

Carnet 11 - 20 Février-19 Mars 1918

Auteurs : Lee, Vernon (Violet Paget)

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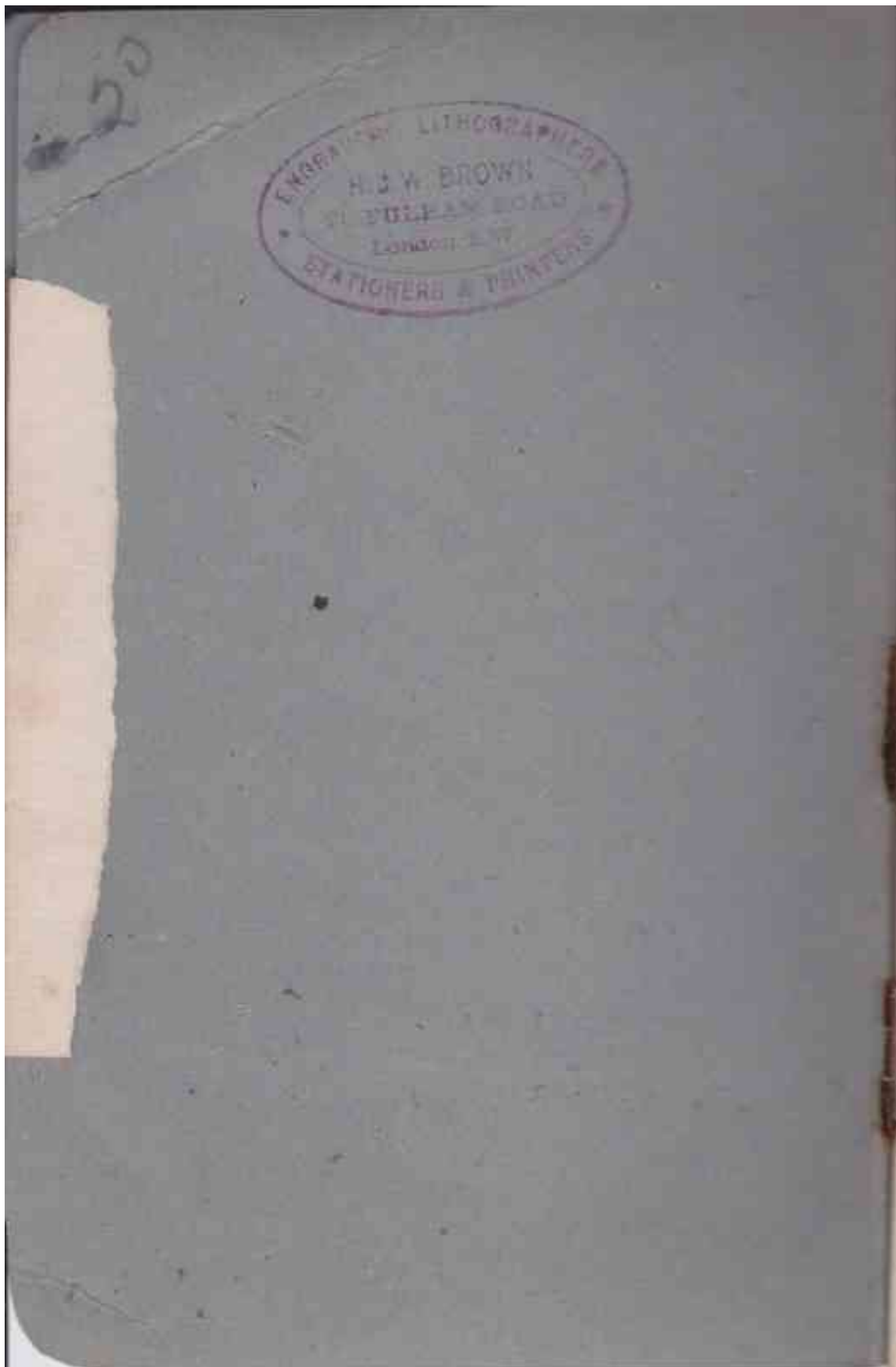
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Brahm Reghem
No XXIX

Credo

{ Feb 20 - 1918
March 19 }

one



Feb 26. Continued.

