

Papers of Hugh Dalton:
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Dalton Day no 5

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Italy. Summer 1921.

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July 27. R and I leave Victoria 8.30 am.
Boat train crowded with Flemish
sailors and their women. At Dover
we ~~get~~^{arrive} first on deck and get the
first deck chairs. The sea like a
millpond. An revoir to the cliffs of
Dover without a pang. Even lunch
on board the boat is slightly French!
~~get~~ Arrive Ostend 3.30. No signs of
war left here. Plenty of room in
train, which ~~is~~ has a through
carriage to Nuremberg. Tea on
this train. Still British soldiers at
Ostend. apparently an R.T.O. & Staff,
I suppose for the Army of Occupation.
Passing through Belgium, all the railway
bridges are new, the old ones having
been blown up. The only other
signs of war visible from the train
are a few demolished houses and

Some obvious repairs. The crops look ~~good~~ and less dried up than in England. Primitive husbandry. No machines and each peasant proprietor trying to grow everything on his own land in little patches the size of handkerchiefs. Through Ghent, Brussels, Louvain, Liège. The latter a very industrial district, but for the rest country a factory well mixed up. A flat country. A ^{wounded} ~~little~~ ex-soldier going home to Liège in the carriage with us in great concern, because he has lost his money and his military papers. A snub little tenacious man. He exchanges tobacco. Belgian state tobacco is not at all bad. Nor are Belgian state steamers and state railways. This is the sort of stuff for political platforms!

Dine on train. Cross the frontier into Germany a little before midnight. R deals with the customs officials at Aachen. Train from here rather full. In our carriage 2 French soldiers of the Army of Occupation, going to Düsseldorf, an Austrian American young woman, who flirts with a fat Belgian, but just can't be persuaded to ~~span~~ break ~~to~~ her journey ~~and~~ Cologne & sleep there with him.

July 26. Cologne at 1.30. ~~at~~ 45 minutes wait. ^{British officer of men of Army of Occupation on train} Drink some coffee, very bitter. New carriages put on. We have one side to ourselves. 3 Germans have the other. Half awake while the train rumbles on the Rhine.

Arrive at Muenster at 2.15. 1/2 hours. Wash and shave in very

well equipped station, in which we also have ^{including some very good iced coffee} lunch. The manager of the station restaurant is a smart young man who was manager of a hotel in England before the war, was interned at Wakefield, fell ill, was in Fulham Military Hospital and still corresponds with some of the nurses now looked after him there. The absurdity of war rebornd upon one. Who creates these preposterous situations, in which young men who never had a quarrel are ^{driven} on to fight, high hearted, & die, & all the world, except a few, suffer. Deen with Gini's "scientific reasons" & demographic causes of wars.

These Germans are damned ugly & paunchy, but there is no reason why we shouldn't be friend

Very pretty country in Bavarian highlands, & splendid pine woods.

again, nationally, ^{without} ~~just~~ more ado. One German, R. Links, ~~got~~ turned pale and left the carriage because he couldn't bear to sit next an Englishman. But he was so polite that I had not suspected anything. Reach Munich 5.30. Train doesn't go on till 11.30 pm. Walk about the town and sit in the Hofgarten. Barbed wire entanglements remind one of ~~some~~ ^{recent} revolution & attempts at communist & reactionary counter revolution. Quite smokable cigar of 2 marks ($1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$.) An admirable dinner at Odeon Bar, ^{not far} to (or in) Odeonstrasse, Behrücken mit Preissalbeeren Kompott—and Iced pudding & Rhine wine. Colossal helping & damned well enjoyed. But I feel very full afterwards.

* Another sidelight: between Aachen &

Cologne some Belgian soldiers come into
our carriage and greet the Frenchmen.
The Belgians very young. Much fraternization
& exchange of hats. They always get
on very well together, they say. It is
only the High Commands who quarrel.

July 29.

At Kufstein on German Austrian
frontier we are all turned out of
the train and there is an absurd
muddle jumble and delay over Customs
and passports. I am very sleepy
& dizzy. R more calm and wide
awake. Next wake at Steinach.

Then pull up to the Brenner. Still
pinewoods. Reach the new frontier
of Italy at 5.30. Wait an hour or
more. Fine situation. Coffee and
fruit and vor at the station buffet.
It is up to the traveller to go to the

Van and get the authorities to look
at his big luggage. Otherwise it may
be thrown out.

A fine journey southwards. More
pinewoods. ^{now La Fortezza} Franzensfeste, ^{Sanon} surrounded
now with Alpini and Bersaglieri.

A convenience rather than a
fortress with the frontier moved
north. Bolzano superbly placed
amid an amphitheatre of Alps.
Many Italian visitors to these parts.
Probably the linguistic frontier
between Italian and German runs
not much north of Trento, perhaps
just north of Mezzolombardo. For
it is here that Italian names
only are found. Northward Italian
and German names of stations, etc.
side by side.

Reach Trento 10.30 am. A very

good journey out from England. This is a charmingly situated town, ringed round with Alps, though less high than at Bolzano. It is full also of towers and gardens, & quite Italian. Stay at Hotel Mayer, very clean & good, except that one has to feed out. Siesta after lunch. General impression of town very pleasing. Fine Renaissance palaces, with faded frescoes and marble balconies. Band in Piazza Dante at night, playing July 30. Wagner, Schubert & Verdi. Romanesque Duomo with fine exterior.

Romanesque arcades. Trento is distinguished by the number of its medieval fort towers, several of which are ~~are~~ covered with green & yellow tiles. Best restaurant is the Italia in Via Muzzurana. Stacks of soldiers in the town using the old Austrian barracks of which there are 3 or 4. Trento

has also a numerous press, L'Internazionale (official socialist) Popolo (Reformist socialist, founded by Umberti), Litania (Nationalist), etc.

In evening walk out of the town eastward toward Cogola, up to what seems to be an ancient monastery, now fully working class families. Broad view down Val Lagarina, (valley of Adige). One would like to spend weeks here & climb in all directions. But so one would everywhere! Dine at Hotel Bristol (bad & pretentious) and go on to a circus in a tent in the Piazza Venezia. Very hot, but an amusing crowd and some good clowns who articulate well in knock-about puns, a comic donkey, two old cart horses who make a delightful breeze as they canter past one.

July 31.

go over Castello di Buon Consiglio, an old
irredentist symbol, where Battisti,
Filzi and Chiesa were executed by the
Austrians in 1916, (just like Irishmen in
1920 and 1921.) A fine view over the
Tosa. A charming Venetian loggia, &
frescoes by Romanino etc. This is
being turned into a museum for the
whole of the Trentino. See an
advertisement of the Hotel ~~del~~ del
Castello at Pergine and decide
to try and put up there tomorrow.
Thunderstorm in the evening, with
lightning lighting up the hills.

Aug 1.

