

July 7 Back from two days in London.

- i. After 9 years W. & his wife will part.<sup>164</sup> She could stand his grumpiness and occasional rudeness no longer, and has applied for marriage to be annulled. I never dreamt. He has no life now. Sent a line to him, & had 'Thanks, thanks. I want to tell you about it all some time.'
- ii. Msd. went to see his first cousin once removed and her husband. The latter – it seems without prelude – exposed himself, a servant being also in the room.
- iii. Fanny's First Play at the Little Theatre<sup>165</sup> – alone. Slipshod & bungling but left one serious. I walked after it down to the Embankment. Heat, the dimmed moon & the clock tower; sigh of the trams. Sleepers in a sort of alcove, and up a flight of steps on the Westminster end. Beauty, heavy with sadness and terror. On the opposite side – I walked to <Chelsea Lamb> Suspension Bridge – the seats were emptier. Light in clock tower went out as I looked at it. Moored boats bobbing in the tide. Back by tram – then walked a little in Piccadilly circus, & to bed at Musical Club.

Saw in all, Meredith, the Jones – with whom I stopped one night – M<sup>rs</sup> MacCarthy senr.<sup>166</sup> – who is very very charming – Aunts Rosie Georgie, Alice. M<sup>rs</sup> A (convalescent) at Putney, and Aunt Nell at S.K.;<sup>167</sup> George Hodgkin<sup>168</sup> with whom I spent morning in N.G. & lunched, and Msd. A happy time. 'Great Heat Wave'<sup>169</sup> nothing much.

July 17 Yesterday Msd. came to supper here – disappointing. Mother has too little vigour and sympathy to care for youth, and he regards the world as a roomful of secondary persons with himself feeling intensely in the centre. Shall I speak to him?

Fortnight of the servants' absence wears away. I feel trivial & effeminate.  
Shall we use those whom we love, or shall we make them better?

July 30 To morrow to Italy. Glad on the whole I am going. Shall hope to think over my messy life. It's apparent success is over. Is it to be a real as well as an apparent failure in the future. Elaine is going to marry an eligible D<sup>r</sup> White. She cannot help it, nor can I help taking no interest in her now.

[*Verso of p. 23 has:*

Should like to rescue the end of my holiday<sup>170</sup> from forgetfulness. On Friday Sept 1<sup>st</sup> I saw off Masood by the 7.30. from Milan, and went back disconsolate, but was cheered by a letter from Mother at the Poste Restante. Then I had large lunch near the Galleria, packed, refused to tip some of the Commercio serv-

ants, & carried & trammed my things to the station. Went third. After Novara I shared the carriage with two reservists coming back from the manoeuvres, eloquent with tales of heat & ice & due dite di caffè<sup>171</sup> for the whole day. We stopped, drank beer at a junction. I fell asleep to wake with a jump among hills. It was Orta. No Lake visible, but was assured it would come, as it did after violent drive down hill. Offensive youth, who spoke but did not understand English, received me at hotel. Pending return of Dickinson & sisters from the lake, I ate grapes on the quay, a child came & ate them too, but would neither speak nor nod. When they returned we went up the Sacro Monte. Have never seen anything like it. A knoll of pine trees and gracious grass, and here & there, grouped in no regular order, gleam chapels – some with tiny columns and pediment, others of the kiosk type, but all unexpected and charming. Within are terra cotta incidents in the life of S<sup>t</sup> Francis – very sentimental & bad. I best remember his ascension in a fiery chariot, with a circle of friars plopping or kneeling on the floor, as if they had loosed the strings of a balloon. Fortunately the groups are very difficult to see, and the Sacro Monte is really the scene for a Decameron. After dinner – for which Miss Stawell and Miss Reynolds joined us, we went on the lake, and rowed till we set the moon behind the dark trees of the opposite bank. That wonderful warm north wind, that comes in fine weather, blew gently. There was no rudder. We tried to steer by looking at the stars, but always pulled round to the right.

Sept. 2 The Miss Dickinsons, after a second visit to the Sacro Monte, went back to London. We took a boat down the Lake to the foot of the hill with the tower on it. Dickinson and I bathed. I did not like it, as it was near the road, slimy, and warm. Then we climbed the hill, missing our way over dreadful stones. The tower – Lombard, restored – reared out of dense wood. There was a little green space round it, where we lunched, with view of the Lake through cracks in the outer wall. To the south, the country seemed to fall into the plain, though we must have been looking over a watershed, since Orta drains into Maggiore. After sleeping the ladies led us inland, towards most unpromising hills. We watered from a cold well belonging to a charming woman. ‘Tutti gli Inglesi bevono di questa acqua,’<sup>172</sup> while a dog named Tomino barked at us. Attempting the hills, they yielded, & after some pleasant shady walking we heard water rushing, & came on a meadow & river. Poplar trees. Perhaps we liked it because it was like England. A smith told us we might bathe, & rushing to do so, we saw a dragon. It ran swiftly over the grass with paws and head erect. It looked two feet long. It passed so quick & we got so quickly into the good water that it slips from my mind. But it was a remarkable beast. The bathe – jump a little leat and undress on concrete. Stream over a little dam – wooden rim where the water breaks, then it runs about two feet deep over a ledge of stones & concrete, which are

warm from the sun. Lie on these. Below the bottom drops to 4, 5, 6 feet, all clear. Best bathe of my life. Afterwards Miss S. bathed. Back through curious half enchanted country – narrow ravines, brushwood up sides. Young man, fair haired & beautiful, himself going to bathe, showed us the way. After trespassing through hayfield, we returned to Italy.

Sept. 27 Back 10 days from Italy and have begun account of a happy time, as opposite.<sup>a</sup> Till today, should have written cheerfully of home, also for the first time this year, but have returned after two days at Aunt L. to the familiar morbidity. Agnes, after 6 weeks in Cottage Hospital for ulcerated stomach, has gone to Conv. Home at Bognor, and Ruth<sup>173</sup> for a night to Tonbridge. Mother thus alone. A mistake. I stopped two nights instead of one at Aunt L. because<sup>b</sup> I strained my ankle [*sic*] walking there over the downs. It got bad after my arrival. M<sup>rs</sup> Hope<sup>174</sup> there. Did not talk to me or seem otherwise at her best. Censorious and arrogant. Said 'I make pencil marks in Mudie books<sup>175</sup> to slightly improve the taste of novel readers and writers.' M<sup>rs</sup> Litchfield too was unusually trying – has socialism on the brain. I do not like Darwins. Aunt L. says they do not pretend to good manners – 'it is their kindheartedness that gets them through life.' Idea for a book on chivalry. Denis does not come with a French dictionary that mother lent him, and I think I may go to bed and read. Nice childish letter from Coode<sup>176</sup> – has failed for I.C.S. and 'is fond of reading so might write'. I discourage. Go with Dickinson to see Wedd<sup>177</sup> on Saturday.

Oct. 4 Wedd better than I expected. Grave's disease (goitre) has replaced consumption. He and his bright hard devoted little wife are in a charming rest care place, kept by a bright hard Miss Armstrong, whom D. & I doubt. Old M<sup>rs</sup> W. & Miss also in lodgings near. We had fine sitting room with broad verandah. Couldn't walk, but Ventnor<sup>178</sup> seems a fine situation ruined by rotten building. Now that towns are 'spaced' will they ever be beautiful? Our landlord, inclined to brain softening, said 'They do get the flowers up beautiful now – more like wax'. 'It's the autumn now – not the spring, the autumn'. Plymouth Brother.<sup>179</sup> Tried to convert W., who was there before, and gave him Tracts. 'Not enough about conduct' W. replied.

D. did not think my play good.

Monday Miss A. took me, with D. & M<sup>rs</sup> W., to Brighstone. Whizz. Under cliff, Blackgang, open country, Freshwater pale white into pale blue, fuchsia bushes, and we were there. Miss A. very obsequious. Found Kate in bed with bad digestive pains, & got a bed out. K. had been troubled by crickets. 'First they come here, then downstairs to the drawing room & vex poor Marion in the kitchen with their loud coarse voices. They are really the wild grasshoppers – leap in through the windows when we open them for the heat'.

An old salt next morning. 'Storms – they go all round the island. I mind the time the Eurydice<sup>180</sup> went down. I saw it over by the Needles half in half out – Newtown, Cowes, Ryde, till it came to Shanklin and sunk she.

Drove alone in trap to Newport – Maggie too headachy to come.

