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Contact:

Archives & Special Collections
Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

Women in Tschelitcheff's life -

Reverences, Infatuations - Admiration

When I had settled down into the Pension in Berlin where Tschelitcheff was living - ~~at the time~~ we met - and afterwards - when we had finally decided to take over an apartment (3 rooms - kitchen + bath) from some American friends of mine - ~~and live~~ together - I was - of course - ~~and~~ forthwith told about - and introduced ^{me} to his many friends - several of whom ~~were~~ actually ~~extremely close~~ ^{but} there existed an extreme close bond. He spoke to me immediately - and described - with great reverence - and affection - two elderly ladies - living in the suburbs of Berlin for whom he had great love, respect and admiration. I was taken to see them right off - for tea - and found them lump together in a very small room - in which they were engrossed in doing embroidery - upon which they received tea and plans (small sum - cut up on ~~for~~ which they subsisted). One of them had a son who helped ^{a little and} most intermittently. Anna Ivanovna Suvorinskaya looked rather like a wise and clever little Nun might have looked ^{out of her habit} with an expression of ~~obstinate~~ ^{firm} ~~scowling~~ ^{grave} ~~expression~~ ^{grave} eyes ~~bead~~ more round in shape + ~~express~~ ^{express} seemed have given her the look of an old Mandarin.

like a wise & clever little Nun
with a wise & clever expression that seemed ~~rather~~
bright & ever "foxy" squinting
plasterate to a ~~snarl~~ of studying
the chief which had they had
seen sometimes like a ~~monkey~~ ~~ape~~ & very
wants the more like a ~~monkey~~ ~~ape~~ have
more often look more officers
made her ~~know~~ had the ~~wisdom~~ in with
and rather she ~~wise~~ she spoke her
members when it ~~competition~~ was discovered
had with ~~competition~~ frequent on his ~~competition~~
frequent manner ~~competition~~ she ~~competition~~
several ~~competition~~ she ~~competition~~ she ~~competition~~
she ~~competition~~ was ~~competition~~ warm and soon
and became ~~competition~~ and kind ~~competition~~ &
Grace was great so ~~competition~~ wanted me
saw that her ~~competition~~ feet all
I believe she ~~competition~~ never been of
described as "sat at the ~~competition~~ several
was ~~competition~~ fashion proper white
T.S. ~~competition~~ was ~~competition~~ who ~~competition~~ and a
fur ~~competition~~ & its ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ and a
purple & red ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ and a
old ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ and
old ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ ~~competition~~ and

? 12

She had fleshly black eyes -
and an "Essence of G. Eliot"
look - as if the ~~face~~^{as to}
human being - with hair
been concocted by George Eliot

Anna I ^{'s} ^{voice} had a rather
whined whine - which
however when she spoke to
you intonably took on a
deep different tone and added
warmth -

乙

eyes - came into the room. She
gave off instant ~~any~~ ^{and} reflections
of warm, gracious, sophisticated
and ~~wise~~ - more world than Anna
Ivanovna - but more ~~wise~~ ^{and} ~~and~~
human - and ~~she had~~ ^{and} a dark
look rather "native" look - and
~~she~~ ^{one} malice have ~~that~~ but she was
the ~~success~~ ^{success} of the Aunt of the Shah -
~~but~~ ^{or} a Persian Princess - or again -
a belcante ~~lady~~ ^{lady} - ever
the high ~~Egyptian~~ Queen. She
was spontaneous, affectionate &
demonstrative, rather ^{sweepingly} ~~surprised~~
if there was a chord struck between
you - and she gave you the impression
of a person with the highest degree
of the capacity of understanding +
of sensibility. ~~There~~ was indeed a
loving nature - but there was with
it a ^{app} ~~very~~ ^{all} + in brief
whatever fall + in brief
it pleased ^{to} the cost ^{and} the price
that all this was exacted. There was
something as well - at times - almost
imperceptible in her voice + expression -
- she chided ^{you} ~~slightly~~ with mock severity -
teased ^{you} and punished the ~~children~~ and
in slanders with cadences that were
of the wistful - mocking - or resigned - and
with gentle cynicism. I have described

In my previous notes how courageous
these two old ladies were - how
contemporaneous - and of how
such a bond ~~and~~ friendship as
that which existed between them
and the young TS helitchor - slaves
only to exist in the Slave race -
when the young ~~have~~ old in spirit
and mind very young and the old ^{improving old}
~~woman~~ young in mind + spirit, because
their ardent + penetrating intellect
curious ^{intelligent} & admiring of the off-
spring life and the spirit that excite
stimulate ^{inspire} & uplift the mind. They are
true amateurs of life and of the
riches which the human spirit has
created.

