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Burke, Joseph, 16/10

at intervals of leisure he practised drawing and music, learned French & a little Italian. It appears that he afterwards acquired Dutch, having consulted in the originals all that has been written in those three languages on the art to which he was devoted.

Walpole: Life of Vertue.

Wherever he met with portraits of the performers, he spared no pains in taking copies. His journeys over England with the same view will appear in the course of his life. These travels were assiduously employed in making catalogues, observations, & memorandums of all he saw.

Do.

Thoreau had decided, it would seem, from the very first to lead a life of self-improvement.

R. L. S.: Familiar Studies

"The most profitable work is that which combines into one continued effort the largest proportion of the powers & desires of a man's nature.

Do.

The secret of his retirement lies not in misanthropy, of which he had no tincture, but part in his engrossing design of self-improvement & part in the real deficiencies of social intercourse.

Do.

atque etiam quo sint ordine scripti notum tibi faciam

Plin. Ep. iii 5

Sed erat acre ingenium, incredibile studium, summa vigilantia. Lucubrare Vulcanalibus incipiebat non anucupandi causa, sed studendi, statim a nocte multa, hieme vero ab hora septima vel, cum tardissime, octava, saepe sexta. Erat sane somni paratissimi, non numquam etiam inter ipsa studia instantis et descrentis. Ante lucem ibat ad Vespasianum imperatorem (nam ille quoque noctibus utebatur) inde ad delegatum sibi officium. Reversus domi quod reliquum temporis studiis reddebat. Post cibum saepe, quem interdiu levem et facilem veterum more sumebat, aestate, si quid otii, iacebat in sole, liber legebatur, adnotabat excerpebatque.

When I got into Thucydides for the final review, I find that I did not progress at a quicker rate than some twenty or thirty chapters a day.

Mark Pattison's memoirs.

among the books of recreation, I see Johnson's lives of the poets.

do.

He took so much pains to make it accurate, and to write nothing without consulting the original + contemporary authorities, that the modern historical school claim him as their own.

Stopford Brooke on Bede

Henceforth the study of the classics, especially of Latin, became the engrossing aim of his life, + he pursued it with such natural aptitude and such industry as finally won for him the admiration of learned Europe, and the first place among the scholars of his age.

Buchanan, article on.

An inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die.

Reason of Ch. Government

To study to any purpose it requires one of three things - trained habit, determined will, or absorbing interest in the study itself.

Mark Pattison's memoirs

Walter dutifully carried out his parents' wish that he should keep a journal which still exists, + which gave them a detailed account of the hours, the nature, + the special difficulties of

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour.

Thoreau : Walden

My intention in learning Languages being to make my self a Citizen of the World as far as it were possible ; and my learning of Musick was for this end that I might entertain myself at home, and together refresh my mind after my studies to which I was exceedingly inclined

Herbert of Cherbury : Autobiography.

'Having ~~ever~~ delighted ever in the knowledge of herbs, plants, and gums, and in few words the history of Nature.'

Do.

I, too, am reading every day like you, here and in the public libraries.

Moore, Daphnis & Chloe.

The scholar is greater than his books. The result of his labours is not so many thousand pages in folio, but himself.

[M. Pattison, cit. by Morley : on Pattison's Memoirs]

Book-buying to him was not the indulgence of a taste or a passion, it was the acquisition of tools.

M. Pattison : Casaubon.

Casaubon is always ill at ease, unless he is acquiring, and acquisition does but give him a glimpse of the untravelled world beyond.

do.

God is my witness that I have sought nothing more than such a small increase, as should allow me to give all my mind to my studies, by setting me free from anxiety about the means of life.

Casaubon.

his various studies.

Bagehot, by Mrs Russell Barrington.

When I take up with a thing I never pause or break it off, nor am drawn away from it by any other interest, till I have ~~acquired~~ arrived at the goal I have promised to myself.

Milton.

It was all growth, development, & I have never ceased to grow, to develop, to discover up to the very last.

Mark Pattison's Memoirs.

All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the beginning of the last century.

Gibbon's Aut.

Learning was the business of his life. He was gifted with a singularly tenacious memory. His industry was untiring. Wherever he was – in London, at Cannes in winter, at Tegern See in summer, at Windsor or Osborne with the Queen, latterly (till his health failed) at Cambridge during the University terms – he never worked less than eight hours a day.

Bryce on Lord Acton.

The love of knowledge grew upon him till it became a passion of the intellect, a thirst like the thirst for water in a parching desert.

do.

'I am a self-taught man: ὀψιμαθής and αὐτοδίδακτος

I. Casaubon cit. Mark Pattison

'The expenditure of ~~our~~ time being the most costly of all those we make, and considering the truth of what is said by the Latin Stoic, that 'there is one reputable kind of avarice, viz to be avaricious of our time,' I have this day resolved to begin this record of my time, in order that I may have by me an account of my spending so precious a commodity.'

Casaubon, the opening of the diary.

Leisure is what I desire more than anything ... My literary schemes are of such a nature that they demand repose of mind as an indispensable condition.'

Ib.

Learning is a peculiar compound of memory, imagination, scientific habit, accurate observation, all concentrated, through a prolonged period, on the analysis of the remains of literature.

Mark Pattison, Casaubon p 435

He realised Boeckh's ideal, who has told us that in classical learning, 'dies diem docet, ut perdideris quam sine linea transmiseris.'

Ib 436

The only motive which can support the daily energy called for in the solitary student's life, is the desire to know.

Ib. 437

Easter Monday 1933

This morning I lazily read a few pages of Pattison's Memoirs. I started work by revising & learning by heart my language notes — the Middle English orthographic changes — but tho' the memorising gave me some satisfaction I moved forward very slowly. To-morrow I am really going to attack these notes, & find out how much it is possible to learn in one day. In the afternoon I revised Hoccleve & read (badly) the section of Chambers' Cyclopedia dealing with Scottish literature, but did not finish it. I also read more of Pattison & made some excerpts after referring to the library, which would aptly precede my journal of studies. My reading is still too discursive, & I find it difficult to fasten my mind on one subject for more than an hour at a time. As it is hardly possible for my brain in its present state to memorise all day, I shall break up my language study with the reading of odd articles in Chambers' Cyclopedia. My work this vacation has been moderately good, but any more mental dissipation or extension or intrusion of interests will be absolutely fatal. I must work harder.

18th April

This morning I slogged away at the orthographic changes, and in the afternoon at the M.E. qualitative vowel changes, which I concluded as far as the pure vowels were concerned. The reference to the M.E. texts which I made has been a great help, & makes my work more scholarly if less speedy. I still find the memorising irksome. I interlarded the study with a few pages of Pattison's Memoirs & of Chambers' Cyclopedia. In the evening I barely began to study the M.E. diphthongs. It has not been a day of study, as Aunt Madeline & Margaret came over. But I do know that I can work ~~without~~ all day at these sound

An arm chair and slippers before a good fire, and nothing to do but read books. This is the epicurean existence, the 'nova Atlantis of mediocrity à l'engrais', which we call the academic life. Of the self-denial, the unremitting effort, the incessant mental tension, the strain to touch the ever receding horizon of knowledge, the fortitude which

'Through enduring pain,
Links month to month, with long-drawn chain
Of knitted purport,'

of the devotion of a life, the modern world of letters knows nothing.

Ib. 438

How he was accustomed to spend his holidays, appears from an account which was found among his papers. In the morning, after writing one letter, he read several chapters of the Bible, and then studied Sanskrit grammar and Hindoo law; the afternoon was given to the geography of India, and the evening to Roman history; when the day was closed by a few games at chess, and the reading of a portion of Ariosto.

Memoir of Sir ~~to~~ William Jones in Henry James Nicoll, Great Scholars, n.d. p 206.

'It was a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken. But what appears to me more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion.

Ibid. 206

changes without paralysing my brain. The one thing necessary is solitude combined with a certain degree of quiet. I completed the day's work by revising Hoccleve.

19th April. Wednesday.

This morning sitting over my breakfast I finished Pattisons Memoirs. an amazing man: his final philosophy was just that God's motives are a riddle, & he studied, however much he may have argued himself into believing otherwise, merely because he was satisfying an instinct for study. Study for its own sake. No autobiography has given me greater insight into a man of totally different temperament. I was disappointed in one thing, viz., I expected him to give a justification for a selfish life of study, which he seems to have finally preferred to education. Later in the morning I ~~began~~ concluded the development of OE. diphthongs in ME.

20th April Thursday.

This morning I began the development of new diphthongs in M.E. My rate of progress is still slow, but prolonged application – & I am sure I am capable of this – would ensure covering the ground within the time limits. But I still dissipate my time & energies on trifles. Just before lunch I read Bryce's short study of Lord Acton, a very stimulating essay. But on the whole a very bad day's work, & I was so annoyed with my progress that I threw up my study in the evening, & listened to – jazz. O Jupiter!

21st April Friday.

I began work, as usual, late. By lunch-time I had finished the M.E. qualitative sound-changes. Apparently I shall be a whole week behind, as I have yet to cover Wyld's Short History of the English language. In the afternoon & evening I worked decidedly better, but after dinner at 8 gave up study as I am too far behind to be able to start on Wyld's Short History. My habits of work are becoming slightly more rigid, and I do well in the afternoons.

22 April Saturday

I felt rather seedy this morning. I

Byron Farwell, Burton: A biography of Sir Richard Francis Burton, London, Longmans, 1963

30 Burton, with his extraordinary memory, had already developed his own system for teaching himself languages and boasted that he could learn to speak any language within two months. First he bought a simple grammar and vocabulary and underlined the words and rules he felt should be memorized. Putting these books in his pocket, he studied them at every spare moment during the day, never working more than fifteen minutes at a time. By this method he was able to learn 300 words a week. When he had acquired a basic vocabulary, he chose a simple story book and read it, marking with a pencil any new words he wanted to remember and going over these at least once a day. Then he went on to a more difficult book, at the same time learning the finer points of the grammar. When he came across a new sound not found in any other of the languages he knew, he trained his tongue by repeating it hundreds of times a day. When listening to someone talking in the new language, he silently repeated the words after him to perfect his pronunciation and accent. . .

He was seldom content to simply to understand and to make himself understood; he wanted to talk like a native. When native teachers were available, he claimed that he always learned the 'swear words' first, and laughingly said that after that the rest of the language was easy.

managed to work, however, but not well.

24th April Monday.

To-day I acquired Gibbon's autobiography, which I am reading at odd intervals of spare time. This book was according to Mark Pattison his tutor of studies. It is certainly stimulating and liberal. In the afternoon & evening I began to study Love's Labour's Lost, one of my set plays: it has a very corrupt and difficult text, and to find a meaning — one cannot expect point — is frequently difficult & takes up much time. As a result, I did not finish it, as I expected to, but am left stranded on a difficult passage about half way through. I am determined, however, to cudgel some sense out of the text. Barring an interruption (broadcast of a speech by Winston Churchill) I worked extremely well.

25th April Tuesday

I was able to work all afternoon & evening at Love's Labour's Lost, & have finished the text; I have still however to study the variant readings & emendations. My reading of Gibbon's autobiog. continues.

26th April

To-day I finished Love's Labour's Lost. Dover Wilson's notes on the copy are particularly brilliant. Strangely enough, I did not admire the play so much on the second & more thorough reading: the poetry improved, but the high-spirits, wit, & humour seemed more forced & less entertaining. Having finished this, I began the Merry Wives of Windsor, which has a charming introduction by Q. My reading of Gibbon's autobio. continues.

27th April.

To-day I finished two memorable books: Gibbon's autobio. & the Merry Wives. The latter delighted me when I first saw it, pleased

me still more at my first rapid reading, & at this, my second reading, a careful & studious one, left an even more joyous impression of light, high spirits, & fun. The treatment of Falstaff has not been spoiled in my case by too close an acquaintance with the Other Falstaff. The Autobiography is a book I shall re-read: it has stimulated me in my studies. I don't know why critics say Gibbon had an unlovable personality. But he was not everyone's man's company.

I gave up work after tea: bad.

28th april Friday.

To-day I read the Introduction of Henry Cunningham to Macbeth (the Arden Shakespeare) and three acts (with notes) of the play. The introduction is a good one, if read independently & critically: it opens up several problems & the pure criticism is fine. The play held me, and I would have finished it at the sitting if I had not been interrupted. The notes are very helpful in elucidating the sense: they left no major problems.

29th april Saturday

I finished Macbeth & made an outline of my scholastic reading during the past two years.

1st May Monday

To-day I am working at Wyld's Short History of English. a fine book, written by a scholar & enthusiast. The stress is always on the unity, harmony, continuity, & growth, not the details. I may say this is the only work I have read which verifies philology, tho' the standard works of Wright, which are perhaps more scholarly, when we take into account the dates, are less interesting because of their scope.

Two very interesting lectures: one from Harrison on Love's Labour's Lost & the other from Dr. Day on M.E. texts. Harrison is a scholar without even the taint of pedantry. Thus, instead of identifying Moth with Nashe, he more carefully said that in Moth S. has made some apt hits against N. The interest of Dr. Day's lecture

was mainly in the nimbleness & ability with which she translated her text: not only the best words, but a real sense of style in their arrangement.

Tues. 2 May

Continued work on Wyld. What a pity I started this book so late! It should be recommended at the beginning, not at the end, of the language studies.

Wednesday.

Having yesterday finished the O.E. dialectal characteristics I am now working on the M.E. period in Wyld. Unfortunately I have not been concentrating very well, and in the afternoon my work has been definitely bad. But I think I am laying a sound basis for future study.

Thursday

Continued with Wyld. The Middle to Modern Sound changes especially interesting, as they can all be checked by experience.

Friday

I finished the sound changes today. The more recent changes are by far the most interesting, especially when they come within the range of one's own experience. Today I also began Ten Brink's history of English literature: a mine of ideas.

Saturday

Today I finished Wyld, but the consonant changes, the history of inflections, were done badly. 'Books which are ... perused with impatience seldom leave any traces on the mind' (Johnson, Idler 74) Unfortunately, being so near the examination, I have to hurry thro' my reading to its detriment. But I have thoroughly enjoyed Wyld: the study of language becomes interesting when every change is verified, understood, & explained by reference to the original texts & to the spoken word. It is this study from the texts, & not from examples isolated in the sections of a text book, which gives the interest & vividness of a rediscovery to the familiar elements of philology.

During this week I have only studied Wyld's history. Very occasionally I dipped back into Gibbon's autob.

Monday 8th May

To-day I worked at Troilus + Cressida ed. Deighton. The Arden edition has adequate notes.

Tuesday 9th May

I finished Troilus + Cressida. It is a puzzling play, and is best taken, I suppose, with Knight, as a satire on heroism. In no other play has Shakespeare put so many commentators on the stage – Ulysses, Thersites, Pandarus. There is the undersong of disillusion + sex nausea, + the brothel-imagery, which is supposed to mark this period. Having finished this, I began Measure for Measure, which might be parallel with the other, but for the happy ending. Here S. has taken over an Italian story with a fascinating plot with the three qualities of suspense, poetic justice, + dilemma, but has failed to justify, as Cinthio was not compelled by his scope, the action by sufficient delineation of motive + character.

Thursday May

To-day in the college library I read the first three acts of Lear, but was compelled by the lecture bell to break off, and unfortunately I have been unable to continue Lear at home! In the evening I read the Winter's Tale. A perfect play, which takes you safely thro' storms + wreckage, to strange, gay, + picturesque scenes, + ends its storm-tossed voyage in the most sun-kissed of havens.

Friday 12th May

This afternoon I finished Lear in the garden, with bright hot sunshine – a contrast to the wild + awful places whither my imagination was born. But I cannot really pass a fair judgment, as I did not read the play at one sitting, + finished it when I was ~~[illegible]~~ rather tired. I was certainly not moved as by Othello. In the evening I read, for the first time, The Tempest, a poem + delight from beginning to the end. I am sure some will say Shakespeare was growing sentimental in his old age, but there are always people who prefer to live in a fool's hell to spite the people who

live, they think, in a fool's paradise. The Tempest is the most impossible of all Shakespeare's plays to criticise.

