

Mary Berenson  
The Diaries of 1915 and 1916

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## 1915

[021]  
[note insurance coupon]

[024] Friday, January 1, 1915

Rain

Yoi came up to lunch and was really silly enough to put into a lunatic asylum. I have never known a person more self-absorbed and impervious to the impression she makes on others — except, *bien entendu*, sexually — of *that* she is well aware.

She went for a walk with Geoffrey in the Laghetto — the last time, B.B. says, such a thing must happen. Of course I only cared when Nello was away, by means of lies on her part, for she told me he was frightfully jealous. It was a bad beginning to the New Year.

[025] Saturday, January 2, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima — staying

Rain

It rained so horribly that none of us went out.

[026] Sunday, January 3, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima

Rain

The Hendersons and Margaret Strong came to lunch. We walked in the laghetto, in spite of the rain.

[027] Monday, January 4, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain

The Nelson Gays<sup>1</sup> came to lunch and Miss Priestly to stay in the afternoon. She has just lost her Mother (at 92!) and she seemed to need a change. She is a dear person, though rather fluffy in the upper storey.

[028] Tuesday, January 5, 1915

Flora Priestley<sup>2</sup>

Rain

Called on Trenches<sup>3</sup> with Flora, took Margaret Strong home and walked back from Villa Medici.

[029] Wednesday, January 6, 1915

Flora Priestley

Rain

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<sup>1</sup> Harry Nelson Gay

<sup>2</sup> Trench

<sup>3</sup> Alfred Benn, who was a witness at their marriage.

A. W. Benn<sup>4</sup> came to lunch, and Mrs. Krayl, very full of her complicated *affaire [sic]* with Gordon Craig, poor child.

Placci and Salvemini came to dine, both *sure* that Italy is going to fight. Placci says on the 20th of this month, Salvemini on the 15th of February.

What tragic nonsense it all is.

[added later] It really was the 23 of May.

[030] Thursday, January 7, 1915

Flora, Geoffrey Scott

Rain

Miss De Robeck's<sup>5</sup> concert at 3:30.

Called on Lady Enniskillen<sup>6</sup> with Geoffrey, and met Flora there and brought her back again.

[031] Friday, January 8, 1915

Flora

Rain

Dentist at 9.30.

Walked with Flora to Gamberaia and saw Florence Blood's 'Days'.<sup>7</sup>

[032] Saturday, January 9, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Flora

[no entry]

[033] Sunday, January 10, 1915

Flora Priestley, Geoffrey, Cecil

Rain and mist here, fine at Fiesole

Had a telegram from Edward Hutton<sup>8</sup> to say Frank Crisp<sup>9</sup> was killed in action on the 5th, and now I must tell Mrs. Ross. So I did. It was really heart-breaking. What grisly fantastic nonsense it is, tragic too. To think that human beings can find no way of settling their commerce and politics than killing all their young men.

Margaret Strong and Miss Paterson<sup>10</sup> came to lunch, and afterwards I went up to see Lady Sybil, and walked back with Flora, stopping in to see Aunt Janet on the way.

[034] Monday, January 11, 1915

Geoffrey staying

Miss Priestly went after lunch.

Geoffrey had a cold and went to bed.

I took Flora down and did errands and went to the dressmaker:

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<sup>4</sup> Carl Christian Krayl (1890-1947), a German [architect](#) and artist of the early twentieth century, who was associated with several of the leading [avant-garde](#) art movements of [German Expressionism](#).

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<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> a painting?

<sup>8</sup>

<sup>9</sup>

<sup>10</sup>

Although everyone is in distress, complaining of lack of work, I have found only one who finishes the work you give them in reasonable time. That is my old maid, Luisa.<sup>11</sup>

I engaged a new *cameriere*.

Nello, Yoï and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Gay came to dine. Yoï looked awfully bored at the general talk, and contributed only the remark that Mrs. Ugo Ojetti<sup>12</sup> had got very fat. Afterwards she told me she was the most sensitive and “pensive” person I had ever seen, she always felt and “intuited” what others were feeling and thinking. Had she known what a fool I thought her, she wouldn’t have gone on! She said Nello was frightfully jealous, and suspicious and wouldn’t let her go out alone. I said I thought he was quite right.

[035] Tuesday, January 12, 1915

Fine morning, then cloudy.

[no entry]

[036] Wednesday, January 13, 1915

Mr. Benn and Edmund and Mary Houghton and Cecil came to lunch. We offered Edmund our little De Dion motor<sup>13</sup> — a small return for the endless pleasure he used to give us with his in those wonderful first days of motoring!

B.B. had tea with Sybil and I had a most glorious walk alone over the hills. Such a day! All the little streams came stealing out of the rocks with soft whispers, and a rushing brook at the bottom of the ravine sang a sort of ground bass to the other soft voices. The light on the oak-forest was ruddy copper and the sky made me almost faint with its purity.

Cecil and Geoffrey gave a dinner to Mr. and Miss De Robeck and the Misses Hamilton.<sup>14</sup>

Earthquake at al Avezzano

[037] Thursday, January 14, 1915

Placci and Edmund Houghton came to lunch. Placci is afraid the terrible earthquake of Avezzano and the Abruzzi may put off or hinder the War. He says Giolitti means to try to snatch the power from Salandra, when where the House reassembles, and for that if he can find a good Casus Belli, Salandra may declare war first. Von Bülow is constantly seeing Giolitti, who would come in with a Neutral Policy. But Placci says he would change it to War fast enough once he was in the seat. What miserable business it is — determining such things by such motives!

Geoffrey telephoned and wished he were here to walk with us to the Tree. He seemed to feel there was no point in doing anything by himself. Those boys live in far too restricted a circle. I do deplore it. But Florence is a desert for our sort of people.

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[038] Friday, January 15, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Worked and had a walk in the laghetto.

Some *amful* people came to tea — Thomases and Halls. Prof. Hall<sup>15</sup> of Harvard is himself a very pleasant nice sort of person, but his wife and daughter are hopelessly squaw-ish, and the Thomases all sheer horrors, with an accent that would ruin even the best talk—and theirs is the worst!

[039] Saturday, January 16, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima

Cecil took a 5:45 train to Empoli to eat a pig at the Ali Maccaroni fattoria near San Miniato al Tedesco — a yearly ceremony. They ate endlessly and drank ditto and he appeared here at 6 only to fall into bed!

B.B. as usual called on Sybil, and I went to see poor Aunt Janet.

Crisp was shot by a German “sniper” on his way from the trenches to billets on the **5th** at 11:30, and he died at noon, hardly recovering consciousness.

Looked at Indian photos<sup>16</sup> in evening.

[040] Sunday, January 17, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott, Naima

Work in morning.

In the afternoon B.B. and Naima had a drive to Monte Senario, and Geoffrey and I called on Sybil and the Strongs, and walked back.

Cecil called on Aunt Janet.

B.B. got awfully cross, but I can see that he is anything but well.

Aunt Janet is terribly broken by Frank Crisp’s death.

We sent £500 and clothes to the Terremoto Committee.

Cecil got up at 9, quite restored from his savage feast.

[041] Monday, January 18, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, <the> new footman Domenico Pieri

Foot sore, so could not walk.

Went to town with Geoffrey, and called for B.B. at Sybil’s at 6. He says she reminds him of a *cicala*, no body or insides but all voice. I have never known anybody ~~to~~ talk the way she does. I can hardly bear it, although I am inclined to like her.

Poor B.B. is not well. I feel really troubled and anxious about him. He doesn’t sleep well, and he can’t digest. Most of the time he feels awfully tired.

Yoï and Nello came to dine. Nello was charming. Yoï had a sneezing cold, and her manner was cooler and to me *much* more agreeable. The more intimate she **feels**, the more she puts me in a false position by taking it for **granted**. I “understand” and “sympathize with” all her foolishness.

[042] Tuesday, January 19, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

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<sup>15</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Indian photos?

Worked all morning, after seeing corset maker and lace mender.

Cecil came to lunch and we gave him 500 francs for the Terremoto sufferers in the Abruzzo.

Geoffrey and Cecil and I went to town in the car and did various errands, and then Geoffrey and I called on the Loesers (out) and on Yoï.

Nello came in late, and when we were **going**, Yoï kept back Geoffrey to whisper to him that she heard “from all sides” that we hadn’t liked her meeting him here and taking a long walk with him. She was evidently blaming *him* for our criticism of her — so silly. It all came from her babbling to Stan Krayl<sup>17</sup> about the walk, only half truths revised with lies, and **when** ~~where~~ Stan spoke to me of it, I said I thought it was wrong of Yoï to deceive Nello and try to keep poor Geoffrey on. I am for myself glad Yoï heard of it, but it upsets Geoffrey to have her furious with him. However, I believe it is good for him in the long run.

[043] Wednesday, January 20, 1915

Freezing

Geoffrey and Cecil got off to Rome. Geoffrey didn’t want to go at the last, as he loves the quiet life here in the library all day. But I am sure it will do him good and deliver him from his preoccupations with Yoï, which it is so hard to shake off in this little circle of which she forms part. He will feel that after all the world, his world, is too big to let her play such an overwhelming part in it.

B.B. as usual went to see Sybil. I walked halfway and came home through the woods — a glorious day.

The American Consul and his wife (Dumont) came to dine — very American and provincial, but well-meaning people, rather intelligent. They stayed too late.

[044] Thursday, January 21, 1915

Rain

Day of heavenly do nothing. I mean nothing involving others, but just the work I like to do in the Library, with no one to bother me. I love such days, though I love them more when Geoffrey’s sitting opposite to me, also at work.

This year, for the first time in my life, I feel peaceful and at leisure. Nothing hurries or bothers me. It comes from having good health and very fine people to see and <to> make social arrangements for.

If it weren’t for the War I should be happy. But that is such ghastly background that it is nearly intolerable.

B.B. at Sybil’s.

[045] Friday, January 22, 1915

Fine

I cursed today when the Marainis<sup>18</sup> telephoned to ask if they could come up and look at the Art Magazines, for I do so love my quiet days.

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<sup>17</sup>

<sup>18</sup>

However, I made an excuse of Mrs. Ross and got a long walk alone in the woods, which I truly love. And Yoï wasn't so bad. She's been less *gênante* ever since Stan repeated to her some of the severe things I said. She sees I don't "understand," so she bothers me less.

Later I called on poor Mrs. Ross, who has fallen into a sad apathy. She sits all day by the fire, only stirring to make it up, and shuddering and wincing from time to time as if someone struck her.

B.B. went up to Sybil's as usual. She does talk – unceasingly.

[046] Saturday, January 23, 1915

Naima

Rain

Worked.

Took Nelly Erichsen to town for her errands, while I called on Herbert Horne, who now has sciatica as well as all the rest of his ailments.

Geoffrey wrote they were going to Balzorano<sup>19</sup> [*sic*] to distribute the old clothes they had bought in the ghetto. The poor people won't use nice things, they *save* them to sell and meantime freeze to death.

Brought up Naima, who is nice but hideously devoid of conversation and interests. It is hard to know how to amuse her. In fact, one can't, for she cares chiefly for flirting!

B.B. at Sybil's

[047] Sunday, January 24, 1915

Naima

Rain

Mr. Strong and Margaret came to lunch. B.B. was ill, Naima silent, Strong deaf and Margaret bored. I felt desperate.

Later B.B. and I called on Aunt Janet and met Ashburner<sup>20</sup> there.

Quiet evening of work. I am putting our scattered notes of the "minor" painters in order.

We decided to join Guido Cagnola in editing (~~or a rather paying for purging form~~) the *Rassegna d'Arte*.

[048] Monday, January 25, 1915

Rain

A most interesting letter from Geoffrey describing the "confusione" that reigns in the Relief work in the Abruzzo. They spent the night at Balsorano (Friday). The only person who was of any use was Salvemini, and he has the Socialist maggot in his head which makes him believe that the people can be made to live in a quite new well drained town, deserting their old unsanitary and now destroyed haunts. But the human animal is unlike that, I fear.

I began an article for Guido's *Rassegna d'Arte* on the Italian pictures in Cracow — a rather silly proceeding, full of padding.

Yoï and Nello to dine. Rather flat.

I called on Sybil with B.B., walking up and back. Wonderful misty effects, between Turner and Guardi.

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<sup>19</sup>

<sup>20</sup>



[049] Tuesday, January 26, 1915

Rain

Too rainy to go out though B.B. went as usual to Sybil's.

I went on with my article and had a splendid "go" at various odds and ends of work.

Alys writes that Logan has offered to go to inspect the Relief Work in France, to report to the British Red Cross. How awful if he should be killed, or even taken prisoner. He has become a British subject.

[050] Wednesday, January 27, 1915

Geoffrey

Solid rain

Went on with my article.

Suddenly Geoffrey appeared, full of interesting talk about the Earthquake zone.

It was too rainy to go out, but Mr. Benn came to lunch.

Geoffrey reported the Florentine Committee as too rotten and silly for words. The only man who is doing anything is Salvemini; and he is a little too doctrinaire for the situation, for he wants to build a sanitary new town in the plain, and thinks the peasants will desert their tumbled down hovels to live in it, whereas they probably won't. Cecil is helping him put up his skeleton town.

B.B. afternoon at Sybil's.

[051] Thursday, January 28, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Wet

Alys writes that Logan has offered to go to the Red Cross in North France — headquarters at Dunkirk, where alas the Germans keep dropping bombs. I feel very anxious.

Called on Lady Enniskillen<sup>21</sup> with Geoffrey and also on the Giulianis.

B.B. afternoon at Sybil's.

[052] Friday, January 29, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Damp

[no entry]

B.B. at Sybil's.

[053] Saturday, January 30, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima

[no entry]

B.B. at Sybil's.

[054] Sunday, January 31, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima

Fine

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<sup>21</sup> second reference

Charles Strong<sup>22</sup> and his daughter came to lunch. It was certainly very dull. B.B. took Naima a drive<sup>23</sup> and Geoffrey and I had a glorious walk in the woods.

[055] Monday, February 1, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Deep snow

Cecil writes of the hopeless and cruel *confusione* that prevails in the earthquake zone. The timber came 15 days late and then couldn't get unloaded because the railway **sidings** ~~sidings~~ were choked with wagons which sheltered not the unfortunate survivors but the Committees who had come to build barracks out of that same timber!!

I wonder what would happen if Italy went to war? I hope they'll keep out.

Had a splendid walk and called on Aunt Janet, whom I found all alone crying.

The Marainis came to dine, and left Geoffrey rather miserable. She seems utterly fake and boring. He is delightful. She says they have only £300 a year to live on.

B.B. at Sybil's in afternoon.

[056] Tuesday, February 2, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima

Fine, snow deep

Alys writes that Logan is not wanted at Dunkirk; they have already found someone to do the job. I am awfully relieved. He is in the meantime working hard for the Belgian refugees.

Byba Giuliani<sup>24</sup> came and took Geoffrey for a walk, and then came in and paid a call.

B.B. afternoon at Sybil's.

[057] Wednesday, February 3, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Fine, cold

In bed with cold.

Giglioli<sup>25</sup> came and said Cecil was the most valuable of all the workers in the Earthquake Zone.

Lady Enniskillen and Mr. Benn came to lunch, but I didn't get up.

I did get up to **dinner to arrive** ~~and~~ receive the Dumonts (consul) and a young friend of theirs, Miss Blazo of Providence. They stayed very late. Geoffrey showed the pictures to the young lady, who "adored" them all, all for the wrong reasons.

B.B. afternoon at Sybil's.

[058] Thursday, February 4, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

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<sup>22</sup>

<sup>23</sup>

<sup>24</sup>

<sup>25</sup>

Stayed in bed most of the day with my cold.  
Miss Erichsen called, very anxious about Aunt Janet's state, who has lost all interest in life with Frank Crisp's death.  
B.B. tea at Sybil's.

[059] Friday, February 5, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Rain

Day of work.

Placci and the Gays came to dine. Placci has been for three weeks in Piedmont and Lombardy, and he was very much discouraged by the state of popular feeling there — no one even *dreaming* of joining the war.

It is a perpetual question, **up and down**, shall we? Should we? devoid of all dignity or moral importance. In the end I fear I will depend rather on Giolitti's parliamentary juggling than on any respectable reason.

Cecil came up in the car which took the Gays back. He has had a hard but most interesting time at Balsorano. The greatest discomfort he suffered was from a finger that one amateur Red Cross doctor seized upon and burned nearly to the bone with undiluted iodine, which he tied up on the finger!

B.B. tea at Sybil's.

[060] Saturday, February 6, 1915

Naima, Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Rain

I was going to town, but sent Miss Erichsen instead, as I felt too ill. She called on Yoï and brought Naima up.

Margaret Strong and Romola Trench came to dine, looking very sweet and young. Romola is a real beauty, but Margaret is, I think, nicer. Cecil was helpful and agreeable, but B.B. and Geoffrey buried their noses in a book of Chinese characters and paid no attention to the company.

[061] Sunday, February 7, 1915

Naima, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Rain

Did absolutely nothing but read and work all day.

Cecil cleared up lots of household things, the angel, and then went to tea with Sybil, while B.B. (for a change) called on the Strongs.

Geoffrey was awfully depressed, but got better after a walk all by himself. I couldn't go, as my cold was heavy on me.

[062] Monday, February 8, 1915

Rain

Cold still rather heavy, but I had to go to town. I took Geoffrey down and then by chance met him later wandering vaguely with a letter to post, about new complications in the tragic history of his family. It is like a Greek cycle — an almost inevitable doom. May he escape it.

I called at Sybil's for B.B. She was in overwhelming voice, and I came away quite stunned.

Yoï and Nello came to dine and announced, with bursting pride on his part, and conscious sex satisfaction on hers, that a new baby was on its way.

She said it made Nello so unhappy to meet Geoffrey here that he almost gave up coming, and I felt that Geoffrey and I have been very self-absorbed not to think of Nello's side. Fortunately Geoffrey was away, dining with the Giulianis.

[063] Tuesday, February 9, 1915

Rain Scirocco

I had my first "letter" from little Barbara<sup>26</sup> today, a scrawl in coloured pencils representing, apparently, "Grandma with sticks." Alys had to suggest the eyes and the arms — children's imaginations are either so indefinite or so lively that they are contented with the barest indications.

It has been poured [*sic*] all day, but I walked with B.B. through the Laghetto on his faithful road to tea at Sybil's, and then roamed by myself in the enclosure. I like walking alone best of all. It is the only way to really get in contact with nature.

Read a Japanese soldier's book on the taking of Port Arthur. The horror of it kept me awake all night. But the little soldier *loved* it, horror and all, as a **Christian** ~~Xn~~ martyr might love his martyrdom.

[064] Wednesday, February 10, 1915

Pour

Mr. Benn and Cecil came to lunch. Cecil's municipal plan for the new town near Balsorano has been accepted by the Genio Militare and he is to go down to Rome to present it to them complete. It is, I fear, a barren honour as far as cash goes, but it shows that his work is recognized as good.

I had a heavenly day of quiet work and reading (newspapers alas), except that *everything* has a bitter taste while the War lasts.

B.B. went to Sybil's as usual, and then called on Aunt Janet.

When he came back we had one of our weekly rows over the change I wanted to introduce into the **manuscript** of his article on "Venetian Pictures in the United States" for the magazine *Art in America*, but we made it up, and he accepted most of my suggestions. As we were quarrelling I saw how tired his eyes looked, and felt awfully sorry for him.

[065] Thursday, February 11, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain

Went with Geoffrey and Byba Giuliani to Donizetti's opera *Elisir d'amore*, but had to leave before it ended, as I went to the American Consul's reception — a dull affair. The music was charming and **Bonci**<sup>27</sup> sang well.

Salvemini came to dine. He said he had not read the papers for 2 weeks, while he was working at Balsorano, and he was tremendously struck with the change of tone.

[066] Friday, February 12, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain

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<sup>26</sup>

<sup>27</sup>

Cecil went off to Rome and Balzorano [*sic*].

Walked with B.B. to Villa Medici and called on the Herberts (out) **and** the Strongs, and Sybil.

Came home with him in car. We discussed Miss Giuliani as a wife for Geoffrey, and decided it *might* just do, as she has plenty of money. She looks, B.B. said, like a “Levantine monkey” and she is very tiny, but I think she is a really good sort. She seems to be making a dead set at our young friend. He says there is no danger.

[067] Saturday, February 13, 1915

Naima, Geoffrey Scott

Fine but hot

[no entry]

[068] Sunday, February 14, 1915

Naima, Geoffrey Scott

Rain

My **51st** birthday. Everyone nice to me.

Geoffrey and I went to Donizetti’s *Don Pasquale* (with Byba Giuliani), a *charming* thing, very well given, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Such ‘flattering’ music

[069] Monday, February 15, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Fine

Called on Mrs. Ross to thank her for the Burmese fan she gave me for my birthday.

The Strongs and Miss Herbert and her mother and Iris<sup>28</sup> came to tea.

Disappointed in Miss Herbert. She is very shy.

Nello and ...

[070] Tuesday, February 16, 1915

L’ultimo giorno di carnevale

Geoffrey Scott

Dull

Didn’t want to go down to Placci’s to tea, but enjoyed ourselves when we went. Liked Lucien Henraux’s wife, who has come home as she could no longer follow Lucien. She doesn’t know where he is now. Salvemini and the Marchesa Benzoni were there, the latter *sure*, through her father, the Cabinet Minister Martini, that Italy is going to war.

[071] Wednesday, February 17, 1915

Fine

Margaret Strong brought Miss Vida Bispham<sup>29</sup> (daughter of my old friend David, the singer) to lunch. We all liked her. It was a lovely day and we sat in the *stanzone*.<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>28</sup> Iris Origo

<sup>29</sup>

<sup>30</sup>

B.B. had a drive with Sybil and Geoffrey dined with her.

Geoffrey and I had a beautiful walk over to Fiesole (under Castel di Poggio) but it was dark when I came back and the road was so stony I got tired. Old age shows in the circulation in my **legs hip**, which are at times quite painful. *Coraggio!*

Cecil got here from Balzorano [*sic*] entirely disgusted with the muddle and confusion. He thinks nothing useful will be done.

[072] Thursday, February 18, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Mr. and Mrs. Dumont brought the ineffable Mrs Tryphosa Bates Batcheller<sup>31</sup> (and Mr.) to call. B.B. ran away with Sybil after ½ hour but I had them there for 3 hours. Cecil came in and helped. “Tryphosa” is a Worcester, Massachusetts girl who has pushed her way, being pretty and snobbish, into Austrian and Italian society, and written indescribably silly books. Geoffrey reviewed one once in the *Manchester Guardian*.

Placci came to dine. This time we absolutely *are* going to war, “early in April.”

[073] Friday, February 19, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain

Sybil called and B.B. went back to tea with her.

Cecil came in and said he thought he would have to go to the War after all. His brother has been sent to the Front after only 2 month’s drill. It will be an awful calamity for us. I do not believe he will ever come back; he is not strong enough to survive it. It is heart-breaking. I am so fond of him.

Geoffrey and I had a gloomy walk, especially as, at lunch, B.B. was in such a rage with Cecil he wouldn’t hear of any **terms** we might make about at least finishing the Library.

Geoffrey was upheld, though, by having had a really charming letter from “Nicky Mariano” who is in Russia. He is ½ in love with her already.

Well, I have Barbara, and envy no one!

[074] Saturday, February 20, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott, Naomi R.

Rain

Byba came and walked with Geoffrey. I had a headache, but got over it and went ~~for~~ a delightful walk by myself in the woods.

Cecil had been dining with Sybil, who pumped into him a feeling that he must enlist. She feels it herself so fervently that she is contagious. So Cecil came and told me he meant to, the more so as his brother has gone to the front after only 2 month’s drill. I argued and argued (*inutile de répéter*) and then Geoffrey talked with him half the night. All Cecil put forward was that “people” were criticizing him for not going, and these “people” were Sybil and Edmund Houghton. He told Naima he didn’t want to go.

