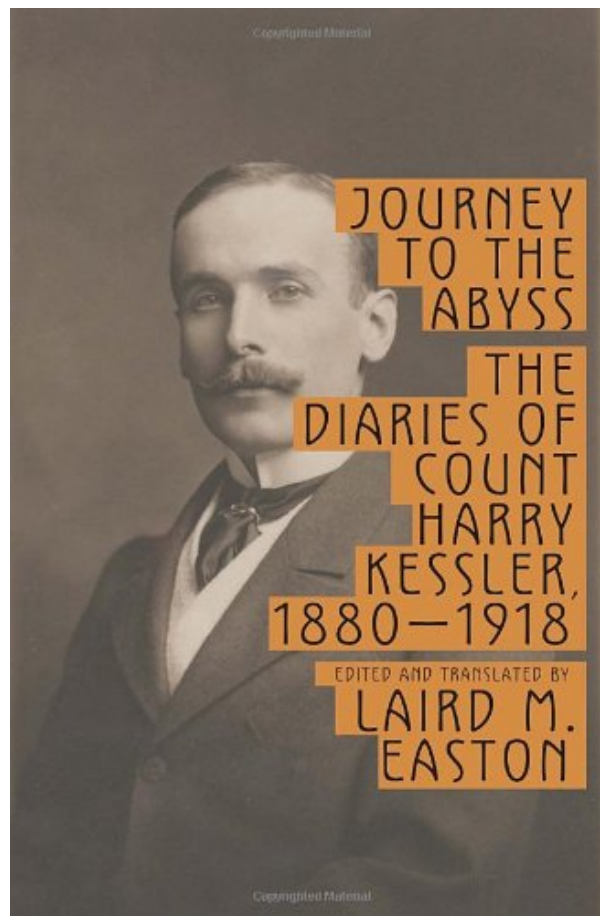
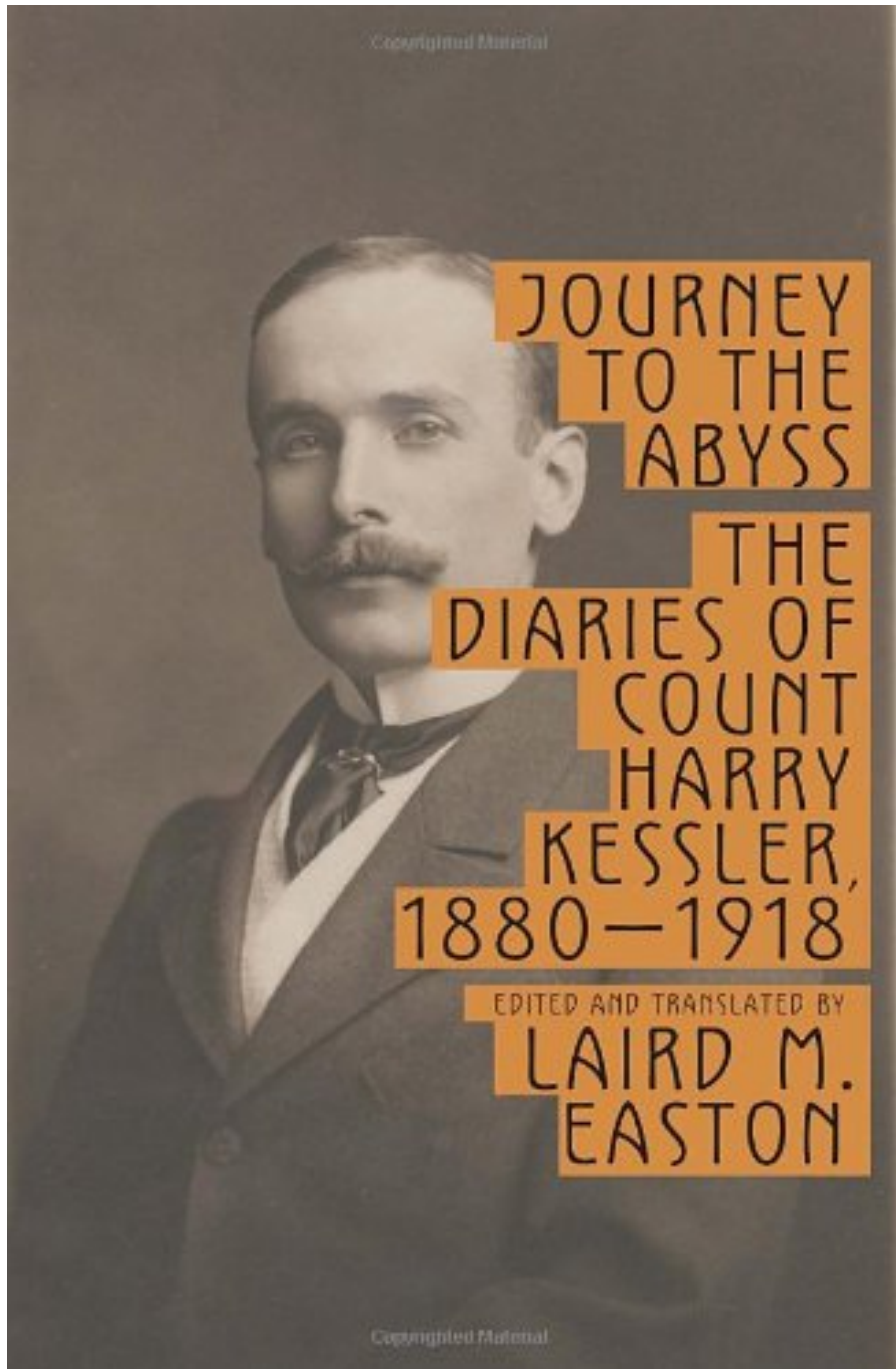


