’s to try to convict her of having another lover.

[216]

Thursday, September 7, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]C[ecil] P[insent]

Cool

I went down to the Counsul’s and found that there are many difficulties in the way of travel - After our awful struggle we decided not to go to America, but to remain here till the end of the war.

I don’t see how I can bear not to go to England: It is awfulfor me. But I am tremendously relieved about America. To go and amuse ourselves with fashionable life there in war-time would have been intolerable.

[217]

Friday, September 8, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]C[ecil] P[insent]

Cool

Dreadful reaction after the momentous decision. I am utterly miserable about England, but B.B. hung the two things together.

The Dumonts and Aunt Janet and Hutton dined here. I begin to suspect Hutton’s good faith, or rather, I am sure he is and ever worse confusionista than I. For he told Geoffrey he only confessed to me his love for Yoï, when I said I knew about his letters to her. This time I am sure of my ground. We never mentioned the letters till the second “Yoï” walk, and then he told me of having written. But it is a good reason to give Yoï for having spoken to me, and he clutches at it, and perhaps, in his trouble and muddle, believes it. He said Iforced his confidence, and that is not true at all. But it is better to keep out of such things. Let it be a warning.

[218]

Saturday, September 9, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]C[ecil] P[insent]

Quiet day with walk and writing and making, and in the afternoon dressmaking and a call on Teresa Hulton.

[219]

Sunday, September 10, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]C[ecil] P[insent]

Walked with B.B. and Teresa. Prince Paul came to dinner and we had a pleasant evening. Marcella has returned and keeps Geoffrey continually at the telephone.

[220]

Monday, September 11, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Rain and fine

The new piece of furniture for B.B. came, and alas the measurements were wrong and the drawers were too small for his photos. What bad luck. I’d have given anything to avoid it. It brought back to him all his old rages and grievances. I wish he dwells as much as the advantages and successes. It does make things nearly unbearable sometimes - such an awful mental atmosphere.

Princess Candriano came to tea, and departed promising to bring up lots of her friends. we must avoid this somehow.

[page cut off]

[221]

Tuesday, September 12, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Great thunder storm

A “black serpent day”, but better towards evening. when B.B. and I had a delightful walk in the dripping woods.

[222]

Wednesday, September 13, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Dress-maked in town and had tea with Teresa.

Nice walk with B.B.

[223]

Thursday, September 14, 1916, I Tatti

Worked over the photos of the Vatican Gallery, which we’ve got after all these years.

Long and pleasant walk with B.B. but he is awfully unreasonable.

[224]

Friday, September 15, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

Went to Santa Croce in morning but B.B. was so cross about a baby that cried and a guardian who had a cold and sniffed that it was (for me) all spoiled. He was also perfectly and absolutely unreasonable about the chest of drawers. I think he half believes that the boys were extra careless about it because it was for him! A perfect hopelessness came over me of ever getting behind his furious and unreasonable “complexes,” and having him see things straight. It is truly very sad and painful.

Mrs. Ross and Hutton dined here. We spoke of the War.

[225]

Saturday, September 16, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Fine

Marcella came up to tea, and she and Geoffrey had their usual secret and extra-shaking talks. He will never understand her, but it’s fun trying and gives him a feelings of adventure and non-ennui.

The Salveminis came to dine.

B.B. talked with G[eoffrey] about the chest, and Geoffrey said it had been Cecil’s mistake, that they would take it themselves and have another made for him which should have the right measurements. But B.B. already loves the nice piece, and wants to keep it and yet declares he will keep his grievance too.

Geoffrey was awfully angry, and I think with reason.

[226]

Sunday, September 17, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth] G[eoffrey] S[cott]

Fine

Got my table in working order, all the notes spread out around me. It is a sort of superior “Patience” and I thoroughly enjoy it.

Had an awful row with B.B. because I want to go home for Ray’s confinement. If I do, he will go to America, and I want anything but that. He is awfully selfish. Certainly I should let him go anywhere he liked for a month. It hurts awfully. He says he has put all his eggs in one basket (me) and alas he behaves so that they are added! I am really miserable.

Prince Paul came to call before going to Racconigi to visit the Queen and go with her to the Front.

[227]

Monday, September 18, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

Perfectly miserable. I cannot bear not to go home. How can B.B. try to prevent me. It is sheer selfishness and lack of consideration for the best feelings I have. It is really too awful. But he threatens me with all sorts of awful consequences if I go, such as his staying in America, getting to hate I Tatti, never trusting me again etc. etc. And as he is clearly the main business of my life, on which my happiness really depends, I must give in. I did hate to make him unhappy - only somehow I don’t believe he would be - what is a month? - and it sounds like crafty and furious talk to get his ends. But why in hell does he want me to stay when it makes me utterly miserable and besides makes me almost hate him and rage secretly against him all the time? It is so silly. It isn’t as if he had stayed [home] from America for me. He gave up the journey himself before I suggested it and because he found the annoyances of travel, and now he makes me, who don’t fear them, give up what is so fearfully vital to me. I can’t bear to think of Ray going through all that suffering without me. It is intolerable.

[228]

Tuesday, September 19, 1916, I Tatti

[blank]

[229]

Wednesday, September 20, 1916, I Tatti

B.B. and I lunched with the Dumonts to meet Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthout.

[230]

[231]

[blank]

[232]

Saturday, September 23, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

Corrected proofs and wrangled with B.B. A black serpent day. Finally at night I went for him furious, and said I really couldn’t stand his temper and the things he says, such as that I ‘never do anything for him’ etc. We ended by making a pact that when he got mad he would write down his grievances. Perhaps that will prevent his saying such monstrous things.