They have never
hit so near as this
I calculate rather
further than to the ^{suppl no 250 - 275 yds}
seeds at the top of my
pottery, but not as
far as the Cypress
as from my house -
and of course
the willows "why
not nearer, much
nearer - in fact
here, as well as
those few hundred
yards off?
~~But that~~ I don't
know, this natural
reflection dismissed

as it recovers, Mr. C.
wishes something done
- Chastity not merely in the
measures of this barbarous
tapping but in its having
~~been~~ broken in upon
that has, for the last
two years, been a
place secretly set
aside in my thoughts
as an ~~un~~ as an
anthon of peace.
~~For there~~ For like
the rusty old guns on
its gun lawn there
is nothing so much
more peaceful

There a broken down
human relic of former
days, his brain long
worn, red coat, / blue
faded eyes /
~~smiling~~ ^{gait} ~~hatter's~~
~~face~~ being so much
to prove how long, long
long ago these bones
must have been when
he was an alert
fighter - ~~And so it~~
He fits in with the
mace made / the
playing children, a
king almost a fairy story

to in many things &
like them like the
peacocks on the pavillion roofs and the
word appears the day
in the black peincando
lines, the word
of peace & safety, of
the kind, the kind
of weakness &
helplessness being
the new and good
of the state & the
broad grace of the
on the hills are being
to the
To the new bridge
the ink

friends have been an
odd haven of
spirit & healthy
thoughts - perhaps
better



the
bab
men
after the
Daphnau

found have been an
odd haven of
spice & heat
through - perhaps
because of ~~these~~
his rough skin
some ~~other~~ ^{Consequently}
Intrados, the only
knows what vapor
German Residues
with these a thick
soft & textured
central part, by
flanking pass him
to & also where
the rain = worn
bales & his odd
most of the
against the
Daphnurus

Went to meet the
the of which the
building's design
made in the fine
winter afternoon
when the house
is scathed with
sunlight & the
black bars
~~was~~ ^{seen}
making for a
rosy celestial
perspective beyond
^{which is really}
~~the~~ ^{down}
station & in
the
gale patrolling
the pale ~~the~~

blue of the highway.
they labored in
have Babylon
desert the great
span of the
bridges. Even
the tired I have
rarely passed a
day without crying
more fervently at
sight of it than
after the long climb
to the harbor.
The harbor
to me an enclosure
a majestic if
shabby harbor
enclosure of the
past. A much-
sought at

at present means
peace & hope &
escape.

And now the whole
place is locked.
and soon after those
days would
certainly check
the road close by.

And across the
square of B. W. W.
Camp - I have
seen any means.
There is the broken
= at a time painted

of the low flanking
halls upon which
people lie
round the end, buried.
Or perhaps now
in the big chapel
the whole wide,
in the little parson's
'ceasing' where
the benches &
shews the old ones -
But this whole may
mean more of the
more of the
the R. Hospital of the
are closed "with

take noticeⁿ - The
piece of part
of piece of piece,
~~the~~ outlay,
Mr. Mann, remove
Chelms Feb 20.

all this air said
business, especially
the crowd of
sightseers, not
justly that Sunday
but in some way
a dreadful brick

17 bedizened women in
filigree, the dapple
tailed ones women,
sadden, weary, with
children to please,
marching a half
hour from work
to enjoy the horror -
all this has brought
home to me the need
of certain changes
in our mental
education. We.

must not put so
exclusive a weight
upon the idea of
responsibility for
evil & ~~making~~
evil for which we
are responsible
in a kind of platonic
contemplated relation
from which the next
step is using it
for whatever purposes

not correct
excellent D interest
it may afford our duties

we need to get rid
of the old judicial
religious view of
evil as sin, as
will or intention, &
let us recognize that
evil is working
in itself evil.
irrespective of
willing or intending
that evil is not

marked
a mark of origin, but
of effects, in fact
that evil is only
an ~~obstacle~~ ~~to~~
suffering ~~to~~ ~~the~~
the waste and
destruction which
mean diminution
of happiness.

