

1: Fra Lippo Lippi Poem by Robert Browning

"Fra Lippo Lippi" is a dramatic monologue, a poem in which the speaker assumes someone else's voice, and delivers a speech explaining his or her motives, actions, or feelings. Choose an historical figure or fictional character, and write your own dramatic monologue in his or her voice.

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! You need not clap your torches to my face. Aha, you know your betters! But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves Pick up a manner nor discredit you: Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets And count fair prize what comes into their net? Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends. Bid your hangdogs go Drink out this quarter-florin to the health Of the munificent House that harbours me And many more beside, lads! I could not paint all night "Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air. Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight, " three slim shapes, And a face that looked up Into shreds it went, Curtain and counterpane and coverlet, All the bed-furniture " a dozen knots, There was a ladder! Down I let myself, Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped, And after them. And so as I was stealing back again To get to bed and have a bit of sleep Ere I rise up tomorrow and go work On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast With his great round stone to subdue the flesh, You snap me of the sudden. Come, what am I a beast for? I was a baby when my mother died And father died and left me in the street. I starved there, God knows how, a year or two On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks, Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day, My stomach being empty as your hat, The wind doubled me up and down I went. Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand, Its fellow was a stinger as I knew And so along the wall, over the bridge, By the straight cut to the convent. Six words there, While I stood munching my first bread that month: Brief, they made a monk of me; I did renounce the world, its pride and greed, Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking-house, Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici Have given their hearts to " all at eight years old. Not overmuch their way, I must confess. They tried me with their books: I had a store of such remarks, be sure, Which, after I found leisure, turned to use. The monks looked black. Lose a crow and catch a lark. What if at last we get our man of parts, We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine And put the front on it that ought to be! First, every sort of monk, the black and white, I drew them, fat and lean: Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog! The Prior and the learned pulled a face And stopped all that in no time. Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all! Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true As much as pea and pea! Give us no more of body than shows soul! Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head With wonder at lines, colours, and what not? Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms! Rub all out, try at it a second time. Have it all out! You should not take a fellow eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls. The old mill-horse, out at grass After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so, Although the miller does not preach to him The only good of grass is to make chaff. What would men have? As it is, You tell too many lies and hurt yourself: To be passed over, despised? But why not do as well as say, " paint these Just as they are, careless what comes of it? Art was given for that; God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out. A bit of chalk, And trust me but you should, though! How much more, If I drew higher things with the same truth! Oh, oh, It makes me mad to see what men shall do And we in our graves! To find its meaning is my meat and drink. I painted a Saint Laurence six months since At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style: We get on fast to see the bricks beneath. Oh, the church knows! And hearken how I plot to make amends. I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece I shall paint God in their midst, Madonna and her babe, Ringed by a bowery flowery angel-brood, Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet As puff on puff of grated orris-root When ladies crowd to Church at midsummer. Well, all these Secured at their devotion, up shall come Out of a corner when you least expect, As one by a dark stair into a great light, Music and talking, who but Lippo! Back I shrink " what is this I see and hear? Could Saint John there draw " His camel-hair make up a painting-brush? We come to brother Lippo for all that, Iste perfect opus! Saint Lucy, I would say. Go, six months hence! Your hand, sir, and good-bye: Fra Brother Lippo Lippi was an actual Florentine monk who lived in the fifteenth century. He was a painter of some renown, and Browning most probably gained familiarity with his works

during the time he spent in Italy. He shares with the men the hardships of monastic life: Which kind of art best serves religious purposes? Should art even serve religion at all? As in much of his other poetry, Browning seeks to capture colloquial speech, and in many parts of the poem he succeeds admirably: Lippo includes outbursts, bits of songs, and other odds and ends in his rant. In his way Browning brilliantly captures the feel of a late-night, drunken encounter. Commentary The poem centers thematically around the discussion of art that takes place around line Lippo has painted a group of figures that are the spitting image of people in the community: Everyone is amazed at his talent, and his great show of talent gains him his place at the monastery. However, his talent for depicting reality comes into conflict with the stated religious goals of the Church. The Church leadership believes that their parishioners will be distracted by the sight of people they know within the painting: However, the conflict between Lippo and the Church elders also cuts to the very heart of questions about art: If it is to instruct, is it better to give men ordinary scenes to which they can relate, or to offer them celestial visions to which they can aspire? Lippo has no aspirations beyond simple mimesis, while the Prior has no respect for the importance of the quotidian. Thus the debate is essentially empty, since it does not take into account the power of art to move man in a way that is not intellectual but is rather aesthetic and emotional. Lippo is trapped between the ascetic ways of the monastery and the corrupt, fleshly life of his patrons the Medicis. Neither provides a wholly fulfilling existence. Indeed, as we know, even the Prior finds his own precepts impossible to follow. The anything-goes morality of the Medicis rings equally hollow, as it involves only a series of meaningless, hedonistic revels and shallow encounters. This Renaissance debate echoes the schism in Victorian society, where moralists and libertines opposed each other in fierce disagreement. Browning seems to assert that neither side holds the key to a good life. Yet he concludes, as he does in other poems, that both positions, while flawed, can lead to high art:

2: Fra Lippo Lippi (poem) - Wikipedia

"Fra Lippo Lippi" stands as one of Browning's most sophisticated dramatic monologues because it works on so many different levels. It is a discourse on the purpose of art, on the responsibility of the artist, the limits of subjectivity, the inadequacy of moral shapes and strictures, and lastly a triumph of dramatic voice.