Saturday May 13th

This morning I read Othello. It is an agonising play. A suspicion I had after seeing the play acted is now released: I thought then that a closer inspection might show that Iago was not the complete villain, but had in the bad some spark of goodness or that might ~~possibly~~ make him possible for sympathy. But there is none. He has even no adequate motive for his villainy. He is perhaps an artist of evil who joys in the round objectivity of his creation; for it is he who makes the play; he is almost fate and Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, Emilia, Roderigo, are his puppets.

Tuesday 16th

Today I read Pericles: a narrative play, never carrying the emotions to a great pitch of intensity. It satisfies the imagination with its variety of episodes and scenes. Like Anthony & Cleopatra, it has not dramatic unity, but this does not prevent it from being a delightful play of successive purple patches. In the evening I began Cymbeline.

Wednesday 17th

Dowden's introduction to Cymbeline is fine. He is the right critic for Shakespeare's final period, having the romantic touch. Cymbeline is not as great as the Winter's Tale or the Tempest, but is a worthy predecessor.

Thursday 20th

This morning & afternoon I worked at the ballads, in Chambers Cyclopedia. Perhaps the simple things are really the most satisfying: dainty & elaborate dishes cloy the appetite. The Tale of Clerk Saunders moved me most. What economy & what power of suggestion! Those ballads in which the supernatural element is found are the most poetical; but the rigour & sense of suppressed passions in the border songs give them as much interest. In the evening I rapidly read John Selden's Table Talk, & was struck by points of similarity this has with Bacon's Essays.

I fancy a thorough study of the Table Talk would throw considerable light on the manners of his day.

21st Friday

I have rapidly read Maurice Morgann's Essay on the Dramatic character of Sir John Falstaff: a brilliant book. There is in it sound psychology, original thinking, genuine analysis. Amongst our critics Morgann is neglected; if his output was small, the quality of it was excellent. In the afternoon I finished my study of ~~Herbert~~ Herrick. Now, with Chamber's Cyclopedia before me, I am daunted, & I will have to confine myself to the leading men & the likely subjects. As a beginning I will take the metaphysicals. I have written this evening an essay on the topical problems of Love's Labour's Lost.

22nd Saturday

This morning I read rapidly Sir Thomas Browne's Urn Burial & Religio Medici. After that I was seized with a panic, & could not work! As a result I have determined to break no more fresh ground, but to make a précis of what I already know.

Thursday 9th November

Five months later: an upper second in the examination, six weeks in Spain; and now study again.

I decided to combine the study of art with the study of literature, & selected the eighteenth century, which interests me immensely. I was recommended to work on Hogarth, but afterwards it was agreed that I could read the aesthetic criticism of the century for two or three months before taking a definite subject.

Monday ~~Th~~ 15th January:

This is ~~the~~ my reading after my return from Spain: Reynold's Discourses, Burke on the Sublime & Beautiful, Dryden's Parallel of Poetry & Painting, Du Fresnoy De Arte Graphica, De Piles Comm., Croce Hist. Sum. I & II, Locke Essay on the H. U. I, wit & judgement, Hogarth analysis of Beauty, Lamb, Essay on Hogarth, J. Richardson: Works, Addison, the Pleasures of the Imagination, Wit, True & false taste.

Recreation: Mackenzie, Vestal Fire, Douglas, South Wind, Lyrical Ballads 1798, ~~Mac~~ ~~Steve~~ Mackenzie, Sinister Street Vol I

at the national Portrait Gallery I have lectured on ~~the~~ 'Some Early Tudor Poets;' 'Inigo Jones, Ben Jonson & other Elizabethan dramatists,

John Donne & some other poets, Milton & Bunyan, & some Restoration Poets. For the Inigo Jones lecture I read J. A. Gotch, The Original Drawings for the Palace at Whitehall, & studied the Designs by Inigo Jones edited by Simpson & Bell. I also read Birch, London Churches of the XVII, XVIII Centuries.

I made my second visit to the Exhibition of British art at Burlington House. I confined myself to Cornelius Jonson, William Dobson, Sir Peter Lely, & Sir Godfrey Kneller in the C17, & Hogarth in the C18. Jonson's handling of black & white was fascinating, & his portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby, one feels, not only gave the utmost satisfaction to be had out of black cloth & white lace, but was particularly fine in pose & feature, the treatment of the right arm being very convincing. Dobson's colouring is very individual but attractive: I fancy from my recollection that it is a yellow he introduces which makes his effect peculiar. The pose of General Massey was relaxed & natural yet dignified & impressive: he gives the body & limbs in all his portraits here an easy plastic solidity which suggest skill in modelling. I enjoyed all the Lelys: the character as well as the colour in Thomas Fanshawe, an aristocratic gentleman surveying the world very much at his ease. The Family of the Artist has not perhaps the depth or the unity & delicacy of colour of a Watteau: but in expression suggests all that the other could of le beau monde if it lacks the vision of fairyland in contrast. The artist, graceful, relaxed, cultured, & distinguished; his wife, girlish in gesture if mature physically, & shown in four different poses of charm & sensual appeal, & finally the draperies, rich, grand, & suggestive. Kneller was obviously influenced by Lely's treatment of women's faces.

I am reading the anecdotes of Horace Walpole.

Tuesday 16th Jan 1934

Another visit to Burlington House, in the afternoon. I finished the Hogarths, & then went through the Reynolds, after which I began Gainsborough. Taste in high life has two figures which illustrate the grotesque effect he produced by 'deviating from the line of beauty.' The Masqued Ball at Wanstead likewise. His family portraits 'in small', which, according to Walpole, were commemorative, are precious

for the children (The Cholmondeley Family) of the Staymaker.

Sunday Jan 21st

I have made one visit to the Exhibition since the above, on Friday afternoon. Reynolds left rather ~~an~~ indistinct impressions: the tonality of his colouring against excitement. He could ~~[illegible]~~ present certain aspects of the charm of children. Three of his portraits, the artists, Lawrence Sterne, & Omai, ~~[illegible]~~ are enigmatic, that is, seem alive with a meaning one cannot define, catch all the outward evidences of expression & personal character. One ~~[illegible]~~ is reminded of the Mona Lisa. Moreover their colouring is satisfying & appeals. Gainsborough has ~~[illegible]~~ given the highest pitch to my enjoyment. His colouring is fresh & so much on the surface that it gives a sensory pleasure like that of texture. In Room 3 he is well hung, so that the eye can range from Captain Wade, the Prince of Wales, the Marquess of Hastings, to Lady Sheffield, Lady Bate Dudley; another couple of turns groups together the beautiful heads, the Hon. Edward Bouverie & Mrs Horton, and the impressive full length, Viscount Kilmorey. His sketches, Mrs Robinson & the Duchess of Cumberland, have delicacy in the interplay of colours.

My reading has been devoted to Walpole's Anecdotes (1762-71), the Earl of Listowel's Critical History of Modern Aesthetics, & Herbert Read's Art Now (Both 1933). I shall begin my historical study of English art with Walpole: his facts may be unreliable, but he has a lot of suggestive information, if not intuition. The interest of his own criticism is permanent. He is not always entertaining, but the dullness is due to the facts he produces so plentifully. Listowel I am reading, with dictionary in hand, to understand. Herbert Read is illuminating

Saturday Jan 27

I have finished Walpole's Anecdotes, but I shall often return for references. He expresses, indirectly, something of his personality: his interest in information, his approach to culture as a means of developing perfect taste, his fairly catholic sensitivity. There seems a hint of this kind of thing: I am a man of taste & wide culture, a gentleman who has rejected other occupations because of his enthusiastic & in every

way admirable love of art.' In other words, he gave me the impression of a not unamiable egoism.

Herbert Read is both brilliant & sound, & moreover it has left me with the itch to see works of modern art.

Sunday 28th

Yesterday I went with Mr Chiesso & the London-Middlesex archaeological Society to 'Prince Henry's' Room (Strand or Fleet Street), The Temple Church, & no. 17 Gough Street. Prince Henry's Room is Jacobean, finished in 1610-11, with a fine ceiling (medallions set in geometrical designs) and panelled wall, having pilasters carved with strapwork. The Temple Church is composite: the one part late 12th century, showing both Norman & early English features, the other Early English & pointed, with a lovely, coloured, rib & panel roof, to which the eye is lifted along clustered slender pillars of Purbeck marble. The art is full of delightful secular touches: grotesque heads, dogs at the feet of the warrior effigies, & a font (a copy) with hunting scenes.

Quotation 'There are too many money-changers in the Temple of literature, too many middlemen in Zion, too many guides and dragomen jabbering at the foot of Parnassus.'

F. L. Lucas Studies in French & English (quoted by McCarthy)

Tuesday 30th

I have finished my reading of Walpole for my lecture, tho' there are some rather important gaps – I haven't touched the letters. The Introduction to the Aedes Walpolianae is full of criticism of continental art, the Journals (Walpole Soc. pub.) give the best impression of W's own interest in art, & there is a remarkable essay on Modern Gardening. His interest in art is a drawing room interest partly, but not much the worse for that – Walpole never bores.

Monday 26th February

I am writing this in bed. My reading has not been systematic during the past fortnight of confinement due to bronchitis, but I have kept in view future lectures at the N. P. G. I finished Don Juan, a poem which offers more variety of feeling & thought than any other I have read. Byron is in his most communicative mood: his reading, his ideas on politics, philosophy, religion, on individual men & books are poured out

stranded amongst the monotony of the beach, pinewood and a quite characterless sea-resort. The mountains and picturesque villages nestled among them are ten miles away, accessible by only one road, a very straight + dull one. There is nowhere to walk to, because five miles away the scene will be just the same.

On my third or fourth day I had sunstroke, and was very ill, painfully so, for four days, + just well enough at the end to make the journey home May 30 - 31st.

Expenses of the Tour

Cheque to Cooks for tickets, 22 hotel coupons (half pension) and 80 francs, 300 lira cash and 500 lira in traveller's cheques: £23 - 16 - 11. I also took £10 sterling in cash, and came back with about £3, ten francs and perhaps twenty lira. My expenses were therefore about £30.

in burlesque, denunciation, argument, - & poetry. I passed next to Cain, where he has used the dramatis personae as vehicles for those doubts & resentments which most of us have at some time against God & the religious doctrine of life - though they may come only as unbidden & unwelcome guests - & which here Byron has forced to their logical conclusion in thought & expressed with all the emotion they must command when once realised sympathetically. Hence the tragedy is powerful, disturbing, & awful. It might easily cause loss of faith, but ultimately it is far better that problems should be stated, & at their blackest, than ignored or concealed. Werner I read with great attention. It has the vagueness, mystery, tension, & awful manner that constitute a genre, to which the Castle of Otranto & some of the tales of Poe belong. In other words it has all the ingredients that a recipe for the tale of horror would prescribe. It is not here however that Byron is at his greatest: he is merely very good. But the inferiority is apparent when we compare this work with the treatment of Lear's & Ophelia's madness, or Macbeth's remorse, by Shakespeare, or with Webster's two great tragedies of horror. The most notable difference is in imagery, which in Shakespeare & Webster is concrete, suggestive, & profuse, & in Byron & Walpole conventional or vague. It is this possession of significant imagery which denotes the great imaginative artist of horror: the images of Ophelia's songs & soliloquies touch the highest peak of the macabre. The Island, also in my reading, contains some beautiful & affecting passages.

I broke into this with a novel of Dostoevsky's, The Possessed. This habit of quite impulsive, disconnected, irrelevant reading is a curse & must be eradicated. The Possessed is a great, inspired tragedy, but would have been read better at that future holiday of culture when I shall turn to Russian history & the great Russian novelists. In future I must make little plans for very short courses of reading, arranged on a connected scholarly framework, & which I may reasonably keep. This means breaking the habit of a lifetime, but after my illness I shall do it. So far my reading has been so often determined by visual suggestions, by opportunities which tempted my laziness, & chance impulses. This haphazard, non-determined reading just flows through the brain. The Possessed, like the Idiot, contains inspired passages. D. has those flashes of illuminating intuition which are the birthright of the mystic.

and must number them among the anti-climaxes of expectation, ~~like~~ with Niagara Falls. I could picture the Roman authorities permitting ~~this~~, or rather winking at, this troglodyte worship, with ~~contempt~~ indifference.

May ~~19th~~ and 20th I visited an Exhibition of modern art, explored the Forum and the Capitoline museum. The Venus of the Capitol was very handsome. The Forum is a sort of cemetery where temples and palaces, instead of kings and princes, are buried. In the evening I climbed the Palatine hill, and enjoyed fresh air and the sunset and the company of luxuriant trees and shrubs.

May 21st.

I spent the afternoon and early evening in Pisa, after a long journey from Rome. Pisa is in a sense the most poised of mediaval cities, for its great buildings are all contemporary. The Church is indescribably lovely at sunset, and the Campo di Santo is truly holy ground, for its wall paintings breathe the angelic spirit of the primitives.

May 22nd to May 30th

At the Villa Irene, Poveromo. Opposite this shore Shelley was drowned; he took sail at Lerici and his body was washed up at Viareggio.

The scenery here is made up of four elements; a bright and blue sea beside a broad and sandy beach; a big concrete road running by the beach and flanked by a pine forest; a flat hinterland for ten miles, of rich alluvial farmlands; and then the mountains. But at Poveromo one is

Chesterfield was absorbing, & he makes his circle share the attractive power. It would be a tempting holiday to explore ~~his~~ the lives of his son, godson, wife, Dayrolles, & his own private & public life. He is an old man with a passion for moralising & improving others, & one who ~~can~~ ~~[illegible]~~ has always in his mind as he teaches the social shrine at which he himself so assiduously sacrificed. He is still valuable, not only as a character, or a representative of his era, but as a teacher: as far as any text book can inculcate formulae for social & wordly success of a certain type, his letters can be recommended.

Wednesday 28th February

To-day I finished an amazing study in eccentric literature, A. J. A. Symon's 'The Quest for Corvo'. This brilliant book is the history of the biographer's work from the moment he first heard of Frederick Rolfe, ~~[illegible]~~ self-styled Baron Corvo, to the completion of his quest for & assimilation of the material relevant to Rolfe's biography. This latter is not written: for Corvo's life, his work, & his personality have emerged indirectly in the story of the quest far more powerfully, distinctly, & accurately than any conventionally direct treatment could have effected. This book has altered my conception of biographical method. Every approach I feel now should ~~be~~ conform to the spirit & letter of Symon's quest. My own study of Hogarth is henceforward to be a continuous series of exciting discoveries (~~[illegible]~~ discoveries in the personal sense) I shall first call on all the biographers, listen to their facts & estimate, & then ask them for their sources. To every source that may possibly afford fuller evidence I shall immediately run. And I will attempt to build up my knowledge chronologically. My research shall be a quest. Gradually I shall know the life, his friends, & finally the man. My presentment will however be quite different: Corvo ~~[illegible]~~ afforded an exceptional opportunity for Symon's method, & in any case the latter is open to question if judged as a work of purely scholarly aim. Symon's presents the man; the scholar in addition the conditions in which the work is produced, the various influences, ~~[illegible]~~ the growth, the development, the historical ~~[illegible]~~ significance, & may justifiably prefer the story of ~~the~~ mind to the story of ~~the~~ life (the distinction is one of emphasis); & all this he does in great detail.

Perhaps Corvo's style would enrich the sedulous

and the shabbiness and superstitious appearance of the Italian pins.

I spent most of my time in the Vatican in the first two rooms of its picture gallery. Strange, but reasonable, that amidst the grandeur and richness of Rome, one should linger to recapture the echo of Florence and Siena, as something intrinsically more worth while.

