[001]

**Memoriale di Gabinetto pel 1926**

[*written over title page*]

Mary Whitall Berenson

I Tatti Settignano Florence

61 years old

Husband, brother, sister, 2 daughters, 4 grandchildren, and dear Nicky

[002]

**(back of title page)**

We think so because other people all think so

Or because- or because - after all we *do* think so

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

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

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

\_\_\_ Sidgwich in a

Dream in the early 1860’s

[003]

**Friday, January 1, 1926**

I Tatti

Our Silver Wedding!

Logan

Mayer

Nicky

Cecil Anrep

Kenneth Clark

Starting the year with great anxiety about poor Karin, whose ear is giving her trouble on her voyage to Bermuda. It sometimes seems as if my heart would break over her troubles.

The others are all well, Alys miraculously, cured of her cancer which first showed itself here just a year ago! Logan here with me, hoping to get cured of his chronic cystitis by a new Germicide sent him by Simon Flexner from the Rockefeller Institute. Ray well and apparently happy, and all the 4 grand children flourishing, except for an occasional temperature of Judith’s - She will soon be here for me to take care of.

Then Geoffrey, poor old Geoffrey. I know nothing, but I feel he is wretched, and apparently his ladylove, Vita Sackville-West, has got tired of him before he of her, and he has ruined his life here. Logan says that people in London “know” that he and Sybil will divorce.

Do I care really under my skin for anyone else, except Bernard and Nicky, whom I still have, well and safe? I like lots of people - I am fond of them, but God keep me from *caring*. Love is potential if not actual pain.

[004]

**Saturday, January 2, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Mayer

3 Anreps

K. Clark

Cecil Pinset

It was only Nicky last night who reminded us that it was our Silver Wedding Day! So we “celebrated” it this evening, with champagne and best wishes for a Golden Wedding. Deaf, blind, ailing, completely old \_\_\_\_ we may be *then.*

BB and I do not regret having married--that is a lot to say.

He finished his article on the Antonello fragment of the San Casciano altarpiece which he found at Budapest, and we began to read it with my corrections, this time with only a mildish row. It is, as a matter of fact, better written than usual, so I didn’t have to \_\_\_ over it till I was worn to a frazzle.

We had Mr and Mrs. Tork to lunch. He is professor of art at Vassar and she is -- deadly. Then BB and Mayer had a walk, and I went with Logan and Kenneth to see the Grand old Lady, Janet Ross.

Cecil Pinsent slept on my balcony. He said that if Sybil married Percy L\_\_\_\_ --

For whom I infer she means to divorce Geoffrey--

They could not be happy for she can’t adapt herself and Percy has a dangerous temper.

[005]

**Sunday, January 3, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Mayer

3 Anreps

K. Clark

Cecil Pinsent

Children first

Our first *really good* day for \_\_\_\_ weeks.

Glorious sunshine and sparkle in the air. We drank our coffee in the stanzone. BB and I finished going over his article, and he began another on Titian’s portrait of Vittoria Colonna, which he discovered also at Budapest. I typed about ⅓ of the MS.

BB and Alda and Mayer went to Monte Senario and walked. And I took Logan and Kenneth for our “Riveria Walk” over Fiesole, talking of Herbert Home and then to call at Villa Medici, where we found Sybil and Percy drinking tea and waiting for the Sunday visitors. Sybil shrilled on like a cicala and Percy beamed heavily and benevolently. I went up to see this so-called chaperone (who never leaves her room), Miss Keand Trawney.

[006]

**Monday, January 4, 1926**

I Tatti

Cloudy again

Logan

Clark

Mayer

Typing the “Budapest Antonello.” Took the “Morgan Walk” with the 2 boys (who loathe eachother) while B.B. and Placci (who came to lunch) walked and talked. Miss Rickertbrought Mr. and Mrs. Straute to tea - they teach drawing and music at Prince Max’s school in Baden - and she played *beautifully* on her violin, Bach’s Chaconne and 2 other things by Bach - a great pleasure.

Placci was feeling Queen Margherita’s illness very much - and she died in the night, as he expected.

Lucien Henraux is very ill again, another internal abscess.

*{skips three lines, new section}*

Took them off and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Ross and C\_\_ Orsi each paid ₤200 and bought it together. The then directors of the National Gallery saw it hanging in their dining-room, but thought they had paid too much for it, and anyhow the figures were too nude, so he left it to Bode, who bought it at once and gave them a fair profit on it.

[007]

**Tuesday, January 5, 1926**

Logan

Clark

Heavenly day

Finished Typing B.B.’s article on Antonello. It is written more simply than some and we haven’t torn eachother’s hair out over it.

Harold Acton came to lunch -- *poor* boy, he begins to look like his terribly vulgar father, whom he loathes. But he himself is a nicer, more gifted sort of human being.

I took Mrs. Ross to call on Lady Enniskillen who told us that poor Harold’s mother has come back with the “last thing” in costume from Paris, stockings to her thighs, no undergarment but a tiny shift, skirts well above the knees, close-shi\_\_\_ hair, sh\_\_\_ back from her high forehead, her eyebrows plucked out and replaced with a Japanese effect of black paint. She said she would “rather die” than not be in the fashion.

{*following section has one light line crossing it out*}

Mrs. Ross came to dine and we talked about Prophets and their queer ways. She also recounted how the great Signorelli Pan of Berlin had been given to the resto \_ Tricca to sell for its amen ~~the~~ a Vescovo who found it \_\_\_\_\_, thought he had had the figures covered with white shifts. Tricca

[008]

**Wednesday, January 6, 1926**

Glorious day Logan

Clark

Started at 10 for Prato with Clark and Mayer and Pellegrina and little Cecil Awrep. Saw everything, and there after lunch went to Artemino--that magnificent Villa--are of the big impressions of all Italy. It was interesting and pleasant, but for the great hatred there is between the two boys. In the evening, after Mayer had gone, we asked Clark why he disliked the American boy so much. It is Mayer’s sissy, affected, “\_\_\_\_” manners, his gestures, his clownishness. Logan feels the same. And I confess I have noticed it much more since Clark came on the scene. I think Mayer has an “inferiority complex” which leads him to accentuate his American-isms and his differences from Clark. It is unfortunate. BUt as he is able, he will soon have enough merit of his own to stand on, and will not then be cast into confusion by the English Public School manner.

Poor old Nicky is in real trouble over BB’S having taken a slightly amorous fancy for Pellegrina. She suffers, but quite needlessly.

[009]

**Thursday, January 7, 1926**

Logan

Clark

Fine

Nicky seems very unwell, and B.B. and I had a walk alone (the inner walk, this side) discussing all the ins and outs of wondering what we could do for the darling creature.

[010]

**Friday, January 8, 1926**

Logan

Clark

Evaline Austen-Saker

Logan and I had a meaningless lunch with Mrs. Pirie. Nothing doing - niente facendo.

B.B. and I walked - the “inner walk” on the *other* side, with Pellegrina and Clark. He is keen on coming out, but knows his parents will hate it, as our values (such as they are) have *no* prestige in their eyes. I said he should not \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ but first say he would “try” a year here, and would learn German and Italian, so that if he did not find it to his liking here he could get into diplomacy, which *has* prestige for them. He said it would be a \_\_\_, but who knows? Everything, except birth and death, and perhaps marriage, is tentative. The unexpected may happen and change the best laid plans.

Clark dined with Mrs. Ross, and the Consul and his wife dined with us and incited us to getting a Wireless Set.

[011]

**Saturday, January 9, 1926**

Anreps

Evaline Austen Saker

Logan

Clark

Fine

I took Clark and Maya and Pellegrina and Lyell (a young Oxford man sent by H.A.L Fisher) to Pistoia. We started early and saw all the sights, and then after lunch went out to the Cantagallo Villa and crept in by a back gate, encountered the decayed Toschkoff, like father and son, made friends, saw everything, drank some vin santo, and came away much pleased with having seen the beautiful XVIII gardens run down though it is.

I was amused at the young man who paid no more attention to Pellegrina than if she had been Fausto.

“You cannot expect him to kiss and be kind.

When the state of the pig-trade exposes his mind”

They were busy sight-seeing!

[012]

**Sunday, January 10, 1926**

Logan Fine

Clark

2 Anreps

Evaline Austin Sake

Naima

Looked at Titian School pictures with BB and Clark. At this rate it will take ten years to do our lists!!!

After lunch it was delicious sitting in the stanzone. The others walked to Bagazzano, and Logan and I toddled over to see Mrs. Ross. When we got back Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_ Woolf and their daughter, sent by the Levys, came to tea, and were unexpectedly nice. Hs is a silk merchant, so good looking that BB asked his wife how she caught him. She wittingly replied “I was goodlooking too when I was young” (but I doubt it).

Naima came hot foot from a night at Arezzo with Gnoli. What *Agonies* she suffered  two years ago, when she really loved him, and he stopped writing and made an idiotic marriage. And now, when he seems to *care*, she doesn’t love him any more.

[013]

**Monday, January 11, 1926**

Logan

Clark

Evaline Austen-Saker

Fine

Looked at Titian School pictures.

Nicky in pain all night. Dr. Gigholi came and said it might be appendicitis - and indeed I hope so, it would offer such a comprehensible explanation of her state since 2 years, of fatigue and melancholy and aging, premature aging, which has cast B.B. and me into such despair. It was in Sept. 1923 that suddenly her Radiance disappeared. If it is *only* appendicitis, it can be dealt with.

We had a glorious walk to the Tree, Evaline Austen-Saker, Clark, B.B. and I. What a sunset!

B.B. and Clark and I dined at De Filippi’s with Mrs. Ross- a pleasant evening owing largely to the geniality of our host.

Ray writes me of “cold and abortive \_\_\_\_” at Chilling which the children “greatly enjoyed”

[014]

**Tuesday, January 12, 1926**

I Tatti

Awfully cold suddenly Logan

Clark

Baroness

Worked on Titian. Kenneth is very intelligent. I took Mrs. Ross to the Cinema “Il Fantasma dell’Opera” but she said, like Queen Victoria, “We are not amused”.

Di Gigioli came and said he thought Nicky *had* appendicitis, but wanted further special examination.

Percy \_\_\_\_ came to dine. It was a bit difficult because Evaline does not mix readily and scarcely understand English and Logan and Percy and Kenneth sat exchanging local and learned remarks. However, it was kind not to town her out to stay for the day in a Florence Pension. She has lost all her money, like the rest of the Baltic Barons, and desperately wants worth, but is too delicate to do any and one feels rather baffled and hopeless. She has turned Catholic--I hope it is a comfort to her.