In fact we have
to get to know suffering
as the type of evil, the
abatement of all

evil; and to recognize
production within the
will towards it only
(of wh. there is perhaps
much less than we
think) but in the
suffering itself. For
this we must rid
ourselves of the
religious, judicial,
view that suffering
is a means to
good, a purification
used by the deity

Or by man, either as
attempts or order
to learn the art of
porting the soul
à la Hannah More)
or as an ~~active~~
education of folk
widows - plus
encourager les autres.
we must learn
to teach that evil
has no meaning
ex: a far from
the suffering is

Sooner or later implies;
& in fact that evil
is the potential, &
often the actual form
of suffering. Hence
that our only begins
with it methods
be preventive,
alleviative &
reparative: The
physician; the
(including himself
the laboratory as
well as of the bedside
and the nurse's

And that any contact
with suffering which
is not of this
is not speech as
reckon at all this,
demonstrating
compensation, it
a situation of
misery.
we must reconstitute,
but transformed
by reason, the
primordial material
that "horrors"

is difficult must be
avoided under penalty
of perjury.

Indeed we desire
to see up to
transform the
valuable substance
of perjury to
sacrifice. All

Suffering, when
approached unless
approached in
no active help feeling

Mr James Ke. being
wh. dwells upon it,
making it, even
when some hedon
share possibly
does not arise,
the prey of such
accidia (Tristi
furnmo all aer,
i.e. to) as T. doty's
which kills the
possibility of such

pitiful happens
as life may allow
us, waiting its sacred
presence.

Life is set round the
wash, dish, and
to suffer, it's
a perpetual struggle
against loss
of opportunity. How
few things, people,
moments can
be safe, strong,

fertile of good,
perfect, consummate!
Hence a G such
as are or appears
thereunto, all
that is innocent,
~~healthy~~ fertile,
unspoiled, whether
a plant, a work
of art or the
helpman in
a man or woman's
inner life, are

rare, precious,
honourable, claims
and to be approached
with appreciation
and reverent hand
in thought — "facete
linguis" — They
are, or ought to
be sacred. They
are divine.

Chiltona Feb 22

to J.F.W. - (about Cambridge) But is
any place more than a deco
Certainly not Florence. What one
wants is a deco, and to add
the reality one needs - to be that
reality. (say of surroundings
if possible) deco. I am
discovering much too late in life
that we are all beaten by the
delusion of the more, the

W. S. ...
the ...
for ...
de ...
we ...
pa ...
beauty & expression of
place-like (and but yet
Oxford are them does
the reality; like the

to J.E.W. - (about Cambridge) But in
any place more than a dicor?
Certainly not Florence. What one
wants is a dicor, and to add
the reality one needs - to be that
reality. (say of stunorous
if possible men) I am
discovering much too late in life
that we are all beset by the
deception of the more, the

Whole the enough, in short
the delusion that when we
get a few ^{grains} ~~grains~~ of the heart,
decide we are not ^{lost} ~~lost~~
unless the streets are
paved with it. After all his
beauty & expression of
place-like (ambrosia)
Oxford are the same long
he makes; like the

Cambridge
Art et artiste

the work of a poet or artist,
they are genuine. Since
they exist & impress us, we
have no right to imagine
that whatever begets his
work comes out of that
poet or artist should be
of that sort. And
every reaction why it

showed on the contrary both
refuse, the service. The
people who build a place
like that ~~to~~ keep it up
harmoniously, or who
build a church like
a ritual, have given us their
Kalevala part; why should
the rest not be pedantic.

feeble, what you call a
sham? It is a sham
only if you believe in it;
we must accept our
shrines with thankfulness
& reverence, whether
they be places, works of
art or people in

can for; & see to it that
our own thoughts, our
own desires, should
furnish the little flickering
shadows of gods they
call for... at the bottom
of my creed is the recogni-
-tion of a kind of
paganism in a very

for reality (and more,
~~smooth etc mean~~
~~reality~~) where we are
dealing with more aspects

Feb 23

The League of Nations, is
not completely independent the League
a series of independent League
experiment has been made
as recognition that our
intellectual power — from
our principles to the
most synthetic to
very kind of principles
are in some manner

dominated & shaped given
their orientation and
toward, by a something
we can only call attitudes
repression, ~~is~~ or if you
choose, intuition. There
seems to be in all
our life of thought &
feeling a kind of nucleus
~~act which~~ in which

reverses the action, the
attractant & repelling
forces determine the value
of the equilibrium, or complex
occupying our consciousness
a nucleus ~~in~~ part
if not wholly composed
of feeling and preparatory
fraction which by its
chemistry accepts

reports & groups The data
received from whom ~~at~~
at the moment and, what
is equally important, ~~they~~
~~then~~ determined that
the ~~re~~evocation by this
new data of some
rather than other parts
of our stored up previous
experience. It is

