[025]

Sunday, January 1, 1922, Cairo

Bronchial cold.

Shepheards’ [*sic*] Hotel . Cloudy

Simaika Pasha called for us at 9.30, and Mrs. (Labouchere) Mackintosh, and we drove around and picked up Col. Storrs (The Governor of Jerusalem!!) and went out to the delightful Coptic Museum, where we spent 2 hours. The early carved wooden door and a ditto screen were particularly interesting. Saw the Roman gate, now far below the level of the town which certainly rises incredibly! I suppose they are too lazy to burn their rubbish.

On the way Storrs told the Pasha, who is the head of the Copts, about the Holy Sepulchre rows. An immemorial custom grants free access to walk round the Tank to *everyone*, but the Copts have a Chapel on the back and 3 times a wk. for 2 hrs. They spread out and fill up the passage. The Franciscans, to assert the old custom, make a point of sending servants carrying food for some nuns right through the crowd of worshipping Copts, who retaliate by throwing water on the “Way to the t” ~~?~~ where the Catholic procession has to haul!!

Stopped at the desolate romantic *mosque of Amr*.

Sent poor Eliza to the hospital. They think she has typhoid. Went to electrical doctor.

[026]

Monday, January 2, 1922, Shepheard’s Hotel. Cairo

Cold worse.

Cloudy morning fine

Storrs called for us at 9.30 and we went to the Bazaars, which he knows like his pockets. He is suspiciously intimate with “Jack Cohen”, “Dimitri” etc.

Bonté Elgood came to lunch, charming radiant creature, and accompanied us with Mrs. Devonshire to see the Palace of ~~Bestat~~

and a dear little Qaitbay mosque of *Cairi Bek* [*sic*] {*long space*} with a domed tank, and big ablution tank, 4 liwans (the side ones v. small), pen court, fine marble columns of mirhab. Also a falling to ruin Palace near by with one open loggia and a lovely musharahi in the harem. BB. and Mrs. D. went on, but I drove Bonté to her train, and called on Eliza at the Cheziral Hospital (Anglo-American). She has a lovely quiet room, and a nice nurse, but she looks dying, v. white and all teeth, like a skull. Had a 4th varicose veins electrical treatment, and came home to find Mr. Russell here (Chief of Police), a handsome sporting man, whose wife, BB. says, has a mind like a yard measure that only bends at same places.

{*written vertically halfway down the left margin*} Mrs. Bazil called.

[027]

Tuesday, January 3, 1922

Cold worse

So so day

Nicky arrived at 5.30 a.m! dear creature! B.B. and I went to the Museum and then to the French Institute for lunch w. Storrs. We came back and took Nicky a drive along the native streets. She entered into the spirit of it.

Then B.B. and I went to Lady Allenby’s musical. Mme. de Cramer

played *gloriously*—a great artist. We met the Mackintoshes, Elgoods, Sérionnes, Russells, Storrs, Creswell, Mme. Foucart, and various then new acquaintances.

Mrs. De Kaven writes “I am well and for the moment restored to the normal-by companionship [Spender] I shall never be free from suffering without it. I have lived the life à deux too long. A cultivated mind—a keenly sensitive responsiveness (aha?)—a high and very faithful idea of friendship provide very reliable foundations for just the sort of companionship wh. I fancy is bad for me at this time of the day.”

[028]

Wednesday, January 4, 1922

So -so day

In bed with bronchitis, worse luck

B.B. and Nicky went to Ibn Tulun with Mrs. Devonshire in the morning and N[icky] went out with her and a party to the citadel in the afternoon. Patricolo and Mme. de Cramer (Adamoli) came to tea and they went to a glorious Bach Concert.

[029]

Thursday, January 5, 1922

Fine day

Still in bed with bronchitis.

B.B. and Nicky went to {*scratched*} Hassan with the Residency party and then Mrs. D[evonshire] muddled away the rest of the morning stupidly.

Logan has called he {*scratched*} can’t come. I am *awfully* disappointed. He is slower in getting over his operation than they thought.

B.B. and N. went to Creswell, and then B.B. called in the Countess of Villamarina.

[030]

Friday, January 6, 1922

Still in bed with bronchitis.

B.B. and Nicky went out with Patricolo.

[031]

Saturday, January 7, 1922

Already a little better, but no voice.

We got out of lunching with the Bazils.

[032] Sunday, January 8, 1922

Cairo

Still in bed, voiceless.

B.B. and N. lunched with the Sérionnes.

All sorts of people called.

[033] Monday, January 9, 1922

Getting up, but felt very weak.

[034] Tuesday, January 10, 1922

Cairo

Up but not out.

Creswell, Mme. Bazil, Elgoods, Patricolo, Mme. de Sérionne called. B.B. dined with Col. Thompson and Maurice Amos. N. and I dined alone and she began to learn the type writer.

Rained, nearly snowed at night.

[035] Wednesday, January 11, 1922

Cloudy, sunny, drops of rain, very cold

Went out to electrical doctor and dentist and with Mrs. Devonshire to see some late mosques on the slope of the Citadel. She and Patricolo lunched with us, and we went with him to the Tomb of Imam Shafei [*sic*] (most beautiful, with its colors. The dome recalled in its way of swimming tribune at SS Annunziata by Alberti. Then we went to that wonderful Albanian Monastery and saw the view in a dramatic light.

Furness, Baxter etc. called.

[036] Thursday, January 12, 1922

*Cairo*

Museum BB. Bazaars with Nicky and got some presents.

~~Patr~~ Went to see Eliza.

The ~~Br~~ Jennings Bramlys lunched with us.

y

[037] Friday, January 13, 1922

Glorious

Cairo—

Went on the Mokattam with Patricolo and saw El Juyushi (mosque) and the marvelous view.

In the evening he took us to Ibn Tulun by moonlight. Perhaps the most wonderful experience of all.

Cresswell [*sic*] and Alfred Nicholson called.

[038] Saturday, January 14, 1922

Cairo

Fine

Museum.

Sen. Adamoli and Mr. and Mrs. de Cramer to lunch.

Tea with Major Anderson, the Kitsons, Mr. E. S. Thomas (awfully nice) and Mrs. de Cramer.

Walked home.

Mrs. de Kaven and Spender to dine.

B.B. had a “beautiful thought,” i.e that phallic worship and snake worship go together.

He also said that Anna de K’s head was like a pincushion thick with inflamed pins.

[039] Sunday, January 15, 1922

Fine then cloudy—

Museum. Lunched with the Bazils who had Mme. de Sérionne.

*Pyramids* afternoon and sunset, but not clear enough to stay for moon.

Reading Breasted.

[040] Monday, January 16, 1922

Cairo

Packing!! Eliza got back from Hospital only at 3. Nicky has been an Angel of helpfulness. “Things love” her, and they seemed to fly into their places. BB’s only contribution was—“I don’t like to see you using my sponge to wet the labels”!

We lunched with *Mr. and Mrs. William Whiting Andrews* (chargé d’affaires at the American Ministry here) and then I called on *Mme.* *Foucart*, wrote my name in the *Sultana*’s book. Called on *Mme. de Sérionne*, *Mme. Neguib Pasha*, *Mrs. Dousan*, *Mrs. Graham*. I liked the Dousans *very* much.

*Whitall and Eliza Nicholson* and their son *Alfred* (whom I’m trying to save from being a sort of missionary and send to Cambridge), *Capitain de Cards* (Liaison officer between Allenby and Gouraud), *Patricolo*, *Mrs. de* *Kaven* and *Mr. Spender* called.

[041] Tuesday, January 17, 1922

On the Nile. SS. Egypt

We got off at 10, Eliza rather collapsed.

Spent the day with the *Cecil* *Firths* at *Sakkara*, seeing the *Tomb of Ti* and *Meru* and the burial chamber inside the *Pyramid of Onas*, with walls of alabaster inlaid with precious marbles. It was indescribably beautiful coming back to the boat by sunset.

[042] Wednesday, January 18, 1922

On the Nile

A day without stopping, every single moment fascinating, *fascinating*! The desert and the sun, the Arabian mtns., the boats, the Shaduks, the people sitting motionless along the mud banks, the veiled women coming down for water, the camels and gamooses against the sky line, the sunset—dear Nicky—everything delightful.

*Von Warlich* turned up on board with a (rich) friend named *Sanderson*. There are also some California *Deerings*, but the company on board is not interesting.

Read half of *Parkyn’s* “*Prehistoric Art*.

[043] Thursday, January 19, 1922

Stopped at *Beni Hassan* and saw the sights, and *enjoyed* them. The trip is *too* enchanting!

I wrote to Barbara

There was an old Gram in a boat

Who said “I’m afloat! I’m afloat!”

When they said “It’s the Nile”

She burst into a smile

And learned on the Nile and the boat

The landscape *as well* as the Art is composed of “Tactile Values”!

[044] Friday, January 20, 1922

On the Nile

*Assiout*

Rather a wasted day from the point of view of art: but we had a very wonderful view of the town from the hills behind, and also of the Nile valley. But to think they don’t stop at Til el-Amarna!!! Stupid Cooks! It turned very cold in the night.

[045] Saturday, January 21, 1922

On the Ruins

Cold

All day on boat passing through marvellous [*sic*] scenery. *Nothing ugly*.

Read *Mrs. Quibell’s* admirable little bk. on Egyptian art, careful, scholarly, up to date, simple.

[046] Sunday, January 22, 1922

SS. Egypt

Another day on the boat. These days are so full of beauty, we wish each one was 60 hours long.

[047] Monday, January 23, 1922

Nile

Luxor

*Dendera* 8-11. Were overwhelmed. Felt our beloved Italian Art, Romanesque, Gothic, was mere bluff.

Gutekunst wrote that our art is expressive, this art impressive. It’s true, there is nothing here like the Chartres N. Portal. But forART—!

Arrived at Luxor at sunset—wandered in the Temple, disputing with some wrath, the relation between the entrance and the colonnade.

Pope dead.

[048] Tuesday, January 24, 1922

Nile boat

Saw Karnak. It is madly picturesque and of course it is HUGE. But uncouth, unhomely, not to be made terms with.

Saw Luxor Temple with M. Lacaud the general director of the Service des Antiquités. He said he didn’t believe there was any misticism [*sic*] in the Egyptian religion. Where they worshipped a Ram they worshipped the animal tout court, not as a symbol. He said *Everything* was painted, even the black granite statues.

Letters from poor Geoffrey.

[049] Wednesday, January 25, 1922

Luxor

Early start to the Tombs of the Kings and various temples, and Tombs of Nobles. We are saved! There’s no need to go back on Italian art on account of *this*. All the ptgs. were what we shd. call 5th rate in Italy. Their art seems to have declined from the Early Dynasties. Even the famous XVIII is not very good. We are debased enough to like it better in the Ptolemaic time, when it acquires an almost French XVIII grace and neatness.

*Nonsense*

(later)

[050] Thursday, January 26, 1922

Nile boat Luxor

Early start to *Queen’s Tombs* etc., *Ramasseum* and surrounding Temples, Colossi. The Tomb paintings were really dull and poor. The Temples very picturesque and impressive, in some ways beautiful. The wall sculptures on the whole poor, but some roof decorations etc. very good.

Nothing to upset us any more, or make us feel European and inferior.

Afternoon joined forces with *M. and Mme. Neguib Pascha* [*sic*], *Mme. von Cramer* and the Italian Minister *Negrotti* and went back to *Karnac*, beautiful at sunset. Saw the famous Sekmet statue in the gloom.

Mme. Neguib is an Armenian, very charming. Her husband a Copt bounder.

[051] Friday, January 27, 1922

Esne [*sic*] and Edfu

Saw *Esna* and *Edfu*. The *Abbé* St. Paul Girard who is excavating at Edfu, took us to see where he is digging. A cut had been made in the mound \_\_\_\_\_ on the top, the modern mud houses, then the Copt (some of teal brick), then 2 strata of Arab towns, then Greek. He had not yet got down to the level of the Temple, where he hoped to find Egyptian remains.

Edfu is the best preserved, but it somehow left us cold, like St. Owen, you \_\_\_\_\_ it off. But the capitals are glorious, and of course it is impressive.

Read *Reisner’s* *Gifford* *lecture* on the Egyptian view of Immortality—apparently, from all the authorities, a materialistic, matter-of-fact affair, but *dangerous*, needing rites and offerings and magical words to get you safely along. We have yet to find the first trace of the spiritual in it.

[052] Saturday, January 28, 1922

Assuan

Saw *Comombo*, a wonderful “location” as the Western lady called it, and very picturesque, even grand.

This same individual asked Nicky if the 80 odd donkeys that meet us at the landings to carry us to the Temples were ~~different~~ local donkeys, and whether they followed us from Cairo in a boat!!!

Visited Island of Elephantine.

{*occupying the bottom half of the page, centered, is a picture of what is probably the Berensons’ ship cohort walking in a file with what seems to be a dragoman*}

[053] Sunday, January 29, 1922

Assuan

Took dragoman Abdul Latif (v. good) and saw the *Tombs* on the hill opposite in the morning and the *Coptic* *ruined* *church* at sunset, walking up on the ridge.

Tombs of Mechu, Ben and Se-Renpu (Grenfell).

Nicky and I *rode camels* to see the *Bechirim* *camp*. Awful motion!!

[054] Monday, January 30, 1922

Thebes

Raged through the barrage high water. Does it increase *the level* of comfort? Only more stomachs to feed on the edge of starvation.

*Dendur*. *Gerf-Husên*.

[055] Tuesday, January 31, 1922

Assuan—Gerf-Husên—up.

*Saboa*, *Amada* (Korosko)

Small old temple. *Kass* *Ibrim* at sunset where von Wahrlich sang.

[056] Wednesday, February 1, 1922

Abu Simbel—

There are no words!

On each side of the great sculptured rock façade pans out a red-gold cataract of sand. Towards sunset we climbed to the top for the unforgettable sunset view. I sat on the sand and slid down, sand and all, without a line of drapery being disarrayed. B.B. said “I am here to look, not to play” and thumped painfully down along the moraine of rocks at the side.

The whole thing’s incredible!!

The “petrified love story”, [*sic*], as Wahrlich called it, Rameses’ Temple for Nefertari, is also very grand. The great figures seem to be marching out of the mountain.

The scenery is past imagining. Hundreds of natural but marvellously [*sic*] symmetrical pyramids are scattered over the golden sand of the desert.

[057] Thursday, February 2, 1922

Wadi Halfa

~~Called~~ Reached *Wadi Halfa* at noon and called on the Governor. He was away at Khartoum, but the Deputy Inspector of the District, Major McEnnery received us, and sent his steam launch to take us up to the Temple for tea. Some of the colour was marvellous [*sic*], and the sculpture very fine. Sunset on the Nile was gorgeous, the water copper-coloured.

Making friends (to a degree) with Mrs. Willock of Baltimore. Von Wahrlich has falen [*sic*] desperately in love with the young Swedish flirt who stayed behind at Assuan. His friend, Mr. Sanderson, says he is engaged to many an Austrian opera snips, but doesn’t want to any more, especially as she is quite unpresentable. Wahrlich is in a desperate pickle.

Saw the *Southern Cross*.

[058] Friday, February 3, 1922

Wadi Halfa

Sailed and moved up the *2nd Cataract* to *Abu Seer* (awful climb and grand view of the 15 m. of “Cataract” stream with black masses of diorite). We saw neither crocodile, papyrus, lotus nor Flamingo, and hence were all disappointed, but the cataract well repaid the danger. The other boat had its bottom knocked in.

We bought a small bronze cat from the dragoman, Barlos, for £15.

[059] Saturday, February 4, 1922

Wadi Halfa and down the river

Up at 5.30 to ride out behind Wadi Halfa and see the *sunrise*. Sanderson and Wahrlich came with us.

The rest of the day was spent going up the river amid those grand cliffs and inconceivable scenery.

[060] Sunday, February 5, 1922

Down the river to Shellal

Stopped at the really lovely little Temple of *Kalabsha*. Divine reliefs of Isis suckling the King, her movement tender and beautiful. Reliefs of animal tribute—giraffes, ostriches, lions, tigers, monkeys etc.

What motives!!

Colour well preserved in parts.

Bought a nose-ring for Barbara.

[061] Monday, February 6, 1922

St. Arabia. Nile

Rowed to barrage and came down the Cataract in a row-boat. Not at all equal to the 2nd Cataract, altho fine, with strange diorite-granite rocks.

Bonté lunched with us, and I went with her to inspect the “Trades’ School” (bought some linen) and also the ambulatory eye-hospital. Then I had to take a felucca to join the boat wh. had moved to the N. and we went on donkeys to the *Granite Quarries* and saw the half hewn obelisk and the sunset.

[062] Tuesday, February 7, 1922

Winter {*continued on facing page*}

All day steaming down. Sunset beautiful. Became more friendly with people *on leaving*. The *Willocks* for Baltimore, the *Weeds* for Long Island, *Sanderson* Tom Wahrlich’s friend *Mrs. Donald* for Washington State, etc.

~~First saw the Temples at Kalapsha and I bought an authentic nose-ring for Barbara from a little black girl just her age.~~

Arrived Luxor at night.

[063] Wednesday, February 8, 1922

{*continued from facing page*} Palace Luxor

Engaged Dragoman No. 1 Ahmet Abdallah, a nice, rather weak and silly but very tactful creature.

Went on donkeys with Bonté to call on the *Winlocks* at the “Magameum”, or rather to see the *Quibells*, who were there. Wandered over Der el Bahari with the Quibells and came back to tea. ~~Saw some of the T.~~

Winlocks greenhorny and rather made Quibells darlings.

Found the *Kitsons* here. He is out of a Van Dyck picture, and very frail and appealing. He a typical (and v. nice) retired General, the daughter of 26 in the marriage market, but talking vaguely of a “career” instead.

[064] Thursday, February 9, 1922

Winter {*continued on facing page*}

Luxor

Karnac.

The *sub-Mudir* took a lot of us to a garden, where we saw the *snake-charmer* catch 2 scorpions, 2 cobras and another snake. Very fascinating. He is extremely agile and escapes the cobra’s bite with ease, letting it spit its venom till all is gone and it is tired, and then he easily takes it up and puts it in his basket.

[065] Friday, February 10, 1922

{*continued from facing page*} Palace

Donkeyed to the other side and saw some of the *Tombs of the Nobles* with the *Quibells*, who afterwards came to have tea with us, before leaving for Cairo.

*Luxor by Moonlight*

[066] Saturday, February 11, 1922

Winter Palace

Bonté and I went to *Kus* by the 6.10 train, as she had a girls’ school to inspect there. How competent, how tactful she was!! I admired her enormously. We had our breakfast in the train, but had to eat another banquet at the school, and still another at the house of the Mamour (major), whose wife scrabbled on the piano for us and miauled to a lute. Awful life. She never goes out not even into the garden!! Has no friends, and of course sees no men except her heavy fat oldish husband.

Karnak sunset and again Moonlight. Nicky thrown from her donkey, but only bruised. I *was* relieved when I heard her voice telling the dragoman not to whip the donkey!

[067] Sunday, February 12, 1922

Luxor

Ramasseum at sunset.

{*8 skipped lines*}

Bonté left in the evening. We have enjoyed her being here.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Karnac moonlight with Lady Kitson.

[068] Monday, February 13, 1922

{*straddling the two facing pages*} Luxor

Luxor Temple. Call on *Lady Allenby* in garden.

We took the snake-charmer, *Moussa*, in *Dr. Eders*’ boat (he is the sanitary officer of Zanzibar and son of *Mrs. Plummer*, who also is here), and Dr. and Mrs. Willock, up the river, chose an over place, got out and watched him hunt for snakes. He found many scorpions and finally a black-throated spitting cobra. V[ery] long. He wd. have made more play w. it, but it spat in his eye, wh. swelled up. Both doctors were absolutely convinced of his skill, tho they did not believe his incantations had anything to do with it.

[069] Tuesday, February 14, 1922

Nicky laid up.

Went to Luxor with B.B. and for a ride through the cultivation with Gen. and Lady Kitson. Very beautiful.

{*centered lower on the page is a picture of the snake charmer*}

[070] Wednesday, February 15, 1922

Luxor

Again Luxor Temple. Nicky sailed with Mrs. Plummer and Dr. Eders, and B.B. and I rode with the Kitsons to Medinet Habu and had tea there.

[071] Thursday, February 16, 1922

*Tombs of Kings* and lunch in one of them. Walked over the mountain and down to Deir el Medina, very beautiful, taking in the French Kobolds on the way. L’Abbé St. Paul Girard, and MM. Kuentz and Bruyère—all very delightful. Such a contrast to the Winlocks!

[072] Friday, February 17, 1922

Luxor

Had lunch with *Lord Carnarvon* and *Howard Carter* at their delightful house near the Cooks’ Rest House. The inside is just the brown mud, and is like undressed brown suède, it is a colour flies don’t care for.

They neither of them believed in Moussa, the snake-charmer.

B.B. had a long discussion with Carter about the origin of the Egyptians. He thinks they came from the far south.

[073] Saturday, February 18, 1922

*Tombs of Queens* with *M. Bruyère* and lunch at their shanty with him and M. Kuentz, in the midst of flies and tornados of mummy-dust. Saw other Tombs of Nobles near by, then Deir el Medina and ended up with tea at the Ramasseum. They are very agreeable companions.

{*centered lower on the page is a picture of the Ramasseum*}

[074] Sunday, February 19, 1922

Luxor

*Karnac* in the morning. Rest and letters in the afternoon.

We shall never know Karnac well enough!

Wrote to Alys, Logan, Ray, Karin, Barbara.

{*At the end of the page*} B. B. and Nicky started at 6.10 for *Sohag*, where they were housed by the {*continued on facing page, Monday, February 20*}

[075] Monday, February 20, 1922

{*continued from facing page*} district nurse, *Miss Hallowell*, a friend of Bonté’s. She is an elderly Irish Gentlewoman who knows the stars, believes that some of the Lost Ten Tribes are in Ireland, and is convinced that the Great Pyramid was built by Job “as the axis of the earth”. It was like living a chapter of the Apocalypse. But she was most competent, and their expedition to *the Red and the White Coptic Monasteries* went off very well.

I stayed here to meet *Patricolo* in the morning. We went to the Luxor Temple, and spent the afternoon at Medinet Habu, and listened to the music in the evening. The Bohemian violinist here is very good. B.B. and Nicky got back at 11, tired but triumphant.

Wrote to Guido, Mrs. Ross, Geoffrey, Ammannati etc.

[076] Tuesday, February 21, 1922

Luxor

Patricolo

BB

To the *Luxor Temple* with the French diggers *MM. Kuentz and Bruyère* and *Patricolo* in the morning and with the same to *Karnac* for the whole afternoon. Nicky and I went to the *Fair*, but it was crowded, noisy, hot and dusty, and there wasn’t much to see, except shouting Arabs and camels and donkeys.

In the evening we talked with Miss Franklin, a sculptress, her cousin the young Samuel (son of the Commissioner for Palestine) who is going up to Balliol next term. He reminded me acutely of Bertie when he was young.

