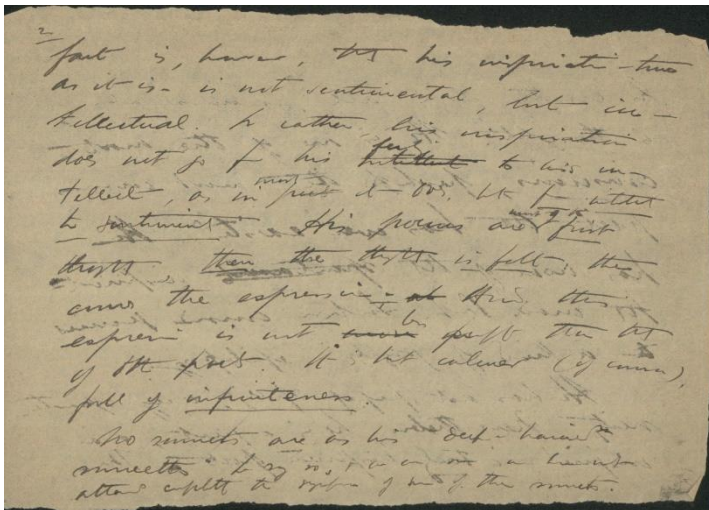


In Anthero de Quental all - [or almost all] - is thought. He is one of the most *conscious*, perhaps *the* most *conscious* poet that has ever existed. He has none of that ~~spontaneity~~ inspiration that made Prof. Lombroso consider genius a kind of psychic epilepsy.

He has not, properly speaking, any spontaneity. Nevertheless, he is a great, and an inspired - a *truly* inspired poet. The

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fact is, however, that his inspiration - true as it is - is not sentimental, but intellectual. Or rather, his inspiration does not go from his ~~intellect~~ feeling to his intellect, as in most poets it does, but from intellect to sentiment. His poems are made of the first thought, then the thought is felt: then comes the expression. And this expression is not ~~more~~ less perfect than that of the poets. It is but calmer (of course), full of infiniteness.

No sonnets are as his "deep-brained sonnets". We say so, and we are sure we have not attained completely the significance of some of the sonnets.

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