Leave Trento 8.45 am & get to
Pergine station in 45 minutes. The
railway goes up the little valley of the
Fersina, which is quite charming in a

12

mild way Pergine stands on the watershed
of the Fersina on the east and the Brenta
on the west. The Castello towers
above the town. We walk up to it
and find a medieval building
adapted with great skill ~~so~~ to
the requirements of a modern hotel.
All the fittings are German and so,
to some extent, is the looking still.
~~It is~~ According to the guide book it
was "a great centre of the Pan German
before the war." It has now been
bought by the municipality of Trento.
The view is magnificent in all
directions, a little like that from
Taormina. One sees the saw
edge of the Brenta mountains to
the west, and jagged rock masses
right round from north west to
south ~~west~~, where the Val Sugana begins

and one sees too Lake Caldorazzo seen
 the river Brenta river. North and east
 the mountains are near and covered
 with pines. The air up here is
 gloriously fresh. The Castello has
 many towers, each of which has been
 rendered habitable. It would be
 jolly to take a Fever of the Summer!
 In the afternoon we walk to the
 northern end of Lake Caldorazzo and
 then along the western shore by a
 little path under vine arbors. The
 water turns a gorgeous glittering
 green in the sunshine. At Teana
 we stop ^{and drink} at a Trattoria kept by
 a beautiful peasant Madonna with
 a child four months old. Then
 across some low ground growing
 gigantic maize to Caldorazzo village,
 and back to Pevine by train. The

night view from the Castello with
 the dim outline of the mountains
^{just visible} & the low ground ~~dark~~
^{bedeuten} dotted with lights is very fine.
 "If only there were a moon, it would
 be magical."

Aug 2.

Leave Pevine. (Magnificent situation,
 but damned bad looking!) Walk down
 to the station & have a much better
 lunch at a little Albergo than we
 could have got up above. Very
 slow & hot journey down Val
 Sugana. The place to stay on
 Lake Caldorazzo is S. Cristoforo.
 Levico town is some way from
 Levico lake. The destruction of
 war is almost wholly restored, so
 far as buildings go. Below Primolano
 the valley narrows to a gorge. The

Northern side of the Selva Communale stands up magnificently. Here at least the Italians had a magnificent prewar frontier. Arrive at Bassano between 5 and 6. Put up at Hotel S. Antonio, "discreti, semplici" in the guide book says, but ~~very~~ ^{quite} good cooking and very good white wine. Walk out after supper on the beach and the old wooden bridge over it. Very charming. The town full of tourists & visitors of the Festa of La Madonna Del Grappa. A military band (and) playing in the Piazza & great crowds. Aug 3rd.

Intended to take the Post Lorry to Maostica. Was told it started at 7. But it had gone at 6! At 7 Post Lorry for Cittadella. So go there instead, after buying some fine grapes, one hour or so. R likes Cittadella,

at which we must leave 8, and take photographs of its gates & old walls. Drive back to Bassano via Vettore, and take the Franca, or light railway, to Mantica at 11.52. Lunch at Abbey Central Maostica. Clint walks above the town & have an uneasy siesta on a slippery slope of dry grass under Chestnut trees. Go into Castello & thence down into town. Have drinks at Caffè Centrale, the Padrone of which is Sissa's old Sergeant Major of Transport. A Filovia now runs from Maostica to Lons and Asiago, at both of which are good Abruzzi, he says. Back by the Franca - Bassano for supper. Very hot & everyone ^{resting} for spiacce!

Aug 4th

get up at 4 AM. Coffee in the Piazza and start at 5.30 in a Camion with 26 other people for the Summit of Monte Grappa. Taking with us iced coffee in a Thermos, cold ham & veal, bread, grapes and a bottle of ananciata. Great crowds on the road, cars, Cams, horse drawn carts & walkers. Up a war road, similar to the one I know on the way up to Asiago. $\approx 3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the top, a splendid drive, with views back over the Venetian plain, eastward beyond the Piave, westward over Asiago ^{beyond the bridge} & northward range beyond range to the horizon. War graves & shell holes, pine woods & galleria, - fanciful properties! on the top a huge crowd, some say 50,000, peasant families predominating, mostly

walkers. "Una bella festa!" they all say. Wine & walk melons & trichines water on sale in great quantities.

"La Madonna del Grappa" is unveiled on top of a small chapel nearly on the summit, a meschin little figure.

Discorsi vibranti are delivered from a platform alongside, but are inaudible more than a few yards away owing to the noise made by the crowd. The speeches are punctuated by a mountain gun on the summit and by two bands, one military and the other municipal. The whole thing not very well stage managed, but seeming to give satisfaction. Long delays in starting talk. We have a ~~of~~ brilliant drive, now makes the pace disastrous, & get back, in the midst of a dust storm followed by a thunderstorm at 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours. (Why do Italians take out all their animals

"a Guinzaglio", cows, goats, pigs, horses, donkeys & dogs? (I mention, because they have practically no pasture individually owned.)

Aug 5th.

Leave Bassano by 6.15 bus for Monstera, where we drink caffè latte & eat hot bread. Then by Filovia to Conco. Filovia is not a Teleferica, as I hoped, but only a tram (without permanent way) & overhead electric cable. Via Vallonara & Crosara. At Conco stay at Albergo Il Cappello. Very nice little place. Damned good cooking with open fire just inside front door. Primitiva & friendly padrone (Antonio Girard) & padrona & family. Best wine I have so far. Also best

bread & good white wine. Fagiolini very well cooked. Many Waticum or villeggiatura, escaping from the heat of Venice, Vicenza, etc. Afternoon train to Rocchetta di Conco. Walk to Casa Girardi, where I identify my old battle position. Cows grazing on it now. & masses of wild raspberry & strawberries over-ripening it. Then walk on down to Col d'Asiago. Superb view. Valstagna at our feet and beyond the Brenta gorge stretching northward of miles. To the right Grappa. To the left Sallio & the eastern end of the Asiago Plateau & Forno & the top of the Val Peneda & Col del Rosso, & further left the plain near Echar,

in the middle distance Meleto &
 Longano & Fior, & on the horizon
 sharp cut Dolomite peaks, with
 clouds below. In rear the Venetian
 plain. Best view so far. Fine
 afternoon & excellent dinner at
 Albero at Cavallo.

Buy ^{1/2} liter
 My ^{1/2} liter from Conco to Asiago.
 Bus packed. Stand most of the
 way. Show war maps & 2
 young Italians, one of whom was a
 gunner & the other an infantryman
 who took to flying. At
 Asiago, put up at Albergo
 di Paradiso. A new building
 still very unfinished & raw shackle.
 Proprietor very proud of his
 English. Cooking good, but service
 not up to much, & R says the

bed cover is dirty. Asiago & the
 other hamlets of the plateau are
 alive again though the fields are
 still pockmarked with shell holes
 & many ruins remain. Most the
 number of new houses is very
 considerable. Large gangs of men
 are at work and masses of material
 lie about. Huge quantities of barbed
 wire & other scrap iron are ^{still} being
 collected by military & carted down
 the mountains. Many of the people
~~still~~ still living in wooden huts.
 Rather a wild west effect (heightened
 by lumbering operations observed
 lately)

After siesta, find the way to
 San Sisto and Pradell tyra.
 Just British cemetery in Val
 Barental, which is very well