Loitered beside the river in the sun, and watched the bathers and oarsmen. In the evening I walked to the English cemetery and paid homage to the tomb of Keats. I arrived about sunset; behind the trees was a sheet of red fire, and the horizontal rays lit up the long rank grass and flowers (for in Italy all the weeds are flowers). A little boy with great excitement danced before me to the tomb, indicating his functions with mimicry and tore away as soon as he had his tip. The blossoming bushes, trees, perfume, the scent of crumbling walls, the peace and signs of neglect, made the cemetery very lovely.

I then made for the Porta d San Sebastiano and started to walk along the Appian Way. This road has great character: there are villages, one row deep, of stone houses, cafés and poor inhabitants, and above the sunk road rise the tombs and beyond the tombs a vista of steppe-like plain and blue hills. I entered the catacombs of St Callistus,

ape of the eccentric. A study of it appeals to me.

Saturday 3rd of March.

During my illness I have been dipping a lot into Chamber's Cyclopedia &, for the eighteenth + nineteenth centuries. at the outset of my set back I read Sir William Butler's Great Lone Land, + an interesting article on O. Maginn has suggested the possibility of an interesting + valuable book the composition of which would well occupy my leisure – Studies in forgotten letters. The rehabilitation of such writers as these would be a noble task.

My reading of Byron continues. The Blues contains amusing hits at his contemporaries. The Doge of Venice is classically constructed + written at a consistent level of eloquent + powerful imaginative verse. It struck me that it would act well. If literature were an appeal to taste it would be the greatest of his tragedies. But as it is not, the place of supremacy must be given to Manfred

Wednesday 21st March

I have been kept rather busy by a return to N. P. G. lectures and to college. My reading of Byron was incomplete but a good start. Feeling rather weak, my reading after this was light. For a lecture on Shelley I re-read Sharp's life, which gives an extraordinarily concrete picture of the man, + is written with delicate humour and a rare insight. In my talk I compared him with Don Quixote + presented his life as a tragi-comedy like that of Cervantes' novel. I have also read and excerpted Walkley's Playhouse Impressions, a model for critical paradox and the light touch in learned allusion. Actually I have not studied to please my serious muse, for I planned and commenced an artificial, rather precious, prose fantasy 'Echo + Narcissus,' and also a series of quite insincere epigrams, 'Maxims of a Decadent.' Sherard's life of Oscar Wilde was à propos, + contained good things + a good narrative. Wilde's pose was really very simple, + surprisingly consistent: things were either amazing or tedious, and the application of this formula to life + art, morality + convention, provided excellent material for the cultivation of paradox.

The Palazzo Publico looks on one side into a town square, on the other over a wide vista of country. The Duomo and this Palace-Fortress represent the duality of the flowering of the Middle Ages: the first is spiritual, a sculptural poem reaching towards heaven, timeless though fashioned by the spirit of the age; the second is rich in associations of battle and intrigue, plunder and power, hard in design, rich in its treasures.

~~May 17th~~ The Pinacoteca is filled with the lovely art of the Sienese primitives, whose pictures take you into the spiritual world through form and colour. Sano di Pietro, Girolamo da Cremona, Bernardino Betti, Bartolo di Fredi, & Giovanni di Paolo were the artists I specially studied.

May 17th To Rome. The scenery ~~deteriorates~~ deteriorates, and the approach to the city is through a plain, with mountains in the distance, one of which I identified with Horace's 'alto Soracte'. My hotel (Pension Hanover) is in the Via ~~XX~~ Settembre.

May 18th ~~th~~

To-day I visited St. Peter's and the Vatican. Bernini's Piazza I thought lovelier than the Cathedral itself; it is supremely proportioned; the curve, the height of the colonnade, the opening, spaces, relations of the detail were all so flawless that the eye travelled round and about ~~with~~ ~~with~~ with ceaselessly renewing delight.

The Cathedral interior is so large that one feels still out-of-doors inside it. A great contrast between the dignity and richness of its ornamentation

Thursday April 12th

Illness (facial neuralgia) lectures & a visit to Bath have prevented real progress of my studies. I spent a day in the British Museum on the Hogarth mss. For a lecture on the Prince Regent I read Chaine Leslie's life of George IV, encrusted in epigram & veined with light gossip & witty anecdote. The lecturing is increasing my power of concentration, & I have begun (at last) Browning, reading rapidly with good comprehension, tho' not staying over the technicalities of description.

Sunday April 22nd

My reading of Browning continues. Each poem emerges ~~as~~ brilliantly out of a dramatic action, is the moment of a play whose past & future we see while concentrating on the now. There is also the richness of an insight into all types, especially into those of the Middle Ages & the Renascence. Much of his verse has the quality of talk, whether of soliloquy or a monologue of confidence, or a dialogue where the statements of one speaker give the clues to the statements of the other. Fra Lippo Lippi is a fragment which contains the whole: an indelible portrait of the sincerely & spontaneously realist artist in unnatural circumstances of aloofness (monasticism) & ~~the~~ idealism (~~the~~ religious art). For a lecture on Dickens I read Ward's life, full of good things.

Monday June 4th

I am still reading Browning! Recently I have read Clifford Bax's Leonardo da Vinci, containing ~~a~~ very provocative theories, both on ~~Leonardo~~ & the artistic v. scientific ~~faculty~~ faculty-contest.

Monday June 11th

To-day I finished a complete reading of Beowulf. This is the first book I have read taking

May 13th Explored the other side of the Arno, the Pitti Palace, gardens, San Miniato (where I had climbed already on most days) The gardens and cemetery on the far side of San Miniato an excellent site for an afternoon's nap, or to read in, lazily.

May 14th. A day in San Gimignano. The approach is through a very rich and fertile hill-land, the luxuriance of the late Spring vegetation, the wild flowers, crops, etc. quite unlike anything an Englishman could have imagined. The architecture and ornaments in this mediaval city very fine, the view from the summit ~~for a~~ very beautiful, but everybody seemed poor and distressed. Sunday in San Gimignano, with no money to spend, nobody doing anything, must be very depressing for the inhabitants. ~~The view from the summit was incredibly lovely.~~

May 15th Siena

I walked into Siena from the station. The city is completely unspoiled: the station is some distance away, and we climb ~~into the~~ up the hill and into the walls of a mediaval fortress-town. The air is cool and acts like a tonic; from the city walls we look out on rich vineclad hills, bright green in the sun, bright blue in the shade. The chief recreation of the citizens is walking in the main squares and streets, particularly at night.

May 16th

I visited the Duomo, the most lovely of mediaval cathedrals, and the Duomo museum, with some lovely archaic figures.

my notes on card indexes & simultaneously classifying them. This has been a great success, & I have references & quotations illustrating the Anglo-saxon heroic ideal, delight in armour, pessimism, attitude to life, style, description of nature etc. Going through the poem at the slow pace forced by frequent use of the glossary has not left the ideal first impression; but I have enjoyed it thoroughly, particularly its imagery, both the tone-effects of sad sentiment and striking allusion, & the background of tribal court life & feuds. It is amazing that the best passages are conventional: the setting of ravens, wolves, & corpses after battle, the insistence on the inevitable tragedy of fate & the courage of the hero which must be its own reward, the descriptions of armour. As an artistic unity of material if not of construction Beowulf is perfect. The imagery of war & its insignia, of death and his retainers, the scavengers & birds of prey; the allusions to other legends & historic events, dealing with crime, revenge, battle, and disaster; the setting of the tribal court with its dignified prince, the bard & hall thanes; the feasting & flyting & long speeches; the types of Teutonic hero; the generous king mindful of those who serve him, his gracious consort, the hero Beowulf himself, strong in might & sweet in manner — 'mannna mildust ond mon-ðwærust,
Leodum liðost ...

and for contrast the sarcastic jealous retainer swift to boast & slow to battle; these form a complete satisfying world for the imagination to live in.

Browning's christianity is of special interest to me, & I am in full sympathy with

Signoria is the heart of Florence, & is especially lovely at sunset, when the colours of the Palazzo Vecchio are brought out by the ~~setting~~ rays of the setting sun.

In the Uffizzi. The Adoration of the Magi by Gentile da Fabriano. Richness of detail has been elaborated fantastically without overcrowding the composition. The gorgeous symphony of colour is dominated by chords of gold, and gesso spurs and swords in relief melt into a perfect perspective. The young king whose page fits on his spur is very lovely.

May 11th.

The Uffizzi. To spend a morning in the first two rooms, with the Florentine Primitives, is to live in a compartment of the spirit which radiates peace, beauty and ethereal love. Giotto, Bernaado Daddi, Cimabue, Andrea & Iacopo Orcagno, Gherardo Stamina, Lorenzo Monaco were the artists I chiefly studied. The power and mystery of Giotto's Madonna and Child enthroned dominates the first room, & one's eye is attracted & held from every position. How earthly and uninspired do Raphael and the 16th century painters seem by comparison!

May 12th.

An immense crowd, streets lined with soldiers to welcome a distinguished guest (Fascist). Managed to escape ~~the~~ to Fiesole, in the rain. Had to shelter. Rain can sometimes add loveliness to a scene, especially when it passes & leaves the summer grass & leaves bright & flashing. The Roman theatre is surely in one of the loveliest settings in the world. The view was blue and misty, and the ~~ruins~~ ruins completely deserted.

his emphasis on the value of pain suffering, + his conviction that the incompletion of an attempt to an unattainable perfection is nobler than the completion of a present limited perfection. Sometimes his theories prevent him writing poetry, as in a Death in the Desert, but they are still valuable. Browning' power of objecting sympathy, of projecting, not consciously his own self, but with complete self-oblivion his imagination inside the mentality of other types or individuals in different conditions, is like Shakespeare + Chaucer. I shall have finished his poems '44 to '64 to-day. On Hogarth I am working at his theory practice of line for Professor Constable, + therefore getting to know his engravings better.

Two intense musical experiences: Siegfried + Otello (June 8th) at Covent Garden. Going to Siegfried suddenly made me listen attentively to music, to follow phrase + harmony, + immediately this has developed appreciation. Wagner was the richer + deeper event, but Otello is nearer: Verdi's association of musical passages with incident + development of the libretto was brilliant, + the two most striking additions to Shakespeare's treatment, the kindness of Desdemona to little children + the love motif (with which Otello ends) make Verdi's Otello quite a different individual work of art.

Saturday June 23rd

I had a period of really satisfactory work on Hogarth, extending my bibliographical knowledge, and getting to work on the whole range of his artistic work, first generally + then commencing the chronological study. Lectures also have introduced me to fascinating things: I began Donne's poetry — the

Notes on a Visit to Italy, May, 1939.

May 5th Left London in the evening. Slept on the boat between Dover and Calais, and on the train from Calais to Paris (Gare St. Lazare)

May 6th Drove to the Gare de Lyons. ~~Saw~~ crossed the Place de la Concorde, caught a glimpse of the Madeleine. The chestnuts were in full bloom. Notre Dame looked very beautiful. I remembered the statue of Henri Quatre, which I saw as a schoolboy on my first visit to Paris.

May 7th The weather was perfect. The country to Dijon is very lovely and grows richer as you leave Paris. I fell asleep at Dijon and first saw the Alps quite suddenly, ~~at~~ near Aix-les-Bains. The weather was dark and cloudy, but the tops of the mountains were constantly being revealed. The effect was at first crushing; but the oppression wore off.

Slept at Turin, where I saw nothing but lighted arcades and shops and a great crowd of people taking a late stroll.

May 8th The Gulf of Rapallo greatly caught my fancy. A light blue sky, a deep blue sea, hills and rocks breaking into the sea, semi-tropical verdure, brightly coloured stone villas, many ~~[illegible]~~ of them quite old. I particularly liked the coast South of Genoa.

May 9th Found a charming pension: the Pensione Firenze, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 4, in an old building overlooking the Arno and the Ponte Vecchio.

Michael Angelo admired the light and graceful arches of the Loggia dei Lanzi, and well he might. ~~Whit~~ Beneath them stand Cellini's Perseus, its pose inspired by a passion for the human form, Giambologna's Rape of the Sabines and a copy of a hellinistic group, Ajax bearing Patroclus. The Piazza della

Songs and Sonnets - & was excited by his extraordinary humour, of which I was quite ignorant! Donne is now in the ~~[illegible]~~ lumber-room of half-attempted things, but I shall drag him out when I get the courage to put other things aside. On Bunyan I read G. B. Harrison, valuable on B's ear for striking rhythms & for analysis, not unsympathetic, of his religious experience. Then I have been dipping into Art-books, McMurrich on Leonardo the anatomist, illustrations to Gang's Holbein, somebody's Donatello, modern artists etc. and finally I was lent Moore's Daphnis & Chloe. How impossible vulgarity is to Moore! This idyll of purity & love is perfect. Perhaps perfection in a work of art is self-confessed limitation, & the suggestion of Rodin higher than the beautiful self-assertion of some sculptured Greek athlete. Also Moore's theory of art-translation is an inspiring message, & an invitation to adventurers.

Always after periods of quite self-willed mental growth, when I choose my time & apparently aimlessly my work, my mind is rich in ideas. I have many ~~[illegible]~~ nebulous schemes, but one has been forming strongly. It began when first I had wonderful talks with Dr. ~~[illegible]~~ Hermann Gauss, a Swiss philosopher, reader at Basel University, reading neo-platonists at the British Museum. We discussed the philosophical significance of classic & romantic, & my idea is now this: a philosophical history of the arts, first the various styles ~~[illegible]~~ considered as expressions of certain attitudes of mind, each implying a distinct set of values, & then a ~~[illegible]~~ survey of general tendencies & movements in the arts during the past. It may be a dream, but it has a very real value, apart from its inspiring power: it will unify my wide interests. It implies contacts with all great philosophers on the one hand, & all great poets, artists, musicians, on the other. A life largely spent in these contacts, though the magnum opus be never written, is splendid and desirable. And then there is the

pure pleasure of thinking about these things, of searching for relationships, analogies, + general unities, in the apparently chaotic mass of data. Not that I mean to neglect life! I am glad the Idea came before I was twenty-one.

I have at home Roger Fry's Vision + Design. It will be a fine introduction to my newer interests. To-day also I ~~[illegible]~~ listened to Wagner's Prelude Act 3 the Meistersingers, + the allegro con brio 1st movement Concerto no. 1. of Beethoven. To spend a life reading books, listening to music, + looking at pictures, + still when others toil in office or the field, to have one's own life to lead, is perhaps more than the most modest, reverent, + youthful noviciate can hope from the Gods. ~~[illegible]~~ But the Gods are sometimes quite surprisingly generous!

~~Thus~~ Wednesday

I continue to lead a life of wonderful new experience. You see I have leisure, + London is so rich in concerts, in museums + exhibitions, + libraries! While there is so much to explore, and so much to re-realise, periods in art which sing-like sirens, and I a Ulysses on this ship of a thesis which should carry me forward from promise to fulfillment in scholarship (a chaste but rather exacting Penelope) - I should refuse the Impressionists + Donne, Restoration Comedy + Beethoven, + wrapped in Eighteenth century ideologies, forget myself in the contemplation of Hogarth. But last night I went to a Matthay school recital at the Wigmore, + the ~~night~~ evening before read the Way of the World, + out of the past antedating that can only remember a Renoir, Cezanne exhibition at the Lefevre. The first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat is gloriously built on rhythm, + full of depths of feeling. Bach's chorales, Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring, + Jesu Christ the son of God, were similarly built on rhythm, but simpler.

Ibert's Le Petit Ane Blanc was a clever tour de force of sheer delightfulness. Julia Pavlova played with brilliant technique & the soundest sanest interpretation Chopin's Study in F minor & Waltz in G flat. I am afraid Chopin must be played by a technician.

Congreve bubbles with the essence of gaiety. I am afraid this is the final experience putting the last nail into my conviction that art is an experience bringing us nearer to the spirit of God. For I defy anyone to recollect Congreve in tranquillity, just the vivid quintessence of feeling that remains when the sensual background & the cynical code are ~~[illegible]~~ blurred into supreme insignificance, and not feel better & elevated. ~~[illegible]~~

14 July.

Recently I have seen Wycherly's Country Wife, which was thoroughly good; heard Ray Les play magnificently Bach's Chaconne (she brought out the rich sadness of the poem); read Richard Aldington's Collected poems, which gave me pleasure. 'One, Marianne, Madeline, Alys,' has the loveliest music wedded to ~~the~~ restrained pathos.

