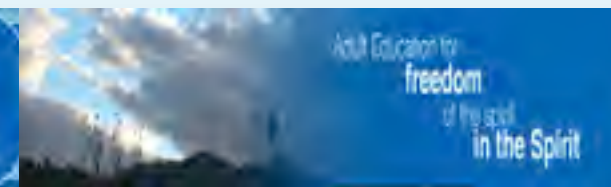




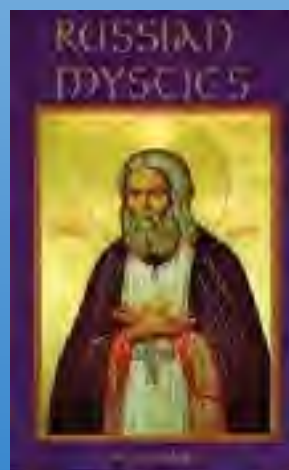
Rilke by
Paula Modersohn-Becker

*The Sacred in the Life and Work of
Rainer Maria Rilke
(1875-1926)*



**Ich lebe mein Leben
in wachsenden Ringen....**

I'm living my life
in spiralling gyres



<http://www.gratefulness.org/brotherdavid/video.htm>

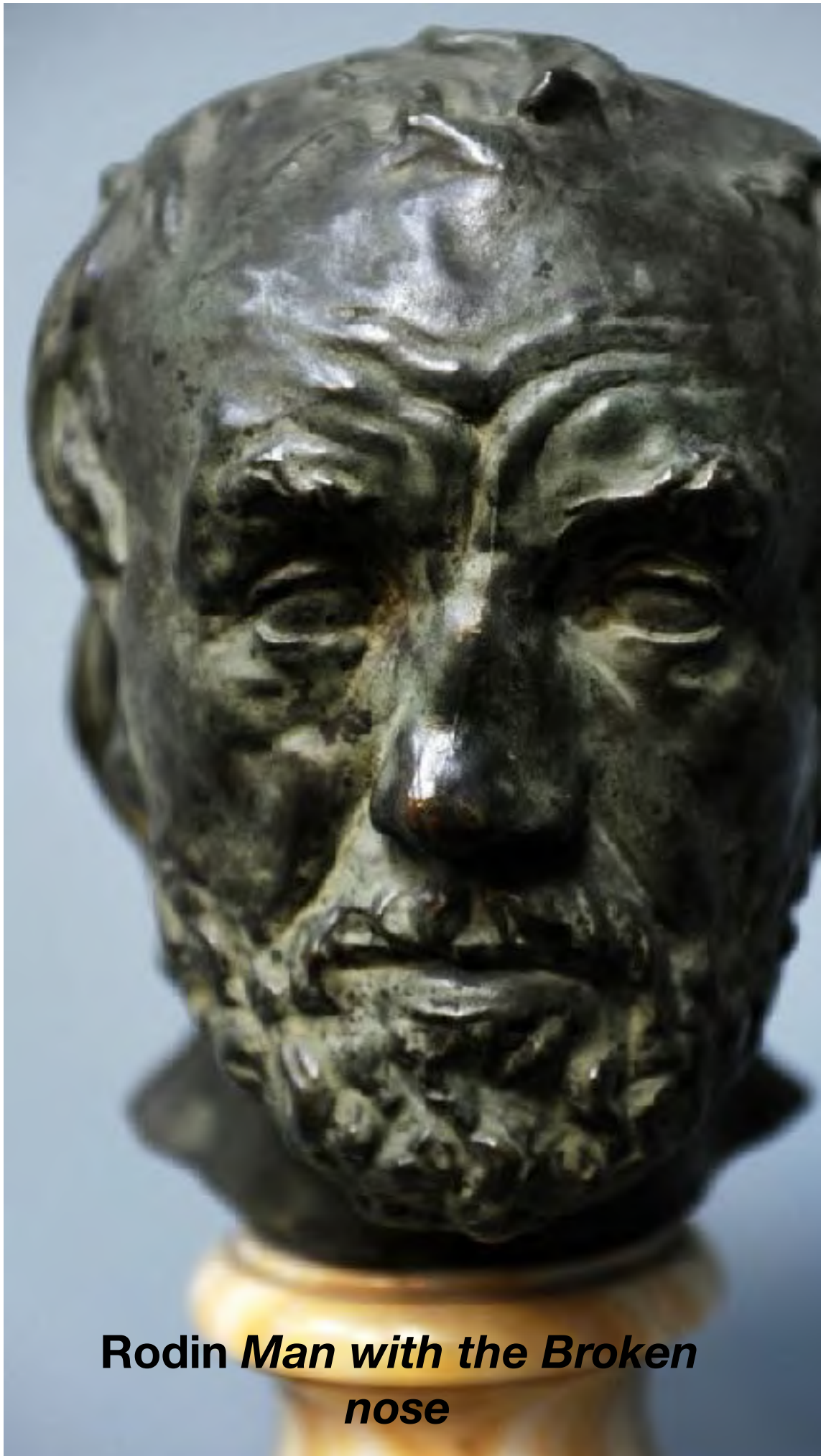




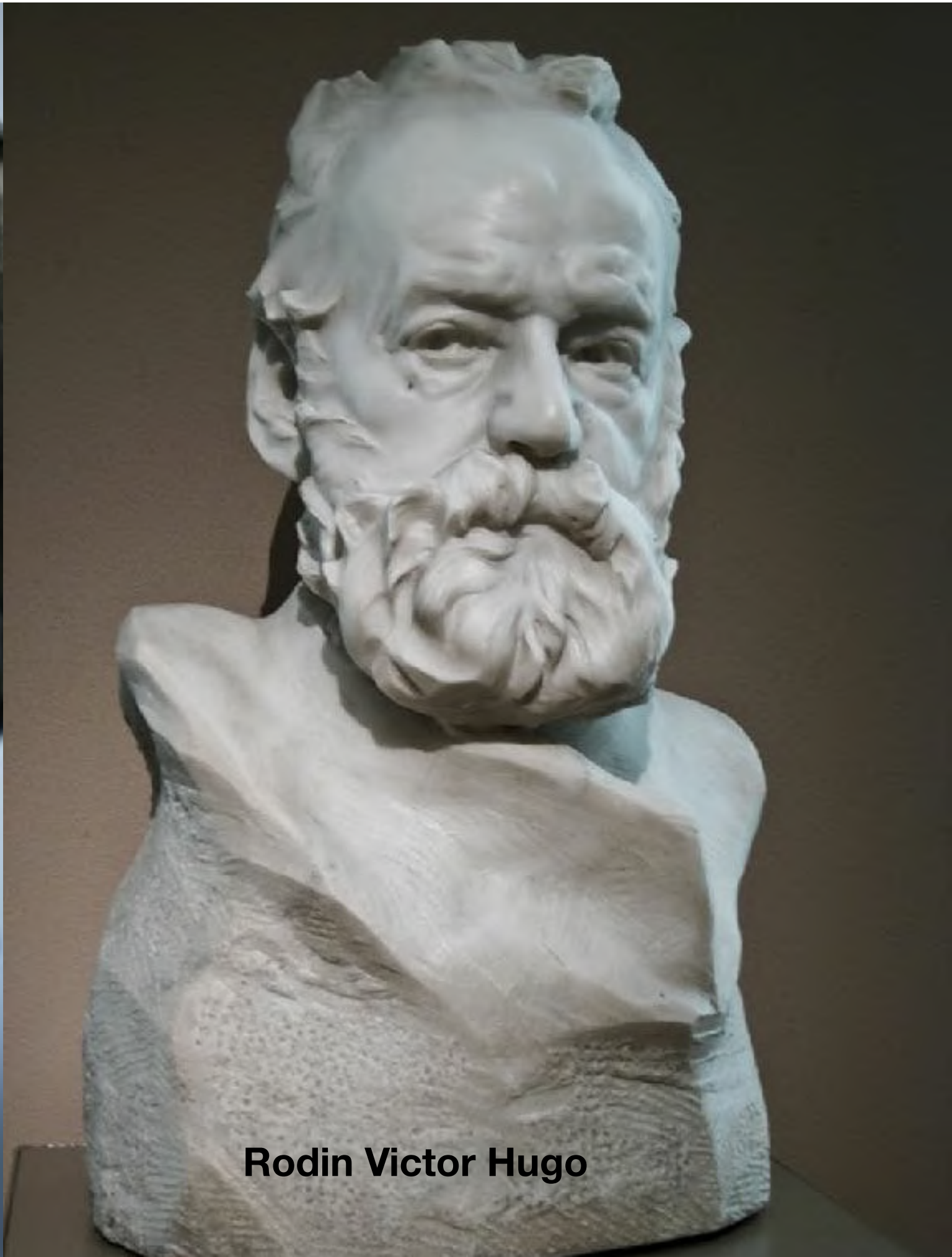
Rodin's sculptures with often fractured surfaces ushered in a new era of sculpture... elements of impressionism, left the monument-like pose of academic style... mental constitutions could be alive in the moving surfaces.