Done in red stone. At Pinedell
 Acqua on old valley position,
 (in pits & dug out), have stood
 very well 1/3 years. Walk back
 over Monte Torte & Katalata,
 it outcrops in woods & fallen
 trees in a fainting light, & run
 out of way to Canove, Casa Pelicani,
 which I recognize down upon a
 registration point, has built
 1850 by 9. The pine. All damaged
 pine trees are being cut &
 gradually brought down. Wild
 with lumbering! I see no
 signs of systematic replanting.
 The whole thing seems rather a dream,
 & I have a strong inclination to
 ride all ^{invaluable victims} these people out of the
 war zone.
 Aug 7th.
 Start at 8 am from Asino

in inspection of ten old Austrian
 positions. Take lunch with us.
 Climb Monte Catz in strong
 sunshine. The whole plateau
 is much better off fords in the
 ground & much less flat than I
 had supposed, & Catz is much steeper
 in reality than it looks from O.P.'s.
 British troops stormed it in the
 ultimate offensive & lost pretty
 heavily. The elaboration of Austrian
 trenches all round & no cover.
 A ridge behind Monte Catz leads on to
 Monte Mosca. Here & all along
 interlocking & dovetailed the wood are
 utterly destroyed, as a result of our shelling
 most of the French. Hardly a tree lives
 only ^{scattered} dead stumps. Only break mark
 again, masses of wild carthage &
 strawberry. The Austrians worked

hand along this line. Deep trenches,
 connected by small ^{1/2 ft.} & walls of
 wooden dwellings. But old pine wood, at
 the end, have made life horrible here.
 We climb laboriously to the upper slopes
 of Mesa, but dead trees give no shade
 and deep trenches & banded
 is fire-scorched & there is no water &
 we are infuriated to find that
 the foot of a boy at the landing
 has put in a bottle of Tancin
Scipio's heat & unimpaired with
 water. I have some wine,
 but we can't lunch till we
 find some water. My driver
 us down the hill to Costa, for,
 perhaps, Cincin, for the map is
 uncertain) until we can find a
 water tap! Went to Mesa after
 lunch & Sierra. Then walk southward

past S. Sierra & Mesa del Negro
 to Granada. British cemetery
 in white stone. More rocky
 situation than Usenthal, but
 less beautiful especially in
 winter. ^{For us pine trees.} Ditch at
 Osteria Granada. Much
 interest taken in us.
 on the wall of the Osteria
 was a distaste of English wisdom.
~~Scattered out. The's chosen~~
 "Kill that fly. Every fly
 killed now means thousands
 less in the summer." Was
 pure sanitary precept. The
 people at the Osteria were much
 interested when we interpreted.
 They said an American had
 come there the other day, and
 he too had been able to read it.

but he had not told them what it meant.

At Costa in the afternoon, seeking shade, we found a ruined house, with nettles choking up the inside. We sat down to lunch under its chief remaining wall. An old man, who was hovering about, explained to us that this was his house. They were very slow building it again. A piping voice & a pathetic old figure.

We read at length in a local Venetian paper an extraordinary account of the Scappa ~~ceremony~~ ceremony. The journalist said that everyone was thrilled & moved. In fact the majority weren't at all. The ^{young} soldiers, keeping the crowd back with fixed bayonets were

saying during the speeches that they would like a drink of vino. They were saying this so loud & so repeatedly, that some people tried to make them shut up. It appears that one of the speakers was an Orlando, who infuriated the clerical journalist, by using the word religion so broadly and including everything in the word!

at some stage in the
It also appears that ten Generals sang in chorus "Monte Scappa, per sei la nostra patria." We missed this fun.
Aug 8th.

We determine to walk back to Bassano ~~Adige~~ down the Val Frenzela.

Start about 10 & walk through hot
 dust to Gallio. On the western outskirts
 of the village are 2 cemeteries. We
 visit one, in which Austrians lie on
 the left of the central path, Italians
 on the right. Rough wooden crosses
 & tin labels with names, etc. This
 work last very long, but I suppose
 that the English method of stone
 engraving would run into millions.
 "Austrians" include the strange
 names of every subject race. One
 or two have had carved stones
 sent from their homes. Some
 have been broken on the journey.
 Stop for a meal at Trattoria Mark
 Sismond at the eastern end of
 Gallio. Then strike down
 road to Valsappa. Only 13
 Kilometres! Road dips rapidly

downwards. Trees on both sides
 have been heavily destroyed. Practically
 all gone and earth being
 washed down bare slopes and
 leaving only rock.
 Some miles on road turn
 up hill. I am half inclined
 to plunge down into dry bed
 of gorge, but it would have been
 rough going. Pull on up
 the hill to Buso. Arrive
 with tremendous thirst. Drink
 some glorious white wine in
 the Trattoria Valscura. Advised
 by some fool, who is also drinking
 there, to take a short cut
 down in front of a cemetery
 on to a road at the bottom of
 the valley. We accordingly
 plunge down into wood. A very

steep, rough path, but I have no misgivings. R afterward said that he had felt less sure how it would really be a short cut. Soon the path gets ^{more} difficult and seems to be leading backwards. So, indeed, it had to, for though we did not realize it at the time, it was running just above a sharp precipice. Some women pass us and say how we are mad to go this way, the path gets more dangerous further down and we had better go back. They begin praying to the Virgin & sticking in the way. We manage to get on & ~~the~~ ^{our} path branches downward, they continuing along another. After much more scrambling,

and looking upwards at the magnificent ^{sheer} rock faces, along ~~with~~ the top of which our path must have wound, we reach the bottom of the gorge! But there is no road, only great boulders and we get on hardly any further than before. No water. Bitterly feet. Miles of scrambling. At last, far on, a road of sorts, and then a spring by the roadside (glorious sound & sight & taste) & then Valstragna.

Try for a car or a horse but none available. Drink & dine at a trattoria & wait 5 hours till the 11:30 pm train to Bassano, where we arrive about midnight tired & footsore.

Aug 9th.

Long & slow train journey from Bassano
to Udine, via Mestre & Treviso.

Very hot. Venetian plain

looking very green & prosperous.

Leave Bassano 12.57. Arrive Udine

7.30. Put up at Albergo Grande

Italia. Big rooms, but dirty

& dishevelled & food expensive

& not very good & service rather

slow & only outdoor feeding

place between the kitchen &

heap of horse dung. A pretty

cameriera the chief bright spot,

but even she breaks down later

on, when we order 2 coffi

latte for 2 persons in our

bedroom for breakfast!

Aug 10th

A lazy day resting sore feet.

Italians complaining of heat, but
we find it cooler than Bassano

Aug 11th.

Another lazy day. Visit Duomo.

Hideous baroque decoration.

Some rather poor Tiepolo

altarpieces. Oratorio della

funta. A Tiepolo assumption

on the ceiling. Could not see it

very well, as masses were

being sung by steps of

the pews of the soul of some

rich woman seven days dead.

Go up to Castello in the late

afternoon. Museum closed for

re-decoration. Glorious mountain

views in spite of heat haze.

On ex-N. Co. of Carabinieri,

Am a custodian of the Castello,

expresses admiration of Venetian

military police, whom he saw during the war.

Dine at the Maxim. An excellent meal. Best restaurant in Udine. Hear music in the Piazza by civilian band. Large & attentive crowd. Argument started, apparently by Fascisti and Communisti. They are divided down a side street. "Music is better than political parties," says one man, voicing, I think, a general opinion.