I suppose on one's twenty first birthday one ought to think things out. I have wonderful gifts in my love for poetry, art, & music; and wonderful opportunities. And yet my life is not tense with experience, because I drift so often into second & even third rate things. It is perhaps depressing to write with immaturity; I doubt however if even perfect craftmanship could make my valuable work bring in a satisfactory income. I want money, because I want peace. But my studies & my creative work are the things I take most seriously, tho' I want at the same time all the good worldly things. So problems form a distinct barrier. I am going however to fight: to sensitize myself to the highest, & only the highest, in art; to

write for to satisfy impulse reconsciousness, not with an eye on the market. That is, in serious work. A comedy invites me, because that would be fun & might bring in money; would not be a misuse of time. And then there is my ambitious project for studies: aesthetics uniting into my work on art, music, & literature. For the immediate future, then: to continue the development of my sensitivity, & to write to please myself.

In life, art, friendship, & the solitude of creating, have been the most significant experiences. apart, of course, from religious intuitions, & it is perhaps these which give me the consciousness of vocation. It will help me having put these things down.

I have omitted to write up a visit to an exhibition at the Lefevre - Renoir, Cezanne, & their contemporaries. The Cezanne was so exciting that now I have depression. I will mention three favourites, Les Rossonneurs, le pont de bois, & la montagne Sainte Victoire. Two striking Van Gogh's, Le paysan, and entree d'une ferme aux environs d'arles. a typical Claude Monet, "Les deux pecheurs", which states the texture & depth of water. Also two exquisite things of Toulouse-Lautrec, "La goulue et son cavalier au bal du moulin rouge," & "La goulue au moulin rouge." Toulouse-Lautrec makes caricaturist effects blend into a work of the highest art.

18th July

I have finished Clifford Bax's collected poems. A genuine poet, never mandlin, always sinewy & virile. Often the poetry of ideas - influence of Plato & Buddhism - but sensitive to the external world, - a real mastery of language. His prose is a vehicle for queer fancies. At the present moment I have in hand Rupert Brooke (the only poet who makes me wish I were poet enough to write him a poem), Lis Lowel (here I am beginning

again from the beginning) + a new scheme for noting down tricks of craftsmanship that I might imitate in my own creative work.

July 31 34.

Reaction — the dilettante is now punishing himself with drudgery. After all, I have a patch of land - the field of C18 art criticism - to cultivate, + this widening of my intellectual horizon is an attempt to ride with the nomads and reap with the tillers of the soil. So yesterday I spent at the British Museum copying out Hogarth's first draft for the Analysis of Beauty. There is fun in this - the fun of method and deciphering. In spare time I must map out my article on Hogarth's theory and practice of line.

I have read Humbert Wolfe's Requiem - a poem which attempts to prove by vision what a philosophy would prove by arguments. It is optimistic - there is value in sin + suffering - and paradoxical - the fallen angels are blessed, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Exquisitely musical, with the loveliest falling rhythms. Stylistically precious but attractive. To Humbert Wolfe Christianity is a supremely poetic mythology, + his interpretation is as interesting as it is fantastic.

Aug. 11th

I have decided that I have three personalities, like the deity. The first is the scholar, who is industrious, practical, and a fearful prig; the second is the poet, rebellious, discontented, and passionately devoted to all that is 'useless'; the third is just the fool. No. I has come into the fore lately: I have put in considerable work on the Hog. MSS, been through the Gentlemen's Magazine for references, proceeded with Nichols, + visited Charles le Brun. A holiday has been enjoyed by No. 2: Th. Duret + E. Bernard on the Impressionists. What lives! Van Gogh, Gauguin, + Cézanne, in their devotion to art are amazing. The less said about No. 3 the better.

Aug. 19th

To-day I have finished Rupert Brooke's poems. If I had the courage to be first-rate I would

hero - imitate him.

Brooke is on the top of Olympus. Not only are Homer + Dante his company, but not far removed from these (Rabelais calls them the Highbrows) there is an imitation Jacobean tavern, wherein R. B. spends most of his time, with Shakespeare + the naughty Elizabethans. Rabelais plays the host - of course the Gods have put him among the poets, where he has always belonged.

Perhaps B's humour owes something to Chesterton. He is dramatically attached to dénouement (influence of Browning) and he loves to épater les bourgeois (Swinburne? Wilde?) Technically he employs alliteration competently, + has a fondness for the falling rhythm as a means to pathetic effect. Humbert Wolfe has exaggerated, possibly even developed, some of his metrical effects. I should say he admired Elizabethan lit. more than anything else, perhaps he owed to them his freedom from a philosophy.

I am reading Nichol's Biographical Anecdotes of W.H. The best thing on H. from every point of view, pedantic or popular. At present I am definitely more interested in Hogarth's personality than his art; or rather, I enjoy most in his art what I can relate to the peculiarities of the man.

His history is largely the history of his prejudices. The analysis of Beauty is only a prejudice brilliantly conceived. And therefore H. lends himself to psycholological analysis. Writing a biography, a psycholological study of his personality, + finally approaching the art via the artist, would be tremendously worth while.

25th August 1934

This afternoon I spent looking at the Venetians in the National Gallery. I saw so much that only little impressions remain vivid: the loveliness of Giovanni Bellini's clouds, the brightness of Giorgione's Gaston de Foix, a study in armour, Gentile Bellini's Mohammed II + its decoration. The early Venetians

seem to me the deeper. They take hold of the imagination & absorb it completely in their world, naively concrete in imagery and yet spiritually so suggestive. Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese dazzle with their virtuosity and intellectual brilliance. Before their works one is tempted always to exclaim, What a great artist! Before the Bellinis and their contemporaries, one feels, What miraculous art! For the early painters are 'unconscious artists', painting bright colours & detail & marvels and familiar things because they delighted in them. Titian & Paul Veronese are 'conscious' artists, who dictate to their medium, as their medium suggested to the early painters. They understand composition & colour. They paint, not in the naive, but in the grand manner. They are theatric. Intellectually they are miles in advance. Technically also. But they are less spiritual: they stir the emotions deepest when they are purely sensuous.

Titian & his followers explain so much in C18 art. They almost justify it. They achieved what the history painters of Hogarth's time wanted to do. They are giants in stature. The effect of their work is to brace: before the Bellinis and Giorgione one drifts into dreamland.

How much better I understand Reynolds' Discourses after this one visit to the Venetians!

17th September

Before I went to Kent and the Franciscans I read Maeterlinck's l'Oiseau Bleu. A wonderful work: sentiment and charm at their greatest. Never again will I generalise against sentiment: here it is magnificent, beyond praise. In this work one finds the peace of love: if ever I am unhappy because my dreams are never grasped by actality I must read this again: its poetry, its pathos, its style and its message could cure any fit of depression.

To-day I have spent in the Reading Room. First I sketched out my article on Hogarth's studies in Grotesque Form (a fresh title), perused Haydock's Lomazzo, + checked references in the Analysis. For my lecture on Blake I dipped back into Gilchrist. In the Encyclopedia Britannica I read the article on Swedenborg.

20th September

Yesterday I spent in the British Museum, mainly looking up references for use in my article. I also sketched out a second subject: Alexander Gilchrist, the Biographer of Blake. Ireland's Supplement to Hogarth Illustrated opens up a number of unexplored avenues:

This afternoon I went to the Wallace Collection. An Italian landscape by Claude Lorrain was in the artist's best manner: the darkly embrowned foreground frame of ideal trees, tall, vast, unreal, and the lovely escape of the eye into the cool blue atmosphere of a limitless horizon. Comparable with this as a poetic interpretation of Italian landscape is G. Poussin's the Falls of Tivoli: in this there is an attractive contrast between the dark calm of still water and the white movement of the fall. Another picture, the Dance of the Seasons, is ~~more typically Poussin's~~ by his brother-in-law Nicolas. But most of the time I spent before Watteau. Most of his pictures are hung in the same room with Fragonard and Boucher, and yet they painted only elegant frivolities. In Watteau there is something deeper: one can appraise the exterior artist, the man who could state consummately the elegance of attitude, the effect of light and shade on texture, whose colour is so subtle and rich and delicate, but there is also the ideal imaginative element, the juxtaposition of le beau monde and Nature, of Greek statues and Louis Quatorze hunting-parties; and finally the poetry of sentiment,

a shambles. Many buildings on both banks destroyed. But the great buildings of Florence miraculously undamaged. My first night there we were shelled by the Germans who still held Fiesole.

On the 11th back to Siena, where I met Mr Amery, and after breakfasting with him in the morning motored to Rome. A magnificent drive: San Quirico d'Orcia and Radicofani certainly to be revisited. Then from Rome on to Naples and the Villa Rivalta. Dined with the Beaumont Nesbitts and Lady MacMichael. On Thursday 14th flew to Algiers, next day to Casablanca, & on Saturday 16th landed at St Mawgans. Made friends with a journalist returning from Turkey, by name Mackintosh.

which lies behind the vague radiant horizons, the ineffable suggestion of fairyland, the sentiment which is melancholy and pensive in the midst of laughter and gaiety. Possibly the most significant part of his art is that which can be detached from the sentiment and the charming theatricality: the art of light and colour and composition and attitude.

The letters of the abbé le Blanc were extremely interesting: le Blanc is the conventional theorist, admiring 'l'ordre' in Racine and Correggio, and his disparagement of English art and taste topical and vivid. The critic who writes from a definite attitude and is alive to the controversy, especially when he is contemporary, illumines the driest data of a period.

26th September.

I have been working on Gauguin. Living so intimately with him in his work, the writings, and the biographies I am beginning to see a man I can admire. Of course he had no sexual morals, but he was really an idealist: he could work like a true warrior, he never lost faith in his art, he defended the natural against the conventional. His life is to me an inspiration.

He loved to compare his painting to music, his colour schemes to harmony, his composition to symphonic construction, his line to rhythm. This was what he put in a picture over and above the ~~theatricality~~ theme, some figures, flowers and trees, a sky. But he was also the poet: his faces were associated with souls, his colours with moods, until the result was a poem picture. Much of the emotional content was put into forms, and therefore pure art: a little was conceptual, but Gauguin left this always obscure.

Not only a master of line, + linear movement. He used line also to indicate + define his spatial harmonies. His colours are strong,

3 September Sunday

After visiting General Mark Clark, with whose clarity + vigour of mind I was much impressed, we lunched at General Kirkwood's (?) headquarters + afterwards I had to report sick. Diagnosis tonsilitis. In a few minutes I was in a car with an RAMC doctor ~~to~~ on the way to Florence. It was the last day of Attlee's visit so he should not be ~~was~~ not greatly inconvenienced. He was very nice ~~kind~~ about it. The ride was through the most beautiful country + in spite of my distemper I greatly enjoyed it.

The next few days I spent in bed in a Field Dressing Station established in the Villa Torrigiani in Rome.

10 September Sunday Was able to walk up to San Miniato with Sam Bostock a very charming medico who practised in Guernsey. San Miniato as lovely as ever. On the way up we amused ourselves by deciding which of the villas we passed we should most like to live in. I felt very happy.

The Commandant of the Field Dressing Station, Dr Carey, gave me his own bedroom so that I should not ~~be~~ suffer from the spectacle of the misery in the wards. Carey a very able decent man, most Conservative in his political views, but like many Conservatives of a certain type, a man one could always depend on ~~to~~ do the generous thing in an emergency. He comes of a very old Guernsey family. In Carey + Bostock I made two very good friends.

The riverside at Florence a sorry spectacle: all the lovely bridges gone, including the San Trinità, and the Ponte Vecchio

decided, and on the surface, and arranged in masses. Gauguin mastered the union of line & colour, so that each has its ~~independent~~ individual beauty, yet the line defines, emphasises, the pattern of the colour.

His theme is made exciting by Gauguin's idealising. He is struck by the beauty of a shoulder curve: he draws the figure with an enormous shoulder, purposely keeping the rest insignificant. He had thus a certain conception of the Tahitian: again and again he reproduces the rather squat grace, the narrow hips, the sensuous face, the dreamy enigmatic smile, the inscrutable curious eyes. In the end he has invented a fairyland out of his Tahiti experience: a land of symphonic colour, of plastic golden-limbed bodies formed to decorative linear designs, of flowers and bright costume, and queerly watching devils. His use of devils and idols is quite incomprehensibly effective: what do they mean? I am inclined to think they are introduced entirely for this queer startling effect which so seizes the imagination. Gauguin put them in to express a sensation which was strong in him and which yet he did not understand.

20th Oct.

I have written a study of Gauguin, which satisfied me as a fragment of criticism belonging to an early stage in my development. It is being published by the New University. It is psychological, aims at telling something about the mind of Gauguin, but puts the emphasis of value upon his formal loveliness, which is not the product of conscious control. Also I wrote an essay: Alexander Gilchrist, the biographer of Blake. This delighted me, & has a theory of biography which I believe valid: the value as a work of art of a biography not conceived originally as an art form depends upon the flavour of a situation between the portraitist and his model.

I have paid another visit to the Wallace.

Alexander's headquarters were in a camp a few miles outside ~~the~~ Siena. The tents were pitched in a sweet smelling pine wood and there were delightful views of farmland and cypress-covered hills. Siena itself was unchanged and seemed very prosperous, quite untouched by war. We stayed in General A's guest villa two or three miles outside, the Villa Romano Andreoli; it belonged to a Sienese squire who owned four or five farms and the courtyard opened into a farmyard filled with fat geese & turkeys. The surrounding country very lovely.

September 1st Flew to Iesi and lunched with General Walsh, whose tent was pitched in a field a few hundred yards from the Adriatic, where I had a refreshing bathe. The land heavily mined, so had to be very careful & follow a ~~lane~~ marked by a long tape. ~~All~~ Everyone very conscious of mines. In the evening we motored to General Leese's camp pitched on some pretty hills commanding a full view of the Gothic line. Dinner in his mess was very jolly: Leese himself the kindest & jolliest of men with an infectious laugh, & obviously adored by his staff.

Saturday September 2nd John Tweedsmuir took the Lord President and myself a long ride in a jeep to the battle front. The sun was very hot, the roads covered with white dust & I felt as if I had a temperature. A confused recollection of dead horses & ~~cattle~~ cows, interminable convoys of guns tanks jeeps & lorries; violent explosions from our batteries; a British plane shot down over our heads & the pilot ~~baling~~ out & making a perfect landing by parachute; and the inspection of some German prisoners who had been captured a few ~~fifteen~~ minutes, the younger ones looking very ~~surly~~ resentful and mutinous.

my lecture work drove me to Carlyle, and to my reluctance I was stimulated and impressed by Sartor, Heroes & hero-worship. I would like to read Carlyle because I feel the experience would be valuable in my development. I am not likely to learn his intolerance, and I need something of his strength. Carlyle stripped of his Calvinism is magnificent.

I do something for my musical culture at home. Mozart, Bach, César Franck, Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms are good for my soul. Chopin, Verdi, Puccini are dangerous. They are all at times stagey or sentimental, the temptation to over-emotionalise them is at present unhealthy for me.

~~Nov. 20th~~ Dec. 12th

I enjoyed reading up Waterton for a Review article. He would make a good subject for biography with the light touch. And with what gusto Sidney Smith reviewed him for the Edinburgh!

I am writing poetry now with some satisfaction. I feel mainly the inadequacy of my striving after form. My theme – the conflict between Xtianity and Paganism in the poet – is shaping itself nicely.

Now that the thesis is in the throes of creation it has become stimulating. And I am enjoying watching Hogarth grow – everyday my perception of his foibles becomes more acute, & yet I admire vanity which feeds itself on good deeds and querulousness which is always provoked against shams. I am getting to love H. for his faults, his grumbling, his irritability, his prejudices against patrons, academies, critics, and foreigners. I don't know whether this is a common experience amongst biographers, to become far more interested in the artist than the art.

seemed fairer in war than in peace, perhaps because there were less crowds & one could enjoy the buildings in solitude. I particularly enjoyed a ~~midnight~~ walk in the garden of the Embassy with John Tahourdin, after midnight, when the intense heat changed to a comfortable releasing warmth & the crickets sang busily to the moonlight, which cast fantastic pools of darkness round the trees.