**JOURNEY TO THE ABYSS: THE DIARIES OF
COUNT HARRY KESSLER, 1880-1918 BY
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Review

“A document of novelistic breadth and depth, showing the spiritual development of a lavishly cultured man who grapples with the violent energies of the twentieth century...also a staggering feat of reportage. The war fever infected Kessler...[he] does not hide the grimness of the scene. For the reader, it is a shock to be deposited in such hellish landscapes several pages after watching the antics of Diaghilev and company; few books capture so acutely the world-historical whiplash of the summer of 1914...The supreme memoir of the grand European fin de siècle.”

—Alex Ross, *The New Yorker*

“Kessler’s diaries are a trove of insightful...information about an absolutely amazing number of artists and writers.”

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“The well-connected diplomat’s gimlet-eyed view of a teetering Belle Epoque Europe.”

—Megan O’Grady, *Vogue*

“A Henry James figure come to real life: a fusion of high society and high intellect, his diaries dramatize with the most stellar possible international cast the twilight settling on a peak.”

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"At last a diary as penetrating on Berlin as the Goncourt brothers' on Paris has been translated into English...Laird Easton is to be congratulated on leading English-speaking readers, via Kessler's masterpiece, into the heart of Germany before its catastrophe."

—The Spectator

“Count Harry Kessler became, through his experiences and through the anguished searching of his spirit, something close to a representative man. He seeks out great artists and gives us memorable portraits of Verlaine in old age, of Degas and Renoir, of Rodin and Maillol, of Rilke and Hofmannsthal, of Cosima Wagner, of Richard Strauss, of Diaghilev and Nijinsky, and of other great dancers and theatrical figures of the age. He tells us of the intrigues of the German Imperial Court. The cast list alone makes this an amazing diary. This is such an important book. It is a great act of historical witness, and a great source of scandalous insight and gossip.”

—James Fenton, *The Atlantic*

“Kessler was a sophisticated aristocrat who knew everyone and understood everything. He rode with Nijinsky in a Paris cab the night that *The Rite of Spring* changed artistic history. He could size up a German princess with level-eyed candor. He was passionate about the arts and politics—and is one of the best observers of his epoch.”