[077] Wednesday, February 22, 1922

All day at the *Tombs of the Nobles* with Patricolo, and ~~tea with nice~~ lunch at the Ramasseum. Tea with nice, simple Mr. and Mrs. Davies at the English Rest House. She copies the tomb paintings. Their view is lovely.

Two Amenho~~p~~tep tombs, sculptured (56 and 52 I think) are really beautiful, ranging in quality from Desiderio to Agostino da Duccio.

B.B. says he has in regard to mastering Egyptian Art, all the coquetry of a woman *sur le retour* who tries to “keep young.” But Anno Domini is too much for him. Nicky remembers a thousand details that he forgets as soon as he is obliged to turn his reluctant back upon them.

[078] Thursday, February 23, 1922

Luxor

Patricolo

Karnac (B.B. and Nicky) Patricolo at Esneh [*sic*].

Excursion to Medamut, across the cultivation. It was very beautiful, but too far for my legs, which got the cramp, and I tumbled off, and they sent a carriage for me.

I could not sleep from the pain.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Ray.

{*centered lower on the page is a picture of Mary among Egyptian ruins*}

[079] Friday, February 24, 1922

Furness

Mr. Robin Furness arrived at 7.45. I met him.

Luxor in morning. ~~Karnac in~~ Tea at Medinet Habu and a glorious walk along the cliffs, coming down at the Cooks’ Rest House.

It was very tiring, and my legs hurt me so that I cried in the night. I did not sleep till 5.30: but I had a wonderful experience of *entering into* the visual world of Egyptian art. It was like *suddenly being able to read* a language at whose unfamiliar alphabet you had been staring for months.

In the case of Egyptian art, our standards don’t apply any more than our “Golden Urn” standards apply to Wordsworth. If he ~~wa~~isn’t pure poetry, he is quite as great in another way. It is days since we sniffed at the “execution”.

[080] Saturday, February 25, 1922

Luxor

Patricolo

*Karnac* in the morning: very hot but getting more interesting each time.

*Patricolo* left at 3. A very nice man.

*Dr.* *Young* (Hugh) Logan’s Dr., arrived and in 5 minutes was drawing me pictures of Logan’s bladder, urethra and prostate, to illustrate the operation he did on him at the Johns Hopkins.

*Karnac* at sunset walking round on the wall, and riding back by the river.

[081] Sunday, February 26, 1922

Furness

Went to the *Tombs of the Nobles* in the morning with Mr. Davies. The first one he showed us had a remarkably fine painting of an Ibex, like a Pisanello. Another tomb had the back \_\_\_\_ (¾) of a girl, the only instance.

Lunched with the Davies: such nice people.

Heavy scirocco. {*lower on the page, beginning on this line and offset to the right, is a picture of Mary and an unidentified man*}

Did not sleep until 4.

[082] ~~Monday~~, February ~~27~~,1922 March 1

Luxor

\_\_\_\_\_ ~~29th~~ 1st which I wrote by mistake.

{*2 skipped lines*}

On the 28th Philomène de Levis-Mirepoix arrived. I met her in the morning.

Went to the Luxor Temple in morning and Medinet Habu for tea and saw *Tomb of Ramose* [*sic*], perhaps the very finest of all except Sakkara, and on a grander scale than those.

Had tea with Winlocks.

[083] Tuesday, February 28, 1922

~~Philomène de Levis-Mirepoix arrived in the~~

*Breakfasted* at Der el Bahari and enjoyed it. But when we sat in the garden talking with our guest, Howard Carter, B.B. and I positively died of sleepiness.

~~Karnac~~ Sail in afternoon for 2 hours.

{*centered lower on the page is a picture of Mary with Bernard*}

[084] Wednesday, March 1, 1922

Luxor

Really Feb; 27th

Too tired to do anything, but BB and Nicky spent the day at *Medinet Habu*. I wrote to Karin for her 33rd birthday (Mar. 10), to Barbara (for her whooping cough) to Creswell, Mrs. Devonshire, Lisa Curtis for Ralph’s death, Paul Manship, Alys.

Mr. *W. H. Truman*, Ed? Inspector, dined with us and was most interesting about native customs.

Met *Lady Carnarvon*.

This is Monday Feb. 27th

{*a drawn hand points to the line above*}

[085] Thursday, March 2, 1922

Karnak in morning. Snake-charmer in afternoon and a lovely sail with tea in the boat. Found a small snake, and a cobra. Much struck by huge banana trees.

{*3 skipped lines*}

We are gradually getting the feeling as of catching echoes of some nightly symphony played by an [*sic*] huge orchestra. Compared to it European art seems like chamber music.

Here is no religion of renunciation, of resignation, of annihilation—but fierce self-assertion, even—and especially—beyond the grave, of unquestioned ~~mate~~ and triumphant materialism.

However shall we manage to tear ourselves away from this overwhelming thing?

[086] Friday, March 3, 1922

Luxor

Nicky

Philomène

*Tombs of Queens*. The little son of Nefertari has a tomb *full of* the most varied and lovely costumes. Lunched at Gurna and the French house, and saw the new Tomb they have just discovered. Tea at Medinet Abu [*sic*].

*M. Pillet*, architect at Karnac, came to dine, and told us about Susa, etc.

{*2 skipped lines*}

{*In a different, darker ink; probably a later addition*} The original compositions were so grand and so absolutely artistic that even 4000 years of “successive copying” did not destroy their art value or drive their significance.

[087] Saturday, March 4, 1922

El Kab Mahamid

Train at 10 reaching Mahamid at 12. Incredible donkeys awaited us and conveyed us—somehow—to the Rest House at El Kab where *Mr. Somers Clarke* and luncheon awaited us. He is over 80, of the disappearing type, unchanged by residing abroad, sturdy and vain and ruling the natives. They seem to adore him. Certainly there’s a bit of “Number 2” in it, probably innocently.

He showed us El Kab, and we sailed up in his felucca to the house he built himself in a cliff over the Nile.

It revealed possibilities of life here. But I should not attempt being a hermit without plenty of money to build a comfortable house, get good food and service and a supply of books!!

[088] Sunday, March 5, 1922

El Kab Luxor

Mounted on bridle-less, stirrup-less donkeys, we rode over the desert to see the Temples and Inscriptions on the road from the ancient gold quarries to the Nile.

Dear old Somers Clarke got rather boring. He is deaf, so I had to keep up the conversation. I was worn out when we left him after lunch in his rest-house.

But it was worth doing.

{*2 skipped lines; the text below appears to have been written with a different ink*}

….From a letter to Neith:—An old Englishman lives in a large darned house he has built for himself on a high bank overlooking the Nile and the Desert with a track leading on and on to the ancient Gold Mines and the Red Sea. There he lives with his books and his sun-baths, his sail-boat and his Natives, who love him like a father and deity combined. We made up our minds to grow old {*continued on the facing page*}

[089] Monday, March 6, 1922

Went to the Valley of the Kings. The Tomb of Seti I has a nearer approach to compositions in our sense than almost anything in Egyptian Art.

Lunched there and took that glorious walk over the hills to Der el Bahari, where we had tea and looked again at the lovely reliefs.

{*6 skipped lines; the text below appears to have been written with a different ink and is continued from the “letter to Neith” begun on the previous page*}

*that way*. Once we’ve launched I Tatti as an ‘Institution’, we shall retire with a lot of books, and sit by the Nile till the time comes to be buried in the clean golden sand of the Desert. We shall discuss everything under the sun, with amusement, and the tolerance we Earth Bubble should feel towards the colonies momentarily reflected in another, before they all burst.”

[090] Tuesday, March 7, 1922

Luxor

Karnac in morning, the *Winlocks* to lunch, tea at the Ramasseum with *MM. Bruyère* et *Kuentz*.

No one knows what the Ankh was. It was probably an ancient and mysterious symbol from prehistoric times.

[091] Wednesday, March 8, 1922

Went to the Ramosi tomb and its twin one Ka-en-Heh, the best in Luxor. What lovely reliefs! As fine in line as Desiderio, as amusing as Benozzo, as taking as Agostino da [*sic*] Duccio, and as grand as Donatello!

Lunched with the *Winlocks*. He seems more friendly.

Went to Karnac for sunset and early moonlight, and had some chat with M. Pillé [*sic*], the architect in chief.

Wrote to Gen. Storrs that we weren’t coming to Jerusalem. Wrote to Patricolo, Alban, Geoffrey, Mrs. Ross.

[092] Thursday, March 9, 1922

SS. Egypt

Left Luxor at 11, feeling as if my veins had been opened—so much money flowed out. I came to the conclusion that our Dragoman, *Ahmet Abdallah*, was a perfect leech. He saved us some trouble, but led us into endless expense.

All day on the Nile, sticking occasionally on sand-banks.

{*4 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Alys, Ray, Karin, Dan, Guido, Reinach, Lippmann, Mme. Salvemini, Lady Kitson, Barbara, Mrs. Ross.

[093] Friday, March 10, 1922

Expedition to *Abydos*—3 hrs. riding across the cultivation. It nearly killed me with pain in my knees, but it was *worth it*. It is I think the greatest monument of the XIX Dynasty in Egypt, the sculptures being of that delightful kind of the paintings in the Tomb of Seti. It is true that the touch is less delicate and nervous than in the Tombs of Ramesi and Cha-en-het, which recall Desiderio and Agostino da Duccio [*sic*] at their best, but the compositions are more varied and more like “compositions” in our sense.

We ached to look on last on these {*long arrow*} proud, self-asserting Kings thrusting symbols of life into the noses of the Gods, gazing at them with level eyes, as powerful as their own deities.

Certainly this is the loudest bray the human donkey has ever brayed into this world of mysteries!

[094] Saturday, March 11, 1922

Nile

B.B. wrote to Edith: “Philomène joined us 10 days ago and we have never ceased over disputations. I can feel her quite furious at times, and yet rather eager. She is delightfully zestful and vital. BUT she is such a *Gratin*-ette!! You are too much in it yourself to realize to what a degree she is merely a product of her year, her class, her country, I mean her mind and its contents she has no standards, no values, no ideals deliberately different from what she, as a product of her milieu, should have. Not that only, she seems to have been receptive only at a certain moment and never again. She absorbed a universe some 10 or 15 years ago. It happens to be the neo-gratin of Barrès, Maurras etc etc. As she had been unconscious before and has been rather self-aware since, she fancies that she has washed out her own {*continued on the facing page*}

Wrote to Arthur Pollen

B.B. to Edith, Mme. de Cossé

[095] Sunday, March 12, 1922

SS. Egypt

{*continued from the facing page before the dividing line*} philosophy. Alas, she has little desire to learn. That first contact with the world {*scratched*} letter-filled her with all sorts of homogeneous and linked post-hypnotic suggestions which she feels the imperious need to carry out. She will have nothing of the really new. She has little curiosity.

And such an obsession of the Au-delà! At bottom it comes down to nothing more subtle than the As-it-was-in-the-beginning-still-is-and-ever-shall-be demand for bodily survival endlessly. That is what she flatters herself is Religion, and all her so-called spiritual interests and mental preoccupations {*scratched*}.

She finds me very intolerant, exclusive and arrogant. I am. But the dangerous thing is that *she has a mind*. This will prevent her taking nonsense simply. It will oblige her to make a great deal of it, as is the case with most gens du monde who had brains and no proper education. So I am attempting to clarify and harden her, and sharpen and oil her instrument, but I have no great hopes. I love to try for I am fond of her.”

Wrote to Denman Ross, Guido, Aunt Janet, Florence Blood.

[096] Monday, March 13, 1922

SS

Off and on sandbanks between Assiut {*both the location and this line straddle across to the facing page.*}

I wrote to Neith:—

“The overwhelming excitement has been this great art ~~grandly~~ rolling as grandly on its millenial [*sic*] course as the Nile rolls from the jungle to the ocean, uninterrupted, undiluted. It is like a huge orchestral symphony that makes an European attempt seem like chamber music….

It is certainly the loudest bray the human donkey ever brayed in the face of the mysteries of life and death. The metaphor is not ill chosen, for there appears to have been incredible nonsense on the back of it all. Our archeological friends assure us that Egyptian Religion was nothing more or less than crude fetishism, such as one looks for in {*continued on the facing page; two skipped lines*}

Wrote to Janet Dodge, Mrs. Ross, Alys, Ray and Karin, Barbara

[097] Tuesday, March 14, 1922

Egypt

{*continued from the first line of the facing page*} and Minieh. Wonderful cliffs—

“quite primitive savages, that the Deities to whom those grandest of temples were dedicated, whose forms appear in matchless sculpture on the walls and pillars, were nothing but actual plain Hawks and Jackals, and Rams and Crocodiles!—No wonder the Monarchs step into their presence with a proud {*above, in a different ink*, an \_\_\_\_\_} stride and glare with level eyes into the eyes of their gods!—And as to Death—their chief preoccupation was to provide the dead with lots and lots of FOOD!! There is nothing too ridiculous for human beings to believe! And this particular belief {*above, in a different ink,* absurdity} took such a hold that it lasted for more than 4000 years, hardly changed, and was the inspiration and provided the motives for the grandest art in the world.”....

{*2 skipped lines*}

Wrote to the Kerr-Lawsons, Neith, Christina Bremner, Geoffrey

[098] Wednesday, March 15, 1922

SS.

Still in sandbanks. It is growing a bore, especially as Philomène is very nervous at being out of reach of news from her little daughter.

With all her charm she exasperated me terribly by her second-rate arguments. She has been thoroughly poisoned by fashionable Jesuitism, and is too fundamentally uneducated to see through it. She repeats *their* arguments like a vehement and rather acrimonious parrot. BB. mercifully finds her stimulating. He enjoys the talk her folly draws out of him. She is as sensitive as a sea-medusa to the least hostile current, and stiffens herself up to spit against it like a cobra. Sometimes you wonder why that particular innocent remark draws out her venom, but you soon realize that she is clever enough to feel that its implications are anti-Catholic, anti-immortality, anti-nationalistic.

[099] Thursday, March 16, 1922

Egypt

Day of sand-bank and indecision, finally decided to leave the Egypt and go back to Minia by the Jordan and take the train.

[100] Friday, March 17, 1922

Mena

Pyra {*continued on the facing page*}

Woke up \_\_\_\_\_ Minia, spent morning writing, and took the train at 4.40 to come to Cairo. Came at once out here, in time for a very grand and lovely view of the Pyramids and Sphinx by the moon in its early decline. It is a marvellous effect. The great masses remain geometrically firm yet seem to melt into the sky.

To Guido— “There is certainly enough in the world around us—indeed even in ourselves—to fill us with horror and dismay and grief. What is so extraordinary and incomprehensible about the old Egyptians is that they did not seem to feel this—they never expressed it. Their art was a magnificent assertion of human power and domination and their idea about death was only to go on living and eating and conquering in the same way—especially eating! No asceticism, no vegetarianism, {*continued on the facing page*}

[101] Saturday, March 18, 1922

House

mids {*continued from the facing page*}

Wrote in morning for there were oceans of letters waiting to be answered, but spent the rest of the day with the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

{*continued from the facing page*} no self-abnegation or humility {*added above,* reverence} or resignation or self-annihilation about *them*! They stand on an equality with their gods, they trample on their enemies, they stride and brandish mighty weapons {*added above,* they consume endless feasts and count uncountable \_\_\_\_\_}, at their most moral they deny before the Judge of the underworld having done anything wrong and demand as their due all the material delights of the other world. No doubt of the completeness and sufficiency of life seems to have crossed their mind {*above,* casts a shadow on \_\_\_\_\_ art}. It is all triumphant, cruel, self-assertive, materialistic, magnificent. Seeing it electrifies one’s nerves. Of course I didn’t believe \_\_\_\_\_ the beginning of it. Man is a corruptible worm, and his life is full of sadness and failure. All the same, it elates me to find that human beings *once* asserted, proudly and mendaciously, the opposite. No art has ever thrilled me like this. {*written on the left margin perpendicular to the main text*} As for BB., he is stricken dumb, I can’t get a word out of him. He has no nice little formulae to meet this overwhelming experience, and he says he feels as if he [could] never open his mouth again to emit a feeble \_\_\_\_\_ on the subject of Art!”

[102] Sunday, March 19, 1922

Mena

Philomène, Nicky, Gen. Kitson and I went on ~~donkeys~~ Camels to *Abusir and Sakkara*, and met B.B. and Lady Kitson and Mr. Dunham, who drove them there in his Ford, at Mariette’s house, where we lunched.

We re-saw the Tombs of Ptah-hotep and Ti, and they were less vital in handling than we had been thinking. All the same one feels a very strong current of life and invention still running, which in the later things ceased, though the invention was great enough to carry the art unchanged and yet ~~beau~~ grand and beautiful through thousands of years.

The Tomb of Mereruka turned out to be far finer as handling, in fact ~~the~~ it remains the best thing we have seen. Saw also the Tomb of \_\_\_\_\_. The others had tea at the Firths’ by we Carnelians rode home in the cold wind, getting a glorious view of the Pyramids at sunset.

[103] Monday, March 20, 1922

House, Pyramids

B.B. Nicky and I explored the *rock Tombs* below the pyramids and the granite Temple, and gazed long at the Sphinx.

*Mr. and Mrs. Dunham*, of the Harvard Exploration Mission, lunched with us, and afterwards took us to see their excavations among the Tombs of the III and IV dynasty, {*scratched*} behind and beside the Pyramids, and then on to tea at their house on top of the hill, with the grandest view imaginable. Miss *Kitson and Lady Kitson* came with us. *Capt. Cresswell* [*sic*] bounded up when we returned, full of excitement about his beloved squinches, and stayed to dinner.

[104] Tuesday, March 21, 1922

Pyramids—Cairo

I wrote to Geoffrey today about Philomène

“She made her great bid for freedom by running away with a young married man, whom when their child was born, she discovered to be “a mere biological factor”. Having done this, she feels perfectly assured that she thinks for herself, and she regards all the neo-Catholic, ultra St. Germain, Jesuitical prison (distilled in part by our good Abbé Meunier) which she has, alas, only too well assimilated, as self-generated and mysteriously significant. She’s not a bit interested in things, only in herself and the suggestions of mystery and romance that certain picturesquenesses araise [*sic*] in her.

B.B. and Nicky rode on donkeys to the Temple of the Sun ({*scratched*} 1½ hours each way). I stayed in to write letters, mostly business. Wrote to *Mr. Cannon*.

Walked out with Lady Kitson to explore tombs and found 2 beauties excavated by the French 1916 \_i\_\_e of Kephren. Tea with amusing Mrs. Kirkwood in her lovely house under the Great Pyramid. Motored here. *Patricolo* to dine.

[105] Wednesday, March 22, 1922

Errands. Cooks’ American Express etc etc. Engaged passage in Esperia April 10 to Venice.

*Mrs. Devonshire* and *Mr. Creswell* came to lunch, and she took Philomène out. We rested and wrote. I sent a big cheque of £471 from B.B. to Karin, and got very much upset about it. He does have to give them a lot of money. However, he does provide well for them, if with some uncomfortable reflections, and I am awfully glad and grateful. Still, the days of reckoning never pass without stirring up a lot of unhappiness. *They*, fortunately, don’t know it.

*M. Monneret* came to dine, a devoted student of early [Christia]n art, especially in the East.

[106] Thursday, March 23, 1922

Cairo

Museum. Oh endless. It is discouraging. B.B. says he takes in impressions the way one sees telegraph poles from an express train. They *dive* into the ground and disappear. And such awful fatigue sets in almost as soon as you begin to look.

I visited *Lady Duff Gordon*’s grave and left instructions to have it repaired.

Went to Bazaar.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Alfred Nicholson came to dine, more muddled than ever, but lost, I think. We read Verlaine in the evening[,] Philomène reading aloud.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Wrote Ray, Logan, Geoffrey, Naimi, Parry[,] Aunt Janet.

[107] Friday, March 24, 1922

Went to Alfred’s “Presbyterian University” in morning. ~~Museum. Oh~~ *~~endless~~*~~.~~ ~~And very tiring.~~ Patricolo came to lunch and took us to see the *Dancing Dervishes*. What an experience. It evoked hundreds of profound commonplaces in one’s mind—useless to write down. But there is hardly anything more fascinating than to clothe a commonplace with picturesqueness and human reality. Their shirts blew out like the petals of flowers, they seemed to propel themselves by their slowly waving arms. It was most decorous, even solemn, like a Quaker meeting at its best. Also like a madhouse.

Then we saw the lovely adjoining Tomb of *Hassan Saddaka* with its lacelike [*sic*] stuccoes, even on the cupola: the ~~mosque~~ twin tombs of *Sangar el ~~Gouby~~* Gawaly (?) with the almost romanesque open carved screens: and finally *Ibn Tulun*. Climbed the tower for sunset. *Awful fatigue*!!

[108] Saturday, March 25, 1922

Cairo

Took B.B. to doctor who thinks he can restore vitality to the muscles of his stomach and intestines, and perhaps cure him!!

Then the Museum, where Mr. M\_\_\_ joined us. B.B. was so infernally sniffy to me that I went off and wandered lonely as the rhinosceros [*sic*], enjoying the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ tomb \_\_\_\_\_ discovered by an old friend Theodore Davis.

*Cresswell* came to lunch and we went to the Mamelukes’ tombs—*Barkuk* and *Emir Kebir*; *Sultan* Inam[.] The ‘’ domes are among the loveliest of the swimming effect, and faint colour date 1411. Pulpit Kaitbay. Had tea there and saw sunset from minaret.

The dear *Quibells* also came to lunch, the very nicest people we have met here.

Wrote to Bonté. Maurice is a “Sir”!

[109] Sunday, March 26, 1922

Khamseen or Scirocco. Very bad.

B.B. and Nicky went to see the collection of \_\_\_\_\_, but I stayed in to write. At 3 Patricolo came and took us to the Mosque and Tomb of *Kalaun*, with its mediaeval façad[e]s, resembling, he said, S. Simeon in N. Syria. The interior effect recalls San Vitale at Ravenna. There is some lovely inlay work. It is the most *impressive* of the Tombs. Then we went to *El Azar*, but it was only half full, and no lecturers seated low up[on] pillars with circles of students of all ages from 18 up squatted around. It isn’t safe to go any more in the \_\_\_gs. Saw also the Turkish Mosque of c. 1780 just opposite, with very European loggia all round, like late Renaissance work. The cupola is large and low and seems to crush down instead of soar.

Went on to the *Countess Villamarina*’s, met *G— Adamoli*, the *Kramers*, *Anderson* etc.

Philomène left for Jerusalem.

Wrote to Storrs, Sulley, Jim Whitall, Bain, Geoffrey, all the grandchildren and Alys, Somers Clarke, Ray, Barbara.

[110] Monday, March 27, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Cairo

Scirocco

Gallery in morning. It gets worse and worse. We know *less* than we did! Went back to Gallery.

*Mme. Foucart* called and *Furness* came to dine. We like him, though he is very silent.

The dinner was awful.

{*a line beginning on the right at about ⅔ of the page leads to three smaller lines next to the facing page; the ensemble looks like a bird’s leg and seems to point to the last three paragraphs of the next page, which might therefore also belong to Mary’s recollections of the 27th*}

Dr. Maclellahan, the head of the Presbyterian College here, came to lunch to talk over the Alfred Nicholson situation. He was very reasonable and nice and said he didn’t want the boy to stay if it was a misfit. Alfred came in in the evening *full* of his problem, poor lad, but also dying to talk poetry and books. There’s much more in him than in Jim Whitall.