Djanet - Khanum (Mme Mofakere)
I was also taken immediately to the
apartment - in The Hotel Am Zoo - a
small ^{pleasant} Residence Hotel of a lady
of whom he spoke much and in
young & loving terms. He told me
of her delicate feminine charm her
Oriental subtleties - her most native left
unintended splendor and of her
whimsical love of luxury - in the form
of good food - gems - clothes - and
how she loved to sit down at the
piano & play Persian folksongs.
dances for him - while admiring the
sparkle of His genius in her music as the

Immers sipped up & down the
plans. This lady was of Persian
descent - and the wife of the Persian
Emperor to Germany - who
spent however little time in that
Country - but allowed - contrary to
all Persian moral codes - his wife
to maintain her residence there
and she had taken a suite of rooms
in this Hotel - which she had
furnished to her own taste. We went
to see her, ~~she was nervous~~ and it was particular
anxious that I please her - & that she
like me. She did - and immediately
as all was well - for he was very
devoted to her and saw her almost
constantly. We spent many evenings
in her apartment - just we three -
when she would don a particular
diaphanous ~~and light~~ formal Neglige - put on
all her most dazzling jewels - order
lobster - Chum pegne + Salade
doux + we would have an evening
of chess. Janet was not tall -
plump - and had a face that had
the expression of the Cheshire cat -
~~with~~ at the same time - great breeding -
& all roundness. She had a small
nose with rather "snooty" nostrils -
greenish blue eyes and she dyed her

hair red. There was a certain
gracious informality about
her - but there was also the
echo of ancestry - greediness -
and tradition which interested
at the encouragement of the
~~for~~ ^{the} deepest vileness &
cheapness. She received hi.
of the two great friends Natalia
Alexandrovna Glasko and
the well known ~~genuine~~^{typical} character
Ballerina ~~as was then~~^{of Catherine Devilliers} dancing
& teaching in Berlin and who had
~~created~~ directed some ~~di~~ ^{de} Balla ballets
during a season with the Diaghileff
Company in Paris.

Natalia A. Glasko I have
described in previous notes.

Catherine Devilliers had at that
moment a School of Dance
in Berlin - and a week or two after
my arrival was given a Concert,
one day - out walking - we came
across the announcement upon a
billboard and he exclaimed that
she was one of his dearest & closest
friends - & that I must meet her
without further ads. I was taken
to her rooms - and found a lady
who ~~looked like~~^{was really} a "negro Gypsy"
of skin were pink - very swarthy

Fritz Marzay
such a grande dame the stage -
when she walked onto the stage - Kaselli +
a voice and such a presence on stage -

of skin - with blue black hair -
and rather leonine eyes - a turned up
nose - common lips out
of all proportion to the rest of the
face and a curiously rasping
deep contralto speaking voice -
produced entirely in the nose
She was the granddaughter of the
famous dramatic actress
Sadowskaya and was of French
descent on her father's side. Everything
about her was heavy - vulgar -
and imposing - and she was then
living with Michael Momontoff -
who had been a member of a famous
family of Moscow - renowned for
its wealth and patronage of the
arts - but of course who was the
man - a painter exile in Berlin. We used
to go to her rooms regularly - where
there were always lively discussions
of the Theatre - the Ballet - Politics
and Personalities. He was very
devoted to "Katyusha" as we called
her - and this great friendship
continued throughout the years -
and this was until his death. The time of
his death when she was then in India
+ he in Rome.

