POETICALLY MAN PERSISTS: SEARCHING FOR FULLNESS OF BEING IN THE POETRY OF WALLACE STEVENS AND RAINER MARIA RILKE

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Abstract: This article examines the quest for wholeness of being amidst an alienated and disenchanted world, and how this search unfolds in the poetry of Wallace Stevens and Rainer Maria Rilke. It situates both writers within a shared concern for the question of being and humanity's inclination toward a fullness of existence, an existence wherein the poet apprehends life as an aesthetic phenomenon, or as a fundamentally immanent experience which is replete with a superabundant being, in the Rilkean sense. Yet, the stately impoverished condition of man is what often denies him any vestige of fullness. The article extends this through concepts advanced by literary critics and philosophers, such as Max Weber's *Disenchantment* and Nietzsche's "life as an aesthetic phenomenon". It also reveals how the topos of disenchantment unfolds in their poetry, and how the search is sought through the visible reality as well as the invisible space of the spirit.

Keywords: Rainer Maria Rilke, Wallace Stevens, Max Weber, Martin Heidegger, Being, humanity, disenchantment

Our world in stupor lies;
Yet, dotted everywhere,
Ironic points of light
Flash out wherever the Just
Exchange their messages:
May I, composed like them
Of Eros and of dust,
Beleaguered by the same

Negation and despair,
Show an affirming flame.
(Auden 1930, 76)

Introduction

The poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke and Wallace Stevens prompts us to ponder our being in the world. That is to say, our being in a world that is forgetful of the intrinsic truth of being, indeed impervious to it, and even deserted by it. Like them, we are incessantly hounded by the perennial conundrum of "Who are we?" or "Who are you?", as Rilke asks in the *Second Elegy* (R.M. Rilke 2009, 23). We read their poetry hoping to garner a glimmer of reassurance that would quell our qualms about the nature of our impoverished being. In *Duino Elegies* 1923, Rilke set out to probe into his own uncertainties man's being in the world. For Rilke, the question of being does not halt at the aforementioned "Who are we?" In fact, it entails a far more difficult question. That is: "Why are we here?"

Both Rilke and Stevens set out to rouse themselves out of the ontological stupor that has engulfed man's condition in the twentieth century by expatiating in poetic forms on the question of being, or, to be more pertinent, the topos of the fullness of being. This present paper considers a series of selected poems of Rilke and Stevens, with particular focus on Rilke's *Duino Elegies* and *The Collected Poems* of Wallace Stevens (1954).

It further examines how the topos of the disenchantment of being is delineated in some poems of Rilke and Stevens, and how these two writers try to rouse themselves out of this alienation and impoverished condition. Whereas Stevens views the possibility of a fullness of existence as being fundamentally anchored in reality and the physical world, Rilke entrusts himself to the intimations of "the spirit within" (Taylor 1989, 427) in the hope that this interior journey would eventually culminate in the same fullness of being of the terrifying angel.

In order to better understand how these two poets charge their texts with meaning to convey a plethora of ideas, this article makes brief recourse to the works of manifold philosophers and literary critics such as Erich Heller, Charles Taylor, and Martin Heidegger, particularly in his analysis of Rilke and the question of poets. Our study makes use of Max Weber's term of *Disenchantment*, Heidegger's discussion of *Poetic Dwelling* apropos of the poetry of Friedrich Hölderlin, and Hegel's distinction of Classical and Romantic art.

Poetic Persistence: A Disenchantment of Being

Beleaguered by new configurations, *i.e.* the spectre of war, spiritual attrition, a state of *aboulie*, the poet found himself, in extremis, in a world wherein man's being is constantly challenged by ephemeral things that, in the long run, hold no perennial value or merit for humans, a world in which man's great noetic heterogeneities have only left him mired in disenchantment and in a disenchanted ('*entzaubert*') world, as Max Weber's term implies (Taylor 1989, 191). A world wherein any genuine endeavours to question man's being are instantly shunned by various distractions. Thus, Rilke and Stevens were essentially preoccupied with delineating the hazard of withdrawnness of being, which corresponds with a litany of poetic imageries in the Western tradition. For instance, for Hölderlin in the German poetic tradition, it meant the absence of gods (Heller 1984, 78). In English poetry, and particularly for T.S. Eliot, it culminated in a state of spiritual and existential ennui, and ultimately corresponded with the fragmentation and wreckage of modernity. For Wallace Stevens, with his idiosyncratic diction and imagery, this was particularly consonant with man's withdrawnness from reality. That is to say, our inability to truly live in reality and enjoy our being and condition rightly with no recourse to other means outside of ourselves. We read in one of Stevens's longer poems, *Esthetique du Mal*: "The greatest poverty is not to live in a physical world" (Stevens 1954, 325). In Stevens's, the particularity and merit of