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“Take a grand tour through the Belle Époque without leaving your chair . . . This is a classic book for the ages to keep and reread.”

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“I have been a huge fan of Harry Kessler since my early youth because of my mother. Even the way I dress is in a way inspired by him. The eight volumes of his diaries are always near my bedside in my houses. Kessler represents for me Germany at its best, a Germany now gone forever.”

—Karl Lagerfeld

“Harry Graf Kessler was a central figure in German cultural life in the early twentieth century and during the Weimar Republic. A man of many parts, highly educated, a democrat when this was not at all fashionable—he knew everyone, and everyone knew him. His massive diaries are of absorbing interest, essential reading for all those interested in European cultural history of the period.”

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1880-1890

Ems. June 16, 1880. Wednesday.

This morning we have arrived at Ems. We are staying at the villa Monrepos which is situated on the Lahn. We traveled in sleeping cars Baby, Mamma, Marie, and Sophie in one car and Papa and I in another. We arrived here at a quarter to twelve.

Ems. June 19, 1880. Saturday.

The whole of Ems is in mirth today for the emperor is coming. The Bahnhofstrasse and the bridge by which he must pass are decorated with flags, flowers, and shields. The emperor is to arrive at a quarter past five and at five ready to go and meet him after a most awful bustle, for the flowers Mamma and Baby want to give him have not arrived, we are all ready to go and meet him. Presently I see the carriage with, mamma, papa, and baby come back: the emperor is only coming at half past six. At six, deputations of schoolchildren, masters, and men pass our door, the men and boys with flags and drums the girls with bouquets and corn flowers. Soon we also go—nurse, Sophie, and I in the mob and mama, papa, and Baby to the station. We place ourselves behind the schoolchildren who have lined up all down the way the emperor must pass. As the festive hour approaches the crowd gets greater. Soon a screech as if everybody was at least being murdered reaches our ears but it presently appears to be the emperor's train that has arrived. Now the emperor's carriage comes and a hail of bouquets come down on it probably meant to put out his eyes, next to the emperor sits Count Lehndorff. Behind him come all his suite in other carriages.

Ems. June 20, 1880. Sunday.

This morning the emperor comes on the promenade and speaks to Mamma.

Ascot, St. George's School. September 23, 1880. Thursday.

Thursday I came to school here today and I am all ready friends with some boys.

Ascot. December 2, 1880. Thursday.

This morning I put down Uffington

a peg, at breakfast. We were talking together, when Uffington says, "Who is that blunderbuss, that fat female who came to see you." "I never knew I had any blunderbusses or fat females in my family," I answer with the greatest calm. This only shows too well how I and all my family are hated here by almost everybody.

Ascot. May 23, 1881. Monday.

It is my birthday today. I was born in Paris at the corner of the rue de Luxembourg and the rue du Mont Thabor at the 3 etage in 1868 but soon after went to Hamburg. When four I went to America and stopped there till I was five then I came to England and Mamma and Papa soon after (about two years after) settled in Paris where I was during the remarkably cold winter of 1879-1880. In which the cold amounted to 24 degrees Cent. I saw the Seine frozen. Papa came to see me today and brought me a barometer and microscope.

Ascot. July 9, 1881. Saturday.

Went to a review of sixty-two thousand volunteers but the most interesting of the thing was the queen's procession. In the first carriage was the queen in black the Princess of Wales in dark blue and the crown princess of Germany in white. In the same carriage but behind the queen sat John Brown the queen's favorite servant in black and silver. Then followed some huntsmen next came another carriage with the duchesses of Teck and Connaught and two other ladies then some more huntsmen and the princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt in blue then the officers of police and last but not least the king of the Sandwich Islands in another carriage. After these carriages came a royal huntsman in gold and dark crimson then came the Prince of Wales in some dark color with the badge of the Order of the Garter (blue), riding next to the crown prince of Germany in a white uniform, then came the dukes of Teck, Connaught, and Cambridge and the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt the husband of the late unfortunate princess Alice. A lot of others of their staff closing the procession.