Paris -

Mme Nadine Wissotsky, a lady whose husband's family had been one of the great mercantile families of Moscow - famous for a very fine, strong brand of Tea (like Twinings in Britain) and who had - after the revolution ^{which I saw} ~~lived~~ for many years in Japan ^{whereupon} had bestowed its coat upon her and she looked very Japanese ^{but} had a ~~scandalous~~ refined rather affected English ^{sweat} elegance of manner which she ^{supposed} ~~had~~ all. She was beautiful - but thought herself "a fraude dame" well educated - sensitive to a degree - cultured - but rather condescending in manner - he nevertheless became very fond of her + ^{+ we went to her house - very often} ~~and~~ ^{and} their friendship continued - until he became more involved in international society - and as she had ^{done} behaved badly in a situation involving us both - he ^{finally} dropped her.

Martha Dennis - an American girl - whom we met through Margaret ^{Blonde} ~~and~~ ^{Babysitter} ^{and} Jane Heap - wealthy - ^{no} demish - bold and comrades in Bohemian fashion - he became extremely fond of her - for a year or so - she married a

friend Count - of "la petite noblesse" - and when he last saw her & he was - I believe - doing small at the Library of Congress - in Washington D.C.

Mme Elena Michalovna Medtner (sister-in-law of the Composer) - this began as a business connection - but it became an intimate friendship and for two or three years we ~~were~~^{visited} back + forth - dined together - went out together and even went on vacances to Brittany together. He was very fond of her - respected her and admired her character - but on the other hand she annoyed him - and he used to complain of her - said she was in love with him - and I daresay he was right.

Mrs Rachel Gorer - who became a kind of "English second mother" - and an ardent Patroness - He met Geoffrey Gorer think me - and of course subsequently his son Geoffrey through his son Geoffrey - He respected her - liked her simple

kindness, - and of course
appreciated her generous
purchases of his work. Also her
gracious & generous hospitality
whenever he went to London -
but alone with the Stewells &
others of the then "International
Society" into which he had
^{his home} "matriculated" - they
did all indulge in their (Frisbees)
habit of using her, ^{as sweet as ever} ~~with~~
along with her sons, - as a target
for their rather ^{and scathing} naughtiness,
~~and sarcasm~~

Natalya Pavlova - The Princess
Pal (morganatic daughter of the
Grand Duke Paul of Russia)
who was the bridegroom below,
ecstatically & lyrically youthful -
fragile - beautiful - elegant - glamorous
but withal - pathetically appealing
because of her life which was
like that of a rarest bird that
had been driven from its golden
Cage - and like many Russians - both
adamant in ~~but~~ ferociously
tender at the same time -
cockles and disciplined - all
he really "fell in love" quite a bit
with Natasha - who came to own

house often - and with whom we
 went out often. At that moment
 also - Serge Ibari - had his "crush"
 on Natasha - so it was a "three-
 ring circus" kind of affair. He
 was often rather "jealous" - and
 while he did not uphold her -
 he pouted inwardly - which of
 course she with her most acute
 femininity always knew. When
 she "neighbored him 'for Serge'" - or
 did not show him enough
 exclusivity! He "distrusted"
 a while and they began to paint
 her portrait - after which he
 began to say that in painting
 her he had penetrated her
 mysteries - and had discovered
 an "amour d'elle" - That she was
 in effect rather hard boiled -
 & mithless. The "amour" was
 later over - more or less - but he
 still sought to see her & was hard
 after her - but she - when I went
 to see her one day as she lay ill
 in the hospital said "allow me to tell you
 dear - Paul is 'intractable'
 afterwards - in New York. He saw his

upon occasion - but the last time
we discussed her in 1949 - he
complained of her neglect +
indifference + that she was too
concerned with "Society" +
certain "characters in it" +
devoted much time +
attention to them - which he
considered unfortunately
ill advised on her part.