The Piazza at Udine is very small & crowded, but attractive.

Aug 12th.

Opposite our Hotel, (Italia) is a mass of ruins, due to Italian bombing. Udine was in Austrian occupation.

They arrived at this Hotel, where the

Austrian High Command War installed, & just missed!

To Cividale by the 8.30 train. Very interesting Tempietto, Lombard Gothic wood carving in choir stalls, & stone carving of archway & figures. Frescos later.

Cividale stands on the Mattison, which is spanned by the Ponte del Diavolo, consisting of two arches of unequal ~~the~~ width. A deep drop to the stream down rocks. Back to

Udine in the afternoon. Rain in the evening and air much cooler.

(I forgot to mention that at Valtstapa I found an archway on which was scrawled "Motto ai Pescicani, motto ai Preti!", a good double-barrelled motto!)

Aug 13th.

By leave Udine 7.30 am. in a ~~train~~

old Army lorry, converted into an autocorriere, for Grado. Pass through Palmanova, which is badly damaged & work of reconstruction hardly begun. R can't give a name to my "elderberry trees" in the Piazza. There seem to be two kinds.

So far reconstruction has been splendid in Val Sugana and on Asiago Plateau. Poor elsewhere. Merat, if a whole town is wiped out, something must be done & is done well. If only part of a town is marked, makeshift. Therefore a man, whose house is marked, must pray that all his neighbour's houses may be marked too!

Arrive at Grado just before 9. The coloured sails of fishing boats gay

in the sun. ^{one} ~~one~~ in particular pleases us showing a ~~boat~~ sitting on the top of a mountain holding ² olive branches in its mouth. Another boatman, desiring to be up to date, has christened his boat "Venezia Giuglia". Grado is very empty, especially in larger hotels, where the richer Austrians stayed before the war. We stay at the Hotel Lido, where we are almost the only visitors. Proprietor an Austrian. Cooking Austrian. In the centre of the town, in the cheaper places, a good few Italian visitors ^{mostly} in piccolle groups from the ~~neighbourhood~~ ^{Eastern Veneto} ^{regions}. Slovene, Czech, Polish, German papers still on sale. One hotel still advertises Cucina di Praga.

The common case of old connections broken & new ones ^{are not yet} formed. The inhabitants simply to blame the change from Austrian to Italian Government. Thus a facchino who carries ^{our} luggage from the post to the hotel told me that the Italians had no soldi, he was "italiano ma sempre austriaco."

Weather abnormally cool after the heat of the last 10 days.

Trieste & Istria very clear in the early evening light and fine cloud effects over the Giulian Alps.

Go to a boxing match in the Casino in the evening. Crowd rather solemn. Ernest Juresco, "the Champion of Venezia Giulia",

defeats John o' Billy of California. Aug 14th.

Sit on Grado pier in the morning. Take boat at 1.30 to Belvedere, with Palmanova pilgrims returning from Bartana and singing "intermittently" "beata vergine." Train to Aquileia. Basilica very fine. New excavations since the war to north of Basilica. Layers of different floors, all in mosaics, have come to light. At bottom floor of a Roman house. Then successive churches, Lombard, etc. Wonderful cypresses. Many Italian dead buried beneath them, to link up the secular story and some rhetoric of D'Annunzio on a marble slab on the wall of the apse. Wait for the anticamera

for Gorizia. Dirty trattoria.
 Miss Coriera in the rain and
 the unpleasant prospect of
 spending the night at Agustin-
 house before us. But finally
 strike a bargain with a
~~straggler~~ Gorizian resident
 to share for 100 lire his
 car with a shoemaker, his
 son in law, daughter & grandson,
 who spend all their money
 on motoring! Stay at Hotel
 Della Posta, Gorizia.

Aug 15th.

walk up to Castello. Fine view
 of mountains all round.
 Walk out to S. Andrea in the
 evening. My old O.P. is built
 up into a prosperous farm
 house. crowds of Slovenes,

(even in our hotel the Chamberlains
 & porter are Slovenes.) Fair hair
 & dark complexion. Work after
 their huts, in which they await
 the rebuilding of their houses, better
 than the Italians. Plant flowers
 & fruit in front & around them.
 Appears to have had in ^{Italy} election
 placards on walls of Gorizia. Mostly
 also in those of the Slavs, which I
 could not read.

Aug 16th.

Catch 6.20 am train to Ruttia Savogna
 Walk to Pec, via Gabria. Find
 old Battery positions in midst of
 maize, and other crops. Vipacco
 looking very green between its
 alacia banks. Then to
 Merna. Drink beer in an
 Osteria here and talk to

Slovenes. The woman of the place asks who we are. English. What language do they talk in England, French? No, English. Was England with Austria ~~down~~ in the war? No, with Italy. A man who, though a Slovene, is in some public employment and talks better Italian, (a war in Austrian prisoner in Russia) sets off a list of the two sets of combatants. "But we are allied now" says the woman. I ask how they like being Italian citizens. They say they must make the best of it. Reconstruction is proceeding pretty well but not so fast as at Asiago. The land is nearly all under cultivation again. They have 2 crops of maize in a year. Pink oleander

are the flowers most often seen in the Slovene villages. From Merano to San Grato di Merano, ~~down~~ (still a ruin but a new house built alongside) then up the Volconiac to top of ITU 464. Rough going. Clear view southward over the Canso to Hermada, Punta Sdotta and the lagoons, & the Istrian coastline beyond the Gulf of Trieste. Vile, Shadalen rock. Slovenes collecting scap. iron. Then down the side of 464 out Tamburo, littered still with the rubbish of war, & stray occasional crosses. (Italian stragglers in out of the way places are very much neglected. ~~So~~ In a few years all traces will be gone.) Rough sperapan, still utterly

apparently used as a mess by the
Infantry Brigade posted at his
remote frontier station.

After lunch go round the
Grotto, one of the Wonders of
the world according to the
guide book, & certainly very fine.
21 kilometres altogether, of
which we go over 5. Stalactites
& stalagmites. Strange, fantastic
& often very beautiful shapes
& colours. Lit by electric
light, often very well placed.
Just catch the Corvara bus
to Sorizia after 1/2 hour in the
Grottoes, ~~by~~ with the aid of a
lift on an Artillery trolley.
Dine, as usual, at Sorizia, at the
Roma. Caffè Sanibaldi has
goodiced coffee & coffee ice.
(Corso Vadi) (Corso V. S. 11)

Aug 18th.

A lazy day. Intend to go up Monte
Santo in the afternoon, but fall
asleep over Villari's Barbarian Invasions,
& only have time to walk up through
Salcano (badly smashed & full of jugs,
including a Mr J. Jug (sic)) and
run off to the right up the Monte
Santo - Subriole road. Get a good
view of the Isanzo gorge. One
jugg of Salcano ought to practice
birth control.

Aug 19th.

In the train Sorizia - Udine - Mestre -
Verona - Mantova. ~~with stop~~
one of the few towns which has a
decent river embarkment. Rather
lacking in character. Get to
Mantua soon after 7 pm. Stay at
Aquila d'oro. Comfortable hotel.

friendly atmosphere, clean W.C.,
excellent bath room. R was here
about 16 years ago, & is remembered
by the Hotel Porter.

good red wine at Mantua.

