



Browning, Byron, {...} will disappear although, even, perhaps, to the very names.

Of the 19th century novel, it is probable that only Flaubert, in whose all its tenders are summed and mingled, will go into succeeding ages.

The ideas of the French Revolution, the name we can deny are things like monasticism and Gnosticism - fancies of the madman in us, with no prove of evidence or settlement.

In fine, Shelley and Byron would not have written though would have talked; that was their natural & function. The ~~next~~ ~~is not~~ function of art is not to ease our feelings: art is not an outlet or a sink.

Will so little of our age endure? No. It will all endure, but not in these two [typical types]. Goethe said that an artist only belongs to his age by his faults. It was right.

Unless we are an age of final decadence, in which course nothing of us can or ought to remain (this point we cannot judge), we shall survive in one manner. A great poet will appear with an appeal to eternity - a builder, a master of the intellect. In his work the "genius" of the age will be reflected. All the literary talkers, from Wordsworth to {...}, shall have only been arrived to his individuality.

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