Ascot. October 15, 1881. Saturday.

We were to go to Hampton court, where we were to lunch with Mr. Hodgekin today but as it hailed and rained we went to London instead. In the train we thought we would have our dinner so just as we had taken out our things we arrived at a station and heard the guard crying, "All change for London," so out we had to get holding our bread in our hands but we managed to finish our dinner in the other carriage. We got to Waterloo at two o'clock whence we drove to the Savoy Theatre in a bus to see Patience a most intensely utter play in the aesthetic line. It is chiefly written in an incomprehensibly tattoo language. After the theater we walked down Piccadilly without a poppy or a lily as the people in the play did. We had chocolate grange not mange and got home at about seven thirty. I am growing intense.

Ascot. October 16, 1881. Sunday.

I am utterly consummately intense wearing sunflowers and poppies and dahlias in my buttonhole.

Ascot. July 27, 1882. Thursday.

I received about the worst news I could have received today. The head has received a letter from Papa saying that I must leave this school this term and go to some Gymnasium or something like it in Baden. I wish I could stop here for at least another term, or any time, because I can by no means relish the prospect before me. I am very sorry at having to leave this place.

Adolf Kessler did not want his son to forget his German heritage, so he sent Harry to his alma mater, the Johanneum, a well-known Gymnasium, or elite German high school, in Hamburg, where he boarded at the home of a Pastor Blümer.

Hamburg. January 23, 1886. Saturday.

Papa came. He arrived from Leipzig this morning. He was out here at about eleven thirty with Aunt Lulu and without much beating the bush we went to the heart of the subject at once. Papa put the question of my future pretty plainly. Now I had been for days and for weeks I may say for months thinking and thinking and turning the thing this way and that without coming to a decision, and as I had from the very first foreseen, my ultimate answer was the work of a moment, what I had been brooding over for six months was decided in my mind at last in as many seconds: I first hesitatingly and then after watching the effect pretty positively said I wanted to study.⁶ So Papa went down to Pastor B. and after almost an hour and a half conference, during which I read Mamma's new article in the Figaro and talked with Aunt Lulu, I was called down and told that I was anyhow to stop till Michaelmas. I am satisfied at this and we must then of course have to come to a final decision.

Hamburg. January 31, 1886. Sunday.

Everybody and everything full of Bismarck's great speeches on the Polish question. I can hardly sympathize with him on this point, although I would not join the opposition in Parliament. But I must say I think it rather hard for some unfortunate people because they are Poles, although they have committed no earthly wrong except having gone on speaking Polish when their masters were speaking German, eo ipso to have no right to stop in Germany. It is very like the repeat of the Edict of Nantes or the expulsion of the Salzburg Protestants and I do not think it will do much more good. Such a strong measure is I think only justified in cases where everything else has failed, in Ireland for example. There I should hardly be opposed to the measure. But really to eject thousands of industrious farmers and tradesmen when no danger is impending is to my mind very much like despotism and will probably do more harm than good. On the other hand I think it wrong to go on caviling at Bismarck for having taken this measure and I have still less sympathy with Windthorst than with Bismarck.

Hamburg. February 13, 1886. Saturday.

Row in London on Monday. Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Regent-Street, South-Audley-Street, etc., sacked by the mob, people in the streets robbed of their valuables, carriages broken, shops wrecked. Damage about 100,000 pounds and all this in broad daylight by about five thousand people in the face of the police, and the soldiers in the barracks. It really sounds incredible. Why on earth were not the horse guards commanded to charge and disperse the mob if need be with their swords; really when it comes to saving the richest part of London from all the horrors of a pillage nothing is too severe. However there being a nice, comfortable, sleepy, liberal, Gladstonian government nothing has been done and not even the ringleaders as much as arrested. The worst is not even the lost and destroyed property, but that now the scum of the population has seen that if it only assembles in sufficient numbers it can take whatever and as much as it likes, it will most certainly take or make the opportunity oftener of helping itself. The consequences of the inaction in London are already being felt in the form of rows in Leicester and Birmingham where the strikers have simply demolished the factories. God knows what will happen next. The French Revolution merely began by a mob and a pillage.

