THE DIARY OF MARY BERENSON

1923

[007] Monday, January 1, 1923

Bessie

Alys

Barbara

Desmond McCarthy

Miss. Pryme

We had a New Year’s party for the children, but more grown-ups came even than children. The youngsters enjoyed it thoroughly, hunting for hidden presents and playing Hide-and-Seek all over the house. Cecil and Aubrey were great helps. Sybil and B.B. retired to his study, leaving the rest of us to ourselves.

Barbara is so pretty, and she and Desmond are as good as gold.

[008] Tuesday, January 2, 1923

Ronald

Alys

Miss Pryme

Bessie

Fine

Took children to town and was forced by them to climb into the cupola of the Duomo! Saw the Baptistry.

Went to the Caves and played Primitive Man in a deserted quarry. Johnny Waterfield came along.

Ronald Storrs arrived at two, and went over to Margaret Strong’s. He feels hopeful.

[009] Wednesday, January 3, 1923

Fine

Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem

Barbara

Children with little Giulia Mantegazza spend the day in the Quarries, picknicking [sic] and I fetched them at 4  while B.B. and Alys went on a walk.

Bessie left at noon. She is enormously improved by having an impersonal interest. She is keen about her sculpture and it has made all art, and especially all sculpture interesting to her.

Storrs came back annoyed and disappointed. Margaret won’t make up her mind. She and Miss Corcos came to dine and the Henraux, and it was a tragic evening with a scene between Storrs and Margt [Margaret], the latter weeping in the music room. Storrs, utterly worn out and discouraged, determined to go away at once.

[010] Thursday, January 4, 1923

Alys, Barbara, Desmond

Fair

A last interview between Ronald and Margaret with no result, and he left at 5 thoroughly disappointed and broken-hearted. He really seemed to love her herself, though it started as money. She will probably never have such a chance again.

Children and Johnny explored the stream. B.B. and Alys and I walked in the hills.

[011] Friday, January 5, 1923

Miss. Pryme

Rain

Took children to town and saw some sights [sic] and shopped.

B.B. and Alys had a walk.

A boring “afternoon”

Aunt Janet Mrs. Clarke

Mr. Henderson 2 young Americans

Mr. and Mrs. Deanbury

Mrs. Hooker

Barbara and Desmond had a fight with bamboo rods, beating each other ‘til they both cried from pain (“It was glorious!!”) When dark came in and bat  flew out, “Bat, has Desmond won?” The Bat shook itself “No”. “Barbara then?” again a shake. “Bat, if you fly straight while we count 5, Desmond has won.” Bat turned off at 4. “Now at 5, Barbara.” Bat turned off at 3. “Now at 5 a draw.” Bat flew right on without surviving a draw! Return home covered with wounds and glory!

[012] Saturday, January 6, 1923

Fair

Children went to party at Lina’s!

Alys and B.B. and I had a walk.

[013] Sunday, January 7, 1923

Fine

Shopped with children in morning. Lunched at Lapis’ to their great joy, and went to the Pitti Uffizi in the afternoon. It is great fun to take the children about, they are keen and full of curiosity.

[014] Monday, January 8, 1923

Misty

Alys

Barbara

Desmond

Pryme

Took the children to San Marco. They are delightful to take to see sights.

Placci came to lunch and stayed for a walk with B.B. Alys and I called on De Filippi.

[015] Tuesday, January 9, 1923

Fine

Barbara

Desmond

Pryme

Finished reading “Lady into Fox” (by David Garnett) to the children who loved it.

Called with Alys on Miss. Paget. B.B. went motoring with Sybil who talked of going to Jerusalem without Geoffrey, who “doesn’t care” for travel - with her she might have said, for he used to love it!

Salvemini came to dine and walk down with Alys who took the evening train to Paris.

[016] Wednesday, January 10, 1923

Rain

Barbara

Desmond

Miss. Pryme

Am a bit mixed as to days. Alys left this evening and not yesterday.

[017] Thursday, January 11, 1923

Rain

Barbara

Desmond

Miss. Pryme

Took children to Pitti and they decided to paint their own portrait, which fully occupied them all the rainy afternoon. BB. and I called on De Filippi (out) and walked home.

Lucien and Elizabetta Henraux, Placci, Hutchins, Iris came to dine and Lina and Aubrey afterwards, and though Elizabetta was not well enough to sing it was somehow pleasant.

[018] Friday, January 12, 1923

Rain

Ray, Barbara, Desmond

Ray arrived at 7, dear thing. She slept all the morning.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Ross who is unwell and received --- dullness itself!

Mme. Narischkine and her son

Mis Moffat

Herr Hammer

Mr. Henderson

Mr. Barrett

The children acted dumb crambo and were quite enchanting.

Ray is going to America to get her Novel published, to get journalistic work and to keep on the infant league of Nations over there.

Naima had a leter [sic] from Gnoli at last (she has suffered!) asking her to go to Arezzo tomorrow.

[019] Saturday, January 13, 1923

Miss Pryme

Went shopping with Ray and called on Mrs. Ross.

Aubrey and Lina came to dine.

The children invented “Hunting for Treasure” in the garden and spent the afternoon at the Waterfields. They are very happy and so good.

B.B. seems less and less well. It makes me sad and anxious.

[020] Sunday, January 14, 1923

Miss Pryme, Ray

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[021] Monday, January 15, 1923

Barbara, Desmond

Geoffrey came over for the morning, very unwell with boils again. Said nothing of note.

[022] Tuesday, January 16, 1923

Misty but fine

Ray, Barbara

Miss Pryme

Town with children who had a ride round the Cascine alone, very grand.

A gorgeous walk -- our “Ridge Walk”-- with B.B. and Ray.

[023] Wednesday, January 17, 1923

Fine

Desmond

Nicky

Miss Paget came to lunch and she and B.B. outdid themselves in glittering lies of a general nature.

Children went to town and then climbed on the roof and played in the garden while Ray and I watched them.

Nicky returned at 6 am. Dear thing.

[024] Thursday, January 18, 1923

Nicky, Ray, Miss Pryme

Barbara

Fine

The children went to see sights. They love it.

Conte and Contessa Pallavicini came to dine and Lina and Aubrey-- a rather meaningless evening. But not unpleasant.

[025] Friday, January 19, 1923

Desmond Fine

Alda von Anrep

Watched the children playing in the \_\_\_ in the morning. They are very happy together and never quarrel.

At home, but no one came except Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Hooker and Salvemini, so it was very pleasant. Only Salvemini and Alda arrived at views with almost exultation the bloody and violent revenge he expects the *contadini* to wreak on the land-lords.

As if uneducated people could govern when educated people have so miserably failed!

[026] Saturday, January 20, 1923

Fine

Pin Ray

Barbara

Desmond

Nicky

Alda

Last morning with children in town. Got the famous “Settignano Gazette”, to their great joy. They spent the afternoon at Johnny’s and B.B. and Ray and I walked in the Caves, very, very beautiful.

In the evening Placci and the Henraux and Elizabetta’s sister and her husband, Mr. Bombicci-Parris’ came to dine and Eliz. sang very beautifully, and yet her voice isn’t what it was. Nicky and Alda said it was due to the French slightly nasal school of singing.

Young Bombicci seemed an insignificant Ass.

[027] Sunday, January 21, 1923

Fine

Snowy and grey

Nicky

Alda

Naima

The children and Ray and Miss Pryme went this evening after a day of “Fun”, dressing-up for lunch with Johnny and so on.

They have had a perfect holiday, with nothing unpleasant.

Ray and I called on Mrs. Ross.

I have begun to read “Keyserling Stories” and I am getting on well with reading German. After all these years!!!

[028] Monday, January 22, 1923

Cold

grey

windy

Nicky

Alda

Got to work again on the still undistributed Notes. It is the best antidote for the sorrow of having Ray and Barbara gone.

During my after-lunch nap I felt pangs very like cystitis so I did not go with the other to call on the Loesers.

Finished Dovstoievsky’s [sic] “A Raw Youth”.

[029] Tuesday, January 23, 1923

Fine

Cold

Alda

Nicky

Well and would have got on with my work but had important letters to write. As typhus has broken out in Athens we may have to go to Rome instead and I wrote to ask about the Helby’s house.

Took our valley-to-Vincigliata walk with B.B. and Nicky very beautiful.

Began my Milk Cure 1st day nothing but oranges.

[030] Wednesday, January 24, 1923

Glorious Tramontana

Nicky

Quiet day of work over the Notes.

B.B. and the others for a cold, windy walk, but I on milk diet only went to see Aunt Janet. Neith came in to tea, silent and sad. No one ought to come among people like that. The idiot has engaged Norman Douglas. The most vicious and disgusting man in Florence to teach Charles Latin--!! We warned them too. It may be the ruin of the boy.

[031] Thursday, January 25, 1923

Fine

Alda

Lady Colefax telegraphed that she wanted to come in the middle of February. She is persistent and thick-skinned. It is BB’s doing absolutely and entirely, as he made great friends with her, but when I told him he burst into one of his insanest rages and said she came entirely as my guest and mixed up wild jealousy of Logan and Geoffrey in it, till  I really thought he was out of his head. And just as he had been getting in rather smoothly for some weeks. What a pity. If he only knew how it makes me despise him, and he pretending to be so immeasurably superior and mysteriously saintly that I “don’t understand” him in the least. Silly little puppet. However, later, I went with soft words and smoothed it over, thinking him ill from indigestion.

Took Alda to town and called on Miss. Wheelwright, Lady Enniskillen, Mme. Narischkine.

[032] Friday, January 26, 1923

Glorious

Alda

The young South African painter, Wolfe came to lunch and we all liked him. He walked with B.B. and Nicky and Alda and came back to tea.

Mrs. Ross Miss Wheelwright

Lady Enniskillen Mr. McCombe

Mme. Dainelli Mr. Wolfe

Gioia Grant Richards Miss. Gilman

It wasn’t quite so bad as sometimes, owing to the young people.

I took Mrs. Ross in in [sic] the morning. {x} She is making her will in favor of Lina, thank goodness.

[033] Saturday, January 27, 1923

Glorious

Nicky

Naima

Mr. Wolf

Duveen called that he would send our remittance. Thanks be! Trevy, just arrived, came in.

I called on Madame Countess Olsufiev, Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Paterson and joined the house party and Houghton at a wonderful choral concert by Mosavian Singers. It was simply perfectly beautiful. I have never heard such well-trained, beautiful voices, even at Westminster Cathedral.

Trevy and Aubrey and Neith and Charles came to dine, it went off well.

{chart of dinner table, complete with menu, at the bottom of the page}

[034] Sunday, January 28, 1923

Glorious

Naima

Mr. Wolfe

Such a day, such a day!! Alda left and Nicky went to town.

In the afternoon we went to Villa Doccia and walked on the hill to Fiesole (.) Little Wolfe was in raptures and thinks he will take a room at Fiesole. Called at Villa Medici with him. Geoffrey is very ill with his usual boils -- it was heartbreaking to see him. I told him we might go to Rome -- “That’s that” he said in a dreadful voice of heartbreak and despair, and then changed the subject quickly and mustered himself.

Salvemini came to dine.

B.B. says he went thro[ugh] his embryonic stages not in his mother’s womb, but shamelessley [sic] in his twenties.

[035] Monday, January 29, 1923

Fine

Nicky

Ray writes hopefully of her American trip, with her splendid introductions. *Speriamo.*

German lunch - the Davidssohns and Hammer, also Offner. They got off at 2:435 and we had our beloved naps. B.B. and Nicky took a walk, and I went to Mrs. Ross, who had invented several new and malignant sagas, one about Aubrey’s having kept Lina from knowing of uncle Henry’s death, and another about B.B. being destroyed by the children's’ visit. She is a wicked old lady.

De Filippi came to dine and the talk was of mountains and India and Asia. He is full of vitality.

[036] Tuesday, January 30, 1923

Fine

Sophie Serristori

Nicky

French lunch with Louis Gillet and his daughter, *molto peso*. B.B. and Nicky took them a walk. I called on Aunt Janet.

Sophie Serristori came up to stay - poor delicate little thing nearly crushed between the selfishness of her parents. She looks very ill, can’t sleep and is nearly desperate.

[037] Wednesday, January 31, 1923

Cloudy

Sophie Serristori

Mrs. Pickman

Worked and walked.

Mrs. Chanler’s daughter, Mrs. Pickman came at 11, to look for a villa. N. she came last night--Tuesday.

I took her over to see the Villa Rondinelli at San Domenico which she liked and settled to take. I called for Geoffrey and brought him here.  He seemed better, but seeing Nicky throws him into impenetrable melancholy. What a silly thing to marry a woman he did not love. She has ruined his life. However, he is pulling himself together and going on with his book on Mme. de Charriere. I told him I was glad he was doing something not just wasting his time, like Cecil, who is making nothing of his career. Geoffry [sic] went back to Rome in the evening.

Fowles and Löwengarde came to dine and B.B. insulted and raged against the French, L. being a peculiarly patriotic one.. I

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thought it most tactless or even disagreeable.

[038]

NOTE:

Cloudy

[039] Thursday, February 1, 1923

Sopley Cloudy

Nicky

Mrs. Pickman

Took

{skips to midway down page}

I went off my milk diet as I began to get awfully fat.

[040] Friday, February 2, 1923

Cloudy

Mrs. Pickman

Nicky,

Sophia

Took Aunt Janet into town for shopping and brought out Hester Pickman. The young American painter Richard Bassett came to lunch.

Mr. Sheean, sent by Bullitt, came over, he is writing a novel called “Tragic Mask.” To tea came

Lina Julia

Sybil Miss Pellett + I forget

Mrs. Hooker

It is much nicer small and informal.

[041] Saturday, February 3, 1923

Cloudy

Nicky, Sophia

Naimi [sic]

Wolf [sic]

Mrs. Pickman left just after dinner.

[042] Sunday, February 4, 1923

Cloudy Sophie

Naimi

Wolfe

Nicky

B.B. and I motored with Naimi and Wolf to Volterra. It was more beautiful in the grey misty atmosphere. But it was decidedly tiring.

[043] Monday, February 5, 1923

Cloudy

Nicky

Worked till lunch. Then took Sophie and Wolf to see Lochoff which was very interesting. Then I called on Miss Paterson. B.B. stayed in.

Trevy and the Waterfields came to dine, but the dinner was very thorny, as Trevy got the ‘ump when we did not agree enthusiastically that Duncan Grant was the greatest living English painter. However, it passed off and we got harmonious looking at those incredible Meyer-Graefe [sic] reproduction of sketches by Monet, Rubens, Cezanne, Renoir, etc.

[044] Tuesday, February 6, 1923

Glorious again but colder

Nicky

Walked and in the afternoon explored a new road on the hill opposite Baggazano [sic] to the East. Had a splendid walk and enjoyed the newness.

Unfortunately when we came in B.B. was horrid to me apropos of the porter at Countess Olsufiev’s having made a mistake and left my card at the wrong flat. He looked at me with fury, as if it had been my fault, but I knew I gave it to him for the right person (Alda was with me) and said “You never take the least pains to do anything *contre-coeur*. It’s always like that.” And I had taken pains to pay a call for him, which certainly I never should have paid for myself. He is sometimes quite unbearably hateful, just like his father.

Dined at the Strongs, but were awfully bored. Margaret has a sweet voice but is too lazy to learn to sing and her performances are pitiable.

[045] Wednesday, February 7, 1923

Nicky

Glorious

A

Took Mrs. Ross to town.

A “literary” lunch with Trevy. Mr. Howard Priestly and Billy Bullitt’s young friend, Jim Sheean, who is out Fiesole writing a novel called “Tragic Mask.” He is 24. We spoke of American authors and he said “of course Mrs. Wharton is far too old to count any longer-- !!

We had a walk and then Nicky and I called on Mme. Dainelli (really to see Gioia Grant Richards, a lovely young creature) [.]

B.B. says he is wretched in this pigsty, that I never do anything for him or try to understand him, that he will go away, that he will never again ask me to do a thing for him-- and all the old nonsense. I asked Nicky, she said it was crazy, as no one is cared for the way I care for him. But when he bursts out like this, I wish I were dead, it all seems so sound and meaningless.

[046] Thursday, February 8, 1923

Cloudy

Nicky

Alda

Got some work done in spite of a wretched sleepless night.

Placci and Fernande Salvemini came to lunch. They all walked, but I went with Amerigo to see the *poderi* I have taken over. I found they give the cows water to drink from a well which has been pronounced unsafe and full of typhoid germs!! What is to be done with such people? The *poderi* need walls, cisterns, new cows, etc..etc. It is a bad business.

