



## Bright star keats genius

John Keats was born in October 1795, the son of the manager of a stable in Moorfields. His father died in 1804 and his mother, suffering from tuberculosis, in 1810. He then received a good education at John Clarke's Enfield Private School. In 1811, he was trained as a surgeon, completing professional training at Guy's Hospital in 1816. His decision to commit himself to poetry rather than a medical career was a brave one, based on a challenge for himself more than any actual achievement. His genius was recognized and encouraged by early mends such as Charles Cowden Clarke and J. H. Reynolds, and in October 1816 he met Leigh Hunt, for whom the Examiner published Keats' first poem. Just seven months later, Poems (1817) appeared. Despite the high hopes of the Hunt circle, it was a failure. By the time Endymion was published in 1818, Keats' name had been identified with Hunt's 'Cockney School', and Tory Blackwood Magazine had launched a violent attack on Keats as a lower-level vulgarity, with no right to aspire to 'poetry'. But for Keats fame lies not in contemporary literary politics, but with post-generation. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth were his inspirations and challenges. The extraordinary speed with which Keats grew up is evident from his letters. In 1818, he worked on the powerful hyperion, and in 1819 he wrote 'The Eve of St. Agnes', 'La Belle Dame sans Merci', the great odes, Lamia, and the profound exploration collapse of Hyperion. Keats was unwell in preparation for episode 1820 for the press; by the time it appeared in July, he was seriously ill. He died in Rome in 1821. Keats' final episode received some important contemporary recognition, but it was not until the late 19th century that his place in British romanticism began to be recognized, and it was not until this century that it was fully recognized. One of the literary author's sexiest and most lasting models is that of romantic genius. A complex and synthesized mythology, with roots from the late 17th century European culture, it has traditionally been linked, in English literature, to the lives and works of six male poets: Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron and Keats. Their self-mythological works, along with their famous and important behind-the-scenes work, have left us with an image of the romantic poet as an inspirational initiater, a visionary prophet, a solitary character, and his own author and artist; a heroic but also tragic man who alienated his society. See J. North, The Domestication of Genius: Biography and the Romantic Poet (Oxford: Oxford University) Press, 2009). CrossRefGoogle ScholarSee, for example, J. Stillinger, Many Authors and Legends of Solitary Genius (New York: University Publishing House 1991); G. Russell, Romance Social networking and literary culture in England, 1770-1840 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002); and S.J. Wolfson, Romantic Interaction: Social Being and turns of literary action (Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2010). Google ScholarQuoted in B.K. Grant (editor) Auteurs and Authorship. A Film Reader (Oxford: Blackwell Publishing, 2008), page 3.Google ScholarM.H. Abrams, The Mirror and the Lamp: Romantic theory and Critical Tradition (Oxford University Press, 1971); J. Caughie (editor) Theories of Authorship (London: Routledge, 1981, 2001), 17–21, 24–5. Google ScholarT. Schatz, The Genius of the System: Hollywood Filmmaking in the Studio Era (London: Faber and Faber, 1988, 1998), p. 5. Google ScholarT. Corrigan, A Cinema Without Walls: Movies and Culture after Vietnam (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1991), p. 103. Google ScholarR.L. Carringer, 'Collaboration and Author Concept', PMLA, CXVI (2) (March 2001): 370-79 (374). Carringer supports 'collaboration analysis' because it retains recognition of the importance of the director agency while taking into account the context of cooperation for that agency. Google ScholarV.W. Wexman, Film and Author (Chapel Hill: Rutgers University Publishing House, 2003), p. 2; and see D.A. Gerstner and J. Staiger (ed.) Authorship and Film (New York: Routledge, 2003), p. 49.Google ScholarSee D. Polan, 'Auteur Desire', Screening the Past, XII (March 2001): 8.Google ScholarL. Borden is quoted in H. Radner, A. Fox and I. Bessiere (ed.) Jane Campion: Cinema, Nation, Identity (Detroit, MI: Wayne State University Press, 2009), p. 20. For Campion as auteur, see examples: D. Polan, Jane Campion (London: British Film Institute, 2001); K. McHugh, Jane Campion (Urbana: University of Illinois) Publishing House, 2007); Radner, Fox and Bessiere; and D. Verhoeven, Jane Campion, Routledge Film Guides (London: Routledge, 2009). Google ScholarSee H. Margolis (eds.) Jane Campion's 'The Piano' (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), pages 7, 12: 'Campion's unique cuts on collaborations... Her career was characterized by the near absence of subordinate positions in other people's projects as well as the unusual level of artistic control over her own projects. 