[0005]

**I Tatti: Settignano, Florence**.** February 15th 1927**

Sitting in the sun in the *stanzone* after lunch. Bernard said that his sensations of very early childhood were the most poignant and exquisite of all he had ever had. The smell, the taste, the feel, the look and sound of things impressed his fresh and unusually sensitive nervous system in an overpowering way. To throw himself on a bed of wild strawberries and bury his nose in the plants, with their pungent odor and the smell of the damp earth, flooded his little being almost to swooning. Then he remembered the way the wheat fields looked swaying in the wind, and the feeling of repose when he rested after fatigue, like radium slowly creeping through his limbs.

Marthe Hyde, Nicky and various other people were here.

**February 16, 1927**

“I could wish that art study were a way of life and not a hustle towards staking out a claim, as alas! it generally is nowadays.”

**Februrary 18, 1927**

Placci came to dinner and exhausted BB with his “potted boasts” – all the Reali of Belgium, or the great ones of the earth in Paris

**Februrary 19, 1927.**

Mr. and Mrs. Sizer, Miss Raymond, Mrs. West and Mrs. Caroll Taylor came to lunch. The last (married to a cousin of mine) a vivacious natural, spontaneously witty young thing. Trio of them are funny mothers, and they have planted their children on grandparents and come to see Europe -- in 6 weeks.

[0006]

**Februrary 20, 1927**

It has been a terrifically nerve-shaking day, for poor BB had one of his worst attacks of rage. Sometime ago Sir Robert Witt wrote to ask how he could get Acton’s photos (his pictures). BB said I was to write – tell Witt to ask Acton himself. He probably said at the same time that – he did not care to ask favors of Acton, but I did not pay much attention, for he takes so many irrational hatreds and my general principle is to keep on friendly or at least polite terms with neighbors. Furthermore, about two yrs. ago I took Mr. Benson over [to Acton’s Villa La Pietra] with no objection from BB.

So I wrote to Acton to [ask] him up. Acton refused. That was nothing, but BB’s rage was awful. He fell on his knees and made shocking faces at me. He beat his head on the wall and shook his fists at me and called me a tactless brute who never considered his feelings, selfish, inconsiderate and always working against him. Two separate outbursts.

It has hurt me a lot. I came back from Berne wanting to be so fond of him, for I had been reading all our old letters from 37 years ago – and I long for harmony. At the second outburst, when I was told I lived only for myself, I had his latest manuscripts in my hand; which I had spent all the morning working over!

Of course it is pathological, and I try to *estimate* in that way. But the nerve shock of those faces and gestures and that high voice – yes and the things he says – put me off, hurt something deeper than reason. At Berne I read of just such a scene 35 years ago, because

[0007]

I was slow about bringing a lamp from my bedroom, where, as a matter of fact I was doing my hair. And then I said “What will it be like if such scenes go on and on into our old age? How hideous it will make life.” And they have!

But so much else to balance against this unpleasantness. Never could there be a more interesting companion. Owed to the Will with which he has planned our lives and brought them out on the whole successfully I owe nearly every thing.

I MUST find some way of digesting the scenes he makes. How many years have I been saying this!

Of course, he’s ill, it aches my heart to think how ill. He never digests properly, he is full of pain and wind and discomfort, he holds himself together with real and continuous difficulty. Poor BB!

And no doubt I am more provoking than I can realize. This is my blind spot.

[0008]

**March 5, 1927**.

I let more time than I like go by without writing. BB says so many brilliant things every day (along with some wild and foolish ones) that I long to record, but by evening they have dropped out of my silly *forgettory*. We have had all sorts of people here. But I forget there, too. A Greek lady (cousin of Venizelos’ wife), Mme. Sotiriadi, Bret Harte’s grandson, a common or garden human plant, Conte Gamba and Fiocco to discuss attributions, Kallen the “Social Science” Professor and his fiancée. We dined out: BB at the Lützow’s, where he met that painted and perfumed young couple from Budapest, the Bathyani’s, and a fascinating Countess Zicki; I with my dear Aunt Janet; Nicky with the congenial Sessions and the Hammers, and we all 3 dined with the *Ehepaar* Clark – who make a charming impression of youthful happiness and congenial tastes … and so on.

There’s no denying our sociability. No we are out and say we should prefer to be hermits!

Truth is the rare evenings we have alone we do greatly enjoy. Nicky is reading Jane Austen aloud. Perfectly delightful! We have just finished “Emma.”

I am recovering forgotten sensations from my thirties. I can hardly believe it. I feel as I used to feel when I was 30 or 35. It must be Dr. Kuchers’ *piqûres* [injections]. I feel unreasoningly happy, but perhaps more conscious of it than I used to be, because of the contrast of the growing-old heavy years between.

[0009]

**March 7, 1927**

Salvemini writes from America, where he is on a lecture tour, that he is homesick and every reminder – such as my postcard from Berne, is “sweet and heavy to his heart.” When can he ever return? Little by little they are banishing everyone who has strength of character or of mind to differ from the mob.

I am at work preparing the Lotto photos for BB. I enjoy it. I hope we can get through the revised lists by summer.

I lunched with Mrs. Ross to meet a young Italian woman who wants to translate her Medici Book. Then into town, to the counsel’s about BB’s passport and to the forwarding agent to rage about not being able to get the crate of grape-fruit our acquaintance sent from Florida. There is a new law that no fruit or vegetables are allowed to come into Italy from abroad!!!

I met Vernon Lee at the bank, who told me that both the Burn-Murdoch sisters lay dying of pneumonia. Later she telephoned that one of them was dead. Poor Flora Priestley, her oldest and dearest friends. She is in the midst of building a house to be near them.

Mrs. Parrish and her sister Miss Jennings called, snatching a moment from their unending Bridge parties to come and hear about my cure. I suppose they long for more strength to play more bridge.

Read “Sense & Sensibility” in evening.

[0010]

**March 8, 1927**

Karin is having just the visit I dreamed for her in America. She is meeting all the best Psychiatrists and getting lots of new ideas from them, and above all she is being stimulated to an intense interest in her profession. It is touching, though, to see that she seems to prize even more the friendships that seem to offer themselves. Her life with Adrian showed that forthcoming affectionate nature. Oh I do love to think she is happy at last.

**March 11, 1927**.

Life was dirtied and stained by another attack of rage on the part of BB. Naima brings up old numbers of the Illustrated London News for us to see. There are always interesting archaeological things in them. BB had had a dozen in his room which he hadn’t looked at. So when she brought some more I took them, and I also lent them to Mrs. Ross for 2 days (she is very careful and punctual), knowing they will come back in more than time for BB. We were taking the old Rampart Walk behind Fiesole to end up with a visit to Strong [Villa Le Balze], and I mentioned the circumstance, thinking no evil. At once BB’s selfishness took fire, he flamed up into wild rage, brandishing his stick at me with a fearful look and shouted “I feel as if I never wanted to see you again!” On that, rather than argue with a “Mr. Crazy” (his mother’s name for BB’s father!) I turned back, and only followed on when BB was out of

[0011]

sight. What he thought and felt I don’t know. I only know he never apologized. I was rather heart-broken, for I had looked forward to taking with him the old walk we took so often in the years I was reading about at Berne, 1894-7, when we lived at Fiesole. However, walking alone in that lovely landscape I grew more tranquil. I thought of him as a sick man with nerves on edge, whom a *sfogato* perhaps relieved; and I also realized – for the millionth time, that one lives ALONE and must not ask anything else: the old Matthew Arnold poem [Self Dependence 1852] I learned when I was sixteen, and I didn’t believe

“… And with joy the stars perform their shining

And the sea its long moon-silvered roll.

For alone they live, nor note with pining (pine with noting)

All the fever of some differing soul.”

Strong was much distressed about his silly half-witted daughter, who has drifted off to America or Egypt or God knows where.

We’ve seen a variety of people, Placci and Mr. Kallen and his fiancé to lunch yesterday. De Marinis and his vulgar-looking young wife to tea. I went to the funeral of Kitty Burn-Murdoch, and called on Ady [Addie] Placci.

The flowers are all coming out. The grass sprinkled with crocuses and daffodils, and the birds in my “Sanctuary” singing gaily as if it were a happy world. I am physically very happy, but worried at the smash of the Marconi Company where Ray and Karin have their money.

[0012]

**March 11, 1927**

Count and Countess Khuen came to lunch with Dr. Wilde a pupil of Dvorak and student of Michelangelo. Poor Biba Khuen looked awfully frail and ill, and she said to me that she was almost too tired to live. Her husband is bursting with energy, and adores her so he wants to do everything with her, so he pushes her to exhaustion point. They are going to motor all the way to Rome tomorrow.

“Each man kills the thing he loves.”

BB has finished his list of Paolo Veronese. He is more than ever enamored with that painter, whom he adored from the first. “Mix Paolo with froth and foam and you have Tiepolo: with Gorgonzola, and you have El Greco.” But the invention and origins of these vastly *mond* admired painters is all Paolo.

I called on Vernon Lee, who is up to her eyes in work over her musical Questionnaires. She was full of the enveloping sensations of music and architecture, but I could not quite see what she wanted to be at.

Evaline Astor Sacher [Eveline Osten-Sacken] arrived in the afternoon to stay a few days. She is not very enlivening.

[0013]

**Saturday, March 12, 1927**

Worked with BB on the Lottos, which I have arranged in chronological order. He was so nervous that co-working is not a great a privilege as it should be.

A German lunch, with Fraülein von Blanckenburg of the German Institute, Bertie von Anrep and Herr and Frau Hammer. I did not shine!

Walked peaceably with BB on the hills. After tea he went to see Ugo Ojetti, who is now recovering fast from his hip fracture. De Filippi was there.

I called on Mrs. Ross. I arranged for Parry [Berenson’s driver] to take dear old Faust to the dog-clinic at Pisa. I love that sweet, beautiful doggy too much.

The von Anreps and Naima came up for the weekend. Nicky read us some Fiji Tales after dinner. It is better than aimless chatter.

**Sunday, March 13, 1927**

Wrote letters all morning as BB had had a bad night and did not feel like looking at photos. Logan [Mary’s brother] arrived at 3:10, delightful as ever and raising up the talk to books and poetry.

The Haslips brought *Gräfin* [Countess] Esterhazy (Irish by birth) and her daughter to tea.

BB invented the word for the place were (we) all live -- EXPATRIA.

[0014]

**I Tatti**

[Houseguests]Baroness Osten-Sacken, Logan

**Monday, March 14, 1927** – Rain, rain!

And I have developed a bad sore throat, in the spot where I have been tender for years. But still I feel well. Dr. Wilde (Vienna) came to lunch, and in the afternoon BB and I finished the Lotto list. I enjoyed working with him.

Mrs. Lathrop and Mrs. Leggett came to dine. The latter has a got over her delusion about “Doctor Colten,” who was a spirit-control that guided their family destinies for years. The smash came, however, when the medium got an un-spirit control over Lord Sandwich, her daughter’s father-in-law, and squeezed him dry to the tune of 100,000 pounds!! Even her robust faith was shaken by this: yet not entirely. She still thinks that “at first” it was all very wonderful and noble and genuine.

Mrs. Lathrop prattled on and on, with a certain attractive archness and shrewdness and silliness combined.

BB to his beloved Billy Ivins:

“Every day of my life I am more fiercely exclusive, *aristobouliac*, and disbelieve in making culture hum. When I recall where I am now, how far from the veil of the temple, and that I am a man of gifts and descended from ancestors who made religion of learning – where I reflect that I have already 55 years of deliberate and ever increasing effort to attain to a sense of things, I am icily skeptical about communal and corporate assaults on the fortress of the spirit. So hitherto, the Kingdom of God remains within us, and is not to be taken by force.”

BB had a little rage today, because I let a few hours pass before letting him [know that] while he was

[0015]

napping, the Countess Serristori asked if she could come up tomorrow. I quite forgot it! But it made not the slightest difference, for if there is another engagement only Nicky knows it – she is out until eleven. But poor BB got that maddening sense of being carelessly served, which drives helpless people to distraction. He can’t and won’t run any of the practical parts of daily life. And if the machine creaks in the hands of those who do run it, he feels impotent and furious and despairing all in one. Creaking there must be in all human organizations. I think we do try to spare him all we can. But my memory gets worse and worse, and I can’t count on it as I once could. I hope to get better now that Dr. Kocher has put new life into me, but so far I see no sign. I am trying to write down everything at once, before it slides off into limbo.

Ghastly night with sore tongue and throat.

**Tuesday, March 15, 1927**

My tongue so sore that I went to the throat specialist. Dr. Torrigiani. He says it is the irritation caused by a ragged tooth. I took Mrs. Ross down, as she had some errands.

Walked with Logan in garden. Kenneth and Jane[Clark] came to dine. She looked very chic in a charming dress, but said nary a word.

[16] Logan

**Wednesday, March 16, 1927.** Our first really fine day, but rather cold.

Saw architect and *muratori* in morning, and worked – still on Lotto, making this one portfolio perfect (as far as I can).

Placci came to lunch and declared himself very pleased with what he is, approving of his kind of person, envying no one. What an epitaph could be made!

He and BB walked and Logan and I went to town, I to the dentist, who filed my ragged tooth, and I hope remedied the trouble. Walked in garden. As we sat at tea 4 Americans named Utter were announced. She is Prof. Bôcher’s daughter (who was BB’s great friend in the late ‘80s or early ‘90s, before his death), and her husband is Prof. of English at the University of California, a nice mild man. A son and daughter completed the quartet.

Placci and Alda and Nicky and Logan and Eveline Osten-Sacken faded away, and left us to them. They turned out to be very nice.

**Thursday, March 17, 1927**

Spent the morning over garden and ice-chest, getting the stone ornaments “weather-beaten,” and an electric “Frigidaire” arranged to make our own ice.

Another ecstatic letter from Karin, full of new friends and enhanced interests. And Carey wrote saying she was making a good impression.

[0017]

A friend of Robert Greg’s, Graham Sebastian, came to lunch. He is just home from 4-1/2 years being Consul in Bangkok. On the whole a pleasant man.

Walked with BB and then Mr. and Mrs. Morse and Mr. and Mrs. Aweter (all Jews) came to see the garden and House and us and to have tea. They weren’t as bad as we feared.

We had a delightful evening with the Clarks and their 2 young friends, Logan’ Secretary Cyril Conolly and last year’s Craven scholar, a young classical archaeologist named Langden, who came to dine. After dinner I got BB going about Riegl and kindred topics and he talked in a fascinating way though he felt tired and said afterwards he wasn’t *en viene*. He said that the tendency of today (Strygowski, etc) to neglect the human figure and emphasize the importance of decoration was a phenomenon of fatigue and decadence. Mathematical shapes versus human ones are easy and non-subtle, and appeal to people who are losing the habit of thought, just as violent rhythms in music and poetry appeal to people who don’t want to educate their senses. Riegl, he said, traces this morphology of art-forms, and inspired Spengler in his “Morphology of History” (the first title of his “untergang” Gertrude Elliot as he called Gertrude Stein and Elliot, cubism, negro art (which Roger Fry declares to be for superior *beseech*), and Jazz-music are all phenomena of an age of decadence.

[0018]

All art is in a certain sense a lie. And the value of art depends on the beauty of the lie, not on the veracity of the fact.

But some people pretend that facts are beautiful per se, and that the nearer you get to them the more beautiful your art must be.

[Houseguests:] Logan

**Friday, March 18, 1927**. A most heavenly day! Spring at last.

Mr. and Mrs. Sizer came to lunch with their two dear little daughters and a friend named Hofer, just snatched from “coal.” It was amusing that he sat with Logan, saved from “glass.” And Theodore Sizer, rescued from “cotton,” all to lead the life of the spirit, as each one conceives it. Sizers’ enthusiasm for vast endowments and a huge art push, made us all shudder somehow.

I called on Mrs. Ross and then came home to receive Vernon Lee, and a Mr. Zechariah Chafee of the Harvard Law School also called. He was full of the new American schools for children, in which, too, they apparently feed them with art extract. It all makes me vaguely uneasy.

In the evening, Logan dined at the Clarks, and we three at the De Filippi’s with Mrs. Ross and Placci and Mrs. Haslip and her daughters. The evening passed swiftly and uneventfully, and now the best part’s coming home to bed!

A quarrel when BB found that Aunt Janet was coming to the dinner. He nearly got out of the motor, and said I was “wicked” not to have told him! She was asked only in the afternoon, and I quite forgot it.

[0019]

**Saturday, March 19, 1927**. A heavenly day –

Mrs. Robinson of Springfield, Mass. came to see me in the morning. She used to send me socks for the soldiers during the War, and we became quite friendly through correspondence, but never met before. She was nice, but different from what she imagined, for she spoke of herself as reveling in the most beautiful things she saw in this her first trip to Europe. Yet here she never really looked at anything, but chatted inexorably on.

I worked on Palma [il Vecchio] – less interesting than Lotto, but still interesting.

BB and I took the “Gamberaia Walk” in the afternoon, varying it by a detour. BB would never go off the known road, but when I drag him off he enjoys it.

**March 20. Sunday**. Glorious weather.

Van Mehren brought back the Neroccio “St. Catherine,” as fresh and pure in color as a Trecento Manuscript. Nicky and I went to the Villino to see if it was all ready for the Colefaxes. Cecil [Pinsent] came and viewed his work [statues] in the garden, alas, I simply can’t bear them. I can never trust his taste again. Everyone hates them. I can only hope that with skillful “weathering” they will be less noticeable. But there is no beauty of touch, and the design is fierce and mechanical – like the unfortunate clock-tower. Cecil himself was very nice, but he feels lonely and unenthusiastic about life. To my surprise he said that he was beginning to realize what he had learned

[0020]

from us, how much his taste had been guided, even while he thought he was teaching us!

In the afternoon, BB and Naima took “the” drive (around behind Monte Senario) and I called on the Clarks, and then waited at the Villino for an hour for the Colefaxes to arrive. But they did not come and I got tired of waiting. Mr. Graham Sebastian, Consul at Bangkok! Dined with us and showed us photos of Siam.

Only a small quarrel when BB found that the Utters were to lunch tomorrow (he had asked them), so that we could not have the actors, the Pitoëffs. And we hadn’t the Utters address to put them off. He commanded me to spend the day searching every hotel and pension!! But it is better to have the Russians to tea anyhow, as they are great stayers. They stayed at the Braccis from 1-5, and this would kill us, as we can’t get on without our after lunch naps. But I must always get the addresses of people when we make engagements.

**March 21. Monday.** A very dull day. What will be its quarrel?

Evening – Nine – although poor BB feels a cold coming on and all sorts of interior alarums. The morning was taken up in the garden, and with letters and Sybil Colefax. Miss Olga Rudge, a violinist, came to lunch, very pleasant. In the afternoon Logan and I went to town. I had the dentist.

The Colefaxes dined here and they and Nicky and I went to see the Pitoeffs in “Celui qui reçoit les gifles.” She is a rather delicious actress, but it is tiring and not worthwhile for me to go to the theatre. The day turned lovely. Miss Sonouse and Muratoff [Muratov?] came while I was in town.

[0021]

**Tuesday, March 22, 1927** Lovely day.

I spent much of the morning in the garden, talking over the statues with the man who repairs them. I should be inclined to put in some excellent copies of Ammannati’s statues on the Ponte della Trinita` in the place of those too small semi-classic ones that are falling to pieces. But BB’s lively suspicions have now fastened themselves with resentment on Cecil, and he would refuse to consider the matter because he would think the change was Cecil’s suggestion – which it is not. It is hard for him to consider things on their merits in probabilities once his persecution, or BB-slighted mania is aroused. He has opposed everything in the garden, every single change, even those he now much fondly points out to visitors, so I cannot rely on him. Nor on Cecil now, since these last horrors of Clock-tower and ramps to the steps (which I detest, and which BB is furious about). But to my mind those Ammannati garden statues would look very well. *Pazienza*.

BB was all aflame because Mr. Benson wrote he would delay sending the Holford Catalogue. For he wanted to have it nicely bound. To him is was a clear proof that Benson didn’t want him to see it before the sale, and I had to write this to the Duveens (though inwardly suspecting it was only just as Benson said). And now Benson writes that after all he is sending the catalog at once, as he wants BB’s comments!! Oh, how I should hate to have my mind so filled with suspiciousness that the tiniest incident would set it into a blaze obscuring the facts. BB’s mind is too acute for ordinary life. It drives him to seek reasons for and causes instead of accepting the surface fact. This is good

[0022]

in scientific or historical investigation, but it does make practical life thorny. Not a day passes but I am accused of plots and plans and preoccupations that never entered my head. I must say he generally noses out such, if they exist, but usually they don’t exist. And what a poor interiors it must be where the fire of suspicion of being insulted and injured and neglected is always smoldering! Myself, I should rather be sometimes taken in by others than continually to be taken in by my own suspicions.