I was very agitated and miserable on it all, and I must confess cross with Sybil.

[075] Sunday, February 21, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott, Naomi

Rain

Cecil said he would stay to finish our work. Four months gained to his life. Perhaps the War will be over – but I am afraid not, although B.B. is *sure* it will.

Naima feels rather more at her ease now, and her hoydenish, stupid flirtatiousness is getting on my nerves. It is such bad form. There is nothing else on earth she takes the slightest interest in, except her illnesses, and, I must add, her little niece in Sweden. She reduces us to about the level of a servant's hall. I cannot blame the men for following her lead, for there is really absolutely nothing else to do with her. If she were *belle et spirituelle* I think I should even like it. But her gambols are uncouth — her hand is heavy and I really got sick of it.

Walked in woods with Geoffrey.

[076] Monday, February 22, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain

A “submerged Personality” took possession of me, and I raged and said things that I should never **have had** said had I been “myself”. It was a very strange experience, and as I was self-conscious through it all, it has taught me a *lot*. But it really did get hold of me. It kept me awake at night simply furious and disgusted. B.B. was quite frightened and became as meek as a lamb. It all started with my finding him kissing Naomi and feeling *disgust*: which was silly, as I know it is the only thing one *can* do with that wild goat of a young female. This, however, brought up all my “grievances”, from Belle Greene to Sybil, and I said the nastiest and most devilish things about them all and about B.B. The worst of it was, I *enjoyed* it!

Fortunately I retained enough secure to tear up my sub-acid<sup>32</sup> letter to Sybil about Cecil.

[077] Tuesday, February 23, 1915

Rain

Miss Priestly came to lunch rather depressed, but keeping a gay exterior. She has a delightful quality of **lady-likeness**.

I went to see Aunt Janet, who is certainly very changed by young Crisp's death.

Sybil called here while I was out, and had a long talk with Geoffrey, which upset his conscience and made him feel maybe he had thwarted the bent of Cecil's real nature, in presenting the arguments for his staying to finish **our** ~~one~~ job. Of course Cecil is free — but not really, for his nature is so weak he cannot resist pressure. Poor Geoffrey was trying to “see straight”, and got himself all tied up in scruples and difficulties.

Afterwards B.B. said Sybil had been greatly influenced by her talk with Geoffrey!!

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[078] Wednesday, February 24, 1915

Fair-ish

Mr. Benn came to lunch, and we went in the afternoon to see Yoï and Nello and the Loesers. Loeser was going on about having “outgrown architects” and the superiority of a simple building, a box, not a house. He has in fact put up one, which comes very close to looking like a tenement house! They have a really darling little girl,<sup>33</sup> a year and 8 months old — so intelligent.

Yoï is very seasick and **miserable**, already dreads her confinement next next [*sic*] October.

Olga,<sup>34</sup> who was sick for 9 months, day and night, says nothing will ever induce her to have another baby.

B.B. dined with Sybil.

[079] Thursday, February 25, 1915

Fair

Placci came to lunch. This time the *orario della partenza in guerra* is again set forward. We mobilize in March and go to war in April. But we got the impression that he was vehement rather than confident.

I took him to see Mrs. Ross, and then did errands, **etc.**, in town and called again on Yoï.

[080] Friday, February 26, 1915

Fine

Bad rheumatism, but had a long walk with Geoffrey, very delightful in the new wealth of sunshine and blue hills. We called on the Priest at Vincigliata, a nice cultivated little person, fond of music and languages. Walked 3 hours — it was so enchanting.

B.B. had a motor ride with Sybil.

[081] Saturday, February 27, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Fine

Woke still rheumatic. Giglioli advised taking atophan.

It was glorious walking, such spring sunshine, daffodils and anemoni and narcissus out, and pussy-willows all grey by the streams. But Geoffrey was very gloomy and seemed to spread a blackness over the sky, which I could only just manage to pierce here and there. I wanted awfully to walk off by myself and really enjoy all the loveliness. He was **very** ~~only~~ cross because Sybil was all in a turmoil about **this business** ~~his worries~~ of Cecil enlisting, and Lady Enniskillen having reported her as “working to that end” some ten days ago.

I was silly to have repeated this to B.B. as I might have known the coil it would cause. Well, I might have repeated much worse!!

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<sup>33</sup>

<sup>34</sup> Olga?



[082] Sunday, February 28, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Fine, sat out after lunch

Margaret and her father and Miss Guiliani came to lunch.

Cecil and I walked with the Strongs part way back,<sup>35</sup> and Geoffrey had a very long walk with Byba, whom he much likes. But she agitated him talking a lot about Yoï.

Cecil and I had a walk.

B.B. called on Mrs. Ross. Sunday is his "day off" from Sybil.

A most beautiful **day**, **but** I was sad because Ray's hopes for and another baby have come to nothing. I sent her £10 as a consolation present, poor child. She is awfully disappointed.

[083] Monday, March 1, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain again

No home letters, **but better War news. The Dardanelles** really attacked and troops landing in the Gallipoli peninsula. **Russians** making a stand and even advancing, "blockade" fizzling out, and the "Dacia" towed *by the French* into Brest.

Walked with Bernhard halfway to *la solita Sybil*, and there called on Mrs. Ross and Miss Erichsen.

Nello came to dine, but without Yoï, who is still sick. Oh but I envy her for Ray!

Geoffrey tells me that Byba Giuliani, who observes very keenly, thinks Yoï is neither contented nor happy, and that the marriage cannot turn out well. Italians read these things quickly. I think Byba knows nothing of the facts, but she sees Yoï is false and feels her to be dissatisfied.

[084] Tuesday, March 2, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Perfect

Geoffrey has influenza, and Cecil came up to spend the night, instead of Geoffrey's going down there.

Had a lovely walk alone, which I prefer to anybody's company almost — in fact, quite. It is the only way to escape into nature.

B.B. had a motor drive in the Mugello with Sybil.

[085] Wednesday, March 3, 1915

Fine, colder

Mr. Benn and Miss Paterson came to lunch. I took the latter to call on Mrs. Ross and Miss Erichsen.

Had a walk with B.B. He dined with Sybil and Geoffrey and I dined here. He **felt** **feels** low with his influenza. Talked of Nikky and grew more cheerful.

[086] Thursday, March 4, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

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Fine

Had to go to town, which I really hate doing now.

Called on Yoï who is still very sick and miserable.

A horrible hour with the dressmaker and then called on the Strongs, and saw their new building.<sup>36</sup> I like Margaret.

Called on Sybil, with whom B.B. had been dining all afternoon.

I get horribly fussed when I have too much to do, such as calls and things in town. I hate **it, and** love the quiet life here walking in the woods and seeing almost no one.

[087] Friday, March 5, 1915

Took the Trenches down to dine with the boys, and also Miss Blazo. It was quite pleasant, but I caught a sort of cold or rheumatism in my neck and ear. Trench was nicer than I have seen him, talking about his 17 years work in the Education Office, where they have about 1200 men doing red-tape work, while he thinks 150 would be enough!!

[088] Saturday, March 6, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Vida Bispham

Fine

Had a walk with Geoffrey while B.B. called on Sybil, as usual.

The Dumonts came to dine and Margaret Strong. The "young people" went off into the music-room and seemed to enjoy themselves. Even Geoffrey liked it.

How I wish I could have plenty of youngsters about.

[089] Sunday, March 7, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Vida Bispham

Fine and then cloudy

Took Miss Bispham ~~for~~ a motor ride, and then called on Sybil and the Strongs.

It was a lovely day and we sat out after lunch, enjoying the sunshine.

In the evening we went (but not B.B.) with the Loesers to the *Folies Bergeres* to see a French Music Hall actress called Mistinguett.<sup>37</sup> It wasn't very good, but on the other hand, we got home at 11:15, so no harm was done.

[090] Monday, March 8, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Cold, fine

Ray's trouble seems to be "nerves" "~~nervous~~" after all, for the doctor finds there was no miscarriage this time, and infers there wasn't the last time. But it is now too late for darling Barbara to have a real companion.

B.B. and Geoffrey and I had a walk in the laghetto and then B.B. and I called on Aunt Janet, who does seem very broken and aged.

We are all getting positively sea-sick with newspapers!

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<sup>36</sup>

<sup>37</sup>

[091] Tuesday, March 9, 1915

Cold

Placci came to lunch, and afterwards Sybil and Carlo Visconti Venosta<sup>38</sup> came for a *Santa Conversazione*<sup>39</sup> (on the War of course), which lasted until 5:30. We get more and more the feeling that Italy isn't going in, in spite of Carlo's *knowing* it. The papers are changing, too. Von Bülow is persuading them they can get something for nothing.

B.B. dined with Sybil.

[092] Wednesday, March 10, 1915

Cold

Karin's 26<sup>th</sup> Birthday. Wrote to her and to Ray and Alys.

Was very rheumatic and stayed in all day working and reading Cromer's book on Egypt<sup>40</sup> and a story of a Chinese Courtesan.<sup>41</sup>

Benn came to lunch. We think he has had a slight stroke, although, apparently, he does not know it.

B.B. motored and had tea with Sybil.

Received a button sewed onto a rag by Barbara!!

[093] Thursday, March 11, 1915

Beautiful

Mr. Gentner, director of the Worcester Museum (Massachusetts) came to lunch, and to see the pictures.

While B.B. and Sybil motored, I took a 2 ½ **hours** walk all over the quarries on Monte Ceceri. It was very beautiful and I enjoyed it in spite of being still bedeviled<sup>42</sup> with "uric acid". The Mugello mountains were entirely covered with snow, and Vallombrosa more or less.

I enjoy walking alone more than with anyone.

Lance Cherry's<sup>43</sup> mother writes that he has gone off on active service, **on** as a big Cunard liner, *not* to France. This must mean he has gone on to the Dardanelles. If he comes through, how interesting he will have found it!

[no entries from March 12 until<sup>44</sup>]

[100] Thursday, March 18, 1915

Ray

Placci came to lunch.

Ray, who had been carried on to Rome asleep (!! ) arrived at 9. I *am* glad to see her.

[no entries after March 18 until]

[109] Saturday, March 27, 1915

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38

39 a serious discussion

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Ray, Geoffrey Scott

Miss Priestley came to lunch.

[110] Sunday, March 28, 1915

Ray, Geoffrey Scott

The Villaris<sup>45</sup> and Hultons came to call, also a Rev. Dr. Vance, sent by Britten. Ray motored him and B.B. to Fiesole, where B.B. called on Strong and dined with Sybil.

[111] Monday, March 29, 1915

[no entry]

[112] Tuesday, March 30, 1915

Ray and dressmaker

[113] Wednesday, March 31, 1915

[no entry]

[114] Thursday, April 1, 1915

[no entry]

[115] Friday, April 2, 1915

Ray

Dressmaking

[116] Saturday, April 3, 1915

[no entry]

[117] Sunday, April 4, 1915

[no entry]

[118] Monday, April 5, 1915

Ray, Pippa, Geoffrey Scott

Rainy

Pippa Strachey<sup>46</sup> arrived — an agreeable person, probably shining more in some other milieu. Ray and she seem very fond of each other.

[119] Tuesday, April 6, 1915

[no entry]

[120] Grand Hotel, **Siena**, Wednesday, April 7, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Ray, Pippa motoring

Motored over after lunch (Benn) and saw the town.

B.B. and Sybil came in her car, but were late, having been to San Gimignano. Sybil reduced us all to complete silence by a flood of dull sub-comic self-absorbed talk. It was really horrible, and we decided to fly away and leave B.B. to bear it. As he is in the silly shape of infatuation he probably likes it. I think she is a nice person behind all this appalling rubbish, but I wish he would some time choose an *amie* whom one didn't

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<sup>45</sup>

<sup>46</sup>

have to explore in the subterranean depths to like. However, this is a vast improvement in the grating vulgarity of Belle Greene!!

[121] Hotel Bastiani, Grosseto, Thursday, April 8, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Ray, Pippa motoring

Rain and shine

Left Siena at 10:30, lunched in a downpour in the car at Sant'Antimo, passed Arcidosso and Rocca Albenga, had wine with the little *sacerdote* at Poggio Ferrato<sup>47</sup> and came here.

Have been to the opera "**André** ~~Andrea~~ Chénier," which was excruciating.

[122] Albergo Angelo, Viterbo, Friday, April 9, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Ray

Fine

Most *awful* coffee at Grosseto!

Explored Talamone and Orbetello, where we lunched.

Saw Pitigliano and the Lago di Bolsena and Toscanella and came here.

Pippa rather sick.

[123] Hotel Brufani, Perugia, Saturday, April 10, 1915

Pippa Strachey

Saw Villa Lante and thoroughly explored Bagnaia.<sup>48</sup>

Lunched at Orvieto and **then there** saw the church at Todi and dined at Foligno and came on here to sleep.

[124] Hotel d'Italia, Urbino, Sunday, April 11, 1915

Ray, Pippa, Geoffrey Scott motoring

Ray and Pippa visited Assisi while Geoffrey and I strolled about Perugia in the sunshine.

After lunch motored to Gubbio and **then there** on to Urbino, in a cold rain which came on.

Played competitive Patience.

[125] < Hotel d'Italia, Urbino, > Monday, April 12, 1915

Ray, Pippa, Geoffrey Scott

Saw Ducal Palace and frescoes of Salimbeni, and **then there** motored to Borgo Sansepolcro through deep snow, where we lunched.

Then came home by the lower slopes of Vallombrosa, a most lovely road through that curious humped-up country. The afternoon was perfect.

Found B.B. who had arrived from Siena last night. They<sup>49</sup> seem to have been very happy.

[126] Tuesday, April 13, 1915

Ray, Pippa

Rain

Called on Mrs. Ross with Pippa. Saw the lovely sight of Lina putting the two youngsters to bed.

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<sup>47</sup>

<sup>48</sup>

<sup>49</sup>

B.B. spent afternoon with Sybil.

[127] Wednesday, April 14, 1915

Ray, Pippa

Fine

Mr. Benn came to lunch, also Miss Paterson.

We motored her back and called on the Strongs and walked on his orange avenue.

Went to town.

B.B. spent afternoon with Sybil.

[128] Thursday, April 15, 1915

Ray, Pippa, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Mrs. Krayl and Cecil lunched here.

Ray and Pippa went to the Pitti.

Mrs. Krayl has **quarrelled** with Gordon Craig, who has made her choose between seeing no one at all but himself, **and** ~~or~~ never seeing him again. He is half crazy with jealousy and **overbearingness** ~~embarrassment~~.

We all went to the Gamberaia and walked back. Saw the ilexes there with a view to the cutting back of our own infant grove.

B.B. dined with Sybil and we revelled here and had gambling patiences.

[129] Friday, April 16, 1915

[no entry]

[130] Saturday, April 17, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Ray, Pippa

Fine

Ray and Pippa got their tickets etc.

In the afternoon we went with the boys to see the Gamberaia, while B.B. called on Sybil.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumont came to dine.

[131] Sunday, April 18, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Miss Blazo brought her pretentious and horribly vulgar sister to lunch. It was a frost. Goodness—!

Ray and Pippa left early, and I was up at 5:30 and had a before breakfast walk, which left me very weary.

Walked with B.B. later.

[132] Monday, April 19, 1915<sup>50</sup>

Geoffrey Scott

Am writing an article on Bicci di Lorenzo which amuses me. Sirén, Giglioli,<sup>51</sup> Venturi, Poggi, Carotti, and Toesca have all worked him up, getting together a list of about 35 pictures, and I find 29 more in our notes that they've never heard of. It is the same with every painter, I think. I am glad to *constater* it for it shows we work well and are fairly competent.

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Geoffrey and I called on Lady Enniskillen and Madame von Heiroth, and B.B. spent the afternoon with Sybil.

[133] Tuesday, April 20, 1915

We went out for the day in 2 autos, B.B., Sybil and Iris in one, and I and the two boys in another.

We went first to S. Martino Carnano<sup>52</sup> (near Rignano) to see the Rosellino and Minos discovered by Giglioli, then to Montecarlo,<sup>53</sup> where we had lunch in the woods; then to **Gropina**<sup>54</sup> (a fine Romanesque church on the slopes of Vallombrosa), and finally to Poggio<sup>55</sup> (above Loro **Ciuffenna**) where there was an old picture, not very important.

It was a beautiful day and very enjoyable. We must do it often.

[134] Wednesday, April 21, 1915

Benn came to lunch. He no longer thinks the War will end this summer. Alas, it seems only at the beginning.

[135] Thursday, April 22, 1915

[no entry]

[136] Friday, April 23, 1915

[no entry]

[137] Saturday, April 24, 1915

[no entry]

[138] Sunday, April 25, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima

Rain

Finished my article on Bicci di Lorenzo.

[139] Monday, April 26, 1915

Hot and sultry

Geoffrey awfully depressed. It seems to me really pathological. It is pitiful, and yet so depressing to me as almost to get on my nerves, but I try my best not to let it. I feel so awfully sorry for him. It is all **bound** ~~burned~~ up with Yoï, who came to dine, along with Dott. De Nicola. Geoffrey fled her and dined with Sybil, spending the night there.

I went to town with Lina and saw Horne's new Palazzo which he has restored in Quattrocento style.

Mascha von Heiroth<sup>56</sup> (now *de* Heiroth) and Lina helped me get more hats.

Yoï is scared to death about her approaching confinement.

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[140] Hotel Brufani, Perugia, Tuesday, April 27, 1915

Fine, rain, pour, fine

Started with Geoffrey and Cecil, B.B. and Sybil in another car.

Lunched above Montevarchi, got into a cloud-burst near Borgo Sansepolcro, but had a glorious evening for Montone.<sup>57</sup>

Found Mr. and Mrs. Loeser at Perugia, but felt no enthusiasm.

[141] < Hotel ?,> Perugia, Wednesday, April 28, 1915

Fine, rain

I went with Cecil and Geoffrey to Chiusi and Sarteano to look for sponge-stone. A most lovely country.

Left Cecil at Cortona to return.

The Lake of Thrasymenus under a storm was so beautiful that we could hardly believe we really saw it.

[142] < Hotel ?,> Perugia, Thursday, April 29, 1915

Fine, Rain

Motored to Spoleto and had lunch.

**Memento:** ~~Mem.~~ Never return to the **Hotel Luccini!**<sup>58</sup>

By the Val di Nera to Terni saw Aquasparta (the "Cure" there would be very dull).

[143] < Hotel ?,> Perugia, Friday, April 30, 1915

Fine, rain, fine

Motored to Gualdo Tadino by a new road.

Lunched at the Castello there, in the garden.

Saw Nocera and finally Trevi in a most lovely light.

Sybil, who had been very nice all along, suddenly got a talking fit, and shouted us all down and drove me to bed with my ears ringing and my face in uncomfortable smiles at her over emphasis of what she thought was humorous. She is really ghastly when she gets like that. But at bottom she is so nice that I *must* learn not to be disgusted and annoyed by this peculiarity.

Rupert Brooke died out at Lemnos. Geoffrey was very fond of him. What a terrible waste it all is.

[144] Saturday, May 1, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain, fine

Home

Motored pretty straight home from Perugia, lunching by the Church under Cortona. Got back just after the rain and found the garden *divine*, the great azaleas out and everything glorious.

Salvemini came to dine. He seemed less confident about Italy's joining the war. But I fear the Allies *need* her; alas, the Germans are so frightfully strong and so well prepared and so keen.

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<sup>57</sup>

<sup>58</sup>



[145] Sunday, May 2, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Fine

A lovely quiet day.

Walked with Bernhard and called on Mrs. Ross.

Geoffrey rather better from his depression.

[146] Monday, May 3, 1915

Fine

Quiet day, but took Margaret and her friend to call on Vida Bispham.

Walked with B.B., Yoï and Nello and Mascha and her husband-to-be, Mr. Travers.

**Borgström**<sup>59</sup> came to dine.

Geoffrey, after much indecision, dined with Sybil.

Yoï was busy complaining about Nello and his family not wanting her to have an English nurse, for economy. She must be fearfully tiresome the way

[147] Tuesday, May 4, 1915

Fine

Quiet day of work, which I greatly enjoyed.

[148] Wednesday, May 5, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Fine

Geoffrey worked on B.B.'s Bellini.

Mr. Benn came to lunch.

Afterwards I took Lina and Mrs. Ross to town, and then we called on Mr. Strong and B.B. remained to dine with Sybil.

[149] Thursday, May 6, 1915

Fine

Worked on B.B.'s Bellini in morning.

Sybil lunched here.

Took the Consul and his wife in the car to S. Martino alle Palme.<sup>60</sup> She is rather a hopeless goose.

**Ady Placci** and Consolo the pianist, Mrs. Ross and Lina came to dine.

[150] Friday, May 7, 1915

Fine

Worked on B.B.'s Bellini in the morning.

Took Yoï and Nello and Stan to see Montefiano,<sup>61</sup> where Yoï wants to go for the summer.

Brought them back for tea. Stan is still immersed in her relations with Gordon Craig, who is frightfully unreasonable and jealous.

Sybil, Madame Luchaire and Salvemini came to dinner. Salvemini has lost all his youthful illusions of being able to convince "the people" of anything

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<sup>59</sup>

<sup>60</sup> San Martino alla Palma,

<sup>61</sup>

reasonable. The power of the press is too great for cultivated and disinterested and reasonable ideas to gain ground.

[151-166] Saturday, May 8 - Sunday, May 23, 1915

[no entries]

[167] Monday, May 24, 1915

WAR with Austria

[168] Urbino, Albergo d'Italia, Tuesday, May 25, 1915

Our motoring trip with B.B. and Sybil in her car driven by Parry, with Sybil's maid, Lenty, and Geoffrey and I in our car driven by Cecil, with my maid Eliza.

Got off about 11, lunched above Rignano, passed through Borgo Sansepolcro in a terrible rain, and got on to Urbino to find it full of refugees from Ancona, scared by the bombardment.

Great trouble to get rooms.

[169] Perugia, Hotel Brufani, Wednesday, May 26, 1915

Went to Fossombrone and were shut up as German spies, until the Commanding officer got too hungry to wait any longer for his *collazione*.

Strange sensation to be gazed at by myriads of hard, unfriendly eyes. The people are quite off their heads with excitement, and would have *loved* to lynch us!

Sybil's letter from the Marchese Imperiali, Ambassador in Rome, was the only thing that counted.

Our passports were nothing.

Came on to Perugia, rather disgusted.

[170] Perugia, Hotel Brufani, Thursday, May 27, 1915

Sybil laid up all day.

We motored to Mongiovino to see the Church<sup>62</sup> and tried to see the frescoes at Panicale,<sup>63</sup> but the man was away with the key in his pocket.

Rather uncomfortable talk with the Loesers. She is pro-German of course. He pretends to be neutral. B.B. was too violent.

[171] Narni, Friday, May 28, 1915

A beautiful day.

Stopped at Cerqueto to see the fine Perugino fresco.

A very wonderful drive from Amelia to Guardea,<sup>64</sup> almost classic in its beauty.

Nice simple hotel but food rather poor.

[172] Aquila, Hotel d'Italie, Saturday, May 29, 1915

Wonderful run here via Terni and Piediluco.

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<sup>62</sup>

<sup>63</sup>

<sup>64</sup>

[173] < Aquila, Hotel d'Italie, > Sunday, May 30, 1915

Saw Aquila **and** motored to Assergi. Not a very interesting trip with clouds hung over the Gran Sasso.

Church full of strange images, very polytheistic.

People suspicious. Well they may be at sightseers *now!*

[174] Castello Ari, Provincia di Chieti, Monday, May 31, 1915

B.B. nearly lynched by mob for looking at Church through opera-glasses. This was yesterday.

Today we had a guard to accompany us, and when we departed after an early lunch the people gathered and cheered us!

Stopped at Capistrano and motored to Popoli to get our papers in order.

