

4903

Café Florian

Venice

Wednesday night

Reported to be Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> 1903

My dearest Mama

Economy is so much the mode ~~that~~ in these days that I have unconsciously carried it into the correspondence department so that this letter combines the information of my safe arrival here with the sad sad news that we leave on Sunday. The carpenter's house has been finally purchased & they have to be on the spot to arrange, so that the packs must be packed. It fills me with grief to leave this enchanting place. The weather has been too exquisite for ~~words~~ words - it is a miracle & every day we read the accounts of the your fearful sufferings in London & we weep at the thoughts. Since I have been here we have only had one wet day. Unluckily we selected it to spend in Padua which is such a charming place that it was a pity ~~to~~ to see it in bad circumstances. My plans are to accompany Dorothy to Beauvoir where we

are all invited to stay with Madame <sup>Jacqueline</sup>.  
I propose to stop a few days + view the  
house + then return home. We leave here  
on Sunday morning, stop en route to view  
Verona + sleep the night at Milan; go  
on next morning + reach Beauclieu about  
6 in the evening (Monday).

This is being written in difficult  
circs. A large band is playing in difficult  
circs. A large band is playing. Carmen into  
one part + three wild Frenchmen are talking  
pictures into the other - a melancholy Italian  
is trying to read over my shoulder + processions  
of beggars, box wallas, ferriners, elegant  
ladies + others are passing backwards + forwards  
on both sides of my table.

Rif car: - "Stendhal lisait tout les jours une page  
de la Code Civile" in order to learn to be concise.

Left car: "damoos est orefores de Bârome".  
Back of the head: "Comeriere il conto - this female's  
letter is too dull to peack up" with any longer.

I think I had better give up the druggie.  
There is no special news that I can think of.

I hope you are all flourishing + not  
too much sadden with web.

I shall have to tell you everything  
by word of mouth. The life here is truly  
pleasant + it would take me a very long  
time to get tired of Venice. What ~~is~~  
strikes me most of all I think ~~is~~ the lagoon;  
more or less fairly one ~~is~~ imagines the  
Grand Canal + St. Marks before one gets  
here, but the lagoon + the islands + the  
sky + the sea and the ravishing colours  
+ lights take one by surprise.

Simon's friend Martel was here for  
a week. He is one of the - no the  
most curious person I have yet come  
across - a pure peasant in all  
externals + in spite of having lived for Paris  
for 7 years. His Provencal accent is so thick  
that he is very difficult to understand,  
but his utterances are so remarkable that  
I did nothing but hang on his lips all

the time. He had been reading Milton  
in a translation & was carried away with  
excitement over it. Most peculiar & very  
charming. All the people we see here are  
painters & the conversation is always  
about "factures" & "glacis" & "modelés" & such  
things. Most of them appear to be absolute  
dolts but there are one or two exceptions.

Best love to all friends. The £17  
(or whatever the sum was) was subtracted by  
fooling from the 1<sup>st</sup> instalment of Dorothy's  
allowance so it seems as though there  
was some danger of Papa's being swindled.

I must now say goodnight.

Your loving daughter

Philippa -