This week I have read Jefferson's Byron, "Childe Harold," Macaulay's Byron and some more of his essays, a little of Pickwick, a little of Voltaire, besides working a good deal in Greek and Latin.

Hamburg. March 30, 1886. Tuesday.

News better. Although the strike has spread and is still spreading in Belgium, the worst seems to be past and the troops are apparently slowly but surely getting the better of the rebels. But the signs of the times are bad. Before the first French Revolution the marquesses and abbés talked incessantly about bettering the situation

of the tiers état, and now the tiers état talks a good deal about bettering the situation of the working men. If the better classes do not look sharp and really do something we will wake up one morning and find ourselves in the midst of the wreck of social order as the marquesses one fine day woke up and found themselves in the midst

of the wreck of the old aristocracy. It seems to me we are now since 1789 going through the same sort of process of regeneration the Roman world went through between 300 and 500. It is only...

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These fascinating, never-before-published early diaries of Count Harry Kessler—patron, museum director, publisher, cultural critic, soldier, secret agent, and diplomat—present a sweeping panorama of the arts and politics of Belle Époque Europe, a glittering world poised to be changed irrevocably by the Great War. Kessler's immersion in the new art and literature of Paris, London, and Berlin unfolds in the first part of the diaries. This refined world gives way to vivid descriptions of the horrific fighting on the Eastern and Western fronts of World War I, the intriguing private discussions among the German political and military elite about the progress of the war, as well as Kessler's account of his role as a diplomat with a secret mission in Switzerland.

Profoundly modern and often prescient, Kessler was an erudite cultural impresario and catalyst who as a cofounder of the avant-garde journal *Pan* met and contributed articles about many of the leading artists and writers of the day. In 1903 he became director of the Grand Ducal Museum of Arts and Crafts in Weimar, determined to make it a center of aesthetic modernism together with his friend the architect Henry van de Velde, whose school of design would eventually become the Bauhaus. When a public scandal forced his resignation in 1906, Kessler turned to other projects, including collaborating with the Austrian writer Hugo von Hofmannsthal and the German composer Richard Strauss on the opera *Der Rosenkavalier* and the ballet *The Legend of Joseph*, which was performed in 1914 by the Ballets Russes in London and Paris. In 1913 he founded the Cranach-Press in Weimar, one of the most important private presses of the twentieth century.

The diaries present brilliant, sharply etched, and often richly comical descriptions of his encounters, conversations, and creative collaborations with some of the most celebrated people of his time: Otto von Bismarck, Paul von Hindenburg, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinsky, Sergei Diaghilev, Vaslav Nijinsky, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Sarah Bernhardt, Friedrich Nietzsche, Rainer Marie Rilke, Paul Verlaine, Gordon Craig, George Bernard Shaw, Harley Granville-Barker, Max Klinger, Arnold Böcklin, Max Beckmann, Aristide Maillol, Auguste Rodin, Edgar Degas, Édouard Vuillard, Claude Monet, Edvard Munch, Ida Rubinstein, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Pierre Bonnard, and Walther Rathenau, among others.

Remarkably insightful, poignant, and cinematic in their scope, Kessler's diaries are an invaluable record of one of the most volatile and seminal moments in modern Western history.

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of the wreck of the old aristocracy. It seems to me we are now since 1789 going through the same sort of process of regeneration the Roman world went through between 300 and 500. It is only...

Most helpful customer reviews

19 of 20 people found the following review helpful.

An Epic Life in European Art and Politics

By Christian Schlect

An astonishing number of important people and events intersected with the life of Count Harry Kessler. The diary entries presented in this lengthy book cover the transformational years in modern art and European politics between 1880 to 1918. A ton of vivid thumbnail character sketches are scattered throughout its pages.