Tea at San Clemente in Casavera<sup>65</sup> and pushed on to Chieti and then here, where we found an English country house,<sup>66</sup> and B.B.'s old acquaintance, Carnegie Johnson,<sup>67</sup> established as permanent *pensionnaire*.

[175] Ari, Tuesday, June 1, 1915

All morning getting our papers signed at Chieti.

Tried to get to Atri, but didn't push much further than Penna. Had wonderful views.

Geoffrey very depressed and nervous.

[176] Albergo Pace, Scanno, Wednesday, June 2, 1915

Sybil's motor skidded and B.B.'s head was wounded, but not seriously. Axle cracked, so we came on slowly to Sulmona.

Drive from Guardiagrele to Pescocostanzo absolutely divine along the Maiella.

Sulmona crowded with officers so we came up here to sleep.

[177] Grand Hotel, Rome, Thursday, June 3, 1915

Sybil's car broke down on a hill near Sulmona, so we came on all in our car, leaving Parry and maids to follow.

Road to Tivoli via Avezzano, Tagliacozzo, Carsoli. Carsoli most beautiful.

Sybil fainted at tea time.

Dined at Tivoli and got to Rome about 10.

[178] Grand Hotel, Rome, Friday, June 4, 1915

Cecil went off at 2:20.

[179] Grand Hotel, Rome, Saturday, June 5, 1915

Lunched at Jay's (First Secretary, American Embassy).

[180] <Grand Hotel, Rome,> Sunday, June 6, 1915

Lunched at **English** Embassy with Rodds.

Geoffrey and I walked to Villa Livia.

Divine spot.

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<sup>65</sup>

<sup>66</sup>

<sup>67</sup>

[181] <Grand Hotel, Rome,> Monday, June 7, 1915  
Dined with Nelson Gays and met American Ambassador, Mr. Page.  
Geoffrey and I had tea with Mrs. Strong at the British School.

[182] <Grand Hotel, Rome,> Tuesday, June 8, 1915  
Sybil ill in afternoon.  
Eugenie Strong came to dine.  
We all motored to Frascati and Geoffrey and I saw the Villa Aldobrandini  
while the others motored about.  
Dined at Frascati.  
St. Peter's.

[183] <Grand Hotel, Rome,> Wednesday, June 9, 1915  
Marconi and Inez Milholland Boissevain<sup>68</sup> lunched with us and Mr.  
McClure, correspondent of *Times*.  
Morning in Terme.

[184-185] <Grand Hotel, Rome,> Thursday, June 10 - Friday 11, 1915  
[no entries]

[186] <Grand Hotel, Rome,> Saturday, June 12, 1915  
"Ines" lunched with us again — and defended the Germans for **pouring**  
~~putting~~ inflammable liquid on the wounded.  
Geoffrey and I spent the afternoon in the Forum, after seeing churches in  
morning.

[187] Palazzo della Fonte, Fiuggi, Sunday, June 13, 1915  
Saw S. Prassede, **Santa Maria sopra** Minerva, **Chiesa del Gesù**, etc.  
Motored here, seeing Palestrina on the way.  
Road from Palestrina to Capranica divine.

[188-216] Monday, June 14 - Monday, July 12, 1915  
[no entries]

[217] Tuesday, July 13, 1915  
Left for Paris.  
B.B. remains behind with Geoffrey and Sybil.  
Cecil is slacking so that I think the work won't be done before Xmas! His  
war flurry is over.

[218] Wednesday, July 14, 1915  
Pisa–Paris

[no entry]

[219] Paris at Mrs. Wharton's, 53 Rue de Varenne,  
Thursday, July 15, 1915

[no entry]

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68

[220] Paris, Friday, July 16, 1915

Lunched with Reinach who is daft on the subject of *Rénée Vivien*.<sup>69</sup>  
Dined with Madame *de de Cossé*<sup>70</sup> and M. Schlumberger.

[221] Paris, Saturday, July 17, 1915

Called on Mrs. Cameron.

[222] <Paris,> Sunday, July 18, 1916

Crossed to London

At Ray's, 96 South Hill Park, Hampstead.

[223] London, Monday, July 19, 1915

Barbara thought I was "Aunty Loo" at first— and then said questioningly, "Julia?"<sup>71</sup> But she quickly got used to me.

[224] Tuesday, July 20, 1915

[drawing of a woman with a baby]

[225] Wednesday, July 21, 1915

[drawing of a woman with a baby]

[226] Thursday, July 22, 1915

[drawing]

[227] Friday, July 23, 1915

[drawing of a woman]

[228] Saturday, July 24, 1915

[drawing of Barbara with her father?]

Bought Ray and Oliver a motor!

[229] Sunday, July 25, 1915

[a pencil scratch made by a baby]

[230] Ford Place, Monday, July 26, 1915

Came down with Barbara

[231-233] Tuesday, July 27 - Thursday, July 29, 1915]

[no entries]

[234] Ford Place, Arundel,<sup>72</sup> Friday, July 30, 1915

Ray and Oliver, Karin and Adrian, for weekend and Bank Holiday.

[234-257] Saturday, July 31 - Sunday, August 22, 1915

[no entries]

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<sup>72</sup>

[258] Monday, August 23, 1915

Landsdown Grove House<sup>73</sup> with Alys and Barbara till Sept. 11  
We had Barbara all to ourselves for a week of bliss. She did keep us busy.  
But what a darling angel.

[259-269] Tuesday, August 24 - Friday, Sept. 3, 1915

[no entries]

[270] Bath, Saturday, September 4, 1915

Logan and Alys and I lunched with Elizabeth Stewart, who had Mary staying there convalescing after a second operation for cancer (both breasts) and also a charming creature, Countess Cairns, who said the War was "sent" because of the Belgians' treatment of the natives of the Congo.

[271] Bath, Sunday, September 5, 1915

Motored on to Bedminster with Logan and had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort.

[272] Bath, Monday, September 6, 1915

Logan left.

Alys and I visited Prior Park and drove around a bit after we had (to our sorrow) seen Barbara and Nanny off to London. Barbara is *too* sweet.

[273] Bath, Tuesday, September 7, 1915

Lunched with Lady Cairns, Farleigh House, who had the Newbolts and Miss Hope, the Bath town-councillor. Lady Cairns is a very charming sweet creature.

[274] Bath, Wednesday, September 8, 1915

Motored out and called on Mary Stewart and Lady Cairns — latter away.

[275] Bath, Thursday, September 9, 1915

Motored through Cheddar Gorge and Wells.  
On way called on Lady Strachie at the family Seat, Sutton Court.

[276] Bath, Friday, September 10, 1915

Alys left.

I took Miss Hope to see Peto's garden at Iford Manor. *Such* a junk-shop of Italian rubbish. But he does understand plants.

[277] London, Saturday, September 11, 1915

Dined with Ray. Barbara was playing with the little McCarthys when I arrived. The *angel*

[278] London, Sunday, September 12, 1915

Barbara nearly killed me walking on the Heath, but I *adore* her and would wear myself to the bone to give her pleasure.

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[279] 11 St. Leonard's Terrace, London S.W.,

Monday, September 13, 1915

Henry James and Santayana came to lunch. James was positively *Himself* in every detail and to the highest degree. It was most agreeable.

I dined with Karin and Adrian. I think they are very sick of the Union of **'Democratic'** Control they so rashly went into!

[280] London, Tuesday, September 14, 1915

Karin and Ray came to lunch.

I saw Barbara have her bath and kissed her goodbye. It is too awful.

[281] Paris, Wednesday, September 15, 1915

Julia and I had the most awful journey here. 5 hours after reaching Dieppe were consumed in the examination of passports and we only got in at 3.30 a.m!

[282] Paris, Thursday, September 16, 1915

Fun.

[283] Tatti, Friday, September 17, 1915

Arrived at 5.30. Geoffrey met me.

B.B. seemed fairly well, and the house looked enchanting. The garden burnt to a cinder.

This was Saturday.

[drawing of finger pointing up]

[284] Saturday, September 18, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Tatti

Called on Yoi and Princess Bassiano (both expecting babies very shortly) and Mrs. Ross.

Heard that our old friend Alfred Benn died in Switzerland on the 16<sup>th</sup>. He lay down on the sofa in the morning of the 10<sup>th</sup>, having been apparently very well all summer, and became suddenly unconscious and never recovered. A blood vessel broke in his brain.

What a lovely way to die.

[285] Sunday, September 19, 1915

B.B. came with me to call on the Bassianos at the Villa Granduchessa.<sup>74</sup> I enjoyed driving out with him.

All the servants are in a turmoil. It is so hard to understand them. But I daresay it will settle down. Aristeia gave notice, but I *can't* let her go, as she works just the way that suits B.B.

[286] Monday, September 20, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Tatti

Called on Mrs. Dumont.

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74

Sybil and 2 of her officers came to dine. One had his nerves all to pieces, a young barrister named Bax. He said it was *amful* landing at Gallipoli and being shelled.

[287] Tatti, Tuesday, September 21, 1915

Took Mrs. Ross to call on Bassianos and on Mrs. Benn,<sup>75</sup> and did some errands.

Mrs. Ross was so fussy I could not get to see Yoi as I meant to do. Perhaps it was as well, for Geoffrey *hates* to have me see her, and after all he is a million times more important to me than she is.

[288-289] Tatti,

Wednesday, September 22 - Thursday, September 23, 1915

I believe the entries of these days are on the last pages. It makes little difference.

Yoi gave birth to a boy.

[290] Orvieto, Friday, September 24, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Geoffrey and Cecil and I got off at 11, and saw the big Villa at San Donato (Torre d'Acona)<sup>76</sup> [*si*] before lunch. It has a park filled with sculptures done by the cook in his hours of leisure. The chief one, a really very fine Hercules and Caccus was inscribed:<sup>77</sup>

D'altre opere e di questo Ercole invito

Io Giuseppe Catini fui l'autore

Che dopo aver nella cucina fritto

Feci a tempo avanzato lo scultore.

Del calzolaio pria da urgenza afflitto

Mestiere esercitai di mal umore

E studiai **fin** ~~fui~~ d'architettura un poco.

Fui comico, pittore, poeta e cuoco.

A.S. MDCCLVI

We came on through Lucignano and Montepulciano here. The moonlight was glorious. The land looked like a desert.

B.B. went to stay at Villa Medici with Sybil.

[291] Caprarola, Saturday, September 25, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Lunched at Orvieto, and rain came on. We reached Caprarola for tea in a downpour.

Mrs. Baldwin has lost her beauty, poor thing, but keeps the values of a frivolous adventuress. It is very painful — horrible.

Yet she is extremely able and has not only restored this huge place *admirably* but has made over her village and is now doing a valuable war work. I admire her and yet abhor her.

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77



[292] Caprarola, Sunday, September 26, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Rain and shine, chiefly rain. But we motored to Sutri and saw that wonderful romantic villa overlooking the theatre.

[293] Caprarola, Monday, September 27, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Rain, rain, rain

We motored to Bomarzo but it was too rainy to walk in the park.

[294] Caprarola, Tuesday, September 28, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Motored to Soriano, Bomarzo and Vignanello.

Bomarzo has a park filled with great rocks and boulders carved into giants and dragons, elephants, etc., more like a deserted Eastern shrine (Chinese) than anything I ever saw in Europe.

Mrs. Baldwin recounted to me the whole Gladys-Marlborough epic, how they were devoted to each other through 14 years of trial, and how those “dirty hounds” the “Yanks,” i.e., the Duchess’ mother and friends,<sup>78</sup> put the blame on angel-innocent Gladys.

They quarrelled like maniacs, till once, quarreling about Titian, Gladys bit his hand, and he thrashed her nose till it cracked, and she has been an angel ever since!

[295] Grand Hotel, Siena, Wednesday, September 29, 1915

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Motored from Caprarola. Had lunch by Lake of Bolsena. Saw Monteoliveto.

Found letter from Inez **Boissevain Boisservaire**, who has been sent home by the Italian Government. She richly deserved it! “I’m not pro-German—” she wrote, “not in the least — nothing would grieve me more than a German victory — except a victory for the Allies. I am against war — all war — that is all. And if this war ends with a victory gained by military strength, we shall have militarism rampant in the world for a long time to come. I want an intelligent adjudication and I want it soon. And I don’t go on the theory that any parties to the **conflict certified** are more to blame than the others. I am not interested in placing blame. I am interested in avoiding such stupidities for the future.”

The Italian government evidently was interested in avoiding such stupidities for the present.

[296] Albergo Universo, Lucca, Thursday, September 30, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Left Siena at 10 and lunched under Volterra, having seen the Villa Celsa<sup>79</sup> first — charming connecting gallery, chapel and gardens by Peruzzi.

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Saw Laré<sup>80</sup> and inspected the Bagni di Casciano<sup>81</sup> — nel caso mai.

Reached here in time to see the most glorified sunset there ever was from the city wall.

B.B. writes “Sybil amuses me a bit and annoys me more by the indirection wherewith she goes back as every plan we make directly her hotel-keeping preoccupations demand it. Today another lot of ‘officers’ arrive and their indirection will take up most of her energies for the rest of my stay....The fact is, I wish you were back. I am not much of a visitor, except for 2 or 3 days at a time.

HENRI<sup>82</sup> was killed on the French front.

[297] Albergo Universo, Lucca, Friday, October 1, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

We saw today 6 interesting XVIII century villas:

- 1) Mansi, with street of water surrounded by parapet and statues and a fountain-grotto with Diana and Actaeon;
- 2) Villa Torrigiani, with glorious cypress avenue, and charming sunk garden, and diverting *jeux d’eaux* to wet the runway;
- 3) Villa dei Vescovi, the most liveable-in of all, a lovely situation, and fine baroque entrance to wood;
- 4) Villa della Principessa, inhabited by a mad Bourbon prince, Principe di Capua, who for 40 years hasn’t spoken to anyone, and gets in a rage ~~if~~ ~~of~~ anyone goes near him. He sits all day from 6 till sunset on his front step, and throws away all his plates and cups. We saw him throwing away his tea things — made of enamel or horn, of course — a bent old figure with white hair. The place is magnificent and has a green theatre and glorious water-garden;
- 5) Villa Rossellini with fine loggia; ~~and~~
- 6) Villa Bernardini, with **huge large** ilex groves and a lovely water garden. Such an enchanting day.

[298] Villa Bice, Marina di Pisa, Saturday, October 2, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

We motored to Collodi in the morning, saw over it and the garden and had lunch in a delicious olive grove on the hills above Pescia.

Saw Cecil off to Florence and then Geoffrey and I motored to Massa, got out our permits to stay in the Zona di Guerra, and came on here to visit Mascha and her husband, Arthur Travers-Borgström. They seem very comfortable and happy. He had a terrible drinking-fit for a month when they first came, and such D.T.s that 2 men could hardly control him, but since then he has been very nice. It is a madness, poor man, and he quite forgets what he does or says.

[299] Villa Bice, Sunday, October 3, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Walked and talked with Mascha.

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A lovely walk along the little river, the Frigido.  
Geoffrey had a walk with her husband. Little Algar is a nice little boy.

[300] I Tatti, Monday, October 4, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Called on the Loesers in the morning, who live like German pigs, in their bath wrappers all day. Saw their hideous little “Milda” playing **on the beach** ~~in the back~~, longed for my “Barbar”.

Lunched with Lina at Viareggio and enjoyed her two darling children. I motored her home.

It was delightful to arrive.

[301] I Tatti, Tuesday, October 5, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

B.B. came home from Villa Medici.

We engaged a new valet, Umberto Simoneschi.

[302-311] Wednesday, October 6 - Friday, October 15, 1915

[no entry]

[312] Saturday, October 16, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Cecil and Geoffrey and I motored out to Pistoia, with Capecchi to choose box and trees. We stopped on the road to watch the gyrations of a great silver air-fish whose huge hangar stood in a field by the road.

I got a fierce headache coming home.

The two Miss Hultons dined here.

[313] Sunday, October 17, 1915

Walked with B.B. and Geoffrey to the Madonna del Sasso<sup>83</sup> — a perfectly divine day with the year at its best.

[314] I Tatti, Monday, October 18, 1915

Took Mrs. Ross to lunch with the Dumonts.

Then called on Horne who lives most uncomfortable in a stuffy little room at the top of his bare Palazzo, which he has furnished with a Carlo Dolci and a picture painted on variegated marble. He seemed very ill, but very keen, as always, about “collecting” (also about selling, I fancy).

Then I went to see Yoï, who vaunted the return of her figure to its wanted grace after her 4<sup>th</sup> maternity. She had stood up nude for Nello to inspect it in every detail, and he was — enraptured!

[315] I Tatti, Tuesday, October 19, 1915

At last tackled my little writing room and emptied and arranged the drawers of letters and papers. I found that card of **Sonnino's Donnino's** whose loss (**i.e.**, careful putting away!) caused<sup>84</sup> such well-deserved fury.

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<sup>83</sup> From I Tatti: a very long walk. But perhaps they were driven to a point closer?

<sup>84</sup>

In the afternoon, while B.B. called on Sybil, who was ill in bed, I took our old “rampart walk,” around the hill to Fiesole, and enjoyed it *immensely*.  
**Then** ~~There~~ we called on the Bassianos.

Coming back we heard the bad news of our little Henri’s death — the very best servant there ever was, and *one of the nicest men*. We both feel it very much, and so do all those who knew him.

What a brutal, crazy, tragic, meaningless war.

[316] I Tatti, Wednesday, October 20, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Irene Law and Placci came to lunch, and we walked with him from the Madonna del Sasso down to S. Brigida. He had no news, but said we must “trust” that Italy was going to do the right thing in the Balkans. Considering that she is in fact nothing but a Balkanic state herself, how are we to have confidence?

The boys dined with Sybil and Irene.

[317] I Tatti, Thursday, October 21, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

The Bassianos came to lunch and stayed rather long. B.B. went out with Sybil, and Geoffrey and I had a delicious walk in perfect weather.

Mrs. Ross and the Dowdeswells came to dine.

[318] I Tatti, Friday, October 22, 1915

The Travers-**Borgströms** came to tea. She does fuss.

B.B. dined with Sybil.

I have given up hope about Cecil. His character is too weak for his talents to prosper. All these years I have hoped and excused **and** hoped, but something has snapped. B.B. is also unhopeful for his future and I think Geoffrey is also. Such a pity, for he has genius.

Ray has a choice of and wants Friday’s Hill Cottage, where she spent her childhood. I’ve had to advise her against it, as we none of us know what the war may do to our money. She is busy getting women to work on munitions.

[319] I Tatti, Saturday, October 23, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Walked with B.B. and Geoffrey over the quarries. A most wonderful day and a delicious walk.

The Hultons and Reggie Temple dined here. The latter, after going to see Herbert Horne every day for 4 years, and spending from 1-5 hours at each visit, suddenly stopped, about a year ago, and hasn’t been near him since.

Pure caprice. I hope I persuaded him to go again, for Horne felt it very much. But of course he never lets anyone become *friends* with him.

[320] I Tatti, Sunday, October 24, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima

The **Blackers**<sup>85</sup> ~~Blackes~~ have lost their second son, on the French Front. Poor people.

We are all terribly low about the war, with these Balkan complications. It is too miserable to talk about.

B.B. and Naima motored up Monte Morello, and Geoffrey and I walked in the garden — *poderes*<sup>86</sup> ~~borders~~ waiting for Lady Enniskillen, who came very late. She, too, is depressed and anxious.

[321] I Tatti, Monday, October 25, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Began to get the villino in order.

B.B. motored with Sybil, and Geoffrey and I walked, and I called on Mrs. Ross. Geoffrey very down with liver attack.

Salvemini and Madame Luchaire came to dine, his last evening before going North. The horror of it gripped and held us so that we could scarcely find anything to say. That a **brilliant, upright**, useful man like that — the nicest Italian we have ever known — should throw his life away for the Trentino or Trieste is fantastic — and tragic.

I wept after he had gone. Salvemini was very distressed at Italy's taking no actions in the Balkans. Altogether he feels something "*poco chiaro*" in her present policy.

[322] Tuesday, October 26, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Villino, servant's clothes, Aristeia's **pickings pickup**, chair-covers, carpets, **etc.**, in morning. How constantly a big house keeps one employed!

I took Mrs. Ross in in the afternoon. **It** upsets my own plans, but she enjoys it, and it makes me feel the motor is of use.

I called on Mascha while she called on Professor Villari who feels as Salvemini does about the situation.

Sybil came to lunch, brimming over, as usual, with her own affairs. She is an **A No. 1 Bore**. She is so fearfully self-absorbed, she notices nothing.

[323] Wednesday, October 27, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Geoffrey still liver-y, poor thing.

I am sending garments to soldiers at the front, so many touching appeals. Alas.

Bernard and I walked **our old Careggi round** over old Careggi mound over the pine-hill. It is being enclosed as hospital ground.<sup>87</sup> **We have walked there for 25 years.**

Called on Bassianos. She suffered so she says she'll never have another baby. This one is a great beauty already, although only 4 days old.

Geoffrey dining at Villa Medici.

[324] Thursday, October 28, 1915

Same foot trouble as 2 years ago after Brides-les-Bains<sup>88</sup> — this time after Bath. I think it's called Intertrigo. Feels like shingles. Naima trying Kundan

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<sup>86</sup>

<sup>87</sup>

<sup>88</sup>

Lal's massage, i.e., bringing blood down into feet and holding it there while she massages toes, pushing it back and then massaging calves of legs.

Read over our old letters of 1890-94. This amuses and interests me very much.

B.B. motored with Sybil.

Geoffrey had tea-party of Mascha and her husband and Marcella Michela. He might fairly easily fall in love with the latter, but I hope he won't as she is poor.

[325] Friday, October 29, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Still in bed and **still reading over those old letters**.<sup>89</sup> Bernard then, as now, passionate for reading.

He dined with Sybil and Geoffrey with me, who told me I had the habit of flattering the men I was fond of, and every one remarked it about Bernard and thought it had spoiled him. Cheerful.

[326] I Tatti, Saturday, October 30, 1915

Naima Lofroth

Got up at noon. Feel better.

Bernard went over to see Sybil.

Naima came. She says Aristeia boasts in the market of having made 30,000 francs out of us.

Geoffrey dined and slept at Villa Medici.

I made myself very miserable reading over some old letters of 1895. I'm so afraid I am the same person still, and I feel rather muddled about things. B.B. comes out very well from these letters — I *horrible*.

[327] I Tatti, Sunday, October 31, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, NL

The Dumonts came to lunch, and then I took them to call on Aunt Janet. He said financial **reasons** ~~reason~~ would cause the war to end next spring. Alas for all the suffering first!

My feet seem well again. It must be that Indian Massage.

[328] November 1, 1915

Monday,

Geoffrey Scott

Went to Villino, and to Madame Roselmini about the move.

Long confab with Ammannati about household expenses. I have been horribly careless.

Didn't quite dare to walk, but went a little in the garden.

Madame Luchaire and her young friend, Marcella Michela, came to dine. The latter is very pretty, hard and bright, intelligent, amusing, but not sweet. Madame Luchaire stayed *till midnight*. It was far too long.

[329] Tuesday, November 2, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

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89

Went to Hospital in Villa Pisa and saw “our” radioscope and the bullet in a man’s arm by means of it.

Saw a picture **Paoletti** Pavletti has to sell, which is really a very good Ambrogio Lorenzetti—a great temptation!

The <contessa> Gravina<sup>90</sup> came to dine, and was nice till towards the end when she said that Germany had been **attacked**, and the war and its present length was all England’s fault, and if Europe were militarized certainly Germany couldn’t be blamed etc. — I suppose she *has* to think all this.

Got the Roselmini into the villino, poor feckless things.

[330] I Tatti, Wednesday, November 3, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

B.B. and I had a violent discussion about money, and I spent the rest of the day trying to see just how it all stands. I am inclined to feel that everything is always my fault.

I took Mrs. Ross to lunch with the Dumonts, not a great treat for any of us, I fear.

I had a little walk with Geoffrey and Bernard, and this was a treat, for me, at any rate. They both seem well.