reality, or the physical world as it is referred to here, is invariably delineated against the backdrop of a state of disenchantment and withdrawnness of Being. The hope then, as we encounter in another long poem, is to reach a state of self-transcendence and fecundity in reality itself:

> The eye made clear of uncertainty
> Of simple seeing without reflection. We seek
> Nothing beyond reality. Within it,
> Everything, the spirit's alchemicana included.
> (Stevens 1954, 471) (italics added)

In this poem *An Ordinary Evening in New Haven*, Stevens, like Rilke before him, seeks to surmount this withdrawnness in the hope of a reality undistorted by the self's own whimsical and sometimes even delusional projections. It is the hope of gliding beyond the disenchantment that befalls our being in the world and establishing the self's rapport with reality unadulterated.

This is more subtly invoked in Rilke's *First Elegy,* wherein the familiar constituents of reality, nature and the physical world yield themselves to us and can offer a modicum of uplift in the face of terrifying alienation and loneliness. However, like Stevens, Rilke laments our inability to truly relish and live in reality without ever being distracted by other conditions and expectations and thereby becoming embedded in this withdrawnness of "truly being here":

> A wave rolled toward you
> out of the distant past, or as you walked
> under an open window, a violin
> yielded itself to your hearing. All this was mission.
> But could you accomplish it? Weren't you always
> distracted by expectation, as if every event
> announced a beloved?
> (R. M. Rilke 2009, 20-21)

Whereas Stevens seeks to dispense with the eye's uncertainties and reach a state of "the certain eye" in which a fullness of being is not only an ontological priority but a plain ontological reality, Rilke

wishes to eschew this entrenched anxiety of expectation that vitiates our being and leaves us entangled in "infinitely anxious hands" (22).

For Rilke, this withdrawnness has to do with our imprisonment in destitute times, or the time of 'the world's night, as Heidegger concedes (Heidegger 1971, 93), and perhaps more fundamentally with the fact that the quest for the truth about our Being has been brushed aside, even concealed from us. This imagery of imprisonment is at the core of Rilke's poem *The Panther*, in which the panther, being subdued and entangled behind bars, extends well beyond the imagery of a panther:

> It seems to him there are a thousand bars; and behind the bars, no world.
> This could be construed as an imagistic or symbolic rendering of this idea of withdrawnness and concealment of authentic being. Imprisoned behind layers of bars, the panther is incapable of perceiving life as it is, not only because it is deprived of its own physical autonomy, but also because it is incapable of retaining its distinctive lineaments:
> An image enters in, rushes down through the tensed, arrested muscles, plunges into the heart and is gone. (Rilke 1989, 25)

This last line of the poem points us toward a state of complete nihilism that is delineated as an ontological inertia wherein any form of self-assertion is entirely corroded. Any image that is directed to our sensible and intellectual perception withers away before it is truly perceived. Moreover, the last stanza of the poem explicates how this inner space of the spirit, which is espoused preeminently and held sacrosanct in the elegies: "Nowhere, Beloved, will world be but within us" (R. M. Rilke 2009, 39), becomes in this poem eroded and turns into a space of ontological stupor. In other words, the inner spirit, or space, which is supposedly meant to be a recourse and a refuge in the face of an annihilated outer space, or a "no world", has also become annihilated and incarcerated just as the outer space has, and the inner autonomy has been actively corroded the same way the physical autonomy has been denuded.

Heidegger goes further and corroborates how Rilke came to realise the destitution of his time and ours more plainly and more deeply. Indeed, the question of being apropos of *being-into-death (Sein*

zum Tode) has not only turned into something completely negligent and nebulous for humans, but has in fact been eclipsed altogether. This question of being unto death is forwarded in the *First Elegy*, when contemplation changes from the invocation of angels and beauty into that of death and mortality; this question of death animates Rilke's contemplation of alienation and disenchantment, primarily because, as he alludes to in the *First Elegy,* the dead have escaped this disenchantment and banality that permeate our existence: "no longer to be what one was in infinitely anxious hands".

