

The tragedy of the Cenci, ~~strongly~~ <sup>recently</sup> reincarnated <sup>for us</sup> upon the London stage, probably causes nine people out of ten to exclaim in incredulity that such things

Michael Sadleir, by V. Sackville-West.

There are authors who rush light-heartedly into author-  
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ambition, <sup>inability</sup> ~~inability~~, reason, cynicism, humour, or  
indignation. Why not? Lots of people write books, "and  
if So-and-so (who is a perfect ass) can do it, why  
shouldn't I?" All you want is a plot, characters,  
and a setting. The rest is ~~child~~ easy. Style? ~~but~~  
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speech, unlike the more ~~professional~~ <sup>technical</sup> arts of painting  
or playing the piano. A letter, such as we all write daily,  
- nay, cannot escape writing, <sup>much as we should like to</sup> ~~really~~, is but the tiny,  
the midget relation of a book; only one page, certainly,  
out of the necessary three or four hundred, but the  
multiplication sum is simple. This brand of author  
starts off with one great advantage: the majority of his  
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Delightful for most authors and all publishers. The  
author for whom it is not delightful is the one who really  
approaches his art with respect, mixes his blood  
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~~These classes~~ contended that novels should be issued  
 in varying colours, those that were frivolously written &  
 intended frivolously to be read, in scarlet, and those that  
 claimed for themselves ~~some~~ the dignity of a more  
 serious intent, in blue. Or perhaps in the purple  
 of dangers ... Then there could be no danger of mistake.  
 The novels of Michael Sadleir, are a case in point.  
 So the average novel-reader a story by Michael

The Tournesol is not the first captive to be  
 the Turks to the island prison of Prinkipo  
 - Island of Princes, - little of serious  
 I have banished for an extensible  
 to this most beautiful spot, knowing  
 would never again traverse the  
 distance between themselves and Constan-  
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 and his staff may it be for other  
 steamers ply, or, rather, plying, betw  
 d the capital, leaving the smoke of  
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 is not unlike the "marches" that  
 e up and down the Seine between  
 St. Cloud and other green suburbs  
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 lled chirkets, - puff out from ban  
 black smoke that veil the mosque  
 in Horn, and <sup>first</sup> coasting the old sea-w  
 of the old Imperial palace, draw <sup>on</sup> tow  
 towards the open sea. Constantinop  
 enice, more than Naples, is a city  
 Great arms of the sea run up  
 itals; no more canals, but br  
 all of shipping; the Golden Horn, st  
 ilar, has <sup>goodly</sup> severed <sup>into</sup> two hal  
 hours, <sup>as the old land</sup> divides two con  
 connects two <sup>separately</sup> bays. And from no place  
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 no further away, the city recedes, a

There at once have taken to writing out a series for  
modern poetry. Another have done to write out a  
series against it. But we have been unsuccessful,  
in the past, to divide the party roughly into two  
main groups, the Classical and the Romantic, and  
to have two groups we are now inclined to add  
as a third, which we call the Modern. Now  
except the addition, according to our classification,  
with distinct, distinct, and apprehensions,  
or with chief interest, and sympathy, but for  
our attitude what it may, the classification  
is taken its place in our critical

[illegible]



## Prinkipo

General Townshend is not the first captive to be relegated by the Turks to the island prison of Prinkipo. Its very name, - Island of Princes, - tells of scions of the Imperial house banished for an ostensible villegiatura to this most beautiful spot, knowing well that they would never again traverse the convenient distance between themselves and Constantinople. For them there was no return; for Townshend and his staff may it be far otherwise.

Penny steamers ply, or, rather, plied, between Prinkipo and the capital, leaving the smoke of the Golden Horn for the open waters of Marmora, little steamers not unlike the "mouches" that run ~~believe~~ up and down the Seine between Paris and St. Cloud and other green suburbs, and in the same spirit as the holiday making Parisians, the inhabitants of Constantinople seek the islands for ~~pleasure~~ freshness and pleasure. The steamers, - they are called chirkets, - puff out from beneath the clouds of black smoke that veil the mosques and the Golden Horn, and <sup>first</sup> coasting the old sea-walls and gardens of the old Imperial palace, draw <sup>gradually</sup> away from the port towards the open sea. Constantinople more than Venice, more than Naples, is a city of the water. Great arms of the sea run up into her vitals; no mere canals, but broad highways full of shipping; the Golden Horn, like a curved scimitar, has severed her into two halves; and the Bosphorus, <sup>graciously</sup> ~~as the old hand~~ divides two continents and connects two seas. And from no place is Constantinople more beautiful, more majestic, than from a ship upon the sea of Marmora. As the chirket draws further away, the city recedes, and



