Romanticism

Mood Music
## Reaction to Enlightenment and Industrialization

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Romanticism

**Hate**
- Industrial Revolution
- Urbanization
- Enlightenment
- Reason
- Progress

**Love**
- Emotion (romantic love, passion)
- Innocence
- Mystical Religions
- Nostalgia: Middle Ages
- Nature
William Blake - “satanic mills” and was against hard life of London poor

William Wordsworth saddened by passing of rural life and pollution

Luddites: handicraft workers attacked factories in North England since 1811 and smashed new machines because it was seen as taking their jobs

Engles capital exploitation of industrial workers worse than old poverty of cottage workers and agricultural workers in *Condition of the Working Class in England*
Your Task

Poets:
1) Read one poem.
2) What do you hate?
3) What do you value?

Authors:
1) Tell us your story.
2) What do you hate?
3) What do you value?

Artists:
1) Explain your image.
2) What do you hate?
3) What do you value?
Excerpt from Chapter 5

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips. ... I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart.
John Constable (1776-1837)
Eugene Delacroix  (1798-1863)
Romanticism is precisely situated neither in choice of subjects nor in exact truth, but in a mode of feeling. 

They looked for it outside themselves, but it was only to be found within.

For me, Romanticism is the most recent, the latest expression of the beautiful.

There are as many kinds of beauty as there are habitual ways of seeking happiness. This is clearly explained by the philosophy of progress; thus, as there have been as many ideals as there have been ways in which the peoples of the earth have understood ethics, love, religion, etc., so romanticism will not consist in a perfect execution, but in a conception analogous to the ethical disposition of the age.

It is because some have located it in a perfection of technique that we have had the rococo of romanticism, without question the most intolerable of all forms.

Thus it is necessary, first and foremost, to get to know those aspects of nature and those human situations which the artists of the past have disdained or have not known.

To say the word Romanticism is to say modern art—that is, intimacy, spirituality, colour, aspiration towards the infinite, expressed by every means available to the arts.
She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that’s best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o’er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!
"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulcher and embalms our name." (Chapter XXIX)

"Chivalry!-why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection-the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant-Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword." (Chapter XXIX)

"For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears." (Chapter XXXIII)

It is grievous to think that those valiant barons, to whose stand against the crown the liberties of England were indebted for their existence, should themselves have been such dreadful oppressors, and capable of excesses contrary not only to the laws of England, but to those of nature and humanity. But, alas ...fiction itself can hardly reach the dark reality of the horrors of the period. (Chapter 24.33)
This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calmed--see here it is--
I hold it towards you.
John Keats, *The Human Seasons*, 1819

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of Man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness -to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook: -
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.
Other Romantics

- **Grimm Brothers**: Grimm Fairytales
- **Samuel Coleridge**: *Kubalia Khan*, *Rhime of the Ancient Mariner*

Individuals bring meaning to the world, does not want to think too much for fear of not feeling

- **Bronte Sisters**: *Jane Eyre* (Charlotte Bronte), *Wuthering Heights* (Emily Bronte)
- **Alexander Dumas**: *Three Musketeers*, *Count of Monte Cristo*, *Hunchback of Notre Dame*
Trolling

If the Romantics had the ability to troll the internet, whose Twitter would they target?
Industrialists
Nobility
Philosophes
Adam Smith
Urban Planners
Instructions: Create 5 original Tweets from the perspective of ONE Romantic (author, artist, poet, etc).
Each Tweet should target a different person/group the Romantics would have disliked.