Heartbreaking talk with B.B. when Nicky went down to meet her sister at 11. He expects far more than anyone should expect, really the utter immolation of other people to Himself, and lives in a state of resentment at not getting it. Yet, in a way, Nicky does give it, but it is not enough. It is something so monstrous one can’t grasp it. Suppose I put up such claims -- !!!

[047] Friday, February 9, 1923

Rain

Nicky

Trevy stayed to lunch and Mr. Latner came - a silly little man who has spent his life taking care of a rich old cousin. Ralph Curtis’ mother, who died at 88 a year ago. They at home went well with

Flora Priestley Lina

Kitty Burne Murdoch Aubrey

Mr. Henderson Trevy

Osbert and Sacheverel [sic] Sitwell until two youngish ladies named Welsh bounced in with an unknown American couple. They had no right to come as I have never called since Loeser brought them here one day in a motorful. And they stayed! I thought they were never going.

Alda left at 11. Nicky is very anxious about her I can see. I fear Alda is one of those natures that are never happy.

[048] Saturday, February 10, 1923

Glorious

Naimi

Nicky

Went to town for errands-- Brought up Gioia and Sheehan and Miss Paget. Pleasant lunch. Went down with Gioia, Nicky, and Trevy to a concert by Edwin Fischer who played Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann, the great Passacaglia of Bach and some Mozart. B.B. had Toesca to tea.

Alda reported that Umberto Gnoli has fallen madly in love, in Rome, with Marie Christine Wolff and writes her flaming letters, just as he did poor Naima a few months ago. He is coming to see her tomorrow and she has no suspicion. I think she really literally would kill him if she knew. But he can run several women together and be a devoted lover to each -- though I fear he is rather off Naimi already. It rather breaks my heart to know, and to hear her talk and express confidence in him.

[049] Sunday, February 11, 1923

Rainy

Nicky

We had lunch alone--for a miracle! Walked in mud for 1 ½ hours.

Nicky dined had tea with Byba and Loeser and brought Trevy back to dine. We read aloud the new Chinese poem (Waley’s trans[lation]) and Trevy’s “alleying”, which was good. The evening was pleasant.

Namia came up to dine after a perfectly inebriating and rapturous afternoon with Gnoli, who has persuaded her of ---- all the usual lies (.)

[050] Monday, February 12, 1923

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[051] Tuesday, February 13, 1923

Fine

Mr. Comte and Offner came to lunch also Miss Paget who was very nice.

[052] Wednesday, February 14, 1923

Cloudy

Nicky

My 59th birthday. Naima bought me a little vase, Nicky gave me a hair-fastener, B.B. a bag and Mrs. Ross, when I took to town in the morning, an old brass Dutch box.

Of all things Mme. Salvemini invited herself to lunch and walked with B.B. and me in the Quarries. I wish I liked her.

Looked at Montecassino Mss. [manuscripts] in evening and old Ivories.

[053] Thursday, February 15, 1923

Fine

Nicky

The Houghtons came to lunch. She seemed nicer than she used to be.

After our naps we had a glorious walk, Nicky, B.B. and I.

Nicky dined with Loeser and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Forbes, who came here at 5 to tea. He is slow! As good as gold, ma -- She seems very nice.

Alys telegraphed that Jim and Mildred Whitall have lost their baby born last October whom they adored (.) They want to come to us.

The Forbes came to dine (.)

[054] Friday, February 16, 1923

Grey

Lady Colefax

Nicky

Colin Agnew came to try to persuade B.B. not to publish his article about their so called “Antonello da Messina”-- a fool of a picture for which they paid a high price, which B.B. prevented the Duveens from getting. He stayed to lunch and Mrs. Watkyns came. I fear she is rather commonplace--though quite nice.

Mrs. Ross Mrs Henderson

Julia Mrs. Sullivan

Miss Pellett Lady Enniskillen

Mr. Gathorne Handy and our 4 selves

made up a dull tea party.

Lady Colefax arrived at 2. The Forbes Loesers came to dine with Wolfe, Byba and Spender.

I had a card from Geoffrey about as interesting as one of Placci’s - “I have been so sad.” It was written on my birthday, but of course he had forgotten it.

[055] Saturday, February 17, 1923

Fine

Lady Colefax

Nicky

The Counsel, Roderick Dorsey and his newly married wife came to lunch. Trevy and Yashiro, who brought B.B. a wonderful set of photos of details of Chinese and Japanese paintings.

B.B. and I took an “P     d Magaris” walk with Lady Colefax, and then I called on Mrs. Ross who had a cold, and came back to find the Salveminis.

The Ojettis and Waterfields came to dine.

What a lot of meaningless “seeing people.” I simply hate it all. I am so bored with it, and I think there are people in the world whose presence makes me utterly happy!

I would be happy, too, with B.B. and Nicky alone, but not with all this riff-raff.

[056] Sunday, February 18, 1923

Rain

Lady Colefax

Nicky

Trevy kindly went over B.B.’s. Mss. [manuscripts] with me. We saw eye-to-eye about every detail.

[057] Monday, February 19, 1923

Lady Colefax

Nicky

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[058] Tuesday, February 20, 1923

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[059] Wednesday, February 21, 1923

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[060] Thursday, February 22, 1923

Lady Colefax

Nicky

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[061] Friday, February 23, 1923

Grey and dull

Rain

Nicky

Got a bit of B.B.’s Mss. [manuscripts] done in the morning. Trevy is very helpful in putting it into English!

To tea:

Mrs. Spalding Byba

Mrs. Coventry Pellegrina del Turco

Miss Coventry Henderson and a

Lady Sybil Signor Barzarius

Miss Rate and a friend Mr. Gitterman

Lady Colefax left. She is an ideal guest, so tactful and adaptable and appreciative. But am fond, fond worldly and dull.

Look at Peruvian reproductions in afternoon.

Silly Eliza scurried off to Paris to her apache who certainly won’t marry her.

[062] Saturday, February 24, 1923

So so

Naima

Gioia

Had to go to town about the Greece arrangements, and also to place two of our servants during our absence. I could place them all but the Forbes’ coming is too early. Brought Gioia Grant Richards up to lunch. Took Trevy and Aubrey and Wyckham and Nick Gioia to the concert a pianist who played a Bach toccata and Beethoven 121.

A Miss Havells, a friend of the dear Lippmanns came up to lunch, but seemed very colourless.

[063] Sunday, February 25, 1923

Nicky Rain

Naima

Gioia

Salvemini

Morning of writing letters about Greece.

Mrs. Haven and her daughter called. Salvemini came.

Had a long talk with Gioia about her life. Her mother is as intolerable as we’ve always thought her! The poor child is all tangled up in the passions and quarrels of her elders and her small gentle delicate being is bruised and worried. It’s a great shame.

Geoffrey telephoned. He has been ill, with boils, again. I could wish never to know or hear anything of him again, for the friendship is ruined for me. I wrote him before he married. “I cannot be the friend of Sybil’s husband” and it was true. The person who could marry her is not the one I ever could care about.

[064] Monday, February 26, 1923

Ray’s novel “Marching On” had been accepted with enthusiasm by Brace and Harcourt, who want her to write a history of the same period as her book, just before the Civil War, and also another book on “Queer Religions”.

She is getting Lord Robert Cecil to go over and will probably accompany him on a tour through the states, speaking for the League of Nations. I wish I believed in it more than I do.

[065] Tuesday, February 27, 1923

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[066] Wednesday, February 28, 1923

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[067] NOTE

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[068] Thursday, March 1, 1923

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[069] Friday, March 2, 1923

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[070] Saturday, March 3, 1923

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[071] Sunday, March 4, 1923

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[072] Monday, March 5, 1923

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[073] Tuesday, March 6, 1923

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[074] Wednesday, March 7, 1923

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[075] Thursday, March 8, 1923

Fine

All the days behind this have been absorbed in correcting B.B.’s enormously long article on “A possible  and ever impossible Antonello”, which he wrote worse than ever, and left me to put into English. I am just at the end, in bed today with my typhoid inoculation, but getting over the fever which flamed up yesterday.

I was in the midst also of a careful letter to Geoffrey ending our old friendship, that is to say, recognizing that its end came of itself when he married a woman I had always detested. Later on, we might indeed meet as friendly acquaintances -- but there will alas be very little point in it ever again I am sure. But at present it makes me miserable to see him, and he gets miserable coming to the house where Nicky lives, whom he is still so desperately in love with. What an idiotic disastrous marriage, poor Geoffrey.

[076] Friday, March 9, 1923

Mrs. Hill Mario Bacciocchi

Mrs. Roger I and 2 Offner

Byba Mr. and Mrs. Forbes

Miss del Turco Mr. Robbins

Hester Pellett Miss. Kitson

Gioia

[077] Saturday, March 10, 1923

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[078] Sunday, March 11, 1923

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[079] Monday, March 12, 1923

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[080] Tuesday, March 13, 1923

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[081] Wednesday, March 14, 1923

Fine

Miss Fanny Davies, the pianist came to lunch and we had Trevy and Cecil to meet her. She was a very nice, enthusiastic, jolly person, and she played and played for us -- Bach, Purcell, Frescobaldi, and other things, but of all to me the Purcell.

Mme. Flavia Farina and her sister Mme. Beltoloni came to fetch her. In the evening we looked at the new photos of Egyptian tombs that came from the Metropolitan Museum.

[082] Thursday, March 15, 1923

Greyish

Geoffrey came over in the morning and we talked for a long time, rather miserably. There is nothing in it any longer for me -- *Das Lied ist aus* -- but just this remains that I shall be much happier when I practically forget him, when he and his doing are as indifferent to me, as those of any other “friend” -- benevolent and distant interest is the thing to be aimed at since we must sometimes meet. Unfortunately he spoke so much like his old self and seemed so desperately broken-hearted over Nicky that I felt nearer to him than for years -- and what is the use with that awful female forever at his side?

B.B. was perfectly horrible over a telephone mistake, easily remediable. If he could know any idea how it makes me detest him -- and how the recollection makes doing anything for him horrible. O what a pity it is, when I could be so devoted to him and when he is so nice and kind in big ways.

[083] Friday, March 16, 1923

Fine

Last inocculation [sic]. Went to Houghtons’. Sig. Mucchi came with some of the Frizzoni pictures (.)

Mrs. Hooker Miss Clarke and Mrs. Quirk

Vittoria and Byba Giuliani Reggie Temple

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and Son Mrs. De Koven

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins Gen. and Mrs. Kitson

Felt queer, but not so queer as before other injections.

[084] Saturday, March 17, 1923

Fine

Naima

5 Forbes, Johnny Waterfield, Cecil and Yashiro to lunch. I hope Forbes will get a job for Yashiro. It was delightful in the stanzone after lunch with the 3 children playing about.

Went to town for errands and called on from Miss. Paterson

Trevy came to dine

[085] Sunday, March 18, 1923

Fine

Naima

Salverminis

The 3 Kitsons, Trevy, and Gioia to lunch. Later Geoffrey walked over with Lady Gerald Wellesley and Mr. Cunard. I talked with her about her separation from her husband and advised her to make her daughter a Ward of Chancery, in case he gets nasty if she won’t go back to him. She says it is only “incompatibility.”

They stayed late and then the Salveminis came. He seems to have lost his interest in contemporary politics, wise man, but it makes him less interesting to talk with.

[086] Monday, March 19, 1923

Fine

Trevy left. We like him more and more. Yashiro, Offner and the Salveminis to lunch. It was hard to drag oneself away from the sunny *stanzone* to go to town for errands, but I had to at 2:45.

Brought up Hutch bumbling about man and the universe as usual. B.B. walked with Nicky and we dined with the Hapgoods and I took Charles to hear Koncz play. He is too much a virtuoso now, but a wonderful violinist. I went to speak to them. They had not forgotten that I saved them when their manager made off with all their money 3 years ago!

[087] Tuesday, March 20, 1923

X

Last preparations, call on Mrs. Ross, Hapgoods and Lina to tea. Wrote oceans of letters.

[088] Wednesday, March 21, 1923

Train to Brindisi

Fine

We took the 1.20 and reached Rome at 6.30, dined and came on in a sleeper reaching

{stretching across to the next page}

[089] Thursday, March 22, 1923

Train to Brindisi

Boat to Corfu

Fine

Brindisi about 11.30. Saw some churches, lunched, napped and watched Logan’s boat come in. He joined us on a train to S.M [Santa Maria] di Casale, an ancient Abbey Church in Brindisi with archaic frescoes from the early XIV century still very Byzantine.

The boat -- Leopolis -- is most comfortable. We are sorry we didn’t plan to go on to Constantinople.

[090] Friday, March 23, 1923

Boat to Athens

Fine

Came into Corfu after breakfast, but did not go ashore on account of the smallpox epidemic. The boat was delayed to take on a thousand Pascal lambs, many of which fell into the water. All the afternoon we steamed all the coast of Albania and Epirus, bare hills, rising behind to snowy peaks. It was like going up the Nile.

The Captain by whom we sit, is a very jolly Triestino quite of an our mind about the Italian occupation. He was captured by D'Annunzio's *arditi* and detained 5 months, but said the time passed pleasantly enough with the cinema, military music and *discorsi*!

Nicky recalled to us Mrs. Cameraris’ maid who said on crossing the ocean “If you feel nervous [sic] ma’am nimble [sic] a biscuit”

[091] Saturday, March 24, 1923

Boat to Athens

Grande Bretagne

Feel all the proper emotions upon seeing Acrocorinth and the snowy twin peaks of Parnassus and on passing between the islands of Salamis and Aegina.

Reached the Piraeus about 12.30 where Anfessi, the Kingsley Porters’ chauffeur, met us and whirled us to Athens in a horrid storm of dust at the very devil’s pace, an open car too. The Porters met us and we all went to the Acropolis in the afternoon. The wind was terrific.

Nicky and I found it a much less overwhelming sensation than our first contact with Egypt, where strangeness is added to beauty. Greece is Italy, only more so. Logan told us some rhymes.

“The Spaniards hold Cervantes

“Walk a dozen Dantes

“A view resented bitterly

“By the people of Italy.”

Better                  \_

How odd

 of God

To chora

The Jews

[092] Sunday, March 25, 1923

Athens

Fine

The other spent the day at Sunium in a tearing wind. Logan and I found a sheltered and sunny nook on the Acropolis and read Baedeker there.

Logan does not seem very well. He still has decided cystitis, though mercifully no pain.

Wrote to Alys, Aunt Janet, Naima, Geoffrey.

[093] Monday, March 26, 1923

Athens

Fine

Spent the morning (but without Logan) at Daphni, an enchanted spot. The remains of mosaics are fine in composition and lovely in texture in the few unrestored bits. But they have been renewed mercilessly. The little church is like our Great mosque, lovely space composition.

In the afternoon we went to the Museum, but only really enjoyed the first room of the archaic sculptures and a few things, such as the relief from Eleusis of Demeter, Triptolemos, and Persephone, in the 2nd room. We must do better than this.

Then B.B. and Naima and Logan calls with our letters of introduction at the schools--American British, Italian, French, and on various people.

It is still cold, though the sun is warm.

[094] Tuesday, March 27, 1923

Athens

Morning in Acropolis Museum. We admitted that the Parthenon sculpture was more beautiful, but spent most of our time in the Archaic rooms. B.B. felt that the Chartres portals were really finer than these. It is mysterious that the Greeks in the VI century B.C. were really feeling their way, where sculpture elsewhere--as in Egypt--was already on the decay, having solved many essential problems of form.

The others went to the Mycenaean room at the Athens museum, but Logan and I were tired and stayed in. Later I left cards and went to tea at the Am(erican) school, where I met Dörpfeld who had nothing to say but his digging. He showed me maps of Ithaka and the grave and pits he had excavated, now again covered by the stream. As enthusiastic as a boy, and sa complete “sacred victim.”

[095] Wednesday, March 28, 1923

Athens

Morning at Daphni, where Kingsley was photographing. We had lunch in the little court at the back of the Church. Then I walked on for an hour towards Eleusis, a divine hour, under the trees, with the Bay of Salamis shining blue through the tree trunks. They picked me up in the park, and we went on in an excruciating wind to Eleusis where we “did” with the help of Baedeker. Logan was very amusing.

We returned to Daphni for tea and got home at sunset

A wonderful day!

One should come here young and able to walk and indifferent to comfort -- and then older and more experienced in art. I am sad to have missed the youthful body - free expeditions. Now I am fat and rheumatic with awful headaches every night, quite oppressed – and so is Logan – my brother body. But it is full of pleasure all the same.

