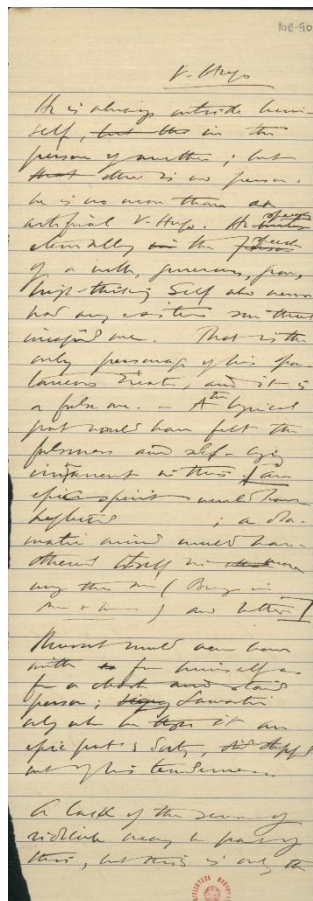


BNP/E3, 14C - 90^o



Transcrição

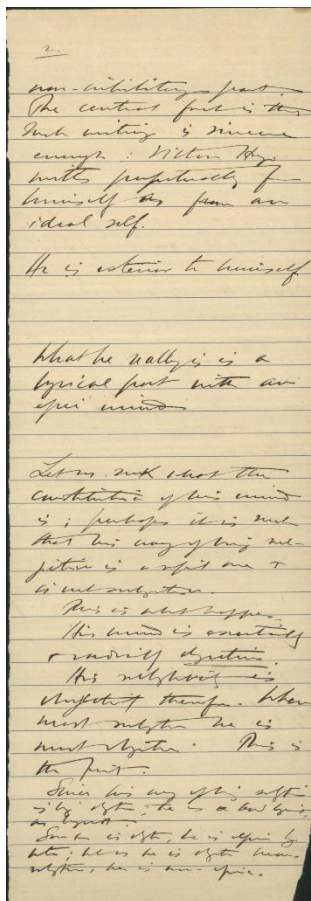
Victor Hugo

He is always outside himself, but that in the person of another; but that other is no person: he is no more than an artificial Victor Hugo. He ~~writes~~ speaks eternally ~~in~~ the ~~person~~ speech of a noble, generous, grave, high-thinking Self who never had any existence save that imagined one. That is the only personage of his spontaneous creation; and it is a false one. - A true lyrical poet would have felt the falseness and self-lying immanent in this; [an epic spirit would have deflected {...}; a dramatic mind would have othered itself ~~other~~ in more ways than one (Browning in Men and Women) and better {...}]

Musset would never have written ~~as~~ for himself as for a chaste and staid person; ~~Vigny~~ Lamartine only when he thought it an epic poet's duty, stepped out of his tenderness.

A lack of the sense of ridicule may be part of this, but this is only the

BNP/E3, 14C - 90v



Transcrição

non-inhibitory part. The central fact is that such writing is sincere enough: Victor Hugo writes perpetually from himself as from an ideal self.

He is exterior to himself.

What he really is is a lyrical poet with an epic mind.

Let us seek what the constitution of his mind is; perhaps it is such that his way of being subjective is a special one and is not subjective.

This is what happens.

His mind is essentially and radically objective.

His subjectivity is objectivity therefore. Where most subjective he is most objective. This is the point.

Since his way of being subjective is being objective; he is a bad lyricist, as lyricist.

Since he is objective, he is epic by nature, but as he is objective means subjective, he is non-epic.

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