[015]

**Wednesday, January 13, 1926**

I Tatti

Austen-Saker

Mrs. Winty Chanler

Frightfully cold. Water frozen in pipes

It was too cold to keep engagements in town, but Mr. and Mrs. Morris Woolf and their daughter came to lunch. He is a very sensible and nice man. We felt the daughter quite hopeless, with futile art aspirations.

Mrs. Winty Chanler arrived at 3.30. I had not seen her for 4  years, and she *looked older*. But later I found her nice face again. Ojetti came to tea and we discussed the origin and permanence of Gothic architecture and what “baroque” came from. No one *knew* anything about it, nor does anyone really.

I called on Lina 6.15-7.30, as Aunt Janet would not let her come out in the cold and snow. She is going to London to speak to the Committee of Foreign Affairs about Fascism and Labour. McClure and Cunand and all her  journalist friends in Rome warned her not to take part in a debate on Fascism, *if she wanted to come back to Italy!*

[016]

**Thursday, January 14, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Kenneth Clark

Mrs. Chauler

Deep snow! Evaline

A strenuous and perhaps futile day, but redeemed by a morning of (perhaps also futile) work. Placci came to lunch, and Mrs. Chauler’s musician son, Theodore, and his musician friend, Roger Sessions. After lunch with much talk, and, after the naps of the aged, we listened to a “Suite” by Sessions, very modern and discordant, but powerful and of a rhythm that swayed one. Then came Mrs Cabot to tea, very indiscreetly bringing 2 people with her - an ex-opera-singer named Hampson, with amazingly florid manners, and a Madame Bianchi, niece and triagrapher of Emily Dickinson (an American poet), herself “the last expiring wriggle of the Transcendental Movement,” as B.B. described her. Very intense and soulful. She and the barocque [*sic*] Mr. Hampson are writing a novel together, called “The Eternal Chimera” -- !! After they went, Young Chauler sang some of his very talented “Epigraphs.”

Though B.B. rested, and never came down to the music, he felt crowded and tired and exasperated and

{*continues onto next page*}

[017]

**Friday, January 15, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Kenneth Clark

Mrs. Chauler

Melting but cloudy and heavy

{*continued from previous page*}

began the morning by forbidding me ever again to have a musician in his house, by refusing a visit from  Desmond MacCarthy, and saying he never meant to let Logan come again on a visit. He will end by having nothing but a harem of scared women around him, who combine to deceive and manage him. Or he would end so, but I shall not let him. He is in a dreadful state of nerves, but I hope he will get better. I am well (owing to my diet I think) and don’t get too much upset by his rages and follies.

In the afternoon I took Mr. Chauler down and went to see Mrs. Cox and Allyn, who has had the fashionable influenza (intestinal) and is not well yet. I renewed our passports and called on Harry Coster’s people.

B.B. and Kenneth dined with Strong, and we had a quiet evening with Mr. Chanler, who is very nice and loves reading, but a bit muddle-headed. A nice human being, though: but I always get sleepy when with her.

[018]

**Saturday, January 16, 1926**

Rain Logan

Naimi

Mr. Chanler

Horrible day of every conceivable thing going wrong and BB cross. The annoyances reached their climax when Parry forgot to give Kenneth his keys along with his ticket and luggage cheque at the station--!!

Brazzioni’s man also came and put down a carpet all wrong. Sent for Brazzoni, who confessed that it was a “porcheria”.

Ray writes that she means to keep her house, as she cannot live in it with Julia, nor keep any servants when that inconsiderate young female is there. She will put Julia and her father into lodgings, and herself live at Copse Cottage, when Christopher goes to school at Charleston. Is this an unadvertised separation? I really do not know.

Foot letter from Armand Burke: November 1st 1895 9 Via Soffricco, Florence…

“I am not yet ready to offer proof of competence as a scholar in art history. My reading during the past year has been wide

[019]

**Sunday, January 17, 1926**

Logan Fine

Naima

Mrs. Chanler

Logan lunched at Villa Medici. We had Brockwell piloting Lady Walchter and Miss Buee (niece of Lord Cav), but BB talked gossip with ~~them~~ Mr. Chanler and loudly spoke to them --very awkward, and I wondered at Mrs. Chanler, who ought to be more \_\_\_\_ du monde than to monopolize the host in whose house she is staying!

We took the “Morgan Walk” in deep snow on the North side and slush and running brooks in the South. Then came Placci to tea, bringing the Malvezzi de Infedici’s and Count (?) Zogheb, and they stayed till 7.

[020]

**Monday, January 18, 1926**

Fine

Logan

Byba’s wedding. Called on Mrs. Ross and then went at 5 to Or. Dammichele where the Protestant Catholic ceremony was blessed, and then to the Reception, where I saw the 2 mothers-in Law eating their way firmly through all the good things, to restore them from their worries. Byba looked really *lovely*, in the prettiest wedding-dress I have ever seen.

I called on Allyn Cox to say goodbye, as he leaves tomorrow, after his long tiresome attack of this year’s form of influenza (intestinal).

A most pleasant quiet evening with just our 4 selves. Mrs. Chanler left early.

Mrs. Thomas Lamart writes: “Tom, being Pres. of the Italo-American Society, we had to entertain {*inserted above*: the} Volkis on their recent War-Debt visit. We had them to dinner and took them to the Opera. We arrived very late, thereby incurring the enmity of everyone. The Morgans had given us their box, so that we were horribly conspicuous. From the minute we entered the box, great, fat, bearded Italians kept bursting in, saying in loud full tones ‘Ah Conte Volki, Felicitazione! Bella Italia! Viva Mussolini! Aren’t you the boy! Human for you (only in Italian of course) till I nearly died of shame, because the people in the other boxes looked such daggers at us. Finally, one man came, more bearded, more fat, more loud voiced and enthusiastic than all the others put together. The people in the next box could stand it -

{*continues onto next page*}

no longer (someone on the stage was dying to low soft music) and they told the man to keep quiet. Afterwards *they* nearly died of chagrin, for the man proved to be the all-powerful Gatti-Cazzati, the Director of the Metropolitan Opera House! It was just as if you were driving at Buckingham Palace, and said to King George “There, that will do! We’ve heard enough from *you*!”

[021]

**Tuesday, January 19, 1926**

Logan

Mixed snow threatening

Rain

B.B. at the head of a great lunch party of dependents - what funny situations life pushes as slowly into! Me Miss. Richert

Nicky Elizabeth Frasier

Pellegrina Nando della Shifa

Logan laughs a lot and calls it a sort of miniature Court, full of jealousies, as all courts are. How absurd to be in a “position of influence.” I must have got hard-boiled at about 30, for I cannot rise to these glories.

At 3 Mrs. Coster and her daughter, Countess Salm called. She is a gay, superficial, pleasant old lady. Mrs. Anthony, heavy and hideous, also came and I took her to see Mrs Ross’ Villa (to be). Ouida came about the Vienna Giorgione.

Logan and I went to town and had a look around the Antiquity shops. Little of interest.

Parry tried our radio in the evening. It uttered appalling squeals from Madrid and London and Prague.

[022]

**Wednesday, January 20, 1926**

Fine but midday

Logan

Judith

Placci came to lunch and was most amusing. He walked with BB and stayed to tea.

[023]

**Thursday, January 21, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fairish

Grana and Suida came to lunch--I fell out of the German conversation and had a nap in my chair.

Countess Lützow and Dubsky came to tea. The former talked gossip with Logan. She said their side of the river--Bellaguardo, Villa dei Ciolli, looked down on our Fiesole and Settignano side as not a bit chic--And they are right.

[024]

**Friday, January 22, 1926**

Cloudy Logan

Judith

“Count” Zogheb (Egyptian and Syrian) came to lunch, but we did not really take to him. He is going to buy a villa here, but we shan’t see much of him. I am sure.

Went to town to buy Judith’s boy’s such. She is very sweet, but she always has a little farm in the afternoon. Dr. Giglioli is taking her in hand.

To tea came Mr and Mrs Faulker (Senda’s friends), and Mrs. Cox bringing a young Mr and Mrs Chaperau (he is a singer) and then Col and Mrs Ballard. She is Miss Blood’s niece and Mrss Blood left her Villa Doccia. She seemed nice. The other left me indifferent.

Aldo Ricci came to dine, an exceptionally nice young fellow, Prof of English at Pisa and in the British Institute.

[025]

**Saturday, January 23, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Naima

Cecil

Alda

Fine

Had a glorious walk, Nicky, B.B. and I, around the Quarries and so to Villa Medici where we called to say goodbye to Sybil, who is off to Sicily, with Mr. Davis, really, though she pretends it is with Iris. But Iris is in Switzerland and may or may not join her. Percy Lubbock received us with every air of host. It is an absurd situation. And poor Geoffrey’s laughter. Vita Sackville-West (Nicholson) has gone to join her husband a Teheran, so he is left alone. Cecil thinks he will fall in love again quanto prima. That would be an anticlimax- but quite human.

[026]

**Sunday, January 24, 1926**

Naima Logan

Fine Judith

Terrible scenes because of my dinner-party (a “duty” one), which in the end passed off most pleasantly, with de Filippi and his sister in-law, and the Pirries. Mrs. Ross could not come, which made it easier, as she is getting very deaf.

Another row because I asked Bapson Bunaugh’s daughter. I *had* to and after all it is not her fault if her father chains up with a wretch like Laughton Douglas. Douglas may be useful to the Museum for all I know. BB is so touchy and suspicious he lives in a kind of hell--fortunately escaping by the intensity and breadth of his impersonal interests.

I went to bed after lunch, feeling very ill: but had to get up for dinner, as he was so raging about the whole affair. I have been inoculated against bronchitis, so I daresay this attack will be very light.

How to draw the right line between [boredom, meaningless people] unkindness neighbors

[027]

**Monday, January 25, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine

In bed all day with a cold.

Betty B\_\_\_\_\_ (Marsh) and her pleasant husband came to lunch, and of course B.B. like her enormously. I pointed this out to him and (for once!) he said I was right. It is hard to learn the lesson, but I must just go ahead without paying any attention to the wild things he says. If only I could really trust *my own* judgement! How easy it would be if I could lean on him - but I cannot. We should have hardly any *relations suivies* in the world, if it depended on him, he is so moody and capricious and, must add, suspicious, poor man.

I finished Child’s “Across Asia Minor on Foot.”

Enjoyed the day in bed.

Nicky and B.B. went to Grassi’s but did not find any pictures of importance. Logan called on Kernon Lee.

[028]

**Tuesday, January 26, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine

Evidently the inoculation has been of use, for the cold-influenza that began in a regular 3 week’s manner has GONE. I am up and well!

