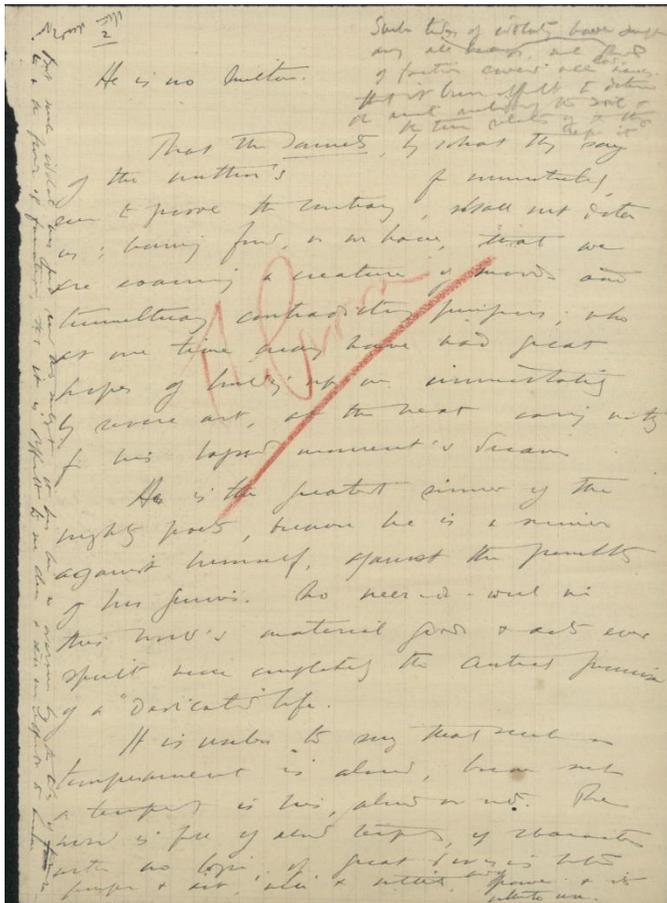


The Shakespeare plays reveal almost everywhere the master's handling - generally magnificent as to individual strokes of psychological intuition, universally consummate in point of expression and diction - of data from other sources and from other hands. The fusion of data is rarely remarkable for perfection; more often than not the superimposed personality of genius is grafted upon a trunk so unfit for that operation, that we have the result of a parasite act only more beautiful, but larger than the [despoiled] plant.

No care of dramatic consistency ever seems to have preoccupied Shakespeare. Nowhere ~~is~~ are his characteristic impatience and artistic / (aesthetic, constructive) \ levity more painfully evident. He ~~see~~ juxtaposes unreconciled elements, grafts new ones on old plants unfit for that operation. Great psychologist as he is by temperament, yet not even ~~the~~ a psychologic sample can call him to aesthetic obedience or persuade him into at least one form of dramatic unity.

The whole mind is in/un\disciplined and un/in\adaptable, hasty, careless and {...}



He is no Milton.

That the *Sonnets*, by what they say of the author's {...} for immortality, seem to prove the contrary, shall not deter us; having found, as we have, that we are examining a creature of moods and tumultuary contradictory purposes; who at one time may have had great hopes of building up on immortality by severe art, at the next caring nothing for his lapsed moment's dream.

He is the greatest sinner of the mighty poets, because he is a sinner against himself, against the possibilities of his genius. No neer-do-well in this world's material goods and acts ever spoilt more completely the central promise of a "dedicated" life.

It is useless to say that such a temperament is absurd, because such a temperament is his, absurd or not. The world is full of absurd temperaments, of characters with no logic, of great divisions between purpose and act, will and instinct, and of power and its collective use.

But such idolatry has paid just this religiosity, it has been so overrun by the tides of ~~fan~~ + and the floods of fanaticism, that it is difficult to see clear and still more difficult to become illusion clearly seen.

Such tides /flows\ of idolatry have swept away all |*images|, such of fanaticism covered all land-marks that it became difficult to determine a real realm of the devil and the true relation of things upon it {...}

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