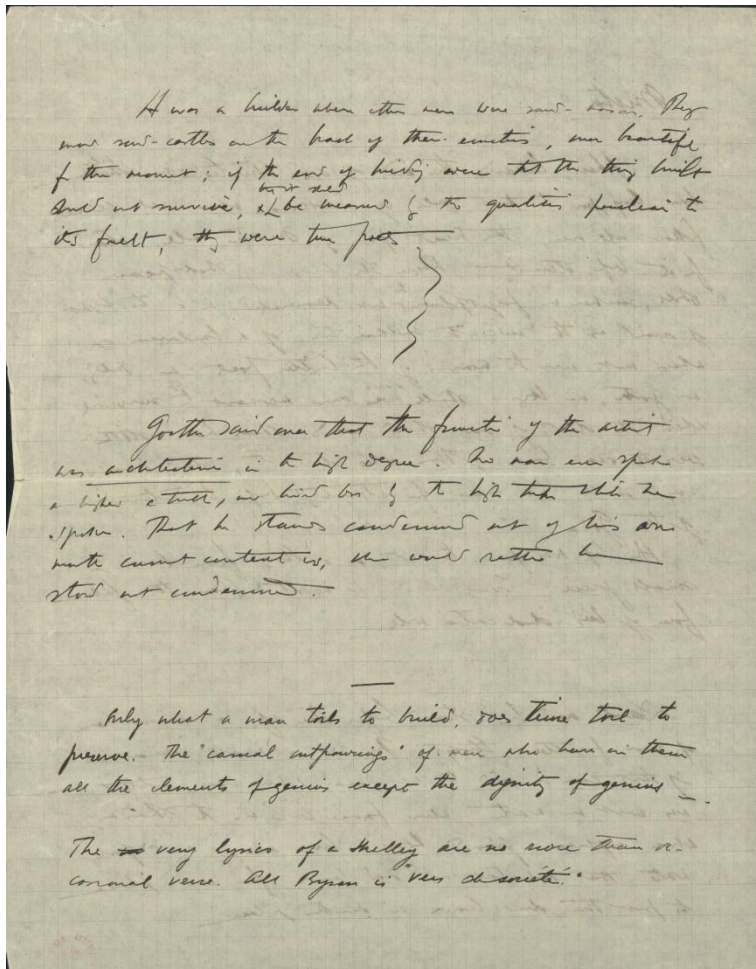


Milton

When, towards the end of ages, Christianity shall
/will\ have long gone to that vale of darkness where all
creeds follow all men, the great power of Milton will
stand for it before eternity. When the plays of
Shakespeare shall, sunken in forgetfulness be but
remembered in a true light of mind as the uncouth
sublimities of a barbarous age; when not even the names of
the latter poets - as Shelley, as Goethe, as Hugo - shall
owe ^{/deserve\} one moment to ^{/of\} survival, when the dust of our
stired roads shall have settled over the dead bones of
those who stired it ^{/them\}, this man's songs shall yet sore
for eternity before the eternity of the Gods {...}

His life was given to art, as a thing from him of
small price. Every verse he wrote bears the full force of
his dedicated will.

Dante and he stand before the ages as reminders of
some forgotten thing. The rest is what remains, if that
can be said to remain whose very [intellect] was wit in
water, whose fame lived in the shadows, whose influence
passed like a bug along despoiled waste, that only took up
dead leaves from one place to put those dead leaves in
another place.

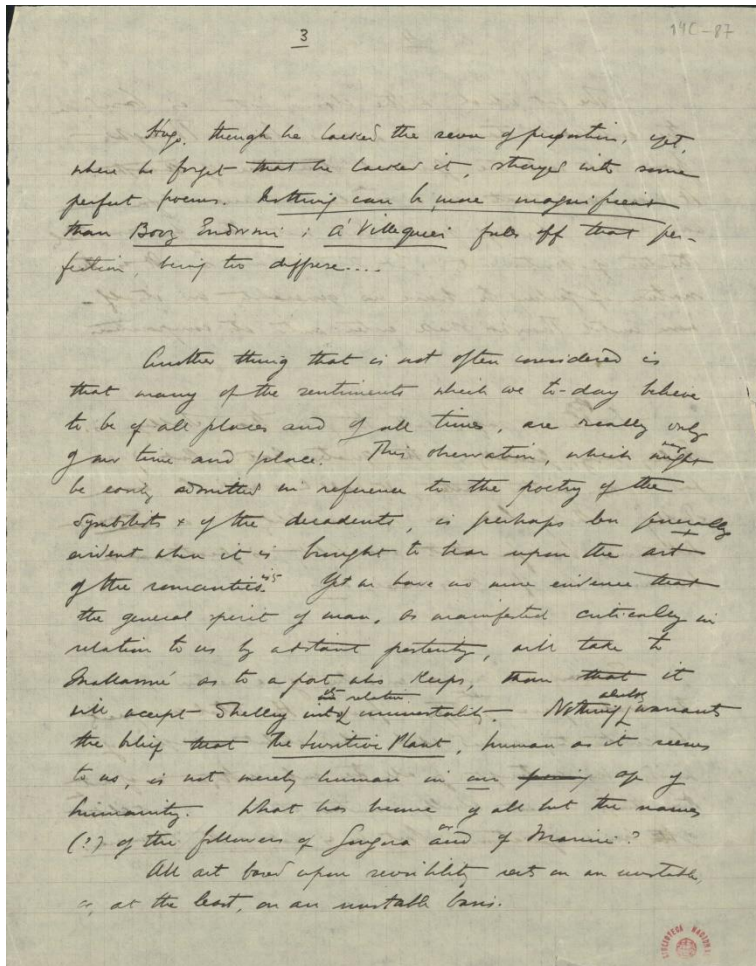


He was a builder where other men were sand-masons. They made sand-castles on the back of their emotions, more beautiful for the moment; if the end of building were that the thing built should not survive, and that it should be measured by the qualities peculiar to its faults, they were true poets, {...}