'Google ScholarSpeaking in 1990, cited in V.W. Wexman (eds.) Jane Campion: Interviews (Jackson MI: University Press of Mississippi), 1999), p. 79; and, quote (undated) in Margolis, page 7. See also a 1986 interview about cooperative strains, cited in McHugh (2007), page 150. Google ScholarKeats, letter to Richard Woodhouse (October 27, 1818). See Hyder Edward Rollins (eds.) The Letters of John Keats, 1814–21, 2 vols (Cambridge MA: Harvard University Press, 1958), vol. 1, p. 387.Google ScholarAndrew Motion, Keats (London: Faber and Faber, 1997). Google Keats, letter to Fanny Brawne, Brawne, and October 13, 1819). Letters, episode 2, page 222– 3.Google ScholarSee Keats, letter to Fanny Brawne (July 1, 1819), Letters, vol. 2, p. 123.Google ScholarPage 2 Review of films about writers and writing behavior, The Writer on Film brilliantly refreshes some well-dressed 'adaptable' debates by inviting films and literature to join together in a generous and refreshing way – through the Act Autorschaft cinema Figuration film Imagination Paratext structure Editors and affiliations 1. Department of English and Related LiteratureUniversity of YorkUK2. Humanities Research CentreUniversity of YorkUK Keats, Fanny Brawne, and his poem Bright Star keats reached London three weeks after abandoning The Fall of Hyperion and only one week after asking [Charles Wentworth] Dilke to find him rooms. The accommodation that his friend arranged for him, in 25 College Street, had a comforting atmosphere of continuity. They were near Dilke, who lived on Great Smith Street, and their surroundings, ignored by Westminster Abbey, seemed to recreate Winchester's composure. He lived alone in London for the first time, but he was isolated. He still had to collect his belongings from Wentworth Place. He has not seen Fanny since June, and has only contacted her once since August 16, nearly two months earlier. At their last meeting, they showed each other an equal tenderness, although Fanny had all the uncertainties of youth, and he had his own doubts about commitment. During this period, his reticentness increased as his desire increased, leading to the first tormenting accusations, and finally in a self-defense silence. This has confused and hurt Fanny, and has also caused her to deal with her own feelings. When she opened her doors to Keats on October 10, two days after he arrived in town, she was no longer half an emotional teenager who could be mistaken for flirting. She is a suddenly mature young woman who has been hurt by the threat of losing her love. The uncertainty convinced her that she wanted to devote herself to Keats. Keats falls immediately into a complete passion. He was overwhelmed by Fanny's beauty and tenderness, and when [his friend Charles] Brown teased him with a seemingly true story against [him], he couldn't help but vindicate himself in a way that expressed his true feelings. Inevitably, revelation means reingifying his old worries about independence. When he and Fanny snatched a few minutes alone, the reason for his reasoning was to be solved. When we will pass one day alone, he wrote the next morning. I had a thousand kisses, which with my whole soul I thank love—but if you reject me, thousands first—will not lead me to proof that I how you can live through a great suffering. Mention Fanny's threat in this way, and and that he is at [her] mercy, which means rekindling the claims of their midsummer letters. In two poems he wrote at the same time when he first saw Fanny again— the poems opened up a series of short lyrics — Keats returned to it more openly. First, a sonnet starting Day is gone..., dwelling on the delicious pleasures of the moment: Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hands, and softer breasts, / Warm breath, light whispering, semi-gentle tone, / Bright eyes, finished shape, and languorous waist! The second poem, What Can I Do..., describes the more familiar territory. While he emphasizes that his freedom as a poet depends on his remaining above/The Reach of Vibrating Love, he connects his own situation with the wider issue of independence. Especially the independence of the brother and sister-in-law. The tall, unusual couple suddenly became horrified when he contemplated their lives in America: Will I learn to get my peace again? To banish thoughts about that most hated land, Dungeoner's friends, the wicked strand where they were wrecked and lived a life wrecked; It is the freaky area, which the dull river pours, Ever from their sordid urns to the shore, unowned by any hay-haired god; There is wind, all zephyrless, holding scourging rods, stones in large lakes, to suffering humanity; There are ranks of planting forests, translucent, black, and blind, will fear a Dryad; that harsh-herbaged meads Do lean and lank hungry cows while he eats; There are flowers with no scent, birds