The four Utters came to lunch and were nice-ish. Andrè Germain came bringing Baroness Münchausen (the name!) and then the actors, Mr. and Mme. Pitoëff, nice young creatures, but tired, poor dears. They have 6 children!! The Colefaxes and Clarks came in, and Placci came up with them. He cornered me and would not let me attend to my guests, and bored me with exactly the same conversation he regaled me with, and afterwards BB, at the De Filippis’. He says that Italy was encouraged to take that outrageously blustering and arrogant attitude to Yugoslavia by having England behind her.

In the evening I read Ray’s second chapter and we all thought it very good. Then Nicky read a couple of chapters of “Sense & Sensibility” and we enjoyed the evening much more than when we went to the theatre!

[0023]

**Wednesday March 23, 1927**. Began cloudy but turned fine.

Poor BB is justified in his fundamentally suspicious attitude towards the universe, for he cannot trust his own body for an hour together. He is wretchedly ill, always the same auto-intoxication. And so careful as he is about diet. I do not think there is anything to be done really, but I’ve sent to the Lederle Anti-toxins Laboratories for their “Baccillophilus” which is supposed to deal with just this condition. Poor old BB. It rings my heart to see him creeping around looking out at one like a tortured animal from a cage.

I wrote to the Duveens about the Mantegna, or rather typed BB’s letter, and did several other business letters and then began the very last polishing of the Lotto portfolio, which is now as PERFECT as we can make it.

The Vavalàs came to lunch. What a competent, keen little woman she is. As I had waked up at 5, I pretty soon went off to take a nap. Then I called for Vernon Lee and took her up in the hills to show her three or four of our easy walks, for now that she has a motor she can get further away. But she is suffering the common and (to others) uninteresting ailment of old age. She is 73, and she hates it. Very different from Mrs. Ross whom I went to see on my way home. She is 85 and I have never heard her even allude to being old. I asked her once how she felt, and she said “unless I’m ill, I don’t feel my age at all, just the age I’ve always been.”

We read Salvemini’s first article in “Time & Tide” on Education. Of course we knew it all – it is almost distressing how we agree with that man – then Nicky went on with “Sense & Sensibility,” great fun.

[0024]

**I Tatti 1927**

**Thursday, March 24, 1927** A fierce rain in the morning, but clearing a bit at noon. Cloudy.

Eveline Osten-Sacken came to lunch. BB developed a bad cold, poor thing. I called on Shelby Huntingon Jackson, who has a Villa at San Domenico – a surprisingly genuine shrewd and gifted lithe person. She has brought her daughter abroad to prevent a premature “coming out,” but the girl looks resentful, sullen, neurotic, a real handful I should say. Called on Mrs. Ross on the way home.

We finished “Sense & Sensibility” in the evening. Wrote important Duveen letter.

**Friday, March 25, 1927**. Cold and howling wind, clouds racing over the sky.

Worked in the morning and wrote some business letters. Mr. Hofer came to browse, and Mrs. Robinson of Springfield, Mass. and her daughter-in-law came to lunch – the sort of American made to patterns with interchangeable parts. Logan could not bear it, and disappeared. He and I went to town. I had my hair waved. Came back to receive Mr. and Mrs. Permayne from Boston and Mr. Wood from Toronto – the latter involving Duveen’s Giovanelli Titian portrait [portrait of Prince Alberto Giovanelli by Titian]. I think what BB said clinched the matter. Wrote to Jo [Duveen].

In the evening Miss Olga Rudge came with her violin and Placci came to accompany her and Alda and Bertie to dine. The Colefaxes and Kenneth [Clark] came after dinner (Jane is ill) and Miss Rudge played Beethoven and Handel and Malle, Boulanger and Respighi and an arrangement of “Bocca, bocca bella.” It was perfectly delightful. Poor BB’s cold was so bad that he did not appear, but he heard the music through the floor of his bedroom.

[0025]

[Houseguests:] Cecil, Naima

**Saturday, March 26, 1927**

Kenneth and Cyril came to lunch and Mr. and Mrs. McComb. The latter is a very dreary person. Her husband is saved by his scholarly interests and habits. BB felt very ill and raged against the age.

Logan and I went to see Miss Priestly, who seemed as usual, very bound down to self and the things that concerned self, but still indefinably a lady. Picked up Cecil and Naima and I called on Mrs. Ross and Lina. Cecil dined with the Clarks.

**Sunday, March 27, 1927**.

Went in the garden with Cecil and consulted anxiously how to alleviate his clock-tower and path ramps. I do loathe them, and BB is out of his mind with fury, especially with me for allowing Cecil to do them. But up to now all that Cecil has done for us has been, on the whole, satisfactory and I hope he can modify these to make him less objectionable. Cecil went off before lunch, and this threw BB into a great fury, to “have his house treated like a hotel.” As I had arranged the Clark dinner, I could not let Cecil be blamed, so BB turned on me and said I never considered him in any of my arrangements (!!) and that his life was one continual exasperation with me – and so on. He wished he had never seen Cecil [Pincet] or Geoffrey [Scott] … almost never seen me.

But Berne has done so much for me that I took it calmly, and only felt sorry for his “upset,” regarding it as a groan rather than a statement.

In the afternoon Logan and Sybil Colefax and I called on the [Victor] Hammers to see his portrait of himself – very good but somehow not interesting – and then I wrote 8 letters for BB and “did” three portfolios for him. That is how I never consider him!!

[0026]

**Monday, March 28, 1927** Rainy all day. Rather cold, too.

Worked in morning over [Sebastiano del] Piombo. Bernard gets furious when I ask him questions about the notes. Yet as he often ends by taking my suggestions, I feel I must. But I think if I preface it nicely, it will go better. He is in a state of physical super-irritation, poor devil. But since my Berne cure (bless it!) I don’t get annoyed.

Miss Bertha Putnam, Medievalist and specialist in legal and economic history in England in the XIV century. She and BB had a good-natured wrangle about her god, Haskins. She was straight and truthful and humorous, we all liked her. Earlier in the morning, poor Hammer brought his famous portrait of himself with a lute and a tuning-fork. And then Nicky and I found our cross and old bear [referring to BB] simply marvelous. He [BB] said just what poor Hammer knew in the bottom of his soul, that he wasn’t a painter but a sculptor. He nearly wept when he said that sculpture was his passion but you couldn’t earn a crust of bread out of it. He admitted that he didn’t paint and couldn’t paint the space enveloping a figure. His things are certainly painted under an air pump. But he gives them pictorial rather than sculptural poses, and one feels uneasy and bored.

Mrs. Ross brought her new beau, Admiral Somerville, to dine. He was very agreeable and told us that Ireland was settling down very comfortably.

BB a little better, but staying in still.

[0027]

**Tuesday, March 29, 1927**

Worked on Pordenone. We really are getting on!

Kurt Wolff came to lunch. He said that “Jew Süss,” which all England is going wild over, was a failure in Germany and was regarded as a fourth-rate thing. I went down to Vermehrens’ to see a possible Lotto, a lovely invention of Venus nursing Cupid in a wood, but alas it was only a copy.

Count Serristori brought the Austrian ex-Minister [Count Leopold] Berchtold, the only “begetter” of the War, as many think, to tea, with his tall son. He had a rather evil face (or we thought so), and was a stupid man. The war made itself through him.

Lina [Waterfield] and Aubry came to dine – he looking extremely hayseed-y and spoke only of his garden.

**Wednesday, March 30, 1927** Worked on [Paris] Bordone.

The [F. Mortimer] Clapps and Mr. Hofer came to lunch. Clapp is “builching up” the “Art Dept” in the new Pittsburg University which is to be self-contained in one huge sky-scraper. No wandering through grassy tree-hung campuses for the Pittsburghers – no siree, they have no time to waste! Hofer is going back to America to study Art instead of staying over here to see it.

Mrs. Jackson and her friend Miss Pryne came to tea, and I took them down to see Lochoff’s things. Ojetti was here when I came back, his first call since he broke his hip.

Colefaxes to dine, -- I took them and the Hammers to Olga Rudge’s Mozart Concert – delicious. [Ernesto] Consuolo played with her. I enjoyed it as I haven’t enjoyed music for years! Nicky, BB and Logan had a comfy quiet evening reading “Mansfield Park.”

[0028]

**Thursday, March 31**. Cold and rainy.

Wrote a lot of letters, mostly business, and worked on Paris Bordone. Placci came to lunch and we talked about the attitude of the Vatican to the present Government and the “Action Francaise,” etc. But afterwards, after tea, Placci turned into a solid bore with a long apology for making friends with Fascists. People accuse him of becoming one. His voice, during an hour-and-a-half, had an unusual timbre, showing some strong personal emotion behind, as of a man unjustly accused on the defense, yet conscious of guilt. But he really was boring! BB fled, and presently I said that Nicky and I must get on with our work. Earlier in the afternoon, Nicky and I called at Poggio and saw Charlie Bell and his sister. He looked better than ever I had seen him. He said that he thought Eugènie Strong had gone off her head. They all thought so at Oxford. She talked without stopping from 8 a.m. till bedtime, and continuously in delirious praise of Mussolini. I think we do well not to see her.

Logan called on Vernon Lee, taking Sybil Colefax. She said our name “Villino Corbignanio” was not Tuscan: it is not a villino (which means a house in a row), but a villetta: and you never name a house and a place together. A villa always has either a name alone, like La Gamberaia, Poggio Gherardo, La Petraia, etc. or Villa followed by a family name – Villa Corsini, Villa Torrigiani, etc. “Villino Corbignano” is doubly wrong: “Villa I Tatti” is right if I Tatti is a personal name, as we think it is. Then her villa is “Villa al Palmerino.”

We read “Mansfield Park” in the evening.

[0029]

[Houseguest:] Cyril Connolly

**Friday. April 1st** Think of all the children doing “April Fooleries” today.

We received a cable from Jo Duveen saying that the so-called “Antonello” which the Metropolitan Museum purchased for $65,000 in the face of BB’s essay proving it could not be Antonello, had discovered in cleaning a quite different head underneath the and attractive head they bought! J.D. was perfectly cockachirp “You deserve a double rimmed halo a gold throne as the Emperor of Critics” he called.

And that silly sniffy Bryson [Burroughs] who wrote me that no matter what BB said HE was convinced that it was an Antonello!!

I hope the cleaning will reveal so much fake that Bryson Burroughs will have to make Messrs. Contini and Agnew [dealers] take it back and refund the money. All the London critics, Fay, Claude Phillips, etc. swore it was a genuine Antonello!

Worked on Savoldo in the morning and Mr. Sebastian came to say goodbye and take a few photos for the sun deigned to show its face for a couple of hours in the morning.

Miss Le Fay Thompson came to lunch, a Boston art student, rather giggly and shy. Countess Lützow brought Countess Potocka [Polish nobility] to tea. She is a very common looking woman, but with a très gallante past.

Cyril Connolly moved over from the Clark’s to spend a few days here. Nice boy.

But what dreary weather!

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[Houseguests:] Logan, Cyril, Naima, John Witt

**Sat. April 2.** Fine. Worked

In afternoon called on Mrs. Ross with Cyril and then took Admiral Somerville “the drive,” having tea at the Sollajuolo [MB also spells it “Sollaiuolo]. I think he really enjoyed it – the country never looked more beautiful.

John Witt (New College) arrived at tea-time, a pink-faced very nice boy.

Talk in the evening was good. About books.

BB had a letter from Fowles that upset him very much.

**Sunday, April 3** So-so weather.

Letter from Karin, still ecstatic. She didn’t know life could be so interesting and delightful. She has decided to go back to a Mental Clinic near Baltimore next Sept. to work there. Words cannot express what I feel to be able to think of the dear child as happy, and happy in a way that will lead on to more happiness and interest.

Charlie Bell came over in the morning and chatted so long that I got no work done. He is a vehement and very gossipy person, but we like him.

Mr. and Mrs. Loomis (medievalist professors. He at Columbia, she at Wellesley) came to lunch bringing a Miss McKinnon, an etcher, who looked most unpromising, but turned out to be intelligent and nice. BB was in a very **denunciatory** mood. We took them on the drive to Villamagna.

**Monday, April 4**.

Lina and Lochoff came to lunch. Lina will write an article about him. The Clarks and their Oxford friends Bowra (a don) and Sparrow came to tea, and then Logan and I called on the Cole-Hamiltons. Rather pointless.

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[Houseguests:] Logan, Cyril, John Witt

**Tuesday, April 5**. Fine

The Steinmeyers (Lucerne) came to lunch. They came at 12, breaking up the morning. I took Lina to Lochoff’s. Sybil Colefax joined us and glibly pronounced this copy good, that bad, and so on – scarcely looking – then I stopped and picked up Cyril and his friend, Noel Blakiston. Meanwhile Fortuny had called and was very nice they said. Mrs. Huntington Jackson and her daughter and friend, Miss Payne, dined. She told some New England stories:

*Farmer has lost wife. After funeral neighbors came to see him as he sat in a rocking-chair in front hall.* “*Yes I shall miss Marie. She was a good wife, clean, tidy, a good cook, kept my clothes clean and mended, a fine manager and a famous hand with pies and doughnuts. A great loss for me. I lived with her for 40 years, but I never really liked her.”*

*Farmer dead. Friends to condole.* “*How did it all happen?” “Well pa went off to the village on some errands. He didn*’*t come home to milk the cows when I expected him, and finally I sent the boy to look for him. Terrible noise from the barn. I went to see, and there he was hanging dead from a beam, and not a single chore done.”*

*Summer visitor used to go for the small pal of butter to 2 sisters who made their living on butter and cream. One sister died so the visitors let a few days go by, not liking to intrude. After some time, they went and asked if they could get her butter as usual.* “*Yes, it*’*s all ready made up for you.” They ventured to condole and the sister said* “*Yes, it*’*s very sad. We were always together, and she died just as the time came for making cheese, and help so expensive to get.”*

*Farmer died and his bier was to be carried by 4 influential friends. But one was rather ill at the last moment. So they asked the carpenter to lend a hand. He put on his coat and came along and took the bier. Afterwards, the widow tremendously thanked him for being so kind and helping out. He looked at his watch and said* “*An hour and a quarter of my time, twenty-five cents.”*

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[Houseguests:] John Witt

**Wednesday April 6**. Fine but growing cloudy and then wind.

Raged in garden in morning. I cannot bear Cecil’s work there. It makes me quite ill. Placci came to lunch and Mr. Paul Vitry with his daughter. At 4, Prince Paul of Serbia came, and stayed until after 7. As Edith Wharton says, “An hour is enough of any King.” BB was worn out, though Paul was very nice, very. He is a humanist at heart and has just our values about most things. Cyril and his friend, Noel Blakiston, left for Tripoli. Nicky went down to meet his nephew, and Logan and BB and I chatted with John Witt not unpleasantly. What he thought (at 18!) I cannot imagine.

**Thursday April 7** Rain and then very heavy *scirocco*.

Cecil came up and we consulted desperately about what to do to remedy things. A perfect disaster – and so costly! No one to lunch. At 2:30 went to the Academy to get the numbers from Tarchiani. A fearful muddle!! I came away in despair a 3:45 leaving Miss [Margaret] Rickert to grapple with the business. Meanwhile, Nicky had met Princess Hohenlohe (Zina) and brought her up. I called on Mrs. Ross on the way home. We chatted with Zina in the evening. It is going to be a little uphill during her visit, because of the language, bother it all!

**Friday, April 8**. Rainy

Called with Logan on Lady Enniskillen, who has grown lonely and is going back to her children. She seemed very old and far away. Zina is a great dear, but we are too busy to assimilate outsiders.

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[Houseguests:] Zina [Princess Hohenlohe], Logan – Cecil, Bertie, Alda, Cecil P.

**Saturday, April 9**. Fine.

Took Zina [Princess Hohenlohe] to town about the last remains of her jewels, etc., that she wants to sell. She hoped they would by work in 3000 lire but Salvadori appraised them at half that sum. BB took a walk with Sybil Colefax and Logan, and I went about in the garden. They are carving Cecil’s awful snail into something more bearable and I am indescribably relieved!

A Mrs. Eustace Smith (Hollywood, Cal.) came to call bringing Miss Fast. They looked dreary and frumpy but fortunately did not stay long. Then Mrs. (Tyson) Fisher came, oh so provincial and boring – then Mme. de Gamay, not half so wealthy, I’m sure, but well dressed and well behaved. I suddenly turned into a SNOB!! Her niece, Mme. de Breteuil, owner of Vincigliata, came a little later and we did the round of garden and house, enlivened by Mme. de Gamay’s savoir-faire.

Sunday, April 10. Rain the whole day.

Grappled with Cecil over those accursed garden steps. Houghton came up. More grapples. I think we can make them endurable. Mme. de Koven and her attendant [Mr.] Spender, and Mr. Macgruder came to tea. Mme. de Koven did nothing but boast of her social position in N.Y. and of her possessions. I took Zina to call on Mrs. Ross, who is cooking up a great hatred of Kenneth [Clark] and his bride.

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**Monday, April 11, 1927** Cloudy and showers. Then fine.

Gordon, and others had to ask BB for a cheque for Nando. He fell into a devastating rage and said I was killing him by inches, I never considered him, but lived only to get jobs for Cecil. I fully admitted that we had gone very wrong over the town and garden path, but tried to remind him of the many good and successful things Cecil has done for us, the Libraries, the general plans of the garden, the *salottino*, etc. He wouldn’t admit being pleased with any of these (though he shows them off with pride?) and said he was “done with the whole thing.” I said I would not torment him with any new schemes, and this roused him to greater fury (though I do mean it!), and I had to listen to a stream of wild abuse. How much of it does he mean? How big a part of his general attitude to me does it represent? Nicky says nothing, it is just a shriek of a person in physical misery – her father was just like that. Poor BB! I hate him to have these rages, they exhaust and poison him.

Zina went off after dinner, and a great relief to us all. Goodness and sweetness aren’t enough for social intercourse.

In the afternoon BB and Logan and I strolled in the garden. With some malice I asked BB whether he liked the stone wall under the ilexes. “Just the thing! Perfect!” he said … and yet when I was putting it up, he forbade me to go on, said it spoiled the whole walk, etc. etc. It is no use attending to him, but of course then (when?) I am left without defense or hope. He has objected to nearly everything I have done in the garden! But presently, when it is grown up, he points to it with pride. Oh he does make life thorny.

Colefaxes came to dine.

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**Tuesday, April 12** Fine. Glorious.

Garden with Cecil, who is trying to ameliorate his horrors. Then went and consulted about the Clark’s garden. Cecil will make the plan. He’s very good in so many ways!

The [Seymore] de Ricci’s came to lunch. Anthony and McComb were also there. I took Charley Bell to the Madonna del Sasso and then brought him and his sister to tea. Herr Bodner of the German Institute was here and Van Marle. Earlier Chafee had come with two German friends. A day of too many people. The Kingsley Porters’ Aunt also came, very modest and timid to see “where Kingsley had lived.” I showed her the garden which she liked.

Logan and I dined at the Clarks and BB and Nicky at Strays’, where he treated them to the Radio, his new and dearly loved toy. At the Clark’s we talked about Prophets – our youth was full of them, Walt Whitman, Pater, Emerson, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Ibsen – even Metertinck – they were all gospels to us. But Kenneth and his friends have no such needs and no figures to fill the need if they had it. Proust is not a gospel, nor Virginia Woolf. The French make [André] Gide into a semi-prophet, but we can’t think why, and Valèry. Of course we were just emerging from a religious state of mind where the great preoccupation was to save our souls, so we took things as religious, ways to salvation, or experienced conversation. The young generation scarcely know what we are talking about.

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**April 13, Wednesday**. Glorious

Someone asked me what my morning “toilet” consisted of. It put it down for curiosity.

1. Rise at 7
2. Clean my teeth
3. Drink (Fiuggi)
4. Curl my hair
5. Exercises ½ hour
6. Bathe legs
7. Warm bath
8. Brush face
9. Frinz Branntwein face and neck
10. Brush arms
11. Cold sponges
12. Brush legs
13. Cold-sponge legs
14. Frinz Branntwein legs, etc.

Then C, massage 8-8:30. Then tea and toast. Then read.

All sorts of things in morning. I hate Cecil’s “improvements” to the steps. It is miserable, the whole affair. Worked a little, but had letters for BB to write. The Hammers came to lunch. I called on Mrs. Hulton with flowers (BB says she is never to come here!) and the Spelmans, taking back Kalrini, their dog. Then I called on Flora Priestly and took here her picture, which I had had cleaned. Then I called for Sen.[atore] Adolfo Venturi and had him up for tea.

Mrs. Leggett and her son-in-law, Lord Sandwich, came to dine. He talked to BB while Logan and I sat and listened to the trickle of asses-milk-cream and waling that flowed from the lips of Mrs. Leggett. It was like Miss Bates in “Emma.” But worldly and semi-religious!  
“The Awakening,” “Meditation,” etc. Then the excellence of Debenhams & Freebody’s for tea gowns. Then the advantages of marrying your daughters to English peers, and so on. The queer thing about these steady talkers is that they never find out whether you want to hear what they have to say, they don’t choose their subjects to fit their audience. But just pour on and on, like Miss Priestley and Lady Sybil, etc. Lady Colefax talks a lot. But always about subjects and people that interest her hearers.