Aug 20th.

Sight seeing. Palazzo Ducale in the
morning. Raphael tapestries taken
away by Austrians in 1866 and kept in
Francis Joseph's Palace at Vienna.

Replaced since the war. Fine
Mantegna's & schemes of decoration
by Giulio Romano. Zabaglione
frappé before lunch. In afternoon
to Palazzo del T, just outside the
town. Decoration by Giulio
Romano. Wonderful tones & perspective.
Horses, lady with
a ring, etc.

Fascisti wandering about visibly

at Mantua. Mostly underpaid work
type, but, as with ^{some} underpaid work
political rage, a few middle aged
evil men in the background,
misdirecting youth. Late at night
~~Aug 21st~~. Fascisti go down the street
singing cheerful songs. But on
the placards we read "discarnicomo
gli spiriti."

Aug 21.

In the train Mantua - Modena -
Bologna - Pistoia. Leave Mantua
9.30 arrive Pistoia 5.30. 1 1/2
hours wait at Bologna for lunch.
Bologna - Pistoia is a line built in
1864 winding about among the
Appennines through innumerable
tunnels. This is part of the
direttissima from Milan to
Rome and a new main line

is being built in two sections, which will avoid Pistoia. See an Englishman, (probably an Oxford man), in the Station Restaurant at Bologna. One first / 3 weeks! But he was going to build.

At Pistoia stay at Albergo l'Appennino (Via XX Settembre).

Aug 22nd.

Sight seeing at Pistoia. Della Robbia frieze; at ospedale del Ceppo. Salutation by Luca della Robbia at S. Giovanni Fuoricittà. Pulpits sculpted by the Pisani at S. Giovanni and S. Andrea. S. Maria dell'Umiltà with fine dome. On outskirts of the town, along the walls, fine avenues. Several large museums. Campanile of Duomo, which dominates the town. Albergo l'Appennino is very clean & cooking good and cheap.

Aug 23rd

Much bitten by mosquitoes. No nets.

Pastilles useless.

To Prato by train. See Duomo; charming exterior with graceful Campanile, Donatello pulpit & baldacchino, & della Robbia lunette. Inside Lippo Lippi frescoes in very bad light owing to bad thick glass windows. Santa Maria dei Carceri. Inside della Robbia frieze and ~~brackets~~ 4 medallions of evangelists. Beautiful Renaissance carving of capitals, etc. which Broughant doesn't appreciate. Very good & cheap lunch at Albergo Stella d'Italia (14-80 lire ^{including service} i.e. ~~14~~ 3/6 for 2, pasta at sugo, lepre, sedani, pesca, fichi and grappa of wine). Damned slugs don't open Duomo till after 3, so we can't see any more.

Evacat Plato, a barracks full of troops!
The Italians have too many men in uniform)
Arrive Florence about 5. Stay at
Pensione Veneziani, Viale Arnesco,
18. Most of the other visitors are
^{Belgians.} provincial French cooking good.

Aug 24th.

Sight seeing. Duomo, Campanile,
Innocenti, Lung' Arno, Ponte Vecchio,
Palazzo Strozzi, Loggia dei Lanzi.

Aug 25.

Santa Croce: Carmine (Masaccio fresco).
Boboli Gardens. Superb view of
Florence & surrounding hills.

Aug 26.

Enter upon my 35th year, mezzo
cammino della vita, according to Dante,
who in his corresponding period had a
vision.

Bargello. S. Lorenzo. Medici Chapel.
Why do Michelangelo's tombs here
impress one so deeply? First real

Zabaglione at Giusa, Via Tornabuoni,
in evening to Teatro Politeama.
Mia Democrietta, a musical
comedy, precisely similar to those
in England, except that less money
is spent on the women's clothes.
Aug 27th.

S. Marco. By 2 heats of 70 lire
each - in afternoon to Fiesole by
tram. Then walk to Il Pratone,
with wonderful views all round,
the way to over cypresses &
olive. The distance hazy. Walk
back to Fiesole ^{after sunset.} ~~in the dark.~~ The
lights of Florence and Fiesole
themselves shine through the dark. One
of the best of most walks. Dine
well at the Aurora, Fiesole and
back by tram. The people in the
Tuscan villages are better off than in Veneto

to Uffizi with Pitti.

Aug 28th.

Walk along the piazza (consequently)
to the Uffizi in the morning. In
the afternoon take the train to
Tavernuzze and walk to Impugnato,
where a festa is in progress. Drink
half a litre of exceptionally good
wine. This is not the Chianti
country? Olives, umbrella pines
and cypresses make fascinating
near views. Distance still hazy.
Walk back by a roundabout
way to La Certosa and thence
back by train. One still seems
to see more Rossini, intellectual
faces in Tuscany than in the Veneto.
Zalupione at the Pension in the
evening, very good in 3 days, after
waiting more than 3 weeks.
Aug 29th.
Puzos Ghirlandajo in the morning.

Ognissanti, S. Trinita and S. Maria
Novella. In afternoon by train
up Viale ~~del~~^{dei} Colli to S. Miniato.
Best combined effect outside & inside,
of any Florentine church, and fine
panorama of Florence. Back by
Piazza Michelangelo.

Aug 30th.

Try to get pair of shoes, but Florence
has none large enough! To Pitti,
which is a junk, very inferior in
arrangement to Uffizi, but fine
Raphael's, Sodomas, Sebastian,
several Botticellis, & many Venetians.
~~Get~~ Take 5.15 train to Pisa via
Empoli. Train very slow. At one
point stop between two stations in
the dusk while 4 persons alight
and pick large bunches of grapes.
At least one, & I think 2, were

railway officials. Arrive at Pisa after
8. Stay at ^{Hotel} Valtimo on Lung'Arno. Clean
& food good, ^{but} not much choice.
by 31st. (Loken via. ^{pleasant but unattractive}
not very cheap.)

With Pellizzi round Pisa. In some
villages, Campanile & Campanio
from a very fine block. Put
very much interested except in (S.
Lunch at Velia Piccini (Via V.E.)
Food good, but service slow.

Sept 1st.

La Forte dei Marmi. (Villa Pellizzi).
Train Pisa - Viareggio. Over to
F.D.M. Over Valtimo. A very
delightful place. Remote. Fine sand.
Right on the sea. Immediately behind
Pineta. Further back Alpi Apennine
(Carrara mountains). Shamba fields
between Apennines & pine ridges.
Mantle working visible. Villa Pellizzi

contains besides Camillo. His father
his Professor. His stepmother, his
3 young step-brothers & sister, & a cousin
child or two. An indolent happy
life. Rix late in the mornings.
Bathes at least twice a day. Live in
bathing dress or pyjamas. Eat well.
Drink wine made from own grapes.
Set about on husband or play a
dilly game with Vantini & a small
india rubber ball. In evening play
trumpet and organ. Go to bed late. 3
hours night (2-5) in afternoon.
Very jolly. Should like to ~~be~~
stay longer. We ~~should~~ have
Helen must come here in 3 or 4
year time of his summer.
Sept 2nd.
Still at F.D.M. Sea a forgotten
color, & very late 2 water - Niagara

Very pet and inconsequential. Great comment
 on the fact that he has been
 married ~~for~~ 7 years & have only one
 child, not yet 4. The Italian seem
 always very conscious of the fact
 that their ~~birth rate is higher~~ ^{rate of increase is} greater
 than that of the French, with political
 implications. Don't most of them go on to
 admit that ^{mass} emigration of Italian is
 economically necessary, (at least to avoid poverty
 at home) that to send remittances from
 abroad to constitute a ^{major} part
 of demand of Italian products. He has a
 bearing on the theory of popⁿ. It is obvious,
 I think, to the naked eye, that there are too
 many people in most parts of Italy, in fertile
 land; cultivated with small capital. A
 steady stream of new babies prevents
 equilibrium ever being reached, unless a
 remuneration here & elsewhere. ^{Probably,}

at the coming east of Italy are in a
 like, or worse, plight. Would it better
 that these people should not exist
 should move away?

