

Ludwig [Emil] once asked me what was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. One was a white and blue speed boat with a humming motor that was almost silent, cutting its way at terrific speed across the water between Bordeaux and Cap Ferrat in the azure stillness of an afternoon when not even the lap of the waves were audible. The stillness of the sea and its vast space interrupted by an object other than a blue and white speed boat with heavy water that was silent as the azure morning, cutting smoothly its way at terrific speed across the smooth water between Bordeaux and Cap Ferrat.

Helen Wills playing tennis.

And the view [xxx] Endo [xxx] of the sea and the myriad of small islands jutting out of the calm sea like cathedrals and sculpture groupings. And against the setting oriental boats, their sails like butterflies resting on silk.

And the view of the still sea of Sardinia, Endo [xxx], in the late afternoon. The myriad of small islands shaped like groupings of elephants, sculpture, cathedrals and trogan horses. And scattered here and there against the setting were oriental boats, their translucent sails like butterflies resting on superior silk.

Quarreling with P. because of heat.

I was a strange Johnny walking about London with that mutual reservation that one feels between a city and a country and oneself that insulting indifference one receives from a turnstile.

My welcome was as indifferent as ice. The welcome one receives from a railway porter.

My arrival back to England was as indifferent as the welcome one receives from a railway porter.