This mysterious nucleus
actively gives our
thought their drift, whims
unites them into coherency
and it is there also
which prevents in fact
measure the new epoch
data from unifying
with the old ones into
a fairly perfect

graphic or the shadows
tracing of the realities
which have set them
up;
Take for instance the
Laboratory Eindhoven: we
are ordered to place
yourself in, for instance
a purely aesthetic
receptive state & to

exclude all questions of
by whom? what style?
What value? and certainly
only in your private
inner judgment, & it
~~else~~ again to concerns
on the images &
association to the
ecstasy if the

question, or else to
~~con~~ exclude these suffer
associations & listen
to a piece of music
purely critically, etc.
In fact you are put away
in the a. m. i. v. of the
who is looking for
one particular order

of things or indications
of things to ~~closing off~~
~~separating off~~ all other
responses to them; thus
thus an anthropologist
or geologist sees a
country exclusively from
the anthropological or
geological point of view.

and a detective doesn't
~~and~~ doesn't take any
interest in, say, the
aesthetic or poetic
appeal of the places
themselves, in which
is looking for traces of
a crime etc. —
How ~~take~~ in these cases this
is, it is ~~clear~~ a

deliberate, & if I may speak
risky, an instrumental
~~kind of intention~~. But such
~~intention dominates our~~
~~perceptions & thoughts &~~
~~directs this abstraction &~~
~~reflection~~ it can also
be unintentional in the sense
that we ~~don't~~ don't
with it ~~and~~ 99 times out

of 100, don't know of it. Such
is the attribute, the intention
to act, selection, inclusion
of dominantly the perceptions
thoughts, the recollections
reasonings, as well as
the actual ^{present} perception of
the person in love for
any, or no purpose
disparaging, loving, desiring
hating, fearing,

hoping, despairing, are in
truth active attitudes. They
are a readiness for the
knowledge which is appropriate
to each of them. In default
of this readiness, lead us
to pursue, remember,
select, accept, love, this
presence of things, clearly
to our mental experience
of things as by memory.

from our past experience
which suits the particular
kind of action adopted,
i.e. which increases
or keeps it up; while
which goes
course, a repetition
of something that
can run counter
with.
we are, in fact,
each a little actor
center of the universe
at every moment
of our existence
assimilating some
results of men,

of the countries items
of the sea of happiness
the sea of misery
experiences
ah! we are
plunged. Can the
passionate sphere
which makes
belongent Cahats
a piece of
remember only
the whatever is
calculated to height
his warlike habit
is only a more
complicated version
of the same

~~Human mental hearing~~
tending making
us hear the ^{expensive} ~~fort~~ ^{ful}
(as when an old
days) the, some
which might be
of us for when
we are walking
which entirely
excluding from
our hearing the
loud ticking of a
clock or the tapping
of a blind.
This domination of
~~is a~~ ~~the~~

intuition over
attention, this
makes us
understand the
delusions we are
all subject to, in
sight & hearing,
& those far
subtle & secret
ones of the lower
desiderata.

It makes us under-
stand also the
peculiarities
wh. when the first
discovery, directs
our thoughts to ourselves
viz; on the

taboo action of more
words. I ~~was~~ just
now I was idly
dialoguing with the
imaginary friend:
if I were stupid
in order to avoid
killing enemies, to
serve under a Black
why not kick them?
It would not be
worse killing them
than killing an unknown
alien enemy; it
might even be
better for the world
at large. Yes, but

