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Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu

BNP/E3, 14C - 70^r

does hickens' attraction count in the the nime or in the exactness of his of character delaication ? in the huidness of his prychilopial presentation in the right of his analysis of structures & tats? The neither . Archens of the prighted pit no intractionit. If en he sees toto the but the microsupe of intellect that Ent the pertoscipe of tendements. stickens is in the in the altrosphere of Rings that envelops his creations. Se sees bet - into me where projets logits Lee hirst als who know Commanplace in thought Trulow I'm no Intruse This his philosophy without tramatie + still les portie power That come & some and set * this character to not sutify withlet they do hat not satily this : they manner outsing is the to the arts fre the know the manner of mathet the the. He had no patie power, let an my can be since patie the Ruidren tendencers? Mty; there are at who look he for bit & for splendons is an il the

Transcrição

Does Dickens' attraction consist in the $\forall i$ rigour or in the exactness of his f character-delineation? In the lucidness of his psychological presentation? In the rigour of his analysis of situations and of mental states? It consists in neither. Dickens is no psychologist, no intuitionist; if ever he sees into thought, it is not the microscope of intellect that aids him $|but / it is \rangle$ the spectroscope of tenderness. The charm of Dickens is $/ iies \rangle$ in the atmosphere of kind that envelops his creations. He sees best into souls where psychologists see worst. His characters do not satisfy intellectually, but they do not not-satisfy; this because their manner of satisfying is other. No one asks: Are they correct, exact? Because the manner of satisfaction they give is not this.

Commonplace in thought, trite and vulgar (in no bad sense) in his philosophy, without real dramatic and still less poetic power, he had the genius that springs from kindness, the intelligence that comes of love.

He had not poetic power, but an infinite poetic intelligence. What can be more poetic than kindness, more poetic than tenderness? Nothing; these are at the soul of poetry and he who looks but for /on beauty and for /on splendour is an ill drea poet.

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BNP/E3, 14C - 70^v

alos Hickey attration count as the to con winner of the five servants who attended. Strange, buildering as the matte in the huidness of his prydularial presentation in the rigin of his analos of structures & of ments Too much beauty two los unch plender the To much magniation and & nichtens Too much the benerdence perter time wor alles , went and w nikken. Rive cannot be to much time line Bent, man, unter by use to the state rediced to the the star the description of the all also Rum we are more han the the seen lat wont with evening I am to the Chute helpe the so third + both of have to day the When with the figure in that I prove a had severther intreated idea that of alternam of line of melt sacrifice, of lije . Se al prate # prates Self. Could prest & and men at up to know has Drue wit of the and the with the tes the step then seen the is wit wait with .: " the sail to his The alme all, at April his the of Dry that a to the Nh Killt It the inte the pitt had no pathe paren let an enjoyet port etting can be been postic the handless prove there are at the seal of port yele tendencen ? Ant was bush her for bit of the optionstrand in an ill affect

Transcrição

{...} of the five servants who attended. Strange, bewildering as the matt{...}

Too much beauty tires. Too much splendour loses aches. Too much imagination awes and sickens. Too much benevolence neither tires nor aches, neither awes nor sickens. There cannot be too much benevolence. Beauty, splendour, wisdom may come too late soon, too late. Love never comes too soon, nor too late, though it always go too soon.

All who know me are aware how profound an enemy I am to the Christian religion. Yet I were as blind and hateful if I were to deny that, though its general influence with the prejudice {...} that it gives is bad, nevertheless its central idea, that of altruism, of love, of self sacrifice, of life-devotion is the greater itself. Could priests and ministers, men who up to now have done much of the evil that hearth has had, but strife their creed of its evil accidents and {...}; could they bid themselves above all, as the Master bid them to do, not to the "letter that Killeth" but to the "spirit that giveth life."



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