To day M<sup>r</sup> A. & Rosie drove over in motor. Ray has asked M<sup>r</sup> A. to lend him £200.

Herbert & Charlie were here when I came from Italy – Mother gives them £10 a year.

Oct. 24 We begin to understand people when we realise they don't say what they mean.

Missionary exhibition. Many small objects in recesses, & a clergyman always booming in the distance.

[*Verso has:*

Discover, some months later,  
that Oct 31<sup>181</sup> is the anniversary  
of my father's death.]

Nov. 1 Last night, alone, I had a Satanic fit of rage against mother for her grumbling and fault finding, and figured a scene in which I swept the mantelpiece with my arm and then rushed out of doors or cut my throat. I was all red & trembling after. I write it down partly in the hope that I shall see its absurdity & so refuse it admittance again. More exercise the cure – but I have had bad cold & cough.

Yest. afternoon, heard Miss Grove on Anatole France. As M<sup>rs</sup> Webb<sup>182</sup> told her, she is Hilda Lessways,<sup>183</sup> but I think wicked. She is very clever & unkind. I couldn't stop looking at her. Lena Ashwell<sup>184</sup> discourages her from the stage – conditions worse than ever. Arctic Summer<sup>185</sup> slowly moving in my mind.

Nov. 24 Returned from Fry's yesterday in an exaltation that has not yet subsided. I saw what he was up to – to clear Art of reminiscences. Romanticism the enemy. To paint the position of things in space. But I do not like him best when he succeeds, though he has a wonderful unsentimental picture of a town. But the green snakes – I must buy them if I have money enough. Exhibition January.<sup>186</sup> Began my portrait.<sup>187</sup> Mother only prays it may have a clean face. He says impossible. I go again next Wed. He & his house always invigorate, but never before so strongly. I felt I could do anything, & I have worked better than usual to day. Beautiful Robert Bridges<sup>188</sup> & wife came to tea at Fry's. He & Whiteing the only beautiful old men I know.

M<sup>rs</sup> Mawe here, Elaine & new husband – whom I like – come down to morrow.

Nov. 28 Doll's House.<sup>189</sup> More of an entertainment than I had expected, and the first two acts as exciting as anything I have seen. The last Act dragged a little, perhaps owing to the <indiff> \unequal/ acting of the Helmer. Princess Bariatinsky<sup>190</sup> was far stronger than I had seen her before: a great actress. Her charm sentimentalised Norah too much, though. Christina good & persuasive. Rotten villain. M<sup>rs</sup> Mawe greatly impressed – could eat no tea after it. Dear thing, she is determined not to grow an old fossil. Morning, took Harrow class to N. Gallery.

Yesterday, after Harrow lecture, dined with Woolley. Intolerable wife. Too monstrous that his life should be wrecked. He is utterly kind. He enjoyed abstract subjects most 'being good', which he said is moving nearer towards good; and Form in art & nature. His wife is abroad, but bored there too. Had left him servantless and to send baby with nurse to sea. Slept at Masood's new lodgings. He has written wonderful letter about Turco-Italian war.<sup>191</sup> Now lives with Mir – charming young chap.

Nov. 30 Julian<sup>192</sup> 'The chaps downstairs have called me the anointed son of a blacking brush. Won't you go and tell them what you think of that?

Fry 'I think not, Du: the master might not like a parent interfering.

J. 'I called them anointed donkeys'

F. Well that sounds a very good reply.

J. But I didn't say anything about their paters.

Portrait – second sitting. Now like R.L.S.,<sup>193</sup> via Lytton Strachey, to decadent French poet. Same exaltation. Elizabeth has asked me to dinner. I do not like her by this time.

Dec. 15 Bright dull Miss March Phillips<sup>194</sup> came to tea. Is the development of Art the very least like what she describes in her lectures. Fry, 'Of course she doesn't understand – it wouldn't even occur to her to understand'. – Bathed in ink I will now go to bed.

Dec. 29 How things are done. Justice Horridge<sup>195</sup> sentenced two ignorant men for blasphemy: they said what educated men say in other words. Fry wrote to Massingham,<sup>196</sup> who took it up in the Nation, and then buttonholed Asquith<sup>197</sup> at a luncheon party. A. knew nothing of the matter – is too busy enjoying himself to read the papers – and said 'Horridge is not a flower, but I'm surprised he has done a thing like that – I'll see to it.'

West Hackhurst. After successful week in London at M<sup>rs</sup> Mawe's Hotel.

Dec. 30 How discomfoting Percy Lubbock is. He makes it clear that I am a literary idler. I would not be long with him for nuts.

Dec. 31 Literature. Very bad. One good story – The Point of It – one bad unpublished play – The Heart of Bosnia. That is all. I seem through at last, & others begin to suspect it. Idleness, depressing conditions, need for a fresh view of all life before I begin writing each time, paralyse me. Just possible I may finish Arctic Summer, but see nothing beyond. Like writing erotic short stories,<sup>198</sup> some of which may be good. Lecturing. Successful course on Florence at Harrow in the autumn. Taught a diminishing class Latin at the W.M.C. till the end of July. Celestial Omnibus published.

Terrible year on the whole. Have cheered mother a little, I think, but pleasure of home life has gone. Sorrow has altered her, and I have had to alter too, or leave. Ageing, though strong physically: often feel a perfect devil. Am influenced very little now by her, for I cannot respect her as I used. (Hate writing this, for am in tender mood: she has been sweet and herself again the last ten days, & enjoyed London. So perhaps she is on the mend. But all through the year, & in Nov. Dec., especially have felt as I write). Am only happy away from home. If only she would come away more!

Tesserete (August). The first week was incoherent joy, though the detail escape me [*sic*]. Towards the end Masood grew tired of the place and of me and it was less pleasant, but it was clear he liked me better than any man in the world, so I did not mind. Near the beginning, I spoke, seeing that after all he did not realise. He was surprised & sorry, & put it away at once. It has made either no difference, or a good difference. I have seen the worst of him, but all is well. I bear his going better now, for we shall never be nearer, & do seem firm at last. – A happy <[illeg.]><sup>a</sup> but uncreative holiday.

Dickinson. Approaching to real friendship. S.P.W. Wish I did like him more, but he has never given me anything I seem to want. Florence – my only woman friend; though there are others, like Miss Mona Wilson, whom I might make. As for relatives, I draw nearer to Aunt Nellie; and to Aunt Laura.

H.O.M. Have seen too little. He remains the groundwork of my life, but more unconsciously. I have not grasped his troubles as I hope to do in February when I go to Belfast. Sydney's illness. Ralph's backward queerness.<sup>199</sup> Christabel's failure to be attracted. If the family does not unite this year, will it ever?

George & Florence were depressed on Thursday.

Foreign Affairs. Tripoli. Persia. What a year! Brookfield as censor.<sup>200</sup> Prayer for courage. I can sympathise no more until I get braver.

## 1912

Jan. 7 Walked over to Bob's – not as pleasant as usual. He a bore, Bessie irritable – she is with child. I defined a Romantic picture: 'one would like to live in it if one was good enough'. She agreed. In the Classical does one not desire to par-

icipate? What connection has this contrast with Moore's<sup>201</sup> 'R – good on the whole: Cl. – good as a whole'? R's show a great success. I go Tuesday.

Jan. 10 After night at the Dakyns,<sup>202</sup> Sidney<sup>203</sup> walked over from Fernhurst. He was gloomy, and I thought invariably wrong. 'A.C. Benson<sup>204</sup> a good sincere writer – slipshod but what does that matter'. Trollope another favourite. D<sup>r</sup>. Johnson for his cynicism & common sense kindness. H.O.M. in the most prosperous condition. 'A child dangerously ill, but what of that? He had another that wasn't and a wife, and if he scarcely ever saw them, what of that again? Luckier than most people.' By what he thought good, I saw how wretched he must be feeling.