Wrote G\_\_\_s.

[111] Tuesday, March 28, 1922

Scirocco

Again the Museum and our electrical doctor (Higham Cooper) who told me of the new treatment for cancer by self-inoculation (powder of your own cancer). It has been done a year—invented by Drs. Russ and Lazarus Barlow at the Cancer Research Hospital in London. It opens a window in a region of nightmare darkness.

{*a small line, which is at the same height as the three lines on the facing page, separates the following paragraphs from the previous one; it could be an indication, together with the aforementioned signs, that the following paragraphs belong to the 27th*}

Went to Bonté’s to tea—as usual she had Lady Oakes. Per disappeared rather rudely. Lady Kitson was staying there, frail little beauty.

The Dr. said that the ~~bones~~ cartilages of Asiatics and Egyptians stiffen up into bone many years earlier than those of Europeans.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Geoffrey and Senda.

[112] Wednesday, March 29, 1922

Cairo

Finer but very warm

Museum, partly with *Quibell*. He let me hold *Akenaten*’s skull in my hand!!

Creswell and Mrs. Devonshire came to lunch and Maurice—Sir Maurice—Amos called.

Museum again after going to the Mosque of Sinan Pascha at Boulak with Cresswell. Turkish {*scratched*} 157 {*scratched*} with surrounding porch like the one op[posite] El Azar. Dome rather spoilt by gallery and pendentive supports breaking the upward sweep.

Tea with the *Bazils* to meet *Mr. Paterson*, and then out to Gesireh in the Amos (Gov’t) motor to have a chat with them.

Mr. Truman and Major Anderson came to dine and were pleasant[.] Talked about the skull sutures closing up years earlier in Asiatics than Europeans.

Wrote dozens of bed notes.

[113] Thursday, March 30, 1922

Stayed in for letters and the doctor at 11. Began diathermy for my knees. Heard of *new cancer cure* practised by him invented by Dr. Russ and Dr. Lazarus Barlow at the Cancer Research Hospital of London. Vaccination with vaccine made from the patient’s cancer. Also the operation with diathermy for bleeding. What a discovery.

*Mr. E. Thomas* came to lunch, just engaged to a girl named Marjorie Da\_\_\_.

*Count Galazza* dined with us, a Spaniard dressed like a Goya, with a red curled wig[,] a stock, a frock coat and black velvet waistcoat. He teaches Arab literature and philosophy here, but is more a Yogi than anything else, except, possibly, a fraud. He is said to have fought with the Devil at the Pyramid and lost 2 fingers of his left hand on which he always keeps a black glove.

Wrote to Alys, Alda, Aunt Janet, Mrs. Mackintosh, Naima.

[114] Friday, March 31, 1922

Cairo

Motored with Patricolo out to Mena House, and I rested there while the others looked at the Pyramids etc. My anti catarrh inocculation [*sic*] is fighting with a severe bronchial cold, and I’m rather ill. Which will win?

*Later*. The vaccine has won. I’m really shaking it off. We have been to dine at the Mohammed Aly club with Robin Furness, who sat silent and let us talk, a strange view of “entertainment”!

Edith writes of Philomène: “What is really fine and interesting in her is her *nature*, which is large, generous, incapable of pettiness or unkindness. The brain, as you perceived, struck work 10 or 15 years ago.”

{*5 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Morton Prince, and Edith

[115] Saturday, April 1, 1922

Khamseen

Museum, doctor. Cold better.

Museum and picture \_\_\_\_\_[.]

{*5 skipped lines*}

Dined at the Paravicini’s off gold plates and dull conversation. Bonté even could not brighten it up, Mme. Foucart, Per, Capitaine du Cards, and our host weighed it down. House very nice.

Philomène came from Jerusalem where she stayed with Storrs.

{*6 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Alys, Mrs. Devonshire, Ray, Karin, Barbara, Logan, Fowles

[116] Sunday, April 2, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Cairo

Museum, a thoroughly good go, but at noon a terrible Khamseen came on, bearing the dust in swirls like sand-spouts, and a frightful, heavy heat. We all thought our last hour had come. However, we braced up and went out at 4 to the *Fadawieh Mosque* at Abbasieh, and then to Mrs. Bramley’s for tea, where were Mrs. Noel (from Greece), the Countess Villamarina and her daughter Mrs. Macdonell, Mrs. Kirkwood (the old dear), Comtesse de Sérionne, Mme. Cattaui Pascha, the Herraris etc. While we were there the sky cleared and it grew cool and pleasant. Cresswell came with us.

[117] Monday, April 3, 1922

Went to Lady Duff Gordon’s grave which I have had put in order. Museum with Kitsons and Philomène, which was a bore. Spent afternoon at citadel. Went to Mikado in evening.

The Kitsons lunched here.

Eliza is packing.

{*occupying the bottom half of the page, centered, is a picture of King Fuad I of Egypt*}

[118] Tuesday, April 4, 1922

Cairo

B.B. went out to Matariah and lunched with H.H. *Prince Youssouf*, a *delicious* lunch in a house of overwhelming gorgeur super-Rothschild. The Prince was like most princes, educated beyond his abilities. His [collection] was awful!

Nicky and I went to the Museum and *Quibell*, darling man, came around with us.

Mrs. Devonshire came to lunch. I felt very ill with the bronchial cold which is trying to break through my inoculation, so did not go out with B.B. and Nicky who saw again the Ma\_\_a\_i mosque, but I joined them at 5.30 at the Countess Villamarina’s where were Mrs. Kramer and Adamoli, Negrotti (Italian Ambassador), Gallarza, Gen. Wilson[,] Mme. Neguib Pascha ed altri.

Baxter, Truman and Anderson to dine, *very* nice.

Arab music at \_\_\_\_\_, I came home while the others {*written sideways up the right margin of the page*} went out on a night spree.

Wrote to Lady Colefax, Furness, Mrs. Dunham, Lady Kitson, E. Thomas.

[119] Wednesday, April 5, 1922

Museum and again Mr. Quibell came around with us. B.B. says he feels like “Peeping Tom”, just looking through a small crack at Egyptian Art!

Patricolo came to lunch and took us to the Sheik —’s house, where the lighting is so lovely in the big upstairs room. Also to another, but \_\_\_\_\_ house, also beautiful, but lacking the garden.

B.B. and I dined at the Amos’ where Maurice (*Sir* Maurice!) disported himself conversationally like a playful whale. Lucy grows on acquaintance. I understand why they are more popular among our kind of people than the Elgoods. They promote conversation, and Per kills it.

The girls went out to the prostitutes’ quarters with Truman, but failed to find the Mille Nuits. The boys were much more attractive than the women

[120] Thursday, April 6, 1922

Cairo

Museum. I was too miserable to go out in the afternoon, but they went to various mosques. Philomène had a camel ride from Mena House and climbed the big Pyramid.

*Conte V. de Gallarza* came to dine and was really wonderful, so eloquent, so profound. He seems to understand Buddhism very deeply. A most charming man. Poor fellow, every now and then he goes off his head. One feels he has suffered *intensely*, but not fruitlessly.

[121] Friday, April 7, 1922

Went to American Express about the tickets, and felt like the *devil*. Went with Truman to the Bazaar, but came away ill, and collapsed into bed.

*Dr. Hegi* came and said it might be Influenza, Pneumonia or Paratyphoid.

The others dined with the Kitsons at Mena House and saw the “Minx by Spoonlight.” Coming home, they turned and there was the moon resting upon the tip of the Big Pyramid.

[122] Saturday, April 8, 1922

Deaconess’ Hospital Cairo

The Dr. brought me here. I eat nothing but milk, and feel very collapsed.

Furness dined with them, and they saw the Tomb of Barkuk by moonlight. At last Philomène found the “poétique” she has been looking for. She read something by D\_\_og\_ when she was 19 that stirred her imagination. Both Edith and B.B. already diagnosed her as stopping thought at that age,—now she admits it—her writer pride. Since then “le coeur parle—l’âme”

[123] Sunday, April 9, 1922

{*in pencil, skipping every other line*} Karin telegraphed that they had passed the Examination they so dreaded.

{*2 skipped lines*}

The Kitsons and Patricolo dined with the others and they went to Ibn Tulun by moonlight.

[124] Monday, April 10, 1922

Hospital

Fever gone down.

Mrs. Devonshire called and Bonté and Alfred

The others with Patricolo saw the sunset and moonrise from El Goyushi.

[125] Tuesday, April 11, 1922

Cairo

The others went to Alexandria with Creswell.

I was able to go out and have a last diathermy treatment for my neuralgia, which came on again with this fever.

Alfred and Patricolo and Mrs. Devonshire called.

[126] Wednesday, April 12, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} On board the Esperia

Eliza and I took an early train to Alexandria, where i joined our party and Furness at the Museum. Also Mr. Director, Brescia, a fat, enthusiastic little man.

Went on board for lunch. Feel very tired.

[127] Thursday, April 13, 1922

{*remains of pink paper glued to the left margin of the page*}

In sight of Crete. Lovely weather—very smooth. But my fever came up and I retired to my berth and went onto slops again.

[128] Friday, April 14, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} On board Esperia

Wrote a few letters in the morning and then went to bed before we reached Brindisi at one.

[129] Saturday, April 15, 1922

Grand Hotel Venice—

In bed till afternoon, but no fever. Reached Venice at 5. BB had his inevitable bloody row with the gondoliere, which exhausted me very much. He doesn’t know how to travel. Will he ever learn?

[130] Sunday, April 16, 1922

Grand Hotel

Stayed in bed.

[131] Monday, April 17, 1922

Venice

Got up and went to St. Mark’s but came back to bed with a fever. Blaydes talked about Typhoid and wanted to take me to the Nursing Home, which fortunately was full.

[132] Tuesday, April 18, 1922

Grand Hotel

{*the text straddles the page onto the facing page*}

In bed with a fluctuating

B.B. and Philomène had a row, becau

on the art of Venice as having more

said she would never look at things

of contradicting everything she said—!!

[133] Wednesday, April 19, 1922

Venice

fever.

se he refused to take her opinions

than a biographical interest. She

with him again, as he *made a point*

Where she {*illegible; the text cuts at this point*}

[134] Thursday, April 20, 1922

[135] Friday, April 21, 1922

{*these pages are empty*}

[136] Saturday, April 22, 1922

Venice Grand Hotel in bed

B.B. and Nicky sight-saw vigorously morning and afternoon. Mrs. Kerr Lawson came to see me, secretive as ever. He is there to hang the pictures in the Ex2.

Dined downstairs with Sulley. Blaydes came, but would not be paid for his professional services.

[137] Sunday, April 23, 1922

At home in bed

Trevy

Pour

Reached Florence at 6.30 in a downpour. It is nice to be in one’s comfortable bed again. Giglioli came up and said I was to stay there until he found out what was the matter with me.

Alda and Bertie came in in the evening. She has grown thinner and looks rather beautiful.

B.B. is starting a cold.

{*11 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Geoffrey[,] Blaydes, Karin etc.

[138] Monday, April 24, 1922

In bed at I Tatti

Logan

Mrs. {*continued on the facing page*}

All this was the 23rd

Still in bed, threatened with jaundice. Judge Wells and Placci came to lunch, and stayed on to tea. Placci came in to see and talked and talked, well justifying his mother’s name for him of Ministero degli Affari Inutili.

Aunt Janet and Charley Bell came to dinner, and both spent ½ hour with me.

I was overcome by a horrible feeling that these people we have come back to are only flies, with their feet stuck to fly-paper, buzzing—buzzing—I buzz too, what else is there?—but my interest is no longer there. I’m still looking at Egyptian reproductions and reading. So simple to feel sure that the next life is only ~~Everlasting~~ Eternal Eating.

Wrote to Lucy Porter, Ray, Alys,—lots of others.

[139] Tuesday, April 25, 1922

Trevy Cloudy

{*continued from the facing page*} Hewitt

This is the 24th

In bed.

Logan and Mrs. Hewitt arrived from Rome at 2.35. Logan looks fat and well.

In the morning Mrs. Ross and Lina came to see me, Lina over for 2 days from the Genoa Conference, where she gets £10 a day, and board and lodging, as Garvin’s Secretary. She sits at the right hand of God the Father (Lloyd George) and is gloriously “in it”, enjoying herself thoroughly, dear creature. But what a buzz!

Charley Bell came to see B. B.

{*6 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Geoffrey, Guido and others.

[140] Wednesday, April 26, 1922

I Tatti

Logan, Trevy {*continued on the facing page*}

This is Friday the 28th

Geoffrey came over, very pale and thin, trembling as he used to do when he was 20, and most miserably unhappy. He said if there had ever been any harmony between him and Sybil, to make a *fond* of happy relations, and he had then got her on his nerves as he has now done, he would say he had to go clear away and be left to himself for two years. But she has been so considerate, within her limitations, and things have been so beastly, owing to me and to his falling in love with Nicky, that he feels he came to ask for it. It is clear that the worst I thought about her misuitability [*sic*] as a wife for him is realizing itself. Let us hope she’ll take a lover—if she hasn’t done so already in Percy Lubbock—and leave him alone. This is all *Friday the 28*.

Wrote to Lady Sybil, Lady Colefax, Governor of Jerusalem, Cecil Pinsent, Ray, Caterina Kerr-Lawson.

[141] Thursday, April 27, 1922

{*continued from the facing page*} mostly in bed

, Mrs. Hewitt

{*at the bottom of the page*}

Finished Dr. Rivers’ “Instinct and the Unconscious”: very good

{*3 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Karin and Alys

[142] Friday, April 28, 1922

Logan I Ta {*continued on the facing page*}

Mrs. Hewitt

Trevy

*This is Wednesday the 26th.* I got up to lunch. *Mrs. Emmett and daughter, M\_\_\_ Henry Parkman and daughter, Edmund Houghton and niece* all came to tea—a desperate party, with {*scratched*} many flappers!

I have a most horrible nauseating feeling as if all these people were flies with their feet sticking to fly-paper, buzzing, buzzing—I don’t know what to do.

*Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Russell* came to lunch, and they and Logan and M\_\_\_ H\_\_\_t called at Villa Medici, where Sybil was hopping about like a grasshopper and making a continuous noise. She is worse than ever!

{*2 skipped lines*}

Wrote to Whitall and Eliza Nicholson telling they must give their son $5000 a year, and wrote to him also. Wrote to Miss Franklin and a lady gardener

[143] Saturday, April 29, 1922

{*continued from the facing page*} tti Logan

Naima

Got up for lunch, but certainly felt quite ill, so I went to bed till dinner. B.B. had *Lionello Venturi* for tea, and I had my tea with *Logan*, who diffuses a wonderfully calm, generous, genial spirit. It was most agreeable sitting in the Library, chatting comfortably and congenially with him in the evening.

We miss seeing Nicky, the darling creature, all the time.

For the first time she spoke with exasperation of Geoffrey, who is allowing himself to be eaten alive by Sybil, just as I predicted. In order to be “in show” (\_\_\_\_\_ takes in no one) he comes to see us *once*, very nervous about getting away, after 5 months absence, though he is close at hand for 5 days! Poor Geoffrey.

Wrote to Alban, Christina Bremner, Lady Cook, Jessie Berenson, BB’s mother, Duveens, Mori, a Miss Watson (about a picture), Keynes, Ammannati, Mr. Goldmann Alys

[144] Sunday, April 30, 1922

Logan I {*continued on the facing page*}

Naimi

Got up for lunch with the *Salveminis*. Usual thing, he lovable, she heavy and embarrassing.

Went with Logan to call at Villa Medici in order that no trouble should arise—though I wish them thousands of miles away. But B. B. has been very bearish and rude. Geoffrey seemed in a cage, it is very painful to see him there.

Brought back the *Archibald Russells*, and Col. L\_\_\_rs and *Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick Owen* (16 Princes Gardens SW. 7) came to tea. All boring.

Ammannati came up, revealing vast expenses.

Finished Simkovitch’s “Towards the Understand of [Christ]”, with better essays on the Decline of Rome and Hay and Villages

Wrote to Princess Bassiano, Philomène S. Dorotea, Lucca

[145] Monday, May 1, 1922

Tatti {*continued on the facing page*} Logan

Got up for lunch to which came *Dr. Gronau*, a pervert named *M. Germain* (a friend of Nathalie Barney) and his painter friend le *Comte de Wickenburg* (?). It went off without any heads being broken. *Miss Franklin* (sculptress) came to tea, and *Charley Bell* called earlier and went with B. B. and Logan to Villa Medici.

{*8 skipped lines*}

Begun Cunningham[e] Graham’s ~~El Mogreb~~ {*written above in a different, blue ink*} Mogreb el Acksa quite delightful.

[146] Tuesday, May 2, 1922

Ronald Storrs

Mrs. Leggett

Lady Irene Curzon

Logan {*an arrow links these names to the top of the facing page*}

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

The Jerusalem party arrived unexpectedly at 7.30 a.m.!

Mrs. Leggett went down dressmaking and the others sight-seeing.

Storrs seems in love with Lady Irene, but she not with him.

~~They went out to Monte Guffen to tea.~~

[147] Wednesday, May 3, 1922

{*at the tip of the arrow that began on the facing page*} also Ray

Ray arrived early, the dear thing! She brought her very remarkable novel to work on.

Mrs. Leggett left all in a hurry, and Lady Irene asked me not to leave her alone with Storrs—!!

Mrs. Hewitt came to dine and held us all speechless with her boring talk during the whole of the meal! Baron Anrep also came, and the others later.

Logan chaperoned the pair to Villa Price at Arcetri

[148] Thursday, May 4, 1922

Ray

Storrs

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Placci came to lunch.

Mme. de Clairemont-Tonnerre came up at BB’s invitation and brought the famous Mrs. Corey, who invited us all indiscriminately to her Chateau, and also the unspeakable Contessa D’Orsay. What an impertinent tiresome little adventuress. She is now ruining that fool, Corey.

{*8 skipped lines*}

{*straddling both pages*} Ill all the time.

[149] Friday, May 5, 1922

Logan

Lady Irene

Storrs lunched at Villa Medici and called on the Strongs. Logan and Lady Irene picked him up there, along with Alberto Ball who lunched with us. Logan said Storrs was certainly making up to [Margaret] Strong. I suppose he feels determined to make a side marriage.

Mrs. \_\_\_ter and her daughter called. Also André Germain and his awful friend. A day of horror, for even Ball was awful.

They all went to K\_\_\_z’s concert, and Ray read Logan and BB and me her Novel.

[150] Saturday, May 6, 1922

Ray

Logan

Naima

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

They went off to Milan, Alda chaperoning them, to hear tomorrow night Toscanini conducting I Maestri Cantori.

Ray read more of her novel.

{*7 skipped lines*}

{*straddling both pages*} Same old Cairo Fever.

[151] Sunday, May 7, 1922

Ray

Logan and

Naima

{*about a fourth of the way through the page*} I really forget.

[152] Monday, May 8, 1922

Ray

Logan

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

{*the text straddles the page onto the facing page*}

I cannot remember

as I was feeling

did not really

attention.

[153] Tuesday, May 9, 1922

Ray

Logan

these days

ill and

pay

[154] Wednesday, May 10, 1922

Ray {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Logan

Ray and I motored to Vallombrosa to arrange for Logan and my coming up.

Placci lunched and stayed on to tea. Mr. Ball called.

{*straddling both pages*} Not well

[155] Thursday, May 11, 1922

Ray Logan

M. Fierens Gevaert (director of Museums in Belgium) and his son came up to tea.

[156] Friday, May 12, 1922

Ray {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Logan

Some Austrian Gelehrten came up—Tietze (?)

Logan dined at the Villino.

Ray read more of her novel to B.B. and me.

[157] Saturday, May 13, 1922

Logan

Naimi

Ray

Princess Mary of T[h]urn and Taxis and her musician, young Kirschbaumer [sic], came to lunch. He played Beethoven III and Bach’s toccata and fugue in D minor.

Ray left at 10 to go to the Hague to an International Conference of Women.

{*11 skipped lines*}

Alys, Philomène, Miss Watson (picture)

[158] Sunday, May 14, 1922

Naima Villino Medici

Logan {*straddling both pages*} Vallombrosa

Feeling rather better with the prospect of coming to the mountains to get well.

Logan and I motored up after tea. We live in the villino by the restaurant beside the Monastery and pay 40 lire each a day for nice rooms and good food.

{*2 skipped lines*}

B.B. had the Anreps and Nicky and their cousin Miss Wolfe to dine.

[159] Monday, May 15, 1922

Villino Medici with Logan

Weather overcast, but clearing up towards sunset. Logan and I walked to the view over ~~Reg\_\_\_~~ the Val d’Arno Superiore, and it was beautiful. My first walk in 5 weeks. Felt better than I should have expected as my temperature varied during the day from 35—38.5!

{*10 skipped lines*}

Read “The Oasis of Kargha” by Beadnell.

[160] Tuesday, May 16, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Villino Medici, Vallombrosa

with Logan

Strolled out, but felt awfully weak. A lovely day.

R {*the text cuts at this point*}

{*at the bottom of the page*}

Read “Pyramids and Progress” by John Ward.

[161] Wednesday, May 17, 1922

{*centered on the page is a picture of Sir Walter Raleigh*}

{*to the right of the picture*} Died

May 13.

Aetat. 61.

[162] Thursday, May 18, 1922

[163] Friday, May 19, 1922

[164] Saturday, May 20, 1922

[165] Sunday, May 21, 1922

[166] Monday, May 22, 1922

[167] Tuesday, May 23, 1922

{*these pages are empty*}

[168] Wednesday, May 24, 1922

Vallombrosa

with B.B.

Walked and talked—delightful. Read Karin’s book “The Misuse of Mind” and found it excellent, so clear, so persuasive, such a nice spirit, so well considered. We were delighted!

{*in a different, black ink*} We decided to settle £5000 on Nicky, invested in good Brazilian stock that pays 7%, so that she will be provided for if we should die suddenly.

I am very glad about it. And someday I want to do the same {*scratched*} for my grandchildren, whose future I care *awfully* about, and wish to preserve, if possible, from money sordidness. If this could be done, I should be almost more than ready to die, as my *élan vitale* is nearly exhausted. Egypt, however, was proof that it wasn’t quite at an end. I *could* die without {*continued on the facing page*}

[169] Thursday, May 25, 1922

Ray and *Ralph*

I Tatti

Bernard fell very ill, but we had quite a walk, looking at possible sites for a house.

Motored home after tea.

{*at the bottom of the page, continued from the facing page*} really upsetting anyone, for the children and grandchildren have glorious full lives, and B.B. would be extremely happy married to Nicky, who would make him a more satisfactory wife than I ever have been.

[170] Friday, May 26, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

The Perrys

Not feeling well, but attended to lots of letters and things

Mr. Otto Kahn and Mrs. Joshua came to dinner, also Baron Anrep. It was deliciously warm and we sat out.

[171] Saturday, May 27, 1922

Naimi

Suddenly stricken down with severe bladder pain. I hope it isn’t going to be cystitis. If I thought it would be like my last attack (9 months) I should kill myself at once. The pain is bestial, and breaks down one’s nerves.