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**April 14. Thursday.** Glorious without - infernal within doors.

Another of those devastating rages in which BB threatened suicide, threatened “chucking the whole business,” said I had always kept him in misery and disgust because I was keen on my home letters (if I hadn’t them and were shut up with him I should die!), that I had no self-control but pounced opon them with revolting eagerness neglecting all his interests, that it was as bad now with grandchildren as it had been with children (a complete and demonstrable lie, this), that he humiliated himself having to do with dealers to keep up this big establishment all for me, that I let it go in horrid piggery, every day he saw with agony, disgusting signs of neglect on my part (can I give much attention to the house when he keeps me writing his business letters, sometimes all my working time – besides everyone tells me this is one of the best kept houses they come into, and it is) and so on. Does he mean all this? That is what I cannot fathom. Nicky says he doesn’t. The rage aroused, I admit, from a carelessness of mine, for when the letters were laid down beside me as I was typing a “letter for BB to Mr. Straus (a very ticklish one) I saw only some circulars. The man up to now has always put the letters on top. However, this time a letter from Otto Kahn asking about a picture was underneath, and this came to light after lunch. The telegram that answered it, I took down when I went, exactly as I should have done if BB had had the letter 3 hours earlier, so no harm was done. I shall have the letters laid on his desk in future. Though he shouted and made it

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[Houseguests:] Morra, Logan, Naima

be useless, as I should go and snatch for my home letters in a towering passion and (somehow) make away with his!!

Fortunately I did not lose my temper even inside, but felt desperately sorry for him, it made him look so ill and tired and old and miserable. At the end I opened by arms and he came trembling and laid his silly furious unkind ungoverned throbbing head on my shoulder. Then when I came in at 7, I went to him and said how desperately sorry I was, and he was very affectionate and tender. But does he cherish underneath all these resentments and hatreds that rush out at the moment the stopper is off? I fear he does. Poor thing! It is a hell of a life to be like that inside.

Logan and I paid a (rather pointless) call on the Lützows, and then I stopped in to see Aunt Janet, who is (as usual) worrying herself sick over Charlie Bell (who isn’t a bit well), and of course worrying him. Another small inferno, what real fools we all are. And the world so indescribably beautiful in its spring glory!

Morra arrived in the afternoon and was, as always, charming and agreeable to everyone. We are very fond of him. [MB includes verse from a poem by A.P. Herbert)

*Don't let's go to the dogs to-night,  
    For mother will be there.  
Auntie chooses all the tunes,  
Uncle bags the best balloons,  
And all the roundest men in town  
Are dancing mother's figure down;  
            Puffing, panting,  
            Barging, banting,  
        Bless their snowy hair!*

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**April 15. Friday**. Fine

[Houseguests:] Logan, Morra, Naima

A day without a rage – how blessed. No engagements either nor anyone to lunch.

BB and I drove to Monte Loro, heavenly landscape. He said he really didn’t mean the awful things he says. I wonder.

Clapp (Timothy) came up to have a look at the Library and stayed to tea. No one in the evening, either. Morra read to us. He reads Italian beautifully.

**Sat. April 16**. Rain, then fine, but grey.

Seymour de Ricci and Charlie Bell came and kept me from doing any work. Charlie seems ill and all at sea about his life, poor man. Baroness Marie-Dafman Wolf and Edgar Anthony came to lunch.

I called on and took flowers to Miss Placci and the poor Bartolozzi and Boncinelli. Also on Mrs. Ross and Charlie Bell. And Miss Sellers walked back with me. How awful those garden steps look!

**Sunday, April 17. Easter Sunday**. Cold with snowing on Vallombrosa.

The incredibly boring mass in the Chapel, with everyone coming for Money. I wonder why I keep it up. Charlie Bell spent the morning with us. He is in a real agony of indecision about his future. And ill. Edmund Houghton and Cecil came to lunch, and a meaningless Mrs. Wagner from Chestnut Hill, who stayed until 3:30. Edmund and Cecil cannot help me about the steps. They like them! No one else does, and I hate them. Called with Logan and Morra on the Colefaxes. The Villino looked heavenly draped in wisteria. Corrected proofs of BB’s article “While on Tintoretto.”

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[Houseguests] Logan, Morra, Mme de Terey, Naima, the Van Anreps

**Monday April 18**. Fine then Rain

BB lunched at the Villino and we had a walk. A day of peace amid storms and crowds.

**Tuesday April 19.** Fine.

Another peaceful day with a lovely walk. The Spelmans came to dine and talk about Egypt. Logan left for Venice. BB called on Molmenti and found a lot of bigwigs discussing the new bridge at Venice to replace the iron one.

**Wednesday April 20**. Fine

The Ojettis came to lunch. Mme. de Terey arrived at 1:40. The Colefaxes called to say goodgye. Placci came to dine and was really a bore.

**Thursday, April 21**. Fine.

Morra left for England. I went as godmother to the Baptistery for Giulio, the gardeners’ grandchild. Nando was Godfather. Then I drove Mme. de Terey around to look for lodgings. I find her a bit heavy for all her liveliness. She doesn’t fit in here. Byba and Henry [Coster], a young singer, Miss Godby, came to tea, and Mr. Clapps and McCombs to dine.

**Friday, April 22**. Fine.

Stefan von Auspitz [banker and collector of paintings] and Herr Leitner [probably his brother-in-law] came to lunch. I took Mme. de Terey to call on Mrs. Ross and Miss Sellers. Mrs. Lathrop and her brother, Aldis and his wife, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Oliver Aldis, and a Mrs. Ryerson (very jolly) came to tea. Also Clapp. Again Mme. de Terey quite insoluable.

A splendiferous letter from Karin on the boat. Her incredibly successful American trip at an end -- 50 new friends, and many of them among the most distinguished neurologists in America! It is what I hoped and expected, but better.

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[Houseguests] Naima, Mme. de Terey, the Van Anreps

**Saturday, April 23**. Fine but greyish.

The Seymour de Ricci’s came to lunch and Mrs. de Heveczy. I called at 3:30 for Mrs. Hulton and her daughter Gioconda and took them on a drive to the Madonna del Sasso, bringing them back to tea, where BB and Nicky were entertaining Sig. Marangoni and Signora Pittaluga. (Mme. de Terey went to call on Mrs. Goldmann) My drive was a meaningless politeness, to me, at least, and I suspect to them.

O if we could only cut out those social affairs that are merely politeness! I find both Mrs. Hulton and Gioconda dull; but as I love Theresa I suppose I must show some attentions to them. But oh dear, when there are some people it is heaven to be with, and I see them so little!

Mme de Terey (Edith) is meaningless to me, but I see she is gifted and nice.

**Sunday, April 24**

In order to take her off their hands, I motored Mme. de Terey, with Houghton and Naima to Prato and Pistoia. Nicky and BB had his French publisher M. Schiffrin and his wife (a famous pianist) to lunch, and Mr. Martin-Chauffier, librarian to Mme. Finaly [Villa Landau] and his wife to lunch.

The publisher said that BB’s books in French were having an enormous success, and he wants to bring out his “Sassetta” now.

We lunched at Pistoia and then went to the Villa Papiano (over S. Baronto) to call on Mr. Leonard Merrick, who has just inherited it from an old maid Victorian aunt who lived there many years and furnished it in the worst taste of 1870. Incredible! We motored back by Empoli and

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Mrs. Goldman and the concert singer Gebhardt and Mrs. Watkins with Mr. Cecil. They stayed till 7.

**I Tatti 1927**

[Houseguests:] Naima, Mme. de Terey, Anreps, 2 Princesses Marie Thurn and Taxis and Kinsky

**Monday April 25**. Fine.

Poor Mme. de Terey got a telegram that her husband died suddenly at Vienna on Saturday. She was of course greatly shocked and upset, bit I think she will be happier now. He was a very heavy, obstinate, ill-tempered man. She went off at 11, and we all spent a certain amount of time sitting with her and hearing her talk. A fantastic amount dribbled out, chiefly to his discredit. Mrs. Ross and Miss Sellers came to lunch. And Mrs. and Prof. Patch (medieval Latin, Smith College) came to tea, with Mrs. Kennedy, Miss P’s mother. I offered them the Villino for 6 weeks, and hope they will take it.

Princess Marie of Thurn and Taxis and her granddaughter, Princess Marie Kinsky arrived for dinner, motoring from Rome in one day. No wonder the old lady (72) was tired to death.

**Tuesday April 26**. Fine.

Quiet day but for rages against the workmen. against Cecil too, and Fortini. Mme. Narischkin and Baron Stiebel came to dine – oh what bores!

**Wednesday April 27, 1927** Fine

More disappointments over the work. The [Leonard] Merricks (father, daughters, nephew and niece (Williams) came to tea, and Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Pepper. Merrick seemed nice, but green as grass about Italians. Before they left, Miss Brenda Putnam (sculptress) called. She seemed queer. I called on Mrs. Ross and Miss Sellers. Count and Countess Lützow came to dine. Mild evening. Jolly letter from Alys about her party at Chilling [Aly’s home in England] which

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consists of d’Entreves, Alberti and Morra, 3 MacCarthys (Molly, Desmond and Rachel) and Barbara bedeviling them all.

Elizabetta Henraux writes: “My dearest BB. How can I express to you the emotion with which I received a few weeks ago your wonderful book with its touching dedication. Nothing could have touched me more deeply, and this thought of yours shall even have present in my heart. You knew how my poor Lucien loved and admired you, and no better homage to his beloved memory could he have wished himself”)

BB induced me to write to Yoi Maraini. I think it is a mistake.

Thursday April 28 Fine. Lady Wachter and Brockewell came to lunch. The rest of the day we had to ourselvesand it was a welcome rest. I feel asleep in the evening!

**Thursday, April 29**. Fine.

Mrs. Watkins and Mr. Algernon Cecil came to lunch. The 2 Princesses went off to Duino. Mr. Cecil is a pleasant intelligent man. Mrs. W – a bore.

Cecil Pinset came up and we agonized over the Belvedere, which doesn’t seem to me at all improved by being painted lighter. Yoi telephoned to me, and to everyone she knew I think. I shouldn’t have accepted to come on a letter so cold as mine, which only said that as BB wanted so much to see Nello, I did not feel like standing in the way!

Monsieur and Mme. Melchior de Polignac (Visiting Vincigliata) came to tea, and Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Stoop blew in, and on top the them Vernon Lee, whom I took to call on Mrs. Ross, thus healing up an enmity of 40 years!! We dined with the Spelmans. We end by winning one.

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**I Tatti & [Hotel] Aquila d**’**Oro, Rimini 1927**

[Houseguests:] Hal Thames, Naima

**Saturday April 30.** Fine getting hot …

For a wonder, we had no one to lunch, except young Cecil Anrep. After lunch I went down and met my cousin (36) Dr. Harry Thomas, such a fine, delightful fellow. BB likes him awfully, too.

Mrs. Peguson and Mme. de la Nux called, and with them Senda’s friend, Miss Shearer and Miss Scott from Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Algers from Columbia [University] and their daughter. Then came the De Marinis *and the Tower of Babel was complete*.

Alys writes “whatever Barbara does, gramophone, sketching, or card-playing, they all cluster around her, with constant peals of laughter. Since Morley left, we make no attempt at highbrow conversation, but chaff and say the whole time.” (Mons. Alessandro d’Entreves, Gugliermo Alberti, Dermot and Rachel MacCarthy).

**Sunday May 1**. Fine.

Fortuny and his wife and 2 Venetian friends of theirs came to lunch, named Mauroni (I think). Very dull people, and it was awfully heavy, and they stayed rather long. Harry Cestun (?) came and had a drive and walk with BB and I walked with Hal Thomas and then the Houghtons and some friends came. It was pleasant chatting with Hal in the evening. He says they now cure epilepsy (especially in children) by starvation. He does not heartily approve of the too highly endowed Rockefeller Institute, and says that the most important discoveries are not made there. They talked about the way a thing grows till it is unmanageable or breaks of its own weight and complication. Hal thinks the Johns Hopkins is in that state, and BB thinks Civilization is!!

The Bishop of Chur came to see BB about his collection of pictures, and blessed us all copiously.

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**Monday, May 2**. Very beautiful day.

Shopped and got my hair cut in morning. Hal drove back with me for lunch and after lunch I let him have the small car to take an American girl (Miss Ayers) a drive. He enjoyed it. He is an awfully nice fellow, one of my nicest cousins. Nello Maraini came in the afternoon, not Yoi, (to our is a great delight), and was so very very nice and intelligent that I was glad I gave way about his horrid wife. I called on Mrs. Ross. Then nice chat with Hal in evening.

**Tuesday, May 3**. It rained in the night and laid the dust. Unfortunately the wet clouds were left over all day.

We started at 9 and lunched at Borgo San Sepolcro. Celestino had telephoned to the wrong hotel, and the proprietà came around and fell on the proprietà of the Fiorentino, where we lunched. [He] tore his neck and face till the blood came, shouting like a madman. It upset BB horribly. “Don’t tell me to be reasonable – I’m not made like that. My nerves can’t stand such things.” Elizabeth wept – two people nearly as uncontrolled, though not as brutal, as the offended albergatore!

We saw Talamello and the fine cross by Baronzio [also known as Giovanni da Rimini] and the frescoes by Antonio da Ferrara, but it was too cloudy and misty to see San Leo, and so we came on to Rimini.

**Wednesday, May 4, Rimini**. Fine, cloudy, rain.

Saw the Pinacotecca (Bellini⑤) and the Temple⑤ and the Baronzio frescoes ⑤ now in the *Municipio*. [Note: this seems to be a rating system that MB is employing, we see it later in the year]. I had no idea he was so beautiful. Pellegrina (now Marchesa Paulucci of Forli) came to lunch and motored with us to incredible San Leo. What a place! Hung into a huge crag.

Hotel fearfully noisy, otherwise fairly good – for Italy.

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**Aquila d**’**Oro [Hotel], Rimini 1927**

[Hotels] Italia in Urbino, Moderno in Fabriano, Posta in Foligno

**Thursday May 5**. Fine and a sprinkle of rain towards 6.

I took a dose of medinal and slept through the fearful noise, then (?) paid for it by heaviness all day. We went to Pesaro (35 km) and saw the Museo. The Bellini Coronation (s. in parts) is now there. Saw also for the last time the Palazzo Mosca. Saw the E. Xn. Ivory cup in the Duomo and the little crude sarcophagus. After lunch went with Dr. Bonini to Villa Mirafiore, whose owner, Conte Alberto Albani, a friend of Guido’s, showed us the villa and his astonishingly modern-romantic Savoldo (Riposo). Then to Villa Imperiale, whose owner, Conte Albani Castelbarco (Uzzano, Greve) was away. A lovely place. We had tea beside the Villa overlooking the sea.

**Friday, May 6**. The usual middling weather – some rain.

We went to Ravenna and saw everything, and had tea on the seashore. What a pity the mosaics are so restored, and the places where they are. The hand of Ricci has been heavy on the town.

**Saturday, May 7**. Gloomy weather.

We met Serra at Fano and then drove via Fossombrone with him to Urbino.

**Sunday, May 8**. So-so weather.

Saw the Palace [Ducal Palace of Urbino]. What a sensation to come from these pictures into the presence of the Sinigallia [*Madonna di Senigallia***]** Piero della Francesca! Serra left at 2 and we drove to Sassocovaro and then to Carpegna, where there is a fine Cinquecento Palace belonging to Pellegrina’s cousins-by-marriage, in an old Pieve.

At dinner the young man of the

[47] Rimini Temple appeared and turned out to be Adrian Stokes (author of “Sunrise in the West”), a youth with wild hair and beautiful eyes and a thousand bees buzzing in his bonnet. At night I had a multiple, frightful bladder attack, which kept me crouched and moaning until 3 a.m.

**Monday, May 9**. Still bad weather.

We came to Fabriano and I went to bed instead of seeing the Gallery. At 4, however, I went out with the others and saw Genga and San Vittore [probably Abbazia di San Vittore delle Chiuse], an old church so Sicilian (Saracen) in character that we wondered if it might not have been put up by Frederich II on the road to Sicily, by Sicilian masons. The scenery all about is most lovely.

**Tuesday, May 10**. Rainy.

Woke up with a new attack and was hardly able to travel. We went to Matelica, where I crouched by an unmade bed and moaned, but fell asleep and wake somewhat better. Serra joined us and we went to Matelica, and then to San Severino, but I could not do much sightseeing. We crossed Harrison Rhodes and his sister in their car at a street corner in San Severino. Serra left us there, and we came onto Foligno over the Colfiorito, stopping at Belforte sul Chienti to see the big Boccatti polyptych. The old Posta [hotel], which we liked so much, has run down and is now no better than any other hotel. It is very sad.

[48]

**Wednesday, May 11**. A rainy cold day.

We motored from Foligno to Arezzo, had lunch, a nap and a good look at the sacred frescoes of Piero della Francesca. What an art! Everything else looks like tapestry. Got home at 6 to find endless letters, telegrams, visiting cards, etc. The usual feelings of depression and discouragement, oh! I worked in afternoon, though feeling ill, by writing BB’s business letters. The Belvedere, though changed, is still awful. I shall have to take it down.

BB began in the car about how he couldn’t bear it, if, when we were in London, he felt as if I was wanting to see my own family. Such a storm of indignation and, yes, hatred rushed through me at his jealousy and his folly, too, in expecting me to subordinate every maternal feeling and impulse to his convenience, that I feel almost insane, and it kept me awake until 5 this morning. I tried to turn my mind off, to say he was a nervously ill-balanced poor thing (though he pretends he is the sanest and most self-conscious spirit alive). I tried to think we’d muddle through somehow, as we have all these years, but really I’m getting too old for this continual strife. This attempt of his to make me over, to be something convenient to himself, and I lay in bed trembling with a current almost like a strong electric current rushing through my veins of indignant revolt. I’m so afraid I can’t stand it if he makes rows in England because I prefer seeing these beings so intensely dear to me, from whom I live nearly all my life separated, to

[49]driving about at silly places with him or making an uncomfortable third pouring over medieval manuscripts. He will suffer, too, for his jealousy will suspect a thousand false things, and if I fall ill, it will be all due to them, though he never accuses himself if I fall ill, as I so often do, when I am devoting myself to him.

However, I’ve got to consider him as much as I can, for he is the person who runs our life and makes it possible what success there is in it. But it may be just too much for me. I managed to keep quiet, though tingling with rage and hate. What if I lost control, as he so often does. I think it would end in a dreadful fit of Insanity. I tremble upon the possibilities.

**Thursday, May 12**. Glorious day, bit cool.

Of course I felt very ill all day, but I did a dozen of BB’s letters and got out in the garden, which is Paradise. Betsy Rothenstein and her friend Miss Duffle came to tea, she a sculptress, the other an architect, both in heaven to be in ITALY, young, healthy, full of curiosity. But unguided and then I realized what a debt I owe to BB. Well, he makes me pay for it, if only he doesn’t ask so high a payment that I go bankrupt. I am terrified at the way I feel. Alda came up, nice, plucky creature. What if I had her husband Bertie!

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**May 13, Friday**. A heavenly day, but cool.

I got a host of business letters written in the morning, and in the afternoon actually paid 4 calls – Lucy Porter’s sisters, the Misses Wallace (out), Miss Brenda Putnam (out), Elisabetta Henraux (unable to see me) and Mrs. Ross who has Dame Katherine Furse staying with her. BB walked in the garden and worked, but he has a cold coming on.

I finished Virginia Woolf’s last novel, “To the Lighthouse.” It is an insane book. The group of people she writes about are all hyper-sensitive unresistingly subject to the onrush of feelings and moods, utterly unguided by reason or common sense or standards apart from their temperaments and the mood of the moment. I feel as if the nice barn of edible hay, which is the normal dwelling place of the person, were turned into a dismal, echoing, sound-magnifying cavern, empty save for ghosts of horror and spirits of bliss that whirl through its vaults and crevasses. A most exhausting book, but not “tout le monde.” I wonder if young people nowadays think that is the ideal of life to put before themselves? What is to me horrible, and dangerous, about it, is the lack of all impersonal interests, of all standards, of all rationality. What is worst of all is that *au fond fond* the people are so distressingly commonplace in their echoing cavern. It is the method, daresay, that the young critics will admire. But the intensity is all trivial as content, except perhaps the suggested relation of husband and wife.

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**May 14, Saturday**. Fine but cold and a bit of rain.

Walked in garden with BB. We do enjoy it! It is surprising how we can sink our fundamental differences and enjoy companionship on the surface, as it were. And he has a very interesting mind and a pretty wit in inventive descriptic terms, such as “Culture-hummers,” for men like Theodore Sizer.

Dr. Ernst Steinmann came to lunch and stayed to tea, but discretely took a nap from 3-4, like ourselves. We then strolled in the garden and were joined by Fiocco and Marangoni. Later Naomi arrived for the weekend. I read aloud parts of Virginia’s novel in the evening. BB found it wholly bad, which I suspect a *Tirage* of Bloomsbury irises colours his view. But the Times “Literary Supplement” though very anxious to praise it, can find very little to say.