Kessler embodied the highest culture of Europe. He was at Nietzsche's home shortly after the philosopher's death; admired Gorky; hobnobbed with the dancer Nijinsky, was friends with Degas and Rodin in Paris; help spark Max Beckmann's artistic career; and, enjoyed the company of George Bernard Shaw in London.

Then the war with England, France and Russia came and, as a German patriot, Kessler first participated directly in Berlin's military effort and was then an international political operative of sorts for the remainder of that brutal conflict. (His comments on how the Bolsheviks were handled near the end of World War I by Germany were of special interest to me.)

Professor Laird M. Easton has performed a great service in the clear editing of this valuable historical material. I now hope the good professor will continue serving both scholarship and a grateful reading public by providing an English translation of Kessler's journal covering the Count's four month tour of America in the 1920s.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

Among the greatest of diary testimonials ever;

By James Steele Bourdaghs

Among the greatest of diary testimonials ever; to a lifetime of high cultural pursuit: an age, an elegy to Old Europe.

Reads as pure observant mind securely within a novelistic sensibility; gripping and moving and...early on...a born traveler.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

Fascinating Diaries by a Early 20th Century Zelig

By Anne Mills

One of the most interesting commentaries ever on the beaux monde during the last decades of the nineteenth and first years of the twentieth century. Kessler was an artist and loved art, but that didn't stop him from killing Belgians at the start of WWI. He knew everybody and went everywhere. This book, which covers the earlier part of his career, 1880-1918, only came to light in the early 1980's. It was discovered when a safe in Majorca, where he died, was opened when its 50-year lease expired. Its companion volume, "Berlin in Lights", was published in England in the 1970's.

This is a remarkable book. Harry knew everyone, from the Kaiser to Nietzsche, dancers and dramatists, artists and businessmen and politicians -- there are said to be over 40,000 names in the entire diary. He was also a perceptive observer, and sometimes a perceptive analyst. His diaries are treasure trove for historians, but are also -- in this edited form -- of great interest to the lay reader with an interest in the period.

Update: last week I started reading Margaret MacMillan's excellent new book on the run-up to World War I. She starts off one of her chapters with a brief review of Harry, his life and times, and comments on his uncanny ubiquity. She cites him often as a source.

See all 22 customer reviews...

JOURNEY TO THE ABYSS: THE DIARIES OF COUNT HARRY KESSLER, 1880-1918 BY HARRY KESSLER PDF

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Review

“A document of novelistic breadth and depth, showing the spiritual development of a lavishly cultured man who grapples with the violent energies of the twentieth century...also a staggering feat of reportage. The war fever infected Kessler...[he] does not hide the grimness of the scene. For the reader, it is a shock to be deposited in such hellish landscapes several pages after watching the antics of Diaghilev and company; few books capture so acutely the world-historical whiplash of the summer of 1914...The supreme memoir of the grand European fin de siècle.”

—Alex Ross, *The New Yorker*

“Kessler’s diaries are a trove of insightful...information about an absolutely amazing number of artists and writers.”

—John Rockwell, *The Threepenny Review*

“What makes [Kessler] such an appealing figure is his struggle with the received ideas of his age...His diaries fascinate on various levels, first of all as an observant, witty, frequently catty chronicle of European culture and high society between the fin-de-siecle, and following that [though not this volume] between 1918 and the Nazi regime.”

—Ian Buruma, *The New York Review of Books*

“An unusual guided tour of belle époque and early-20th-century artistic and high life in Berlin, Paris and London...with great sensitivity and occasional flashes of humor.”

—Louis Begley, *The New York Times*

“The well-connected diplomat’s gimlet-eyed view of a teetering Belle Epoque Europe.”

—Megan O’Grady, *Vogue*

“A Henry James figure come to real life: a fusion of high society and high intellect, his diaries dramatize with the most stellar possible international cast the twilight settling on a peak.”