Sir Noel Charles was a diplomat out of a novel, suave, well dressed, urbane and intelligent but not an intellectual flyer. Lady Charles was the more distinguished, a beauty with blue hair & a surprising sense of humour. Of the Italians we met I was struck with the picturesqueness of Orlando and the humanity & reasonableness of Togliatti, the Communist leader, the antithesis of any Communist leader I have met in this country.

Thursday August 31st

Today we flew to Siena & drove to General Alexander's headquarters. The general a strikingly graceful man who obviously keeps very fit. He has very bright & handsome blue eyes. We were taken round the City, the Cathedral & the Palace by Marion, who told me my friend & former museum colleague, Denis Haynes, was on Alexander's staff, so I dined in his mess and spent as much time with him as possible. When we parted Denis gave me a volume of Synge's poems & plays, & I gave him Cecil's book on Hardy.

13 December

I am enjoying reading Vertue's notebook entries on Hogarth & comparing them with H's autobiography. V. records an independant & assertive artist making unprecedented profits: H. an ill-used artist continually cheated by patron & public.

I have I think thought out the basis of my attitude to life. My standard of values is purely the quality of personal experience: I believe every man distinguishes between his sensations sufficiently to realise that the quality of certain moments is above others. Thus, the sensation of elation due to drunkenness he will realise is only quantitively above normal high spirits, & if he takes the quality of his experience as the criterion he will therefore prefer the high spirits of sobriety. All experience which limits the height of ~~his~~ sensibility he will condemn

December 21

Yesterday I went to an exhibition of the East London Group paintings. Phyllis Bray is a superbly decorative artist, with a rich powerful sense of colour and amazing vertuosity of rhythm. The outstanding work, making a bourgeois seaside resort the theme of vivid fresh colour patterns, was by Brynhild Parker: she is certainly the artist who makes the most original use of her medium. Another individualist is Harold Steggles, who sees nature in unusual moods: his vision is profound, though the appeal of the colouring with which he expresses it is limited: his art is intense rather than comprehensive. But my own preference is for the work of John Cooper, who is the most imaginative colourist, in a delicate manner, of all. His harmonies are so delicate, reach the sense so quietly, that their very unobtrusiveness has the final force of a surprise.

Wednesday 30th August.

In the morning we called on the Pope. We were received with great honours and walked through a long series of anterooms, in each of which were guards of honour, carabiniers, Swiss guards, the garde des nobles & finally the Pope's chaplain, a friendly little man. D'Arcy Osborne, the British Minister, introduced our party. The Pope received us ~~with~~ in his study: a tall, dark, kindly ~~or~~ modest man, who talked English well & fast with an accent and behaved with marked simplicity and friendliness. In the afternoon we had tea with Prince Doria Pamphili, now Mayor of Rome, in the Palazzo Doria, one of the great Roman palaces in the heart of the city, a labyrinth of corridors, galleries, anterooms & apartments, almost a miniature city. Here we were shown some of his art treasures and a flag which his ancestors captured from the Turks at the Battle of Lepanto. With the Prince were his wife, a charming Scotswoman, & his daughter, a tall, fair rather English-looking girl with a quiet manner. The Prince showed us photographs taken when he was in hiding and disguised as a peasant, having grown a fine beard. At one time he hid in the Palace itself and heard the German soldiers running through room after room searching for him. That he was not discovered did not seem improbable in view of the labyrinthine character of the Palace.

I was sorry to leave Rome, which

Dec 28th

Last sunday a visit with JBD. to the Wallace, where we confined ourselves to Watteau, Pater and Sancret. My casual reading includes Chesterton's 'orthodoxy.' Chesterton's strongest argument is also the most fanciful, the Ethics of Elfland: Chesterton writing about fairy tales and his own self finding is rarer and more genuine literature than the Chesterton who expresses his convictions in paradox and extravaganza.

My reading of Rossetti continues: I note many Pre Raphaelite touches. It is good to whisper his verses to oneself: it is their song that sets the mood. Dante at Verona lacks continuous inspiration: what in other poems is an inspiring part of the structure is here merely an effect.

I think Richard le Gallienne derived partly from Rossetti.

~~Dec~~ Jan 1st

I am reading Stephen Spender's poems, full of fine things, their deeply imaginative concepts allied to glorious phrase. He has the gift of expressing as much, if not more, by the sound of his line as by the concepts:

'Here the wind sings and the harsh longing cries'

'and this poor clerk with world-offended eyes'

'Hopelessly wound round with the cords of street
Men wander down their lines of level graves.'

In the last lines the lassitude or rather despair induced by the spectacle of purposeless humanity drifting in city life is expressed entirely by the weary rhythm.

He has a magnificent imaginative insight: nothing can be finer than the argument from

'Never being, but always at the edge of Being'

to

'I claim fulfilment in the fact of loving!'

Spender is a Socialist poet who turns aside from the beauty of the past to fight the horrors of the present; but his weapon ~~is~~ beauty itself and he is also an idealist.

28 August. Today the party motored to Rome along Highway 6. At no stage of the journey were we able to forget that this highway had been a continuous battleground. Ruined farmhouses, villages, battered towns — scarcely a whole building anywhere except in the larger towns. Monte Cassino is approached through the valley of the Sirio. By position it dominates the valley in a way which has to be seen to be understood. Officers met us and conducted us to the top of the mountain, explaining the strategy of the battle. The damage by far the worst we had seen — the complete ruination of the monastery, the stunted & shattered trees & craters, the view down onto the town itself, with stagnant malarial pools where hotels had stood, was like an artist's rendering of the havoc of war. Two priests showed us round: they were smiling & friendly but said that the Germans had not used the Monastery itself. But they dug themselves in just outside, which made shelling of the monastery inevitable.

We reached Rome in time for luncheon at the Embassy, a large palace in very bad Victorian rococo, with a great pretentious staircase, but a charming garden. At lunch Nenni & other politicians. In the evening Mott Radclyffe took us up the Janiculan hill by moonlight, & we also visited the Colosseum.

The next day, Tuesday 29th, after working in the morning, John Tahourdin motored to the Baths of Caracalla, which we had to ourselves.

Jan 20 Sunday

On Friday I went to two art exhibitions. The first, at the Lefèvre, of Ethel Walker paintings. Ethel Walker is a joyous colourist, and her line is always full of meaning. Her art is vital, accomplished, very sane yet enthusiastic. A fine show.

The Renoir pictures, at Agnew's, were mainly late, and included his last work, le Concert. They came from the Collections of the Painter's family.

In his final period Renoir was fonder of the higher scale, used a glorious pink tone. Renoir's pink is never pretty. His rhythms, flowing, organic, simple yet luxuriant, remind me of Rubens'. I liked le berger and la Tonnelle, where the easy rhythm and the impressionist glow, surface richness, of the colouring were perfect. Les Baigneuses was wonderful, too, with the baroque rhythm of the bodies not distinguished from the rhythm of the landscape.

Le Concert was the masterpiece. It is Renoir's 'Tempest.' The colouring is orchestral, lyrical, and the scale grand. And it is thoughtful.

Jan 25th Friday

I am busy working at the thesis.

Though my quest for Hogarth the aesthetician has been enlivened by my discovery of Hogarth the man, I am only now beginning to realise Hogarth the artist. He is one of the standards of satire for all time, a classic in all languages. Hogarth aesthetician and personality are of reflected importance.

He asked C.R.A. if he had been to the Blue Grotto, and ~~said~~ ~~described his own visit~~ said he certainly should go. He then described his own visit, how he crouched, with the sailors, at the bottom of the boat in order to enter the tunnel between two waves, which completely filled it. After this 'dangerous operation' the boat came into quite smooth water bright with an 'azure luminous phosphorence'. 'It was a wonder'. He was invited to swim but felt that in that eerie place 'there might be a monster' and decided not to. He then told an ADC to telephone the Admiral to arrange for a launch to take Mr Attlee and his party that afternoon.

After lunch a small party left for Capri: Mr Attlee, myself, Peck (one of the PM's secretaries) Captain Cobbold, Mr George Hall, John Tahourdin. After a fine ride across the bay, with enough swell to send the spray in our faces, we neared the attractive island and made straight for the Grotto. Outside little boats were waiting and we jumped into them and were guided into the cavern. It was a striking contrast to glide from the swell & surf outside into these calm sinister waters, lit from beneath by the jewel-like blue radiance of the ~~water~~ Grotto. The caves were smaller than I had expected, but the blue light far lovelier. We jumped in and swam, the bodies taking on an unearthly bluish pallor in the light.

Capri itself ~~was~~ looked most inviting: it is a lovely shape, rocks crowned by vineyards and rising & descending with charming irregularity. The town is beneath the rocks, but the famous villa of Tiberius at the summit. As we returned we caught a glimpse of Sorrento. Capri, Sorrento, Ravello all called for another visit to this enchanting corner of the world.

October 21st 1935

The summer has again caused a long gap in my journal. My thesis was successful, & I have had other academic successes: I am on the panel of lecturers in the history of art for the University of Cambridge Board of Extra-Mural Studies, and now acting as part time assistant in the Department of English, King's College, London.

Hogarth is at present remote. I am busy preparing my lecture courses, two on philology, one on O.E. literature. In addition I am working on some medieval English vestments for the Burlington Magazine. This involves translating German texts and reading in the background of English textiles & their history. I also try to find time for literary work, and am burdened with a big correspondance and many social engagements.

In the summer I spent three months in Danzig & acquired some German. Danzig was also a very valuable experience in other directions, but I cannot record them here.

The philology is excellent mental discipline, and of course profoundly interesting. The O.E. literature, however, is so stimulating that it not only takes up my time but my interests, so that art studies are neglected. When I shall be able to return to Hogarth I cannot clearly imagine.

October 25th

I am reading Etheredge's The Man of Mode and quite captivated. Restoration comedy differs from so much of the later stuff in that it is an organic whole: the dialogue cannot be detached from the plot, nor the character from the situation. It is also interesting for the light it throws on Sheridan's workshop. How Sheridan had thumbed this play!

Yesterday I was reading (at the V. & A.) Mannowsky's Der Danziger Paramentenschatz. An admirable work, the result of a life time acquiring first-hand knowledge. The English vestments I am studying are lovely things, but I feel very much the lack of technical knowledge of weaving and embroidery. It will be very interesting when I get on to the history of the export of textiles from England.

I have already a definite job to do on the Hogarth, namely to get finished an introduction to a publishable edition of the 'Analysis' out of my thesis. This will be very stimulating and good for mental tidyness.

I am also reading an anthology of German verse. How lucky to bring to hackneyed masterpieces a fresh mind! It is like reading the Oxford Book of

Sunday August 27th A further visit to Caserta.

By lunch time the Prime Minister had arrived. I was introduced to him & shook hands. He was looking very fit, the sun had made his complexion quite pink, his hair was white and eyes an extraordinary fresh and clear blue. We sat down about 20 to table, ~~[illegible]~~ General Wilson ~~[illegible]~~ and Macmillan being among the other guests. I sat next ~~between~~ to Leslie Rowan, who greatly pleased me by complimenting me on the successful efforts I had made to secure a pension for one of our Messengers who was retiring after nearly 20 years service but had been unable to get himself established. He had been told of this I presume by Miss Watson.

During lunch conversation was general, but when dessert was brought in the Prime Minister took the lead and everyone either listened to him or answered his questions. He spoke of the end of the war: the Germans might fight to the last ditch, in which case they could last out another year or so; it was just possible, however, that they might lose hope and collapse like a pack of cards as they did in the last war. He ~~was~~ had enjoyed his visit to the troops and his heart had softened to the Italians; even in the small villages they had all him recognised him and gathered round his car and cheered & threw flowers. 'I was very gratified,' he said smiling, 'by all this flattery.' He had come out intending to be tough with the Italians, who had fought against the allies and killed allied soldiers and been defeated; but now he thought there was ~~no~~ little evil in the people, who had been misled and were much less dangerous than the Germans, and he ~~thought~~ felt our policy should be to 'let them work their passage home.'

English verse for the first time at the age of twenty-two. My favourites so far (I translate slowly) are ~~[illegible]~~ the anon. 'Du bist mein, Ich bin dein' poem, Heine's Die Loreley and 'Du bist wie eine Blume', and 'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht,' ~~the last~~ which is anon.

8th December.

Since my last entry I have been back to Hogarth, having begun an article on Hogarth and his Age and been through the Vertue MSS. for references, for another article on Hogarth and George Vertue. I am also working on satiric art generally. The work on English embroidery has progressed, involving me in much more labor than I anticipated. Nevertheless the experience has been very valuable: the method of identification is to find parallels, and it is something to realise how deceptive anything but exact stylistic parallels can be. It has moreover opened to me a new world of artistic expression, and this enrichment of sensibility is stimulating.

There is an encouraging possibility of my studies finding recognition. Meanwhile, I shall probably present for my Ph.D. work again centering on Hogarth.

March 28th

The long gap in this record is partly due to immersion into ~~[illegible]~~ academic work, partly due to ill health. I have lectured at King's on mediaeval English literature, on some special texts of the Elizabethan period, and on O.E. grammar & phonology. I have given a lecture for the University of Cambridge Board of Extra-Mural Studies, on 'Modern Art', at Wellingborough, and I am engaged at the National Portrait Gallery on some administrative work & publications. In addition to lecturing I have had much essay work to correct: this is valuable experience in vigilance. I have also written an article for 'John O' London's' on recent acquisitions at the Gallery, & have other articles on hand.

In the evening we had dinner with Harold MacMillan at ~~a villa~~ a neighbouring villa. I sat between Roger Makins and Eggleston. Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Air Marshal Slessor, with whom I ~~had~~ talked after dinner, were among the other guests. ~~Most of~~ The generals, admirals and air marshals all have villas along this lovely stretch of coast, and they are now known, not by their original Italian names, but as the 'villa Cunningham,' 'villa Slessor,' 'villa MacMillan' etc. Oddly enough one of the villas is genuinely named 'villa Rosebery' after the Lord Rosebery who owned it in the early part of the century

Saturday August 26th

Bathed by myself before breakfast, after a pleasant walk down the vineyards. Startled several lizards. Fishermen were getting their boats out. After a good swim lit a cigarette & sunbathed on some rocks. This peaceful hour to myself most refreshing.

In the morning Admiral Morse showed us round the harbour: we visited the Naples Power Station, which had been blown up by the retreating enemy & after being given up as worthless by the military, had been put into working order by the navy, who linked its to two submarines whose dynamos supplied the initial power to start it again. Wreckage & twisted machinery everywhere, but the main workshops thoroughly repaired. Italian workers very friendly and interested and C.R.A. spoke to the local Trade Union representative in Italian, which he speaks quite well, better than French. The Admiral also showed us several ships, sunk in the harbour, now ~~used as~~ converted into jetties alongside which ships unloaded their cargoes, a remarkable achievement of engineering improvisation

The strain of my work and several late nights of social activity succeeded in running my health out, and I am now convalescent after an illness of influenza ending in measles.

One great piece of news: my studies have gained a signal mark of recognition. I have been elected to a Henry Fellowship, of £500 for one year, tenable at Yale University, which I selected in preference to Harvard, owing to Yale's reputation for C18 studies. The Fellowship, (one out of four) was gained in open competition with the Universities of Great Britain & Ireland. My field of study is to be relations between the Fine Arts in England and America in the second half of the C18, but I may modify this. I shall probably sail in September.