I had a chat with Kenneth and Jane [Clark], who are really delightful companions.

**May 15, Sunday**. Heavenly day.

Walked in garden with BB and Naimi. Bessie Berenson arrived in the afternoon, coming up with Alda. Mr. Frank Mather came to tea. He is something of a goose, but a sweet, kind nature. Bessie with her whining voice and discontented depressing personality for the first time doesn’t depress me. I have bounded up from my illness and am now on the crest of the Kocher wave once again. It is like a miracle. I lost it for a week, through that bladder trouble, and it was the worst part of the illness. But now it had flooded back upon me. Wonderful!

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Poems by Judith Stephen ([age]8)

School is jolly, life is fair,

Leaves are dancing in the air,

Chicks are laying,

Bears are rolling in their lair.

The fox is cunning,

Deers are running,

It’s a pretty sight

And all goes right

For the dogs have gone sunning.

===

If I lived an age before

And lived with this day

Why you would say

Oh, if I may,

I’d like to be told,

If only you could tell

The languages you used

When you weren’t old.

How does the daphne bush bloom pink

While the cook roasts potatoes in ovens of zinc?

How do we manage to play in the sun

While the hunter shoots rabbits, one by one?

How can we like to play in the bath

While the gardener digs weeds from of the path?

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Ann [Stephen] – Aged 11

Once there was a little daisy

Who was very, very lazy

It never would come out

It never would unfold

Because it was so cold.

Carey writes (April 28) “I am looking forward to being near Ray this summer. There is no one like her. She is the only daughter I should have like to have, muddy hip boots and all. If I could allow myself two, Helen Taft Manning would be the other, Fred [Helen’s husband Frederick] and all.”

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[Houseguests:] Bessie B

**May 16, Monday**.

Miss Brenda Putnam and her beautiful and interesting friend, Miss Alan, both sculptors, Betsy Rothenstein (sculptor) and Miss Duffell (architect) [MB also spells her name Duffle] all came up to tea, the latter 2 remaining for the night. Jane and Kenneth came to dine, but it went heavily. Fine day. Called on Mrs. Ross, where the girls picked me up.

**May 17, Tuesday**. Fine

I called on Elisabetta [Henraux, ne Piccolellis], but saw her mother instead, who told me of their new misfortune, the son-in-law Bombicci who has gambled away all his fortune and a million-and-a-half of borrowed money, and has fled to Tripoli to escape his creditors. The Piccolellis family have paid all his debts except to money-lenders, who were getting 90% out of him!

Mr. and Mrs. Artemis Packard called at 5. He is preparing to teach “appreciation of art with special reference to the place of art in modern life” to Dartmouth undergraduates. Yet he isn’t a “Culture-hummer” like Sizer, but a rather thoughtful young man. American’s interest in Art is overwhelming.

In the morning a young lady named Leona Samuels (and her mother) called to get advice on her career. She also wanted to teach “appreciation of art,” but I don’t think she had any to impart.

Flora Priestly came to dinner, clattering in with her world and her clothes and her looks, as usual. She is like a wheezy not quite wound-up musical box of trivial airs.

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[Houseguests:] Bessie B, Mr. R Benson, Mr. Hungerford Pollen

**May 18, Wednesday**. Fine

The Ojettis came to lunch. All three of them. The dealer Bottenwieser came to have a talk with BB.

Nicky dined with the Clarks and I with Mrs. Ross and Dame Katharine Furse, whom I liked immensely. She has had her son psychoanalyzed, and “Mother complex” was discovered which was ruining him. As he couldn’t live up to his Mother’s standard, he first slumped in despair.

**Thursday, May 19**. Fine

Mr. Benson and his youngest child, [and] Mr. Hungeford Pollen, arrived at 7 a.m. I went off with Bessie at 9 and picked up Miss Kelly, Cecil and Edmund Houghton and went down the Arno valley hunting for Clock towers. Found a shrine with frescoes by Botticini, and even nice tower, but no use for us! Met the Clarks at Pistoia for lunch. We then saw the Costarighini garden [Villa Costa Righini], and Houghton took photographs of it, and then we drove home by Empoli, over the ridges, a lovely drive.

BB took the Bensons to call on Mrs. Lathrop at Villa Medici.

**Friday, May 20**. Cloudy turning fine. BB awfully cross.

Bensons shopped in morning. We all went to see the picture at San Martino in the afternoon and had tea with the Clarks, very pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bruce and Leo Stein came to call. Leo was full of the work he has brought to birth and the one he is gestating. The Bruces made no particular impression on me.

Nello and Yoi Maraini came to dine. Yoi still sirens – like evil but with a hard face and disagreeable line (looked at close). Mr. Benson quite fell in love with her!

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**I Tatti 1927**

[Houseguests:] Benson, Mr. Pollen, Bessie

**Saturday, May 21st**. Cloudy – fine.

The Bensons lunched in town. I sent the car for Alda to take the Miss Wallaces to the Certosa and she brought them to tea. Evelyn Vavala also came. And meanwhile there appeared a young man of whom BB writes about to Kingsley Porter.

“Yesterday a very handsome youth named M [Meyer] Shapiro sent up his card on which was written Columbia University. Mary went down to inspect him and after quite a while brought him up. I asked him at once under whom he had learned and when he answered [Columbia University Medievalist Prof. Ernst] “de Wald,” I had a horrid outburst where I am thoroughly ashamed. {It was really shocking!! [Mary]}

However, when I recovered and enquired further it turned out that he had been sent by Creswell whom he had seen at Cairo and Riefstahl whom he had seen at Constantinople. (R, by the way, is settling down in that capital to start a school for Oriental Studies). As for the youth, he is the recipient of a Carnegie scholarship. He has it for 3 years, 2 of which he must spend at Columbia under Prof. Murray (who is he???) and ONE for all abroad. So this youngster has been dashing through the whole de Wald – Cook - Smith – Morey – Stozgowski universe, and he finds it good. This Shapiro is 22 years old. He has painted, sculpted, architected: he is acquainted with the entire personnel of the art and the entire literature: he has worked years and years to Coptic art and as many again to the local school of Ajerbajon; decades has he spent in Spain and Southern France, and as for the remotest corners of Byzantine and Cappadocian art, he has explored, delved and assimilated and incorporated it all. I put him to the test by showing him my jade libation cup and my little bronze candle stick, and he praised them and interpreted them and

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discoursed about them as sweetly as Solomon’s album the Hyssop in the Wall.”

“Another visitor in the last 2 days was my beloved Frank [Jewitt] Mather, the author of of Babbel of the U.S.”

[Houseguests:] Bensons, William Ivins, Bessie

**Sunday, May 22**. Fine.

Houghton came to lunch and Mr. Benson expounded to him the marvels of his Holford Catalogue from 2:30 – 6:30. We were glad to have the dear old man occupied. Dame Katharine Furse also came to lunch, such a splendid person, but less intellect than character and organizing power, I should say.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mme. Anglés (friends of Heveczy) came to tea. He had been 8 years Député and was very interesting on politics, commerce and economics, and so of course BB monopolized him, “leaving the anguish to me,” namely his hard little “*cultureen*” of a wife. The evening was heavy.

**Monday, May 23**. Rain then finish.

The Bensons left at 10. On the whole, the visit was nice. It is a friendly spot in England. The Martin-Chauffiers came to lunch, such nice young people. Billee Ivins arrived at 5:30. I like him better each time. It is pleasant sitting chatting with him in the evening. A great storm in the night, freshening everything, but also doing some mischief in the garden

[0058]

**I Tatti 1927**

[Houseguests:] Billee Ivins, Bessie

**May 24. Tuesday**

The McCombs and their young friend (I forget her name) came to lunch. The McComb’s are a bit dreary, and she, poor thing, is getting deaf and has no health.

People came to tea, but I have forgotten them.

**May 25. Wednesday** Fine.

We went to the [Fondo] Finaly (Landau) Library, but instead of having it to ourselves and the Martin-Chauffiers, we found half a dozen of what Ivins calls *Uribus* … deadly, *unsnubbable* people. It wore us to the bone. Ivins said I relapsed into looking just like a New Jersey farmer, BB’s features were obliterated and even Nicky found nothing to say. We revived at tea in the McComb’s villino +2, and Ivins has a little flirtation with their baby, which was too pretty for words, her shyness melting into complete surrender as she lay back against his knees and gazed up into his face with ecstasy.

In the evening I dined with Mrs. Ross and Donne Kilhaine, the former being very unwell. I sent a note to Dr. Giglioli to go to her. Nicky and Bessie dined at the Van Anreps, and BB and Billee alone here.

**Thursday, May 26**. Fine.

Houghtons came before lunch and we grappled with that awful bell-tower, which now looks like the front of an art nouveau garage! Billie and BB and I went to call on De Marinis and see some of his books and part of the garden. Rather exhausting. We came back and found the Clapps here to say goodbye. We all dined with “the whales” as Billee called them – the Spelmans. It was not unpleasant.

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[Houseguests:] Billee Ivins, Bessie, Naima, Mr. and Mrs. Lanier

**Saturday, May 28**. Fine.

Consultations with the mason about that thrice accursed bell-tower. Then Cecil and Houghton came and finally a new design was evolved. Mrs. de Koven brought Mr. and Miss Portman to lunch. It seemed meaningless. I called on Mrs. Ross, who seems very ill and returned to find that Mr. and Mrs. Lanier had arrived. He is a typical old-fashioned New Yorker, with no pretense to anything, but money and fashion and correct behavior. Mrs. Lanier is dreadfully full of herself, very vain, very “proud” (she calls it). Her chief merit is that she dresses beautifully, better than anyone I know. I forgot to say that Mario Bacciocchi came to lunch.

**Sunday, May 29**. Fine

Nothing special but I called upon Mrs. Ross again. BB drove Lanier and Bessie and Ivins to take the walk above the Guadagni Place.

**Monday, May 30**. Fine.

Countesses Lützow and Dubsky came to lunch. BB took them on a drive to the “Sollaiuolo” while I took Mr. Lanier to call on Mrs. Lathrop and la Marquise de Breteuil (at Vincigliata) both of whom were out. Ivins left at 10:45. We like him, but he is very un-grown-up, he is in the boys’ Katzenjammer Kids [American comic books]. BB (though unwilling to follow Freud!) thinks it is a sort of unresolved sex complex.

**Tuesday, May 31**. Fine.

Placci and Mr. Schnyder (of Bâle) came to lunch. BB and Placci walked. Out it was terribly hot. I took Mr. Lanier to call on Mrs. de Koven. Placci and Alda stayed to dinner.

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[Houseguests:] Bessie, the Abbotts [BB’s sister Senda and husband]

**Wednesday, June 1, 1927**. Fine.

No guests (except Bessie) for once!! Vavalà a to lunch. I took Bessie to call on Mrs. Watkins and Nesta de Roebeck. Quiet evening, with new moon and fireflies.

**Thursday, June 2, 1927**. Fine but very hot!

Bessie went down to Siena in the car to bring back the Abbotts, who arrived about 5:30. Senda’s voice is awful, a mixture of a shriek and a whine. Saw Mrs. Ross. The Spelmans came to dinner, which was set out of doors. Nothing special was said, except that we discussed why one says “work like a dog” and “gay dog” and “dog tired.”

Dr. Giglioli told me that Mrs. Ross has a cancer situated behind the vagina. It may never give her much pain, but she will grow weaker. The best hope is that her heart may suddenly give out. I am terribly upset about it, for I am very fond of her, and I hate to see her suffer.

**Friday, June 3**. Heavy *scirocco*, everybody oppressed with it.

Miss [Margaret] Rickert, who spent yesterday afternoon crying, poor thing, did not appear. BB feels very sick and wretched. Since Kocher, I keep up wonderfully.

I called on Aunt Janet, who feels better, and then met Emery Walker and his daughter, who arrived from Paris. Mrs. Lathrop called to say goodbye, and Fiocco and Marangoni came to see BB.

The heat is very oppressive, though it is not over 80-degrees.

[0063]

[Houseguests:] Bessie, the Abbotts, Emery Walker and daughter, Guido Cagnola, Naima

**Saturday, June 4**. Ray’s 40th Birthday!!

Very oppressive, but a cooling downpour at 3 lasting on into the night.

A day rather horrible with too many people, some of whom we could have much enjoyed alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton came to lunch and stayed on to tea. It poured so no one went out, but then Welte Mignon helped to pass the afternoon, while BB and Guido (who arrived at 1) went off to have a talk. They agreed so completely about the horrors of Fascist rule, that they almost had nothing to say. Guido says he is thoroughly tired of life, he would welcome death, he has no more pleasure left.

**Sunday, June 5, 1927**. Somewhat cooler from the rain, and really fine in afternoon.

Could not get much work done, for all the people to settle and talk to. I took Mr. Walker to call on Vernon Lee and they talked about all the childish pranks the “Pre-Raphaelites” loved to play on each other. They would pile books over doors to fall on “Topsy’s” (William Morris’) head when he passed through, and pin things on each other’s coat-tails in chalk things on each others backs to make people in the street laugh at them. And “Piggy” and “Tootsie” and suchlike names were in constant use. I drove Mr. Walker over Maiano and got out to see Mrs. Ross, who seemed rather better. Dr. Giglioli has given her pills to take if her pain comes on. I do not think she suspects it is cancer. Poor old lady.

Carlo Placci and Miss Ruth Draper came to dine. They were late and BB got into a fearful rage and said Placci did it to insult his \_\_\_\_\_[Mary’s blank to refer to curse word]!! He is fast, he called for Miss Draper in lots of time and she wasn’t ready. He had the consideration to telephone to say he would be late.

[0064]

[Houseguests:] The Abbotts, Bessie, Mr. & Miss Walker

Oh dear! I’d give a lot if BB weren’t so obsessed by the idea that people are acting out of hostility to him, to insult him, to be insolent towards him. It is a real curse. The more I try to restrain him from jumping to some such conclusion on utterly insufficient evidence, the more I am reproached for having a “rhinoceros hide,” for being “insensitive,” for “caring nothing for his interests,” for “always being on the other side.” And what a silly impression he makes on people! Tonight he said that the butler had told him that the message was that Carlo had kept the car waiting because, as BB stormed, he didn’t choose to get dressed in time. And this was a lie, an obvious one invented, as everyone saw, in a pet. And then he said Carlo always made a point of being late \_\_\_\_\_\_ [Mary’s blank]!!! Another obvious lie, and we all knew it. I wonder that BB’s much vaunted “social sensitiveness” does not make him understand the bad impression he makes on others when he lets himself go in this way.

Miss Draper is very sensitive to art impressions, and it is interesting to meet her. And yet when Placci proposed to bring her up, BB was thoroughly nasty and said he wouldn’t have her. He’d met her once at dinner and she was “delirious with admiration of Sargent.”

**Monday, June 6**.

Oh what a dull lady came to lunch, a Mrs. Altmayer. Quite a talker, but come the way she opened her mouth that only common-places would come out. BB took them all [on] a drive while Senda and I called on 4 old ladies, each growing old in a peculiarly horrid way – Miss Priestly, like a cracked music-box, trickling

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out the same silly little tune, wheezy now and jerky but not to be stopped or changed; Miss Burn-Murdoch, rapidly sinking to the intellectual level of a *contadina* – but still with something fine about her spirit, so chastened by suffering, so real in contrast to the other; Mrs. De Roebeck, a real Monster; and lying ill, lonely, fierce, raging, hating Mrs. Ross, yet a *grande* dame in her way.

But what a menace! Or can I turn it to a warning?

Yoi and Nello dined, she exclaiming with horror at the women who went on after youth thinking about love-making!!

**Tuesday, June 7**.

A young student, Herman Wechsles, came and first I, then BB, talked to him for his soul’s good … but oh how green he was, and how far from the right track. The Novello Papafavas came to lunch. Another drive for the party in general. I went to Mrs. Ross and heard more lies.

**Wednesday, June 8**.

The Walkers and Bessie looked at our Persian books in the morning. I took the Walkers to town and saw them to their hotel, and then did some errands and called on Mrs. Ross. But first on Mrs. Spelman, who is threatened with appendicitis operation and is awfully scared.

Quiet evening with Bessie. The Abbots left at noon.

**Thursday, June 9, 1927**.

Enjoying a quiet house. The Ojettis came to lunch, and Vavalà, and I met Lina Waterfield at the 3:10 train. She rang rather wooden apropos of her aunt, but I cannot wonder. That old lady had made her suffer!

[0066]

**I Tatti 1927**

[June 9th continued]

BB to Walter Pach, who is going to review his “Three Essays:”

“I do not want prayer, praise, approval or agreement, although I should welcome them as a bye-product. What I do want is discussion.

“Now ultimately there are two and two only goals for the study of the art of the past. There is the aesthetic one which should attempt to love art and enjoy it forever. And there is the humanist one, which regards art as an experience that humanity is always having and which yet is always different. To feel these differences as so many diverse yet connected moments in the life of the race, seems to me the end and the reward of culture.

“For which reason it is no mere bit of antiquarianism to decide whether the new Metropolitan Museum acquisition is or is not by Antonello. If it is, then there is succession of moments but telescoping and confusion (instead of development) in the history of the humanization of our race. I feel more and more that an entirely new generation after Antonello had to arise before a design like the “Madonna” could have been achieved.”

Mr. Niver came to call, dull and green, but not entirely stupid. Of course on the way back, working to neither of these ends set forth above, it seems hopeless. One has to hold in a lot of impatience. “Youth and Crabbed Age.”

We had a divine walk on the “Guadagni Walk,” with Bessie, who is a dear. I had a “disturbo” and went early to bed.

[0067]

**Friday, June 10**. Fine but getting warmer.

A Miss Lulu Lasker, sent by Lawrence Berenson, came to lunch, an emphatic, uncultured young Jewess. Not for us. Lina came in the afternoon and gave a bad account of her Aunt, who seems to be going rapidly down hill. If only she could die suddenly without pain. My flesh shudders at the thought of what she may have to suffer before she finds release.

Niver also came to lunch. We discussed what BB said in his letter to Pach [see above], but with the inert weight of Miss Lasker, Margaret Rickert, Bessie and Niver it ran quickly into the sand.

The Putnams came to tea, he the Librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington, she a musician and sculptress. She played Brahms to us. Henry Harris came in and we all walked in the garden. Then he and BB and I went to dine at the Maraini’s. It might have been tolerable, though Yoi was horid in singing the praises of that unspeakable neighbor of ours, Ben Ali Haggin – but at least we were all grown-ups. But she couldn’t leave it at that -- she invited a Miss \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ [Mary’s blank], whose parents have bought the Villa Machiavelli, and who is only 24, her head full of dancing and games, but pretty and evidently used to taking the lead in talk. She did. I hope BB won’t make me to there again. He, of course, retired with Nello, and so had a fairly interesting time. The dinner was very poor too. But the house is nice. They have taste, and the view of Florence at night lovely.

[0068]

I Tatti 1927

[Houseguests:] Bessie, Naima

**Saturday, June 11**. Hot – heavy, but clearer towards evening.

Only Margaret Rickert for lunch – This [young] thing saying “I think I won’t marry.” She is a fool to be so off-and-on in an important matter like that! After lunch, when I asked BB whether he wanted the motor, he fell into a fearful rage, and said I tried to hem him in and mechanize his life, etc. etc. and wouldn’t listen when I said (what is true) that I always left Parry and the big car for him, but that Parry had no so much to do, getting ready for our trip (he is not only chauffeur, but mechanic for 3 cars and a camion). That it was only kind to him to let him know what time he had at his disposal for his mechanic’s work. BB would like us all to have no life apart from his momentary caprices, and he ended in a childish *pel* saying he would never go out in the car again! I am sorry (to say that I went off to my nap really trembling with hatred of his unreasonable selfishness. To run this huge establishment with lots of guests to be planned for, is not easy: and he makes it a hundred times harder than it need be. I had to think long thoughts, about how when we both die, to get the ugly little incident into perspective, and then I was able to go to him calmly and say I was sorry to give him the impression that I wanted to cage him in. He melted at that, and we patched up a sort of peace. I am, however, glad we are going away, and that there will be no occasion for another outbreak, for his fancied grievance is still simmering.

[0069]

I called on Addie Placci, taking her some flowers; then on Pellegrina Paolucci, who is ill, meeting there M.lle Sotiriadi. Then called for Naima and Bessie, who left me at Aunt Janet’s. She is much, much worse, I think, I even hope, she cannot live long. O if she could only die before her sufferings grow great! Lina walked back with me and dined here, most interesting. It cost her about 800 lire to get an interview with Mussolini, 500 in direct bribe and 300 in various fees to ushers, etc. He seemed to be very unoccupied! Lina is a great *brick*. I am very sorry for her for the trial ahead.

**Sunday, June 12**. Fine.

Got an inoculation and was rather knocked up and could do nothing. But I went for a lovely drive to the Madonna del Sasso.

Madamoiselle Ricca and Mme. Ladas (both Greek girls) came to lunch, but no sparks were struck.

