MODERNISMO Arquivo Virtual da Geração de *Orpheu*

 $BNP/E3, 19 - 89^{r}$

Transcrição

Great as his tragolies are, none of them is greater than the tragody of his own life. The Gods gave him all great gifts but one; the one they gave not was the power to use those great fifts greatly. He stanks forth as the greatest example of en-hus, pure gentus, gentus immortal and unavailing. His creative power was shattared into a thougand fragments by the stress and oppression of life. It is but the shreas of theelf. Disjecta me-pra, said Carlyle, are what we have of any post, or of any man. Of no post or man is this truer than of Shakespeare. He stands before al, meline holy, witty, at three half in-same, never locing his hold on the oldetive world, wer knowing what he wanted, dreaming ever high purposes and impossible great-mess, and waling ever to head onds and low triumple. This, this was his great experience of life; for there is no great ex-periments of life that is not the experience of alticilution. His wavering purpses; his unastiled will; his violent and foticious emotions; his great, formless thoughts; his intuition, he expressing it as if the thought fiself spoke, living a slien life down to its block and Thesh and speaking from it as the man indexify ould never have done; his prestions presting scher-ing a whole thing into an expension aspect, his practical shilty born of his quick understanding of things...... When the higher faculties of the mind are broken, in absy-ance, or sluggish in their operation, the lower ones assume an unworted force. Thus his practical ability was the one thing that with stood the stress and presents of life and had of will. He could amage money who strove in vaim to amage the completion of created beauty. ? He began with two long narrative poems - highly imperfect as narrive wholes, and that is the beginning of his secret -, written when he had yet an instinct to write greater than the in-tellectual daxes inpulse for it. With broadening consolousness, he lost his rapidity of If an wish to Saturning shather he was indeed them a Than to on white , town the can ghis lef , then 5' not a part of fratis abuption and proties This

Shakespeare.

Great as his tragedies are, none of them is greater than the tragedy of his own life. The Gods gave him all great gifts but one; the one they gave not was the power to use those great gifts greatly. He stands forth as the greatest example of genius, pure genius, genius immortal and unavailing. His creative power was shattered into a thousand fragments by the stress and oppression of life. It is but the shreds of itself. Disjecta membra, said Carlyle, are what we have of any poet, or of any man. Of no poet or man is this truer than of Shakespeare.

He stands before us, melancholy, witty, at times half insane, never losing his hold on the objective world, ever knowing what he wanted, dreaming ever high purposes and impossible greatnesses, and waking ever to mean ends and low triumphs. This, this was his great experience of life; for there is no great experience of life that is not finally the calm experience of a sordid disillusion.

His wavering purpose; his unsettled will; his violent and fictitious emotions; his great, formless thoughts; his intuition, the greatest that has ever been, seeing right through a thought and expressing it as if the thought itself spoke, living an alien life down to its blood and flesh and speaking from it as the man himself could never have done; his power of observation, gathering a whole thing into one paramount aspect; his practical ability born of his quick understanding of things......

When the higher faculties of the mind are broken, in abeyance, or sluggish in their operation, the lower ones assume an unwonted force. Thus his practical ability was the one thing that withstood the stress and pressure of life and lack of will. He could amass money who strove in vain to amass the completion of created beauty. If we wish to determine whether he was indeed thus, we have to see whether, towards the end of his life, there is not a growth of practical abruption in practical things.

He began with two long narrative poems - highly imperfect as narrative wholes, and that is the beginning of his secret -, written when he had yet an instinct to write greater than the intellectual $\frac{de-se}{de-se}$ impulse for it. With broadening consciousness, he lost his rapidity of {...}



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