Sybil and Irene and Cecil and Carlo and Ady Placci came to dine — a thoroughly boring evening. I am paralyzed as a hostess by Sybil, who talks in a loud voice, very vehemently, and distracts everyone. She is a Bore!!

[331] I Tatti, Thursday, November 4, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain in the morning, but Bernard and I had a good walk in the afternoon, visiting that incredible deserted quarry all filled with flaming red leaves, just that one spot on the hillside, as if it were a **fairies’ faerie’s** land where they had lighted inextinguishable torches.

B.B. dined with Cecil, who had had a letter from Percy Lubbock saying that while he was in the office of the Foreign Edition of the *Times*, the Dutch Ambassador came in great haste and importance to ask what line the *Times* would take if Germany proposed Peace on the basis of the *status quo ante*. This is connected with Bislow’s<sup>91</sup> visit to (Switzerland brings some hope).

[332] I Tatti, Friday, November 5, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Raining nearly all day.

I went out at 1:30 and dressmaked [*sic*] and shopped till 6. Horrible.

Sybil came to see B.B. and they had a walk.

Geoffrey dined with Sybil.

Advised Ray and Karin to invest their £1000 from Aunty Lill’s estate through **Bonbright** in New York.

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<sup>90</sup>

<sup>91</sup>

B.B. had a letter from Miss Greene after 3 **months'** silence— a very ordinary sort of letter chiefly about money and deals. **She** explains her long silence by depression. Probably she is lying.

[333] Saturday, November 6, 1915

Began to grapple with accounts. I am about as unsuited for this as a rabbit for driving a motor-car!

Walked with B.B. on the Careggi hill, called on the Bassianos, and on Mascha to say goodbye. Her husband has taken to drinking once more.

Vida Bispham and her husband Riccardo Daddi came to dine. He is a nice young fellow, serious and good, but delicate and with a harsh voice. She is certainly very boring. They're *horribly* poor — £200 (*francs*) a month.

B.B. said that Sybil had begun to bore him dreadfully, as does nothing but talk of her officers and her entertainment. I am not surprised, for she has always struck me as a peculiarly insistent bore.

[334] I Tatti, Sunday, November 7, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth

A perfectly heavenly day — real St. Martin's summer.

Grappled very unsuccessfully with accounts this morning. With several false alarms and mistakes. I must get Geoffrey to help me.

We all **four** ~~far~~ motored up to Monte Senario in the afternoon and walked along that delicious meadow on the ridge looking down into the Val di Mugello.

**Then** ~~There~~ I called on Mrs. Ross and Lina. Found Aunt Janet very depressed ~~over~~ ~~on~~ England's **muddles** ~~muddle~~.

[335] I Tatti, Monday, November 8, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Accounts — how complicated! But I shall manage **them**. ~~these~~

Sybil came and walked with B.B. and I went to Dr. Banti about my heart. He says it's only uric acid — the old foe — and not functional, so I needn't bother. It has been such a queer sensation hearing and feeling it always pumping away. However now I shan't bother.

I brought Lina up from town. She sent over to Geoffrey her first chapter of "Sicily",<sup>92</sup> a regular outpouring à la **Symonds-cum-Hutton**,<sup>93</sup> but not badly done for that.

[336] I Tatti, Tuesday, November 9, 1915

Rain

Began work on North Italians — such fun.

Sybil came, and this time talked of Art and other non-war themes. B.B. had told her he simply couldn't bear it when his **friends** ~~friend~~ turned into public institutions or philanthropical [*sic*] committees.

I called on poor asthmatic Miss Paterson and then on poor bronchial-pleurisy-enteritis Miss Prestley, an infinitely nicer creature.

Geoffrey had Marcella Michela to tea.

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<sup>92</sup>

<sup>93</sup>



[337] I Tatti, Wednesday, November 10, 1915

Worked on North Italians.

Nello came to go over with B.B. the translation of his 4 books and then Yoï came to lunch looking somewhat pale and drawn from childbirth. (Harry Wladimir Maraini,<sup>94</sup> Sept 23), and **<was>** extraordinarily boring and false. What an ill-assorted couple — he so keen and full of impersonal interests, she so bound up in sex-vanity and **self-absorbed**. She is getting very restive with the narrowness of the life he imposes on her. It will end badly.

Geoffrey came back.

B.B. and I had a walk after the rain at dusk, under the new moon.

We are reading Busch on Bismarck.<sup>95</sup>

[338] I Tatti, Thursday, November 11, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Heavenly day, very warm

A Soldier's epitaph

Poor old Bill! He left this place  
With smoking guns and **smiling** ~~sinking~~ face,  
But Bill won't miss if some good chap  
Will follow up and fill the gap.<sup>96</sup>

Lina walked over in the morning and called on the lady at the villino.

Madame Luchaire, Marcella, and Nello came to lunch.

I took Mrs. Ross and Lina to shop, called on Lady Enniskillen and Mrs. Dumont.

Aristea left.

B.B. dined with Sybil.

[339] I Tatti, Friday, November 12, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Raining

The new cook came, and gave us a horrid lunch, but a worse dinner, meat, eggs and fish all bad, potatoes uneatable. He won't do, I fear. Alas — to begin again all that fuss.

I took Yoï and her baby over to see the Bassiano and theirs. Hers is absolutely hideous while the little **Gaetano**<sup>97</sup> ~~Caetano~~ is a great beauty.

Brought Lina up, after some shopping.

Sybil took tea with B.B.

Placci and Prince Paul of Serbia came in for an instant.

[340] Saturday, November 13, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Naima Lofroth

Worked on North Italians.

Miss Paterson came to lunch and I went to sleep talking to her!

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96

97

Took Mrs. Ross to the **Actons' Acton's** tea party for the Officers, and saw over Acton's garden with him. It already looks better. He is very bold and puts in his stone-work and waits for things to grow. The principle is right, but it takes courage!

Mascha came to dine in a beautiful white Fortuny gown, quite gay, although she left her husband drunk at home.

B.B. went to Pratolino with Prince Paul of Serbia.

A lady asked Barbara how old she **was. "Free"**, she answered. "And when will you be four?" Barbara, much puzzled, at last **brought banged** out, "When I stop being free."

[341] I Tatti, Sunday, November 14, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth

Rainy and stormy, too cold to sit out after lunch.

Still working on North Italians.

Drove up with B.B. and Naima and had walk around hill. It was very lovely.

[342] I Tatti, Monday, November 15, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

The most heavenly day but I had to go in to town to take Mrs. Ross to tea with the Dowdeswells.

Savage Landon<sup>98</sup> came in and said he was just off to England to sell an invention he had made to destroy submarines.

Interviewed a nurse for Karin. She is named Ida Steury (Swiss) and has been 6 years with the Herrans.

[343] I Tatti, Tuesday, November 16, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

B.B. came in and quarreled about the nurse and would not stay to hear. But I wrote it out for his calmer eye, and he was very nice and reasonable. Still, it upset my nerves for the day.

[344] I Tatti, Wednesday, November 17, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Beautiful

Dreadful day for B.B. **did Could** not find 2 photos he wanted in the portfolios I brought him, and he became like a madman with rage — said he would leave the house and never return — and all sorts of things.

There was only one place where they could be, the place where we put all the as yet undistributed photos, but Geoffrey and I were so paralyzed and upset by his rage that we could not find the Piero della Francesca ph

[345] I Tatti, Thursday, November 18, 1915

Guido Cagnola, Geoffrey Scott

Fine

Guido arrived soon after lunch.

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Later Prince Paul of Serbia came and we went up to Pratolino and saw the “Appennino”<sup>99</sup> and the Villa, with its appalling mixture of lovely Empire and hideous vulgar modern stuff.

Geoffrey went as usher to Sybil’s Entertainment.

[346] I Tatti, Friday, November 19, 1915

Guido Cagnola, Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth

Walked with Guido in garden.

B.B. and he and I called on the Bassianos and Sybil. He flirted with Naima in the evening.

Sent off Karin’s \$5,000 to Mr. Childs,<sup>100</sup> c/o **W. P. Bonbright**,<sup>101</sup> ~~G.W.P. Bonbright~~ 14 Wall Street,<sup>102</sup> to invest in **Middle Mobile West Utilities Co.**<sup>103</sup>

[347] I Tatti, Saturday, November 20, 1915

Geoffrey Scott Naima Lofroth

Wind

Called for Mrs. Ross and Miss Hunter and went to the Red Cross Entertainment at Villa Medici. The lights went out for nearly all the time, but at the end Iris’ **play**, “The Slippers of the Princess”, got its lighting. It was very pretty, and all ended well. We felt pretty tired just from seeing, and Cecil who *did* it all looked a ghost.

Guido went at 11:30. We had a long talk. He said he was awfully anxious and distressed about Italy’s policy, feared a secret and disgraceful treaty with Germany, etc.

Yoï was there and rather played off Nello and Geoffrey, making them both uncomfortable, and Geoffrey acutely miserable and sea-sick.

[348] I Tatti, Sunday, November 21, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth

Horrible Wind

Scattered morning. Putting away photos. Found the lost Pieros just where they ought to be! Must have been made positively blind by panic, Geoffrey too. Very strange!

B.B. by no means “adequate”.

Walked a little in garden in high mind.

Mr. **and** Mrs. Dumont came bringing Mr. Flowroy, the expert in American passports. They said Volpi had gone to America with 4 million of goods to sell, and that his son-in-law, Ciampolini, came in **an** ~~the~~ awful state, saying his<sup>104</sup> young concubine had 2 confidants on board who meant with her aid to rob him. They wanted her prevented from entering, but mismanaged so that *he* too is held up, under a sort of White Slave law, not allowed to enter!

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[349] I Tatti, Monday, November 22, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Cecil Pinsent

Ammannati came to announce the purchase of the San Martino *podere*<sup>105</sup> for 70,000 francs.

He also looked into the accounts of the cook, which he found to be over 100 francs a day!

<November> 12

Pesce	5.50
Macellaio	34.40
Frutta	14.10
Ortolano	20.35
Pizzicheria	50.50
Stesso	1.85
Sale	2.00

120.55

<November> 13

Pizzicheria	19.50
Ortolano	12.55
Macelaio [ <i>si</i> ]	1 9.15
Frutta	10.25
Ghiaccio	2.50
Pollo	3.00
Pane	.40
Tram	.80

77.15

<November> 14

Macelaio [ <i>si</i> ]	25.30
Polli	7.00
Ortolano	10.90
Frutta	12.50
Formaggi	8.10
Tram	1.40
Pizzicheria	24.70

84.90

<November> 15

Caffè	5.30
Tram	1.10
Polli	5.00
Ghiaccio	2.30
Burro	2.25
Pizzicheria	20.75
Ortolano	25.70
Macelaio [ <i>si</i> ]	21.80
Frutta	10.40
Pane	.40

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105

94.80  
 <November> 16  
 Macelaio [sic] 23.50  
 Polli 13.30  
 Frutto 15.00  
 Bovino 2.50  
 Tram 1.40  
 Tagliere .70  
 Pizzi 14.00  
 Burro 4.05  
 Powder 1.20  
 Uova 2.00  
 Pesce 4.00

89.20

Plus 3 kili of sugar a day!!  
 Bread, rice, sugar, coffee all extra.  
 Making an average of £104/5 a day!!<sup>106</sup>  
 I sacked this cook.

[350] I Tatti, Tuesday, November 23, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Fine

The boys went round the grounds and buildings.

I went to town at 2:30 and had a most horrid session of dressmaking, or (worse still) dress correcting.

Called on Mrs. Dumont and Mr. Batcheler who said the Germans had **reckoned** ~~returned~~ with everything but GOD. Nothing but GOD could have stopped their march at Paris. I suppose He didn't care about Brussels or Antwerp. "Oh", she said, "but that is only for a time". She is a Goose.

Marchese de **Rosales**<sup>107</sup> ~~Rosale~~ and his wife, who was a Miss Bagg **whom** ~~when~~ Terry Fürholzen<sup>108</sup> wrote to me about as an adventuress at the Bulgarian Court, came to dine and Sybil and Irene. It wasn't very lively.

[351] I Tatti, Wednesday, November 24, 1915

Fine

What a heavenly day. We planned things in the garden.

Then the boys and I went to Villa Beccari<sup>109</sup> to buy bees, but all the people have gone to fight.

Geoffrey and I called on Mascha, who is just leaving for Lucerne. She said the **Loesers'** most trusted servant had been caught and confessed to having stolen from them every day. His room was full of pilfered things, but, worse still, undelivered letters. Someone stole Mrs. Loeser's passport and money — probably an ex-servant as a vendetta — and this led to all the rooms being searched and this man discovered.

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<sup>106</sup>

<sup>107</sup>

<sup>108</sup>

<sup>109</sup>

I sympathize with him. I hear on all sides that my beloved Aristeia was a filthy traitoress, <a> disloyal wretch.

[352] I Tatti, Thursday, November 25, 1915

Fine

B.B. and I walked on a new road leading to the Madonna del Sasso. Too beautiful.

I left him at Sybil's and picked up the boys and went to the **Dumonts'** "Thanksgiving" reception. Mr. Gregory **Smith Swift** promised me some more gourd-seeds. Dumont said that he warned the Prefetto and Volpi's other friends that if they did not give him the letter they promised on Sunday by 4, on Wednesday he would **cancel** to the **New York** authorities that Volpi was not a character to allow into the US. This he **did**, to their surprise and rage when they turned up with the letter on *Thursday morning!*

This is so characteristically Italian that I can't imagine how they ever carry on any concerted warlike operations.

Lucien Henraux's wife, Elizabetta Piccollelis came to dine, a beautiful young creature and apparently very nice. Geoffrey felt very envious!

[353] I Tatti, Friday, November 26, 1915

Fine

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth

B.B. and I had a splendid walk in the valley behind Castel del Poggio. Such a day!

The boys and Naima and I went to the Theatre to see a rather dull play by Goldoni (Zago Company), "Le smanie per la villeggiatura", but I enjoyed it as being so *different* from the war! It was an incredible relief to get back into that kind of world — the more frivolous, the better.

I lunched with Naima, to taste the skill of the new cook, Margarita, whom I am engaging. She seems very good.

Aristeia does really seem to have been a complete fraud and wretch — liar, prostitute, cheat, braggart, plotter and everything else. I was deceived!

[354] I Tatti, Saturday, November 27, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofroth

Fine

Had to go to town — a great shame as such a lovely day. Dressmaker and furrier—neither of them ready.

B.B. called on Sybil.

We are just buying a **new property** (to safeguard our view) which has houses on it,<sup>110</sup> and B.B. said he didn't mean to do a single thing to **those** ~~these~~ houses, he loathed the people and didn't care a damn if they lived in unsanitary conditions, and wished them all in hell anyhow.

It is so silly. Of course if we own houses we must keep them decent. It gave me an indescribable feeling amounting almost to a sort of illness to hear such talk, such brutal selfishness and lack of responsibility and such

unkindness. It took me hours and hours to get over it, though I **said, “It’s only talk”**.

[355] I Tatti, Sunday, November 28, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofroth

Fine

Such a heavenly **day**, but Ray says she can’t let Barbara come out, and all was black, until we got out **on that wonderful Madonna del Sasso walk**, B.B. and Naima and I.

When we came in, Prince Paul of Serbia, Nello and the weird-looking, tiger-eyed Marchesa Casati<sup>111</sup> were here. They stayed a long time.

The Consul and his wife came to lunch. They say Loeser without a passport may have to go back to America, as the U.S. wishes to have no German-Americans living abroad at this moment, and it is making it very awkward for them.

[356] I Tatti, Monday, November 29, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Very Cold

Prince Paul came to lunch. I suspect we should have put him at the head of the table!

We all went up to Pratolino and walked about the park, saw the Villa and Napoleon's furniture, etc., and had tea. It would be glorious if he gave work to the boys, when he comes in for the property.<sup>112</sup>

We were all awfully tired when we got home, and all had rheumatism.

Geoffrey woke up with a very sharp attack in the night, which made him feel for the soldiers.

[357] I Tatti, Tuesday, November 30, 1915

Very cold

Miss Paterson and Mrs. Clapp (very charming) came to lunch.

I called on Flora Priestley, who talked for an hour and a quarter uninterrupted about her own affairs — it was very painful — reminded me of machinery running down.

Called on Placci, here for 24 hours between Udine and Rome. He had a talk with Cadorna and other big wigs. He says he *KNOWS* that Italy is silently going to declare War on Germany! That Romania and Greece will follow suit, and probably Bulgaria! Wonderfully good news, *if true*, but I can’t believe it. I think Greece will go with Germany and Romania too.

The Bassianos and Marainis came to dine.

Geoffrey stayed away, and it was as well, for Yoï really looked very beautiful, in spite of signs of age.

[358] I Tatti, Wednesday, December 1, 1915

Warmer Rainy

B.B. received a most *unexpected* cheque from Wildenstein for £50,000 (francs)! He had written it off as a bad debt.

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Cecil came to lunch. They have put one great Buddha into a most beautiful wooden niche in the new library. Boxes are being planted today in the new garden.

I took B.B. to Sybil's and then did some errands in town, including buying a sewing machine, and then called for Sybil. Prince Paul was there, playing with Irene, and seeming very much a boy.

Wrote Alys, Helen Huntington, **Morton Martin** Prince,<sup>113</sup> Mr. Cannon, Salomon Reinach, Maurice Brockwell.

[359] I Tatti, Thursday, December 2, 1915

Damp Scirocco

Went to **town**. Deposited B.B.'s cheque. Went to furrier, dressmaker, etc.

Called on Miss Cohen, Mrs Dumont, Naima (who was ill), Vida Daddi.

Motored Geoffrey to Villa Medici.

B.B. walked all day and enjoyed it.

Wrote to Inez **Boissevain**, Alys, Florence **Baldwin**, Sally Harlan, B.B.'s mother, etc.

[360] <I Tatti,> Friday, December 3, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Scirocco

Struggled with accounts — too horrible. I can't add twice alike.

Went with Madame Lucien Henraux to see a little Villa at Scandicci<sup>114</sup> to which she has taken a great fancy. It might be arranged comfortably, as it is overwhelmingly romantic.

B.B. arrived with Sybil and Iris, Irene, Temple and the boys at 5 Via delle Terme, to go to see the Italian "Grand Guignol". Luckily they gave comedies chiefly. *Splendid* actors the Sainati<sup>115</sup> couple, and all of them, really.

Geoffrey had a fearful "thump". It is a second personality (a hateful one). This time brought on by an oncoming cold I think. He suffered dreadfully from it and tried to conceal it and get the better of it, poor boy.

[361] I Tatti, Saturday, December 4, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Rain, Dull

Geoffrey went to bed with a bad cold.

Nello came to lunch.

B.B. took Sybil motoring and walked from the Madonna del Sasso.

Mrs. Ross, the Bates-Batchellers and Reggie Temple came to dine, Mrs. Ross bringing the book of pictures and autographs of celebrated people she had known — most interesting. Mrs. Batcheller has such a passion for the Great, that she was really interested in it. She sang ballads to us and the "The Last Rose of Summer" — a surprising but not sympathetic voice, very high, and an unmusical, unspontaneous manner of singing. But it was a pleasant evening.

Sent £10 to pay for Julia's school, from B.B.

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[362] I Tatti, Sunday, December 5, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth

Dull

Geoffrey in bed.

Miss Cohen came to lunch.

Walked down from “the Grove”.<sup>116</sup>

Wrote to Ray, Alban, Spragues, Sally Harlan, Alys.

Got *very* angry with the men servants for their inability to organize the service of Geoffrey’s meals in his room. They are really awfully stupid, but I suppose they can’t help it.

I am led to believe that getting angry is the only way to impress Italian servants, but it is very degrading for one’s self.

[363] I Tatti, Monday, December 6, 1915

Geoffrey Scott in bed

Dull

Geoffrey in bed, but he got up for dinner, which was a mistake, as he felt wretched.

Sybil and Irene and 2 officers, Captain Peary and Mr. Williams came, and **Prince** ~~Prince~~ Paul of Serbia.

I was feeling ill and the evening seemed indescribably flat.

[364] I Tatti, Tuesday, December 7, 1915

Scirocco

Geoffrey Scott

Go to bed with influenza, or at least don’t get up.

B.B. dined with Sybil.

[365] I Tatti, Wednesday, December 8, 1915

Geoffrey Scott

Scirocco

In bed with influenza. Feel very ill.

B.B. took Sybil a drive.

[366] I Tatti, Thursday, December 9, 1915

Scirocco

Mrs. Baldwin

Still in bed with influenza.

Mrs. Baldwin arrived at 2, but left her dress-suit case behind her in the train.

The Dumonts and Marainis came to dine, while Geoffrey went to dine with Sybil.

B.B. took Sybil a drive, and the machine got stuck in the mud and had to be hauled out by *contadini*.

Ammannati came and cast great woe into my soul by saying the cook’s books were an average of 86 francs a day — quite monstrous.

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[367] I Tatti, Friday, December 10, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Mrs. Baldwin, Cecil Pinsent

Scirocco

I got up to lunch, but felt **very**, very *gii* and went to bed after.

Examined myself the cook's account — Ammannati must have been bewitched! They came to 70 a day. That is too much for 9 servants and an average of four people at a table, but still not so monstrous as 86! What could have happened?

Madame Henraux came to dine, a really charming person, so poised and simple and sane and healthy.

Mrs. Baldwin's talk is something horrible. She has abandoned all pretence at moralities and is absolutely cynical. B.B. is afraid to ask Sybil here to meet her. He thinks she **would** faint away.

[368] I Tatti, Saturday, December 11, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Florence Baldwin

Scirocco

My cold still weighs heavily on me.

Flora Priestley came to lunch, bringing the very bad news that Henry James had had two strokes. He was left with speech and his mind, however.

Mrs. Baldwin went to Acton's with Geoffrey, and hated the house and garden, and then paid a brief call at Sybil's.

[369] I Tatti, Sunday, December 12, 1915

Scirocco

Geoffrey Scott, Florence Baldwin

Felt rather ill, but as no one else would, I took Florence Baldwin out and we visited the grave of her daughter Audrey<sup>117</sup> and then the Gamberaia, deserted of its inhabitants who for 15 months have been running a soldier's hospital at Biarritz.

When I came home I was about worn out with her silly and extraordinary talk, and made Geoffrey take her to the music room. He was consternated for he too is fed up with her. She is extraordinarily like Yoi, but grown old and without any man's protection. She called herself a "battered butterfly".

[370] <I Tatti,>Monday, December 13, 1915

Scirocco

Geoffrey Scott

Mrs. Baldwin left, to our immense relief.

I stayed in bed all day and did not even get up for a dinner to which Sybil and Irene and a couple of officers came. Sybil fainted away, of course, into officers' arms. She is having the time of her life.

They played games in the evening, and I **was ever** glad indeed to be in bed.

Sybil is one of the (fortunately few) people who invariably rubs me up the wrong way. Better not to see her.

[371] <I Tatti,> Tuesday, December 14, 1915

Tramontana

Geoffrey Scott

Got through B.B.'s article and, strange to say, he accepted all our corrections like a lamb. I had anticipated a bloody row.

He took Sybil a drive and Lucien Henraux and his pretty wife came to dine. He told us some horrible stories of the Bosches,<sup>118</sup> [*sic*] beyond the abstract stretches of imagination, however macabre or obscene.

6 of the servants went to the theatre.

[372] I Tatti, Wednesday, December 15, 1915

Tramontana

A young American art student named Judson came to lunch, and earlier, to ask questions about Simone Martini. He was precise and self-possessed, but unattractive. I do loathe Americans almost as much as Germans at the present moment!

I called on Mrs. Ross and interviewed 4 cooks while B.B. took Sybil and her beloved Captain Peary a drive to the Madonna del Sasso.

I **have had** made the cooks each write out for me a week's menu with *i prezzi relativi*. That will give me some idea of their repertoire and of their extravagance.