> In the end, those who were carried off early no longer need us:
> they are weaned from earth's sorrows and joys. (R. M. Rilke 2009, 22)

That is to say, they exist in terrain that is far purer and more idyllic than ours. Thus, caught in the grips of this disenchantment and withdrawnness of being, the poet saw it fit to contrive a sense of amelioration, forge a reconciliation with his new and dire condition, show an affirming flame in the sense that Auden ends his "*1st September 1939"* with[1], and seek a retrieval of the fullness of being that once abounded especially in classical art, in the Hegelian sense of the term[2], and which was not fully-fledged in the Romantic one. This is perhaps more evident in the poetry of Rilke than that of Stevens. Rilke's poem "*Archaic Torso of Apollo*" is a telling example of this statement. In this ekphrastic writing, Rilke considers with great vigour a beheaded torso of Apollo. His vigorous contemplation and description of a body without organs ultimately point him towards his own impoverishment. The sculptor is then regarded as an outward physical embodiment, or the ne plus ultra of beauty and this fullness of being. Rilke begins the poem by dilating on the "Legendary" head of the torso, and though we cannot see it, it is nonetheless dazzling. He concludes the poem with the famous line "You must change your life" (Rilke 1989, 61). He considers this question of fullness of being against the backdrop of classical art (in the Hegelian distinction mentioned earlier). The search for a fullness of being is thereby rendered more tangible in

this poem; it is a desired ontological phase that is prioritised and sought in the visible reality. It is, in fact, interesting that the torso which the poem describes is that of Apollo, the Greek god of poetry, order and discipline. The *Archaic Torso of Apollo* is Rilke's at his most classical phase, wherein the romantic exaltation of inwardness is almost brushed aside, and the visible, outer reality, or object, directs and foments a transformation within the invisible, inner spirit, or subject. This idea, as we will see later, is reversed and thereby traversed in the *Duino Elegies*.

Unlike his earlier work, and particularly unlike his poem *Archaic Torso of Apollo*, Rilke's *Duino Elegies* halts at any considerations of exalted embodiments of beauty, and instead veers towards consideration of the poet's ontological state, in particular, and man's being in the world, in general. The poetry of *Duino Elegies* limits itself to man's being in the world and his own disenchantment primarily because beauty no longer contrives nor does it correspond anymore with vestiges of truth, psychological uplift, and the sublime. For as we read at the outset of the *First Elegy*:

> Beauty is nothing
> but the beginning of terror, which we still are just able to endure,
> and we are so awed because it serenely disdains
> to annihilate us. (Rilke 2009, 20)

In the *Duino Elegies*, the poet is no longer confronted with the conventional delineations of sublime beauty in the poetic tradition, and particularly with beauty in the Keatsian metaphysics of beauty in *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, where beauty is regarded as being fundamentally conducive to truth:

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty, —that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
> (Keats 1922, 258).

Burdened by an acute alienation and disenchantment, even beauty is viewed by Rilke as something terrifying. Contrary to the Keatsian metaphysics, beauty is not regarded as truth, explicit or implicit; it is

no longer the idyllic and absolute end it once embodied. Instead, it is the "beginning of terror" that disdains to "annihilate us". This sense of the alienation of beauty and existence that permeates the *First Elegy* and Rilke's poetic project points the reader towards the notion that man's being is no longer heightened, uplifted or even ameliorated by beauty, mainly because of his own alienation and disenchantment. Hence, beauty itself has receded from being a paragon of the sublime and the Truth into being the harbinger of terror, and what is left, or what is replaced, as we read in the *Ninth Elegy,* is a contrived reality that unfolds in the patina of an evanescent 'imageless act':

> Things that we might experience are vanishing, for
> what crowds them out and replaces them is an imageless act.
> An act under a shell, which easily cracks open as soon as
> the business inside outgrows it and seeks new limits. (R.M. Rilke 2009, 45).