**Monday, June 13**. Fine

Called on Mrs. Ross who seems very ill. If she could only die before her sufferings increase! Took Houghtons and Emery Walker to Lochoff’s.

Nicky, dear, dear Nicky, arrived at 5 o’clock and Placci came to dine. Nicky heard talk in Munich of War between Russia and Poland (France, England), and Placci thought the Balkan situation almost as menacing as the financial one in Italy.

[0070]

**I Tatti 1927**

[Houseguests:] Bessie

**Tuesday, June 14**. Hot!

Getting things ready for our journey. We dined with Spelmans and their Librarian friend Miss Pretlow. It was quite pleasant. They are nice people, in spite of their exuberant manners. These take a lot of getting over.

**Wednesday, June 15**. Hotter!

I got inoculated and wasn’t good for much, but I went with BB and Nicky and had tea out on the Guadagni walk. Dined in bed. BB went to see Pellegrina and then he, Bessie and Nicky dined with Alda and Bertie. Cecil came about the belvedere and brought a very *singular single* design.

**Thursday, June 16**. Dreadfully hot (38.6 degrees)

Mrs. Vavalà and Nando and his sisters came to lunch, and the latter stayed and stayed, a horrible Italian habit. Bessie left after she had seen Vernon Lee, who came to tea. The Consul (Havan) and his wife dined here; he was most interesting about Albania. Called on the Ed. Bruces and De Filippi.

**Friday, June 17.**  Stifling!

Mrs. Otto Kahn wrote that they had bought Sulley’s Bellini (Flight into Egypt). It is a beautiful picture, and I am glad they have got it.

The Martin-Chauffiers and Placci came to lunch. I had to go upstairs, as I was ill with my inoculation, whose fever I more or less slept off in 2 hours. Placci came with us to call on Lady Sybil and her new husband Percy Lubbock. They seemed happy and harmonious. Lina Waterfield came to dine and we talked politics.

[0071]

**Saturday, June 18**. Close and very Hot.

That old fool of ours Anna de Koven writes to BB (apropos of Spender’s defection to Mrs. Deenburg)

“You will be glad to know that a perfectly dear vision is now mine (!!) and that no tears came from a dry heart. Yet – *sunt lacrimae rerum*– and same day. I may weep over lost illusions and the destruction of beautiful beginnings and a long and faithful affection for so poor a cause. Can I work now with a heart as cold as the moon over dead friendships? … as for Mrs. D. – long my jealous enemy, a very determined and very clever strategist – she has found an excursion into a critical and authoritative nature very little to her liking, and, preferring her late companion (Bogy Florins) now departs. But she has destroyed something precious in two waning lives. Pitiful devil, indeed, who has permitted this and lost his best friend. But a good many eggs have been broken in this omelet and I am at a loose end for the summer.”

I suppose she suffers as much as if she/he were less foolish – perhaps more. A servile tragedy, which does not awaken anything but laughter. Poor woman!

Mr. Spelman, with his guests, Miss Pretlow and Mr. Mueller came to lunch, also Mrs. Picco[lel]li[s] and her Naples friend, Mrs. Breitling (wife of Consul), a sort of mixed pickles affair, with no special pleasure in it, for me at any rate.

I met Ba Sessions at the train – much better for Kocher’s treatment – and picked up Naima and Morra, who came to dinner and told us about his life in England, and about the Salveminis, whom he saw in Paris. I called on Mrs. Ross, who is worse.

[0072]

**June 19. Sunday** Still hot but not quite so close.

Spent morning writing business letters for BB. I mislaid one and he flew into one of his life disgusting rages and upset me so that I hardly know how to go about. I would give anything not to hate him. He said I was drugged all the time (a complete lie), then he said it was because of poor Geoffrey [Scott] and of course he was going on to say it was because of my grandchildren, but I cut it off. Barbara saw some of it. She says that Roger is just the same, gets into furies and says horrible untrue or even disgusting things.

**Monday, June 20**

Morra came to lunch and Placci and Lina came to dine. It was lovely sitting on the terrace. Alda and Bertie came to lunch and dinner, Naima also Emilio Cecchi came to lunch, Senda, Bessie and Herbert [Abbott] came to tea and dinner. Poor Senda! She is tragic with her silly little social ambitions – such *fausse suite* for a woman with an invalid husband.

To go back to Monday. Madamoiselle Blankenburg and the Margherieris came to lunch. I drove them to town and did errands and went to see Mrs. Ross, of course, who gets weaker and weaker.

**Tuesday, June 21**. Hot but fine.

BB and I were alone for lunch – a miracle! We passed it in a *worry-ling* way, as I had had to get an extra £ 1,000 for expenses. But generally speaking he is very generous. Went to town with Lina and called on Maybel Rickert who is very ill. Saw Mrs. Ross. McClellans and Sessions to tea and Clarks to dine. The Haslips came to say goodbye.

[0073]

**Wednesday, June 22**. Hotel Brown **Bologna**

We got off at 3:30, with Nando and Alda to see us start, and a dozen servants weeping crocodile tears. Hardest of all was parting with beautiful Fausto [Mrs. Ross’ dog]! The run was pleasant, but the hotel here horrible, so noisy.

[BB, Mary and Nicky were traveling in their “mastodonic Lancia car” driven by Parry for a summer trip to Northern Europe]

**Thursday, June 23**. xx Hotel Miramonti, **Cortina d**’**Ampezzo**

Such an awful night! Crushing heat and continuous noise, beyond belief. My bathroom was filled with cockroaches. We left at 9 and got to Padua for lunch. Then on to Belluno, but it was so hot there that we pushed on to Cortina – 260 kilometers in all, a most unusual day for us. The pass was 6,000 feet high and the change from the heal of Bologna was a bit upsetting. I fought with an inflammation of throat and chest all night, but got the better of it, owing, I think, to my “anti –catarrhal” inoculation. BB won’t believe in the efficacy of any inoculations!

**Friday, June 24**. **[Millstatt, Austria]**

We drove on through lovely valleys and over sweet meadows lunching at [Mary leaves a blank] and arriving at Millstatt [Austria]. The hotel was crowded with monsters, who were, I suppose, human, and the food was poor.

[0074]

**Saturday, June 25**. **Friesach in Carinthia [Austria]**.

We came as far as here to lunch and then the car wouldn’t go. It took Parry all the afternoon to repair it. It poured steadily.

**Sunday, June 26**. Hotel Bristol, **Vienna**.

But the car was got to go, and we came along pleasantly, lunched at Bonïck, had tea in the pine woods bordering the road, and reached here about 7. Met Mr. and Mrs. Scott in the dining room (she is Caleb Hyde’s sister) and gossiped with them afterwards. They have just had a Cure at Pistiani in Czecko-Slovakia. Found letters from Princess Mary and von Auspitz. Am reading Maud Cruttwell’s *Princess des Ursins*. It really isn’t bad.

Bernard is 62 years old yes today.

**Monday, June 26 [27]. Vienna**

We went to the Museum. As it was closed, we went in with Buschbeck through the late Flemish pictures, whose falsity of sentiment and posturing and vulgarity were a wonderful preparation for the matter-of-factness of Titian and the graver poetry of Giorgione and the quite idyllic sweetness of Correggio. I never before so clearly realized the superiority of the Renaissance Italians – the great ones, that is, for the inferior painters are so bad as anyone. This approach reminded me of Parry’s great saying at Budapest. I was ill and had to take his arm to go round the gallery (BB and Nicky were seeing some private collections). I chose out the “sacred” pictures,

[0075]

some 8 or 10 out of the whole lot, and then I said to Parry, “The people who follow me won’t have much to do here, only 8 or 10 good pictures to look at.” Said Parry, “They won’t know they’re good Ma’am, unless they look at the bad ones first.”

We saw Glück, Baldass and Dr. Wilde, the Kuehn’s friend (very pleasant, attractive youth) and Planiscig came to lunch.

Nicky and I did *dressmaking* at the admirable Spitzers’ while BB returned to the gallery. Nicky called on Princess Mary, but we rested, feeling rather done up. I read aloud part of Edith’s novel “Twilight Sleep,” but it isn’t well enough written for that. It is good enough to be really maddening, for one feels it ought to be better.

**Tuesday, June 27**. **Vienna**.

Museum. Enjoyed enormously the *objets d*’*art*, which, in their own way often attain perfection. Pictures aim too high for this. The American Consul, Mr. Haven, and his wife came to lunch. The wife is Greco-Belgian, and none the better for that! Planiscig came at 4 and took us to the Sanct Lucas Gallery, where there was nothing worth looking at. Nicky went to a Play – “Peripherie” – with the Hammers, and Buschbeck dined with BB and me. He stayed until 11:30, and I got awfully sleepy! He hasn’t a first-rate mind, but he uses what he has very diligently and on interesting matters. He is likeable.

[0076]

**Wednesday, June 29**. Hotel Bristol, **Vienna**

Getting very hot. Museum after *dressmaking*. Spitzers are the best dressmakers I have ever come across. The Hammers came to lunch. I went to a Cinema – “Die Lügenden Königin” – not very good. *Graf* [Count] Lanckoronski called, 80 and like a big boy, shouting out follies in a huge voice. Planiscig took us to the Lederer’s for tea, to see their things. Gräfin Mocenigo was there, a very cynical old woman.

**Thursday, June 30**. Very hot.

Instead of going to the Museum, I got my hair “permanently” waved, an absurd experience, but it makes it much easier to arrange one’s short hair.

We lunched at von Auspitz’s and were glad to meet the poet, Hofmannsthal, again after 18 years, also the Gräfin Degenfeldt, who came 18 years ago to I Tatti, and whom I’ve always remembered with pleasure. She seemed less interesting than my remembrance of her. Graf Wildschek was pleasant. Frau Hofmannsthal is very dull and stupid.

Auspitz’s pictures and objects are really very fine: but too crowded. Not so crowded, thought, as Lanckoronski’s, where we went for tea. He shouted us all around his house, which is as crowded as a magpie’s hiding place, and we could barely get away in time to be at the opera at 7 to hear *Der fliegende Holländer* [Wagner’s Flying Dutchman]. The Schalks had lent us their box, which we shared with the head of the Boston Conservatory of Music, Mr. Grünberg. He said that an old friend Proctor had taken to ballet-dancing and had been dismissed from the Conservatory! Herr Schalk came in and talked with us – a most charming man. His wife is ill with rheumatic fever and couldn’t even see me. I sent her some flowers.

[0077]

****Loučeň Bohemia**** [Hotel]

**July 1, 1927. Loučeň Czecho-Slovakia. Friday**

We spent the day motoring here from Vienna, eating a picnic lunch in the pine-woods by the road. A terrific storm came in about 6, tearing up trees and whirling branches across the road.

We found Prince Alexander (Thurn und Taxis) at 76 as spry and active and mentally alert as if he were 40, but Princess Mary frail and deaf and hardly able to waddle about. She still …. [MB leaves off]

**Saturday, July 2, 1927. [Loučeň Czecho-Slovakia ]** Cold!!

We excursed in the afternoon to the Waldstein Chateau [Trebic] at Münchenpaltz – not very interesting, and awful roads. The Prince says that lions are only “brave” and “fierce” as a bluff against their one enemy – Man. When they think there is no Man about their manes no longer britle, their tails are not lashed about they hang their big heads and creep about like cats. We saw a giraffe family at play one day, the parents hoisting their necks together and kissing each other at the top.

**Sunday, July 3, 1927**.

We motored to Count Thurn’s great Chateau [Castle Loučeň] near Gutenberg, built as an exact copy of Gotchnia, and very beautiful. The Library princely. The bachelor owner evidently knows only the glory of his own possessions, and being uncultivated, does not distinguish between them but relentlessly makes you admire everything, most fatiguing. He complained heavily about the confiscation of 6/7th of his land and the heavy taxes, but afterwards the Prince told us his real troubles came from gaming debts.

[0078]

**Monday, July 4**. **Loučeň Czecho-Slovakia** Hot.

We motored (with the Prince – such an interesting, all-around alive person, like a man of 40, though he is 76) to Prague (Praha) and spent the day there. Museum boring – Saw the Church of Boreslav, with very fine XVII organ on way.

**Tuesday, July 5. Hotel Bellevue, Dresden** Very fine.

Motored to Dresden via Teplitz and Frieberg, where we at last saw the “Golden Door,” very fine in its way. The afternoon run was most enchanting, through beautiful forests on high plateau. Getting here, we found they hadn’t reserved us the rooms they promised – a great nuisance!

**Wednesday, July 6**. **. Hotel Bellevue, Dresden** Very hot.

Fowles telegraphed he was coming on important business, and BB was quite ill with anxiety. I simply couldn’t feel emotion, and it turned out when he arrived in the afternoon that it was only that J.D. [Duveen] wants to pay twice as much for the Benson collection of pictures as they can possibly be worth to him. But the great Sir Joseph cares much more to *fare figura* than to make money. Fowles brought his wife, who is very common and drops her h’s when excited. Still she might be worse, for she has no pretesi. We spent morning and early afternoon in the Gallery, quite overcome with the sumptuousness of the ripe art of Veronese and Titian and Rembrandt. Later we all motored to the Baski. Marvelously beautiful. Discussed the Benson Collection until 11:30.

**Thursday, July 7**. **Hotel Bellevue, Dresden** Hot and sultry.

Gallery and visit to Meissen with Mr. and Mrs. Fowles.

[0079]

**Friday, July 8**. **Hotel Bellevue, Dresden** *Scirocco* very oppressive.

The Elbe is simply filled with bathers shrieking with fun. We spent the morning in the Gallery and saw the later things upstairs, Poussin, Canaletto, Velasquez, Watteau. The Fowles left after lunch, and we motored out to Maltzburg, but could not see the Chateau as the Princess was in residence. Sent off £400 each to Ray and Karin from generous Bernard.

**Saturday, July 9, 1927. Hotel Esplanade, Berlin**. Hot, then terrific rain storm, but yet not cool.

A last go at the Gallery – it seemed more beautiful than ever, and we wanted to stay a week or two more to get our eyes filled with Veronese and Titian. But BB’s *δαιμον* drives him on, and we motored here. This hotel is in-credi-bly luxurious!! Poor Barbara has chickenpox. André Germain and a French friend of his dined with us.

**Sunday, July 10**. [Berlin]

Our first visit to the Gallery. What a marvelous collection!! And we saw only the Italians. In the afternoon we went to see Böttenwieser’s things, and Nicky went with him and young Gronau to a play. BB and I dined alone, and at dinner he got a telegram from Fowles saying that Jo Duveen had bought the whole Benson collection of Italian pictures for £400,000!!!! Then BB told me that there was more in Fowles’ visit than I thought. J.D. evidently means to do Big Business, with these pictures (I doubt if he can) and would like to settle BB’s share by a cash payment. BB said £50,000 cash down, and this he will stick to, tremendous as it seems. We both sat rather excited talking about it. I can’t believe it.

[0080]

**Sacker [Hotel] Esplanade, Berlin**

**Monday, July 11**. Oppressively hot and then rain.

Gallery in morning. I walked through the non-Italian pictures and was amazed at their variety and beauty. In the afternoon we motored out and had tea with the perfectly delightful [Friedrich] Sarre’s.

**Tuesday, July 12**. **[Berlin]** Dreadfully not.

Did *Florentine Drawings* with Dr. [Max] Friedländer and his very nice young assistant, Dr. [Jacob] Rosenberg. Saw dealers, especially Blumenreich, who is a very amusing man. Terry Fürholzer came to dinner, fat but nice.

**Wednesday, July 13**. **[Berlin]** Hot.

Went to see the Turfan discoveries [excavations in Turfan Oasis -desert of Central Asia] with André Germain and his friend M. Mazec and Mme. Nostitz (Hindenburg’s neice), which Herr von Le Coq chewed us with enthusiasm. What an enchanting, genial man! Friedländer came to lunch, and we went to dealers with him. I went to Cinema in the evening.

**Thursday, July 14. [Berlin]** Hot again.

To Museum. But to Dr. Sarre’s department, with [Sir Robert] Abdy, Islamitic Art. In the afternoon to the collection of M. Gogovitz (?), a few nice things. I began to feel awfully ill.

**Friday, July 15**. **[Berlin]** Hot

In bed with fever, 101-degrees. Why? BB and Nicky lunched at the Nostitz’s and dined with the Sarres, taking Sir Robert Abdy along. They finished the Florentine drawings and the Byzantine things.

**Saturday, July 16**. **[Berlin]** Hot.

Still in bed. Fever less. BB and Nicky did the Museum, their last visit, and dealers in the afternoon. Eveline Osten-Sacken’s married

[0081]

sister came to drive with them, and BB thought her delightful.

**Sunday, July 17**. Cloudy and slightly cooler.

Naima turned up for breakfast but went off by train to Stockholm. We got off (though I felt ill) and motored to Stralsund [Germany]. I got better with each kilometer we travelled. I felt 2 forces at work, one the desire to give up and dissolve, and the other, the strong pull back to manual (?). In the evening we reached Stralsund.

**Stralsund [Germany] July 18**. A good hotel, but I felt rather ill.

**Malmö [Sweden] July 19** Rainy.

Saw the museum, churches and Rathaus. Crossed by ferry at 11:30 to Rügan, motored across the island and took the 4-hour ferry to Telleborg, and then motored through the long gloaming to Malmö, where the Grand Hotel is a wonderfully good one.

**July 20. Helsingborg [Sweden]**. Grand Hotel. At first dull, but a beautiful afternoon.

Got here for lunch, rested and went to Solfiero [Castle], about 10 minutes motoring to the Crown Prince’s Villa [Crowned Prince Gustov Adolf of Sweden], a hideous-Victorian brick structure, with only so-so furnishings, but a heavenly garden and view over the Sound to Elsinore [Helsingør]!! Most romantic. We had tea in the garden and then walked about. We came home to dress and returned to dine. It was all very informal and most pleasant. They were eager to tell us about their adventures in China, India and Japan. He is a passionate but rather pottering antiquarian. Charming manners, both of them.

[0082]

**1927 Sweden**

Two of his boys were there and a couple of (dispossessed) young Greek Princesses, hearty handsome girls, nieces of the Crown Princess. Everyone spoke English.

**July 20, Tuesday**. Grand Hotel, J**ö**nk**ö**ping [Sweden]****. Rainy (I pronounced Young chupping.)

Spent the day motoring here through forests and lakes. Lovely scenery, but as there are no real hills, a bit monotonous. On the way we saw the Cathedral of Lund, with a man (carved) bound to a column in the crypt – an idea of Michelangelo’s, never carried out. Agnes Berglöv (Steffenburg) was waiting at the nice hotel to meet us, and came back to dine. Nicky went down with a cold.

**July 21, Thursday**. ****Grand Hotel, J**ö**nk**ö**ping [Sweden]****. Middling.

The Berglöv’s took us to see their waterfall in the morning. Ale-colored water rushing down a gorge. In the afternoon they took us to Habo Kyrka, one of the few surviving wooden churches. It was built and elaborately decorated at the end of the XVII century. The putti standing on the cover of the pulpit came out of Donatello! Rustic work, but complete in every detail. The Bell tower was very strange, buttressed by huge wooden props. I have never seen anything like it.

We dined (Nicky also) with the Berglövs, a most elaborate repast, with formal toasts. Another Judge and his lady were there, Ericsson by name – she was very pleasant. He, and Berglöv too, really speak nothing but Swedish. Presider Berglöv is very nice.

[0083]

**July 22, Friday. Norrköping, Sweden**. Standard Hotel****

Spent the day motoring through rain and shine. We saw the Monastery Usetag Klister (Cistercian) of Linköping [Sweden], by the way, much restored, and also the big Cathedral, really very imposing, but quite French, in the town itself. Of course these things are nothing in comparison to what one finds on the Continent.

We are reading [Robert] Nisbet Bain’s *Lives of Charles XII* and *Gustavus Adolphus III* – terrible tales of folly equal to The Last War, but on a smaller scale. We also saw the Church at Vadstena where 2 people with lovely voices were singing Gregorian music.

We are worried at hearing nothing from Morra. Has Mussolini got him too?

All this time BB is in an angelic temper. He generally is when we travel. But I always feel a bit as the dwellers around Mt. Chia or Vesuvius must feel. The fires are not extinguished, only temporarily inactive.

**July 23. Stockholm. Grand Hotel**. Lovely day!

Motored through innumerable lakes and lunched at the gay little farm of Trosa, “the end of the world.” The amiable proprietor took us out in his motor-boat for a turn in the fiord. People were bathing and sitting naked on the rocks. Met hundreds of motors carrying week-enders out from Stockholm.

Our reception here was ghastly. They were rude and unobliging. But the worst was the awful state BB got into, most distressing to assistants. Found the telegram announcing Julia’s marriage. What a relief!!!

[0084]

**Grand Hotel Stockholm**

**July 24, Sunday**. Downpour.

All galleries closed. BB again in a state. Fortunately Naima came in and took him off for a drive. BB and I went to lunch with Alexander [R.] Macgruder and (1st ……) his wife. Typical, though nice, diplomats. Then, as it cleared a bit – though still *scirocco* – we motored out to Drottningholm [Palace] and saw the garden, theater and Chinese pavilion.