I got a dreadful "hump"<sup>119</sup> against Geoffrey. It has taken possession of me like a cross, morose and unfair "secondary personality".

[373] I Tatti, Thursday, December 16, 1915

Rain

Geoffrey Scott

My "**Thump**" still persists, and I feel disgusted with everybody — myself most of all. Yet there is a certain bitter pleasure in ruminating my grievances.

Cecil came up to inspect the falling bridge and the unsafe wall of our house on the stream — both due to the remissness of the Comune in accepting our offer to pay ½ expenses of a necessary dam. B.B. lost his temper over it, and said he wouldn't do a thing, he *wanted* his house to fall down, etc., etc., and *damn* the Comune instead of the stream. It took Cecil ½ hour to bring him to reason. I do hate to see him make such a silly spectacle of himself.

Prince Paul, who has been ill, came to tea, and Geoffrey and **we spent me** ~~went~~ the evening trying to make up, while B.B. dined with Sybil. Of course a **'ump**, being unreasonable, is not dispersed by argument. However. I'm so fond of him, it can't last.

[374] Friday, December 17, 1915

Rain, and then clearing

Geoffrey Scott

Hump going, but I feel very ill.

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Miss Marcella Michela came to lunch, a brilliant, beautiful, **clear clean-cut** girl, with real talent for description. She was very amusing about D'Annunzio.

B.B. had tea with Sybil, who is in bed, and Geoffrey **and** Marcella had a long walk, from 3:30-7:15.

I got the **'ump** again, at the sort of casual way, coming in and ordering tea at 7 and being so *smisurati*, but it goes with Youth, and I'm fearfully glad for Geoffrey to have a good time. The truth is, I got anxious about them, as it was so dark and I thought she might have slipped and turned her ankle.

I received a call from Mr. and Mrs. Batcheller and Miss Cochrane, whom we last saw at Mrs. Charles T. Fields' in Boston.

Long talk with Geoffrey about Marcella. All my "**Thump**" vanished.

[375] Saturday, December 18, 1915

Warm, dampish

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofroth

Continued the talk throughout the day.

We read B.B.'s manuscript. I feel as if it were those **old**, old days when I used to get so wild **with his lumbering, careless, elephantine style**. I nearly weep sometimes in sheer despair that a person can be so bungling and clumsy in expression. It gets into one's mind so it is awfully hard to rewrite in a crisper, cleaner way—he has a Madonna “rising from the hips and emitting a radiance from her head”.

B.B. and I had **a walk from the grove down**.<sup>120</sup> It was very beautiful and I enjoyed it very much.

[376] I Tatti, Sunday, December 19, 1915

Rainy and clearing

Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofroth

**A quiet day, spent mostly in correcting B.B.'s manuscript. This time he *has surpassed himself in bad writing!***

B.B. and Naima went for a walk, and I called on Lina and Aunt Janet.

Lucien and his wife called. He goes back to Udine tomorrow.

Marcella took tea and dined with Geoffrey. She is a very unconventional creature and does just what she feels like doing. But I think she is a nice creature, too.

[377] I Tatti, Monday, December 20, 1915

Finer

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

A very quiet day, but a delightful afternoon walk with Bernard, who dined with Sybil, while we here had an evening w[ith] music

I didn't sleep a wink till 5 o'clock. Such a nuisance.

[378] I Tatti, Tuesday, December 21, 1915

Better

Had rather a thump, but got over it.

Had a nice walk with B.B. down from San Clemente and left him at Sybil's.

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Geoffrey went in to dine with Marcella Michela.

Yoi and Nello dined here. She was very nice at first, and I began to think I had been unjust to her, when all of a sudden she began on the Roy Kennard story all over again, worse than Mrs. Baldwin with her sad story. I was disgusted and bored.

Later on, she told me she didn't really care anything about sex — "in spite of my wild life" — but greatly preferred to keep herself to herself.

Does she take me for an idiot?

[379] I Tatti, Wednesday, December 22, 1915

Julia

Fine

Julia arrived at 8.30, and we went shopping after lunch. She is a dear intelligent child.

Called at Sybil's while Julia saw Iris. I went sound asleep while Sybil was telling me about her hospital committee, but I think she did not notice it.

The Dumonts, Cecil, Mrs. Ross and Lina dined here. Mrs. Dumont opened her heart (?) a little and disclosed a strange (?) sex complex there.

[380] I Tatti, Thursday, December 23, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Julia

Frost and more mist

Shopped in town with Julia, Lina and Gordon, and brought Geoffrey back.

Mr. Keeling, who has been in the Embassy in Serbia and who has just accompanied 200 nurses from Uskub to the Albanian coast and across to Brindisi in a small Italian boat (they had to **tramp** have 200 miles with **almost** ~~about~~ nothing to eat!) came to lunch.

Afterwards B.B. and Geoffrey and I had a walk in the woods, while Julia and Eliza shopped.

Alys writes she is going to America in February!

[381] I Tatti, Friday, December 24, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofroth, Julia

Rain

Julia went to the Academy.

After lunch we all went up to the children's party at Villa Medici, which Julia enjoyed.

Sybil, from being in bed quite worn out and ill, was dancing and skipping around like a crazy person, not still a second. It is clear that half (or more) of her illness is hysteria. She always faints into manly arms, then talks of it afterwards with immense gusto. Jiminy Whiskers, how I do dislike that young woman! I don't even try not to now.

[382] I Tatti, Saturday, December 25, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth, Julia

Rain, muggy

Lina and her nice **youngsters** came to see me before I was up, and transformed my peaceful bedroom into a Menagerie. I loved it.

Julia and Naima and I went there for tea and games.

Sybil and Irene called here, the latter to say goodbye, as she is going tomorrow.

Cecil and Geoffrey dined at Villa Medici.

Presents

Naima a rug

Julia dresses

£20 each to Amerigo, Giulio Cuoco, Maria, Eliza, Agusta, **Argia**, Capecechi,<sup>121</sup> Giulio, Alberti, Manelli, Agostino.

£10 each to Rosa, Biondani, **Gate Galì** at Poggio,<sup>122</sup> Nuns, Frati, Annunziata, Scuola, Postmaster, Letter-carrier ~~Courier~~

Francs Blind boy, road mender.

£100 to Priest and Ammannati<sup>123</sup>

£25 Franciscans

Toys to contadini, Fosco, Lina's children,<sup>124</sup> etc.

Stimate 10

Orfani 10

Beppina 5

[383] I Tatti, Sunday, December 26, 1915

4 lunch, 5 dinner

Julia, Naima Lofroth, Geoffrey Scott

Fair-ish warm

Naima lunched with Mrs. Ross. Julia and Gordon explored the laghetto. Geoffrey and I talked ourselves deaf and blind. But it all perfectly clear to me, and I see him walking into a very perilous trap, and sophisticating himself (and sometimes me) into thinking "I'm sure that's not a 'ook." However young people must try their experiments however dangerous. B.B. had a walk with Naima, and I with Geoffrey.

[384] I Tatti, Monday, December 27, 1915

Naima Lofroth, Julia

Warm and sunny

3 lunch, 4 dinner

B.B. took Sybil for a drive and I walked in the garden after Geoffrey went down to **his snare**.<sup>125</sup>

Julia lunched in town with Lina and Gordon.

Nello and Yoï came with his Mother and sister. Yoï is nearly crazy with "family", but I think she deserves it all — and more.

Marcella went to see Geoffrey.

I am well over 50, and I don't yet know *how to live* in any sense, whether physically, as to my body, or materialistically as to the use of wealth, or socially, as to the kind and amount of companionship I want, or normally

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— to be anything at all! — or emotionally, as to what to care for and how much.

[385] I Tatti, Tuesday, December 28, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

3 lunch, 4 dinner

Julia went to stay a couple of days with Iris.

Sybil came over to have a walk with B.B. and later Lady Limerick and her son and daughter came to tea.

I went to town and called on Miss Cochrane and Herbert Horne, and stopped at Geoffrey's to pick him up, but Byba Guiliani was there and took no hint to leave, so I came away at 7, and Cecil brought him **up back** later in Sybil's little car. Byba is evidently in love with him, poor little thing — little suspecting what her friend has done in her absence. Both these girls behave as no well brought up English or even American girls could behave. Their talk about wanting emancipation to "become themselves" is amusing — it simply means to be free to run after young men. That is very natural, too, but their language is a travesty **on in** the facts.

[386] Wednesday, December 29, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

4 lunch, 8 dinner

Miss Che-mi-fa Michela came to lunch, and was very brilliant. She is one of those who perform their shining and notes not with **faining pining** all the fever of some differing soul. B.B. thinks Geoffrey will come to an end of her fairly soon, but I see him sinking **gradually** ~~fracturally~~ into the sex bog. By now he is up to the knees. However, she is independent and original and interesting, a real personality.

He stayed on to dinner in spite of Yoi's coming, and I think Nello had a horrid evening. Mrs. Ross and Lina came too. Yoi looked pretty, but he found her silly, and she had no longer the old power over him. *Meno male*.

[387] Thursday, December 30, 1915

Geoffrey Scott, Julia

3 lunch, 6 dinner

Called with Geoffrey and Julia on the Trenches.

Salvemini came to dine, looking 10 years older since his feet were frozen in the trenches — and Madame Luchaire, whom he is to marry, and Gui<sup>126</sup> the musician.

No one had had any light to throw on why war in Germany isn't declared.

Geoffrey dined at Sybil's.

[388] Friday, December 31, 1915

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofroth, Cecil Pinsent

Geoffrey called on Lady Enniskillen.

B.B. and I had **a glorious walk over the very high hills**,<sup>127</sup> with wonderful views and mists.

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<sup>126</sup> Did Lina have children in 1915?

<sup>127</sup> snare?

Sybil came to dine with Lady Limerick and her son and **daughter, Lady Florence**, and Mark Pery, the latter half engaged to Irene Lawley, as Sybil informs all and sundry, after having vowed absolute secrecy. (I do hate Sybil).

It was a quiet, chatty evening. Geoffrey and I, like two old idiots, talked till the new year came in about Marcella, whom he envisages as a mermaid or nymph or form of dryad, only half human, not quite understanding the human portion of her actions. I reserve judgment, but I *think* she is only a vicious, headstrong, sensual (but gifted) girl, very self-absorbed. I fear 1916 will bring him horrid unhappiness. But he absolutely forbids me to say it. Dryads don't dye their hair!



## January 1-October 6, 1916

get additional footnotes from the file 1916 ADDITIONS

entries made in an Italian agenda:

[003] 'Memoriale di Gabinetto pel 1916'

[004] On the inner cover:

'Mary Whitall Berenson, I Tatti, Settignano, Florence, Italy'

[005] I Tatti, Saturday, January 1, 1916

Julia, Naima Löfroth,<sup>128</sup> Cecil Pinsent

6 <at> lunch, 6 <at> dinner

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

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

Walter Dowdeswell<sup>129</sup> came to dine and was very clownish and amusing, telling ghost stories and reciting comic poems.

[006] I Tatti, Sunday, January 2, 1916

Julia, Naima <Löfroth>, Cecil <Pinsent>

Muggy

6 <at> lunch, 5 <at> dinner

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

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

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

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

[007] I Tatti, Monday, January 3, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott

Muggy

4 <at> lunch, 3 <at> dinner

Took Mrs. Ross to Miss Ogilvy's funeral and came back, and had a long walk with Geoffrey, who has almost convinced me that Marcella Michela is rather a **brick** in lots of ways.

He dined at Sybil's and B.B. I were alone for once.

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<sup>128</sup> For Naima, see: <http://berenson.itatti.harvard.edu/berenson/items/show/3040>

<sup>129</sup> Walter Dowdeswell (1858-1929), a London art dealer.

I read Fisher's "Napoleon".<sup>130</sup>

[008] I Tatti, Tuesday, January 4, 1916

Julia

Glorious day, very warm

4 <at> lunch, 3 <at> dinner

De Nicola came to see B.B.

Geoffrey and I had a morning walk in the laghetto, an exceptional affair, because of the exceptional day.

De Nicola stayed to lunch. He was at the Front at Plava,<sup>131</sup> but lacked all power to tell about anything.

I motored him down and Geoffrey we picked up. Marcella Michela and I took them towards Bagni a Ripoli and started them on a walk — much better for them than stuffing indoors. She looked very beautiful and I felt drawn to her. I think if I were in Geoffrey's place my head would be turned, but he seems to keep his balance miraculously. Long may it last.

Called on Yoi<sup>132</sup> where I met her sister and Byba.

Picked up Julia and Gordon at Villa Medici.

B.B and I alone.

[009] I Tatti, Wednesday, January 5, 1916

Julia, Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Misty

3 lunch 9 dinner

The boys gave a children's party to which also Naima and Lina went, but I didn't.

I had a walk alone, trying to compose my mind and soul, and B.B. had a walk with Sybil. If one's feelings could only harmonize with one's judgment.

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

Geoffrey stayed and talked and talked till nearly 2. Perhaps it helps him to see clearly, but that does have *so* little influence on actions and feelings!

[012] I Tatti, Thursday, January 6, 1916

Julia

Misty turning to fine

5 lunch 3 dinner

Geoffrey decided to take things lightly in spite of the earnest and soulful vocabulary. He is certainly happier and more contented. Before this came he found living in Florence rather stale. He had Marcella Michela to tea.

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<sup>130</sup>

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<sup>131</sup> Plava: a site contested during the Third Battle of the Isonzo, which was fought from October 18 through November 3 of 1915 between the armies of Italy and Austria-Hungary.

<sup>132</sup> Yoi Crosse (1877-1944), English writer, with the pen-name Yoi Pawlowska. She was born in Hungary. Her second husband was the Italian sculptor Antonio Maraini; they had two sons, Fosco and Grato. The mother of Fosco Maraini.

Julia and Maeve Trench and Gordon played in the Laghetto, while B.B and Lina and I had a splendid walk on the hills.

Signora Bozzelli and her sweet little daughter Miriam were here when we came back, and later her lover, Guido Ferrando, came in. She is intense and inexpressive.

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

[011] I Tatti, Friday, January 7, 1916

Julia

Misty but not bad

4 lunch 3 dinner

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

Had a long walk with Geoffrey, who is (of course) drifting in and in. He now has "absolute confidence in her purity and innocence and sincerity". Of course he may be right, but I cannot believe it of a girl grown to 26 in such surroundings, with such recklessness, so self-absorbed — and an Italian. It is fantastic. But it is useless to contradict him. I should only make him hate me, and probably accelerate the course of things by opposition. Besides, I *may* be wrong. I hope I am. But I see a very painful tragedy ahead. However, being a Cassandra is a poor trade, and youth faces many dangers without going under. Only Geoffrey has been so unlucky before, though full of beautiful dreams and confidence. I am very anxious.

[010] I Tatti, Saturday, January 8, 1916

G.S.

Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth, Iris Cutting, Gordon Waterfield

4 lunch 8 dinner

We had a children's party consisting of Julia, Iris Cutting, Gordon Waterfield, Gigliola and Renzo Giglioli, 2 Brawley, Maeve Trench, Paquita Rogermeyer, 4 Casartis and Pallavicinis, Elnyth Arbuthnot,<sup>133</sup> 2 Actons, and various grown-ups, who formed the heavy and difficult part. However, it went off very well. Iris and Gordon spent the night.

Geoffrey and I went down to the opera "Norma," with Marcella and her rather sad and faded looking mother (a Fabbricotti) and Byba. The 2 girls looked very beautiful and very "foreign." It was like a page out of a novel by Ouida. Marcella is certainly very beautiful, vivid, brilliant, and vital. I have seldom seen (outside of Gladys) a girl with more promise. But her eyes are hard, and she looks like a bird of prey — a beautiful one, but frightening. Very self-willed and self-absorbed, but awfully interesting. Geoffrey may think himself lucky, unless he gets really in love.

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<sup>133</sup> Elnyth Mary Capponi (Arbuthnot) (1900 - 1977). Buried in the Cimitero degli Allori.

Vice-Admiral Ferrante Luigi Oscar Capponi, 9th Conte di Capponi (Florence, 1898-1965), the son of Piero Capponi, 8th Conte di Capponi, married **Elnyth Mary Arbuthnot**, daughter of Robert Edward Vaughan Arbuthnot and Ethel Mary Wyndham, on 9 June 1924.

[013] I Tatti, Sunday, January 9, 1916

Julia, G.S., Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth  
Fine and very warm  
8 lunch, 6 dinner

Went on correcting B.B's dull and formless and slovenly articles. I hate it worse than anything; his writing is a real insult. They are *much worse* than his letters.

But all clouds rolled away (not war clouds) by a glorious walk, which he and I and Naima and Geoffrey took to Bagazzano, under a crystal clear sky, with a bracing wind. Geoffrey talked about Marcella all the way. It is some consolation in their many absences, for she is by no means free to go to see him even on her non-hospital days. The endless things he finds to say — and I to listen. For it interests me, and I want him so to be happy.

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

[014] I Tatti, Monday, January 10, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott  
Glorious. Warm:  
4 lunch 4 dinner

Such a day! A marvel of marvels. But I couldn't employ it well, as I had engagements.

I took Lina and Gordon and Julia to the Pitti — what a poor lot of pictures with a few gems — the Granduca, the Dama Velata, the Aretino and the "Young Englishman", and parts of the Concerto and of the Rubens. Goodness how one changes!

We called on Sir Thomas Dick Lauder<sup>134</sup> (out) and Lady Enniskillen who talked a lot of gossip.

Tea'd, shopped, and picked up Geoffrey, who had had a visit from Marcella Michela.

Cook difficulties, as usual, since that devil Aristeia left.  
Long talk with Geoffrey. Such things are endless

[015] I Tatti, Tuesday, January 11, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott  
Glorious cooler  
3 lunch 3 dinner  
Dismissed the cook. What a bore.  
B.B drove and walked with Sybil.

Geoffrey and I motored to Terzano, behind Bagni [*sic*] a Ripoli, and then walked over the Incontro<sup>135</sup> to Villamagna. It was absolutely DIVINE. For the first time since it began, I think, I forgot about the war for several hours on end.

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<sup>134</sup> Sir Thomas North Dick Lauder of Fountainhall, 9th Baronet (1846-1919), died at Villa Lauder, 16 via St. Leonardo in Florence.

<sup>135</sup> Convento dell'Incontro, Via Poggio di Candeli.

Geoffrey on the unending theme, but he is always subtle, amusing, kind and profound. He really isn't much in love, though she's awfully nice. Curious how these things go.

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

[016] Wednesday, January 12, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott

Splendid weather:

5 lunch 3 dinner

No cook but Amerigo managed somehow.

I went in to the Consul's,<sup>136</sup> taking Mrs. Ross to call on Miss Murray, and we then called for Miss Priestley whom I brought back to lunch.

We had a glorious walk over the downs from S. Clemente.

Geoffrey had just heard that Marcella Michela has scarlet fever. He is sure to have caught it. It is a great disappointment. He called there and left flowers and a note, and then went to the Casa di Cura.

[017] I Tatti, Thursday, January 13, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott

Cold rain

4 lunch 4 dinner

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

Called on Loesers with Mrs. Dumont and Geoffrey.

B.B at Sybil's.

Salvemini and M<sup>me</sup> Luchaire to dine. Talked of the ideal agricultural Italy, which no one wants.

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

[018] I Tatti, Friday, January 14, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Glorious. Warm

4 lunch 5 dinner

Prepared villino for Geoffrey's possible scarlet fever. Lina came along and Gordon climbed on the roof with Julia.

Had a long and glorious walk with B.B. over the *scavi* to the very top and back by Fiesole. He went to see Sybil and I was picked up by Lady Enniskillen, who brought me home.

Sybil was still going on about *not* being self-absorbed, her very tenacity and volubility proving she was!

Geoffrey had a walk with Byba, who came in to tea and discussed common acquaintances.

He had a letter from Marcella Michela, and \_\_\_\_\_ use!

[019] I Tatti, Saturday, January 15, 1916, 1916

Julia, Naima Lofröth, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

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<sup>136</sup> the Consul General of the United States of America in Florence?

Glorious

3 lunch 6 dinner

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

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

She spends hours, too, talking to Cecil and Geoffrey to refute B.B's accusation of being self-absorbed — just the proof that she *is*.

[020] I Tatti, Sunday, January 16, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth

Grey

6 lunch 6 dinner

Julia and Gordon lunched at Villa Medici.

B.B and \_\_\_\_\_ ~~walked from the Tree to Fiesole~~ had a walk, and I picked up Julia and had tea at the Actons, and then called on Mrs. Ross and Lina.

[021] I Tatti, Monday, January 17, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Grey

5 lunch 9 dinner

Nails and dress occupied Julia's morning, while I interviewed cooks, etc.

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

Prince Paul, Miss Hulton, Aunt Janet, Lina, and the boys dined here. Aunt Janet brought her photograph albums and the Prince was much interested to meet a person who had known Thacheray, and Dickens, and Meredith, and Kinglake, and de Lesseps, and Ferdinaso (as they call him) of Bulgaria.

[022] I Tatti, Tuesday, January 18, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Damp and grey

5 lunch 3 dinner

Took Julia to the Academy, Pitti. She forgot her spectacles, but doesn't care much anyhow for old pictures, and did not seem to want to know why people liked them. I did not force her.

I left her at Villa Medici and Geoffrey and I walked home through the woods.

B.B dined with Sybil.

A heavy cold overcame me, but I took about 10 remedies:

1. Turkish bath
2. purge
3. quinine
4. asperine
5. gargle listerine

6. dioxygen
7. Nasal douche of Dobell's solution
8. Rhinitis etc. in nose
9. Cold throat compress
10. Hot drink

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

[023] I Tatti, Wednesday, January 19, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent  
Dumonts to dine.

[024] I Tatti, Thursday, January 20, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent  
Bought Julia's photos. Got passports etc. for all the children.  
Yoï came to lunch. She seems old and dispirited and has no more joy in her. Her mother-in-law has been here for months, and has been too much for her. She didn't even flirt with Geoffrey!  
Salvemini, M<sup>me</sup> Luchaire and Sybil came to dine.

[025] I Tatti, Friday, January 21, 1916

Julia, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent  
Last fusses over passports.  
No cook, general buzz.  
Geoffrey feels very sawdusty about his intimate affairs — a complete collapse of enthusiasm. But this won't last.  
Dr. Giglioli and his wife came to dine. She is half crazy, I think, and his interesting talk bores her to tears.

[026] Hotel Savoy, Genova, Saturday, January 22, 1916

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

[027] Train to Paris, Sunday, January 23, 1916

Karin's daughter<sup>137</sup> was born at 10 a.m. and me not there to see her through it!  
However everything was "normal" i.e. unusual.

[028] Havre to Southampton, Paris, Monday, January 24, 1916

Bribed children to sleep and had lunch with Edith Wharton.  
Awful crowd on *quai* at Havre. Beastly arrangements. Should have had to sit up all night in corridor of boat but for an angelic American youth named Porter, who gave me his cabin.

[029] Ray's, London, Tuesday, January 25, 1916

Hours on the *quai* at Southampton and reached London only at 4 o'clock. Came straight to Alys'.

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<sup>137</sup> Ann Stephen (1916-). The father, Adrian Stephen, Virginia Woolf's brother.

Went on to see Karin and her little baby whom Adrian wants to name AN (!)

Karin had the folly to take *only one room* in the place she found for herself (I had a lovely nursing-home ready for her, so she is disturbed by the nurse and baby. But as she is perfectly well, it doesn't so much matter.

Came out to Barbara's bath "It's Granma Mary!" she shouted — then she said, "Two Granmas, Granma Mary and Gramma Auntilu (to Alys' grand delight). She turned somersaults and swam "like a mermaid" in her bath, and was heavenly, and adorable.

[030] Ray's, London, Wednesday, January 26, 1916

Britten.

Emily to lunch with Alys and Logan and me.

Went to Karin's.

[031] Thursday, January 27, 1916

In bed with sore-throat.

