

there. My incognito vanished in three hours—and the students used to come to the café to talk—or rather to listen. To their great delight I always denied my identity. On being asked my name, I said every man has only one name. They asked me what name that was. "Io" was my answer. This was regarded as a wonderful reply, containing in it all philosophy—

Rome is burning with heat: really terrible: but at 4.30 I am going to the Borghese, to look at daisies, and drink milk—the Borghese milk is as wonderful as the Borghese daisies—I also intend to photograph Arnaldo—By the way can you photograph cows well? I did one of cows in the Borghese so marvellous, that I destroyed it: I was afraid of being called the modern Paul Potter—Cows are very fond of being photographed, and, unlike architecture, don't move.

I propose to go to Orvieto to-morrow. I have never seen it—and I must revisit Tivoli. How long I shall stay here I don't know—a fortnight perhaps.

Write always to Cook's.

Love to More and Reggie—

Ever yours

OSCAR

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XX Write to Paris.

Rome.

May 14th [1900].

Dearest Robbie.

You never write to me now—so I don't know if it is worth while informing you of my movements.

However, I leave Rome to-morrow for Naples—thence by boat to Genoa—thence to Chambrey—where ——— awaits me, or should do so, with his automobile—and so to Paris—

I suppose one of us will arrive safe—I hope it will be me.

Rome has quite absorbed me. I must winter here—it is the only city of the Soul. I have been to Albano, and Nemi, and Tivoli—and seen much of Armand Point—who is really a dear fellow—gay and romantic—simple and intellectually subtle—with an inordinate passion for beauty in its most complete expression, and an inordinate love of life.

My photographs are now so good that in my moments of mental depression—(alas! not rare), I think that I was intended to be a photographer—But I shake off the mood, and know that I was made for more terrible things, of which colour is an element.

. . . The cloister or the café—there is my future. I tried the Hearth, but it was a failure.

Ever yours

OSCAR