In the evening a number of neighbors
 come in. We play simple card
 games, which even R manages to
 understand! I and one young
 woman talk for hours from cards, and
 then an advocate, also one of the best
 barristers in Italy, who gave up his stage
 going to Constantinople. Sing to us,
 very well with no accompaniment
 but rather too loud for the male
 room.
 Sept 30.

Leave Rome at 10.30 for Lucca.
 Arrive about 1. Lunch at La Tosca.
 Good & cheap in a small dining room. But
 Fungini at home don't come up to

but little mushrooms on trees. Lucca
 is very simpatia, much more so than
 Pisa, and we would like to have had
 more time. Visit the Duomo, very
 fine both inside & out. Perhaps better than
 Pisa. S. Frediana Several others
 were interesting, but we had no time.
 Picturesque market with old Roman
 amphitheatre. Broad road round
 the top of the walls with good views
 of Pisa. Back to Pisa in the
 afternoon. Stay in time at Hotel
 Nazionale close to the station. Cheap &
 nasty. Fewer mosquitoes, but, according
 to R's experience, many fleas.
 Sept 4th.

Leave Pisa by 6.45 am train for
 Volterra. Marooned at S. Maria di
 Volterra but drive up in a
 baroccino. Queen, desolate, dry,

freedom
 depopulated country, but fine views
 on one ascent. Stay at Albergo Nazionale
 (Giovannoni.) Good, clean, cheap.
 Majority of other occupants apparently English.
 Sept 5th.

In the night a very vivid dream,
 in which Rupert came and
 talked to me in some house,
 where I was living. R was
 also living there, but not in
 his conversation. Rupert and I
 both knew that he was dead, ~~but~~
~~but~~ ~~how~~ killed in the war, but
 the conversation was quite
 matter of fact. In the course of
 it I said "what good things
 have been published lately in
 your shop?" (meaning, in the
 way of literature) and he told
 me of two books, the names of

which I forget, and added "But
 Shaw's last book is not worth
 reading", (meaning Bernard Shaw.)
 I had a photograph of him in my
 room and he said "I see you
 have a picture of me here" and
 apparently it had written below
 it some lines by one Cook,
 apparently a Rugby master, on
 which he commented as if he had
~~seen~~ ^{seen} them before. One way I
 think, "And ~~by~~ we turned down
 our thumbs on them", (i.e. on the
 young men who died in the war.)
 He talked about money, and the
 impossibility of living decently on a
 small income, and said he had
 been making some arrangement
 about Alfred's money. Once in
 the course of our conversation he

bothered me, and felt quite
 exposed, but I had a shrinking
 feeling, which prevented me from
 voluntarily touching him.

We agreed to dine together at a
 Restaurant in the town, with R. who
 would arrive independently, and ~~reserve~~
 two seats. Then Rupert vanished.

I went alone to the restaurant,
 losing my way in the dark, &
 forgetting its name. But at
 last I stumbled in and found
 it pretty full, and the ~~stranger~~
 who were sitting there were young
 men, who smiled rather sarcastically
 and knowingly at me as I came
 in. R had reserved two
 seats opposite to her. She said
 "Is't Rupert coming?" I said,
 "No, he's gone." Then she smiled too

and said "What has the expedition for Constantinople started so early?"

Then I woke.

I had remembered the day before the story of the Greek who had written on the cross on Rupert's grave in Spyrus, that he died in the war to free Constantinople from the Turk.

Volterra has a strange fascination. Its people, both men and women, are handsome and speak good Italian. It is full of alabaster works in steep stone-paved streets. In the museum ^{thousands of Etruscan} ^{treasures, also Etruscan} ^{tombs} ^{the port} all that is still, fundamentally, as the Etruscans built it - with great sand stones and without cement. And the views all round are very fine.

After lunch we drove down to the Villa Giouvannoni, below the Campo Santo, where in the garden are two underground Etruscan tombs. The sarcophagi, etc., except for a few broken fragments, have been removed to the Museum.

Take the 3 pm motor to San Gimignano, arriving at 5 pm. Stay at Altop Lentrake, now the only inn, ^{rather} expensive and primitive, but with a fine view from the top floor, where our bedroom is. S. G. has been well named "the city of beautiful towers". There are still 13 of them, and a glorious ~~at~~ must view too from the Rocca, which was once a fortress, demolished by Cosimo de' Medici. Here too the people

are handsome and speak good Italian,
and the narrow streets are
full of great white oxen drawing
carts. in the dark
Finny walk round the walls (outside)

Sept 6th.
in the morning ^{2nd} Duomo of Assisi. Afternoon
S. Gimignano - Poggibonsi by bus
Poggibonsi - Siena by train.
Arrive in the dark. Stay at Pensione
Chiusarelli near ^{Pensione} Lizza. Too
many English, but cheap, clean
& adequate.

Sept 7th.
Visit Campo, ^{look into} Duomo, (~~very~~ very
interesting pavement artists), ^{and Baptistry,}
Eat Panforte in the Campo during the
afternoon. R to S. Domenico

Sept 8th.
Library in Duomo (Pinturicchio), Opera del
Duomo, (Duccio), Chapel of St John &
Baptistry. Afternoon walk out to
(Domenico's Chapel)

L'osservanza, ~~for~~ beautiful Della
Robbia's.

Sept 9th.

Palazzo Pubblico. Lorenzetti etc and
20th century art exemplified by paintings
of V.L. IInd, Suisaldi & battle scenes!
Mercato Vecchio, S. Agostino. In afternoon
a jolly walk through Montabbate
to Lecceto an old hermitage,
~~subsequently a monastery~~
~~among the box woods, now used for~~
one month in the summer as a
sort of summer school for young
priests. We lost our way
and got entangled in the branches
of a torment bed on the way
up. Get back to Siena about
7.45 after a sharp sprint up
Ladron hill & into the town up
steep streets. Fine views on the
road back & a good night's sleep.

Sept 10th.

I have a stomach ache & take calomel.

In the morning visit the Academy. A great array of primitives, many charming in themselves, but the broad effect one of monotony.

Several good Sodomas, especially a Deposition.

In evening pursue Sodoma round the town in a bad light, but with some success, & also go again into the Duomo.