Didn't even see Barbara.

[032-033] Ray's, London, Friday-Saturday, January 28-28, 1916

Seeing Karin

[034-37] blank

[038] Ray's, London, Thursday, February 3, 1916

Saw Karin.

Lunched with Emily whose situation remains the same, a sometimes very cross and nagging and extremely garrulous mother who never goes out and won't be left alone a minute. But Emily has bravely made terms with her narrow life.

We went to the National Gallery and saw Mrs. Glenny who was copying a picture. I hadn't seen her since 13 years ago when we stayed with her in Buffalo.<sup>138</sup> She was then rich and beautiful and strong and surrounded by friends. She is now poor, her fat face all pulled out of shape by paralysis, husband and lovely daughter Aline dead, living with the other daughter and a singing teacher in lodgings. It was ghostly to see her.

Percy Lubbock came to dine at Alys'. He was *awfully* nice, so quiet and serene, and so honest, not pretending to know or judge about matters he wasn't fully informed about. If we could all be like that — !

[039] Ray's, London, Friday, February 4, 1916

Peggy James came to lunch and told us that her uncle Henry<sup>139</sup> had been conscious for a few minutes to receive the Order of Merit from Lord Bryce. He knows nothing of the War. Even when he thinks he is in Paris, it is only to be going around with Daudet.

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<sup>138</sup> Mary's diary: Amherst House, Buffalo, Friday, Jan. 15, 1904. Train late, but we got here in time for lunch — a comfortable old colonial house that had been *moved* three miles out into the country. Mrs. Glenny<sup>320</sup> (our hostess) is an enormous, jolly, kind-hearted, very congenial creature, and her daughter, Aline, is the nicest girl I've seen since I met Evelyn, 21 years ago, at Smith College.

<sup>139</sup> Henry James the novelist?



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

Called on Sulley.

[040] Ray's, London, Tuesday, February 1, 1916

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

I think it was this day that Eric MacLagan came to see me at Alys', and the MacCarthys to lunch.

Feb. 2-4 ?

[041] Logan's, London, Saturday, February 5, 1916

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

The Thorolds and Miss Trelawney came to lunch at Alys'. Theresa was especially delightful.

I called on the Gibsons and then on Mary Crawshaw.

As Oliver was spending the weekend at the Morrells<sup>140</sup> and Ray in the New Forest with her sisters-in-law,<sup>141</sup> Barbara and I came and stayed with Logan.

I took her to the MacCarthys'.

[042] Logan's with Barbara, Sunday, February 6, 1916

Took Barbara to see Auntie Kali's baby and then to play with the little Enthovens,<sup>142</sup> Yoi's niece and nephew. She set her mouth in a hard determined line and seized their blocks and built her own castles, beating them off if they tried to join the game. At the end she hugged the little boy "like a bear, to kill him", and I carried her away much mortified.

The darling old Aunt and Uncle Ormand came in after Church to see me, and I represented Yoi's condition in the rosiest colours.

Christina Bremner and Maurice Brockwell came to lunch — rather a frost.

Logan and I went out to Doughty House and saw the Cooks and their new pictures, the Spencer Rembrandt, the Velasquez I didn't buy and the Titian "La Schiavona" — all glorious, although Roger Fry says, "No one believes in the Velasquez." But the *milieu* — !!

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<sup>140</sup> Philip Edward Morrell, (1870-1943) was a British Liberal politician. In 1902 he married Lady Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck, half-sister of the Duke of Portland, who carried on a long affair with Bertrand Russell.

<sup>141</sup>

<sup>142</sup> Yoi Crosse (1877-1944), nota anche come Yoi [Maraini](#) o con il nome d'arte di Yoi Pawlowska. Daughter of Andrew Frederick Crosse ([1852-1925](#)) e della [polacca](#) Emilia Pawlowszky ([1854-1892](#)).

Miss Gabrielle Enthoven, O.B.E.

[043] Barbara, London, Monday, February 7, 1916

Went with Logan to Chilling<sup>143</sup> and found Alys there since 2 days doing what she could to hurry on the dilatory workmen who had promised to have everything ready to put the furniture in place.

It was very lovely there with Constable effects of sky over the meadows and Sound. A really heavenly spot.

[044] Ray's, London, Tuesday, February 8, 1916

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

Met Brockwell at Burlington Fine Arts Club, and afterwards he took me to see Sir Hugh P. Lane's<sup>144</sup> Titian, Portrait of Baldassare Castiglione in black, at his house in Cheyne Walk,<sup>145</sup> now inhabited by his sister, Mrs. Schein. Lady Gregory, a delicious little old lady with sweet eyes and mind, Victorian aspect, was there.

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

Dined with Gutekunst.

[045] Ray's, London, Wednesday, February 9, 1916

Horrible and useless struggles with the dressmakers at Durrants, said to be so very good, but failing so signally either to fit me or to give me honest material and sound work. It is my usual luck.

~~Went to Karin's.~~

Shopped, etc.

Ray and Oliver and I dined with the Amoses. Morris talked very mechanically it seemed to me, as if his mind was just wound up. But he put immense *gusto* into it.

Emily and Alys and I lunched **at** the Club and **then**, "for a spree," Emily and I went to hear Alys speak (which she did very well) to a Highgate Women's Cooperative Society on "Mothercraft."

Tea at Karin's, who appeared dirty and ragged, in a horrid confusion, but gay and amusing and winning. Adrian silent and sniffy as usual.

[046] Ray's, London, Thursday, February 10, 1916

Shopped and saw Karin.

Called on Dr. Heath who whopped down on me a bill for £88 for treatment of Karin's ear.

Called on Louis Duveen, who reported things in America as very flourishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Prodder to lunch. What a chatterer she is!

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<sup>143</sup> Chilling

<sup>144</sup> (1875-1915)

<sup>145</sup> Chelsea.

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

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

Keynes came to dine at Ray's. He signs cheques for a million pounds a day. He says the Italians are by far the most grasping and the most "impossible" of all the people they have to do with. I can believe it.

Got passport vise'd.

[047] Ray's, London, Friday, February 11, 1916

Last furious fight at dressmakers'. The jacket was so awful that they saw it would not do, although they "couldn't understand it — such a thing had never happened before."

Alys had a farewell tea, but I felt very ill and had to go to a Dr. (MacNaughton 33 Upper Belgrave St.) who **syringed** my ear and gave me things for my neck and shoulder.

I saw however Jo Robinson and Louise Kinsella and the Whitalls. Barbara (the angel) was there.

Emily and Ray and I dined, and Alys had the inspiration of giving us some warmed-over mutton (horrible) in her farewell feast. The food is the worst any of use encountered anywhere. She is *too* economical.

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

[048] Ray's, London, Saturday, February 12, 1916

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

Eliza and I had a last **row** at the dressmaker's over the blouse which cost £2.2 and is so badly made that I can hardly wear it.

Lunched with Karin and said goodbye.

Called on Mrs. Strong.

Went with Ray to see **the Exhibition** of Vanessa's pictures, quite horrible. The **MacLagans**<sup>146</sup> were there, full of disgust.

[049] Logan's, London, Sunday, February 13, 1916

Quiet day with Ray and Barbara but I feel very ill.

The Huttons came with their little boy, Peter, whose powers in drawing and arranging soldiers greatly excited Barbara. Saw her in her bath. It was *awful* leaving her, but fortunately she **scarcely** took it in, and is so busy in her child's life anyhow **that** she doesn't care.

Ray and Oliver have been *perfectly delightful*.

Roger Fry dined with me and Logan. He is always interesting, but has no judgment. He thinks Vanessa's pictures are *superb*. She, by the way, has thrown him over and taken Duncan Grant as her lover, the first woman he ever took notice of. Her husband, Clive Bell, is making love to a cousin of Oliver's, **Mrs.** Hutchinson. They are a queer lot.

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<sup>146</sup> Sir Eric Robert Dalrymple Maclagan (1879-1951) art historian, museum director and writer.

[050] Hotel Terminus, Paris, Monday, February 14, 1916

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

Arrival in Paris at 1 a.m.

[051] **53 Rue de Varenne**, Paris, Tuesday, February 15, 1916

Rather a **wreck on** coming here.

Edith very busy — she is splendid.

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

[052] **53 Rue de Varenne**, Paris, Wednesday, February 16, 1916

Geoffrey Scott also at **Edith Wharton's**

Rain and shine

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

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

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

[053] Paris, Thursday, February 17, 1916

Lovely day

Reinach came and took me to call on Miss **Nathalie Barney**. A pre-historic (and stuffy) milieu à la Stenbock (poor fellow) with the most hideous paintings and sculptures done by some female artists patronized by her. Note: incense very strong, mélange of cheap Eastern things, good silver and flowers, white furs, pictures of nude or intense females everywhere.

She has an incorrigible “way back” American twang, a good-natured, warm manner, is no longer pretty, and not at all tidy.

The house was crowded and not dainty, all except the best bedroom (a circular Empire one) where she said Yoï made her decision to run away from her husband.

The Tylers and Ch. Du Bos came here to tea.

Byba wrote to Geoffrey that Nikky [sic] was coming back this Spring. Fearful upset, for the Marcella business is going ahead and he hates the idea of giving it up. If Nikky had only waited a year, “or 18 months.” But he mustn't spoil his future. He is miserable.

[054] Paris, Friday, February 18, 1916

In bed with a cold verging on influenza.

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

Mme de Cossé came to see me. She said Edith was to be décorée — who really deserves it — and by herself, not in the general group of American helpers.

Finished *Spoon River Anthology* and Wells's *Research Magnificent*<sup>147</sup> — a book so close to one's pulse, but so disgustingly common-placifying. [*sic*] Makes one quite uncomfortable. Edith doesn't feel this.

[055] Paris, Saturday, February 19, 1916

In bed with cold

Letter to Paul **Bourget**<sup>148</sup> (authentic!)

Monsieur,

Excusez la liberté que je prends de vous adresser cette lettre étrange.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Veillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments très distingués.

Emile Tauvez (Guingamp)<sup>149</sup>

Paris, Sunday, February 20, 1916

In bed

M<sup>me</sup> de Cossé called on me and dear Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Royall Tyler — a **snobbish**, self-assertive, but very efficient lady.

Geoffrey dined with them to meet Vollard.

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<sup>147</sup> H. G. Wells, *The Research Magnificent* (1915).

<sup>148</sup> Paul Charles Joseph Bourget (1852-1935) was a French novelist and critic.

<sup>149</sup> Guingamp is a commune in the Côtes-d'Armor department in Brittany

[057] Paris, Monday, February 21, 1916

Feeling very ill, worse.

Weissmann came. He says I can leave on Saturday only.

I sent off his letter<sup>150</sup> about N. which he read to me. Very wise and sincere but goodness I think it will be of no use at all when they meet.

[058, 060] Paris, Tuesday, February 22, 1916

In bed

Mon cher ami,

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

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

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

Pourquoi *ne pas t'écrire*, même en sachant que tu l'aimerais ? Est-ce que ce jour ne viendra pas ? Est-ce-que ce jour notre amitié devrait finir ? A quoi bon alas ? Elle, **ou** une autre, je sens que ton mariage n'est pas loin, et je tache de me faire une petite place près de toi, une petite place amie qui pourra, avec un peu de [059, 061] travail, être conservée. Je te rends, et tu le sais bien, une sincérité absolue, et je te remercie de tout ce que tu dis de Nicky. Si elle pourra faire ton bonheur, je serai heureuse moi-même. Je comprends parfaitement ta situation présent et tes rapport avec elle. Je ne veux pas que la pensée de moi puisse te gêner d'aucune façon. Je ne suis pas mêlée à ta vie, mais à coté de ta vie — nous l'avons voulu ainsi, il est donc inutile que tu **en** souffrir sans raison. Me trouves-tu *trop* raisonnable ? Mon ami, il faut faire le possible *per andare avanti* without rocks, as you say.

J'ai vu tant de choses laides dans ma vie, et même dernièrement, que j'ai soif de clarté, de anti mis-understanding. Je n'aurai plus énergie pour me travailler une amitié scabreuse et compliquée.

Je cherche le simple — et ce n'est qu'à **travers** le simple que l'on touche en profond. Ne crois-tu pas ? Alors c'est entendu, cher ami. Si tu la \_\_\_\_\_, si ta conviction se fera qu'elle est *ta femme*, tu l'aimeras sans [062] contrainte, et il n'y aura pas besoin de me le cacher. C'est bon de voir les gens heureux, et les amis surtout. Tout cela ne me donne pas de tristesse, je te le dis avec sincérité. Au fond, je n'ai pas le sens de la *possession*, qui obsède tout le monde. Je suis très impersonnelle, et à cause de cela, ni avide, ni jalouse. Je puis souffrir énormément, mais par ces raisons bien différents et plus directes. Je crois aussi que tu as besoin d'une vie ayant *une base*, et je sais que tu ferais du mariage la chose la meilleure et le plus esthétique possible. Il-y-a quelque chose d'énorme, **d'immense** et de manqué entre nous deux, qui n'est pas de notre faute et qui me donne parfois une nostalgie profonde. Les

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<sup>150</sup> Geoffrey's.

plus beaux amours sont ceux qui ne sont pas nés, ils conservent une puissance cachée et mystérieuse qui émane de très loin des arômes captivants. Nous sommes quelques lignes d'une grande ébranche on a parfois cette impression en regardant les esquisses des grands artistes – on y voit la semence de chefs d'œuvres qui n'eut jamais vu la lumière. [063]

Quant à moi, ce n'est pas vrai que le mariage me soit a **sheer** necessity : même vu de coté de la liberté de l'action, ma liberté se fait de plus en plus intérieure ; plus ma monde intérieur \_\_\_\_ et , s'élargit, moins l'extérieur m'est sensible et nécessaire. Tu as toujours exagéré un peu, et pris à la lettre tout ce que j'ai dit à propos du mariage. Il est vrai qu'un ménage me serait presque insupportable, parce que la vie matérielle y aurait une prépondérance suffoquante [*sic*] [suffocante], et je ne suis pas faite par la lutte du pot-au-feu, ni par **empanacher** la misère pour le public. Mais la nécessité du mariage est chez moi réduite au minimum – c'est une *appendice* à ma vie – ma vie est complète en elle-même –**j'aurais** besoin d'une *expansion générale*. Or le mariage est tout qu'il y a de moins générale de plus fixe et de plus systématique. Le mariage ne m'offre donc encore attraction particulière. Si j'étais une femme sensuelle le mariage ne serait encore pas nécessaire. Je n'ai jamais compris pourquoi les hommes ont cette idée de vouloir m'épouser [064] en disant que je serais une femme idéal, et quelques uns une mère merveilleuse (!). Je vois que je puis peut être en dehors de ces deux choses, que j'accomplirais avec conscience mais avec peu d'enthousiasme, parfois avec beaucoup d'ennui. Je ne me sens pas faite par certains bonheurs, qui peut être sont très grands quoique très partagés. Je me sens parfois excitée, lointaine, pleine d'une grandeur informe et stupide qui regarde le bonheur d'autrui sans pouvoir y toucher. Je suis un être intermédiaire spirituellement, analytique, contemplatif mobile et généralisateur, la *femme* s'y perd en ne gardant que la sensibilité et l'esprit d'intuition.

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

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

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

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

However it impresses me, for most **women** in the circumstances would flame with jealousy and finding their utmost allurements had no banished the vague but insistent impression of another woman.

Called with Geoffrey on Mrs. Cameron.

Started for Florence at 8.55.

[066] Hotel Savoia, Genoa, Monday, February 28, 1916

Horrid train journey. Reached here at 7.

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

[067] I Tatti, Tuesday, February 29, 1916

Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth

(Thunderstorm)

Reached home about 6.

B.B. arrived an hour earlier. It is nice to be here.

**The new Library looks splendid**—the Buddha is very impressive seen at the end of my corridor.

[068] I Tatti, Wednesday, March 1, 1916

In bed with sore throat and fever.

B.B. perfectly charming.

[069] I Tatti, Thursday, March 2, 1916

Still in bed. Fever less.

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

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

[070, 072] I Tatti, Friday, March 3, 1916

Rain.

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

Placci came to dine.

[071, 073] I Tatti, Saturday, March 4, 1916

Naima Lofröth, Cecil Pinsent

Rain.

Amusing letter from Geoffrey who very much liked Marcella's friend, Marchesi,<sup>151</sup> director of the "Fiat"!

Prince Paul called. He *loathes* Italy for its treatment of Serbia.

[074] I Tatti, Sunday, March 5, 1916

Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth

Rain.

Wrote letters and did a little work.

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

[075] I Tatti, Monday, March 6, 1916

Cecil Pinsent

Rain

Talked with Bernard. He cares a lot about Miss Greene but would give her up if I made a row. I don't like though to cut off a thing (however silly it seems to me) that may be vital to him. It is difficult, for I do detest the

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whole business. But if it makes Bernard feel alive and keeps him interested, I suppose I have no right to cut it off, especially having let him go into it.

Called on Aunt Janet, who suddenly looks *very old*.

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

[076] I Tatti, Tuesday, March 7, 1916

Fine

We walked to Fiesole and I called on Miss Paterson at **the Blue Nuns** while BB was with Sybil, who is very ill.

Read BB's article on Catena and Bartolommeo Veneto.<sup>152</sup>

[077] I Tatti, Wednesday, March 8, 1916

Rain

Sore throat again. Stayed in bed all morning.

Countess Serristori came, full of adoration for Germany, even for its Socialism, although that is the thing she used to dread most of all in life! She thinks England is engineering the whole war for her own sole advantage, stopping at no dirty trick of bribery, blackmail and cruelty and lying to accomplish her ends. Germany for her is the Land of Promise, the model and only hope of the future. She said England was on its last legs financially and even cited "The Union of Democratic Control"<sup>153</sup> as proof that it was all falling to pieces. What a fool Adrian is to be in such a society. Even if its motives seem pure to him, it is mixed up with such **treason**. I have no patience with it.

[078] I Tatti, Thursday, March 9, 1916

Cecil Pinsent

Windy and damp but a little sunshine.

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

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

Trench and his daughter Aris came to dine, Cecil and the Marainis.

Yoi is determined to have our villino, but she won't get it!

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<sup>153</sup> The Union of Democratic Control was a British pressure group formed in 1914 to press for a more responsive foreign policy. While not a pacifist organization, it was opposed to military influence in government.

[079] I Tatti, Friday, March 10, 1916

Rainy

Called on Mrs. Ross and Lina.

BB went to Sybil's. She is very ill.

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

B.B and I cried like children.

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

[080] I Tatti, Saturday, March 11, 1916

Cecil Pinsent, Marcella Michela

Rainy

Marcella Michela came up at 5, after I had had Flora Priestley all day. She is a dear but a great talker. I am however attached to her, which seldom happens to me with talkers. Marcella "performed" very brilliantly in the evening. We laughed and greatly enjoyed it, yet were somewhat chagrined that she wouldn't pay the slightest attention to anything we said!

Her use of language is delightful, and she observes characteristic and significant things with much wit, though not exactly humour. She is a gifted creature.

Poor little Miss Cohen also came to call.

Marcella spoke of both Geoffrey and Marchesi as *prétendants* and mimicked their probable attitude towards each other. She also said she would be furiously jealous and couldn't possibly share a man with another woman — unless it was Kitty Bosco.

[081] I Tatti, Sunday, March 12, 1916

Naima Lofröth, Marcella Michela

Marcella "performed" very brilliantly for me alone in the morning, telling about her brother-in-law's experiences as commander of an Italian submarine.

She also performed at lunch for the benefit of Dr. **Crescenzi**, whom I invited to get as a husband for Naima, who is so convinced by my arguments against her lonely life that she would like to marry him. Her intentions being strictly honourable, she is afraid to seem forward and ask him to come and see her. So I sent him some Hospital supplies (from America), and on the strength of it invited him to come up. A really nice man, good and clever and strong. She would be lucky. She took him to call on Mrs. Ross later.

Marcella had her young Roman sailor friend, Capitano Tuttino, who spent the afternoon with her, the one she wrote so blandly to Geoffrey about as being like a nice younger brother. He is 28 and is clearly in love with her and if [082] she doesn't know it she is stupid. They walked together while B.B. and I entertained Frizzoni. When the latter and the Capitano went down in the motor, B.B. and I were so tired we just crept off by ourselves.

In the evening, Marcella, tired too, perhaps, was more like a human being, and B.B. liked her very much. I quite loved her, though I still feel something very strange about her, and especially about her relations with men. Then she dyes her hair, which is very strange for a young girl, and her eyes are hard and glittering. But there's something else simple and good and even noble in her.

I Tatti, Monday, March 13, 1916

Rain, sun, rainstorm

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

B.B. dined with Sybil. He had a letter from Belle Greene, who wants to come to Italy, but B.B. doesn't want her to on account of Sybil!!

[083] I Tatti, Tuesday, March 14, 1916

Muggy

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

Resulting impression of Marcella less agreeable. One thinks of countless little things she said or didn't say which suggest a person not sincere, not kind and not nice.

[084] I Tatti, Wednesday, March 15, 1916

Teresa Hulton, Geoffrey Scott

Called on Aunt Janet, B.B. and Sybil.

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

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

March 16-19 cut away

[085] I Tatti, Monday, March 20, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Grey

Ray telegraphed that her operation is postponed. Maybe she will have another baby without it. Her perfect nurse-housekeeper, Florence, is leaving her, on account of ill-health.

Geoffrey still very much under, though he tries to pretend he is not. I foresee great trouble for him unless he recovers.

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

Miss Hulton and her young uncle Gino Villari dined here. She played, and the music upset Geoffrey as it always does people in love.

[086] I Tatti, Tuesday, March 21, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Geoffrey woke up cured (he thinks!). *Speriamo*. But I don't for one instant think it.

We three walked round the top of Monte Ceceri, meeting dull. Mr. Hulton on the way.

Called on Sybil and Geoffrey stayed to dine.

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

[087] I Tatti, Wednesday, March 22, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

Called on Mr. Dumont.

Walked with BB, who dined with Sybil.

Geoffrey came very late from one of those earth shaking interviews with Marcella which change everything and put things on an entirely new footing — *au fond*, changing nothing, but precipitating on down the inevitable path — meanwhile, and by the way, making you an impossible member of ordinary society.

[088] I Tatti, Thursday, March 23, 1916

Grey

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

pages for March 24-27 cut off

[089] I Tatti, Tuesday, March 28, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Marcella Michela, Cecil Pinsent

Glorious

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

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

B.B. thinks Geoffrey is lost for the moment, and will do nothing for himself or us till this fit is over. I fear it is true.

[090] Grand Hotel, Siena, Wednesday, March 29, 1916

With Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Nello and Yoi and Toesca and De Nicola came to lunch, Yoi pretty again but so false!

Then Geoffrey, Cecil and I motored over here. Cecil saw a man who offered to get us the sponge stone, but who was very mysterious about it.

[091] Grand Hotel, Siena, Thursday, March 30, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

We motored to Sarteano and found a man who, with some reluctance, took us to a cave whose entrance was blocked up. Found the owner's son,

who said they had walled it up because 5 years ago people came and stole the sponge stone at night (*ours*, in the new garden!). However he had it un\_\_\_\_\_ed and we crawled in on our bellies, like serpents, in the slime for 20 yards in so, till we got into a cavern where we could stand. It was very weird, but a little sufficed Geoffrey and me, and we were soon hauled out panting and muddy, and then Cecil went on with Perry and explored the whole set of caverns from which, it became clear, *our* stone *had* been stolen.

It is all very mysterious. The young man said his mother wouldn't sell.

[092] Friday, March 31, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Glorious motor run to Arezzo no. 6 a *lovely* road.

Left Cecil there and came home by Reggello, etc., also very lovely.

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

[093] NOTE

Logan's new *Trivia*<sup>154</sup>

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

Why am I to blame for all that's wrong in the world? I didn't invent Sin and Hate and Slaughter. Who made it my business anyhow to administer the Universe and keep the stars to their Copernican Courses? My shoulders are bent beneath the weight of the **firmament**; I grow weary of propping up, like atlas, the vast and enormous Cosmos.

