

Noble Art, I Thank You!

by Philip Ulanowsky

*Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt . . .*

*You, gracious art, in how many grey hours,
When life's wild circle ensnares me,
Have you kindled my heart to ardent love,
Have you borne me into a better world . . .¹*

Jan. 15—Among the most difficult challenges for today's wiser parent and teacher, is explaining to our children and youth that what has come to be called normal in society, is in no way normal. They have known nothing else. But, even for those with some memory of a time when not every newscast featured a story about murder, terrorism, the danger to the United States from some small foreign country, or cataclysmic crises in the environment, what are the leading escape routes? To what do even well meaning people turn when they cannot face the economic and social nightmare surrounding them? Are not the predominant entertainments also mainly filled with violence, depravity, corruption, and an inability of even the “good guys” in the popular dramas to do anything except react to each new ghastly event? Isn't this just an escape from the proverbial frying pan into the fire? Have we nothing better?

As soon as we reject the proposal that, really, we are only animals, each of us faces the question, “If not, then, what *am* I, really?”—and it's a good thing to ask. Classical art holds the answer, but not as you may think. Really it's a doorway to your mind.

Popular music (generically speaking) reflects today's culture in general, the one that burns. How does it affect you? Perhaps it's smooth and quiet, and you relax; maybe it's toe-tapping dance music; or, it could be violent and rageful, with or without words—some say it soothes. However you feel, the answer to your true identity will remain obscure until you discover the genius of someone who knows your real mind, the mind you may not realize—or even dare to hope—that you have.

Classical music is our gift from a succession of true

geniuses, each opening new potentials from having struggled to master the work of his or her predecessors—Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), for example, mastering and then revolutionizing the art of composition of his day; Wolfgang Mozart (1756-1791) discovering J.S. Bach and developing thoroughly new potentials; Beethoven (1770-1827) working through Bach and Mozart on the way to creating his own revolutions. All this was a kind of science, each discoverer superseding the crucial discoveries of the past. Its purpose? To find a more enveloping, more powerfully unified expression of the universal creativity of the human mind; to honor that which is most noble in humanity, and by so doing, to enlighten more of humanity to its own, great potential.

How can music achieve this? Imagine, instead of musical entertainment, a music that seeks to solve a problem it poses to itself. It poses an irony in the language of tonality—that is, of musical tonal relationships—which, like the physical reality of the living universe whose laws we reflect, is bounded but infinitely developable.

Just as beautiful nature around us in countless ways expresses the action of living harmonies and proportionality in its development, so the musical domain that we call, after J.S. Bach, well-tempered, reflects the higher ordering process of which it was born. It is not a closed system, not a logic. Rather, as great composers invite us to hear, new development possibilities infuse every part of it. As in spoken language, in which dictionary definitions of words do not limit the ideas which they may be chosen to convey, so, in Classical music the potential for new ideas supersedes the limitations of tones.

This language is unfamiliar to most of our citizens, and likely to you. With guidance focused on introducing the mind of the composer to yours, your inner ear

1. The opening lines of Franz Schöber's poem *An die Musik (To Music)*. The word *holde* is translated many ways, partly in respect to context. Kindly, beloved, noble would also fit here.

finds a welcome companion. Consider this: If you should find that you can indeed learn to follow the development of, say, a piano piece by Mozart or a song by Schubert, what does that say about your mind and that of the composer? And, if he composed his idea some 250 years ago, and through beauty inspires a higher power of thinking in you today, doesn't that suggest that he knew something profound about your mind?

Entertainment? Training?

In the early 1970s, it was no accident that Lyndon LaRouche came under direct threat to his life from powerful international circles just when he was engaged in publishing ground-breaking papers on the human mind, while his movement was growing rapidly. The focus of

this work, coherent and intimately interwoven with his earlier, fundamental advance in economics, centered on creativity—creativity as the distinction of the human mind. As he had emphasized in previous work, creativity, properly (as opposed to popularly) understood, recognizes no essential difference between artistic and scientific domains.

Contrary to the notion long promulgated by the European oligarchy, that an unbridgeable gap divides science from the arts; and diametrically opposed also to the prevailing nonsense that science comes down to nothing but elaborations of mathematics, LaRouche advanced in a new way the Classical recognition of mind that most directly threatens oligarchy. How does it threaten? Because the principle of oligarchy rests on the notion that a small elite is born to govern the mass of humanity; that the masses are unable, biologically, to rule themselves: they are naturally too stupid—never mind that oligarchies, generation to generation, have expended vast effort and treasure, just as they are doing now, to prevent whole populations from recognizing and developing their own true humanity.