J.A. Symonds.<sup>205</sup> Feel nearer to him than any man I have read about – too near to be irritated by his flamboyance which I scarcely share. But education – (Classics, Renaissance, Eng. Lit.) – , health – (tendency to phthisis) – literary interest in philosophic questions, love of travel, inclination to be pleasant, and above all, minorism. True, he married, but he had better not have. His contrary inclinations only dragged him asunder till the strongest triumphed. He was a brave & intelligible man, and I am proud to be in some ways so like him, & mean to think of him in difficulties, though having a weaker brain and a stronger sense of humour, I may get through life more easily. Such a fine passage – end of Vol I of his life – about never acting from moral reasons. What wouldn't I give to read the Autobiography entire but Horatio Brown<sup>206</sup> will never let me. 'Rough handsome young man.' It is odd. He has met Walt Whitman<sup>207</sup> by now, if the dead are meetable, and has rebuked him for his hypocritical letter, & on that supposition I too shall meet them, and though Whitman will have most to say to me, I shall have most to say to Symonds. Samuel Butler would be nice for a little. Then there are the big people whom one feels one has to want to meet, like Keats and Petrarch & Michelangelo.

I missed M<sup>r</sup> Dakyns dreadfully.

Saw H.O.M. at picture show – looking very fit.

[*Verso of p. 26 has, opposite entry for 10 January:*

'It is only the Xtian who knows that everything will come right in the long run, it is only the Xtian who can afford to look facts in the face and occasionally speak unpalatable truths.' – Dean Inge<sup>208</sup> to the Y.M.C.A.]

Jan. 13 For example of orthodox thinking, see opposite.

To London with mother to see picture.<sup>209</sup> Lubbock. 'Minds' vigorously, but selects fastidiously what he will 'mind'. So no one is up to him. Saw him at the Savile. Also Huntington,<sup>210</sup> who is nice but not clever.

March 2 From night at Winnie's (M<sup>rs</sup> Byres-Leake). Aunt Lucy talked pious podge about Jesus and said she prayed for me and should do so more since she had met me; and all the time she had stolen my writing-pad: I could see it popped away in her letter-basket. We got on very well. I thanked her for praying for me, and like her. M<sup>r</sup> B.L. fishing. His daughter, nice & beautiful, took me to a meet. She told me, in full dinner table, that she was not allowed to read my books because they are not proper. Tableau.

March 5 Mother said 'If ever Masood comes back to England, it won't be the same again.' The speech more unbearable than the thing. No armour against it but cheerfulness, and that hardens one. Not to feel is part of courage. The other day she said very sadly that she could not imagine the end of the world. I said 'Probably it won't end!' She: 'It will for us.' I: 'It's a very good thing one doesn't imagine that – one would never do anything.' What a meagre answer when I have and hope to keep the power of thinking of death as beautiful. Mother freezes any depth in me. Alone, I can cling to beauty. I <don't> shan't ever see life as a dragged mess of old people, surely.

Night at Barger's. Harold: 'This Teddy's name is Gunner Bindon &<sup>cs</sup>: but his cristal name is Jack.'

March 14 Two journeys. To Salisbury. I must have been in a neurotic state. Loathsome ugliness of people, especially men. In my carriage was a mean little in-and-out face, cleanshaven and dark. In the restaurant car a fattish young white face with a red beaked nose. No air, all desolation. But recompensed when I came back yesterday. I hit on a carriage of farmers, with whom I have always peopled Wiltshire, but never met them in the flesh yet. There was an ordinary old heavy boy, an intelligent bearded man, with a hint of M<sup>r</sup> Dakyns in him, the nephew of the same, horsey but not alarming, a chocolate-faced fellow with grizzled hair, a narrow fellow with curling hair and long beard, recalling a Blake patriarch; and a young man at the other end of the carriage, whom I did not think beautiful at first, but whose smile still cheers me. It broke out whenever he was spoken to and all over his face. His manner was deferential: he asked their advice about getting the cows into the water meadows, and though he was better educated than the others, there was something wistful in his attitude. When he was asked 'How do you like your new home, Allen?' he did not smile, but said 'I expect I shall like it in time.' I don't think he was happy, but longed to be. When the others were obscene, the same charming smile lit him up. Physically he was large, with a fair irregular face, beaten by the weather so that he probably looked older than his age. Moustache cut clear from the upper lip. The scalp bore some unusual relation to the hairless [*sic*] in his face, but I could not determine what.

Lounge suit, leather gloves, light over all. He was going to a show of hunters: changed at Basingstoke.

Four days with Maimie. Her teeth have shattered her, but deafness better. Wiltshire still draws me, and gives vivid thoughts. More than Italy now. My throat catches & I want to run. Went to Britford,<sup>211</sup> green & dreaming by the fordless river. Florence here with Harold. Picture arrived – £17.10 I like it.

March 24 Floods. A sea going barge, the Theta, has come with bricks for the technical schools, but they can't be unloaded, the tow path being under water, and she lies moored somewhere insecurely off the bank. Her crew – an old salt and a young – were tightening the cables yesterday – one to the post, the other to the ring. I couldn't understand their aim till I was told. To day they pace the village disconsolately: they are paid by the piece, and it's three days at the earliest before carts can reach them. The old salt looks jolly, the young pale & discontented.

Have settled to go this autumn to India.

April 5 Good Friday. Its reality to the Churchman? English people <are> \sound/ offended or ashamed when they talk about religion. Because they feel deeply or because nothing? I come more & more to the latter opinion. Or rather, they prolong the natural reticence of youth here till it becomes a convention. Christmas is a reality. Easter might be if paganised into a feast of spring. Percy agrees that the English have no sense of the unseen, & he is a little sorry about it. We had a pleasant round by New Haw<sup>212</sup> after tea. King cups, blackthorn.

[*Verso of p. 28 has, opposite entry for 4 May:*

I am passing through a very enigmatical stage on my road to the grave. Something strange, which I cannot understand, is going on within me. A kind of life weariness has come over me. Sometimes I feel an insane anguish, but not that kind of anguish which is the herald of a new tide of love for life; rather something hopeless, final, and – like every finale – a little commonplace.

– Tchaikovsky,<sup>213</sup> act. 50.

My malady is misanthropy, but a peculiar form of misanthropy which certainly does not spring from hatred or contempt of mankind. People who suffer from this complaint do not fear the evil which others may bring on them, so much as the disillusionment which follows upon every intimacy. Id. ]

May 4 Town yesterday. Met Georgie & bought her a Broadwood Piano – nice one I think. Haward introduced me, and will take half the commission. I would not have done this. I go to Götterd. next Wed., which I shall enjoy. Tea with Georgie at Miss Alan's restaurant. Lunch at Miss M. Phillip's club. Stagey dreary talk about the outsides of everything. M<sup>ts</sup> Belloc-Lowndes,<sup>214</sup> full of gossip, a

striking woman whose name I missed & a M<sup>r</sup> Price, who was damned civil to me and with whose tastes I concurred, though he was timid, fashionable & self-indulgent: pale face with sandy moustache just tufting each side of his nose. He writes novels & plays. Minor? The Sesame Club was not as nice as the Savile, & sub.'s the same.

May 10<sup>a</sup> Woolfe<sup>215</sup> is irritated because there is no future life. There is so much to do, and it may end any minute. To keep young, one should change profession every seven years, so he has chucked Ceylon for literature. Has little money: with which he speculates on the stock exchange, profiting by his brother's inside knowledge and ignoring his sentimentality.

From him to Miss Mackellar,<sup>216</sup> Australian poetess and novelist, and was punished for going. She was so silly. Her father & mother were so like what I guessed that I laughed – he a Scotch-colonial, handsome & strong with bushy eyebrows, a Radical politician: she with wave of grey brown hair & ear trumpet – the best of the three. Miss M. with raised finger said 'How terrible it would be to live with someone who bored me, who had not an amusing mind. I think that would be the most terrible of fates': spoken very slowly. Yoshio Markino was there too: he seemed wretched, but told one nice story of how he 'choked' at the Merchant Taylor dinner, when Sir W. Laurier<sup>217</sup> complimented him in a speech: he had gone there expecting to meet his own tailor. Another stray man joined us. No one knew any one. Stale hotel tea & cakes.

Then to R.B.S. back from India with jaundice in a nursing home. He was trying, & no doubt tried. But he keeps the curious belief that we are in sympathy.

What worlds from the heroic & unselfish Woolley, whom I saw at S<sup>t</sup> Thomas' in the morning, recovering from pneumonia and an operation. Talked of his symptoms (not himself): had hallucinations during fever. Saw landscapes when he shut his eyes. 'But in time it became a bore.'

Dinner with Lubbock, & got on well. Rattled him round, & enjoyed myself. But the time with Woolfe was best. If he likes me and is capable of affection, I foresee a great deal. But both unknown so far.

All this yesterday. Götterdämmerung with Hawards the 8<sup>th</sup>.