B.B. had various people.

[172] Sunday, May 28, 1922

Naimi {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Settignano

{*the two days are circled and a broken line between “*Settignano*” and the following links them, straddling the two pages*} These two days mixed

In bed.

Mrs. Kahn and Mrs. Joshua came to dine but but I could not see them.

B.B. lunched with them in turn and went sight-seeing.

[173] Monday, May 29, 1922

In bed

but able to read various books on Egypt and look at illustrations with pleasure.

I made the mistake of getting up for dinner when Mr. Perkins, Secretary of the American Embassy, and his mother and father came to dinner.

[174] Tuesday, May 30, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

The Perrys

In bed

It is my old enemy cystitis. I am paralyzed with fear.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Ralph talked with me about Karin’s book. He is a “realist” and believes in “Time” aside from memory. He objects to Bergson’s use of the term *mind* or he thinks B.[ergson] knows too little about it from the physiological or psychological point of view. It is indeed rather arbitrary to say that “the brain” is useful for forgetting, when in the same sense it is “the brain” which remembers. Ralph thought K[arin]’s ~~explan~~ exposition very clear and able.

[175] Wednesday, May 31, 1922

In bed

A day of frightful pain. I begin to think of killing myself if it goes on. It just cannot be endured. I ended with drugs, but it was not till 2.30 a. m. that I got relief.

Mr. Vanderlip fresh from Genoa dined here, with his son and two friends named Allen. Also Mrs. Ross and the Lindsays from India. I saw Mrs. Ross an instant.

[176] Thursday, June 1, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Rachel and Ralph Perry

In bed

A better day. I hope I am getting over the attack. I saw Sophie Serristori today, who actually talks of having a baby without tying herself to its father!! What an “advance” for an Italian girl of her position. I told her about Philomène.

The Ojettis came over for the evening

[177] Friday, June 2, 1922

In bed—

A day of agony, dulled at last by morphine. I could not see anyone, nor even read till evening. Then I saw for a few moments Elisabetta Henraux, more grandly beautiful than ever, who sang superbly afterwards to the party (Nicky, Baron von Anrep, Riri Visconti Venosta, Alice De Lamar and Evangeline Johnson and their [Secretary]). {*scratched*} Also saw Alice and Evangeline to say goodbye, as they are rushing off tomorrow. I like Alice.

Bernard and the Perrys had Mr. Hale (the painter) and his patron Mr. Spelman to tea, also Maurice Brockwell.

The Henraux and Riri Visconti Venosta came to dine. Elizabetta looked too beautiful and sang divinely. I h\_\_\_d her with my don \_p\_\_.

[178] Saturday, June 3, 1922

Perrys {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Very ill and in pain

B.B. went to Villa Medici

[179] Sunday, June 4, 1922

Perrys

Ill in bed

Countess Serristori came to tea and I saw Sophie a bit. The Loesers came and Mr. Vanderlip, the Banker, fresh from Genoa

Mr. and Mrs. Hallowell (of the New Republic) dined. BB liked him awfully!

[180] Monday, June 5, 1922

Perrys {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Ill in bed

Miss William

Lazzaroni

Houghtons to dine

[181] Tuesday, June 6, 1922

Perrys

Cystitis \_\_\_\_\_ a trained nurse

{*2*

*skipped lines*}

Fullers, Perkins, and Hallowells—but I didn’t see them

[182] Wednesday, June 7, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Acute cystitis!!

But I saw Geoffrey for a little while on my loggia, where I have a bed.

BB and Ralph had tea with Miss Paget.

The Salveminis came to dine

[183] Thursday, June 8, 1922

Perrys

In great pain[.] Ill in bed

The ~~Perr~~ Spelmanns came to lunch. I did not see them

Aunt Janet and the Lindsays came to dine. I saw Aunt Janet a few minutes, also Mr. Vanderlip from Minneapolis

[184] Friday, June 9, 1922

Perrys {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Ill in bed

Bastianelli, Offner, the McIlhennys to tea. They all dined, and Nicky too, with the Loesers, I had dinner.

[185] Saturday, June 10, 1922

The Perrys

1. Nicholson

Ill in bed

Alf.[red] Nicholson arrived from Cairo, so happy to have ended that experience

The Am.[erican] consul, Mr. Dorsey, came to dine.

[186] Sunday, June 11, 1922

Naima {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Alf.[red] Nicholson

In bed, very ill.

The Perrys left for Perugia and Assisi

Offner came up I believe

[187] Monday, June 12, 1922

Alf[red] Nicholson

In bed v.[ery] ill

Fraulein Popp and Miss Frothingham came, but I could not see them.

Mrs. Pinchot came to dine and sleep, and I had a little talk with her.

[188] Tuesday, June 13, 1922

Alf.[red] Nicholson {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

In bed v.[ery] ill

{*3 skipped lines*}

Adolfo Venturi and Nicky dined with B.B.

[189] Wednesday, June 14, 1922

Alf[red] Nicholson

In bed, very ill

Mr. Mers and his friend came to dine.

I abhor my “trained nurse.”

[190] Thursday, June 15, 1922

Alf.[red] Nicholson {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

In bed

Mme. Salvemini and her daughter spent the day.

BB and Nicky went to the Museo Etrusco.

[191] Friday, June 16, 1922

Allyn Cox

Alfred N.[icholson]

In bed

Allyn Cox arrived

Bernard went to have tea at Villa Medici.

[192] Saturday, June 17, 1922

Karin {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Naima

Allyn Cox

Alfred Nicholson

In bed.

Karin arrived last night, full of longing for social life. I think she has been starved in that respect.

Lady Enniskillen called. She says that Mrs. Ernesto Fabbri has fallen in love and taken possession of her bro[ther]-in-law, Egisto, the other one Sandro having died. It is a sort of House-of-Usher situation.

The young men, Mr. Choate and Mr. Taff came to dine, very nice boys.

[193] Sunday, June 18, 1922

Karin

Naima

Cox

Nicholson—

In bed, feeling almost too ill to see anyone. BB and Karin and Naima drove to Monte Senario, and the boys went to Villa Medici, Alfred being very much impressed by Iris Cutting.

[194] Monday, June 19, 1922

Karin {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Perry

Cox

Allyn

In bed

Alfred Nicholson left

The Anreps came to dine.

[195] Tuesday, June 20, 1922

Karin

Geoffrey

Perrys.

In bed

Perrys came back

As Sybil left for England today—fainting exhibitionally [*sic*] on the platform as usual!—Geoffrey came over to stay. But it is not a real pleasure to either of us, and he is miserable about Nicky.

Cox left for his studio in Florence. His work is very good.

[196] Wednesday, June 21, 1922

Karin {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Geoffrey

Perrys

Ojetti came to lunch, and Miss King’s Bryn Mawr assistant, a young man named Rowley, whom we all disliked. He appeared very pleased with himself.

The Houghtons came to dine, but I did not get up, as I was rather the worse for getting up for a couple of hours in the afternoon.

[197] Thursday, June 22, 1922

Karin

Geoffrey

Perrys

Still in bed.

Mme. Salvemini and her daughter came to lunch and of course spent the day, but I scarcely saw her. She tires me awfully.

Geoffrey and Karin dined at the Villino, and I think G.[eoffrey] had a walk with Nicky in the afternoon, but she gets further and further away from her poor despairing \_\_\_\_\_.

Mrs. de Kaven came to dine, as idiotic about Spender and as full of herself as ever. I scarcely saw her, I felt too ill, but it was partly loathing.

[198] Friday, June 23, 1922

Karin {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Geoffrey

Perrys

Byba came up to lunch, and Miss Paget and Mr. Dent came to ~~dine~~ tea.

[199] Saturday, June 24, 1922

Karin

Geoffrey

The Perrys

Naima

Prof.[essor] Raffalovich of Dartmouth came to lunch, awful looking little Jew, calling himself French and boasting continually of his Chaptal relations, Comte de Chaptal, and the Archbishop of Paris. Poor little soul.

Mrs. Hooker came to tea, and De Nicola.

[200] Sunday, June 25, 1922

Karin {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Naima

Geoffrey

{*beginning about a third of the way down the page*}

Mrs. Carrol and Miss Perkins came to tea.

Karin and Geoffrey went to Villa Medici and Le Balze, B.B. and the Perrys and Naima leaving them there while they went on “*the* Drive,” round behind Monte Senario.

Geoffrey read me Blake’s poetry; some I scarcely knew. He went away after dinner, leaving me with a sense of his hopeless misery. And he is very hard to bear in a hundred ways, alas.

[201] Monday, June 26, 1922

Karin

the Perrys

{*beginning about a third of the way down the page*}

Toesca to tea

Placci came to dine, and was most awfully boring about all the \_\_\_*s* of Rome, where he has been. Karin escaped to the Villino

[202] Tuesday, June 27, 1922

Karin {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Ojetti came to lunch.

{*2 skipped lines*}

The Perrys left for ~~Perugia and Assisi~~ Siena

Miss King of Bryn Mawr and her friend Miss L\_\_b\_ came to dine and I got up, but felt rather weak.

[203] Wednesday, June 28, 1922

Karin

Cecil

{*beginning about a fourth of the way down the page*}

With Karin and Nicky we drove to San Donato and round by the river[.] Italy is unbelievably beautiful.

Mrs. Ross came to dine.

[204] Thursday, June 29, 1922

Karin

Cecil

{*on the upper half of the page, an arrow transferring a short paragraph from the facing page to this page; actual text begins about halfway down this page*}

~~Telephon~~ Cable came that Ralph Perry[’]s father died. It will be a great relief.

{*3 skipped lines*}

The Salveminis came to dine[.] She was “ill” and asked me to prepare plain boiled rice. She at a plateful of it *and* all the dinner besides, duck, an ice, fruit etc. etc. Poor thing, she is terribly greedy, and of course she can’t be well with those appalling teeth. He is a dear, and *so* interesting.

[205] Friday, June 30, 1922

Karin

{*a brace, coupled with the aforementioned arrow, indicates that this paragraph belongs on the previous, facing page*} Placci came to lunch and stayed to have a walk with BB. Toesca called.

Went over improvements with Cecil[.] I want rain-water in my bath and we want tables and chairs for the New Library. He promised to attend to them—!!

The Loesers and Anreps came to dine. She is well started on her professional career, and he enjoys being amateur Impresario.

[206] Saturday, July 1, 1922

Karin

Naima

Got so fully packed that I was rather at a loss for occupation!!

Nicky and the Anreps came to dine

Aunt Janet came to lunch looking very handsome, but complaining as usual of poverty and the lack of room and the hatefulness of Aubrey Waterfield

[207] Sunday, July 2, 1922

Left: see next page

{*3 skipped lines*}

B.B. said, apropos of a Castle half-mined and ivyclad [*sic*], that when he was young such a sight filled him with ecstacy [*sic*]. I asked if it didn’t now. “O I like it now” he said, “but it ~~hasn’t got any~~ given me no longer that *tu-whit, tu-whoo feeling* it had when I was young”

What a good expression!!

[208] Monday, July 3, 1922

Hotel Savoia Ask for *66* another time or 67

Bologna {*straddling both pages*} M\_\_\_g

Packed, finished up, dismissed cook etc. Naima and Karin and Nicky were at lunch, and the Anreps came afterwards. We were very sorry to say goodbye to them, and Bertie’s eyes were full of tears.

We motored over the Futa Pass finding it enchantingly fresh and green. Such a heavenly day! We stopped for tea on the top. It took us, even with the stop, only 3¾ hours.

B.B. was fearfully tired after dinner, and ended by sleeping 10 hours in spite of the hellish noise. Lucy’s room was entirely quiet!

{*2 skipped lines*}

This was Sunday

{*upwards-pointing hand*}

[209] Tuesday, July 4, 1922

Hotel Riva San Lorenzo Verona

This was Monday!

Left Bologna at 9 and saw Modena from 10.30—12. The sculpture by Villamin on the Cathedral façade is remarkable, though after the lovely lithe Egyptian forms that still fill my imagination, it is hard to accept the crude, unproportioned, ugly canon of the mediaeval master. Of Egyptian sculpture he has *only \_\_\_\_\_ huge feet*! The work inside is by another hand. Both N.[orth] and S.[outh] portals are lovely. At the Pinacoteca we saw some interesting pictures (it’s been ages since we were there) but the two masterpieces, the Dosso “Fool” and the Velasquez portrait, are covered with irregular glass and *you can’t see them*!! *Human folly*.

At Mantua they are busy faking rooms, while the Mantegna frescoes are flaking off in big pieces. *Human folly* again

B.B. went sightseeing here, too, but I rested. He saw San Zeno.

I recall arriving here from Munich with Geoffrey and being overcome with fatigue, but reviving with San Zeno.

[210] Wednesday, July 5, 1922

{*on the top left, the numbers 34000, 5000, and what appears to be 6 followed by a scratched-out number are arranged so as to indicate a long division of 34000 by either of the other two, but the ensemble makes no logical sense*}

*July 4*. Saw Verona, especially San Zeno and the Baptistery and we had forgotten the almost classic Byzantine font—and motored to

BOLZANO. HOTEL BRISTOL

Karin arrived at 10 and we motored her to join the Amoses at the Karersee. The bridge was broken, so we had to go round—90 km. instead of 28—but it was really worth it for the glorious view of those incredible Dolomites, which can be fully seen only by the road we took. Predazzo, Moena etc. Unfortunately B.B. gave out (thro[ugh] hunger) and behaved like a ridiculous spoilt child, very cross and unreasonable—such an exhibition of folly and lack of self-control and determination to make the worst of everything, that any pleasure was entirely spoilt. It takes me hours and hours to get over such exhibitions. We found the Amos family there, but no one else, and K.[arin] felt {*here the text bends and becomes vertical along the page’s right margin*} very déçue, poor child, for she longs for society and fun. {*vertically along the page’s left margin*} Met Ashburner and talked about Spender’s being kicked out of the “British Institute”

[211] Thursday, July 6, 1922

Hotel Creid. Innsbruck

Lovely drive till we reached the Italian frontier, where our troubles began and lasted 3 hours and more, what with muddle and incompetence. Useless to go into it! We did not reach Innsbruck till 6.30, in a wild windstorm. But it is a beautiful road.

My room costs 16000 kronen, with a surtax of 6000/22000, but that is nothing to our dinners which came to 30100 kronen!! The hotel-keeper says they live on the very verge of complete bankruptcy. This hotel is fearfully run down, no new paint, everything shabby. A plate of ham cost 3000!

Poor people.

[212] Friday, July 7, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel Regina-Palast

Munich

We left Innsbruck in the rain, but it cleared up after we had passed (with no difficulty) the Bavarian frontier, and we had a most enchanting afternoon drive through the well-ordered, finely cultivated, beautifully planted, park-like country from the Walchersee [*sic*] and Kochelsee around the Würmsersee [*sic*]. Such country makes its inhabitants endlessly sympathetic, altho[ugh] their *hideousness*, when one gets to Munich, puts one off again.

The Beer is heavenly!

{*3 skipped lines*}

{*continued from the facing page, where an arrow indicates the relationship; written vertically with the top of the text just below the right margin*} emotions, than Egyptian, more intimate and touching—yet quite as vital. But I think I like best the remoteness and resolute pose of triumph of Egyptian art: it is a surer escape from humanity’s burdens.

[213] Saturday, July 8, 1922

Naima turned up at the Police Station, and also Count Gnoli, who had already fixed his roving eye upon her in the train. Naima is wild to be made love to, and he comes apropos. Crescenzi simply ruined 4 years of her life, and she is just recovering from his heartlessness, but was upset at the idea that he is here. She and I shopped all morning while B.B. enjoyed himself in the Alte Pinacotek [*sic*]. The shops are ill-stocked, and the sellers seem indifferent. You’re only allowed to buy so much, for example, only 6 pairs of stockings, in one shop.

In the afternoon B.B. and I went to the Glyptotek [*sic*]. The Æginitan statues are finer than I remembered, they hold their own even with Egypt, but they are also more restored, more Thornwaldsenified [*sic*]. Of course Greek Art is more human, more profoundly expressive of humane {*continues vertically on the facing page; see above*}

[214] Sunday, July 9, 1922

Regina Palast Munich

Went to the Alte Pinacotek and was really overwhelmed by the wealth of the collection. Those Titians! The Fra Filippo Annunciation, the Franceri, the Primitives of every school, the splendid Rubenses…. Even wretched little conceited Offner, who joined us, nor Drei the Dealer who came along, could not spoil the effect, tho[ugh] they did their best. We met Crescenzi there, and he wanted Naima’s address, but she has suffered too much from him and won’t begin again. She and BB met him when they went out for a walk, but she scarcely spoke to him. Yet she is still madly in love with him, poor dear, only afraid to put herself in a position again where he can hurt her.

[215] Monday, July 10, 1922

Hotel zum Stern Ansbach—

Stopped in morning and had a last gorge at lunch. What food—!!! But it fattens me up too much, and makes Naima ill. B.B. had a glorious time with the pictures, while we bought his glasses, cigarettes, etc. Also, I must add, some things for ourselves. We feel that N.[aima] does such a lot for us that we must pay her more than her normal fees. And I gave her 20000 marks (only about £8.10 really) to get some clothes on her way home in September. The mark has fallen from 2300 a £1 sterling on Saturday to 2470 today. No wonder the shopkeepers feel indifferent about selling their goods which were purchased before the extremity of the present débacle. Poor people!

We meant to go to Nürnberg, but came to Ansbach instead, in memory of Cecil’s and my visit her before the war.

[216] Tuesday, July 11, 1922

Sanatorium Villa Thea

To Mrs. Ross… “One’s heart is torn between sympathy and remorse and contempt and disgust. We drove all day along roads ~~lined~~ {*added above*} lined with trees dropping {*main text*} with fruit ~~trees~~ of all kinds, and loved the Germans for planting them and being honest enough to let everyone enjoy the fruits of his own trees, but then a bitter anger would surge up as one thought how the[y] cut down ~~the~~ all the fruit trees in France on their retreat. What an adorable people! But what infernal brutes!”

We saw {*added but seemingly scratched*} *Ansbach Schloss*, so charmingly done in XVIII styles, and then came on through *Ellinger*, with i[t]s fine XVIII Schloss and garden, to Nürnberg and saw all the Germanic Museum before a horrid lunch at the Grand Hotel filled with Oberamergauers [*sic*]. Saw Bamberg Cathedral and Platz and arrived here at 7.45

[217] Wednesday, July 12, 1922

Bad Kissingen

Interviewed the doctor—the usual tale, I’m fat (how fat!!) and gouty, B.B. is thin and dyspeptic. I haven’t the faith of a grain of mustard seed in the Cure! It is, *du reste*, very mild.

We had a huge p\_\_\_, and I spent the morning writing to Jo Duveen about his mother’s death, about the Pisanello Portrait, the Maurice Hewlett “Baldovinetti” (really Pier Francesco Fiorentino) etc.

Alys wrote that little Christopher enquired “When is Gram coming home with three spades in her Magic Ear?” Barbara begins to write semi grown-up letters. Karin couldn’t stand Karersee and the exclusive company of the Amoses more than 3 days (tho[ugh] she likes Maurice), and has gone on to join Byba at Kitzebühel.

Walked about, read Countess Tolstoi’s [*sic*] Autobiography etc.

[218] Thursday, July 13, 1922

Villa Thea

Hofrath Dr. {*continued on the facing page*}

Very cold, perfectly quiet life of reading, baths, massage and, for me, starving

Walks in afternoon

{*straddling both pages*} Read the Apochryphal [*sic*] Gospels aloud to BB

[219] Friday, July 14, 1922

Kissingen

{*continued from the facing page*} Leusser

dome on 18th

[220] Saturday, July 15, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

Same as 13th

Walking today B.B. said that the ~~Jew~~ Semitic simpler syntax came in and broke up the “Romance” languages, also the Persian, and did the same thro[ugh] the translation of the Bible for England. But the German language never was so influenced.

I am reading *The Forsyte Saga* and B.B. Proust’s *Sous l’ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur*.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Karin has gone to St. Anton-am-Arlberg to wind up her Psycho-Analysis, Adrian’s wind-up in ~~having~~ Berlin having been, apparently, satisfactorily accomplished. Within 24 hours he got across into light and happiness!!

[221] Sunday, July 16, 1922

Same programme

I read “Spinster of This Parish” (Maxwell) which Mr. Sully recommended, but didn’t see much in it.

Before German with Frau Frick.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Ray has decided to become candidate again for Chiswick and Brentford!! I am sure she won’t get in. Lord Robert Cecil’s party is financing her.

[222] Monday, July 17, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

Still and always cold, rain, wind.

Bertie Russell has reviewed Karin’s book, along with a book by Dr. George Moore, who he says “makes no attempt to be persuasive by charm of style, or by other adventitious merits[.]” If what he quotes is a sample, *this is true*!

“At the present moment I am rather inclined to favour the view that what I am \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ this presented object is that it is ~~really~~ itself part of the surface of an inkstand—that, therefore, it really is identical with this part of the surface of the inkstand, in spite of the fact that this involves the view that when, hitherto, I have always supposed myself to be perceiving of two presented objects that they really were different, I was, in fact, only perceiving that they *seemed* to be different. But, as I have said, it seems to me quite possible that this view is, as I have hitherto supposed, sheer nonsense; {*continued on the facing page; a line links the two passages*}

[223] Tuesday, July 18, 1922

Usual Kur and German lessons.

{*at the bottom of the page, continued from the facing page*} and, in any case, there are, no doubt, other serious objections to the view that this presented object is this part of the surface of this inkstand”

[224] Wednesday, July 19, 1922

Kissingen

Usual Kur for us both. We {*continued on the facing page*}

{at the bottom of the page} Reading aloud “Marius the Epicurean”. Pater could write!

[225] Thursday, July 20, 1922

{*continued from the facing page*} begin to feel a little better.

Orchestral

Concert in the evening, very good[.] Ray is going to stand again for Chiswick and Brentford. It seems foolish, but Lord Robert Cecil will pay.

Karin is at St. Anton-am-Arlberg for her last (?) lap of Psycho-Analysis. She seems wild.

But they are young and I am old. They may be right, or if not, their mistakes are these of their generation not of mine. I made mine in my day!!

Letter from Geoffrey saying he loves being in England. Alas, his life ceases to interest me very much—it is so totally different from anything I should care about, or should have wished for him. But if he can get to like it, I shall be glad.

[226] Friday, July 21, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

Usual Kur business

A nice walk up the hill. Walking easier

[227] Saturday, July 22, 1922

Gravina

Blandine Gravina arrived at 5. B.B. took Mrs. Lanier a drive chatted.

Am getting on well with Bonsels’ Indienfahrt—German comes easier

[228] Sunday, July 23, 1922

Countess Gravina {*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

Waters

Bath

Massage

Inhalation {*followed by a curly bracket that hugs all four*} Morning’s work

Tried to motor to Meningen, but it poured so that we came back.

Can talk of most things with Blandine, but not of war topics, as she sees red in favour of Germany

She says that Houston Chamberlain has creeping paralysis. It has paralyzed him up to his jaw, he can’t chew and can hardly talk. He never complains, is cheery, interested, gentle and happy! A Saint.