[096] Thursday, March 29, 1923

Fine

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[097] Friday, March 30, 1923

Fine

We all went to the Museum in the morning but the party got caught by the dull Director so I escaped and went to hear della Seta lecture on the progressive observation of anatomy showed by the sculptures. He lectures very well, if a little torrentially.

In the afternoon we motored as far as we could into the arms of Hymettus. Then the energetic Porters jumped out and rushed along to a monastery, Caesarionie, ½ hour away, while Nicky sprang up another hill which she had the monastery on top. Logan and B.B. (who had a day of feeling very unwell) remained behind with our old bodies, but afterwards managed to drag them up to Nicky’s hill -- very slowly -- where Anfessi brought us our tea. Then I walked out alone on a ridge that brought me face to face with Mt. Pantelikos. I could see also the Piraeus (,) Salamis and Aegina. It was most beautiful worth coming.

[098] Saturday, March 31, 1923

Scirocco

Athens

Took Alfred to the ~~gall~~ Museum in the morning. He was quite nice. In the afternoon we went to hear Dörpfeld’s clear and interesting lecture on the Acropolis. It lasted 2 ½ hours and we only got through the Propylaeon. The Porters did not come.

In the evening we all except Logan dined with Professor della Seta at the Italian School. The Italian ambassador's wife, Signora Montagna, was there, and Mrs. Bagnani, who seemed quite nice until she told me she was a great friend of Mrs. Hanter! The poor “Dottoresse” were a sad spectacle.

[099] NOTE

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[100] Sunday, April 1, 1923

Athens

Fine

The others went to Marathon, but Logan and I did not feel up to it so we stayed in all morning and went to the Acropolis in the afternoon. They had a glorious day. Feel very ill.

Mr. Blezen, of the American School, came to dine and told us the history of the Allies and Greece. “Mistakes were made on both sides,” but the awful thing was the King Constantine’s veto on Venizelos’ plan to seize the Strait {inserted above - in 1915} and hold them for the Allies. Of course Russia opposed and France was afraid England would get “an Eastern Gibraltar” through her protegèe [sic], Greece. Still, if the King had not vetoed it, it would have been done. I wonder if all the misery he could have stopped pursues him in the grave?

The Allies did march on Athens but only after Greece had broken her neutrality by hand over a first  and an Army Division to Bulgaria.

[101] Monday, April 2, 1923

Athens

In bed with bronchitis

[102] Tuesday, April 3, 1923 and [103] Wednesday, April 4, 1923

Athens

Bronchitis

“The question that he frames in all but words So what to make of a diminished thing.” (Frost)

I fear my answer is Nothing

[104] Thursday, April 5, 1923

Athens

Bronchitis

till the 16th

[105] Friday, April 6, 1923

Athens

Called in Dr. N Lorando a refugee from Smyrna, a very able young man.

[106] Saturday, April 7, 1923

[107] Sunday, April 8, 1923

Pure souls that love me feel mine inner dearth.

And I in trusting eye

Have read a disenchanted gran surprise,

A reuse of dust and earth:

So one who spies a fountain’s dewy bink

Draws near and fain would drink

But finds the fountain dry --

That fountain, Lord, to them I love, am I.

[108] Monday, April 9, 1923

Athens

Bronchitis

[109] Tuesday, April 10, 1923

Athens

Bronchitis

“All my thoughts are stript

As trees after the tempest, and life’s bare

As winter to the homeless”

[110] Wednesday, April 11, 1923

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[111] Thursday, April 12, 1923

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[112] Friday, April 13, 1923

Athens

Bronchitis

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[113] Saturday, April 14, 1923

Athens

Bronchitis

{left blank}

[114] Sunday, April 15, 1923

Athens

A little better -- and able to go down to dinner where we had Mr. Pratt. He is running an “educational” cinema, purporting  to be the Adventures of Alys in Wonderland, who “travels.” Last year she was in Egypt, this year it is to be Greece, and Molyhoses! Mt. Athos!!!

[115] Monday, April 16, 1923

Athens

Beautiful but still cold

Went with Logan in morning to the seashore drive. The sea was sapphire and purple, the hills of Aegina and the more distant Peloponnesus blue fading to grey. Oh most beautiful.

I planned to go another drive in the afternoon, as it was lovely weather, but the united conclave of omniscient interferers prevented me. I was (and am) furious--as if at 60 I didn’t know something about my health. And then the chief interferer, Mrs. Porter came and urged me not to refuse an invitation to dinner tomorrow--!!

100 tries more tiring and even exposing than a drive in the sunshine in a closed motor. But I think she won’t do it again. Though I could bear her no grudge, she is such a sweet unselfish dear. She and Nicky have no “complexes” apparently. It is very remarkable.

Of course B.B. “suffers more” from my illness than I do! He always does: but he never seeks to alleviate the ennui of staying in bed. He “feels it too much”--This is our old story.

[116] Tuesday, April 17, 1923

Athens

Cloudy

Rain

Got out morning and afternoon to the Museum. Looked at the vases. They are often hideous in shape and color, but sometimes quite fascinating as pictures and illustrations. There are even comic ones. Looked more and more at the things in the 1st (archaic) room.

Very tired and weak.

Ray is enjoying her American experiences and Lord Robert Cecil’s visit is a great success.

Poor Karin has got back her hearing again {inserted above: such as it is} after another operation. She is gloriously brave, and as keen as crafty about her work “on the door”--i.e. waiting from 9 a.m. till midnight for casualties. She does small operations.

[117] Wednesday, April 18, 1923

Athens

Fine

Spent the morning on the Acropolis. The morning light is glorious for the landscape. Went through All Museum there again.

Awfully tired.

In the afternoon we motored out to the monastery of Mendile in the Pentelicon [sic], an awful road but leading to a lovely view - a quiet pastoral valley, head with flocks of sheep, meadows, groves and running streams, and the convent with its dependencies. A monk there who could talk French said it was paradise living there.

[118] Thursday, April 19, 1923

Athens

Fine

The Porters, B.B. and Nicky went to Caldies.

Logan and I motored to Tatoi, but missed the way and got to Dionissi behind the Pentelicon [sic], a faun-haunted glad. We retraced our road, went through the park of Tatoi, above and beyond and at last came to the divide where the road descends to the seashore. A little shrine to Hafios Mercurious! is the place one gets off to walk to a house on the hill whence \*\*on sees the Euboean channel and the snow mountains of Euboea and all the lakes and monastaries[sic]. We had a gorgeous light. I have never seen anything more beautiful.

I invited Mrs. Ross to go to Gastein with me in July.

[119] Friday, April 20, 1923

Athens

Logan and I went to the Museum in the morning and to Sunium in the afternoon! It was 40 miles and the road none too good. We got there at 5 just when the light was growing magical. We longed to stay till sunset. But we shall never forget the vision of the sea and islands with there pink and blue mountains seen through the {inserted above: w\_\_\_y} white columns of the ruined temple on the cliff.

Kingsley says he cannot understand how the Greeks had the bad taste (!!) to put a temple in such an “obvious” and “banal” spot -- about as wise as remark as to say how could a Queen have the bad taste to wear the crown on her head! He is really fantastic and fanatical, with his sole hobby, Byzantine churches, or rather photographing them. It is all he really cares for.

Got home at 8.30 to find a telegram from Caldies saying the motor had broken a spring and they were delayed a day.

[120] Saturday, April 21, 1923

Athens

Fine

Logan and I went to the gallery. The others arrived for lunch. The Porters motor was standing on the quai at Caldies and some children got playing with the brake and the car rushed down into the sea! It wasn’t very deep, and they got it hauled up, but I fear quite ruined. What bad luck!

Went to Dörpfeld’s lecture on the Parthenon, but it was too windy for me to follow him, and I retired of the Museum. I hardly remember ever to have felt more wretched physically.

Nicky is in bed with a cold. Treacherous climate.

Mr. and Mrs. Picard, of the French School came to dine.

[121] Sunday, April 22, 1923

Athens

Fine

Spent the day at Aegina. We had to charter a large passenger steamboat, as the winds make it often impossible for smaller barks. Indeed it was very windy and rough coming back.

Mr. Augustus Murray (Stanford University) went with us but alas not poor Nicky. We picknicked [sic] under the pines by the Temple. It would have been a perfect day and was I hope for the others, but I ached all over and felt utterly ill.

[122] Monday, April 23, 1923

Athens

Fierce Scirocco

Shopped for Barbara’s Greek soldiers “outfit” with Miss Kalopathakes in morning and went to the Acropolis with Mr. Hill (American School) in the afternoon. He was delightful and answered our questions. I feel so ill I almost didn’t go, but was glad I made the effort. I called on Mrs. Murray, who has been ill of a strange germ-disease called (I think) Euthencia nodocum--first throat, then stomach, passing away with huge swellings on the legs.

Talked over plans with our drayman--Jacques Phillippe in evening.

[123] Tuesday, April 24, 1923

Porters

Water good

Fierce Scirocco

Fine

On the train to Corinth we met Eva Palmer, now Mme. Sikilianou. She used to be a friend of Yoi’s and especially of Natalie Barney. Then she met the Greek sister-in-law of Isadora Duncan, the dancer, and fell in love with that lady’s brother {inserted above: a poet} by hearing her talk of him and came out to Greece and captured him. Her fashionable mother Mrs. Abbé, told me she had all the difficulty in the world to make Eva get married, they compromised on the marriage ceremony if she was allowed to come barefoot with her hair down! After the Church \_\_\_ the pair joined hands and walked off into the fields and weren’t seen again.

She is now about 50, still very handsome, wearing her glorious red hair in a diadem on her forehead. She was dressed in russet silk of her own weaving, rather beautiful. We thought her home-made Greek sandals less successful. She said she had never regretted the choice, only rejoiced at being out of the hurly burly of American society, living a “real” life among the Greek peasants, weaving, planting, building, reading. And indeed her face

[124] Wednesday, April 25, 1923

Scirocco

Olympia

Water good

showed that rarest of things, contentment. She is fortunately such, that makes things decidedly easier. Of course she is a person who can’t live without bees in her bonnet, but her bees -- enthusiasm for the Greek Race, its language, its music, its Possibilities -- make a very harmonious buzzing. Yes, she does seem like a person who is in harmony with life -- and how few can say that!

We passed last night, tant bien que mal, at Patras, and drove the morning to find a Byzantine church. It was too securely hid in the hills for B.B. and me, but the Porters hopped out when the road ended, and ran an hour over stones and brooks, saw and photographed it, and got back for the 3.30 train which brought us, over a beautiful road, to Olympia at 7.

A nice quiet clean hotel, with good simple cooking and kindly people.

[125] Thursday, April 26, 1923

Olympia

Scirocco

Water good

B.B. developed lumbago and had to stay in bed all day, so we were “left to ourselves” about the Museum. We were rather bewildered, and found the pediment statues fearfully lumpy and strange, almost uncouth. We liked the metopes better, as they are nearer to the art we know, and the later Victory most of all, a Botticellian figure. The famous Hercul “Hermes” of Praxiteles seemed rather awful to us all. But I felt that one needed to see them again, and indeed in the afternoon’s visit, they began to seem impressive in their solidity and immobility.

Kingsley Porter frankly loathed them, and seemed somehow to have a grunch against them.

Nicky and I went to the Attis in the afternoon, the most *stimmungsvoll* place in the world.

[126] Friday, April 27, 1923

Olympia

Scirocco, perfectly horrible

Museum morning--Ruins afternoon. B.B. got up, though much pain. He adored those great figures at once, and also liked the Hermes, which to me remains almost unpleasant in its softness and unsteadiness of pose. The head has a is finely set, though, and the expression is very attractive. But the body is--wormlike!

Of course it is those great Presences end by overwhelming one, like the monoliths of Stonehenge. I cannot keep any spirit of criticism-- but Kingsley does really loathe them.

Nothing in Attic art prepares one for them. They are tremendously impressive -- oppressive, really, at first.

In the afternoon we went to the ruins, and worked them out with the help of Baedeker and Pausanias. A most romantic place, but alas, completely in ruin.

[127] Saturday, April 28, 1923

Olympia

Scirocco clearing

Ray sails for England.

Morning in Museum. The sculptures become more and more impressive. I wonder how much is suggestion? Whatever it is, it is a glorious experience.

In the afternoon, in spite of awful aches and pains and every kind of discomfort, B.B. and I walked to the top of the hill, Nicky gambolling about like a young goat. I felt as if it were the last walk I should ever take, it was so uncomfortable and difficult, but I hope it was only the first walk after an illness.

[128] Sunday, April 29, 1923

Olympia

Fine

Museum and the statues seeming grander than ever. One cannot form any  complete adequate idea of Greek Art without knowing there two pediments.

We make no progress in liking the “Hermes”, it’s beauties are obvious and there is nothing behind. The Nike we liked so much at first has faded out of attention.

In the afternoon B.B. and I walked to the Alpheus and all around the Attis.

[129] Monday, April 30, 1923

Olympia

Fine

Museum, Attis and a climb (alone) up the Kronios, not such a fine view as {inserted above: from} the hill behind the hotel.

The Porters started off at 5 a.m. on a wild goose chase after Byzantine churches in the neighborhood of Pungos. Sometimes Kingsley seems to us half cracked. He has no plan, and he does the most fatiguing wild things, dragging the \_\_\_ Lucy along, which a little intelligent planning would turn into successes.

Herr Harmann, Professor of Fine Arts at Marburg, turned up! He came back to retake some photos for a big book he is bringing out on Olympia. He travelled 3rd class and steerage, having almost no money. He is a handsome, active, simple, cultivated quite delightful person. He is accompanied by a sort of Innocente a futuristic painter, who is on his way to Persia.

[130] Note

Fine

Porters

We had the luxury of a special train at 10, as we could not face getting up for a 5 o’clock train, which is the only one that there is. It was not too expensive -- about ₤10 -- We were received at the stations. along the way with royal honours, school-children with song and flowers assembled on the platforms.

Herr Harmann and his friend came with us, and we like him more and more. How much more cultivated and more able and serious and professional he is than poor wild Kingsley!

We met the Porters at the station between Pungos and Patras and all spent the night here, admiring a beautiful sunset from the end of the pier, and the moonrise.

[131] Tuesday, May 1, 1923

{see previous page}

[132] Wednesday, May 2, 1923

Athens

Rainy

Train at 8.30, arriving at Athens at 6.30. Very tiring, though the scenery is lovely.

Re read La Duchesse de Parme [sic]. Logan thinks it is the best novel ever written.

Logan’s S.P.E. track on “English Idioms” was waiting for us, perfectly delightful.

B.B. has caught an awful cold, but the doctor reassured us about the diabetes we feared he might be suffering from.

[133] Thursday, May 3, 1923

Athens

Scirocco

Nicky and I went to the Museum, but the others stayed in, B.B. in bed, Logan awfully tired. He and I decided not to motor to Corinth but to go to Nauplia by boat on Sunday.

Bagnani, the Murrays, Count Costa and Della Seta took up all my afternoon calling. Maja Hills dined with us.

[134] Friday, May 4, 1923

Athens

Scirocco

Really awful weather. Shopped with Lucy and Miss Kalopathokos and lunched with Mr.Wall at the British School, a real L.M.C lunch, badly organized, horrible cookened [sic], as Salvemini would say. All quite exhausted.

The Murrays and the American architect of the new library, Thompson, dined with us, and Maja Hills joined us after dinner. Mrs. Murray was inspired to bring endless photos of her grandchildren and relate endless stories about them--poor woman! Kingsley talked like an ass about politics. We feel him all the time to be more and more “off”. Everyone stayed fearfully late.

[135] Saturday, May 5, 1923

Athens

Cloudy

All the others got off in their cars at 9 leaving Logan and me to a quiet day. We went to the Ceramus and saw the Tower of the winds.

I wrote to Duveen, Mrs. Greg (at Bangkok) and Andrew Huntington, to congratulate him on his--marriage! That broken-hearted man!!!

[136] Sunday, May 6, 1923

Nauplia

Hotel Bretagne (v. good)

Fine

Left Piraeus at 8 a.m. and reached Nauplia at 10.45. A beautiful trip, and amusing to watch the busy little coastwise life. These barren islands get their bread in hard  things  from Athens and thin skinned lamb.

The others walk up the Acrocorinth.

[137] Monday, May 7, 1923

Nauplia

Hotel Bretagne (v. good)

Fine

Quiet morning afternoon at

\*\*Tryrius What a divine view!!!

It is worth coming for that alone.

[138] Tuesday, May 8, 1923

Nauplia

\*\*Mycene [sic] an all day trip. Most interesting and at sunset Beautiful.

[139] Wednesday, May 9, 1923

Nauplia

\*Epidaurus--

\*Asine

What a view!!