[094] I Tatti, Saturday, April 1, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofröth

Glorious

Nice to be home, though I feel considerably *froissée* to find BB, having spent all his time with Sybil, planning to go also this afternoon. I let him go without saying anything, for what is the use?

I walked in the garden and much enjoyed it.

Ray received the Queen at their workshops, and it went off very well, owing to Ray's happy inspiration to take her where nothing was prepared for her reception, and where she sat on a chair without a seat and drank tea out of a broken cup and ate cake off the lid of a tin box.

Ray thinks she is going to have a baby and won't need the operation. What a blessing.

Barbara nearly knows how to read!

[095] I Tatti, Sunday, April 2, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofröth

Glorious

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<sup>154</sup> Logan Pearsall Smith, *All Trivia*

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

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

Bernard has begun to write "A depreciation of Leonardo's paintings." It may be very amusing. If only he wrote better it would be *really* delicious.

[096] I Tatti, Monday, April 3, 1916

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott at Sybil's

Fine

Got some work alone in the morning.

Marcella came up for Geoffrey, bursting in upon me to tell me she had told endless lies to get off. She is so full of herself, she has no idea of the impression she makes. Her mother telephoned later and I went to the music room and caught them spooning in a rather abandoned way.

At tea Prince Paul came.

She has no other social manner than to do her brilliant stunt or else sit silent and detached. She and Geoffrey went off into the Laghetto, where she took off her clothes. He thinks it is a sort of Lesbian *culte* of the beautiful female body (she is beautiful), rather than any *malizja* that leads her to these unusual demonstrations. It is damned foolish.

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

[097] I Tatti, Tuesday, April 4, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Fine

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

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

[098] I Tatti, Wednesday, April 5, 1916

Rain and shine

Geoffrey and I agreed to talk less of the Marcella business. He thinks I saved him from falling in love with a very unsuitable person, but now the moment has come to stop going over it. He seems to me like a fly in a spider's net, a weak fly and strong net. What he calls his "preliminary obfuscating talk" never convinces me. But he has a *fond* of practical sense

that may save him, although with suffering. His cynical talk about being Top Dog doesn't persuade me quite.

Yoi and all the family came to lunch. It was Nello's 30<sup>th</sup> birthday. She seemed very shoddy and 2<sup>nd</sup> rate.

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

Called also on Mrs. Price at Villa Capponi,<sup>155</sup> fat and horsey, but a good sort.

Called on Sybil to pick up B.B. She seems very ill, poor thing.

M. spent the afternoon with Geoffrey at his flat. I did wonder what her mother thinks of it all.

[099] I Tatti, Saturday, April 8, 1916

Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth, Geoffrey Scott

Rain.

Marcella came bobbing up at Geoffrey's almost as if nothing had passed, telling him she was just off to see one of her young men, and writing a note to another to say she couldn't come till tomorrow! She said he didn't "understand" and she was awfully grieved, but admitted she had gone almost straight from yesterday's painful interview to pass the evening with one of her young men friends. The good about her is that she makes no scenes. But I suspect that, seeing that Geoffrey doesn't break into her, she sets down the next as "pi-jaw". She is very obstinate, and of course she'll begin to deceive him now where she can.

Sophie Serristori came to lunch.

I went to see Horne, who seems to me dying, and Yoi, who is bounding up again with the prospect of Nello's being called as a soldier.

[100] I Tatti, Sunday, April 9, 1916

Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofröth

Grey then fine

Dr. Crescenzi came to lunch and he and Naima and B.B. and I had a walk on the down from S. Clemente: divine.

There seems no chance of it, but I wish Naima might catch him. She wants to, and he is a very nice, good man.

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

[101] I Tatti, Monday, April 10, 1916

Fine

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

Geoffrey and I called on the Gregory Smiths and saw their fine flowers and then called at the Mariani's to ask if Nikky was coming home, - found

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<sup>155</sup> Villa Capponi, via Pian dei Giullari 3, Arcetri.

to our dismay that there was no chance of it. I am sorry, for it gives M. still a chance to spoil Geoffrey's life for him.

[102] I Tatti, Tuesday, April 12, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Fine

Took a Blue Nun down to Horne, who is worse. He seemed grateful. I told him he must make a will to leave Santina an annuity of 50 francs a month for the rest of her life. He said he would, and then he sent for Poggi (head of the Uffizi) and an *avvocato*.

When I went back in the afternoon, they came with the draft will, leaving his Palace and its contents to the State, and I made them put in the pension for Santina. I was just in time, as he is worse and a little wandering, and without me he would have probably died intestate.

He asked for B.B. and was much touched when I gave him a message of affection. He said that it had all been a mistake, and that now he thought it all very foolish to quarrel over attributions or successes. "I wanted my own success," he said "and my bit of pocket-money."

His conscience seems uneasy, and indeed I *know* that BB and I have absolutely nothing to reproach ourselves with.

[103] I Tatti, Wednesday, April 12, 1916

Fine

Yoï writes me, "I positively pine to be gay — not in the Pikedillie<sup>156</sup> sense but really from inside and surrounded by *poderes* springing and flowers budding all within the benevolent smile of chastity — so don't be afraid — I long to be *good* and gay". This means she wants me to lend her the Villino to live in while Nello is away being a soldier, so that she can have Geoffrey again as a lover.

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

[Page cut off]

[104] I Tatti, Thursday, April 13, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

Marcella spent the afternoon with Geoffrey

[Page cut off]

[105] I Tatti, Friday, April 14, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Miss Hulton

Clouds, fine

Poor Horne died at 2 o'clock last night, peacefully.

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<sup>156</sup> Piccadilly.



Santina, his servant, said that soon before he died he reached **out** and grasped an imaginary hand and patted it. She thought it was Bernard's.

We were the only people he saw yesterday. It meant a great deal to him to be reconciled with B.B. We were just in time — and how fortunate I got him to make his will.

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

[106] I Tatti, Saturday, April 15, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Naima Lofröth, Miss Hulton

Fine cold

B.B. and I, with Herbert Trench, went to Horne's funeral at the Protestant Cemetery. *L'assistance* was composed of "Sods"<sup>157</sup> and dealers, very typical of one side of the poor fellow's life.

Trench was full of a new "great" poem he had just composed, and Loeser was heard to say, "When I marry again, I shall marry a deaf-mute."

No one wept, no one cared as much as I did, I think, unless it was that unspeakable little minion Collingwood Gee.<sup>158</sup> It seemed rather tragic, but at least he is no longer suffering.

Geoffrey took Miss Hulton a walk in the Laghetto.

The Marainis and Prince Paul joined our party of 6 at dinner. Nello was furiously jealousy, [sic] and Yoï whispered to Geoffrey that he had made her an awful scene.

Undercurrents run strong, but were dissipated by music. Teresa plays beautifully, and she is a beautiful creature.

April 16-17 (Pages *cut off*)

[107] I Tatti, Tuesday, April 18, 1916

Very cold, rainy

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

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

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

[108] I Tatti, Wednesday, April 19, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Grey, cold

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

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<sup>157</sup> sodomites

<sup>158</sup> Davis Ellis, *D. H. Lawrence: Dying Game 1922-1930: The Cambridge Biography of D. H. Lawrence* (Cambridge, 1998), p. 687: 'Shortly after DHL's death, **Collingwood Gee**, another member of the expatriate community in Florence who had been depicted by DHL in *Aaron's Rod* as 'little Mee', and who was once described by Compton Mackenzie as the most completely homosexual man he had ever met, painted DHL offering a reading of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to Orioli, Turner and Douglas', that is, to Pino Orioli, Reinald Turner and Norman Douglas.

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

Geoffrey received Marcella for one of her determined and lengthy *tête-a-têtes*, but she was nicer this time, and I read Italian poetry with him, and was intelligent and \_\_\_\_\_, instead of spending all her time spooning. He liked it better, for his method of lovemaking is like the Snark’s method of charity: “She collects but she does not subscribe”.

He came back very pleased. But I can see that both of them are heading for a stormy “affair” all the same. I hope it will keep off till I go to America, for I don’t like the young woman, and I feel sure she will make Geoffrey unhappy. But perhaps even unhappiness is better than ‘nothing doing’.

April 20-25(Pages cut off)

[109] I Tatti, Wednesday, April 26, 1916

Gaetano Salvemini, Geoffrey Scott

Divine

We all went to the Gamberaia in the afternoon.

Richard Bagot and Mr. and Mrs. Price came to tea, and also Prince Paul.

M<sup>me</sup> Luchaire to dine. She said one man had actually killed himself for Marcella and another, a naval officer, had attempted to do so, and had threatened it repeatedly.

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

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

[110] I Tatti, Thursday, April 27, 1916

Gaetano Salvemini

Divine

Walked with B.B. and Salvemini.

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

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

April 28-29 [Pages cut off]

[111] I Tatti, Sunday, April 30, 1916

Naima Lofröth, Geoffrey Scott

Fine.

We walked to the Madonna del Sasso, B.B., Naima and I, and at the bottom of the road were met by the **Marchesa Guadagni** and her four boys, and brought <them?> in. They were too curious about it to bear it any longer. She is a handsome, vigorous, original woman, of a truly English

type, frank-talking, indiscreet, overbearing, eccentric, but nice. Her husband seems a cretin.

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

The walk was glorious.

[112] NOTE

*Trivia*<sup>159</sup>

Misgiving

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

“Of course,” I said to myself, “this sort of thing never happens to me.”

For the notion was quite unthinkable, the notion I mean of my own **image**, so clear to me and strange and sacred, caught like this defenceless in a net of talk[ed], and called up to turn my discreet way of life into a cake walk.

YOUTH.

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

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

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<sup>159</sup> Excerpts from Logan Pearsall Smith, *All Trivia*

SEE corrected versions for May 1, 6, 10, 20, 25, 30

[113] I Tatti, Monday, May 1, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Mrs. Garrett, Walter Berry, Leon Bakst

Fine

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

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

I chaperoned Theresa Hulton and Marcella at a dinner at the boy's, to which also Prince Paul came.

Marcella was very silent and *distraine*, with her dress skipping off her shoulders and leaving her nearly naked. She looked very pretty and very much in love. "Jones will walk" this time.

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

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

[114] I Tatti, Tuesday, May 2, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Mrs. Garrett, Walter Berry, Léon Bakst

Rainy then fine.

Our guests went to town in the morning.

In the afternoon we walked, after the rain had cleared up.

In the evening M<sup>me</sup> Henraux and her sister Jeanne Piccolelli came and danced the Tarantella in Neapolitan costume. The Marainis and Prince Paul were here. It was pleasant.

May 3-4 page cut away

[115] I Tatti, Friday, May 5, 1916

Sarnes and Cecil Pinsent

Went over to the Braggiottis to **hear** Alice Garrett have a singing lesson. She has a good voice. M<sup>me</sup> Braggiotti and her sister both sang – it was rather painful, such hideous voices. I fear Braggiotti's system, while it brings out the voice very well, brings it out not sweet or delightful.

Berry and I called on Aunt Janet, who came to dine, with Miss Hulton, who played. Bakst fell in love with her.

[116, 117] I Tatti, Saturday, May 6, 1916

Sarnes

Fair

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

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

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

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

May 7-8? a page cut away

[118, 119] I Tatti, Tuesday, May 9, 1916

Mrs. Garrett, Leon Bakst, Geoffrey Scott

Teresa sat again to Bakst.

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

In the evening Paul came to dine and Teresa after.

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

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

[120] I Tatti, Wednesday, May 10, 1916

Fine

They went just after lunch, B.B. having taken Alice to the Pitti and 'taught her to see with his eyes'.

Bakst finished a second sketch of Teresa before going.

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

Took Geoffrey, Teresa and her mother to call on Mr. Mitchell and see his roses. I liked him a little.

Geoffrey went to the theatre with Teresa and the Sforinis to see Ibsen's *Doll's House*, which we used to thrill over 31 years ago, Mary Nimis, A \_\_\_ Shaw, the Webbs, the Cobden Sandersons and all of us. It is a good acting play still, but the theme seemed *vieux jeu*.

The Dumonts dined here.

I \_\_\_ for Plaisted about his accent.

[121] I Tatti, Thursday, May 11, 1916

Fine.

All by ourselves again. Even Geoffrey didn't come up.

Cecil lunched here, nice creature.

Bernhard and I had a delicious walk in the laghetto.

He dined with Sybil.

I read this yesterday to Mr. Plaisted:

"I loathed you, Spoon River. I tried to rise above you,  
I was ashamed of you. I despised you  
As the place of my nativity.

And there in Rome, among the artists,  
Speaking Italian, speaking French,  
I seemed to myself at times to be free  
Of every trace of my origin.  
I seemed to be reaching the heights of art  
And to breathe the air that the masters breathed,  
And to see the world with their eyes.  
But still they'd pass my work and say:  
'What are you driving at, my friend?  
Sometimes the face looks like an Apollo's,  
At others it has a trace of Lincoln's.'  
There was no culture, you know, in Spoon River,  
And I burned with shame and held my peace.  
And what could I do, all covered over  
And weighted down with western soil,  
Except aspire, and pray for another  
Birth in the world, with all of Spoon River  
Rooted out of my soul?"

May 12-17 [124-129 blank pages]

[122] Palace Hotel, Perugia, Tuesday, May 16, 1916

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

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

This was May 16.

[123] Caprarola, Wednesday, May 17, 1916

Arrived here to tea and found Thryphosa Bates Batcheller<sup>160</sup> [\[8\]](#) and her husband, who have been here for a week. He sang and praised her own voice and talked about the Infanta Eulalia. Such a goose.

This was May 17.

[130] Hotel Marina, Terracina, Thursday, May 18, 1916

Carlo Placci.

Picked up Placci at Rome and came here by the Pontine Marshes.<sup>161</sup>

Saw the town.

[131] Hotel Bertolini,<sup>162</sup> Naples, Friday, May 19, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Elisabetta Henraux, Carlo Placci

Saw Gaeta, and went with Placci's military pass to the top of the Fortress to see the Roman Tomb which is now a semaphore.

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<sup>160</sup> Tryphosa Duncan Bates (1876–1952), an American socialite, club woman and singer. In 1904 she married the wealthy shoe manufacturer Francis B. Batcheller.

<sup>161</sup> Termed in Latin Pomptinae Paludes by Pliny the Elder today and the Agro Pontino in Italian, is an approximately quadrangular area of former marshland in the Lazio Region of central Italy, extending along the coast southeast of Rome about 45km (28mi) from just east of Anzio to Terracina.

<sup>162</sup> Parco Grifeo. Now Parker's? Corso Vittorio Emanuele

We lunched in the grove below, looking at the blue sea through the tree stands. When we left a military car pursued us, and there was a great deal to do over our having gone up to the fortress. However, it got settled.

The road near Naples was too awful! But we got here about 6, and Geoffrey and Elizabetta arrived soon after.

[132, 134] Hotel Bertolini's, Naples, Saturday, May 20, 1916  
with Geoffrey Scott

We all went to the Museum.

Carlo at last got hold of his Duca di Eboli, who gave us a letter to see the new things at Pompeii.

We lunched at the Umberto in the Galleria, fairly good.

Placci left, and we others drove out and had tea on the crater of the Lake of Avernus and then on through the Arco Felice to Cumae. We climbed that divine hill and enjoyed ourselves *enormously*.

[133, 135] < Bertolini > Hotel, Naples, Sunday, May 21, 1916  
Elizabetta Henraux

Divine.

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

B.B. and I had tea with Donna Nora Grifeo (Ruffo), and then we drove out to Posillipo etc. – a lovely evening.

Elizabetta, who belongs to an old Neapolitan family, recounts *les gestes de sa famille* in a quiet matter-of-fact way.

“My grandmother, who was married at 16, ran off with the Duca di Bovino leaving my aunt a baby of six weeks. Of course my grandfather never forgave her. He burnt up everything she had ever touched and left Naples forever. He struck my father once, who never spoke to him again for 30 years”.

[136] Naples, Monday, May 22, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

[137] Naples, Tuesday, May 23, 1916

Elizabetta Henraux

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

[138] Naples, Wednesday, May 24, 1916

Elizabetta Henraux, Geoffrey Scott

Churches and sights.

[139] Naples, Thursday, May 25, 1916

Elizabetta Henraux, Geoffrey Scott

Elizabetta, Geoffrey and I spent the afternoon at Caserta, seeing the Gardens and Palace, and dining at the de Piccollelli's place at S. Nicola,

where the strange old grandfather lived for 20 years after his wife deserted him. We enjoyed it very much.

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

[140] Naples, Friday, May 26, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

[141] Naples, Saturday, May 27, Naples

Geoffrey Scott

Churches and sights.

[142] \*Hotel Palumbo, Ravello, Sunday, May 28, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Nora Grifeo

Left Naples about 10 and lunched at the Albergo Cocumella at Sorrento.

Saw Amalfi and came here, where we enjoyed in the Rufolo garden.

A very beautiful day.

[143] Naples, Monday, May 29, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Nora Grifeo

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

Came back around Vesuvius – a much nice way.

Nora very attractive.

[144] Naples, Tuesday, May 30, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Saw some Churches in the morning and the Hospital and S. Giovanni Carbonaro with Nora in the afternoon.

B.B. was tired, so Geoffrey and I dined alone at Renzo Lucia's, near San Martino, a lovely place. We ate Elizabetta's famous cheeses, which made a real Epoch in our lives. *Mascarpone* I think they're called.

[145] Naples, Wednesday, May 31, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Scirocco

Saw the Pompeian things in the Museo.

The Scirocco was so awful, I thought I should faint.

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

[146] NOTE

Tariff of Duchess for coming to a party

£500	Duchess of Portland
£50	Duchess of Southerland
£5	Duchess of Rutland
£2	Duchess of Somerset



JUNE 1916

[147] Naples to Fiuggi, Thursday, June 1, 1916

Geoffrey Scott  
Rain and shine

We left Naples at 9.30 and saw Capua – that fine “Easter Candle” in the Duomo, and the glorious Head of Capua that once adorned Frederick the Great’s Arch. It is more beautiful than the head at Ravello.

We saw Teano, too, but it scarcely repaid, except for the lovely country it is in.

We lunched on the hills, and then saw over Monte Cassino, with its sumptuous courts and terraces, and arrived here (\*Albergo della Fonte) at 7.45

[148] Fiuggi, Friday, June 2, 1916

Geoffrey Scott  
Rain and shine

Too rainy to do much, but towards evening Geoffrey and I walked on the hill below Acuto and enjoyed the beautiful plain.

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

June 3-4 [pages cut off]

[149] Grand Hotel, Rome, Monday, June 5, 1916

Went to Anagni, but B.B. was so raging with the little boys that had the keys (they were pests!) that I wouldn’t stay – it first choked me. I am getting so that I really cannot put up with exhibitions of temper. I mean to do always as I did this morning — quietly go away.

I walked back along the road about 4 kilometers before they overtook me. I missed seeing the treasure.

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

[150] Grand Hotel, Rome, Tuesday, June 6, 1916

Went to Pinacoteca Vaticana.

Lunched with Placci.

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

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

[151] Grand Hotel, Rome, Wednesday, June 7, 1916

Motored with same to \*\*San Severa, beyond Cerveteri — a most divine place, and dined again with the same and Placci and MacClure. The latter

said England had allowed some very wrong things in regard to the Noli,<sup>163</sup> at first, the Runciman father's concerns making over 100%!

[152] Caprarola, Thursday, June 8, 1916

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

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

June 9-10 [pages cut off]

[153] I Tatti, Sunday, June 11, 1916

Fine

Don Guido arrived at 11, full of talk.

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

Placci came to dine.

[154] I Tatti, Monday, June 12, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Lofröth, Don Guido Cagnola

Fine

Walked and chatted with Don Guido in morning.

Tea at Sybil's, though she was in bed and could see only B.B.

Called on Yoi, and met Guido later at Placci's where Elizabeth Henraux was.

Salvemini and M<sup>me</sup> Dauriac (Luchaire) came to dine and Guido went off at 11.20.

[155] I Tatti, Tuesday, June 13, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Glorious

Correcting B.B.'s proofs in morning.

Went to town and did many errands, including four for BB who says I never do a single thing for him (!) and called on the Dumonts. She passes the limit for folly.

Marcella brought up Tenente Tuterio to walk in the woods and then dine (BB dined with Sybil), and told Geoffrey she would be here at 6.30. Of course she was an hour late, and it upset him so he was like a bear with jealousy all the evening, especially at the Gamberaia, when we went after dinner to see it by moonlight. It was thoroughly disagreeable and uncomfortable, for Tuterio, though more correct in his demeanour, was no less jealous.

"*Volta pericolosa*" should be put up in large letters when that young woman appears, as Salvemini said. Geoffrey had a fiendish night before **regaining his composure**. [organizing his *compleanno*] It was to be expected.

[156] I Tatti, Wednesday, June 14, 1916

Fine

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

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<sup>163</sup> Noli me tangere?

BB drove up to Monte Senario with Sybil and found it very cold. I think he got a chill.

Geoffrey and I walked on the pl\_\_\_\_ and discussed “new” (?) aspects of the eternal topic.

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

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

[156] I Tatti, Thursday, June 15, 1916

Fine. Full moon

BB at Sybil’s in the afternoon.

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

[missing scan] I Tatti, Friday, June 16, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Fine on mountain

Worked over BB’s proofs.

Cecil to lunch.

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

We got back at 11.15, but Geoffrey and I called....

[page cut off]

[missing scan] I Tatti, Saturday, June 17, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Löfroth

Scirocco

A quiet day such as I like and corrected proofs, and Geoffrey, who wastes too much time! Since Marcella Michela came on the scene he has really form rather slack.

BB had tea with Sybil, and Geoffrey and I walked on Monte Senario.

Sybil is still going on about Nora’s visit. Lucky she doesn’t know about this silly ugly business with Miss Belle Greene.

[158, 160] I Tatti, Sunday, June 18, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Naima Löfroth

Fine

Worked on Leonardo manuscript.

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

B.B. and I walked over the Incontro<sup>164</sup> — a most lovely walk.

[Page cut off]

[159] [I Tatti, Monday, June 19, 1916]

dangerous things and so he is

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

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

[page cut off]

[160] I Tatti, Tuesday, June 20, 1916

0-12.

Magda had been for 10 months running a hospital in Belgium.

She was **most** interesting. Trench was a bore.

She had *seen* a woman crucified to a door with her breasts cut off, a child with both hands chopped off, another child transfixed to a barn-door with a huge knife, and a mother with a child dead in her arms, shot by the commanding officer (German) as his answer to spare her husband for the sake of the four children — “There’ll be only three now”. The woman was crazy and no one could get the child out of her arms.

June 21-24 pages cut away - pages cut away

[161] I Tatti, Sunday, June 25, 1916

Nora Grifeo, Miss Stubbard, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent  
Hot!

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

Chatted in evening. Nora does all the talking.

[162] I Tatti, Monday, June 26, 1916

Nora Grifeo, Cecil Pinsent

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

Geoffrey had Marcella to dine.

[163] I Tatti, Tuesday, June 27, 1916

Nora Grifeo

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<sup>164</sup> Convento dell’Incontro, Via Poggio di Candeli.

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

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

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

[164] I Tatti, Wednesday, June 28, 1916

Nora Grifeo

Fine

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

It was Marcella's 26<sup>o</sup> birthday (half my age!) and Geoffrey went to town to see her, but they had a quarrel over her pretence to be leading a life full of *estetica* which to the outsider seems to consist of an elaborate fabric of lies invented to contrive endless *tête-a-têtes* with amorous young men.

He said this flat out, and she (naturally) didn't like it, as to her her own life appears full of high purposes and noble striving. It is the incongruous mixture of ideals and facts which enrages Geoffrey and most of her friends. But they had a very dangerous reconciliation, I fear.