A \_\_\_\_\_ of H lawyers Mr. vice-consul and a typist came up to take Bernard’s evidence about a \_\_\_ “Raphael” and when they said it would be lengthy, he turned and fled and would not see them any more. How *can* he??

The Malvezzi’s came to lunch, he interesting, she pretty and commonplace. These wives!

[029]

**Wednesday, January 27, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine

Placci came to lunch and had a walk with B.B. I walked round the garden with Logan. He read us his article on St. Beuve in the evening, which we thought very good. He has began to write again - the result of his new Cure -- but it knocks him off his sleep. It was delightful to have a quiet evening to ourselves.

Judith tells me that Ann, who is very beautiful, wants to stain her face with walnut-juice, so as to look ugly! She is sick of being always chosen to play fairies and queens, and would rather be a witch or a hobgoblin. People are never contented with what they have!

Judith, however, is for the moment utterly contented with a little Pig Nando has given her, and dances off to see it at every possible moment. She has called it “Celestino.”

[030]

**Thursday, January 28, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Rainy

Della Shifa and his sister Flavia came to lunch.

B.B. and Nicky called on Mr. Murray and saw his remarkable collection of miniatures.

We dined with the Consul who had Commander and Mrs. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Hearn and Mr. and Mrs. Atwood. It was moderately pleasant, but of course involved us in further social complications - a reason for never dining out!

The new volume of Proust has come -- “Albertine Disparue” - Logan says.

[031]

**Friday, January 29, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Rain

A young German named Neumayer came to lunch and turned out to be very intelligent. He has written on the Gothic Revival in Germany and was most interested in Logan’s study of the word “*Romantic”.*

We dined with Strong in the evening. Margaret went to America a month ago but has never written to him--He thinks young people who don’t write letters “ought to be spanked”.

[032]

**Saturday, January 30, 1926**

So so

Logan

Judith

Naima

Anreps

Cecil Pinsent

Flora Priestly came to lunch, talkative as usual and boasting of her “young body” (since she can’t of her wrinkled old face of *68*) but still a lady and nice. I got her off after the walk, as BB said he couldn’t bear it. Some friends of Senda’s came to tea but I have already completely forgotten them.

[033]

**Sunday, January 31, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Naima

Anrep

Cecil Pinsent

Rainy

Walk in mud and rain. I felt too ill to go on. Cecil finally got disgusted with our Radio. It is horrible.

Mrs. Wells, wife of the admiral of the American Fleet, called and Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, Americans are very -- chancy. If these were English one would fit them into Balh\_\_ and Tooting Camion with University Extension lectures as their highest Culture. But the Atwoods are great friends of Cecilia Beaux and Mrs Wells is the wife of the head of our Fleet! She said that “scientists had ascertained that the relatives of Central America were Chinese” !!

Much much better - a world apart - was Logan’s young Spanish disciple Don Julio Irazusta, who came to tea and stayed to dine, and talked most interestingly about Spanish literature. It happens he was fascinated by B.B. in spite of the fact that Gamtagana had warned him “not to believe a word B.B. said.”

[034]

**NOTE**

Logan

Judith

Chief personal events.

Arrival of Logan and Judy.

Began my Book of am Travels and Studies 1890-1900.

[035]

**Monday,  February 1, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Betty and Reginald Marsh

Dull

The Marshes came over after lunch and I took them to the Tree, while BB and Nicky called on the Davidssohns. He seems to be a worse “Calamity Howler” than even BB, and thinks Italy means to go to war with Switzerland!!

Chatted with Betty in the evening--her husband is entirely silent. She is very frank about her own life and her parents Bryson is by no means easy to live with, and is eaten up with ambition rentreé, as his art has had no success. Far from being the Fawn we used to think him--!

[036]

**Tuesday,  February 2, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine

B.B. and Pellegrina had their usual walk. I hope she isn’t falling in love with him. It is playing with fire, and he is as irresponsible as most people are under such circumstances.

I went with Judy and the Ballards and their little daughter to the Quarries and Judy organized Robbers and Pirates and God knows what. I feel almost too ill to move.

Lady Colefax: “This morning in my waking-up moment I dreamt of you. I was arriving - a blissful adventure - at your door - and you were there with welcome -- it was the nicest dream I ever had - and how about it? As they say here.

[037]

**Wednesday,  February 3, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine and then heavy rain

Placci came to lunch. Poor Lucien Henraux is dangerously ill and has been for months. Placci and BB had a walk and I took Nicky to her Nursing Home and then ~~paid~~ did a few errands, but felt like the Devil.

Walked in garden with Logan and could scarcely drag my feet along.

[037]

**Thursday,  February 4, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine

Nicky was operated for appendicitis and all went well. No complications. Thank heaven! We were all scared there, for the gynaecologist had said she had better have her ovaries removed, and it turned out they were all right. He gave us a fortnight’s real anxiety. Dear, sweet Nicky. Miss Cox came to lunch. Salevimini writes to her every day!! I developed a slight bronchitis with fever at 100, and began to dose myself with homeopathic medicine (Bryonia) that seemed to help me so on leaving Vienna, when I had come to the end of the “regular” remedies. Began again *George Sand* by Karnenina.

BB told Naima that my illness came because I was so imprudent about Judith, and when she remonstrated (for I have been most careful) he got into such a rage that she came to my room weeping! Fortunately he has not tried that talk with me. Facts make no impression on a soul consumed with jealousy. Poor BB! Demanding the impossible--but not willing to give it. He has *no idea* of live and let live.

[038]

**Friday,  February 5, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Fine

Nicky better, all going perfect. I am not much better, but most thankful that B.B. refrains from going for me about little Judith, who is no trouble at all, with her excellent nurse.

A letter from Karin says *her face as moved*, but she is afraid to trust it.

B.B. dined with Strong.

A deep voice which I took to be a man’s telephoned of a letter introduction from Rothenstein, so I said Come up to lunch. The voice driver came and it was the Actress Lillah McCarthy and she brought a horrible bewigged and painted \_\_\_\_. She is now “Lady” Keeble, her so\_\_\_\_\_\_, Sir Alfred Mond, having got a Knighthood for the little Oxford Don she married after the Grouville B      tempest was spent. He has given her a house in Boars Hill, and she talks of building one in the Riviere and bringing a yacht. They said her atmosphere was horrible.

[039]

**Saturday,  February 6, 1926**

Logan

The Marshes

Cecil

Naima

Judith

*Glorious*

Still in bed, still reading George Sand.

BB called on Nicky, who is getting on very well but has pains in her back from not being able to move. The cut doesn’t hurt her.

I got up after dinner and joined them in the Library, but had a relapse into fierce coughing and fever in the night.

BB was talking of Michelangelo and how pitiful au fard that the highest expression of his genius should be so ridiculous. Colossal figures slipping off of volutes! He said that Michaelangelo was like the Captain in Moby Dick, always trying to harpoon a patentous and mammoth whale that forever eluded him.

He said --but is this true?-- that Mermaids in art came from misunderstood Egyptian figures of the slim little wives standing by their colossal husband’s knees.

[040]

**Sunday,  February 7, 1926**

Logan

The Marshes

Cecil

Naima

Judith

Overcast

Geoffrey has never written to inquire after Nicky. He shows no interest whatsoever in anyone here, yet complains about being “strangely cut off from Florence.” Cecil wrote him a very affectionate letter  to ask, he has made no reply.

I got up but did not feel very mighty.

Gave back the Radio which is too horrible!

B.B. went in to see Nicky, who is getting on splendidly and \_\_\_\_ have champagne and grapefruit juice.

[041]

**Monday,  February 8, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Rainy

Still a fever and feeling like ----. But still Nicky is better; dear creature.

Lalla Vauderwelde came to lunch. She is taking a house at Forte de Marmi “to write a novel,” her unspeakably vulgar Reminiscences “Monarchs and Millionaires” having been a success. We suspect she is having an affair with Loeser. She was jolly and intelligent (up to a point), and Logan, who had characterized her as Mud liked her more than he could have imagined.

Poor Karin has already got tired of her “Fan” at Nassau and has by now gone to visit Mr. Cannon in Florida. I am sure nothing but work and the companionship of her intellectual equals will ever make her happy.

[042]

**Tuesday,  February 9, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Rainy

Just up, but not well.

Lalla Vanderweld came to lunch. Logan found her more endurable than he expected. Her vitality partly atones for her vulgarity. She said

Van Marte came to lunch, pondermon and coarse. What a dreadful thing to have such a man touch art!

Favles and Lowengarde came to dine-- usual  dilader’s gossip.

Poor Lucien Henraux died in the hospital at Newilly.

[043]

**Wednesday,  February 10, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Rainy

Miserable weather. I did not venture out.

Favles and Löwengarde came again to dine. They told us that *Busdani*is resurrected under the name of Beaumont, and of course is in with with Centini and that gang of scoundrelly dealers. All the world thought him dead, dead as Busdani to his old friends and as the Marquis de Beauvoir to his anew.

[044]

**Thursday,  February 11, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Of this day of Illness and Rain I remember nothing except finishing the 3rd volume of Karemine's "George Sand". But in the evening Logan read to BB and me his first "Letter to Kenneth" in English Prose, consisting chiefly of antobiography and BB and I were enchanted. It may turn out the best thing he  has done. It was a centumiaten of an evening in the writer of 1897-8, at Il Fontebrio, when we compiled the "Golden hour" and read the Bible aloud, searching always for "Poebre" in prose

and verse. BB and have been side- tracked by other interests. but Logan has gone steadily on, and has made a career of itAnd a beautiful career.

[045]

**Friday,  February 12, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Getting finer but still damp.

The Malvezzis came to lunch and stayed till nearly 4. Too long. She gets worn out, and it is such a fearful interruption to a busy life.

Mrs. Cox came to dine, and B.B. brought back from Nicky’s “Marie-Cri” (Baroness Woulff), who seemed nicer than we have ever known her, quieter and more sensible. Her defect is never listening to a word says. It makes conversation - queer!

Mrs. Cox was ever - arch and noisy as usual, but she is amusing.

I called on Miss Trelawney at the Villa Medici. She is very ill, done for, I fear. But plucky and awfully nice.

[046]

**Saturday,  February 13, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Alda Getting fine

Cecil

Bertie

Naima

I took Miss Paget (and Betty Marsh) to Lockoff’s studio. Canst then draw up Leviathan with a hook? It was a fabulous morning, with Vernon Lee as deaf as a post and Lockoff roaring an endless uninterrupted stream of technical explanations into her bewildered ears. But I had the blessed sense that it was an Occasion!

Sessions, the musician came to lunch, and we liked him better. How silly of me to pay any attention to what BB says! All this time I haven’t asked him, because BB said he must “never enter the house again”, being of the abhorred race of musicians.