have no sweet songs, and amazing unerring nature once seems wrong. There are moments when I can do ... it seems more like a private act of self-scourging than a work entirely achieved. This central part is exceptional, painting a picture of Keats' worries that are unsymmeted and the many set of the second set of self-scourging than a work entirely achieved. This central part is exceptional, painting a picture of Keats' worries that are unsymmeted and the second set of self-scourging than a work entirely achieved. This central part is exceptional, painting a picture of Keats' worries that are unsymmeted and the second set of self-scourging than a work entirely achieved. This central part is exceptional, painting a picture of Keats' worries that are unsymmeted and the second set of self-scourging than a work entirely achieved. abandoning The Fall. It contained a desperate appeal to the classic order he had always espoused, but showed that his old loyalty had eroded. That's enough! it ends in pain. It is enough for me / To your dreams! Keats left Fanny on 10 October knowing that his future plans had failed. He spent the next few days trying to revive them. He arranged his room in College Street. He tried to persevere with his reading. He made fair copies of his new poems. He may have gone to see Hazlitt in York Street to ask about writing for liberal magazines. If he had done, he would have found the brunette critic confirming the impression he had achieved elsewhere. Hazlitt simply points to his own difficulties to prove that journalism is an thankless task. in recent months, he has been muzzle, defamatory, under-paid and dismissed in an uncitident way when [William] Hazlitt then recorded his impression of Keats, he said lack of masculine energy and strong spirit. With the emphasis that Keats's other friends put on his pugnacity and resolution, the description seems unsusiable unless we suppose Hazlitt only remembers how Keats appeared at this particularly sunny time. During his weeks in Winchester, he made a few significant references to his health. Is he feeling better than he did all summer, or is he simply hiding the truth? Severn, who also saw him in the College Street days, was attacked by his frailty. When they met on 24 October, to discuss the submission of [Joseph] Severn's The Cave of Despair painting to the Royal Academy's historic painting competition, Severn stated that Keats seemed in high spirits but had not been well done by his absence from London. In the coming weeks, Keats continues to avoid mentioning his health. His mood showed it had deteriorated rapidly. He was almost constantly depressed and unsympressed. The more Keats tries to focus on his work, the more fanny feels to consume. His letters show that she has even begun to dominate his most sacred loyalty: the principle of beauty in everything. He uses her appearance as an absolute (seeking to assure you by your beauty), and he tells her: The beauty of nature has lost their power over me. The result isn't so much a sense of eclipse as of collapse, and his fretting of freedom soon turns into a prison-about complaint about being fanny's emprison[er], and living in a kind of gaol himself. As his illness worsened, this arrogance became a frightening reality. Fanny becomes confused in his mind with the reasons for his impending death. On October 11, Keats told Fanny that he had arranged for Ms Dilke to accompany him on his next visit to Hampstead, to lend an air suitable for their meeting. If he hopes that this will help him control his emotions, he soon realizes he is powerless. I cannot survive without you, he told Fanny in his next letter, recalling the words of the poet in front of Moneta's temple in The Fall. I forgot everything but seeing you again-My life seemed to stop there-I saw no more. You absorbed me. I feel at the moment as if I'm vanishing. In their extreme outspokenness, these phrases come perilously close to sounding histrionic, and as Keats continues to write he is clearly scared as much. Briefly restraining himself, he introduced a new element into his letter, one that provided it with a seemingly firmer framework, but in fact only unders emphasized Fanny's dominate. Don't threaten me. both in jest, he told her. I was surprised that humans can die martyrs for religion-I was shudder'd at it-I shudder no more-I could be martyrs for my religion-Love is mys maybe die for that-- I could die for you. My belief is love and you are the only principle of it. The language here echoes the religious references of his two recent poems, which talk about the love of missal and heresy and heresy. It led a biographer to speculate that Keats was anticipating a formal engagement that led to the sacrament of marriage. This is reasonable, as long as we realize that Keats still does not view marriage as a safe haven. He considered it suspicious for years—along with other diligent religious frauds. Now there are better reasons than ever to do