Beleaguered by his metaphysical loneliness, Rilke begins his *Elegies* with an aesthetic and fundamentally anguished cry against this state of disenchantment and alienation which hounds the wholeness of his being:

> Who, if I cried out, would hear me among the angels'
> hierarchies? (20)

In seeking to overcome this disenchantment of being and to rouse himself out of alienation, Rilke cries not for humans, or any other earthly creature, for they, too, are as disenchanted as he is; they share the same plight of being in the world, and perhaps even are incapable of hearing him. Instead, he cries for angels, the symbolic embodiment of 'the fullness of being'. "Every angel is terrifying", writes Rilke. Rilke's angel is terrifying primarily because it is a creature that embodies this tantalising fullness of being which eludes the poet's grasp, and simultaneously prefigures an even more consummate fullness of being than the poet could ever envision:

> (…) and even if one of them pressed me
> suddenly against his heart: I would be consumed
> in that overwhelming existence. (20)

Moreover, the image of the angels is even more terrifying because it points us towards man's own fallen condition, which sullies the wholeness of his existence and being, and which would ultimately deny him any vestige of transcendence that "the angels' hierarchies" may enact.

Rilke is acutely aware of this sullied existence that hounds not only his being, but all beings. He would be consumed in this "overwhelming existence" mainly because all images which he has envisaged for himself, and which seemingly consist of illusions of fecundity, self-transcendence and wholeness, and are in fact just contrived images of indolence and existential ennui, would eventually erode and be consumed under that "overwhelming existence" of immanence. Hence, unable to come to grips with this overwhelming existence and burdened by this state of alienation and disenchantment, man cannot be said to occupy a locus amoenus. This idyllic image of romanticism, which conjures up a perfect symbiosis between man and nature, or the world, is banished altogether and thereby firmly abandoned by both Rilke and Stevens:

> Not angels, not humans,
> and already the knowing animals are aware
> that we are not really at home in
> our interpreted world. (R.M. Rilke 2009, 20)

These lines of Rilke's *First Elegy* are echoed later in one of Stevens's longer poems. In his *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction*, Stevens enunciates similar sentiments to the lines of Rilke, which express a deep hankering for "truly being here" that comes later in *Ninth Elegy*:

> From this the poem springs: that we live in a place
> That is not our own and, much more, not ourselves
> And hard it is in spite of blazoned days. (Stevens 1954, 383)

This feeling of not being home that Rilke describes quite intensely and vehemently, Stevens, with his idiosyncratic words and images, alludes to quite vociferously, and sometimes even subtly. Furthermore, this alienation that he undergoes, and which abounds

in his *Duino Elegies,* is exceedingly akin to that of Stevens, particularly in his poem *The Plain Sense of Things*.

> After the leaves have fallen, we return
> To a plain sense of things. It is as if
> We had come to an end of the imagination,
> Inanimate in an inert savoir.
> It is difficult even to choose the adjective
> For this blank cold, this sadness without cause.
> The great structure has become a minor house.
> No turban walks across the lessened floors. (Stevens 1954, 502)

The Plain Sense of Things is Stevens at his most lamentable and even nihilistic. In other words, it is Stevens's own *Duino Elegies*. The poem depicts an autumnal vision of being wherein imagination itself has fallen asunder. Whereas Rilke begins his *First Elegy* with a proclamation of beauty as the beginning of terror, which banishes the romantic celebration of beauty's enchantment, Stevens, on the other hand, begins his poem by taking another celebrated trait of romanticism, namely imagination, and declares that it is as if it had come to an end. Thus, what is left is a state of unmitigated stupor in which life itself is described as "inanimate" and man does not enjoy an animated knowledge. Instead, his whole being is saturated in "an inert savoir", a lifeless knowledge that is conducive to everything but a vitality of existence, an imagination of the Good, and a wholeness of being. Language itself, "the House of Being" (2008) as Heidegger would describe it later, is not capable anymore of alleviating our dire condition and disenchanted being through poetry, dialogical introspection as it once did with the romantics. Stevens laments the difficulty, or rather, impossibility to even choose the adjective for this "overwhelming existence", or "blank cold" as he describes it. For Stevens, "the great structure" has deteriorated and has thereby become a minor house. This great structure could be construed either as a metaphor for poetic self and poetic dwelling or an enchanted existence, i.e., being in the world. Thus, what comes after is that we return to "the plain sense of things". That is, the first principles of being, belonging and

becoming. Stevens's topos of disenchantment is one which negates a *locus amoenus*; it is one in which the absence of the imagination "had Itself to be imagined" in order to counter and possibly even surmount the disenchantment.