—Frederic Morton, author of *A Nervous Splendor: Vienna 1888-1889*

“Harry Kessler was an extraordinary exemplar of the crisis that overwhelmed Europe in the 20th century. He captured, in his person and in his thoroughly engrossing diaries, all the dichotomies of his era: the ideals and the devastation, the passion and the despondency, the frisson and the horror . . . Absolutely riveting. In

its literary brilliance and evocative power, the diary is the equal of those of Virginia Woolf, Harold Nicolson and André Gide. Mr. Easton ranks it one of the greatest diaries ever. Many will agree.”

—Modris Eksteins, *The Wall Street Journal*

"At last a diary as penetrating on Berlin as the Goncourt brothers' on Paris has been translated into English...Laird Easton is to be congratulated on leading English-speaking readers, via Kessler's masterpiece, into the heart of Germany before its catastrophe."

—The Spectator

“Count Harry Kessler became, through his experiences and through the anguished searching of his spirit, something close to a representative man. He seeks out great artists and gives us memorable portraits of Verlaine in old age, of Degas and Renoir, of Rodin and Maillol, of Rilke and Hofmannsthal, of Cosima Wagner, of Richard Strauss, of Diaghilev and Nijinsky, and of other great dancers and theatrical figures of the age. He tells us of the intrigues of the German Imperial Court. The cast list alone makes this an amazing diary. This is such an important book. It is a great act of historical witness, and a great source of scandalous insight and gossip.”

—James Fenton, *The Atlantic*

“Kessler was a sophisticated aristocrat who knew everyone and understood everything. He rode with Nijinsky in a Paris cab the night that *The Rite of Spring* changed artistic history. He could size up a German princess with level-eyed candor. He was passionate about the arts and politics—and is one of the best observers of his epoch.”

—Edmund White, author of *A Boy's Own Story* and *Genet: A Biography*

“Take a grand tour through the Belle Époque without leaving your chair . . . This is a classic book for the ages to keep and reread.”

—Kirkus (starred review)

“I have been a huge fan of Harry Kessler since my early youth because of my mother. Even the way I dress is in a way inspired by him. The eight volumes of his diaries are always near my bedside in my houses. Kessler represents for me Germany at its best, a Germany now gone forever.”

—Karl Lagerfeld

“Harry Graf Kessler was a central figure in German cultural life in the early twentieth century and during the Weimar Republic. A man of many parts, highly educated, a democrat when this was not at all fashionable—he knew everyone, and everyone knew him. His massive diaries are of absorbing interest, essential reading for all those interested in European cultural history of the period.”

—Walter Laqueur, author of *Weimar: A Cultural History*

“What a life! To read *Journey to the Abyss: The Diaries of Count Harry Kessler, 1880-1918* is to revisit, at least in reverie, a lost world of European civilization, to experience for a while all the cultivated *douceur de vivre* that disappeared forever in the blood-soaked trenches of World War I.”

—Michael Dirda, *The Barnes & Noble Review*

“An enlightening view of European high society, notable for its erudition and density of anecdote, for readers strongly interested in European history and culture.”

—Publisher's Weekly

About the Author

Laird M. Easton is chair of the Department of History at California State University, Chico. His book *The Red Count: The Life and Times of Harry Kessler* was named one of the best biographies of 2002 by *The Economist*.

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1880-1890

Ems. June 16, 1880. Wednesday.

This morning we have arrived at Ems. We are staying at the villa Monrepos which is situated on the Lahn. We traveled in sleeping cars Baby, Mamma, Marie, and Sophie in one car and Papa and I in another. We arrived here at a quarter to twelve.

Ems. June 19, 1880. Saturday.