\*

[140] Thursday, May 10, 1923

Sparta

Nauplia and Sparta, a very fatiguing journey over fearful roads. But we enjoyed our lunch under a tree in the Tegean plain and were glad to have seen Tegea.

[141] Friday, May 11, 1923

Sparta

Fine

Mistra in afternoon. Logan and I were to have donkeys, but as the saddles were held on by only a piece of string I did not dare to mount and Logan’s beast refused to climb the steep parts. So we walked. It is a terrific climb. But it was lovely looking out from the loggia of the nunnery over “hollow Lucedaemon.” The frescos aren’t very good and are horridly restored. The place picturesque indeed, but the architecture not enrapturing, though good in spots. It’s a terrific journey for what it is. However, we should have been haunted by it if we had not come.

As the Porters found their room full of vermin last night they slept in Philippe’s beds in the garden of his mosaics and bathed in the rivers.

[142] Saturday, May 12, 1923

Sparta

Fine

Mistra all day. It is very picturesque, especially at sunset, but really and truly not so wildly interesting as one imagined.

[143] Sunday, May 13, 1923

Tripolika

Fine

The others spent the morning at Mistra. Logan and I rested a \_\_\_.

Moored here, where the Porters again had the bad luck to get a verminous room and did not sleep a wink. We are kept awake by a noisy wedding party, but had no nap.

Logan decided to go back to Nauplia and wait for us.

[144] Monday, May 14, 1923

Andritsaina

Fine

Tripolitza to Andritsaina, a bad, rocky but feasible road. Lunch at Caritena for one of Kingsley’s damned churches. Il est fou! All he really cares about is photographing no matter what of the 10-12 century.

On the way we met a man who warned us not to \_\_\_ one of the 4 rooms we had taken, as it was full of vermin! An American lady was ill in another, so we had 2 absolutely bare rooms. Jacques Philippe brought bed, furniture, linen and food and we did the best we could. 4 women in one room, B.B. and Kingsley (who snored all night) in the other. We began by finding a bug in Nicky’s blouse, but by means of flea-powder and naphthaline got through the night.

The view is divine -- snow-clad

Erymanthus directly opposite.

[145] Tuesday, May 15, 1923

Andritsaina

Fine

One of the most awful days of my life, 6 hours on a donkey, on a frightful path of rocks, going and coming from Bassae. My knees were agonizing, but it was too hot to walk up, and too steep, and though I walked half way down, my knees made it nearly impossible. And Lucy Porter buzzed around me so that I could have killed her!

The Temple is very impressive on its lonely mountain, ringed round by great peaks. But I was so tired that I lay by ~~the~~ a column and closed my eyes most of the time. Still I got even to remember.

Nicky and Elizabeth washed me and put me to bed. I could only drink some tea. Two bugs raised me and the breakup down first of Lucy’s and then of Elizabeth’s bed.

The privy was so awful I could not enter it. Besides the door did not close and it was in face of the fact when all the town took turns sitting up from 6 a.m. till midnight.

But the others enjoyed it.

[146] Wednesday, May 16, 1923

Nauplia

Orde Bretagne

Andritsaina to Nauplia - \*The view at sunset crossing the Pass to reach the Bay of Angoris is divine.

B.B. and I quarrelled fiercely about the name and place of a snow mountain. Unfortunately I was right, but I might have let it alone.

[147] Thursday, May 17, 1923

Nauplia

Orde Bretagne

Scirocco

but glorious sunset

Quiet day resting. Sailed in afternoon.

Had broken-hearted letter from Guido Cagnola, whose wife is slowly fading. He cares for nothing else in life and means to retire from the world when she is gone.

[148] Friday, May 18, 1923

Athens

Fine

Nauplia to Athens by motor, but Logan came by train, as he is not able to stand motoring.

\*A beautiful drive, especially from the Isthmus here.

Lunched by the Corinth cemetery, with view of Parnassus and gulf -- divine!

Had tea by the sea of the Megarian plain and wanted to camp just there for months. Nicky and Elizabeth (maid) went in swimming.

[149] Saturday, May 19, 1923

Athens

Fine

Museum in morning.

Tea in the \*\*Pnyx the MOST beautiful view of the Acropolis. We wondered why we went anywhere else, with this. Stayed till 7.30 there.

Miss. Kalopothakos lunched with us and the Porters, the latter leave for Calelis tomorrow and join B.B. and Nicky on Tuesday for Hosia Leukas.

[150] Sunday, May 20, 1923

Athens

Fine

Thought of Ray’s new room and Karin’s yacht!!!

Acropolis in morning.

Nicky and B.B. and I took that lovely drive over Tatoi to the pass where you see the Euboean  Sand, and had tea by the little house on the top. Logan was not well enough to come.

Dined at French school with Picards and the French Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mme. de M. Awfully dull, though Mme. M is a charming gay woman. But the Picards do not know how to entertain France bougeois [sic].

[151] Monday, May 21, 1923

Athens

Fine

Museum

\*\*Went to the deserted monastery of Cesariané, with a nice Byzantine Church. A delicious nook in the breast of Hymettus, with clean water running and smiling cultivation. Most enchanting.

The Porters left for Colchis in the quest of Byzantine church to photograph, for that, and not seeing is Kingsley’s passion. It is like an obsession, and he pursues it without method or plan, quite wildly and with no regard for what has already been done or what has been published. The passion for activity in a pursuit that wants contemplation and reflection makes deprives him of half his value as a scholar and nearly all his value as an aesthetician.

[152] Tuesday, May 22, 1923

Athens

Scirocco

B.B. and Nicky got off at 8:30 and met the Porters at Livadia [sic] at 3 (awful road for Thebes there) and they all rode on donkeys up to the \*\*\* Monastery of Hosia Leukas, where they were welcomed by the abbott and regally entertained for 3 nights, so regally that B.B. was quite ill and had to end up with eating nothing but baby’s food prepared by the careful Nicky.

The abbot surprised Nicky in a room alone and came up and embrace her, evidently quite sure of his fact--but fled precipitately when she turned a face full of horror upon him!

Logan and I went again to the Pnyx, but the day was so heavy we could hardly drag one foot after another.

[153] Wednesday, May 23, 1923

Athens

Fine

Endless letters, getting everything worked off, Mrs. Gardner, Placci, Geoffrey, Terry, Miss Zeller, Reinach and hordes of others

Logan and I went to the Acropolis and the Museum and then explored the hillside and the Theatre.

[154] Thursday, May 24, 1923

Delphi

Hotel Apollo Pythien!!

water delicious

Fine

Logan and I spent the day on a boat (which started 1 ½ hours late!!) going to Itea, where Parry met us and brought us up to this utterly beautiful place. ~~Wh~~ I got so mad at finding an ungainly smoke moving just under the windows, obstructing one of the divinest views in the world, (the acetylene plant of the hotel !!) that I nearly turned round and came away.

Water delicious

[155] Friday, May 25, 1923

Delphi

Hotel Apollo Pythien!!

water delicious

Fine

Museum in morning a great disappointment. There isn’t one firstrate thing there. Even the Charioteer is disappointing. Talked with Mrs. Newton and Miss. Cavanagh (Professors Greek at Smith College) who are in the hotel.

In the afternoon I took them in the car along the road and left them to walk back, left Logan at the Castalian Spring and went on (11 km.) to A {blank space} to meet B.B. and Nicky, returning coming over the mountains from the Monastery. They arrived at 5, not tired, enchanted with their stay and with their ride. B.B. says it is the only way to travel. Alas for my knees! I cannot do it ever again. Had tea by a chapel under some great ilexes, with the \*\*\* lovely view. Short sunset stroll with B.B. Chatted with ladies in evening. They had read Logan’s “English Idioms” and Miss. Cavanagh recalled her childish fury at the folly of the French who said “toute à l’hau” when they meant “by and bye.” Her mother asked her to explain what by and bye meant, and it was her revelation of Idioms!

[156] Saturday, May 26, 1923

Delphi

Fine

Museum in morning. Revised my first view and found the frieze of the Cnidian (?) Temple very fascinating, only alas very mutilated. It is sad to think that we are so poor in art that we have to come and pore over these broken and incomplete fragments of so long ago!

In the afternoon we went over the ruins and got up to the \*\*\*Stadium.

This IS the most beautiful place in the world!!

[157] Sunday, May 27, 1923

Delphi

Fine

Museum in morning. More pleased with the friezes and metopes, and began to see more into the fragments. But in alas, how little is left! B.B. seems to shy at the Charioteer.

In the afternoon we motored down to Itea. Through the deep olive gardens of the rich alluvial plain. Saw some camels, a reminiscence of Turkish times.

[158] Monday, May 28, 1923

Delphi

Fine out getting hot.

Museum. Tackled the Charioteer. Liked it much more.

“*Quand un bel objet ne lui plaît pas*, *l’honnête homme s’examine et travaille à se corriger*.” It was a secondary figure, just the driver of the chariot where the master was, and another figure, either a boy or a woman - and there were beautiful horses too.

I cannot like the reconstructed Cnidian Temple nor the huge foliated column with dancing women on the top leaves! B.B. is wonderful, he has no art prejudices. He takes it art in, an anything but impartial view of life and people! Logan says he never talks with anyone so monstrously unjust to people and things he doesn’t like, nor so calm and full of insight towards art and literature. It makes it hard for me, who have so much to do with him on the life side.

We visited the lower ruins, a lovely site. The Porters arrived.

B.B gets so rude to me, everything I do or say seems to be on his nerves. I

[159] Tuesday, May 29, 1923

Delphi

understand it only too well, as he has the opportunity of continual contrast with dear Nicky, who is young and active and most most lovely as a character and absolutely devoted to him in the most slavish ways. He lets her do far too much for him. I am so old that all I can do is to take care of my own health and keep going. Of course it is a very difficult situation for me, this continual contrast between my age and infirmities of body and character with a young woman who is such an angel. Fortunately I love her very much, and if B.B. would only behave politely to me I could manage. As it is, I lie awake hour after hour with almost desperate thoughts and plans.

Mr. Sikelianos called, a fearful man, a man of conceit and non-sense. Not a gentleman either. He clearly thinks he is the reincarnation of Phoebus Apollo. He said Parnassus was a Sanskrit word (meaning cabane) so he has a hut on the slopes (besides his home in Delphi) and thinks has des intuitions profondes. Buddha has been misunderstood. He did not preach renunciation!!

[160] Wednesday, May 30, 1923

Athens

Fine

All day motoring from Delphi to Athens over Thebes. We had our lunch by the Cheronean [sic] Lion and tea overlooking the first of the 3 great Beoetian plains sloping up to Mt. Cithaeron behind which {x} towered Parnassus. The road to Bralo [sic] is splendid and very beautiful. From Livadia [sic] to Thebes it is AWFUL!!

[161] Thursday, May 31, 1923

Athens

Hot

Utter fatigue and exhaustion. Saw the Acropolis by moonlight, but I was too exhausted to enjoy it really.

[162] NOTE

Lotusblume

(das Ehepaar Scott!!)

Wahhaftiq, wire [sic] beide bleibem

Ein kurioses Paar,

Die Litste [sic] ist schwach auf den Beinen,

Der Liebhabar [sic] lahm sogar

--

Sie ist ein leidendes Kätzchen

Und er ist krank wie ein Hund,

Ich glaube, im Kopfe sind beide

Nicht sonderlich gesund

--

Sie sei eine Lotusblume,

Bildet die Liebste sich ein;

Doch er, der blasse Geselle,

Vermeint der Mard zu sein--

--

Die Lotusblume erschliesset [sic]

Ihr Kelchlein im Mondenlicht,

Doch statt das befruchtenden Lebens

Empfängt sie nur ein Gedicht

[163] Friday, June 1, 1923

Athens

Awfully hot

Paralyzed with heat and old age. This trip has aged me by 20 years. The only thing I did was to struggle to the Pnyx, but Lucy came and chattered so abominably --- in the reuse of continuously -- that most of the pleasure was frittered away. What a curse to talk so much!! Poor Geoffrey! However he chose it. I confess it makes it horrible for me to think of him, all the more when I have an experience, as today, of our inveterate chatter.

Mr. Wall called with some flower-seed, and brought Bishop Gore. Nicky was amazed at the costume!

[164] Saturday, June 2, 1923

Athens

98°

Suffering incredibly from heat and poor Logan not well

Had tea with French Legation with the de Marcillys. She is charming.

[x] They took us out to see their “Tree” a spreading pine, so big that 500 sheep can find under it!

Saw sunset.

My right arm is very painful with I suppose neuritis. I can hardly move it, any sudden movement almost paralyzes me with pain. The insects are awful, sand-flies I think I cannot sleep for them.

[165] Sunday, June 3, 1923

Athens

98° and Scirocco

Day of horror for heavy heat and insect bites.

But got out to the Pnyx and saw a marvelous effect of sunset light reflected in clouds behind the Acropolis.

Called at American and French schools.

B.B. says he is better than when he started, and indeed he rushed about all day undaunted by the heat.

[166] Monday, June 4, 1923

St. Leopotis

Fine

Got away at 11:30 and the breeze got colder in the Bay of Corinth. Mr. and Mrs. David Forbes are at our lake, he is a business man from Smyrna, full of good sense. He says the Turks never under any circumstances, could have managed Smyrna. Of course he is dispossessed, but he seems well off, and a shrewd Scotchman.

[167] Tuesday, June 5, 1923

St. Leopotis

Fine

Stopped at Corfu and saw the Museum with the remarkable pediment of a Gorgon and Monsters, quite a new light on Greek Art--Oh it is melancholy that humanity has done so little worth while that those who love beauty must spend their time piecing together the mutilated fragments of a brief period of art in a small promise.

Hours of loading and unloading at Santa Quaranta, lasting till 2 a.m.

[168] Wednesday, June 6, 1923

St. Leopotis

Fine

Fresh

Left the Porters at Brindisi after lunch. They are dear people, but he is a mad fanatic with only two ideas in his head, photographing and publishing. He firmly believes there is and can be no standard of beauty, so he madly clings to dates. They are the most uncultivated people we ever knew. The have read Nothing. Almost all he says is silly, such as that there is no imagination in English Literature, that novels never have any beauty, that Shakespeare was a inferior poet because he did not invent his plots, that Sunium [sic] was vulgar because it was placed on a hill overhanging the sea etc. etc. He used to leave us gasping. She “always agrees with Kingsley,” and has the brains and education of a domestic animal. But their characters are heavenly, so kind, so good, so considerate, so unselfish. What would they say of us if they could bring their kind speaking tongues to tell the truth?

[169] Thursday, June 7, 1923

St. Leopotis

Fine

Almost cold

All day steaming up the Dalmatian coast. For the first time in weeks I felt a stir of energy and life. That bronchitis did for me.

[170] Thursday, June 8, 1923

Grand Hotel

Fine

Arrived at 5 and had to get up for the medical officer who vaccinated everybody who hadn’t a certificate (we had), but could not get off till 9.

Venice looks divine, such a wealth of Colour.

Went to San Marco and saw how painfully restored most of the mosaics are, alas.

Called with Logan on Mrs. Curtis at Pal. Barbaro (Lisa), on the Humphreys Johnstones, and on Lina (Princess Hohenlohe) to condole our Fritz Hohenlohe’s death. She is a very taking and convincing widow.

I called a minute on Mrs. De Koven, who dyed her hair brown and got poisoned in her eyes and face. She looked a horrible old hag, and talked as usual about Mr. Spencer and “Psychometry”, by which latter “science” she has discerned that the marble bust he bought in Cairo is the portrait of Julia, 3rd wife of Marcellus Agrippa. Ass.

[171] Saturday, June 9, 1923

Venice

Fine

Went to Academy with Placci and Fiocco (Sculptor of Monuments) and Lorenzetti (Dir. Correr). The new arrangement is an improvement.

Lunched with Mrs. Lanier and Mme. Cavaliere (Kruschinsky) in the latter’s apartment (Pal. Contarini- Ross, by the Academy, which Mrs. Lanier has taken for a month.

Saw Deanteys, Boyy Harris, Mrs. Keppel etc. -- too awful!

Went to Torcello in a beauty steam launch, and B.B. almost ruined the expedition by crossness. Logan started for Contrexéville.

B.B. wrote Latimer that he was vastly enjoying his Greek trip “in spite of the intolerable behavior of Brother Ass,” so Latimer ran round Venice saying “Have you heard that Berenson and and his brother-in-law have had an awful quarrel in Greece and are not on speaking terms?”

!