The subject, Brother Lippi, was a monk and painter of Renaissance Italy. He was one of the first painters in the naturalist school. Robert Browning Fra Lippo Lippi has been caught wandering at night by the watch and suspected to be a vagrant. Undaunted the Fra gives the explanation of his presence there at that time. He asks the watchman to release his hold on the throat as he is a man of some social position. He is irritated about the rude manners of the watchmen and asks their leader to teach some manners to the men under him. If he had a piece of chalk or even coal, he could show them what he could do. The leader of the watch, asks him if he is a painter. The Fra says that he is indeed a painter. Fra Lippo Lippi continues that he has been staying for the last three weeks at the palace of the Cosimo, painting portraits of saints, one after the other. On the present night, as he was engaged in painting, he happened to lean out of the window to breathe the fresh air when he heard a group of gay young men and women laughing and singing merry songs. And as they rounded the corner, he saw three slim shapes of flower girls or young prostitutes passing by. He was so attracted by the beautiful face or one of them that he climbed down the balcony to the street with the help of an improvised ladder made from the curtains, the counterpane and the coverlet. He followed the three flower girls and after enjoying the fun he was going back to the palace when the watch came up and caught hold of him. Fra Lippo Lippi then proceeds to tell his life story to the watch. When he was just a little child, he lost both of his parents and was thus left to starve in the streets. For some time he managed to live on by scrapping the refuse and the rubbish in the streets. Afterwards his aunt took him to a convent to be made a monk. He was at the time only eight years of age. At the convent he had little manual work to do. The Monks tried, to teach him Latin, but in this he failed miserably, however, he showed an aptitude towards drawing from an early age. While wandering about in the streets for eight years in search of food, he had closely studied hundreds of faces and built up a storehouse in his mind about their different characters and temperaments. The monks became irritated and requested the Prior to turn the young boy out of the convent. But the Prior said that they could use his talents well at a later stage and he encouraged the young boy to continue painting. He, therefore, went on drawing pictures of monks, both fat and lean, as well as of the crowds of people who came to the church for prayers. The monks began to appreciate his drawings for their realism and praised him. But the Prior and some other learned priests reacted differently. They said that his pictures were too realistic. So much homage should not be paid to the human body, which was after all mortal. The human soul should be the theme of his painting and the body should be drawn only to the extent of illustrating the soul. They asked him to rub out all his paintings so far executed and start afresh. Fra Lippo Lippi, however, disagreed with this approach to art. Thus, while painting the pretty niece of the Prior, he had to ensure that he would depict the exact expression in her eyes-hope, fear, sorrow, or joy-and make the picture pulsate with life as also to add the soul to it. It was possible to draw a beautiful figure without the soul in it. In painting his portraits, Fra Lippo Lippi had certainly gone beyond the limits set by the monks, but he was of the opinion that it was wrong for the monks to expect a young lad to spiritualize his art. He now painted at his sweet will. His patron was Master Cosimo of the Medici at whose house he was now staying. However, he continued thinking of the advice of the Prior and his brother monks that he would never become a great painter like Brother Angelico and Brother Lorenzo, if he did not spiritualize his art. Sometimes he had to paint in accordance with their directions, but he never believed that they the monks were good judges of art only because they were good in Latin. He did not also believe that the physical world and life were valueless like a dream and that reality lay beyond the world. That was why he sometimes took part in wild pranks and fooleries as he had done this night by going after the flower girls. The human body had been created by God and its beauties and pleasures could not just be ignored. No true artist could also ignore the beauty of nature "the look of the town, the flow of the river the mountains round it and the sky above and more than that, the figures of men, women and children". An artist

should be truthful and realistic. He should not ignore any aspect, physical or spiritual, in his paintings. It was also wrong to say that as God had made nature, it was futile to reproduce it on the canvas. Many of the things painted by painters, are not noticed by most people and the artists make them conscious of these beauties of nature. This was the true function of art, according to him. The world should not be blindly despised or scorned. It had a deep meaning and it was the function of the artist to discover that meaning and express it in his paintings. The Prior and such other people might say that such pictures glorifying the human body or depicting the beauties of nature, were not going to urge the people towards acts of piety like fasting or prayer but real art was not meant to serve such a purpose. People might be urged towards fasting and prayers by pictures of the skull and bones, the sign of the cross or the ringing of the church bells. Six months ago, he had painted the picture of Saint Laurence at Prato, near Florence and one of the monks had appreciated it and said that it served its purpose. Fra Lippo Lippi, having by now finished his life-story, requests the watch not to misreport him. He promises to make amends for slipping out of the palace to enjoy with the flower-girls, by spending six months in painting a huge picture for St. He will depict God, Virgin Mary and the child Jesus surrounded by a large number of sweet, innocent looking angels in this painting. He might also paint a saint or two St. Ambrose as also Job, the man of patience, in this piece of painting. And in one corner of this painting, he will depict himself, looking somewhat foolish and out of place in such heavenly company. He is sure that it would be a beautiful picture. Bidding goodbye to the watch, Fra Lippo Lippi now slips away to the Medici palace, where he is staying. He tells the watch that he does not require the help of light from their torches, as he can find his way to his residence in the darkness.

