

Lettre de Vernon Lee à Mary Robinson au sujet de la dédicace de son poème "The Red Clove"

Auteurs : Lee, Vernon (Violet Paget)

Information générales

LangueAnglais

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Les folios

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Les mots clés

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Dossier génétique

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Texte & Analyse

AnalyseLettre de Vernon Lee à Mary Robinson, qui a émis le souhait de lui dédicacer son poème "The Red Clove"

Contributeur(s)

- Geoffroy, Sophie (édition scientifique et transcription)

- Walter, Richard (édition numérique)

Présentation

Date[1881]-01-09

GenreCorrespondance

Mentions légales

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Informations éditoriales

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Correspondance de Mary Robinson

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Lettres de Vernon Lee

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Mary Robinson

1

1806 - 1807

1818 - 1819



manuscript 244-11

Fla. Jan 9. 80

My dear Mr. Mary. You seem
to wait an answer to
your postcard; so I won't
delay. Dearest little Prince
Quinn, I can tell you
how much I think it
of you to want to dedicate
that poem to your Vernon.
How how much pleasure
it would give me to see
my name associated
with the one that is always
uppermost in my thoughts.
Also, as a writer, all
my vanity would be extremely

gratified, because I do so
completely believe in you as
an artist; and it would be
a sort of friendly introduction
into a world which
my intention has been (I is)
kept by more solitary
battering. But there seem
to me several reasons
against it. Some perhaps
about, but one which
I think you should
certainly take into
consideration. As the book
as a whole is dedicated
to artist friends

encourage it, ours, would
 there not be something - how
 shall I express it? - something
 strange in any portion being
 dedicated to someone else,
 especially someone else
 whom you had never heard
 of, or who probably decided
 to whom to dedicate the whole?
 I don't know the etiquette
 or the rationale of dedication:
 of course the effect depends
 on what is or is not the
 custom. I should be horribly
 sorry if you did anything
 which you might afterwards
 regret - I think of this now,
 when you care for me as you
 do, you can scarcely

judge fairly of what you might afterwards
think interesting. Also, I don't think you will
ever have reasons to be ashamed of me
as low as I feel; but from one or two
things you have said & from my knowledge
of my own temper, perhaps you may so
often have occasion to hear me blamed
& blame me yourself for what you might
think a crude & unbecomingly way of speaking.
You know that on that point there is
a difference in our tempers or our education.
(2) I feel it doubly, to my great advantage, that

evening you went out of the room
at Siena, tho' I afterwards
completely repented
admired your behaviour - well
perhaps someday you might
be sorry to have backbit
yourself with me. And I should
be dreadfully sorry at that.
You know, or don't know,
that one man, who rather
admired me as a writer
told me (on my contemporary
articles) that I might
give Occasionalists of
impropriety of language.
I don't care a rap for what
such folk say, but you &
your people might. The
principal objection is the
filching, as it seems to me,

of part of the book from
McGraw-Hill.

Dear Mary, it costs me
a great deal to say this.
Because I should really
like nothing. But I think
I ought to say what occurs
to me. The intention in
Italy is more than I could
hope; and it will be very
pleasant for me to think
of you I hear that you
praised, of the time when
I was in the city of
Florence, that very happy

time on the lunch on the
 office stairs, which is so
 short a time since, but seems
 infinitely long ago.

Do not say anything proper;
 I am too culpable to say
 deliberately no to what I
 should like; only I must
 suggest my doubts to you.

It is very kind of you to send
 me the photographs, which I
 suppose will come tomorrow.

I hope, dear that, some day you
 will show me the originals,
 as I showed you the pictures
 at Siena.

I have been feeling very ungrateful
 & disappointed lately; - I seem

a good many people; coming home
interviewing from people who are
so kindly & encouraging to me,
I feel a sort of rage at the
notion that this are what I
must live with ^{all year round} always, ~~with~~
daily, and that the one person
I care most for I can barely
hope to see for a few short
days every two or three years.
I can't say how much touched
I am even time I think of that
sentence about the picture of
Melampo at Siena.

Did I thank your sister for
her letter? Tell me about
Miss Pagner; I fear she will very
much disapprove of my ways
if she knew them.
Love always
Fanny
always Fanny