Thus, LaRouche elucidated on a higher plane the es-

sential republican principle of an educated, cultured citizenry participating in shaping its own future. He located the source of this in the human individual's natural potential for making willfully creative, valid new discoveries toward that end. For humanity, he demonstrated, what is normal, and fundamentally so, is creativity. In a sane society, scientific and technological revolution is complimented by expressions in art which celebrate the same creative process through which such progress is achieved. Not every scientist may become an Einstein, not every artist a Leonardo or Beethoven; nor is every person by profession a scientist or artist—but, every member of society may appreciate that standard and participate meaningfully in some way!

LaRouche's unwanted, bold assertion about normalcy, combined with

his policy initiatives on global economic development, compounded his established audacity in publicly shredding the "scientific" veneer of a coordinated new wave of frauds designed to undermine and reverse the potentials of, particularly, the more advanced nations. The late 1960s' new calculation of Malthusian "overpopulation," the radical environ-

talist movement, and the new hedonism were just being fully launched. LaRouche was getting in the way, just as the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, Jr., and others, had earlier.

Over the more than forty years since then, LaRouche's forecasts of what those oligarchic policies spelled for humanity have been unerringly realized. But, if he, like Leonardo and Beethoven, was right about the mind, what does that imply for our ability to create a norm in society based on creativity?

An 1876 work by American painter Thomas Eakins offers an opening to one path toward an answer. "Baby at Play" (in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.), shows us a well-dressed, very young child playing outside on a brick path. In its hand is a square block at an angle to an intersection of bricks. Close by are



National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC
"Baby at Play" by American painter Thomas Eakins, 1876



creative commons/The Panhead

Popular music reflects today's culture in general, the one that burns. Perhaps it's smooth and quiet, or toe-tapping dance music, or violent and rageful. Here, the Christian rock group Skillet.

other blocks, of various shape and size, some balanced one on top of another. We see that other blocks have been placed in a little carriage drawn by a toy horse. After a time, we may notice a small doll that has been cast aside in the background. The sunlight from overhead casts the child's eyes into shadow, but the expression is concentrated, intense. This is not a casual or romanticized view of childhood, nor a portrait of one particular child. A problem is being solved.

Children naturally enjoy solving problems. Compare, though, today's popular toys, with their incorporation of unbridled rage getting its way in "action figures," games, and similar items.

Entertainment? Training?

Look again at Eakins' portrayal, and imagine the child growing into adulthood. Imagine yourself, enjoying a coherence between work and leisure; that rather than continually trying to escape from the wild vortices of the present, you were engaging in the process of creating a better future. The truth is, the very Classical arts you have been denied offer crucial nourishment for the capacity for self-development. The key lies in bringing yourself to recognize the intrinsic connection of the fight for our just economic and political future, to that for a return to normal human qualities in the arts. These two now seemingly disconnected pursuits are but features of a single cultural paradigm. We see it, for example, reflected in the Florentine Renaissance—following a hideous dark age—in which cities were designed to surround a population with beauty; in the organically

ordered, self-developing design of buildings, the proportioned public spaces featuring sculptures and relief art, and of course the great revolutions in language and painting, leading into the flowering of the arts which followed. Today, that paradigm has all but vanished under a century-long assault, an attack on a growing population increasingly better educated to participate in the mission of improving life for all mankind, here on Earth now and venturing increasingly into the galaxy. Today's paradigm, with its pervasive glorification of irrationality, coheres only with a population dumbed-down, and "entertained" by sensuality, threat, and violence, accompanied incessantly by the beat, the beat, the beat of a music kindled by those who reveled in reducing humanity to a beast-

like existence.

"But wait," you protest. "I'm all for economic progress and better education, but you can't take my music away!" You're right. No one can take it away from you; you carry it inside. But the silent principle upon which degenerate music is based, is one irreconcilably opposed to what is most human about you, to what is, in truth, most normal. What future shall we build by respecting a violation of our humanity?

The Classical in art is the friend of every person. It seeks, through countless forms in numerous languages—architecture, drawing, music, photography, poetry and drama, sculpture—to enliven the creative spark in those who experience it, by presenting lawful ironies for them to resolve, just as, for the good scientist, anomalies, paradoxes between current theory and experimental evidence, present problems to be solved creatively. Good art may choose the humor of life as well as its struggles and tragedies, but holds within it a reflection of creative reason, that it may impart something of universal value to add to the lives of those it touches. Thus it reminds us of what, really, we are.

Escape from reality? The time is grown too dark already; let us descend no further into an age of barbarity. Drawing from the wealth of beauty in Classical art, unfamiliar though it be, we may begin to understand what we have been robbed of, and begin to create a new renaissance in which, at last, true scientific and artistic creativity may, as normal, take its proper place.

Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir! *You noble art, I thank you!*