3: SparkNotes: Robert Browning's Poetry: "Fra Lippo Lippi"

Fra Lippo Lippi is an dramatic monologue written by the Victorian poet Robert Browning which first appeared in his collection Men and Women and www.enganchecubano.comhout this poem, Browning depicts a 15th-century real-life painter, Filippo Lippi.

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! You need not clap your torches to my face. Aha, you know your betters! But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves Pick up a manner nor discredit you: Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets And count fair price what comes into their net? Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends. Bid your hang-dogs go Drink out this quarter-florin to the health Of the munificent House that harbours me And many more beside, lads! I could not paint all night" Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air. Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,"thre e slim shapes, And a face that looked up. Into shreds it went, Curtain and counterpane and coverlet, All the bed-furniture" a There was a ladder! Down I let myself, Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped, And after them. And so as I was stealing back again To get to bed and have a bit of sleep Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast With his great round stone to subdue the flesh, You snap me of the sudden. Come, what am I a beast for? I was a baby when my mother died And father died and left me in the street. I starved there, God knows how, a year or two On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks, Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day, My stomach being empty as your hat, The wind doubled me up and down I went. Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand, Its fellow was a stinger as I knew And so along the wall, over the bridge, By the straight cut to the convent. Six words there, While I stood munching my first bread that month: Brief, they made a monk of me; I did renounce the world, its pride and greed, Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house, Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici Have given their hearts to" all at eight years old. Not overmuch their way, I must confess. They tried me with their books: All the Latin I construe is, "amo" I love! I had a store of such remarks, be sure, Which, after I found leisure, turned to use. The monks looked black. Lose a crow and catch a lark. What if at last we get our man of parts, We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine And put the front on it that ought to be! First, every sort of monk, the black and white, I drew them, fat and lean: The Prior and the learned pulled a face And stopped all that in no time. Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all! Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true As much as pea and pea! Give us no more of body than shows soul! Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head With wonder at lines, colours, and what not? Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms! Rub all out, try at it a second time. Have it all out! You should not take a fellow eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls. The old mill-horse, out at grass After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so, Although the miller does not preach to him The only good of grass is to make chaff. What would men have? As it is, You tell too many lies and hurt yourself: To be passed over, despised? But why not do as well as say,"paint these Just as they are, careless what comes of it? Art was given for that; God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out. A bit of chalk, And trust me but you should, though! How much more, If I drew higher things with the same truth! Oh, oh, It makes me mad to see what men shall do And we in our graves! To find its meaning is my meat and drink. I painted a Saint Laurence six months since At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style: We get on fast to see the bricks beneath. Oh, the church knows! And hearken how I plot to make amends. I have bethought me: I shall paint God in the midst, Madonna and her babe, Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood, Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet As puff on puff of grated orris-root When ladies crowd to Church at midsummer. Well, all these Secured at their devotion, up shall come Out of a corner when you least expect, As one by a dark stair into a great light, Music and talking, who but Lippo! Back I shrink" what is this I see and hear? Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing Forward, puts out a soft palm" "Not so fast! Could Saint John there draw" His camel-hair make up a painting brush? We come to brother Lippo for all that, Iste perfecit opus! Saint Lucy, I would say. Go, six months hence! Your hand, sir, and good-bye: First published in Men and Women, By the death of his father he was left a friendless orphan at the age of two years, his mother

having also died shortly after his birth. The child was for some time under the care of a certain Mona Lapaccia, his aunt, the sister of his father, who brought him up with very great difficulty till he had attained his eighth year, when, being no longer able to support the burden of his maintenance, she placed him in the above-named convent of the Carmelites. Here, in proportion as he showed himself dexterous and ingenious in all works performed by hand, did he manifest the utmost dullness and incapacity in letters, to which he would never apply himself, nor would he take any pleasure in learning of any kind. The chapel of the Carmine had then been newly painted by Masaccio, and this being exceedingly beautiful, pleased Fra Filippo greatly, wherefore he frequented it daily for his recreation, and, continually practising there, in company with many other youths, who were constantly drawing in that place, he surpassed all the others by very much in dexterity and knowledge. Proceeding thus, and improving from day to day, he has so closely followed the manner of Masaccio, and his works displayed so much similarity to those of the latter, that many affirmed the spirit of Masaccio to have entered the body of Fra Filippo Cosimo of the Medici. A reference to the procession carrying the consecrated wafer.

4: Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi" (text)

Buried within this poem's drunken monologue (for shame, Bro Lippo—"try setting a better example) are some seriously pithy philosophical implicit arguments relating to art and religion and the "right" way for art to convey religious ideas.