Alda and Bertie and Cecil and Naima came up and we chatted pleasantly in the evening.

Geoffrey hasn’t written to anyone yet, but Logan hears from Miss \_\_\_\_ that he complains of poverty and that he “cannot face a winter at Villa Medici”.

BB Logan and I called on Nicky.

[047]

**Sunday,  February 14, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Alda

Bertie

Naima

Glorious Spring

*My 62 Birthday*

Strolled about in the morning - it was too beautiful to stay indoors. The Marshes came and stayed to lunch. Walked from San Clemente in the afternoon, but a little walking was enough for me, as I am only beginning to convalesce.

I decided to let Bertie Anrep have a chicken farm here. It will give him something to do, poor man, and he has always for a boy loved that uninspired bird. I anticipate only material loss from it, but it will mean a lot to us all to have him occupied. Alda is so splendid, with endless lessons and her publishing house is work.

Naima has been a raging temper, for she says (and of course it’s true) that B.B. cares more for Nicky than he does for her. Is this the way to make him care for her??

Mrs. Ross sent me over a splendid present of old Nuremberg lace.

B.B. sent Folco Farinola at Nicky’s and asked him to dinner --! This after 20 years of vowing he would never speak to the man again.

[048]

**Monday,  February 15, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Glorious spring colder towards evening

The Potters came to lunch … but why, really? It doesn’t do to ask such questions.

B.B. walked with Pellegrina (there’s too much -- there!) and called on dear Nicky.

I called on Mrs. Ross and then received De Nicola, who has not carried out the promise of his youth. Drink and Dissipation are setting their marks on him.

Logan lunched with Miss. Paget. He read us in the evening his first enchanting “Letter” [to Kenneth Clarke] on English Prose and how to learn to write it. We were delighted with it and thought it might turn out to be the best thing he had done. The evening was like a continuation of those evenings at the Frullino between 1897 and 1900 when we compiled the “Golden \_\_\_\_,” and vivisected Shakespeare and Milton and Keats and the Bible for snatches of “Poetry.” Logan has gone right on, B.B. and I have strayed into other paths, no being writers. Logan says he has traced ancestor writers back for 6 generations.

[049]

**Tuesday,  February 16, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Count Morra

continued from the 18th--

called on A\_\_\_ Placci, who said that poor Elizabetta Henraux was absolutely broken (after months of glorious courage) by Lucien’s death.

Then I called for Nicky and brought her home. She thought she was well, but found she was really very weak.

After lunch Logan and I told Capecchi where to plant almond-trees and walnut and weeping-willows and then BB and I took the Morgan Walk. It was beautiful beyond words.

Conte Morra di Laureans arrived for Cortona, and we have a pleasant tea. Coney de Nicola came) and a pleasant evening.

The fine festivities of l’ueticus giorno di Carnevale are fast dazing out. 20 years ago all the peasants used to rush about their fields with flaming torches to exact sympathetic magic on the sun, for the crops. Now it is left to the children and is a fable thing Little Judy said almost at its last gasp.

[050]

**Wednesday,  February 17, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Count Morra

Fine

In spite of the sacred date, Mrs. Ross and Lady Enniskillen came to lunch. Logan was very witty and amusing. He is a great asset in society. A German student, Neumayer, also came to lunch.

Morra had to go off to Turin at night on account of the death of his friend Gobetti. He feared the young widow and baby might be left ~~alone~~ penniless. I think he does many a kindness to his friends. He is a lovable, dear man, and interesting too. It is almost incredible how congenial he is!

[051]

**Thursday,  February 18, 1926**

Logan

Nicky home

Judith

Count Morra

Cooler but very beautiful

Tuesday 16 Feb.

I took the Marshes and Elizabeth to see the Botticelli Annunciation which is being restored (Scala). Betty’s power of absorbtion in a work of art is *very* limited. Her little teacup is quickly filled*.*

Then I -- go back 2 pages

[052]

**Friday,  February 19, 1926**

Logan

Nicky home

Judith

Conte Morra

Coldish

Miss Paget came to lunch but I took ~~her and~~ Logan alone to see the Botticelli (no, with Miss Rickert), as Miss Paget felt rather ill. We talked chiefly of Praust, whose last book “Albertine Disparue” is just out.

Mr. and Mrs Benson came up to dinner, both deaf, a great strain after Vernon’s stony deafness!

[053]

**Saturday,  February 20, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Judith

Naima

Alda

Fine

The Bensons came to lunch. We were glad they did not stay with us. The stain of deafness is very great, h\_\_\_\_ mind all sympathisers, and God knows, I *do* sympathize! Very few manage it as well as Karin and Helen Flexner. But they both got deaf young, and had time to learn. If it comes in old age, people are too unelastic [*sic*] and too lazy to take it in hand.

The Costers came to dine, and we thought them both improved (for the present!) by matrimony.

[054]

**Sunday,  February 21, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Naima

Alda

Fine

Paolini came with some pictures at 11. A young friend of Lina Hohenlohe. Conte Willy Coronini Cronberg (Hotel Nazionale) came to lunch, but did not make a very favourable impression.

Walked and played with Judith, chatted in the evening.

[055]

**Monday,  February 22, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Morra

Fine

Ct. Morra arrived at 8.10 from Turin. Herr Hofrath Gluck. Director of the Vienna Gallery came to lunch. I went to town with Logan to order him a suit, and then called on the Cabots, who were having a “Tea” - a ghastly affair, which I crept out of without seeing more than half a dozen people I don’t want to meet.

Logan is ~~writing a~~ continuing his most genial autobiography, and is enjoying it. I haven’t seen him so well for many years.

Logan and I went to Bertie’s famour “private family with wonderful antiques to sell,” and of course it was a miserable plant. I fear Bertie isn’t very clever at business.

[056]

**Tuesday,  February 23, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Morra

Princess Mary, Princess Lara, Town and Taxis Glorious

Raffaela P\_\_\_ came to lunch and BB and Pellegrina and Morra had a walk with her to the tree and went back to her house out Fiesole to lunch.

Princess Mary of Turn and Taxis and her granddaughter, Princess Lora, arrived about 6, having motored all the way from Rome in the day! Pleasant talk in the evening.

Ray gave up going to Barbara’s school, as the child quieted down. Poor wilful creature.

The derriere of the Princess is a most mysterious thing. She \_\_\_\_ like a sheep and then there is a man that gyrates, but whether it is herself or something she wears, we couldn’t determine!

[057]

**Wednesday,  February 24, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Morra

Princess Mary

Princess Lara

Glorious

Walked Madame Narischkine and Baron Stiebl to lunch. Princess Mary says she has seen 3 different men with Madame. N. each calling himself Baron Steibl, one young and handsome and alert, another drabled up and shrivelled, and now a fat and florid and jolly one!

Our visitors got strangely glazed eyes when any topic of general interest came up, but Stiebl was strong on the details of the arrest and imprisonment (for 8 months!) of 2 young Englishmen who when drunk on Mardi Gras said “Porco Mussolini.”

~~B.B.~~ B.B. and Morra and I took the inside walk and I called on Mrs. Ross it is her 84th birthday. She seems tragically alone.

De Filippi and the German Consul and and De Filippi’s sister came to tea, and Cecil to dinner. The Principessina is very heavy and hard (for us) to talk to. Princess Mary is unfortunately growing deaf, but she is jolly and lively and keen.

[058]

**Thursday,  February 25, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Morra

Princess Mary

Princess Lara

Glorious

We had our lunch “to ourselves”, and BB and I took the Magare Walk, so it was a quiet day inspite of visitors. Burke and Brookwell and Vittoria Giulioni came to tea.

A rhetorical letter from Placci, who is evidently spaling for his peridonical quarrel. Now that we agree about politics he has \_\_\_ out from Sister Addie, to whom we are not attentive enough, horrible old bore that she is. BB says that she “died” for him and began to shirk when she became an ancient Nationalist and talked of the “right” or Italy to \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_ and thought God was on Italy’s side in her “sacred” war. Much better to keep them apart, BB and she, but Placci wouldn’t admit it, but thinks he has a string in all his pleasure of frequenting us. But of BB’s laconic comment, “Dawn!” I have concurred a Masterpiece of Fact to calm him down.

Countess Litgow and the fascinating Keelaw and a cousin of the Princess, Count Tura came to dine. Logan was very brilliant, and was captivated by the Kuehn.

[059]

**Friday,  February 26, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Judith

Morra

Cecil

Alda

Naima

Glorious

The Princess left at 7.30, and left a very pleasant memory. She is keen and alive in spite of being seventy years old, intelligent and cultivated (in spite of believing in the Island of Atlantic, in Astronomy and palm-reading and Keyserling!). But what of her fat, lumpy granddaughter? Just fit to hand on the torch of life, B.B. says.

{*following paragraph boxed in with arrow pointing to February 27*}

Lady Waechter, the Loesers and a Chicago friend of theirs, a rich and pretty Mrs. Epstein, and Brockwell came to lunch, and was sat a long time in the stanzone enjoying the sunshine.

B.B. and I dined with Strong. His daughter has been nearly 3 months in America and hasn’t written to him once. She is a true member of the class Logan calls “*painted crocodiles*.”

The Stoclets called, very pleasant as usual.

[060]

**Saturday,  February 27, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan

Judith

Morra

Cecil

Alda

Naima

Still glorious

B.B. and I had a nice walk.

Judy has a high temperature and has gone to bed.

Logan and I went to the tailors, and B.B. took Nicky a drive.

[061]

**Sunday,  February 28, 1926**

I Tatti

Logan Judith

Alda Morra

Cecil Naima

Getting cold and cloudy

Vittoria Ginhani and Bertie von Anrep came to lunch. A lot of chattering. I have no excuse for myself, but that sort of gathering drives me wild with a sense of futility and ennui. Though I like to hear people laughing and seeming gay.

Naima and B.B. and I had a walk and came back to find a young friend of Morra’s here. Baresi by name, very ardent in politics, idealistic - young!

Pleasant enough evening. Morra is a real “Milver.”

Little Judith has 102° temperature, but seems gay and happy. Of course we keep her in bed.

[062]

**NOTE**

I Tatti

Logan Judith

Alda Morra

Cecil Naima

This year has begun well with these new young friends. Hyatt Mayor, Kenneth Clark and Conte Morra. Great luck for us.

I am getting too old to enjoy the responsibility of children.

THE events of this month are Logan’s recovery and his beginning his autobiography: Nicky’s operation and recovery: Morra’s visit.

Judith better, still in bed.

[063]

**Monday, March 1, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Morra

Trevy

Cold again ~~but fine~~

Trevy arrived at 3.30 This time he has actually brought a dress-suit!