Sienna, though very charming & individual, is on the whole rather disappointed and one wants time here, which might be better passed at Florence. Or rather, one would waste it, if one stayed longer than 4 days. But 23 lire a day, not quite 6/-; or 2 guineas a week, is deemed

cheap for what one gets!

Sept 11th.

Intended to catch 5 am train to Montepulciano, but the porter fails us, being said to have fever and we oversleep ourselves. Spend the morning in Siena and see a funeral procession in which 3 Salme from the Casa, M. Volpe and M. S. Michele are brought home to Siena. It had been arranged that there should have been a service in the cathedral, but a platform draped with black sheets, bordered in yellow, and surrounded by large candles, had been placed in the centre of the nave. But the Comandante of the gendries had at the last moment inspected this platform and declared it to be insufficiently strong. Therefore the ceremony, which

had been ~~planned~~ ^{planned} throughout the town, had ~~to take place~~ ^{at the last moment to be} transferred to the Piazza in front of the Duomo.

The procession was long but unimpressive, some troops stopping along the way, a military band with their instruments in a filthy condition, fascisti with banners & umbrellas, (these the smartest element in the procession, self-conscious, solemn & patriotic), confraternità delle misericordie, long files of ex-officers with banners, girls with banners, banner of the Società Contrade of the Dante Society, of the Circolo Artistico, & so on.

Some clays take part with service on the Piazza, & throw holy water over the wreaths on the gun-carriages, & then

The procession moves off again to the ceremony through dense crowds in the afternoon by train from Siena to Montepulciano, arriving 3.30 and taking the light railway up to town some 8 kilometres away, where we arrive about 4.15. Stay at Hotel Marzocco, good. Wonderful views in all directions. MP is perhaps the most attractive of all the hill towns. All Renaissance, & no Medievalism, or at 5-finger post in the evening walk in the Upper Town, near the Piazza. A dream city. + girls ^{singing} ~~singing~~ ^{sail} from the wall of a Palazzo, which I vainly try to dig out with a stick but only succeed in silencing for a moment. 4 cats silent

Chasing each other in a down and
sloping street. A tin can full of
a trio chavir tin and in a
ground floor with. The reflecting
tones of the bell of the Campanile
of the Palazzo Pubblico, which only
rings at 10 pm for the 20th Septemb.
lights in the distance, a deserted
streets - a wonderful scene.
A mass over olive & appress.
In the daylight one sees like
Trasimene.

Sept 12th. Lovely creamy yellow travertine.
To S. Biagio just outside &
below the walls. S. Gallo's work.
Purely classical, surrounded by
a plate, but which looks a
bit like of the same period. A place
of wonderful place & beauty, in
which one seems to be immedi-

a liquid silence. One hour of
S. Biagio was never completed, which
spoils its balance, but it is very
beautiful all the same. (No damned Gothic
mysticism.)
An exhibition of sacred art, vegetables
& modern darts is being shown at
Montepulciano these days. A wooden
statue of the Madonna & Child by
Vecchiotta is the best thing in it. There
is a municipal band which plays
outside and the conductor, in profile
and manner, a little resembles
Graham Wallis.

Arvocato Singsi, a friend of Pellizzari's,
to lunch. Rather a messian
little fascist, but fairly well
informed on modern Italian
literature. We rise in the
scale of importance of the Palazzo of
the Alps, the group being seen eating

with so eminent a ^{citizen of} Montepulciano.
 Part from Gropio about 3 pm. but
 arrange to meet again at 5, when he
 comes with us up the tower of
 the Palazzo Pubblico to see what
 Snyders thought the best view in
 Tuscany. It is certainly very fine,
 though a little misty. Gropio
 takes us back to Via about 6 to
 the Great Palazzo, in which he lives,
 with a fine front & great lofty,
 almost empty rooms, & an air
 of poverty & decayed ~~and~~ greatness
 in a very remote time. We thought
 at first that only he & his
 brother lived there, & pursued
 the calling of ^(these are 3 or 4 in MP.) lawyer in the
 studio legale Gropio, just in front
 his great entrance gate. But
 as we sit in an upper room

then there is his old father &
 mother, ^{and} a young brother, ~~and~~
 4 or 5 sisters, ~~and~~ a child of
 one of them and, later, other
 guests. The women of his family
 are immensely more vital than the
 men. One of the daughters is here
 only on a visit. She is head
 chemist, with men working under
 her, in a big chemical firm
 at Milan. The old father, who
 may have been a count, ~~asked~~
 me in a puzzled way why we
 had come to MP at all. ~~It~~
 That evening at the Marzocco
 a number of the 1902 class,
 who have just passed their
 medical examination, are
 dining together, and ^{celebrating}
 the fact that they are ^{all} ~~not~~
~~interested~~ This is a bond of union

which only conscript countries know. Old Gungui tells me that there is an official proposal to reduce the period of service to a uniform 8 months and to abolish the present 3 categories of 3 months, 8 months & 2 years. This would be a great reform. The war has shown that many of the baronet ~~and~~ square accomplishments are a waste of time.

Sept 13th.

Leave Montepulciano at 7.30 am for Pienza, walking ^{thru} thick mists, which followed the stream, and slow to disperse and it is cool and the country quite beautiful in its ^{mystical} white garment. We are getting on very well, for Pienza is only 10 miles of road.

When we take what looks like an obvious short cut and go 6 miles out of our way. Arrive at Pienza just after 12, hot and thirsty, for the sun has grown pretty strong by now. No Pteris Abbey or cell in Pienza. A filthy & inadequate meal at Abbey Leticia. Visit Museum, where the custodian is 70 years old, the Cathedral and the Palazzo Niccolini, where Pini's family, now very rich, still live 1/2 part of the year. The Cathedral is in grave danger of falling down the hill. The Palazzo is well kept up & has a fine view. On of market to S. Quirico Doria at 3 o'clock. Fall in with an Italian family, a man & his wife

2 two podgy faced children. The man
 keeps a lingerie shop in Rome.
 They are much interested in England
 & the English, especially the son aged
 16 or 17, who has, I should think,
 good brains. At S. Quirico
 there is a Trattoria d'ozie, where
 we ^(primitives, but cheap) fed, and we sleep out in a
 house in the town, where the
 bed is surprisingly clean and
 the mattress stuffed with maize
 stalks which crackle at a
 touch. Also a Romanesque
 church with good exterior.

Sept 14^E

At home with regret, owing to lack of
 time and precarious state of
 foot wear, the project of going to
 Radicefium and climbing Monte Amiata.
 Take 8.30 am bus from S. Quirico

to Buonconvento and then
 walk up Monte Oliveto Maggiore.
 Country has a green, barren,
 almost discarded look, as toward
 Volterra.

M. Oliveto is best approached from
 Buonconvento, on the road,
 though full of detours, climbs
 steadily all the way. Arrive
 at the Monastery ^{Sept 12 noon.} at 12 noon.

Magnificent mass effect of
 cypresses, the first I have
 yet seen. Much other cultivation
 near at hand, in the midst of
 a desert, which, however, is
 being gradually reclaimed. 6
 monks at the Monastery.