The whole of Ems is in mirth today for the emperor is coming. The Bahnhofstrasse and the bridge by which he must pass are decorated with flags, flowers, and shields. The emperor is to arrive at a quarter past five and at five ready to go and meet him after a most awful bustle, for the flowers Mamma and Baby want to give him have not arrived, we are all ready to go and meet him. Presently I see the carriage with, mamma, papa, and baby come back: the emperor is only coming at half past six. At six, deputations of schoolchildren, masters, and men pass our door, the men and boys with flags and drums the girls with bouquets and corn flowers. Soon we also go-nurse, Sophie, and I in the mob and mama, papa, and Baby to the station. We place ourselves behind the schoolchildren who have lined up all down the way the emperor must pass. As the festive hour approaches the crowd gets greater. Soon a screech as if everybody was at least being murdered reaches our ears but it presently appears to be the emperor's train that has arrived. Now the emperor's carriage comes and a hail of bouquets come down on it probably meant to put out his eyes, next to the emperor sits Count Lehndorff. Behind him come all his suite in other carriages.

Ems. June 20, 1880. Sunday.

This morning the emperor comes on the promenade and speaks to Mamma.

Ascot, St. George's School. September 23, 1880. Thursday.

Thursday I came to school here today and I am all ready friends with some boys.

Ascot. December 2, 1880. Thursday.

This morning I put down Uffington

a peg, at breakfast. We were talking together, when Uffington says, "Who is that blunderbuss, that fat female who came to see you." "I never knew I had any blunderbusses or fat females in my family," I answer with the greatest calm. This only shows too well how I and all my family are hated here by almost everybody.

Ascot. May 23, 1881. Monday.

It is my birthday today. I was born in Paris at the corner of the rue de Luxembourg and the rue du Mont Thabor at the 3 etage in 1868 but soon after went to Hamburg. When four I went to America and stopped there till I was five then I came to England and Mamma and Papa soon after (about two years after) settled in

Paris where I was during the remarkably cold winter of 1879-1880. In which the cold amounted to 24 degrees Cent. I saw the Seine frozen. Papa came to see me today and brought me a barometer and microscope.

Ascot. July 9, 1881. Saturday.

Went to a review of sixty-two thousand volunteers but the most interesting of the thing was the queen's procession. In the first carriage was the queen in black the Princess of Wales in dark blue and the crown princess of Germany in white. In the same carriage but behind the queen sat John Brown the queen's favorite servant in black and silver. Then followed some huntsmen next came another carriage with the duchesses of Teck and Connaught and two other ladies then some more huntsmen and the princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt in blue then the officers of police and last but not least the king of the Sandwich Islands in another carriage. After these carriages came a royal huntsman in gold and dark crimson then came the Prince of Wales in some dark color with the badge of the Order of the Garter (blue), riding next to the crown prince of Germany in a white uniform, then came the dukes of Teck, Connaught, and Cambridge and the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt the husband of the late unfortunate princess Alice. A lot of others of their staff closing the procession.

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We were to go to Hampton court, where we were to lunch with Mr. Hodgekin today but as it hailed and rained we went to London instead. In the train we thought we would have our dinner so just as we had taken out our things we arrived at a station and heard the guard crying, "All change for London," so out we had to get holding our bread in our hands but we managed to finish our dinner in the other carriage. We got to Waterloo at two o'clock whence we drove to the Savoy Theatre in a bus to see *Patience* a most intensely utter play in the aesthetic line. It is chiefly written in an incomprehensibly tattoo language. After the theater we walked down Piccadilly without a poppy or a lily as the people in the play did. We had chocolate grange not mange and got home at about seven thirty. I am growing intense.

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turning the thing this way and that without coming to a decision, and as I had from the very first foreseen, my ultimate answer was the work of a moment, what I had been brooding over for six months was decided in my mind at last in as many seconds: I first hesitatingly and then after watching the effect pretty positively said I wanted to study.⁶ So Papa went down to Pastor B. and after almost an hour and a half conference, during which I read Mamma's new article in the Figaro and talked with Aunt Lulu, I was called down and told that I was anyhow to stop till Michaelmas. I am satisfied at this and we must then of course have to come to a final decision.

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