Mr General Spears came to lunch. She is appalling, yet somehow interesting and likeable. He is a sinister A\_\_\_\_--or seems so. *Why* does BB like to have such people?? HE wants to have them come again!

Judith still in bed.

Logan and I took a mild walk, while BB and Trevy took a more strenuous one.

[064]

**Tuesday, March 2, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Morra

Trevy

Colder but fine

Mrs. Cabot and her “painted crocodile” came to lunch. Her mind is a rosy mush of optimism, spirals, mysticism, new thought etc, etc. The Mother’s I mean. She got B.B. with spirals. Some things are intolerable. Why talk with people who hold such views?

Logan and I went in to the tailor’s and I called on Mrs. Ross who is ill again. The Malvezzis came to tea and stayed an awfully long time. Italians have a different social sense from ours!

But the evening was pleasant. Talking about books, etc. Logan knows how to give the conversation a snap, and B.B. is an endless source of interest. Trevy *cares* about books and is a great dear.

Judith’s fever is a little higher.

B.B. walked with Pellegrina refusing in a very marked manner to take anyone else.

[065]

**Wednesday, March 3, 1926**

Logan

Judith

Trevy

Glorious

Mrs. Lathrop and her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tabor, from Princeton, came to lunch. Quite meaningless. Why does one do it? And BB said he would dine with them--!!

Logan and I went to a nursery garden but found Nothing. I called on Mrs. Ross. BB and Nicky took the “Inside Walk”.

Trevy brought up his friends, the Clifford Allens, to tea, and it went off all right, though neither BB nor I had wanted them. He has an angelic (not fanatical) face. Byba brought Mrs. Durst who seemed nice. Morra left in his car after lunch. Nice young man. There ought to be one in every house.

Judith is 101°, poor wee mite. She is *so* pretty, so gay, such a little darling.

[066]

**Thursday, March 4 1926**

Logan

Judith

Trevy

Fine

Logan and I, the others giving out, took tear at Loeser’s. *What* an uncomfortable house! And even when tea was announced, Loeser went on showing us his medals and things, till our stomachs fairly ached. Loeser is always the same. He used to be just like that 30 years ago, nay 35!

The Dubskys and Spears came to dine, a rather meaningless evening, with a debate on War V. Pacifism between Dubsky and Spears. {*with arrow pointing*} This was Friday.

B.B. and I dined with Strong. We all went to sleep. Nicky and Trevy dined with Pars at Fiesole.

[067]

**Friday, March 5 1926**

Logan

Judith

Trevy

Rain

*Snow!!*

Day devoted to Judith in bed, as I let her nurse, Daisy, go out. She is a frisky gay little thing, very positive.

[068]

**Saturday, March 6 1926**

Logan

Judith

Trevy

Alda Cold but fine

Bertie

Naima

Lady Waechter came to lunch and was very nice. Quite harmless.

Very despairing letter from poor Senda. I fear it is clear that her husband won’t get well.

Bernard and Nicky and Trevy went to Monte Senario and took their walk in deep freshfallen snow.

[069]

**Sunday, March 7 1926**

Logan

Judith

Trevy

Alda, Bertie, Naima

Fine

Very bored, somehow. Naima thinks I have an attack of shingles on the sciatic nerve. I have two spots with bubbles, and the tedium [*sic*] vitae may be the result of mild shingles. \_\_\_ that very interesting book - passionately interesting to us expatriated Americans! - “The Pilgrimage of Henry James” by Van Wyck Brook, raised me from my stupor.

All the others went for a walk. I played with Judith and called with Logan on Mrs. Ross. Judy’s first day up.

Lazarew, director of the Moscow Art Gallery came to lunch.

{*skips 6 lines*}

Karin has at last written. She was to sail for England March 1st. I am sorry she hasn’t stayed on for contact with American doctors.

[070]

**Monday, March 8 1926**

Logan

Judith

Trevy

Fine

I spent the morning, after a preliminary unpleasantness with B.B, who *wakes cross* (poor man!) -- ordering changes (I hope, improvements) in the garden. I still felt bored but was raised by

~~After lunch~~ Logan’s ready us {*inserted above*: to after lunch} the other section of his genial Autobiography, dealing with myself, with Walt Whitman, with Hartford and Harvard. Then he and I called on Lady Enniskillen, with whom he had a good gossip, while I staved off a less entertaining old lady, named Mrs Strode. Lina called, dear creature.

Mrs Joshua - beautiful head, but coarse hands and legs - came to dine. We told her Alda’s story of a very old French Marquise who inspected her first great grandchild with a \_\_\_\_ and remarked “Si ma mémoire ne me trompe pas trop, c'est un garçon.”

A good piece of literature is the best antidote to depression! How it

[071]

**Tuesday, March 9, 1926**

Logan

Trevy

Cloudy but fine at Viareggio

Viareggio

Pensione Marchionni

This should be Wednesday

I brought Judith and her nurse here. She at once made friends with Luca Danielli. They began sand castles. This place seems ideal for her.

What an incredible change to be standing by the sea listening to and watching the breakers, with the great Appian mountains at one’s back. Am I the same person that I was this morning? I cannot believe it! With age, one’s eyes become more and more one’s whole life. What one sees innudates one’s being in a way incomprehensible to youth.

Judy is very gay and sweet.

Paul Sachs and his parents lunched here with BB and Nicky etc. Lina came to dine.

Really today Logan and I called on Lady Emmiskillen and Mrs. Joshua dined here.

I’ve got the dates muddled.

[072]

**Wednesday, March 10, 1926**

Logan

Trevy

I Tatti

Wind, sun

This should be Thursday.

A great wind storm on Viareggio but we played on the sands and after lunch in the pineta where I joined Judy to a band of school-girls for games. It was too noisy with building to sleep, so I came home, finishing “La Prisonnière” (Proust) in the train. It fascinates me, although taken as life it is disgusting.

Trevy read us some of Walt Whitman’s most beautiful poems in the evening-- How enchanting to be again with contemporaries!

I found all sort of letters--one for Alys-- “Kautrovitch is staying in today, resting his voice. Salvemini has gone to Enfield. K is amusing and clever, but an egotist and vain and dreadfully jealous of Gaetano--it is really too funny. Two years ago K had a success as a German Pacifist, but now he is vieux jeu and G. is at once the rage and poor K can hardly bear it.

[073]

**Thursday, March 11, 1926**

I Tatti

Sunny but terrific wind

Spent the day at Viareggio with little Judith, reaching home at 7.

Mrs. Hammer came to lunch.

A child is very tiring.

[074]

**Friday, March 12, 1926**

I Tatti

Fine

The Biondis came to lunch. Quite indifferent people, nice though.

Lazareff came in the afternoon. Trevy was furious.

Miss Rickert and her vital handsome sister came to dine, bringing another Chancerist, Prof. Manly, and is wrinkled sister, decked out like a girl in gauze and spangles.

[075]

**Saturday, March 13, 1926**

Trevy

Logan

Kate Presbitero

Naima

Alda

Cecil

Fine

Ashburner came up to lunch. He was very amusing. We talked about Spender. There seems very little good to be said of him.

[076]

**Sunday, March 14, 1926**

Logan

Kate Presbitero

Naima

Alda

Cecil

Fine

Kate Presbitero arrived soon after lunch. We walked in the garden.

Nicky left for Merano and Trevy for London. He always gets a bit tiresome at the end of his visits. 10 days is enough ~~for~~ of him, though we all love him.

[077]

**Monday, March 15, 1926**

Logan

Kate Presbitero

Fine

Kate seems very nice, she  improves with age. But what a tragedy she makes of growing old and losing her youthful beauty! How dreadful it is, these pretty women becoming old with such agonized reluctance.

Lady Enniskillen came to lunch, agreeable and light of hand as ever. Logan was very amusing.

The Costers and a young man named Howe dined here. He is the business manager of the “Living Age.” He was clever and amusing. He said that these sex stories that fill the American Magazines are chosen by quite common girls who are taken by chance from the street. If *they* like a tale it is a good seller, and the Mag. takes it, even if it has to be turned into decent English.

Said goodbye to little Elizabeth Frazier who is leaving for America. How will she find her Y.M.C.A friends?

B.B. walked with Pellegrina. He never invites anyone else, and there’s a sort of “atmosphere” about these walks that everyone notices. Poor old fool.

[078]

**Tuesday, March 16, 1926**

Logan

Kate Presbitero

Glorious

Miss Hudson and Miss Sands came to lunch, both painters and very keen about pictures. They did not notice any of our *objects*. We liked young Miss Sands very much. Mr. Alexander Sedgwick Also came to lunch, a chap of the original New England block.

I took Logan and Kate to call on Flora Priestly. It was rather painful. She played her tunes like a music-box that is running down.

BB walked with Pellegrina.

[079]

**Wednesday, March 17, 1926**

Logan

Kate Presbitero

Glorious

It was so beautiful that we spent most of the morning in the garden. I had the excuse of the ponds which looked too blue, with the colour I had had given to the bottom and sides. I toned it down with sand.

Mrs. Joshua and her rather indifferent daughter came to lunch, and Mr. Snake Spender, he full of determination to make (and get BB to help him make) Mrs. DeKoven take a house in Rome for the winter. His attitude expressed that if she *didn’t* she would regret it. B.B. said he would not allow to her any brains or intellectual interests -- “P    ! I find her comfortable (he meant convenient), that’s all.

Logan and BB and I walked around the quarries. Kate (who will not meet Spender) lunched in town with Miss Hudson.

Aldo Ricci came to dine, very agreeable.

[080]

**Thursday, March 18, 1926**

Logan

Kate Presbitero

Colder and cloudy

I took Kate and Mrs. Sands and Mrs. Hudson to see the Scala Botticelli fresco, and Lochoff’s pictures. They were very much interested. It is pleasant showing things to people who really care.

Karin wrote she would not come, as she was free of plans for the King’s Head and friends she had invited to Easter Alas not one word about her work.

BB among other amiable things said I was so fond of money I was ready to sell his honour and dignity to anybody!! Fancy the life we should have had if that were true! Of course what he says is never to be taken as anything but a groan from an uncomfortable stomach….still, some things do wound, and gradually build up a prickly barrier between us.

BB walked with Pellegrina.

[081]

**Friday, March 19, 1926**

I Tatti

Fine Logan

Kate P.

M. Gillet

A fiendish day, owing to this muddle over Burke. BB has been like a crazy man, shaking his fists at me, sh\_\_\_\_, beating his head on the wall, damming Nicky and saying he never wanted to see her again, saying he hated my children and that I had utterly ruined his life, that none of us, not even Nicky, were “in his world,” that he was going away and I should never see him again. I rang for Elizabeth to pack his things. This brought him round a bit, but it is a long time since he has had such an outburst. And over what? The visit of two charming girls! True, Burke is a burden, and ought not to bring them, but we can’t discredit Nicky and make the poor young man lose face to that extent. It is a storm in a teacup, but I fear it has wrecked B.B.’s health for a week. Poor, poor man!