[229] Monday, July 24, 1922

Gravina left at 1 o’clock.

We had tea with Mrs. Lanier, Frau Bodanski, Mr. Foch and Mr. Odenski.

I went onto the milk régime

1 glass hot milk for breakfast with apple

ditto dinner with 2 eggs and salad dressed with lemon juice

ditto tea with lemon

ditto dinner with apple and 1 zuriback

[230] Tuesday, July 25, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

{*beginning about a fifth down the page*} Walked and read. B.B. very much likes Charley Du Bos’ literary criticisms in his “Approximations”, especially the one of Baudelaire

I finished “The Forsyte Saga” by Galsworthy.

[231] Wednesday, July 26, 1922

{*beginning about a sixth down the page*} B.B. walked with Mrs. Lanier.

We went to the “Fledermaus” in the evening.

*B.B. in Kissingen*

Beyond the reach of plummet

In seas that have no sound

His heart and soul and senses

In Marcel Proust are drowned.

{*at the bottom of the page*} Have stopped reading Pater. It—bored us! And we used to adore it so.

[232] Thursday, July 27, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

B.B. walked with Mrs. Lanier and I wandered lonely like the rhinoceros, but enjoyed my climb up the Stationsweg

Orchestral concert in evening with Mrs. Lanier and her nice young musician friend, Dirch [*sic*] Foch.

[233] Friday, July 28, 1922

Walked in the woods

[234] Saturday, July 29, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

Drove to Meiningen, a charming little Residentzstaat [*sic*], and saw again the collection of Italian pictures that excited us so much 25 years ago when we came with Herbert Horne. Alas, now rather flat and uninspired. Tout change!

[235] Sunday, July 30, 1922

Drove Dr. Leusser and his two daughters to that charming little Bad, Brüchenau. Came home by an ex-military barrack-camp, near Hammelburg which is now used as a summer holiday place for poor town children. What a pull this will give Germany over the other countries that keep up their military organizations!

[236] Monday, July 31, 1922

Kissingen

Made an expedition to Frauenroth to see the old tombs set in the Wall. It *poured*.

B.B. in reading Edith Wharton’s new novel “Glimpses of the Moon” suddenly found the word for the life she describes

FLASHIONABLE

He also wrote to Charley Du Bos, speaking of other critics, that Clutton Brock was to [*sic*]

SWEETISHLY REASONABLE

[237] Tuesday, August 1, 1922

Frankfort a/M Frankfürter Hof

We motored here, missing our way, but gaining thereby a lovely run along the banks of the Main beyond Lohr. Arrived about 7, and dined and spent the evening with the Dumarts, who were indeed most kind. Unfortunately nearly the whole of their conversation is nauseating either from boastfulness or flattery. Nevertheless he has a grip on political and business affairs. He was 2 years Consul in Dublin, and knows the full hopelessness of the Irish situation. He says it is largely engineered by the Church, inspired by such hatred of England that they go blindly on, even now, when their lawlessness is putting England right with the world!

[238] Wednesday, August 2, 1922

Frankfort

Spent the morning at the Städelinstitut bringing the Director, Herr Swarzenski, back to lunch with the Dumarts at the Frankfürter Hof.

Ordered same wine, as it is very good and amazingly cheap there.

Motored home over Orb, but lost our way again for a bit. It was a less lovely drive than yesterday’s by the river.

Stopped at Gellenhausen and saw the Cathedral, with fine glass and statues by Riemenschneider.

I read aloud one of Geo.[rge] Moore’s stories in the new vol.[ume] {*scratched*}. Very flat and Chinese-y, but *how* well written.

[239] Thursday, August 3, 1922

Kissingen Nicky

Cure, dressmakers etc.

In the afternoon we went to Münnerstadt and enjoyed ourselves seeing the principal Church, with its Riemenschneider statues.

In the evening we went to an orchestral concert and heard Strauss’ Don Juan and “Eugenspiel”, after which the “Meistersäuger” sounded very conventional! A young Dutch composer named Dirch Foch [*sic*] came with us. We liked him.

Ray was accepted as candidate for Chiswick-Brixton.

{*2 skipped lines*}

I read V. Sackville-West’s volume “The Heir”. Disappointing after her bigger books “The Heritage” and “A Dragon in Shallow Waters”. More like theme writing. But she has talent

[240] Friday, August 4, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

The day passed (after baths, etc) in an excursion to Würzburg, where B.B. and I were carried away by Tiepolo’s gorgeous decorative frescoes over the great staircase, and also in the mirror room. What brio! What colour! What composition! What movement!

Nicky couldn’t like them—of course it’s too big a jump for her to take from Romanesque and Egyptian art. She must train her muscles a bit before such a leap.

We liked the Riemenschneiders also, and found the Cathedral in execrable taste, but still amusing.

We quarreled about the Schloss garden, which Nicky and I thought to [*sic*] stuffed with unmethodical planning, too “giardino inglese” and B.B. adored. He got quite hairy. But of course we were right!

Nicky read aloud Lytton Strachey on Voltaire in England, much the best of his essays in the new book.

[241] Saturday, August 5, 1922

Nicky went over to visit her friend, Fräulein Austen-Sachsen, at Brückenau.

B.B. and I motored to Kloster Kreuzberg and climbed up along the Way of the Cross to the top—a *most* enchanting excursion. One should however, take the day to it.

In the morning Dicky \_\_\_t came to ask B.B. about the picture market, as he has his Frankfort grandfather’s (named Gaus!) collection to dispose of.

We had a letter from Creswell in Cairo saying that the King has been told that he, Creswell, had spoken against him, so he refuses to continue the grant for work on his history of Arab architecture in Cairo. I wrote and said that we were willing to promise him £200 a year for 2 years to help him go on.

[242] Sunday, August 6, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Kissingen

~~Drove~~ Motored to Brückenau and had tea with Nicky and her friend, Fräulein Austen-Sachsen, a delicate, cultivated woman of 40 odd, who is drifting towards Catholicism. She has lost all her money in Russia and has to live on her friends and is trying to find work.

Interesting talk in evening, chiefly about Catholicism.

Poor old Kar[in] is deep in her P.[sycho] A.[nalysis] *still*, and she says Adrian isn’t really finished either. It’s fantastic! I compare her to Andromeda chained to a (Tyrde\_\_\_) sock with a Freudian born monster gnashing his teeth at her, while she waits for Perseus—Gl\_r\_\_ to deliver her!

[243] Monday, August 7, 1922

Our last day. We dined with Doktor Hofrath Leusser and his wife, wonderful food, but that stiff German middle-class dulness [*sic*]. However, it had to be done.

Teacher: Frau Frick

12 Prinz Regenten Strasse

Kissingen

[244] Tuesday, August 8, 1922

Frankfürter Hof Frankfurt a/M *Rain*

Motored here, stopping in the inevitable rain to lunch at Aschaffenbach and see the Palace. Nothing worth seeing, really, but we sent for the Librarian, for we wanted to see the “Purple” Bible and the XII [manuscript]. He came furious and fierce and disobliging, but thawed and melted utterly as he saw that B. B. really knew what he was looking at, and was ein echte Gelehrte. Then he apologized for his Grobheit. We promised to send him some books for his English courses at the University. He has 1000 marks a year to spend on books—about 5!

~~Saw a fine Tintoretto belonging to the Wolfs~~ Dined at Frankfurt with Nicky’s friends Mr. and Mrs. (geb. von Flotow) Kesler[.] She talks continuously. There was no point in meeting them, except niceness to Nicky.

[245] Wednesday, August 9, 1922

*Rain* Boat from Hook of Holland to Harwich

The Städel and the Sculpture Museum in morning. Saw and approved a fine Tintoretto female portrait belonging to Baltic friends of Nicky’s.

Eliza and I took the 12.15 train and reached our boat at midnight.

I read Edith’s new novel “Glimpses of the Moon”, a flashionable tale of Squander\_\_\_—most unpleasant really altho[ugh] she portrays the infinitesimal struggles of a couple to escape from those standards and values. I absolutely can’t see the point of such a book.

[246] Thursday, August 10, 1922

Chilling Rain

Arrived in London at 9.30 a.m. but by a muddle of Ray’s (she mistook the day) neither she nor Barbara were there to meet me.

I did some shopping and buying a collapsible coat among other things and took the 1.30 train arriving at Fareham at 4, where [Christo]fer and Ann and Judy were waiting for me “alone with Mr. Cave” in the car. Great hugs and shouts and awed peeps into my Magic Ear, and much satisfaction with the spades that were supposed to have dropped out of it.

Alys seems gloriously well, Logan not as well as I hoped. His wound hasn’t quite healed, and there is still some bladder infection.

Sent the poor Navers £25. He is v[ery] ill.

[247] Friday, August 11, 1922

Warsash Rain

This year the children are not at all quarrelsome. [Christo]fer is very polite and hands everything to “the girls first,” they are as little “Me-First” as [children] can well be, and it is pleasant and easy to be with them. I began reading the stories Whitall Nicholson recommended

“The Bed-time Story-Books” by Thornton Burgess (Little, Brown and Co. Boston) “Buster Bear” and “Old Man Coyote”. They are thrilled!

[Christo]fer remembered the ladder he whispered into my ear a year ago, so when I went in to meet Saidee Nordhoff I ordered it, and told him it was being made in my Magic Ear. He very politely said “As it’s *very* big, Gram, I won’t whisper anything else till it comes out, or you might have a headache.”

Saidee arrived, talkative (very) and full of her own life and adventures, yet appreciative

[248] Saturday, August 12, 1922

Rain and wind Big Chilling

A milk diet day

Saidee developed a chill on the kidneys and took to her bed, with a hot-water bottle. I developed slight cystitis from the cold but am curing it with Logan’s “Cystopurin” (3 times a day, dissolved in water, after meals). Chatted with Saidee and played “Boat” with the children, wrote many letters and paid a lot of book bills. Too cold and rainy to walk.

B.B. and Nicky must be in Cassel today

{*2 skipped lines*}

Read Algar’s rather confused article on von Hügel’s books—very disappointing. He writes badly, and his thought seems unclear.

[249] Sunday, August 13, 1922

Warsash Grey but not raining

Went with [children] to beach and had a stroll alone along the cliff, in how different a mood than at the end of 1918 when I got up from that long illness and all the world was a torture-house, within and without. It is a less vivid, less intense state of mind—rather commonplace, in fact, but it is nice not to suffer.

The rest of the day was spent in hearing interminable tales of the Nordhoff family[.] Saidee is one of those who gives you a sense of a bottomless sack to [*sic*] empty, of being able to recount the whole of their lives to any listening ear. She is nice, too, but oh dear!

Walked out with the [children] to see the Boy Scouts’ camp, and then with Alys and Julia to ask permission to use a hut by the beach. Read Santayana on Dickens, etc.

B.B. and Nicky at Hildesheim.

[250] Monday, August 14, 1922

Rather brighter Big Chilling

Motored with [children] in morning. Called with Alys on Lady Dilke and the St. John Hornbys for tea, and met Ray and Barbara at {*scratched*} 6 at Fareham. Barbara has grown out of all recognition—ten years old! She was enchanted with the Doll she found waiting for her.

Saidee spoiled an evening dribbling on about her family and capping all we said with pointless parallels. It is a disease.

B.B. and Nicky at Magdeburg.

{*2 skipped lines*}

*Household*. Alys, Logan, Me, Sarah Nordhoff, Julia, Barbara, Ann, Christopher, Judy, 2 nurses, Lucy my maid, 3 servants

15

[251] Tuesday, August 15, 1922

Warsash Really Fine

Spent morning watching Ray put the unsinkable Ford boat together, which in the afternoon we took to the sea and let the [children] paddle about in it.

News came that Dedo Serristori was killed by an avalanche climbing a [mountain] near the St\_l\_\_ro. His poor mother! I cannot imagine how she will bear it. It is an atrocious tragedy. I wrote to her—but what is there to say?

[252] Wednesday, August 16, 1922

Windy and cold with gleams of sunshine Big Chilling

{*straddling both pages*} All 4 children, Ray, Sarah N[ordhoff]

Read “The Road to Endor” to Barbara, who is remarkably intelligent about it and never misses a point.

Walked ram of Hook.

Began to read Ray’s “Marching On” aloud. It is *really good*.

Gave Ray the £150 premium for her new house, which seems a very suitable place for her to live.

Karin says she is going on with her “Psycho-Analysis” if it takes ten years!

Poor Sarah’s unfortunate daughter isn’t pleased with the place found for her, and her mother doesn’t know *what* to do with her. The girl has no interests outside of horses. The anxiety is making Sarah quite ill.

[253] Thursday, August 17, 1922

Warsash Rainy but clearing in afternoon

Read more of Ray’s novel after lunch. It is remarkably good!

Walked ram of Hook with Alys.

“The Bed-time Story-books” by Thornton Burgess are *excellent* for children up to 10. We are reading “The Adventures of Buster Bear” and of “Old Man Coyote.”

Nicky writes full of happiness in her trip, the dear thing. She was nervous at being alone with B.B. but that has all passed away.

[254] Friday, August 18, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Big Chilling

Alys, Logan, myself Lucy (maid) Saidee, Ray, Julia, Salvemini, the 4 children 2 nurses

Grey

Salvemini arrived at 6.30 at Southampton. I met him in the car.

Ray drove us and Barbara to Burley in the New Forest to lunch with Miss Clough.

Salvemini was much impressed with the wheat-less-ness of the country and it made him realize England’s policy very vividly.

[255] Saturday, August 19, 1922

Grey but warmer

Day of nothing in particular, but pleasant talks.

Barbara is “teaching English” to Salvemini.

[256] Sunday, August 20, 1922

Same party as ← {*straddling both pages*} Big Chilling

Grey but sunnier

Pleasant quiet day. Took Salvemini to Church in the evening. He was much struck by the Bay Scouts camping in our field, a dozen youngsters under a “captain” of 15[.] He said that it would be impossible in Italy because of their precocious sexuality. It explained a great deal of England’s history to him.

He told us in the evening how the fear of Hell had operated for good in his childhood.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Read Santayana’s “Soliloquies in England”

Gilbert Murray’s talent [*sic*] and satisfactory daughter Agnes died of appendicitis. Another tragedy.

[257] Monday, August 21, 1922

Gradually warmer and finer

Ray and Julia left in the morning. Children bathed.

After lunch we motored in, all the chn., Salvemini and I, to meet Dermod McCarthy, who arrived alone, whereat again Salvemini wondered, for a pretty boy of 11 could not safely take a long journey alone in Italy.

Stopped for the “Un-birthday Party”

[Barbara] and Dermod rushed down to the beach to bathe and had a “glorious” time.

{*2 skipped lines*}

{*in a different, darker ink*} B.B. and Nicky at Bamberg and Eichstadt

[258] Tuesday, August 22, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Big Chilling

Alys Logan me, Sarah, Salvemini

Took Salvemini to see some cottages. Guido wrote that Anita simply *wouldn’t* have a nurse. One pays for marrying an unintelligent woman! But—anyhow—one pays sooner or later.

{*at the bottom of the the page*} B.B. and Nicky in Munich with Jo Duveen.

[259] Wednesday, August 23, 1922

55 Oakley St.

Chelsea.

Val Washington’s

5 children (including Dermod) house

Went to London taking Salvemini and Karin’s children to go to Firth Hendersons’. S.[alvemini] was jiggered to realize that one simply puts one’s luggage in the van, with no receipt! Not necessarily locked, either.

Shopped with Grace. It turns out that the Italian P.O. has sent word that it cannot accept registered letters any more! What an unheard-of state of anarchy!!

Called on Saidee, who turns out to have gravel in the kidneys. She is a bore, poor thing, but \_\_\_\_\_ get to head the sound of “Peg” (“Paig”)!! Very nice chat with Grace and Val in the evening. He is developing and has lost his \_\_\_\_\_ shyness.

Went to N.[ational] G.[allery] and liked, on the whole, the arrangement of the pictures.

[260] Thursday, August 24, 1922

Raining {*straddling both pages*} Big Chilling

Barbara, [Christoph]er and nurse. Dermod. Alys Logan myself

Went to B.[ritish] M.[useum] with Grace and looked round at the Egyptian things, which are less good than I expected. Emily joined us there, and we liked the Assyrian exhibit better than the Egyptian.

Lunched and shopped with Emily who finally saw me off at 5.30, in the bitter cold and rain.

[261] Friday, August 25, 1922

*FINE*

\_\_\_\_\_ one fine day, and even this is cold and grew cloudy about tea-time.

We put Barbara and Dermod on the Ford collapsible boat on the Meon River at Titchfield and they peddled down to the mouth (about 2 m[iles]) we walking along the bank. It was bliss for them to do and bliss for us to watch their young heads gliding thro[ugh] the rushes. Dermod’s brother Michael came, a shy lout of 19, too grand to join the “children’s” games.

We had tea by the river, Cave meeting us with it in the car.

[262] Saturday, August 26, 1922

Fine Big Chilling

It was today the fine day not yesterday. Perhaps the \_\_\_aited sunshine gave me a cold, which I am fighting by annointing [*sic*] my nostrils with “Nasoline”.

Walked with Alys.

B.B. writes that Jo is fairly confident about business. He sold Carl Hamilton’s Verrocchio and the Maltees to Clarence Mackay.

{*2 skipped lines*}

{*straddling both pages*} B.B. and Nicky at Munich.

[263] Sunday, August 27, 1922

[Christoph]er [Barbara] Dermod Michael Grey

Alys Logan me

Lighting th\_\_\_ cold, I think successfully. But it makes one wretched!

Children very happy.

[264] Monday, August 28, 1922

~~Fine!~~

Grey

Rainy

At last accomplished one of my dreams, for the children took possession of the big pond (½ m.[ile] away) and spent the afternoon paddling on it in their collapsible boat. Alys and I greatly enjoyed watching them.

B.B. and Nicky leave Munich for Dresden and way stations.

[265] Tuesday, August 29, 1922

Fine!!

A GLORIOUS day. The children say I am “God”, ‘because I’m so kind’—a view of the Eternal scarcely shared by adults since 1914. I propounded the War to Barbara, who said “Well, it *was* God’s War, to conquer the Germans”. “But who made the Germans?” “The Devil” “O, Barb, think again—” “Gram, it couldn’t be God; it makes it all too confusing”.

The Pond and Boat entirely absorbed the children all day, with intervals of “flying” on a contraption Regis made

{*a drawing of the “*contraption*”—a swing tied to a tree branch that the children can access by climbing a ladder from which they jump to “*fly*” on the swing*}

[266] Wednesday, August 30, 1922

~~11 St. Leonard’s Terrace SW. 3—~~

~~55 Oakley St.~~  ~~Val Washington’s~~

~~SW. 3.~~  {*straddling both pages*} Big Chilling

11 St. Leonard’s Terrace SW. 3, with Barbara

~~Came up for shopping. Lunch with Grace and we went to the N.G.~~ *Yesterday*

Had Christopher to myself and he was as good as gold, the little Angel.

We saw Dermod off and Barbara and I came up to go to the Theatre “Old Bill M.P.”

a super-patridiotic [*sic*] play which B.[arbara] adored!

Spent night her [*sic*] with Alys.

{*3 skipped lines*}

B.B. and Nicky at Regensburg

Ratisbon {*a two-line curly bracket after the cities’ names*}

[267] Thursday, August 31, 1922

~~B~~

Shopped with Barbara all day. Called on Logan in his nursing home, and went myself to his doctor, who said I had varicose veins in the bladder and must expect a great deal of discomfort. He hopes to cure Logan, but is not sure.

Got home for dinner to which B.[arbara] sat up. She was very naughty about going to bed afterwards, but came round, conquered herself. \_\_\_\_\_ impressed everyone, and seemed to cling to me and love me more for having been firm with her. O how I do love that child. It is awful!

Grace and the Heaton Ellises are here.

[268] Friday, September 1, 1922

*Rainy* Big Chilling

Barbara went yachting with “Ted” whom she adores, and made bonfires with him.

{*about halfway down the page*} B.B. and Nicky at Merseburg.

[269] Saturday, September 2, 1922

Copse Cottage

Haslemere

Came across with Barbara and [Christoph]er and found Ray with her novel practically finished. It is tremendously good. She is turning into a keen gardener. What a capable woman.

Olwin came and Simon Bussy, who is doing Barbara’s portrait and rather a horror, I fear.

{*about halfway down the page*} B.B. and Nicky arrive at Dresden.

[270] Sunday, September 3, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Copse Cottage

It is a real children’s Paradise, with the Pond and the Woods and the Sand-Pit and the freedom.

*Letter from William James to Father from Florence, April 2. 1893.*

“I don’t see as much of your daughter as I should like, and very little of the brilliant and learned Berenson. Art {*scratched*} to me is fun, or nothing; to B. it seems to be \_\_i\_ as a test to distinguish between fools and non-fools, and as the line is drawn so instantaneously, and I feel myself to fall on the wrong side, I prefer the refreshment which I can get alone in the galleries to the conviction of sin which comes to me in his company. The world of truth is really more elastic and good-natured than these critics allow. But enough of art. It is a beautiful thing at any rate to see such thorough scholarship as your daughter, Berenson, Loeser[,] Costa show show themselves capable of acquiring”

[271] Monday, September 4, 1922

Ray and Oliver went early. [Christoph]er and Barbara and I went shopping in Haslemere.

[272] Tuesday, September 5, 1922

Copse Cottage Ray and her children

Haslemere

Hot and heavy

Usual occupation of the Children’s Paradise. Barbara is very happy playing with her cousin, John Strachey, Ralph’s 2nd son, a nice boy of 16.

Called on the Whites—she always suffering *dreadfully*.

Ray arrived for lunch, and we weeded and sodded.

{*4 skipped lines*}

BB and Nicky arrive

Berlin.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Finished reading Ray’s novel, which is *remarkably good*!!

[273] Wednesday, September 6, 1922

11 St. Leonard’s Terrace

S.W. 3

Called on the Dukes in the morning. Age has made poor \_\_\_\_\_ *perfectly hideous*, but she keeps cheerful under all their difficulties.

Watched the youngsters bathing.

Came up to town by the 4 o’clock train, met Eliza and began the repacking.

[274] Thursday, September 7, 1922

11 St. Leonard’s Terrace S.W. 3

Nice day at last

Shopped. Went to see Logan who is still in bed, with a catheter, trying to get his incision wound to heal.

Britten lunched with me at Verry’s—and complained of our neglect: but he has never taken *any* trouble to make himself acceptable. Poor old man.

Jim Whitall called on me and made a very nice impression. He is maturing unexpectedly well.

[275] Friday, September 8, 1922

Hotel du Théatre des Champs-Elysées

6 Avenue Montaigne Paris

Cold

cloudy

Called with Ray on the Thorolds and bought some of their chairs and curtains.

Lunched with Lady Strachey and saw Simon Bussy’s remarkable Animal pictures. They should have a success when he exhibits them next month. His pastel of Barbara is finished and is really very charming.