May 12 Miss March Phillipps came down for the day. I disliked her and felt her in every way inferior to myself. She wants to 'draw together' an article on the Clapham Sect,<sup>218</sup> because people are talking about it, and it makes such a good title. She has tried to pick Aunt L., but takes back less than she thinks. A conceited and superficial woman, who writes bad articles to pay for good clothes.

Tchaikovsky's life better & better. Except his petulance under criticism, there is nothing to which my heart does not go out. Am come to the illness in which

he longed for intimacy, felt he had known no one intimately, and so tried marriage. Place him among those I long to meet. My novel awful. All energy goes in investments.

Very dark night, in which I love walking. I usen't. It has thundered with rain, and the leaves & flowers smell.

Persuaded mother to wear her new purple dress. She looked very well.

May 15 Aunt L. asked whether I liked the cheese at lunch. As it was nasty I lost nerve & said 'I've had none' leaving Mother to criticise it. I had had a taste. Mother, speaking of my father later said 'He always put his foot down at the wrong time – like you – he wasn't a strong character.' She has never spoken against him before, nor so definitely to me. I feel ashamed of myself & disgusted. Shall I get through life without fiasco? Can I do anything? To screw up the will power by discipline is not possible, but could I become spiritually more solid? It's an extra difficulty with mother too, now that I know she does not think highly of me. Whatever I do she is thinking 'Oh that's weak'. Just as I was going ahead with my novel a little.

The azaleas & rhods. at L.H.P.<sup>219</sup> yesterday were beautiful.

June 20 saw Mollison<sup>220</sup> for a moment, but he had time enough to say 'I'm surprised Haward is so cheerful – he can't be making much.'

– m. & I went to the Russian Ballet, where Strachey, looking like Jesus Christ,<sup>221</sup> attracted much attention between the acts. I met him with Lamb the painter bounding like kittens in the corridor. This month gave £200 to Percy. £25 to Wedd. Stopped at Cambridge, Plymouth, Salisbury. Hasluck is going to marry. Woolf Miss Stephen.<sup>222</sup> Pray she'll do.

June 23. Met the manager of the Booth Line at the Barnes.<sup>223</sup> If oil fuel could be used, there would be no more stokers. They work & rest 4 hours alternately and in a great liner shovel about a ton into a furnace in an hour. – Society more fluid so that men rise & fall quicker than they did, and though in each gen. there will be people above or below their deserts, it will be rectified in the next. – Valuable when we can get the rise in one gen. – John Burns<sup>224</sup> – instead of two. I liked B. M<sup>ts</sup> B did not like me mentioning a harem, I thought, <but w> and was nasty about the Italians \war/ [*sic*] though nice about the lower classes – Booth only conceived them as states to rise from. The Barnes girl collects the autographs of aviators. Doesn't mind when they are killed.

M<sup>ts</sup> Mawe here for a fortnight.

July 6 The nonconformist in love.<sup>225</sup> 'She is good and simple enough to have passed through Newnham without getting spoilt. (I rather think it is a bad Balkan place for all but the best)' – Hasluck's letter. Don't feel I can be his friend any longer: the uglinesses grow more frequent.

My idleness increases. Take to day. Breakfast at 10.30. Read papers & errand for mother till 11.30. Read over old work till lunch. Slept in garden till 3.0. or later. Learnt a few Urdu phrases, & read a few chapters of an easy book on Buddha. After tea rowed mother on the river very slowly till dinner. Then played piano slackly and talked. Now it is 9.45. – It is serious, even frightening, & joined with a shamed sense of unused strength. I don't feel to have deserved India. Miss Sichel<sup>226</sup> – on the 4<sup>th</sup>. Nice. Amusing.

July 19 From 3 days in T. Wells, where in spite of M<sup>rs</sup> Snell's kindness, I walked on the floor of a sea, with beauty miles above me. Filthy self righteous place, full of Dorothy Perkins roses. I stifled. It is better here, though as wretched within. I must try to be less lustful, not because I don't like doing it, but because the habit induces unhappiness. Have caught on to the Bhagavad Gita at last. It's division of states into Harmony Motion Inertia. (Purity Passion Darkness). Can also think about Karma.

Dear Gillett has another son.

July 21 Sakuntala<sup>227</sup> has just taken me into a world of the sweetest and most absurd creatures. The gods, always in difficulty, have to be helped by men. Wood nymphs influence the action and give the atmosphere, but the story rises above a fairy tale by its sincerity and by the propriety of the characters' demeanour. And behind the nymphs is transmigration, as pervasive as Fate in Aeschylus. A lovely play, credibly a great one in the original. Charlie is here.

July 22 Bored and stuffy. I walked down to the river this evening. Beautiful. A fair, with few people, brilliantly alight, surrounded by enormous trees of pale green. The merry go round cast revolving shadows as far as the opposite bank, while children danced to it, in rather a stagey way, but for their own pleasure. Cocoa nut shiers &<sup>est</sup> shouting in the emptiness. On the tow path men fished by little lights.

July 25<sup>a</sup>

July 26 Cowardice. Cracked a vase by lifting it by the handle and feared to tell mother. But because she would scold me or because it would plunge her deeper

into morbidity? Difficult. Feel so well physically; and powerful – though not efficient. Saw the Ajanta frescoes.<sup>228</sup> Full of animals and people smiling.

July 29 Herbert. "Did Our Saviour ever go to India?"

Charlie's romantic career. H. sprung her as "a cousin of John Redmond's<sup>229</sup> but a protestant", and when introduced she depressed us beyond words: stiff and mincing. She was said to have been a typist, but this, like the relationship was soon dropped, and her past is purely conjectural – I fancy that she was in a shop, and that he, attracted by her beautiful hair, married her in the end out of good nature, for she was not strong and has a bad hand and eye. They took a furnished cottage at Chalfont,<sup>230</sup> where we once visited them – oh horrid memory! Nearly ruined, and ill with the damp, they retired to her mother's, which was the beginning of C's salvation. She learnt the elements of housekeeping and middle class deportment. After a time they took an unfurnished cottage of their own at Longfield, and under the aegis of their landlady she entered the society of the countryside. Now they have moved to Meopham, and are quite on their own, with abundant friends. – A remarkable and pleasing incident. All shyness gone, even her figure has altered. Very pleasant natured, and not stupid. But it was a near shave. If we had known anything, she would have gone down, like M<sup>rs</sup> Philip,<sup>231</sup> and even if we had invented some damning definition about her. But being so appalled, we were dumb, each waiting for the other, and during the pause she recovered. – I do not feel her my equal though, and resent her calling me Morgie.

Herbert has couriered 3 youths on the Broads for a week. They sound to have been detestable, and he a bore.

Aug. 1 Sweden – via Woolf. Very hot. White round lakes, on which steamers ply: the scenery masses of black pine, smothering formless hills. Sky pale blue in the heat. The only alleviations were delicious food, and masses of men women children bathing naked for intellectual reasons. Woolf didn't do with mother who is offended with him for not eating and for having a 'familiar tremble' in his hands.

Aug. 7 Left and returned to ill temper and morbidity which is now so common that I must try not to chronicle it. But I went riding with Woolf on Putney Common. He was charming & encouraging and told me he liked me. He and a man whom he didn't like were riding, horses bolted for a hedge of trees in which was one narrow opening. "I'm more worth keeping alive than he" thought W., quite calmly, and prepared to murder the man by charging at him. God intervened. The man fainting with terror fell over his horse's tail which, riderless, outstripped W., and got through the opening first, W. following. W. told the man afterwards,

who took it well. He wishes the incident to occur again with a companion to whom he should have thought it right to sacrifice himself. He would have thrown himself off that the other might get through without a collision, and live.

Riding. Use thigh knee calf. Reins to guide by, stirrups to steady on. Turn to L. by pressing L. knee on horse and laying R. rein against neck. Don't pull near rein when going round corner, or horse may topple. If he bolts, don't tug, but just feel his mouth as usual till he shows a slight slacken, when saw at it. Both hands for reins. Little finger between snaffle (outermost,) and curb. Both reins come up between 1<sup>st</sup> finger & thumb. To get in one hand, nip R. snaffle between 1<sup>st</sup> & thumb of left hand.

Very happy day. Miss Roberts got into my train coming back.

*[Verso has, sideways down the page, in a hand identical to Forster's in his entries of 1913, rather than 1912:*

From 'One of the Multitude' by George Acorn.<sup>232</sup>

Vange and I had been walking along and chatting about books and opinions for some time, when he became intimate and asked me about my friends.