Mrs. Cabot came bringing a (very dull) Miss. Cutler from Boston, to tea. Niente. M André Gillet arrived. I wish I liked him.

[082]

**Saturday, March 20, 1926**

I Tatti

M. Gillet

Naima

~~Alda and Rutie~~

Fine

Logan and Kate left after an early lunch. BB was in a softened mood, I think regretting his fierce outbreak. Poor man!

M. Gillet and Pellegrina to lunch. BB took them to S. Martini alla Palme. I called on Lady Kitson’s friend, Lady Conbylie (out) and Mrs. Spence, whom somehow I could not help liking, in spite of sex and vulgarity and snobbishness.

I feel very ill and depressed from those scenes with BB, though I think I saw them in their perspective, as the arteries of an ill person.

Called for Naima, heartbroken because she *hadn’t enjoyed* her 2 days with Gnoli di Assisi. The bloom is off and she cannot revive her feelings.

Called on Mrs. Ross. Poor Lina. Her elder son, Gordon, has got engaged to a penniless schoolteacher older than he and “not a lady”...It make finish him with the ambitious wreck on whom she depends

[083]

**Sunday, March 21, 1926**

Naima

*Rainy*

Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Sessions and a Smith College friend of Senda’s, Miss Cutler of the Philosophy Department came to lunch. Very little joy in it.

Too rainy to walk André Germain came. Then a deaf, gushing old goose, Mrs. Felton of Boston, with her companion, and again I had to show unintelligence round the collection. But things brightened when Mrs. Parish breezed in bringing Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, whom we liked so much in Washington. It ended in my offering her the Villino for May and June, and she falling on my neck.

[084]

**Monday, March 22, 1926**

Dull

Philomène

Miss Ellis

I met Philomène (de Levis Mirepoix) at 8 a.m., and as her cousin (of 62) Miss Ellis was with her, I invited her to come and stay also.

We went for a walk, and then Mr. Jacob Epstein of Battinion came to tea, a Jew who has never learned to speak even American, though he has lived there for many years and made such a big fortune that he has begun a collection with two fine “portraits*”* one by Titian and one by Raphael! There was something nice about him.

Nicky got back from Merano soon after tea, looking better than she has looked for years. BB made her almost at once a terrific scene about the Burke-Mercaty visit. We both decided he had {*inserted above:* some}  literally *crazy* as the subject.

Philomène looks lovely in her alert slenderness. She has grown mentally since we were in Egypt together. She has emerged from that tiresome, religious, anti-cultural stage.

[085]

**Tuesday, March 23, 1926**

Philomène

Miss Ellis

*Rainy*

The fatal visit came off, a pain of silly girls and a rather unpleasant Levantine father. Utterly idiotic to bring such people here. And they didn’t know how to leave. Their visit was mitigated by Byba and her \_\_\_ sister-in-law and Vittoria, and also y a call from Sir Robert and Lady Canlege.

BB took Philotte out to call on Mrs. Spear and missed it all.

Thank goodness *that’s* over!

Alda brought Kurt Wolffe to dine. He was very handsome and agreeable.

[086]

**Wednesday, March 24, 1926**

Philomène

Miss Ellis

Rainy

American guests spent the morning in the galleries and churches, and brought up Natalie Barney to lunch, rather fat and episcopal looking, but noble and witty as ever. Yet I could not help thinking of “Madame Carles” who is what Vernon Lee called her, in refusing a visit from her. She becomes more and more *it.*

I called on Lady Enniskillen and her daughter. She told me Sybil was leaving on April 15th, exchanging houses with a Lawley cousin. I suppose she is going to London for her Divorce. Geoffrey never writes.

Quiet evening.

[087]

**Thursday, March 25, 1926**

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Judith

Rainy

“Geoffrey Scott (from someone who knows him well) is in love and anxious to marry. But he has fallen into the clutches of the most painted of all painted crocodiles, one of the most dissolute and disreputable girls in London, Dorothy Warren, Philip Morell’s niece. She was started early in her evil ways by Lady Ottoline, people say, and completely knew \_\_ the traces when quite young. She married one of the worst improprieties of Chelsea, then divorced him and took back her maiden name, and entered on a life of all kinds of vice. Lady Juliet Trevor’s husband set her up for a while in a big house in Portland Place, and she has recently been living with Geoffrey’s friend, Terence Phillips, who got tired of her. Geoffrey took her, and is now wild to marry her, if he can get money enough to marry. Poor fool! He couldn’t have fallen into more awful hands.

They saw that Percy Lubbock is likely to fall a victim to a well-known trick of Sybil’s, who gets men to love with her on terms of unemotional friendship (non ci credo); then suggests putting the friendship on a more conventional basis by a formal marriage in which everything should go on exactly as before, and then, once married, turns into a passionate and importunate wife!

This information about G.S. is quite certain and apparently much talked of in London”

THE END

[088]

**Friday, March 26, 1926**

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Judith

Ray and Party at Villino

Dull

We had Mrs. Lebangei Chopin and Mr. Forguna (a friend of Mayor’s) to lunch. He is intelligent and nice. She’s a rather sweet old goose. The Freres Tharaud and “their” wife (4 actress) came to dine, brought by Andre Germain and Byba came too. The Thauads looked like peasants, but were pleasant and intelligent with a nice atmosphere. Ray and party arrived at 1.12 and I called on Mrs. Ross, and met Judith at 5.20 back from 2 walks at Viareggio, looking well.

She has had no temperature for 2 weeks. Logan writes from Kate Presbitero’s at Rome: “She lives here in great seclusion, only seeing now and then a few of the highest of the high-up ones in Rome, who seem to adore her and greatly to appreciate the privilege of seeing her now and then. I never had such a sense of levelling on an almost inaccessible peak as I have here. But Sautayonia Philosophic peak is still very lonely--he sees no one but Dan Julio Irathemola--to whom, by the way, Riri Visconti Vendo seems to have been \_\_\_. Riri, Dan Julio say, in learning a new doctrine that we \_\_\_ out trunk by a series of biilliteans or boding-are and he therefore despises Santoryana’s unboiled and unboiling calm. I called on Mrs. Norba yesterday in the flat about Riri’s and she told me something that happened in the apartment and must told to \_\_\_\_ Riri \_\_\_ and came down in torrent things his ceiling--considerable \_\_\_ has resulted between them.

[089]

**Saturday, March 27, 1926**

Judith

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Naima

Cecil Pinsent

Dull

Ivins arrived at 1.12 and Cecil and Naima came up for the night. The party of youngsters and Ray have settled comfortably into the Villino, an admirable arrangement.

I am very much upset over Geoffrey’s suicidal folly. It appears the young woman wants marry him. Perhaps this means that she is tired of her superior whore’s life. I hope so. But even so what a misfortune.

And to think how I took care of him and tried to help him for 14 years, hoping always he would reach a sort of equilibrium that would enable him to make use of his talents. One cannot go back on one’s life, but I certainly was a Fool.

I took Senda’s friend, Miss. Cutler, and young Fergusson, Mayer’s friend, to call on Strong.

[090]

**Sunday, March 28, 1926**

Judith

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Naima

Cecil Pinsent

Dull

Miss Ellis went down to hear Mass at the SS. Annunziata, and they all had an expedition in the afternoon.

I love having Ray here, she is so calm and reasonable and competent. Would that Karin had her good sense! She has written me a quite horrid letter asking me never to thrust my advice upon her again. And we all think her so utterly incapable of acting sensibility on her own! I replied mildly and send her ₤25, which Ray thought a remarkable answer to such a silly and unkind letter. But what can I do! She is my child. I must, however, put her career and life off my mind. After all, she’s not as idiotic as Geoffrey.

How curious --these two boys I took on that famous motor trip 22 years ago have made impossible marriages (or want to) Keynes a ballet-dancer and Geoffrey a society prostitute.

[091]

**Monday, March 29, 1926**

Judy

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Bill Ivins

Dull

I have utterly forgotten. I am really upset about Karin, and Geoffrey. Affection is pain.

[092]

**Tuesday, March 30, 1926**

Judy

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Bill Ivins

Overcast though brighter in afternoon

Miss Cave Salvemini and young friend, came to lunch. We picked her up after a morning of shopping. Mr and Mrs. Sessions also came--3 nice young people, especially Mrs. Sessions.

Philomène, Lucy and Nicky dined in town.

[093]

**Wednesday, March 31, 1926**

Judy

Ivins

Philomène

Lucy Ellis

Various excursions and shopping. Frg. Fabreluce dined here, author of “La Victorie”, but we found him distinctly dry.

We had a children’s Easter Egg party, which seemed very jolly, but Christopher wept and said he hated parties, there was only one minute - no half a minute - of pleasure in them.

[093]

**NOTE**

[094]

**Thursday, April 1, 1926**

Judy

Ivins

Ray and Children

Trying to be fine

Philomène and Lucy Ellis left after dinner. Phil has improved in the 4 years since Egypt. She is very enchanting, and having dropped her religion, one can talk to her without encountering a fierce and suspicious opposition. Her friend is a Catholic, but of a milder sort, being less logical and more chatty and commonplace. She is good vin ordinaire, Phil is a rare vintage.

[095]

**Friday, April 2, 1926**

Judy

Ivins

Ray and Children at Villino

Good Friday. Fine at last v. warm

Glorious to wake up to such a day! BB took ~~Nicky~~ Ivins and Pellegrina and drive and Ray and I joined the youngsters at the Caves and had a picnic tea. I had an hour of a special kind of matriarchal enjoyment, sitting there and watching the young fauns clambering over the rocks and hearing their shouts and laughter, with fat Ray smoking beside me, so sensible and comfortable.

Barbara came to lunch, and was very nice. In the evening the Sachs and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Worcester came to dine. They stayed till 11.30. Why? Mrs. Smith was one of the biggest fools I ever met and her husband not much better. The best of the lot was ugly Mrs. Sachs. Ivins told me she came from a line of distinguished Rabbis while Paul Sachs comes from the ghetto and the gutter. He looks it. But he had the tragic grace to refuse at first to buy Charles Elliot Natar’s house at Cambridge, for he said *his* being there would be such a horrible contrast. And so it is. But it is a tragedy for him to be so aware of it, common looking little Jew with hoarse voice and thick legs and tiny fat hands. Poor little man!

[096]

**Saturday, April 3, 1926**

Judy

Ivins

3 Anreps

Naima

Fine

We had a drive, Nicky and Ray and B.B. and I, to Villamagna and home by the river - tea art. Perfectly delightful.