Zofia Mrs Paul Kochanski

a remarkable - unique woman
of superb ~~talent~~ ^{intelligence} - intelligent
and cultured - refined and
sensitive - generous ^{and noble} and devoted
perhaps alone w/ Edith the
two women he loved the most
(and whom - in spite of his ~~some~~
love + devotion - he often times
ridiculed the most!!) this woman
whom he had met in the early days
in Kiev became + remained ^{as}
his dearest friend + staunchest +
friends all his life - until death -
we saw her always - everytime
she came to Paris - which was
almost every season - and she
took great pains to introduce him
to important + wealthy friends to
her - like the Prince Edward de Polignac

to whose house she took him
(This Salomé was the apotheosis and
the goal of all who sought or enjoyed
artistic & social "status" in Paris
and was above all the Salomé
of ~~for~~^{the} great contemporary music
was commissioned & performed
in every important part of Paris - covered
upon receipt of the rare & greatly
coveted invitation). She introduced
him also to the Gondarillas - the Lopéz -
(mississime South Americans) -
and of course to his Gerty Chédruich
her great friend - all her life
standing staunchly behind him
morally - and with her love &
devotion always trying her best
advice ^{and counsel} for his well being - advancement
and success - and in the evolution
progress of his wisdom & right
direction -

Zoë was Babie a l'étray
He had had an older half sister
Varvara Fyodorovna Zaroadus ("Babie") to whom he had great reverence and in whose
mind & spirit he had great belief. Trapped
in Russia - he never saw her after his departure
I believe Zoë was a kind of "Babie abroad" in his

Stella Bowen

A

Mother Johnson ^{very} benevolent + kind
Sister ^{never} scolded - she had a very
sense of humor but one which
caused her also periodically
caustic ^{ever} bitter,
causative spontaneous, and
she was ^{causative} at other times
outgoing but at other times
extremely reserved until +
silent. ~~she took~~ I met her
at the house of my friend
Olsorush a Painter +
we became friends immediately -
I happened to mention the
fact that Tsch + I were
terribly tired of the city +
wished so much we had a
little house in the country -

whereupon Stella spoke up -
But you do - and us only one
but two - for you may have
ours - while we no longer
will be needing - they're just
two Peasant Houses - at
Guernsey a little hamlet
~~with the name over in the same~~
et name - but they're completely
furnished - beds ^{stove} & all +
they are yours - when you'll,
you like to take them over? -
She had just begun a hasty & slow
& painful separation from Ford
all day for the sake of their child
It's continued by Nellie -
but ~~she~~ had Guernsey was
no longer Mrs. McLevy had been
too well unbuttoned there.
I said "I can't believe you - Stella
this is too fabulous - but I
have to believe you - and well
take them at once" - and they
proceeded to wonder how soon I could
introduce her to Park - whom
they of course - they even knew then
I did - but who - I knew would

begin by opposing the idea - as he
always began by opposing most
ideas - of others - also knew
he had met Ford already at
Gertude's - and that Ford
could not suffer him. This
made it a bit complicated
but I managed it. They liked
each other immediately ^{and her roughness} although
his excessive shyness, ^{and his shyness}
+ embarrassed Stella at the outset.
However she soon learned to take it
in her stride" + it became fast
friends. Of course - as always - he
wanted to suggest that she might
perhaps be in love with him -
and others did - too. However
she took over our lives + began
to get behind us + push - and
was for a long time a great ^{many} ~~bad~~
bother & help. One summer ^{many} she
came down to Toulon to join us
and that did not go so well - I think
she had begun to tire of her - for
she did sometime later ^{many} one
with her sarcasm, and her bossiness
He introduced her to Edith - who
became immediately intimate with

her - and they formed ^{wounds} in their ~~miss~~
of pushing P. & his career + life -
and were of course enormous
effective as a fear + helpful.
Stella met him a time or two -
in London when he was there
in a show on the season - and
he took her to his Gorer.
Something wore them friendship
out - ^{however} as it did to Edith's & Stella's
who finally settled in London -
but who more is the day -
I have not heard from Edith
for months - she in abeyance -
and as if ^a signal of some kind
~~has it had its~~ ^{now} effect on him +
he acted ~~similarly~~ similarly -
Stella is now gone - she died a
few years ago.