Rodin: "Boldness of light – modesty of the shadow" - "Sculpture is the art to represent the forms in the play of light and shadow."





Rodin *Man with the Broken nose*



Rodin Victor Hugo

Archaic Torso Apollo









Tempel für Apoll



Sonnets to Orpheus Die Sonette an Orpheus (1923)

“Gesang ist Dasein...
Ein Hauch um nichts. Ein Wehn im Gott. Ein Wind”



Orpheus by Franz von Stuck 1891



Rilke & Merline



Orpheus Slain Albrecht Dürer 1494

Orpheus : Cima da Conegliano

Ekphrastic poem:
Book I Sonnet I

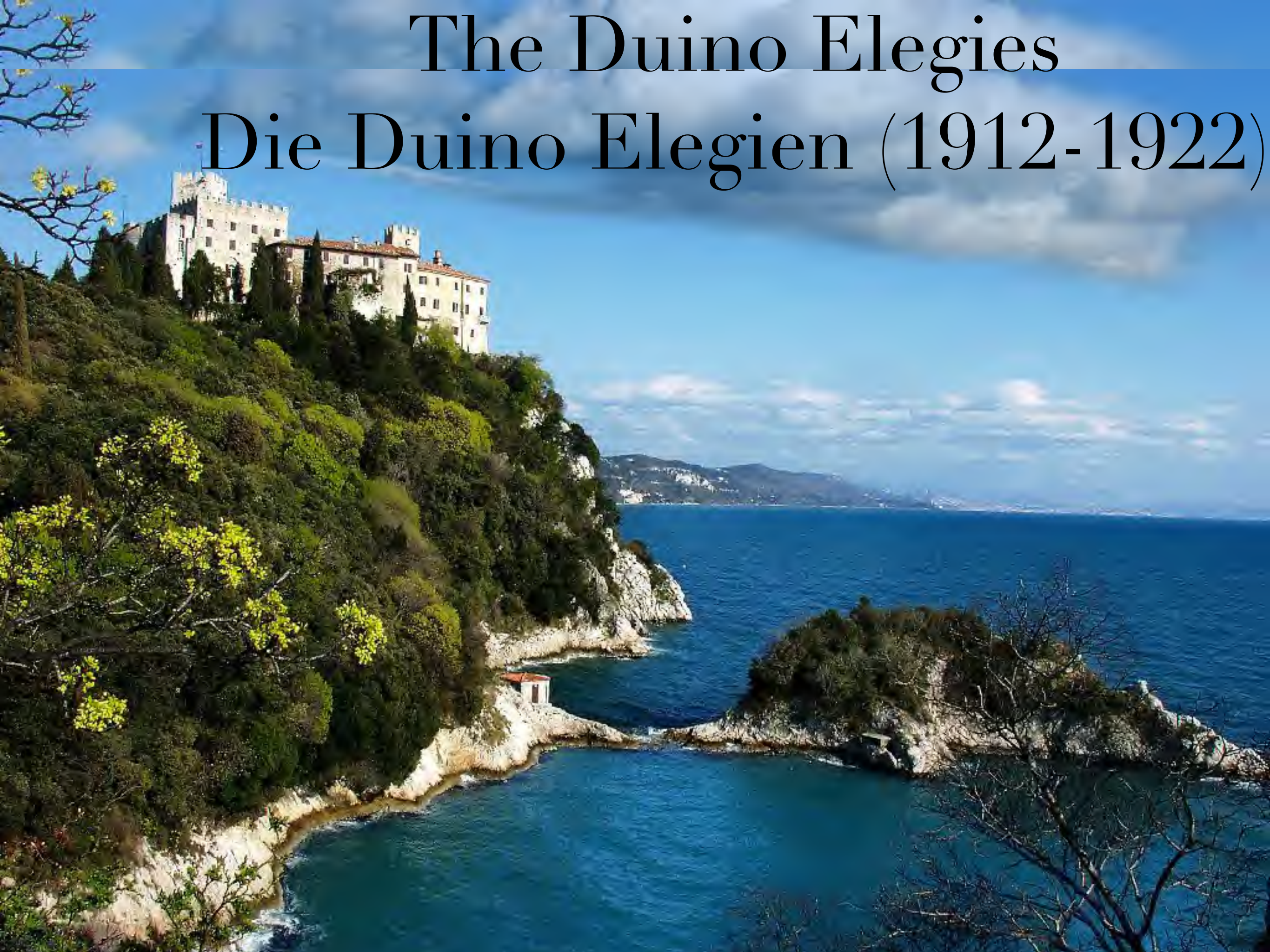


Marcilio Ficino-
celebrated as the
embodiment of
Orpheus



The Duino Elegies

Die Duino Elegien (1912-1922)



The Ninth Elegy

The Ninth Elegy opens with the question why we might not live as laurel? Why cannot we accept life as we find it and constantly search for other ways and choose to interfere with Destiny itself? The experience of mortal life is indisputable and our place unique and necessary to the whole. We cling to life, unwilling to part with any one thing but unsure of what, if anything, we can take with us into that 'other realm'. The poet knows human experience would have no voice there. Here is the time of the utterable, to name and give awareness to things which we, the most transient, have created as part of our experience and have given hope that in us, in our hearts, they can be transformed and saved. Even Earth seems to carry the secret wish to be invisible in us and in his ecstatic adoration, for a brief moment, the poet takes on the Angel's mantle of permanence.

The Tenth Elegy

The first verses of the first Elegy and of the tenth Elegy were written already in 1912 in Duino. They comprise the complete work of the years until 1922. The Elegy opens in the firm hope and expectation that at the end of life, the Angels will hear and respond to the poet and he can sing out to them in praise and jubilation. Man has finally to understand the purpose of suffering which he has found the hardest to accept. In the allegorical City of Mourning, Rilke brilliantly exposes our love of sham pleasure at the expense of true values, and he carries this further with irony and rarely used humour into the fairground at the outskirts of the City. The poetic magic of Rilke's vision transfers to the Land of the Grievs and a contrast is prepared for the newness and strangeness, which spreads out before the dead young man. Here he continues to 'live' in a tranquil elegiac atmosphere under new constellations, guided and instructed by an older Grief. Yet he cannot stay and must move on until they reach the fountainhead of the River of Joy. Here they have to part company and the young man continues alone into the Mountains of earliest Grief. No footstep is heard as he disappears from sight. Might the dead leave us a sign in the visible which throws some light on their destiny? The poet does not know, but he can point to the catkins on the leafless hazel or at the rain of early spring as it falls on the earth, and wonder at hope of renewal.



<https://youtu.be/rIC8jtXLB-0>
The Rilke Trail