so. With this, the letter seems to say more about the contraction of the Keats world than about marriage contracts. Fanny is not only the focus of her belief in beauty, she has also replaced other systems of order and control. She has become her entire universe in miniature. Two days after writing the letter, on 15 October, Keats returned to Wentworth Place for another visit. Instead of helping to clarify his thoughts on the future, it just complicates them. Whether Fanny recognizes it or not, his recent remarks about the church have awakened deep memories connected to his love for her. When Tom died last winter, a few hundred yards from where they were talking, Keats angrily refused to engage in any cede comments about the death. And when he recently thought about George in America, he imagined him without even the consolation of legend or nature. Whirling in a trembling, he told himself again and again that Fanny was bound to make him miserable, as well as succouring him. Writing about Moneta, he was confronted with the image of his dead mother. Loving his lover, he can not help but anticipate absence and loss. A few years after his death, Fanny was asked whether Keats could be judged as crazy in the past year or so in his life. She was hurt to say that he may have never addressed an unso kind expression, much less a violence, for any human being. But she also admitted that while handing himself in to her, he seemed... to turn yourself on. It is worth noting that she never seemed threatened by this. Perhaps her part of enjoying trumpery novels makes her feel that any love affair may seem a bit un realistic - like the plot of a romance come alive. Perhaps the strong flow of his own emotions simply swept away the thought that there was anything excessive in Keats's rally. In any case, her steady acceptance is remarkable: a proof of her devotion, and also of her mature composure. By staying in one mind herself, she instructs Keats through the contradictions of their own thoughts towards a final decision. Returning to College Street after the three-hour dream of his visit, he told Ms Dilke that he would soon not be my accommodation, too. He had planned to return to live with Brown in Wentworth Place. decided to do nothing to solve his mess. On October 19, just before leaving College Street, Keats ended a letter to Fanny by saying I couldn't say what I was writing, then started a sonnet that combined a call for mercy with a complete claim of ownership: O! Let me have you whole-all, all, is mys! That shape, that fairness, the sweet little fascity of love, your kiss, the hands, the sacred eyes, the warmth, the whiteness, the lusop, your million-pleasured breast-soul-in pity for me all, Retain no atoms or I die. Sonnet seems to have expanded its portfolio until the final complete stop. As the end approached, Keats realized that if Fanny didn't return her feelings, she would make him, like the knight in La Belle Dame, thrall her misery. It is a prospect that breaks his hasty by turning desire into despair. He realizes that he risks not being a satisfied lover nor a self-fulfilled writer: Or living on perhaps, thrall your misery, Forgetting, the purpose of life-palate of my mind Take its gust, and blind my ambitions! It is likely that Keats wrote another poem and became better known shortly after completing this sonnet: Bright Star. Dating is precisely difficult, but among the different possibilities, at least one fact linked it to October 1819. In line 7/8 sonnet refers to the new soft mask/Snow, and on October 22 an unusually heavy and early snowstorm swept through London. Other reasons to assume that Keats wrote it this month are equally convincing. The poem resonates with phrases and ideas that Keats used in his recent letters to Fanny: Bright star! I will be steadfast as you art- Not in solitary splendour hanging over high night and watching, with eternal lids apart, like patients of nature, Eremite do not sleep, The waters move at their priestlike mission Pure Ablution around the coast of the earth man, Or look at the new soft falling mask of snow on the mountains and moors- Not-but still steadfast, still can not change, Pillowed when the breast ripens of my fair love, To feel forever its soft swell and fall, Awake forever in a sweet unrest, still to hear her tender breath-taking, And so live ever- or The steadfast yearning of poems grows the appeal of I cry your mercy .... Its reference to priestlike mission waters reminds us that Keats recently referred to his religious love. Ripe breasts, same porn and moms, recalling brilliant breasts in What Can I Do..., and That Warm, White, Lucent, Million-Pleasured Breasts in I Cry Your Mercy.... For all these similarities, Bright Star is distinct from other poems written for Fanny. Instead of panting and panting, filling its contours with irregular rhythms and jerky winks, it struggles to maintain discipline of a strict form, a stable antithesis, and a growing idea. In these