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The tragedy of the Cenci, ~~at present~~ <sup>recently</sup> reincarnated <sup>for us</sup> upon the London stage, probably causes nine people out of ten to exclaim in incredulity that such things cannot really have happened, - that Shelley has exaggerated for dramatic and poetic purposes, - that and similar ~~reassuring~~ protests which may send at least a proportion of the audience away reassured, out into the familiar streets where hurrying posters, worn apron-like by newsboys, proclaim crimes as terrible and catastrophes as overwhelming, which have happened between luncheon and dinner of the present day, - but to people other than ourselves. And so, to our optimism, they <sup>remain</sup> ~~are~~ as remote as the Cenci, a London suburb as distant as the castle of Petrella, Mrs Jackson or Robinson or whatever <sup>(labelling the human being,)</sup> ~~the name~~ <sup>may be</sup> as unreal a figure as Beatrice Cenci, Mr Justice Shearman as recondite as the Papal Legate.

So, if it be hard to take the tragedies of our countrymen and contemporaries into the reality of our consciousness, how may we be expected to feel the truth of these old echoes <sup>(rising)</sup> ~~out of the turbulent~~ <sup>(orchestra of the)</sup> Italian centuries? We are shown the truth; we are even moved, briefly, if only to a passing horror; but at best our emotion is intellectual, ~~what~~ we have not felt with our hearts. We have been, perhaps, afraid to feel with our hearts. For what we have been shown is a tragedy too crushing for us to dare to feel it with our hearts; to identify ourselves with it; to translate ourselves into the personality of those martyrs. We dally, perhaps, for a moment with the ~~the~~ fancy of what we should feel if . . . . but no; it's too painful; <sup>(perignancy came with the too quick a rush)</sup> ~~put it~~ away. We return to our consolations; the nervous



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~~It is always~~ contended that novels should be issued in varying colours, those that were frivolously written & intended frivolously to be read, in scarlet, and those that claimed for themselves ~~more~~ the dignity of a more serious intent, in blue. Or perhaps in the purple of dangers... Then there could be no danger of mistake. The novels of Michael Sadleir are a case in point. So the average novel-reader a story by Michael



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# Some tendencies of modern English poetry.

I have not come here today to make out a case for modern poetry. Neither have I come to make out a case against it. But we have been accustomed, in the past, to divide the poets roughly into two main groups, the Classical and the Romantic, and to these two groups we are now inclined to add on a third, which we call the Modern. We accept the addition, according to our temperaments, with distaste, mistrust, and apprehension, or with relief, interest, and sympathy; but be our attitude what it may, the classification has definitely taken its place in our critical jargon. Now, nothing (no N.P.)

away into the mists of abstraction, the swamps of pseudo-scientific terminology; to get our feet on to firm ground, and discipline our unruly vocabulary into monosyllabic words of good concrete meaning. What have we, then, in mind when we so glibly speak of the modern spirit? Are we quite sure that any such thing exists? And if we come to the conclusion that it does exist, by what characteristics are we to define, and recognise it? These are the questions which I have set myself to answer, and to consider further to what developments in poetry such a spirit may be expected to lead.

landscape  
must however be confessed  
upon the one ~~hand~~ count we have lost upon another.  
I am not now speaking of what many people consider  
the loss to poetic diction; not of the unearthy phraseology  
and halting metres which grate upon so many ears.  
Of diction, - that is to say, of the <sup>actual</sup> texture of modern  
(surface)



If it be true that each poet has his world, populated and furnished by the creatures (whether sylphs or monsters) and the objects of his fancy, then no poet's book should be considered save in relation to his previous work, that a just appreciation may be formed, not only of the development of his art & the growth of his mind, but also of the general ~~uncommonplace~~ proportion of that strange region, his peculiar poetic landscape. ~~But the universe is his box of toys,~~ That which Francis Thompson said of Shelley, "the universe is his box of toys," is specially applicable to Dorothy Wellesley, for although Shelley's toys are not her toys, though she neither teases the Ravelled thunder nor laughs at the shaking of his fiery chain, though the elements, air, fire, and water, are not the material with which her imagination plays, yet the universe is full of toys that stir her interest, her wonder, or her art. Wharves, wine, serpents, shells, London, fish, lighthouses, commerce, horses, gentlemen, — all to her are romantic and extraordinary, actual and vivid in their being, mysterious with the evolutionary record of their past. Never was poet so excited about the crowded, ordinary composition of every day. She seems to have divined by instinct that the usual is more marvellous than the unusual. She