[172] Sunday, June 10, 1923

Grand Hotel

Fine

Academy Giovanelli and Donà della Rosa Correr in morning with Fiocco. The grand Eucharistic Procession took place in the afternoon and we watched it with Lina and Placci, from my window as it assembled at the Salute and afterwards crossed the bridge.

Dined with Lisa, it was ghastly. We can never forget the horror of it. She is old and hideous, made up, like an old vulture, and she was arch and kittenish, and then simply viperish about Germany. Placci spent his time sticking loathesome [sic] Italian propaganda into me and why could England indulge in Imperialistic Dreams (sic!) and Italy not, and so on.

We were so disgusted we could hardly separate and go to bed.

Called on Mr. Herbert Croly. He is ill.

[173] Monday, June 11, 1923

Train to Florence

Lunched very pleasantly with the Humphrey Johnstones. He is cracked about his (?) Ancestry and said that the reason why he felt so at home in Brittany was because (though he was born in America) his Ancestors came from a part of England resembling Brittany. I said that if I encountered any in Europe anything like New Jersey, where my ancestors lived, I should feel it horribly alien. But they were very nice.

In the afternoon we went with Lina to Torcello. She was her best old self.

Creswell came to dine and Farkey to call.

Started for home at 10:57.

[174] Tuesday, June 12, 1923

Fine Naima

Got home before 7. I was too tired for words. However I staggered over to Mrs. Ross; I hear her singing the same tiresome old song against Lina and Aubrey and the weather. Naima came to the monotony of her song was \_\_\_ and worse. Gnoli has abandoned her and MacLeem, the servant, has fallen madly in love with her and wants to divorce his wife and marry her. But she still loves Gnoli. Ein alte Geschichte.

It is ghastly seeing Florentines again.

Swarzenski and Henkels to tea.

[175] Wednesday, June 13, 1923

I Tatti

Fine

Byba and André Germain came to lunch. Nicky and I went to tea at Placcis to meet the Viennese actress, Ida Roland (Frau Kutenhove [sic]) and her 28 year old husband whose mother was Japanese.

Mrs. Ross came to dine and was nicer, having sung all her dullness to me.

[176] Thursday June 14, 1923

I Tatti

Heavy

McClellans and Ltg. Van Dyke came to tea.

Kutenhoves, Salvemini and Placci to dine.

Salvemini pretends to take no interest in international politics, but it is a cavand’s part. The actress mimicked Mussolini most amusingly.

[177] Friday, June 15, 1923

I Tatti

Cold

An awful at Home crowded with Jewish noses. B.B. says if we want to associate with learned people, we must put up with their noses!

The Pickmans came to dine. She is exquisite.

[178] Saturday,  June 16, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Naima

Flora

Flora Priestly came for the weekend, the same as ever, gossiping about the Fabbris, Sargeants, the children, Cunninghame Grahame -- as she has done for years. *Nulla di nuova*. It drives me half crazy. And she says, poor dear, that this is the only place where she is “mentally stimulated”!

Mrs. Horter and her daughter came, bringing Professor Hale of the Leek Observatory, to tea. He has a nervous breakdown and can’t do his astronomy.

Took Mrs. Ross to town in morning. Called on Loesers in afternoon. She has been in bed 2 months with phlebitis, poor thing.

The Houghtons came to dine.

[179] Sunday, June 17, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Perhaps it was today the Horters and Professor Hale came to tea.

The Pickmans brought 2 children in the morning. Cecil came over.

Mrs. Ross and De Filippi dined here.

[180] Monday, June 18, 1923

I Tatti

Heavy Rains

Mrs. Cox and the Löwenskeins dined here.

Took Mrs. Ross to town.

[181] Tuesday, June 19, 1923

I Tatti

Went to see Grassi’s Botticelli.

Geoffrey came at 12 and stayed to lunch. He seems awfully depressed, he told Nicky he was sick of life altogether (I believe he is - I should be if I’d married Sybil!), but he and I managed to keep off personal topics. He is ill, too. Poor thing, whyever did he tie himself up like that.

Creswell arrived about 3.

[182] Wednesday, June 20, 1923

Creswell

Fine

Took Creswell to town and to Cecil’s in whose hands I left him. Mrs. Ross came to dine and enjoyed Creswell’s photos. What a devoted man! A “Sacred Victim” if ever there was one! He has no topic except Arab domes and especially “Squinches.”

Placci and Harris and Offner and Yashiro came to lunch. I don’t like Harris, he takes such a ridiculously superior attitude towards the people he spends his whole life with.

[183] Thursday, June 21, 1923

Creswell

Fine and Rain

Cecil came up to dine and see Creswell’s photos.

[184] Friday, June 22, 1923

Fine

Creswell

Wolfe

Byba, Marnie Corcas, Pellegrini del Turco, Mario Bacciocchi, Cecil and Wolfe came to dine, and were young and gay.

Marnie says that Storrs telegraphed to Margaret a few days before his engagement was announced begging her to come to London and grant him a very urgent interview. Of course she “couldn’t decide,” so she lost him. He is to be married on June 2nd!

[185] Saturday, June 23, 1923

Arthur, Jessie, Jimmy and another Jessie Berenson.

Town for shopping. Called on Mrs. Ross and asked her to go to England with me.

The Berenson party came up to tea and Bernard took them on (a) walk. They all less awful than I feared.

[186] Sunday, June 24, 1923

Fine

Warmer

Berensons

For Tuesday

Barbara was baptized and took the additional name of Mary.

[187] Monday, June 25, 1923

Rainy

Berensons left.

[188] Tuesday, June 26, 1923

Fine

Warmer

Rain

4 Berensons

Salveminis

Sunday

Mr. Stettenheim came up to ask B.B. to collect for him. Who knows?

I took the Berensons to call on Aunt Janet, and then B.B. and Nicky and I took them \_\_\_\_ Bagazzano-Gamberaia walk and showed them the Gamberaia.

Went to town with Mrs. Ross, ordered tickets etc.

Salvemini came to dine. De Filippi and his sister-in-law and the Hookers came to call.

[189] Wednesday, June 27, 1923

Rain

Fine

Salveminis

Went to town for tickets, passports etc.

Fell asleep in the evening while they were talking.

Growing old, Mother Mary!

[190] Thursday, June 28, 1923

I Tatti

Fine

Cecil, Byba, and Wolfe to dine and sleep.

[191] Friday, June 29, 1923

I Tatti

Fine

Preparations for journey.

[192] Saturday, June 30, 1923

Gazzada

Provincia di Como

Train left at 6:20 arrived Milan 5, where Colombo met me. I doubt if he will do.

Came in here to dear Guido and sweet Anita and the loveliest place in Northern Italy.

[193] Note

{left blank}

[194] Sunday, July 1, 1923

I

[195] Monday, July 2, 1923

Ronald Storr’s wedding day

[196] Tuesday, July 3, 1923

Paris with Mrs. Ross

Fine

Train of course late. Arrived just in time for lunch, which we took with Carey at the Plaza- Athenée. Her meeting with Aunt Janet was very amusing, Aunt Janet charmed against her will by a public-spirited female. Carey horrified at seeing how set and prejudiced the old lady was, and afraid of herself growing old “like that,” with no one feeling like arguing with her -- and all the time being already that!

Called at Duveens, all in London. Called with Logan on Mrs. Cooper. Hewitt-- pitiful, self-absorbed prattle. She had had a great success at a Fancy Dress Ball, and when she came home -- this was really touching -- she said “Can this be me? A whole evening without being neglected and bored?” But, oh, she is a prize bore.

[197] Wednesday, July 4, 1923

St Leonard’s terrace

Fine

Flew across to London. Met Mr. Stack, Sirdar of the Sudan, on the way. Very simple, intensely, interesting and, one felt, able man.

Mrs. Ross went on to Oxford. Ray and Oliver came to dine with me.

Saw Karin, who is recovering (let us hope) from a new operation, poor child. Brave and plucky as ever, but I fear inwardly scared and discouraged -- as I am. It weighs on me all the time, more, of course, when I see her, like always.

[198] Thursday, July 5, 1923

St. Leonard’s Terrace

London

Getting very hot

Called on Jo Duveen, exhilarating and optimistic and excited as ever. Lunched with pessimistic, depressing but really nicer Sulley.

 Called on Karin and had tea, and then on Mrs. Otto Kahn, who is nibbling at the Duveen Fra Angelico (Bondrini’s). She seemed much touched at my offering her our house, if they came to Italy.

Dine with Ray and the Busseys, Oliver, as usual, being out.

[199] Friday, July 6, 1923

St. Leonard’s Terrace

London

91° in shade

Went to Wych Cross to fetch darling Barbara who is growing up fast, actually reading her uncle’s (Lytton Strachey) “Queen Victoria”. She has been baptized, but I think she has taken it rather lightly.

We went to Alys’ Crosby Hall Fair and met her parents there. Logan arrived for dinner.

[200] Saturday, July 7, 1923

St. Leonard’s Terrace

London

Very hot

Took Barbara for a swim, and then to the Fair. Ray came at 3 and we were to go to a Cinema, but it was too hot, so they had a swim instead.

I lunched with Sir Almroth Wright, and he advised me to see Dr. J Freeman. 30 Devonshire Place, about my rheumatism, and said Karin’s trouble was also probably infection -- a great relief, for most likely Dr. Freeman can inoculate her against it

[201] Sunday, July 8, 1923

St. Leonard’s Terrace

London

Hot

Barbara did her lessons. Eugene Strong came to see me, awfully afraid her friend, Mary Lourdes has cancer. She talked one hour and a half full of vigour and energy and interests, unfortunately there were some short circuits--as when she told me how she was promoting Catholic Technical Schools in Jerusalem “which the {something crossed out} Catholics must have, and must turn all the others out of”. Also her wild regret at having been at a dinner party with Osbert Sitwell, and “not known WHO he was”. She says “all Rome” pities Sibyl, who has fallen in love with Geoffrey arrogant as a brother-and-sister basics.

Ray and I took Barbara to the Zoo in the afternoon, a dreary place which not even the Baby Giraffe could alleviate

Dined at Claridge’s with Duveens. They had a horrible sheeny party and Mr. Cenedella nearly bored me to death.

[202] Monday, July 9, 1923

Copse Cottage

Friday’s Hill

Haslemere

Fine

Saw Dr. Freeman, who took “cultures” from my throat and gums.

Called on Dr. Heath and said I wanted Karin to see Dr. Freeman. He did not seem to mind.

Came here with Ray and watched her swim with the children in her delightful (if extravagant) Pond. Said I could give her a telephone and electric lighting in the Cottage. Children grow, of course. Enchanting Judy, with a gold fleck in one blue eye, has turned from a baby into a person. She is the loveliest child I ever knew, sunny, sweet tempered, affectionate, gay.

[203] Tuesday, July 10, 1923

Chilling

Warsash

Hot

Mademoiselle Michel

Came across here after a swim in the pond. Ray has “the ‘ ump” because Val and Naim Washington propose to camp in her field in August--self-invited. Says she’ll go away.

[204] Wednesday, July 11, 1923 and [205] Thursday, July 12, 1923

Chilling

{written across two pages}

Peaceful days with the children, bathing in the morning, playing all day long. This year they are very good, not quarreling much.

[206] Friday, July 13, 1923

Chilling

Britten, Karin

Awfully hot

Britten arrived at 6:30. I took the children in to meet him. He is very aged and seems ill. Made a mistake and went to the wrong place for Alys, who did not get home till 11, but was a perfect angel about it!

[207] Saturday, July 14, 1923

Chilling

Britten, Karin

Heavy and hot

Karin arrived, poor child, with her head still bandaged. She looked fearfully dirty and untidy, no time to attend to herself, but I fear also no standards. But she’s always interesting.

[208] Sunday, July 15, 1923

Chilling

with

Christopher, A\_\_, Judy, “Berticella,” Alys, Karin, Mr. Britten

Colder

Children bathed, but it was too cold for me.

Nothing much happened but inter-talks with Karin. And too many games of Patience with poor old Britten.

[209] Monday, July 16, 1923

Chilling

with

Christopher, A\_\_, Judy, “Berticella,” Alys, Karin, Mr. Britten

Cold

Train to Blandford 9.30-2.30

Met two rather wild but genuine New England old “girls” on train to Salisbury, named Williams.

Found Miss Elizabeth Hough staying with Lizzie Camera at Stapleton. Walked and talked and swallowed a lot of bile hearing Lizzie exalt the French, calumniate the English and hate the Germans. Friendship becomes difficult under such circumstances, but I can never forget our closeness when we were both under the black magic of neurasthenia. I was suicidal and so was she the last time I was there, 4 ½ years ago.

[210] Tuesday, July 17, 1923

London

Rainy

Cold

Missed my train and got late to my appointment with Jo Duveen. Had to sleep at Logan’s and dined with him and Jim and Mildred Whitall.

[211] Wednesday, July 18, 1923

London

Chilling

Cold

Shopped and got my ticket for Badgastein and then lunched with Karin and Adrian.  Karin had her bandages off at last, poor child.

Went to National Gallery, and there Mrs. Mounteney Jephson appeared out of the dead past, very sweet and appealing, really very attractive. She adores her boy--met also Leslie Hopkinson and her nephew. Finally Geoffrey appeared, pale and ill and tired, and we talked, but said nothing of the faintest interest-- how can we? He is bringing out a book of poems illustrated by Albert Rothenstein.

Had 2 hours with the great Jo, who boasted to his heart’s content. Edward and Amanda sitting wearily by. He was candid about sending at once a remittance to B.B. I hope he will! I enjoy him.

Came here by the 7.30 train with Alys’ former cook, Lizzie, who left her baby at the hospital for treatment.

[212] Thursday, July 19, 1923

Chilling

Colder

3 children

Berticella

Rainy

Mademoiselle Michel is a pitiless bore, alas and alas. I am sorry I brought her, but it must be endured. She talks forever, filling every chunk and taking up times. I want to \_\_ to the children, and her talk consists of the higher commonplaces and rapturous accents of her pupils, especially the Farina family. She is very delicate, poor thing, and an awfully nice sort, if only she did not want to pour out all that boring talk.

We went to the beach in the morning. But in the afternoon it rained, so I read to the children while they washed their shells and strung them in a bead necklace for Barbara, and drew. Xfer [Christopher] felt ill and curled in my lap, sweet little fellow.

[213] Friday, July 20, 1923

Logan Chilling

Alys

M\_\_\_\_

Beach and games. I had to “be” an animal so I chose the slow-moving Hippopotamus, but the “enchanted” me at once so that I could run (and did)! Children are very tiring, but all the same adorable. They are a lesson in the folly of letting trivial things seem important. “Why so hot, my  little man?”

Can I learn this lesson? I do really try.

[214] Saturday, July 21, 1923

Chilling

Logan, Alys

Midline

4 children

Bonté Elgood

Ray and Bonté and Barbara arrived.

[215] Saturday, July 22, 1923

Chilling

Fine

Ray

Mademoiselle Michel

Bonté Elgood

Quiet pleasant day.

B

[216] Monday, July 23, 1923

Chilling

Fine

Alys

Bonté Elgood

4 children

Barbara’s Birthday (really the 17th) All children got Greek Costumes which they much enjoyed.

[217] Tuesday, July 24, 1923

Chilling

Fine

Logan

Ray

Bonté Elgood

Mademoiselle Michel

Ray and Bonté left in morning.

Beach and digging in afternoon.

Rest of day spent in trying to escape Berticella’s chatter. It is awful!

Barbara dressed all day as a Greek General.

[218] Wednesday, July 25, 1923

Fine

Chilling

Alys

4 children

Logan

Mademoiselle Michel

Children deeply enjoyed digging sand-castles and moats on beach.

[219] Thursday, July 26, 1923

Chilling

Alys Very windy

4 children

Logan

Mademoiselle Michel

Almost too cold to bathe. Played about. Read Webb’s Disappearance of Capitalism, but did not think it well based on human psychology.

[220] Friday, July 27, 1923

Chilling

Grey

Alys

Logan

4 children

Mademoiselle Michel

Spent day with Alys and Barbara at Ray’s and Oliver was taking a holiday there. Julia plumped down on them, having developed spots on her precious complexion, and at last stirred up to look after her health, wishing country air or exercise. She is the silliest and most incompetent creature I’ve ever known, thought she is not stupid in her mind. Some unfortunate break has occurred, and she is beyond the limit of the normal.

I called on the author B   who have taken a house “Moses’ Forum” - quite near.

[221] Saturday, July 28, 1923

Chilling

Solid rain

Alys

Logan

4 children

Mademoiselle Michel

Games and dressing up.