'Got none' I replied, 'and what's more I don't particularly want any'.

'Friendship', he said, 'is the most divine union on earth. No man can live unto himself. Friendship brings out the best in a man.'

I accepted his view of friendship because I had read something like it in books, but it was foreign to my experience. I told him so, and illustrated my ideas by telling him something of 'friendship' as I had seen it in Morocco Street.

'If that's friendship', I concluded, 'I want to be without friends'.

He pleaded the cause of friendship, pointed out how much we depended on each other in life, and how barren life was without love.

'Love between two fellows!' I half exclaimed: 'why it's silly!'

Vange's spare frame quivered and shook as he explained 'the greatest thing in the world' – love, unfolding a whole new world to me.

I knew myself for a love starved unresponsive slum child; I felt he was right: but that walking stick of his got on my nerves, those convulsions of his shoulders, his whole drab coloured effeminate personality sickened me, so that I was inclined to discount his words accordingly. I was soon convinced that I had hitherto missed that great gift of God – a friend. But Vange protested his friendship to me over much, so that I was torn between physical dislikes and mental affinity. I like his ideas, his friendship; would that they had been allied to a different personality.

I read and thought much about friendship. I could not refuse the gift of a friend. I deemed it to be so rarely offered to a man that in the words of Polonius, I must 'grapple him to my heart with hooks of steel'. Why couldn't I love him in return? I passionately enquired of myself and I instantly reproached my per-

sonal prejudices, but it was of no avail. I desired friendship, I was anxious to be befriended, but I did not like my friend.]

Aug. 9 Tommy<sup>233</sup> to be married.

Sept. 9 Florence has been very good to me. She loves me and I her, and reverence her without feeling ashamed of my uselessness. I had no idea she was so fond of me. Very great happiness, and must try not to impose on her and tout for sympathy. I went there after my 2<sup>nd</sup> inoculation<sup>234</sup> & was sick on the dining room carpet. George read Swinburne aloud in the way I much like. Phil for week end. Too stupid to understand that I gave him lunch at Waterloo, and complained about it afterwards: mother fears ingratitude, which I doubt. Riding School.<sup>235</sup> Horse dashed round & round wooden box, never thinking of me. I hated it, kicked over posts, & nearly fell off, and strained my back: but liked instructor. Two I.C.S. rather stand off with spectacles also learning.

Two nights at Rosie's – very kind to us. Have also enjoyed visits to Aunt L. & Maimie.

(Indian Book)<sup>a</sup>

1913

May 31 Letter from Ms. de minoritate patris sui<sup>236</sup> – had suspected it. S.P.W. wouldn't talk about his divorce case last Wed, but cheerfully about literature. He is writing a novel for M<sup>rs</sup> Desmond MacCarthy's club<sup>237</sup> – created in the hope D. will write one. Woolley as an expert on china. Walked & sat in Park do this more than I ought, charging the scene with excitement, also visiting c.w.s.

June 26 Ernest Sykes<sup>238</sup> will make others comfortable as soon as he is. His wife the modern ingenue – gay but enquiring. Shocked her by quoting 'They say when I die – ' Wild flowers. Idea for Rabelaisian fairy story.

Growing sense of my own futility doesn't sadden me, though I shall grow queer and unpopular if I go on as I am now. I lack concentration now, even at the piano. Am sometimes comforted by thinking I am myself and no one else, but it is impossible to damn the universe permanently, and too often I feel on sufferance and that I've no write [*sic*] to criticise workers out of my idleness. Wrong this.

July 6 Typical of my feebleness that I have put off writing my diary because the ink doesn't match and have not described my week end at Woolf's<sup>239</sup> who with

Virginia and Strachey were nice to me. Three rides. Boris Godounov<sup>240</sup> & Louise – both with mother. Today to Miss Sichel – it seems that Luce<sup>241</sup> will not marry a Burman. One's characters should think & talk only; no commentary. And yet there must be beauty. With this last though Walpole<sup>242</sup> dispenses. He is practically a Bishop. Believes in spreading bread & butter. 'O God seely seely seely!' – Tagore<sup>243</sup> sotto voce among ladies.

July 16 Little boy touched his hat to chauffeur and said 'Oh good bye!' M's engagement to Zora<sup>244</sup> announced. Lady M. prefers insanity to divorce.

July 19 Read a little Pater<sup>245</sup> with undiminished admiration. His precisions and studied colloquialisms begin by repelling, then escape notice, and finally the cumulative effect of every word he has written is so great that it overwhelms with emotions.

July 24 Ballet – Nijinsky<sup>246</sup> naked in L'après midi d'un Faune – a humorous and alarming animal, free from the sentimentality of my stories. 'Ah that's my style' said my fat neighbour in pink when a nymph appeared. – That, Le Sacre du Printemps and Prince Igor threw me into an intoxication greater than my youth's, so that I wanted to miss my train and have adventures all night. Yet at the back of it I watched myself which I did not do then. There was a great deal to watch – mind on fire and body tinder – but the unwinking eye remained. I'm as emotional as ever evidently.

Lunch with Spencer – she powdered:<sup>247</sup> a ladyfriend with goo-goo eyes. To a studio of chocolate boxes, whose author accused Post Impressionists of doing it to deceive. Had a beautiful son with a brogue which M<sup>rs</sup> S. encouraged him to lose. The S's life is awful. Miss Carter to tea. Mary Worthington here today.

July 26 The life of the flesh is best, but it's better to subdue the flesh than to let it become subterranean.

The Yellow Jacket.<sup>248</sup> – Property Man false – has business with actors to which they respond in character not as men: and once intercedes in the action as a god. Play was too long. But there are beautiful things in it – notably Heaven and the Boat.

Militant Suff's.<sup>249</sup> stopped non-Mils getting into their compart. at Waterloo. A thin young porter, his arm round the neck of another, watched them.

Address to my hair. My companion for over thirty years, it comes out of my scalp like a crocus and goes down the escape pipe or Agnes sweeps it up for the dustbin. I understand why hairs are used in magic. And nothing so prefigures the final diffusion of the body. They symbolise death. Thus and in <sweat>

\excrements/, finger & toe nails, and teeth. I have rejoined the universe, and don't expect to be more conscious of the union when I have joined it entirely. Further address to my legs as they stretch out before me in a hot bath very white & long.

Aug. 6 Teeth in better condition, Dentist says. Why? Life isn't healthier. Read Frances Cornford, *Death & the Princess*,<sup>250</sup> and despite its beauty could not agree: one will make so little good earth, & that in the wrong place.

The Great Adventure<sup>251</sup> – good, tho' partially unreal.

Agnes Hill a silly woman – after 15 years with Aunt L. she can't lose her servant's self consciousness. No man could stand her unless he will flirt, as Percy last Sunday, to my surprise. Mary Worthington was very nice. Trounced D<sup>r</sup> Dawes over S. Butler – am seldom disagreeable, & it was a pleasure.

Aug. 10 D<sup>r</sup> Dawes has eaten humblest pie.

Harold. 'Mother, what's the Sacred Name? Norah says I mustn't call my engine Jesus Christ because it is the Sacred name'. Evert<sup>252</sup> much improved.

Dutchie's a selfish little sharper. Wouldn't go to Georgie in her illness, despite G's goodness to her, and M's goodness to her in her illness. Now thinks Rosie has complained to mother of her, whereas mother complained off her own bat. Percy took it up, & they haven't been to the A's for months, who are wondering why. Bad influence over P., inclining him to selfishness & ingratitude also. Her wicked sister has married the friend's husband & D. is much with her. Mother says I get uppish & cynical. This is true & I must turn my mind more on what I like, but e.g. when enjoying Dostoeffsky it is difficult not to think with scorn of those who have not his truth & goodness, & perhaps the scorn is inseparable from the enjoyment.

Mr Poston dead – wrote rather a sentimental letter to May. Stevenage is dying at last for me, and Cambridge may die too. India has obliterated, & makes me careless of this suburban life.

Dec. 6 Since Sep. 13<sup>th</sup><sup>253</sup> have been happy and disinclined to open this book. Also away. Now happiness weakens, partly because my novel goes slower, partly because Dickinson is grieved & shocked by my short story. Meredith wasn't. How dependent on approval! But I have learnt that happiness is only for the strong, and why I have had so little of it the last few years.

Afternoon with Willie Rutherford<sup>254</sup> at Surbiton. We were bored at first, then comfortable.