We are reading Nisbet Bain’s *Lives of Charles XII* and *Gustavus Adolphus III* – both lively and excellent narratives.

**Monday, July 25, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Rainy and variable.

I stayed in to write some very important letters, especially to Kleinberger, who wanted BB to recommend his Botticelli *Head of St. John* to Julius Bache, who would buy it if BB said so. At the same time Mr. Bache said he didn’t want it unless it was a good Botticelli, which it isn’t! Kleinberger will be furious, but BB had to tell the truth. I also wrote to Levy about our meeting in Cologne; to Countess Papafava about her Bellini; to Frank Mather about a rotten picture he wants to buy for Princeton; to Col. Friedsam about his Antonello; to the Kingsley Porters, and to Dr. Alfred Cohn, about meeting in N. Germany; also to Patricolo, Wildenstein, etc., and naturally home, to Lina, (Mrs. Ross is failing rapidly, has only “lucid intervals”), to Alda and so on. A busy morning. BB took [bid] M. Gauffin of the Museum to lunch.

In the afternoon we saw the Royal Palace with

[0085]

the Macgrudens (⑤the Piero di Cosimo Madonna), piloted by M. Boriger and his quaint, amusing wife, and then we passed a dreary hour at Scansen (?), the open-air museum.

**Tuesday, July 26, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Fine after rain.

“Did” the drawings at the Gallery. It took less time than we feared. Returned to the pictures after lunch. BB cried out and said “My God, I feel ….. I feel as if I were in a Gallery after lunch.” It is a horrible feeling, comparable to no other. The Italians are poor, but the Bouchers fine and the Chardins good and one Rembrandt, a Girl leaning on her arm.

⑤ Agnes Berglöv and Naima arrived at 6, and we went in a motor boat with a very charming friend of theirs, Captain Bergenströss to Saltsjöbaden, a trip of an hour and a quarter to dine. Naima’s “matchmaker” [owner of a matchstick company] was there, a perfectly charming man named Christer Littorin, was waiting for us and we had a Swedish dinner of ….(?) and Schnapps etc. very indigestible. Perry found his way out and brought us all home. Agnes is staying with us.

**Wednesday, July 27, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Fine.

Motored with Magruders to Uppsala and saw the Manuscripts in the Library and the Church. After lunch the Church and Hümengraben [? Could she be referring to ancient Runestones] at Rasbö and also another country church. Not very much to see, the old frescos nearly effaced. But the 3 green [Royal burial] mounds like pyramids were impressive. Dined alone with Agnes.

[0086]

**Thursday, July 28, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Fine though cloudy.

Spent the morning in the Historical Museum. No real native art, except rude sketches and Bushmans-sort of drawings on stone. A Bishop’s mitre set with Byzantine enamels was fine. But quite a lot of fatigue and boredom is enclosed in those rooms! After lunch we returned to the Palace and saw the famous carpet on the floor. Botiger was there. We all went and had tea at the Magruders.

**Friday, July 29, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Variable.

Went to the Nordiska Museum and saw the armour, the costumes, the furniture. Lunched at the Legation [consulate] with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, the Magruders, and that awful old bore, Baron Lagergüm (?) and his stiff wife. Ambassadors have a real gift of uncongenial gatherings! The Harrisons seemed simple people, but he struck me as having distinct ability. They are not very cultivated, but are apparently rich. In the afternoon we saw Churches, all by ourselves, for a wonder, and [we] very much admired the St. George group a great German fairy-tale in painted wood. In the evening Christer Littorin gave us a gorgeous dinner and made us eat and drink too much. This is disastrous in Sweden! He is a most fascinating man, the vice president of the great Match (Tondstriker) business, but with many other interests as well – an all – sound person. Barbara has passed her “Matriculation” at 14 – clever girl!

**Saturday, July 30, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Rain, then fine.

BB and Nicky went round the Historical Museum with Mr.

[0087]

Curmans, and I shopped for gloves, etc. with Naima. She lunched with us and came in the car to Skokloster [Castle], a fine chateau of the XVII century built on the site of a Dominican monastery, such a site! It belongs to Count Brahe, the last of his line. I’ve saw little of interest in the Palace, over which a Baron Cederström conducted us, but there were some lovely “treasures” like the best Medici things as those in Vienna. On the way we saw the little Church of Yttergren (?) with XV century frescoes. In the porch a seated devil was giving something all of a horn (?) to 3 witches who had come to him on their broomsticks.

In the evening we took the Edward Robinsons to dine with the Roosvals, a big dinner (22), where people who had them wore their decorations (BB has none), all very grand, and a bit meaningless, too much eating and drinking and spread- making, and far, far too much looking at and pretending to admire the appalling sculptural feats of the hostess. I sat by Curman, who is very handsome, cultivated and agreeable. But who likes these affairs? Not we! We had to look at Mrs. Roosval’s fearful sculpture.

**Sunday, July 31, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** A heavenly day!

We motored the Robinsons out to the country house of the Curmans’ for lunch: and a lovely place and charming, sympathetic people. Life very like I Tatti, with coffee under the trees and interesting talk. The Roosvals were there, and BB said she was very nice, in spite of that sculpture. We saw the little church of Ede with (restored) old frescoes. Then we passed through Stockholm again and went out to the Böttigers at Gustavsberg

[0088]

(Stockholm) opposite Saltsjobaden, a lovely and romantic place. They are perfectly dear, charming, real people, and the visit would have been heavenly but that we had the unfortunate idea of taking Mrs. Robinson along, whose impatience to get back, and general unreality struck a most inharmonious note. We dined with the Robinsons, but I had to talk to her. She, however, interested me telling me many things, tinged with malice, about Archer Huntington and his new wife, who seems to care more about keeping him thin than about having him take his part in the world. She won’t let him eat at night, and makes him go to bed at 9. No social life, no taking part in public affairs, just diet and hygiene and reclusion. I fear he is a weak and silly man.

**Monday, August 1, 1927**. **[Stockholm]** Fine day.

We spent the morning in the Historical Museum with Curman and a young savant. Dr. Hannah Rydell came to see us (sent by [Sir Robert] Abdy? Alys) and she and Curman came to lunch. With her, as with most Swedes, she knew languages other than Swedish only enough to wrestle with in a most unsatisfactory way. In the afternoon we saw the poor pictures in the University with a young man named Silbersprode, and then, while BB and Nicky saw the Chinese things and made the acquaintance of Dr. Andersen, I left cards at the Legation [consulate], and called on the Magruders.

[0089]

**Tuesday, August 2, 1927. Grand Hotel Wasena [Sweden]**. Fine

The Crown Prince [Gustaf Adolf] called on BB just before we started at 9:30. Great excitement in the hotel! We got off with Naima and lunched at Strenguas (?) after having seen Gripsholm [Castle]. Then we came here through lovely country.

**Wednesday, August 3, 1927. Karlstadt [Sweden].** Cloudy and then beautiful.

Another day of enchanting scenery: forest, lakes, hills, quaint country churches and idyllic farms. Found a very nice hotel with an agreeable landlord who took us out to see the old houses.

**Thursday, August 4, 1927. Grand Hotel, Oslo [Norway].** Glorious day.

Naima left us, and we came through forests and over hills (one with a marvelous view over all Wermland) and had lunch at Lekvatten, a nice little tourist hotel. Had a terrific time getting over the frontier, were misdirected (and BB and I quarreled!), and then at the right place detained for ¾ hour. After that, in Norway, a long drive by the beautiful river Grommen, in heavenly evening light, through an idyllic country side, coming here at 8:30. We were greeted [at the hotel in Oslo] by a newspaper with an article in praise of BB, and shortly after its author, Jens Thijs (an old friend of 35 years ago and now director of the Museum) came along and dined with us.

**Friday, August 5, 1927 Oslo [Norway]**

He insisted on our spending our precious morning seeing his vile collection of modern, and

[0090]

especially native pictures. He adores a painter named Münch, who is vulgar and dreadful beyond words! We were utterly worn out, and rather cross, as BB had written him we wanted to see only the old things. I suppose it was too much for him, the desire to show off his gallery. If he could have known that all it made us think was that they were horribly provincial. Not a picture that isn’t some sort of caricature of what is done in Paris! And Thijs pretends it as all original, and said that they have given the tone to Paris! How can he not see that the few French things they have – Monet, Cezanne, Degas – are in a different universe?? Thijs lunched with us.

In the afternoon Thijs and his son-in-law, Grieg, took us to the open-air historical show of peasants houses, a re-erected wooden church, etc. A lovely place. We saw the Oseberg ship [well preserved Viking ship] – most interesting.

In the evening we dined with the Thijs family – the wife is an awfully nice woman, and the son who was there. They had also a jolly fat pointer named Harvey Lund and the Riksanikvaren [Norwegian director of cultural heritage], Mr. Fett, a charming man-of-the-world, very much like Algar Thorold. It was a very pleasant evening, though we groaned at going!

**Saturday, August 6, 1927**. **[Oslo]** Fine, rain-storm and *scirocco* then fine.

Spent the morning in the Historical Museum seeing the things that were found in the Oseberg Ship, and the medieval things. An incipient *scirocco* reduced us to despair, but BB hung on. In the afternoon we went to Mr. Lund’s and saw his nice house and awful pictures, and then he took

[0091]

us on his delightful motor-boat for a run around the islands. There we saw the famous Scandinavian sight of hundreds of people bathing from the rocks, but not entirely nude, as it is fabled. The Thijses came, and everyone was very jolly, singing and joking. A very genial party. Mrs. Lund seems a very nice woman – but oh the curse of the Tower of Babel weighs on these people!

In the evening, we took the Thijses out to dine at Mr. Fett’s, a charming house and garden, evidently a man of refined taste – except in pictures! He had a whole gallery of works by Krong [Christian Krohg 1852-1925], one more awful than the other! But in every other respect his house was charming, all the details so well carried out, and the colors harmonious. He brought out a magnum of 1894 Chateau Lafitte and made us drink more than we ought (after a strong cocktail!) and then champagne. We cried off at the Port? and liqueurs, but he and Thijs quailed at nothing, and consumed a truly terrifying amount of spirits. Then old Thijs sneaked back to the dining room and had a good nip of brandy all to himself! How do they support it? They had both, and Lund too, remained at Thijs’ the night before until 6 a.m. talking, and, I am sure, drinking. Dinner was so late that we did not get home till midnight.

Savage, I call it, to fill one’s self up with spirits, eat too much, sit up too late. What are human beings up to anyhow?

[0092]

**1927**

**Sunday, August 7. Grand Hotel Fredrichstad [Norway]**. Fine day.

Saw the collection of modern pictures of Mr. Stang in the morning. Thijs has brought for him, and bought very well, and the house itself was lovely, in very good what we should in America call Colonial style. The most interesting pictures were a \*copy of Manet’s Olimpie [Olympia] by Gauguin, some early Picassos and then \*\*Gauguin’s huge picture of Samoan natives in a wood with the statue of a goddess – a thing full of Stimmung, only to be compared with Signorelli’s *Pan* or Bellini’s *Feast of the Gods*. Really a wonderful thing! I could hardly tear myself away. BB and Nicky returned to the Historical Museum, Thijs remained behind to get drunk with Stang (they both reeked of spirits already at 10:30 a.m.!), and I returned to finish letters and notes. The Italian attaché de Giura lunched with us, a pleasant, not over clever youth.

Then we started out, running for 4 hours through forests, beside lakes, back to the lovely river Glommen again, with its great waterfall, Soupfos (?), and so here, a modest but nice little hotel.

**Monday, August 8**. Grand Hotel G**ö**thenburg [Sweden].****

Again motoring all day. It was tiresome again crossing the Frontier back into Sweden. Lovely scenery. Fine weather.

**Tuesday, August 9-10. Hotel d**’**Angleterre, Copenhagen.**

A long run of 250 km, then the crossing upon Helsingborg [Sweden] to Helsingør (Elsinore!!) [Denmark], and another 3(00) km. here. Here a horrid surprise, no decent rooms awaiting us, everything over-run by an American Express “Caravan.” BB got into one of his awful states

[0093]

about it, which is what makes it nearly unendurable. He lay and raged all night, and this morning said he would not stay another hour in Copenhagen!! Nicky was upset, but I took it calmly. We went to the Museum and spent the morning partly with Herr Falke (a very nice man, the Director), and taking notes. By lunchtime, a better room had been prepared for BB and quiet ensued. But he makes himself ill with these uncontrolled outbursts.

In the afternoon, Falke came with us in the car to see the Haag Collection at Nivaagaard – a fine Lotto was the best thing, but there were 14 or so other named varieties of Italians. We had coffee and schnapps by the sea and, on returning, walked out to see the Canal and the old houses.

Lina wires that Mrs. Ross is fading quietly, no pain, perfectly conscious. She sent me her love.

How I shall miss her.

**Thursday, August 11**. 27 **[Copenhagen]**  Hot, rain, heat, rain. *Scirocco* cleared off after a thunderstorm.

We spent the morning in the picture gallery, doing also the Italian drawings and ending up with a dozen Matisses, which gave me the impression, Yes. Gauguin is a distorter of the human form, but he has so much to convey that it doesn’t much matter, but Matisse has no intellectual content, he has no poetry over and beyond his fresh color and his nervous line. I am sure he will die away utterly.

In the afternoon we went to the Historical Museum and Mr. M[ackeprang] showed us the medieval things. Then we saw the Amalienplatz (= Place Vendôme) and drove and walked on the harbor.

Edmond wrote that J[oe D[uveen] has consented to give BB £50,000 on the Benson pictures!!!

[0094]

**Hotel d**’**Angleterre Copenhagen**

**Friday, August 12**. Rain and shine.

Saw the Medieval things in the Historical Museum with the Director, Mackeprang. BB is enthusiastic over and interested in everything – it is wonderful! Sometimes I get so bored I could cry (but I won’t), looking at flint-arrowheads and rusty buckles and broken bronze things. But sometimes things are beautiful and then I revive, or very interesting, like the clothes of a man and a women from the Bronze age, the only relics of their kind ever found. They were sealed up from the air and thus preserved.

In the afternoon Mr. Eric Zahle took us out to see the collection of modern pictures belonging to the *Geheimrat* Wilhelm Hansen. There was a really fine Cezanne of women bathing in a forest, a lot of Degas (I’m fed up with him!) and one very fine one of a girl combing her red hair, a lot of first-rate Monets, an interesting unfinished portrait of Georges Sand by Delacroix (it had also a portrait of Chopin, but the picture was cut in half. The Chopin is in the Louvre). There was also one good Renoir among masses of imprudent, puffed-out young minxes painted in rainbow colors and looking as if they were half-melted wax. These Scandinavian collectors are positively devasted by Renoir, who evidently manufactured his images by the hundred.

There were also some fine [Jean-Baptiste-Camille] Carots, etc. A very good collection. Zahle also took us to the Royal Hunting Lodge in a deer park. We dined with him at Krog’s Fish Restaurant: very nice.

**Saturday, August 13**. **[Copenhagen]** Rain and shine.

We spent the morning in the Glyptotek, a wonderful collection

[0095]

considering the Egyptian things are good, and the antiques fair, rising to first-rate in the Roman portraits.

In the afternoon we saw the Kunst gewerbe Museum with Zahle and the director, [afterwards saw] Rosenberg.

**Sunday Aug. 13** Rain and shine. Struggled at the Glyptotek and the Thorwaldsen Museum, and then retired to bed. Thijs went with Zahle to Friedricksberg.

**Monday, August 14**. **[Copenhagen]** Mostly heavy rain.

I had my hair “permanently” waved, and Nicky shopped. BB went to the Glyptotek and met Mr. Jacobsen and Prof. Poulsen, the latter is deaf as a post. In the afternoon we went to the Historical Museum, and I felt ill and came home to bed, while they were shown the Egyptian things by the enthusiastic Mlle. Mogensen and were taken by Zahle to tea with the former Director of the Gallery and his wife, two dear old magpies living in a sort of junkshop of their own collecting.

**Tuesday, August 15. Hotel Phoenix, Nykøbing Falster [Denmark].** Fine on the whole, with showers.

The Crown Prince of Sweden came at 10:45 and we saw Rosenberg again and the famous carpets (the Coronation Carpet, Persian about 1600, very fine, on gold), and the quaint old pompous Director, who certainly never would have let us go in if we hadn’t been with a Royal Personage. But after an hour we went to the Picture Gallery, where nice Mr. Falke was enchanted to entertain a Prince. I felt sorry for the poor aide-de-camp, who was really only interested in horses. We had

[0096]

lunch at Krog’s, where already there was a silver stand holding a Swedish flag and inscribed with the date of a former visit by the Crown Prince. He brought with him some little *gingili* [little objects] of ancient Chinese, which he was very glad BB liked. His manners are charming and easy and he is a passionate, if pedantic, antiquarian.

We left at 4:15 and motored to Herluftholm School, a big boy’s school, whose Head[master] received us delightfully and showed us the really beautiful \*\* Ivory Crucifix in the Church, which seemed to be French c. 1200. Then we came in here, crossing a ferry in the dark (after we had dined en-route) and arriving here at 10.

**August 17. Hotel Niederlandische L**übeck [Germany]****. Cloudy and rainy.

Crossed the ferry and got here at 8:30. Roads not so good as in Sweden. We saw the Church at D\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ [Mary’s blank] on the way. A fine brick Cistercian building.

**August 18. Hotel Atlantic, Hamburg.**

Saw Lübeck and the fine Tintoretto in the Katharine Kirche [St. Catherine’s Church] and came to Schwerin. The car broke down on the way. The ball-bearings, but we limped on. Saw the Gallery at Schwerin after infinite trouble. Nothing “sacred,” and then limped along and managed to reach this admirable hotel. Our windows look out on the Alster [lake].

[0097]

**Friday, August 19,1927 Excelsior Hotel, Cologne**. Rain.

We spent the day getting here by train 11:00 – 7:30. Very tiring travelling by train. I finished Selma Lagerlöf’s “*Jerusalem*.” We did not wait up to see Louis Levy [Duveen’s lawyer], who arrived at midnight.

**August 20, Saturday. [Cologne, Germany]** Steady rain.

Spent the morning talking with Levy, chiefly about our business relations with Duveen. He finds our old contract, abominable, placing us entirely at the mercy of Joseph Duveen, who, he says, can be ruthless as regards money. (I must say that up to now he has treated us well). He wants to draw up a new contract giving us a salary as calculated upon profits either of the whole business as of the sale of Italian pictures, guarding us against being responsible for, or unduly charged with losses. This salary to be paid twice a year, on the account-taking dates (regardless of whether the pictures have been settled for). As we stand, we are secret partners, and liable for the losses or taxes! Truth is, we never considered (or scarcely read) the contract.

A very great happiness came to me in the course of the talk, when it veered around to our disposition of property by will. I said I should be glad to give up all my share at I Tatti to BB’s beloved “Institute” if I could first insure each of the grandchildren having a couple of hundred pounds a year – as a protection against entire destitution. BB

[0098]

**1927**

****[August 20 –** Cologne cont.**]

up to now would never hear of this, and I confess I have worried a lot about it, and felt it to be very unfair, considering how much I have worked for and with him. Everyone says I have truly helped him enormously, and my own conscience says the same. But up to now he has been adamant on the matter. Suddenly he gave way, and said yes, he would charge the estate with $2,000 a year to each of my beloved A.

No words can say what a weight this takes off my mind! Father, very unwisely, made me put my own £5000 into a wastly life insurance, and the rest of my estate is part of the West Laurel Hill Cemetery [in Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania], which in the nature of things, will sometime get filled up and cease to pay an income. We gave Ray and Karin each £3000 of Marconi stock, but I fear that is not a good investment. So without BB, my 4 grandchildren might grow up and find themselves without any money. I have always been so grateful to my grandfather who left all his grandchildren a share in his estate saying “I do not want any of my grandchildren to have to stand behind a counter.” It made my life with BB possible.

**Sunday, August 21. Excelsior Hotel, Cologne**.

Morning talk with Levy, and a visit to the Museum. Der Meister von St. Severin [altar piece in Church of St. Severin in Cologne] deserves a (5). Fascinating. Levy left at 2 and we visited churches. BB remains very uneasy about Levy’s visit. Why did he come? Why does he advise our changing an agreement with Duveen?

[0099]

**Monday, August 22. Grand Hotel Calais**

BB and Nicky went off at 10 [in the car to continue touring in Germany], and I spent the morning in the [Cologne] Museum and mounted in the aeroplane at 3. But the headwind was 60 m. velocity, so we did not progress much, and by the time we neared Calais it was a regular tornado, and so we are here for the night. Fortunately I know Alys and Ray, who were waiting for me in London, are too sensible to worry.