[222] Sunday, July 29, 1923

Chilling

Cloudy

Children

Berticella

Went to church with Barbara. She looked and I am sure felt very devout, but during the sermon her thoughts were fixed in the ledge of a high window, and she was speculating how she would get down if she were there. Hope Johnston called and played with the children.

[223] Monday, July 30, 1923

Chilling

Children

Berticella

Cloudy

Last day-- alas. It has been nice! Barbara felt a little ill in the night, so she came and slept in my bed, and though I did not sleep I enjoyed feeling her little slim warm body beside me.

[224] Tuesday, July 31, 1923, London

Fine

Came up by the 9.27 train with Berticella and lunched with Mrs. Devonshire at the Lyceum, where I also met Stan Hondrip, quite obsessed by her misfortunes in Russia and the desire for “having justice done her.” They have wrung a nominal ₤30000 out of the Soviet Government for her, but she wants Publicity.

Dined at Sybil Colefax’s--the last time I ever shall. To me it is meaningless. Lady Leslie was there resuscitated from a year’s dangerous illness, dressed in tawdry tinsel. Think of escaping death only to thrust yourself in at the Colefaxes! (she invited herself). After dinner talked to Lord Buckmaster about Italy.

[225] Note

London

{list of names all underlined}

Alys has been anglic [sic].

Ann has become normal.

Christopher is the most intelligent of the children, his mind is always working.

Judy is as perfect enchantress and very droll.

Logan has had a relapse and is rather ill with il solito cystitis

Karin seems to be hearing better

Ray is busy with he [sic] new novel on Queer Religions.

Barbara is much improved in character and is a great dear. She is by way of being a Christian!

Mademoiselle Michel is a good woman, but a pestilential bore.

I feel like *la dernière des dernière* in every way. I can’t think how everybody can endure me.

[226] Wednesday, August 1, 1923

4 rue de Chevreuse Paris

Crossed, but not by air, as I had trunks, to Paris and got to Alys’ Hostel for dinner. Very comfy.

[227] Thursday, August 2, 1923

Train to Austria

Hair washed. Shopped. Called at Duveen’s.

Train at 2 from Gare de l’Est.

[228] Friday, August 3, 1923

Bad Gastein

Downpours

Reached Schwarzach {insterted above: St. Veit} at 3 and took train at 5 to come here. The manager said we had given up our rooms, and he had nothing for us. I waited most uncomfortably for an hour till he found the letter, it was from a man named Bensingu. He was full of apologies, and did find me a small room and promised a big one next for B.B. tomorrow.

[229] Saturday, August 4, 1923

Bad Gastein

Fine

Saw Dr. Gergel

B.B. arrived at 3, and the Dr. came again. He said my knee-pains came from a flat instep.

Walked to Bannhof [sic].

[230] Sunday, August 5, 1923

Bad Gastein

Fine

Baths, supposed to be radioactive.

Walked to the Windischigazliolee and had coffee, a fearful climb, but a nice walk home by a longer way.

I am reading aloud Goldenveizer’s “Talks with Tolstoi” published by the Hogarth press.

We are reading also “L’autre de la Croix” (Frères Tharaud), “Isvor” (Princess Bibesco) “Dreams of an Astronomer” (Flammarion), Recreations of a Chemist (Fabre), Griechischer Fruhling (Hauptmann) Niels Lyne [sic] (Jacopsen [sic]), Mrs. Quibell’s exchanged U.K. with Egyptian art, and B.B. is reading Edou au Meyer and Riegl also.

[231] Monday, August 6, 1923

Fine

Baths, walked to the Grüner baum for coffee.

We walked out now, as prescribed, to the Bauerhof for morning coffee, ½ hour each way, and most lovely is the early morning through the fragrant pine woods.

I am having Diathermy for my lame arm.

[232] Tuesday, August 7, 1923

Fine

Bad Gastein

Baths.

Went with the valley and had coffee at the caffé in the village.

[233] Wednesday, August 8, 1923

Bad Gastein

Fine

Baths Baths Diathermy

Walked to Gamskaar for coffee.

[234] Thursday, August 9, 1923

Bad Gastein

Fine

Rest from baths

Took bus to Böckstein and walked back by the river. A dear little Kurhaus there, all very nice and gemütlich. The m.c. in Central Europe do know how to enjoy their summers!

[235] Friday, August 10, 1923

Bad Gastein

Fine

Baths. Diathermy.

Again to Brimanbaum, this time over the hill.

[236] Saturday, August 11, 1923

Bad Gastein

Rain and thunder

Baths

Such a pain that we only walked again to the ~~Brau\_\_\_~~ Hofbauer, and got rather drenched.

Wrangled a bit over {inserted above: next} summer and ultimate plans.

Lost .9 of a kilo in 48 hours.

[237] Sunday, August 12, 1923

Bad Gastein

Cloudy

Rest from baths

Walked down to the Deutsches Haus but found the coffee (? \_ so bad that we climbed up to our beloved Hofbauer and had a good cup.

[238] Monday, August 13, 1923

Bad Gastein

Baths. Diathermy.

Gained back .9 ki in 24 hours!!!

[239] Tuesday, August 14, 1923

Bad Gastein

Copy of a Letter to Lady Dawney, an Irishwoman in England, from her Irish gardener.

“My Lady,

We’ve had stirring times here since you left. The National army came and took possession of the house. They Irregular army attacked them. The battle lasted till 5 o’clock. The irregulars were defeated. Afterwards I showed both armies round the garden. They especially admired your Ladyship’s antirhinums [sic] .

I regret to say they went down to the village and got drunk. And two of the Irregulars came back and got drowned in the lake. The funeral is on Thursday. And as I am sure it would be your Ladyship’s wish, I am sending a wreath of antirhinums [sic].”

Expedition to Prossau

[240] Wednesday, August 15, 1923

Bad Gastein

Baths and walk

Böckstein.

[241] Thursday, August 16, 1923

Bad Gastein

B.B. began to feel ill chill or ptomaine.

[242] Friday, August 17, 1923

and [243] Saturday, August 18, 1923

Bad Gastein

B.B. quite ill

Bath, walk

[244] Sunday, August 19, 1923 and [245] Monday, August 20, 1923

Bad Gastein

BB getting better but not well

{written beneath Monday, August 20, 1923}

Began diathermy for my ghastly headaches and my arm is cured.

[246] Tuesday, August 21, 1923 and [247] Wednesday, August 22, 1923

Bad Gastein

Baths and walks

{written on August 22}

I spoke to some nice looking Americans, who turned out to be brother and sister, named McCormick, from Chicago. She had actually been to I Tatti, taken by a landscape gardener.

He seems very nice, but is a great invalid. However he carries on his business from here by cable.

[248] Thursday, August 23, 1923 and [249] Friday, August 24, 1923

Bad Gastein

Baths and walk

BB not well

[250] Saturday, August 25, 1923

Bad Gastein

Walks in the pouring rain. I have lost only 4 lbs out of the 20 I must lose.

The McCormicks dined with us.

Mrs. Leggett wrote that Storrs (who has married his cousin, Ms. Clowes, a widow with 5 children and not rich!) is “radiantly happy,” so all is well.

[251] Sunday, August 26, 1923

Tyrolerhof [sic]

Innsbruck

{left blank}

[252] Monday, August 27, 1923

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[253] Tuesday, August 28, 1923

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[254] Wednesday, August 29, 1923

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[255] Thursday, August 30, 1923

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[256] Friday, August 31, 1923

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[257] Notes

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[258] Saturday, September 1, 1923

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[259] Sunday, September 2, 1923

Others, because you did not keep

That deep-sworn vow, have been friends of mine,

Yet always when I look death in the face,

When I clamber to the heights of sleep,

Or when I grow excited with wine,

Suddenly I meet your face.

W. Yeats

[260] Monday, September 3, 1923

Fine

~~Paris~~

~~Bale~~

~~Tras \_\_\_~~

Paris

Train from Bale to Paris. I read les frères Tharaud’s “Rabat” “Chemie de Damas” and “Tragédie de Ravaillac,” none of them as good as his Jew books, especially “Sais l’Ombre de la Croix” and “La Royaume de Dieu”.

Couldn’t get in any where but at that unsympathetic caravanserai the Grand Hotel.

[261] Tuesday, September 4, 19

42 Garden Square

WC

Fine

Examination continued for a few hours, but ended to B.B.’s glory-- He did very well and gained the sympathies of everybody. I was proud of him.

I flew over -- 10-3 -- and the others came by train and boat. 12-8 along with an awful crowd.

Ray was here fresh from a League of Nations Committee, where the gravest view of the situation is taken. If France sides with Italy, the League is ended, and the Hope of Peace for the world extinguished.

Which side will she take?

This is Wednesday

{drawing of feather in lower right corner}

[262] Wednesday, September 5, 1923

Fine

Paris

This is Tuesday

We have been led into a Trap! I walked out before breakfast along the Champs-Élysées to see Corry, and brought a paper where I saw “Famous Florentine Art Critic, Mr. Bernard Berenson, comes to Paris to decide upon genuineness of an alleged Leonardo”

And BB had to spend all afternoon in an improvised Court with the Consul Generals, giving an oath his opinion of the Italian *Belle Ferroniѐre*, about which J. Duveen is being sued, as he said it was a late and worthless copy-- which it is.

We saw it in the morning at 20 Place Vendôme and talked the matter over with the Duveen’s lawyer, Louis Levy, a very able man, and we went to the Louvre to see the original.

B.B. did splendidly in his exam, and in the cross exam, where the other lawyer tried to make him out a fool. About 5:30 B.B. said plaintively, “I want my tea” and the ladies murmured “Isn’t he just too sweet!”

Dined with Carry, Harry, and Zoe. BB tired.

[263] Thursday, September 6, 1923

42 Garden Square

London W.C.L

Fine

Robert Benson called and gave us his motor, and we went to the N.G which did seem marvellous! He gave us lunch at the Cafe Royal and took us to see his pictures and the Dorchester House ones, till we dropped with fatigue.

Then BB went to his tailor and Nicky and I had tea with Emily Dawson at Johnson’s House by Gough Square E.C.

[264] Friday, September 7, 1923

42 Garden Street

Westonbirt Tetbury

Fine

Motored with Mr. Benson to Westonbirt, having lunch with the Lloyd’s at Lockinge (Lady Wantray’s beautiful estate near Oxford)--a charming impression of a nice old-fashioned English family life, young people with 5 children, or six!

Imposing mansion at Westonbirt, but hideous. Wonderful guards.

BB and Nicky spent night there, but I came up by an evening train so as to see {continues onto next page}

[265] Saturday, September 8, 1923

Fine

Buckhurst

Ray who spent the night before going to Geneva to attend the League of Nations sitting.

I went to Buckhurst, the Benson’s lovely place, in the afternoon. -- the motorist arrived for dinner.

[266] Sunday, September 9, 1923

Buckhurst

Withyham

Fine

Walked before breakfast, also after, round the lake. Pleasant and very beautiful day. What a lovely place!

[267] Monday, September 10, 1923

Garden Square

Fine

Before breakfast walk.

Came up from Buckhurst with nice Emery Walker.

Barbara and Berticella arrived at 3.30. Trevy and Busey called.

Barbara is too darling. She shares my room.

[268] Tuesday, September 11, 1923

42 Garden Square

Fine

Shopping all morning with Barbara. We got the coat she dreamed of at Nicoll’s, a raglan boy’s coat.

I went with B.B. to have the cyst removed from his cheek. It was skilfully [sic] done, without pain.

We dined with the Witts.

[269] Wednesday, September 12, 1923

42 Garden Square

Fine

National gallery in morning. Miss Alexandra to tea and Mr. Strong, who thoroughly admires Mussolini’s beau geste !!!! It is sickening.. Charley Bell also came to tea.

Barbara and Berticella got off at 9 and I went to have breakfast with Alys.

[270] Thursday, September 13, 1923

42 Garden Square

Fine

B.M. and lunched with Trevy, Harris, and Mrs. Strong. Alys had asked Salvemini down, and B.B. was in a fury and said she was, “working off duty invitations, and he wasn’t coming (”). He was unreasonable and quite hateful. However Alys and Salvemini came to dine, and she arranged for him to come instead when the Wallaces came at the end of the month. Of course her only idea was to give us pleasure. How awful to be so suspicious and ready to take offence. Of course he never said a single nice word to me about it, when it was over, for all the wretched sordid bother he gave in the morning. He is hateful these days. But I must detach myself and regard him as weather. This is difficult to me.

[271] Friday, September 14, 1923

Copse Cottage

Karin, Ann, and Christopher Fine then rain

Went to Wallace Collection. Mae Coll is very nice.

Bussy to lunch. Came here with Karin, what divine landscape.

[272] Saturday, September 15, 1923

Glorious then rain

Chilling

Letter from Ray at Geneva. --

“Had a whole hour today en tête à tête with Lord Robert (Cecil) in which he talked with his usual simplicity. His view is that, tempting as it was to slap Mussolini back in the face, it was much wiser not to do it. His phrase was ‘I don’t advocate turning the League’s other cheek to him, but waiting till we can bring an action against him for assault battery.” He says that in fact Mussolini -- apart from Mussolini’s blowing off in the newspapers, he has climbed a long way down, and as regards the original dispute, has exacted no more than Greece has all along been willing to give. There remains (1) Corfu and (2) the defiance of the League. As to (1) he expects Italy to withdraw in about 3 weeks [!!!]; if she doesn’t, he says the League must {inserted above: and will} act up to the limit of the Covenant. As to (2) he thinks the League should pass a resolution affirming its compliance-- which Italy must either take part in or not-- and then get a decision from the Supreme Court backing it up. This Italy must be a party to, and leave the League. And he says if she then wants to leave, she may.

All this is probably wise, but intolerably bad League propaganda, -- as I told \_\_\_ will make it \_\_\_ that America won’t come in for years. However, a time of strength (even if France were willing) would be most risky -- and, in a way, also bad League propaganda. But I can’t help hoping Mussolini will stick to Corfu and be equally crazy about France, and so force the League’s hand.”

[273] Sunday, September 16, 1923

Chilling

Fine

Poor BB rather sick and wretched. Alys and I walked. I enjoy it.

[274] Monday, September 17, 1923

42 Garden Square

Gioia Grant Richards came to lunch. Eugenie Strong to tea.

B.M + N.G.

[275] Tuesday, September 18, 1923

42 Garden Square

Placci lunch with Salvemini. He is getting the Italian Ambassador to go to Salvemini’s lectures, to confront the Fascisti who refused Salvemini a passport.

Mae Lynn came to dine.

[276] Wednesday, September 19, 1923

42 Garden Square

Zangwill and some Museum people etc., to lunch.

Went out to Richmond to see pictures and drive with the Cooks. Herbert seems dangerously ill, almost verging on senility, and looks ready for a stroke. I felt so sorry. Marnie is as queer as ever. She has taken up the cause of the Negroes, and thinks of nothing else. Herbert is miserable over it, and all goes sadly and tragically. Fortunately both daughters are married and away.

[277] Thursday, September 20, 1923

42 Garden Square

4.Col

Trevy and Burrell to lunch.

Britten and Gen. Kitson to tea

[278] Friday, September 21, 1923

42 Garden Square

Mrs. Shay and Placci to lunch.

Museum.

[279] Saturday, September 22, 1923

Chilling

Cambridge

Salvemini lunch

Went to Cambridge

The Cockerells to dine.

[280] Sunday, September 23, 1923

Cambridge

42 Garden Square

Uncertain showers

Saw the Bachs etc lunched with Cockerells. Saw Fitzwilliam. I came home.

[281] Monday, September 24, 1923

42 Garden Square

Ray arrived in morning from Geneva and Paris.

I went to the Conways, Allington Castle, Maidstone, with Karin for tea and dinner.

BB and Nicky had Mr. Herbert and Mr. Miller of the B\_\_\_ to dine.

[282] Monday, September 25, 1923

42 Garden Square

Dined with Otto Gutekunst.

Eliza made a mistake about the address and BB lost his temper with me (!) so horribly in the cab that I doubted his sanity.

[283] Wednesday, September 26, 1923

42 Garden Square

Harris took us to see Lascelles pictures, a horrid job lot. He has been fearfully “done” by Borenius!

Mrs. Crawshay came to lunch. Nicky went to stay with the Trevys and B.B and I dined, most pleasantly, with the Rothensteins.

Went to Duveens.

[284] Thursday, September 27, 1923

Went to Eumorpholes at 11 and stayed to lunch. A glorious collection of Chinese things, which they let you see very pleasantly.

Edith and John Hugh Smith and “Willie” Meredith came to dine.

[285] Friday, September 28, 1923

{left blank}

[286] Saturday, September 29, 1923

Oxford

Awfully close and hot!

