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Lettre de Vernon Lee à Mary Robinson - 30 Décembre 1885

Auteurs : Lee, Vernon (Violet Paget)

Information générales

LangueAnglais

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Etat général du documentBon

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

10 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[femmes \(essentialisme\)](#)

Dossier génétique

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.□

Citer cette page

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Texte & Analyse

Analyse

Florence 30 Dec 85.

My darling - Many thanks for your Xmas letter and for the dear little etchings,

which I shall have framed.

I seem to feel a sort of vague depression throughout your letter. I like to know when you are cheerful, dear child, & when you are depressed ; but I also like to know, if possible, why.

What is all this rubbish about being selfish & jealous ? If it is about me that you are jealous, it is just absurd. I either found the people who suit me best, in the XXX , at once, or else, as I grow older, I become less able to find real people to suit me. Personally, being the least/most jealous of mortals, I think jealousy contemptible particularly in friendship : a feeling evolved for the benefit of married people lest other folks' babies should be foisted on them ! And which has somehow crept into other relations ; useful there, I suppose, to keep one up to the mark & to prevent all things turning stale ; also useful I think, or affording the salutary or damnable flash in which one sees the beloved's faults, in which one's heart is set free (which it ought always to be) and one's ideal is killed off, to reincarnate elsewhere - If in the meanwhile it afford you any satisfaction to know that I have found no one to care for more than you, & that it is much more than improbable I ever shall, accept this scientific fact.

If, on the other hand, as I suspect, your depression & consequent sense of unworthiness/depression makes me think other folks unworthy) arises, as most things arise, from a different cause than you suppose --, if it is that you are beginning again to care for my friend, philosophically console yourself by considering that reciprocity of feeling is the first step on the fatal road where the ideal is lost. What I say sounds cynical, but it is not. I am not depressed about any one save myself, and the apparent uselessness with which I am threatened, & which I must circumvent to some degree.

The reading of Bourget's very marvellous book has made me feel that there wd be little satisfaction in feeling oneself to be a remarkable intellect, an exquisite writer, a professional success, an amiable creature, unless one could find the handle of that pump that Hercules worked, & turn all the oceans into this filthy world, particularly the filthy land of France, to clean the place & drown the intelligent vermin which infest it. Faugh ! That paper on Dumas Fils ! That disease, called La Femme - a disease of the French brain & heart. I don't know when I have felt so sick. But wd Some things I can stand in patience ; but when it comes to these dirty buster insulting what it, after all, the least dirty thing in this dirty world, womankind, in order to exonerate themselves.

It strikes me you may be fancying yourself jealous of Miss Blomfield. She gave me a spasme psychologique for ten days - interest in her curious chivalric, Brangwain[1] sort of soul - a spasm of vanity too at her adoration of me. But that's all. I am ashamed to think how little affection I feel for this amiable creature. She is, apart from her very decided literary gift & her strange Brangwain character, not a fleur pour porter à sa boutonnière, and you know that I want such things.

She is astonishingly below the average in appearance, manners, education & interest in things. She is very ill, poor girl, anaemic & hysterical & has had many misfortunes ; but she is so without natural energy, & so has evidently always lived with such fearful frumps & stupids (sic) of the clerical sort, that she is below not only her talents, but below, so to speak, her own misfortunes & merits.

I suspect Mary Wakefield has simply got bored to extinction with her absolute want of anything external that can take the imagination & the presence of much that worries it. Fortunately I am more honest than I suspect her to be ; I always held back & told the girl the only way I could take an interest in her was to try to make me more of what her talents & character warrant. I shall certainly be loyal & do my best by her, but sentiment, sentimental sentiments (sic), particularly I can have only for people who/

have something obviously & patently superior to myself ; who have an influence of some sort upon me, enlarge my world or my power of seeing.

This letter reads like a model of cynicism & conceit ; yet I am neither cynical nor conceited.

Tell me I am a beast ; and I shall laugh in your face ! be quite pleased. # I must be off to the hospital now ; it is bitterly cold & the people are dying there very quickly.

I haven't been allowed to see Bella yet.

Thank M. Geo. Macmillan when you see him for his kind note. I wrote on behalf of Mrs Callander.

Goodbye darling Mouse, love your

Old Vernon
Contributeur(s)

- Geoffroy, Sophie (édition scientifique)
- Walter, Richard (édition numérique)

Présentation

Date 1885-12-30

Genre Correspondance

Mentions légales

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Informations éditoriales

Destinataire Robinson, Mary

Persons cited Mrs Stillman

Couverture Florence, Italie

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Honour 30 Dec. 85.

123

My darling - many thanks
for your & mother's love for his
dear little sketches, which I
shall have framed.

I seem to feel a sort of
savage depression throughout
your letter. I like to know when
you are cheerful, and when
when you are depressed; but
I also like to know, if possible,
why. What is all this
rubbish about being selfish
& jealous? If it is about
me that you are jealous,
it is just absurd. I often
found the people who said
the best, in the long run, as

once, or else, as I grow
 older, I become less able
 to find new people to suit
 me. Personally, being the
 most jealous of mortals,
 I think jealousy contagious,
 particularly in friendship:
 a feeling evolved for the
 benefit of married people
 and their posterity should
 be foisted on them! and
 which has somehow
 crept into other relations;
 useful there, I suppose,
 to keep one up to the mark

& to prevent all things
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I think, in affording the
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flask in which one
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If in the meanwhile it affords
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From both hands, as I suspect,
your depression & consequent
sense of unworthiness / depression
makes me think other things
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things arise, from a
different cause than you
suppose - if it is that you
are hesitating again to
care for my friend, philosophy
could yourself be
considering that reciprocity
of feeling is the first
step on the fatal road
where the ideal is lost.

What I say sounds cynical,
but it's not. I am not
depressed about any one
save myself, and the appalling
uncertainty with which I am
battered, which I must
circumvent to some degree.

The reading of Bowdler's very
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made me feel that there
was little satisfaction
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an exquisite writer, a
professional success,
an amiable creature,

unless one could find
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 that Hercules worked,
 I turn all the oceans into
 this filthy world, particularly
 the filthy land of France,
 to clean the place
 from the intelligent
 woman whom it pest.
 Fough! That paper on
 Guma-Bis! That disease,
 called La Femme - a
 disease of the French
 brain & heart. I don't
 know when I have

felt worse. ~~And~~

Something I could find in
patience; but I don't come
to the end of it, but I insult
what is, at least, the
least dirty mis in this
dirty world, woman-kind,
in order to encourage ~~the~~

Keep me you may be

Younger myself, please
Mr. Blomfield. He gave me
a spare page of notes for
kindness - interest in his
writing, Chivalric, Brangwen
Society - a spare of
family too at the address
of me, but that's all. I am

ashamed to think how
little affection I feel for this
amiable creature. She
is, apart from her very
decided & rare gift of her
strange brave & vain character,
not a flour poor porter
à la boucanière, and you
know that I want everything
she is astonishingly below
the average in appearance,
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intellectual things. She is
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& hysterical & has had many
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have something obvious &
patently superior to myself,
who have an influence of some
sort upon me, enlarge my
world or my power of seeing.
This Mr. Read is a model
of cynicism & conceit. I get
am neither cynical nor
conceited. Tell me I am a deacon, and I
shall laugh in your face to be
quite pleased. & I must be
off to the hospital now; it is terribly
crowded, & the people are dying
there very quickly.
I have not been allowed home yet.
Thank Mr. Geo. Hackmiller when you
see him for his kind note. I work on
head of Mr. Callender.
Good bye darling home, love you
D. W. Vernon.