**Tuesday, August 23. Kings**’ ****Head. Landermere****.

And in fact, like sensible people, they said, “the wind has held back the aeroplane,” and went to bed and slept tranquilly. But Kate Presbitero, brought up in another school of emotion, lay awake all night at No. 11 St. Leonard’s Terrace (where she is staying) worrying over my non-arrival. I took Barbara and Christopher to Gammage’s to see if they had those Balloon Jumpers, but no. Then I came to Karin’s. We watched the children (who are very pretty and very sweet) have a fine mud-wallow. Adrian [Adrian Stephen – MB’s son-in-law] has been doing very well as a mental doctor, and his success has done him lots of good. He seems a different being.

BB and Nicky found the Kingsley-Porters at Thornberg [Germany] last night and today they saw things together there and called on Warburg. Neumann turned up.

[0100]

**53 Marsham Street, London S.W. 3 – The Mud House, Haslemere**

**Wednesday, August 24**.

BB and party went to Kiel [Germany] and lunched with the Haseloff’s. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robinson dined with them. I spent the morning with Karin and her children, and came up here to stay with Ray and Barbara and Christofer. The youngsters go every night to Hammersmith to a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and sleep all the next morning. They love it.

**Thursday, August 25**.

BB went to Bremen [Germany]. I shopped with Ray and Barbara.

**Friday, August 26**.

BB at Hannover and Hildesheim. I continued a peaceful life with Ray and her clan.

**Saturday, August 27**. Fine, for a wonder, BB seeing the Manuscripts and Treasure at Hildesheim. We motored down to the Mud House in the afternoon, taking lunch on the way. Delightful!! Shopped in the morning, much less delightful. I loathe shopping.

**Sunday, August 28**. **Mud House**. Fine

Called on the MacCarthy’s and our Carey [Thomas, MB’s cousin], who had Mr. Rhys Carpenter (American School Athens) there. BB to Münden, Detmold, Paderborn. Had a swim.

**Monday, August 29. Chilling**. Again fine.

Had a swim. Grace Worthington came to lunch, and I saw her nice little cottage, Varm Bridge, on the way here. We had a pleasant motor drive. Sally Fairchild is here. She says that Dr. Morton Prince cured her of desperate chronic hay-fever and asthma by hypnotisms.

[0101]

She had probably been frightened into it by the family tradition that all the red-haired Fairchilds fell victims to it. As a matter of fact, her one red-haired brother resolved that he wouldn’t have it, and didn’t! BB [to] Paderborn, Soest, Dortmund.

**August 30, Tuesday**. So, so weather.

Quiet pleasant existence. Barbara says she wants to devote herself to Italian art, but I fear it is only because she fancies herself in love with Kenneth Clark.

BB is at Eberfeld and Düsseldorf [Germany].

**August 31, Wednesday**. Quite life. I love it. BB is a Münster.

**Thursday, Sept. 1** “ “ “ “ “ “ Xanten, Cleves [Kleve, Germany]

**Friday, Sept. 2**

Came up to town to meet Karin for shopping. We dined at Kitlus and saw a poorish Cinema “Michael Strogoff.” BB is Nimwegen, Utrecht.

**Saturday, September 3**. Fairly fine Crossing from Harwich to Rotterdam

Shopped with Karin. Came to Knip’s head. My trunks were missing? But by an honest English miracle they finally turned up. Games with children. Then Adrian and Karin motored me to the boats. Adrian has a case which by hypnotism he took back to childhood and pretended to be her unkind mother, who had made a nervous wreck of her, only making it all come different. She seemed cured, but he went on later and took her back to babyhood, then birth, and finally into her mother’s womb. She crunched up like an embryo. I hope he will publish it.

[0102]

**1927**

**September 4, Sunday. Amstel Hotel, Amsterdam**

Joined BB and Nicky, who came from Utrecht yesterday, having tea with the Van Loon’s by the way. We went to the Rijksmuseum, and in the afternoon Mr. Lutjens took us to the Vom Rath Collection (fine Tintoretto [now in the Rijksmuseum]) and then we went to see Dr. Otto Lanz’ pictures – an old magpie. He was fortunately away. His house was asphyxiating, things all crowded together, a few good, some “interesting,” and many horrible. Mr. and Mrs. Went came over from Utrecht to dine. He and BB had a trip to Greece together about 40 years ago. He is a very distinguished Botanist. The Kingsley-Porters left yesterday, so I did not see them. I am sorry.

**September 5, Monday**.

BB and Nicky went back to the Museum, but I went with the architect, Slothouwer, and his wife, to see specimens of the latest Dutch architecture, really very satisfactory. Mme. Van Loon came to lunch, and Lutjens took us to see Heldring’s collection. He has a fine Savoldo. There to another, whose name I forget. We dined with him at Harlem and spent the evening looking at the collection of drawings belonging to Mr. Koenigs.

**Tuesday, Sept. 6. Hotel del Indes, Hague**

Spent morning with Fokke at Haarlem, and saw Frans Hals and the drawings in the Teylers [Museum]. Lunched with Mme. Pommwitz and saw her things, and then saw the Guttmann Collection of which the Frans was the most interesting object. Came here.

[0103]

**Wednesday, September 7. Hague**. Rain.

Saw Mauritshuis and BB quarreled with the *custode* who wouldn’t let him look at a picture with a magnifying glass, and then quarreled dreadfully with me because I said the man was only obeying orders. When I went into a room he rushed furiously out. However, when he joined me at lunch, it seemed to have blown over. We spent the afternoon in Leyden. The Egyptian Collection is good.

**Friday, September 8. Antwerp [Belgium]** Fine.

It was a long drive to meet the Stoclets in Antwerp but we managed to get there for lunch (Restaurant au Paon). She was most beautifully dressed, a distinguished looking pair. We went to the Museum, and stopped at Malines [Mechelen] to see the *chasse* [reliquary] on our way here, arriving of course very late – but the Stoclets are noted for having no sense of time. The house is the same Museum, non-home, look that it had 4 years ago. We are magnificently housed in a Museum wing, with beach marble bathrooms (oh how cold to the feet!) and every sort of luxury.

**Saturday, September 9**. At the Stoclet’s.

Saw the Gallery in the morning, and drove out to have tea with Mr. Van Gelder and see his things. A horrid man and a horrid house, but some good pictures. Mr. Jean Capart came to dine, talking continuously and very interestingly (always about Egypt) from 8-11:30. Went to bed tired. He is full of energy and vitality, very like Salvemini, with his jolly laugh. Ten children!!

[0104]

**Saturday, September 10**. Stoclet****’**s (303 Avenue de Terueren**). Rain.

We went to Ghent and to Bruges, where the Stoclets delayed so long that we got home at 9, tired out. Very interesting however.

**Sunday, September 11. Stoclet**’**s Brussels**.

Went to lunch with the Guinottes, seeing Nivelles and the *chasse de S. Gertrude* [13th century reliquary] on the way. Coming back we saw Lobbes (not worth it) and the *chasse* [reliquary of St. Vincent] at Soignies, and of course Stoclets’s “petite demi-heure” lengthened out to hours, and we got home very late and tired. The famous Guinotte Gardens are very monotonous.

**Monday, September 12**. Lorc**é **[Belgium]****, Ardennes.

Started at 8:45. Saw Louvain, Tongres [Tongeren], Vise (a very fine chasse) lunched at Taupes in the midst of a real kermesse, and sight-saw at Lieges until a very late hour, arriving late here for dinner – but very good dinner. Rain all day.

**Tuesday, September 13**. Lorc**é**.

Saw Maastricht (Church Treasure) and Aachen, lunching (very well) at the *Beau Site* up the river in a suburb at Namur. On the way back we saw Stavelot and chasse, but returned very late and BB fainted away at dinner. But he would not let me tell the Stoclets to take it a little easier! He said he MUST see all they could show us. Rain all day.

**Wednesday, September 14**. Stoclet****’**s, Brussels**. Lots of rain.

Saw St. Severin de Condroz and the ur-alt baptismal font, Amay (Chasse de Ste. Ande). Saw Huy, the treasure, alsp the treasure (in a girls’ common school) at Namur, and passed though Mans on our way home. Arrived actually at 7:45! Karin started for America.

[0105]

**Thursday, Sptember 15. Stoclets Brussels**. Still rain.

Saw the Musée du Cinquantenaire with Capart – who is now the head of it. He wanted us to look at Every Thing! In the afternoon we looked at Stoclet’s Italian primitives. A non-mannered young man from the B.M. named Oman [Arman?], interested in enamels, came to lunch. Fine as first as we leave!

**Friday, September 16. Hotel Plaza-Athenee, Paris**

Saw Stoclet’s Chinese pictures in the morning, then came here by the Nord-Express (Pullman), on which your passports and luggages are examined, with no bother. Duveen sent a man and a motor to meet us, and our sitting room was full of flowers. Rain.

**Saturday, September 17. [Paris]**

Spent the entire day looking at the Benson Collection with J. D. Marvelous things. One did not half appreciate them, scrabbled into Benson’s house, with little light, and all heavily dumbed with yellow varnish. Seen here, cleaned, they are really wonderful. (5) 4 Duccio’s, Bellini *Sta. Conv[ersazione],* early Titian *Madonna*, Piero di Cosimo *Hylas and Nymphs*, [Cosimo] Tura *Flight into Egypt*, Ghirlandaio, Mother and son, Crivelli *Madonna* and so on – all masterpieces. But how tired we got looking and looking. Lunched with Joe at Les Ambassadeurs. At the end of the day we went to see Wildenstein’s Alesso Baldovinetti *Marriage plate* and his Fra Filippo *Madonna*. Dined with Laniers and their friend, Count O’Sullivan (from Vatican) at Lapeyrouse – very nice dinner. Sullivan playing Court Jester.

[0106]

**1927**

**Monday, October 3. 16 Lower Berkeley, London**

Well, here we are at last! We came from Paris on the [September] 19th to 11 St. Leonard’s Terrace where we stayed until Saturday having the Costers, Beaumonts, Salvemini, etc. to meals. Then we motored with Salvemini to Chilling and stayed until Monday. Ted Heaton-Ellis came to lunch on Sunday. BB and I met Duveen and Co. at Petworth [House] and had a look at the collection. J. D. offered £120,000 for the Holbein, 2 Rembrandts, 1 Chardin (a ruin) and a “Bacchante” by [George] Romney [ Lady Hamilton (as a Bacchante)], which it seemed a lot to us for not very good examples. It was all very depressing, and BB had a heavy cold coming on.

On Monday we took Salvemini to call on Lady Agatha Russell at Hindhead. She and her father, Lord John, were in Venice when the Austrians marched out, and she loved having an Italian refugee to reminisce to. We all lunched with Carey [Thomas, cousin of Mary’s] at Kingsley Green, and then motored back to town.

Then BB fell ill with his cold, and presently I took to bed with a cold that turned to bronchitis, and I am just up. BB and Nicky and Kenneth went to Oxford for Friday and Saturday, and saw the drawings. They had Barbara [Strackney, MB’s granddaughter] to lunch both days, bliss for her, for she imagines she is in love with Kenneth – sort of “constant Nymph” business.

They came home Saturday and came here, and I moved over yesterday, Logan and Alys bringing me and staying to lunch, after which I went to bed again.

Today is fine at last (we’ve had awful weather!) and I’m better. The others went to the Wallace Collection yesterday. This house is perfect!

Salvemini is more darling than ever, matured, wise, humorous: Now we seem to agree about everything.

[0107]

**Hotel Beau Site, 4 Rue de Presbourg, Paris**

*X X X X X X*

**November 3, 1927** A month has passed by. I was ill all the time. Illness is like death, it puts a different perspective on things: Nothing seems worth recording, petty activities of buzzing insects.

But I enjoyed seeing Alys and Ray and Logan, and greatly enjoyed the mounting popularity of Ray’s novel, “Shaken by the Wind.” I liked Lowes Dickinson, too, who came to dine twice, and Salvemini, from whom it was tragically sad to part, and I enjoyed meeting Sir Edmund Gosse and Augustine Birrell. Also we made it up with Roger Fry. And Sir Desmond MacCarthy was delightful. But I was really wretched all the time. It must have been Influenza, with bronchial symptoms.

Nicky had a delightful time. Everyone adored her and she went out a lot on her own.

I saw Geoffrey twice before he went to America to edit the Talbot de Malahide-Boswell papers.

The visits were eminently unsatisfactory and marked the end of our friendship. It is better to leave it embalmed in the past for what it was. It meant a lot to [me] as then, but means nothing now.

Yesterday we motored here from Le Havre, seeing Rouen and Beauvais by the way. Bessie, transformed by Kocher[Dr. Kocher of Berne], came to dine.

Edith[[1]](#endnote-1) lunched here, rather dried up by her sorrow at Walter Berry’s death. She asked us to go to Tunis with her, to bridge over the time until she could take up life

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again, and we at once telegraphed from London that we would. But now I think she doesn’t really want to do it. In any case, she says she “must” get home for Gaillard Lapsley’s [her literary executor] visit on December 20th (one of her “male wives”) and this would make our trip very hurried. Marthe Hyde came to dine, full of talk about her incredibly spendthrift and a-moral world. Yet one likes her.

**Thursday, Nov. 3**. A beautiful Indian Summer day.

We motored, with André Gillet, to Edith’s at St. Brice-sous-Fivet, seeing St. Denis on the way. The Tunis trip seems to be vanishing. I gather that Edith is having difficulties over her inheritance from Walter.

Probably his family is not like her.

BB went out to dine with Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl and Nicky and I had a quiet time at home.

Here is a list (not complete) of the people we saw in London. \* = very congenial; n = new.

*[Column 1]*

Robert Norton .

Trevy [Robert Trevelyan] & wife \* .

The Duveens .

Geoffrey [Scott] .

Lady [Sybil] Colefax .

Mary Crawshay .

[Robert] Hope-Johnstone .

Berwicks (?)

Gaetano [Salvemini] \*

Aubry

Justice Murnaghan *(new)*

Sir Thomas & Lady Arnold *(new)*

The Gregs**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** .

Graham Sebastian [Consul at Bankok] .

*[Column 2]*

[Yukio] Yashiro

Marthe Hyde .

Kate Presbitero .

The Kitsons .

[Arthur] Waley \* .

Binyon \* .

Gutekunsts .

Norrington *(new) .*

[Kenneth] Clarks .

Lady Witt .

Cockerells .

Conways

C. Shannon

Rothensteins [William] .

*[Column 3]*

Thorolds \* .

Roger Fry.

[G. Lowes] Dickinson**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** \* .

Lady Johnston .

“Dodi” Benson .

Eddie Marsh .

Beits

Sir John Hornbys

Herbert Cook .

Sir Denison Ross .

Lady Ross

Sibyl Childers .

D. Clayton .

Ed. Speyer (?) .

*[Column 4]*

Lady Cholmondeley \**(new) .*

Helen MacLagan \* .

Lord & Lady Lloyd \**(new) .*

Dr. Galê .

Dr. Freeman .

Strachey \* .

Adrian .

Alys, Logan .

[Sir] Desmond MacCarthy \* .

Cyril Conolly .

Grace [Worthington] .

McClure .

Misses Boyle .

Sir Edmond Gosse**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** \**(new) .*

Augustine Birrill \* .

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*[Column 5]*

Graham Wallas(es) .

Laskis

Einandi

Henry Harris

Barlows

*[Column 6]*

Lee Ashton [Asleton??]

Benson

Pollens

Creswell

Janet Vaughan \**(new)*

*[Column 7]*

Dame K. Furse

Miss Selcox / Silcox

Grandchildren

Mrs. Joshua [Joslina??]

Thomely Gibons

*[Column 8]*

Lady Cunard

Teddy Wolfe

[Lord] D’Abernons

Lady Ribblesdale

I will leave this for the Paris list.

*[Column 5-Paris]*

Mrs. Owen

M. Benoit

Princess Thèrèse Murat

Marthe Hyde .

Baronne La Caze**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** .

Edith Wharton .

Andrè Gillet .

Linda Cole Porter .

May [Mary?] Norris .

Fowles, Mr. & Mrs.

Bessie

Lady Sybil Colefax .

Duchesse de Croÿ .

M. Salles**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** & Mme. .

Abbe Mugnier .

M. Pozzi

Mme. de Cossé [de Cossé-Brissac]

[Gustave] Schlumberger .

Pesse. Lucigny-Foucinys

Lady Lloyd

Kenneth [Clark]

M. Guiffacy

M & Mme Reimacheló

Abel Bonnard .

Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Sachs .

Mrs. Shields .

The Du Bos [Charley & Zezette] .

P. Valéry .

The Chiffrains

The Martin-Chauffiers .

*[Column 6-Paris]*

Carlo Placci .

The Jas. Woods .

M. & Mme Foucher .

M. & Mme. Pernot .

M & Mme. Robt. Mond .

Mr. & Mrs. A. Henrauxs .

Mr. & Mrs. Abreu .

Baronne & Baroness Speigel .

Baronne de Brimont**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** .

Duchesse de Durcal .

Duchesse de Rochefoucault

Miss Alice Getty .

M. & Mme. Pelliot .

Seymour di Ricci

Elisina Tyler .

Heywood Pierce

Mr. Ede

M. & Mme. Metman .

M. Rolet .

M. Gouin .

Mme. Salles .

M. & Mme. Belisgou

Lady Abdy

Miss Lou Sands .

M. Heveczy & sister .

Mme. De Koven .

M. Cambro (Barcelona)

*[Column 7-Paris]*

M Raymond Koechlin .

André Germain .

Baronne Goldschmidt-Rothschild .

Mme. de Mun

Alex. Jacovleff .

Duchess of Sermonetta

Mr. Miller ( )

Mme. de Sincay**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** .

The Flescuers

M. & Mme. Polovtzov [Polovtsoff]

Mr. Owen

Yashiro

Miss Mary Boyle

L’ Abbé Breuìl .

M. Gaugney (head of Cairo Institute)

M. Mori

M. [Armand] Löwengard

The Magruders .

M. Rivieré8 .

Alex. Jacovleff

Blair Fairchild .

M. Vitry .

St. André10 .

[Helen & James] Flexner .

Princess Polignac .

Natalie Barney

Miss Wilde .

*[Column 8-Paris]*

M. & Mrs. Percy Straus.

Pallavicini(s)

M. Luchaine .

Laslo

M. Rodier .

Mainnante

Gamays

Robous-Chabots

Rochefoucauld

Palevlagne

Mr. & Mrs. Mackay .

Baron & Baroness de Wechel Jarlsburg

M. Babelon

M. Pierre d’ Espezel

Countess Potosky

Grand Duchess Marie .

Prince & Princess Polignac .

M. Truell

Eliz. Henraux .

M. Chadourne

M. Neill

Signorina Niccolini

M. Alpsassa

M. et Mme. Gillet

Mr. Vonderlip

Emily Isnafa

Tony Drescel

Roman Fernandez .

M. Fabre-Luce .

M. Marcel

M. Weill

M. Gousset .

M. Henri Bordeau

[0110]

**Hotel Beau Site Paris**

**Friday, November 4, 1927 [Paris]**

I feel awfully depressed and miserable – the result of my influenza, I fancy. We lunched with Marthe Hyde, it was rather pleasant. BB took Sybil Colefax to the [Musée de] Cluny. Mrs. Shields, very rigid and congested, to dine – a horrible woman, poor thing. She adores BB, so Bessie and Nicky and I left them after dinner and went to hear Mme. Schumann from Vienna. She sang divinely!

**Saturday, November 5**.  **[Paris]** Very Fine.

James Woods and his new wife, came to lunch, along with Linda [Lee Thomas Porter], who was quite out of it. She has come down intellectually since her marriage to Jazz Cole-Porter. No wonder. I am too sorry for her, for she realizes the fatal mistake she made. She is still very beautiful. We had tea with Charley Du Bos, who had a lot of people including Paul Valéry: Charley has our interesting salon. The Abbé Mugnier dined with us. What an enchanting figure he is.

**Sunday, November 6**.  **[Paris]**  Pouring Rain.

Placci and Sybil came to lunch. We took Sybil to Reinach’s deadly “Sunday Afternoon.” Only Reinach [was there], whom one loves, though he is so tiresome. Bessie came to dine and she and Nicky and I went to see [Ivan] Mozzhukhin in [The Loves of] “Casanova,” a wretched Cinema (1927 film). We could not stay. BB dined with Mme. La Caze. She brought up those awful days in 1918 when \_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_ [MB’s blanks]. I am sure she is nice, very nice, but she is so associated with misery that I hate to see her.

[0111]

**Monday, November 7**.  **[Paris]**  Fine Colder.

We went to the Louvre and I felt for the first time, since my illness, a faint enjoyment. We looked at drawings and they brought the little Leonardo Annunciation and unframed it, and we saw it in the sunlight. Wonderful colours and no doubt any more on between Leonardo or Lorenzo di Credi. We also had the Giorgione Fêté Champêtre brought into the sunlight, and saw it for the first time.

Mrs. Arthur Sachs came to lunch, her husband was called to London. Nicky went to the theater with Kenneth and BB and I dined with Linda [Porter] at Morris,’ a charming little *entresol* on the Quai Malequais. Evening mild, passed in semi-dealer’s gossip. I was bored, really.