Went to Oxford. Charlie Bell dined with us.

[287] Sunday, September 30, 1923

Oxford

Awfully close and hot!

Saw the Museum and Oxford and lunched with Bell at Trinity. Went out in the afternoon to Sir Arthur Evans’ and saw his latest Cretan finds.

[288] Note

1923 October

Motored out with Martha Hyde, while Nicky and De Ricci came by train. A lovely day!

The Librarian (said to be the Duc d’Aumale’s natural son) showed us Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry and a wonderful XII Ms.

[289] Monday, October 1, 1923

42 Garden Square

Lunched with Sully.

Dined with the Duveens.

[290] Tuesday, October 2, 1923

Met Robert Benson at Lady Werners and saw her things. Lunched with Sir Claude Phillip, and appalling  m.c. interview.

[291] Wednesday, October 3, 1923

Windstorm

Could not fly to Paris.

[292] Thursday, October 4, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Nicky and B.B. and I flew over. B.B. liked it!

I called on Carrey and Alys at the Plaza. Began to feel very ill.

[293] Friday, October 5, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

In bed with bronchitis.

[294] Saturday, October 6, 1923

{left blank}

[295] Sunday, October 7, 1923

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[296] Monday, October 8, 1923 and [297] Tuesday, October 9, 1923

Paris

Bronchitis

[298] Wednesday, October 10, 1923 and [299] Thursday, October 11, 1923

Paris

Bronchitis

[300] Friday, October 12, 1923 and [301] Saturday, October 13, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Bronchitis

[302] Sunday, October 14, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Fine

At last I got out, to motor to Salomon Reinach’s in Martha Hyde’s car. She brought us back.

She said that before the decree nisi is granted in France the pair are shut into a room with a divan for ½ an hour -- and they often come out reconciled!!

[303] Monday, October 15, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Fine

Went out to see Manship’s bust of Carey, which is fine, though not entirely resembling. Then did some shopping, after Carey had lunched with me, and saw her being tried--on at “Lucille’s”-- a most discouraging exhibition of human Stupidity. I--I--had to tell THEM what was and especially what wasn’t becoming to her!!

Nora (Ruffo-Grifeo) Chedeville came to tea and Elizabetta Henraux and Gimple and Löwengarde, and Mrs. Shields to dine and go to the Russian Theatre with BB and Nicky.

My cold is awful!

Abudi came to see me bringing fruit from Mrs. Cole-Porter.

[304] Tuesday, October 16, 1923

Paris

Nicky lunched with Elsie de Wolfe and B.B. with the de Croissets, to meet Prince Paul’s fiancée, the Grecian Princess.

Mme. de Ludres called. Royal Tyler came to dinner.

[305] Wednesday, October 17, 1923

Beau Site

Lovely

Spent the day at Chantilly. Martha Hyde motored BB and me out. Nicky went with Seymour de Ricci who tried to make love to her.

A beautiful day, and the nice Librarian (said to be a natural son of the Duc d’Aumale) showed us some wonderful Mss.

We all dined with Carey.

[306] Thursday, October 18, 1923

Paris

Beau Site

Signing on -- great bore and not satisfactory.

Ray arrives at Carey’s for their mysterious work!

Mr. Levy called at 5.30 also Mr. Gimpel.

Mr. Sear’s nice nephew Mr. N. Choute came to dine.

[307] Friday, October 19, 1923

Paris

Beau Site

Lunched at Martha Hyde’s, her father is most interesting about Constantinople.

Went to Charley DuBos’ lecture on Pascal. Edith motored us back.

Went to Moscow Players to the “Cherry Orchard”. They are wonderful actors, but BB and I got tired and came away before the last act.

[308] Saturday, October 20, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Louvre.

Hapgoods to lunch.

Abbé Mugnier to dine.

[309] Sunday, October 21, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Rain

We spent Sunday in the rain at Chartres along with Royal Tyler.

Lady Colefax came to dine.

It was a wonderful day in spite of the rain, and in spite of feeling wretchedly ill.

[310] Monday, October 22, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Duveens, Lucillés, Philippe at Gaston.

I dined with Carey and Ray along with Miss Harrison and Hope Mu\_\_\_s. Nicky dined with Fernande Salvemini and went to the Theatre (“La Gioconda,” by a mistake!) and B.B. dined with Mrs. Shields.

Got a fleeting glimpse of Ray who with Carey is engaged in some momentous and “agonizing” Secret Work which takes all their time. I have NO idea what it is.

[311] Tuesday, October 23, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Louvre with Marthe Hyde to see the Egyptian things with the Curator M. Boreux. Very wonderful things, and quite well exposed.

Went to see Manship’s bust and all is improved.

The Manships dined here. He is very engaging.

[312] Wednesday, October 24, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Lunched with Princ. Marie Murat, Placci, Riri, Chambrun -- The talk was AWFUL, but at any rate not political, all about the Duca di Camastra’s ridiculous duel with Richepin, which Placci of course thought glorious!

We dined with the Henraux, who had also the Du Boses. A most agreeable evening. They have a charming interview.

[313] Thursday, October 25, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Louvre with Natalie who lunched here. Saw the Saracenic department. Natalie very charming.

Placci dined and we went to the Theatre to see Cole Porter’s ballet, which was an item, and not the best, in a long “modern” programme. It fell flat. I was so sorry for them both. It seems he disappeared before it was over, and never came back til 5 a.m. And then gave no explanation of his absence. Linda suffered dreadfully. It does not seem possible for that marriage to go on.

[314] Friday, October 26, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Lunched with Helfers.

Abel Bonnard and Riri Visconti Venosta came to dine. Bonnard could not get off the subject of Charley Du Bos, whom he loathes. He was witty but bitter. He said Charley’s criticism shot arrows into the heel of his subject, which Charley mistook for the heart!

Went to see Manship’s bust of Carey, which is improved. It is a fine thing.

[315] Saturday, October 27, 1923

Brussels

Chez M. Stoclet

Fine

Train 2:15-6 without stop to Brussels. The Stoclet’s house is a real Aladdin’s palace, built in precious marbles!

But the bedrooms are just like the cabins in a big Atlantic liner!!

Everything, down to the spoons, was designed by a Viennese architect, hence a certain harmony but a marked lack of individuality.

But his taste as a collector is nearly faultless.

Ray spent the morning with me and we fully talked out the financial matter as regards BB(.) I must got up my courage and tackle him about it soon. It remains such a sordid disagreement between us.

 [316] Sunday, October 28, 1923

Chez M. Stoclet

Brussels

Rain

Spent the day seeing Mr. Stoclet’s MARVELLOUS collection of everything from Egypt Early Empire to the XV century in Europe. A complete surprise. Certainly the finest collection we have ever seen.

The best best things are the small white stone head of Akenaten [sic], a Chinese picture of a rider: a middle Empire seated from, and some of the medieval objects. But there are hundreds of first class things!!

They are very nice, but their 3 children are of the Apache type.

 [317] Monday, October 29, 1923

Chez M. Stoclet

Brussels

Fine

Went to the Egyptian section of the Musée Cinquantenaire with Mr. Capart and Mr. Stoclet, and saw also the Medieval things.

Afternoon seeing one by one M. Stoclet’s very remarkable collection of only Italian pictures. He has the most captivating Giovanni di Paolo in existence.

What a wonderful collection!! His taste is nearly perfect. Only they never read. We didn’t see a book in the house inside of books of reference. Most strange.

They had a dinner-party in the evening, the Destré’s and many Museum people and Nicky’s friend Madame Muos. Madame Errera sailed in with all the airs of an Empress. Quite absurd.

[318] Tuesday, October 30, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Returned from Brussels.

Spent the morning at the Picture Gallery with Gevaert etc. It is rather hard to like the Rubenses.

[319] Wednesday, October 31, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

B.B. lunched with Mme. de Sincay and Nicky and I had the 2 young Hapgoods to lunch. Miriam is sweet and pretty, poor Charles quite intolerable. Tea with the Charley Du Boses, he is the most satisfactory person we’ve ever seen in Paris. He grows and deepens all the time.

Mrs. Hyde and her father, Mr. Lieschmann, came to dine. He was 10 years Ambassador in Constantinople, and he loves the Turks.

Nora Chedeville came to tea with her little daughter. She goes to Italy tomorrow, so that’s all we see of this enthusiastic friend!!

[320] NOTE

Beau Site

Paris

A very miserable mouth, with bronchitis and its scentes, punctured by degrading rows with B.B., who goes on raging, I never do anything for him, yet in the next breath gives me a batch of letters to write while he goes off to see things with Nicky. I suppose he talks to relieve his liver and make any reproach that comes sailing through his head.

[321] Thursday, November 1, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Gloomy

The Bassianos sent a car for us and for Placci and we motored out to their Versailles villa for lunch. The talk was rather awful, but the people, all except Placci, most lovable. The talk was the French echo of German propaganda against England. Roffredo asserted that England never relinquished what she had once seized by face a pound, of course he read no history. His mind is ignorant and poisoned.

Placci was much worse. He said to Nicky (his famous tact) “Io giubilo che i tedeschi sono giù, giù,” and he looked like a real brute as he said it. We are not done in finding that he grows intolerable.

Mme. La Caze called, but did not manage to say anything interesting about her visit to Greece from which she has just come back. It is horribly painful to me to see her.

[322] Friday, November 2, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Colder

Rainy

A horrid day of dressmaking and shopping.

The dear Kingsley Porters dined here with sweet old Hutch, growling benignantly and comically.

[323] Saturday, November 3, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Rainy

Nicky and I dined with the Hapgoods. It was very pleasant. Then we went on to the Bat-a-clan to hear Raquel Meller, a pseudo Spanish music hall singer. Nicky adored her, but I found her very inferior to the real article in Spain such as Pastoria Imperiale.

[324] Sunday, November 4, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Natalie Barney took me a drive in the Bois while BB went to Lazzaroni’s.

Nicky lunched with Madame La Caze, and BB and I with the Duquesa Durcal at the Ritz along with the d’Albes Martha and Walter Berry. All but Walter had been up till 6 am, and the young Duchess d’Albe cares for nothing but music halls and dancing. What a fantastic and fatal marriage for him!

[325] Monday, November 5, 1923

Beau Site

Paris

Dined at Mme. La Caze’s. I like Brunches, the “human geographer.” Peliot, the Siriologue, is also very nice, and Lemaître….but I got awfully tired.

[326] Tuesday, November 6, 1923

Ecole Nouvelle

La Pelouse

Vaud Bex

Switzerland

Left at 8:20 and reached Bex at 8:40! Motored up to the School and found Barbara--the darling!--in her nightgown, jumping up with joy to see me.

This is Wednesday.

[327] Wednesday, November 7, 1923

Ecole Nouvelle

La Pelouse

Vaud Bex

Switzerland

Rain

Barbara came in at 6.30 to get me up to see their gymnastics. I followed all her lessons all day. The singing is especially good, and she turns out to have a sweet little voice.

I brought many presents for her friends, and I think she felt I was “adequate” as a grandmother. She was awfully sweet, and Mademoiselle Hermalin, the Head, said very nice things about her. The child is really developing very nicely.

This is Thursday

[328] Thursday, November 8, 1923

Palace Hotel Milan

Fine

It was very hard to leave Barbara, but I took the train at 10:35, and got to Milan at 6:15.

Guido Cagnola met me, and I went to dine with them. Anita is very sweet and lovable, but one must not expect conversation!

This is Friday

[329] Friday, November 9, 1923

I Tatti

Naima Fine

Got home at 1.45 (train left at 6.15)

The dogs were beautiful and friendly and the garden was in splendid condition.

Naima came up to tea, poor thing, her mind is like a narrow torture-chamber, full of grievances and woes. It stifles one.

Mrs. Ross and Lina came to dine. I really like Aunt Janet, but there again one must not expect real conversation. She has hardened into fixed opinions, and narrowed her interests to local events. Lina, on the contrary, grows and grows, witty and humorous and such a splendid creature.

This is Saturday

[330] Saturday, November 10, 1923

I Tatti

Fine

~~BB and Nicky~~ Cf Friday.

[331] Sunday, November 11, 1923

I Tatti

BB and Nicky arrived for lunch. Immediately after De Nicola brought up Van Gelden and his wife (Brussels) who were keen to see the pictures. BB went to rest, but I had them till 5, when Ammannati came.

They made rather a horrid impression on me. He is a little blander, and I suspect not straight. She slightly vulgar and vile.

[332] Monday, November 12, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Fine

Geoffrey came over in the morning and stayed to lunch. We did not say a word which implied the slightest friend-ship. I just can’t -- to Sybil’s husband. His life not only has no interest for me, but it bores and disgusts me. Sybil herself blew in in a tornado of chatter about her daughter’s engagement. However, between breaths, she had the grace to say she liked Ray’s novel.

B.B. and Geoffrey and I had a walk, the one over Morgan’s. He gave me his little book of really charming poems called “A Paint-Box.”

Later a M. Lugt from Utrecht came. He is cataloging the Flemish drawings at the Louvre. A nice man.

[333] Tuesday, November 13, 1923

I Tatti

Fine and Rainy also

Went to town after calling on Mrs. Ross, and did various errands.

Walked with BB around Maiano and the old “Mill” walk. We had thought of calling on Strong and Santayana, but they were out. BB was convinced they were in, and that Santayana did not want to see us!! He was furious with me for suggesting the call. Later came a pressing invitation to lunch tomorrow---!! Poor BB he seems to live in expectation of hatred and snubs, and he gets perfectly furious with me for not expecting or noticing such things. I daresay neither of us will change. M. Muratoff called, a specialist on early Russian (Byzantine) prg. He translated BB’s Florentine papers into Russian. A pleasant, keen man.

[334] Wednesday, November 14, 1923

I Tatti

Rainy

Began to work on the revision of B.B.’s lists -- Cimabue.

Fowles telephoned that he would come up, so Nicky and I went alone to dine at Le Balge.  Santayana was particularly cordial! He is writing a novel about a man with a “Conscience.”

Came home and found Bardini here with a lovely idyll by Bellini and ten fine portraits by Domenico Veneziano, which B.B. thinks the Duveens should buy.

B.B. and Nicky and I walked “round the estate,” B.B. in a state of nerves over the fact that our new butler, Colombo, has brought out his wife and child. He blames me for recognizing that servants are human beings. I daresay I am gullible, but you can’t keep feeling for them, at least I can’t.

Miss. Hooker came to tea bringing photos and books.

[335] Thursday, November 15, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Cimabue and School.

Fowles and his able (and adoring) Secretary came to lunch. Pity she isn’t his wife instead of the little vulgarean he has.

Nicky and I called on Mrs. Hooker, while B.B. walked with Lady Sybil. I called on the Clapper (out) and Countess Gravina.

[336] Friday, November 16, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Cavallini

Teddy Wolfe came to lunch. He and Byba are much in love and all is rosy, but as he hasn’t a penny and is, I fear, incapable of earning any, how can he go on? He is intelligent, amusing, and lovable--ma!

Got lots of letters off and then in the evening the 3 Kitsons, Timmy Jekyll and his friend John Beavan and De Filippi came to dine. I got so bored? What has happened to me? I feel as if I had nothing to say to any body, I’m getting awfully dull.

The General Election in England is fixed for the 6th of December. It seems to me a most iniquitous affair an attempt to draw the red herring of domestic politics (and even that very unclear and doubtful) across the trail of the only thing that matters at present, the Rules. One is ashamed at England’s playing such a poor part.

[337] Saturday, November 17, 1923

I Tatti

Naima

Countess Gravina

Cloudy

Giotto

Ray is apparently going to stand after all. Where will she get the money? Logan has given her ₤100 and lent her the motor, Alys has given ₤100 and Miss Clough ₤50, but that’s a drop in the bucket. I wish I could help. It is maddening not to, with B.B. spending money like water on things he cares about, and I care about this so intensely. I hate the luxury in which we live, hate it more and more, partly on general grounds, it seems so haggish with the world so poor, and partly on private grounds, as it makes such a contrast with what I long to do for my children.

Marchesa Farinola came to lunch, a vivid, irresponsible, attractive “little bride,” and Pellegrina del Turco had her first day here as assistant Librarian.

Countess Gravina came for the week-end. She bears her troubles admirably.

[338] Sunday, November 18, 1923

I Tatti

Fine

Naima

School Giotto.