As is usual with me during illness & convalescence I have done a great deal of unsustained, miscellaneous reading. In illness books of travel, by which I escape completely from my environment, are devoured not in detail but in bulk. I have attempted some German political literature, but not with dictionary, with the inventive guess-work of laziness. As I recovered I read more actively: Bunyan's magnificent poems, charging the spirit with nobility, Gray's life by Gosse (unfinished), a great window into C18 literary life of society, and some Restoration plays. What brilliant extravaganzas of dialogue goes to the Beaux Stratagem! The plot is amusing; the characters are exaggerated ~~[illegible]~~ only with the vitality of their conception; but the dialogue carries one completely off one's feet. Boniface on the virtues of ale in general, & his Anno Domini brew in particular, Mrs Sullen on a sottish husband, Archer examining Cherry on the Love's catechism, are done to perfection: no meditation on these

of Conservation. He expounded ~~perfectly~~ ~~delightful~~ to us ideas in the most delightful manner ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~.

Friday August 25th.

We left Algiers about midday and were in Naples in time for tea. On the way we skirted the Sicilian coast and saw monasteries and walled towns situated at the top of ~~[illegible]~~ very steep rocks & hills. We also flew over Ischia and Capri, skirted Vesuvius and landed in the hot and horrid Neapolitan plain.

Attlee and George Hall motored straight to Caserta, John Tahourdin and myself to the Villa Rivalta. Situated on a steep hillside above the sea, a mile or two outside Naples, the villa commanded a superb view of the bay, Capri to the right, Vesuvius immediately opposite and Naples just coming into sight to the left. The garden was tropical in the luxuriance of its palms and pines. Below the ornamental gardens the grounds descended in a series of terraces, each with its vines, to the sea. At the bottom were some fishing boats and ~~[illegible]~~ a row of smaller houses and villas.

General Wilson's ADCs, Captain Cotterell and Captain Keith Eggleston, gave us tea and then motored us to bathe from Air-Marshal Slessor's villa ~~[illegible]~~ a little farther up the coast.

The villa Rivalta belongs to a Swiss family and had been requisitioned for the Prime Minister. It is a large handsome building with a ~~marble~~ lavish use of marble & tiles in the interior.

themes, or expectancy based on the brilliance of what has gone before, would anticipate the heights which Vanbrugh attains in the purple patches of his dialogue, where dialogue furthers not the story, but is an interlude for its own sake.

The Restoration dramatist was not afraid to take characters & situations from the successful plays of his predecessors. The Beaux Stratagem acted in 1707 has in Squire Sullen, his wife, & Dorinda the counterparts of Sir John Brute, Lady Brute & Belinda of The Provoked Wife acted in 1697. Also in its passages of dialogue devoted to some topic or debate beloved of the age, like love, honour, women, fashion, the fop ~~and~~ or the boor, the Beaux Stratagem follows The Provoked Wife. The battle of the sexes is a constant theme of Restoration comedy; & its ancestry takes us in a direct line to Benedick & Beatrice. There is more of Shakespeare in the art of the Restoration Theatre than most critics would recognise: Falstaff on Honour speaks like any cavalier casuist, though the one is concerned with military & the other with social honour.

~~Dec~~ April 16th

Recent reading includes a volume of English translations of short stories by De Maupassant, & some Russian short stories. It is interesting to compare the two types.

November 28th, 1937.

Eighteen Months later!

The experience in America was profitable and delightful. At Yale I attended lectures on American Thought & Civilisation (Professor Gabriel), American Literature (Prof. Stanley Williams), and American Arts and Crafts. These provided an excellent background for my residence and travel.

At 3.30 we landed at Algiers and were met by Duff Cooper and members of his staff.

The British Embassy is a Moorish Palace, Oud el Calai, built for a Dey of Algiers on the heights surmounting the city. The garden traverses a gulley and was filled with shrubs & trees: the maritime pine, eucalyptus, olive, mimosa, orange, oleander, bougainvillea and plumbago. Colonel Fane, who showed me round, said it was especially lovely in the spring, although some shrubs were in flower all the year round. There were an ornamental garden and two marabouts in remote parts of the garden. The marabou is a single-roomed building, rather like a summer-house or gazebo, in which resided a holy man. Over the doorway Fatima's hand, in plaster relief, clutches a scroll, in illustration of a passage in the Koran. I was reminded of Horace Walpole & le jardin anglais.

The Villa, much altered and improved, though with some of the old fabric visible in parts, overlooked a handsome stone courtyard, in the centre of which grew a vast tree which dropped roots from its branches, that had grown into firm supports. Here at 6.30 assembled the representatives of the French National Committee. Attlee spoke most nobly for two hours in nothing but French, his command of the language being about the same as mine: I varied conversational experiments with the less formidable deputies with happier exchanges with the English colony.

At Dinner I sat between Duff Cooper and Raphael, the military attaché. The other guests were the Canadian Minister to France, Vannier, and his wife and members of the Embassy staff. Duff Cooper talked very decisively and with originality about books, a recent report on education, the class system and the theoretical basis

American scholars are thorough bibliographers, and adepts at finding their way about materials. In the quest for information they can give many points. Their friendliness and desire to help can be a model to all Europeans.

I took an M.A. degree on my course work and a thesis 'A biographical and critical study of Benjamin West, P.R.A., 1738 – 1792.' My present work is to take this up to 1820, the year of his death. I visited a great number of museums, and indeed the year has marked a ~~gr~~ notable advance in my knowledge and I believe ability.

In March 1937 the Burlington Magazine published my article on 'Some Embroidered Vestments at Danzig.'

My biography of West is intended as a contribution to history; for West's paintings are valuable as records, but not as works of art. His contacts were numerous; his influence on art, English, continental and European, definite; and he was a pioneer of the happy bond between English and American culture. I was led to undertake this study by the discovery of some important documents at Philadelphia; and the decision was confirmed by next year, 1938, being his bicentenary.

December 18th

I have been laid up with a chill, during which I revised some of my card-index notes and began G. F. Young's The Medici (1910), a popular but interesting introduction to the Renaissance. Long histories of the Renaissance are frightening, and by beginning the study with the story of one family the interest is at once concentrated + simplified. The book is arousing two longings which have long lay within me, to learn Greek and read the greatest passages of the Greek writers in the original, and to visit Italy. Part of the setting of the Medici

strange combination of the flavour of C18 England with that of medieval Spain. An eccentric Governor of the C19 had constructed a ~~vast~~ large Dining Hall in the Scottish baronial style, which the Office of Works had furnished with ~~a table~~ & chairs from the Palace of Westminster: there were a lot of C18 portraits in this room. I shall always remember the bowls of fruit on the table and the first bananas I had eaten since the early days of the war.

The Governor then took us to the top of the Rock & round the peninsula. Parts of the Rock are very wild and no sign of human life or habitation is visible. We watched a very pretty bird, the Rock bestel, a small hawk with a delightful sweeping movement which it interrupts with lighting-quick turns. We were also shown some of the wild flowers for which ~~the Rock~~ Gibraltar is famous & of which there are over a thousand varieties. This variety is understandable, for the rock is exposed to the winds of two continents. The Governor also showed us something of the tunneling, including a large bakery, and a charming village by the sea, Calmtan. This village, under the steepest fall of the rock, was shaded with eucalyptus trees and bright with bougainvillea; it has an old chapel with a characteristic baroque belfry & about 80 inhabitants, who are said by a pretty legend to be the direct descendants of the crew of a ship wrecked there in Phoenician times.

Shortly after midday we took off for Algiers. The route lay above the N. Coast of Africa & exposed a panorama of hill ranges, desert, farmland, coast and sea. The plane circled round Cape Figalo and then flew over Oran. The coast near Cape Figalo very rugged, twisted rocks falling to the bright green margin of the blue sea. Several stretches of desert were ~~traversed~~ sighted, looking like vast inland lakes of ~~white~~ spilt salt.

was already prepared by a course on Italian art given by Canon Dearmer at King's College, at the time of the Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House (193). The early Medici, Giovanni di Bicci and Cosimo Pater Patriae, who lived simply, were scholars and patrons of art, diplomats, with friendly unassuming manners, democratic and yet of immense practical ability, are ideal types of what the cultured man of affairs should be.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club has been holding a private exhibition of members' pictures. A superb Portrait of a Young Man, lent by Viscount Halifax, and attributed to Titian by Tietze, dominates the room. The hands are marvelously done, and give the key to the strong masterful character of the man. Dressed in black, half-length & profile, he has the powerful vitality of an Ideal Frontiersman, subdued by the sensitive imagination of the Renaissance. A lovely marble head of a girl, Greek, c. 300 B.C., from Lord Melchett's collection, has the staggering beauty that conventional art may express to posterity: for in its reliance on past traditions for treatment of features and even conception of calm & sweet aloofness, it wins strength from the artistic experience of its age. A Fontainebleau tapestry of the sixteenth century, with Diana for its centre in a classical frame of trellis and putti, gave me exquisite pleasure by its perfect form and gracious line.

December 30th.

I have been finishing a course of lectures at the National Portrait Gallery on the Elizabethan Men of Letters, with Sidney & Sir Walter Raleigh. The best Elizabethans show up the present age. We may have spread culture more widely, but are our best products the equal of these men, who fought, managed affairs, cultivated all social accomplishments, danced, sang, composed, rode, played tennis, hunted, wrote poetry, were interested in antiquities, carried out scientific experiments? In their diversions they excelled our most serious and cultivated efforts.

Notes of a Visit to Italy August ~~[illegible]~~ 23rd ~~[illegible]~~ to September 16th 1944.

The party consisted of the Deputy Prime Minister the Rt. Hon. C.R. Attlee; the Parliamentary Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr George Hall; the latter's private secretary Mr John Tahourdin of the Foreign Office and myself.

Wednesday August 23rd + Thursday August 24th.

We left Northolt aerodrome about midnight and arrived at Gibraltar shortly after eight o'clock. The plane (H.M. Aircraft KG 528) was a Dakota converted to carry 4 passengers in great comfort: there were two bunks, four armchairs, tables and a kitchen from which the steward produced excellent meals and iced drinks throughout the journey.

It was a clear night and the Spanish coast was indicated by a long ~~line~~ of flashes from lighthouses. About 7 am. a level streak of lovely spectrum colours revealed the dawn and we saw the Portuguese coast and the entrance to the Tagus. As we neared Gibraltar the Sierra Nevada became visible and we could see the Andalusian coast on one side and the N. African on the other. White villages and towns and buildings enclosed by walls, possibly monasteries.

~~We~~ We descended on Gibraltar like an eagle, circling the rock three times before dropping smoothly on the runway. General Eastwood and his ADC were there to meet us.

The town itself was very Spanish, the inhabitants dark + poor and happy; a great number of carriages, wagons, carts etc drawn by mules. The Governor's residence is an old Franciscan convent and has a charming garden. The Chapel, Gothic of the C15, was hung with banners and ~~had~~ was a curious entirely of Gothic structure and Georgian furnishing. The drawing room, overlooking the garden from the first floor, was filled with English furniture, Pembroke tables etc. Indeed everywhere was this

I am revising my early West chapters. This is easier work than composition.

Recently I saw Macbeth at the Old Vic, but it was a disappointing production. Macbeth (Laurence Olivier) dominated, and Lady Macbeth (Judith Anderson) was a secondary character. I left with ears singing with the purple passages.

July 3rd 1938

I have finished the biography of West, and shall send it off to the New York office of the Oxford University Press within the week. While it is being read I shall check my references and make some additions.

From January to June I have been giving Steegmann's lectures on portrait painting, as he has been laid up with a broken leg. Early in the year I transcribed one of the volumes of the Vertue MSS. for the Walpole Society. In addition I have been tutor to three classes at King's College, the Day and Evening Diploma and the Intermediate Evening. Fortunately the reading has been mainly in the C18. I have also been an Examiner to these Classes. Of my work at King's the ~~the~~ preparation of Smollett's Humphrey Clinker has been most valuable.

note

In July, 1938, I was successful in my application for an Assistant Keepership at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and I entered the service of the Museum on July 18th. In January, 1939, I visited Berlin ~~and~~ for a week and lectured at the University, and in May I visited Florence, Sienna, Rome and Pisa.

1940

September 1st.

I have recently finished reading Winwood Reade's <u>Martyrdom of Man</u>. It is a persuasive and noble book, and although neither the science nor the history is accurate its moral principles are in advance of this civilisation. Certainly its criticisms of modern Xtianity are worth pondering.

The originality of Reade deserves wider recognition. He paradoxes of his thought are as sincere as Butlers, and he believes what he proposes. His literary gift is astonishing: there are echoes of Gibbon, of course, and perhaps of Sydney Smith, but these are creditable masters. Here are some of his striking sentences:

Nature, like the Sibyl, destroys her own books.

The God of Job was a sultan of the skies, who, for a kind of wager, allowed a faithful servant to be tortured, like that man who performed vivisection on a favorite dog which licked his hand throughout the operation. The Jehovah of the Pentateuch was a murderous bandit; he rejoiced in offerings of human flesh.

Men die, and the ideas which they call gods die too; yet death is not destruction but only a kind of change.

~~Wealth, like health, is in the air; if~~

The poor man loses nothing because another man is rich. The Communist might as well denounce one man for enjoying excellent health, while another man is a victim to consumption. Wealth, like health, is in the air; if a man makes a fortune he draws money from Nature and gives it to the general stock. Every

millionaire enriches the population.

He made the sun paint his portraits, and gave the lightning a situation in the post-office.

The conduct of life is a choice of evils.

The working man ~~to-day~~ enjoys more luxuries to-day than the King of England in the Anglo-Saxon times.

From the heroic and treacherous Ulysses to the patriotic and venal Demosthenes...

Certain passages recur especially to the memory: his description of the Greek settlements in Italy ("where Italy dipped her arched and lovely foot in the blue waters of an untroubled sea"), the character of Jesus and Mahomet, ~~the work of~~ Prince Henry, the cooling of the earth, the invention of Hell, the origin of chastity, a day at Athens, the inventions of man and almost all his passages on Xtianity are separate masterpieces. Winwood Reade's gift was generalisation; generalisations are never true, but Reade carries us over the stumbling-block of accuracy by the charm of his artistic sincerity.

October 25th

During a week's confinement with influenza, I have been able to read two books. The first, Connecticut, by Odell Shepard (New York, 1939) was sent me by Ben Nangle. It is a charming appreciation, and does not suffer from being a portrait of the author as well as a picture of the state. Shepard has some lovely phrases ("New London's "Ancientest Burying Ground"... where the black slaves lie among their masters in the ultimate democracy of the dust") but his main gifts are enthusiasm, a charming humour, love of democracy, of people, of the country. The main defect of the book is its omission of the seafaring peoples of Connecticut.

After our tour of the harbour we motored to Caserta and beyond to the hunting lodge of the Kings of Naples. The palace of Caserta is vast, a royal city contained within a facade, a monument to the power, the extravagance and the stupidity of petty kings. The hunting lodge, two or three miles away in the foothills, is very charming. Here on a delightful terrace, surrounded by oaks and pines and with a keen flavour to the air, the generals assembled, Wilson, Clarke and Beaumont Nesbit. After cocktails lunch indoors. It was difficult to believe that in this peaceful & carefree atmosphere the great strategy of the Italian war was being decided.

The second is Joseph Knight's David Garrick (1894). This is not too good a book, but it has been worth reading. There is a lot of fact and some research in the MSS. and literature of the time. On Garrick's friendship with Hogarth it is more intriguing than satisfying.

Nov. 2nd.

I have just finished Mrs. Bray's life of Stothard (1851), the worst biography of a British artist in existence.

I have begun the first of the five volumes of John Almon's Correspondence and memoirs of John Wilkes (1805) and feel I am in for a a treat. What a delightful, witty, invigorating person Wilkes was! He combined the most attractive of the virtues with the most romantic of the vices. As a writer he was in the first rank. There were more good writers in the C18 than in any other period: was that due to the classics? The great virtue of setting boys to write Latin verses is that they spend a long time producing very little. Today our educational method is to make boys produce a lot in a very short time.

February 7th.

I have recently read Low-Life / or / One Half of the World, / Knows not how / The Other Half Lives, ~~&c~~ with an Address to the Ingenious and Ingenuous Mr. Hogarth, 3rd Edition, 1764.