respects, it is a poem that at the same time recognizes and masters fanny's unsustainable power- as long as Keats keeps his attention fixed in heaven, where the wonderful unerring nature is exemplary and reconciled. In sestet, though, where Keats turns to Fanny himself, control of the poem begins to loosen. The star's steadfast and i can't change attributes can only be maintained in solitary splendor. Once Keats gets a pillow on his lover, he is condemned as sweetly unstable, because of the tense repetition and three times of ever unsuphatable. This poses a troubling question. Are the star's qualities in fact as important to Keats as he implies? Or rather, are they important because they describe a condition he cannot compete with? At the beginning of the poem, they trigger a stream of thoughts that are not completed, and in the end they seem admirable but remote-less intimate support nor integration. This is why the last phrase of the poem, or else swoon to death, seems to carry more weight than all the accumulated reassurances of the previous lines. Even if death punningly connotes sexual satisfaction rather than actual mortality, it still suggests that Keats ever wanted to be an impossibility. Finished Bright Star keats know that one type of consistency is gone, and another has yet to be confirmed. On October 18, twelve days before his 24th birthday, he finally asked Ms Dilke to let Fanny know that he would return to live with Brown. The next day, he told her himself, asking shortly afterwards that their understanding would now become a formal arrangement, and could give her a garnet ring. It was an important decision, but they did their best to keep it a secret, and agreed that Fanny should not wear the ring in public. They have many reasons. Keats knew that he could not afford to marry in the near future. He also realized that Ms. Brawne did not approve. She still likes Keats, but understands that his prospects are bleak, and hopes that the plan will go off in due course. Furthermore, he did not trust the reaction of his family and friends—just as it happened. He said nothing to his brother and sister, or brown, Taylor, Woodhouse, Severn and Rice. Dilke and Reynolds guickly discover what happened. Dilke wrote in private, God help them. It's a bad thing for them, and Reynolds jealously disparages unhappy... Connect. It's not just the inapproval of others Keats got into trouble when he settled back to Wentworth Place. Living under the same as Fanny brings clear joy; it exacerbates his torment as well. He told Fanny that he had to impose chains on himself if he had endured living very close to her, and now he was as good as his promise. On the advice of Burton's Anatomy, which emphasized that meateating increased physical desire, he put himself on a vegetarian diet, telling his sister that he hoped it would mean that my brain could never from there be in a greater fog than theirs by nature. Brown is only a little reassured by these self-signs. Keats seemed more decisive than he did in Winchester, but he was still mentally and internally disi minhevable. His plan to live as a journalist was nothing, and his poetry stalled. Brown did all he could to encourage him, seizing eagerly on a report in the Examiner which revealed that Kean had decided to honour his contract with Drury Lane, and would stay in London throughout the winter. He urged Keats to make a few minor modifications to Otho, and said he would send it to Elliston, the theater manager. Keats agreed to make the changes, despite gloomily refusing to give his name as author, fearing that his low reputation would damage his chances of getting a fair reading. He was equally pessimistic about other possibilities. He temporarily devoted his thoughts of publishing a new volume, encouraged, perhaps, by Taylor's angry response to Woodhouse's revised report. (If he won't so far acknowledge my desire to leave the Passage [in The Eve of St. Agnes] as it originally stood, Taylor wrote, I must be content to contemplate his poems with some other imprint.) He recognized King Stephen's manuscript and abandoned it after a few scenes. It is possible that the debris began this living hand ... is part of his effort, and it gives a bleak view of his mental state. Speaking anonymously, the lines turn their appeal into something like blackmail: This living hand, now warm and capable of serious grasp. will, if it is cold And in the icv silence of the tomb. So haunt your thy day and cold night dream that you will want your heart to dry blood So, in my vein red life can stream again. And the reticently calm- see here it is I hold it towards you. Nothing that Keats tried, and nothing that Brown suggested, made any difference to his mood. On November 10, he described himself to Severn as still lazy, unemployed, unsymed and unselfish, knowing that however he could blame the world at large for his circumstances, the source of his greatest suffering lay very close to home. He lived