Chatted with Contessa Gravina in morning. Ammannati and wife came to lunch and we sat out in the *stanzone* for coffee, warm as summer. B.B. got in a great rage because I had told Loeser he might bring the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden up to see the house, etc. I really could not have refused, but B.B. raged and said I never considered him and brought up old grudges and made me thoroughly miserable, thought I know I was right. It was of course unfortunate that they chose the day of the Serristoni’s visit, for Hortense and Sophie, the bride \_\_\_, came up about 4. The others arrived at 5, and B.B. was enchanted with them and asked them to dine on Wednesday!!!! But of course he never uttered a word of apology for his beastly row and all the pain he gave me.

[339] Monday, November 19, 1923

I Tatti

Fine and warm

School Giotto.

Walked in garden. Toesca came to lunch and we sat in the sun in the *stanzone* for coffee.

I went to town for errands, and brought Byba up. We talked of Teddy Wolfe, about whom she is very anxious as he has only 1000 lire left and is making nothing. She is very fond of him, he is her lover, but she does not dream of marrying him. Nicky and BB and I walked while she rested, then Teddy came.

Ojetti came to dine and talked steadily from 8-11, without a break. I got terribly sleepy. He is evidently very unhappy about his country under fascism.

Ray has had already ₤550 given to her for her election (Chiswich and Brentford) and Lord Coundrey has offered to lend her ₤1000. She has lots of workers and speakers, very different from last time, but I do not expect her to get in, as she is an “independent” candidate.

[340] Tuesday, November 20, 1923

I Tatti

Rainy, but fine sunset

Edith Wharton

No work as I had to meet Edith at 11, and there are great household boiling-up with the new man, Colombo. It is a fearful nuisance, and I’ve no idea what to do.

Edith seems in good form, and we had a very pleasant walk and all 3 of us, on the hills.

She read us a not very inspired study of Proust which she has written.

[341] Wednesday, November 21, 1923

I Tatti

Edith Wharton

No work.

The Swedish Crown Prince and Princess came at 11:30 brought by Loeser, and stayed to lunch and till 3:30. He is very much interested in art, particularly Chinese objects. He is the one who is excavating the Mycenaean town of Asine near Nauplea where we visited on May 9th.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Ross and brought back McClure and De Filippi to tea, and Lina and Aubrey and his cousin, a young female chemist, also came to tea. Edith read us her story “The Spark” in the evening.

[342] Thursday, November 22, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Edith Wharton

Karin writes: -- “I have a strange thing to tell you which will surprise me [it doesn’t], but we have been thinking it over a great deal ourselves. Adrian and I have decided that we had better live separately as we are making eachother [sic] unhappy. We are fond of each other and I think we shall be even fonder when we have screwed ourselves  up to do this, because while we are together we so often make each other wretched. It is just possible that when we have been apart for a time we shall be able to get everything straightened out and stop making each other unhappy, but we can’t count on that and are separating on the understanding that it may be for good. We shall see each other often and share the children.

It hasn’t been easy to decide ourselves to do this because we shall be lonely without eachother, but we are convinced that it ought to be done.

Adrian will take rooms \_\_\_ he wants to live on his part of our income...but I am afraid it will make him very poor and I should like him to take some more until he is beginning to earn for himself [I predict he will just slump, and not complete his medical studies, and not be a doctor nor earn

[343] Friday, November 23, 1923

I Tatti

Edith Wharton

Barnaba de Modena

Simone da Bologna

anything(.)  I think it has been Karin’s vitality and energy alone that have kept him at his worth for 4 years]

I don’t think either of us is to blame, in fact I think we have done our very best, but it has been too difficult. We shall miss eachother fearfully, but we shall be able to see eachother, and I think after a while we shall be glad about it. It isn’t a tragedy. Your loving Karin”

Poor old Karsty! She must have been through a sea of trouble before she came to this.

Of course it was clear from the start that she couldn’t --saving a Miracle--be happy with that depressing, unsociable, unenergetic lump of a man--I fear he has been a hard burden for her, on top of her deafness--a continual wet-blanket. If it weren’t for suffering, I should be glad that she got rid of him--if she has!

Tea with Strong.

[344] Saturday, November 24, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Edith Wharton

Jacopo Avanzi da Bologna.

Miss Paget came to lunch. She says that with old age she becomes more and more aware of being bored by people and by herself. Edith is rather tiresome with her formula of “the curve” of a novel. She repeats it rather mechanically.

Geoffrey came over to see Edith. She finds him dreadfully changed and “it is like seeing a ghost”. He abandoned in sham-witty paradoxes of the kind that might impress young Embassy attachés, so different from his delightful sanity of the old days.

Edith and B.B. and I had tea with De Filippi, who, unlike poor Geoffrey, grows nicer and nicer.

Alys and Logan both write that they think it’s an excellent thing, for Karin to arrange her life without Adrian. He’s been a great wet-blanket. What a blessing there is no irrelevant fuss or convention to worry the dear child!

[345] Sunday, November 25, 1923

I Tatti

Edith Wharton

[346] Monday, November 26, 1923

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[347] Tuesday, November 27, 1923

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[348] Wednesday, November 28, 1923

I Tatti

B.B. had a last walk with Edith, and I took her down to the 2.10 train and then did some shopping. I saw Cecil who said a devastating love-affair had punched him out last summer, so that he forgot the work he was to do for us. I asked him to dine, and B.B. was simply raging when I told him, and commanded me to write and say he was never to enter the house again, etc, etc.

[349] Thursday, November 29, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Lunched with Lady Enniskillen, of whom I am genuinely, if mildly, fond. She is 71. We talk together about growing old.

Called on Flora Priestly, who seemed all gone to pieces over the Irish nonsense.

Called on Mr. Harold Parsons, who was in. Nothing doing there.

Then on Lady Ross and Lady Dick Lauder, who were out.

Had tea with Kitsons and she drove me wild with “Protection” gabble.

Called on poor Miss. Paterson, whose one idea seems to be to come up here, and B.B. can’t bear it, she is so deformed with arthritis. I understand him about this and try to avoid her visits.

Picked up Cecil and brought him to dine. It seemed rather meaningless, as far as talk went, but I am still found of him and wish him well, although I’m going to employ another architect in future.

[350] Friday, November 30, 1923

I Tatti

First fine day for a fortnight

N[orth]. Italian Giotteschi

Ray writes hopefully, but I am sure she won’t get in now that a Labour candidate has cropped up. Karin says she hasn’t been so contented and happy for years.

Mr. Fuller of Harvard (writing a \_\_ of Greek philosophy) and Placci came to lunch. Placci walked with BB and me while Nicky went to Villa Medici to see Geoffrey, who said he had got over being in love with her. What a blessing--except that there is sure to be someone else, probably there already is.

Giulietta Gordignani Mendelssohn came to tea. BB was furious with me for “jumping it on him” when he could not refuse, but he was rather taken with her--I just must “ride roughshod” over him, as he calls it when he’s angry. If it were left to him we should have no old friends and have our universe dark with hate and prejudice.

[351] Note

I Tatti

[352] Saturday, December 1, 1923

Baronzio

Dined with Spelman’s, quite pleasant, only their fire smoked and made our eyes very sore. They are very provincial and wild Ammunikuns, but talented (he in music, she as a writer in a small way) and they are much above the average Florentine.

The gypsies sent a deputation to Ray to say they would vote for her, and she is to go travelling with them, she and her children, if she gets in.

[353] Sunday, December 2, 1923

Fine

Eastern Giotteschi

Miss Paterson came up to lunch and we sat in the *stanzone* for coffee, it was so warm.

Had a lovely walk with Houghton who turned up. Stein and a friend came to tea, Stein as usual full of his psychological experiences which he insists on calling scientific experiments.

[354] Monday, December 3, 1923

I Tatti

Pour

Worked like mad all day on Giotteschi -- too hard for could not sleep.

De Filippi and his Secretary Miss. Loparkline came to lunch. I took Mrs. Ross to town, having Marilli drive, as B.B. wanted to go out on the hills. He did quite well. Shopped.

Had tea with Kitsons

Nicky dined with Kitsons(.) Countess Eva, Bossi Pucci was there, rather grumpy about her nephew’s marriage with Sophie Serristori, for you know her parents were pro-German.

[355] Tuesday, December 4, 1923

I Tatti

Fine

Finished Giotteschi.

Mr. Clapp and General Kitson came to lunch.

Took Mrs. Ross to town and did errands. Tea with Kitsons.

Took Turkish Bath.

Ray had the head of the “bookies” come to tell her they were all voting for her as they thought it wasn’t “sporting” of the Labor man to thrust himself in at the last minute. He told Ray he doesn’t believe in God, a go to Church-- “But I say me prayers neg’l  , ma’am”.

[356] Wednesday, December 5, 1923

I Tatti

Steady pour

Began Orcagna.

Went round garden, housekeep--did a lot. There’s a great deal need re-organizing.

Someone came to lunch but for the life of me I can’t remember who!

Madame Narichkine (“Heléne”) and Baron Stiebel came to dine and the evening seemed very long. I wonder if they are as bored as we are. They express much pleasure--but so do we.

I begin to realize that “The King is naked”, as Tolstoi used to say.

[357] Thursday, December 6, 1923

I Tatti

ELECTION DAY!!

Countess Gravina

Steady pour

Read and digested Siren’s article on Stefano Fiorentino.

Lady Enniskillen and Flora Priestly and Mrs. Ross came to lunch.

What are Ray’s Bougees and Gypsies and Bookies and all the rest doing today?? It is almost too exciting.

I called for Blandine Gravine and took her to the Varesina Choral which was good, but not up to the other Chorals I’ve heard.

We spent a pleasant evening listening to her read aloud Grimm’s Tales and talking of German books.

She told me she nearly committed suicide for sheer misery and went last year in Bayreuth.

[358] Friday, December 7, 1923

I Tatti

Rain

Began Orcagna and Johnsons.

Well, Ray did not get in this time either. I had a telegram this afternoon. It upset me beyond reason, because I truly think she will make more of her life by sticking to literature. The novel, “Machine On”, is really a very remarkable piece of work and she can do better still. But sh! HOW I wanted the child to have her desire.

It poured and poured. Byba and her little lover came up to call, but said nothing much.

Nicky read aloud the story of the young man who was made Calif for one day.

[359] Saturday, December 8, 1923

I Tatti

Glorious

Warm as June

Orcagna--

Walked with B.B. And Monte Senario most beautiful and wonderful air. He felt rather ill and Giglioli thought the light air would do him good.

The von Bachs, cousins of Nicky’s, came to lunch. He had been Russian attaché in Washington. The [sic] still believe that the *ancient regime* will come back, “soon.”

B.B. and I dined with Mrs. Kenyon Cox, and it was very pleasant. Marilli, whom I’m turning into a supplementary chauffeur, drove us up, while the servants went to the Theatre.

Poor old Ray! Yet I’m glad she will go on writing.

[360] Sunday, December 9, 1923

I Tatti

Much colder

Misty

Naima

Orcagna etc.

Did household accounts. I think the cook is stealing at least 100 lire a day!!! It looks as if Colombo might turn out a great help.

Mr. Fowles and Ammond Löwengarde came to dine.

[361] Monday, December 10, 1923

I Tatti

Lofroth

Dull

Jacopo di Cione

Fowles and Löwengarde to lunch.

Shopped with Aunt Janet, Marilli driving--an unspeakable convenience.

[362] Tuesday, December 11, 1923

I Tatti

Orcagna School

Geoffrey came over to lunch and he BB nearly quarrelled over politics, then they absently agree. But BB puts things so wildly, with such maddening exaggeration. I had a little talk with him, and he said he was getting on better. Taking hold of life a bit. It is a life which I scarcely ever care to hear about--voilá for our long intimacy, which we thought was stronger than death! How silly humans can be.

Sybil came to snatch him for a walk, and BB and I had a delightful but too long one.

[363] Wednesday, December 12, 1923

No work

Went to look for plants, endless house hold things, wrote Christmas letters.

Quarry walk-- leaving Nicky at Villa Medici to walk with Geoffrey. She says he talks a lot about himself, but, though he expresses *une amitié chaude* for her, he never asks her a thing about her life or interests. The chaleur suffices him, but she says there are no grounds of real interest of congeniality between them, and I fear this is so.

[364] Thursday, December 13, 1923

Still the Orcagna circle--

Aubrey and that tiresome  cousin Miss Erskine came to fine, Lina being laid up with a cold Aubry asked me what I thought of their buying the Aulla Castle, and I am sorry to say I told him. He is one of the most selfish men I ever knew and his selfishness has no excuse for Lina, so clearly the superior person, AND the breadwinner. But he sulks and scolds and insists he is going to march her away to that remote place where he can paint pictures no one will buy, and she cannot do her journalism, with which they live. It is monstrous!

[365] Friday, December 14, 1923

Still the Orcagna circle--

Quiet day of work.

[366] Saturday, December 15, 1923

Contessa Gravina

Naima

Gaetano Salvemini

Glorious

warm as May

Began the Gaddi

B.B. as cross and nasty as hell. He feels ill, but -- Oh for a polite, easy-going companion, who didn’t turn every little incident into sordid disgustingness. Poor B.B. -- and poor me. Well, Nicky is perfect.

He took a drive and walk with Sybil, who said Geoffrey required incessant “amusement” (i.e. she bores him, as I prophesied), and had no resources in himself. B.B. advised her to leave him as free as possible. And she talks of going without him to Palestine and Syria {inserted above: in the Spring} while he is going along to London in January.

Nicky and I shopped for Christmas and then I called for Gaetano and Blandine and took them up.

[367] Sunday, December 16, 1923

Contessa Gravina

Naima

Gaetano Salvemini

Fine

The Gaddi for a few minutes and then household accounts. The cook’s bills are a sheer travesty. I shall put it all into Colombo’s hands.

The poderi is very expensive!

Took Blandine for a walk and call at Villa Medici. While BB entertained Hortense Serristori.

In the evening Blandine went on about Germany having been “forced” into war--!!!

[368] Monday, December 17, 1923

I Tatti

Gaddi A and T

Margaret Strong came to lunch, futile but pretty. I took Mrs. Ross to town and we brought up Mr. della Torre, who in spite of being an obvious fool held the rightest of right political opinions (i.e. ours!). Houghton was also here for tea.

Ojetti and De Filippi came to dine.

Nicky told of the custom in Calabria at the funeral of a young unmarried man. All the girls accompany the bier, singing and lamenting and pretending to tear their hair. If there is a fidanzata, she really tears her hair. They chant *stornelli*

“Fuoco mio acenerito”

“Bastimento mio affondato in mare”

and so on. Very poetic and pagan.

[369] Tuesday, December 18, 1923

I Tatti

Gray but beautiful mist

Finished the Gaddi.

Walked around Fiesole.

[370] Wednesday, December 19, 1923

I Tatti

{left blank}

[371] Thursday, December 20, 1923

I Tatti

Busy all morning with architect and plans to make Colombo a store-house, etc.

Stein and a horribly conceited friend of his named Einstein came to lunch tea, and the Mathers with their boy. I began to feel ill De Nicola also came.

[372] Friday, December 21, 1923

Fine

Went down with what seemed as if it would be one of my usual long spells of bronchitis. Now we shall see what the inoculation is worth. Passed a horrid day.

[373] Saturday, December 22, 1923

Fine

Began Spinello Aretino

Already better!! A triumph for the vaccine!

Mathers came to lunch.

[374] Sunday, December 23, 1923

Naima

Ray, Christopher, Barbara

Leslie Scott

Dull

Nearly well! But staying in bed by way of precaution.

Ray with Christopher and Barbara and Leslie arrived for lunch. Christopher went to bed at 3 and slept till next morning. They had a fearfully crowded and delayed journey -- and lost their trunk. This is no period of history to travel in, too many people, too little accommodation.

[375] Monday, December 24, 1923

Naima

Ray, Christopher, Barbara

Leslie Scott

Glorious

Got up and walked over to the Villino where the Anreps had just arrived. Heavenly day. The youngsters played in the stream.

Anreps to tea. Placci and Mrs. Cox to dine. Talked English politics and I fear Mrs. Cox was bored to death.

[376] Tuesday, December 25, 1923

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[377] Wednesday, December 26, 1923

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[378] Thursday, December 27, 1923

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[379] Friday, December 28, 1923

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[380] Saturday, December 29, 1923

I Tatti

Ray and children

Leslie Scott

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[381] Sunday, December 30, 1923

I Tatti

Ray and children

Leslie Scott

Fine

Teddy Wolfe and his friend Hy. Coster came to lunch, nice boys who played like angels with the children. I took them {inserted above: all} to the Roman Theatre at Fiesole, then to call on Mrs. Cox to the Villa Medici and we ended up with Mrs. Ross.

Felt awfully tired and nervous and Barbara’s caprices got on my nerves. Poor little creature, she is still so vehement and undisciplined!

[382] Monday, December 31, 1923

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