Goethe said once that the function of the artist was architectonic in the high degree. No man ever spoke a higher truth, nor lived less by the high truth which he spoke. That he stands condemned out of his own mouth cannot content us, who would rather have stood not condemned.

Only what a man toils to build, does time toil to preserve. The "casual outpourings" of men who have in them all the elements of genius except the dignity of genius -.

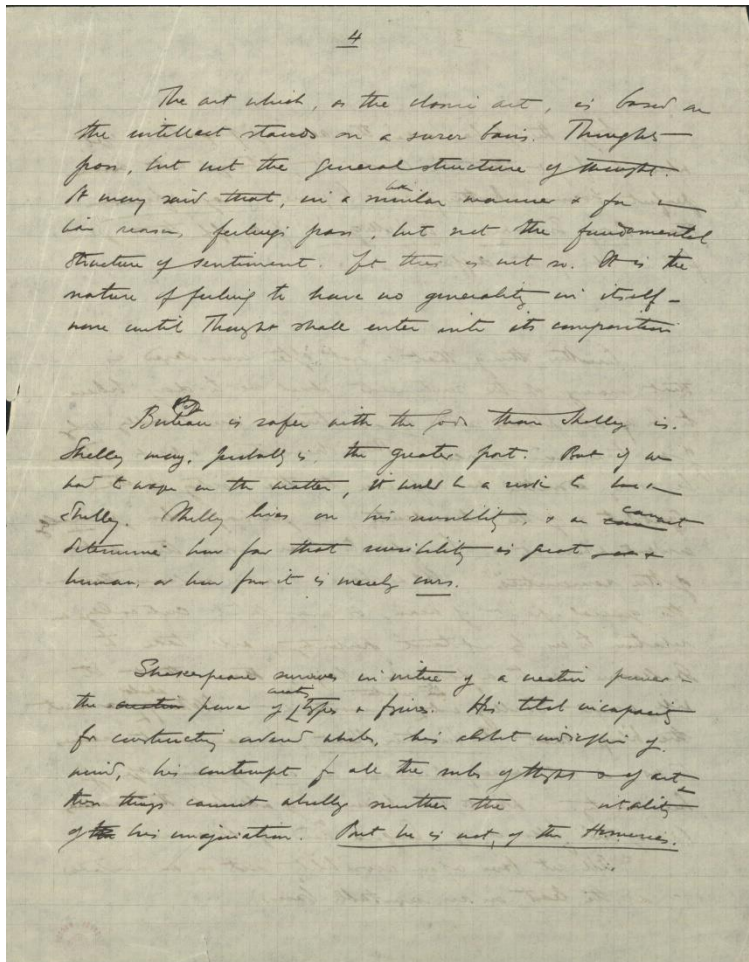
The ~~in~~ very lyrics of a Shelley are no more than occasional verse. All Byron is "vers de société."



Hugo, though he lacked the sense of perfection, yet, when he forgot that he lacked it, strayed into some perfect poems. |Nothing can be more magnificent| than *Booz Endormi*; *Á Villequier* falls off that perfection, being too diffuse...

Another thing that is not often considered is that many of the sentiments which we to-day believe to be of all places and of all times, are really only of our time and place. This observation, which might ^{/may\} be easily admitted in reference to the poetry of the Symbolists and of the decadents, is perhaps less |generally| evident when it is brought to bear upon the art of the romantics^{/ists\}. Yet we have no more evidence that the general spirit of man, as manifested critically in relation to us by a distant posterity, will take to Mallarmé as to a poet who keeps, than that it will accept Shelley into ~~an~~ its relative immortality. Nothing absolutely warrants the belief that *The Sensitive Plant*, human as it seems to us, is not merely human in our ~~passing~~ age of humanity. What has become of all but the names (?) of the followers of Gongora and ^{/or\} of Marini?

All art based upon sensibility rests on an unstable, or, at least, on an unstable basis.



The art which, as the classic art, is based on the intellect stands on a surer basis. Thoughts pass, but not the general structure of thought. It may be said that, in a similar /like\ manner and for a like reason, feelings pass, but not the fundamental structure of sentiment. Yet this is not so. It is the nature of feeling to have no generality in itself - none until thought shall enter into its composition.

Boileau is safer with the Gods than Shelley. Shelley may, probably is, the greater poet. But if we had to wager on the matter, it should be a risk to back Shelley. Shelley lives on his sensibility, and we ~~can~~ cannot determine how far that sensibility is great, ~~or~~ and human, or how from it is merely ours.

Shakespeare survives in virtue of a creative power - the ~~creation~~ power of creating types and figures. His total incapacity for constructing ordered wholes, his absolute indiscipline of mind, his contempt for all the rules of thought and of art - these things cannot wholly smother the {...} vitality of ~~the~~ his imagination. |But he is not of the Homeric.

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