At 3 we left the Vit\_\_\_ Hotel and motored to Croydon. There Ray discovered she had forgotten her passport—!! But they let her get onto the airplane (Handley-Page) and we flew over Deal and Boulogne and Beauvais to Paris, reaching the Hotel Crillon (having motored from the landing-place, Le Bourget) at 7, a swift, well-arranged, comfortable journey. The only drawback is the noise. The chief thing I noticed was that the sea looked *solid* under a thin veil of waves.

Saw Carey for a minute but dined by ourselves at the Lapérouse.

[276] Saturday, September 9, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel du Theatre des Champs Elysées Paris

Ray lunched with Carey and I came in for tea and found them still reorganizing the world! In the evening we ~~went~~ dined with her and Helen Flexner and Lucy Donelly, who had just arrived from U.S.A. Very nice talk. Carey is wildly stimulating.

Bought Ray a becoming hat.

[277] Sunday, September 10, 1922

Louvre, but the Egyptian things do not show to advantage. Helen and Lucy came with me.

They all dined with me at Lapérouse and we went to *Le Cid* at the Th.[éâtre] Français—I am not up to that rhetoric and emphatic aching, but Carey seemed to adore it.

[278] Monday, September 11, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel du Theatre des Champs Elysées Paris

Ray not quite well, so she rested while I called twice at the Duveens. We lunched with Billy Taylor’s wife—such a *perfectly commonplace* little person that we could scarcely breathe. Her final remark “placed” her:— “I don’t try to be intellectual. I leave that to William, and \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ myself to bringing up our child”. As Ray said, *everything* was wrong about that remark!

We dined with Carey, but passed a quiet evening, as Ray fell unwell.

Read [William] James’ letters to Father.

[279] Tuesday, September 12, 1922

Ray flew black and I called at the Duveens and Jo promised me we should now hear of all sales as they are concluded—“hour by hour” he said, since the 10% tax has been ~~taken~~ reduced to 5%, which he intends to pay in an open and aboveboard way.

I lunched with the Duveens at the Ritz, most uncomfortable, as he and she are on each other’s nerves and show it every second. He bought her some gorgeous pearls afterwards, which she did not want, as she found them to [*sic*] white.

Dined with Carey and went to the *Contes d’Hoffmann*. I fear I am getting too old for the theatre, and too out of the way of music to be transported by it.

[280] Wednesday, September 13, 1922

Train Paris to Berlin

A very satisfactory talk with Jo Duveen, Edward present and Löwengarde most of the time.

1. He said B.B. could offer pictures he did not want to private people
2. He said B.B. could buy anything urgent and important *on his own authority*.
3. He said he would really pay us quickly *if we would cable him*.

I also \_\_\_ed him about his wife and said he must give her a holiday from his overpowering self!

~~Eliz~~ Lunched with Carey, and left with Eliza at 7.40 p.m. dining on the train.

[281] Thursday, September 14, 1922

Hotel Bristol Berlin

Arrived at 5.30. Dear Nicky met me.

We had an early supper and went off to hear Strauss’ beautiful “Ariadne”.

[282] Friday, September 15, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel Bristol Berlin

Karin called. Her Analyst won’t allow her to speak of her treatment! But she seemed well and jolly.

Went to the Völkerkunde Museum and saw the Turfan frescoes and statues with their finder, Doktor De Kok. Chinese-Indian-Greek influence. c. VII to IX centuries.

Went to Tristan und Isolde in the evening. A lot of it is boring, but when it is great it is divine. If it were 2 hours long it would be perfect.

[283] Saturday, September 16, 1922

~~B.B. and I saw th~~ Went with Valentiner to the Schloss where they have the Kunstgewerbe museum now. Were taken, much against B.B.’s will to Dr. Bode’s room to see the Watteaus and Himself. He was pointedly rude, barely saluted us and rushed off. I had a look round the pictures. They think they have a new Piero della Francesca—it is a \_\_\_\_\_ copy. Valentiner seems very nice.

I took Karin and Adrian in the motor out to the Wannsee to have tea. They were most agreeable.

Went to *Così fan Tutti* in the evening, deliciously gay and pretty.

[284] Sunday, September 17, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel Bristol Berlin

Went with BB and saw the glorious new Greek {*four small, vertical* x*s*} “Demeter” {*three small, vertical* x*s*} from Sicily, which they called un faux in Paris!! It is one of those works which *absorbs you in itself*, as opposed to mere more literary ones which transport you into a world of dreams.

Then we went to Herr Simon’s and looked for \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ at the “ \_\_\_\_\_ di Sandro”, really a very intellectually conceived Botticelli portrait, a young men [*sic*], delicate, sensitive, thoughtful, disdainful and upright. Very, very fine. It was a fat fish for an \_\_\_\_\_ and no doubt Duveen will cook it and serve it with sauce to some American millionaire, and we shall have some of the sauce.

In the afternoon we called on the *Sarres*. She is one of the most {*two small, vertical asterisks*} enchanting women I ever met. Karin and Adrian came to dine and were awfully nice.

[285] Monday, September 18, 1922

Turfan again, *nice* Dr. ~~de Kok~~ Coq {*also written above the line for more clarity*} a combination of Horne and Claude Phillips.

In the evening we went to the *En[t]führung aus dem Serail* which was *lovely*. We liked it better than *Così fan tutti*.

[286] Tuesday, September 19, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel Bristol Berlin

Cold

Rainy

Nicky not well

Italian pictures in morning after a glance round the medieval things in the Museum.

In the afternoon BB. and I called at Herr Casserèr’s, but he had to go out, so we looked at pictures and photos with Herr Blumenreich, and saw also Casserèr’s modern things. His Cézannes and Manets and Van Gogh’s [*sic*] made BB feel that the orange-coloured flowers on the dining-room table were still more beautiful. That’s all they try to do—to give you the appearances of actual things. Imagine seeing *anything* that would make you say “This is Bellini’s ‘Feast’, or Botticelli’s ‘Birth of Venus’ *mais en beau*!!” This is the essence of the matter.

Terry Fürholzer and Karin and Adrian came to tea and supper with the intensely amusing “Madame Pompadour” \_\_\_\_\_, acted deliciously by Massari.

[287] Wednesday, September 20, 1922

Cold

Rainy

Nicky resting

B.B. and I had a gorge of note-taking in the Gallery, when we met also the \_\_\_\_\_ and young Suarez and Mr. Waley from the Metropolitan Museum. We found lots of things, among them an unsuspected Sassetta.

In the afternoon BB and I called on the Meyergraefes and saw their ASTONISHING colour reproductions of pictures and drawings. Met also young Lahmann (of the Weisser Hirsch) who wants to establish a Sanatorium in Italy. We recommended Vallombrosa!

Doktor Sarre came to dine and was very pleasant, but he is a less picturesque talker than De Coq. Still he is awfully nice, and of course his diggings at Babylon Samarra, and his experiences in Persia and Bokara and Samarcand are fascinating. He is very learned and cultivated—a serious and learned Denman Ross.

[288] Thursday, September 21, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel Bristol Berlin

Shopped with Karin and Terry and got Ray {*in between the lines*} a leather \_\_\_\_\_ coat and hat and gloves. {*back in the main line*} Then went to see the Islamic things at the Museum with Dr. Sarre. {*two small, vertical asterisks*} Wonderful façade of the unfinished castle of *Mschatta*. Slept after lunch, walked in rose-garden, and went to hear *Figaro* in the evening, most lovely voices.

One enjoys music more and more as one gets into the way of hearing it. Unmusical people do need to get into the spirit of it. I enjoy each night increasingly.

BB says I am “ferocious, cynical and mechanistic.”

[289] Friday, September 22, 1922

Shopped. Karin with her characteristic \_\_\_ty about practical affairs is getting a *very* expensive coat , which she ~~didn’t~~ doesn’t need, to the neglect of the things she does need. How one’s characteristics go through *everything*. B.B. finds mine do, and he adds to ferocity. Cynicism and mechanism, *worrying*. That I swear I don’t do! But he says I am totally unconscious so perhaps I don’t know. His awful remarks have given me a great distaste for life. Such a person as he describes had better not exist, and whatever may be the truth that apparently is the impression I make on the person who knows me best. And I swear I am absolutely an *angel* about Nicky, not ferocious but gentle, not cynical but sympathetic, not mechanistic but understanding. It is really hard that he gives me no credit for this, but as it is so much to his advantage {*vertically along the left margin going up the page*} he takes it for granted, for a right which it would be monstrous to make objections to. Well, well, if one must live, one does it for one’s self and one’s own inner satisfaction at doing nice things. Took K.[arin] and A[drian] to “Ariadne auf Naxos” in the evening

[290] Saturday, September 23, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Hotel Bristol Berlin

Grey

Cold

Saw Egyptian things with Frau F\_\_\_heimer in morning after getting Karin her inappropriate fine clothes. She bears her deafness so bravely that I can’t refuse her anything she has a fancy for, poor child: But she has no judgment!

Pilavov, Bulgarian art-critic came to lunch.

Look again for an \_\_\_\_\_ at the “Demeter” Ungern. Sternberg dined with us and we went to the Russian show at the Blaue Vogel, really rather amusing.

[291] Sunday, September 24, 1922

Cold

Picture gallery—Karin and Adrian lunch

Went in afternoon to Potsdam, and loved the architecture, but it was cold and crowded. Still we saw it.

~~Went with K. and A. to~~

Friedländer dined with us.

Went in to see the modern pictures

rather struck by Marc’s animals.

[292] Monday, September 25, 1922

Hotel Bristol Berlin

Grey

Cold

Saw German pictures with Friedländer, who said he would “golden-urn” them for Carey’s list, along with our Italians. A fine sm. ✝𒒬 by Conrad Witz[.] The early Germans are really delightful!

{*symbol that looks like a reversed* F}

I went by myself to hear the Orpheus in der Unterwelt, and was much amused.

[293] Tuesday, September 26, 1922

Frankfürter Hof Nice morning

Grey afternoon

A last view of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and at 2 left for Frankfurt where we arrived at 11.30. Quite a comfortable train.

Nicky went to Munich to see her sister.

Bode saw B.B. once with some fashionably dressed ladies— “How dreadful for that learned man to go about and waste his time with such shocking cocottes!” “But they are Princess so-and-so and Duchess the-other,” etc. “Gott in Himmel, to think that such people can take up with a wretched creature like Berenson!”

It appears there is huge Bode-Berenson cycle in Germany, of which this is an episode.

[294] Wednesday, September 27, 1922

Frankfürter Hof

Called on Mrs. Dumont, then spent morning at Städelinstitut looking among other things at the Italian drawings.

Sacred are the Vermeer, the small ~~Raphael~~ Titian portrait, the B. Veneto Courtesan, the Palma nude women, the Vermeer architect, the M. Caravaggio Bacchus and the Maître de Flémalle Crucifixion.

Lunched with Dumonts, Schwarz\_\_\_ and Prince Richard of Hesse {*quotation marks, probably referring to “*Schwarz\_\_\_*,” which is immediately above*} took us to Wiesbaden to see the Hänkels’ pictures. Very nice people. Also to Hirsch’s house in Frankfort, with pictures, books, objets d’art, furniture, carpets and cheerlessness.

Dined and talked with Dumonts.

[295] Thursday, September 28, 1922

Hotel Germania, Karlsruhe

Went to Darmstadt and the Keyserling came to lunch. He thinks he is a sort of Western Bhodissatva [*sic*] or Incarnate Wisdom. I found it amusing, but B.B. was awfully depressed. His wife, a Bismarck, is a sweet and loving girl who evidently does not criticize him. Tagore and a Rabbi he has just discovered are the 3 existing Saviours of mankind. He reminded me of Mother’s famous remark “I know 13 Christs living in the suburbs of London”. B.B. would not go, but I went to their house and saw the 2 little babies (boys). The house is what we should call {*scratched*} M.C., stuffy and tasteless. He assured me that his slightest word was charged with deep meaning, “Tension” and “Rhythm” \_\_\_\_\_ this year’s doctrine, but I was tactless eno[ugh] to say that Pritchard had been preaching them for years. The Prophet was distinctly annoyed and felt \_\_\_\_\_ it was another sort of tension.

{*vertically along the left margin going up the page*} The Museum has a Sacred Stephan Lochner and some very fine ivories and enamels—book-\_\_\_gs. Motored to Karlsruhe

[296] Friday, September 29, 1922

Zähringer Hof. Frieburg [*sic*] c/Br

Cold

Rain

We were here in 1895 for 3 weeks for a Berlioz-Listz [*sic*] Festival, concluded by Mottl. We learnt to bicycle here. The place is full of memories.

We saw the Gallery thoroughly and \_\_\_\_\_ liked best the mysterious little Florentine picture.

They made us pay 3000 m.[arks] per person for entering Baden!! B. B. could not get over his rage all day.

We motored here, and found the Bea\_\_\_ts with whom we dined. Francis Thorold came in, such an attractive boy. He is studying German here for diplomacy.

B.B. was taken ill at the end of dinner, must have been a chill caught at the Cathedral where we stood till 6.30 in an icy wind for an hour looking at the sculptures with no tea in our tummies! *Nothing* will he allow to interfere with his sight-seeing. It is fine but *also* foolish.

[297] Saturday, September 30, 1922

Drei Königen, Basel

Cold

rain

clear evening

Got off late and did not reach the frontier till one o’clock. Found we had to deposit 3300 Swiss francs, and had only 300. Banks closed till Monday [morning]—! The thing BB and Eliza and Pa\_\_\_y worried themselves sick over—i.e. the customs—was a[s] simple as daylight, no trouble—but of course the unexpected happened. However, I remembered we had letters from Friedländer etc to a collector-dealer, Wendlandt, so we telephoned and he rushed out in his car, bringing Swiss Bonds as \_\_\_\_ever \_ he could not gather the money on a Sat[urday] afternoon! So all was well and B. B. remained perfectly calm!

Saw the 2 museums with him and had tea at his delightful XVIII villa, with his nice wife, and saw his pictures. He is a \_\_\_\_\_ of dealer, but lives very nicely in a refined way.

[298] Sunday, October 1, 1922

Hotel Nationale

Karin on the Psycho-Analyst conference. “I was able to hear all that Ernest Jones had to say. I was thankful you had not managed to smuggle yourself in, for you would have exploded with mingled laughter and incredulity; as for B.B., it would have disgusted him for good. Occasionally lapsing into commonsense [*sic*] I was appalled myself”

Motored from Bâle to Zurich where we called for Miss Zeller and brought her to lunch. Then we went to the \_\_\_\_\_ Haus and saw the Italian pictures and arranged to get photos of them, and saw the M\_\_\_ter and I went to her house and she wept over my “kindness” (I have sent her £5 a month since the beginning of the War)

Motored to Lucerne, talking of the real way to unite history, i.e. the development of art, science, {*added above*} thought, civilization, \_\_\_\_\_ the improvement of the earth. Breasted, —Santayan[a], —Brunnhes [*sic*] + what will never be written, I fear, Berenson!

[299] Monday, October 2, 1922

Lucerne An ideal hotel!

The festa of a local Saint and worse than a British Sunday! The Police go around to fine anyone who does business. We had to sneak into the Steinmeyer-Böhler picture-shop, and the police actually came and tried the door. We spent the day there looking at their remarkable coll[ection] of Italian pictures, antique jewellery and medieval *objets*. It is quite wonderful what they have got together! We lunched with them, and when I came back for a half an hour’s nap, B.B. up and bought a little picture by Ercole Roberti for 12000 Swiss francs. They said that every single thing in Mr. Wendlandt’s house is for sale! He is entirely a dealer, not a collector, but yet he does live with great taste and refinement.

Alys writes that Logan’s wound is not yet healed and probably never will be. It is dreadful.

[300] Tuesday, October 3, 1922

Palace Hotel Lugano

Sunshine at last

Motored across the old St. Gotthard across which I came so often in the train to go back to England and see mother. Up to Goeschenen it is beautiful, but then it gets bare and grim, and the descent from the top is awful, corkscrew windings on the face of a precipice. It is over 7000 feet high, and you drop sharply down, and the sudden change makes you feel sick. I don’t want to motor across this pass again.

[301] Wednesday, October 4, 1922

Gazzada

Crossed the 2 frontiers without incident and got to Como in time to see Sant’Abbondio (on the whole, disappointing). Lunched at Villa d’Este. Came on here by way of Castiglione d’Olona where we saw again the heavenly frescoes of Masolino. Got here for tea and a stroll in the park. Anita is better than we expected. She is a sweet thing. Her daughter is here with her little daughter of 9, Julia. She was Signora Mantegazza, but got a divorce at Fiume and is now g\_\_\_g to many a young Neapolitan.

[302] Thursday, October 5, 1922

Gazzada

Letters of all sorts to write.

In the afternoon we motored with Guido to see the Bramantinos at Mezzano and the Romanesque church at Olgiate, but we lost our way and it was long and very tiring. However, we like being with dear Guido.

Talked with the daughter in the evening. She is uncultivated and somewhat dull, but like her mother attractive. They say she has been afflicted with nymphomania, but she seems to have got over it.

[303] Friday, October 6, 1922

Cavour Milan Downpour

Motored in with Guido and found Nicky (with a fierce cold) waiting for us. Spent the day fruitlessly seeing Sig. Chiesa’s horrible collection of rubbish in which the few tolerable things were suffocated. Saw Guido’s things, which were better. Met Riri Visconti-Venosta and “Castonaso” (Galavresi) at the hotel. Eliza and I took the night train for Florence.

[304] Saturday, October 7, 1922

Naimi {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Fair weather

Reached Florence at 7. Naimi was kindly waiting to greet me. Found everything in good order at home, but Colombo not arrived.

Went to see Aunt Janet—no change, her life is taken up in adoring David and his family, and loathing Lina’s family and being annoyed with Lina. I drove her to town and left some letters and did some errands, picked up Naimi and came home.

Naimi is in love again, and feels happy and jung (as she calls it)[.] I am so glad. But my Lord what a Bore people in love are, saying \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ the same thing. Still I sympathize, and hope it may end in a happy marriage

B.B. and Nicky still at Milan

[305] Sunday, October 8, 1922

Naimi

Fine

Rosa Fitz-James and her faithful red cavalier, Comte de Laborde, came to tea, to which Leslie Hopkinson and her friend, Miss Vaughan, who lunched here, stayed on. The Hagborg \_\_\_ights and her daughter, Diane Lewis, also came to lunch, and I sent them to Villa Medici before sending the car for Miss Beit.

Geoffrey telephoned and said he was at home and begged me to come over with my party, which I did, to find the usual dreariness of Sybil’s Sunday afternoons.

Teig\_\_\_, Denman Ross’ friend, came to tea and stayed to dine. He talked mysteriously of “modes” exactly like Denman, and i suspect he is wasting his time and energy experimenting in “modes” and “methods[.]” He is a feeble youth.

[306] Monday, October 9, 1922

Pouring {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

I took Rosa for a drive to San Miniato. She was sweet, but like a chicken in her mind. She fears she may have a cancer, poor woman.

Called on Lady Lister-Kaye (out)[,] Swarzenski (out), Mrs. Baldwin, Gladys Duchess of Marlborough’s Aunt, and Mrs. Hooker, and picked up Flora Priestly and drove her home. She and her ilk are “heart-brokenly” disappointed about Ireland, but lay it at the doors of too long a regime of British tyranny.

Called on Aunt Janet.

[307] Tuesday, October 10, 1922

Fine

Drove to the Rovezzano side of Baggazzano and toiled up to the Villa to see Miss Tone, who is staying with Egisto Fabbri and Emertine Ludolf. All his friends speak of him in hushed tones as of one living on a Higher Plane. I cannot understand it. He seems to me conceited and sententious. Called afterwards on Mrs. Ross. Both these calls alas I enjoyed more than the morning which Geoffrey spent with me. How changed from when we talked as freely as breathing. He is very much under the influence of his friend Terence Phillip, who lives an intense inner life but a most ridiculous and disordered outer one, and Geoffrey’s natural tendencies along with this young man’s influence make him think it very fine and glorious and despise all other forms of life. I feel that there was indeed very little sympathy left between us. But I {*vertically along the page’s left margin*} foresaw this clearly enough when he married, and the fait accompli hurts me less than the foreseeing

[308] Wednesday, October 11, 1922

Nicky comes to stay. Delightful. Cloudy {*straddling both pages*} I Tatti

Called on Sophie Serristori. Her Mother still can’t see anyone. She faints. Her heart has gone wrong. Sophie now *must marry* and give up the dream of loving the man she marries. Shocking to put a girl into that situation! The C\_\_t\_ thinks her son was overwhelmed by an avalanche, but really he got lost attempting a foolhardy ascent of Monte Bernina without a guide. Poor gay, vigorous Dedo, whom I’ve known from a tiny boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin (Gladys’ Uncle) came to tea, and stayed just to shake hands with B.B., who arrived with Nicky at 5, both very giù with colds and stomachs.

Eliza told me she was going to get married to that French chauffeur who has been after her (money?) so long. Poor woman! But as BB says no woman respects herself until some man has made her unhappy!

[309] Thursday, October 12, 1922

*Fine*

Miss Tone came at 11.30 and sang Crusade and other mediaeval songs to us in the Library, till Dt. Steinmann bustled in and *wouldn’t listen*, tiresome little man. Dr. Swarzenski and Herr von Hirsch from Frankfort came also to lunch, and stayed till I had driven Miss Tone as near to Baggazzano as I could and come back for them. I called on Mrs. Ross.

We looked at photos. of German Romanesque sculpture in the evening. Very expressive, but with a basis of grotesque that differentiates them from French work.

[310] Friday, October 13, 1922

Fine

Scores of letters all morning. Pollak and Brauer called on B.B. and he paid back what Brauer lent him so that now we are without a debt, Karin’s £1100 having been paid off in Sept[ember] and Cannon’s £4000 quite a long time ago. I went to see Mrs. Ross, and came to find De Nicola here with a small Fra Angelico for sale. They ask £4000!!! Lady Lister-Kaye and her sister, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, with her daughter of 14, Lady Louisa Montagu came to tea.

Read Stanley Hall’s “*Senescence*” and gleaned a few limits for my own.

Read “Big Peter” by A. Marshall[,] a very mechanical novel. Why on earth is it so popular? But I am an oldster evidently.

[311] Saturday, October 14, 1922

Naimi Dull

colder

Began work on our summer’s notes. Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Hooker and her daughter and their friend, Miss Musgrave, came to lunch. B.B. talk too much about tiresome disagreeable things, such as bad hotels, customs bothers and so on. He has an *awful* cold and cannot go out. I haven’t had a cold since Jan[uary] and I put it down to sticking some mildly disinfectant grease up my nose every night. Miss Tone hasn’t had a cold since she began to do the same thing a year ago! But as B.B. insists on believing that colds come from chills and draughts he scorns my preventive—and takes the consequences.

I called on the Waterfields at Casa Boccaccio, but they were out. All the contadini etc. got hold of me for fearful tales of woe. Poor things. I’ll do what I can.

[312] Sunday, October 15, 1922

Dull and cold and heavy Naimi

The Duchess of Manchester and her daughter and Lady Lister-Kaye and Byba came to lunch. It was indeed very dull.

Miss Halsey called at 4, no less boring, and I walked with her to Mrs. Ross.

Have asked Gnoli to spend next Sunday here—with Naimi! How I hope he will end by marrying her. But I fear she will somehow spoil it.

