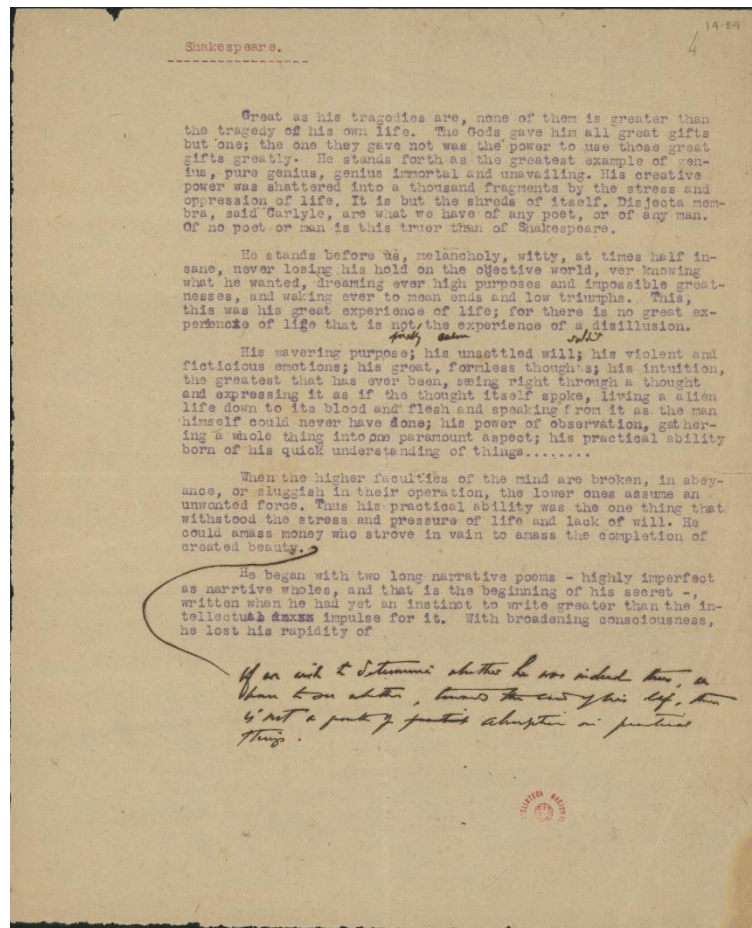


BNP/E3, 19 - 89*



Transcrição

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. Dissecta 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~~ abruptness 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 ~~de-se~~ impulse for it. With broadening consciousness, he lost his rapidity of {...}

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