[165] I Tatti, Thursday, June 29, 1916

Nora Grifeo, Geoffrey Scott

Cecil went to Rome to take his oath — put on khaki.

B.B. and I called on Aunt Janet who is ill with bronchitis.

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

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

[166, 168] I Tatti, Friday, June 30, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Nora Grifeo, Guido Cagnola

Went to the Madonna del Sasso with Lina and Mr. Hutton and Geoffrey and Yoï, while Guido Cagnola (who unexpectedly appeared) and Nora and B.B. came with Sybil.

Lina and Hutton and I had a god walk first, to the top, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Geoffrey and Yoï sat talking chastely over past joys which neither is in the mood for renewing.

The Salveminis came to lunch, married at last.

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

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

[167, 169] NOTE

Letter received a[t] War Office

Respected Sir, Dear Sir

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

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

I must close hoping you are well

Mrs. Jane Jenkins.

[170] I Tatti, Saturday, July 1, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

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

[171] I Tatti, Sunday, July 2, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Nora Grifeo

Drove up and walked back behind Morgans'.

Geoffrey agitatedly waiting all day for the phone message, which didn't come till late, as Marcella went to sleep after one all night at the hospital. He is in a rotten state.

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

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

[172] I Tatti, Monday, July 3, 1916

Nora Grifeo, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

We went to a new place for our picnic dinner, **Candigliana**,<sup>165</sup> off the pass to Borgo San Lorenzo, a most *lovely* place. Miss Priestley, Nora, Geoffrey, Cecil and I went in one car, and B.B. and Sybil in the other.

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

[173] I Tatti, Tuesday, July 4, 1916

Dined at Sybil's and Trench bored me so fearfully that I was on the verge of insanity. He "explains" life by "spirals."

Geoffrey told of how he went once to Strong's and found him in contemplation of the cupola of the Duomo.

"I have been THINKING these last few days why that cupola is beautiful, and now I know."

"Why is it?"

"Because it looks like a woman's face turned upside down."

"With a beard?" said Geoffrey

A real Philosopher's "thought"!

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

A Black Serpent Day.

[174] I Tatti, Wednesday, July 5, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Nora Grifeo, Cecil Pinsent

Went out to the Pass to the Mugello and Hutton and I got out and had a 2 hours walk joining the others at that divine spot, **Candigliana**, where we had dinner.

The others were Geoffrey and Yoï, who came with us, and spent their time agreeably philandering (Yoï is a sotter!), and B.B. and Sybil and Iris who came later.

Geoffrey seems safe, and this is a distraction from that peril, Marcella.

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<sup>165</sup> Arrivati a **Polcanto** si potrebbe puntare verso il Mulinaccio ma svoltare alla "Madonna" verso le **Salaiole** e **Montepulico**. Qua si può deviare per Montepulico passando dalla Valle di **Candigliana** e visitare questo villaggio "sperduto", altrimenti scendere alle Salaiole e puntare attraverso la strada per Borgo San Lorenzo verso San Cresci-Sagginale ricongiungendosi poi all'itinerario di Paolo.

Nella Valle del Faltona erano già esistenti antichissime chiese (Santa Felicita, Monti, Pila, Montecaroso, etc, etc.) così alcune medioevali *Case da signore* (vedi 'Ricavo') come ancora si nota ai di nostri fra la Villa detta 'La Ruzza' e il bivio detto di Serravalle.

Nella Valle invece del Fistonà le medioevali *Case da signore* si notano a Gricignano accanto alla chiesa di Sant'Andrea a Gricignano, quindi **Candigliana**, Montepulico, Piandolico, Montazzi, le Fonti e Lutiano Vecchio (Villa La Brocchi) già medievale maniero della nobile famiglia Da Lutiano discendente degli Ubaldini, mentre resta quasi integra La Casa Torre posta su una collinetta sopra Viterete-Le Salaiole.

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

[175] I Tatti, Thursday, July 6, 1916

Nora Grifeo, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Hot.

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

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

The English offensive makes my heart stand still. All that murder and pain and wretchedness. How can men?

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

[176] I Tatti, Friday, July 7, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Nora Grifeo

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[177] I Tatti, Saturday, July 8, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent, Nora

Hot

[Blank page]

[178, 179] I Tatti, Sunday, July 9, 1916

Nora Grifeo, Cecil Pinsent, Geoffrey Scott

Very hot

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

I called on Lady Methuen.

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

Nora's friend, Contessa Cipriani, came up and also stayed to dine. She works among the Italian immigrants in New York.

July 10-13 [pages cut off]

[180, 181] I Tatti, Friday, July 14, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Nora Grifeo

Hot but less oppressive. Full Moon

B.B. went to see Sybil, who is painfully ill with an infection of the mucous membrane.

Geoffrey took Nora over, meaning to show her Strong's house, but she was so drugged that she fell asleep. Even awake she has been like a somnambulist all day. Poor little creature. I think of her as of a leaf in a



whirling current setting toward a fire, tossed this way and that, but always nearer destruction.

Elizabetta came up, she, too, very anxious about Nora. Her state is indeed only too patent.

Mr. Destrée and his second wife, M. and M<sup>me</sup> de Pierron, came to tea.

We went to the Gamberaia after dinner. Lovely moonlight.

[182] I Tatti, Saturday, July 15, 1916

Naima Lofröth, Geoffrey Scott

Full moon.

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

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

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

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

[184] I Tatti, Wednesday, July 19, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Eugénie

Hot

B.B. called on Sybil.

I brought Yoi out to dine, and she flirted with Geoffrey, while B.B. and I had a walk. She has no scruples whatever about Nello — that we can see. The truth is she is the sort of person decent people don't care to have in their houses.

[185] I Tatti, Thursday, July 20, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Eugénie Strong

Hot

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

Parry's baby, Roberto, was born while he was meeting Eugénie.

[186, 188, 189] I Tatti, Friday, July 21, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Eugénie Strong

Hot

Went to the furthest village beyond the Madonna del Sasso<sup>166</sup> and walked back 1 ½ hours with Hutton to join the others at a picnic dinner, the others being Naima, Eugénie and B.B.

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

[pages cut off]

[187, 190, 191] I Tatti, Friday, July 28, 1916

Eugénie Strong

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

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

B.B. stayed in bed all day.

Eugénie and I called on Mrs. Ross.

[192] I Tatti, Saturday, July 29, 1916

Eugenie Strong, Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Rain at last

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

[193, pages cut off]

[194] I Tatti, Tuesday, August 1, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Teresa

Eugénie went away in infinite buzz. I got very sick of her indecisions. It is a real decess.

While Teresa was repacking her things I called on Yoï, who entertained me with a *whole* pack of lies, how she was extremely happy with Nello and led first the life she adored, and how she wouldn't for the world "do anything" with Geoffrey, partly for the love of Nello and chiefly because she adored me.

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<sup>166</sup> Santa Brigida?

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

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

[195] I Tatti, Wednesday, August 2, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

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

[196] I Tatti, Thursday, August 3, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

84° in the day 78° all night!

Motored to Monte Senario and lay in the pine woods discussing the “basis of ethics”.

Geoffrey stayed on there, while B.B. and I had glorious walk along a new path. We got back for dinner.

Yoï telephoned to know if she might come up some evening before we left (she wants to see Geoffrey), but I said we were engaged every evening. Geoffrey says he doesn’t care a bit what she thinks of him.

[0197 blank] Aug. 4

[198] I Tatti, Saturday, August 5, 1916

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

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

How the poor boy *loathes* Serbia and all the people connected with it.

[199] Villa Bice, <Marina di Massa>, Sunday, August 5, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Sybil Cutting, Iris, ourselves

Started at 7.30 and got here in the car at 12.

Found Sybil on the beach, and our lazy life began. All morning in bathing-clothes, afternoon sleeping and perhaps bathing again!  
Sybil is wonderfully better.  
I fear I've caught a cold.

[200] Marina di Massa, Monday, August 7, 1916  
Bathed, but coming down with cold.  
B.B. went in.

[201] Marina di Massa, Tuesday, August 8, 1916  
Really ill. Fever and influenza .

[202-203] Marina di Massa, Wednesday-Thursday, August 9-10, 1916  
Really wretched, not struggling up, bathing and eating, but so uncomfortable. Being unstrung, Sybil's continual chatter does get on my nerves, although I like her more the more I see her. She is a good sort. B.B. seems shrunk from her endless talk.  
Geoffrey has taken to this life like a fish. Sunburnt and well he looks.

[204-205] Villa Bice, <Marina di Massa>,  
Friday-Saturday, August 11-12, 1916  
Still the same, a lazy but I trust restful life, but I am deep down under the gloom of Influenza.  
Drove to Forte and called on Lina and the Cansuleos. What a ghostly slum they've made of Forte.

[206] Villa Bice, <Marina di Massa>, Sunday, August 13, 1916  
Iris 14th birthday.  
Miss Trelauney and Nesta de Roebeck came over, and we had a picnic tea in the wood and played games.  
I feel very low. Can't shake off this cold.

[207] Villa Bice, <Marina di Massa>, Monday, August 14, 1916  
Julia's 15th birthday I hope she passed it happily.  
Karin saved Adrian from the Military Tribunal by the skin of his teeth, by sending word to the Army representative there that when he was courting her and she urged him to fight, he dared to risk the loss of her respect by refusing. This was the only point that established his antebellum conscientious objection to war. She is very bright.  
Adrian makes a poor impression on Alys and Logan and Ray and Oliver.

[208, 209] Villa Bice, <Marina di Massa>, Tuesday, August 15, 1916  
Drove to Forno — an awful road.  
Bathed twice.  
B.B. and I both feel very depressed. Sea air I suppose.  
However, Geoffrey is magnificent, but he seems greatly bothered by hearing nothing from Marcella Michela.

Sybil has developed her tiresome side again. I never *can* like her for more than a little while at a time, for she always does some incredibly self-absorbed or tactless thing, which gets on my nerves. At present she is just

eating B.B. like a female spider, and he is wretched. And Lord how she chatters! I get wild just with the sound of her voice.

[210, 212]

Hotel Appennino,<sup>167</sup> Pian della Gotta, Garfagnana,  
Friday, August 18, 1916

Lina motoring

Fine and then storm

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

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

Then up the Pass towards Pieve Pelago,<sup>168</sup> taking tea in the chestnut woods.

Arriving at **Pian della Gotta**<sup>169</sup> we could get beds only in the house of the *arciprete*, but these were clean and nice. We heard him moving overhead - he was putting biscuit tins in crucial spots to prevent the rain coming through onto in beds.

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

[211] Hotel Radio, Equi, Saturday, August 19, 1916

Motoring with Geoffrey Scott and Lina Waterfield

Storm and fine

Motored over the pass back from **Pian della Gotta** and had a \*\* most glorious view of the Apuan mountains.

Saw the little XVIII century Library (*archivio*) at Castelnuovo di Garfagnana, and went up into the heart of the Monte Pisanino to a little place called **Vagli Superiore**, where we lunched.

Reached **Equi**<sup>170</sup> for tea, and explored the cavern and the cave full of the bones of prehistoric men and animals.

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

[213] Marina di Massa, Sunday, August 20, 1916

Fine

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

Got to **Aulla** at 11 and while Lina saw her friends, Geoffrey and I motored to **Bagnone**, talking of course chiefly about Marcella Michela.

Came back by Sarzana, where we saw the Cathedral.

My cold is getting well at last.

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<sup>167</sup> ? Fiumalbo, città d'arte dell'Appennino Tosco-Emiliano situata a pochi km dall'Abetone.

<sup>168</sup> Pievepelago, just north of Abetone.

<sup>169</sup> ?

<sup>170</sup> Equi Terme.

Came over Fosdinovo - Carrara Pass on which we met B.B. and Sybil in her car.

Stopped at Fosdinovo and saw the churches and chatted with the Priest, whose nurse was full of *profughi* from the earthquake at Pesaro. One woman still looked awfully scared.

[214] Marina di Massa, Monday, August 21, 1916

Bathed twice.

The Salvemini came to dinner.

We explored Bocca di Magra, a most lovely little fishing village, dominated by the Fabbricotti palaces — awful erections. What a divine country this is!

Letter at last from Marcella Michela which, although it says nothing explicit, relieves Geoffrey's mind a lot. Most of it was — about two other men who are at her mountain resort!! What an impossible creature.

[215] Marina di Massa, Tuesday, August 22, 1916

Fearful storm, then fine

Bathed twice.

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

[216] Marina di Massa, Wednesday, August 23, 1916

Fine

Bathed.

Geoffrey and Iris and I went to the amphitheatre at Luni, a perfectly unspoiled and most enchanting place — *stimmungsvoll*, as those loathsome Germans would say.

We looked at possible sites for Villas.

[217] Marina di Massa, Thursday, August 24, 1916

Scirocco

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

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

B.B. called on M<sup>me</sup> Salvemini and her parents, the Dauriacs,<sup>171</sup> whom he liked, and also M<sup>me</sup> Orilies.

Bathed twice

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

[218] Marina di Massa, Friday, August 25, 1916

Bathed and B.B. almost swam.

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<sup>171</sup> In 1916 Gaetano Salvemini married Fernande Dauriac, the daughter of the philosopher and historian Lionel Dauriac.

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

[219] Marina di Massa, Saturday, August 26, 1916

Bathed twice.

Motored back to look at sites. But both B.B. and I feel so ill and depressed here that I fear the sea doesn't suit us.

B.B. says he is thoroughly fed up and bored with Sybil, who only clings to him the more.

[220] I Tatti, Sunday, August 27, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

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

It took us only 3 hours of actual motoring.

[221] I Tatti, Monday, August 28, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Hot!

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

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

[222] I Tatti, Tuesday, August 29, 1916

Hot!

B.B. fit to be in bed. He feels horribly seasick. It is 84° and very trying.

B.B. and I went up to Monte Senario, but it did him no good.

I went to see Aunt Janet who talked a lot about Hutton and Yoï. She has it greatly on her mind. I tried to make her think there was nothing in it.

[223] I Tatti, Wednesday, August 30, 1916

B.B. in bed, really seasick.

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

Hutton said that when Nello appeared in Vallombrosa he and Yoï were having tea together, and the maid rushed in saying, "C'è il marito!" and Yoï said, "Good God".

She went to meet him and brought him in, and he and Hutton glared at each other for "three minutes by the clock".

He also told this to Geoffrey.

Nello then decided to be friendly, and in the end told him he hoped he would go often to see Yoï.

[224] I Tatti, Thursday, August 31, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Hot

B.B. still ill, though better from the Luri Pill<sup>172</sup> I gave him.

[225] NOTE

Absolute evidence have I none.

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<sup>172</sup> liver pill

But our charwoman's sister has a son  
Who heard a Policeman on his beat  
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street  
That he knew a man who had a friend  
Who knew to a day when the War would end.

[226] I Tatti, Friday, September 1, 1916

Hot

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

[227] Hotel Aquabella, Vallombrosa, Saturday, September 2, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Hot

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

Geoffrey had a talk with Yoï, he asked her why she had sent back his presents, and she retorted by asking him why he hadn't kept his appointment with her.

He said that he didn't care to stand in Hutton's way. She professed complete surprise, and told so many lies that at last Geoffrey said Hutton had practically said he was her lover which is a hundred times true. He quoted what I reported as having heard Hutton say, "that there wasn't a trace of childbirth on her body", as this seemed more conclusive than any of his vapourings about elopements to Spain and the rest.

[228] Vallombrosa, Sunday, September 3, 1916

B.B. and Naima came up to lunch and we had a long walk.

It is too beautiful. Met the Buttles and Andersens.

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

[229] Vallombrosa, Monday, September 4, 1916

Lovely walk.

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

[230] I Tatti, Tuesday, September 5, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Cooler

Walked to the Lago, when the car overtook us and brought us down.

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



[231] I Tatti, Wednesday, September 6, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Cool

Went to town for dressmaking.

Hutton came over. We told him what we had said to Yoï, and he indignantly denied having said what I reported. I am a great exaggerater, and *may* have read a lot into a remark no more explicit than “Isn’t it marvellous that she shows no trace of having had four children”.

He seems candid, and I feel I must give him the benefit of the doubt — *though I remember his saying it* — so I wrote to Yoï that I believed his denial. It doesn’t materially alter anything, for he said lots of things just as compromising. “Would Nello kill her, do you think, if he knew?” etc., etc.

But he *may* be a rhetorical ass and let his tongue go. In which case it was a mistake of Geoffrey’s to try to convict her of having another lover.

[232] I Tatti, Thursday, September 7, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Cool

I went down to the Consul’s and found that there are many difficulties in the way of travel.

After our awful struggle we decided not to go to America, but to remain here till the end of the war.

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

[233] I Tatti, Friday, September 8, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Cool

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

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

[2\_\_] I Tatti, Saturday, September 9, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

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

[2\_\_] I Tatti, Sunday, September 10, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Walked with B.B. and Teresa.

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

[2\_\_] I Tatti, Monday, September 11, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Rain and fine

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

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

[page cut off]

[\_\_] I Tatti, Tuesday, September 12, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Great thunder storm

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

[234] I Tatti, Wednesday, September 13, 1916

Geoffrey Scott

Dress-made in town and had tea with Teresa.

Nice walk with B.B.

[235] I Tatti, Thursday, September 14, 1916

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

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

[236] I Tatti, Friday, September 15, 1916

Fine

Went to Santa Croce in the morning, but B.B. was so cross about a baby that cried and a guardian who had a cold and sniffed that it was (for me) all spoiled. He was also perfectly and absolutely unreasonable about the chest of drawers. I think he half believes that the boys were extra careless about it because it was for him!

A perfect hopelessness came over me of ever getting behind his furious and unreasonable “complexes”, and having him see things straight. It is truly very sad and painful.

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

[237] I Tatti, Saturday, September 16, 1916

Naima Lofröth, Geoffrey Scott

Fine

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

The Salvemini came to dine.

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

Geoffrey was awfully angry, and I think with reason.

[238] I Tatti, Sunday, September 17, 1916

Naima Lofröth, Geoffrey Scott

Fine

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

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

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

[239] I Tatti, Monday, September 18, 1916

Fine

Perfectly miserable. I *cannot bear* not to go home. How *can* B.B. try to prevent me. It is sheer selfishness and lack of consideration for the best feelings I have. It is really too awful. But he threatens me with all sorts of awful consequences if I go, such as his staying in America, getting to hate I Tatti, never trusting me again, etc., etc.

And as he is clearly the main business of my life, on which my happiness really depends, I *must* give in. I did hate to make him unhappy — only somehow I don't believe he would be — what is a month? — and it sounds like crafty and furious talk to get his ends. But why in hell does he want me to stay when it makes me utterly miserable and besides makes me almost hate him and rage secretly against him all the time? It is so silly. It isn't as if he had stayed <home> from America for me. He gave up the journey himself before I suggested it, because he feared the annoyances of travel, and now he makes me, who don't fear them, give up what is so fearfully vital to me. I *can't bear* to think of Ray going through all that suffering without me. It is *intolerable*.

[Sept. 19, 1916 blank]

[241] I Tatti, Wednesday, September 20, 1916

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

Sept. 21-22 blank

[244] I Tatti, Saturday, September 23, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Corrected proofs and wrangled with B.B. A black serpent day.

Finally at night I went for him, furious, and said I really couldn't stand his temper and the things he says, such as that I 'never do anything for him', etc.

We ended by making a pact that when he got mad he would *write down* his grievances. Perhaps that will prevent his saying such monstrous things.

[245] I Tatti, Sunday, September 24, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Index-making. Walked.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumont, Mrs. Ross and Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot dined here, also Cecil.

Geoffrey had Marcella and her aunt Cornelia Fabbriotti to dine.

[246] I Tatti, Monday, September 25, 1916

Worked on Index.

B.B. dined with Sybil and I with Aunt Janet and Mr. Hutton. He walked back with me and said Yoi would leave Nello in an instant but for her passionate love for Fosco.

"It's a long siege," he said "as long as the German War. But I shall win in the end." What does he want to win, I wonder?

[247] I Tatti, Tuesday, September 26, 1916

Wednesday's tale.

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

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

Worked on Index.

[248] I Tatti, Wednesday, September 27, 1916

Scirocco

Heavy day indexing, and dress-making.

Walked in the woods, dripping with sweat, but it did us good.

Marcella Michela called on Geoffrey and was quite intolerable. She never attempts to control her moods. I daresay he was *difficile*, too. She said she was sure there wasn't even a friendship left, as they had taken a *strada sbagliata* — and then they fell to quarrelling about Italy and England.

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

This is Tuesday's tale.

[249] I Tatti, Thursday, September 28, 1916

Geoffrey Scott, Cecil Pinsent

Cloudy

Finished Index.

Hutton came to ask where he could find ass's milk for Yoi's baby, who is ill.

B.B. rushed out of the room to keep himself from saying, "Look in your own breast".

Hutton and I telephoned here and there, but couldn't discover any. "I *must* get it!" and he actually proposed to send a town crier through the streets of

Florence to cry for it. In the end he was persuaded not to, but went off on a quest. It found it *might* be got at Dicomano, and was starting off but telephoned, and I told him to tell Nello and let Nello go for it if he wanted it, as it's *his* child, and Nello's parents are very rich.

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

The boys dined with the Trenches.

[250, 252] I Tatti, Friday, September 29, 1916

Rain, cold

Yoi's baby died at 7. Hutton and I went down in the afternoon and left flowers.

The boys stayed to lunch and then went down to continue their catalogue of Baroque details.

Sybil came to tea and two young men from the English Red Cross at Gorizia, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Tadmin.

Mrs. Ross and Mr. Hutton came to dine.

Send off Index of the American book, *Venetian Painting in the United States*.

[251 cut off ] I Tatti, Saturday, September 30, 1916

[252 top of page cut away] I Tatti, Sunday, September 31, 1916

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

Oliver has gone to Egypt on a special mission.

The War drags on *horribly*.

[253] I Tatti, Sunday, October 1, 1916

Naima Lofröth

Fine and then a little rain

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

We all went to have tea at the Villa Pazzi with Mr. Eyre<sup>173</sup> and Viola and her husband, and took the Arbuthouts home.

Reading George Moore's *The Brook Kerith*<sup>174</sup> which is perfectly delightful.

[254] I Tatti, Monday, October 2, 1916

Fine

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

[255 Oct. 3, 1916 blank]

[256] I Tatti, Wednesday, October 4, 1916

Glorious

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<sup>173</sup> Atcetri; Eyre rented them Il Frullino and La Canovaia. He was the founding president of American Express in Italy.

<sup>174</sup> George Moore (1852-1933), *The brook Kerith: A Syrian story* (New York: Macmillan, 1916). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5042 .B7 1916**

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

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

I am utterly worn out with it.

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

But it does seem to using my heart most horribly.

[257] I Tatti, Thursday, October 5, 1916

Fine

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

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

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

[258] I Tatti, Friday, October 6, 1916

Fine

We had an awful morning of bringing up old grievances and resentments — on his side. I really complain of nothing but his temper and I feel absolutely discouraged. He wants more affection and tact and to be made to feel first in everything. I daresay it is a very human longing, but it's not to be had for asking but only for winning. I feel *too tired* and too put off to dream. I can't give him what he wants, I just can't, although I am truly devoted to him and he has his way about almost everything.

But he is full of craving for more affection and consideration than it seems to be in me to give, and I don't know what to do. I am fearfully tired of the incessant strife, and would almost be glad to go and live at home among good unselfish unexacting people, who aren't always on the look-out to see whether they are treated as they think they should be.

I had a long walk alone, but found no solution.

the pages in the diary for Oct. 7-12, 19, Nov. 1 (scans 259-267)  
and for Dec. 1-2 (scans 268-269) left blank

[270-271] French's Bank *entrate-uscite* Nov.-Dec.

[275] last page

Geoffrey married Sybil Cutting in 1918

#### CONTRIBUTORS

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Index of Proper Names

Index of Walks



# STYLES

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