**Tuesday, November 8. [Paris]** Rain.

Louvre again. Edith came to lunch, and we gave up the idea of Tunis and decided to go to stay with her at Hyères. Marthe Hyde called for us and took us to tea at Miss Getty’s, where we met the Woods and Pelliot and Foucher, and other learned people. Edith returned to dine with M. Salles, Beamont and the Abbé. Beaumont spoke wonderfully, but he stayed too late, till 11:45 and BB and I were nearly dead with fatigue. He said his idea of Hell would be to meet Georges Sand and Mme. [Germaine] de Staël and have to live with them forever.

**Wednesday, November 9 [Paris]** Dark and cold.

They went to the Louvre, but I had my hair done and rested. We lunched with Mme. La Caze and met the Fouchets, Pernot and his wife. The Robert Monds. Good talk. Went to Abel Bonnard’s for tea, and met the poor young Duchesse de Durcal whose husband is put in prison for fraud and drug traffic. We dined with the Albert Henraux, who had Placci, the

[0112]

M. and Mme. Abreu. A truly delightful evening in their lovely house. Mme Henraux said all their inspiration came from BB. Placci praised Ray’s novel immensely.

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**1927**

**Thursday, November 10**. Fine

Ray writes that Macmillan’s will bring out her novel in America in the Spring. I am delighted! We lunched with the Princesse Lucigny-Fancinge [possibly Princess Faucigny-Lucinge (1880-1964)?], in her flat 12 Rue Chanoinesse, overlooking Notre Dame, the house Heloise lived in with her uncle. The Abbé was there, Marthe Hyde, May Norris, etc. A lovely place, but “Natty,” the hostess was by no means *á la hauteur*. In the afternoon Fischer of Lucerne came to see BB and offered him money for having given certain attributions, but BB would not take it. He won’t be classed with “Gronau and Van Hadeln and Venturi and the rest, who exchange “attributions” for banknotes.

I called on Sybil Colefax to say goodbye and thank her for having given Ray’s novel to Arnold Bennett, whose review was the beginning of its success. Then BB and André Germain (who called bringing roses) and I called on Mme. Falk-Friedlander, Milford, Kulmann, Goldschmidt-Rothschild, whom she now hath is not her husband but her doctor. There is something unpleasant about her.

We dined at Marthe’s with Miss Alice Getty, the Pelliots, Pozzi, Bonnard. I talked with Alice Getty who has had the first initiation at a Japanese Monastery. A chirpy little creature out of Dickens, but with a Buddhist side as well. There was much moaning and laughter as among intimate playmates. Pelliot is utterly against the authenticity of Glozel finds [Glozel, France excavations 1924-1930].

[0113]

**Friday, November 11**. Rainy and snowy.

Armistice Day observed with heartbreaking ceremonies. Nine years ago we knew the armistice was concluded by the bells and horns of Southampton (I was at Chilling). I had my first walk after 9 months of illness, Alys came with me. We were deathly sad. In the evening we had a bonfire and burnt a figure which Alys would not let us call the Kaiser but called Tyranny. The children were little and danced around the fire in a ring with an *oystering* gypsy who strolled in.

Nicky and I want to the Berlioz Requiem at St. Etienne-du-Mont, but came away rather put off by the noise which drowned what music there was. We lunched in Linda’s [Porter] beautiful home (13 Rue Monsieur), a sad home, for the husband is not a man but a jazz. In the afternoon Elisina Tyler, Seymour de Ricci, Heywood Pierce [Haywood Pearce?], Kenneth and Mrs. Shield came to tea.

In the evening Nicky went with Miss Norris to an operetta and BB and I dined with Edith at the Crillon [The Hôtel de Crillon], where she is staying (heavenly place, but poor food). M. et Mme. Metman were there, M Rolet (Supt. Beaux Arts in Syria) and a young man named I think Gouin (?).

**Saturday, November 11(2)**. Fine.

Went to Duveen’s to see the glorious Bellini. What a picture!! About 1512. The old Bellini, full of carelessness, but how glorious. Edith came to lunch and took us to a concert of Beethoven and Spanish music. BB and I went to tea with the Duchesse de Croÿ (Marthe’s sister) and met the Pelliots and Bonnard and the Duchesse de Durcal, who goes to Spain tomorrow hoping to get her unhappy marriage annulled. Her husband is in prison for forgery and drug-traffic. The Stoclets, M. Koechlin, Placci, Marthe and Kenneth came to

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**Paris Beau Site**

**[Nov. 12 Paris cont.]**

dine. The Stoclets are very heavy, but Koechlin saved the situation most agreeably – too well, in fact for they all stayed till midnight!

**Sunday, November 13** Grey.

Went to Louvre and had a general look around with BB and Kenneth. BB took him to Reinach’s and Nicky and I heard Youra Guller (Mme. Schiffrin) play Beethoven’s Concerti. She plays divinely. Then we called on Bessie, who was ill, and I called on Nelly Mackay, Miss [Lou] Sands, Mrs. Magruder (all out) and Edith, who had Paul Bourget and Schlumberger and Mme. de Cossè to tea.

BB went to dine with Mme. La Caze, but she came here instead. She talked steadily in her excruciating voice from 8 – 11. I got wild. I thought I should cry out. Some of her talk was very interesting but no talk is endurable that has no stops.

**Monday, November 14**. Snow in morning. Grey day.

We went to the Louvre with Edith, the Stoclets and Mr. Koechlin**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.** and saw the Mona Lisa, and 3 Raphaels taken down and brought into the window enclosure. The Mona Lisa, like the Giorgione last week, was a revelation!! And the portrait of a youth leaning on his hand must be Raphael, though one could not think so without seeing it clearly. The Schiffrins came to lunch. She (Youra Guller) is fascinating! Mrs. De Koven came to tea. She thinks she will give up Florence and migrate to Paris. Fowles called for us and took us out to his home and his servant girl wife (poor *man*) for a little visit. Edith and the Pernots came to dine. Pernot is a very very interesting man, the wife dull but quite inoffensive, which you can’t say of Mme. Pelliot!

[0115]

**Tuesday, November 15**. Fairly fine.

I stayed in and wrote letters all morning, while the others worked on the drawings in the Louvre. Miss Lou Sands came to lunch. She is charming. Linda [Porter] and Marthe came to tea bringing Lady Abdy, a striking looking but frightening Russian girl, now divorced for the second time. A man might destroy himself for her. She was a bit gruesome. The nice James Woods came to dine, and we had the sort of evening of quiet intelligent talk which [we] adore, with people I can wholeheartedly admire.

**Wednesday, November 16**. Fine.

Wrote all morning. We lunched at Baronne La Caze’s and met Desmond [MacCarthy] and Brunhes (?). Edward [Fowles] came and we settled the Duveen proposals and telephoned them to Louis Levy. Nicky went to Mme. de Brimont’s reception for us. Placci and Bessie came to dine.

**Thursday, November 17**.

Charming lunch with Mme. de Sincay where we met M. Alexandre Jacovleff and saw his book of wonderful paintings of African natives. Very much worth while! Gillet came to dine and Kenneth. Not so bad as I feared.

**Friday, November 18**.

Lunched with Marthe and met some interesting people. Reinach, Baronne Goldschmidt-Rothschild, Mrs. Shields, Kenneth, Löwengard to tea. Dined with l’Abbé Mugnier and Edith at May Norris: Margit Ramare. Patricoli, Padghow came to see me on a wild goose chase about c. “Velasquez” she has.

**Saturday, November 19**. Fine.

Placci, Paul Valéry**Errore. Il segnalibro non è definito.**, Kenneth, and the Abbé came to lunch, and we met Valéry again at tea at Edith’s. He is an accomplished talker, but does

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not really converse. BB dined with Linda [Porter] and Nicky in bed. Bessie and I went out and had oysters at Primier’s.

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**1927**

**Sunday, November 20, 1927**. Rain.

BB and I had a delightful 2 hours alone (very rare) at the Louvre. The Martin-Chauffiers, Du Boses and Marthe came to lunch. Then we went with Marthe to Reinach’s, and in the evening Edith and May Norris (she is stupid) and Edith and Mary Boyle and the Abbé Breuìl came to dine and talked pre-history.

**Monday, November 21**

Mr. Salles****.**** and M. Rivière came to lunch and we sent afterwards to see the South- and Central-American things at the Trocadero. Very tiring. Nicky and I went to tea with Blair Fairchild to hear a young American pianist named Webster play. Delightful. In the evening those angels Helen and Jimmy Flexner[[2]](#endnote-2) came to dine, and Bessie also. I enjoyed that evening most of all in Paris.

**\*Wednesday, Nov. 23**

Got a sore throat and temperature, - stayed in bed. Bonnard and Alex. Jacovleff came to lunch and BB was very brilliant. Marthe’s sister the Duchesse de Croÿ also came. BB had a pleasant dinner with Mme. de Sincay**.**.

**\*Tuesday, November 22**.

Lunched with Edith and St. André at Raymond Koechlin’s and looked at so many little *objets* that my senses revolted and I hated all bric-a-brac. Then we went to see Mr. Pellerin’s house all filled with Cézannes. I am now sure that the adoration for him is mostly *montatura*. I got as mad as a hatter,

[0117]

seeing them, all doing reverence to those *hideosities*. Marthe and Linda came to tea. We dined with the Polozovs and the Grande Duchess Marie, divorced from the 2nd son of the King of Sweden. She spoiled the evening, being nice enough, to be sure, but nothing special.

**Thursday, November 24**. Rain.

BB and Nicky went to Mme. Salles for lunch. It was dull. I got up for tea we and had a most excruciating talk with Fowles over our arrangements with the Duveen Firm, deciding in the end to go on as we have done for 20 years, with an unsatisfactory contract but good results.

Placci and Marthe called and Natalie Barney came, bringing (to BB’s rage) a Miss Wilde, niece of Oscar, a noted Lesbian. Homosexuality is now a *shock motive* on the French stage, and Lesbianism is beginning to appear too, on the boards.

I believe I have no principles in the matter. The “old Philadelphia Lady” in me is shocked, but what value has this? A tale is running all over Paris about Princess Polignac (née Singer) – that she met in London an ordinary “nice” young society woman, who, on her invitation, called on her in Paris. To her surprise she was motioned upstairs by the footman (who mistook her for an initiée) and on opening the indicated door she saw the Princess, nude save for top boots and a peaked hat, cracking a whip over Violet Trefusis (Mrs. Keppel’s daughter) who was capering about nude on all fours with a saddle strapped around her middle, while several other nude young women lolled on a divan

[0118]

enjoying the sport.

Last night at the Countesse de Mun’s dinner, at whom the other guests were Rohan and Chabots, [de] Ganays, Gaumont, Rochefoucaults, etc. Princesse Polignac appeared, and although people were whispering this horrid tale in corners, everyone was most polite to her, even I!

**Friday, November 25**. Fine.

BB and Nicky spent the day at Chantilly – Reinach, St. André and Heveczy came to tea. The James Woods and the Flexners came to dinner – most agreeable evening.

**Saturday, November 26**. Fine.

Morning at the Cabinet des Médailles at the Biliotheque Nationale, with Babelon and d’Espegel. Some fine things and lots of boring ones, though BB is never bored. I admire him enormously for it. Lunched at Marthe Hydes with Linda, Pelliot, the Jean Pilignacs, Truell, Countess Potocka, etc. Marthe has an interesting set of friends. Had tea with Charley Du Bos.

BB dined with Linda, Bessie with us, and we went to Les Bouffes Parisiennes. The Old Philadelphia Lady in me was so shocked and disgusted that I came away when it was half over.

**Sunday, November 27**.

Went to the Musée Guimet with James Woods. Mons. Hackin and Gousset showed us round. I felt of an unfathomable ignorance, and the aesthetic thread is a very frail one.

BB and I lunched with the Norwegian Minister at a most beautiful house, but oh what people were there – Tony Drexel! BB and I dined with the Mackays, dull but not unpleasant. She is queer, but fine in some ways, and their flat is most congenial.

[0119]

**Monday, November 28**.

My morning in Louvre seeing pictures that were taken down for us – most interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Straus**.** came to lunch along with Bessie. The latter accompanied us to Jacovleff’s studio. We were disappointed in his non-exotic work. We liked him.

A most interesting dinner with the Du Bos. The other guest was a very brilliant young man named Roman Fernandez. Fabre-Luceand Marcel came in afterwards. The talk, about Meredith and Proust, was very brilliant and *suivi*.

**(2) Wednesday, November 30**. Grey.

Elisabetta Henraux and Jaloux came to lunch. She looked lovely! She seems to have recovered from her grief – in fact, people say she is going to marry again. Miss Norris came at 3:15 and we called on the Pallavicinis [Is this the noble Italian family?] and saw their things. Then she and BB went curiosity hunting, and I paid a delightful call on Miss Getty and a tragic one on M. Rodier (Rodin?), who has had a stroke, and is in the depths, poor man.

BB dined with Luchaire at a “Cooperation Intellectuel” dinner. Marthe and Nicky and I dined at Premier’s and they went to a Cinema.

**(1) Tuesday, November 29**.

Called on Fowles and fixed final details of new agreement with J.D. [Duveen]. A very anxious and worrying affair, which has dragged on all through our stay in Paris. M. Rivieré and Weill came to lunch. Went to Böhlers [Art Gallery] at 4. The Gillets came to tea at 5 and we all went out to a very boring and poor dinner at Reinach’s.

[0120]

**Thursday, December 1.**

BB took Schiffrin and Heveczy to Louvre. I felt too ill to go. Fabre-Luce12 came to lunch. BB called on Mr. Owen and had tea at Bonnard’s. Polotzoff [Polovtsoff] and Marthe came to dine. He was charming and told stories of Catherine the Great.

1) Rose at 5, dinner at 1, then nap. Once at dinner she talked wildly and one of her courtiers *depland* (?) to another her making a fool of herself. She half heard, and asked what he had said. He repeated it. She grew red and pale and left the table. They all said “What have you done?” He said “I had to tell her, she half heard it” then she sent for him, and his return was waited for with sympathetic dismay. But he came bringing a diamond-set snuff-box. “What happened?” She thanked me for my *reprooff* but said “don’t humiliate me again in public. Take this box, and if you hear me making a fool of myself, just open and close the lid. I will know what you mean!”

2) Went to her nap, but remembered ~~something~~ (a note to\_\_\_) and came back and rang for the servant. No answer. Went out and heard talking. All servants playing cards in one room. Reproved the one who should have answered bell, gave him note to take, and then seeing the cards had first been dealt, said “Go on the errand. I’ll play your hand for you till you return.”

3) Nose-bleed. Went to room to cure it. Came back to find courtiers anxious – “What are you alarmed about? I’ve only lost my last a drop of German blood!”

4) Old, walked in garden with maid, old too. Two young men passed by as they sat on a bench, and rudely took no notice. Maid furious, and jumped up to go to reproach them. Catherine held her back. “Don’t go! Were old women and nobody looks at us any more.”

[0121 ]

**Friday, December 2**. Always dark and cold.

BB and Salles went to see the Arab things at the Louvre. Mme. de Sincay and M. Benoit came to lunch and the dear Abbé, BB and I went to a very pleasant tea at the Gillets. He is more and more enthusiastic about Ray’s novels and will write a chronique on it for the Revue des Deux Mondes. BB dined with Mme. Le Caze. Bessie and Nicky and I went to a Bach, Bethoven concert by [Pablo?] Casals – Lovely!

**Saturday, December 3**. Grey

BB lunched with Jim Woods and Bacot and we had Mrs. Woods to lunch here. She is stiff and a bit shy, but a real person.

M. Cambo. called at 3:30. Then BB went to Wildenstein’s. M. Renè (?) Shalupt (No. 2) and Prezzolini. Mrs. Shields and Nelly Mackay called. We dined at Linda’s with Miss Norris, not exciting but pleasant.

**Sunday, December 4**. Getting finer.

BB went alone to the Louvre. I called on Elisabetta Henraux and saw her new apartment. 1 Rue des Saints-Peres.

Went with Nicky and May Boyd to say goodbye to Reinach. The Sessions, Teddy Chanlers, came to tea: Bonnard, Placci and the Princess Thèrèse Murat to dinner. Placci was awfully boring.

**Monday, December 5**. Fine. Warm.

Louvre with Bessie, Fowles and Lowengarde, and, late Reinach and M. Vitry, to see certain pictures that were taken down for us. Lunched with Mme. De Cossé and Schlumberger. Linda, Marthe, St. André, Miss Norris to tea. Left for the Mi*di* in le train blue at 7:40. Nicky going to Frankfort for a few days.

[0122]

**Chez Mme. Wharton, Sainte-Claire du Ch**âteau, Hy**ères (Var)**

**1927**

**Tuesday, December 6, 1927**. Grey, warm, bits of sunshine.

We reached Toulouse at 9 o’clock and found Edith’s motor waiting for us. What a lovely place, and how cozy, carefy and beautiful Edith has made her house! Walked all around her hill in afternoon. The Charles de Noailles came to tea. In the evening Edith read us a few chapters of her new novel “The Children.”

Met at Hyères and Riviera

M. & Mme. Charles de Noailles .

Countess Benckendorff .

Lucy Ellis

Sir Alan & Lady Johnstone

Sir Louis Malet

Mr. & Mrs. John Burke

Mr. Creely

Mrs. Sands

Gaillard Lapsley

[0123]

**Wednesday, December 7, 1927**. Rain

Countess Benckendorff came to lunch, old impoverished, frumpy, losing her memory, but full of fun and undeniably grande dame. Read “Revelry,” (1926, Samuel Hopkins Adams's novel of Washington politics) a terrible take of Harding’s Administration. Reading Wahlverwandtschaften! (by Goethe, 1809) Man novel. Laughed a lot.

**Thursday, December 8, 1927**. Grey.

Lunched with the de Noaille in their art noveau house. His brother, the Duc de Monchy, was there. Very good food. They are enjoying making that queernovel habitation, which has some good points, ncluding a swimming-bath, but is hideous really. And the pictures!! Among these, Derain is a classic. Had a drive and then *mon* novel in the evening. It is a new departure for Edith and *trés. riussi[[3]](#endnote-3)*.

**Friday, December 9, 1927**. Glorious

Picnicked out. A most beautiful excursion.

**Saturday, December 10, 1927**. Glorious.

Splendid excursion up to the port. Edith’s story “The Children” is really most amusing – I think her very best thing.

**Sunday, December 11, 1927**. Grey and rainy.

The de Noailles came to lunch. Drove to Polynésie, Mme. de Belarg’ (?) s beautiful spot, on which she has planted a horrible house. Incredibly bad taste!

[0124]

**Sainte-Claire du Ch**âteau, Hy**ères 1927**

**Monday, December 12, 1927.** Fierce storms

Nicky arrived in a cloud burst. Countess Benckendorff came to lunch.

**Tuesday, December 13, 1927**. Glorious

Had a long and stony walk which nearly did for my rheumatic knees. But it was worth it! What a beautiful place, really more enchanting than home. Read Jane Austin in the evening “Persuasion.” Delightful. Edith reads well, though not quite so well as Nicky.

**December 14, Wednesday**. **Fanfarigoule, La Napoule [Villa LaFanfarigoule]**. Fine

Motored here to stay with Sir Allen and Lady Johnstone. Lunched at San Raphael. A beautiful drive. Got here for tea. A hideous huge house –*uso-castello*, and a garden, *uso-peto*. Lady J. an ex-beauty, self-absorbed, spoilt, un-educated, woolly-minded (favoring anything exoteric and mystical), incapable of sustained conversation, but very kind and not spiteful. Sir Allen a common sense golf-playing, slightly deaf, ex-Diplomat. He keeps house, and feeds one well. Talk in the evening – difficult.

**Thursday, December 15, Thursday**. Fine, Quiet day.

I went in to see Sulley (who hadn’t arrived) and saw also nursery gardens with Edith. BB and Nicky walked.

**Friday, December 16, 1927**. Very fine

Motored to Grasse and lunched there, and went on to see Miss Norris’ Garden, one incredible place!! As beautiful as Delphi! We lunched at Grasse, afterwards by the way. Then BB and I went to see our old friend,

[0125]

**La Napoule. A.M.**

Jack Burke, who had given up the struggle and retired with his Piedmontese wife to a tiny farm, on a tiny income. She was very nice, a vital, cheerful, energetic creature. But a bit over-emphatic. They have really dropped out, and BB feels no interest in the experiment.

The evenings are – difficult – here. They have no idea to talk. But we get through somehow.

[0126]

**Sainte-Claire du Ch**âteau, Hy**è**res****

**Saturday, December 17, 1927**. Bitterly cold, but sunny.

We got back here in time for lunch, all delighted to be at “home” again. The atmosphere at Fanfarigoule was not congenial. Edith deplores Lady Johnstone’s laziness and lack of interest in any thing but herself. It was nice to have a rational evening once more!

**Sunday, December 18, 1927**. Awfully cold and grey.

Froze in the night. I did not move out of doors, as I am very bad with rheumatism. Gaillard Lapsley arrived for lunch. He is pleasant and loves books.

1. [↑](#endnote-ref-1)
2. [↑](#endnote-ref-2)
3. [↑](#endnote-ref-3)