156. *Binyon*: Robert Laurence Binyon (1869–1943), poet, verse dramatist and official at the British Museum, where in 1909 he was appointed assistant keeper in the department of prints and drawings. He was an expert on oriental painting. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1931; he is particularly celebrated for his war poem 'For the Fallen'. His wife was Cecily Powell.
157. *Piero della Fr.*: Piero Della Francesca (c. 1420–92), Italian painter.
158. *Flicht on the African Desert*: John Ernest Crawford Flicht, who entered King's in 1900, was called to the Bar in 1905, and won the MC in the First World War. He was the author of *Mediterranean Moods, A Little Journey in Spain* and other works, and translated Unamuno's *The Tragic Sense of Life* (1912) in 1921. He is in Forster's address book: he lived in Giverny on the Seine, like Monet.
159. *Miss G.*: perhaps one of the sisters of C. C. Gaunt, who had contacted Forster after Gaunt died of malaria in India in 1909.
160. *Began play: The Heart of Bosnia*, which Forster completed, to no-one's satisfaction. It is described at some length in Furbank, *Life*, vol. 1, pp. 199–202.
161. *Bradfield J.12*: On 12 June Forster had attended a performance of Aeschylus's *Agamemnon* at Bradfield College, 8 miles west of Reading. Virginia Water is 5 miles (by train) north-west of Weybridge. The *Choephoroe (The Libation-Bearers)* is the second play in the *Oresteia* trilogy.
162. *Emperor Baber*: variously spelled Babar and Babur, the name of Zahir ud-Din Mohammed (1483–1530), founder of the Mogul Empire, who conquered India in 1526.
163. *Coronation day*: George V had succeeded to the throne on the death of Edward VII in 1910. In a letter to Malcolm Darling (29 July 1911), Forster wrote: 'Poor George and Mary ... looked at their last gasp when I saw them at the Coronation Procession – his face bright red, hers white, and both without the slightest expression' (*Letters*, vol. 1, p. 124).
164. *W. & his wife will part*: Sydney Waterlow and Alice Pollock were divorced in 1913.
165. *Fanny's First Play at the Little Theatre*: play (1911) by George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950). The Little Theatre, opened in 1910, was a small theatre (formerly a branch of Court's Bank) with 250 seats. It was in John Adam Street, just off the Strand near Charing Cross station, north of the Thames. Forster walked as far as the Albert Bridge (the 'Suspension Bridge', built 1871–3) before returning to central London. The theatre was destroyed in an air raid in 1917, rebuilt in 1920, bombed again in 1941, and finally demolished in 1949.
166. *M<sup>rs</sup> MacCarthy senr.*: the mother of (Sir) Desmond MacCarthy (1877–1952), an Apostle at Cambridge, later a noted literary journalist and drama critic with the *New Statesman* and the *Sunday Times*. Mrs MacCarthy junior was his wife, Mary (Molly) Warre Cornish.
167. *S.K.*: South Kensington.
168. *Hodgkin*: see note 306 to Notebook Journal, Volume 1, p. 228.
169. *'Great Heat Wave'*: The summer of 1911 was notably hot, and July especially so, having practically no rain, and with 334.3 hours of sun (a third more than August 1909, its nearest rival in the five-year period before the war).
170. *the end of my holiday*: Forster went to Tesserete in the Italian Lakes, with Masood, in August 1911; then, having seen him off at Milan, returned via Novara to Orta, where he joined Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson and his sisters. The Sacro Monte near Lake Orta was the subject of a book by Forster's admired Samuel Butler, *Ex Voto* (1888).
171. *due dite di caffè*: 'two fingers of coffee' (although the plural of 'dito' should be 'dita').
172. *'Tutti gli Inglesi bevono di questa acqua'*: 'All the English drink this water'.

173. *Ruth*: Ruth Goldsmith, the Forsters' cook, who had been with them when they lived in Tunbridge Wells.
174. *Mrs Hope*: I take this to be not a surname, but Forster's way of referring, here, to Hope Wedgewood, Godfrey Wedgewood's widow and thus his hostess at Idlerocks. She was an old friend of Forster's aunt Laura's.
175. *Mudie books*: Mudie's was one of the three main circulating libraries of the nineteenth century, started by Charles Edward Mudie (1818–90) originally in Bloomsbury, but from 1852 also operating from premises in Oxford Street.
176. *Coode*: Bernard Henry Coode (1887–1962). He was acquainted with Masood at New College, Oxford; like Masood, he obtained a second-class degree in history. In 1912 he became a clerk in the House of Commons, where his career was spent, instead of in India. He belonged to Surrey County Cricket Club and was knighted in 1953.
177. *Wedd*: Forster's former tutor at King's, Nathaniel Wedd, married Rachel Evelyn White, whose father came from Aberdeen, in 1906.
178. *Ventnor*: on the south coast of the Isle of Wight, and a place of resort for convalescents.
179. *Plymouth Brother*: member of Protestant religious sect (the 'Plymouth Brethren') founded in the early nineteenth century; very puritanical in outlook, with an emphasis on the autonomy of each individual meeting house.
180. *the Eurydice*: The frigate *Eurydice*, returning from a training cruise, which foundered on 24 March 1878, with the loss of almost all of the 300 men and boys on board. Gerard Manley Hopkins's 'The Loss of the Eurydice' was his almost immediate response to this event; but the journal the *Month* rejected his poem, which finally appeared in Robert Bridges's edition of Hopkins's poems in 1918.
181. *Oct. 31*: According to Furbank (*Life*, vol. 1, p. 11), Forster's father died 'by 30 October 1880', of consumption.
182. *Mrs Webb*: Beatrice Potter (1858–1943), who married Sidney Webb (1859–1947) in 1892. She and her husband were noted social historians and members of the Fabian Society, and were closely involved in the founding of the London School of Economics in 1895.
183. *Hilda Lessways*: heroine of Arnold Bennett's novel of that title, published in 1911, the second in the Clayhanger series. Hilda is a strong-willed and independent young woman, who marries the architect Edwin Clayhanger.
184. *Lena Ashwell*: Lena Margaret Pocock (1872–1957), actress under the name Ashwell, the third daughter of Commander Pocock, RN, playing principal parts from 1900 onwards; later an actor-manager, as chairman of the Lena Ashwell Players (with whom Laurence Olivier very briefly acted in the 1920s). She married (1908) Sir Henry Simson, KCVO. From 1914 to 1916 she was honorary organizer of the Lena Ashwell Concerts at the Front and received an OBE in 1916. In 1936 she published her autobiography *The Stage: Myself a Player*.
185. *Arctic Summer*: unfinished novel by Forster. Its first scene, on Basle station, was suggested by his own experience there when returning from his Italian trip in mid-September; another element in it is adumbrated by the 'Idea for a book on chivalry' noted in his diary entry for 27 September.
186. *Exhibition January*: Roger Fry had a one-man show at the Alpine Club in January 1912.
187. *Began my portrait*: used on the dust-jacket of vol. 1 of Furbank's *Life*.
188. *Robert Bridges*: Robert Bridges (1844–1930), poet. Educated at Eton and Oxford, then trained as a doctor, he practised medicine until 1881. His first volume, *Poems*, appeared in 1873. He married Mary Monica Waterhouse (1863–1949), daughter of the painter