Hadley Hemingway

Hadley - small - friend -
earnest and midwestern -
he had met one day at Stella
Browne's - & they became
immediate friends. He came
home & told me of Harry next
her & how much he liked
her - said that I ~~had~~ ^{had} been
invited to her house to a little
party - in a few days - when she
wanted to play to us - (which she
had done well) I was a little
apprehensive when ~~she~~ I recalled
how Ernest Hemingway loathed
Pawlet - and of how much he
always had been to him in public
ever - but he assured me that
Hadley & E were separating also
& that E was never there - but
travelling - mostly in Spain.
She lived in a small apt - in
the Brd Arago - and we went to
her party - Johnel was with her
numerous. We saw her many times
& after that - and he maintained such

friend
a relationship with her for a
year or so - then as suddenly
+ abruptly it ended.

Women in Tschelitcheff's life-
Reverences, Infatuations—Admirations

When I had settled down—into the Pension—in Berlin—where Tschelitscheff was living—when at the time we met—and afterwards—when we had finally decided to take over together an apartment (3 rooms—Kitchen & Bath) from some American friends of mine—and live together—I was—of course—and forthwith—told about—and introduced to his many friends—with several of whom—were actually extremely close there existed an extremely close bond. First of all He spoke to me immediately—and described—with great reverence—and affection—two elderly ladies—living in the suburbs of Berlin from whom he had great love, respect and admiration. I was taken to see them right off—for tea—and found them living together in a very small room—in which they were engaged in doing embroidery which they sold—and for which they received a ridiculously small sum—but upon which they subsisted. One of them had a son who helped—a little and most intermittently. Anna Ivanovna Souvschinsky looked rather like a wise—and clever little [X over the following words, which are written over each other in unclear order:] Nun might have looked out of her habit—with an obstinate expression at once imperious—even foxy—due to a sort of squinty way of looking at you—studying you and scrutinizing expression which—had her eyes more Mongol in shape & espresso would have given her the look of an old Mandarin [end of words covered by X]

[Left margin:] There was also Anna (“Annotchka”) Souvschinskaya—the first wife of Pierre—for whom he had also a great regard. She was not beautiful but had a characteristically Russian face—and wore the parted hair & knot at the back of Her head. He thought her very wise and inscrutable—but she had a closed face and manner—behind which she very astutely judged all.

like a wise & clever little Nun might have looked out of her habit with an expression that seemed rather imperious obstinate—even “foxy” due chiefly to a sort of squinty way scrutinizing she had of studying your eyes—which had they had more of the Mongol in them—would have made her look more like a rather imperious and rather fussy officious old Mandarin. She had the high, very nasal whiny voice that might have gone with it—and she spoke in dictatorial—sometimes tones—with frequent outbursts. This was her general manner—but I soon discovered that when she lowered this barrier and made you come near if she liked you & was interested—she immediately became warm—intimate—gracious—and kindly—and I soon saw that her great culture—which Tschelitscheff had so vaunted & described so enthusiastically to me—was—in effect—remarkable. Tschelitscheff “sat at the feet” of these two old ladies—in the traditionally European fashion of youth revering Old Age & its wisdom—After I had been properly introduced to Anna Ivanovna and we had sat & talked for a while—the door opened and a more robust lady with abundant grey hair and large flashing black

She had flashing black eyes—and an “Essence of Gypsy” look—as if the recipe for her as a human being—might have been concocted by George Eliot

Anna I’s voice had a rather ~~whiny~~ whine—which however—when she spoke to you intimately—took on a deeper different tone and added warmth.

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eyes—came into the room. She gave off instantaneous reflections of warm, gracious, and rather sophisticated ~~eharm~~ awareness—more worldly than Anna Ivanovna—but more immediately human—and she had a dark ~~leek~~ rather “native” look—and ~~one~~ made ~~have thought~~ ~~she was~~ one think of the Aunt of the Shah—or perhaps a Polynesian Princess—or again—a high caste Hindu lady—even the ~~high born~~ Gypsy Queen. She was spontaneously affectionate & demonstrative—rather surreptitiously flirtatious if there was a chord struck between you—and she gave you the impression of a person with the highest degree of the capacity of understanding & of cherishing. Hers was—indeed—a loving nature—but there was written upon her beautiful tall & in her eyes also the dormant expression of the ~~eost and the prie~~ toll that all this human emotion exacted. There was something as well—at times—almost mocking in her voice & expression—she chided gently with mock severity—teased you—and often finished the ~~eadences~~ ends of her sentences with cadences that were either wistful—mocking or resigned—and with a gentle cynicism. I have described

[Running along edge of paper:] He called her “Tyotya Marussia” (Aunt Marrusya)—they used to have rather risqué conversations too—about people & things—as she knew much.