Poetic Dwelling: The Search for a Fullness of Being:

Against this seemingly unredeemable existence that hounds us in "our interpreted world" as Rilke concedes, the poet ushers in a quest for enchantment and poetic dwelling in this interpreted world. The poet seeks to triumph over the fallen state of man's existence, hoping to experience life as a fundamentally transcending experience of immanence and fecundity. Rilke's intimations of this search for a fullness of being follow the poetic tradition of German romanticism, mainly Novalis's dictum: "Inward goes the way full of mystery" (Taylor 1989, 427). In other words, like Novalis, for Rike the route of access to the true nature of being begins with intimations of an inwardness, the invisible spirit, or the spirit within, primarily because the visible reality, being estranged and almost annihilated, is no longer the refuge of the spirit and the sanctuary of immanence it once was for the English romantics. Thus, whereas the Romantic poet wanders lonely as a cloud with an effervescent being (Wordsworth) in a world in which the divine "suffuses nature and manifests itself in numinous moments" (Paglia 2005, XIV) the modern poet, in this case Rilke and Stevens, glides skeptically through the devious routes of inwardness and an impoverished world which is no longer replete with the same metaphysical qualities.

However, the poet, desirous of a poetic dwelling, or, as we read in the *Ninth Elegy*, of "truly being here", sets out in his foray into inwardness to surmount the stately homelessness and remoteness of "truly being" which have engulfed his soul:

> Truly being here is glorious. Even you knew it,
> you girls who seemed to be lost, to go under, in the filthiest

> streets of the city, festering there, or wide open
> for garbage...
> We want to display it,
> to make it visible, though even the most visible happiness
> can't reveal itself to us until we transform it, within
> Nowhere, Beloved, will world be but within us. Our life
> passes in transformation. And the external
> shrinks into less and less. Where once an enduring house was,
> now a cerebral structure crosses our path, completely
> belonging to the realm of concepts, as though it still stood in the brain.
> (Rilke 2009, 39).

For him, human existence, or "truly being here", is in itself "glorious". This existence can be fundamentally poetic and thereby becomes transmuted into a poetic dwelling when it is transformed within, i.e., into the invisible space. The above passage from the *Seventh Elegy* enunciates clearly this encompassing embrace of the internal, invisible space "within" over and at the expense of the visible space "the external", indeed, even a banishment of this visible and external reality. Thus, having forayed into inwardness and into Novalis's "inward" world, the visible space, or earth as we read in the *Ninth Elegy*, is no longer held as a sanctuary of enchantment and a refugee from disenchantment as it "shrinks into less and less", and what once was "an enduring house" has now transformed into "a cerebral structure" that belongs to the realm of concepts. The poet's old search for a fullness of being in the particularity of visible and external things, which, as we discussed above, once was a primary preoccupation of romantic poets beginning, such as Wordsworth, is rendered here as something tantalising, indeed even futile, as this external shrinks, and is ultimately threatened to be annihilated. Hence, having garnered a gleam of the fullness of being by virtue of the journey into the interior, the poet seeks to transform and leaven this outer reality, which has become threatened of annihilation:

> They want us to change them, utterly, in our invisible heart,
> within—oh endlessly—within us! Whoever we may be at last.
> Earth, isn't this what you want: to arise within us,

invisible? Isn't it your dream
to be wholly invisible someday? —O Earth: invisible!
What, if not transformation, is your urgent command? (R.M. Rilke 2009, 53)

Rilke's search for a fullness of being begins with the spirit within, and only then is it fully realised and able to extend well beyond the realm of this "within" and enact a precious measure of amelioration. It is only when Rilke comes to grips with the inadequacy of the outer world that he is capable of grasping a sense of equilibrium and enchantment, or perhaps more pertinently, a fullness of being:

Unspeakably, I have belonged to you, from the first.
You were always right, and your holiest inspiration
is our intimate companion, Death.
Look, I am living. On what? Neither childhood nor future
grows any smaller …… Superabundant being
wells up in my heart (53).

The journey for a full being is carried out through devious routes of inwardness. This latter proves to be salutary as it is conducive to an effervescent and superabundant being that wells up the poet's heart and leavens the wholeness of his existence.