Earlier Count Alberti came to lunch.

Giglioli had vaccinated us against typhoid and we all feel queer, and got a fever and went to bed. They had a very dull dinner with the Dubskys and I was glad not to be at it.

[097]

**Sunday, April 4, 1926**

Judy

Ivins

3 Anreps

Naima

Fine

The youngster spent the afternoon at the caves.

Some people called Rosenwald - sent by Judge Mack - came to tea. She was *awful*, out of the intellectual slums. He was redeemed by ability and knowledge of affairs. She by *nothing*. In on them came the nice Merrill Clements \_\_\_ their painter friend, Mr. Speicher and his wife. The contrast was appalling. It is hateful to have these \_\_\_\_ come, loathsome.

Our “family evenings” are a bit of a trial, though I get through them well enough when I have a carpet to walk on. But for their being dear to Nicky, we should see very little of the Anreps.

Ray is a jewel - so full of common sense, calm and competent.

[098]

**Monday, April 5, 1926**

Ivins

Glorious

Comtesse Haussonville Le Marois came to lunch. The great grand daughter of Mme de Staehl, but rather a dull and bedulling woman. Later she could not get to Florence as the electricity of the train gave out, so she came back to dinner, and Sidney Brown took her home at 10.30. She bedulled us all.

I saw Judith and her nurse Daisy off at 3.30. Funny little mite! She is perhaps less attaching than any of the others, partly because of her obstinate nature - which she inherits from her mulish father, no doubt. I called on Aunt Janet and Miss Sellars.

Finished the new book about Mme de Staehl’s affaire with O’Donnell - a curious document. He was evidently uneasy under her prepotenza, and she kept Benjamin up her sleeve all the while, and \_\_\_\_ herself with Rocca when O’Donnell got married.

The youngsters went to the Cert\_\_\_ and to get primrose plants for the garden.

[099]

**Tuesday, April 6, 1926**

Lina

Glorious

I took Ray and the children and Ursula and Ivins to Vallembrosa for the day. We enjoyed it thoroughly and had tea in the “Happy Valley”. BB and Pellegrina and Nicky walked around the quarries.

Finished Vol III of Walter Page’s Life and Letters a most thrilling volume. BB won’t read any of the volumes.

[100]

**Wednesday, April 7, 1926**

Ivins

Glorious

I took Barbara and Mr and Mrs Merrill Clementi and Mr and Mrs Speicher to see the Botticelli Annunciatori fresco and Lochoff’s copies. Barbara seemed quite waked up and intelligent, almost the first time I ever talked with her about impersonal thing as to ask adult human being! It gave me great pleasure. She is 13 and as tall as Lina but a mere wisp of slenderness.

Natalie Barney came to lunch, elusive and conessing as ever. She said of Jean Coctean through he had had a good grief when he was unable to feel, and had gone into servitude to try to feel it. BB took her a drive and though he vaguely enjoyed the land-scarce, but of course she had an engagement with Mrs. Brooks to cut it short.

Mr. Kennedy came to see BB about his graduate art students. BB said he would do nothing for them if they came to study technique. Albert Henraux and his wife came to dine. They are bored out of their skins by Addie.

[101]

**Thursday, April 8, 1926**

Ivins

Dull

I took Barbara and her friends to the Uffizi. It was *crowded*, swarmed, infested with tourists. Then I sent Christopher and little Luca Danielli to have an ice-cream soda while I went to the tailor. Then I called for Margery Thomas and brought her up to lunch. She is here with her semi-idiot mother, who was half paralyzed 30 years ago, and has been an almost intolerable burden ever since. It has crushed her pretty daughter, who is about as interesting as a stagnant pond.

Then for a wander! I had an afternoon with Ray, Bernard going a walk with Ivins.

Nicky dined in town, with the Costers at Alda’s. She says Byba talks a lot about her petty family quarrels and Harry is already very bored with them. When he talks of other things Byba collapses onto a couch and complains of fatigue. Well, Nicky warmed him not to go and live in the family house! I went to sleep in the evening when BB and Ivins were talking.

[102]

**Friday, April 9, 1926**

Mr and Mrs Bussey

Rain, wind, sunshine, rain again

Strolled over to the villino and had a game or two with Ray. Lady Enniskillen came to lunch, bringing a most dull and disagreeable woman. Lady Violet Manners, who could scarcely be induced to say one word! Mrs. Ross and Miss Sellars also came.

B.B. went on his sacred drive with Pellegrina. A p.c. from Judy says they arrived safely on Tuesday night.

[103]

**Saturday, April 10, 1926**

Mr and Mrs Bussey

{*left blank*}

[104]

**Sunday, April 11, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[105]

**Monday, April 12, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[106]

**Tuesday, April 13, 1926**

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[107]

**Wednesday, April 14, 1926**

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[108]

**Thursday, April 15, 1926**

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[109]

**Friday, April 16, 1926**

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[110]

**Saturday, April 17, 1926**

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[111]

**Sunday, April 18, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[112]

**Monday, April 19, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[113]

**Tuesday, April 20, 1926**

Geoffrey and Sybil got their divorce. Poor Lenty, Sybil’s maid, was run over at Hyde Park Corner and died very quickly in St. George’s Hospital.

[114]

**Wednesday, April 21, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[115]

**Thursday, April 22, 1926**

Hotel Brufani - Perugia

Rain

We got off in the motor at 9.45 and reached Morra’s villa near Cortona at one o’clock. He was there with his friend Pancrasi, two young men as nice and congenial and intelligent as you could {*inserted above*: not} easily find. We are always especially glad where Italians turn out nice. In our experience it is rare.

Morra’s house was furnished by his parents about 1870, and it has not been touched since. Hundreds of framed photos stand about everywhere, of ladies in chignons and bustles and such as I remember on our first visit to England in 1873, among any parent’s friends. As to furnishing - it *was* an ugly moment!!

After lunch and a nap and a chat (Morra is decidedly é pris with Nicky - and no wonder!) we came on to Perugia and had Gnoli to dine. He talked as usual of Love and Wine, but it all seemed a bit flat, especially as we know the inside, with a good deal of erudity [*sic*] and selfishness and cruelty, from Naima.

[116]

**Friday, April 23, 1926**

Hotel de Russie, Rome

Scirocco

Motored to Narni and had a look round before lunch. After a nap, we came on here, arriving in time for tea. Sam Barlow blew in upon us, He is divorced, it seemed to us he had all the marks of *other* tastes, and he brought a handsome, sulky young Russian musician (named !Amphitheatroff!) to dine. We went to St. Peter’s and found Placci waiting for us when we got back, full of sub-ambassadorial gossip .. of his own successes. Like a child.

[117]

**Saturday, April 24, 1926**

Train to Villa S. Giovanni

Horrible Scirocco

Placci came with us to see the Mosaics at S. Prosede, S.M. Maggiore and the Lateran Baptistery in the morning. BB had a fearful rage with me because I received the poor Signora Trilzi, a friend and keeper for 22 years! And was five minutes late in finishing a letter for him to the Duveens. He cursed somethinkhorful, and I feel like telling him to write his own letters.

In the afternoon Nicky went to see her Parsius and her oldly women and BB and I went to the Forum. The scirocco was too fearful to let one enjoy anything.

At 6 we left in the train de Luxe.

[118]

**Sunday, April 25, 1926**

Taormina

Hotel Timeo

Glorious

Arrived here at noon. Spent the afternoon in the Theatre. What incredibly fantastic landscape!

Carey Thomas and Miss Lauber are here, planning a trip very much like ours.

[119]

**Monday, April 26, 1926**

Taormina

Hotel Timeo

Glorious

Walked nearly up to the Castle. Everything is beautiful. Unfortunately, I am having such severe headaches that I cannot really enjoy much. Carey amazed me by saying that now that people understood the use of contraceptives there was no reason why young people shouldn’t make love as much as they liked. I wonder? If we could get rid of jealousy and all the other emotional complications that blacken the face of pleasure--! Perhaps there would be less under a regime of Freedom. They may be largely the result of inhibitions and taboos.

[120]

**Tuesday, April 27, 1926**

Taormina

Hotel Timeo

Scirocco

We drove to V {*blank space left*} not much to see, but the wonderful view. The car broke down coming back, but we managed to crawl home.

B.B.’s writing the Preface to his new book on Method.

[121]

**Wednesday, April 28, 1926**

Taormina

Hotel Timeo

Fine

Parry went to Catania, but of course found *nothing* in the so called L         depot!

We walked all the way to the Castello this time - a glorious walk.

I had a letter from Geoffrey,  the first since more than 2 months. He did not speak of Dorothy Warren, and if all that talk is true, his letter was very insincere, as he said he regretted the divorce. I am much embarassed how to reply, especially as he suggests a visit to us at Vallombrosa, and I do not think BB could bear it.

[122]

**Thursday, April 29, 1926**

Taormina Hotel Timeo

Fine

Copied BB’s Preface, which is very simple and good. Pity he ever tries those unfortunate “purple passages.” I wrote to Geoffrey and said that if he was thinking of marrying Dorothy Warren I thought our friendship could not be taken up again. Indeed, what would be the use? Only misery to me to see him wreck his life again. I am too old to adapt myself to a caprice like that. Life more or less heals one for the rendering of friendships. A clean cut is infinitely better than the attempt to make hopeless readjustments. Still, this decision has not been easy in face of his seeking to take up an old friendship, for I used to be really very fond of him, unfortunate creature.

We spent the afternoon in the Theatre ~~Paso~~. Parry went to Naples for that spare part, the bearing ball.

[123]

**Friday, April 30, 1926**

Siracusa

Villa Politi

Scirocco

We hired a car and drove in the fierce scirocco to Catania. The landscape looked almost ugly under the dull light. Prof. Maganucco was waiting for us, his mouth full of “Maestro” and “Onoratissimo.” He took us to the Library, where we saw the illuminated Bible of c. 1300 by a close follower of Cavallini. The Librarian joined our party, and both young men came back to a very jolly lunch. BB was at his most genial. He said that Magannucco, who lamented his ugliness, had the curly locks of an “Accalapia donna.” Maganucco said when he saw Papini he was greatly comforted by finding a man uglier than himself, but secretly feared Papini might be taking the same kind of comfort. We laughed a lot, and the Sicilians drank 2 bottles of wine. We came here by train (4-6) and found young Bickle in charge of his excellent hotel.

[124]

**NOTE**

[124]

**Saturday, May 1, 1926**

Siracusa

Villa Politi

Scirocco

Spent the morning in the Museo with the Director, Sen. Orsi, a learned but vain and not very agreeable man.