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in my previous notes how courageous these two old ladies were—how contemporaneous—and if how such a bond ~~and~~ of friendship as that which existed between them and the young Tschelitschoff—seems only to exist in the Slavic race—when the young ~~grow~~ become old in spirit and mind very young—and the old remain young in mind & spirit until very old because of their ardent & penetrating life and of intellectual curiosity interest & admiration of the things of life and the spirit that excite—stimulate interest & uplift the mind. They are true amateurs of life—and of the riches which the human spirit has created.

Djanet Khanoum (Mme Mofakère)

I was also taken immediately to the apartments—in the Hotel Am Zoo—a small but elegant Residence Hotel of a lady of whom he spoke much and in glowing & loving terms. He told me of her delicate feminine charm her Oriental gentility—her instinctive if rather untutored sophistication and of her whimsical love of luxury—in the form of

good food—gems—clothes—and of how she loved to sit down at the piano & play Persian folk songs & dances for him—while admiring the sparkle of the gems in her rings as the

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fingers rippled up & down the piano. This lady was of Persian descent—and the wife of the Persian Ambassador to Germany—who spend however little time in that country—but allowed—contrary to all Persian moral codes—his wife to maintain her residence there and she had taken a suite of rooms in this Hotel—which she had furnished to her own taste. We went to see her—and he very nervous as he was particularly anxious that I please her—& that she like me. She did—and immediately as all was well—for he was very devoted to her and saw her almost constantly. We spent many evenings in her apartment—just we three—when she would don a particularly diaphanous and frothy formal Negligée—put on all her most dazzling jewels—order holster—Champagne & Salade Olivier & we would have an evening of charm. Djanet was not tall—plump—and had a face that had the expression of the Cheshire Cat—at the same time—great breeding—even haughtiness. She had a small nose—with rather “snooty” nostrils—greenish blue eyes and she dyed her

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hair red. In intimacy There was a certain gracious informality about her—but there was also the echo of ancestry—breeding—and tradition which bristled at our encroachment of our vulgarity or cheapness. She received her other two great friends Natalia Alexandrovna Glasko—and the well-known Moscow character Ballerina Catherine Devilliers who was her dancing teacher in Berlin and who had created danced some de Falla ballets during a season with the Diaghileff Company in Paris.

Natalia A. Glasko I have described in previous notes.

Catherine Devilliers had at that moment a School of Dance in Berlin—and a week or two after my arrival was giving a Concert. One day—out walking—we came across the announcement upon a billboard and he exclaimed that she was one of his dearest & closest friends—& that I must greet her without further ado. I was taken to her rooms—and found a lady who had the looked like of a “negro Gypsy”—if such were genetically possible—very swarthy

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of skin—with blue black hair—rather leering dark eyes—a turned up and flatish negroid nose—enormous lips out of all proportion to the rest of the face and a curiously rasping deep contralto speaking voice—produced entirely in the nose. She was the granddaughter of the famous dramatic actress Sadovskaya and was of French descent on her father's side. Everything about her was heavy—vulgar—and imposing—and she was then living with Michael Momontoff—who had been a member of a famous family—of Moscow—renowned for it's fabulous wealth and patronage of the Arts—but of course who was then a penniless exile in Berlin. We used to go to her rooms regularly—where there were

always lovely discussions of the Theatre—the Ballet—Politics and Personalities. He was very devoted to “Katyousha” as we called her—and this great friendship continued throughout the years—and they saw each other regularly—almost up into his death the time of his death—when she was then in London & he in Rome.