While Rilke espouses the inner space, entrusts himself to the world of "within" hoping that it would contrive a fullness of being, and regards the quest of interiority as a presage of this fullness, Stevens holds both reality and imagination in the highest regard. For Stevens, reality is the spirit's true centre (Stevens 1957, 177). The topos of the fullness of being in Stevens's poetry unfolds vis-à-vis man's apperception of reality itself:

We keep coming back and coming back
To the real...We seek
The poem of pure reality, untouched
By trope or deviation, straight to the word,
Straight to the transfixing object, to the object
At the exactest point at which it is itself,
Transfixing by being purely what it is,
A view of New Haven, say, through the certain eye,
The eye made clear of uncertainty, with the sight

> Of simple seeing, without reflection. We seek
> Nothing beyond reality. (Stevens 1954, 471)

Stevens's search for a fullness of being is deeply anchored in reality, pure reality. Thus, the quest for this fullness of being begins with an undistorted, unadulterated and pure knowledge of reality, wherein a deep affinity with "the real" is established, and we are transfixed by things themselves and not ideas about them: "Transfixing by being purely what it is". The line: "The eye made clear of uncertainty", which we discussed earlier, seems to echo Emerson's "transparent eyeball" (Emerson 1982, 39) in which Emerson paints an image of the 'Universal Being' that circulates through him in his perception of reality. Following Emerson's intimations of man's perception, Stevens broaches the question of being apropos of the physical, lived reality. Stevens concludes his long poem *Esthetique du Mal,* propounding an intimation of a metaphysical change and affluence that occurs with being truly and jubilantly anchored in the real outer world:

> As if the air, the mid-day air, was swarming
> With the metaphysical changes that occur,
> Merely in living as and where we live. (Stevens 1954, 326)

For him, to apprehend life as a fundamentally immanent experience that is conducive to a fulfilled existence and a fullness of being, we must conceive of reality as a reservoir of spiritual transcendence and fecundity. Thus, for Stevens, the quest for a wholeness of being is not in complete symbiosis with that of Rilke's, or Novalis's before him, nor is it that of Rousseau's proto-romanticism: "Back to Nature". Instead, it is a full embrace of going back to the invisible reality, wherein the "new knowledge of reality" we read in the poem *Not Ideas about the Thing but the Thing Itself* is an experience of "truly being here" which, as Rilke writes, is in itself glorious.

CONCLUSION

Against a stately condition of alienation and the disenchantment of the world, Stevens, as well as Rilke, seeks to attain fullness of being, a *locus amoenus* where poetic dwelling is an ontological priority, and where the quest for a poetic ascension to heights and finitude of being is ushered in. In his discussion of the disenchantment of the modern world in *The Triumph of the Therapeutic* (1973), Philip Rieff concedes: "Modern man has himself disenchanted the world; only his inner life harbours residues of enchantment" (Rieff 1973, 117).

In *The Birth of Tragedy,* Nietzsche, before Rilke and Stevens, regards life as an "aesthetic phenomenon", and the burden of existence is only justified in accordance with this view. For him, life viewed and thereby experienced as such is a definitive harbinger of "well-being, exuberant health, fullness of existence life" (Nietzsche 1923, 2-50). Thus, life itself can be transfigured by art even amidst a patina of illusions and chaos. The quest for the modern poet was then to restore the sense of enchantment and the fullness of being through self-transcendence, both in the visible reality and the invisible space. It is against this backdrop that the poetry of Stevens and Rilke unfolds, the poetry of two men seeking to rouse themselves out of and, untimely, banish an evanescent existence that is characterized by "imageless act[s]", a state of being in "infinitely anxious hands", as Rilke describes it, and a "blank cold, a sadness without cause", as Stevens refers to it.

NOTES

1. Auden's ending of the poem, which has been placed as the epigraph of this paper, shows the speaker declaring he wishes to show an affirming flame. This can be construed as a pictorial image that enunciates the same thematic concern of this paper, *i.e.* the search for a fullness of being. Auden's poem lends itself perfectly well as it describes the disenchantment that hounds the poet and ends with the desire to show an affirming light, which then conjures up a longing for a fullness of being.

2. "Hegel's categorial and elaborate distinction between Classical art (that is, Greek art in the classical epoch) and Romantic art (that is, in *Lectures on Aesthetics*, all art after Classical antiquity)." (Heller 1976).

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