Wonderful cloister with frescoes
 by Sodoma & Signorelli. A
 spacious, ~~peace~~ place over the

where they are. Fine Chirstally
Siddanni Da Verona. Walk
down to Asciano, an up and
down road, but very charming.
Get some figs hot from the sun
and picked straight from the
tree from a Contradino. We
but we have eaten so far.

Watch the sunset from a grassy
bank just above Asciano. This
is a squalid little town. But
Alaya is the sole just outside
the town on the way to the
station. Nearly miss train
as station is further off than we
thought. Arrive Siena 11 pm
& sleep at Chiusarelli.
Sept 15th.

By train from Siena to Florence.
10.40 - 2.15. Travelling in next carriage

(Cambridge)

to us is Davidson, the Athene of the
Orchestra, a cultivated and correct
young man, who is going to try
of the Foreign office in the autumn.
Train very crowded from Empoli to
Florence.

Choose a watch chain for R and
listen to a band in the Piazza V.E.
in the evening. It is very
agreeable to be back at Veneziani's.
Sipora Levi, the translator of my
book, comes to see us. Tiresome
and very Jewish.

Sept 16th.

See Cantorie of Donatello and Luca
in the morning. (I prefer the
former.) After lunch to Riccardi
Chapel, where Gozzoli is almost
invisible owing to absence of light.
On to Cascine. Rather smelly along

the riverside. Cecchi dines with us at Veneziani's and is very friendly & charming. We have been reading his *Pescchi Rossi*, which is very individual. His sense of humour is like that of our own writers, much as Belloc & Stevenson, than that of Italians. He is coming to London again next spring. Go round after dinner to 8 Via Colonna, where his sister lives. She, too, according to R, is very charming. Cecchi has little good to say of modern Florence. He tells me that Giardini, the defender of Grappa, was mixed up with D'Annunzio & Mussolini in a projected coup d'état, but D'A gave up his ^{part} defence of Fiume because of shell shock due to the explosion of that large naval shell.

Sept 17th.

Florence is celebrating the 500th anniversary of the death of Dante. Crowds everywhere, waiting to see the King pass in the morning, waiting to see the pageant of the return from Campaldino in the afternoon. (The King may say is a little man, who takes photographs and collect coins, & has written a good book about the latter, and knows the ^{names of} distances from every Italian town to every other.) The pageant in the afternoon was very good. The same physical types continue. One could imagine most of the actors stepping straight out of picture frames. Costumes, chain armour, tin hats, etc well done.

Sept 18th.

To Accademia in the morning. Good collection of Michelangelos and pet. S. Guicciardini's of Adam and Eve with God the Father as an undisputed first hand in the Garden of Eden. In the afternoon to Sen Benelli's Cena delle Beffe, in English it would be melodramas, but in Italy it is everyday life, excellently acted. One sees the types, the Quelli e gli altri, Fascisti & Comunisti, enduring, hardly changed, through the centuries. In the evening to the Levis. Also present Prof. Levi, the Naval ~~ad-~~Commandante, & some other women. The woman is more aware of our importance & the Prof. & the ~~ad-~~Commandante, who is a personal friend of Cadorna,

and with interesting on Italian life & politics.

Sept 19th
 Swiss Consulate (for visa) and to Uffici in the morning, Ammanziana in the afternoon (giving appreciation of Andrea del Sarto) and in the evening to La Bella Elena at Biblioteca Nazionale. An admirable play, excellently acted, in translation from the French and with music by Offenbach.

Sept 20th.

From the Signa, walk through Malmantile to Montelupo, Siesta on the way, and back by train. A jolly walk, with good views, though the siesta place was rather rough and prickly. But we bought 20 tips (20 centesimi (1/2^o)) and returned in good spirits to good dinner.

in the evening with the paper
of the Italian edition British/jun
in Italy.

Sept 21st.

In morning to Or San Michele and
Cook's. Oragna's tabernacle at the
former, put up just after the
Black Death, was financed ^{from 2} ~~by~~
~~the survivors, who wanted for~~
~~discriminating in their favour (by~~
~~taxes, and had lost all their relatives~~
~~in the B.D.~~ See Lord Lindsay's
Christian Art, cited Hare Florence
5th ed. p. 111.

"In the great plague of 1348 Florence
suffered fearfully; citizens without
number, first stricken themselves, after
seeing their whole families die before
them, bequeathed their all - in honor
of the Virgin; the offering of gratitude

after the plague had ceased, were also
considerable." And so the shops
stood both ways. If people survived,
they themselves gave, if people died, their
relatives gave! (? this for next
edition of I of I.)

In afternoon walk with Signora
Cecchi & 2 Signorine Cecchi from
Settignano, past Villa Bizzarri and
to Villa Sauerbaia and back to
Settignano. Very fine walk, with
splendid cypress views, by little side
paths and quite pleasant company.
In evening to Teatro Alfieri where
Botti also did Machiavelli's Mandragola
a delightful & indecent play,
billed as "spettacolo licenzioso,
non adatto per signorine timide
e moralizzanti" & elsewhere
"signorine senza spirito e intelligenza."

89 R honest, laps it all up with out a blush.
Mrs Don Arcangelo, a jolly fun
in wine a pint gets drunk.
Sept 22nd.

In morning to Pazzi Chapel, jolly
Pagan creation with a fine echo from
the Dome, & S. Croce. After lunch
finish off Levi Nathan, and then go to
Boboli Gardens. In evening read
to get the S. Annunzio's Alcione, which
gives a vivid scene of the sea, and
the wood & the mountains in an
Italian Summer.

Sept 23rd.

Revisit the Pitti. Practically all
the Tuscan are now at the Pitti,
and most of the Venetians, a
distinguished collection, & the Raphaels
at the Pitti.

R goes to tea with the Cecchi women
& 1 to Fiesole, where Gloria are

hardly half explored on our previous
visit. From the Piazza to the
Roman theatre, and baths and
the new excavations, including a Roman
altar, & Etruscan walls. Next to
Museum of Roman & Etruscan remains.
Then up to the Public Gardens with
a fine view away from Florence,
over the Mugello valley. Then up
higher to a superb panorama of
Florence. Then higher still to the
Church of S. Francesco. Later a
wonderful flaming sunset. Walk
down through Maiano to S. Galvasio
& back home. In the evening
my Pan arrives from Siena,
rather badly bronzed.

Sept 24th.

Last day in Florence. In morning to
S. Maria Novella & Orto, & to

Baptist King & Duomo. Fine interior. Meet
Graham Waller in Via Calzaioli with
his ugly daughter. They both seem to
be enjoying life. In afternoon by
train along Viale Lotti to Piazzale
Michelangelo. Glorious view. Distance,
as practically always, hazy.
Leave Florence 10 pm.

Sept 25th.

Arrive Milan 8 am, & have four hours
there. Visit the Castello, very
decorative & on a great scale.
Eat our last Italian meal at
the station restaurant. Up to the
S. Gotthard, along the banks of Lugano.
Very fine views, but of Alpine passes.
Arrive Bâle 10 pm. Train not
very crowded. Leave Bâle just on
midnight.

Sept 26th.

Through Alsace Lorraine in the

dark. Arrive Brussels 11 am. Good
crossing from Ostend to Dover. Back
in London 9 pm. Very satisfactory
journey, & very little trouble over
Customs, passport, etc.