Logan writes: “Trevy was here yesterday—he is much amazed that you will be away from Florence in Feb[ruary], as he says it upsets his plans. I am afraid you didn’t think of this when you decided to go to Greece! He spent a long time discussing where he should stay in Florence when he does out, and somehow put the blame on me for your not being there to take him in. I came in the end most apologetic about it!”

Strange pa\_\_\_ of egoism.

Nicky read us 3 tales from Boccaccio in evening.

[313] Monday, October 16, 1922

Glorious

Went to town with Mrs. Ross and accomplished all my errands—a thing I *never* could do before Kissingen! Brought up Leslie Hopkinson and her Cambridge (Mass) friend, Miss Vaughan, to lunch. Afterwards when we asked Nicky what impression they made on her, she said “None”. She added— “There are some American women who seem to belong to a sex we don’t have in Europe”.

Later B.B. called on Sybil, Nicky on Iris and I on Strong. Ronald Storrs gave Margaret

Strong a glorious Season in London, as all his swell friends were in the plot to get her with her money for him. In the end she refused him. The little donkey asked Sybil “Do you think he knows who my Grandfather [Rockefeller!!] is?”

Sybil’s face looked very sweet. I have never seen her so nice! She spoke quite calmly to B.B. about her marriage being a failure, yet affectionately of Geoffrey.

{*vertically along the page’s left margin*} Looked at Romanesque sculpture (German and It.[alian]) photos in evening, those sent by Ha\_a\_\_

[314] Tuesday, October 17, 1922

Very fine

Quiet morning distributing notes and grappling with the Income Tax. They want particulars of our statements of 1919, but we have forgotten them!

Placci came to lunch. He said that what that charlatan D’Annunzio calls his fall from the Tarpeian Rock was being pushed out of the window when his mistress found him making love to her little sister behind the window-curtain. Would the fall had killed the dangerous wretch!

Lady Bateman and her young nephew Henry Clifford came to tea. She is as dull as Rosa Fitz-James and no so sweet. M. Per\_\_\_ and his wife call[ed] to communicate a discovery they had made in the Rech\_\_\_ro about the (lost) predelle to our big Sassetta which contained 2 miracles of the Beato Raineri [*sic*]. Nice people.

Nicky read some more Boccaccio in the evening

[315] Wednesday, October 18, 1922

Rain

Busy over nothings. Took Aunt Janet to town at 4, called fruitlessly at Bardini’s and then went to the “O\_\_\_so Bianco” for tea with Miss Halsey, who had to put an apex on her own insignificance—Lady Bateman! Aunt Janet was a usual raging against Lina’s husband. As he knows she hates him, why does he go back every day to draw a branch of kaki in her garden? She was *so* happy to be rid of him!

A young Dutch dealer named De Burler came to lunch—no impression.

Looked at medieval sculpture photos. in evening.

[316] Thursday, October 19, 1922

Steady pour Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill

Dr. and Frau Wendlandt from Basel came to lunch—and stayed till 4.30!! Desperate, I went to take a nap, but the Zangwills arrived. He is very nice because he is ready to talk about anything. True it generally ends in Jewry, but the road is roundabout.

Lina and Aubrey came in after dinner. Lina said the present head of the “International Dep[artment]” of the Fascisti, a certain Z\_\_\_niolo, is her sworn enemy *because* during the war she refused to give him any of the English propaganda money she had at her disposal to have spittoons made with the Kaiser’s face at the bottom of them

!!!

Here is Mrs. Cameron’s (former) maid’s remark on going on board a steamer[:] “*If you feel noxious, ma’am, horrible a biscuit*”

[317] Friday, October 20, 1922

Fine

M {*the rest of the page is empty*}

[318] Saturday, October 21, 1922

Fine Zangwills

Naimi

{*straddling both pages*} Count Ugo Gnoli {*followed by curly bracket encompassing 3 names*}

Picked up Zangwills, Naimi and Gnoli and brought them up to tea. Gnoli has a *visage de circonstance* for his first meeting with anyone since his wife’s death, and then he resumes his jollity. He is a gifted, jolly, animalic creature, full of sentiment

[319] Sunday, October 22, 1922

Rain

Took Zangwill to call at Villa Medici, Mrs. Ross and Strong. Sybil fainted just before we arrived, so we did not see her. Strong seems very ill.

The Zangwills are really nice, one feels them to be simple and *good*. And he is extraordinarily witty, I must say.

Naimi and Gnoli are aux nuages.

[320] Monday, October 23, 1922

Showery Zangwills

dull afternoon Cecil

{*the rest of the page is empty*}

[321] Tuesday, October 24, 1922

Zangwills Rain and scirocco

Took Zangwills down, and I called on Bardini to see the things he wants to sell to the Duveens.

Baron von Hadeln came to lunch, without adding any joy to the occasion.

I took the Zangwills to call on Miss Pagel, who was most brilliant. Miss Mabel Price also was there.

A trying dinner-party, with the Ojettis and Mrs. Ross and Confusion of Tongues. I was really bored till I was frightened about my mental condition.

Read Zangwill on Zionism aloud to B.B.

[322] Wednesday, October 25, 1922

Rain of course The Zangwills

Placci came to lunch, and he and B.B. nearly quarrelled over politics. BB. woke up in a mood of fearful exasperation. He seems to feel that no one should do anything without reference to him, and his memory is awfully inaccurate about what he has said. Both Nicky and I notice it. However—

Nicky had a long walk with Geoffrey who said he had decided that it upset him too much to go on seeing her. He must organize his life apart from her and from his past, as it is all too painful.

And I *could* cure him of his love for he[r]—kill or cure. How blindly we live.

Bardini ~~came~~ brought up his lovely Fra Angelico for BB to see.

Geoffrey came alone to dine, Sybil being ill from some imprudence or other. He was amusing, but I feel our friendship is really ended. We had very little left in common.

[323] Thursday, October 26, 1922

Zangwills Grey

Rainy

Paolini brought up a copy of a Bellini and a strong Crivelli etc for B.B. to see.

Annette Kolb and the Marchesa Farinola came to tea and so did Vernon Lee and Miss Price, the latter rather dull and bedulling [*sic*]. Zangwill read aloud Gertrude Stein’s “Tender Buttons” and Miss Paget was very brilliant discussing it. She said she was sure that she left on Zangwill the impression of an “*Anarchical M\_\_\_*”

Walter Berry wrote “The old Prostitute, Lloyd George, is now street-walking again, accosting voters, but let us pray he may have to go home alone”!

I feel very, very sad about Geoffrey—after so many years of happy intimacy to lose touch. But it was the *inevitable* result of his marriage, there was not a chance of its being otherwise. I know he feels it awfully too.

[324] Friday, October 27, 1922

Rain but streaks of sun. Zangwills

Nicky says that she thinks Geoffrey is coming to feel that his marriage might have been a happy and successful one if it hadn’t been for this household, me first, but w\_\_\_st my bringing her here. She thinks if he cuts loose from us all, he will settle down to be quite as happy as his nature permits. Soit! I shall do nothing to hinder the happy (but to be totally unsympathetic) ending. It simply means I never knew him, and never would have cared for him if I had. How deluded one can be!

I had my first “Day”

Mrs. James Keeley and 2 daughters (Chicago)

Miss Beit

Kitty Duff {*both linked by a two-line curly bracket to*} from Miss Lunatis’

Miss Susan Downing cousin of Thornely Gilson

Mr. McComb, Harvard art scholarship

Mr. Wickham and his pupil Johnny Waterfield

Aubrey Waterfield

We went in to see Dina Galli in a mediaeval Florentine Play called Madama Oretta. She is a rather fascinating actress.

[325] Saturday, October 28, 1922

Zangwills Solid rain

Naimi

Took Aunt Janet in to the American Consul’s wedding. Swift and scrabbly service in Am.[erican] Ch.[urch] Met Mr. Egre who said that Spender couldn’t be kept on independently of the fact that he kept no acc\_\_\_ts.

Great doings with 100000 Fascisti marching on Rome. Trains and telegraphs and telephones interrupted. “Voluntary” contributions demanded!

[326] Sunday, October 29, 1922

Naimi Nicky in town Pour

Zangwills left after lunch.

Called at Villa Medici and Strongs.

Henry Harris brought Mr. and Mrs. Burns to tea. He is a cousin of Pierpont Morgan.

Julia and her friend Hester Pellet called.

[327] Monday, October 30, 1922

Rain

Nicky came home ill with an abscess in her tooth and fever.

I took Mrs. Ross to town for errands among others interviewing a new maid. We called on Lady Enniskillen and her daughter Lady Kathleen Villiers and *her* daughter.

Sybil and Geoffrey and [Margaret] Strong and Lord Gerald Wellesley came to dine and Aubrey Waterfield and the tutor Mr. Wickliain. Geoffrey \_\_\_\_\_ tentatively and nervously wrote notes to Nicky, tearing up several, and I feel really sorry for Sybil. He should have done it more quickly and tactfully. He was awfully upset at her being ill. Sybil was fairly harmless, not filling the room with her voice[. Margaret] Strong begged us to advise her whether to marry Ronald Storrs or not, but how *can* one?

[328] Tuesday, October 31, 1922

Cecil Cloudy

Quiet day of work[.] BB is doing a new article and we as usual get fierce over the so necesary [*sic*] corrections of his style. Nicky rather ill, Geoffrey telephoning.

M. and Mme. René Gimpel came to dine. She is Jo Duveen’s sister, but such a little goose. She asked BB whether he had written all the books in the library!

Cecil also came, and was very nice. Nicky saw him. I think she really likes him better than she does poor silly heartbroken Geoffrey. What a miserable tangle.

Mussolini has formed a ministry with Thaon di Revel at the Marine \_\_\_\_\_ War with Jugoslavia [*sic*].

[329] Wednesday, November 1, 1922

Fine but warm

~~BB~~ Nicky better.

B.B. *and* I went to the Ex[hibition] of Book Bindings and XVII and XVIII cent[ury] [paintings] in the Pitti.

Sig.[ore] Giov.[anni] Bolle, an old insectologist came to lunch dressed in a dress-suit! But a dear. His hobby is worms in wood and books.

B.B. and I took the walk from behind M\_g\_\_s to Castel di Poggio.

Patricolo writes apropos of the mosque roof that fell in and unjustly caused his dismissal: “A me si fa carico della caduta di un soffitto moderno della moschea di Aboul’Ela a Bulaq, avvenuto il 13 Luglio alle 3 a.m. e che aveva cagionato la morte di 16 persone oltre a molti feriti. Dicono che dall'inchiesta fatta risultando la mia responsabilità, ero stato condannato senza ulteriore formalità. … Non ammetto i miei 28 anni di conservazione di monumenti c\_\_\_ni il sospetto della mia incompetenza o negligenza. Della moschea d’Aboul Ela il mio ufficio dal 1882 non s’era → {*continues on the next page*}

[330] Thursday, November 2, 1922

Cloudy

Walked with B.B. over hills. Geoffrey and Lord Gerald were in the garden and Sybil. but G.[eoffrey] looked so miserable and white that I fled to my engagements in town—tea with Miss Hopkinson and a nightmare of \_\_\_\_\_ and visit to poor Miss Patterson.

Finished We\_\_\_lls’ “*Akuaton*”

{*continued from the last page*} “occupato che delle sue parti monumentali, facciate e minareto: il mio ufficio non si era mai occupato di lavori a quel soffitto, nè al *iwân* che copriva, ove invece l’ufficio tecnio [*sic*] dei Wakf, separato dal mio ufficio, aveva sempre lavorato. Non conosco alcun atto amministrativo che avesse dato carico al mio ufficio dell’inter edificio, anzi in atti risulta del quanto mio ufficio in una occasione rifiutò di occuparsi di una riparazione alla ~~moschea~~ nicchia di preghiera per chè moderna. E mi condanna nella maniera la più odiosa contraria ai principi i delle più elementare giustizia umana e civile!

[331] Friday, November 3, 1922

Rainy

My 2nd at home.

Lady Enniskillen

Lady Kathleen Villiers

Miss Villiers {*all three connected by a three-line curly bracket to*} early to inspect the Villino

Mrs. and Miss Hooker (Mrs. H. a *dear*)

Mrs. and Miss Hammond (Jumpy)

Mrs. Lindley (attractive)

Mrs. Ross.

Mr. Ch. G. Henderson (New College) nice

Mr. Wickham, (Johnny’s Tutor) [nice]

Johnny

Alys writes that Bertie is standing for Chelsea. I think it is very disagreeable for her. I wonder if they’ll make his divorce a cry against him? His wife has issued an appeal to women voters with a picture of herself chirruping to their baby! Incredible.

[332] Saturday, November 4, 1922

*Downpour* Naimi

Got to work again on the notes of our summer visits to museums.

Signor Nicodemi, Director of the Brescia Gallery came at 10.30 and we sent down to get his wife, a charming nice woman to come for lunch. He is writing on R\_a\_i\_o.

I felt really quite ill and retired to bed. Liver, I am sure.

I went out to dine at Casa Boccaccio with the Waterfields, awful food but nice people, living in a gay hand-to-mouth fashion, very cheerfully. Lina is the wage-earner, making nearly £400 a year by being Italian correspondent f\_\_\_ Italy.

[333] Sunday, November 5, 1922

Fine Naimi

Glorious day, our first. Lady Kitson and her daughter, Julia and her friend Miss Pellett, came to lunch, and afterwards I took them all to Villa Medici. Geoffrey looked pale and nervous. We walked a bit together, but found *nothing* to say. What, indeed, is there for *us*, who used to follow together so affectionately everything we each did and felt and thought? It was terribly sad, especially as I am sure our hearts are hardening against eachother [*sic*], partly in self-defence.

I called on Strong, and then took ~~Lady~~ the Kitsons to call on Mrs. Ross.

The Waterfields dined here. Lina is a brave soul. She went off by the night train to Rome to try to get an interview with Mussolini for her paper, the “Observer”. It is a pity she hasn’t more brains, but she makes up with character and genuine modesty and interest in her job.

[334] Monday, November 6, 1922

Rain Mrs. Cameron

~~Mrs. McCom~~

Mrs. McComb came to lunch and had a walk with B.B. while I took Mrs. Ross to town to do various shoppings, etc.

{*at the bottom of the page*} Mrs. Cameron arrived several hours after her telegram led us to expect. She is *much better*. She had been in Sicily with Josephine Griswold and the change has (really) cured her.

[335] Tuesday, November 7, 1922

Pour Mrs. Cameron

Placci came to lunch, and it began very badly between him and B.B., but gradually smoothed out. He stayed for a walk and tea

Mr. {*text does not continue*}

{*at the bottom of the page*} Had a “young” dinner—Nicky, Iris, Byba and Miss Kitson, with Mario Bacciocchi, Henderson, Wickham and Pinsent with Mrs. Cameron, B.B.[,] Aubrey and myself to represent Age. It was not very lively, and I felt duller M\_\_\_wood as a bad attack of rheumatism was coming on

Wrote to Maurice Amos about Patricolo’s bad treatment.

[336] Wednesday, November 8, 1922

Glorious Mrs. Cameron

“M\_ra\_\_ Summer”

Went ahead with the notes.

Mr. Offner came and stayed to lunch. Took B.B. and Lizzie Cameron to call on the Strongs and first a walk around an old “rampart walk” at Fiesole. Lizzie is so short-sighted, she sees *almost nothing*. She and B.B. called on Sybil while Nicky and I walked towards home

Chitchat in [evening]. One \_\_\_\_\_ to gossip with her.

[337] Thursday, November 9, 1922

— Fine

Lizzie went in to lunch with Placci and Baron Lazzaroni came here. He brought a “Botticelli” ~~very~~ so ably restored that the only way you could tell it was all right was that it was somehow *deadly*! Ditto 2 Bart. Venetos. His “Titian” was more puzzling. If only he wouldn’t doctor up his pictures!

Took Mrs. Ross in and called on Hendersons and Kitsons (both out) and got the linen for the villino and heard Prof. Gino Bolle’s lecture on the insects hurtful to leather and books.

Chitchat. Nicky can’t bear it!

[338] Friday, November 10, 1922

Half fine Naima

colder Mrs. Cameron

*Naimi at Assisi*!!

{in a bigger font} Change with *Sunday*

→

Spent day at Vallombrosa. Glorious lunch at the Restaurant there and a brisk walk in the pure icy wind. Cf. Nov. 15!!

*Rest of Patricolo affair*

Since 40 years during which his Committee has had to do with the Mosque it has limited its intervention to the façade, the tomb-room and the minaret (documentary proofs. P. at the head for 8 years iman Franz Pasha 1882-88 and Hertz Pasha 1888-1904 and only the Committee worked, {*scratched*} law of 1916 on objects having archaeological or historical interest in Mussulman civilization [therefore] the other reparations had to be done by the *Sezione Quarta* the office which had charge of the modern reparations in Boulac.

They accuse him of having weakened a beam by suspending a lamp—this one of the causes of the fall of the roof. 1) Neither he nor anyone in his office put the lamp there. 2) The nail and ring \_\_\_\_\_ there when the lamp was \_\_\_\_\_ 3) The big nail and ring go back about 100 years. 4) The other beams beside it, without the lamp, broke also, in the same way

[339] Saturday, November 11, 1922

Mrs. Cameron Clear

Naimi

{*this page is empty*}

[340] Sunday, November 12, 1922

Fine {*straddling both pages*} Mrs. Cameron

Margaret Strong, Mr. Laver (Rothenstein’s friend) and young Henderson came to lunch, and then the two boys went to the Gamberaia and came to ~~tea~~ \_\_\_\_\_ at home

Mrs Ross Mr. Henderson

Mrs. Creswell Mr. Laver

Miss Hopkinson Mr. Wickham

Miss Vaughan Johnny

Mrs. Polkinghorne B.B. and me

Julia Nicky

Idesta Pellet Mrs. Cameron

Miss Sturt

Eliza began teaching my new maid how to brush hair

{*in a bigger font*} This is Friday

[341] Monday, November 13, 1922

Fine

Had a walk with B.B. and one of our quietest talks about the matters we feel most passionate or sore about. We are *so* different, there hardly could be two people who are such poles apart in their instincts.

[342] Tuesday, November 14, 1922

Fine Miss Hopkinson

and Miss Vaughan

Had a good walk before Mrs. Cameron left at 5. I went down with her and called on Elisina Igler and her daughter Gioia, and saw Dr. Filippi there. Brought up Leslie Hopkinson and her friend Miss Vaughan for a “waking up in the Tuscan country.” Evening passed mildly, but not unpleasantly, only Miss Vaughan does not know *how to select* in her conversation.

[343] Wednesday, November 15, 1922

{*curly bracket and dash indicating the same two people from the facing page*} Glorious

Mrs. Igler and Mr. Harris came to lunch. Nicky recognized the Maestro di Scuole type *at once*. I had a walk in morning with our guests, and B.B. and Harris in the afternoon ~~aft~~ took them to Gamberaia while I went to bed with a bronchitis got from the “pure icy wind” on Vallombrosa. B.B. is a bit cough-y too. Evidently we are no longer young enough to stand those rough changes!

The von Harrachs came to dine. He seems improved by his won experiences and she remains the original dear she always was. I saw only her, as I was in bed.

{*2 skipped lines*}

Read Percy Lubbock’s “Earlham”[;] *delightful*, but the thin delicious note a bit long-drawn-out. Like his “Craft of Fiction”, it saturated me ¾ through, and I cannot finish.

[344] Thursday, November 16, 1922

Fine

In bed

Feeling rather ill.

Mrs. Creswell and Miss Louise Caldwell came to dine. ~~B.B. took Miss Vaughan and Leslie for a~~

Read “A King and Queen of Oude” (Kingston) very lovely and entertaining.

[345] Friday, November 17, 1922

Flora Priestley Fine

Ray did not win her election.

No words can saw how sorry I am. I really would barter *10 years of my life* (and that’s a lot at my age) to have had the child get what she wants. However, perhaps *this* check will turn her to literature, for which she has such striking gifts. Still, I’m *sorry*! Oh dear. It is awful having children. I wasn’t up but the “at home” went as

Mrs. Hooke Lady Bateman

Miss [Hooke] Duchess of Melito

Miss Musgrave Mr. Clifford

Lady Sybil Another friend

Mr. Cunard Hera Priestley

Mr. Acton

A {*text breaks*}

[346] Saturday, November 18, 1922

Cloudy and misty {*straddling both pages*} Flora Priestley

Naimi

Flora talks like a windmill in a hurricane. Both Robin Barton and Erskine Childers, her two pets, are in Mountjoy Prison, eaten up by lice. Well, they’ve \_\_\_\_\_ money a man to the next world in their idiotic Irish Republicanism. But of course they think they are Martyrs. It is awful to think of Flora going about the world with that ceaseless tongue—like Sybil yesterday, who talked almost worse than ever, choking your own words back into your throat and talking away your breathing. Poor, poor Geoffrey, what an ass, what a hopeless ass he was. I wrote to him, but not on this topic. Read “Mastering our Nerves”.

{*continued from the facing page and* *straddling both pages*}

“forgive my faults. They overcome my

competition of courage. May our Lord and Saviour

The woes begin for me and for others—but others

speaking. No longer then the bones of Westminster

[347] Sunday, November 19, 1922

Salvemini Salvemini’s letter Fine

Still ill, but B.B. and Flora had a fine walk.

Salvemini turned up in the evening, most amusing about England. I will copy his letter, which is a classic! And his talk is no less diverting:—

“My progress in English is dreadful. I speek [*sic*] now, and—as you see—I write English with a brave and bare-faced unconsciousness. And when I am speaking all the bones of Westminster Abbey tremble in theirs [*sic*] burials. And the Unknown Soldier ash from day to day to himself what new greater war lately lost England if such \_\_ar\_s people has gone in it, speeking [*sic*] such an unheard idiom. And they shall not enjoy peace before I leave theirs [*sic*] country.

But the living, who are aware of the true truth of the national policy and situation c\_\_\_ d\_\_\_ after the first astonishment and they are very kind to me, and even understand my slang, and heroically {*continued on the facing page and straddling both pages*}

impudence with theirs [*sic*] gallantery [*sic*]. It is a continual

likewise forgive my sins in the judgement day.

are no matter—when I must understand people

Abbey but my own bones tremble all, like →

[348] Monday, November 20, 1922

~~Cloudy~~ Salvemini

Fine

Flora got word that her idolized Erskine Childers was to be shot as a traitor. Poor Flora! It knocked her quite silly, she *couldn’t* face it, she babbled of the foolish things that matter to her, her looks, her dress, her day, her servants, her economies—I was heartbroken for her, yet I could hardly bear the \_\_\_low.

B.B. and Nicky took the “Hopback” walk. It was glorious!

*To continue Salvemini’s Letter*

“Falstaff’s bones on the camp of Shrewsbury. For almost always I catch nothing at all: and this is the smallest of my misfortunes. The disaster grows when I believe to be understanding, and conceive one thing for another: as English people are generally not very quick in noticing, then the misunderstandings multiply themselves and mate one another. And there are true tragedies. And I believe, very thoroughly believe, there are many people here for \_\_\_\_\_ think I am a specifical, whole and unhealable stupid, silly and weak of mind.