Give us no more of body than shows soul! Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colours, and what not? Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time. Have it all out! You should not take a fellow
eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls. The old mill-horse,
out at grass After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so, Although the miller does not preach
to him The only good of grass is to make chaff. What would men have? As it is,
You tell too many lies and hurt yourself: To be passed over, despised? But why not do as well as say,
--paint these Just as they are, careless what comes of it? Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out. A bit of chalk,
And trust me but you should, though! How much more, If I drew higher things with the same
truth! Oh, oh, It makes me mad to see what men shall do And we in our graves!
To find its meaning is my meat and drink. I painted a Saint Laurence six months since
At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style: We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Oh, the church knows! And hearken how I plot to make amends. I have bethought me:
I shall paint a piece. I shall paint God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood, Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root When ladies crowd to Church at midsummer.
Well, all these Secured at their devotion, up shall come Out of a corner when you least expect,
As one by a dark stair into a great light, Music and talking, who but Lippo!
Back I shrink--what is this I see and hear? Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
Forward, puts out a soft palm--"Not so fast! Could Saint John there draw-- His camel-hair
make up a painting brush? We come to brother Lippo for all that, Iste perfectit opus!
Saint Lucy, I would say. Go, six months hence! Your hand, sir, and good-bye:

5: Filippo Lippi - Wikipedia

Fra Lippo Lippi, poem by Robert Browning, published in the two-volume collection *Men and Women* in Considered one of Browning's finest dramatic monologues, "Fra Lippo Lippi" is written in blank verse that allows Browning free expression of colloquial vigour.

December 26,] of Robert Browning, *Men and Women*. Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Crowell and Company, New York, in Landow formatted it for the Victorian Web on 30 January Unless otherwise noted, the following notes are by Peters and Clarke. Notes "Fra Lippo Lippi" is a dramatic monologue which incidentally conveys the whole story of the occurrence the poem starts from "the seizure of Fra Lippo by the City Guards, past midnight, in an equivocal neighborhood" and the lively talk that arose thereupon, outlines the character and past life of the Florentine artist-monk and the subordinate personalities of the group of officers; and makes all this contribute towards the presentation of Fra Lippo as a type of the more realistic and secular artist of the Renaissance who valued flesh, and protested against the ascetic spirit which strove to isolate the soul. Peter and Clarke rather tamely describe Cosimo: The name is variously derived. Some take it as merely short for *ritornillo*; others derive it from a *storno*, to sing against each other, because the peasants sing them at their work, and as one ends a song, another caps it with a fresh one, and so on. These *stornelli* consist of three lines. The first usually contains the name of a flower which sets the rhyme, and is five syllables long. Then the love theme is told in two lines of eleven syllables each, agreeing by rhyme, assonance, or repetition with the first. The first line may be looked upon as a burden set at the beginning instead of, as is more familiar to us, at the end. There are also *stornelli* formed of three lines of eleven syllables without any burden. The Tuscan versions of two of the songs used by Browning are as follows: Line "Flower of the pine! Unwed thy mother keeps thee not to lose That flower from the window of the room. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. And the king was sorry: And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: Compare the decadent obsession with Salome whom the Bible never mentions by name in the works of Decadents like Wilde and Beardsley. Fra Angelico, Giovanni da Fiesole, flower of the monastic school of art, who was said to paint on his knees. Lorenzo Monaco, of the same school. Tommaso Guidi, or Masaccio, nicknamed "Hulking Tom" Vasari is now thought to be right. Early renaissance Painting, he says, "was launched, singlehandedly, by a young genius named Masaccio, who was only twenty-one years old at the time. The earliest of his surviving works that can be dated fairly accurately is a fresco of in Sta. Maria Novella image, showing the Holy Trinity accompanied by the Virgin, St. John the Evangelist, and two donors" [] "This barrel-vaulted chamber us no mere niche, but a deep space wherein the figures could move freely if they wished. And "for the first time in history" we are given all the needed data to measure the depth of this painted interior" []. Vasari says by means of it he became known to Cosimo. I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! You need not clap your torches to my face. Aha, you know your betters! Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets And count fair prize what comes into their net? Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends. Bid your hangdogs go Drink out this quarter-florin to the health Of the munificent House that harbors me And many more beside, lads! I could not paint all night "Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air. Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight" three slim shapes, And a face that looked up. Down I let myself, Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped, And after them. Come, what am I a beast for? God knows how, a year or two On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks, Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day, My stomach being empty as your hat, The wind doubled me up and down I went. Six words there, While I stood munching my first bread that month: They tried me with their books: I had a store of such remarks, be sure, Which, after I found leisure, turned to use. The monks looked black. Lose a crow and catch a lark. First, every sort of monk, the black and white, I drew them, fat and lean: Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog! The Prior and the learned pulled a face And stopped all that in no time. Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all! Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true As much as pea and pea! Give us no more of body than shows soul! Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms! Rub all out, try at it a second time. Have it all out! You

should not take a fellow eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls. The old mill-horse, out at grass After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so, Although the miller does not preach to him The only good of grass is to make chaff. What would men have? But why not do as well as say " paint these Just as they are, careless what comes of it? Art was given for that; God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out. A bit of chalk, And trust me but you should, though! How much more, If I drew higher things with the same truth! Oh, oh, It makes me mad to see what men shall do And we in our graves! To find its meaning is my meat and drink. I painted a Saint Laurence six months since At Prato , splashed the fresco in fine style: We get on fast to see the bricks beneath. God wot, Tasting the air this spicy night which turns The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine! Oh, the church knows! And hearken how I plot to make amends. I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece. I shall paint God in the midst. Back I shrink " what is this I see and hear? Could Saint John there draw " His camel-hair make up a painting-brush? We come to brother Lippo for all that, " Iste perfectit opus. Saint Lucy, I would say. Go, six months hence! Your hand, sir, and good-bye:

6: Analysis of Fra Lippo Lippi by Robert Browning

"Fra Lippo Lippi" takes the form of blank verse—unrhymed lines, most of which fall roughly into iambic pentameter. As in much of his other poetry, Browning seeks to capture colloquial speech, and in many parts of the poem he succeeds admirably: Lippo includes outbursts, bits of songs, and other odds and ends in his rant.