- Alfred Waterhouse, in 1884. He became poet laureate in 1913, having published his *Poetical Works*, in six volumes, between 1898 and 1905.
189. *Doll's House: A Doll's House* (1879) by Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906).
  190. *Princess Bariatinsky*: Lydia Hubbenet (1874–1921), actress variously known on the stage as Lydia Yaworska or Princess Bariatinsky. She was the wife of Prince Vladimir Bariatinsky, and later married Frederick John Pollock of Hatton, fourth Baronet.
  191. *Turco-Italian war*: Italy had invaded Tripoli, a Turkish province, in September 1911. Turkey recognized Italy's occupation a year later, by the Peace of Ouchy (15 October 1912).
  192. *Julian*: Julian Edward Fry, Roger Fry's son, was about 10 at this point. He went to school at Bedales, near Petersfield in Hampshire, then entered King's in 1919.
  193. *R.L.S.*: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94).
  194. *Miss March Phillips*: Lisle March Phillips, author of *The Works of Man: The Consideration of Art as an Expression of Human Life and Character* (1911) and *Form and Colour* (1915).
  195. *Justice Horridge*: Sir Thomas Gardner Horridge (1857–1938), like Forster both a graduate of King's (in law, 1901) and a member of the Reform Club. Called to the Bar in 1884, he had been Liberal MP for Manchester East (1906–10), and from 1910 to 1937 was a judge of the King's Bench Division of the High Court.
  196. *Massingham*: H. W. Massingham (1860–1924), editor of *The Nation* from 1907 to 1923. Just before his death he reviewed Forster's *A Passage to India* in the *New Leader*.
  197. *Asquith*: Herbert Henry Asquith, first Earl of Oxford and Asquith (1852–1928), Liberal politician and currently (1908–16) Prime Minister.
  198. *erotic short stories*: These seem to have disappeared; none of the short stories so describable, which were finally published in *The Life to Come, and other Stories*, ed. O. Stallybrass, Abinger edition, vol. 8 (London: Edward Arnold, 1972), dates from earlier than 1922.
  199. *Sydney's illness. Ralph's backward queerness*: twin sons of Hugh and Christabel Meredith, born in 1908.
  200. *Brookfield as censor*: Charles Hallam Elton Brookfield (1857–1913), educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was for many years on the staff of the *Saturday Review*, and wrote and produced between forty and fifty plays. He had been appointed joint examiner of plays.
  201. *Moore's*: G. E. Moore (1873–1958), author of *Principia Ethica* (1903), professor of philosophy at Cambridge (1925–39). His thinking, particularly on the importance of personal relationships and 'good states of mind', was influential among the Bloomsbury group.
  202. *the Dakyns*: possibly Henry Dakyns (d. 1937) and his wife Winifred (1875–1960), who went to Newnham College, Cambridge, and from 1914–17 worked in the Women's Voluntary Aid Detachments department.
  203. *Sidney*: perhaps Sidney Webb (1859–1947), barrister and social historian, made first Baron Passfield in 1929; or possibly Forster's friend Sydney Waterlow. Fernhurst, if not simply the name of a house, is a West Sussex village halfway between Midhurst and Haslemere: Sidney's walk would have been some 20 miles.
  204. *A.C. Benson*: Arthur Christopher Benson (1862–1925), one of the sons of Archbishop E. W. Benson of Canterbury. Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, from 1904, master from 1915. He was a prolific writer of poetry, biography and criticism. He was made CVO for editing (along with Lord Esher) Queen Victoria's letters.
  205. *J.A. Symonds*: John Addington Symonds (1840–93), poet, Renaissance scholar, fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and in his later life a campaigner for the liberalization of

- the laws relating to homosexuality. A sufferer from tuberculosis, he spent much of his life in Italy and Switzerland. He left behind a sizeable autobiography.
206. *Horatio Brown*: Horatio Brown (1854–1926), a schoolfellow of Symonds's at Clifton College, he became Symonds's literary executor and biographer, publishing *John Addington Symonds: A Biography* (1895) as well as writing much about Venice. On his death he bequeathed Symonds's autobiography to the London Library, but with a 50-year embargo on its publication. Forster read it in the London Library in 1961 and made an extensive note on it, including generous quotation. See *E. M. Forster: Commonplace Book*, ed. P. Gardner (London: Scolar; Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1985), pp. 224–9.
  207. *Walt Whitman*: American poet Walt Whitman (1819–92), author of *Leaves of Grass*, its many editions enlarging during Whitman's lifetime.
  208. *Dean Inge*: William Ralph Inge (1860–1954), educated at Eton and King's, where he was a brilliant classicist, becoming a fellow in 1886. He did not reside, having joined the teaching staff at Eton in 1884. He took holy orders in 1888; from 1907 to 1911 he was Lady Margaret professor of divinity at Cambridge and a fellow of Jesus College; from 1911 to 1934 he was dean of St Paul's. King's made him an honorary fellow in 1922.
  209. *to see picture*: of himself by Roger Fry, included in Fry's Alpine Club exhibition; he bought it.
  210. *Huntington*: Sir Charles Philip Huntington. He was an Etonian who entered King's in 1907, in which year he also succeeded his brother as Baronet. He left King's in June 1908, was called to the Bar in 1911, and served in France, where he was wounded, from 1914 to 1917. He died in 1928, aged 41.
  211. *Britford*: village 2 miles south-east of Salisbury, on the River Avon.
  212. *New Haw*: 2 miles south-west of Weybridge, reached by the tow-path along the River Wey.
  213. *Tchaikovsky*: Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–93), Russian composer. Forster quotes a letter or a memoir, presumably; but I have been unable to trace either.
  214. *Mrs Belloc-Lowndes*: Marie Adelaide Belloc (Mrs Lowndes), prolific novelist (she published two novels in 1912). She lived in Barton Street, Westminster, and died in 1947.
  215. *Woolfe*: Leonard Woolf served 6½ years as a civil servant in Ceylon, from 1904 to 1911; he then returned to England for one year's leave, during which he decided not to go back to his colonial post, resigning officially in May 1912. Born in 1880, he had one elder brother, Herbert, and four younger ones, Harold, Edgar, Cecil and Philip (the last two respectively killed and wounded in the First World War). In the summer of 1911 he visited relatives in Sweden in company with his brother Edgar (b. 1883), and records their being asked about 'the constitution of the Stock Exchange' (*Beginning Again* (London: Hogarth, 1964), p. 45). So perhaps Edgar Woolf is the brother Forster means.
  216. *Miss Mackellar*: Dorothea MacKellar. Together with Ruth Bedford she had published *The Little Blue Devil*, which was noted by 'L.S.' in *The Times*, 4 April 1912. Her father was Sir Charles Kinnaird MacKellar (1844–1926), a doctor educated at the universities of Sydney and Glasgow who had held various senior posts in the New South Wales government since 1886, including Minister of Mines, president of the Board of Health and (for 14 years) president of the State Children Board. He married Marion Buckland in 1877. He had just been awarded a knighthood in the 1912 New Year Honours, and was visiting England that May (so *The Times* reported on 11 May) to enquire into the treatment of delinquent and neglected children. He was made KCMG in 1916.
  217. *Sir W. Laurier*: Sir Wilfred Laurier (1841–1919), Premier of Canada from 1896 to 1911 and GCMG, 1897.

218. *Clapham Sect*: the name given to a number of nineteenth-century evangelical philanthropists and opponents of slavery – including William Wilberforce and his friend Henry Thornton, Forster’s paternal great-grandfather – who mostly lived in Clapham in South London. Forster had much to say of them in his last book, *Marianne Thornton* (1956).
219. *L.H.P.*: Leith Hill Place, a large house with extensive views, 3 miles south of the village of Abinger. It had been bought in 1847 by Josiah Wedgwood and his wife Caroline Darwin; Charles Darwin had been a frequent visitor. It passed eventually to their daughter Sophy, whose sister Margaret married Arthur Vaughan Williams in 1868. The house became a home, and a second home, to various members of the Vaughan Williams family, and in 1911 was inherited by Margaret (Wedgwood) Vaughan Williams, mother of the composer Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958). It passed to him, via his elder brother Hervey, in 1944, and was given by him to the National Trust.
220. *Mollison*: see note 36 to *Journal* (1898), Volume 1, p. 181.
221. *Strachey, looking like Jesus Christ*: The author and pacifist Lytton Strachey (1880–1932) had an arrestingly long, thin beard. He published his first book, *Landmarks in French Literature*, in 1912. At this time he was in love with his near-contemporary, the painter Henry Lamb, who had studied with Augustus John and already been married to a Manchester art student called Euphemia, who had left him fairly soon afterwards. In 1928 Lamb married Lady Pansy Pakenham. He died in 1960.
222. *Woolf Miss Stephen*: Leonard Woolf and Virginia Stephen were married at St Pancras Registry Office on Saturday, 10 August 1912. The wedding breakfast was at 46 Gordon Square, the home of Clive and Vanessa (Stephen) Bell. Forster was not one of the small number of guests.
223. *Barnes*: perhaps George Nicoll Barnes (1859–1940), leader of the Labour Party, 1910–11; member of the War Cabinet, 1917–18. He had been educated no further than elementary school, and for a time was general secretary of the Associated Society of Engineers.
224. *John Burns*: John Burns (1858–1943), Labour politician, MP for Battersea (1892–1918). He and Lloyd George brought in the Insurance Act in 1911–12, and Burns became president of the Board of Trade in 1914.
225. *The nonconformist in love*: F. W. Hasluck died in a Swiss sanatorium in 1920; there is no indication in his King’s College obituary that he ever married.
226. *Miss Sichel*: see note 10 to *Journal* (1898), Volume 1, p. 180.
227. *Sakuntala*: romantic verse drama by the fifth-century Indian dramatist and poet Kalidasa.
228. *Ajanta frescoes*: ancient Buddhist paintings in caves in the state of Hyderabad. Forster saw the real things, at last, on his third visit to India, writing about them to R. C. Trevelyan (26 November 1945, *Letters*, vol. 2, pp. 217–18). What he saw in 1912, before his first Indian visit, was presumably the set of copies (*Ajanta Frescoes*, 1915) made by Lady Christiana Herringham (1853–1929).
229. *John Redmond*: John Edward Redmond (1851–1918), barrister and Irish nationalist politician, MP for Waterford from 1891, when he took over the leadership of the Irish Home Rule movement after the death of Parnell.
230. *Chalfont*: Chalfont is just inside Buckinghamshire; Longfield and Meopham are a few miles south of Gravesend in Kent.
231. *M<sup>rs</sup> Philip*: May, the wife of Forster’s uncle Philip Whichelo (1864–1948).