It would be Martin,
and at last was
murder I become
aware of something
in myself like
the letter down of
a portending. He
sudden barrier
of a passage
down. Then there
slipped easily
when I thought of
dying and death
someone. Similarly
in sexual matter
the word marriage
similarly closes
the channels of

to my disgust which
would remain open
if no such word were
there. The word, as
we say, makes
it all right. Hence
the Jesuits' "direction
of intention" and
the direction of inclinations
which of us, not
Jesuits, perpetrate
practices. There are
certain words
murder, lie, adultery,
~~to desire~~ even the
"reasoning" in
the sexual sense,
which by long

association, proper
in our own mind
an attitude of
turning away from
of refusal. But this
and this word which
has not been
the level of
button and information
nothing reported
of refusal, &
the same action
as he turned
towards the
writing, for
word, we are

apt to forget, & stand
in reality, not
merely for things
i.e. for depersonal
groups or
abstract qualities
but also for
our responses to
things. Anthropologists
tell us that savages
have a difficulty
in thinking things
apart from
their own need

or fear of them. And
Dr. Head has
shown that
on its way to
the cortex which
somehow deals
out sense of
relationship
to the stimulus
pass right off to
specific motor
nervous centers
which set up
not only sensations
but pleasure &
displeasure
reactions to him

Sensations. So similar
we have, as Kirkpatrick
says, only gradually
attained to as
"free" ideas
mean thereby
such ideas as
things as are
free from our
passions & customs
of the moment.
And the man—
especially the
Catholics—

in a state of
strong desire
hated, revolt
to the free
state. Their
perception
their recognition
of, what's what
is to remain the
of this a world
of a I want it is
"I hate"

March 9

By a Latin saying but
I believe. danger
a short circuit " or
analogism, the abey-
not ideas, but words.

But while their models of the peaceful
ago had, a peaceful abode or repose in
the lamp's atmosphere of peace, there
and taking on changing aspects, but,
changing shapes as painted, there
was clearly always present, a
solid framework, the common
link between the afternoon
leisure of the sun at its
daylight still in its
that evening, and the evening
now for the
sat these for the

But while these thoughts of the peaceful long
go home, a presence, dust or vapour in
the luminous atmosphere of that music
and taking on changing aspects, but
changing shapes afterwards, there
was clearly always present, a
solid framework, the comparison
with between this afternoon ~~the~~
Lenten afternoon at the temple,
daylight still in its whorls, and
that evening ~~smaller~~ ^{white} evening.
now so far back when
sat these pictures

Bacon's & man oration, and thinking
of all those German women &
children & old men & children
ready for slaughter, who were
listening with the same looks &
feelings with the same feelings,
there across the unspanned
sea of war & hate. One seemed
then simply steeped in
a wave beyond all words, as
it certainly was by and all

~~Let the great piece of revelation
of the mysterious heartless fate
underlying the ~~universe~~ universe
and ~~the~~ such a ~~stupor~~ stupor, & ~~the~~ ~~the~~
fact? So at least it seems,
couldn't an illusion of Illana,
after these more than three
whole years. For then 7 three years
have made the war ~~no~~ from a
twinkling spectacle occasionally
like some great thunder storm.~~

Smiling and saying, is asking something of
us who were watching it
into a ~~set~~ part of our daily
life, making it ~~the~~ "it" in
every detail, getting up, chaining
us, something swallowed like
its bread hanging over us
like ~~to~~ the bread of its air said.
We have become part of it; it is
of us. And even in our
attempts to adapt to it,
to dodge it, to ~~escape~~

I did not this time at the Temple,
think in the intervals of following
that German music of the
German people, looking for it of
something similar at the other
end. What is better was
not the ~~unattainable~~ in history
but the ~~unattainable~~ present but the
past. The past which at times
like these, seems less
unclutchable and ~~but~~ in
~~the~~ where there we necessarily

outcasts of the present and
disinherited of the future, can
still attempt to sometimes
to screen ourselves; like
the beggars & disinherited
(no metaphor now a days!)
clinging to the rag of
~~what~~ former warmth
splendor, alas, formerly
barely perceived, taken for

granted.

I learn to know the B. Reservoir
the autumn preceding the Boer war,
as Hobbes. Certain passages -
the salt of Sicily and the
"How beautiful etc. - Still

can still evoke the drawing room
here to the view through its
long windows of that piece of
parchment cut out of primrose
green to show to a night
dark river under the blue

high down, the black, squalls
to white cloud banks, of
that lofty & changing Irish
sky. They were ~~so~~ ready
it for hands, because
they were going, as I was
to Mei in a few weeks
to the Brahmo-fest at
Meiningen. As it ~~was~~ turned
out, they none of them went
and I travelled to Meiningen.