Lippo was the first naturalist and realist in painting, selecting by preference contemporary scenes and figures. According to Browning, Lippo occupied an important place in the history of art as the harbinger of the new manner of painters. Lippo contributed warm, naturalistic and full of expression, as contrasted with the old, formal religious artists. Should art even serve religion at all? In spite of the restraints imposed on his freedom of movement and the compulsion to paint saints, Lippo remains cheerful and throughout the poem, speaks in a carefree and almost gay in vein. His zest for life is unbounded. Though a monk, he speaks like a man of the world and is fond of the pleasures that life has to offer and he justifies his defiance of the conventional theory of art with its emphasis on ecclesiastical themes in the following interesting lines: He is, of course, referring to the manner in which he was forced, at a very early age, to take to the life of a monk. Both painter and poet have the power of imagination. The question is what the relationship should be between the real world around them and the ideal worlds that they can imagine. Both Browning and Fra Lippo Lippi disagree with this point of view. To them, life is the first concern of life, be it to the artist, to the painter, or to anyone who needs to appreciate what the good God has given him. Fra Lippo Lippi argues that beauty does not diminish piety. Though he admits that he sometimes wonders whether he or the Church is right, but when he paints, he insists, he always remembers the God of Genesis, creating Eve in the Garden of Eden. That flesh that was made by God cannot be evil. Realistic paintings actually draw the attention of human beings to real life beauty that they might otherwise ignore. In this way, too, the artist causes human beings to praise their creator. Although Fra Lippo is made to echo the ideas works of his creator, there is no suggestion of didactics in the poem. In Fra Lippo Lippi, we are drawn to the statement by the attractiveness of the character; the vivid appreciation of life, which Lippo says is an essential pre-requisite for Art, is conveyed not merely by the statement, but by demonstration. As usual Browning begins the poem with the suggestion of a dramatic situation. Lippo has been seized by the night watch as he makes his way back to the palace of the Medici after an amorous escapade. The ideas which occur to him in the immediacy of the situation are strikingly vivid " The verse is blank verse, ten syllabled lines in iambic pentameter. The number of syllables is regular, but stress and positioning of the caesura are varied with the considerable subtlety.

7: Fra Lippo Lippi by Robert Browning: Summary

'Fra Lippo Lippi' by Robert Browning is a dramatic monologue running the length of lines. The poem is written in blank verse with each line following the meter of iambic pentameter. The poem is written in blank verse with each line following the meter of iambic pentameter.

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! You need not clap your torches to my face. Aha, you know your betters! But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves Pick up a manner nor discredit you: Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets And count fair price what comes into their net? Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends. Bid your hang-dogs go Drink out this quarter-florin to the health Of the munificent House that harbours me And many more beside, lads! I could not paint all night-- Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air. Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,--three slim shapes, And a face that looked up. Into shreds it went, Curtain and counterpane and coverlet, All the bed-furniture--a dozen knots, There was a ladder! Down I let myself, Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped, And after them. And so as I was stealing back again To get to bed and have a bit of sleep Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast With his great round stone to subdue the flesh, You snap me of the sudden. Come, what am I a beast for? I was a baby when my mother died And father died and left me in the street. I starved there, God knows how, a year or two On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks, Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day, My stomach being empty as your hat, The wind doubled me up and down I went. Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand, Its fellow was a stinger as I knew And so along the wall, over the bridge, By the straight cut to the convent. Six words there, While I stood munching my first bread that month: Brief, they made a monk of me; I did renounce the world, its pride and greed, Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house, Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici Have given their hearts to--all at eight years old. Not overmuch their way, I must confess. They tried me with their books: All the Latin I construe is, "amo" I love! I had a store of such remarks, be sure, Which, after I found leisure, turned to use. The monks looked black. Lose a crow and catch a lark. What if at last we get our man of parts, We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine And put the front on it that ought to be! First, every sort of monk, the black and white, I drew them, fat and lean: Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog! The Prior and the learned pulled a face And stopped all that in no time. Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all! Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true As much as pea and pea! Give us no more of body than shows soul! Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head With wonder at lines, colours, and what not? Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms! Rub all out, try at it a second time. Have it all out! You should not take a fellow eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls. The old mill-horse, out at grass After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so, Although the miller does not preach to him The only good of grass is to make chaff. What would men have? As it is, You tell too many lies and hurt yourself: To be passed over, despised? But why not do as well as say,--paint these Just as they are, careless what comes of it? Art was given for that; God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out. A bit of chalk, And trust me but you should, though! How much more, If I drew higher things with the same truth! Oh, oh, It makes me mad to see what men shall do And we in our graves! To find its meaning is my meat and drink. I painted a Saint Laurence six months since At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style: We get on fast to see the bricks beneath. Oh, the church knows! And hearken how I plot to make amends. I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece I shall paint God in the midst, Madonna and her babe, Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood, Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet As puff on puff of grated orris-root When ladies crowd to Church at midsummer. Well, all these Secured at their devotion, up shall come Out of a corner when you least expect, As one by a dark stair into a great light, Music and talking, who but Lippo! Back I shrink--what is this I see and hear? Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing Forward, puts out a soft palm--"Not so fast! Could Saint John there draw-- His camel-hair make up a painting brush? We come to brother Lippo for all that, Iste perfectit opus! Saint Lucy, I would say. Go, six months hence! Your hand, sir, and good-bye:

8: Fra Lippo Lippi

"Fra Lippo Lippi" is a dramatic monologue which incidentally conveys the whole story of the occurrence the poem starts from – the seizure of Fra Lippo by the City Guards, past midnight, in an equivocal neighborhood – and the lively talk that arose thereupon, outlines the character and past life of the Florentine artist-monk () and.