[In top margin:] Fritzi Massary—such a grande dame—when she walked onto the stage—a voice of such limpid charm and such a presence on stage—Vera Karalli

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Paris—

Mme Nadine Wissotsky—a lady whose husband's family had been one of the great mercantile families of Moscow—famous for a very luxurious brand of Tea (like “Twining” in Britain) and who had—after the revolution—lived for many years in Japan where the glaze of Nippon had bestowed its coat upon her and she looked very Japanese but had acquired rather over-defined affected stylized elegance of mannerisms which she supposed to be of that race. She was beautiful—but thought herself “a grande dame.” Well educated—sensitive to a degree—cultured—but rather condescending in manner—he nevertheless became very fond of her & we went to her house—very often & regularly and—Their friendship continued—until he became more involved in international society—and as she had once behaved badly in a situation involving us both—he finally dropped her.

Martha Denniston—an American girl—when we met through Margaret Anderson & Jane Heap—wealthy—blonde—buxomish & babyfaced—hoydenish—loud and comradely in Bohemian fashion—he became extremely fond of her—for a year or so—she married a

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french Count—of “la petite noblesse”—and when he last saw her she was—I believe—doing something at the Library of Congress—in Washington D.C.

Mme Elena Michailovna Medtner (sister-in law of the Composer)—this began as a business connection—but it became an intimate friendship and for two or three years we were visited back & forth—dined together—went out together—and even went “en vacances” to Brittany together. He was very fond of her—respected her and admired her character—but on the other hand she annoyed him—and he used to complain of her—said she was in love with him—and I daresay he was right.

Mrs. Rachel Gorer—who became a kind of “English Second Mother”—and an ardent Patroness—he met Geoffrey Gorer through me—and of course—subsequently Mrs Gorer—through her son Geoffrey—He respected her—liked her gentle

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kindness—was truly fond of her—and of course appreciated her generous purchases of his work. Also her gracious & generous hospitality whenever he went to London—but along with the Sitwells & others of the then “International Society” into which he had by this time they “matriculated”—they did—all—indulge in their (typical) habit and used of using her as well as everyone else upon occasion along with her sons—also as a target for their rather naughty and satirical wit. ~~and sarcasm~~

Natalya Pavlovna—The Princess Paley (morganatic daughter of the Grand Duke Pavel of Russia) who was then Mme Lucien Lelong. Ecstatically & lyrically youthful—fragile—beautiful—elegant—glamorous but withal—pathetically touching because of her life which was that of a rarest bird that had been driven from its golden cage—and—like many Russians—both adamantine ~~and~~ but ferociously tender—reckless and disciplined—all at the same time—he really “fell in love” quite a bit with Natasha—who came to our

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house often and with whom we went out often. At that moment also—Serge Lifar—had his “crush” on Natasha—so it was a “three-ring-circus” kind of affair. He was often rather “jealous”—while he did not upbraid her—he pouted inwardly—which of course she with her most acute femininity always knew—When she “neglected him for Serge”—or did not show him enough exclusivity!! He “languished” a while and then began to paint her Portrait often which he began to say that in Painting her he had penetrated her mysteries—and had discovered an fond d’elle—That she was in effect rather hard boiled—& ruthless. The romance was then over—more or less—but he still sought to see her & was fond of her—but she—when I went to see her one day as she lay ill in the Hospital said Allousha dear—Pavlik is “intractable”!! Afterwards—in New York—he saw her

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upon occasion—but the last time we discussed her in 1949—he complained of her neglect & indifference & that she was too concerned with “Society” & certain “characters in it” & devoted her time & attention to them—which he considered unfortunately ill advised on her part.