To indemnify me, I am sure I will leave here the renown of a great Saint: Saint Gaetano of Brighton {*continued on the facing page*}

[349] Tuesday, November 21, 1922

Cloudy

Began the sculptures and found the big Bode book full of fungi. Each page has to be roasted!

Geoffrey wrote a long letter full of affection and misery and his need for tranquillity. What an ass he was to marry that woman.

Stein came and talked me blind. He has “finished” Sykeanalsis [*sic*] and is now writing on—Aesthetics! Hopeless. He is my cross.

Nicky dined with Sybil.

*To continue Salvemini’s Letter*

“Don’t you smile please. You are wrong. Let me prove you are wrong in smiling.

I have discovered that the preachers of the English Church often speak a delightful English: that is, a [*sic*] English in which I can grasp like a quick \_\_\_l, a little word here and there, for example, ‘Christ’, ‘Heven’ [*sic*], ‘Soul’, ‘Let us pray’. And I suppose on these few words all the meaning of the speech—like C\_\_r\_r who would build the ancient ma\_t\_\_ again from a little bit of stone, and no me n\_\_\_gh \_\_\_\_\_ {*continued on the next page*}

[350] Wednesday, November 22, 1922

Fine

Went to town with Mrs. Ross. B.B. and ~~Nicky~~ Sybil had a \_\_\_k, Nicky and Mario Bacciocchi, and I took alone the rampant walk “ from Fiesole to Strong’s where I met Mr. Trench. Looked at photos. of early ivories.

*To continue Salvemini’s letter.*

“the building by showing the authentic photographs of the originals. And when I am understanding in these conditions, that is, without being controlled, I am happy and triumphing, like Baron Sonnino after having pocket [*sic*] the London’s [*sic*] Treaty, like M. Clémenceau putting in his safe the Treaty of Versailles, like Mr. Lloyd George building and admiring the Treaty of Sèvres.

Moreover people in English churches sing many hymns and psalms, and recite their prayers *ad alta voce* (let good God blind me if I know how I may translate this). And I find that it is a very useful practice singing and praying together, in having the {*continued on the facing page*}

[351] Thursday, November 23, 1922

Fine

Went to see D\_\_g\_ts Madonnas in S. Michele and S. Andrea at Rovezzano[,] S. Jacopa at \_\_\_\_\_ and S. Pietro in the Via Aretina. All close at hand, but never by me seen before!! B.B. and I had a walk.

{*continued from the facing page*} *Prayers’ Common Book* before my eyes, and in comparating [*sic*] the sounds of the voices with the printing.

Here is why I spent a great deal of my time in churches. I leave a church and I enter another, and seize all at once up a Prayers’ Book, and sign and pray with all my breath, carefully, intensely, hopelessly, often out of the time, and always being late.

And here is why all English spinsters, who are my partners in these practises, about all in practise of being out of the time, look at me like a great Saint in Christendom. And when they see me entering a church, all together hasten around me, offering their’s [*sic*] {*continued on November 25*}

[352] Friday, November 24, 1922

Fine Lady Kitson

Miss Kitson

Salvemini

Lady Kitson and her daughter came up to lunch. Of all the thousands of things I could say to Geoffrey, I only thanked him for writing frankly about himself. We are too far off even to understand eachother [*sic*] again. What a waste of human affection and effort.

Usual tea-fight.

Lina

Mrs. Ross Lady Enniskillen

Salvemini daughter and grand-daughter [*sic*]

Ojetti Mrs. and Miss Henderson

Marchesa Rosales

Mrs. Bagg

2 Kitsons

Mme. Salvemini isn’t coming back till Jan[uary] 15th—hurrah! Cecil Margaret and Salvemini to dine

{*in a bigger font, occupying four lines, and pointing to the facing page*} Salvemini’s letter →

[353] Saturday, November 25, 1922

Fine Naimi

Salvemini

the Kitsons

Walked talked and worked.

Ray thinks of going to America on a League of Nations Mission.

O I am sorry she did not get into the House!

Mr. Harris came to lunch and was in fact rather pleasant. Lina and Mr. Wickham came to dine

Salvemini’s letter cont[inue]d

“books, indicating the pages, sweetly smiling, small speaking. And my reputation is already firmly and forever established in all new and old, reformed and Roman Catholic, conformist and no conformist England’s churches! because all churches are the same in my great heart and gross ignorance.

‘Questa e quella per me più sono del mio cuore l’impero non cedo’

(let him translate who would be able)

And as Professors of physiology teach the centre of religious feeling dwell in one’s {*continued on the next page*}

[354] Sunday, November 26, 1922

Naimi {*straddling both pages*} Lady Kitson

Fine Miss Kitson

Worked.

Had a walk with B.B. and Lady K. while Nicky and Monica went to town.

Another letter from Geoffrey who says his heart is truly broken (over Nicky) and I believe him. I am awfully sorry for him. But how idiotic to marry Sybil—!!

Salvemini’s letter cont[inue]d

“brains in neighbourhood, if not in the same apartment, as the spring of love, I think, without perhaps too much pride, I should be able to find a certain lot of sentimental adventures, if I would risk a so hardly gained reputation (ordine di santità), and if they were not rather old, I should have many others [*sic*] things to tell you about my English life and experiences, and the horrible coockering [*sic*], and the lovely country, and the serious faces of this {*continued on the facing page*}

[355] Monday, November 27, 1922

Rainy

Monica Kitson ill in bed. Lady K. ailing, she looked old and haggard and her talk was certainly very dull.

{*continued from the facing page*} “wonderful people. But to write this letter I have been working like a dog, in fighting with a whole library of dictionaries and grammars. And I am tired like the Creator of nature after 6 days of his work. And I also rest like him. Blessed be his name. Amen”

G. Salvemini

[356] Tuesday, November 28, 1922

Fine

The Kitsons left at noon. Mrs. Keeley and 2 daughters and Mrs. Hooker came to lunch and I took them to Villa Medici and La Doccia, where BB joined us and he and I walked home.

Poor Geoffrey has written that his heart “has been truly broken” by my having Nicky here. The “happiness” Sybil attributes to him comes “from a despair which ends the fearful agitation that (more than anything else) made everyday life impossible.” Of course he would have fallen in love with someone anyhow, probably with Nicky living at San Domenico, even if she had not come here. But I understand that *her being here* has ruined his old home for him. She never would have returned his love. That he doesn’t quite realize

[357] Wednesday, November 29, 1922

~~Fine~~

Cold and dark

Worked.

{*4 skipped lines*}

Mrs. Dumont sent us their sub-consul at Frankfort, a Mr. Lawrekky such a chiel little man!! who dined here. We bore it with exhaustion.

[358] Thursday, November 30, 1922

Fine

cold

Worked. Answered Geoffrey’s letter, but I do not expect to write to him again, perhaps ever. We do eachother [*sic*] no good.

B.B. and Nicky and I had a walk over Fiesole, she called on Margaret Strong, B.B. on Sybil, and I took Mrs. Ross to the Consul’s Thanksgiving Day Reception. Awful old cats filled the reception rooms!

[359] Friday, December 1, 1922

At home to about 25 people but I forgot to enter them and now have forgotten them. For once, B.B. enjoyed it.

Mr. Strong

Mr. and Mrs. Trentham

Julia ~~M~~

Miss Pellett

Miss Carey

Mrs. Stephens

Mrs. Hooker

Frona Brooks and 3 daughters

Mrs. Keeley and 2 daughters

Mr. McCombe and I forget.

~~Mr~~

[360] Saturday, December 2, 1922

[361] Sunday, December 3, 1922

{*these pages are empty*}

[362] Monday, December 4, 1922

Mr. Robert Benson Fine

Lady Wake

Robert Benson and his daughter Lady Wake (wife of Hereward the Wake!) arrived in the morning. He is much aged (72), but is chatty and full of art gossip.

Took them to call on Lina and Aubrey, and in the afternoon we walked over the hill down to Gamberaia, which we saw.

[363] Tuesday, December 5, 1922

The same Fine

Mr. Benson and Lady Wake went to town

{*about ⅔ down the page*} Loeser came over to dine. His laugh is awful.

[364] Wednesday, December 6, 1922

{*this page is empty*}

[365] Thursday, December 7, 1922

{*straddling both pages*} Robert Benson Fine

Lady Wake

{*about ½ down the page*} Took them all to the Villa Doccia, then walked to Fiesole, saw Villa Medici and had tea with Margaret Strong. When I said that Ronald Storrs was coming back, she said, “O it is *too soon*!” “I don’t know”. “I wish I felt something”.

[366] Friday, December 8, 1922

{*this page is empty*}

[367] Saturday, December 9, 1922

~~Salvemini~~  ~~Sal~~

~~Byba~~

{*at the bottom of the page, contained within a curly bracket*} Mr. and Mrs. Trentham came to dine[.] He was very interesting, but Byba and Mrs. Trentham do not understand general conversation, so the evening was not very enlivening

This by the way is Sunday

[368] Sunday, December 10, 1922

Byba Fine

Salvemini

The Marchesa Farinola came to lunch and was quite amusing[.] We sat in the stanzare and B.B. teazed [*sic*] her, to her delight.

Van Marle came to tea.

{*about ⅔ down the page*} See page before for evening.

[369] Monday, December 11, 1922

Eugenie Strong Fine

Eugenie arrived at 2.30. I was somehow annoyed, as she said she would come in the evening. However, it was all right, and why should one by annoyed at such a thing? I had to go into town

{*3 skipped lines*}

Margaret Strong came to “ask advice” about Storrs and B.B. and I talked to her impersonally, Nicky much more personally. She stayed to dine.

[370] Tuesday, December 12, 1922

Fine cold {*straddling both pages*} Eugenie Strong

{*the rest of this page is empty*}

[371] Wednesday, December 13, 1922

cold Fine

{*the rest of this page is empty*}

[372] Thursday, December 14, 1922

Misty cold {*straddling both pages*} Eugénie Strong

{*scratched*} fine

The horrors of dressmaking occupied my morning. Walked with B.B. on hills.

Nicky ~~lunched~~ dined with Cecil and went to see some Sicilian actors.

Ray wrote saying she wanted to go to America for 6 weeks and asked B.B. to advance her allowance. It seems a wildcat scheme and I’m so sure he will resent the request that my heart is as heavy as lead. She is certainly not careful about money, and wants to get all she can out of us. I sympathize *only too keenly* with this. But Alys and Logan think she is wrong, and I am no judge where the “fun” of my children is concerned.

Herr and Frau Hammer (Austrians) came to lunch—nice people, as keen as snuff on art.

[373] Friday, December 15, 1922

cold Cloudy then fine

Eugénie lunched in town after visiting galleries—gallant old war horse! I admire her spirit. I wrote all my [Christ]mas letters and cards and a letter I *hated* to write to Ray telling her she is spending too much money. B. B. does not like to be treated like the traditional rich Jew Uncle who is sure to “fork out.”

At home (after calling at the Villino) to the 3 Hapgoods

2 Waterfields

Mrs. Ross

Lady Bateman

Lady Ed. Spencer Churchill

Mr. Clifford

{*occupying the next three lines on the left side of* Miss Windsor

*the page*} Chat with Eugénie Harold Acton

Mr. McComb

Miss Wainwright (of Boston)

Mrs. Lindley

Mr. Pr\_\_\_m

[374] Saturday, December 16, 1922

Cloudy {*straddling both pages*} Eugenie Strong

Naima Löfroth

Cecil Pinsent

{*the rest of this page is empty*}

[375] Sunday, December 17, 1922

Cloudy

Lady Leslie’s younger son, Seymour (1st Cousin of Winston Churchill) came to lunch. He is cripple, and I daresay that accounts for his somewhat aggressive manners (he is really a “Bounder”). Cecil took him to Villa Medici and Le Balze and then called for Nicky and brought her up.

We all looked at art books in the evening.

[376] Monday, December 18, 1922

Rain {*straddling both pages*} Eugenie Strong

Miss Paget and Young Leslie to lunch.

Mr. Colin Coote, the new Times correspondent in Rome called, a friend of Ray’s. He is a Balliol man, got into the last Parliament at 22, but failed at the last Election. He is only 27 now. We liked him, and he stayed on to dine, and met Lina Waterfield, who is the “Observer”’s Italian correspondent and her husband, who like himself had been on the Italian front. The understood eachother [*sic*] without saying a word!

[377] Tuesday, December 19, 1922

Muggy

{*about ⅓ down the page*} Mrs. Strong had Sig. Gianelli and \_\_\_\_\_ Biagi to tea

[378] Wednesday, December 20, 1922

Rain {*straddling both pages*} Eugenie Strong

Bessie Berenson

~~Harold Acton came t~~

The German Consul, Herr Stiller, and Herr Hammer came to lunch. Bessie arrived.

BB had Toesca

[379] Thursday, December 21, 1922

Rain

Harold Acton came to lunch, his young head full of the Sitwells. He has chummed up with Alfred Nicholson at Oxford and they are bringing out a paper together, for which Alfred has written some poems under the rubric of “Mild Aphrodisiacs”

!

What would his Mother say???

{*2 skipped lines*}

Nicky left for Munich. We shall miss her *awfully*.

[380] Friday, December 22, 1922

Rainy {*straddling both pages*} Bessie

Naimi

Eugenie left at noon. On the whole—tho[ugh] she is a tiresome fusser—her visit went off well. I am really fond of her and so is B.B.

Too rainy for calls, but I had

Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Young

Mrs. Clarke

2 [young] American from Cambridge England

Miss Nixon

Miss Shelder

Miss Underwood

Julia and Hilda

{*2 skipped lines*}

B.B. lost his temper twice once over psycho-analysis and secondly because Parry wasn’t back in time. *This* led him to rage at my ALWAYS putting HIM last, never considering HIS interests and the whole chain—when such a thing as Parry’s staying on in town was *never* done before!! Poor B.B. {*a* *line leads to the next page, where this day’s narrative continues*}

[381] Saturday, December 23, 19, 1922

Rainy

A very dank damp day. B.B. would not go out to walk, but Bessie and I called on Aunt Janet.

Have finished the “Prinz der D[”] by Manolescu—I am really getting on with reading German

{*4 skipped lines*}

{*last page’s line leads to this passage*} Hutch and Neith and Miriam came to dinner. I am in a horrid mood, and their tales of drunken bouts, etc. filled me with real disgust, and his book “The Story of a Lover” seems to me disgusting Exhibitionism, in spite of its depth and sincerity.

[382] Sunday, December 24, 1922

*Rain* Alys

{*straddling both pages*} Naimi

Alys arrived at 8.25, and we had a long chat and walked in the garden. She walked with B.B. in the afternoon, and I went with Naimi and Bessie to call on the Waterfields.

Wrote a lot of letters to Egypt—

de Cramer

Villamarina Winlock

Patricolo Howard Carter

Creswell Davies

Firth Bonté Elgood

Galarza

Gayer-Anderson

Furness {*dividing slanted vertical line to the bottom*

Simaika Pascha *starts*} Ronald Storrs sent us a [young] Syrian

Mme. Foucart Christian, Mr. George Antonius, Ass[istan]t

Truman Superintendent of Education in Palestine,

Paravicinis and he {*continued on the facing page*}

Mackintosh

\_\_\_me

Devonshire

Baxter

[383] Monday, December 25, 1922

Bessie Grey and damp

Geoffrey and his friend Haslam came over for tea, and Julia and Miss Pellett arrived. Geoffrey has lost of grey hair, and looked tired and unhappy. The one thing he wanted was Nicky’s address—a hopeless dream, poor man. He did not think much of Capt. Coote.

Alys and Bessie and I walked over to see the Hapgoods in the [morning]. charles has arrived there, a very delicate-looking boy of 18, not attractive at first sight.

Reading “A Raw Youth” by Dostoievsky and “Dead Souls” by Gogol.

{*continued from the facing page*} came to lunch Sunday—very intelligent, and came also to dine with Julia and her friend and Mrs. Ross[.] He fell in love with Julia at first sight →

[384] Tuesday, December 26, 1922

Fine day at last! {*straddling both pages*} Bessie

Alys

Called for Julia Mantegazza (Anita Cagnola’s grand daughter) and took him [*sic*] up to the children’s party at Villa Medici. Geoffrey and I had a walk round the garden and a chat on quite indifferent things, which nevertheless left a pleasant feeling. But I felt despairing sadness behind his nice behaviour. O what a disappointing fool he was!

Lina and Aubrey and Mr. Trevor Bigham (Hon[orable]) came to lunch, and we actually sat out in the stanzare

Looked at mediaeval statues (reproductions) in evening. Bessie is very *real* and intelligent about sculpture, *so much* improved from the old days when she whined around caring for nothing outside her own skin.

[385] Wednesday, December 27, 1922

Rain again

McCombe, Offner and Count Mantegazza came to lunch. Hutch and his 2 children came to tea.

Pleasant evening looking at prehistoric drawings and paintings. These evenings to ourselves are really delightful.

{*at the bottom of the page, with an arrow pointing to the previous page*} Mr. Antonius has never left Julia’s side! Lunch, drives, tea, dinner, dance, opera all crowded together.

[386] Thursday, December 28, 1922

Rain {*straddling both pages*} Alys

Bessie

Lovely quiet [morning] of work—I hardly ever get it.

We called on [Margaret] Strong, but B.B. lost his temper and [would] not go in. Bessie says he has exactly his father’s bad temper, so I suppose he can’t help it, but it is degrading and sordid, and I *cannot* get used to it, not after more than 30 years!!! It is idiotic of me. The poor things [*sic*] insides are all upset, that is the cause of his hereditary temper coming out.

We had the chance (he having walked home in a sulk) to call on the Polkinghames and Aunt Janet.

Pleasant evening looking at books

[387] Friday, December 29, 1922

Rain

Shopped for the children’s party in the [morning].

A [young] painter from Smith College named Richard Bassett came to lunch and stayed on to tea. There came:

Mrs. Ross Miss Cescas

Mr. Acton and also Sons Byba

Mr. Niver Marchesa Farinola

Margaret Renata Borgata

Mr. and Mrs. [William] Ballett came to dine. He is the man who got a splendid treaty out of Lenin and Trotsky, ~~which going~~ sent on a mission by Wilson and Lloyd George, but because he showed his treaty to the English Premier first Wilson [would] neither see him or look at the Treaty. Think what that bit of petty vanity has cost THE WORLD!

[388] Saturday, December 30, 1922

Cloudy {*straddling both pages*} Barbara

Bessie

Alys

{*straddling both pages*} Mrs. Hooker

Barbara and Miss Pryme and Dermod arrived at 7.45. *Bliss* to see Barbara again. She brought her own \_\_i\_ de\_\_\_ in pastelles by Simon Bussy (her uncle), and B. B. likes it.

Took the chn. to call on Johnny and the Hapgoods, and they played in the podere. They are so good, and Barbara very attractive and pretty.

[389] Sunday, December 31, 1922

Dermod

Miss Pryme

Getting ready for the party, with Johnny Waterfield and the Hapgoods. Great games and adventures and chints and hair-breadth escapes. They are happy!!

The Bullitts came to lunch, and Alys took them and Bessie to call at Villa Medici, and then to engage rooms at the Aurora in Fiesole. They are one amusing pair.

[390] Memoranda

Cairo Addresses

*Adamoli* Sen[ator] Giulio Meadi

Délégué d’Italie à la Caisse de la De\_\_\_

*Amos* M. Sheldon (Athenaeum Club)

Ministry of Justice

*Anderson* Gayer-, Major R. G. The Residency

Ministry of the Interior

*Arminjon* Pierre Juge aux Tribunaux Mixte

(Continental)

*Mrs. de Cramer* Maadi. Besozzo. Prov. di Como

*Baxter* James 1 Sharia El Qadi Ed Fadl

*Boyd* Dr. Shepherd Shepheard’s Hotel.

*Bazil* Hervé Musée de Caire

{*in between lines*} *E Colombo* (St\_\_\_ard Egypt) 28 Via Cara\_\_\_. Lecco. {*diagonally upwards across the space left at the end of the two previous lines*} (73 Castor St. George’s Rd. Peckham S.E. 15)

*Creswell* Cap[tain] 1 Sharia Hassan, el Akbar. Cairo

*Bertelli* A. Tho[ma]s Cook and Son

*Devonshire* Mrs. ~~R H~~ H L Meadi

*Bramly* Lt. Col. A. W. Jenning Police School

*E Good* {*in the same line*} \_\_\_\_\_ Percival [⏎] Villa Bedi [⏎] Heliopolis {*back to principal line*} Police School Abbassia

*Dowson* E. M. Gezira (Zamilek)

{*in between lines*} ~~Firth~~—Sakkara. Cairo

*Furness*. Robin. The Residency

*Graham*  W. Murray Dahabieh Dongola

*Lacau* Pierre Musée de Caire

*Home* John. 19 Sharia Saleh el Din Gezira

{*vertically along the left margin*} Davies Mr. and Mrs. Hedderleys Boars Hill \_\_\_\_\_ Oxford

{*vertically along the right margin*} also \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Salsberg. 1 Rue Rouli Cairo

[391] Memoranda

*Galarza* Conte V. de 4 Rue el Tork el Chaik

*Mackintosh* Mrs. C.A.G. Villa Scarabée

Sharia Gabalaya Gezira

*L’Abbé Saint-Paul Girard*. Palais de Mounira—Tel (2711)

*Neguib* Pacha Boutros-Ghali

Dahabieh Ammon Ra

*Nahman* Maurice (dealer) 27 Shareh el Madabegh

*Oakes* Sir Reginald. Heliopolis

S. Maria Formosa 6140 Venezia

*Patricolo* A Com[mit]te de Conservation des Monuments de l’Art Arabe

Tel till 1.30 ~~42.71 (33)~~ 21.43 afterwards 42.71 (33)

*Paravicini* Emile *Villa du Soleil*. \_\_\_\_\_. Palais de Koubbeh

*Quibell* J. E. Musée de Cairo

*Philipps* D. L. 8 Sharia Suliman Pasha →

*Simaika* Marcos Pasha

Rue de l’Hôpital français 6

S ↑ Abbasieh (Tel 2346)

*Thomas* E~~d~~. S. Residency on Turf Club

*R*\_\_\_, Mohammed Aly. G. S.E. Moli Elsayed Pasha

{*in between lines*} A\_\_\_ Aly 24 Incha St. \_\_\_\_\_ City

*Thomson* Major C. P. Maison Herdan

Garden City

*Truman* W. H. 27 Sharia Maghrabi (or Turf Club)

*Villamarina* Ethel Pes di Comtesse de Contardone.

Hotel Continental

*Winlock*. Der el Bahari. Luxor

{*vertically along the left margin*} *Russell* Pascha 22 Sharia Ibn Zauki. Zamelek Gezireh.

[392] Memoranda

{*about ½ down the page*} *Patricolo*. Venezia. S. M. Formosa. R\_\_\_ Petrini 6140

Pal.[ace]. Morosini, 36 Rue Al-Falaki

*P*\_\_*i*\_ Anglo-Swiss Home

*Rutherford* \_\_d\_ (engineer on the “Thebes” 1st-2nd Cataract) 53 Gossville Rd. Bootle. Liverpool