Robert Browning – Robert Browning was an English poet and playwright whose mastery of the dramatic monologue made him one of the foremost Victorian poets. His poems are known for their irony, characterization, dark humour, social commentary, historical settings, Brownings early career began promisingly, but was not a success. His reputation took more than a decade to recover, during which time he moved away from the Shelleyan forms of his early period, in Browning married the older poet Elizabeth Barrett, who at the time was considerably better known than himself. So started one of historys most famous literary marriages and they went to live in Italy, a country he called my university, and which features frequently in his work. By the time of her death in , he had published the crucial collection Men and Women, the collection Dramatis Personae and the book-length epic poem The Ring and the Book followed, and made him a leading British poet. He continued to write prolifically, but his reputation rests largely on the poetry he wrote in this middle period. Unusually for a poet, societies for the study of his work were founded while he was still alive, such Browning Societies remained common in Britain and the United States until the early 20th century. Brownings admirers have tended to temper their praise with reservations about the length and difficulty of his most ambitious poems, particularly The Ring and the Book. His father was a clerk for the Bank of England. Brownings paternal grandfather was an owner in Saint Kitts, West Indies. Brownings father had sent to the West Indies to work on a sugar plantation. Brownings mother was the daughter of a German shipowner who had settled in Dundee in Scotland, the evidence, however, is inconclusive either way. Roberts father, a collector, amassed a library of around 6, books. As such, Robert was raised in a household of significant literary resources and his mother, to whom he was very close, was a devout nonconformist and a talented musician. His younger sister, Sarianna, also gifted, became her brothers companion in his later years and his father encouraged his childrens interest in literature and the arts 2. Lippi was born in Florence in to Tommaso, a butcher, when he was still a small child, both his parents died. He was sent to live with his aunt Mona Lapaccia, however because she was too poor to rear him and he was 8 years old when he left for the convent and started his education there. In he was admitted to the community of Carmelite friars of the Priory of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Florence, taking vows in the Order the following year. He was ordained as a priest in approximately , and remained in residence of that priory until , georgio Vasari, the first art historian of the renaissance, writes that Lippi was inspired to become a painter by watching Masaccio at work in the Carmine church. Lippis early work, notably the Tarquinia Madonna show that influence from Masaccio, in his Lives of the Artists, Vasari says, Instead of studying, he spent all his time scrawling pictures on his own books and those of others. Due to his interest, the decided to give him the opportunity to learn painting. Lippi then went on to visit to Ancona and Naples, where he was captured by Barbary pirates and his skill in portrait-sketching helped to eventually release him. Louis Gillet, writing for the Catholic Encyclopedia, considers this account assuredly nothing, with his return to Florence in is paintings had become popular, warranting the support of the Medici family, who commissioned of The Annunciation and the Seven Saints. Cosimo de Medici had to him up in order to compel him to work. His escapades threw him into financial difficulties from which he did not hesitate to extricate himself by forgery and his life included many similar tales of lawsuits, complaints, broken promises and scandal. In Lippi painted an altarpiece for the nuns of S. Ambrogio which is now a prominent attraction in the Academy of Florence and it represents the coronation of the Virgin among angels and saints, including many Bernardine monks. In he was appointed chaplain to the nuns at the Monastery of St. Mary Magdalene in Florence, in June Fra Filippo is recorded as living in Prato to paint frescoes in the choir of the cathedral. Lippi asked that she might be permitted to sit for the figure of the Madonna, under that pretext, Lippi engaged in sexual relations with her, abducted her to his own house, and kept her there despite the nuns efforts to reclaim her. This relationship resulted in their son, Filippino Lippi,

who became a famous painter following his father, Vasari accounts for this relationship in his publication of *The Lives*, which was published soon after. In he was appointed commendatory Rector of S. Quirico in Legania, despite these profits, Lippi struggled to escape poverty throughout his life. The close of Lippis life was spent at Spoleto, where he had commissioned to paint scenes from the life of the Virgin for the apse of the cathedral. In the semidome of the apse is the Christ Crowning the Madonna, with angels, sibyls and this series, which is not wholly equal to the one at Prato, was completed by one of his assistants, his fellow Carmelite, Fra Diamante, after Lippis death 3. Soul

