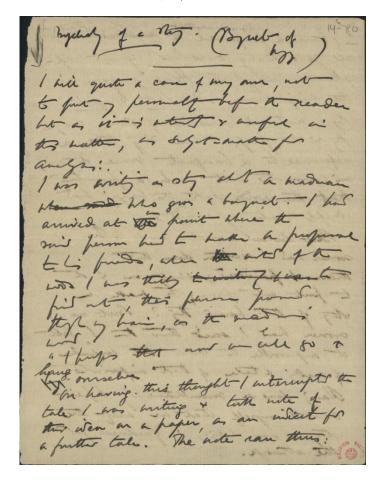
## **MODERNISMO**

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Transcrição

Psychology of a Story. (Banquet of language)

I will quote a case of my own, not to put my personality before the reader but as it is interest and awful in this matter, as subjectmatter for analysis.

I was writing a story about a madman when sad who gives a banquet. I had arrived at the a point where the said person had to make a proposal to his friend, when in instead of the words I was thinking to write I was to find out, this person passed through my brain, as the madness is a mood perhaps that now we could go and hang ourselves.

On having this thought I interrupted the tale I was writing and took note of the idea on a paper, as an indirect for a further tale. The note ran thus:

## **MODERNISMO**

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BNP/E3,  $14^6 - 80^{\circ}$ 

" I have a proposal to made all go + Lang ourselves " Greatplaces. Laytter. Hanging even in the ding room, The Last Sanguel-" By a natural amount files, every reference to a banquet muce it was in connect with meh a function that the words alut to lay has crept into y mind But let us set this aside ho some has I written down the than I powered; that one is it to put at from the make in day of the hours to? Pout no owner had I said that the I fell It impossible to write the unpulse of maly a tale of that imprinte Hans done so, minultanent, fren suaded suprely that in any the the strange with me of me mon is

## Transcrição

"I have a proposal (not omitted) to make, that we all go and hang ourselves." Great applause. Laughter. Hanging even in the dining room. "The Last Banquet" By a natural association of ideas, everything in the proposed new story took a reference to a banquet, since it was in connection with such a function that the words about the longing had crept into our minds.

But let us set this aside. No sooner had I written down this than I pondered: what use is it to put into prose; to make a story of this horrid thing? But no sooner had I said this than I felt it impossible to resist the impulse of making a tale of that inspiration. Having done so, simultaneously, I persuaded myself that in writing the story I was letting my fondness for the strange. Nothing seemed to me more skilled, more reasoned.



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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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