alone, I stayed there those three
days, with quite other friends
from whom again I parted, returning
alone across Germany, by
Eisenach & Bamberg to
Nuremberg, rather to treat 6
days. But the Mannheim
days, though ~~filled~~ ~~with~~ ~~such~~
by painful circumstances
of other things. ~~And~~ ~~the~~
paupers, the bodings, were
like the ~~poor~~ ~~men~~ ~~and~~ ~~women~~

thicker, all ~~about~~ with the
thought of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~deix~~, and its
inhabitant, who should
have been there, come forward
me in the ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~curious~~
manner in which the
absent sometimes ~~do~~ ^{do}
~~was~~ This was the ~~back~~ ^{back}
~~the~~ inner background of
which the Queen embrows
thrift drew the

actual performance, it's
~~amazing~~ / amazing, luminous
sweetness pattering clearly
on that serene sweetness
if might have been parting.
Moreover I was on this
journey that I became
awake to the fact that
I loved Germany, that
Germany meant something
quite unlike other countries.

I'm really - ever my childhood
As in the same ~~man~~ way -
and after a few Klumpes
and wickets - ~~I had~~
~~after~~ during my ~~first~~
previous returns. Since
my childhood (very brief)
I had not felt this.
And it seemed to come
to me suddenly as,

The ~~day~~ morning after my
Solitary / Dinner from England
I walked in the ~~Autumn~~ October
sunshine on the terrace at
Cassel. Then, as only once before
on a bench between two haws
at Augsburg, it was borne in
upon me that I had ~~been~~
~~been~~ brought up within
country as a child & in
that so much of me came out
of it.

after dinner I ~~clayed~~ ^{clayed} some
at Fishmach, and ~~had~~ ^{had} known
was home with me with
friends, as I walked thru
the morning through the
Waltburg wood to the
little town where the lights
were already ^{winter side} ~~left~~ ^{winter side} ~~winter side~~,
~~else~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~,
^{unshuttered} ~~unshuttered~~ ^{windows} ~~windows~~, L

next morning in a suabian
bicycle ride among the
fir tree glades when the
^{crowns} crowns were lilac
in the frosty glass. And
then even more, climbing
alone up to down the
steep medieval streets
at Bamberg.

Stranger that this sudden
revolution of what Germany
was & could be, what it
had done for my child is
I feel should perhaps have
come & personally come
to keep the tales of that
just friend of mine about
her German father & by
the talk of German plans.

things which she has
freed discussed the
place of Meinungs-
praxis that Meinungs-
musik — the Refrain
to also, I remember
a Schubert sketch of
similar luminous
uneasily & sighing

of melody. And I have
that when I saw her
frequent again, after this
war's beginning, she ^{the}
have said "My art
had the same people."
They have been changed
primarily false ideas."
Anyway, that is the assumption
"gathered I must be

~~Brahms Requiem, which I have
never heard, only imagined I
imagined to myself, since
the image. It is, as the
modern psychologists would
say, a complex: a word
of feeling, a situation from
various moments of my
life of I may say of these
people, all united~~

by the particular — the very
particular German mixed
sadness & gladness without
reasons known, of the
frequent words & music
a preparation, almost a prophecy
of everything that will come
of which Germany, her
music, poetry, family, children,
men, wife & sons.

~~My place, me a hundredfold
in that still and dreamy
new friend. That friend of
whom, alas, how much will
still be left, or rather left
of me in her, by this war?
I come at the temple it was
the a trostke trostke " "
which caught me - and~~

the Selfish - selfish - selfish
you man - man The mud,
with their inexhaustible WR
It seemed to me has for
a moment that after
all it was better than
when I was WR
Back. These children
singing the WR parts

They, at least, would believe me
was. And who knows? even others
its hatred. They would grow
up out of our ~~misery~~ of
darkness, withers some
sunrise, some daylight haze
we may ~~be~~ not survive this
War = night.

And I wondered whether of
all those people who survived
Fears ~~Fears~~ 2 crushed them.

perhaps even a human
more who remember this day.
Then dear days — things
are fast realising that there
really is a refuge of eternal
beatitude. A quiet luminous
sweetness at the heart of music
that is after a time, but in all
our living, even when we
stop off the cruel movement of life &
let our faces see eternal. May
transitory past? Ym. M. M. M. M.
man — March 17. XVIII