“In many religious, philosophical and mythological traditions, the soul is the incorporeal essence of a living being. Depending on the system, a soul can either be mortal or immortal. In Judeo-Christianity, only human beings have immortal souls, for example, the Catholic theologian Thomas Aquinas attributed soul to all organisms but argued that only human souls are immortal. Other religions hold that all organisms have souls, as did Aristotle, while some teach that even non-biological entities possess souls. The latter belief is called animism, Greek philosophers, such as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, understood that the soul must have a logical faculty, the exercise of which was the most divine of human actions. Vulgate, et nolite timere eos qui occidunt corpus animam autem non possunt occidere sed potius eum timete qui potest et animam et corpus perdere in gehennam. Authorized King James Version And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, vulgate Creavitque Deus cete grandia, et omnem animam viventem atque motabilem. The ancient Greeks used the word alive for the concept of being ensouled, the soul was considered the incorporeal or spiritual breath that animates the living organism. Cornford quotes Pindar by saying that the soul sleeps while the limbs are active, but when one is sleeping, the soul is active and reveals an award of joy or sorrow drawing near in dreams. Erwin Rohde writes that an early pre-Pythagorean belief presented the soul as lifeless when it departed the body, drawing on the words of his teacher Socrates, Plato considered the psyche to be the essence of a person, being that which decides how we behave. He considered this essence to be an incorporeal, eternal occupant of our being, Socrates says that even after death, the soul exists and is able to think. He believed that as bodies die, the soul is reborn in subsequent bodies and Plato believed this as well, however. Thymos is located near the chest region and is related to anger, eros is located in the stomach and is related to ones desires. Plato also compares the three parts of the soul or psyche to a caste system. According to Platos theory, the soul is essentially the same thing as a states class system because, to function well 4. Wikisource

“Wikisource is an online digital library of free content textual sources on a wiki, operated by the Wikimedia Foundation. Wikisource is the name of the project as a whole and the name for each instance of that project, the projects aims are to host all forms of free text, in many languages, and translations. Originally conceived as an archive to store useful or important historical texts, the project officially began in November 24, under the name Project Sourceberg. The name Wikisource was adopted later that year and it received its own domain name seven months later, the project has come under criticism for lack of reliability but it is also cited by organisations such as the National Archives and Records Administration. The project holds works that are either in the domain or freely licensed, professionally published works or historical source documents, not vanity products. Verification was initially made offline, or by trusting the reliability of digital libraries. Now works are supported by online scans via the ProofreadPage extension, some individual Wikisources, each representing a specific language, now only allow works backed up with scans. While the bulk of its collection are texts, Wikisource as a whole hosts other media, some Wikisources allow user-generated annotations, subject to the specific policies of the Wikisource in question. Wikisources early history included several changes of name and location, the original concept for Wikisource was as storage for useful or important historical texts. These texts were intended to support Wikipedia articles, by providing evidence and original source texts. The collection was focused on important historical and cultural material. The project was originally called Project Sourceberg during its planning stages, in , there was a dispute on Wikipedia regarding the addition of primary source material, leading to edit wars over their inclusion or deletion. Project Sourceberg was suggested as a solution to this, perhaps Project Sourceberg can mainly work as an interface for easily linking from Wikipedia to a Project Gutenberg file, and as an interface for people to easily submit new work to PG. Wed want to complement Project Gutenberg--how, exactly, and Jimmy Wales adding like Larry, Im interested that we think it over to see what

we can add to Project Gutenberg. It seems unlikely that primary sources should in general be editable by anyone -- I mean, Shakespeare is Shakespeare, unlike our commentary on his work, the project began its activity at ps. The contributors understood the PS subdomain to mean either primary sources or Project Sourceberg, however, this resulted in Project Sourceberg occupying the subdomain of the Pashto Wikipedia. A vote on the name changed it to Wikisource on December 6, Despite the change in name, the project did not move to its permanent URL until July 23, since Wikisource was initially called Project Sourceberg, its first logo was a picture of an iceberg 5. Born in County Durham, the eldest of 12 children, Elizabeth Barrett wrote poetry from about the age of six and her mothers collection of her poems forms one of the largest collections extant of juvenilia by any English writer. At 15 she became ill, suffering intense head and spinal pain for the rest of her life, later in life she also developed lung problems, possibly tuberculosis. She took laudanum for the pain from an age, which is likely to have contributed to her frail health. In the s Elizabeth was introduced to society through her cousin. Her first adult collection of poems was published in and she wrote prolifically between and , producing poetry, translation and prose and she campaigned for the abolition of slavery and her work helped influence reform in the child labour legislation. Her prolific output made her a rival to Tennyson as a candidate for poet laureate on the death of Wordsworth, Elizabeths volume Poems brought her great success, attracting the admiration of the writer Robert Browning. Their correspondence, courtship and marriage were carried out in secret, following the wedding she was indeed disinherited by her father. The couple moved to Italy in , where she would live for the rest of her life and they had one son, Robert Barrett Browning, whom they called Pen. She died in Florence in , a collection of her last poems was published by her husband shortly after her death. Elizabeths work had a influence on prominent writers of the day, including the American poets Edgar Allan Poe. Their wealth derived mainly from Edward Barrett, owner of 10, acres in the estates of Cinnamon Hill, Cornwall, Cambridge, Elizabeths maternal grandfather owned sugar plantations, mills, glassworks and ships that traded between Jamaica and Newcastle. What the family believed to be their genealogy in relation to Jamaica is unclear, the family wished to hand down their name, stipulating that Barrett should always be held as a surname. In some cases inheritance was given on condition that the name was used by the beneficiary, given this strong tradition, Elizabeth used Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett on legal documents and before she was married often signed herself Elizabeth Barrett Barrett or EBB. Elizabeths father chose to raise his family in England while his business enterprises remained in Jamaica, the fortune of Elizabeths mothers line, the Graham Clarke family, also derived in part from slave labour, and was considerable. All lived to adulthood except for one girl, who died at the age of three, when Elizabeth was eight, the children all had nicknames, Elizabeth was Ba 6. The play gave actress Katharine Cornell her signature role, the Barretts of Wimpole Street was Rudolf Besiers only real success as a playwright. It was revived there in and and it was filmed in , starring Fredric March, Norma Shearer and Charles Laughton. That film was remade scene-for-scene and almost shot-for-shot, in colour, in , starring Bill Travers, Jennifer Jones, both films were directed by Sidney Franklin. Moritt, which was never produced, but that was reworked as Robert and Elizabeth, with music by Ron Grainer. Rudolf Besier at the Internet Movie Database doolee. It berates William Wordsworth, for what Browning considered his desertion of the liberal cause, more generally, it is an attack on any liberal leader who has deserted his cause. It is one of Brownings best known, if not actually best, Ragsâ€”were they purple, his heart had been proud. We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him, Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, Learned his great language, caught his clear accents, Made him our pattern to live and to die. Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley, were with us and he alone breaks from the van and the freemen, He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves. Best fight on well, for we taught himâ€”strike gallantly, Menace our heart ere we master his own, Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us, Pardoned in heaven, from an early age, Browning had been an admirer of the works of Wordsworth. In Wordsworth obtained the position of distributor of stamps and this government position was already sufficient to induce Shelley to write a sonnet of mild reprimand, To Wordsworth. The poem arose from the hatred and indignation, and was published in November , in Dramatic Romances. The handful of silver is a reference to thirty pieces of silver and this Wordsworth had done in his poem called The Warning. Wordsworth died five years later, in , Browning later came to slightly regret the poem, and possibly