just a few feet from Fanny, but was prevented by the scene of her marriage, and by convention having sex with her. Every day is filled with the joy-disappointment that Brown, in his kindness, constantly doing worse. Over the summer, a new life maid came to work at Wentworth Place: a beautiful, fiery, semi-literacy young woman named Abigail O'Donaghue, with a family from Killarney in Ireland, Shortly after returning from Winchester, Brown began sleeping with her, and guickly made her pregnant, Usually, with the manners of age, this will be something that Keats will not have difficulty accepting. He has, after all, recently joked about Severn either getting a bastard or being cuckolded into accepting one as his. Now it only fuels his rage and frustration. Keats's sexual longing dramatised his other sense of failure: poetic as well as professional and financial. Shortly after moving back to Wentworth Place, he borrowed some more money from Brown. This guickly ran out, forcing him to reguest loans from Haslam and other friends. How did he help his brother, let alone? Making a reluctant visit to London, to meet Ms Wylie, he again managed to hide his level of difficulty. In a letter to his sister, he admitted that George's problems confused me greatly, and accepted that he would soon have to start visiting the Abbey again. When the first of these visits takes place, it only brings further boredom. Although Ms Midgley Jennings' call for Chancery was recently rejected, the value of the stock was very low. Abbey advised him not to sell. Then finally came better news. Fry, who co-trusts Tom's estate living in the Netherlands, wrote to Abbey and gave Keats the right to a lawyer he had recently requested. Although the market is still performing badly, Keats knows where his mission lies. He sold part of Tom's inheritance, recognizing the £100 he had sent to the US immediately. He ended the deal feeling that he had finally done something valuable- but within a few weeks it became clear that even this success was a kind of failure. The ship on which money passed through the Atlantic, William, was delayed by the storm and did not reach its destination until the New Year. At this point George decided that his brother needed help in sorting out their work, and had left for England The round trip will cost him almost £200; he felt it would be worth it if he could come home with even double that amount. Keats' efforts to improve his own situation were not too unlucky. Recognizing tom's extra £200 of money (which was the first he had collected since his brother's death), he paid off his debts, sent £100 to his sister, and binhed his accommodation arrangements with Brown. This gave him a breathing space for a while short, and in a limited sense. At no fault of his own, his recent deals have increased the gap that is open between himself and his friends. When he next sees Dilke, for example, at The Navy Pay Bureau at Somerset House, he impatiently denied that George would have done better to join Birkbeck's settlement than set up the business in Louisville. Dilke, who did his best to support Keats by concealing his doubts about Fanny, was taken out. The kindness of friends was at this point oppressing [Keats], he said then. From this stage, his frailty & amp; body, increase — his entire mind & amp; heart is in a spiral of disputed passions – he sees nothing calmly or disappointingly. Keats sinks deeper into himself, fidgeting with Stephen and adding only a few lines, desperate for news of Otho and hearing nothing. When Hazlitt began a series of new lectures, on the drama Elizabeth, at the Surrey Institute in early November, he did not attend. He couldn't face the seven-mile tramp from Wentworth Place, or the unfortunate faces he would see when he was there. When Severn invited him to watch his painting hang in the Royal Academy, he deflected him cribly. When he wrote to George and Georgiana, he was unable to provide information about his sister (I have not seen [her] since I returned from Winchester), and provided only the most sketchy information about the general friends. Our sets, he says, continue [to] separate as we get older, each following with more precise bent of our own minds. Rice was sick, he added, and Reynolds in Lodgings... And... placed in the law. As he continued to mention Dilke and Severn, he could not avoid giving the impression that he, and not them, had become alone; the days of his cavalry were long gone. It was the kind of confession that he had previously spared his brother, and quickly became apparent. I've been trying to write lately, he says pitifully, but with less success as I require a little encouragement, [and] less better fortun [e] to happen you and happier news from you before I can wr [i]te with an untrammell'd mind. Nothing could have in all its cases fallen out worse for me than last year did, or could be more damping to my poetic talent.

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