The pamphlet is an hour by hour account of ~~a Sunday~~ life in London from ~~mn~~ midnight on Saturday to ~~mn~~ midnight on Sunday. As an introduction to the life of London in Hogarth's

day the book cannot be bettered. It also uses many current phrases, idioms + slang expressions, some of them no doubt peculiar to London.

March 12 Since my marriage on November 20th my wife and I have read aloud Pride and Prejudice, Rasselas and Sense and Sensibility. The agreeable vivacity of Jane Austen's style, the skilful revelation of character by what the characters themselves utter, the rapidity of incident and the dramatic sense with which ~~the~~ situations are handled, make every page delightful. It is sometimes ~~often~~ stated that Jane Austen dealt with trivial happenings in a narrow world. The world is narrow, confined to the life of the leisured gentry of the early nineteenth century; but the happenings are not trivial, unless death, disappointment in love and seduction ~~and marriage~~ are trivial. Rasselas (first published in 1759) read very well; ~~and~~ although it preaches the vanity of human wishes, is by no means ~~depressing~~ dull. The conformity of complaint, however, weakens the moral; the characters seem to be guilty of special pleading in declaring their unhappiness. Not all men of learning are melancholic and mad; not all family life is disturbed by discord; nor do all the rich constantly fear that their wealth will be taken from them. Nevertheless, there is a humour, a vivacity of description and a variety of incident which make the tale a triumph of art if not of argument.

I am at present reading to Agnes the Faerie Queene (1590). Each canto takes about an hour to read aloud; and I am sure the book was intended to be read in this way, and by such stages. It is extraordinary how the poem springs to life through the voice: the spelling, the vocabulary no longer hinder appreciation. The interest is sustained and refreshed by new characters and fresh adventures, and the story

unfolds itself like a Chinese scroll painting, ~~each~~ episode a complete picture in itself and yet leading to the next.

The third volume of Almon's Memoirs of Wilkes contains ~~the~~ Wilkes' note on ~~this~~ the Epistle to Hogarth; it is a justification of his part, but no doubt a true account of the facts. In a letter to Lord Hertford (June 5, 1764, on p. 124) he refers to the enmity of Rousseau, 'a ridiculous fellow at Bouillon.' In another part he gives a witty account of West Wycombe church, 'built on ~~at~~ the top of a hill, for the convenience ~~of~~ and devotion of the town at the bottom of it.' The gilt ball at the top was the "best Globe Tavern" he ~~had~~ was ever in.

April 15th Recent reading: Persuasion by Jane Austen, Jane Austen by William Austen-Leigh and R.A. Austen Leigh, Silas Marner by George Eliot, Selections from Su Tung-P'O, Cyril Drummond le gros Clark (London 1931), The Journal of a Disappointed Man, W. N. P. Barbellion (1919 - F. B. Cummings), The Longest Journey by E.M. Forster (1907).

The Longest Journey deals with at least two unlikely characters, and its situations are far-fetched, yet characters and situations are real & convince because of the sincerity of the writing. Disbelief is suspended ~~while~~ one listens to Rickie Elliot describing his early life to a group of fellow undergraduates, although the emotions he describes are too intimate for a group audience. There are three sudden deaths, Rickie's father, mother's and his own. Stephen Wonham is as unreal as an incarnation of Pan in the clothes of an English gentleman, yet he is accepted as

natural and inevitable. The story of a sensitive, literary, rather weak mind, hemmed in by the stronger forces of materialistic and conventional associates, and the suffering and waste of this mind, is told with all the power and distressful economy of a Greek tragedy. Finally, Forster gives the idiom and psychological intimacy, the ~~[illegible]~~ conversational casualness of the modern novel, not only classical structure, but a sense of the Fates in control, which is the Greek spirit alive again. The prose has not many, but some passages of great beauty.

May 19th. I have recently read Wilkie Collins' The Woman in White and (with Agnes) Northanger Abbey. The Woman in White took possession of me, and I stayed up late on three successive nights to finish it. Count Fosco is perfect, like Long John Silver. The descriptions of Hampstead, of London in August, of the seat of Sir Percival Glyde are brilliant pieces of atmospheric writing. It is a period piece, and suffers – and gains – from its early Victorian romanticism.

Northanger Abbey, too, has period charm; its mock presentation of the stock scenes of Mrs. Radcliffe and the Gothic novel, its allusions to the 'picturesque' are delightful to lovers of ~~[illegible]~~ the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The match between Catherine Morland and Henry Tilney is one of the most satisfying Jane ever made, because so true to life and productive of real happiness. There are improbable incidents, but the spirits of the writer carry you through them.

I am at present reading and enjoying William Gilpin's Remarks on Forest Scenery, 1791, and going through Baldwin and Cradock's Hogarth (the latter with Agnes).

November 16th

I have recently read Reynolds' Discourses and Hilles Literary Career of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Discourses are a summing up of orthodoxy, in part a compilation from previous writers on art, such as Dr Fremoy and Algarotti. The peculiar gift of Reynolds' mind is balancing conventional ideas, foreseeing objections, modifying the idea but never ~~never~~ rejecting ~~the~~ wholly the orthodox position. He reminds one of a theological apologist, a sort of broad Churchman denouncing heresy but bringing a ~~wo~~ wide interpretation to bear on orthodox ~~pres~~ ideas which were previously defined narrowly. Hilles' work is scholarly, clear and valuable, & gives a sane & perhaps final judgement on Reynolds' literary methods and relationships with other writers. It tells the complete story of Reynolds the writer, but by no means exhausts the subject of Reynolds' sources.

February 14th

Reading round Reynolds and Hogarth for my forthcoming lecture at the Warburg Institute "Hogarth and Reynolds: A ~~has been~~ Contrast in English Art Theory" has been the greatest pleasure of the winter. The ultimate origin of the theory of Ideal Beauty is in Plato, and for my recreational reading I have had Jowett's Passages from Plato. These have been the most valuable intellectual experience I have had since ~~the~~ my visit to Italy, and have whetted my appetite to learn Greek.

The Platonic method is greater than the Platonic conclusions. There is ~~much~~ some superstition and conformity with contemporary custom and modes of thought, as well as profundity and revolutionary daring. Plato praises a sublimated homosexuality, and his theory of the idea is ~~not~~ mystical, not rational. In his reasoning he can oversimplify his case, as when he attacks Homer and Hesiod as corrupters of youth.

Nevertheless, the stature of his mind is colossal, and, allowing for his times, ~~his thought~~ his conclusions are sophisticated. ~~But~~ His method is perfect: the process of enquiry, not of contradiction, the irony, fancy, poetry and charm; the love of virtue, wisdom and beauty; the elevation, sincerity and sweetness of his character; these combine to make him perhaps the most influential of writers. Certainly to have read Plato is never to think on narrow lines. He teaches that truth is never won, but the love of truth can be won; and that the spirit of honest, modest enquiry confers the deepest blessings on the mind.

March 8th.

I am still reading Jowett's Plato at odd intervals. Another book in my hands is Rousseau's Confessions. This gives a remarkable picture of French life in the eighteenth century. His descriptions of scenery are captivating and have given me the desire to sojourn among the lower slopes of the Alps. The work is a starting point of the new movement both in politics and literature.

Recently I read Algarotti's Essay on Painting, for my study on Reynolds. Algarotti was a learned man, + his work reflects the trends of French + Italian theory even more accurately than the Discourses. It is an intelligent book and written in an easy, engaging style.

I have just taken from the library Eugene Muntz. Raphael, which promises well.

The study of botany is an interest which I have developed this winter. W. Johnson's The Nature World of London, I. Trees and Plants, is a delightful book, and has opened my eyes to the wealth of flora in the parks and streets of London.

My son, who is to be named Richard Middleton Joseph, was born at 9 p.m. this evening.

April 4th

My reading crystallises itself round three main topics 1) Hogarth. Books which throw light on the artist, his times and his works. 2) English literature and history, with special emphasis on the C18. This field was opened up for me by my courses in English at King's College 3) Major works of literature, + books which throw light on them, e.g. Plato 4) Botany, with a bias towards ecology 5) the history of art in its widest sense 6) Miscellaneous.

September 29th. 1942

I began the study of Greek on the 12th of this month, when I received the first lesson of a correspondance course I am taking. So much of my study has led me towards the Greeks, that this step seemed inevitable, and, although not taken until my twenty-ninth year, will, I feel, give a fresh impetus to my intellectual life. My philological studies at King's make even the grammar + syntax exciting, because there is so much I can link up with Latin + other indo-german languages

April ~~2~~ 10th, 1943

The Greek started well + nine lessons were completed by Christmas. An article on D.H. Lawrence's architectural descriptions for the Architectural Review has interrupted the programme, + until it is completed the Greek is at a standstill.

Joining the London Library this winter was a great boon. For light reading I read with Agnes Sheridan Le Fanu's Green Tea and am at present reading The House by the Churchyard. Le Fanu has a first-class style, clear + felicitous, the reflection of a first-class brain. He excels in the description of an old house + an odd character and in the creation of an atmosphere of mystery. He seems to have a special fondness for candlelight, partly because, like Rembrandt, he likes to paint in contrasts of black and white, partly because the movement and mystery of shadows aids his sinister effect.

I have also been reading Elizabeth Manwaring's Italian Landscape in C18 England, an excellent guide to the literature of the subject, and

Uvedale Price on the Picturesque. The latter is spoiled by his controversial tone & does not impress one as much as Gilpin, who was a genuine enthusiast and had an original mind. Price, however, has merits and his distinction between beauty and the picturesque is worth following.

May 14th.

During a recent chill I read Herman Melville's Moby Dick. The mystical side of the novel, its epic picture of the struggle between man and nature, about which I had heard so much, seemed overdone by the critics. The story begins as a straightforward tale of adventure, among strange seafaring men bound for distant seas. Gradually the note of doom is sounded & the story develops into a tragedy, the end of which is foreseen by the reader, but not its manner. The Captain of the Pequod is a madman; he is under a curse, which is ~~slowly~~ inexorably fulfilled. The whale dominates the book, because it dominates the minds of Ahab & his crew. All this is in the ~~straight~~ tradition of Elizabethan tragedy, of Macbeth and the White Devil. To construct an elaborate symbolism is to misinterpret Melville's purpose, to make him a philosopher mystic at the expense of the artist.

December 31st 1944

The long silence since May 1943 has not been due to lack of reading, but rather multiplicity of interests. Membership of the London Library has been a great stimulus, but also a great temptation to discursiveness. Reading has centred round the following: 1) Eighteenth century letters 2) English ecology 3) the

antiquities of London 4) C18 French literature, l'abbé Prévost, Manon Lescaut, Stendhal, La Chartreuse de Parme, Rousseau La Nouvelle Hélöise 5) Contemporary literature 6) American literature.

In the summer of 1943 was published my Charlton Memorial Lecture, Hogarth and Reynolds, O.U.P (~~the sa~~ reviewed Times Lit. Sup. August 21st): in May 1944 The D.H Lawrence Country, Architectural Review; and late in 1944 also appeared Volume VI of the Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes, with my ~~the~~ article on A Classical Aspect of Hogarth's Theory of Art.

The Greek studies have lapsed for nearly a year, apart from a half-hearted attempt to revive them in the summer; and work on the edition of the Analytics has been slight.

In reviewing the past year, my health has greatly improved + seems within a short distance of full restoration — exercise and a richer diet have been of the greatest benefit; my studies have on the whole advanced; and my financial position is secure, although the expenses of a double household during the heavy summer attack on London by pilotless aircraft has occasioned some debts outstanding to the tune of £60. My savings however amount to more than £200.

During the forthcoming year I hope to resume ~~my~~ Greek + complete the Grammar; to carry my edition to about $\frac{2}{3}$rds completion; and to improve my command of conversational French by oral lessons. A principal recreation will be

the study of plants.

December 31st 1945

Exactly a year has passed since my last entry. Official duties have sadly interfered with plans for systematic ~~reading~~ study but there has been time for desultory reading. The reading of Le Fanu has continued and given great pleasure: 'the Cock & Anchor' and 'the Wyvern mystery' being the latest read. Greek & Hogarth have been neglected but the former was resumed about a month ago. The National Gallery published a note on the Graham Children to accompany a coloured reproduction.

Health excellent, aided by a daily bathe in the Highgate Ponds. I have paid off my debts and my savings stand at £200.

Good progress in the study of the local English flora, particularly in the summer when I paid several visits to Kew.

My library has been greatly strengthened, particularly in Hogarth & the general history of art.

Altogether a happy and successful year, although active mainly on official duties and with leisure only for dilettante studies.

December 31st, 1948.

The main events ~~[illegible]~~ since the last entry have been

1) May, 1945 Appointed private secretary to the Prime Minister. Resigned, September, 1946, on appointment as Professor of Fine Arts at Melbourne University.

The Aquitania left Southampton on Wednesday 18th September and docked in Halifax on September 25th, being delayed by fog. At St John we were entertained by the Rev. F. Purnell of St Columba's, on our way to my wife's brother-in-law, the Rev. John Sulston, The Manse, Prince William, near Fredericton. From there I went on alone to Yale to deliver the Ryerson lectures, staying first at Timothy Dwight College, then at John Davenport. Agnes & Ruby joined me to stay ~~at~~ with Mrs Woolsey, 248 Prospect Street, New Haven. We left New York on the 5th Dec, arriving in San Francisco on the 11th. The Marine Phoenix arrived at Sydney on January 3rd 1947.

Most of the books read during the past year have been related to the art history of the Renaissance; Van Marle, Michel's Histoire de l'art, the Propyläen Kunstgeschichte and numerous monographs. Spenser's Faerie Queene Book I and Mrs Esdaile on English Church Monuments were read in connection with an article on Archbishop Abbot's tomb for the Warburg Journal.* Löwenfeld's

* Archbishop Abbot's Tomb at Guildford. A Problem in Early Caroline Iconography. Journal of the Warburg Institute, Vol 12, 1949 - Guildford

Nature of Creative Activity was an important book for the study of the artistic process and in particular for child art, the art of primitive peoples and certain phases of modern art. O. Jaensch on Eidetic Imagery threw light on the origins & nature of Blake's visual imagery for a lecture to the National Gallery Society.

But the most ~~imp~~ valuable ~~[illegible]~~ gain of the year has been in Greek. Mr McKay, a tutor in the Classics Department, gave me a series of private lessons and the progress was rapid enough for me to finish the first Book of Homer's Odyssey.

The chief drawback of the Chair has been the multifarious ~~dis~~ claims & distractions which it involves; serving on Cttees, opening exhibitions, making innumerable speeches and broadcasts and receiving an embarrassing number of social invitations which are difficult to decline without causing offence. Other disadvantages to study are the dearth of materials for research and especially the crying need, & indeed duty, of taking an active part in the reform of the art educational system of Victoria.

Nevertheless there are outstanding compensations in the liberal atmosphere of

the University, the stimulus given by ~~and~~ men who are pursuing different studies and the absence of routine administration.

Next year will mark a turning-point, for at 35 a man should have finished his training & be equipped to embark on the main business of his life. The training has not been ideal: Greek has had to be learned late and in leisure moments, French has suffered from the short time spent in France itself, other languages — German, Italian and Spanish — are scrappy. Would that I had been brought up on the classics and spent at least a year in France! There is no doubt that Greek is the foundation of humane studies, and French the training ground of grace ~~of~~ and clarity.

Of the classics of English literature, from Beowulf to the present day, I can claim to have a sound knowledge; but the great tradition of European literature has still to be mastered. Fortunately the language problem has been ~~mastered~~ overcome, ~~so that the~~ the mountain barrier has been climbed and the prospect, fair & inviting, spreads before the eyes.

But it has been a late start. If the mistakes of my early education had not been made, it ~~would~~ might have been possible to undertake a major ~~piece~~ work of scholarship; but

in the short time left success will depend on limiting strictly the field. It will be necessary to return to Hogarth & make him the first objective. At the same time it ~~will~~ should be possible to make ~~two~~ some excursions into broader fields, provided they are confined to the C18.