even to see Wordsworth in a positive light again, as he made a few minor revisions, moderating the poems attack. He did believe, however, that Wordsworth was a turncoat and this is the general view, and it seems to me to be unassailable. The poem was widely anthologised, and recognised for its direct attack, one editor wrote, The Lost Leader was originally written in reference to Wordsworths abandonment of the Liberal cause, with perhaps a thought of Southey, but it is applicable to any popular apostasy.

9: Poem Analysis of "Fra Lippo Lippi" by Robert Browning: The Theme & Meaning of Celibacy

Fra Lippo Lippi, which basically means "Brother" Lippo Lippi, is a monk who has been up to some rather un-monk-like activities. The guardsmen of the powerful (and don't forget rich) house of Medici catch him out, partying it up on the streets, and so they roughly interrogate him. Being drunk, Lippo.

Biography[edit] Lippi was born in Florence in to Tommaso, a butcher, and his wife. When he was still a small child, both his parents died. He was sent to live with his aunt Mona Lapaccia; however, because she was too poor to rear him, she placed him in the neighboring Carmelite convent. He was eight years old when he left for the convent and started his education there. In he was admitted to the community of Carmelite friars of the Priory of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Florence , taking religious vows in the Order the following year, at the age of sixteen. He was ordained as a priest in approximately , and remained in residence of that priory until *Madonna and Child* , tempera on panel. National Gallery of Art , Washington, D. In Filippo Lippi quit the monastery, although he was not released from his vows. In a letter dated he describes himself as the poorest friar of Florence, charged with the maintenance of six marriageable nieces. According to Vasari, Lippi then went on to visit Ancona and Naples , where he was captured by Barbary pirates and kept as a slave. His skill in portrait-sketching helped to eventually release him. His escapades threw him into financial difficulties from which he did not hesitate to extricate himself by forgery[why? It represents the coronation of the Virgin among angels and saints, including many Bernardine monks. *Mary Magdalene in Florence. Portrait of a Man and Woman at a Casement* c. In June Fra Filippo is recorded as living in Prato near Florence to paint frescoes in the choir of the cathedral. In , while engaged in this work, he set about painting a picture for the monastery chapel of S. Margherita in that city, where he met Lucrezia Buti , a beautiful novice of the Order and the daughter of a Florentine named Francesco Buti. Lippi asked that she might be permitted to sit for the figure of the Madonna or perhaps S. In he was appointed commendatory Rector Rettore commendatario of S. Quirico in Legania, from which institutions he occasionally made considerable profits. Despite these profits, Lippi struggled to escape poverty throughout his life. In the semidome of the apse is the Christ Crowning the Madonna , with angels, sibyls and prophets. Lippi died in Spoleto, on or about 8 October The mode of his death is a matter of dispute. John the Baptist and St. This latter is believed to contain a portrait of the painter, but there are various opinions as to which is the exact figure. On the end wall of the choir are S. Giovanni Gualberto and S. Alberto, while the vault has monumental representations of the four evangelists. His principal altarpiece in this city is a Nativity in the refectory of S. Domenico , the Infant on the ground adored by the Virgin and Joseph, between Saints George and Dominic, in a rocky landscape, with the shepherds playing and six angels in the sky. The picture of the Virgin and Infant with an Angel, in this same gallery, also ascribed to Lippi, is disputable.

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