Zoćia Mrs Paul Kochanski

a remarkable—unique woman—of truly superior caliber—innately intelligent and cultured—refined and sensitive—generous and noble—and devoted—perhaps along with Edith the two women he loved the most genuinely and deeply—(and whom—in spite of his sure love & devotion—he oftentimes ridiculed the most!!!) This woman whom he had met in the early days in Kiev became & remained one of his dearest, truest & staunchest friends all his life—until death. We saw her—always—every time she came to Paris—which was almost every season—and she took great pains to introduce him to important & wealthy friends of hers—like the Princesse Edward de Polignac

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to whose house she took him (this salon was the apogée and the goal of all who sought or enjoyed Artistic & Social "Status" in Paris and was above all the Salon for which where great contemporary music was commissioned & performed—and where tout Paris—convened to enjoy & officially inaugurate it upon receipt of the most rare & greatly coveted invitation) She introduced him also to the Gendarillas'—the Lopez—(richissime South Americans)—and of course to Mrs Gerry Chadwick her great friend—all her life standing staunching behind him morally—and with her love & devotion—always giving her best advice and counsel for his well being—advancement and success—and for the evolution & progress of his wisdom & right direction—

Zoëia was Barbe a l'étranger

He had had an older half sister Varvara Fyodorovna Zaroadnz ("Barbe") for whom he had great reverence and in whose mind & spirit he had great belief. Trapped in Russia—he never saw her after his departure I believe Zoëia was a kind of "Barbe abroad" for him whom he had substituted for her whom he needed so much but could nevermore have.

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A

Stella Bowen

Motherly generous kind solicitous benevolently severe & scolding—she had a wry and sometimes very gay—almost rollicking sense of humor—but one which could be also periodically caustic—even bitter. She could be was spontaneous and outgoing but at other times extremely reserved mute & silent. She took I met her at the house of my friend Olga Sorush a Painter & we became friends immediately—& happened to mention the fact that Tsch & I were terribly tired of the city & wished so much we had a little house in the country—

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whereupon Stella spoke up—But you do—and not only one but two—for you may have ours—which we no longer will be needing. They're just two Peasant Houses—at Guermante a little hamlet with the Marne river in the Seine et Marne—but they're completely furnished—beds stoves & all & they are yours—when would you like to take them over"—She had just began a long & slow & painful separation from Ford although for the sake of their child they continued living together—but they had Guermantes was no longer [illegible]. There had been too much unhappiness there. I said—"I can't believe you—Stella this is too fabulous—but I'm going to believe you—and well take them at once—and then proceeded to wonder how soon I could introduce her to Pavlik—whom [illegible] knew of course—then even [illegible] than I did—but who—I knew would

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B

begin by opposing the idea—as he always began by opposing most ideas—of others—also I knew he had met Ford already at Gertrude'—and that Ford could not suffer him. This

made it a bit complicated but I managed it. They liked each other immediately—although his excessive volubility and nervousness frightened & embarrassed Stella at the outset. However she soon learned to take it “in her stride” & they became fast friends. Of course—as always—he would suggest that she might perhaps be in love with him—and others did too. However she took over our lives & before to get behind us & push—and was for a long time a great [illegible] solace & help. One summer much she came down to Toulon to join us and that did not go so well—I think he had begun to tire of her—For she did sometimes grate on me with her sarcasm, and her bossiness He introduced her to Edith—who became immediately intimate with

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her—and they joined hands in their mission of pushing P. & his career & life—and were of course enormously effective as a team & helpful. Stella met him a time or two—in London when he was there for a show or the season—and he took her to Mrs. Gorer. Something wore their friendship out however—as it did to Edith’s & Stella’s—who finally settled in London—but who wrote us one day—I have not heard from Edith for months—elle m’abandonne—and as if it were a signal of some kind the it had it’s effect on him & he proceeded to acted similar similarly—Stella is now gone—she died a few years ago.

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AA

Hadley Hemingw

Hadley—genial—friendly—earnest—and Midwestern—he had met one day at Stella Bowen’s—& they became immediate friends. He came home & told me of having met her & of how much he liked her—and that I had been invited to her house to a little party—in a few days—when she wanted to play for us—(which she did quite well.) I was a little apprehensive when I recalled how Ernest Hemin loathed Pavlik—and of how rude he always had been to him in public even—but he assured me that Hadley & E were separating also & that E was never there—but travelling—mostly in Spain. She lived in a small apt. in the Bvd Arago—and we went to her party—which was nice—but rather innocuous. We saw her many times after that, and he maintained quite

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a trivial relationship with her for a year or so—then as suddenly & abruptly it ended.