232. *'One of the Multitude'* by George Acorn: *One of the Multitude*, with an Introduction by A. C. Benson, appeared in 1911. 'George Acorn' was a pseudonym for its author, a cabinet-maker born in south-east London, who grew up in extreme poverty.
233. *Tommy*: Forster's King's contemporary E. V. Thompson married Jessie Forbes Cameron in 1912.
234. *2<sup>nd</sup> Inoculation*: Forster would have been inoculated against cholera and typhoid.
235. *Riding School*: Forster was learning to ride as a preparation for his upcoming visit to India; hence, also, his riding with Leonard Woolf on Putney Common in August.
236. *Ms. de minoritate patris sui*: Masood, who had written about the 'minorism' (i.e. homosexuality) of his father.
237. *M<sup>rs</sup> Desmond MacCarthy's club*: In 1918 Molly MacCarthy started a 'Novel Club', in the hope that Desmond MacCarthy would write one. This did not work, so it was renamed the 'Memoir Club' in 1919. According to Quentin Bell (*Virginia Woolf: A Biography*, 2 vols (London: Hogarth Press, 1972), vol. 2, p. 83), the 'Novel Club' existed only briefly in 1913.
238. *Ernest Sykes*: Ernest Ruthven Sykes (1868–1954), a paternal cousin of Forster's who was a justice of the peace in Dorset (1911–49) and chairman of the Dorset Quarter Sessions Court (1934–46). Forster visited him in Dorset in August 1935. See letter to William Plomer, 29 August 1935, *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 137.
239. *week end at Woolf's*: Leonard and Virginia Woolf were living at this point at Asham (or Asheham) House near Lewes in Sussex.
240. *Boris Gudounov*: opera (1869) by Modeste Mussorgsky (1839–81).
241. *Luce*: Gordon Hannington Luce (1889–1979), poet and oriental scholar. He travelled out to India with Forster in 1912 and continued on to Rangoon, where he did, in fact, marry a Burmese lady. He became an authority on Burmese history and was offered a Festschrift in honour of his 75th birthday in 1966.
242. *Walpole*: It is not clear whether Forster knew that Hugh Walpole's father, an Anglican clergyman, became Bishop of Edinburgh. Canon A. J. Mason, 'the clergyman at Canterbury' to whom Forster referred in his diary entry of 17 September 1907 (see Notebook Journal, Volume 1, p. 154), was Walpole's godfather.
243. *Tagore*: (Sir) Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941), Indian poet and philosopher who wrote in Bengali and English. He won the Nobel Prize in 1913 for the English version (1912) of his free-verse Bengali collection of poems, *Gitanjali* (1910). He also wrote short stories, novels and plays.
244. *Zora*: Masood's first wife, whom he married in 1914 and divorced in the late 1920s. In other places Forster spells her name Zohra and Zorah.
245. *Pater*: Walter Horatio Pater (1839–94), fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford; author of *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873) and *Marius the Epicurean* (1885), among other works which influenced writers of the 1890s.
246. *Nijinsky*: Vaslav Nijinsky (1890–1950), Russian ballet dancer, associated with Diaghilev and Stravinsky. There was an article in *The Times* on 5 July 1913 reacting to his performance, entitled 'The Old Ballet and the New: M. Nijinski's Revolution'. The three works referred to here are by Debussy, Stravinsky and Borodin respectively.
247. *Spencer – she powdered*: The 'she' was Beckwith Spencer's American wife, Belle O'Brien.
248. *The Yellow Jacket*: Previously performed at the Fulton Theatre in New York (November 1912), this was a colourful 'mosaic of several Chinese plays', adapted by George C. Hazelton and an actor called Benrimo, who came from San Francisco and knew the work of its Chinese Theatre.

249. *Suff.*: suffragettes, campaigning for votes for women.
250. *Frances Cornford, Death & the Princess*: Frances Crofts Cornford, née Darwin (1886–1960), poet, a grand-daughter of Charles Darwin, who married the Cambridge classical scholar Francis M. Cornford (1874–1943) in 1909. She published her first volume of poems in 1910. *Death and the Princess* appeared in 1912. It had a frontispiece, by Mrs Bernard Darwin, which showed the eponymous princess together with ‘a vast, horned and cloven-footed woodland god’. In a letter to a friend, A. E. Housman referred to ‘Mrs. Cornford’s new book’ and commented: ‘Her portrait in the frontispiece is pleasing and recognisable, but Cornford’s is almost a caricature’ (*The Letters of A. E. Housman*, ed. H. Maas (London: Hart-Davis, 1971), p. 129).
251. *The Great Adventure*: ‘A Play of Fancy in Four Acts’ by Arnold Bennett (1913).
252. *Evert*: George and Florence Barger’s younger son, born in 1910.
253. *Since Sept. 13<sup>th</sup>*: This was the date of Forster’s first visit to the homosexual writer and campaigner – and former clergyman and Cambridge don – Edward Carpenter (1844–1929), who lived with his working-class partner George Merrill in the village of Millthorpe, near Chesterfield in Derbyshire. On this visit Forster received the inspiration for his novel *Maurice*, started immediately, finished in 1914, but not published until 1971.
254. *Willie Rutherford*: a friend of the Ulster novelist Forrest Reid, whom Forster visited at his home in Belfast in 1912. He was one of three brothers who at that time shared Reid’s house, one of them, James Rutherford (1878–1942), being a Presbyterian minister. William Rutherford died in France in the First World War. Surbiton is just south of Kingston-on-Thames, and less than 10 miles east of Weybridge.
255. *Pilditches*: the Weybridge home of Sir Philip Edward Pilditch, first Baronet (1861–1948), and his son Philip Harold Pilditch (1890–1949), who was briefly second Baronet. They ran a family firm of architects and surveyors, and also had a house in London. Both father and son wrote books; the father, an MP, was interested in ancient monuments; the son had been to Winchester, then Pembroke College, Cambridge.
256. *3 unfinished novels*: *Arctic Summer*, which remained unfinished; *Maurice*, finished in 1914; *A Passage to India*, put aside and completed a decade later, after Forster’s second visit to India.
257. *Shuttleworth*: Lawrence H. C. Shuttleworth, whom Forster met in 1912, when he was in the army and stationed in India. During the First World War he was in Cairo while Forster was working in Alexandria; after it he taught at Cheltenham College. He died in 1925.
258. *Lord H. Bentinck*: Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck (1863–1931). Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was the half-brother of the Duke of Portland. From 1895 to 1906, and again from 1910 to 1929, he served as Conservative MP for South Nottinghamshire. A colonel in the Yeomanry Cavalry, he saw action in South Africa and at the Dardanelles in the First World War.
259. *G’s Xmas*: Leonard Greenwood stayed with Forster and his mother at Weybridge for Christmas 1913.
260. *Agarwala*: Clifford Manmohan Agarwala (1890–1964), educated at Aldenham School, called to the Bar of Gray’s Inn in 1911. In 1912 he was a barrister at Patna, where Forster met him. He was later knighted, and from 1946 to 1950 was chief justice of India. Morier is unidentified.
261. *returned via Chesterfield*: presumably after a visit to Edward Carpenter.
262. *Bangor*: Forster had visited Hugh Meredith in March, and shown him the manuscript of *Maurice*.