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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

Edith Sitwell

I have just achieved the reading of the Memoirs of the Samuel Johnson (in drag) of our day, and verily my dear Pavlik was so right when he said she had so enormously changed, from the lovely Edith we knew in the old days! The book is ^{with the exception of the two beautiful chapters on DT} boring, silly, pompous and RC

and the rather ch oes on H and A

into the kind of questionable relic who could pen a book so
and in spots downright idiotic if not ^{quite} senile!

Sad, sad, sad!

Of course there ARE moments when, simmering down from her self-induced boiling-points, she writes quite simply and eloquently, even deeply

I have just achieved ^{the} reading of the Memoirs of the Samuel Johnson (in drag!) of our day, and verily, my dear, Pavlik was so right when he said she had so enormously changed, from the lovely Edith we had known in the early days... into the ~~rather questionable~~ quite pompous and dogmatic relic who could write in the end a book of souvenirs so boring, silly, if not actually downright idiotic and senile in spots terribly undignified and disrespectful of those who, the whole world knows, merit considerably more than that!

The chapters on Dylan Thomas and Roy Campbell (whether you agree with her or not) are beautiful and touching. And the one on Hollywood, Los Angeles and America, charming and gracious. But the heavy stodgy British regional humor with the various "social classes" as butt and target one would never expect to be confronted with outside of "PUNCH" are # a pain and a tribulation to the artists, the intelligentsia and the if at just the plainly bright and aware people who sit down (or lie down which I advise as it will lessen a bit the strain) to wade through all the vast and rather grandiloquent pronunciamientos, of which there are an enormous amount!

There are moments when the old Edith remembers herself, and simmering down from the self-induced boiling-points writes most simply, deeply eloquently and truly of the world, of Art and artists, and people, but which alas! are only too sadly conspicuous by their infrequency! But the revolting, repulsive descriptions, and little tales about details of ugly physiques, personalities, behavior etc etc are the ^{unintended} most valuable subject matter for a ^{somewhat} known as a distinguished poet (and rather great lady!) to expect

indulged in the "forbidden" words - God
and penis. Why my dear, for I
had so much as uttered the word pen-pen
in her presence she would have had
a stroke. I remember at G how when
I was delighted to ask her if she
needed the use of a toilet, she blushed, and
why - She cringed - blushed, and
remained in a state of blush for
the next 5 hours.

The chapter in Partik is, I feel, a rather
disrespectful and flimsy brush-off - undoubt-
her wise of "taking care of All". In Part
Hences of which there were considerable -
Having written so much of D T T R. C.
(of this) could she not have written more
of Partik - whom at one time at least she
glanced as her peaks & then, the chapter
contains also several glancing maccandus
careless in her & fateun to which
Partik's parents could have been less concerned
with or interested in the Zan + the "Jours a" in the
Imperial Court. In fact they quite v. New period
most fit. They were so liberal that they worked
upon Socialism - a radical political stage under
the Russes of those days. She never became
great friends with his dear lovely sister, Shoura
nor did dear lovely Shoura with her. She knew
intimacy of the "deaf friends" their friendship + what
Partik + Shoura - and of the disturbance + what
disappeared of them and of her. After P's death she
survived only mother & son - and part performed by both