In an earlier entry (June 23, 1934) the possibility of a combined study of music, art and literature on philosophical principles is discussed. The idea need not be thrown over altogether, but it must be reduced to a comparative study restricted to the C18 in England.

There is a duty working in Australia to make some contribution to the history of Australian art: I have therefore undertaken to write a monograph on Hugh Ramsay.

But what is to be done about Pollajuolo and Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu — two enthusiasms that are growing with time?

It is difficult to see a unity behind such diverse interests. Anyhow during the following year Homer ~~&~~ Plato, Italian & Dante, Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty, Benjamin West, Hugh Ramsay & numerous articles will provide a full schedule.

Books being read at the moment are J. G. Davies Theology of Blake and Wölfflin's Principles of Art History.

An article, embodying research in the Natural Gallery papers, Alfred Felton & his Bequest was published in Meanjin, Winter number, 1948.

Plan of studies for 1909

✓* Homer, Plato, a Greek play.

✓ Dante.

✓ Michel's Histoire de l'art: ~~Wölfflin~~; the literature of Michelangelo and Pollajuolo.

postponed Prepare course of lectures on European & American art from the C19 to the present day.

dropped Le Fanu.

✓ Edit. Analysis of Beauty; write West study for Walpole Society.

✓ Collect Ramsay material.

— Articles on Gainsborough, Blake, Highmore.

The decision to come to Australia involved considerable expenditure out of capital. ~~[illegible]~~ I start my 3rd year in Australia with ~~[illegible]~~ a rented house, but my own furniture & library, £100 in savings and a block of land, purchased as an investment*, at Airey's Inlet.

Future purchases for the library should centre on

a) Hogarth

b) C18 English literature, particularly books on art

c) the English poets

d) Greek poets

e) Le Fanu.

* for £68

January 1st 1951

Studies during the past year have centred round the eighteenth century. My colleague Franz Philipp gave an interesting series of lectures on Mannerism. The proofs have been revised of Russell Drysdale, a biographical & critical essay (Sydney Ure Smith ~~Pty~~) and the book should appear in two or three months time. The Oxford University Press have accepted the ms of the edition of Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty but suggestions for revision & the addition of other mss may delay publication till late in the year, if not until 1952. The Press have also invited me to write the ~~fourth~~ volume (the eighteenth century) in the Oxford History of English Art. This will be an opportunity, over the next three years, of acquiring a wide background of the period before returning to Hogarth studies.

The most notable addition to my library was a collection of autograph notes, letters & pamphlets from the estate of the late Austin Dobson. These are in substance the bulk of his ~~remains~~ extant Hogarth papers

During 1949 the article on Archbishop Abbot's tomb was published, also the Syme Oration, the Age of Reason, delivered before the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons in Brisbane. In the same year the study of Greek progressed sufficiently to read a book of Homer (Odyssey I) in the original, with a tutor in the Classics Department

But on the whole research on Nogarth & the CIS, and writing, have been delayed by the labours inevitable in building up a Department of Fine Arts, & extending its influence, in what is still a pioneer country. New courses have had to be prepared and introduced, and the burden of public lectures, committees & functions is still very heavy. The main extra-curricular achievements of the year have been (1) a reform of the Art Syllabus in Victorian State Schools, & the introduction of a liberal Matriculation art syllabus; and (2) the formation of a Society of Collectors, with the dual aims of helping the University Collection and encouraging contemporary artists. A collection of mss relating to the arts in Australia has been founded at the University, and the first important acquisition is a number of important mss prompted by Sir Lionel Lindsay. Mr Stephen Spurrier has started off the University Fine Arts Collection with a Turner watercolour & several fine Turner engravings. I have presented a Henry Moore drawing.

During the coming year I have to serve as Dean of the Faculty of Arts, & another intrusion of interest is the new course on the modern period. Work on West and Ramsay will have to be postponed until the Oxford History commission has been discharged. I have worked out a detailed schedule for this.

~~Main~~ Plan of Studies for 1951

(1) Collection of material for Volume IX, Oxford History of English Art
(2) preparation of edition of Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty.
(3) Course of lectures on European art from the C19 to the present day.
(4) Article on Blake.
(5) Brick studies.
(6) Oriental art, as a background for the study of the rococo in the C18.

During the past year I have worked very hard, Mondays Tuesdays and Thursdays spent at the Universities & in public duties, and Wednesdays, Saturdays & Sundays spent preparing lectures and writing. Most Fridays have also been work days, and I have played golf perhaps eight times in the year. I have had to give up swimming through pressure of work, and am now feeling tired and run down, though reasonably buoyant. This year I must at least try to swim regularly, as the good health I have enjoyed won't otherwise last.

Expenses have been heavy with an almost sensational rise in the cost of living. I have added to the home furnishings & the library, and payed two-thirds of the entrance subscription to the Athenaeum Club in England. My overdraft is now £200, but against this I have £400 in savings and the block of land at Airey's Inlet. I have also ordered a car (£600) for December 1951, but as my post is now permanent & my salary has been increased by £200, should be able to pay for this when the time comes. Nevertheless it

will mean a small margin of security, apart from my insurance policies, and I look forward to the day when I shall have some permanent savings, or at least ~~am~~ have an interest in a house

January 7th

Books read over the Christmas Holiday were:
B. Sprague Allen, Tides of English Taste 2 vols 1937
R. E. Moore Hogarth's Literary Relationships 1948
N. Pevsner Academies of Art Past & Present 1940
H. Mackenzie The Man of Feeling (1771) ~~and~~ Georgian Art R. Fry and others, 1929.

Later reading: R. B. Beckett, Hogarth, 1949.

January 6th, 1954

On ~~July~~ 24 June, 1954 I left Melbourne on a Greek ship, the Cyrenia, for Athens. This was the beginning of a wanderjahr to collect material for Volume IX of the Oxford History of English Art, and to fill in the main gaps of my art-historical knowledge.

Greece, Constantinople, Italy — some weeks visiting the villas of Andrea Palladio — Vienna, Salzburg Munich, Mainz, Cologne — Holland, Belgium — Paris.

The outstanding new impressions were first, Greece — then Hagia Sophia — and the great baroque-rococo palaces of the Rhine. The rococo at its best — in the Amalienburg & the Hotel de Subise — translates elegance to a spiritual level.

England — headquarters for writing

country houses were King's Lynn, York, Salisbury, Bath – & of course London. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin – the west coast at Sir Anthony Bevis's home near Newport.

It was an extraordinarily wide sweep – every day crammed with buildings and galleries, for I tried to cover the main Guide Bleu entries as well as places specially selected for their C18 interest.

Then New York – Yale – Boston – Toronto – Charleston – Jefferson's ~~William~~ University of Virginia & Monticello – Annapolis – San Francisco.

The main objectives were fairly achieved – 1) to see the main masterpieces of European art in this route 2) to fill in gaps of American colonial architecture & 3) to see the C18 Grand Tour. On 1) I missed Würzburg through a blunder, & had to omit Sicily & Vierzehnheiligen. Add the Prado & the great Russian collections, & the list of gaps is complete. The C18 G.T. I covered pretty thoroughly, omitting only scenery & Spanish parts of France (taking in earlier travels).

I also managed to see something of contemporary art, notably in N. Italy at the Biennale & the USA. But for the first time I feel reasonably competent to teach the general history of European art on the basis of first-hand knowledge of the principal countries & epochs.

I worked through the RIBA C18 books, at the BM & in several university libraries, & acquired a slight knowledge of modern Greek (only thro' the grammar in the book) & an improved knowledge of classical Greek

And now to take stock 'in mezzo del cammin' — the modern midway being justifiably advanced to 40. The defects of an incomplete classical education — late starting of modern languages — late opportunities to travel, some to reside for a long period in France & Germany — taking up art history professionally in my 20s — these have been grave handicaps. And many opportunities have been wasted & missed — would that I had them again!

Assets can be listed as follows: a sound grounding in English literature through the Honours course at King's; specialist studies in Hogarth & the C18 at the Courtauld and Yale, & I know my Hogarth pretty well — the general reading in the history of art for the Melbourne courses, & all that I have learned from my colleague Fanny Philipp, a brilliant pupil of the Viennese school — the tour of Europe and the British Isles to take in the main buildings & collections — a knowledge of colonial art in the USA & Australia. Languages I have taught myself, & speak none well, tho' reasonably fluent in ungrammatical French & German: Greek (a schoolboy's leaving knowledge — 6th form) Latin (BA pass) French little, German weaker, a slighter knowledge of Italian, Spanish & modern Greek.

All that can be claimed is that the ice is broken on the main well-heads.

The Hogarth study is completed

& in proof stage with the O.U.P. On this I can only hope to win my spurs, the main trials lie ahead.

To achieve success it is necessary to limit aims, & these may be defined as follows 1) to concentrate on Hogarth studies & from that vantage point make excursions into the C18 field 2) to make some contribution in American & Australian art history in the colonial period. Hogarth comes first.

To forward the broad aims for which the Chair of Fine Arts was founded, and particularly 1) to found a centre of studies in Australian art history 2) to promote the creation & recognition of contemporary art, by enlisting the support of Governments, public bodies, the schools, & industrial & commercial leadership.

When I have finished the Oxford History volume I should like to make some small contribution to letters, possibly in the form of an ~~anal of Australian~~ historical novel. The accident of war gave me a certain experience of the world, which acts as a spur to the historical imagination.

1955 January

The past year has been a frustrating one — heavy outside engagements, committees, judgings, lectures, broadcasts, articles. It has been work to the tune of other people.

The result has been a decision to cut out all outside activities, for twelve months from January 1st, and give absolute priority to the Oxford History. Last week the index of the Hogarth book was despatched, & this should now be done with. Having resigned from the Deanship of the Faculty, sought leave of absence from the Trustees & made arrangements to act as Chairman of the British Memorial Fund solely from within the University — accepting no outside engagements — cut adrift from other committees, broadcasts, articles — as well as all social parties outside the University & home — it should be possible to make a really big effort. This is perhaps the most important of all years.

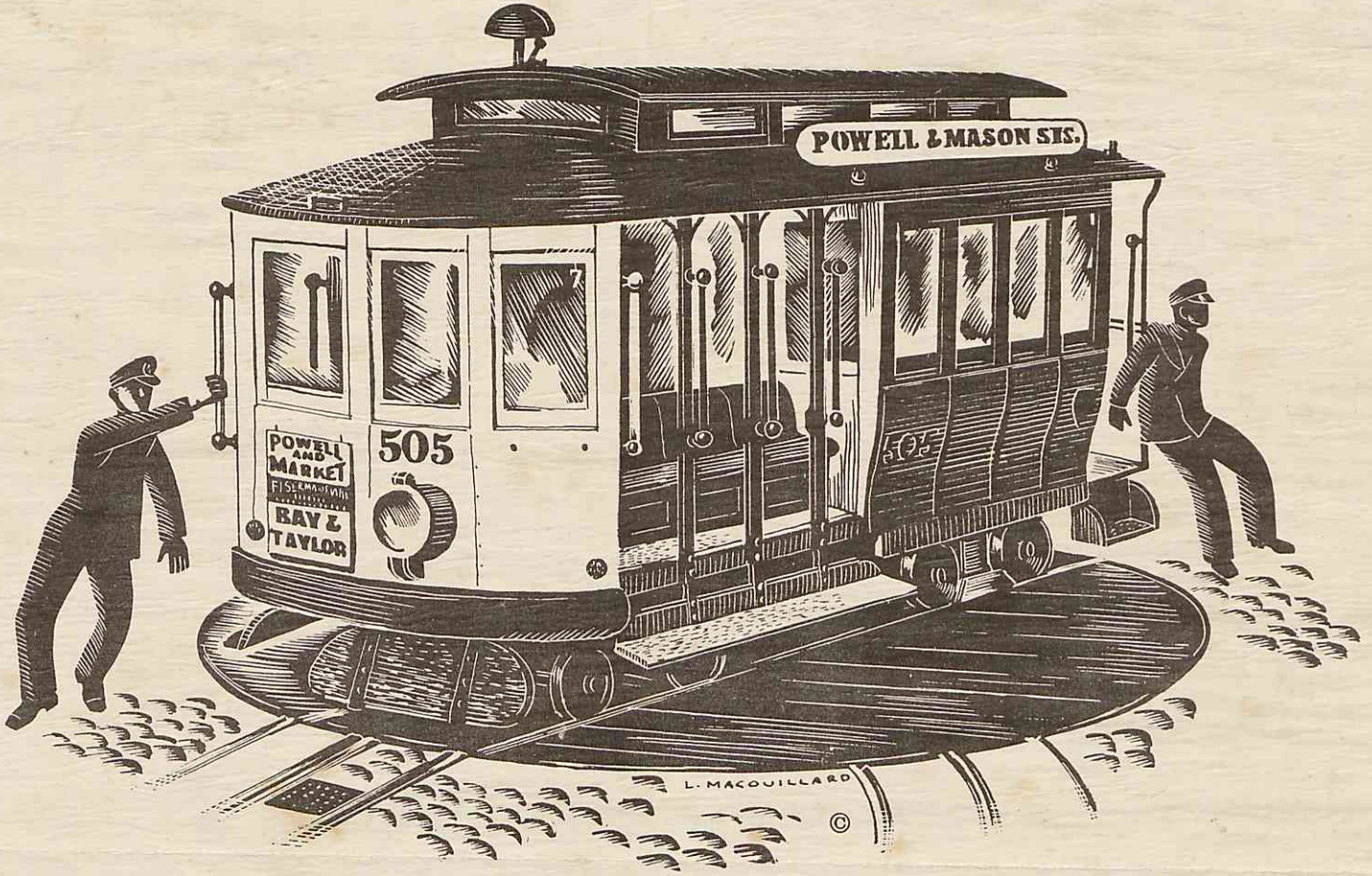
The immediate task of the first weeks is to go through all notebooks and sort out & index the material collected; to work out chronological tables, groupings etc.; & to revise and expand bibliographies.

'They [the Platonic dialogues] were a natural product of ancient athens, where there was collected, in what seems to us a very small city, a crowd of the most active-minded people that has ever been gathered together, except perhaps in the Florence of the Renaissance.'

G. Lowes Dickinson: Plato and his Dialogues 19 1931

For now it was that the bent of his genius appeared in that passionate love of reading, which was not lessened, we may believe, but increased, by his want of time and opportunity to indulge it.

Warburton's Works, 1811, vol. I. Life by R. Hurd.



SAN FRANCISCO CABLE CAR AT THE TURNTABLE

San Francisco Public Utilities Commission, April 25, 1945

Journal of a visit to Italy May, 1939

May 5th Left London in the evening. Slept on the boat between Dover and Calais, and on the train ~~between~~ from Calais to Paris (Gare St. Lazare)

May 6th Drove to the Gare de Lyons. Crossed the Place de la Concorde and caught a glimpse of the Madeleine. The chestnuts were in full bloom. Notre Dame looked very beautiful. I remembered the statue of Henri Quatre, which I saw as a schoolboy on my first visit to Paris.

May 7th Weather perfect. The landscape to Dijon is very lovely & grows richer as the train leaves Paris. I fell asleep at Dijon and first saw the Alps quite suddenly, approaching Aix-les-Bains. The sky was dark and cloudy, but at intervals the tops of the mountains were revealed. It was all rather crushing, but the feeling of oppression wore off.

Slept at Turin, where I saw nothing but lighted arcades and shops and a great crowd of people taking a late stroll.

May 8th I was charmed by the scenery of the Gulf of Rapallo. A light blue sky, a deep blue sea, hills ~~the~~ and rocks tumbling into the sea, semi-tropical vegetation, brightly coloured stone villas, many of them respectably old. I must explore the coast south of Genoa.

May 9th Found a charming pension, the Pensione Firenze, ~~in the~~ at the top of an old palazzo, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 4, overlooking the Arno and the Ponte Vecchio.