In the afternoon we went to the Roman Theatre, the “Orecchio di Dionigi” and the Greek Theatre. The latter used {*inserted above*: 18 years ago} to look over a green plain to the bay. Its outlook is now upon factory chimneys, railway sheds, and the other embellishments of civilization. “They know not what they do,” but I can’t forgive them.

[125]

**Sunday, May 2, 1926**

Siracusa

Villa Politi

~~Fine~~

Rather scirocco-y

Went to the Festa of Santa Lucia delle Quaglie in the Piazza. The Saint’s silver statue (rather good) is carried with music from the Domo to the nearby Convent Church of her name. When it approaches the door of the latter, nuns in an upper stay throw down white pigeons. If these are caught they are *torn to piece*s by the crowd: but today I think they all escaped by flying over the wall into the Archbishop’s garden. I think their wings used to be cut, so that they couldn’t fly, but people are a bit more humane now.

Sir Gerald and Lady Kitson turned up at lunch, having just arrived from Malta.

Carey lent us her car to drive to Euryalus - a *wonderful* place.

[126]

**Monday, May 3, 1926**

Siracusa

Villa Politi

Fine

Saw the Museum and the Pinacoteca. Drove to the Roman and Greek Theatres. Parry arrived.

Saw the church of S. Lucia and the Catacombs with Agati, the Architect.

[127]

**Tuesday, May 4, 1926**

Fine

Museum

At 3 went with Sen. Orsi and Prof. Agati to “La Cuba” (scarcely worth seeing but a lovely drive) and then back to Euryalus. Orsi’s harsh voice and insistent talk (but we like him) rather shattered the ineffable Stimming of the ruins and the view.

[128]

**Wednesday, May 5, 1926**

Fine

Drove to Castrogiovanni - a most beautiful drive, though we had a horrid quarrel about where to lunch.

\*\*The view from the fort of Castelgiovanni is incomparable!

[129]

**Thursday, May 6, 1926**

Hotel des Temples

Fine

Motored to Girgenti, arriving for a late lunch.

Spent the afternoon in the Temples - Divine!

[130]

**Friday, May 7, 1926**

Hotel des Temples

Girgenti

Scirocco

Went with BB to Cathedral, but came home and retired to bed feeling awfully ill, and throat very sore.

[131]

**Saturday, May 8, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[132]

**Sunday, May 9, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[133]

**Monday, May 10, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[134]

**Tuesday,  May 11, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[135]

**Wednesday, May 12, 1926**

Hotel Selinus Villa Igiea

Castelvetrano and Palermo

Fine

Not well but couldn’t bear to keep back the others, so we motored to Selivente. I didn’t get out of the car, but still I saw nearly everything. The beauty and Stimming of the place is beyond compare.

We came to Cabeltiamo to sleep and found the hotel unexpectedly nice.

[136]

**Thursday, May 13, 1926**

Hotel Selinus Villa Igiea

Castelvetrano and Palermo

Fine

Motored to Segesta, which I saw, and not badly, from 2  places on the road. The others walked up.

We had a glorious drive, turning to the coast from just below Monte-Leone (beyond Partinico) to Palermo, where I collapsed. Throat awful!

[137]

**Friday, May 14, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Fine

Ill.

BB and Nicky lunched with the Carthalmigio. He has had the luck to marry a pretty, intelligent, vigorous young woman about 20 years his junior--rich too, a Buenavilla. What does she get out of it?

Princess Trabia called on me. She is a very sweet person.

[138]

**Saturday, May 15, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

*Terrible* scirocco

Ill: developed cystitis. Bad luck.

[139]

**Sunday, May 16, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Still Scirocco

Still ill.

Crey arrived and gave me some of her infallible medicines.

[140]

**Monday, May 17, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Fine

Better.

The Castelmanigis came to lunch (I did not go down) and to tea, and then I drove with BB and Nicky up to San Pellegrino. Beautiful!!

[141]

**Tuesday, May 18, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Fine cloudy at sunset

Drove to Cefalin (80 km.). Most beautiful!! Cathedral interesting. I feel pretty uncomfortable but enjoyed it.

[142]

**Wesnesday, May 19, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Cold Scirocco

Getting well.

Palatine in morning.

Monreale in afternoon. Princess Trabia and Princess Alexandra of Greece joined us. The latter is in love with the Trabia son and he with her, but he has had a \_\_\_ for 12 years with the Princess Potenziani and has acknowledged her 2 sons as his and Her husband divorced her for it, but there is no Catholic divorce \_\_\_ could not marry him. He is *terrified* of what she might do if he married this Greek Princess - Suicide, Assassination - at the best horrible scenes. Poor Giulia Trabia is suffering horribly over it.

[143]

**Thursday, May 20, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Fine

Saw the Museum.

Not well.

[144]

**Friday, May 21, 1926**

Villa Igiea

Palermo

Cloudy

Stayed in feeling very wretched, but got out to see La Cuba and La Ziza with Valenti (Sept. Architect) and signora and Castelmaurigi, with whom we went back and had tea.

[145]

**Saturday, May 22, 1926**

Fine

Saw the 3 Serpotta oratorios with Signorina Acascina and Dott. Lavasini and also the Martorana.  Dined at Castelmanigis; a most horrible dinner but host and hostess pleasant. The Turkish Consul was there.

[146]

**Sunday, May 23, 1926**

Rain

the charing

Storm at sea

{*left blank*}

[147]

**Monday, May 24, 1926**

{*left blank*}

[148]

**Tuesday, May 25, 1926**

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[149]

**Wednesday, May 26, 1926**

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[150]

**Thursday, May 27, 1926**

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[151]

**Friday, May 28, 1926**

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[152]

**Saturday, May 29, 1926**

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[153]

**Sunday, May 30, 1926**

Grand Hotel

Naples

Fine

Went to the Museum with Favles and looked at the classic things. He seemed to take quite our point of view. He get more cultivated all the time - a really r {*writing stops*}

[154]

**Monday, May 31, 1926**

Grand Hotel

Naples

Fine

I heard from Alys that John Whitall died on the 22nd, after 12 agonizing attacks of angina. He was the beau ideal of my childhood and early girlhood and a very distinguished and elegant person, but quite snuffed out, alas, by his marriage.

We spent the morning in San Domenico with De Rinaldi and Ortolani and saw also the Donatello. Michelazzo Tomb at S. Angelo di Nilo.

In the afternoon we visited an underground frescoed church and L’Incornata with the beautiful frescoes of Roberto Oderisi. The General Superintendent for the district, Chierici, took us, a nice man, very keen.

Dined with Carey and Miss Lawler. There was such loud music that we could not hear each other talk. Horrid.

[155]

**NOTE**

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[156]

**Tuesday, July 1, 1926**

Grand Hotel

Naples

Misty

Went to S. Chiara, S. Paolo, S. Lorenzo with Ortolani and De Rinaldis. The Nun’s cloister (XVIII) at S. Chiara is a paradise. Fine XIII Tomb in S. Lorenzo. I love the gay theatrical interior of S. Chiara.

[157]

**Wednesday, July 2, 1926**

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[158]

**Thursday, July 3, 1926**

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[159]

**Friday, July 4, 1926**

Grand Hotel

Naples

Ray’s 39th Birthday

Edith Wharton’s Yacht, the Osprey, came into port, and we went to see them and it at 10:30. Then they all came to the Museum and to lunch with us. Edith and Daisy Chanler, and Logan, and Robert Naten, and his friend Mr. Laurence (Medici pub. house). Also Morra- After a rest we went to Sta. Chiara and the Duomo. They were *enchanted* with the \*\*Nun’s Cloister.

At night the full conviction of life after death entered, I won’t say my mind, but my consciousness. I feel it as a Great adventure, very lonely and needing endless character and Awareness and Discipline, but *there*. There’s no reasoning about it, but it is a wonderful conviction. May I be worthy, and have the chance to repair some of this life’s horrid mistakes!

[160]

**Saturday, June 5, 1926**

Grand Hotel

Naples

Fine

Museum with De Rinaldis in morning. Dinner with Morra to Camaldri to tea at the Belvedere.

Edith at once thought that Morra was a *pretendant* for Nicky’s hand. He is a bit epris, I think myself, but I don’t suppose there is any question of marriage even in his mind. Still less in hers. Everybody falls in love with Nicky--comme de raison.

Pellegrina wired that she and Giaraien (\_\_\_\_\_ Paslacci) has decided to enter upon la Vita Nuova. I hope they will be happy.

[161]

**Sunday, June 6, 1926**

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**Monday, June 7, 1926**

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**Tuesday, June 8, 1926**

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**Wednesday, June 9, 1926**

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**Thursday, June 10, 1926**

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**Friday, June 11, 1926**

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**Saturday, June 12, 1926**

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**Sunday, June 13, 1926**

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**Monday, June 14, 1926**

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**Tuesday, June 15, 1926**

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**Wednesday, June 16, 1926**

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**Thursday, June 17, 1926**

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**Friday, June 18, 1926**

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**Saturday, June 19, 1926**

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**Sunday, June 20, 1926**

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**Monday, June 21, 1926**

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**Tuesday, June 22, 1926**

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**Wednesday, June 23, 1926**

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**Thursday, June 24, 1926**

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**Friday, June 25, 1926**

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**Saturday, June 26, 1926**

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**Sunday, June 27, 1926**

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[183]

**Monday, June 28, 1926**

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**Tuesday, June 29, 1926**

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[185]

**Wednesday, June 30, 1926**

[186]

**NOTE**

Letter from Hermann Keyserling to Karin, whom he snubbed and was so rude to before the War.

Dear Mrs. Steffens--After having had a most successful lecturing-tour in Spain and France, where people have hardly read me, I wonder whether the english, who have read me to an extent, would not like me some day to come over. The fact is that I should like very much to come and visit London between Oct-Jan next, but I can’t do so unless I am asked to come so that, as happen everywhere, my expenses be met by the income from my lectures which are being arranged everywhere in the way concerts are, unless some society owns the necessary funds and machinery to start such things on its own behalf. I have written to several people feeling my ground about it. But I am writing in particular to you, as I hear that you know the *younger* and more *advanced* sets, the only ones I am really interested in Would you be so kind as to get the subject of my coming to England started in conversations among your people, and also my willingness to come, *if*  I am asked? I would like to go for a fortnight or so and to be in contact during that time with all that stands for *life* and progress. Please try your best. I am sending you the latest Nouvelles Litéraires. Perhaps the Souvenir von Keyserling by Charles du Bos after having been read by many would make some think that it wouldn't be bad at all to see me once in London as well. The Book of Marriage will be out in an English edition in a few weeks. It is a pity that you didn’t find your way to collaborate.

{the rest of the diary is left blank}