[233]

Sunday, September 24, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

Index-making - Walked.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumonts, Mrs. Ross and Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthout dined here, also Cecil. Geoffrey had Marcella and her aunt Cornelia Fabbricotti to dine.

[234]

Monday, September 25, 1916, I Tatti

Worked on Index.

B.B. dined with Sybil and I with Aunt Janet and Mr. Hutton. He walked back with me and said Yoï would leave Nello in an instant but for her passionate love for Fosco. “It’s a long siege” he said “as long as the German War. But I shall win in the end” What does he went to win I wonder?

[235]

Tuesday, September 26, 1916, I Tatti

Wednesday’s tale.

B.B. and I lunched with Mr. Mitchell, taking up Mrs. Dumont who afterwards came with me to call on Mr. Dillon.

Had a walk with B.B., very scirocco-y

Worked on Index.

[236]

Wednesday, September 27, 1916, I Tatti

Scirocco

Heavy day indexing, and dress-making. Walked in the woods, dripping with sweat, but it did us good.

M[arcella] M[ichela] called on Geoffrey and was quite intolerable. She never attempts to control her moods. I daresay he was difficile, too. She said she was sure there wasn’t even a friendship left, as they had taken a strada sbagliata - and then they fell to quarreling about Italy and England.

On the whole, it is just as well, for it would certainly queer the Nippy pitch if they went on with the *intensità* which they started in when she came back from her holiday.

This is Tuesday’s tale

[237]

Thursday, September 28, 1916, I Tatti

G[eoffrey] S[cott] C[ecil] P[insent]

Cloudy

Finished Index.

Hutton came to ask where he could find ass’s milk for Yoï’s baby, who is ill. B.B. rushed out of the room to keep himself from saying “Look in for your own breast”. Hutton and I telephoned here and there, but couldn’t discover any. “I must get it!” and he actually proposed to send a town crier through the streets of Florence to cry for it. In the end he was persuaded not to, but went off on a quest. It found it might be got at Dicomano, and was starting off but telephoned, and told him to tell Nello and let Nello go for it if he wanted it, as it is his child, and Nello’s parents are very rich.

B.B. had tea with Sybil, and I called for him and we walked home. He said Sybil was very sensible and nice about seeing less of him and making no claims. He had to explain to her that he couldn’t go on as he did last winter, but I trust he did so very gently.

The boys dined with the Trenches.

[238]

Friday, September 29, 1916, I Tatti

Rain, cold

Yoï’s baby died at 7. Hutton and I went down in the afternoon and left flowers. The boys stayed to lunch and then went down to continue their catalogue of Baroque details. Sybil came to tea and two young men from the English Red Cross at Gorizia. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Tadmin.

Mrs. Ross and Mr. Hutton came to dine.

Send off Index of the American book “Venetian Painting in the Unites States”.

[cut off]

Saturday, September 30, 1916,

[252 top of page cut away]

Sunday, September 31, 1916, I Tatti

[text cut away] …register a great cooling-off in the B.B. - Sybil friendship. He feels she is a bore, which we all knew long ago.

Oliver has gone to Egypt on a special mission.

The War drags on *horribly*.

[239]

Sunday, October 1, 1916, I Tatti

N[aima] L[öfroth]

Fine and then a little rain

Got on well with Index of Vol. III of “Study and Criticism”.

We all 3 went to have tea at the Villa Pazzi with Mr. Eyre and Violaand her husband and took the Arbuthouts home.

Reading George Moore’s “The Brook Kerith” which is perfectly delightful.

[242]

Monday, October 2

Fine

Began typing Indices to third volume of “Studies and Criticism of Italian Art”.

[243]

Tuesday, October 3, 1916, I Tatti

[blank]

[244]

Wednesday, October 4, 1916, I Tatti

Glorious

Fearful day of indecision about going home. B.B. is so against it, so afraid, somehow of being left alone, and so far from well, that I gave in and said I would not go, if he felt he really couldn’tspare me.

But there must be something he doesn’t say, some “complex” about having given up Belle Greene, and wanting me to give up as much - or something I don’t understand to account for the violence on his expressions.

I am utterly worn out with it.

We took THE walk and found it very beautiful. He seemed to get happy when I said I would not go if he felt so strongly about it.

But it does seem to using my heart most horribly.

[245]

Thursday, October 5, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

The mystery was explained by a telegram for him which was brought to me - from Belle Greene saying that since he couldn’t come to London she would come and stay with him for two weeks in Paris. He had given up London - not for me, but because he couldn’t stand her friend there and the flirtations with them - and he felt bored and depressed and so couldn’t spare me, not even for a most sacred duty of mine and one I cared about awfully. Another reason for me to love that vulgar young person!

However her coming decides him to go to Paris, so I am graciously allowed to go too.

As the chief thing I want *is* to go, I am in the whole glad, but the whole comedy disgusts me and it seems to me very selfish to make me pay for the ennui he feels on her accounts. Still I am glad to go.

[246]

Friday, October 6, 1916, I Tatti

Fine

We had an awful morning of bringing up old grievances and resentment - on his side. I really complain of nothing but his temper and I feel absolutely discouraged. He wants more affection and tact and to be made to feel first in everything. I daresay it is a very human longing, but it is not to be had for asking but only for winning. I feel too tired and too put off to dream. I can[’t] give him what he wants, I just can’t, although I am truly devoted to him and he has his way about almost everything. But he is full of craving for more affection and consideration than it seems to be in me to give, and I don’t know what to do. I am fearfully tired of the incessant strife and would almost be glad to go and live at home among good unselfish unexacting people, who aren’t always on the look-out to see whether they are treated as they think they should be. I had a long walk alone, but found no solution.